

THE BUZZ



*Happy Mother's Day to All of our Mums
and Grandmums in our BUZZ Family*



THE BUZZ



YOUR PRESIDENT'S REPORT

Comrades:

I was very disappointed following the Bi-Annual B.C. Provincial Convention regarding my opportunity to run for office on B.C. Command. I was informed that my unit failed to notify B.C. Command 10 days in advance as required by the Provincial by-laws. It however turned out to be a blessing in disguise; they say everything happens for a reason as I was privileged to have made many new friends across B.C. Maybe God willing I will try again in 2017. Congratulations to Comrade Mike McDonald of Unit #298 as our new 3.I.C. for Command.

My speech for the Citadel Canine Society resulted in two more units announcing their intention to sponsor a service dog. I can now proudly announce that Unit #298, Unit #284 and even our smallest unit #280 have all already donated to this worthy cause or are in the process of doing so.

I wish to express my sincere appreciation to all the units across B.C. who have donated to date.

Mr. Brian Archer, director for the society is overwhelmed with our response and you can all be very proud that every donation will remain in British Columbia.

On May 3, 2015 I will be attending the 70th anniversary of the Liberation of the Netherlands. I was born 70 years ago, January 7, 1945 in Holland which makes this event a very personal occasion. I will have the pleasure of meeting Princess Christina Concours of the Netherlands who will be attending, together with many dignitaries at HMCS Discovery on Deadman's Island. I will ask her highness to autograph my Dutch passport which I still have since 1951 when we immigrated to Canada.

I was also delighted to escort comrade Charlie Lee to the April 7th VE dinner at Canada Place where over 40 veterans ages 90 thru 103 were honoured.

On May 02, I was invited to a 90th Birthday Celebration for Comrades Herbert Lim and Neill Chan of Unit #280 at the Pink Pearl Chinese restaurant in Vancouver. It is my honour to represent our organization at these prestigious events.

Fraternally,

*Bob Rietveld
President A.N.A.F. Unit #68*

PROVINCIAL COLOUR GUARD REPORT

Comrades,
At our B.C. Convention our Colour Sergeant gave a short report on our activities in 2014.

Most comrades are well aware of our need for new members as we are down to 6 flag carriers as reported in the April issue.

It is a very sad state of affairs when out of a B.C. membership of over 5,000 we cannot get at least 10 members to march with our Colour Guard.

The dedicated comrades that remain can be proud of continuing, and of course I will continue to support our Colour Sergeant in all of our parades slated for this year 2015.

You can save this proud tradition by joining today. See your Unit President for an application.

Bob Rietveld
Past Color Sergeant

VETERAN'S AFFAIRS REPORT

Comrades

The new minister for Veteran Affairs spoke at our B.C. Convention. Minister Erin O'Toole, outlined some recent announcements. These changes are subject to parliamentary approval.

* A tax-free annual grant to veterans up to \$7,238. This is intended to provide relief to caregivers -- usually a spouse or other family member.

* A new Retirement income Security Benefit to veterans beginning at age 65, taking over from the earning loss which ends at age 65. Support would continue in a monthly benefit to the veteran's survivor.

* An increase in the EL Benefit to the Reserve Force. Reserve Force Veterans currently are eligible for \$24,300 and will be increased to a minimum of \$42,426.

* A new Critical Injury Benefit, retroactive to 2006. This tax free award of \$70,000.00 is for the most severely injured or ill Canadian Armed Forces members.

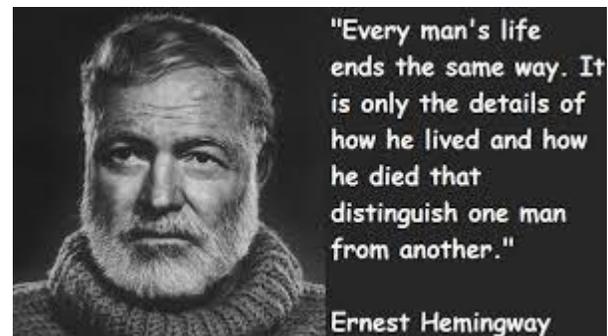
* Veterans will no longer have to verify their injuries as part of a standard medical review.

* Ex-soldiers who are challenging the 2006 New Veterans Charter will have their class action lawsuit put into abeyance and settlement talks are underway.

All these announcements are a welcome change and our Dominion Command together with other stakeholders deserve recognition. I was just kidding last month about it being an election year but change takes time and getting our vote out accelerates the process.

Submitted in honour of Roy Blair.

Fraternally,
Bob Rietveld





ANAF UNIT #68 MEMBERSHIP . . .

The membership chair for Unit #68 is our unit secretary - **Jan Holt** – please renew for the year 2015 as soon as possible so you may continue receiving all of the wonderful benefits membership accords.

All cards and membership requirements will be done by Jan with a huge thank you from our executive.

PLEASE REMEMBER . . . We need 'YOU', and your continued support as loyal and dedicated Members. An active membership makes for an active club!

HAPPY BIRTHDAY to our Unit #68 MAY Celebrants!



Reginald Beaumont Scott Browning
Sheryl Calvert Lilian Goodwin
Douglas Moore

Unfortunately your Editors have been known to miss a birthday or two for our members. If we have missed yours please contact us and let us know so that we can update our files. Thank you

Happy Birthday Everyone!!!!

