

THE BUZZ



RON RABBITSON

THE BUZZ



YOUR PRESIDENT'S REPORT

Comrades:

In 2014 nineteen Canadian military personnel died by suicide in Canada, along with 31 first responders. This is so very sad and completely unnecessary as there is help available if we all pitch in.

I am therefore very pleased to announce that my fundraising campaign for The Citadel Canine Society is going great. Units #298, #280 and #284 have all responded to my request to sponsor service dogs. I have confirmation from these unit Presidents and will report on their progress next month.

I have also been given permission by B.C. Command to say a few words on this subject at our B.C. Convention this month. I really appreciate the positive feedback that all my comrades are giving this important cause and I hope other units follow suit. This now brings us to 6 B.C. Units that have sponsored service dogs with the Citadel Canine Society.

I fill my H2 Hummer in the U.S.A. at Pt. Roberts every week and I was pleasantly

surprised when Sheila, the manager of Cam-Am service station, presented me with a \$200.00 donation for the Citadel Society. Sheila and Richard regularly read The Buzz and loved my report about service dogs and wanted to support our veterans; how awesome, since we know our American veterans are also suffering from PTSD only in much larger numbers.

My goal was 9 service dogs and I am over half way there in only 3 weeks. So if your unit is considering this worthy cause please contact me for the appropriate letters from both Citadel and the B.C. Gaming Commission. Call my cell at 604-240-7084 or email sirbob999@hotmail.com "TODAY"!

This spring Veterans Affairs Canada hopes to launch a pilot project pairing 50 veterans who are suffering from PTSD with service dogs, thereby also putting together a national standard for the training of these dogs.

On a sad ending, our former bartender at 20th and Fraser, Tanya Moorehouse passed away unexpectedly in March at age 39. Tanya was an avid sportsperson and a regular shuffleboard player so her passing was a real shock to our unit. Our executive attended her Celebration of Life at Unit #100 on March 22, 2015.

We will also be attending a Celebration of Life at Unit #298 on April 18, 2015 for a past Unit #68 executive member, Peter Brinda who passed away in March. Our condolences go to Roberta Luff.

Fraternally,

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

PROVINCIAL COLOUR GUARD REPORT

Comrades,
What will it take to bring new members into the Colour Guard? Each month I publish my report and ask units to respond but to date only Unit #280 has signed up 3 new members. At most parades we have only 6 flag carriers so we are therefore joining the Legion Colour Party to augment the numbers.

Leading parades with only a sparse number of flags does not give our organization a very good representation, since we are the oldest Veterans Organization in Canada.

"**Lest We Forget**" are powerful words, but have no meaning if we do not honour our past heroes. I know we all love our freedom and our country. Remember that the sacrifices made in the past and the present require you to keep those memories alive; an oath you take when you join this organization.

Something we hear at every parade is children questioning their parents about our uniforms or flags and that comrades is what this is all about because lessons learned from the past, prevents them from reoccurring in the future and our children are the future.

"JOIN TODAY" . . . SEE YOUR UNIT PRESIDENT FOR AN APPLICATION FORM.

**Bob Rietveld
Past Color Sergeant**

VETERAN'S AFFAIRS REPORT

Comrades.

MP Erin O'Toole is the new Minister of Veterans Affairs and needs to patch up relations with our former soldiers.

5 things would go a long way to improve relations:

- (1) Find a way to end the lawsuit over the New Veterans Charter.
- (2) Fix the disability award system.
- (3) Fix the Permanent Impairment Allowance.
- (4) Help wounded veterans with no military pension.
- (5) Hire more case managers at Veteran Affairs Canada.

It is an election year, so pressure at this time will bring about changes as the conservative government will bend to public opinion. This might be a sad reason, but whatever works for our wounded soldiers is fine with me.

Already some announcements have been made, so call your local MP and as the election draws near attend their campaign meetings and voice your concern. They want your vote so make them pay for it by helping our veterans.

Submitted in honour of Roy Blair, who wrote the Veterans Affairs report for many years in The Buzz, and the reason I continue. My Friend Roy would have celebrated his 81st birthday on April 21st but passed away February 5, 2011. He always loved to joke that it was also Adolf Hitler's birthday on April 20th and if he

could have shot him there wouldn't have been a Second World War.

I still miss my Colour Guard buddy. "Lest We Forget"

Fraternally,
Bob Rietveld



ANAF UNIT #68 MEMBERSHIP . . .

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

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

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

HAPPY BIRTHDAY to our Unit #68 APRIL Celebrants!



Sandi Greenfield	Jan Holt
Leslie Jones	Mike Ludwig
Evelyn Moldowan	Norman White

***Happy Birthday Everyone!!!!
Happy Birthday to All! Enjoy! Enjoy!***

SPORTS REPORT with LES JONES

The Provincial Longboard Shuffleboard Tournament will be held at Taurus Unit 298, 3917 Main Street, Vancouver, on Saturday, May 23rd, 2015.

