

# THE BUZZ

THIS BUZZ COVER IS  
DEDICATED TO ALL  
'OLD THINGS'



old REN ROBINSON

# THE BUZZ



## YOUR PRESIDENT'S REPORT

Comrades:

Once again we are approaching Remembrance Day and for 7 years Unit #68 has attended Sir Charles Kingsford-Smith Remembrance Day Assemblies. With 3 Colour Guard members and our Piper, we march in to 300 elementary school children; grades kindergarten to grade 7.

As we enter, I loudly shout out the command "*Attention*" and as we carry in the Colours the children's eyes are as large as saucers.

I always get a few moments to speak to the children and introduce myself as Sergeant Bob and this year the kindergarten kids of 7 years ago are graduating to junior high school. Past attendees were Roy Blair, Rudy Eylman, May Nyce (all deceased) and last year 91 year old Charlie Lee joined us and since most of the kids are of Asian descent Charlie told his war stories in their language to a standing ovation.

Each year the students improve their skits and perform songs and you can see on their faces that they are looking at our

veterans for approval. Veterans Affairs Canada provides me with educational material and post cards that they can send to our troops who are stationed overseas and following the ceremony we are invited to go to their class rooms to answer questions. This event is not only rewarding for the students but it is also our chance to educate these young people. Thank You to all my comrades who take a day off work for such a worthy cause.

A reminder: our Unit #68 General Membership Meeting is on Sunday, October 18, 2015 at 1:00 P.M. at 951 East 8th Ave Vancouver; letters and emails have been sent, and nominations for 2016 executives will be held at this meeting. I will ask the members for permission to also hold our elections, as this is our best chance to have all our members together. Not having a club house of our own has its challenges but we are active and thanks to The Buzz newsletter we are well known.

Unfortunately due to a heavy rainfall the B.C. Command and Unit #68 sponsored bocce ball tournament was cancelled the day of the event. It was especially sad for our comrades from Sidney Unit #302 who travelled a long way. I stopped at the club at around 1:00 P.M. to say 'hello' but they had already returned to the ferries.

At our picnic we made our competition wear a black eye patch in order to gain an advantage, and now we make it rain so we can hold the championship for another year-- Gawd we're cheeky!!!

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

## PROVINCIAL COLOUR GUARD REPORT

Comrades,  
Although the 9/11 Ceremony is always a very emotional event, a disturbing decision was made by the new organizing committee for 2015. It was decided that no motorcycle clubs would be permitted to join the convoy from River Rock Casino to the Blaine border. In past years, these included the 3RD CAV. Veterans Motor Cycle Club and other motorcycle organizations. Although they wear their leather vests with their different patches, they also wear their medals proudly as they served in Afghanistan, Vietnam and Korea. 3rd Cav. stands for Canadian Army, Air force and Navy Veterans. I was told that this decision was made by the VPD who felt that there might be some questionable elements among them, only because of their motorcycle persona. We are not talking Hell's-Angels, but proud veterans. Their exclusion was embarrassing and at one point I felt like withdrawing my support but realized that it was because of 9/11 that 158 Canadian soldiers lost their lives in Afghanistan following the attack. These brave fallen, first responders, police and over 2,800 souls are the reason for our Remembrance Service. It should in no way have any political interference.

Although Steve Williams, the original ride director tried to lessen this decision, and he was very upset, the air was very tense

as the cyclists were not even allowed to enter the parking lot. They did however ride separately from the convoy and as proud veterans attended the ceremony. I congratulate these comrades and hope that better judgments prevail next year. These are hard won freedoms which must never be attacked.

On September 13, 2015 Comrades, Dave Gurney, Chuck and Shirley McDonald and Bob Rietveld attended the Celebration of Life for our Colour Guard member, Terry Terrance Misner, who passed away on August 8th, 2015. The function was held at the Navy Hall in Richmond and attended by Cadets 195 BCSSCC Bicknell and 307 RCSCC Mariner of Surrey who Terry enjoyed teaching. I was very touched when I was asked to escort Terry's wife Donna to the dock side to spread his ashes, with two buglers playing last post as a duet; it was a very emotional send off. Terry was only 69 years young but accomplished a great deal with the cadets, and was a Unit #284 member for many years. Rest in Peace, Comrade.

**Bob Rietveld  
Past Color Sergeant**

## HAPPY BIRTHDAY to our Unit #68 OCTOBER Celebrants!



Fred Bugden                      Mike Carpenter  
Glen Johnson                      Susan King  
Douglas Smith

***Happy Birthday!***

*If we have missed your birthday please contact us and let us know so that we can update our files. Thank you!*

## VETERAN'S AFFAIRS REPORT

### Comrades

It was announced Thursday Sept 17, 2015 that a Veterans Village will be built in Whalley on existing property of the Royal Canadian Legion.