**You are invited to visit our
website at anavets68.com**

SPORTS REPORT with LES JONES

The Provincial Longboard Shuffleboard Tournament will be held at Taurus Unit 298, 3917 Main Street, Vancouver, on Saturday, May 23rd, 2015. Registration will commence at 12:00 p.m. with game time at 12:30 p.m. Taurus Unit 298 is the host.

Each Unit may enter two (2) teams of two (2) players. Provincial Command Sports Rules require that there be a minimum of three (3) Units participating in this event.

For those entering from out of town the recommended accommodation is **Best Western Plus Hotel** at 205 Kingsway (at 10th Avenue) in Vancouver. Telephone: 604-267-2000 or Toll-Free at 1-888-234-9111. Fax is 604-872-6072.

The Masters Shuffleboard Tournament is scheduled to be held at the 100 club 2211 Kingsway Vancouver, BC V5N 2T6 (604) 435-5770 June 12, 13 & 14, 2015.

Draw Partners Register: Friday June 12 @ 6:30 pm \$10 per player All A-B-C Draw Team Start: Saturday June 13 @ 11:30 am Breakfast available Saturday Morning. Continues: Sunday June 14 @ 11 am \$25 per player. All Players welcome.

CONTACT: Gordie Smith
mailto:gordie@eagleshuffleboard.com

RV Parking AVAILABLE ON LOCATION @ ANAF Unit 100 – Large Parking Lot, No Hookups, Motor Homes welcome
ACCOMMODATIONS: NEW 401 MOTEL - Phone: 1- 604-438-3451 2950 Boundary Road , Burnaby, B C.

Watch June Buzz for more info.

ARE YOU AN OLDE FART???

Don't worry, **fart** is an **olde Englishe worde**, used in all social circles up to the late 19th century.

I never really liked the terminology "**Old Farts**" but this makes me feel better about it. And if you aren't one, I'll bet you know one!

I got this from an "**Old Fart**" friend of mine!

OLD FART PRIDE

It's not a bad thing to be called an **Old Fart**.

Old Farts are easy to spot at sporting events; during the National Anthem, **Old Farts** remove their hats and stand at attention and sing without embarrassment. They know the words and believe in them.

Old Farts remember World War II, Normandy, Spitfires and Hitler. They remember the Atomic Bomb, Vietnam, the Korean War, the Cold War, the Moon Landing and all the Peacekeeping Missions from 1945 to 2005.

If you bump into an **Old Fart** on the pavement, he will apologize. If you pass an **Old Fart** on the street, he will nod or tip his cap to a lady. **Old Farts** trust strangers and are polite, particularly to women.

Old Farts hold the door for the next person and always, when walking, make certain the lady is on the inside for protection.

Old Farts get embarrassed if someone swears in front of women and children and they don't like any filthy language on TV.

Old Farts have moral courage and personal integrity. They seldom brag except about their children and grandchildren.

It's the **Old Farts** who know our great country is protected, not by politicians, but by the young men and women in the Air Force, Army, and Navy.

This country needs **Old Farts** with their work ethic, sense of responsibility, pride in their country and decent values.

We need them now more than ever!

Thank Goodness for Old Farts!



Old age is golden, or so I've heard it said,
But sometimes I wonder, as I crawl into bed,
With my ears in a drawer, my teeth in a cup,
My glasses on the table until I get up.
As sleep dims my vision, I say to myself:
Is there anything else I should lay on the shelf?
The reason I know my youth is all spent?
Is my get-up-and-go has got up and went!
But, in spite of it all, I'm able to grin
And think of the places my getup has been!

"My mother says to look for a man who is kind. So that's what I'll do. I'll find somebody who's kinda tall and kinda cute."

-Carolyn, Age 8

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New Chelsea Society
7501 – 6th Street,
Burnaby, B. C. V3N 3M2
Patrick Buchannon, Executive Director
Telephone: 604-395-4370
Fax: 604-395-4376
E-mail: admin@newchelsea.ca

VETERANS AFFAIRS CANADA
MEDALS & SERVICE RECORDS
P.O. Box 7700 Charlestown, P.E.I. C1A 8M9
VETERANS AFFAIRS ENQUIRIES
Suite 1000 – 605 Robson Street,
Vancouver, B.C. Toll-Free Telephone:
1-866-522-2122

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“As we grow up, we realize it is less important to have lots of friends, and more important to have real ones.”

@amandamcrae

THE 'LITTLE' THINGS~

As you might remember, the head of a company survived 9/11 because his son started kindergarten.

Another fellow was alive because it was His turn to bring donuts.

One woman was late because her alarm clock didn't go off in time.

One was late because of being stuck on the NJ Turnpike because of an auto accident.

One of them missed his bus.

One spilled food on her clothes and had to take time to change.

One's car wouldn't start.

One couldn't get a taxi.

The one that struck me was the man who put on a new pair of shoes that morning, took the various means to get to work but before he got there, he developed a blister on his foot. He stopped at a drugstore to buy a Band-Aid. That is why he is alive today.

