

THE BUZZ

WE WILL REMEMBER!



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

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

THE BUZZ



YOUR PAST PRESIDENT'S REPORT

Comrades and All Veterans

On the 11th hour of the 11th day of the 11th month of each year we celebrate Armistice Day.

Both my Grandfather and Father were Veterans of both World Wars and my reason for being so devoted to their memories and our cause. Canadians liberated my country (Holland) in 1945, the year I was born and in 1951 Canada became my home. My reason all these years of service was to volunteer and repay my gratitude to not only the men and women of the past, but the sacrifices made by today's young veterans.

Freedom should never be taken for granted, as sadly witnessed in many parts of today's world. You take one minute on Nov. 11th to stand in silence and thank God for our hero's. Their names are etched on cenotaphs, cemeteries and on plaques all around our country. Sadly, we have not learned the lessons of the past. Our World is more divided than ever, and now the threat of nuclear war looms on the horizon, an unimaginable horror.

As you stand with your comrades on November 11th take a minute to look at your children, your grandchildren and those veterans who year by year are less in number. Pray that we all will be standing here next year, because for myself this is the most solemn day of the year.

Lest We Forget . . .

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



*A veteran is someone who,
at one point in their life,
wrote a blank check
made payable to
Canada for any amount,
up to
and including their life.*

No Stone Left Alone . . .

NATIONAL PROJECT MAKES REMEMBRANCE PERSONAL FOR VERNON STUDENTS



By **Megan Turcato** North Okanagan
Reporter Global News



Students from a Vernon high school, along with members of the local Royal Canadian Legion and the British Columbia Dragoons gathered in a Vernon cemetery Wednesday morning to lay poppies on the graves of veterans.

The short ceremony is part of a national project called **No Stone Left Alone**. The initiative, which started in Edmonton, aims to eventually recognize all Canadian veterans by laying a poppy on their graves in the lead-up to Remembrance Day.

In preparation for the ceremony, the students researched the lives of individual local veterans. Some students say the project has given them a deeper understanding of what the veterans experienced.

"It is really sad and you get to feel a connection with the people who fought for the country which you don't get often.

When you come here it is just even more real than it is just talking about it," said grade 11 student Ella Oduro.

Captain Jeffrey Daley of the British Columbia Dragoons spoke to students, impressing upon them that the local veterans from past generations were not all that different from the students themselves.

"It's important to remember. What is really interesting is when [the students] walk along and then they recognize a name or they recognize the fact that this headstone, this person is from my community. They don't realize that this guy might have lived two blocks from my house. They lived on the same street. They grew up on the same street and then went away to war," said Daley.

Wednesday's ceremony was the first time Vernon has taken part in the initiative. No Stone Left Alone ceremonies are also planned in Kelowna and Victoria.

Students laid poppies on the graves of 467 veterans from the Boer War, World War One, World War Two and the Korean War.

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Questions were asked

Why are your ceremonies not on November 11th?

The passion of No Stone Left Alone Memorial Foundation is fueled by our opportunity to influence and educate the next generation of Canadians. In order to ensure the participation of students, our ceremonies are held sometime prior to the statutory holiday of November 11th. Ceremonies can be held up to a week before, but not after, November the 11th to accommodate to conflicting school calendars across Canada.

Can anyone attend a No Stone Left Alone event?

YES. We would love any and all members of the public to attend our No Stone Left Alone events across the country. Please see our Locations Page for more information about ceremonies in your area.

Where does my donation go?

No Stone Left Alone is a registered charity whose mission is *“to honour our fallen military and to educate students of the sacrifice of our veterans by placing poppies at their headstones in November.”*

Since our incorporation, our organization and operations have grown immensely in a short time. Our veterans, serving soldiers and their families are very important to us. Your donation will make a difference.

Our fundraising efforts are to bring awareness to EDUCATE the next generation of Canadians’ on the importance of Remembrance.

The simple ACT of placing a poppy has a tremendous effect on a young student. We gauge our success by receiving reflection letters from students whose words tell us that this unique and authentic act has changed their views on our military’s past and present history.

We HONOUR them by performing “Remembrance Ceremonies” in locations from Victoria, B.C. to Halifax, N.S. and many cities and communities in between. We host these somber but most important ceremonies with the assistance of our Canadian Armed Forces and our Canadian educators to ensure that our vision and mission will continue to grow.

