

# THE BUZZ

**A SAD and LOVING FAREWELL  
to our SPECIAL FRIEND and  
BUZZ STAR COLUMNIST**



**RON 'ANDY CAPP' ROBINSON**

# THE BUZZ

## **BUZZ NEWS** from your new **EDITOR-IN- CHIEF:**



Comrades

**WOW!!! . . .** what an important new title I have been given, so here is my first report.

Thank you to everyone who attended Chuck McDonald's Celebration of Life. It was a very emotional and a much deserved send off for such an astute comrade. He will be sorely missed as the turnout was overwhelming. There were 385 people in attendance, including the mayor of Richmond, 2 aldermen and our MLA John Yap, with comrades from nearly every Lower Mainland unit.

Sadly once again we lost another comrade, our devoted Buzz reporter Ron Valentine Robinson passed away at age 94 on Sunday Sept 4, 2016. Our Buzz magazine will issue a tribute to Ronnie in both the September and October issues. Ron donated articles to our Buzz magazine every month for years and was known as "ANDY CAPP" Robinson.

A Celebration of Life will be held at his home unit, The Andy Capp Unit #26 on Saturday, September 24<sup>th</sup>.

Unit #68 General Membership meeting was held in late August and as usual, was well attended with B.C. Command as observers and guests. Sandi Greenfield did a great job, considering it was her first meeting as interim President. Our unit purchased 2 shuffleboards which are currently placed at Unit #100. Unit #68 has always been the biggest supporter of the shuffleboard league and buying these boards will guarantee its survival for the future. Shuffleboard is one of the bonds that keeps our unit functioning.

Although our support to The Citadel Canine Society was put on hold, I hope that at the next general meeting my comrades will authorize a sizable donation. After all, it's all about our veterans that we are here in the first place.

By now my suspension until Jan 1, 2017 is common knowledge, but it is now time to move on. I have personally informed all my Unit #68 members of the correct information to set the record straight, through a direct mailing. I hope that in January, I can return as your Past President.

I served you as President of Unit #68 almost 9 consecutive years so I cannot begin to thank all my comrades, for their loyal support throughout this very difficult time with their many letters to Dominion Command. We are only human and I live

by the saying "*People who do nothing, never make mistakes*". I have always served you all, with the best interest of this organization, my unit and our veterans in mind, and with your continued support will do so again in the upcoming years. It would be great if both B.C. and Dominion Commands decide to waive the by-law that excludes me from running for office for 3 years; a penalty that does not at all benefit our unit or this organization. Remember you get more with a cube of sugar than a sledge hammer, and I also believe strongly in the Chinese proverb "*He who holds a grudge dig 2 graves.*"

We have received a letter from Dominion Command with a sticker to add to our Membership Award Plaque which congratulates our unit for increasing our membership in 2015. This is the 6th time this award has been given to unit #68 for increased membership during my 8+ years as President of our unit and something we can be very proud of -especially for a unit without their own clubhouse. We are the Friendly Club and I ask everyone to re-new in 2017 and I am pleased to say I will be back.

Remember the sole reason for our organization is to serve our veterans and pay tribute to our fallen and only your membership support will keep that cause alive for future generations. Come on, Unit #68 . . . let's add another sticker for the year 2017.

We are proud to still have the cheapest membership dues (\$35.00 per member, or \$60.00 per couple) in the Lower Mainland that I am aware of. You probably spend that on coffee every week.

Fraternally Yours,  
Bob Rietveld

## VETERANS AFFAIRS REPORT

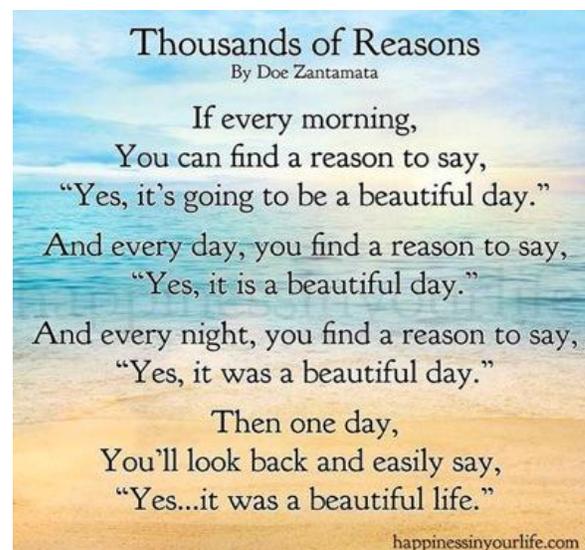
Comrades.

