

THE BUZZ

**Wishing All of our
Friends and
Comrades a Very
Happy Holiday
Season!**



**And a Very
Happy and
Healthy New
Year 2018!!**

THE BUZZ



YOUR PAST PRESIDENT'S REPORT

Comrades . . .

20th Anniversary Edition

This is the 241st issue of our Unit #68 newsletter.

"**THE BUZZ**" represents 20 years of monthly publications and there are not enough words to express our unit's appreciation to our editor and originator of this news letter, Mardi Zipursky.

As the beginning was before my time, I am relying on information from a few comrades who were at its inauguration in 1997. At the time, the President of Unit #68 Alfie Poole had written an occasional news letter and Mardi asked him if she could take over.

One of our dearest comrades, Bill Wonnacott, while sitting with Mardi & Fred and discussing the newsletter, Mardi asked him about a title. He looked up at the "BIG BEE" mascot sitting on a ledge of the club at 2nd & Main St and said "Well, *"The BUZZ" of course*", and so it began.

Mardi's husband Fred became what she referred to as her "reader" and since it was not yet the age of computer know-how with Mardi, it was all "cut and paste". Later Mardi discovered how to insert clip art right from her computer and The BUZZ became an instant success. At the time there was also no such thing as those original covers which we all enjoyed.

For the many years of the publications, Ronnie Robinson of Unit #26 became a Special Columnist with his Reminiscing with Ron Robinson column, and then became our cover artist and every cover he created was a work of art. Those covers continued until he passed from us at the tender age of 94. Now Mardi creates the covers each month herself in honour of Ronnie.

In 2004 I began writing 3 articles per month, The Presidents Report, Veterans Report and Colour Guard report. It was a difficult task staying non-political, informative and yet expressing ones opinion. It had its challenges and of course my editor would let me know if I crossed the line.

Along with the numerous donors of jokes and recipes, club news and our special column contributors, our newsletter came together, and The BUZZ was distributed to most Units, Commands and even as far away as England on a monthly basis.

All this would not have been possible but for the generous donation of paper, print and ink from Shannon, Mardi's daughter.

So here we are 20 years later "**THE FRIENDLY CLUB**" and its news letter "**The BUZZ**", motors on. If you can find time, please email Mardi a big -----
THANK YOU ----- her email address is palmardi@yahoo.ca and write 'BUZZ' in the Re: line.

I wish all my comrades and friends a
**VERY MERRY CHRISTMAS and
HAPPY NEW YEAR.**

**Fraternally Yours,
Bob Rietveld
Past President Unit #68**

*Do you think there's a Christmas in Heaven?
Because I have loving family up there...
I can no longer give them special gifts,
But I want them to know I still care...*

*So I'll send them my love forever,
And send prayers that they're doing just fine...
And my thoughts that will always be with them,
With a promise they'll always be mine...*

*Merry Christmas to 'All Of My Family'
Who are resting in Heaven above...
Although you are no longer here on earth,
I still feel and sense your love...*

Mary G

ALL ABOARD THE CP HOLIDAY TRAIN . . .



The CP Holiday Train began rolling in 1999 to bring holiday cheer to communities on its routes in Canada and the U.S. and support local food banks along the way. Since its launch, it has raised over \$13 million and gathered four million pounds of food.

This year, the party begins in Montreal, on November 25th for the American route, and a day later for the Canadian one, stopping by 182 communities in total. Colin James and singer-songwriter Emma-Lee will travel to most of the Canadian stops, ending in Calgary on December 9th, with Alan Doyle and The Beautiful Band continuing on through B.C. and wrapping up the journey in Port Coquitlam on December 17th.

Everyone is invited to come out and enjoy the festivities! The events are free, but please bring a food or cash donation for the food bank.

Visit: cpr.ca/holiday-train/Canada

*Happy Holidays Everyone
ENJOY!!!!*

I'VE LEARNED . . .

Written by Andy Rooney, a man who has the gift of saying so much with so few words.

Andy Rooney died Friday night 4 November, 2011, according to CBS, only a month after delivering his 1,097th and final televised commentary.

Rooney had gone to the hospital for an undisclosed surgery, but major complications developed and he never recovered. He was 92 years old.



Editor's Note: We have included this wonderful item in a previous issue but being this Holiday Season is upon us I felt it needed re-telling

ENLIGHTENED PERSPECTIVE WRITTEN BY ANDY ROONEY

I've learned.... That the best classroom in the world is at the feet of an elderly person.

