

THE BUZZ



YOUR PRESIDENT'S REPORT

Dear Comrades and Associates:

What will it take to get our two units to amalgamate? Although my 5th term is coming to an end, I continue to suggest to our two units that amalgamation is our only chance for survival.

Unit #26 had their General Membership Meeting last month and again the consensus was that our Unit #68 should give up our Charter and join Unit #26. Their main reason was the liquor license requirements, changing their unit number might require a new application to the liquor board and probably a community plebiscite which is expensive and very lengthy.

This building is closing on February 28, 2013 and who knows where we will all end up so the opportunity to resolve this issue is coming to an end, while we are all still together.

After trying for almost 5 years to convince these comrades that our only objective is to see our units survive, I still feel that this amalgamation should be put to a vote with all our members having the opportunity to cast their ballots. Unit #68 will not call a General Meeting until our A.G.M. meeting in January 2013 at which time our members will decide our future.

I received a very friendly letter from Unit #100 Executive, offering for our club to use their facilities during construction and again this decision will be addressed at our General Meeting. Thank you Debbie, Past President of Unit #100

On November 15, 2012 nominations for President of Unit #68 will be posted for a period of two weeks with the election for President on the 1st Saturday of December, followed by our election of officers in January. Your 2012 card is valid for the 2013 elections.

It is membership renewal time again, so please see me for your 2013 card. It is still only \$35.00

See you all at the South Vancouver Cenotaph on November 11th "A DAY TO REMEMBER"!!



Fraternally,
Bob Rietveld
 President A.N.A.F. Unit #68



GREETINGS FROM UNIT #26

As we walk our way through the crisp leaves and fall evenings we find ourselves tripping into the month of November. And a grand month it is for all Veteran's clubs and organizations. A time for us to remember and honor our Veterans and those who made the ultimate sacrifice. There are many ways to show that we remember and honor our Veterans: *wear a poppy*, attend a local Remembrance Day Ceremony, *listen to Veterans talk about their experiences* visit the Veterans Affairs Canada Face book fan page and write on their wall of Remembrance. But above all, we must never forget. It is our duty to pass on the legacy and keep the memories of our Canadian Veterans alive.

On November 11th join us as we march in the parade from John Oliver High School to Memorial Park Cenotaph. Following the ceremonies the parade marches up 43rd Avenue to Fraser Street. All participants are invited into the Unit for hot homemade stew and a bun. Our Veterans from George Derby and Brock Fahrni will be joining us for the afternoon. Entertainment will be provided by Nasty Habits and Bob Marlow, and the Pipers will visit around 3:30pm. So it should be a good day for camaraderie in the clubrooms. Please note that the Unit will open for business after all members and guests that marched in the parade have been seated.

I would like to take this opportunity to thank all the ladies and gentlemen involved with the planning of Units 26 & 68 Poppy Campaign this year. We have some good leaders and that leads to a flawless execution of schedules for the taggers to follow. And yes, you taggers are actually the heart of the operation. If it wasn't for

your hours of volunteering, we would not need a schedule and we would not be able to accomplish our goal. You are all the unsung heroes of the operation. Thank you from all our members and Veterans everywhere.

Our Ladies Auxilliary is having a Roast Chicken Dinner with all the trimmings on Sunday, November 18th. Tickets are \$7.00 each available from the bar. Also they are sponsoring a raffle this month consisting of an Indian Drum, Mask and a handmade afghan. The Ladies may be few in number but they are great achievers! They assist the Unit financially and volunteer many hours to help the Unit. Great job Ladies!

November 25th is Grey Cup Day and we will be having a *Whopper* of a party! This will be the last Grey Cup Party in the Unit building as we know it today so plan to come and party with us. Watch for up and coming advertisements.

Mark Sunday, December 16th on your calendar as that is the day of our Unit Christmas Dinner. Audrey will be back that day to cook us a real old fashion Christmas Dinner with turkey and all the trimmings! This will be the last Christmas for us to celebrate in our Unit building as we know it today so please plan to come and join us and make it a memorable day! Tickets will be available at our General Meeting in November.

Please watch your mailboxes closely as we are going to do a mail-out later this month concerning the amalgamation of Units 26 & 68. This issue must be put to bed shortly as it has gone on way too long. The mail out will contain information and also a voting ballot and stamped return envelope to the Unit. It is most important that all members read and understand the information provided and also to vote. We

all hold the future of our Unit in our hands!!!

In closing, I would like to express my gratitude to my Unit, B.C Command and Dominion Command for the honors that they have bestowed upon me this month. I have never thought of myself as a person that would accomplish enough in my tenure with the Association to have my name put forth for any such awards. This month I received The American Legion Canadian Friendship Award and medal and also the Queen's Diamond Jubilee medal. Both these awards were presented at the Dominion Convention in Winnipeg and as I was unable to attend the convention, Shirley Aldridge our Provincial Command President asked Vice President Lou Mazur and Past President and member of Unit 26 Bill Calvert to do the presentation honors. I must say that both of you caught me off guard. *"Beware of Provincial Officers in uniform carrying white plastic bags"*! Thank you comrades one and all. I will wear them always with great pride.

