

# THE BUZZ

A SINGLE POPPY HAS  
THE SOUL OF A THOUSAND  
== HEROES ==



# THE BUZZ



YOUR  
D F 9 G = 8 9 B  
REPORT

Dear Comrades and Friends:

The year has nearly come full circle, with our month of Remembrance upon us once again. As many of you are aware our Unit has a long history with the November 11th ceremonies and the Poppy campaign during the weeks leading up to that day.

This year our Poppy campaign participation has already seen a huge impact along with the Comrades at Unit #100 we held a hot-dog by donation Poppy Launch. It was a huge success and the Unit #68 volunteers and Unit #100 Executive that made it all happen are to be congratulated for their efforts.

As there are always names behind the scenes as well as the ones in the front lines, I won't list any here (except to thank Banana Grove Grocery for their generous donation of food). We all contribute in some way just by choosing to be a member of this Veterans service club. < c k Y j Y f ž ' h \ Y ' í i g i U ' ' identified by their tired but smiling faces - carrying the burden of ANAVET volunteerism for those that exercise their

right not to embrace the philosophy of service as much.



And speaking of volunteerism Comrade Ed Emerick, one of our BC Command Vice-Presidents, has asked me to extend an invitation to any Lower Mainland member of our Unit to join the Colour Guard. It has been decommissioned for many years -

but it is his sincere wish to revive that noble effort. Our Unit has a proud past history with the Colour Guard and with times and circumstances having changed, I am relaying that renewed invitation.

If interested, please contact BC Command and they will be happy to give you the details:

**A.N.A.F. BC Command**  
**200-951 8th Avenue East,**  
**Vancouver, BC V5T 4L2**  
**604-874-8105**

For now I want to wish you all a healthy autumn season. No doubt I will see many of you over the next few weeks participating in acts of Remembrance. And as Cenotaph Officer I hope to see most of you at the Memorial South Park Cenotaph at the 11th hour on the 11th day of the 11th month.

Be thankful for the peace and individual rights in our lives and remember those that sacrificed to protect our precious values.

*I 5 [ Y g \ U \ \ \ b c h \ k Y U f m \ h \ Y a z \ b c f \ h \ Y \*  
*years condemn. At the going down*  
*of the sun and in the morning we will*  
*f Y a Y a V Y f \ h \ Y a " I*

Fraternally yours  
 Bill Ritchie  
 President  
 Unit #68  
 anavet68@yahoo.com



*Shoulder to Shoulder*

## WHY DO WE WEAR A POPPY?

*In 1918, Moira Michael, an American, wrote a poem in reply, 'We Shall Keep The Faith', in which she promised to wear a poppy in honour of our dead.*

*This began the tradition of wearing a poppy in remembrance.*

 **WE SHALL KEEP THE FAITH**  
*by Moira Michael, November 1918*

**Oh! you who sleep in Flanders Fields,  
 Sleep sweet - to rise anew!  
 We caught the torch you threw  
 And holding high, we keep the Faith  
 With All who died.**

**We cherish, too, the poppy red  
 That grows on fields where valor led;  
 It seems to signal to the skies  
 That blood of heroes never dies,  
 But lends a lustre to the red  
 Of the flower that blooms above the dead  
 In Flanders Fields.**

**And now the Torch and Poppy Red  
 We wear in honour of our dead.  
 Fear not that ye have died for naught;  
 We'll teach the lesson that ye wrought  
 In Flanders Fields.**

Always  
 &  
 Forever



NOVEMBER  
NEWS FROM  
YOUR  
HONOURARY  
PRESIDENT



#### Comrades:

As we once again celebrate the end of WW11 on November 11th it brings back fond memories of your Unit #68 comrades attending Sir Charles Kingsford Elementary School for 10 years. Led each year by comrade Mike Carpenter on his pipes, our 4 volunteers in full uniform would march into the auditorium carrying our flags. As Colour Sgt I would give out a loud command "*Attention by the left*" and we would march into the gymnasium filled with students, parents and staff. To the amazement of these young children, their eyes as big as the moon, I would begin each year with an introduction of our comrades and then give a short speech teaching these students the sacrifices made by our veterans. Each year because of our attendance the student body put on a more detailed ceremony, obviously trying to impress our group.