I've learned.... That when you're in love, it shows.

I've learned.... That just one person saying to me, 'You've made my day!' makes my day.

I've learned.... That having a child fall asleep in your arms is one of the most peaceful feelings in the world.

I've learned.... That being kind is more important than being right.

I've learned.... That you should never say no to a gift from a child.

I've learned.... That I can always pray for someone when I don't have the strength to help him in some other way.

I've learned.... That no matter how serious your life requires you to be, everyone needs a friend to act goofy with.

I've learned.... That sometimes all a person needs is a hand to hold and a heart to understand.

I've learned.... That simple walks with my father around the block on summer nights when I was a child did wonders for me as an adult.

I've learned.... That life is like a roll of toilet paper. The closer it gets to the end, the faster it goes.

I've learned... That we should be glad God doesn't give us everything we ask for.

I've learned.... That money doesn't buy class.

I've learned.... That it's those small daily happenings that make life so spectacular.

I've learned... That under everyone's hard shell is someone who wants to be appreciated and loved.

I've learned.... That to ignore the facts does not change the facts.

I've learned.... That when you plan to get even with someone, you are only letting that person continue to hurt you.

I've learned.... That love, not time, heals all wounds.

I've learned.... That the easiest way for me to grow as a person is to surround myself with people smarter than I am.

I've learned.... That everyone you meet deserves to be greeted with a smile.

I've learned... That no one is perfect until you fall in love with them.

I've learned... That life is tough, but I'm tougher.

I've learned.... That opportunities are never lost; someone will take the ones you miss.

I've learned.... That when you harbor bitterness, happiness will dock elsewhere.

I've learned.... That I wish I could have told my Mom and Dad that I love them one more time before they passed away.

I've learned.... That one should keep his words both soft and tender, because tomorrow he may have to eat them.

I've learned.... That a smile is an inexpensive way to improve your looks.

I've learned.... That when your newly born grandchild holds your little finger in his little fist, that you're hooked for life.

I've learned.... That everyone wants to live on top of the mountain, but all the happiness and growth occurs while you're climbing it.

I've learned.... That the less time I have to work with, the more things I get done.



God Bless the old things....like us!



I do!!!!

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*The most beautiful thing
about friendship is that we
can grow separately
without growing apart.*

**ANAF UNIT #68
MEMBERSHIP . .**

It is now the time to start thinking about enrolling for the upcoming year 2018 so you may continue receiving all of the wonderful benefits membership accords.

A membership is only \$35.00 per person and \$60.00 for a couple.

Please see any Unit 68 Executive member to renew your membership or to become a new and valued member of our unit.

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 DECEMBER
Celebrants!**



Gordon Allen Leslie Leopyky
Shirley Oda Gordon Woodrow
**Special Birthday Congratulations to
Unit 68's Special Friend Charlie Lee
who turns 95 years young on
December 28th!!**

Happy Birthday Everyone!!!!

*"A good wife always forgives her
husband when she's wrong."
--- Milton Berle*

REMINISCING WITH RON 'ANDY CAPP' ROBINSON ...



Editor's Note: *This is a column Ronnie wrote for our December 2000 issue of The Buzz – a Christmas Party he will never forget!!*

THE DAY OUR DEAR OLD SANTA WAS MORE LOADED THAN THE BAG OF TOYS HE WAS CARRYING

This story happened a way back in 1970 and I must say it's not your usual 'Merry Christmas' story. For years and years Unit #26 had held their Annual Children's Christmas Party in the Fraser Theatre, but that year we decided to use our own club rooms for the party. As I just happened to be the Unit President at that time it was my job to see that everything was going smoothly. We were fortunate that one of our longtime members was nice and plump and jolly, and had played our Santa for as long as we could remember.

My first job was to get on the stage and welcome Santa to all the little children. Just then one of our Executive came running up to me and whispered in my ear that Santa hadn't arrived. As our Santa didn't live too far from the Club I sent them out to look for him. A few minutes passed and I was informed that they had found Santa in a snow bank only steps away from the Club, and had carried him down the back alley and into our basement. I went downstairs and one look told me he was in no shape to greet our little guests.

By this time the children were becoming very restless, so I grabbed a piece of paper and got on stage and announced that I had just received a telegram from the North Pole. Santa said that one of his reindeers had become seriously ill and he would be unable to get to our Club. Satisfied that I

had done the best that I could do, I began to leave the stage. Just then a sweet little girl sitting in the front row shouted to me in a very loud voice that Mommie and her had spotted Santa lying in the snow in front of the Club when they had arrived. Not knowing how I was going to answer the child I blurted out that I would go outside and see what was going on.

