

THE BUZZ

WE WILL REMEMBER!



***They shall grow not old, as we that are left grow old:
Age shall not weary them, nor the years condemn.
At the going down of the sun and in the morning
We will remember them.***

From Laurence Binyon's poem For the Fallen, written in September 1914

THE BUZZ

BUZZ NEWS from your EDITOR-IN- CHIEF:



Comrades . . .

On November 9, 2016 I will proudly once again attend the Remembrance Day assembly for the 9th consecutive year at Sir Charles Kingsford-Smith School on Elliot St. in Vancouver. This school is named after Sir Charles Kingsford-Smith, a decorated Australian WW1 pilot. Sir Charles joined the Australian Flying Corps in 1917 and was awarded the Military Cross for gallantry in battle. The International Airport in Sydney, Australia is named after this veteran but what I wish you all to know are the dedicated comrades who have attended these past assemblies with me all these years.

This tradition started in 2007 with myself as Colour Sergeant, together with the following comrades who have all sadly passed away: Roy Blair Unit #68, John Yates Unit #26, Rudy Eylman Unit #26, and May Nyce Unit #68. These friends came every year at my request and to the delight of the over 400 students, teachers and parents. Throughout all of these nine years our very own member Mike Carpenter

piped us into the gymnasium; sadly Mike and I are the only two left of the original group. I would lead the Colour Party with a very loud command and the kid's eyes would be as large as saucers when we marched into their assembly.

Each year I asked their top grade 7 students to hold our flags directly behind us as we were seated. The students would then present performances and because they knew we were coming, made each year more spectacular!

Since the passing of many of my comrades, they have been replaced by three new dedicated members, Comrades Jan Holt, Bill Costain and Peter Pasanen all from our Unit #68. They are now into their 4th year and I personally thank them, and Mike, for continuing such a cherished school event.

We proudly carry on this very important Remembrance Day tradition as it is so important that today's youth understand all that our Veterans have given, and continue to give, to this wonderful country of ours.

Wear your Poppy Proudly!

**Fraternally,
Bob Rietveld**

*At the going down of the sun
and in the morning
We will remember them.*

*FROM 'STORIES WE
REMEMBER'*

THE GREAT GIN CAPER

Chi Jennens
CWAC

I joined the CWAC in December, 1942 at the Vernon Military Camp. I was sent to Vancouver to the old Vancouver hotel which was headquarters to Pacific command. Our barracks for the CWAC were in the Vancouver hotel also. Almost immediately I was sent to Basic Training at Vermillion, AB.

After Basic Training I went on an Instructor's Course to MacDonald College in Quebec and after that I was sent to Kitchner, Ontario for nine months.

Posted back to Vancouver, Pacific command, CWAC Records Dept. In the spring of '45 I was then sent to the Officer's Training Centre at Brockville Ontario. At the end of this course I returned to Vancouver and worked in the Orderly Room as Orderly Room Sergeant.

Do you remember in the Service where booze of any kind in the barracks was not permitted? I was a Sergeant in the Orderly Room at th time, and my friend and I decided to smuggle in a "mickey" of gin. Now where to hide it?? I thought I had come up with a perfect solution.

At this time my room mates and I had our own bathroom. To save time we used to soak our laundry in the bath tub. Wash, rinse and hang everything up right there. Most often when we came to take our clothes off the clothesline everything would be bone dry. We would lay our shirts in the dry bath tub and sprinkle them with water from a beer bottle fitted with a sprinkler top. We kept this bottle on a shelf in our bathroom. I looked at this bottle and thought, It's a perfect place to put the gin, no one would EVER suspect.

To make a long story short, one of my roommates who was unaware of the contents of our sprinkler bottle thought she would do me a favour and sprinkle my very dry laundry for me. Have you ever tried to iron a sticky shirt dampened with Gin?

We may have got away with smuggling the gin into the Barracks but cleaning my iron, rewashing everything, not to mention the loss of the gin was, in a way, cruel and unreasonable punishment.

.....