Two of my favorite recollections are when Charlie Lee addressed the mostly Asian student body in their own language, speaking in Mandarin, I didn't understand a word but Charlie had the crowd overwhelmed with his personal experience during WW11.

When our gentle giant Roy Blair was diagnosed with Cancer he was determined to attend as he had never missed a ceremony. I pushed my best friend into the assembly sitting in a wheel chair, the students were so impressed they gave us a standing ovation. It was Roy's last

Remembrance Day Ceremony, one we will always cherish.

Thank you to Mike Carpenter, Roy Blair, May Nyce, Charlie Lee and yours truly who made each year special.

This year I will be attending Nov 11th ceremony with our friends Janice Graham and Jim Dunn in Chase B.C.

Fraternally Yours

Bob Rietveld

Honorary President  
East Vancouver Unit # 68

John McCrae, a doctor serving with the Canadian Armed Forces, was so deeply moved by what he saw in northern France that in 1915 in his pocket book, he scribbled down the poem *In Flanders Fields*.

#### 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.

- John McCrae

Where in the World are  
Jan & Kerr ???

(8<sup>th</sup> Edition E covers our return to Canada and travels to the East Coast)

Hello everyone, Jan and I send you greetings from the BCRV Park off Caribou Road in Burnaby, British Columbia where we've parked our trailer for a few weeks while we take care of a few things, including helping out for this years Poppy Campaign. When we left off last month, we were heading back to London in preparation for our flight to Toronto and spent the few days leading up to our return to Canada in the lovely town of Surbiton on the southern bank of the River Thames and just down the road from Hampton Court.

On July 17<sup>th</sup> we said goodbye to London and headed off to Gatwick airport by train to catch our afternoon Westjet flight to Toronto. Jan and I had managed to get ourselves upgraded to Premium Economy seats (double wide seats with footrests, good food and free drinks) which really helped tone down the jet lag and made the 7 1/2 flight a lot more enjoyable.

Landing in Toronto though was a real eye opener! After clearing customs and collecting our bags we headed out of the terminal only to be met with a wall of humidity (temperature was sitting in the low 30's but with the humidity it was close to 40) that slammed into us and had us both dripping with sweat the minute we marched through the doors. It was a great relief when we boarded the bus for our ride back to my sister's place in Port Hope which was to be our home base while we prepared for the second part of our journey, touring the East Coast and southern US in an RV.

After taking a few days to relax and wind down from our European tour, Jan and I set about putting the wheels in motion for our East Coast journey. We had decided to sell/trade in our car and pick up a travel trailer with a vehicle to tow it with and hit the road by mid August but things didn't quite work out that way.

Finding the right trailer that suited us in the sea of RV's that one finds when they go looking can be daunting but we did it, even though it took a little longer than we thought. We had spotted an AD for a big RV blow-out sale in Ottawa mid August so we set off and spent 2 days there soaking it all in. At the end of the trip we became the owners of a 2019 18 foot KZ Escape Trailer, now all we had to do was find the right vehicle.



*Our new home for a while - KZ Escape  
Trailer and Dodge Ram*

We found a great deal a few days later in Belleville on a 2014 Dodge Ram truck with low mileage to complete the package and after retrieving the trailer in Ottawa, we towed it to Port Hope in preparation of our big east coast tour.

By the end of August we had packed up the trailer and were ready to go but Mother Nature threw in a curve ball by sending Hurricane Dorian up along the Eastern seaboard and straight across the East Coast provinces leaving a swath of damage (still evident two weeks after the storm had passed through), in it's wake.