Janice Graham
President, Unit #26

PROVINCIAL COLOUR GUARD REPORT

Comrades:

This is an open invitation to all our B.C. Command officers and Unit Presidents with their significant others, to join us at our annual B.C. Command Colour Guard Christmas Dinner on December 8, 2012 in the Andy Capp Room at Unit #26/68 at 6:00 P.M. for cocktails. Please inform our secretary Jan Holt (jan.holt@7-11.com) if you wish to attend, so we can order the correct number of dinners.

Thanks to our successful raffles held the past two years our Colour Guard covers the cost of the dinner. Please bring your own alcohol or wine as we only supply 2

drinks to Colour Guard members in good standing.

There is no meeting in December so please remember to attend our Colour Guard elections for executive on Saturday January 12, 2013 at 1:00 p.m.

Fraternally,
Bob Rietveld
B. C. Command Color Sergeant

VETERAN'S AFFAIRS REPORT

Comrades.

The Canadian Forces Community involves an addressable market in excess of 1 million people.

It is composed of

- Regular Forces and their families,
- Reserve Forces and their families,
- Former members of the Canadian Forces, including surviving spouses,
- Employees of the Department of National Defence and their families.

The Canadian Forces Appreciation Program is an internal organization that provides discounts with major business for family attractions, leisure travel, entertainment and accommodations.

Some of the discounts available are;

- Via Rail - - - - 25% discount code: 12070
 - Park 'n fly - - - - 20% discount code: 338997
 - GM Canada - - - - \$500.00 Bonus: see dealers
 - Expedia/cruise centers - - - - \$25.00 donation to the "SOLDIER ONE FUND"
 - Greyhound - - - - \$198 round trip anywhere in continental U.S.A.
- These are just a few examples, so go to www.cfappreciation.ca for all of their programs.

Respectfully submitted in honour of Roy Blair

Bob Rietveld

HAPPY BIRTHDAY to all of
our Unit #68 NOVEMBER
Celebrants!

Peter Brinda	Charlie Calvert
Bertrand Darvault	Crystal Johansen
Ann Kimoff	Rose Rietveld
Al Stronstad	William Wonnacott

*We do apologize if we
have missed any of
our member's
birthdays.*



*Happy Birthday
Everyone*

Always
&
Forever



At the going down of the sun and
in the morning . . .
We Will Remember Them

SHUFF N' STUFF
Provincial Command Snooker
Tournament

The Annual Provincial Command Snooker Tournament is scheduled for Saturday, November 24, 2012 and is being hosted by Steveston Unit #284.

Registration commences at 10:30 AM with play commencing at 11:00 AM. Registration form is located on the main bulletin board. Kindly fill out all the information the form requires.

Sadly we were not represented at the Annual Provincial Command 8-Ball Tournament that was held in October.

There are no events slated for the month of December.

Dick Moore
Director - Sports

REMEMBRANCE DAY 2012
Sunday, November 11th

Fall in at 9:45am south parking lot of the John Oliver High School. March at 10am via 41st Avenue, to South Memorial Park entrance at Windsor.

Service will commence at approximately 10:30am. If weather is inclement service will be held in the John Oliver Auditorium.

Refreshments and Entertainment at the club following service. Entertainment Bob Marlowe & Nasty Habits - 2pm to 6pm and 7pm to 11pm.

Enjoy some delicious, hot, homemade stew and spend the afternoon reminiscing with comrades and friends.

ANAVETS AFFAIRS
AFFORDABLE RENTAL
HOUSING FOR SENIORS



ANAVET HOUSING
Vancouver East
 951 East 8th Avenue
 Richmond - 11820 No. 1 Road
 North Vancouver – 225 / 235 / 245 East 3rd
 St.
 Call 874-8105 or email
 bcanavets@telus.net for more information

New Chelsea Society
 #300 – 3640 Victoria Drive,
 Vancouver, B. C. V5N
 Patrick Buchannon, Executive Director
 Telephone: (604) 874-6255 for Information

VETERANS AFFAIRS CANADA
MEDALS & SERVICE RECORDS
 P.O. Box 7700 Charletown, P.E.I. C1A 8M9

VETERANS AFFAIRS ENQUIRIES
 Suite 1000 – 605 Robson Street,
 Vancouver, B.C. Toll-Free Telephone: 1-
 866-522-2122

HEALTH & WELFARE CANADA
PENSION PLAN
 Inquiries: 1 – 800 – 277-9914

DID YOU KNOW... that you may be eligible
 for Death Benefits of up to \$ 3,500.00?

LAST POST FUND INC.
 British Columbia Branch #520
 7337 – 137th St. Surrey, BC V3W 1A4
 For information regarding financial assistance
 for the burial of your loved ones, please
 contact 572-3242 or 1 – 800 – 268-0248.