Now when I am stuck in traffic, miss an elevator, turn back to answer a ringing telephone ... All the little things that annoy me. I think to myself, this is exactly where our higher being wants me to be at this very moment.

Next time your morning seems to be going wrong, you can't seem to find the car keys, you hit every traffic light, don't get mad or frustrated; It may be just that someone up there is at work watching over you.

May we continue to be blessed with all those annoying little things and may we all remember their possible purpose.

REMINISCING WITH RON 'ANDY CAPP' ROBINSON



"THE CASE OF THE GREEN THUMB"

A few years ago I planned a trip to Reno. My sister-in-law, Louise, came down from Kamloops to baby-sit my house and my dog while I was away. As I was getting into a taxi for my trip to the airport my sister-in-law asked if there was anything special she could do for me. I was only joking when I yelled back to her, "Yes, you can dig up my back yard and plant my garden."

When I arrived back from Reno the following Saturday, my home and dog sitter had already left for home. As it was close to the meat draw time, I headed up to the club hoping I would have better luck than I had in Reno.

As I entered the club people started to yell at me, "How's your garden?" – wherever I walked in the club, it was the same question, "How's your garden?" So, I finally decided to head home and see my garden.

I looked in my back yard and to my surprise there was my beautiful garden!! However there were no vegetables, no flowers . . . just row after row of pull-tabs (all losers) and row after row of beer cans (all empty, of course!)



The Vancouver Sun actually did a story on it, and ran it in their garden section. I left the 'garden' as is and through the summer it became a neighbourhood attraction.

Another 'garden story' involves a relative of mine (now deceased) so I suppose it's alright to tell this story. For many years he won prizes at the P.N.E. for growing the largest pumpkin. I finally asked how he grew the largest pumpkin year after year.

Now I'm about to tell you a family secret when a pumpkin grew to about the size of a basketball, he carefully cut a very thin slice into the pumpkin and inserted a wick (the type of wick used in a kerosene lamp) then every day he fed the pumpkin fresh milk through the wick. By P.N.E. time the pumpkin was so large and heavy he required help in lifting it out of his garden and delivering it to the P.N.E. Horticulture Building. And now, you know another 'creepy Robinson secret'!!

King Kong, Godzilla, and the Killer Tomato . . . you may be wondering why I mention these monsters when the theme of this column is supposed to be about gardening. Let me explain.

In early June of 2006, I purchased a single tomato plant up Fraser for 69¢. I planted it in a pot on my patio. The plant was 5 inches high at that time. A few weeks later it was almost 4 feet high. Then, by the end of July it had become a **MONSTER!**

It grew to over 7 feet tall, and continued to grow an inch a day until the end of the season!



Don't ask me how many tomatoes were on the plant because when they were teaching arithmetic at school I was busy playing hockey in Memorial Park, and therefore can't count past ten fingers.

Editor's Note: We would love to have seen that back yard garden your sister planted – we will bet it was a Treasure for sure – and a 'rarity' that was fun to behold!



"If you live to be one hundred, you've got it made. Very few people die past that age."

--- George Burns
(1896 - 1996)

The TOMATO GARDEN

The motto is: Somebody is always listening!

An old gentleman lived alone in New Jersey. He wanted to plant his annual tomato garden, but it was very difficult work, as the ground was hard. His only son, Vincent, who used to help him, was in prison.

The old man wrote a letter to his son and described his predicament:

Dear Vincent,
I am feeling pretty sad because it looks like I won't be able to plant my tomato garden this year. I'm just getting too old to be digging up a garden plot. I know if you were here my troubles would be over. I know you would be happy to dig the plot for me, like the old days.
Love,
Papa

A few days later he received a letter from his son.

Dear Papa,
Don't dig up that garden. That's where the bodies are buried.
Love,
Vinnie

At 4 a.m. the next morning, FBI agents and local police arrived and dug up the entire area without finding any bodies. They apologized to the old man and left.

That same day the old man received another letter from his son.

Dear Papa,
Go ahead and plant the tomatoes now. That's the best I could do under the circumstances.
Love you,
Vinnie

JUSTICE FOR YOU

In a criminal justice system based on 12 individuals not smart enough to get out of jury duty, here is a jury of which to be proud. A defendant was on trial for murder. There was strong evidence to indicate his guilt but there was no corpse.

In the defense's closing statement -- knowing that his client would probably be convicted -- the lawyer resorted to a trick. Glancing at his watch he said, "*Ladies and gentlemen of the jury, I have a surprise for you all. Within one minute, the person presumed dead in this case will walk into this courtroom.*" He looked toward the courtroom door. The jurors, somewhat stunned, all looked on eagerly.

A minute passed. Nothing happened. Finally, the lawyer said, "*Actually, I made up the previous statement. But you all looked on with anticipation. I, therefore, put it to you that you have a reasonable doubt in this case as to whether anyone was killed, and I insist that you return a verdict of 'not guilty.'*"

The jury retired to deliberate. A few minutes later, the jury returned and pronounced a verdict of guilty.

"*But how?*" inquired the lawyer. "*You must have had some doubt. I saw all of you stare at the door.*"

The jury foreman replied: "*Yes, we did look, but your client didn't.*"



SHOULD I REALLY JOIN FACE BOOK?