We finally set out on Sunday September 8<sup>th</sup> and headed off down Highway 2 through Kingston along the shore of lake Ontario, for our first camp stop along the Thousand Islands Parkway where we spent the next two nights camped out under the Ivy Lea Bridge (Canada/US Border Crossing) just past the town of Gananoque, Ontario. Gananoque is known as the gateway to the Thousand Islands and we spent a full day exploring the area and enjoying the sights before heading off once again for our next destination, the city of Drummondville, Ouebec.

We had decided to avoid the Montreal and Quebec City at this point as we had both been there in the past so we stuck to the Trans Canada (Autoroute 20 in Que.) along the south shore of the Saint Lawrence River. Next stop after Drummondville was the city of Riviere-Du-Loup along the river of the same name for an overnight stay. The Trans-Canada Highway turns south here and our route took us off Route 20 onto Route 87 towards Edmonston, New Brunswick where we picked up Hwy. 2 (Trans Canada) on our way down the St. John River and our next stop, the city of Woodstock in the St John River Valley.

We booked in at Connell RV park in the north end of the city for 2 nights and spent the next day exploring the area. Just north of Woodstock is the town of Hartland, N.B. where the longest covered bridge (1282 feet) in the world spans the St John River.



### *Longest Covered Bridge in the world spans the St. John River*

The best part is, this a working bridge and Jan and I had the thrill of driving across it and then walking back to the centre for a great view of the river. If you are ever down this way, the bridge in Hartland is definitely a great spot to stop in your travels.

After a fun visit to Woodstock we loaded up the trailer and headed south to the City of St John on the Bay of Fundy at the mouth of the St John River. We booked ourselves a spot at Rockwood RV Park which sits on a hill overlooking the city for 2 nights, settled in and explored the local area finding a great pub called the East Coast Bar & Grill to wet our whistles.

The next day we took a drive west along the Fundy coast to the beautiful seaside town of Saint Andrews (St. Andrews By-the-Sea) and spent the day exploring the town. We didn't know it at the time but we would return here later on in our trip and spent another 2 nights enjoying the town before crossing the border into Maine and heading for warmer climes.

Saying goodbye to St. John we headed east towards the coast and our next stop the town of Shediac. The town is known as the "Lobster Capital of the World" and also has the distinction of being the home to the largest Lobster in the World!



*Giant Lobster / Gros Homard that greets  
visitors entering Shediac*

For all things lobster (and fish for that matter) Shediac is the place to be, just ask Jan the next time you see her.

Although Jan and I had originally planned to spend a couple of nights in Shediac, our plans changed after a visit to the local Legion on the first night we were there. We had decided to visit RCL Branch #33 for a drink and ended up chatting with their President, Mr. Leo Dorion, for a couple of hours that evening. During the course of the conversation we found out that Branch #33 was hosting the Provincial Convention over the upcoming weekend and we were invited to attend the Friday night Meet and Greet for delegates which we happily accepted.

It was a Tuesday evening so instead of hanging around for 3 days, we decided to cross the Confederation Bridge to P.E.I. the next day and spend a couple of nights there exploring the Island before returning to Shediac for the upcoming event on the Friday evening.

We crossed the Confederation Bridge (the drive over the bridge was just over 14 km from start to finish and a great experience), the next morning and headed for Pine Hills RV Park in Harrington where we had booked a spot. Harrington was just north of Charlottetown and proved to be a great location for exploring the Island. We spent a couple of days touring around and taking in the sights including a visit to Green Gables (Anne wasn't home) and Cavendish Beach Provincial Park on the Northeast side of the Island. Cavendish Beach is a great place to enjoy the sea and walk among the dunes but it was still showing the damage wrought by Hurricane Dorian (crews were still busy cleaning up the aftermath more than two weeks after it passed) with downed trees everywhere.

Jan and I really enjoyed our visit to P.E.I. but Friday morning rolled around so we packed up the trailer and headed back across the Bridge for Shediac to attend the Meet and Greet that evening. The event was well attended with delegates coming from around the Province and Jan and I really enjoyed ourselves. If you are ever in Shediac, stop by RCL Branch #33 and say hello. They are a friendly bunch with lots going on and we're sure you'll get a warm welcome.