*'I believe that friends are quiet
 angels who lift us to our feet
 when our wings have trouble
 remembering how to fly.'*

NOV. 2012 at Unit #26

**JOIN US FOR REMEMBRANCE
 DAY – SUNDAY NOV. 11TH**

LADIES AUXILIARY RAFFLE DRAW
 Sunday, November 18th.

GREY CUP PARTY

Sunday November 25th

LADIES AUXILIARY LUNCH & BINGO

Wednesday, November 28th.

Everyone is Welcome

Dancing to Great Bands all month. . .

Friday & Saturday Nov. 2nd & 3rd – 7:30

Cheek to Cheek

Friday & Saturday, Nov. 9th & 10th – 7:30

Nasty Habits

Sunday, November 11th

Bob Marlowe & Nasty Habits

Friday & Saturday, Nov. 16th & 17th – 7:30

The Road Crew

Friday & Saturday Nov. 23rd & 24th – 7:30

Midnight Eagles

Fri. & Sat. Nov. 30th & Dec. 1st – 7:30

Sweetwater

TUESDAY IS TRIPLE T DAY!!

Tuesday, Trivia, & Tacos

Free Pool 4 p.m. – closing

Trivia with Danny Stetski at 7 pm

TEXAS HOLD'EM

Every Wednesday and Friday evenings –

Registration 6:30 pm

DROP-IN EUCHRE Thursday at 7 pm

MEAT DRAWS every week

Fridays at 4:00 p.m. NOW 2 tickets for \$1

Saturdays at 4:00 p.m. NOW 2 tickets for \$1

MEMBERSHIP DRAW – every Saturday
 during Meat Draw . . . Must be Here to Win!

THE JOKER DRAW

Joker Card Wins The Prize!

Play during the Fri. & Sat. Meat Draw

JOIN US & ENJOY

Remember: anavets26.ca

**REMINISCING WITH
 RON 'ANDY CAPP' ROBINSON...**



In 1926 my family moved
 out of Winnipeg to settle
 in Vancouver. We settled

in South Vancouver, mainly South Hill.

I am now one of the oldest objects in that neighbourhood (I'm almost 91 years of age), and have lived in South Hill for over 86 years.

Many, many things have happened during these many years . . . and important events, such as growing up, marrying, having five wonderful children . . . hundreds of things, but there was one event that may sound rather dumb, but will always remain with me. This was when my brother Ken and I were the last two siblings still living at home. Ken was 13 and I was 10 years old at the time.

We were living in an apartment block at 49th and Fraser, exactly where the Scotia Bank stands today (6498 Fraser Street). Our bedroom was at the very front and overlooked Fraser and 49th Avenue.

The street car stop was directly below our bedroom window. In the summer we kept the window open wide. It was like having a show every Friday and Saturday night, beginning around 11:30 p.m. That was when the Legion closed for the night.

A group of men (10 to 15 of them) would gather under our window waiting for a street car. Sometimes they would have to wait an hour for the No. 7 street car, for which Ken and I were glad because that meant we would get a longer show.

We learned many good jokes and lots of keen swear words, and sometimes one of the fellows would sing "*Barnacle Bill the Sailor*".

There were no women in the crowd below our window because in those years women were not allowed into licensed premises.

Ken and I began looking forward to Friday and Saturday nights. The crowd below the bedroom window were always a jolly crowd.

Ken learned the "*Barnacle Bill*" song quite well and always managed to sing it at the

many parties he attended and it was always a hit.

Years later my parents bought a house on 51st Avenue.

When Ken and I were in our twenties we both got work in the Legion as part-time beer waiters and at the same time I was also a part-time beer waiter in Unit 26, little knowing that I would be President of that Unit in later years.

During all the years we lived in the apartment building our back fence was situated under 15 feet from the entrance to the Legion which was in the back alley (the original Legion Hall).

Editor's Note:

Thanks once again for the wonderful memories that you share with us, Ronnie – We are still looking for that book of yours to be published. It would be an instant hit!!! I am sure your family all agree with us – these wonderful memories should be in a bound edition.

AN ANONYMOUS QUOTE BUT OH SO TRUE

Wrinkled was not
one of the things
I wanted to be
when I grew up.



PLEASE WEAR A
POPPY

*"Please wear a poppy,"
the lady said
And held one forth, but I shook my head.
Then I stopped and watched as she
offered them there,
And her face was old and lined with care;
But beneath the scars the years had made*

There remained a smile that
refused to fade.

A boy came whistling down the street,
Bouncing along on care-free feet.
His smile was full of joy and fun,
"Lady," said he, "may I have one?"
When she's pinned in on he turned to say,
"Why do we wear a poppy today?"

The lady smiled in her wistful way
And answered, "This is
Remembrance Day,
And the poppy there is the symbol for
The gallant men who died in war.
And because they did, you and I are free -
That's why we wear a poppy, you see.

"I had a boy about your size,
With golden hair and big blue eyes.
He loved to play and jump and shout,
Free as a bird he would race about.
As the years went by he learned and grew
and became a man - as you will, too.