Registration will commence at 12:00 p.m. with game time at 12:30 p.m. Taurus Unit 298 is the host.

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

The entry fee is \$75.00, which must be forwarded, along with the entry form to the Provincial Command office, before midnight, Friday, May 8th, 2015.

For those entering from out of town the recommended accommodation is **Best Western Plus Hotel** at 205 Kingsway (at 10th Avenue) in Vancouver. Telephone: 604-267-20000 or Toll-Free at 1-888-234-9111. Fax is 604-872-6072.

UNIT 68 ANNUAL PICNIC

Plan to attend our Famous SUMMER BBQ/PICNIC at Trout Lake on Saturday, July 17th from 9 – 9!

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

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

Everyone is Welcome to Attend!!

You are invited to visit our website at anavets68.com

THE STRANGER . . .

A few years after I was born, my Dad met a stranger who was new to our small town. From the beginning, Dad was fascinated with this enchanting newcomer and soon invited him to live with our family.

The stranger was quickly accepted and was around from then on.

As I grew up, I never questioned his place in my family. In my young mind, he had a special niche.

My parents were complementary instructors: Mom taught me good from evil, and Dad taught me to obey.

But the stranger... he was our storyteller. He would keep us spellbound for hours on end with adventures, mysteries and comedies.

If I wanted to know anything about politics, history or science, he always knew the answers about the past, understood the present and even seemed able to predict the future! He took my family to the first major league ball game. He made me laugh, and he made me cry. The stranger never stopped talking, but Dad didn't seem to mind.

Sometimes, Mom would get up quietly while the rest of us were shushing each other to listen to what he had to say, and she would go to the kitchen for peace and quiet. (I wonder now if she ever prayed for the stranger to leave.)

Dad ruled our household with certain moral convictions, but the stranger never felt obligated to honor them. Profanity, for example, was not allowed in our home - not from us, our friends or any visitors.

Our long time visitor, however, got away with four-letter words that burned my ears and made my dad squirm and my mother blush.

My Dad didn't permit the liberal use of alcohol but the stranger encouraged us to try it on a regular basis. He made cigarettes look cool, cigars manly, and pipes distinguished. He talked freely (much too freely!) about sex. His comments were sometimes blatant, sometimes suggestive, and generally embarrassing.

I now know that my early concepts about relationships were influenced strongly by the stranger. Time after time, he opposed the values of my parents, yet he was seldom rebuked ... And NEVER asked to leave.

More than fifty years have passed since the stranger moved in with our family. He has blended right in and is not nearly as fascinating as he was at first. Still, if you could walk into my parents' den today, you would still find him sitting over in his corner, waiting for someone to listen to him talk and watch him draw his pictures.

His name?....

We just call him 'TV.'

He has a wife now....we call her 'Computer.'

Their first child is "Cell Phone".

Second child "IPOD "

And JUST BORN WAS a Grandchild: IPAD

OH MY----HOW TRUE THIS IS!!!

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Patrick Buchannon, Executive Director
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*An onion can make people cry,
but there has never been a
vegetable, that will make you
laugh.*

--- Will Rogers (1879 - 1935)

BUYING A USED CAR . . .

It was a small town and the patrolman was making his evening rounds. As he was checking a used car lot, he came upon two little old ladies sitting in a used car.

He stopped and asked them why they were sitting there in the car or were they trying to steal it?

'Heavens no, we bought it.'

'Then why don't you drive it away.'

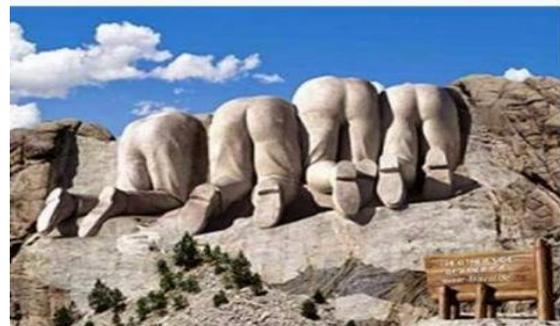
'We can't drive.'

'Then why did you buy it?'

'We were told that if we bought a used car here we'd get screwed so we're just waiting.'



You know, there are some things that you just never think of like Mt. Rushmore from the Canadian side.



REMINISCING WITH RON 'ANDY CAPP' ROBINSON



What I really like about baseball is that we can now start enjoying those wonderful warm summer days. It's obvious that this month's column will be mostly about baseball and

what it means to Vancouver.

To make it a little more interesting I'm going to start it off with a quick baseball quiz. Here it is . . . *What is the length of an official wooden baseball bat?* The answer is hidden somewhere in this month's 'BUZZ'. But before you start looking for the answer promise me you'll do your very best to guess the answer!