The building is reminiscent of the Vimy Ridge Memorial in France and features a poppy-inspired façade. It will include 20 storeys of assisted living, family spaces and will provide treatment for those dealing with P.T.S.D.

The day of the announcement Capt. Trevor Greene, who was attacked in 2006 in an Afghan village when a teen came upon him and struck him on the head with an axe, took his first public step across a stage with the help of a robotic exoskeleton.

Miracles can happen and there is an urgent need for services for those who've served in recent conflicts. To help Capt. Greene over \$120,000.00 was raised in about 3 months. The hope is that the Veterans Village will usher in a new era of vets care, such as the technology being used to help in Green's rehab.

Please renew your memberships for 2016 at your unit or branch because facilities such as above only get built by members of our veterans organizations, whether you are an A.N.A.F. or R.C.L. member, our veterans need your help.

*Submitted in honour of Roy Blair.*

Fraternally,  
Bob Rietveld

**You are invited to visit our  
website at [anavets68.com](http://anavets68.com)**

## SPORTS REPORT

with **LES JONES . . . .**

**The Masters Shuffleboard  
Tournament** was held at the 100 Club at 2211 Kingsway Vancouver, BC from Sept 11<sup>th</sup> thru to Sept. 13<sup>th</sup> with the following results:



### MASTERS TOURNAMENT:

#### Friday Night Draw partners:

1<sup>st</sup>: Bev Larkin---Les Jones

2<sup>nd</sup>: Linda Walker----Joe Bruni

#### A.B.C. Draw on Saturday

1st place - **A side**----- Bill Walker, Billy Schmel, Glen Harrison

1st Place - **B side**----- Gordie Smith, Les Jones. Dan Elias.

3rd Place - Eric Kolstrud, Randy Rotheisler, Bonnie Crocker.

4th Place - Kill Bill Renskers, Sam Bruni, Eden Crocker.

**Congratulations to All!**

**The Bocce Ball Prov.  
Command Tournament**  
was cancelled due to rain!



**Some mistakes  
are too much fun  
to only make  
once.**

**PONDER THIS:** *If corn oil is made from corn, and vegetable oil is made from vegetables, then what is baby oil made from?*

## A TOUCH OF TRIVIA FOR YOU . . .

**Editor's Note: We have run this true story before but thought it definitely deserves a repeat performance . . . .**

If you didn't already know this little tidbit of wonderful trivia.....

On July 20, 1969, as commander of the Apollo 11 Lunar Module, Neil Armstrong was the first person to set foot on the moon.



His first words after stepping on the moon, "*that's one small step for a man, one giant leap for mankind,*" were televised to earth and heard by millions.

But, just before he re-entered the Lander, he made the enigmatic remark "*Good Luck, Mr. Gorsky.*"

Many people at NASA thought it was a casual remark concerning some rival soviet cosmonaut.

However, upon checking, there was no Gorsky in either the Russian or American space programs.

Over the years, many people questioned Armstrong as to what the '*Good Luck, Mr. Gorsky*' statement meant,

But Armstrong always just smiled.

On July 5, 1995, in Tampa Bay, Florida , while answering questions following a speech, a reporter brought up the 26-year-

old question about Mr. Gorsky to Armstrong.

This time he finally responded because his Mr. Gorsky had just died, so Neil Armstrong felt he could now answer the question.

Here is the answer to "*Who was Mr. Gorsky*":

In 1938, when he was a kid in a small mid-western town, he was playing baseball with a friend in the backyard.

His friend hit the ball, which landed in his neighbour's yard by their bedroom window. His neighbours were Mr. and Mrs. Gorsky.

As he leaned down to pick up the ball, young Armstrong heard Mrs. Gorsky shouting at Mr. Gorsky, "*Sex! You want sex?! You'll get sex when the kid next door walks on the moon!*"

It broke the place up.

*Neil Armstrong's family confirmed that this is a true story.*

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### ***THE POWER OF A SMILE!!!***

*Smiling is infectious;  
you catch it like the flu,  
When someone smiled at me today,  
I started smiling too.  
I passed around the corner and  
someone saw my grin  
When he smiled I realized I'd  
passed it on to him.  
I thought about that smile then  
I realized its worth,  
A single smile, just like mine  
could travel round the earth.  
So, if you feel a smile begin,  
don't leave it undetected  
Let's start an epidemic quick,  
and get the world infected!*

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*"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*

## YOU'VE GOT TO LOVE US OLD PEOPLE!!!!!!

A pastor told his congregation that he was going to do a 4 point message series over the next few weeks. "Whatever word I end on", he told them, "I want you to sing a song that goes with that word".