By this time the Club was in an uproar, and little children were yelling at me, so I left the clubrooms to 'look' for Santa. Once outside I just walked straight home and never returned to the party. I couldn't face those children after telling them all those lies. Even to this day every time Christmas rolls around, that day returns to haunt me.

It was bad enough to have been so dishonest with all those sweet, bright-eyed children, but it was even worse that two of the little ones were children of my own!



Forever In Our Memories



HOW THE INTERNET STARTED

In ancient Israel, it came to pass that a trader by the name of Abraham Com did take unto himself a healthy young wife by the name of Dorothy. And Dot Com was a comely woman, large of breast, broad of shoulder and long of leg. Indeed, she was often called Amazon Dot Com.

And she said unto Abraham, her husband, *"Why dost thou travel so far from town to town with thy goods when thou canst trade without ever leaving thy tent?"*

And Abraham did look at her as though she were several saddle bags short of a camel load, but simply said, *"How, dear?"*

And Dot replied, *"I will place drums in all the towns and drums in between to send messages saying what you have for sale, and they will reply telling you who hath the best price. The sale can be made on the drums and delivery made by Uriah's Pony Stable (UPS)."*

Abraham thought long and decided he would let Dot have her way with the drums. And the drums rang out and were an immediate success. Abraham sold all the goods he had at the top price, without ever having to move from his tent.

To prevent neighbouring countries from overhearing what the drums were saying, Dot devised a system that only she and the drummers knew. It was known as Must Send Drum Over Sound (MSDOS), and she also developed a language to transmit ideas and pictures - Hebrew to the People (HTTP).

And the young men did take to Dot Com's trading as doth the greedy horsefly take to camel dung. They were called Nomadic Ecclesiastical Rich Dominican Sybarites,

or NERDS. And lo, the land was so feverish with joy at the new riches and the deafening sound of drums that no one noticed that the real riches were going to that enterprising drum dealer, Brother William of Gates, who bought off every drum maker in the land. Indeed he did insist on drums to be made that would work only with Brother Gates' drum heads and drumsticks.

And Dot did say, *"Oh, Abraham, what we have started is being taken over by others."* And Abraham looked out over the Bay of Ezekiel, or eBay as it came to be known. He said, *"We need a name that reflects what we are."*

And Dot replied, *"Young Ambitious Hebrew Owner Operators."*

"YAHOO," said Abraham. And because it was Dot's idea, they named it YAHOO Dot Com.

Internet Hug



Abraham's cousin, Joshua, being the young Gregarious Energetic Educated Kid (GEEK) that he was, soon started using Dot's drums to locate things around the countryside.

It soon became known as God's Own Official Guide to Locating Everything (GOOGLE).

NOW YOU ALL KNOW!!!!

"A lie can travel halfway around the world while the truth is putting on its shoes"

--- Mark Twain (1835 - 1910)

32 FACTUAL ITEMS TO GET YOUR MIND OFF POLITICS



1. A rat can last longer without water than a camel.
2. Your stomach has to produce a new layer of mucus every two weeks or it will digest itself.
3. The dot over the letter "i" is called a tittle.
4. A raisin dropped in a glass of fresh champagne will bounce up and down continuously from the bottom of the glass to the top.
5. A female ferret will die if it goes into heat and cannot find a mate.
6. A duck's quack doesn't echo. No one knows why.
7. A 2" X 4" Stud is really 1-1/2" by 3-1/2".
8. During the chariot scene in 'Ben Hur,' a small red car can be seen in the distance (and Heston's wearing a watch).
9. On average, 12 newborns will be given to the wrong parents daily! (That explains a few mysteries... .)
10. Donald Duck comics were banned from Finland because he doesn't wear pants.
11. Because metal was scarce, the Oscars given out during World War II were made of wood.
12. The number of possible ways of playing the first four moves per side in a game of chess is 318,979,564,000.
13. There are no words in the dictionary that rhyme with orange, purple and silver.
14. The name 'Wendy' was made up for the book Peter Pan. There was never a recorded 'Wendy' before.
15. The very first bomb dropped by the Allies on Berlin in World War II killed the only elephant in the Berlin Zoo.
16. If one places a tiny amount of liquor on a scorpion, it will instantly go mad and sting itself to death. (Who was the sadist who discovered this??)
17. Bruce Lee was so fast that they actually had to s-l-o-w film down so you could see his moves. That's the opposite of the norm.
18. The first CD pressed in the US was Bruce Springsteen's 'Born in the USA.'
19. The original name for butterfly was flutterby. (and that is a more accurate description)
20. The phrase "rule of thumb" is derived from an old English law which stated that you couldn't beat your wife with anything wider than your thumb.
21. The first product Motorola started to develop was a record player for automobiles. At that time, the most known player on the market was Victrola, so they called themselves Motorola.
22. Roses may be red, but violets are indeed violet.