Read it all the way through! It's a good laugh! AND really quite true! A good laugh for people in the over 60 group!

When I bought my Blackberry, I thought about the 30-year business I ran with 1800 employees, all without a cell phone that plays music, takes videos, pictures and communicates with Face book and Twitter.

I signed up under duress for Twitter and Face book, so my seven kids, their spouses, my 13 grand kids and 2 great grandkids could communicate with me in the modern way. I figured I could handle something as simple as Twitter with only 140 characters of space.

My phone was beeping every three minutes with the details of everything except the bowel movements of the entire next generation. I am not ready to live like this. I keep my cell phone in the garage in my golf bag.

The kids bought me a GPS for my last birthday because they say I get lost every now and then going over to the grocery store or library. I keep that in a box under my tool bench with the Blue tooth [it's red] phone I am supposed to use when I drive. I wore it once and was standing in line at Barnes and Noble, talking to my wife and everyone in the nearest 50 yards was glaring at me. I had to take my hearing aid out to use it, and I got a little loud.

I mean the GPS looked pretty smart on my dash board, but the lady inside that gadget was the most annoying, rudest person I had run into in a long time. Every 10 minutes, she would sarcastically say, "*Re-calc-u-lating.*" You would think that she could be nicer. It was like she could barely tolerate me. She would let go with a deep

sigh and then tell me to make a U-turn at the next light. Then, if I made a right turn instead, . . . well, it was not a good relationship...

When I get really lost now, I call my wife and tell her the name of the cross streets and while she is starting to develop the same tone as Gypsy, the GPS lady, at least she loves me.

To be perfectly frank, I am still trying to learn how to use the cordless phones in our house. We have had them for 4 years, but I still haven't figured out how I lose three phones all at once and have to run around digging under chair cushions, checking bathrooms, and the dirty laundry baskets when the phone rings.

The world is just getting too complex for me. They even mess me up every time I go to the grocery store. You would think they could settle on something themselves but this sudden "Paper or Plastic?" every time I check out just knocks me for a loop.

I bought some of those cloth reusable bags to avoid looking confused, but I never remember to take them with me.

Now I toss it back to them.

When they ask me, "*Paper or plastic?*" I just say, "*Doesn't matter to me. I am bi-sacksual.*" Then it's their turn to stare at me with a blank look.

I was recently asked if I tweet.

I answered, "*No, but I do fart a lot.*"

We senior citizens don't need any more gadgets. The TV remote and the garage door remote are about all we can handle.



INTERESTING FACT ABOUT CROWS . . .

A fact you won't soon forget

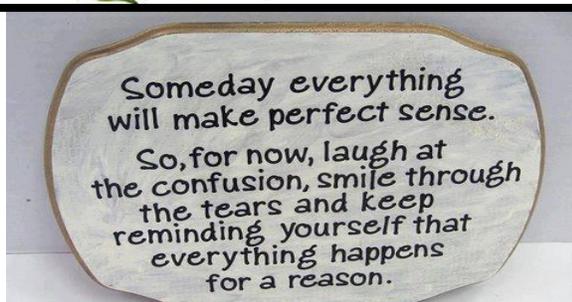
Researchers for the Massachusetts Turnpike Authority found over 200 dead Crows near greater Boston recently, and there was concern they may have died from Avian Flu. A bird pathologist examined the remains of all the crows, and to everyone's relief confirmed the problem was definitely NOT the Avian Flu. The cause of death appeared to be from vehicle impacts, however, during the detailed analysis it was noted that varying colors of paint appeared on the bird's beaks and claws. By analyzing these paint residues it was determined that 98% of the crows had been killed by impact with trucks.

MTA then hired an Ornithological Behaviorist to determine if there was a cause for the disproportionate percentages of truck kills versus car kills.

He very quickly concluded the cause: When crows eat road kill, they always have a look-out crow in a nearby tree to warn of impending danger.



They discovered that while all the lookout crows could shout "Cah," not a single one could shout "Truck".



HOUSEHOLD HINTS 4 U!! WHITE WINE FOR COUNTERTOP STAINS

A scientist in Oregon has discovered that white wine not only disinfects countertops and kills salmonella, but it removes stains from countertops as well. So for you ladies who have a stain on the counter, pour a little wine on it and see if it helps.

Source: Sciencedaily.com

Editor Mardi's Note: Are you kidding me????? Waste Wine . . . Whine Not!!!

RETIREMENT PLANS . . .

Now that they are retired, my mother and father were discussing all aspects of their future. "What will you do if I die before you do?" Dad asked Mom.

After some thought, Mom said that she'd probably look for a house-sharing situation with three other single or widowed women who might be a little younger than herself, since she is so active for her age.

Then Mom asked Dad, "What will you do if I die first?"

He replied, "Pretty well the same thing."

Dad should be out of the hospital by next week

Let us pray.....

Please give me a sense of humor,
Give me the grace to see a joke,
To get some humor out of life,
And pass it on to other folk

**HUMOUROUS GEMS from our
Special Friend Elsie Fraser of ANAF
Assiniboia Unit 283 in Winnipeg, Manitoba**

MOTHERS

Real Mothers don't eat quiche;
They don't have time to make it.

Real Mothers know that their kitchen
utensils are probably in the sandbox.