As promised by our Federal Liberal government in the last election the Veterans Affairs Department is opening a new office in Surrey B.C. in May 2017 at 13479 108th Ave. It will employ 21 staff who will serve approximately 7,500 Veterans. Case managed Veterans will also be able to meet with their case managers directly.

A new office will also open in Kelowna next year with 250 new frontline employees hired to date across Canada as \$5.6 billion is committed for 2016 to improve Veterans' benefits and services, including increased payments under the Disability Award and Earnings Loss Benefit.

Through continued pressure and efforts by our ANAF organization these results alone are reason enough to re-new your 2017 membership at your local unit.

Fraternally,  
Bob Rietveld.



**HAPPY BIRTHDAY** to our  
**Unit #68 SEPTEMBER Celebrants!**



Bobbi Cameron      Ken Cameron  
Vera Lipsett        Brian McKenna  
Harry Oda

And our Special Comrade Agnes Keegan  
*Happy Birthday!*

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



**ANAF UNIT #68**  
**MEMBERSHIP . . .**

The membership chair for Unit #68 is our unit secretary - **Jan Holt** – it is now time to enroll for the year 2017! We ask you to 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!***

Johnny was asked by his third-grade teacher to spell "*straight*." The boy did so correctly.

"Now," said the teacher, "*what does it mean?*"

"Without water."

**TROUT LAKE PICNIC UPDATE!**



**Please Note:** Your Editor Mardi is showing definite signs of 'Old Age' with her loss of memory . . . **Our Special Thanks to the 100 Club members** for organizing and running the children's games at our Trout Lake Picnic. They did a fabulous job and the children all had fun with great prizes for all!!

**"THE CREATION STORY AS  
TOLD BY THE CAT"**

On the first day of creation,  
God created the cat.  
On the second day,  
God created man to serve the cat.  
On the third, God created all the animals of  
the earth to serve as potential food  
for the cat.  
On the fourth day, God created honest toil  
so that man could labor for  
the good of the cat.  
On the fifth day, God created the sparkle  
ball so that the cat might or  
might not play with it.  
On the sixth day, God created veterinary  
science to keep the cat healthy  
and the man broke.  
On the seventh day, God tried to rest, but  
he had to scoop the litter box.



## A VERY SAD FAREWELL

– to a **Very Special Friend and a Star Buzz Columnist** that can never be replaced.

*Stand aside Bob Hope . . . Move over Bing Crosby – Ron ‘Andy Capp’ Robinson has arrived at the fabled Pearly Gates . . . and they will never be quite the same again!!!*

Words will never be adequate to describe this truly special man – he was *One of a Kind!!* And all who knew him will agree with this description. All of his avid readers will always remember his ‘*life adventures*’ that transported all of us every month for a delightful, and often times, funny ride down Memory Lane!!!

As the Editor of The Buzz, I have decided to continue to highlight his wonderful adventures in the years to come – as in our hearts he is still very much here with us . . . and always will be!! There will never be another Ron ‘Andy Capp’ Robinson and therefore we wish to continue to stroll down Memory Lane with him – with his family’s permission, of course!

Therefore, our Page 6 will continue as before – it has always been Ronnie’s page – he often referred to it by number as he knew that he had inhabited it for eternity, and then some!! Ronnie had both Fred and I, as Editors, deeply entrenched ‘under his spell’ and he also knew that we loved that position. To many of our loyal readers, Ronnie *IS* the essence of The Buzz – and so we will go on . . .

Then there were his fabulous *COVERS!!* Ron was a rare *Creative Cover Genius!!* I always told our readers to cherish these covers as they were a definite ‘*Collector’s Item!!*’ His *Andy Capp* and *Mister Bee* covers were always hilarious – sometimes he even included *Flo!* And the fun part of every cover was the way he signed them –

always on the bottom right side of the page as you looked at the cover. Just to name a few of his sign-offs: *Ron O’Rabbitson* on the St. Patrick’s/Easter cover, *Prime Minister Robinson* on the Canada Day cover, *Rover Robinson* on the Dog Days of Summer cover, *Spokey Robinson* on the Halloween cover, etc. etc. They are all fabulous!! Gems to cherish Forever!!

And last but definitely not least – his fantastic drawing of our Famous Unit #68 Bee – ‘Mister Bee’!! I have used this ‘Bee’ over and over on our covers in the months since Ronnie has hung up his cover drawing pencils – and I will continue to do so!! As Always Ronnie – we are all so very thankful to you for lending us your awesome talent!

Ronnie’s columns will be headed up from this day on, by the words ‘*In Loving Memory*’ . . .