"He was fine and strong,
with a boyish smile,
But he'd seemed with us such a little while
When war broke out and he went away.
I still remember his face that day
When he smiled at me and said, Goodbye,
I'll be back soon, Mom, so please don't cry.

"But the war went on and he had to stay,
And all I could do was wait and pray.
His letters told of the awful fight,
(I can see it still in my dreams at night),
With the tanks and guns and cruel
barbed wire,
And the mines and bullets, the bombs
and fire.

"Till at last, at last, the war was won -
And that's why we wear a poppy son."

The small boy turned as if to go,
Then said, "Thanks, lady, I'm glad to know.
That sure did sound like an awful fight,
But your son - did he come back all right?"
A tear rolled down each faded cheek;
She shook her head, but didn't speak.

I slunk away in a sort of shame,
And if you were me you'd have
done the same;
For our thanks, in giving, if oft delayed,
Thought our freedom was bought -
and thousands paid!

And so when we see a poppy worn,
Let us reflect on the burden borne,
By those who gave their very all
When asked to answer their country's call
That we at home in peace might live.
Then wear a poppy! Remember - and give!

~~By Don Crawford.~~

EDITOR'S NOTE: We have reprinted this
poem (from last year) once again for this
Remembrance Day as it is so very
appropriate.



*A Canadian soldier in Afghanistan
marks Remembrance Day
A TRIBUTE TO THE VETERANS*

As we approach Remembrance Day once
again, let's pay tribute to our Comrades,
the "Veterans."

*It is the veteran, not the preacher, who
has given us freedom of religion.*

*It is the veteran, not the reporter, who
has given us freedom of the press.*

It is the veteran, not the poet, who has given us freedom of speech.

It is the veteran, not the campus organizer, who has given us freedom to assemble.

It is the veteran, not the lawyer, who has given us the right of fair trial.

It is the veteran, not the politician, who has given us the right to vote.

It is the veteran, who salutes the flag, who serves under the flag.

Eternal rest grant them O Lord, and let perpetual light shine upon them.

**Honouring the
brave
service men &
women
who gave the
ultimate
sacrifice
for our freedom**



WE WILL REMEMBER THEM

A SOLDIER'S PRAYER

Today dear Lord remind me that I am here
fighting to protect my homeland,
To protect my fellow comrades in arms
who fight at my side.

Some I have known for months,

While others I have
only known for days,
Friendships made in
foxholes and
trenches may last for
moments,



Others may last for years.
Keep me strong in mind and body to
endure whatever today may bring,
Help me to survive the daily stress and
horrors I may endure.

I have aged beyond my human years
while I've been here.

My eyes have seen things I know I will
never speak about again for as
long as I live.

Remind me that there is hope to
vanquish my enemies,

I can do all things through You.

Grant peace and eternal life to those who
have fallen before me.

They have reached the end of their glory
road and for them the war is over.

They may now rest in peace.

As for the rest of us, we will face one
challenging day at a time, until our tours
are done and we can return home.

Home to our loved ones, back to safety,
comfort, and the freedom that we have
kept sacred for all to enjoy.

It is worth the sacrifice of so many
dedicated marines, pilots, sailors and
soldiers who willingly enlisted to keep
OUR FREEDOM.

Lest we forget.

*By Carol Zarudenec Smith
of Sault Ste. Marie, ON*

Source: The Downhome magazine

A GLASS OF WINE

FROM YOUR EDITOR MARDI
To my friends who enjoy a glass of wine. . .
And those who don't and are always
seen with a bottle of water in their hand.

As Ben Franklin said:

*In wine there is
wisdom,
In beer there is
freedom,
In water there is
bacteria.*



In a number of carefully controlled trials, scientists have demonstrated that if we drink 1 litre of water each day, at the end of the year we would have absorbed more than 1 kilo of Escherichia coli, (E. Coli) - bacteria found in faeces. In other words, we are consuming 1 kilo of poop.

However, we do NOT run that risk when drinking wine & beer (or tequila, rum, whiskey or other liquor) because alcohol has to go through a purification process of boiling, filtering and/or fermenting.

So Remember:
Water = Poop,
Wine = Health

Therefore, it's better to drink wine and talk stupid, than to drink water and be full of poop!!

There is no need to thank me for this valuable information: I'm doing it as a public service . . .

**"All men make mistakes, but
~~married men find out about them~~
sooner."** Red Skelton

A TOUCH OF SENIOR HUMOUR . . .

A 5-year-old boy went to visit his grandmother one day.

Playing with his toys in her bedroom while grandma was dusting, he looked up and said, 'Grandma, how come you don't have a boyfriend now that Grandpa went to heaven?'



Grandma replied, 'Honey, my TV is my boyfriend. I can sit in my bedroom and watch it all day long. The religious programs make me feel good and the comedies make me laugh ... I'm happy with my TV as my boyfriend.'

Then Grandma turned on the TV, and the reception was terrible. She started adjusting the knobs, trying to get the picture in focus. Frustrated, she started hitting the backside of the TV hoping to fix the problem.