Real Mothers often have sticky
floors, filthy ovens and happy kids.

Real Mothers know that dried play
dough doesn't come out of carpets.

Real Mothers don't want to know what
the vacuum just sucked up.

Real Mothers sometimes ask '*Why me?*'
And get their answer when a little
voice says, '*Because I love you best.*'

Real Mothers know that a child's growth
is not measured by height or years or
grade ... It is marked by the progression of
Mummy to Mum to Mother...

The Images of Mother . . .

4 YEARS OF AGE - My Mummy can do
anything!

8 YEARS OF AGE - My Mum knows a
lot! A whole lot!

12 YEARS OF AGE - My Mother doesn't
know everything!

14 YEARS OF AGE - My Mother? She
wouldn't have a clue.

16 YEARS OF AGE - Mother? She's so
five minutes ago.

18 YEARS OF AGE - That old woman?
She's way out of date!

25 YEARS OF AGE - Well, she might
know a little bit about it!

35 YEARS OF AGE - Before we decide,
let's get Mum's opinion.

45 YEARS OF AGE - Wonder what Mum
would have thought about it?

65 YEARS OF AGE - Wish I could talk it
over with Mum.

The beauty of a woman is not in the
clothes she wears, the figure she carries,
or the way she combs her hair.

The beauty of a woman must be seen from
in her eyes, because that is the doorway to
her heart, the place where love resides.

The beauty of a woman is not in a facial
mole, but true beauty in a woman is
reflected in her soul.

It is the caring that she lovingly gives, the
passion that she shows, and the beauty of
a woman with passing years only grows!

— — — — —

Angels Explained By Children

I only know the names of two angels, Hark
and Harold.

- Gregory, age 5

Everybody's got it all wrong. Angels don't
wear halos anymore. I forget why, but
scientists are working on it

- Olive, age 9

It's not easy to become an angel! First, you
die. Then you go to Heaven, and then
there's still the flight training to go

through. And then you got to agree to wear those angel clothes.

- Matthew, age 9

Angels work for God and watch over kids when God has to go do something else.

- Mitchell, age 7

My guardian angel helps me with math, but he's not much good for science.

- Henry, age 8

Angels don't eat, but they drink milk from Holy Cows!!!

- Jack, age 6

Angels talk all the way while they're flying you up to heaven. The main subject is where you went wrong before you got dead.

- Daniel, age 9

When an angel gets mad, he takes a deep breath and counts to ten. And when he lets out his breath again, somewhere there's a tornado.

- Reagan, age 10

Angels have a lot to do and they keep very busy. If you lose a tooth, an angel comes in through your window and leaves money under your pillow. Then when it gets cold, angels go south for the winter.

- Sara, age 6

Angels live in cloud houses made by God and his son, who's a very good carpenter.

- Jared, age 8

All angels are girls because they gotta wear dresses and boys didn't go for it.

- Antonio, age 9

My angel is my grandma who died last year. She got a big head start on helping me while she was still down here on earth.

- Ashley ~ age 9

Some of the angels are in charge of helping heal sick animals and pets. And if they don't make the animals get better, they help the child get over it.

- Vicki, age 8

What I don't get about angels is why, when someone is in love, they shoot arrows at them.



**GREAT SENIOR BUMPER
STICKERS FOR YOU . . .**

YOUNG AT HEART
Slightly older
in other places.

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I've been diagnosed with C.R.S.
Can't Remember Shit

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At my age...
"Gettin' Any?"
means sleep!

www.cafepress.com/GeezerShop

Written by a Cop for Our Own Safety

Everyone should take 5 minutes to read this. It may save your life or a loved one's life. In daylight hours, refresh yourself of these things to do in an emergency situation...This is for you, and for you to share with your spouse, your children, & everyone you know. After reading these 10 crucial tips, please relate them to everyone you care about. It never hurts to be careful in this crazy world we live in.

1. Tip from *Tae Kwon Do*: The elbow is the strongest point on your body. If you are close enough to use it, do!

2. Learned this from a tourist guide. If a robber asks for your wallet and/or purse, **DO NOT HAND IT TO HIM.** Toss it away from you.... Chances are that he is more interested in your wallet and/or purse than you, and he will go for the wallet/purse. **RUN LIKE MAD IN THE OTHER DIRECTION!**

3. If you are ever thrown into the trunk of a car, kick out the back tail lights and stick your arm out the hole and start waving like crazy. The driver won't see you, but everybody else will. This has saved lives.

4. Women have a tendency to get into their cars after shopping, eating, working, etc., and just sit (doing their checkbook, or making a list, etc. **DON'T DO THIS!**) The predator will be watching you, and this is the perfect opportunity for him to get in on the passenger side, put a gun to your head, and tell you where to go. **AS SOON AS YOU GET INTO YOUR CAR, LOCK THE DOORS AND LEAVE.**

If someone is in the car with a gun to your head **DO NOT DRIVE OFF,**
Repeat: DO NOT DRIVE OFF!

Instead gun the engine and speed into anything, wrecking the car. Your Air Bag will save you. If the person is in the back seat they will get the worst of it. As soon as the car crashes **bail out and run.** It is better than having them find your body in a remote location.