Your Editor, Mardi

The biggest regret that people have on their deathbed is that they lived the life expected of them instead of a life true to themselves.



*Ronnie – you always lived a life that was true to yourself!!!*

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**A QUOTE TO PONDER . . .**

*"If everything seems under control,  
you're not going fast enough"*  
--- Mario Andretti (1940 - )

**ON THE LOSS OF A FRIEND**

When we lose something that is precious to us, we are left with a feeling of sadness. Whether it is a precious friend or even a treasured object, the loss can be hard to bear. It is as if a part of you has gone missing. Throughout our life we amass collections of friends and treasured possessions. Having close relationships help us feel as if we are not alone in the world. When we lose someone or something that is precious to us, we may realize that there is a certain aloneness that can never be filled.

**THE LAST GOODBYE**

I really wasn't ready  
For that last goodbye.  
There's so much more  
I never got to say.  
I miss you so much.  
I hope you know  
I'll remember you always.  
I don't think I'll ever let go.  
I never really said  
A proper "farewell,"  
So now I'll tell you  
And hope you'll hear.  
I'll miss you always,  
With a Sad Goodbye.  
See you on the other side.



*Dear Ronnie . . . .*

*I met you as a Stranger,  
Took you as a Friend . . .  
I hope our long friendship  
Will never end!!!!  
Rest In Peace,  
my Dear Friend . . .  
Mardi*

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



### EDITOR'S NOTE:

As reported earlier in this issue our Special Friend Ronnie passed away on September 4<sup>th</sup> of this year. I had already included this column for this month and even though he has gone from us physically, he is still very definitely with us in our hearts . . . and always will be – so I am leaving this column in after altering a few words in my introduction. Please enjoy – and let your fond memories of this terrific and very talented comrade envelope you . . .

*This fabulous life story was written for our Buzz by Ronnie in March of 2006 when Ronnie was 84 years old – now Ronnie has left us at 94 years young and we have added the additions to his numbers in bracketed italics – it is an awesome story of an awesome life time!!*

A few days ago my kids took me down to a Washington State casino for my 84<sup>th</sup> birthday. Not too smart of an idea, as I spent half of their inheritance on the slot machines.

Anyways, after turning 84 I began to wonder how many World Leaders I have lived under (that alone shows just how exciting my life really is!)

The numbers 4, 14, and 15 came up . . . and now I'll explain just what those numbers mean to an 84 year old person.

I was born in 1922 and since that date I have lived under 4 Monarchs – George V, Edward VIII, George VI and Elizabeth II. *(Still our current Monarch and going strong – just like Ronnie!)*

Now let me explain the number 14 (15); that is how many Canadian Prime Ministers I have lived under – King,

Meighen, Bennett, St. Laurent, Diefenbaker, Pearson, Trudeau, Clark, Turner, Mulroney, Campbell, Chretien, Martin, and Harper. *(Add Trudeau Jr. now)*

And now for the number 15 (16); that is the number of U.S. Presidents since my birth date – Harding, Coolidge, Hoover, Roosevelt, Truman, Eisenhower, Kennedy, Johnson, Nixon, Ford, Carter, Reagan, Bush Sr., Clinton, and Bush Jr. *(Add Obama now)*

Special Thanks to my Grandson David for his efforts in compiling all of this world-shaking information from his computer. I could have done it all by myself but I'm still learning how to operate a telephone.

I realize you've had enough numbers for one day, but how about this number – 52,870?? That's how many pints of beer I've drank so far in my life!

This figure does not include the recurring dream I have about falling into one of those huge vats of beer at Molson's Brewery.

*"There is a sacredness in tears. They are not the mark of weakness, but of power. They speak more eloquently than ten thousand tongues. They are the messengers of overwhelming grief, of deep contrition, and of unspeakable love."*

www.MePlus3Today.com

Washington Irving

## BURNS – important FYI . . .

A young man sprinkling his lawn and bushes with pesticides wanted to check the contents of the barrel to see how much pesticide remained in it.

He raised the cover and lit his lighter; the vapors ignited and engulfed him. He jumped from his truck, screaming.

His neighbor came out of her house with a dozen eggs and a bowl yelling: "bring me some more eggs!"



She broke them, separating the whites from the yolks.

The neighbor woman helped her to apply the whites onto the young man's face.

When the ambulance arrived and the EMTs saw the young man, they asked who had done this.

Everyone pointed to the lady in charge.

They congratulated her and said: "You have saved his face."

By the end of the summer, the young man brought the lady a bouquet of roses to thank her.

His face was like a baby's skin.