23. By raising your legs slowly and lying on your back, you cannot sink into quicksand.

24. Celery has negative calories. It takes more calories to eat a piece of celery than the celery has in it to begin with.

25. Charlie Chaplin once won 3rd prize in a Charlie Chaplin look-alike contest (???)

26. Chewing gum while peeling onions will keep you from crying.

27. Sherlock Holmes NEVER said, "Elementary, my dear Watson."

28. An old law in Bellingham, Washington, made it illegal for a woman to take more than three steps backwards while dancing!

29. The glue on Israeli postage is certified kosher.

30. The Guinness Book of Records holds the record for being the book most often stolen from public libraries.

31. Astronauts are not allowed to eat beans before they go into space because passing wind in a spacesuit damages them.

32. Bats always turn left when exiting a cave!

SEE....NOW WASN'T THAT CALMING AND NICE FOR A CHANGE?

REMEMBER . . .

Life is not about waiting for the storms to pass ... it's about caring and loving your relatives and friends while you can touch and see them, and they are still among us.

NORMANDY BEACH - The Fallen 9000 etched in sand...

9,000 Fallen Soldiers Etched into the Sand on Normandy Beach to Commemorate Peace Day.

Sadly, a large percentage of the Canadian and US population don't know of or care about Normandy.

Last year, British artist Jamie, accompanied by numerous volunteers, took to the beaches of Normandy with rakes and stencils in hand to etch 9,000 silhouettes representing fallen people into the sand.



Titled *'The Fallen 9000'*, the piece is meant as a stark visual reminder of those who died during the D-Day beach landings at Arromanches on June 6th, 1944 during WWII.

The original team consisted of 60 volunteers, but as word spread nearly 500 additional local residents arrived to help with the temporary installation that lasted only a few hours before being washed away by the tide.

What is surprising is that nothing about this was ever reported here in America.

Someone from overseas had a friend that sent it with a note of gratitude for what Canada & the US started there. Please share with others who understand "*freedom is not free-- nor has it ever been*".

GRANDMA'S INVITATION (PRICELESS)

Those of us who are of an older generation will appreciate this

Dear Family,

I'm not dead yet. Christmas is still important to me. If being in my Last Will and Testament is important to you, then you might consider being with me for my favorite holiday.

Dinner is at 2:00 p.m.
Not 2:15.
Not 2:05.
Two. 2:00.

Arrive late and you get what's left over.

Last year, that moron Marshall fried a turkey in one of those contraptions and practically burned the deck off the house. This year, the only peanut oil used to make the meal will be from the secret scoop of peanut butter I add to the carrot soup.

Jonathan, your last new wife was an idiot. You don't arrive at someone's house on Christmas needing to use the oven and the stove to prepare your contribution to the meal. Honest to God, I thought you might have learned after two wives - date them longer and save us all the agony of another divorce.

Now, the house rules are now slightly different this year.

NEW HOUSE RULES:

1. I have decided that 47% of you don't know how to take care of nice things. Therefore Paper plates and red Solo cups might be bad for the environment, but I'll be gone soon and that will be your problem to deal with.

Besides, I don't have to worry that you might break my good china when you offer to 'do dishes' and don't understand that means 'wash them in the sink, dry them and put them away,' not 'stick them in the dishwasher and leave them for a week.

2. I don't care if your favourite team is playing a critical game. The television stays off during the meal.

3. The "no cans for kids" rule still exists. We are using 2 liter bottles because your children still like.

to open a third can before finishing the first two. Parents can fill a child's cup when it is empty.

There is one cup per kid and all of the cups have names on them and I'll be paying close attention to refills.

4. Chloe, last year we were at Trudy's house and I looked the other way when your Jell-O salad showed up. This year, if Jell-O salad comes in my front door it will go right back out the back door with the garbage. Save yourself some time, honey. You've never been a good cook. You shouldn't bring something that wiggles more than you. Buy something from the bakery.