5. A few notes about getting into your car in a parking lot, or parking garage:
A.) Be aware: look around you, look into your car, at the passenger side floor, and in the back seat.
B.) If you are parked next to a big van, enter your car from the passenger door. Most serial killers attack their victims by pulling them into their vans while the women are attempting to get into their cars.

C.) Look at the car parked on the driver's side of your vehicle, and the passenger side. If a male is sitting alone in the seat nearest your car, you may want to walk back into the mall, or work, and get a guard/policeman to walk you back out. **IT IS ALWAYS BETTER TO BE SAFE THAN SORRY.** (And better paranoid than dead.)

6. **ALWAYS** take the elevator instead of the stairs. Stairwells are horrible places to be alone and the perfect crime spot This is especially true at **NIGHT!**

7. If the predator has a gun and you are not under his control, **ALWAYS RUN!** The predator will only hit you (a running target) 4 in 100 times; and even then, it most likely **WILL NOT** be a vital organ. **RUN,** preferably in a zigzag pattern!

8. As women are always trying to be sympathetic: **STOP!** It may get you raped, or killed. Ted Bundy, the serial killer, was a good-looking, well educated man, who **ALWAYS** played on the sympathies of unsuspecting women. He walked with a cane, or a limp, and

often asked 'for help' into his vehicle or with his vehicle, which is when he abducted his next victim.

9. Another Safety Point: Someone just told me that her friend heard a crying baby on her porch the night before last, and she called the police because it was late and she thought it was weird. The police told her 'Whatever you do, **DO NOT** open the door.' The lady then said that it sounded like the baby had crawled near a window, and she was worried that it would crawl to the street and get run over. The policeman said, 'We already have a unit on the way, whatever you do, **DO NOT** open the door.' He told her that they think a serial killer has a baby's cry recorded and uses it to coax women out of their homes thinking that someone dropped off a baby. He said they have not verified it, but have had several calls by women saying that they hear baby's cries outside their doors when they're home alone at night.

10. Water scam! If you wake up in the middle of the night to hear all your taps outside running or what you think is a burst pipe, **DO NOT GO OUT TO INVESTIGATE!** These people turn on all your outside taps full blast so that you will go out to investigate and then attack.

Stay alert, keep safe, and look out for your neighbors! Please pass this on. This information should be taken seriously because the Crying Baby Theory was mentioned on America's Most Wanted when they profiled the serial killer in Louisiana. Relate this to anybody you know that may need to be reminded that the world we live in has a lot of crazies in it and it's better to be safe than sorry.

It may save your life or a loved one's life.

THREE LADIES IN A SAUNA

Three women, two younger and one senior citizen, were sitting naked in the sauna.

Suddenly there was a beeping sound. One of the young women pressed her forearm and the beep stopped. The others looked at her questioningly. "*That was my pager,*" she said. "*I have a microchip under the skin of my arm.*"

Later, a phone rang. The second young woman lifted her palm to her ear. When she finished, she explained, "*That was my mobile phone. I have a microchip in my hand.*"

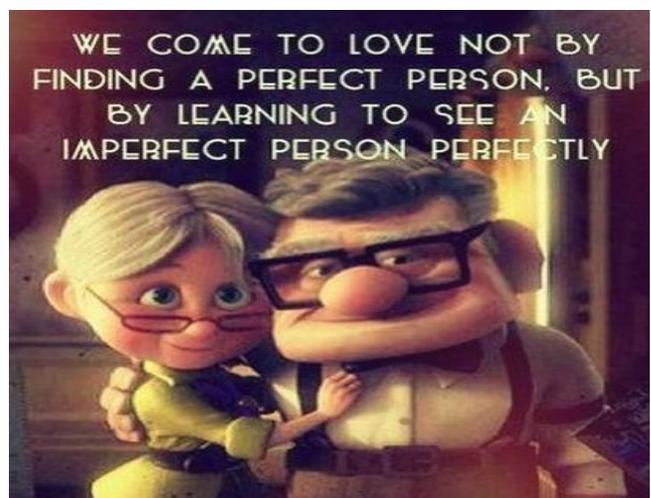
The older woman felt very low-tech. Not to be out done, she decided she had to do something just as impressive. She stepped out of the sauna and went to the bathroom. She returned with a piece of toilet paper hanging from her rear end.

The others raised their eyebrows and stared at her.



The older woman finally said.... "*Well, will you look at that....I'm getting a Fax!!*"

Gotta love the old gals!!!!



STONE

Two friends were walking
through the desert.
During some point of the
journey, they had an
argument; and one friend
slapped the other one
in the face

The one who got slapped
was hurt, but without
saying anything,
wrote in the sand,
*Today my best friend
slapped me in the face.*

They kept on walking,
until they found an oasis,
where they decided to take a bath.

The one who had been
slapped got stuck in the
mire and started drowning,
but the friend saved him.
After he recovered from
the near drowning,
he wrote on a stone:
*'Today my best friend
saved my life'*

The friend who had slapped
and saved his best friend
asked him, *'after i hurt you,
you wrote in the sand and now,
you write on a stone, why?'*

The friend replied
*'when someone hurts us
we should write it down
in sand, where winds of
forgiveness can erase it away.
But, when someone does
something good for us,
we must engrave it in stone
where no wind
can ever erase it'*

Learn to write
your hurts in
the sand and to

carve your
benefits in stone.