### A Healing Miracle for Burns:

Keep in mind this treatment of burns is being included in teaching beginner fireman. First Aid consists of first spraying cold water on the affected area until the

heat is reduced which stops the continued burning of all layers of the skin. Then, spread the egg whites onto the affected area.

One woman burned a large part of her hand with boiling water. In spite of the pain, she ran cold faucet water on her hand, separated 2 egg white from the yolks, beat them slightly and dipped her hand in the solution. The whites then dried and formed a protective layer,

She later learned that the egg white is a natural collagen and continued during at least one hour to apply layer upon layer of beaten egg whites. By afternoon, she no longer felt any pain and the next day there was hardly a trace of the burn. 10 days later, no trace was left at all and her skin had regained its normal color. The burned area was totally regenerated thanks to the collagen in the egg whites, a placenta full of vitamins.

## OVERHEARD IN THE CLUB ROOMS . . .

Looking in the mall for a nightgown, I tried my luck in a store known for its sexy lingerie. To my delight, however, I found just what I was looking for.



Waiting in the line to pay, I noticed a young woman behind me holding the same item. This confirmed what I suspected all along: despite being nearly 50, I still have a very "with it" attitude.

"I see we have the same taste," I said proudly to the 20-something behind me.

"Yes," she replied. "I'm getting this for my grandma."

**SPIDERS IN THE OUTHOUSE**by **A. Lawrence Vaincourt**

It stood beyond the garden,  
 underneath a shading pine  
 A tiny little outhouse,  
 which I always felt was mine  
 It has served its function nobly,  
 I am sure, for many a year

'Till my granddad built a bathroom  
 and abandoned it, back here  
 Where the pine tree helped support it and  
 disguise its many leaks  
 And my granddad stored, inside it,  
 bits of junk he called antiques

When I was a little shaver I complained,  
 quite sad, one day  
 That my best friend had a tree house, while  
 I had no place to play  
 So my granddad moved the junk out,  
 patched some knot-holes in the floor  
 Put a little paint upon it and wrote  
 "CLUBHOUSE" on the door

Very soon a club was meeting in my  
 outhouse 'neath the tree  
 And of course I was the leader, since the  
 place belonged to me  
 Then as spring moved into summer,  
 we discovered one warm day  
 That the outhouse had, as tenants,  
 some fat spiders, big and gray  
 Who built their nests in corners to ensnare  
 the buzzing flies  
 Or sometimes 'cross the doorway,  
 just to catch us by surprise

Now, me and my companions of our  
 Clubhouse were quite proud  
 And as one, were in agreement, that no  
 girls should be allowed  
 To profane these sacred quarters,  
 where we boys most days did meet,  
 To do the things that boys do,  
 for this was our one retreat  
 Still there was no need to worry,  
 once the news was noised around

That the place was full of spiders,  
 huge and hairy, gray and brown



Why, no girl would venture near it!  
 Yes, of this we were quite sure  
 And I guess this was the reason why we  
 never locked the door  
 'Til the day that great-aunt Carey came  
 to stay a week or two  
 And visit with her kin folk, as old aunts  
 are wont to do

She went strolling through the garden,  
 in a reminiscent way  
 And she happened on the outhouse, while  
 we children were away  
 Well she knew its ancient purpose,  
 and her eyesight was quite poor  
 So she failed to see the "Clubhouse" sign  
 we'd written on the door

There was no one to observe her and the  
 door was open wide  
 And she felt the call of nature,  
 so great-auntie stepped inside  
 She sat her down in comfort and behind  
 her latched the door  
 To perform a private function,  
 as she'd done oft times before.

But just then two fat gray spiders dropped  
 down from overhead  
 One landed upon auntie's thigh,  
 the other on her head  
 It's hard to think that someone,  
 at the age of eighty-three  
 Could scream so loud, or run as fast,  
 or jump as high as she

I am told she cleared the garden hedge  
 with nigh an inch to spare  
 And wound up in the kitchen,  
 with a spider in her hair

It was thus I gained the knowledge (which  
I never had been told)  
That things that creep and things that  
crawl are feared by young and old  
Of the feminine persuasion; and this fact  
has served me well  
In spots and situations  
far too numerous to tell

There were incidents in childhood,  
one or two of which I'll name  
When the odds were stacked in favor of  
some pushy little dame  
When a beetle or an earthworm,  
the argument did sway  
And ended all discussion  
in a full and final way

Today, the modern woman is a wondrous  
thing to see  
She has a black belt in karate and,  
perhaps, a PHD  
And she's sure to win an argument  
opposed by any guy.  
Still, I wonder if those lessons, learned in  
childhood, still apply?