TAKE A BREATH . . .

Editor’s Note: *This song was part of our November 2016 BUZZ but we felt it definitely deserves another look . . .*

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

Take a breath

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

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

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

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

David Rivett

HISTORY OF THE POPPY



During the First World War (1914–1918) much of the fighting took place in Western Europe. Previously beautiful countryside was blasted, bombed and fought over, again and again. The landscape swiftly turned to fields of mud: bleak and barren scenes where little or nothing could grow.

Bright red Flanders poppies (*Papaver rhoeas*) however, were delicate but resilient flowers and grew in their thousands, flourishing even in the middle of chaos and destruction. In early May 1915, shortly after losing a friend in Ypres, a Canadian doctor, Lt Col John McCrae was inspired by the sight of poppies to write a now famous poem called 'In Flanders Fields'.

McCrae's poem inspired an American academic, Moina Michael, to make and sell red silk poppies which were brought to England by a French woman, Anna Guérin. The (Royal) British Legion, formed in 1921, ordered 9 million of these poppies and sold them on 11 November that year. The poppies sold out almost immediately and that first ever 'Poppy Appeal' raised over £106,000; a considerable amount of money at the time. This was used to help WW1 veterans with employment and housing.

The following year, Major George Howson set up the Poppy Factory to employ disabled ex-Servicemen. Today, the factory and the Legion's warehouse in Aylesford produces millions of poppies each year.

The demand for poppies in England was so high that few were reaching Scotland. Earl Haig's wife established the 'Lady Haig Poppy Factory' in Edinburgh in 1926 to produce poppies exclusively for Scotland. Over 5 million Scottish poppies (which have four petals and no leaf unlike poppies in the rest of the UK) are still made by hand by disabled ex-Servicemen at Lady Haig's Poppy Factory each year and distributed by our sister charity Poppyscotland.

The inspiring poem . . .

IN FLANDERS FIELDS

*In Flanders' fields the poppies blow
Between the crosses, row on row,
That mark our place: and in the sky
The larks, still bravely singing, fly
Scarce heard amid the guns below.*

*We are the dead. Short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved and were loved,
and now we lie
In Flanders' fields.*

*Take up our quarrel with the foe;
To you from failing hands we throw
The torch; be yours to hold it high,
If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep,
though poppies grow
In Flanders' Fields.*

Lt Col John McCrae



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*"Nobody cares if you can't
dance well.
Just get up and dance."
--- Dave Barry*

**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.

As we celebrate on Remembrance Day at Unit 100 there will be Unit 68 Executive members there that will be pleased to renew your membership at that time.

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 NOVEMBER
Celebrants!**

Grace Browning Charlie Calvert
Ann Kimoff Rose Rietveld
Al Stronstad

Happy Birthday Everyone!!!!

*"Love thy neighbour as yourself, but
choose your neighbourhood".*

--- Louise Beal

REMINISCING WITH RON 'ANDY CAPP' ROBINSON ...



In Loving Memory - - - -

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

His jeep picked me up at 9 a.m. The three of us (the Major, his driver and myself) headed to a small town named Fanny Bay about 50 miles from Port Alberni. We had a terrific dinner in the hotel. Strange thing about the dinner the Major bought me – I can remember what the dinner consisted of and that was 66 years ago – and yet I can't remember what I had for dinner last night! The Fanny Bay dinner was a Cornish hen each with all the trimmings, finished off with a bottle of fine wine (much better than the potato champagne that I was used to.)

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

Written in November 2008

Forever in our Memories

WHEN I'M AN OLD LADY . . .

When I'm an old lady,
I'll live with each kid,
And bring so much
happiness ...
just as they did.
I want to pay back all the joy
they've provided.
Returning each deed!
Oh, they'll be so excited!
When I'm an old lady and
live with my kids.

I'll write on the walls with reds,
whites and blues,
And I'll bounce on the furniture,
wearing my shoes.
I'll drink from the carton and
then leave it out.
I'll stuff all the toilets and oh,
how they'll shout!
When I'm an old lady and
live with my kids.