My story begins in the late forties. If you were like me and in my age group (very old) and you frequently spent your Friday or Saturday nights in the downtown beer parlors, such as the Ivanhoe, the Dufferin, the Niagara, the Nelson, or the many others downtown (and there were many others) you no doubt would have seen this fellow walking through these places carrying a large wicker basket full of hard boiled eggs and other nice goodies that go so well with a glass or two of beer. In those days beer parlors were not allowed to sell food, so business was very good for our basket carrying friend. I swear he must have covered about 15 beer parlors in a single night. By now I suspect you are wondering what all this has to do with baseball – well, I'm about to tell you.

That fellow selling all those yummy hard boiled eggs was none other than **Nat Bailey**. I'm sure most of you have heard of this man – he was responsible for opening Vancouver's first drive-in restaurant, followed by a chain of such restaurants which he named '**White Spot**'!

Besides all this, Nat Bailey had another dream. He wanted to bring professional baseball to Vancouver. After many, many years Nat was finally successful. The year was 1956. The first game was played at the Capilano Stadium which was built in 1951 and located at 30th and Ontario Street, close to Little Mountain, which was later named 'Queen Elizabeth Park', and no, it wasn't named after our present Queen Elizabeth, but after her mother in the year 1940. (The things you learn in the Buzz!!!)

The Capilano Stadium was not named after the Capilano River but after the Capilano Brewery in Vancouver. The stadium was renamed the Nat Bailey Stadium in 1978 in tribute to Nat for all his love and efforts in bringing professional baseball to our city. The stadium is better know as the 'Nat' to all those who attend the games there. The stadium is often referred to as 'the prettiest little ball park in North America', and home to the best hot dogs in our country! Nat Bailey passed away on March 27th, 1978. He was born in 1902 and was 76 years old.

When my three boys were young and played baseball in three different leagues, sometimes all three were playing at three different parks on the same evenings. To watch all three, my wife and I would watch two innings at Moberly School, then drive to Kennington Park for two innings, then take in the last two innings at Memorial Park!

One more story about baseball. I'm willing to bet that there isn't too many still with us who remember when the ANAF had a baseball league of their own. It consisted of most of the ANAF units in the Vancouver area. We had no uniforms and we didn't play baseball very well, but we sure had lots of summer evening fun! All the games were played on the baseball diamond situated at 41st and Ross Street in Memorial Park. (That baseball diamond is

still there and in far better shape than it was in our day!)

My position on the Unit #26 team was playing centre out-fielder. Our coach told me it was the best place for me because very few balls ever got hit that far out, and the spectators wouldn't be able to see me covering my eyes when I spotted a ball coming towards me!

It was the end of summer and Unit #26 and the Taurus Unit were playing the last game for the ANAF league championship. I remember that game, but can't remember who won. I managed to find one person in our club who remembers playing in that game (Gordon) and just like me he too can't remember who won the championship!

Just before I put my typewriter away for another month how many of you nice people made a guess on my baseball quiz? Mardi has hidden the answer somewhere in this issue of THE BUZZ!!

Editor's Note: Another of your great life stories Ronnie – a great way to wander into our summer mode!!! And I'm not telling a soul where I hid that answer – so the search is on!!!



POEM TO WHICH WE CAN RELATE . . .

I remember the bologna of my childhood,
And the bread that we cut with a knife,
When the children helped with the
housework,
And the men went to work not the wife.

The cheese never needed a fridge,
And the bread was so crusty and hot,
The children were seldom unhappy
And the wife was content with her lot.

I remember the milk from the bottle,
With the yummy cream on the top,
Our dinner came hot from the oven,
And not from a freezer; or shop.

The kids were a lot more contented,
They didn't need money for kicks,
Just a game with their friends in
the road,
And sometimes the Saturday flicks.

I remember the shop on the corner,
Where cookies for pennies were sold
Do you think I'm a bit too nostalgic?
Or is it....I'm just getting old?

Bathing was done in a wash tub,
With plenty of rich foamy suds
But the ironing seemed never ending
As Mama pressed everyone's 'duds'.

I remember the slap on my backside,
And the taste of soap if I swore
Anorexia and diets weren't heard of
And we hadn't much choice what we wore.

Do you think that bruised our ego?
Or our initiative was destroyed?
We ate what was put on the table
And I think life was better enjoyed.

Author, Unknown
If you can remember those days...continue
to enjoy your retirement & GOD BLESS

SOME OF YOU WILL UNDERSTAND THIS (FOR THE REST OF YOU IT WILL BE A LEARNING SITUATION)

A LICK AND A PROMISE

'I'll just give this a lick and a promise,' my mother said as she quickly mopped up a spill on the floor without moving any of the furniture.

'What is that supposed to mean,' I asked as in my young mind I envisioned someone licking the floor with his or her tongue.