The little boy heard the doorbell ring, so he hurried to open the door and there stood Grandma's minister.

The minister said, 'Hello son, is your Grandma home?'

The little boy replied, 'Yeah, she's in the bedroom bangin' her boyfriend.'

The minister fainted.

"I've had a good day when I don't fall out of the cart."

Buddy Hackett

SOME FAMOUS THOUGHTS ON THE SUBJECT OF BEER . . .

Sometimes when I reflect on all the beer I drink, I feel ashamed. Then I look into the glass and think about the workers in the brewery and all of their hopes and dreams. If I didn't drink this beer, they might be out of work and their dreams would be shattered. I think, "It is better to drink this beer and let their dreams come true than be selfish and worry about my liver."



Babe Ruth

— — — — —

"I feel sorry for people who don't drink. When they wake up in the morning, that's as good as they're going to feel all day."

Lyndon B. Johnson

"24 hours in a day, 24 beers in a case. Coincidence? I think not."

H. L. Mencken

"When we drink, we get drunk. When we get drunk, we fall asleep. When we fall asleep, we commit no sin. When we commit no sin, we go to heaven. So, let's all get drunk and go to heaven!"

George Bernard Shaw

"Beer is proof that God loves us and wants us to be happy."

Benjamin Franklin

"Without question, the greatest invention in the history of mankind is beer. Oh, I grant you that the wheel was also a fine invention, but the wheel does not go nearly as well with pizza."

Dave Barry

"To some it's a six-pack, to me it's a Support Group Salvation in a can!"

Leo Durocher

MORE SENIOR HUMOUR

(This could be any of us one day.)

An elderly lady was invited to an old friend's home for dinner one evening. She was impressed by the way her lady friend preceded every request to her husband with endearing terms such as: *Honey, My Love, Darling, Sweetheart*, etc. The couple had been married almost 70 years and, clearly, they were still very much in love.

While the husband was in the living room, her lady friend leaned over to her hostess to say, *'I think it's wonderful that, after all these years, you still call your*

husband all those loving names.'

The elderly lady hung her head, *'I have to tell you the truth,'* she said, *'his name slipped my mind about 10 years ago, and I'm scared to death to ask the cranky old a###hole what his name is'!!!*



'OLD' IS WHEN...

Going braless pulls all the wrinkles out of your face.

'OLD' IS WHEN...

Your sweetie says, 'Let's go upstairs and make love,' and you answer, 'Pick one; I can't do both!'

AN OLD GERMAN SHEPHERD TALE . . .

An old German Shepherd starts chasing rabbits and before long, discovers that he's lost. Wandering about, he notices a panther heading rapidly in his direction with the intention of having lunch.

The old German Shepherd thinks, *"Oh, oh! I'm in deep s**t now!"*

Noticing some bones on the ground close by, he immediately settles down to chew on the bones with his back to the approaching cat. Just as the panther is about to leap, the old German Shepherd exclaims loudly, *"Boy, that was one*

delicious panther! I wonder, if there are any more around here?"

Hearing this, the young panther halts his attack in mid-strike, a look of terror comes over him and he slinks away into the trees.

"Whew!," says the panther, "That was close! That old German Shepherd nearly had me!"

Meanwhile, a squirrel who had been watching the whole scene from a nearby tree, figures he can put this knowledge to good use and trade it for protection from the panther. So, off he goes.

The squirrel soon catches up with the panther, spills the beans and strikes a deal for himself with the panther.

The young panther is furious at being made a fool of and says, *"Here, squirrel, hop on my back and see what's going to happen to that conniving canine!"*

Now, the old German Shepherd sees the panther coming with the squirrel on his back and thinks, "What am I going to do now?," but instead of running, the dog sits down with his back to his attackers, pretending he hasn't seen them yet, and just when they get close enough to hear, the old German Shepherd says...

"Where's that squirrel? I sent him off an hour ago to bring me another panther!"



Moral of this story...

*Don't mess with the old dogs... Age and skill will always overcome youth and treachery!
Bulls**t and brilliance only come with age and experience.*

Of course, I am in no way insinuating that you, as our faithful readers, are old, just 'youthfully challenged'.

Someone sent me an email about using **VODKA** for cleaning around the house.

IT WORKED!

The more vodka I drank, the cleaner the house looked!

POSTED BY THE FIGHT LIKE A GIRL CLUB™

-Unknown Author

LOVE STORY FOR ANYONE OVER FIFTY...

I will seek and find you.
I shall take you to bed and have my way with you.
I will make you ache, shake & sweat until you moan & groan.
I will make you beg for mercy, beg for me to stop.
I will exhaust you to the point that you will be relieved when I'm finished with you.
And, when I am finished, you will be weak for days.

All my love,

Now get your mind off of sex and go get your flu shot!

A VERY SPECIAL HALLOWEEN BEE .
 . . ABBEY - 3 years old



This is Charlaine Nuspl 's adorable granddaughter – Charlaine is one of President Janice's co-workers in Edmonton.

THE OUTHOUSE . . .

Some of you young 'uns may not understand this one.