When they're on the phone and
just out of reach,
I'll get into things like sugar and bleach.
Oh, they'll snap their fingers and
then shake their head,
When I'm an old lady and
live with my kids.

When they cook dinner and
call me to eat,
I'll not eat my green beans or
salad or meat,
I'll gag on my okra,
spill milk on the table,
And when they get angry...
I'll run ... if I'm able!
When I'm an old lady and
live with my kids.

I'll sit close to the TV,
through the channels I'll click,



I'll cross both eyes just to see
if they stick.
I'll take off my socks and
throw one away,
And play in the mud until the
end of the day!
When I'm an old lady and
live with my kids.

And later in bed, I'll lay back and sigh,
I'll thank God in prayer
and then close my eyes.
My kids will look down with a
smile slowly creeping,
And say with a groan, "*She's so sweet
when she's sleeping!*"

HANDY HOUSEHOLD HINTS 4 U . . .



Five Tips for Winter Houseplants

1. Add coffee grounds into your potting soil to maintain moisture during the winter months
2. Use your cooled veggie water to give your houseplants some natural fertilizer.
3. Stand your plants on a bed of pebbles or shells and water the dish to maintain some moisture for the plants. Indoor winter heat plays havoc on plants
4. Dust your leaves to help them get maximum sunlight and try to group them together since it will increase their moisture support
5. Drop a few drops of hydrogen peroxide into your plant water. It helps prevent rot.

Be careful with the coffee grounds! Some plants don't like their acidity at all!

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

Editor's Note: *We are so pleased to welcome back again this issue our special columnist, Elsie!!*

FROM THE R.C.M.P. FILES . .

A Mountie pulled a car over on the Trans Canada about 2 miles west of Winnipeg.

When the Mountie asked the driver why he was speeding, the driver answered that he was a magician and a juggler and he was on his way to Brandon to do a show that night at the Shrine Circus and didn't want to be late.

The Mountie told the driver he was just fascinated by juggling, and if the driver would do a little juggling for him then he wouldn't give him a speeding ticket.

The driver told the Mountie that he had sent all of his equipment on ahead and didn't have anything to juggle. The Mountie told him that he had some flares in the trunk of his patrol car and asked if he could juggle them.

The juggler stated that he could, so the Mountie got three flares, lit them and handed them to the juggler.

While the man was doing his juggling act, a car pulled in behind the patrol car.

A drunk, good old boy, driving through from Alberta got out and watched the performance briefly.

He then went over to the patrol car, pulled opened the rear door and then got in.

The Mountie observed him doing this and went over to the patrol car, opened the door and asked the drunk what he thought he was doing.

The drunk then replied to the Mountie, *"You might as well take me to jail, cause there's no fxxxin` way I can pass that test"*

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A HILARIOUS PERSONAL AD . . .

Date: 2017-01-17, 1:43 am. EST.

***To the Guy Who Tried to Mug Me
in Downtown Savannah night
before last.***

I was the guy wearing the black Burberry jacket that you demanded that I hand over, shortly after you pulled the knife on me and my girlfriend, threatening our lives. You also asked for my girlfriend's purse and earrings.

I can only hope that you somehow come across this rather important message.

First, I'd like to apologize for your embarrassment; I didn't expect you to actually crap in your pants when I drew my pistol after you took my jacket. The evening was not that cold, and I was wearing the jacket for a reason. My girlfriend was happy that I just returned safely from my 2nd tour as a Combat Marine in Afghanistan.

She had just bought me that Kimber Custom Model 1911 .45 ACP pistol for my birthday, and we had picked up a shoulder holster for it that very evening. Obviously you agree that it is a very intimidating weapon when pointed at your head ... isn't it?!

I know it probably wasn't fun walking back to wherever you'd come from with crap in your pants

I'm sure it was even worse walking bare-footed since I made you leave your shoes, cell phone, and wallet with me. (That prevented you from calling or running to your buddies to come help mug us again).

After I called your mother, or "Momma" as you had her listed in your cell, I explained the entire episode of what you'd done.

Then I went and filled up my gas tank as well as those of four other people in the gas station, -- on your credit card. The guy with the big motor home took 153 gallons and was extremely grateful!

I gave your shoes to a homeless guy outside Vinnie Van Go Go's, along with all the cash in your wallet. [That made his day!]