'It means that I'm in a hurry and I'm busy canning tomatoes so I am going to just give it a lick with the mop and promise to come back and do the job right later.'

'A lick and a promise' was just one of the many old phrases that our mothers, grandmothers, and others used that they probably heard from the generations before them. With the passing of time, many old phrases become obsolete or even disappear. This is unfortunate because some of them are very appropriate and humorous.

Here is a list of some of those memorable old phrases:

1. **A Bone to Pick** (someone who wants to discuss a disagreement)
2. **An Axe to Grind** (Someone who has a hidden motive. This phrase is said to have originated from Benjamin Franklin who told a story about a devious man who asked how a grinding wheel worked. He ended up walking away with his axe sharpened free of charge)
3. **One bad apple spoils the whole barrel** (one corrupt person can cause all the others to go bad if you don't remove the bad one)
4. **At sea** (lost or not understanding something)
5. **Bad Egg** (Someone who was not a good person)
6. **Barking at a knot** (meaning that your efforts were as useless as a dog barking at a knot.)
7. **Barking up the wrong tree** (talking about something that was completely the wrong issue with the wrong person)
8. **Bee in your bonnet** (To have an idea that won't let loose)
9. **Been through the mill** (had a rough time of it)
10. **Between hay and grass** (Not a child or an adult)
11. **Blinky** (Between sweet and sour as in milk)
12. **Calaboose** (a jail)
13. **Catawampus** (Something that sits crooked such as a piece of furniture sitting at an angle)
14. **Dicker** (To barter or trade)
15. **Feather in Your Cap** (to accomplish a goal. This came from years ago in wartime when warriors might receive a feather they would put in their cap for defeating an enemy)
16. **Hold your horses** (Be patient!)
17. **Hoosgow** (a jail)
18. **I reckon** (I suppose)
19. **Jawing/Jawboning** (Talking or arguing)
20. **Kit and caboodle** (The whole thing)
21. **Madder than an wet hen** (really angry)
22. **Needs taken down a notch or two** (like notches in a belt usually a young person who thinks too highly of himself and needs a lesson)
23. **No Spring Chicken** (Not young anymore)
24. **Persnickety** (overly particular or snobbish)
25. **Pert-near** (short for pretty near)

26. **Pretty is as pretty does** (your actions are more important than your looks)
27. **Red up** (clean the house)
28. **Scalawag** (a rascal or unprincipled person)
29. **Scarce as hen's teeth** (something difficult to obtain)
30. **Skedaddle** (Get out of here quickly)
31. **Sparking** (courting)
32. **Straight From the Horse's Mouth** (privileged information from the one concerned)
33. **Stringing around, gallivanting around, or piddling** (Not doing anything of value)
34. **Sunday go to meetin' dress** (The best dress you had)
35. **We wash up real fine** (is another goodie)
36. **Tie the Knot** (to get married)
37. **Too many irons in the fire** (to be involved in too many things)
38. **Tuckered out** (tired and all worn out)
39. **Under the weather** (not feeling well this term came from going below deck on ships due to sea sickness thus you go below or under the weather)
40. **Wearing your 'best bib and tucker'** (Being all dressed up)
41. **You ain't the only duck in the pond** (It's not all about you)

Well, if you hold your horses, I reckon I'll get this whole kit and caboodle done and sent off to you. Please don't be too persnickety and get a bee in your bonnet because I've been pretty tuckered out and at sea lately because I'm no spring chicken. I haven't been just stringin' around and I know I'm not the only duck in the pond, but I do have too many irons in the fire. I might just be barking at a knot, but I have tried to give this article more than just a lick and a promise.

A TOUCH OF HUMOUR . . .

I couldn't help overhearing a man at a nearby pay phone. "I know it's something you want," he said earnestly, "but I don't think tattoos are a good idea. And the same goes for body piercing. As long as you're living in my house, I think you should respect my wishes."



I was secretly cheering him on for his fatherly firmness. Then came the 'coup de grace': "Besides, Ma, you're 75 years old! A tattoo like that would look silly on you!"

RETIRED MAN'S JOB . .



Someone asked me, "...And now that you are retired, do you still have a job?"

I replied, "Yes - I am my wife's sexual adviser."

Somewhat shocked, they said "I beg your pardon, but what exactly do you mean by that?"

"Very simple. My wife has told me that when she wants my f**king advice, she'll ask me for it."

"The most wasted of all days is one without laughter."

--- e e cummings (1894 - 1962)

The Night of April 1st . . .