The 1st week the word was Rock. So the congregation sang "Rock of Ages".

The 2nd week the word was Assurance. So they sang "Blessed Assurance".

The 3rd week the word was Cross. They sang "At the Cross".

The 4th week the word was Sex. The congregation was baffled at what to sing.

Finally an 85 yr old woman stood up from the back of the church and started singing "Precious Memories".



A friend is someone  
who thinks you're  
a good egg  
even though you're  
slightly cracked!

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



*The following is a combination of two columns written by our Ronnie in October of 2001 and November of 2001. He has graciously given us*

*permission to reprint them for your enjoyment . . . . and enlightenment!!! Words that we have changed to reflect the present time are in darker black print and slanted!*

With those dreaded war clouds *still* hovering over this world of ours, our thoughts bring about memories of the last war. Of course we all know that there is certainly nothing humorous about war, but there are lighter events to remember.

Mine goes back to June 18<sup>th</sup>, 1940. Myself and four of my Fraser Street 'Gang' walked all the way down to the Beatty Street Armouries and joined the Army. The recruiting officer promised us we would be staying together in the same outfit, the Duke of Connaught's Own Rifles Regiment. I still believe the Canadian Government owes me a medal for being the shortest length of time served in a regiment. Twenty minutes after I took the oath as a member of the Connaught's Rifles I was suddenly discharged and became a Private in the Rocky Mountain Rangers and sent to Salmon Arm for basic training and never saw my 'Gang' ever again. The Army told me I would serve my time with the Rocky Mountain Rangers until I gained more weight then I would be returned to the same outfit as my buddies. It never happened.

My early months in Salmon Arm are times I shall never forget. Our first issue of uniforms consisted of coveralls (large enough to hold three soldiers), a cardboard pith helmet, and a broom handle for a weapon. Twice a week we

'proudly' marched down the main street of Salmon Arm with our wonderful broomsticks slung over our shoulders. The locals watched us from both sides of the street and we never could figure out if they were cheering for us . . . . or laughing at us. I often thought if the enemy ever seen us with our trusty broom handles they would have felt so sorry for us they would have surrendered!

One thing I remember about those first few months of the war that few people today ever knew about, was that members of the armed forces were not allowed in the same restaurants as the Locals, or the beer parlors in some towns (Halifax was the worst city for this).

Now quickly back to my story . . . after about six months in Salmon Arm I was transferred to the Royal Canadian Artillery and became a gunner in the 25<sup>th</sup> Battery, Anti-Aircraft. It took a team of five to operate the Bofors anti-aircraft gun.

Something happened on a bright, sunny day on Vancouver Island that myself and the other four gunners were responsible for, and the Canadian government made us swear to complete silence about the entire episode. That Order was given *over* sixty years ago so I suppose my code of silence is finally over, and I'll tell you the real story in a later column . . . *like now!*

One last word . . . a famous statesman once said, "*There are no winners in a war*". I wish everyone would think over that remark!

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*The day our Defence Department told me to keep my big mouth shut . . . .*

It's been *over* sixty years ago now, so I presume it's safe enough for me to open my mouth and tell you the reason why we were sworn to secrecy.

After serving my time with the Rocky Mountain Rangers in Salmon Arm the Army felt it was finally safe to transfer me to the Royal Canadian Artillery. I became a gunner with a light anti-aircraft battery on Vancouver Island.



One bright and sunny day, we were having target practice in Parksville. Our Bofors gun crew consisted of myself and four other brave soldiers. Our task was to shoot and destroy the large 'sock' being towed above us by a small aircraft. We aimed and we fired. We missed the 'sock' but our shell hit the plane, tearing off its tail end. Miraculously the pilot managed to crash land into the waters of Qualicum Beach. The pilot made it to shore seconds before the plane sank. Luckily he suffered no injuries.

Well . . . our target practice was immediately halted and our crew and instructor were loaded into an army vehicle and taken to army headquarters. We were questioned for about two hours and then the commanding officer informed us that under very strict orders from the Defense Department we would be sworn to complete secrecy about anything concerning the incident in Parksville. The joke about all this is that when we arrived back at our camp everyone was already talking about the unfortunate accident. We had our 15 minutes of fame and everyone kept telling us we should get a medal for being the first to shoot down an aircraft over the skies of Canada.

Following this event in my army life I signed up for a topographic course (map making) being held in the Legislature Building in Victoria. After completing the

course I was assigned to drawing maps for army maneuvers on Vancouver Island and Wainwright, Alberta. I guess my maps were a little more accurate than my aiming was with an anti-aircraft gun. My reason for saying this is because . . . we won the war, didn't we?