**PAINTING THE JERRIES
GREEN**

Stan Newman
RCN

I was part of the North Atlantic Convoy and involved in taking troops to Africa, and also taking part in a roving commission (looking for sub packs). I was drafted to a destroyer as a torpedoman, and was assigned to the "GREEN PAINT" Division.

Upon Asdic contact with an enemy submarine, we covered the water with green paint, so the lens of the periscope would be green when it was raised, so that they would assume (wrongly) that they were still under water.

When the sub rose high enough in the air, we signaled the Air Force so they could get in some target practice.

The last year and a half of the war I was an Instructor at Cornwallis.



*We Will Remember
Thank you, Veterans,
With sincere gratitude from
all Canadians*

Source: Stories We Remember
A Tribute to Canadian Veterans,
the true "Spirit of Canada"

PERCEPTION**THE SITUATION:**

In Washington, DC, at a Metro Station, on a cold January morning in 2007, this man with a violin played six Bach pieces for about 45 minutes. During that time, approximately 2,000 people went through the station, most of them on their way to work.

After about 3 minutes:

A middle-aged man noticed that there was a musician playing. He slowed his pace and stopped for a few seconds, and then he hurried on to meet his schedule.

About 4 minutes later:

The violinist received his first dollar. A woman threw money in the hat and without stopping, continued to walk.

At 6 minutes:

A young man leaned against the wall to listen to him, then looked at his watch and started to walk again.

At 10 minutes:

A 3-year old boy stopped, but his mother tugged him along hurriedly. The kid stopped to look at the violinist again, but the mother pushed hard and the child continued to walk, turning his head the whole time. This action was repeated by several other children, but every parent, without exception, forced their children to move on quickly.

At 45 minutes:

The musician played continuously. Only 6 people stopped and listened for a short while. About 20 gave money but continued to walk at their normal pace. The man collected a total of \$32.

After 1 hour:

He finished playing and silence took over. No one noticed and no one applauded. There was no recognition at all.

No one knew this, but the violinist was **Joshua Bell**, one of the greatest musicians in the world. He played one of the most intricate pieces ever written, with a violin worth \$3.5 million dollars.

Two days before, Joshua Bell sold out a theater in Boston where the seats averaged \$100 each to sit and listen to him play the same music.

This is a true story.

Joshua Bell, playing incognito in the D.C. Metro Station, was organized by the Washington Post as part of a social experiment about perception, taste and people's priorities.

This experiment raised several questions:

Ø In a common-place environment, at an inappropriate hour, do we perceive beauty?

Ø If so, do we stop to appreciate it?

Ø Do we recognize talent in an unexpected context?

One possible conclusion reached from this experiment could be this:

If we do not have a moment to stop and listen to one of the best musicians in the world, playing some of the finest music ever written, with one of the most beautiful instruments ever made . . . How many other things are we missing as we rush through life?

**Enjoy life NOW . . .
it has an expiration date**

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IN CASE YOU WONDER

Q. How can you detect
Mad Cow disease in a
bull?

A. He would be the one
wearing high heels!!

WE'LL MEET AGAIN

(famously sung by Vera Lynn)

*We'll meet again,
Don't know where,
Don't know when,
But I know
We'll meet again
Some sunny day.
Keep smiling through
Just like you Always do
Till the blue skies
Drive the dark clouds
Far away.
So will you please
Say hello
To the folks
That I know
Tell them, I won't be long.
They'll be happy to know
That as you saw me go
I was singing this song.*

*Dedicated to all of our Beloved
Comrades who have Passed On
this past year!*



REMINISCING WITH RON 'ANDY CAPP' ROBINSON ...



In Loving Memory - - - -

Here it is, November again and another Remembrance Day. I lost almost all of my friends I grew up with here in South Hill due to the war.

I was sent to Halifax three times to be sent overseas, and was sent back three times to the West Coast to paint signs for the army camps as well as drawing maps for numerous manoeuvres.

I've named this 'army' story: ***"The Case Of The Golden Briefcase and the F.B.I."***

It took place when I was stationed in Port Alberni. The army set me up in a shed (about the size of a telephone booth) where I made my signs and maps.