Defence Attorney: *Will you please state your age?*

Little Old Lady: *I am 85 years old.*

Defence Attorney: *Will you tell us, in your own words, what happened the night of April 1st?*

Little Old Lady: *There I was, sitting there in my swing on my front porch on a warm spring evening, when a young man comes creeping up on the porch and sat down beside me.*

Defence Attorney: *Did you know him?*

Little Old Lady: *No, but he sure was friendly.*

Defence Attorney: *What happened after he sat down?*

Little Old Lady: *He started to rub my thigh.*

Defence Attorney: *Did you stop him?*

Little Old Lady: *No, I didn't stop him.*

Defence Attorney: *Why not?*

Little Old Lady: *It felt good. Nobody had done that since my Albert died some 30 years ago.*

Defence Attorney: *What happened next?*

Little Old Lady: *He began to rub my breasts.*

Defence Attorney: *Did you stop him then?*

Little Old Lady: *No, I did not stop him.*

Defence Attorney: *Why not?*

Little Old Lady: *His rubbing made me feel all alive and excited. I haven't felt that good in years!*

Defence Attorney: *What happened next?*

Little Old Lady: *Well, by then, I was feeling so 'spicy' that I just laid down and told him 'Take me, young man. Take me now!'*



Defence Attorney: *Did he take you?*

Little Old Lady: *Hell, no! He just yelled, 'April Fool' and ran off. And that's when I shot him the little b*^tard.*

CONFESSION IS GOOD FOR YOU . . .

On A sunny spring day, an elderly man walks into a confessional. The following conversation ensues:

Man: *'I am 92 years old, have a wonderful wife of 70 years, many children, grandchildren, and great grandchildren. Yesterday, I picked up two college girls, hitch-hiking. We went to a motel, where I had sex with each of them three times.'*

Priest: *'Are you sorry for your sins?'*

Man: *'What sins?'*



Priest: *'What kind of a Catholic are you?'*

Man: *'I'm Jewish.'*

Priest: *'Why are you telling me all this?'*

Man: *'I'm 92 years old I'm telling everybody!'*

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

GAME OF GOLF ANYONE???

Four old timers were playing their weekly game of golf, and one remarked how for Easter this year he'd love to wake up on Easter morning, roll out of bed and without an argument go directly to the golf course, meet his buddies and play a round. His buddies all chimed in and said, *"Let's do it! We'll make it a priority, figure out a way and meet here early on Easter morning."*

Months later, that special morning arrives, and there they are on the links. The first guy says, *"Boy, this game cost me a fortune! I bought my wife such a diamond ring that she can't take her eyes off it."*

Number 2 guy says, *"I spent a ton too. My wife is at home planning the cruise I gave her. She was up to her eyeballs in brochures."*

Number 3 guy says *"Well, my wife is at home admiring her new car, reading the manual."*



They all turn to the last guy in the group and he is staring at them like they have lost their minds. *"I can't believe you all went to such expense for this golf game. I patted my wife*

on the butt and said, 'Well babe, is it sex or golf?' and she said, 'Take your sweater, it might be windy out there'."



ALL I NEED TO KNOW I LEARNED FROM THE EASTER BUNNY!



Don't put all your eggs in one basket.

Everyone needs a friend who is all ears.

There's no such thing as too much candy.

All work and no play can make you a basket case.

A cute tail attracts a lot of attention. Everyone is entitled to a bad hare day.

Let happy thoughts multiply like rabbits.

Some body parts should be floppy.

Keep your paws off of other people's jelly beans.

Good things come in small, sugar coated packages.

The grass is always greener in someone else's basket.

To show your true colors, you have to come out of the shell.

The best things in life are still sweet and gooey.

Hope you Enjoyed a Very Happy Easter!

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

THE BEST SERMONS ARE LIVED

1. Today, I interviewed my grandmother for part of a research paper I'm working on for my Psychology class. When I asked her to define success in her own words, she said, *"Success is when you look back at your life and the memories make you smile."*

2. Today, I asked my mentor - a very successful business man in his 70s- what his top 3 tips are for success. He smiled and said, *"Read something no one else is reading, think something no one else is thinking, and do something no one else is doing."*

3. Today, after a 72 hour shift at the fire station, a woman ran up to me at the grocery store and gave me a hug. When I tensed up, she realized I didn't recognize her. She let go with tears of joy in her eyes and the most sincere smile and said, *"On 9-11-2001, you carried me out of the World Trade Center."*

4. Today, after I watched my dog get run over by a car, I sat on the side of the road holding him and crying. And just before he died, he licked the tears off my face.

5. Today at 7AM, I woke up feeling ill, but decided I needed the money, so I went into work. At 3PM I got laid off. On my drive home I got a flat tire. When I went into the trunk for the spare, it was flat too. A man in a BMW pulled over, gave me a ride, we chatted, and then he offered me a job. I start tomorrow.

6. Today, as my father, three brothers, and two sisters stood around my mother's hospital bed, my mother uttered her last coherent words before she died. She simply said, *"I feel so loved right now. We should have*

gotten together like this more often."