### *I AM A SEENAGER*

*(Senior Teenager)*



*I have everything that I wanted as a teenager, only 60 years later. I don't have to go to school or work. I get an allowance every month.*

*I have my own pad.*

*I don't have a curfew.*

*I have a driver's license and my own car.*

*The people I hang around with are not scared of getting pregnant and they do not use drugs.*

*And . . . I don't have acne.*

*Life is Great!!*

**Wishing all of our faithful readers a very fabulous thanksgiving weekend with a delicious feast to enjoy!!!**



## WARNING FROM POLICE

*This applies to both men  
and women!!*



This is the new thing these days with people out of work and needing cash. Beware, it's headed our way!

Just last weekend on Friday night we parked in a public parking area. As we drove away I noticed a sticker on the rear window of the car. When I took it off after I got home, it was a receipt for gas. Luckily my friend told me not to stop as it could be someone waiting for me to get out of the car. Then we received this email yesterday:

### WARNING FROM POLICE BEWARE OF PAPER ON THE BACK WINDOW OF YOUR VEHICLE - - NEW WAY TO DO CAR JACKINGS

Heads up everyone! Please, keep this circulating. You walk across the parking lot, unlock your car and get inside. You start the engine and shift into reverse. When you look into the rear view mirror to back out of your parking space, you notice a piece of paper stuck to the middle of the rear window. So, you shift into Park, unlock your doors, and jump out of your car to remove that paper (or whatever it is) that is obstructing your view. When you reach the back of your car that is when the car jackers appear out of nowhere, jump into your car and take off. They practically mow you down as they speed off in your car.

And guess what, ladies? I bet your purse is still in the car.

So now the car jacker has your car, your home address, your money, and your keys. Your home and your whole identity are

now compromised!

If you see a piece of paper stuck to your back window, just drive away. Remove the paper later. And be thankful that you read this item. I hope you will relate this to all of your friends and family, especially to women. A purse contains all kinds of personal information and identification documents, and you certainly do NOT want it to fall into the wrong hands.

**Beware of this new scheme that is now being used.**

## BEING POSITIVE . . .

Late in the night, he finally regained consciousness. He was in the hospital, agonizing in pain. He found himself in the ICU with tubes in his mouth, needles and IV drips in both arms, a breathing mask, wires monitoring every function, and a gorgeous nurse hovering over him. He realized that he was obviously in a life-threatening situation.



The nurse gave him a serious, deep look, straight into his eyes, then spoke to him slowly and clearly, enunciating each word and syllable, "You may not feel anything from the waist down."

Somehow he managed to mumble in reply, "Can I feel your boobs, then?"

And there, my friend, is the essence of a positive attitude . . .

*"Money can't buy friends,  
but it can get you a better  
class of enemy."*

--- Spike Milligan

## A TOUCH OF SENIOR HUMOUR . . . .

An elderly couple had just learned how to send text messages on their cell phones. The wife was a romantic type and the husband was more of a no-nonsense guy.



One afternoon the wife went out to meet a friend for coffee. She decided to send her husband a romantic text message and she wrote:

*"If you are sleeping, send me your dreams.  
If you are laughing, send me your smile.  
If you are eating, send me a bite.  
If you are drinking, send me a sip.  
If you are crying, send me your tears.  
I love you."*

The husband texted back to her: *"I'm on the toilet. Please advise."*

— — — — —

During her physical examination, a doctor asked a retired woman about her activity level. The woman said she spent 3 days a week, every week, in the outdoors and yesterday was typical:

*"I took a five hour walk about 7 miles through some pretty rough terrain. I waded along the edge of a lake. I pushed my way through miles of brambles. I got sand in my shoes and my eyes. I barely avoided stepping on a snake. I climbed several rocky hills. I went to the bathroom behind some big trees. I ran away from an irate*

*mother bear and then ran away from one angry bull Elk. The mental stress of it all left me shattered. At the end of it all I drank a scotch and three glasses of wine."*

Amazed by the story, the doctor said, *"Goodness, you're one hell of an outdoors woman!"*

*"No," the woman replied, "I'm just a really, really shitty golfer!"*



## OVERHEARD IN THE CLUBROOMS . . .

While standing on a street corner during my recent visit to the UK an attractive English girl was passing by when a gust of wind blew her dress above her waist. My comment was: *"A bit airy...."*

Hearing this, the girl replied indignantly, *"'ell yes! What did you expect .... feathers?!"*



ANYONE FOR SOCCER???

## JASMINE

In 2003, police in Warwickshire, England, opened a garden shed and found a whimpering, cowering dog. The dog had been locked in the shed and abandoned. It was dirty and malnourished, and had quite clearly been abused.

In an act of kindness, the police took the dog, which was a female greyhound, to the Nuneaton Warwickshire Wildlife Sanctuary, which is run by a man named Geoff Grewcock, and known as a haven for animals abandoned, orphaned, or otherwise in need.