One bright day our Major Turner came to my shed with a parcel. He unwrapped it to show me a very expensive briefcase. It was for his lady friend's birthday. She was a Lieutenant in the Women's Army Corp. He asked if I would paint her name on the case.

I jumped at the chance because at this particular time I wasn't too well liked by the top brass. Major Turner was with the Officers that got lost on a fishing trip a few weeks before after using one of the maps I had drawn.

I wanted this to be extra special so I went into town and managed to purchase a small can of gold paint, and I decided to do her name in fancy Old English script. I considered it was the best work of art I had ever done. I couldn't wait to see the Major's face when I showed it to him. I was sure the bad feelings the brass had against me would be gone forever! **WRONG!!!**

I handed the briefcase to him and he went into a complete rage and threw the case at me and began using language at me that would have made a drunken sailor sitting on a hot stove blush. Apparently I had spelled the Lieutenant's name wrong. My wonderful work of art read: 'Carroll' and it should have read: 'Carol'.

During the next two weeks I was in the dumps once again. I actually thought of deserting.

One day I received an order to appear at the Major's office. I fully expected more abuse but it turned out to be the exact opposite. First, the Major apologized to me for his extreme outburst over the briefcase. Then he confessed his romance was over with the Lieutenant. To make it up with me he arranged a day pass for me and said we would be going on a short trip the next day.

His jeep picked me up at 9 a.m. The three of us (the Major, his driver and myself) headed to a small town named Fanny Bay about 50 miles from Port Alberni. We had a terrific dinner in the hotel. Strange thing about the dinner the Major bought me – I can remember what the dinner consisted of and that was 66 years ago – and yet I can't remember what I had for dinner last night!

The Fanny Bay dinner was a Cornish hen each with all the trimmings, finished off with a bottle of fine wine (much better than the potato champagne that I was used to.)

I suppose by now you want to know why I mentioned the F.B.I. in this story . . . well, we had that special dinner in the Fanny Bay Inn and all the local residents never called the place by its full name, but only by its initials - the F.B.I.

Written in November 2008

Forever in our Memories

YES . . . PROUD TO BE A SENIOR!!!!

Senior citizens are constantly being criticized for every conceivable deficiency of the modern world, real or imaginary. We know we take responsibility for all we have done and do not try to blame others.

HOWEVER, upon reflection, we would like to point out that it was **NOT** senior citizens who took:

*The melody out of music,
The pride out of appearance,
The courtesy out of driving,
The romance out of love,
The commitment out of marriage,
The responsibility out of parenthood,
The togetherness out of the family,
The learning out of education,
The service out of patriotism,
The Golden Rule from rulers,
The nativity scene out of cities,
The civility out of behaviour,
The refinement out of language,
The dedication out of employment,
The prudence out of spending,
The ambition out of achievement.*

And we certainly are **NOT** the ones who eliminated patience and tolerance from personal relationships and interactions with others!

And, we **DO** understand the meaning of patriotism, and remember those who have fought and died for our country.

Just look at the Seniors with tears in their eyes and pride in their hearts, as they stand at attention when their National Anthem is played.

YES, I'M A SENIOR CITIZEN!

I'm the life of the party even if it lasts until 8 p.m.

I'm very good at opening child proof caps with a hammer.

I'm awake many hours before my body allows me to get up.

I'm smiling all the time, because I can't hear a thing you're saying.

I'm sure everything I can't find is in a safe secure place, somewhere.

I'm wrinkled, saggy, lumpy, and that's just my left leg.

I'm beginning to realize that aging is not for wimps.

Yes, I'm a SENIOR CITIZEN and I think I am having the time of my life! And wide awake at 3:42 in the morning!

***Spread the laughter
Share the cheer
Let's be happy
While we're here.***

ENJOY SOME SENIOR HUMOUR An 'Oldie' but Still a 'Goodie'!

An older couple is sitting together gazing out over the lake



During one of the quiet moments, the husband asked his wife, "Whatever happened to our sexual relations?"

After a long thoughtful silence, the wife replied, "You know, I don't know. I don't think we even got a Christmas card from them this year."