Are they still afraid of spiders and of  
things that crawl or squirm?  
Will they turn away and shudder at the  
wriggling of a worm?  
And when the dew is heavy on the  
lushness of your lawn  
Will they help you pick up dew worms in  
the hours preceding dawn?

In the battle of the sexes, with its constant  
pull and tug,  
Does man have a secret weapon in the  
common little bug?



## AWWW – WE HAVE TO LOVE THE IRISH!

The Irish priest was at the altar one dreary  
Sunday morning, addressing his  
congregation with a vehement sermon that  
alcohol was the work of the devil.



"As an example," he stated  
during his sermon, "If you  
were to lead a donkey to a  
bowl of water and a bowl of  
whiskey, from which would  
he drink?"

A grizzled old Mick at the  
back of the church spoke up:  
"Aye, Father, for sure he'd  
drink from the water."

The priest, elated, said, "Very good, my  
son. And can you tell me WHY he'd drink  
from the water?"

The Irishman at the back of the church  
replied, "Sure I can tell ye' why, Father.  
Because he's an ass."



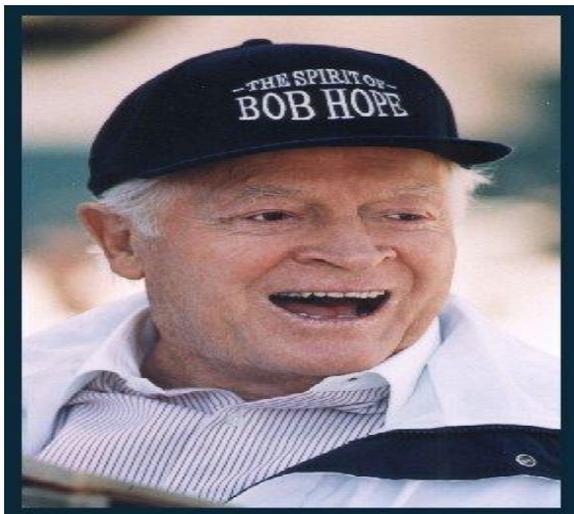
Blind people can get issued a guide horse.  
Miniature horses are used instead of guide  
dogs if the person is for example afraid of/  
or allergic to dogs.

## IN MEMORY OF BOB HOPE

**Editor's Note:** I had forgotten that he lived to be 100, and also didn't realize it has been over 12 years since he died. Always enjoyed him, his movies, and his show. He touched a lot of lives during his life. Thought you might enjoy a bit of memory touching. Enjoy and recall a neat comedian.

For those of you too young to remember Bob Hope, ask your Grandparents and thanks for the memories.

**I HOPE THIS WILL PUT A SMILE ON YOUR FACE AND IN YOUR HEART.**



**This is a tribute to a man who DID make a difference.**

### ON TURNING 70

*"I still chase women, but only downhill."*

### ON TURNING 80

*"That's the time of your life when even your birthday suit needs pressing."*

### ON TURNING 90

*"You know you're getting old when the candles cost more than the cake."*

### ON TURNING 100

*"I don't feel old. In fact, I don't feel anything until noon. Then it's time for my nap."*

## ON GIVING UP HIS EARLY CAREER, BOXING

*"I ruined my hands in the ring. The referee kept stepping on them."*

## ON NEVER WINNING AN OSCAR

*"Welcome to the Academy Awards, or, as it's called at my home, "Passover."*

## ON GOLF

*"Golf is my profession. Show business is just to pay the green fees."*

## ON PRESIDENTS

*"I have performed for 12 presidents but entertained only six."*

## ON WHY HE CHOSE SHOWBIZ FOR HIS CAREER

*"When I was born, the doctor said to my mother, Congratulations, you have an eight pound ham."*

## ON RECEIVING THE CONGRESSIONAL GOLD MEDAL

*"I feel very humble, but I think I have the strength of character to fight it."*

## ON HIS FAMILY'S EARLY POVERTY

*"Four of us slept in the one bed. If it got cold, mother threw on another brother."*

## ON HIS SIX BROTHERS

*"That's how I learned to dance. Waiting for the bathroom."*

## ON HIS EARLY FAILURES

*"I would not have had anything to eat if it wasn't for what the audience threw at me."*

## ON GOING TO HEAVEN

*"I've done benefits for ALL religions. I'd hate to blow the hereafter on a technicality."*

## GOLF HUMOUR????

A married man and his secretary were having a torrid affair.

One afternoon they couldn't contain their passion, so they rushed over to her place where they spent the afternoon making passionate love.