Geoff and the other sanctuary staff went to work with two aims: to restore the dog to full health, and to win her trust. It took several weeks, but eventually both goals were achieved. They named her Jasmine, and they started to think about finding her an adoptive

home.

Jasmine, however, had other ideas. No one quite remembers how it came about, but Jasmine started welcoming all animal arrivals at the sanctuary. It would not matter if it were a puppy, a fox cub, a rabbit or, any other lost or hurting animal. Jasmine would just peer into the box or cage and, when and where possible, deliver a welcoming lick.

Geoff relates one of the early incidents. *"We had two puppies that had been abandoned by a nearby railway line. One was a Lakeland Terrier cross and another was a Jack Russell Doberman cross. They were tiny when they arrived at the center, and Jasmine approached them and grabbed one by the scruff of the neck in her mouth and put him on the settee.*

*Then she fetched the other one and sat down with them, cuddling them."*

*"But she is like that with all of our animals, even the rabbits. She takes all the stress out of them, and it helps them to not only feel close to her, but to settle into their new surroundings. She has done the same with the fox and badger cubs, she licks the rabbits and guinea pigs, and even lets the birds perch on the bridge of her nose."*

Jasmine, the timid, abused, deserted waif, became the animal sanctuary's resident surrogate mother, a role for which she might have been born. The list of orphaned and abandoned youngsters she has cared for comprises five fox cubs, four badger cubs, fifteen chicks, eight guinea pigs, two stray puppies and fifteen rabbits - and one roe deer fawn.

Tiny Bramble, eleven weeks old, was found semi-conscious in a field. Upon arrival at the sanctuary, Jasmine cuddled up to her to keep her warm, and then went into the full foster-mum role. Jasmine the greyhound showers Bramble the roe deer with affection, and makes sure nothing is matted.



*"They are inseparable," says Geoff. "Bramble walks between her legs, and they keep kissing each other. They walk together round the sanctuary. It's a real treat to see them."*

Jasmine will continue to care for Bramble until she is old enough to be returned to woodland life. When that happens, Jasmine will not be lonely. She will be too busy showering love and affection on the next orphan or victim of abuse.



Pictured from the left are: "Toby," a stray Lakeland dog; "Bramble," orphaned roe deer; "Buster," a stray Jack Russell; a dumped rabbit; "Sky," an injured barn owl; and "Jasmine," with a mother's heart doing best what a caring mother would do...and such is the order of God's Creation....

## TODAY'S RIDDLE FOR SENIORS...

### *Here is the situation:*

You are on a horse, galloping at a constant speed.

On your right side is a sharp drop-off.

On your left side is an elephant traveling at the same speed as you.

Directly in front of you is a galloping kangaroo and your horse is unable to overtake it.

Behind you is a lion running at the same speed as you and the kangaroo.

What must you do to get out of this highly dangerous situation?

*Get off the merry-go-round and go home, you silly old fart!*

## TAP ON THE SHOULDER

*A true story from the pages of the Manchester Evening News:*

Last Wednesday a passenger in a taxi heading for Salford station leaned over to ask the driver a question and gently tapped him on the shoulder to get his attention.

The driver screamed, lost control of the cab, nearly hit a bus, drove up over the curb and stopped just inches from a large plate window..



For a few moments everything was silent in the cab. Then, the shaking driver said, "Are you OK? I'm so sorry, but you scared the daylight out of me."

The badly shaken passenger apologized to the driver and said, "I didn't realize that a mere tap on the shoulder would startle someone so badly."

The driver replied, "No, no, I'm the one who is sorry, it's entirely my fault. Today is my very first day driving a cab. I've been driving a hearse for 25 years."



The first senior moment.



## KALE IS KING!!!!

Of all the super healthy greens, kale is the king. It is definitely one of the healthiest and most nutritious plant foods in existence. Kale is loaded with all sorts of beneficial compounds... some of which have powerful medicinal properties.

Kale is a popular vegetable, a member of the cabbage family. It is related to cruciferous vegetables like cabbage, broccoli, cauliflower, collard greens and brussels sprouts.

There are many different types of kale. The leaves can be green or purple in color, and have either a smooth or curly shape. The most common type of kale is called curly kale or Scots kale, which has green and curly leaves and a hard, fibrous stem.

A single cup of raw kale (about 67 grams or 2.4 ounces) contains (1):

- Vitamin A: 206% of the RDA (from beta-carotene).
- Vitamin K: 684% of the RDA.
- Vitamin C: 134% of the RDA.
- Vitamin B6: 9% of the RDA.
- Manganese: 26% of the RDA.
- Calcium: 9% of the RDA.
- Copper: 10% of the RDA.
- Potassium: 9% of the RDA.
- Magnesium: 6% of the RDA.
- Then it contains 3% or more of the RDA for Vitamin B1 (Thiamin),

Vitamin B2 (Riboflavin), Vitamin B3 (Niacin), Iron and Phosphorus.