UNIQUE AND INTERESTING SAYINGS continued from your October Issue

Early aircraft throttles had a ball on the end of it, in order to go full throttle the pilot had to push the throttle all the way forward into the wall of the instrument panel. Hence **"balls to the wall"** for going very fast. And now you know the rest of the story.

Did you know the saying **"God willing and the creek don't rise"** was in reference to the Creek Indians and not a body of water? It was written by Benjamin Hawkins in the late 18th century. He was a politician and Indian diplomat. While in the south, Hawkins was requested by the President of the U.S. to return to Washington. In his response, he was said to write, **"God willing and the Creek don't rise."** Because he capitalized the word "Creek" he was referring to the Creek Indian tribe and not a body of water.

In George Washington's days, there were no cameras. One's image was either sculpted or painted. Some paintings of George Washington showed him standing behind a desk with one arm behind his back while others showed both legs and both arms. Prices charged by painters were not based on how many people were to be painted, but by how many limbs were to be painted. Arms and legs are 'limbs,' therefore painting them would cost the buyer more. Hence the expression, **'Okay, but it'll cost you an arm and a leg.'** (Artists know hands and arms are more difficult to paint.)

As incredible as it sounds, men and women took baths only twice a year (May and October). Women kept their hair covered, while men shaved their heads (because of lice and bugs) and wore wigs.

Wealthy men could afford good wigs made from wool. They couldn't wash the wigs, so to clean them they would carve out a loaf of bread, put the wig in the shell, and bake it for 30 minutes. The heat would make the wig big and fluffy, hence the term **'big wig'**. Today we often use the term 'here comes the Big Wig' because someone appears to be or is powerful and wealthy.

In the late 1700's, many houses consisted of a large room with only one chair. Commonly, a long wide board folded down from the wall, and was used for dining. The 'head of the household' always sat in the chair while everyone else ate sitting on the floor. Occasionally a guest, who was usually a man, would be invited to sit in this chair during a meal. To sit in the chair meant you were important and in charge. They called the one sitting in the chair the 'chair man.' Today in business, we use the expression or title **'Chairman' or 'Chairman of the Board.'**

Personal hygiene left much room for improvement. As a result, many women and men had developed acne scars by adulthood. The women would spread bee's wax over their facial skin to smooth out their complexions. When they were speaking to each other, if a woman began to stare at another woman's face she was told, **'mind your own bee's wax.'** Should the woman smile, the wax would crack, hence the term **'crack a smile'**. In addition, when they sat too close to the fire, the wax would melt. Therefore, the expression **'losing face.'**

Ladies wore corsets, which would lace up in the front. A proper and dignified woman, as in **'straight laced'** wore a tightly tied lace.

Common entertainment included playing cards. However, there was a tax levied when purchasing playing cards but only applicable to the 'Ace of Spades.' To avoid paying the tax, people would purchase 51 cards instead. Yet, since most games require 52 cards, these people were thought to be stupid or dumb because they weren't *'playing with a full deck.'*

Early politicians required feedback from the public to determine what the people considered important. Since there were no telephones, TV's or radios, the politicians sent their assistants to local taverns, pubs, and bars. They were told to 'go sip some ale and listen to people's conversations and political concerns. Many assistants were dispatched at different times. 'You go sip here' and 'You go sip there.' The two words 'go sip' were eventually combined when referring to the local opinion and, thus we have the term *'gossip.'*

At local taverns, pubs, and bars, people drank from pint and quart-sized containers. A bar maid's job was to keep an eye on the customers and keep the drinks coming. She had to pay close attention and remember who was drinking in 'pints' and who was drinking in 'quarts,' hence the phrase *'minding your 'P's and Q's'.*