I then threw your wallet into the big pink "pimp mobile" that was parked at the curb after I broke the windshield, and side window and keyed the entire driver's side of the car. (I'm sure the owner will be "in touch" with you).

Earlier, I managed to get in two threatening phone calls to the DA's office and one to the FBI, while mentioning President Trump as my possible target.

The FBI guy seemed really intense and we had a nice long chat (I guess while he traced your number etc.).

In a way, perhaps I should apologize for not killing you . . but I feel this type of retribution is a far more appropriate punishment for your threatened crime.

I wish you well as you try to sort through some of these rather immediate pressing issues, and can only hope that you have the opportunity to reflect upon, and

perhaps reconsider, the career path you've chosen to pursue in life..

Remember, next time you might not be so lucky. Have a good day!

Thoughtfully yours, Semper fi, Alex

— — — — —

TO AVOID FLU SEASON...

Eat right! Make sure you get your daily dose of fruit and veggies.

Take your vitamins and bump up your vitamin C. Get plenty of exercise because it builds your immune system.

Walk for at least an hour a day, go for a swim, take the stairs instead of the lift, etc. Wash your hands often. If you can't, keep a bottle of antibacterial stuff around. Get lots of fresh air. Open doors & windows whenever possible. Try to eliminate as much stress from your life as you can. Get plenty of rest.

OR Take the doctor's approach.

Think about it...

When you go for a flu jab, what do they do first? They clean your arm with alcohol... Why? Because Alcohol KILLS GERMS.

So...

I walk to the pub. (exercise)

I put lime in my vodka...(fruit)

Celery in my Bloody Mary (veggies)

Drink outdoors on the patio..(fresh air)

Tell jokes and laugh....(eliminate stress)

Then I pass out. (rest)

The way I see it...

If you keep your alcohol levels up, flu germs can't get you!

REMEMBER:

'A shot in the glass is better than one in the ass!'

Live Well - Laugh Often!

Yahoo - welcome back Elsie!!

These are from a book called **Disorder in the American Courts**, and are things people *actually said in court*, word for word, taken down and now published by court reporters who had the torment of staying calm while these exchanges were actually taking place.



ATTORNEY: Are you sexually active?

WITNESS: No, I just lie there.

ATTORNEY: What is your date of birth?

WITNESS: July 18th.

ATTORNEY: What year?

WITNESS: Every year.

ATTORNEY: What gear were you in at the moment of the impact?

WITNESS: Gucci sweats and Reeboks.

ATTORNEY: This myasthenia gravis, does it affect your memory at all?

WITNESS: Yes.

ATTORNEY: And in what ways does it affect your memory?

WITNESS: I forget.

ATTORNEY: You forget? Can you give us an example of something you forgot?

ATTORNEY: How old is your son, the one living with you?

WITNESS: Thirty-eight or thirty-five, I can't remember which.

ATTORNEY: How long has he lived with you?

WITNESS: Forty-five years.

ATTORNEY: What was the first thing your husband said to you that morning?

WITNESS: He said, "Where am I, Cathy?"

ATTORNEY: And why did that upset you?

WITNESS: My name is Susan.

ATTORNEY: Do you know if your daughter has ever been involved in voodoo?

WITNESS: We both do.

ATTORNEY: Voodoo?

WITNESS: We do.

ATTORNEY: You do?

WITNESS: Yes, voodoo.

ATTORNEY: Now doctor, isn't it true that when a person dies in his sleep, he doesn't know about it until the next morning?

WITNESS: Did you actually pass the bar exam?

ATTORNEY: The youngest son, the twenty-year-old, how old is he?

WITNESS: Uh, he's twenty-one.

ATTORNEY: Were you present when your picture was taken?

WITNESS: Would you repeat the question?

ATTORNEY: So the date of conception (of the baby) was August 8th?

WITNESS: Yes.

ATTORNEY: And what! were you doing at that time?

WITNESS: Uh....

ATTORNEY: She had three children, right?

WITNESS: Yes.

ATTORNEY: How many were boys?

WITNESS: None.

ATTORNEY: Were there any girls?

ATTORNEY: How was your first marriage terminated?

WITNESS: By death.

ATTORNEY: And by whose death was it terminated?

ATTORNEY: Can you describe the individual?