They say it takes a
minute to find a
special person,
An hour to
appreciate them,
A day
to love them,
But then ,
An entire life
to forget them.

Send this beautiful poem
to the people you'll never
forget.
We just did.



Overheard in the Club Rooms:

*When I was young I decided I wanted to be
a doctor so I took the entrance exam to go
to Medical School.*

*One of the questions they asked us to
rearrange the letters PNEIS into the name
of an important human body part which is
most useful when erect.*

*Those who answered SPINE are doctors
today. The rest of us are sending jokes via
email.*

FIVE FACTS IN LIFE

A wise person once said:

1. We all love to spend money buying new clothes but we never realize that the best moments in life are enjoyed without clothes.
2. Having a cold drink on a hot day with a few friends is nice, but having a hot friend on a cold night after a few drinks - *Priceless.*
3. **Breaking News:** Condoms don't guarantee safe sex anymore. A friend of mine was wearing one when he was shot dead by the woman's husband.
4. Arguing over a girl's bust size is like choosing between Molson, Heineken, Carlsberg, & Budweiser. Men may state their preferences, but will grab whatever is available.

And

5. We haven't verified this on Snopes, but it sounds legit... A recent study found that women who carry a little extra weight live longer than the men who mention it.

When an "all-nighter" means
not getting up to pee...
When all the names in my black book
have M.D. after them...
When "getting lucky" means
finding my car in the parking lot...
When the candles
cost more than the cake...
I promise you...
we'll still be best friends!



HUSBANDS & WIVES

Special Package for Businessmen:

An airline introduced a special package for businessmen. Buy your ticket, get your wife's ticket free. After great success, the company sent letters to all the wives asking how was the trip.

All of them gave the same reply... "*What trip?*"

New SIM to Surprise Her Husband:

Woman buys a new *sim* card. Puts it in her phone and decides to surprise her husband who is seated on the couch in the living room. She goes to the kitchen, calls her husband with the new number: "*Hello Darling.*"

The husband responds in a low tone:

"*Let me call you back later Honey, my wife is in the kitchen.*"

Cool Message by a Wife:

Dear Mother-in-law,

"*Don't teach me how to handle my children, I'm living with one of yours and he needs a lot of improvement*"

Throwing Knives at Wife's Picture:

Husband was throwing knives at his wife's picture. All the knives were missing the target! Suddenly he received a call from her "*Hi, what are you doing?*"

His honest reply, "*MISSING YOU.*"

Habit of Talking in Sleep:

A lady to doctor: "*My husband has a habit of talking in his sleep! What should I give him to cure it?*"

Dr: "*Give him an opportunity to speak when he is awake.*"

Natural Disasters Just Happen:

Nobody teaches volcanoes to erupt, tsunamis to devastate, hurricanes to swirl around and no one teaches a man how to choose a wife. Natural disasters just happen.

A WONDERFUL STORY OF LOVE . . .

A grandson of slaves, a boy was born in a poor neighborhood of New Orleans known as the "*Back of Town*."

His father abandoned the family when the child was an infant, His mother became a prostitute and the boy and his sister had to live with their grandmother. Early in life he proved to be gifted for music and with three other kids he sang in the streets of New Orleans. His first gains were the coins that were thrown to them.

A Jewish family, Karnofsky, who had immigrated from Lithuania to the USA had pity for the 7-year-old boy and brought him into their home. Initially given 'work' in the house, to feed this hungry child. There he remained and slept in this Jewish families home where, for the first time in his life he was treated with kindness and tenderness.

When he went to bed, Mrs. Karnovsky sang him a Russian Lullaby that he would sing with her. Later, he learned to sing and play several Russian and Jewish songs. Over time, this boy became the adopted son of this family.

The Karnofskys gave him money to buy his first musical instrument; as was the custom in the Jewish families. They sincerely admired his musical talent.

Later, when he became a professional musician and composer, he used these Jewish melodies in compositions, such as *St. James Infirmary* and *Go Down Moses*.

The little black boy grew up and wrote a book about this Jewish family who had adopted him in 1907. In memory of this family and until the end of his life, he wore a Star of David and said that in this family

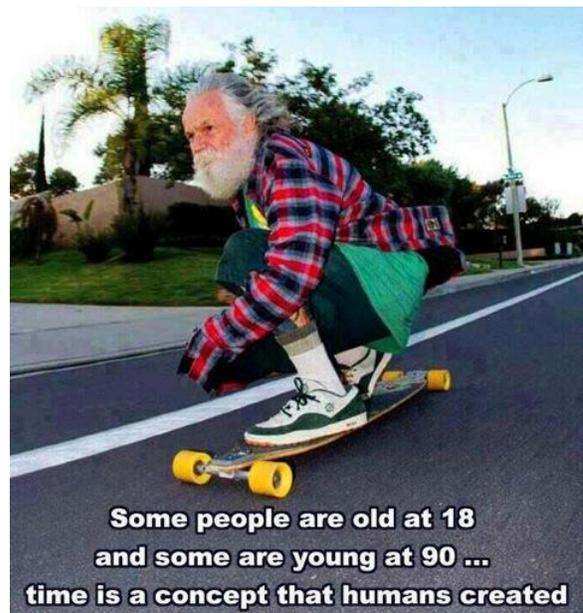
he had learned "*how to live real life and determination.*"

You might recognize his name.