This is coming with a total of 33 calories, 6 grams of carbs (2 of which are fiber) and 3 grams of protein.

Kale contains very little fat, but a large portion of the fat in it is the omega-3 fatty acid called alpha linolenic acid.

Given the incredibly low calorie content, kale is among the most nutrient dense foods in existence. Eating more kale is a great way to dramatically increase the total nutrient content of your diet.

Eating kale is beneficial for maintaining healthy skin, hair and strong bones, as well as helping with digestion and lowering the risk for heart disease.

The possible health benefits of consuming kale include improving blood glucose control in diabetics, lowering the risk of cancer, lowering blood pressure, improving bone health, lowering the risk of developing asthma and more.

## KALE & BANANA SMOOTHIE



**A 'fun recipe' for you . . .**

Nutrient-rich kale is hidden in this delicious banana smoothie . . . perfect for those of us who have a hard time getting our daily dose

of veggies!"

- 1 banana
- 2 cups chopped kale
- 1/2 cup light unsweetened soy milk (try with Almond Silk)
- 1 tablespoon flax seeds
- 1 teaspoon maple syrup

Place the banana, kale, soy milk, flax seeds, and maple syrup into a blender. Cover, and puree until smooth. Serve over ice.

Feel free to add almonds (10 suggested), mixed frozen berries (1/2 cup) and 2 tablespoons of yogurt to your Smoothie mixture!!

Google Kale Recipes and discover a wide variety of healthy kale ideas!!

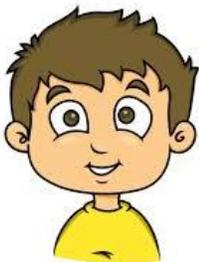
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### CHILDREN'S SERMON . . .

A Catholic priest was presenting a children's sermon. During the sermon, he asked the children if they knew what the resurrection was.

Now, asking questions during children's sermons is crucial, but at the same time, asking children questions in front of a congregation can also be very dangerous.

Having asked the children if they knew the meaning of the Resurrection, a little boy raised his hand.....



The priest called on him and the little boy said, *"I know that if you have a resurrection that lasts more than four hours you are supposed to call the doctor."*

It took over ten minutes for the congregation to settle down enough for the service to continue.

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*Being happy doesn't mean everything is perfect. It means you've decided to see beyond the imperfections!*

### A CHUCKLE FOR YOU . . . .

An old farmer went to town to see a movie. The ticket girl said, *"Sir, what is that on your shoulder?"*

The old farmer said, *"That is my pet rooster, Chuckie. Wherever I go, Chuckie goes."*

*"I'm sorry, Sir,"* said the ticket girl, *"We can't allow animals in the theater. Not even a pet chicken."*

The old farmer went around the corner and stuffed the chicken down his pants. He returned to the booth, bought a ticket and entered the theater.

He sat down next to two old emergency room nurses named Mildred and Marge.

The movie started and the chicken began to squirm. The old farmer unzipped his pants so Chuckie could stick his head out and watch the movie.

*"Marge,"* whispered Mildred.

*"What?"* said Marge.

*"I think the guy next to me is a pervert."*

*"What makes you think so?"* asked Marge.

*"He unzipped his pants and he has his thing out,"* whispered Mildred.

*"Well, don't worry about it,"* said Marge, *"At our age we've seen them all."*

*"Yes,"* said Mildred, *"But this one's eating my popcorn!"*




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*"Good friends are like quilts- they age with you, yet never lose their warmth."*

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

A Poem Worth Reading . . . .

## **JUST A COMMON SOLDIER**

*By A. Lawrence (Larry) Vaincourt*

He was getting old and paunchy  
And his hair was falling fast,  
And he sat around the Legion,  
Telling stories of the past.

Of a war that he once fought in  
And the deeds that he had done,  
In his exploits with his buddies;  
They were heroes, every one.

And 'tho sometimes to his neighbours  
His tales became a joke,  
All his buddies listened quietly  
For they knew where of he spoke.

But we'll hear his tales no longer,  
For ol' Joe has passed away,  
And the world's a little poorer  
For a Soldier died today.

He won't be mourned by many,  
Just his children and his wife.  
For he lived an ordinary,  
Very quiet sort of life.

He held a job and raised a family,  
Going quietly on his way;  
And the world won't note his passing,  
'Tho a Soldier died today.

When politicians leave this earth,  
Their bodies lie in state,  
While thousands note their passing,  
And proclaim that they were great.