WITNESS: He was about medium height and had a beard.

ATTORNEY: Was this a male or a female?

ATTORNEY: Is your appearance here this morning pursuant to a deposition notice which I sent to your attorney?

WITNESS: No, this is how I dress when I go to work.

ATTORNEY: Doctor, how many of your autopsies have you performed on dead people?

WITNESS: All my autopsies are performed on dead people.

ATTORNEY: ALL your responses MUST be oral, OK? What school did you go to?

WITNESS: Oral.

ATTORNEY: Do you recall the time that you examined the body?

WITNESS: The autopsy started around 8:30 p.m.

ATTORNEY: And Mr. Denton was dead at the time?

WITNESS: No, he was sitting on the table wondering why I was doing an autopsy on him!

ATTORNEY: Are you qualified to give a urine sample?

WITNESS: Huh?

And the best for last . . .

ATTORNEY: Doctor, before you performed the autopsy, did you check for a pulse?

WITNESS: No.

ATTORNEY: Did you check for blood pressure?

WITNESS: No.

ATTORNEY: Did you check for breathing?

WITNESS: No.

ATTORNEY: So, then it is possible that the patient was alive when you began the autopsy?

WITNESS: No.

ATTORNEY: How can you be so sure, Doctor?

WITNESS: Because his brain was sitting on my desk in a jar.

ATTORNEY: But could the patient have still been alive, nevertheless?

WITNESS: Yes, it is possible that he could have been alive and practicing law!

YOU GOTTA LUV KIDS . . .

A little girl asked her mother: "*Can I go outside and play with the boys?*"



Her mother replied: "*No, you can't play with the boys, they're too rough.*"

The little girl thought about it for a few moments and asked: "*If I can find a smooth one, can I play with him?*"

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**ALL GRANDPAS, HEED THIS WARNING:
Do NOT lose your Grandkids in the Mall!**

A small boy was lost at a large shopping mall. He approached a uniformed policeman and said, "*I've lost my grandpa!*"

The cop asked, "*What's he like?*"



The little boy hesitated for a moment and then replied, "*Canadian Club whiskey and women with big boobs.*"

**I'M GOING TO RETIRE AND LIVE
OFF MY SAVINGS . . .**

**WHAT I'M GOING TO DO THE
SECOND DAY, I HAVE NO IDEA!!!!**

ORIGINS OF OLD ENGLISH SAYINGS . . .

I know something similar has been around before but it is interesting to refresh the memory. These sayings have lasted through a LOT of years!

There is an old Hotel/Pub in Marble Arch, London, which used to have a gallows adjacent to it. Prisoners were taken to the gallows (after a fair trial of course!) to be hanged. The horse-drawn dray, carting the prisoner, was accompanied by an armed guard, who would stop the dray outside the pub and ask the prisoner if he would like "**ONE LAST DRINK**".

If he said YES, it was referred to as **ONE FOR THE ROAD**. If he declined, that Prisoner was **ON THE WAGON**.

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So there you go More history.....

They used to use urine to tan animal skins, so families used to all pee in a pot and then once a day it was taken and sold to the tannery. If you had to do this to survive you were "**piss poor**".

But worse than that were the really poor folk, who couldn't even afford to buy a pot, they "**Didn't have a pot to piss in**" and were the lowest of the low.

— — — — —
 The next time you are washing your hands and complain because the water temperature isn't just how you like it, think about how things used to be

Here are some facts about England in the 1500s:

Most people got married in June, because they took their yearly bath in May and they still smelled pretty good by June!!

However, since they were starting to smell, brides carried a bouquet of flowers to hide the body odour. Hence the custom today of *carrying a bouquet when getting married*.

Baths consisted of a big tub filled with hot water. The man of the house had the privilege of the nice clean water, then all the other sons and men, then the women and finally the children. Last of all the babies. By then the water was so dirty you could actually lose someone in it!

Hence the saying, "**Don't throw the baby out with the bath water!**"

— — — — —
 Houses had thatched roofs, thick straw piled high, with no wood underneath. It was the only place for animals to get warm, so all the cats and other small animals (mice, bugs) lived in the roof. When it rained it became slippery and sometimes the animals would slip and fall off the roof. Hence the saying "**It's raining cats and dogs.**"

— — — — —
 There was nothing to stop things from falling into the house. This posed a real problem in the bedroom, where bugs and other droppings could mess up your nice clean bed. Hence, a bed with big posts and a sheet hung over the top afforded some protection. That's how *canopy beds* came into existence.