When they were finished, they fell asleep, not waking until 8 o'clock.

They got dressed quickly. Then the man asked his secretary to take his shoes outside and rub them on the lawn.

Bewildered, she did as he asked, and thought he was rather weird.

The man finally got home and his wife met him at the door.

Upset, she asked where he'd been. The man replied, *"I cannot tell a lie. My secretary and I are having an affair. Today we left work early, went to her place, spent the afternoon making love, and then fell asleep. That's why I'm late."*

The wife looked at him, took notice of his shoes and yelled, *"I can see those are grass stains on your shoes. YOU DAMN LIAR! You've been playing golf again, haven't you?"*



***"Talk low, talk slow, and don't talk too much."***

--- John Wayne  
(1907 - 1979)

## A FEW HANDY & 'FUN' HOUSEHOLD HINTS FOR YOU . . .



Turn your muffin pan upside down, bake cookie-dough over the top and voila – you have cookie bowls for fruit or ice-cream.



Bread tags make the perfect-sized cord labels.



Hull strawberries easily using a straw.

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

## **THE CROCHETED TABLECLOTH**

*This is a beautiful story ..... makes you understand that things happen for a reason.*

The brand new pastor and his wife, newly assigned to their first ministry, to reopen a church in suburban Brooklyn, arrived in early October excited about their opportunities. When they saw their church, it was very run down and needed much work. They set a goal to have everything done in time to have their first service on Christmas Eve.

They worked hard, repairing pews, plastering walls, painting, etc., and on December 18 were ahead of schedule and just about finished.

On December 19 a terrible tempest - a driving rainstorm hit the area and lasted for two days.

On the 21st, the pastor went over to the church. His heart sank when he saw that the roof had leaked, causing a large area of plaster about 20 feet by 8 feet to fall off the front wall of the sanctuary just behind the pulpit, beginning about head high.

The pastor cleaned up the mess on the floor, and not knowing what else to do but postpone the Christmas Eve service, headed home.

On the way he noticed that a local business was having a flea market type sale for charity so he stopped in. One of the items was a beautiful, handmade, ivory

colored, crocheted tablecloth with exquisite work, fine colors and a Cross embroidered right in the center. It was just the right size to cover up the hole in the front wall. He bought it and headed back to the church.

By this time it had started to snow. An older woman running from the opposite direction was trying to catch the bus..... She missed it... The pastor invited her to wait in the warm church for the next bus 45 minutes later.

She sat in a pew and paid no attention to the pastor while he got a ladder, hangers, etc., to put up the tablecloth as a wall tapestry. The pastor could hardly believe how beautiful it looked and it covered up the entire problem area.

Then he noticed the woman walking down the center aisle. Her face was like a sheet.... 'Pastor,' she asked, 'where did you get that tablecloth?'

The pastor explained. The woman asked him to check the lower right corner to see if the initials, 'EBG' were crocheted into it there. They were. These were the initials of the woman, and she had made this tablecloth 35 years before, in Austria.

The woman could hardly believe it as the pastor told how he had just gotten the Tablecloth. The woman explained that before the war she and her husband were well-to-do people in Austria. When the Nazis came, she was forced to leave. Her husband was going to follow her the next week. He was captured, sent to prison and she never saw her husband or her home again.

The pastor wanted to give her the tablecloth, but she made the pastor keep it for the church. The pastor insisted on driving her home; that was the least he



## ARE YOU GOD'S WIFE?

*Author and lecturer Leo Buscaglia once talked about a contest he was asked to judge. The purpose of the contest was to find the most caring child.*

The winner was a four year old child whose next door neighbor was an elderly gentleman who had recently lost his wife. Upon seeing the man cry, the little boy went into the old gentleman's yard, climbed onto his lap, and just sat there. When his mother asked him what he had said to the neighbor, the little boy said, "Nothing, I just helped him cry."

Teacher Debbie Moon's first graders were discussing a picture of a family. One little boy in the picture had a different color hair than the other family members. One child suggested that he was adopted and a little girl said, "I know all about adoptions because I was adopted."

"What does it mean to be adopted?" asked another child. "It means," said the girl, "that you grew in your mommy's heart instead of her tummy."

A four year old was at the pediatrician for a checkup. As the doctor looked down her ears with an otoscope, he asked, "Do you think I'll find Big Bird in here?" The little girl stayed silent.

Next, the doctor took a tongue depressor and looked down her throat. He asked, "Do you think I'll find the Cookie Monster down there"

Again, the little girl was silent. Then the doctor put a stethoscope to her chest. As he listened to her heart beat, he asked, "Do you think I'll hear Barney in there?"