Ma was in the kitchen fiddling around when she hollers out, *"Pa! You need to go out and fix the outhouse!"*

Pa replies, *"There ain't nuthin wrong with the outhouse."*

Ma yells back, *"Yes there is, now git out there and fix it."*

So Pa mosies out to the outhouse, looks around and yells back, *"Ma! There ain't nuthin wrong with the outhouse!"*

Ma replies, *"Stick yur head in the hole!"*

Pa yells back, *"I ain't stickin my head in that hole!"*

Ma says, *"Ya have to stick yur head in the hole to see what to fix."*

So with that, Pa sticks his head in the hole, looks around and yells back, *"Ma! There ain't nuthin wrong with this outhouse!"*

Ma hollers back, *"Now take your head out of the hole!"*

Pa proceeds to pull his head out of the hole, then starts yelling, *"Ma! Help! My beard is stuck in the cracks in the toilet seat!"*



To which Ma replies, *"Hurts, don't it?"*

Laughter is the Very Best Medicine!!

DOORS EXPLAINED . . .

Now this is meaningful research! Whew! What a relief to learn this...

Ever walk into a room with some purpose in mind, only to completely forget what that purpose was?

Turns out, doors themselves are to blame for these strange memory lapses.

Psychologists at the University of Notre Dame have discovered that passing through a doorway triggers what's known as an event boundary in the mind, separating one set of thoughts and memories from the next. Your brain files away the thoughts you had in the



previous room and prepares a blank slate for the new locale.

It's not aging, it's the door!
Thank goodness for studies like this!

A TOUCH OF HUMOUR . . .

Danny said to his son, *"It's time we had a little talk my son. Soon you will have urges and feelings you've never had before. Your heart will pound and your hands will sweat. You'll be preoccupied and won't be able to think of anything else."*

"But don't worry, it's perfectly normal, it's called golf."



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

HEALTH MESSAGE



As I was lying in bed pondering the problems of the world,
I rapidly realized
that I don't really give a rat's hiney.
It's the tortoise life for me!

1. If walking is good for your health, the postman would be immortal.
2. A whale swims all day, only eats fish, drinks water, and is fat.
3. A rabbit runs and hops and only lives 15 years.
4. A tortoise doesn't run and does nothing, yet it lives for 450 years.

And you tell me to exercise??
I don't think so.

I'm retired. Go around me!!!
— — — — —

Doctor to Woman during her visit: *"Your heart, lungs, pulse & B.P. are fine. Now let me see that little thing which gets you women into all kinds of trouble."*

Woman starts taking off her underwear. . .

Doctor stopping her says: *"No! No! Please put on your clothes.... JUST SHOW ME YOUR TONGUE!"*

Welcome back Elsie

A Father, a Daughter and a Dog- A true story by Catherine Moore

"Watch out! You nearly broad sided that car!" My father yelled at me. "Can't you do anything right?"

Those words hurt worse than blows. I turned my head toward the elderly man in the seat beside me, daring me to challenge him. A lump rose in my throat as I averted my eyes. I wasn't prepared for another battle.

"I saw the car, Dad. Please don't yell at me when I'm driving."

My voice was measured and steady, sounding far calmer than I really felt.

Dad glared at me, then turned away and

settled back. At home I left Dad in front of the television and went outside to collect my thoughts..... dark, heavy clouds hung in the air with a promise of rain. The rumble of distant thunder seemed to echo my inner turmoil. What could I do about him?

Dad had been a lumberjack in Washington and Oregon. He had enjoyed being outdoors and had reveled in pitting his strength against the forces of nature. He had entered grueling lumberjack competitions, and had placed often. The shelves in his house were filled with trophies that attested to his prowess.

The years marched on relentlessly. The first time he couldn't lift a heavy log, he joked about it; but later that same day I saw him outside alone, straining to lift it. He became irritable whenever anyone teased him about his advancing age, or when he couldn't do something he had done as a younger man.

Four days after his sixty-seventh birthday, he had a heart attack. An ambulance sped him to the hospital while a paramedic administered CPR to keep blood and oxygen flowing.

At the hospital, Dad was rushed into an operating room. He was lucky; he survived. But something inside Dad died. His zest for life was gone. He obstinately refused to follow doctor's orders. Suggestions and offers of help were turned aside with sarcasm and insults. The number of visitors thinned, then finally stopped altogether. Dad was left alone.

My husband, Dick, and I asked Dad to come live with us on our small farm. We hoped the fresh air and the rustic atmosphere would help him adjust.

Within a week after he moved in, I regretted the invitation. It seemed nothing was satisfactory. He criticized everything I did. I became frustrated and moody. Soon I

was taking my pent-up anger out on Dick. We began to bicker and argue.

Alarmed, Dick sought out our pastor and explained the situation. The clergyman set up weekly counseling appointments for us. At the close of each session he prayed, asking God to soothe Dad's troubled mind.

But the months wore on and God was silent. Something had to be done and it was up to me to do it.