— — — — —
 The floor was dirt. Only the wealthy had something other than dirt. Hence the saying, "**dirt poor.**"

The wealthy had slate floors that would get slippery in the winter when wet, so they spread thresh (straw) on floor to help keep their footing.

As the winter wore on they added more thresh until, when you opened the door, it would all start slipping outside.

A piece of wood was placed in the entrance. Hence: a *thresh hold*. (Getting quite an education, aren't you?)

Sometimes they could obtain pork, which made them feel quite special. When visitors came over they would hang up their bacon, to show off. It was a sign of wealth that a man could, "*Bring home the bacon*." They would cut off a little to share with guests and would all sit around talking and "*chew the fat*".

Those with money had plates made of pewter. Food with high acid content caused some of the lead to leach onto the food, causing lead poisoning and death. This happened most often with tomatoes. So for the next 400 years or so, tomatoes were considered poisonous.

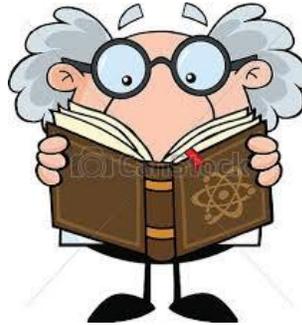
Bread was divided according to status. Workers got the burnt bottom of the loaf, The family got the middle, and guests got the top, or "*The Upper Crust*".

Lead cups were used to drink ale or whisky. The combination would sometimes knock the imbibers out for a couple of days. Someone walking along the road would take them for dead and prepare them for burial. They were laid out on the kitchen table for a couple of days and the family would gather around and eat and drink and wait and see if they would wake up. Hence the custom of "*Holding a Wake*".

England is old and small and the local folks started running out of places to bury people, so they would dig up coffins and would take the bones to a bone-house and reuse the grave!

When reopening these coffins, 1 out of 25 coffins were found to have scratch marks on the inside and they realized they had been burying people alive. So they would tie a string on the wrist of the corpse,

thread it through the coffin and up through the ground and tie it to a bell. Someone would have to sit out in the graveyard all night (the graveyard shift) to listen for the bell; thus someone could be, "*Saved by the Bell*" or was considered a "*Dead Ringer*." And that's the truth!!



**Now, whoever
said English
history was
boring !!!**

WHERE DID ALL THE POPIES GO

By: John Rigby



Where did all the poppies go?
Once worn by people, row on row.
No longer seen upon the chest,
In Remembrance of those now at rest.

This symbol of a Nation's pride
For those that fought and lost their lives
Withers now from year to year,
Not watered by a single tear.

For the Freedoms we protect and love.
Were won by those that shed their blood.
So spare a thought and say a Prayer
Wear a Poppy.
Show you care.

WHY AFTER 70 YEARS, I DON'T BELONG ON FACE BOOK

Should I Really Join Facebook? (Priceless)

*Read it all the way through!
It's a good laugh AND really quite true!!
A good laugh for people in the over-70
group!*

When I bought my Blackberry, I thought about the 30-year business I ran with 1800 employees, all without a cell phone that plays music, takes videos, pictures and communicates with Facebook and Twitter.

I signed up, under duress, for Twitter and Facebook, so my seven kids, their spouses, my 13 grand kids and 2 great-grand-kids could communicate with me in the modern way. I figured I could handle something as simple as Twitter with only 140 characters of space.

My phone was beeping every three minutes with the details of everything except the bowel movements of the entire next generation.

I am not ready to live like this. I keep my cell phone in the garage in my golf bag.

The kids bought me a GPS for my last birthday because they say I get lost every now and then going over to the grocery store or library. I keep that in a box under my tool bench with the Bluetooth [it's red] phone I am supposed to use when I drive. I wore it once and was standing in line at Barnes and Noble talking to my wife and everyone in the nearest 50 yards was glaring at me. I had to take my hearing aid out to use it, and I got a little loud

I mean, the GPS looked pretty smart on my dash board, but the lady inside that gadget was the most annoying, rudest person I had run into in a long time. Every 10 minutes, she would sarcastically say, "Re-calc-u-lating." You would think that she could be nicer. It was like she could barely tolerate me. She would let go with a deep sigh and then tell me to make a U-turn at the next light. Then, if I made a right turn instead. Well, it was not a good relationship...