One more: bet you didn't know this! In the heyday of sailing ships, all war ships and many freighters carried iron cannons. Those cannons fired round iron cannon balls. It was necessary to keep a good supply near the cannon. However, how to prevent them from rolling about the deck? The best storage method devised was a square-based pyramid with one ball on top, resting on four resting on nine, which rested on sixteen. Thus, a supply of 30 cannon balls could be stacked in a small area right next to the cannon. There was

only one problem....how to prevent the bottom layer from sliding or rolling from under the others. The solution was a metal plate called a 'Monkey' with 16 round indentations. However, if this plate were made of iron, the iron balls would quickly rust to it. The solution to the rusting problem was to make 'Brass Monkeys.' Few landlubbers realize that brass contracts much more and much faster than iron when chilled. Consequently, when the temperature dropped too far, the brass indentations would shrink so much that the iron cannonballs would come right off the monkey; Thus, it was quite literally, *'Cold enough to freeze the balls off a brass monkey.'*

A TOUCH OF HUMOUR , , ,

As we stood in formation at the Pensacola Naval Air Station, our Flight Instructor said, *"All right! All you worthless morons fall out!"*

As the rest of the squad wandered away, I remained standing at attention.

The Instructor walked over until he was eye-to-eye with me, and then raised a single eyebrow. I smiled and said, *"Sure were a lot of 'em, huh sir?"*



There's a certain age where you can no longer use the term "Good girl gone bad".
It's more like
"Her old ass should know better"

TAKE A BREATH . . .

David Rivett introduces his song. "*This Remembrance Day song 'Take a Breath' is a song I wrote dedicated to my father Douglas Rivett. He landed with the 3rd Division Middlesex Regiment on Sword Beach Normandy on June 6th 1944 as part of the Allied invasion of Europe to end World War Two.*"

Take a breath

When the wind is a rising
And the storm clouds flying
And your heart is pounding so loud
You feel you should be running
But your feet are dragging
And your head is spinning round

Chorus; Take a breath
Think of a cool sweet morning
That will come when
The storm has gone away
Take a breath
Take it deep into your heart now
The storm will pass
And there will be a brand new day

Look around this old world and
See the flags are flying
Hear the voices crying out for love
In the streets they are shouting
And the guns they are firing
See the tears in the eyes of the dove

When the wars are all over
There'll be tears from the mother
For the children who are all dead
Angry men will say they're sorry
They will march and they will sing songs
And say it won't happen again.

David Rivett

As Flak Goes By

A take-off on 'As Time Goes By' . . .

You must remember
this
That flak don't always
miss
And one of you may
die.
The fundamental thing
applies
As flak goes by...

And when the fighters
come
You hope you're not
the one
To tumble from the sky
The odds are always
too damned high
As flak goes by...

110's and 210's
knocking at your gate
Come on you jokers,
come on kill that rate
And should a bomb
hang, salvo don't wait
The target's passing
by...

It's still the same old
story
A tale that's too
damned gory
Some brave men have
to die
The odds are always
high
As flak goes by.

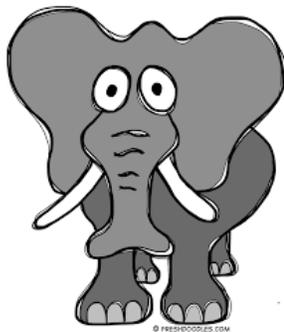
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ELEPHANT STEW...

Recipe for a large crowd . . .

- Submitted by Grade 7

You take a juicy elephant, an African maybe, and cut up into 1 inch cubes, so measure accurately. Place cubes in boiling water, two thousand gallons, see? And simmer over three long days; it's going marvelously.



Add ½ ton of vegetables, assorted green and white. Do not use rutabagas; they hate people with a fright. That's why they taste the way they do, so keep 'em out of sight. Now simmer this for six more days, and it will be all right.

This recipe will serve about four thousand ninety-two. If more are coming, add 2 rabbits; that will have to do. Don't add more rabbits 'cause I've heard something that may be true. That people on the whole don't like to find hare in their stew.



50 SHADES OF GREY FOR SENIORS.

Back and forth Back and forth In and out In and out A little to the right A little to the left She could feel the sweat on her forehead Between her breasts And, trickling down the small of her back She was getting near to the end He was in ecstasy with a huge smile on his face as his wife moved Forwards then backwards Forward then backward Again and again

Her heart was pounding now Her face was flushed She moaned softly at first, then began to groan louder Finally totally exhausted she let out a piercing scream

"OK, OK, you smug jerk, I can't parallel park. You do it!"