"Oh, no!" the little girl replied. "Jesus is in my heart. Barney's on my underpants."

As I was driving home from work one day, I stopped to watch a local Little League baseball game that was being played in a park near my home. As I sat down behind the bench on the first-base line, I asked one of the boys what the score was. "We're behind 14 to nothing," he answered with a smile.

"Really," I said. "I have to say you don't look very discouraged."

"Discouraged?" the boy asked with a puzzled look on his face. "Why should we be discouraged? We haven't been up to bat yet."

Whenever I'm disappointed with my spot in life, I stop and think about little Jamie Scott. Jamie was trying out for a part in a school play. His mother told me that he'd set his heart on being in it, though she feared he would not be chosen. On the day the parts were awarded, I went with her to collect him after school. Jamie rushed up to her, eyes shining with pride and excitement. "Guess what Mom," he shouted, and then said those words that will remain a lesson to me: "I've been chosen to clap and cheer."

A lesson in "heart" is my little 10 year old daughter, Sarah, who was born with a muscle missing in her foot and wears a brace all the time. She came home one beautiful spring day to tell me she had competed in "field day" -- that's where they have lots of races and other competitive events. Because of her leg support, my mind raced as I tried to think of encouragement for my Sarah, things I could say to her about not letting this get her down, but before I could get a word out, she said "Daddy, I won two of the races!" I couldn't believe it! And then Sarah said, "I had an advantage." Ah. I knew it. I thought she must have been given a head start ... some kind of physical advantage. But again, before I could say



## UNIQUE & INTERESTING SAYINGS



### **BITE THE BULLET**

**Meaning:** To accept something difficult or unpleasant

**Origin:** In the olden days, when doctors were short on anesthesia or time during a battle, they would ask the patient to bite down on a bullet to distract from the pain. The first recorded use of the phrase was in 1891 in *The Light that Failed*.

### **BREAK THE ICE**

**Meaning:** To break off a conflict or commence a friendship.

**Origin:** Back when road transportation was not developed, ships would be the only transportation and means of trade. At times, the ships would get stuck during the winter because of ice formation. The receiving country would send small ships to “break the ice” to clear a way for the trade ships. This gesture showed affiliation and understanding between two territories.

### **BUTTER SOMEONE UP**

**Meaning:** To impress someone with flattery

**Origin:** This was a customary religious act in ancient India. The devout would throw butter balls at the statues of their gods to seek favor and forgiveness.

### **MAD AS A HATTER**

**Meaning:** To be completely crazy

**Origin:** No, you didn't already know this one, because it didn't originate from Lewis Carroll's *Alice in Wonderland*. Its origins date from the 17th and 18th centuries — well before Lewis Carroll's book was published. In 17th century France, poisoning occurred among hat makers who used mercury for the hat felt. The “Mad Hatter Disease” was marked by shyness, irritability, and tremors that would make the person appear “mad.”

### **CAT GOT YOUR TONGUE?**

**Meaning:** Asked to a person who is at loss of words

**Origin:** The English Navy used to use a whip called “Cat-o'-nine-tails” for flogging. The pain was so severe that it caused the victim to stay quiet for a long time. Another possible source could be from ancient Egypt, where liars' and blasphemers' tongues were cut out and fed to the cats. (What a treat for the cats!)

### **BARKING UP THE WRONG TREE**

**Meaning:** To have misguided thoughts about an event or situation, a false lead

**Origin:** This refers to hunting dogs that may have chased their prey up a tree. The dogs bark, assuming that the prey is still in the tree, when the prey is no longer there.

### **TURN A BLIND EYE**

**Meaning:** To ignore situations, facts, or reality

**Origin:** The British Naval hero, Admiral Horatio Nelson, had one blind eye. Once when the British forces signaled for him to stop attacking a fleet of Danish ships, he held up a telescope to his blind eye and said, “I do not see the signal.” He attacked, nevertheless, and was victorious.

### **BURY THE HATCHET**

**Meaning:** To stop a conflict & make peace

**Origins:** This one dates back to the early times North America when the Puritans were in conflict with the Native Americans. When negotiating peace, the Native Americans would bury all their hatchets, knives, clubs, and tomahawks. Weapons literally were buried and made inaccessible.

### CAUGHT RED-HANDED

**Meaning:** To be caught in the act of doing something wrong

**Origin:** This originates from an old English law that ordered any person to be punished for butchering an animal that wasn't his own. The only way the person could be convicted is if he was caught with the animal's blood still on his hands.