When I get really lost now, I call my wife and tell her the name of the cross streets and, while she is starting to develop the same tone as Gypsy, the GPS lady, at least she loves me.

To be perfectly frank, I am still trying to learn how to use the cordless phones in our house. We have had them for 4 years, but I still haven't figured out how I lose three phones all at once and have to run around digging under chair cushions, checking bathrooms, and the dirty laundry baskets when the phone rings.

The world is just getting too complex for me.

They even mess me up every time I go to the grocery store.

You would think they could settle on something themselves, but this sudden "Paper or Plastic?" Every time I check out, just knocks me for a loop. I bought some of those cloth reusable bags to avoid looking confused, but I never remember to take them with me.

Now I toss it back to them.

When they ask me, "Paper or plastic?" I just say, "Doesn't matter to me. I am bi-sacksual." Then it's their turn to stare at me with a blank look.

I was recently asked if I tweet. I answered, No, but I do fart a lot."



P.S. We senior citizens don't need any more gadgets. The TV remote and the garage door remote are about all we can handle. YUP!!

HOW TO BOIL AN EGG (An "Oldie but still a Goodie")

She was standing in the kitchen, preparing our usual soft-boiled eggs and toast for breakfast, wearing only the tee shirt that she normally slept in.



As I walked in, almost awake, she turned to me and said softly, "You've got to make love to me *this very moment!*"

My eyes lit up and I thought, "*I am either still dreaming or this is going to be my lucky day!*"

Not wanting to lose the moment, I embraced her and then gave it my all; right there on the kitchen table.

Afterwards she said, '*Thanks*', and returned to the stove, her T-shirt still around her neck.

Happy, but a little puzzled, I asked, "*What was that all about?*"

She explained, "*The egg timer's broken.*"

Sorry, Guys!!!!

A TRIBUTE TO THE VETERANS

IT IS THE VETERAN

As we approach Remembrance Day once again, let's pay tribute to our Comrades, the "**Veterans.**"

It is the veteran, not the preacher, who has given us freedom of religion.

It is the veteran, not the reporter, who has given us freedom of the press.

It is the veteran, not the poet, who has given us freedom of speech.

It is the veteran, not the campus organizer, who has given us freedom to assemble.

It is the veteran, not the lawyer, who has given us the right of fair trial.

It is the veteran, not the politician, who has given us the right to vote.

It is the veteran, who salutes the flag, who serves under the flag.

Eternal rest grant them O Lord, and let perpetual light shine upon them.



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



CAULIFLOWER PUDDING

INGREDIENTS:

- 1 large head of cauliflower, cut into florets
- 1 cup onions, chopped
- oil
- 2 eggs
- 1/4 tsp salt
- 4 Tbsp butter or margarine, melted
- 4 Tbsp seasoned bread crumbs



DIRECTIONS:

- Steam or microwave the cauliflower until tender, but not mushy.
- Drain the cauliflower and mash it up with a fork.
- Saute the onions until translucent.
- Mix all the ingredients together in a large bowl.
- Transfer to an 8-inch square or round pan.
- Bake for an hour at 400 degrees F.
- Serve warm or at room temperature.

NOTE:

Unless you are a fanatic vegetarian, you can saute a handful of cubed farmer sausage with the onions and really crank up the flavor!

ENJOY!!!!

**THE COOLEST THANK-YOU
NOTE EVER....**

As we get older we think differently, don't we? This letter was sent to the principal's office after the school had sponsored a luncheon for the elderly.

An elderly lady received a new radio at the lunch as a prize and was writing to say thank you. This story is a credit to all humankind especially if you are familiar with the elderly and their ways! Forward to anyone you know who might need a lift today.

Dear Lincoln Elementary,

God bless you for the beautiful radio I won at your recent Senior Citizens luncheon. I am 84 years old and live at the Springer Home for the Aged. All of my family has passed away. I am all alone now and it's nice to know that someone is thinking of me. God bless you for your kindness to an old forgotten lady.