5. Grandmothers give grandchildren cookies and candy. That is a fact of life. Your children can eat healthy at your home. At my home, they can eat whatever they like as long as they finish it.

6. I cook with bacon and bacon grease. That's nothing new. Your being a vegetarian doesn't change the fact that stuffing without bacon is like egg salad without eggs. Even the green bean casserole has a little bacon grease in it. That's why it tastes so good. Not eating bacon is just not natural. And as far as being healthy... look at me. I've outlived almost everyone I know.

7. Salad at Christmas is a waste of space.

8. I do not like cell phones. Leave them in the car. If I find one in my house I have a hammer to deal with it.

9. I do not like video cameras. There will be 32 people here. I am sure you can capture lots of memories without the camera pointed at me.

10. Being a mother means you have to actually pay attention to the kids. I have nice things and I don't put them away just because company is coming over. Mary, watch your kids and I'll watch my things. If you don't watch your kids, remember that I have a hammer.

11. Rhonda, a cat that requires a shot twice a day is a cat that has lived too many lives.

I think staying home to care for the cat instead of coming to dinner is your way of letting me know that I have lived too many lives too. I can live with that. Can you?

12. Words mean things. I say what I mean. Let me repeat: You don't need to bring anything means you don't need to bring anything. And if I did tell you to bring something, bring it in the quantity I said. Really, this doesn't have to be difficult.

13. Dominos and cards are better than anything that requires a battery or an on/off switch. That was true when you were kids and it's true now that you have kids.

14. Showing up for Christmas guarantees presents at Birthdays. Not showing up may or may not guarantee a card that may or may not be signed.

In memory of your Grandfather, the back fridge will be filled with beer. Drink until it is gone. I prefer wine anyway. But one

from each family needs to be the designated driver.

(I realize that might be a difficult choice, so think about a cab because I don't want any arguments on my front door step. Remember, I have a hammer.)

I really mean all of the above.

Love You,
Grandma.



While at the supermarket this weekend, I came across two women talking in the aisle I was going down.

"Harry and I have been together ten years now and he makes me very happy," one said. "So I don't mind buying him what he likes even if it is a little more expensive."

"Well, with my Benny I have no choice. He's just plain fussy," her friend replied.

As I passed by their carts I discovered both women were loading their shopping carts with high priced cat food.

A REAL HOLIDAY GEM from our Special Friend Elsie Fraser of ANAF Assiniboia Unit 283 in Winnipeg, Manitoba

In September 1960, I woke up one morning with six hungry babies and just 75 cents in my pocket. Their father was gone. The boys ranged from three months to seven years; their sister was two. Their Dad had never been much more than a presence they feared. Whenever they heard his tires crunch on the gravel driveway they would scramble to hide under their beds. He did manage to leave \$15 a week to buy groceries.

Now that he had decided to leave, there would be no more beatings, but no food either. If there was a welfare system in effect in southern Indiana at that time, I certainly knew nothing about it.

I scrubbed the kids until they looked brand new and then put on my best homemade dress, loaded them into the rusty old 51 Chevy and drove off to find a job. The seven of us went to every factory, store and restaurant in our small town. No luck.

The kids stayed crammed into the car and tried to be quiet while I tried to convince who ever would listen that I was willing to learn or do anything. I had to have a job. Still no luck. The last place we went to, just a few miles out of town, was an old Root Beer Barrel drive-in that had been converted to a truck stop. It was called the Big Wheel.

An old lady named Granny owned the place and she peeked out of the window from time to time at all those kids. She needed someone on the graveyard shift, 11 at night until seven in the morning. She paid 65 cents an hour, and I could start that night. I raced home and called the teenager down the street that baby-sat for people. I bargained with her to come and

sleep on my sofa for a dollar a night. She could arrive with her pajamas on and the kids would already be asleep. This seemed like a good arrangement to her, so we made a deal.

That night when the little ones and I knelt to say our prayers, we all thanked God for finding Mommy a job. And so I started at the Big Wheel.

When I got home in the mornings I woke the baby-sitter up and sent her home with one dollar of my tip money-- fully half of what I averaged every night.

As the weeks went by, heating bills added a strain to my meager wage. The tires on the old Chevy had the consistency of penny balloons and began to leak. I had to fill them with air on the way to work and again every morning before I could go home.