The next day I sat down with the phone book and methodically called each of the mental health clinics listed in the Yellow Pages. I explained my problem to each of the sympathetic voices that answered in vain.

Just when I was giving up hope, one of the voices suddenly exclaimed, "*I just read something that might help you! Let me go get the article.*"

I listened as she read. The article described a remarkable study done at a nursing home. All of the patients were under treatment for chronic depression. Yet their attitudes had proved dramatically when they were given responsibility for a dog.

I drove to the animal shelter that afternoon. After I filled out a questionnaire, a uniformed officer led me to the kennels. The odour of disinfectant stung my nostrils as I moved down the row of pens - each contained five to seven dogs. Long-haired dogs, curly-haired dogs, black dogs, spotted dogs all jumped up, trying to reach me. I studied each one but rejected one after the other for various reasons too big, too small, too much hair. As I neared the last pen a dog in the shadows of the far corner struggled to his feet, walked to the front of the run and sat down. It was a pointer, one of the dog world's aristocrats. But this was a caricature of the breed.

Years had etched his face and muzzle with shades of gray. His hip bones jutted out in lopsided triangles. But it was his eyes that caught and held my attention. Calm and clear, they beheld me unwaveringly.

I pointed to the dog. *"Can you tell me about him?"* The officer looked, then shook his head in puzzlement. *"He's a funny one. Appeared out of nowhere and sat in front of the gate. We brought him in, figuring someone would be right down to claim him. That was two weeks ago and we've heard nothing. His time is up tomorrow."* He gestured helplessly.

As the words sank in I turned to the man in horror. *"You mean you're going to kill him?"*

"Ma'am," he said gently, *"that's our policy. We don't have room for every unclaimed dog."*

I looked at the pointer again. The calm brown eyes awaited my decision. *"I'll take him,"* I said. I drove home with the dog on the front seat beside me. When I reached the house I honked the horn twice. I was helping my prize out of the car when Dad shuffled onto the front porch... *"Ta-da! Look what I got for you, Dad!"* I said excitedly.

Dad looked, then wrinkled his face in disgust. *"If I had wanted a dog I would have gotten one. And I would have picked out a better specimen than that bag of bones. Keep it! I don't want it"* Dad waved his arm scornfully and turned back toward the house.

Anger rose inside me. It squeezed together my throat muscles and pounded into my temples. *"You'd better get used to him, Dad. He's staying!"*

Dad ignored me. *"Did you hear me, Dad?"* I screamed. At those words Dad whirled

angrily, his hands clenched at his sides, his eyes narrowed and blazing with hate. We stood glaring at each other like duelists, when suddenly the pointer pulled free from my grasp. He wobbled toward my dad and sat down in front of him. Then slowly, carefully, he raised his paw.

Dad's lower jaw trembled as he stared at the uplifted paw, and confusion replaced the anger in his eyes. The pointer waited patiently. Then Dad was on his knees hugging the animal.

It was the beginning of a warm and intimate friendship. Dad named the pointer Cheyenne. Together he and Cheyenne explored the community. They spent long hours walking down dusty lanes. They spent reflective moments on the banks of streams, angling for tasty trout. They even started to attend Sunday services together, Dad sitting in a pew and Cheyenne lying quietly at his feet.

Dad and Cheyenne were inseparable throughout the next three years. Dad's bitterness faded, and he and Cheyenne made many friends. Then late one night I was startled to feel Cheyenne's cold nose burrowing through our bed covers. He had never before come into our bedroom at night. I woke Dick, put on my robe and ran into my father's room. Dad lay in his bed, his face serene. But his spirit had left quietly sometime during the night.

Two days later my shock and grief deepened when I discovered Cheyenne lying dead beside Dad's bed. I wrapped his still form in the rag rug he had slept on. As Dick and I buried him near a favourite fishing hole, I silently thanked the dog for the help he had given me in restoring Dad's peace of mind.

The morning of Dad's funeral dawned overcast and dreary. This day looks like the way I feel, I thought, as I walked down the aisle to the pews reserved for family. I

was surprised to see the many friends Dad and Cheyenne had made filling the church. The pastor began his eulogy. It was a tribute to both Dad and the dog who had changed his life.

And then the pastor turned to Hebrews 13:2. *"Do not neglect to show hospitality to strangers, for by this some have entertained angels without knowing it."*

"I've often thanked God for sending that angel," he said.

For me, the past dropped into place, completing a puzzle that I had not seen before: the sympathetic voice that had just read the right article. Cheyenne's unexpected appearance at the animal shelter....his calm acceptance and complete devotion to my father. . and the proximity of their deaths. And suddenly I understood. I knew that God had answered my prayers after all.

Life is too short for drama or petty things, so laugh hard, love truly and forgive quickly. Live While You Are Alive. Forgive now those who made you cry. You might not get a second time.

Do share this with someone. Lost time can never be found.

God answers our prayers in His time.....not ours!

AND FROM OUR RECIPE CORNER . . .