With the weekend behind us it was time to move on. Our next stop was in Nova Scotia in the picturesque town of Pictou, located on the Northumberland Shore, is renowned as the "Birthplace of New Scotland" as it was here where the first wave of Scottish immigrants landed in 1773. We spent two nights in Pictou and had a blast exploring the town which included a visit to the Industry Museum in nearby town of New Glasgow but the highlight for me was our visit and tour of the Grohmann Knife Factory that calls Pictou home.



*Grohmann Knife Factory with it's unique  
blade piercing the corner of the building*

From Pictou we headed east towards Cape Breton across the Canso Causeway and made tracks for the village of Little Bras d'Or where we had booked a spot in The Arm of Gold campground for a couple of nights so we could explore the area. Our main objective was a visit to the Fortress of Louisbourg National Historic Site. The Fortress of Louisbourg was one of the busiest harbours in North America and one of France's key centres of trade and military strength in the New World. Jan and I spent an enjoyable day touring the fortress and grounds and even sampled the rum and bread that were the soldier's daily rations. Louisbourg should definitely be on one's list to visit if you're ever down this way.

Our next destination was a tour of the Cabot Trail so we headed for the town of Cheticamp on the western shore of the island where we set up camp at the Plage St. Pierre Campground on Cheticamp Island. Cheticamp is located on the very doorstep of Cape Breton Highlands National Park and the next morning Jan and I took off and enjoyed a scenic five hour drive with spectacular views and picturesque villages.



#### *Fall colours along the Cabot Trail*

After two fun days in Cheticamp we set off once again, this time heading for the big city of Halifax to spend a few days there and take in the sights and visit some old haunts. Our campground was in the town

of Hammond Plains just west of Bedford (the Bedford Basin was a busy staging harbour for the allied convoys during the 1<sup>st</sup> and 2<sup>nd</sup> World Wars) and 20 minutes north of Halifax city centre.

We set off on our first day to explore the surrounding area and headed down the picturesque 333 highway which winds its way along the shore of St Margaret's Bay on the way to Peggy's Cove. It brought back many memories for me as we passed the house where my father lived and had his art studio in Indian Harbour.



#### *Swissair memorial not far from Peggy's Cove Nova Scotia*

As we neared the cove we took a few minutes and stopped to visit the Swiss Air 111 Memorial which is a low key, starkly beautiful, yet poignant reminder of those lost in the crash on the night of September 2, 1998.

Peggy's Cove was actually quite crowded for the middle of September but Jan and I took in the view and stopped in the local Sou Wester restaurant for a great bowl of seafood chowder before hitting the road and heading back up the 333 and turned west along the coast towards Mahone Bay, Oak Island and the historic town of Lunenburg (home to the Bluenose II)

where we visited the Maritime Museum and took in the stately granite memorial stones that pay tribute to all those lost at sea. The highlight of the day was to see the Bluenose II arrive and dock after a 2 hour cruise. It is truly a magnificent sight. After a long day we headed home and spent a pleasant evening in a local pub just down the road from the RV park. The next day we headed into the city of Halifax and spent the day exploring the historic Halifax Citadel before heading downtown for a stop at my favourite watering hole, the Midtown Tavern for a steak and beer and to buy a new t-shirt to replace the one I bought in 1988.

Halifax was a blast and a great city to visit but it was time to move on. Jan and I originally thought we would head along the south shore to the city of Yarmouth and catch the ferry to Bar Harbour, Maine, but the ferries weren't running so we switched gears and headed up the Annapolis Valley to the north shore and turned west to the town of Digby (and past Cornwallis - now closed but where I did my Basic Training in the mid-seventies) where we could catch a ferry across the bay to St. John New Brunswick.

After a pleasant but expensive (over \$400 for the truck and trailer but it beat a 7 1/2 hour road trip around the bay) 2 and 1/2 hour ferry ride we disembarked and turned west heading back to St. Andrews by-the-sea for a couple of days. Our Oceanside campground run by the local Kiwanis club was just on the outskirts of town and a great spot to relax and enjoy this unique spot.