EDITOR'S NOTE: We Gotta Keep Laughin'!!!!

HAPPY BIRTHDAY to our Unit #68 NOVEMBER Celebrants!



Charlie Calvert
Rose Rietveld

Ann Kimoff
Al Stronstad

Happy Birthday Everyone!!!!

NEW PASTA DIET

Just walk pasta bakery without stopping.
Walk pasta candy store without stopping.
Walk pasta ice cream shop without stopping.
Walk pasta pizza joint without stopping.

COME FLY WITH ME

As the crowded airliner is about to take off, the peace is shattered by a five-year-old boy who picks that moment to throw a wild temper tantrum.

No matter what his frustrated, embarrassed mother does to try to calm him down the boy continues to scream furiously and kick the seats around him.

Suddenly, from the rear of the plane, a man in a U.S. Marine Corps uniform is seen slowly walking forward up the aisle.

Stopping the flustered mother with an upraised hand, the courtly, soft-spoken Marine leans down and, motioning toward his chest, whispers something into the boy's ear.

Instantly, the boy calms down, gently takes his mother's hand, and quietly fastens his seat belt.

All the other passengers burst into spontaneous applause.

As the Marine slowly makes his way back to his seat, one of the cabin attendants touches his sleeve. *"Excuse me, sir,"* she says quietly, *"but could I ask you what magic words you used on that little boy?"*

The Marine smiles serenely and gently confides, *"I showed him my pilot's wings, service stars, and battle ribbons, and explained that they entitle me to throw one passenger out the plane door, on any flight I choose, and that I was just wondering if he was the one to kick out."*

"After two years in Washington, I often long for the realism and sincerity of Hollywood."

--- Fred Thompson

ANAF UNIT #68 MEMBERSHIP . . .



The membership chair for Unit #68 is our unit secretary - **Jan Holt** – if you have not already enrolled for the year 2017 please do so NOW so you may continue receiving all of the wonderful benefits membership accords.

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

DON'T YOU JUST LOVE TEENAGERS?????

A teacher asked her class, *"What do you want out of life?"*

A teenage girl in the back row raised her hand and said, *"All I want out of life is four animals."*

The teacher asked, *"Really, and what four animals would that be?"*

The young girl said *"A mink on my back, a jaguar in the garage, a tiger in my bed and a jackass to pay for all of it."*

The teacher fainted!!



HANDY HOUSEHOLD HINTS FOR YOU . . .



How to Cook Corn on the Cob in 5 minutes . . .

Wet a paper towel and squeeze out excess water. Then wrap your paper towel around the corn and place on a microwavable plate. Cook in the microwave on high for 5 minutes. Allow to cool and then remove paper towel. Butter all sides of the corn, then salt and pepper to taste. Enjoy!

To Encourage Appetites:

Fry up an onion or set an onion in the oven to heat. The smell will make everyone good and hungry at meal time.

Dusting Tips:

Wear white cotton gloves sprayed with furniture polish to do your dusting.

Use a clean paint brush to dust pleated lamp shades.

**I've decided on
my new career,
I'm going to be a
backwards stripper.
I come out on the
stage naked and
they pay me to put
my clothes back on.**



FOR ALL OF OUR AVID GOLFERS OUT THERE



*Here's a little slice of
golf history that you
might enjoy.*

Why do golf courses have 18 holes - not 20, or 10, or an even dozen?

During a discussion among the club's membership board at St. Andrews in 1858, a senior member pointed out that it takes exactly 18 shots to polish off a fifth of Scotch.

By limiting himself to only one shot of Scotch per hole, the Scot figured a round of golf was finished when the Scotch ran out.

HERE'S LITTLE JOHNNY . . .

A Sunday school teacher was trying to teach her class about the difference between right and wrong.

"All right children, let's take another example," she said. "If I were to get into a man's pocket and take all his money, what would I be?"