BAKED CRAB RANGOON



INGREDIENTS:

- 1 can (170 g) chunk crabmeat, drained, flaked

- 125 g (1/2 of 250-g pkg.) Philadelphia Light Brick Cream Cheese Spread, softened
- 1/4 cup Miracle Whip Dressing
- 2 green onions, thinly sliced
- 12 won ton wrappers

METHOD:

1. Heat oven to 350°F. Mix first 4 ingredients.
2. Line each of 12 muffin cups sprayed with cooking spray with 1 won ton wrapper, allowing edges of wrappers to extend over tops. Fill with crab mixture.
3. Bake 18 to 20 min. or until edges are golden brown and filling is heated through.

ENJOY!

LITTLE HAROLD . . .



Harold watched, fascinated, as his mother smoothed cold cream on her face. *'Why do you do that, mommy?'* he asked. *'To make myself beautiful,'* said his mother, who then began removing the cream with a tissue. *'What's the matter,'* asked Harold *'Giving up?'*

The math teacher saw that Harold wasn't paying attention in class. She called on him and said, *'Harold! What are 2 and 4 and 28 and 44?'* Harold quickly replied, *'NBC, FOX, ESPN and the Cartoon Network!'*

Harold's kindergarten class was on a field trip to their local police station where they saw pictures tacked to a bulletin board of the 10 most wanted criminals. One of the youngsters pointed to a picture and asked if it really was the photo of a wanted person. 'Yes,' said the policeman. *'The detectives want very badly to capture him.'* Harold asked, *"Why didn't you keep him when you took his picture?"*

Little Harold attended a horse auction with his father. He watched as his father moved from horse to horse, running his hands up and down the horse's legs and rump, and chest. After a few minutes, Harold asked, *'Dad, why are you doing that?'* His father replied, *'Because when I'm buying horses, I have to make sure that they are healthy and in good shape before I buy.'* Harold, looking worried, said, *'Dad, I think the UPS guy wants to buy Mom'*

GENTLE THOUGHTS FOR TODAY
Birds of a feather flock together . . . and then crap on your car..

The real art of conversation is not only to say the right thing at the right time, but also to leave unsaid the wrong thing at the tempting moment.

The older you get, the tougher it is to lose weight, because by then your body and your fat have gotten to be really good friends.

Some people try to turn back their odometers. Not me, I want people to know 'why' I look this way. I've traveled a long way and some of the roads weren't paved.

DOG PACK ATTACKS GATOR IN FLORIDA

Caution. This contains graphic material!

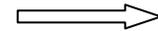
At times nature can be cruel, but there is also a raw beauty, and even a certain justice manifested within that cruelty.

The alligator, one of the oldest and ultimate predators, normally considered the "apex predator", can still fall victim to implemented 'team work' strategy, made possible due to the tight knit social structure and "survival of the pack mentality" bred into the canines.

See the remarkable photograph ON Page 18 courtesy of Nature Magazine.

Note that the Alpha dog has a muzzle hold on the gator preventing it from breathing, while another dog has a hold on the tail to keep it from thrashing. The third dog attacks the soft underbelly of the gator.

Not for the squeamish



GOTCHA!!!!



**A TOUCH OF GOOD OLE
COWBOY HUMOUR . . .**

A cowboy rode into town and stopped at the saloon for a drink. Unfortunately, the locals always had a habit of picking on newcomers. When he left the bar some time later, he realized that his horse had been stolen.

The cowboy rushed back into the bar, handily flipped his gun into the air, caught it above his head without even looking, and then fired a shot into the ceiling. *"Who stole my horse!"* he yelled with surprising forcefulness.

No one answered.

"I'm gonna have another beer and if my horse ain't back outside by the time I'm finished, I'm gonna do what I did back in Texas. And let me tell you, I don't wanna have to do what I did back in Texas!"

Some of the locals shifted restlessly.

The cowboy had another beer, then walked outside to find his horse was back. So, he saddled up and prepared to ride out of town.

The bartender wandered out of the bar and said, *"Say partner, what happened in Texas anyway?"*

The cowboy turned back and said, *"I had to walk home!"*



continue to go forward *'Shoulder to Shoulder!!!*

As always we wish to thank all who contribute to our monthly newsletter. We continue to appreciate your input and your comments. If you see an item or funny story that has been repeated we apologize – but perhaps you can read it once again and enjoy a repeat giggle to start your day!!

Our in-house cover artist Ronnie Robinson has once again outdone himself with this year's covers – these are true masterpieces – a Treasure to Cherish! Thank you Ronnie!

We hope to see all of our Comrades on Remembrance Day – that has always been a wonderful time to reminisce with friends and comrades!!

We will Remember Them Always!!

Your Editors, Mardi & Fred

FROM YOUR EDITORS . . .

Where did 2012 go?! The Holiday Season will be upon us very quickly – then we welcome the New Year 2013!! As always our fervent New Years Wish is that it is a Successful Year for both of our Units - #26 and #68!! The important thing is that we continue to stick together and help each other throughout this coming year. We have worked together for many years now and we, as your Editors, hope that our future will be together – and that we