One bleak fall morning, I dragged myself to the car to go home and found four tires in the back seat. New tires! There was no note, no nothing, just those beautiful brand new tires.

Had angels taken up residence in Indiana? I wondered.

I made a deal with the local service station. In exchange for his mounting the new tires, I would clean up his office. I remember it took me a lot longer to scrub his floor than it did for him to do the tires.

I was now working six nights instead of five and it still wasn't enough. Christmas was coming and I knew there would be no money for toys for the kids. I found a can of red paint and started repairing and painting some old toys. Then I hid them in the basement so there would be something for Santa to deliver on Christmas morning.

Clothes were a worry too. I was sewing patches on top of patches on the boy's pants and soon they would be too far gone to repair.

On Christmas Eve the usual customers were drinking coffee in the Big Wheel. There were the truckers, Les, Frank, and Jim, and a state trooper named Joe. A few musicians were hanging around after a gig at the Legion and were dropping nickels in the pinball machine. The regulars all just sat around and talked through the wee hours of the morning and then left to get home before the sun came up.

When it was time for me to go home at seven o'clock on Christmas morning, to my amazement, my old battered Chevy was filled full to the top with boxes of all shapes and sizes. I quickly opened the driver's side door, crawled inside and kneeled in the front facing the back seat. Reaching back, I pulled off the lid of the top box. Inside was a whole case of little blue jeans, sizes 2-10! I looked inside another box: It was full of shirts to go with the jeans. Then I peeked inside some of the other boxes. There was candy and nuts and bananas and bags of groceries. There was an enormous ham for baking, and canned vegetables and potatoes. There was pudding and Jell-O and cookies, pie filling and flour. There was a whole bag of laundry supplies and cleaning items.

And there were five toy trucks and one beautiful little doll.

As I drove back through empty streets as the sun slowly rose on the most amazing Christmas Day of my life, I was sobbing with gratitude. And I will never forget the joy on the faces of my little ones that precious morning.

Yes, there were angels in Indiana that long-ago December. And they all hung out at the Big Wheel truck stop....

DID YOU KNOW...

Those who were born in the 30's to the 60's are the last generations who played in the street.

During our childhood we "walked" over a mile a day when we played & played "hide & seek" outside at night with no worries or fear of anything bad happening to us.

We are the first generation who played video games

And the last to record songs off the radio onto a cassette tape.

We learned how to program a VCR before anyone else,

We were the first to play from Atari to Nintendo.

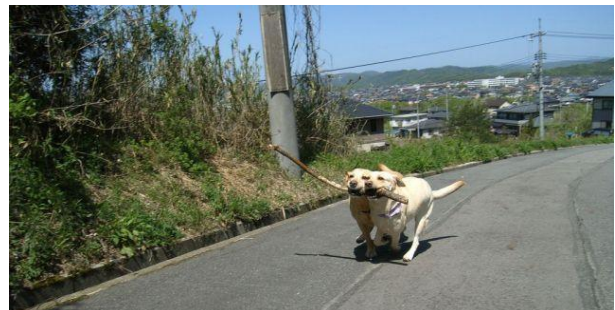
We are the generation of Tom & Jerry, Looney Toons, & Captain Kangaroo.

We traveled in cars without seat belts or air bags, lived without cell phones and caller ID.

We did not have fax machines, flat screens, surround sound, I pods, Facebook, Twitter, computers or the Internet, and through it all we had a great time!!

Aaahh, the good old days...

Together – we can do it!!!



THE RAIN - TRULY AWESOME

Live with laughter, and love with all your heart . . .

Editor's Note: *We believe this story that is related below must have been written by a nurse . . .*

A gentleman in his 80s, arrived to have stitches removed from his thumb. He said he was in a hurry as he had an appointment at 9:00 am.

I took his vital signs and had him take a seat, knowing it would be over an hour before someone would be able to see him. I saw him looking at his watch and decided, since I was not busy with another patient, I would evaluate his wound.

On exam, it was well healed, so I talked to one of the doctors, got the needed supplies to remove his sutures and redress his wound.

While taking care of his wound, I asked him if he had another doctor's appointment this morning, as he was in such a hurry.

The gentleman told me no, that he needed to go to the nursing home to eat breakfast with his wife. I inquired as to her health. He told me that she had been there for a while and that she was a victim of Alzheimer's Disease.

As we talked, I asked if she would be upset if he was a bit late. He replied that she no longer knew who he was, that she had not recognized him in five years now.