Papers tell of their life stories  
From the time that they were young  
But the passing of a Soldier  
Goes unnoticed, and unsung.

Is the greatest contribution  
To the welfare of our land,  
Some jerk who breaks his promise  
And cons his fellow man?

Or the ordinary fellow  
Who in times of war and strife,  
Goes off to serve his country  
And offers up his life?

The politician's stipend  
And the style in which he lives,  
Are often disproportionate,  
To the service that he gives.

While the ordinary Soldier,  
Who offered up his all,  
Is paid off with a medal  
And perhaps a pension, small.

It is not the politicians  
With their compromise and ploys,  
Who won for us the freedom  
That our country now enjoys.

Should you find yourself in danger,  
With your enemies at hand,  
Would you really want some cop-out,  
With his ever waffling stand?

Or would you want a Soldier—  
His home, his country, his kin,  
Just a common Soldier,  
Who would fight until the end.

He was just a common Soldier,  
And his ranks are growing thin,  
But his presence should remind us  
We may need his likes again.

For when countries are in conflict,  
We find the Soldier's part  
Is to clean up all the troubles  
That the politicians start.

If we cannot do him honour  
While he's here to hear the praise,  
Then at least let's give him homage  
At the ending of his days.

Perhaps just a simple headline  
In the paper that might say:

**"OUR COUNTRY IS IN MOURNING,  
A SOLDIER DIED TODAY."**

— — — — —

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

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**A Child's Thought on Angels . . .**

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

## OVERHEARD IN THE CLUBROOMS . . .

I boarded the Skytrain and took my seat. The seat next to me was empty, but not for long. A young mother boarded with her 5-year-old daughter and Mom sat down in the seat beside me. I offered my seat to the little girl but Mom said no, she'd sit the young one on her lap. So here I am holding my roses, now with a little lady straining to see what I was holding.

*"What ya got, mister?"* she asked. (Mom is getting a bit flustered and tells her to mind her business.)

I leaned the *"package"* over a bit and she looks and says loudly, *"Ohhhh, ROSES! who are they for?"* (Now, Mom is embarrassed and tapping her on the rear telling her to sit down.)

I said, *"They're for my girlfriend"*.



The little 5 year old said, again with a loud voice, *"WOW, pretty RED ones, and a LOT of them, too! Man, you really must have f\*\*\*\*d up!"*

Her mother turned as red as the roses, but all the other passengers bust a gut laughing.

## GREAT QUOTES:

*"The best doctor in the world is the veterinarian. He can't ask his patients what is the matter - he's got to just know."*

--- Will Rogers (1879 - 1935)

*"Don't part with your illusions. When they are gone you may still exist, but you have ceased to live."*

--- Mark Twain (1835 - 1910)

**TAKE YOUR TIME READING THIS  
– IT IS PRETTY PROFOUND!!**

Too many people put off something that brings them joy just because they haven't thought about it, don't have it on their schedule, didn't know it was coming or are too rigid to depart from their routine.

I got to thinking one day about all those people on the Titanic who passed up dessert at dinner that fateful night in an effort to cut back. From then on, I've tried to be a little more flexible. How many women out there will eat at home because their husband didn't suggest going out to dinner until after something had been thawed? Does the word 'refrigeration' mean nothing to you? How often have your kids dropped in to talk and sat in silence while you watched 'Jeopardy' on television?

I cannot count the times I called my sister and said, 'How about going to lunch in a half hour?' She would gas up and stammer, 'I can't. I have clothes on the line. My hair is dirty. I wish I had known yesterday, I had a late breakfast, It looks like rain'. And my personal favorite: 'It's Monday.' She died a few years ago. We never did have lunch together.

Because People cram so much into their lives, we tend to schedule our headaches.. We live on a sparse diet of promises we make to ourselves when all the conditions are perfect!

We'll go back and visit the grandparents when we get Steve toilet-trained. We'll entertain when we replace the living-room carpet. We'll go on a second honeymoon when we get two more kids out of college.

Life has a way of accelerating as we get older. The days get shorter, and the list of promises to ourselves gets longer.

One morning, we awaken, and all we have to show for our lives is a litany of 'I'm going to,' 'I plan on,' and 'Someday, when things are settled down a bit.'

When anyone calls my 'seize the moment' friend, she is open to adventure and available for trips. She keeps an open mind on new ideas. Her enthusiasm for life is contagious. You talk with her for five minutes, and you're ready to trade your bad feet for a pair of Rollerblades and skip an elevator for a bungee cord.

My lips have not touched ice cream in 10 years. I love ice cream. It's just that I might as well apply it directly to my stomach with a spatula and eliminate the digestive process. The other day, I stopped the car and bought a triple-decker. If my car had hit an iceberg on the way home, I would have died happy.