7. Today, I kissed my dad on the forehead as he passed away in a small hospital bed. About 5 seconds after he passed, I realized it was the first time I had given him a kiss since I was a little boy.

8. Today, in the cutest voice, my 8-year-old daughter asked me to start recycling. I chuckled and asked, *"Why?"* She replied, *"So you can help me save the planet."* I chuckled again and asked, *"And why do you want to save the planet?"* *"Because that's where I keep all my stuff,"* she said.

9. Today, when I witnessed a 27-year-old breast cancer patient laughing hysterically at her 2-year-old daughter's antics, I suddenly realized that I need to stop complaining about my life and start celebrating it again.

10. Today, a boy in a wheelchair saw me desperately struggling on crutches with my broken leg and offered to carry my backpack and books for me. He helped me all the way across campus to my class and as he was leaving he said, *"I hope you feel better soon."*

11. Today, I was feeling down because the results of a biopsy came back malignant. When I got home, I opened an e-mail that said, *"Thinking of you today. If you need me, I'm a phone call away."* It was from a high school friend I hadn't seen in 10 years.

12. Today, I was traveling in Kenya and I met a refugee from Zimbabwe. He said he hadn't eaten anything in over 3 days and looked extremely skinny and unhealthy. Then my friend offered him the rest of the sandwich he was eating. The first thing the man said was, *"We can share it."*

The best sermons are lived, not preached. I am glad I have you to share these with.

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THE EXPLANATION

Brains of older people are slow because they know so much. People do not decline mentally with age, it just takes them longer to recall facts because they have more information in their brains, scientists believe. Much like a computer struggles as the hard drive gets full, so, too, do humans take longer to access information when their brains are full.

Researchers say this slowing down process is not the same as cognitive decline. The human brain works slower in old age, said Dr. Michael Ramscar, but only because we have stored more information over time. The brains of older people do not get weak. On the contrary, they simply know more.

Also, older people often go to another room to get something and when they get there, they stand there wondering what they came for. It is **NOT** a memory problem, it is nature's way of making older people do more exercise.

SO THERE!!

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HILLBILLY STRIPTease

Cletus is passing by Billy Bob's hay barn one day when, through a gap in the door, he sees Billy Bob doing a slow and sensual striptease in front of an old John Deere tractor.

Buttocks clenched, he performs a slow pirouette, and gently slides off first the right strap of his overalls, followed by the left. He then hunches his shoulders forward and in a classic striptease move,

lets his overalls fall down to his hips, revealing a torn and frayed plaid shirt.

Then, grabbing both sides of his shirt, he rips it apart to reveal his stained T-shirt underneath. With a final flourish, he tears the T-shirt from his body, and hurls his baseball cap onto a pile of hay.

Having seen enough, Cletus rushes in and says, "What the world're ya doing, Billy Bob?"

"Good grief, Cletus, ya scared the bejeebers out of me," says an obviously embarrassed Billy Bob.



"But me 'n the wife been havin trouble lately in the bedroom d'partment, and the therapist suggested I do something sexy to a tractor."

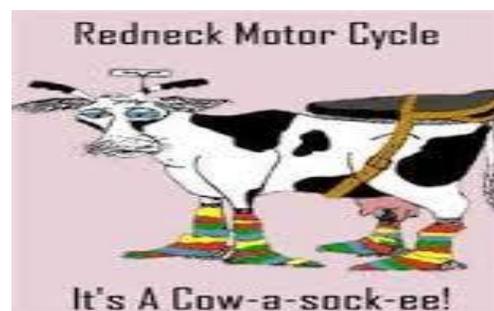
(Don't make me come and splain this to you!

Read the last line again, slowly.)

— — — — —

Thousands of candles can be lit from a single candle, and the life of the candle will not be shortened. Happiness never decreases by being shared.

— — — — —



MONOPOLY - IN WWII

Monopoly -- I Did Not Know This! (*You'll never look at the game the same way again!*)



Starting in 1941, an increasing number of British Airmen found themselves as the involuntary guests of the Third Reich, and the Crown was casting about for ways and means to facilitate their escape...

Now obviously, one of the most helpful aids to that end is a useful and accurate map, one showing not only where stuff was, but also showing the locations of 'safe houses' where a POW on-the-lam could go for food and shelter.

Paper maps had some real drawbacks -- they make a lot of noise when you open and fold them, they wear out rapidly, and if they get wet, they turn into mush.

Someone in MI-5 (similar to America's OSS) got the idea of printing escape maps on silk. It's durable, can be scrunched-up into tiny wads, and unfolded as many times as needed, and makes no noise whatsoever.

At that time, there was only one manufacturer in Great Britain that had perfected the technology of printing on silk, and that was John Waddington, Ltd. When approached by the government, the firm was only too happy to do its bit for the war effort.