I was surprised, and asked him, *'And you still go every morning, even though she doesn't know who you are?'*

He smiled as he patted my hand and said, *'She doesn't know me, but I still know who she is!'*

I had to hold back tears as he left, I had goose bumps on my arm, and thought, *'That is the kind of love I want in my life.'*

— — — —

True love is neither physical, nor romantic. True love is an acceptance of all that is, has been, will be, and will not be.

With all the jokes and fun that are sent in emails, sometimes there is one that comes along that has an important message...

This one, (sent to us in December of 2011 with our thanks to President Janice of Unit #26) I thought, I could share with all of you yet again, especially now with the recent circumstances of my beloved partner Fred.

The happiest people don't necessarily have the best of everything; they just make the best of everything they have!

'Life isn't about how to survive the storm, but how to dance in the rain.'

*We are all getting Older
Tomorrow may be our turn.*

**May the Joys of this Wonderful
Season wrap you all in a big hug ..**



**FROM OUR UNIT
#68 BUZZ RECIPE
CORNER:**



TURKEY MUFFIN CUPS



We're not afraid of a little mealtime creativity, and you shouldn't be, either! Try Turkey Muffin Cups for a fun, filling snack or light meal.

INGREDIENTS:

- 2 cups prepared stuffing
- 1 egg
- 1 cup turkey gravy
- 1 cup chunked cooked turkey
- 1/2 cup cooked peas and carrots
- 1/4 teaspoon black pepper

METHOD:

1. Preheat oven to 375 degrees F. Coat a 6-cup muffin tin with cooking spray.
2. In a medium bowl, combine stuffing and egg; mix well. Place equal amounts of stuffing into each muffin cup and, using your fingers, press stuffing over bottoms and up sides of cups to form crusts.
3. In another medium bowl, combine remaining ingredients; mix well and distribute evenly between crusts.
4. Bake 18 to 20 minutes, or until heated through. Remove from muffin tin, and serve.

ENJOY!!

NOAH'S ARK ADVICE



Everything I need to know, I learned from Noah's Ark. For instance . . .

Don't miss the boat.

Remember that we are all in the same boat.

Plan ahead. It wasn't raining when Noah built the Ark.

Stay fit. When you're 60 years old, someone may ask you to do something really big.

Don't listen to critics; just get on with the job that needs to be done.

Build your future on high ground.

For safety's sake, travel in pairs.

Speed isn't always an advantage. The snails were on board with the cheetahs.

When you're stressed, float awhile.

Remember, the Ark was built by amateurs; the Titanic by professionals.

No matter the storm, there's always a rainbow waiting.

AND ALWAYS REMEMBER . . .

Most people walk in and out of your life,
but FRIENDS leave footprints
in your heart.

CHICKEN ANYONE????

The supermarket had a sale on boneless chicken breasts. I intended to stock up. At the store, however, I was very disappointed to find only a few skimpy prepackaged portions of the poultry, so I complained to the butcher lady.

"Don't worry," she said, "I'll pack some more trays and have them ready for you by the time you finish shopping."

Several aisles later, I heard the lady butcher's voice boom over the public-address system: *"Will the gentleman who wanted bigger breasts please meet me at the back of the store."*

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SPEED FUN

You are driving in a car at a constant speed. On your left side is a valley and on your right side is a fire engine travelling at the same speed as you.

In front of you is a galloping pig which is the same size as your car and you cannot overtake it. Behind you is a helicopter flying at ground level. Both the giant pig and the helicopter are also travelling at the same speed as you.

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

Get off the children's "Merry-Go-Round", you're drunk.



HANDY HOUSEHOLD HINTS FOR YOU . . .



Removing Stains Above Toilet Water Line . . .

A service plumber of ten years offers this: The stains are from minerals in the water, this differs everywhere and depends much on where the supply comes from, aquifers, wells, mountain, spring etc....

Borax is natural, kills mold, removes stains and will not affect your system if it happens to be septic. It is safe, allergy friendly and kills odors as well. Give this a try. If it is especially bad let it sit for 5 minutes before scrubbing.

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Memory Aid - We all need these:

Writing on the Bathroom Mirror

When you need to do something in the AM, just jot a note on the bathroom mirror with a dry-erase marker at night. You will see it when dressing and brushing teeth, and then you can then wipe it off the mirror with a tissue.

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Kitchen Time Saver - Cook Two

Casseroles at once

When making a casserole, double the ingredients and make two.