Little Johnny raises his hand, and with a confident smile, he blurts out, *"You'd be his wife!"*

A QUOTE YOU'LL LOVE . . .

"Work is the curse of the drinking classes."

--- Oscar Wilde (1854 - 1900)

THREE TREES & A WOODPECKER

It is hard to find a joke today without a dirty word or two in it, but here is one:

Two tall trees, a birch and a beech, are growing in the woods. A small tree begins to grow between them, and the beech says to the birch, 'Is that a son of a beech or a son of a birch?'

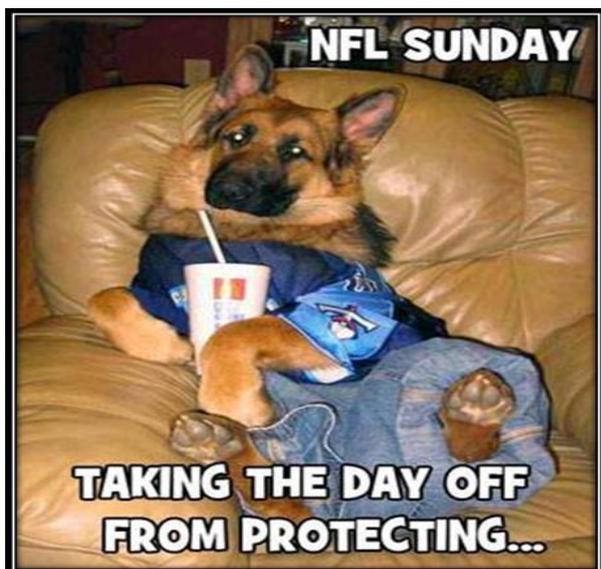
The birch says he cannot tell, but just then a woodpecker lands on the sapling.

The birch says, 'Woodpecker, you are a tree expert. Can you tell if that is a son of a beech or a son of a birch?'



The woodpecker takes a taste of the small tree and replies, 'It is neither a son of a beech nor a son of a birch. It is, however, the best piece of ash I have ever poked my pecker into.'

WE LOVE POLICE DOGS . . .



GOTTA LUV LITTLE OLD LADIES

A minister decided to do something a little different one Sunday morning. He said, "Today, in church, I am going to say a single word and you are going to help me preach. Whatever single word I say, I want you to sing whatever hymn that comes to your mind."

The pastor shouted out "CROSS". Immediately the congregation started singing in unison, 'THE OLD RUGGED CROSS.'

The pastor hollered out "GRACE." The congregation began to sing "AMAZING GRACE, how sweet the sound."

The pastor said "POWER," and the congregation sang "THERE IS POWER IN THE BLOOD."

The pastor said "SEX."

The congregation fell into total silence. Everyone was in shock. They all nervously began to look around at each other, afraid to say anything.

Then all of a sudden, from way in the back of the church, a little 87 year old grandmother stood up and began to sing "PRECIOUS MEMORIES."



"Whoever said you can't buy happiness forgot about puppies."

--- Gene Hill

**FROM OUR UNIT #68 BUZZ
RECIPE CORNER:
CHEESY TACO
STICKS**



INGREDIENTS:

- 1 lb. ground beef
- 1 packet taco seasoning mix
- 1 tube Pillsbury Pizza Dough
- 5 colby jack and cheddar cheese sticks, halved
- 4 tbsp butter, melted
- 1 tsp garlic powder
- 1 tsp dried parsley

METHOD:

1. Preheat oven to 425 degrees F.
2. Lightly coat a large baking sheet with non-stick spray and set aside.
3. Cook the ground beef in a skillet, breaking up with a wooden spoon until fully browned and crumbled. Drain any fat and return skillet to stove top. Mix in the taco seasoning packet (but no water), and stir until

fully coated. Remove from heat and let cool to room temperature.*

4. Spread the pizza dough out until it's flat and cut in half lengthwise and then 4 cuts up and down, creating a total of 10 small rectangles. Place about a tablespoon or more of the taco meat in the center of each pizza dough, top with a halved cheese stick and then carefully roll up the pizza stick, making sure to pinch all seams closed.
5. Combine the melted butter, garlic powder and parsley in a small bowl and brush it on the tops of the cheesy taco sticks. Bake for 10 to 12 minutes or until golden brown on top. Serve hot with your favorite taco toppings!