By pure coincidence, Waddington was also the U.K. Licensee for the popular American board game, Monopoly. As it happened, 'games and pastimes' was a category of item qualified for insertion into 'CARE packages', dispatched by the International Red Cross to prisoners of

war. Under the strictest of secrecy, in a securely guarded and inaccessible old workshop on the grounds of Waddington's, a group of sworn-to-secrecy employees began mass-producing escape maps, keyed to each region of Germany or Italy where Allied POW camps were regional system). When processed, these maps could be folded into such tiny dots that they would actually fit inside a Monopoly playing piece.

As long as they were at it, the clever workmen at Waddington's also managed to add: 1. A playing token, containing a small magnetic compass 2. A two-part metal file that could easily be screwed together 3. Useful amounts of genuine high-denomination German, Italian, and French currency, hidden within the piles of Monopoly money!

British and American air crews were advised, before taking off on their first mission, how to identify a 'rigged' Monopoly set -- by means of a tiny red dot, one cleverly rigged to look like an ordinary printing glitch, located in the corner of the Free Parking square.

Of the estimated 35,000 Allied POWS who successfully escaped, an estimated one-third were aided in their flight by the rigged Monopoly sets. Everyone who did so was sworn to secrecy indefinitely, since the British Government might want to use this highly successful ruse in still another, future war.

The story wasn't declassified until 2007, when the surviving craftsmen from Waddington's, as well as the firm itself, were finally honored in a public ceremony. It's always nice when you can play that 'Get Out of Jail' Free' card!

*** This is a true story, It checked out on snopes.com: <http://www.snopes.com/military/monopoly.asp>

THE DUNHILL STORY

A true Story

A church in London had rules that it would not employ anyone, without formal high school education.

The old pastor was benign and not a stickler of rules. He allowed Alfred Dunhill (who lacked formal education) as the caretaker to clean the pew, sweep the floor and keep the podium spic and span. Dunhill had put off taking his high school examination till it became too late.

Once the old pastor retired, he was replaced by a younger person who followed the rule book.

As he came to know about the caretaker's education, he issued a notice to him that either he should get a high school certificate in six months or he should resign.

Dunhill knew that you could not teach an old dog new tricks and that he had no option but to resign.

He started out his afternoon stroll in deep thought and got into Bond Street. Suddenly, he felt an urge to smoke. He could not find a single tobacco shop on the entire street.

He walked further down into a side street where he could purchase his cigarette. He came back on the busy Bond Street.

He realized that a small cigarette shop in the street would be a sound business proposition.

He resigned at the church and started a small shop on the Bond Street which succeeded way beyond his expectations.

He noticed that many of his customers were coming from the other side of the street.

He started another shop on that side of Bond Street. The two shops multiplied to four and then sixteen. In three years, Alfred Dunhill & Co. was a leading tobacconist of England.

He started machine-rolling cigarettes and introduced his own brand of Dunhill cigarettes.

In five years, he was a millionaire many times over.

To ensure a consistent supply of tobacco, he entered into an annual purchase agreement with a couple of American tobacco farmers and went to America to meet them.

It was a big boost for the American tobacco farmers and the contract signing ceremony was converted into a media circus, with a Senator and Governor participating.

When the contracts were actually signed, Dunhill affixed his thumb impression because he had not learnt to sign his name.

The Governor was impressed and said, *"Well Sir! This is awesome. Even without a formal education you have achieved so much. Just imagine what would you have done if you had a formal education!"*

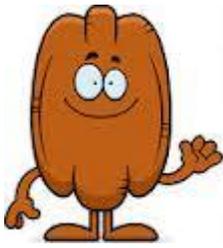
Dunhill's characteristic often repeated reply was

"If I knew how to read and write, I would still be sweeping the church!"



PECANS IN THE CEMETERY

On the outskirts of a small town, there was a big, old pecan tree just inside the cemetery fence. One day, two boys filled up a bucketful of nuts and sat down by the tree, out of sight, and began dividing the nuts.



'One for you, one for me, one for you, one for me,' said one boy. Several dropped and rolled down toward the fence.

Another boy came riding along the road on his bicycle. As he passed, he thought he heard voices from inside the cemetery. He slowed down to investigate. Sure enough, he heard, *'One for you, one for me, one for you, One for me...'*

He just knew what it was. He jumped back on his bike and rode off. Just around the bend he met an old man with a cane, hobbling along.

'Come here quick,' said the boy, *'you won't believe what I heard! Satan and the Lord are down at the cemetery dividing up the souls!'*

The man said, *'Beat it kid, can't you see it's hard for me to walk.'* When the boy insisted though, the man hobbled slowly to the cemetery.

Standing by the fence they heard, *'One for you, one for me. One for you, One for me.'*

The old man whispered, *'Boy, you've been tellin' me the truth. Let's see if we can see the Lord...'*

Shaking with fear, they peered through the fence, yet were still unable to

see anything. The old man and the boy gripped the wrought iron bars of the fence tighter and tighter as they tried to get a glimpse of the Lord.