Cook one and store the other in the freezer. Cover the casserole in plastic wrap and then aluminum foil before freezing.

Use a marker to write the date on the foil. You can re-use the foil to cover the casserole when cooking it.

Casseroles can be frozen for 3 months.

THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE??

And then we say English is an easy foreign language to learn.....not so....!

A reminder that one word in the English language that can be a noun, verb, adjective, adverb and preposition.

UP

Read until the end you'll laugh!!

This two-letter word in English has more meanings than any other two-letter word, and that word is 'UP.'

It is listed in the dictionary as an [adv], [prep], [adj], [n] or [v].

It's easy to understand **UP**, meaning toward the sky or at the top of the list, but when we awaken in the morning, why do we wake **UP**?

At a meeting, why does a topic come **UP**? Why do we speak **UP**, and why are the officers **UP** for election and why is it **UP** to the secretary to write **UP** a report?

We call **UP** our friends, brighten **UP** a room, polish **UP** the silver, warm **UP** the leftovers and clean **UP** the kitchen. We lock **UP** the house and fix **UP** the old car.

At other times, this little word has real special meaning. People stir **UP** trouble, line **UP** for tickets, work **UP** an appetite, and think **UP** excuses.

To be dressed is one thing but to be dressed **UP** is special.

And this **UP** is confusing: A drain must be opened **UP** because it is stopped **UP**.

We open **UP** a store in the morning but we close it **UP** at night. We seem to be pretty mixed **UP** about **UP**!

To be knowledgeable about the proper uses of **UP**, look **UP** the word **UP** in the dictionary. In a desk-sized dictionary, it takes **UP** almost 1/4 of the page and can add **UP** to about thirty definitions.

If you are **UP** to it, you might try building **UP** a list of the many ways **UP** is used. It will take **UP** a lot of your time, but if you don't give **UP**, you may wind **UP** with a hundred or more.

When it threatens to rain, we say it is clouding **UP**. When the sun comes out, we say it is clearing **UP**. When it rains, the earth soaks it **UP**. When it does not rain for awhile, things dry **UP**. One could go on and on, but I'll wrap it **UP**, for now . . . my time is **UP**!

Oh . . . one more thing: What is the first thing you do in the morning and the last thing you do at night?

U

P!

Did that one crack you **UP**?

Don't screw **UP**. Pass this on to everyone you look **UP** in your address book . . . or not . . . it's **UP** to you.

Now I'll shut UP!



*CHERISHED MEMORIES OF OUR
COMRADES WHO WE HAVE LOST
OVER THE PAST YEARS*

*Some people
come into our lives
and quickly go.*

*Some people
become friends
and stay awhile...*

*Leaving beautiful
footprints on our
hearts....
and we are
never
quite the same
because we have
made a good
friend!!*



EDITOR'S NOTE: I think this poem is special . . . Life is precious . . . live and savor every moment . . . This is not a dress rehearsal!

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REMEMBER . . .

*Christmas is not in tinsel
and lights and
outward show.*



*The secret lies in an
inner glow.*

*It's lighting a fire
inside the heart.*

Good will and joy a vital part.

*Its higher thought and a greater plan.
Its glorious dream in the soul of man.*

~ Wilfred A. Peterson

**FROM YOUR
EDITORS . . .**



Happy Birthday/Anniversary to our Buzz newsletter as we celebrate 20 years this month!! Words could never describe how very much this newsletter means to me as the years go streaming by.

It has always been a joy putting our BUZZ together each month – the research is always informative, and I really do appreciate all of our wonderful contributors – all in all - I learn so very much along the way, and certainly enjoy a giggle or two each and every day!

Therefore, as has been mentioned many times before, Fred and I hope our Comrades keep enjoying reading our issue each month for many more years to come!

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

As we have mentioned in previous issues, we are hoping to keep our faithful and loyal readers by emailing the monthly Buzz to you. Please forward your email address to me at palmardi@yahoo.ca with BUZZ in the Re: line. Then we will be happy to place you on our Buzz List and you can look forward to reading our newsletter every month AND in COLOUR!!

My beloved partner Fred is in Peace Arch Hospital at this time with a broken hip – may he have a very speedy recovery – I miss him a LOT!!!

Your Editor mARDI

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One of our favorite quotes . . .

*"It's Not What You Gather, But
What You Scatter That Tells What
Kind Of Life You Have Lived.*

Anonymous