The weather was turning colder at this point in our trip so we decided it was time to leave the East Coast behind and head south into the US towards warmer climates.

We are going to leave it there for this

our trip through the Southern US to California and back up the West Coast to Vancouver. That will be our final edition.

Last Months Trivia Answer :  
Where in Scotland do people call girls and boys 'Quines' and 'Loons'? The answer is:  
4. The North East of Scotland.

*These phrases come from the language of Doric spoken in the north east of Scotland and which was given official language status in 2018. Loons or Louns are boys and quines are girls. You might hear these words being added on to g U m] b [ g ' ] \_ Y . ' ] \_ Y ž ' ` c c b 3 Î ' c f ' Í Z U f \ ] j ' These words are also useful to know as they may just be the only way for you to differentiate between the ladies and gentlemen bathrooms.*

H \ ] g ' A c b h \ Ñ g ' H f ] j **About** 160 kilometres (99 miles) southeast of Nova Scotia is a very large sand bar called Sable Island. Sable Island is well known for a very special inhabitant. Do you know what this creature could be?

1. Saltwater crocodile
2. Sable Island horses
3. Atlantic otters
4. Sand penguins

Pick an answer before you give google a go!

Cheers,  
Jan and Kerr

*9 8 = H C F Ñ G ' :BWe have all so glad to be welcoming you home again! You have enjoyed an Absolutely Awesome adventure - and we send you a very special thank you for taking all of us along with you!!!!!!*

J \_ Y .  
] \_ Y ž ' ` c c b 3 Î ' c f ' Í Z U f \ ] j ' E i Y g h

## ANAF UNIT #68 MEMBERSHIP . . .



Memberships for 2020 are now available.

SPECIAL OFFER: Our membership is still available at \$35.00 for the year or \$60.00 for a couple!!

Jan Holt is our Unit #68 Membership chair assisted by Leslie Leopky.

If you wish to mail in your membership fee, the following is the address for all of our Unit #68 correspondence:

A.N.A.F. Unit #68 Membership  
c/o Bill Ritchie  
122-6362 Fraser Street  
Vancouver, BC V5W 0A1

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

HA PPY BIRTHDAY to our  
Unit #68 NOVEMBER  
Celebrants!



Charlie Calvert  
Joe Sharples

Rose Rietveld  
Al Stronstad

*Wishing you all a Very  
Happy Birthday !!!! \*

## ANAVETS AFFAIRS AFFORDABLE RENTAL HOUSING FOR SENIORS



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Call 874-8105 or email  
[bcanavets@telus.net](mailto:bcanavets@telus.net) for more information

New Chelsea Society  
7501 E 6<sup>th</sup> Street,  
Burnaby, B. C. V3N 3M2  
Patrick Buchannon, Executive Director  
Telephone: 604-395-4370  
Fax: 604-395-4376  
E-mail: [admin@newchelsea.ca](mailto:admin@newchelsea.ca)

VETERANS AFFAIRS CANADA  
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Vancouver, B.C. Toll-Free Telephone:  
1-866-522-2122

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LAST POST FUND INC.  
British Columbia Branch #520  
#203-7337 E 137<sup>th</sup> St. Surrey, BC V3W 1A4  
For information regarding financial assistance  
please contact 572-3242 or 1 E 800 E 268-0248.

*The nice part about living in a small town is that when you don't know what you're doing, everybody else does, often long before you actually get around to doing it.*



REMINISCING WITH  
RON ANDY CAPP  
ROBINSON . . .

9 8 = H C F N D G E:

This great column first appeared in our November 2001 issue then again in November of 2005. Enjoy!!

*In Loving Memory - - - -*

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

= h D g V Y Y b W c g Y h c g ] I  
d f Y g i a Y ] h D g g U Z Y Y b c i  
my mouth and tell you the reason why we were sworn to secrecy.