### DON'T THROW THE BABY OUT WITH THE BATHWATER

**Meaning:** Don't get rid of valuable things along with the unnecessary ones.

**Origin:** You won't believe this one! In the early 1500s, people only bathed once a year. Not only that, but they also bathed in the same water without changing it! The adult males would bath first, then the females, leaving the children and babies to go last. By the time the babies got in, the water was clouded with filth. The poor mothers had to take extra care that their babies were not thrown out with the bathwater.

### GIVE A COLD SHOULDER

**Meaning:** Being unwelcoming or antisocial toward someone

**Origin:** In medieval England, it was customary to give a guest a cold piece of meat from the shoulder of mutton, pork, or beef chop when the host felt it was time for the guest to leave. This was a polite way to communicate, "You may leave, now."

### GO THE WHOLE NINE YARDS

**Meaning:** To try your best at something

**Origin:** During World War II, the fighter pilots were equipped with nine yards of ammunition. When they ran out, it meant that they had tried their best at fighting off the target with the entirety of their ammunition.

### LET ONE'S HAIR DOWN

**Meaning:** To relax or be at ease

**Origin:** In public, the aristocratic women of medieval times were obliged to appear in elegant hair-dos that were usually pulled up. The only time they would "let their hair down" was when they came home and relaxed.

### RUB THE WRONG WAY

**Meaning:** To bother or annoy someone

**Origin:** Early Americans, during the colonial times, would ask their servants to rub their oak floorboards "the right way". The wrong way (not wiping them with dry fabric after wet fabric) would cause streaks to form and ruin it, leaving the homeowner annoyed. Alternatively, it could have derived from rubbing a cat's fur the "wrong way," which annoys them.

### DOWN IN THE DUMPS

**Meaning:** depressed, low, dejected

**Origin:** The word *dumps* is a borrowing from Northern European languages. Swedish has *dumpin*, 'melancholy'; Dutch has *dompig*, 'damp or hazy'; and German has *dumpf*, meaning 'gloomy, damp' - all depressing words. The usage is old, people have certainly been in the dumps since the early 16th century and perhaps even earlier - a ballad thought to have been composed by Richard Sheale about 1475 has the line: 'I wail, as one in doleful dumps'.

## SPORTS REPORT

. . . with Les Jones

Congratulations to the following winners and runners-up of recent tournaments:

### BOCCI BALL TOURNAMENT:

#### WINNERS:

Congratulations to the 100 Club: Eugene Katzberg and Frank Wuest,.

#### RUNNERS-UP:

Unit 68: Sam Bruni and Les Jones.

### MASTERS SHUFFLEBOARD TOURNAMENT:

**WINNERS:** Dick Moore, Les Jones and Glen Harrison.

**2<sup>nd</sup> PLACE:** Dan McKinnon, Doug Moore and Clint Miller.

**3<sup>rd</sup> PLACE:** Butch Zonka, Wayne Fritz and Susan King.

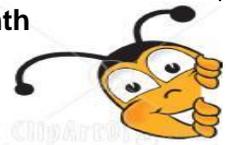
**4<sup>th</sup> PLACE:** Ken Griggs, Trisha Wilbur and Dan Elias.

"Family isn't always blood. It's the people in your life who want you in theirs; the ones who accept you for who you are. The ones who would do anything to see you smile and who love you no matter what" ~ Unknown ~♥~

~Love Quotes and Sayings ~

## FROM YOUR EDITORS . . .

It has been a very 'blue' month for us – with the loss of our dear Comrade Ron 'Andy Capp' Robinson!!!! He will be sadly missed!



We are dedicating a section of our October Buzz to Ronnie also – so we ask that anyone who has *Treasured Memories of Ronnie* to please email them to us at [palmardi@yahoo.ca](mailto:palmardi@yahoo.ca) with 'RON' in the subject line. We welcome all of your thoughts. Ron will continue to take you all down Memory Lane on his Page 6 . . . we know he would have been very pleased with the fact that his avid followers can continue to enjoy his Reminiscing!

Ron's *Celebration of Life* is on Saturday, September 24<sup>th</sup> at his "Andy Capp" Unit #26 at 49<sup>th</sup> and Fraser.

We want to thank once again, all of our loyal readers who send us great items and cartoons, etc. for our newsletter every month – it is very much appreciated!!

This summer has flown by and now we look to a colourful and pleasant Fall Season here in our beautiful province.. Enjoy! Enjoy!

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

Your Editors,  
Mardi & Fred

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Words to ponder . . .

*"Friends are the family we choose for ourselves"*

~Unknown