PLEASE NOTE:

You can use leftover taco meat in this recipe. But if you do make the full 1 lb. of ground beef, you will have lots of leftover taco meat, so you can freeze it and save for later use!

Overheard in the tea room . . .

“Wanting to lose weight, I placed a picture of a shapely, pinup model in our refrigerator to remind me of my goal. The reminder worked like a charm as I discovered that I had lost ten pounds in the first month of using this method.

The downside to this was that my husband spent so much time going into the fridge to look at the picture that he ended up gaining fifteen pounds!”



OBSERVATIONS ON GROWING OLDER

~Your kids are becoming you ... and you don't like them but your grandchildren are perfect!

~Going out is good.
Coming home is better!

~When people say you look "*Great*" ... they add "*for your age!*"

~When you needed the discount you paid full price.
Now you get discounts on everything movies, hotels, flights, but you're too tired to use them.

~You forget names ... but it's OK because other people forgot they even knew you!!!

~The 5 pounds you wanted to lose is now 15 and you have a better chance of losing your keys than the 15 pounds.

~You realize you're never going to be really good at anything ... especially golf.

~Your husband is counting on you to remember things you don't remember.

~The things you used to care to do, you no longer care to do, but you really do care that you don't care to do them anymore.

~Your husband sleeps better on a lounge chair with the TV blaring than he does in bed. It's called his "pre-sleep".

~Remember when your mother said "*Wear clean underwear in case you GET in an accident?*" Now you bring clean underwear in case you HAVE an accident!

~You used to say
"I hope my kids GET married..
Now you say, "*I hope they STAY married!*"

~You miss the days when everything worked with just an "ON" and "OFF" switch.

~When GOOGLE, Ipod, email, modem ... were unheard of, and a mouse was something that made you climb on a table.

~You used to use more 4 letter words "*what?*"... "*when?*" ???

~Now that you can afford expensive jewelry, it's not safe to wear it anywhere.

~Your husband has a night out with the guys but he's home by 9:00 P.M. ... next week it will be 8:30 P.M.

~You read 100 pages into a book before you realize you've read it.

~Notice everything they sell in stores is "*sleeveless*"?!!!

~What used to be freckles are now liver spots.

~Everybody whispers.

~You have 3 sizes of clothes in your closet 2 of which you will never wear.

~~~~ **But old is good in some things:**  
**old songs**  
**old movies**



**And best of all OLD FRIENDS!!**



## 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 it 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 once again for this 2016 Remembrance Day as it is so very appropriate.



***A Canadian soldier in Afghanistan  
marks Remembrance Day***

## A TRIBUTE TO OUR VETERANS

### IT IS THE VETERAN . . . .

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.*

WHEN YOU GO HOME,  
TELL THEM OF US AND SAY:  
'FOR YOUR TOMORROW  
WE GAVE OUR TODAY'.



## FROM YOUR EDITORS . . .

We are looking forward to spending a Memorable Remembrance Day reminiscing with all of our good friends and comrades!!!!



We want to, as always, thank all of our loyal readers and all who send us great items, both informative and funny, for our newsletter every month – it is very much appreciated!!

We sadly report that we have lost another long-time loyal Unit #68 member – we wish a loving farewell to Virginia "Ginny" Overholt who passed away on November 2<sup>nd</sup>, 2016. She was a delightful lady and she will be missed.

**Remember** – you have a standing invitation to visit our webpage at [anavets68.com](http://anavets68.com)

As we look toward our Holiday Season we wish everyone good health and much joy – remember to hug your friends and family – often!!!

**Your Editors,**

**Mardi & Fred**

.....

## Words to live by . . .

*"I have great respect for the past.  
If you don't know where you've come from,  
you don't know where you're going. I have respect for the past, but I'm a person of the moment.  
I'm here, and I do my best to be completely centered at the place I'm at, then I go forward to the next place."*

Maya Angelou