My roommate is 95 and has always had her own radio, but before I received one, she would never let me listen to hers, even when she was napping. The other day her radio fell off the night stand and broke into a lot of pieces. It was awful and she was in tears.

Her distress over the broken radio touched me and I knew this was God's way of answering my prayers. She asked me if she could listen to mine, and I told her to kiss my ass.



Thank you for that opportunity.

*Sincerely,
Agnes*

EXCELLENT MEDICAL ADVICE 4 U . . .

I don't understand why prescription medicine is allowed to advertise on TV or why anyone would think of trying one of the medicines after listening to the laundry list of warnings of possible side effects. But this is definitely an exception!

Do you
have feelings of inadequacy?
Do you suffer from
shyness?

Do you sometimes wish you were more
assertive?

Do you sometimes feel stressed?

If you answered yes to any of these questions, ask your doctor or pharmacist about Cabernet Sauvignon.

Cabernet Sauvignon is the safe, natural way to feel better and more confident. It can help ease you out of your shyness and let you tell the world that you're ready and willing to do just about anything.

You will notice the benefits of Cabernet Sauvignon almost immediately and, with a regimen of regular doses, you'll overcome obstacles that prevent you from living the life you want. Shyness and awkwardness will be a thing of the past. You will discover talents you never knew you had.

Cabernet Sauvignon may not be right for everyone. Women who are pregnant or nursing should not use it but women who wouldn't mind nursing or becoming pregnant are encouraged to try it.

Side effects may include:

Dizziness, nausea, vomiting, incarceration, loss of motor control, loss of clothing, loss of money, delusions of grandeur, table dancing, headache, dehydration, dry

mouth, and a desire to sing Karaoke and play all-night Strip Poker, Truth Or Dare, and Naked Twister.

Warnings:

The consumption of Cabernet Sauvignon may make you think you are whispering when you are not.

The consumption of Cabernet Sauvignon may cause you to tell your friends over and over again that you love them.

The consumption of Cabernet Sauvignon may cause you to think you can sing.

The consumption of Cabernet Sauvignon may create the illusion that you are tougher, smarter, faster and better looking than most people.

Please feel free to share this important information!

LIFE IS A CABERNET OLD CHUM!

A LOVING DOG MAKES THE BEST BABYSITTER



A BANKER'S ADVICE . . .

The banker saw his old friend Tom, an eighty-year old rancher, in town. Tom had lost his wife a year or so before and rumor had it that he was marrying a 'mail order' bride.

Being a good friend, the banker asked Tom if the rumor was true. Tom assured him that it was. The banker then asked Tom the age of his new bride to be. Tom proudly said, *'She'll be twenty-one in November.'*

Now the banker, being the wise man that he was, could see that the sexual appetite of a young woman could not be satisfied by an eighty-year-old man.

Wanting his old friend's remaining years to be happy, the banker tactfully suggested that Tom should consider getting a hired hand to help him out on the ranch, knowing that nature would take its own course.

Tom thought this was a good idea and said he would look for one that afternoon.

About four months later, the banker ran into Tom in town again.

'How's the new wife?', asked the banker. Tom replied with pride, *'She's fine and she's pregnant.'*

The banker, happy that his sage advice had worked out, continued, *'And how's the hired hand?'*

Without hesitating, Tom said, *'She's pregnant too.'*

**Don't ever underestimate
Saskatchewan old guys.**

FROM YOUR EDITORS . . .

WE WILL REMEMBER . . .
our hearts are with all of our comrades and veterans as they reminisce this Remembrance Day!



We were looking forward to visiting with everyone on this Remembrance Day but unfortunately Fred is still at Peach Arch Hospital Rehab and my days are spent visiting with him so we will be remembering together all of the wonderful days gone by with all of our comrades and friends. We are definitely praying for a very successful new season for our Unit #68.

We want to, as always, thank all of our loyal readers and all who send us great items and cartoons, etc. for our newsletter every month – it is very much appreciated!! Remember also – if you see a report on a new *scam* for seniors please let us know and we will print the info!! This is happening far too often now.

A REMINDER: 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 palmaridi@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!!

Until next issue . . . stay healthy and be happy and remember to Hug Often!

Your Editors,

Mardi & Fred