Now...go on and have a nice day. Do something you WANT to...not something on your SHOULD DO list. If you were going to die soon and had only one phone call you could make, who would you call and what would you say? And why are you waiting?

Have you ever watched kids playing on a merry go round or listened to the rain lapping on the ground? Ever followed a butterfly's erratic flight or gazed at the sun into the fading night? Do you run through each day on the fly? When you ask 'How are you?' Do you hear the reply?

When the day is done, do you lie in your bed with the next hundred chores running through your head?

Ever told your child, 'We'll do it tomorrow.' And in your haste, not see her sorrow?

Ever lost touch? Let a good friendship die? Just call to say 'Hi'?

When you worry and hurry through your day, it is like an unopened gift....Thrown away....

Life is not a race. Take it slower. Hear the music before the song is over.

**'Life may not be the party we hoped for... but while we are here we might as well dance!**

**Editor's Note:** *Yes, this is a 'repeat' item but it is soooo truthful – and definitely thought provoking – well worth a reread!!!*

## DON'T YOU JUST LOVE 'LITTLE JOHNNY'?

*"Class, today's assignment is to spell and use the word 'DOUGH' in a sentence."*

Teacher says, "Jane, you go first"

*"Dough, D O U G H. "Italians make pizza with dough.."*

*"Very good, Jane... Now let's hear from Mary."*

*"Dough, D O U G H. "My brother makes things with play dough."*

*"Very good, Mary..."*



*"Yes, Johnny, do you have something constructive to add?"*

*"Dough, D O U G H."*

*"My mom says my dad doesn't make enough dough, and he's bloody hopeless in bed, so she uses a dill dough!"*

The teacher passed out

## FROM OUR UNIT #68 BUZZ RECIPE CORNER:



### MEATBALL CLOUDS

*A super simple, low cost appetizer or main dish for Sunday football parties!*

#### INGREDIENTS:

- 2 packages buttermilk biscuits (the small kind that come 10 in a box)
- 10 medium sized meatballs (any kind)
- 5 pieces string cheese
- 2 Tbsp minced garlic
- 1 cup tomato sauce, divided (any kind works)

#### METHOD:

1. Preheat oven to 375 F.
2. On a baking sheet, press out one container of biscuits until dough is flat, about one inch apart.
3. Sprinkle garlic on the dough, add a meatball.
4. Dice string cheese into 4 even pieces, add 2 pieces, one to each side of meatball.
5. On the counter top, open the second package of dough, flatten out, then top each meatball creation with the second pocket of dough, pinching the edges.
6. Repeat with 9 additional dough rounds.
7. Bake for 30 minutes, broil for 2 to get nice browned look.
8. Serve with 1/2 cup each of tomato sauce for dipping.

**ENJOY!**

*As we grow up, we learn that even the one person that wasn't supposed to ever let you down . . . probably will.*

*You will have your heart broken probably more than once and it's harder every time.*

*You'll break hearts too, so remember how it felt when yours was broken.*

*You'll fight with your best friend.*

*You'll blame a new love for things an old one did.*

*You'll cry because time is passing too fast and you'll eventually lose someone you love.*

*So, take too many pictures, laugh too much, and love like you have never been hurt because every sixty seconds you spend upset is a minute of happiness you'll never get back.*

*fb/joy of dad*

It's Fall in Beautiful BC -  
Live with It & ENJOY!!!



<http://go.funpic.hu>

## FROM YOUR EDITORS . . .

Fall has arrived in a wild and beautiful burst of colour . . . and rain!! Enjoy – our trees and grass need that welcome wet!!



Hoping all of our Comrades enjoyed a wonderful Thanksgiving weekend and are looking forward to a fun Halloween. We live in a large community complex with scores of young ones so we stock up on 'Goodies' for a fun costume parade. Makes us feel 'young' again!

As always our Special Thanks go out to all of our loyal contributors for the fun stories, jokes and great info items sent our way every month.

Our Star Columnist Ronnie has a fabulous tale to tell of his army mischief days – don't miss it!!

We have a few 'Repeats' again but it is very good for the soul to enjoy a giggle' or two!!! Remember, Laughing is infectious and helps to keep us healthy!

Please remember we are coming up to 'Poppy Time' so wear your Poppy with Pride – and give continuing Thanks to our Troops for our Freedom!

So, as we enjoy our beautiful Fall Season we wish all of our loyal readers love, laughter and good health . . . and as always, remember to hug all of those you love!!! And don't forget to send 'Hugs' across the miles to those friends and family who you cannot physically hug every day! Hugs are free, and they mean so very much to those who receive them!

**Your Editors,  
Mardi & Fred**