This little boy was called **Louis "Satchmo" Armstrong.**

Louis Armstrong proudly spoke fluent Yiddish!

And I bet you did not know any of this.....



**Some people are old at 18
and some are young at 90 ...
time is a concept that humans created**

WORDS OF WISDOM . . .

"Live your Life and Forget your Age"

Anonymous

BLACK AND WHITE?

(Under the age of 50? You won't understand.)

My mum used to cut chicken, chop eggs and spread butter on bread on the same cutting board with the same knife and no bleach, but we didn't seem to get food poisoning.

Our school sandwiches were wrapped in wax paper in a brown paper bag, not in ice pack coolers, but I can't remember getting e... Coli

Almost all of us would have rather gone swimming in the lake or at the beach instead of a pristine pool (talk about boring), no beach closures then.

We all took PE and risked permanent injury with a pair of Dunlop sandshoes instead of having cross-training athletic shoes with air cushion soles and built in light reflectors that cost as much as a small car. I can't recall any injuries but they must have happened because they tell us how much safer we are now.

We got the cane for doing something wrong at school, they used to call it discipline yet we all grew up to accept the rules and to honour & respect those older than us.

We had 30+ kids in our class and we all learned to read and write, do math and spell almost all the words needed to write a grammatically correct letter....., FUNNY THAT!!

We all said prayers in school and sang the national anthem, and staying in detention after school caught all sorts of negative attention.

I thought that I was supposed to accomplish something before i was allowed to be proud of myself.

I just can't recall how bored we were without computers, play station, Nintendo, x-box or 270 digital TV cable stations. We weren't!!

Oh yeah ... And where was the antibiotics and sterilization kit when I got that bee sting? I could have been killed!

We played "King of the Hill" on piles of gravel left on vacant building sites and when we got hurt, mum pulled out the 50 cent bottle of iodine and then we got our backside spanked.

Now it's a trip to the emergency room, followed by a 10 day dose of antibiotics and then mum calls the lawyer to sue the contractor for leaving a horribly vicious pile of gravel where it was such a threat.

To top it off, not a single person i knew had ever been told that they were from a dysfunctional family.

How could we possibly have known that?

We never needed to get into group therapy and/or anger management classes.

We were obviously so duped by so many societal ills, that we didn't even notice that the entire country wasn't taking Prozac!

How did we ever survive?

Love to all of us who shared this era. And to all who didn't, sorry for what you missed. I wouldn't trade it for anything!

Pass this on and remember that life's most simple pleasures are very often the best.

Aaaah, those were the days my friend, yes those were the days.



**FROM OUR UNIT
#68 BUZZ RECIPE
CORNER:**

**PEANUT
BUTTER AND
BANANA
FRENCH
TOAST**

A 'fun' Breakfast or Brunch recipe for two!! (2 servings)



INGREDIENTS:

- 2 eggs
- 2 dashes vanilla extract
- ¼ cup creamy peanut butter
- 4 slices bread
- 2 small banana, sliced
- ¼ cup butter

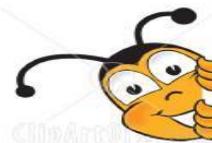
METHOD: for each toast sandwich

1. In a small bowl, lightly beat the egg and vanilla together.
2. Spread 1 tablespoon of peanut butter on top of each slice of bread. Place the banana slices on top of one of the slices of bread. Place the other slice of bread on top of the first, to make a peanut butter and banana sandwich.
3. In a skillet or frying pan, melt the butter over medium heat. Dip the sandwich into the egg mixture and place in the heated skillet. Cook until brown on both sides. Serve hot.

ENJOY THIS YUMMY TREAT!

FROM YOUR EDITORS . . .

We are hoping that all of our Mums, GrandMums, and GreatGrandMums enjoyed their Mother's Day!



Special Thanks as always to all of our loyal email buddies for the fun stories, jokes and great information items sent our way. Some are 'Repeats' but sometimes it is very good to have a re-giggle or two!!! Remember . . . Laughter is the Best Medicine! We always say – A Laugh a Day Keeps that Doctor Away!

And of course our Very Special Thanks to our Star Columnist Ron 'Andy Capp' Robinson – We learned this month that Ronnie is responsible for the very first *Beer Garden*!! Keep those wonderful life stories coming Ronnie – we love 'em!

And a reminder that our fantastic 'Bee' on the cover was drawn by Ronnie for our Buzz – and we love including 'Mister Bee' in our monthly covers!

So enjoy the spring weather . . . laugh, love, hug lots and stay healthy!!!

**Your Editors,
Mardi & Fred**

MARK YOUR CALENDARS!!!

**Plan to attend our Famous SUMMER
BBQ/PICNIC at Trout Lake on
Saturday, July 18th from 9 – 9!**

**Keep your eye on The Buzz for all
the fun details of the event.**

**Delicious Food, Bocce competition,
and great comradeship!!!!**

Everyone is Welcome to Attend!!