At last they heard, *'One for you, one for me. That's all. Now let's go get those nuts by the fence and we'll be done...'*

They say the old man had the lead for a good half-mile before the kid on the bike passed him.

A HELPFUL TALE

This is supposedly a true story that has been around the net again and again for twenty years, and the RCMP has never issued a disclaimer.



An RCMP (Royal Canadian Mounted Police) officer stopped to help a stranded rider standing beside a stalled motorcycle in the Rockies just a bit east of here.

It was quite cold for riding a bike at speed, and the rider was heavily dressed in a full face helmet, balaclava and snowmobile suit. In a shivering voice, the rider told the Mountie that the carburetor was frozen.

"Well, pee on it," the Mountie said.

"Can't," replied the rider.

The helpful Mountie took out his own equipment and liberally hosed down the carburetor, and the bike soon fired up.

A few days later, the local department received a thank you note from a father, grateful for the roadside assistance his young daughter had received from the RCMP.

A QUIET ROMANTIC DINNER

A man and a woman were having a quiet, romantic dinner. They were gazing lovingly at each other and were holding hands.

The waitress, taking another order at a table a few steps away, suddenly noticed the woman slowly sliding down her chair and under the table - but the man stared straight ahead.

The waitress watched as the woman slid all the way down her chair and out of sight under the table.

Still, the man stared straight ahead.

The waitress, thinking this behavior a bit risqué and worried that it might offend other diners, went over to the table and, tactfully, began by saying to the man "Pardon me, sir, but I think your wife just slid under the table."

The man calmly looked up at her and said, "No, she didn't. She just walked in the door."



GREAT QUOTE

"I know nothing about sex because I was always married."

--- Zsa Zsa Gabor (1919 -)

FROM OUR UNIT #68 BUZZ RECIPE CORNER:



MINI TACO TARTS

INGREDIENTS:

1 lb. ground beef

2 tbsp. taco seasoning mix

2 tbsp. ice water

1 c. sour cream

2 tbsp. salsa

2 oz. chopped ripe olives

1 c. coarsely crushed tortilla chips, divided

1/2 c. shredded cheddar cheese



METHOD:

Meat shells:

Combine first 3 ingredients, mix well;

Press meat mixture into bottom and sides of tart pans and set aside.

Filling:

Combine sour cream, salsa, olives and 3/4 cup tortilla chips;

Spoon filling into each shell, mounding slightly.

Combine remaining chips and cheese, sprinkle over top. The length of an official baseball bat is 42 inches.

Bake at 375 degrees for 10 minutes. Garnish with salsa and **ENJOY!**

*Laugh often, long and loud.
Laugh until you gasp for breath.
And if you have a friend who
makes you laugh,
Spend lots and lots of time
with them.*

GOD . . . MAKE ME A TV!

A teacher from Primary School asks her students to write a essay about what they would like God to do for them... At the end of the day, while marking the essays, she read one that made her very emotional.

Her husband, who had just walked in, saw her crying and asked her: *'What happened?'*

She answered- *'Read this. It is one of my students' essays.'*

'Oh God, tonight I ask you something very special:

Make me into a television. I want to take its place and live like the TV in my house.

Have my own special place, and have my family around me. To be taken seriously when I talk....

I want to be the centre of attention and be heard without interruptions or questions. I want to receive the same special care that the TV receives even when it is not working.

Have the company of my dad when he arrives home from work, even when he is tired.

And I want my mom to want me when she is sad and upset, instead of ignoring me...

And... I want my brothers to fight to be with me...

I want to feel that family just leaves everything aside, every now and then, just to spend some time with me.

And last but not least, ensure that I can make them all happy and entertain them... Lord I don't ask you for much... I just want to live like a TV.'

At that moment the husband said: *'My God, poor kid. What horrible parents!'*

The wife looked up at him and said: *'That essay is our son's!!!'*

FROM YOUR EDITORS . . .

This is a very beautiful time of year here in LotusLand . . . all the trees are in bloom and everywhere you look is a burst of joyous colour!



We want to apologize once again to all of our loyal Buzz readers for being a little late with this April issue of The Buzz. Therefore we thank everyone once again for your patience and hope you ENJOY!!

Special Thanks as always to all of our loyal email buddies for the fun stories, jokes and great information items sent our way. Many times an item makes us stop and think – such as the one on this page titled 'God . . . Make Me a TV' – it does give the heart strings a tug!!!

And of course our Very Special Thanks to our Star Columnist Ron 'Andy Capp' Robinson – you always give us a fabulous peek into your amazing life – and we thank you for it!!!

So until next month enjoy . . . laugh, love and stay healthy!!!

**Your Editors,
Mardi & Fred**