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



One bright and sunny day, we were having target practice in Parksville. Our Bofors gun crew consisted of myself and four other brave soldiers. Our task was to g \ c h U b X X Y g h f c m h \ Y  
towed above us by a small aircraft. We aimed and we fired. We a ] g g Y X h \ Y  
but our shell hit the plane, tearing off its tail end. Miraculously the pilot managed to crash land into the waters of Qualicum Beach. The pilot made it to shore seconds before the plane sank. Luckily he suffered no injuries.

Well, . . . our target practice was immediately halted and our crew and

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

Following this event in my army life I signed up for a topographic course (map making) being held in the Legislature Building in Victoria. After completing the course I was assigned to drawing maps for army maneuvers on Vancouver Island and Wainwright, Alberta.

I guess my maps were a little more accurate than my aiming was with an anti-aircraft gun. My reason for saying this is V Y W U i g Y " " " k Y k c b h \ Y k

*Forever in our Memories*



**SPORTS REPORT**

The Annual Provincial Command 8 - ball tournament **has come and gone. We had no registrants.**

The Annual Provincial Command Snooker tournament **will be held at South Vancouver Unit #26 on Saturday November 23, 2019.**



More information and the registration form are located on the sports bulletin board at the Northeast corner of the 100 club. Please note closes Friday 8, 2019.

There are no Provincial Command sports events scheduled for December.

Our congratulations to our Unit #68 comrade Ken Griggs on his 1st place finish in the men's singles at the North American Shuffleboard Championship held at Reno, Nevada!

**Dick Moore  
Director**

*A GREAT FAMOUS QUOTE FOR YOU . . .*

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

**--- John Wayne (1907 - 1979)**

**SPECIAL NOTICE . . .  
CIRCULAR NO. 25-2019**

*RE: 180TH ANNIVERSARY  
CHALLENGE COIN*

**Manitoba North Western Ontario Command of the Army, Navy & Air Force Veterans in Canada have designed a beautiful Commemorative coin to celebrate the 180th Anniversary of the ANAVETS Association.**

*The primary objective for the sale of the coin is to promote ANAVETS across Canada and perhaps other countries, but is also a fundraiser to contribute to the 55th Biennial Dominion Command Convention which will be hosted in Winnipeg September of 2020.*

*6 " 7 " · 7 c a a U b X · ] g · d f c j ] X ] b [ · coin to each Unit to be used for display for Members to view prior to purchasing one of the Commemorah ] j Y · Í 7 \ U ò ì ñ s Y b [ Y Í · for \$20.00. The coin is quite striking and would make a great gift for anniversaries, graduations and even stocking stuffers.*



**Orders can be placed by:**

**Email: [bcnavets@telus.net](mailto:bcnavets@telus.net)  
Fax: 604-874-0633  
Mail: British Columbia Command  
200 - 951 East 8th Avenue  
Vancouver, B.C. V5T 4L2**

## A FEW HANDY HINTS FOR YOU and FOR YOUR HOUSEHOLD



### Save Water With Mulch . . .

**Mulch around plants with grass clippings, compost, straw or ground bark. Mulch will hold moisture in the soil and reduce evaporation. Over time, mulching will increase your soil's water holding capacity.**

### Cut Plastic Wrap In Half . . .

**One way to save money on plastic wrap is to cut a roll in half. Then you have two narrow rolls that work great for small items like brownies and cookies.**

### Painting Above Your Head . . .

**When you need to paint above your head and don't want paint drips fall on the floor or on your face, cut a slit in a paper plate and put your paint brush handle through it. The plate will catch the drips.**

### Wire Hanger Trellis . . .

**You can make a small trellis out of a wire hanger. Straighten the hanger's hook and then bend the remaining hanger into whatever shape you want your trellis to be. Then stick the straighten hook into the dirt and you have a wire trellis for potted plants.**

### Memory Aid . . .

**Tie a Ribbon Around Your Wrist . . .  
If you have a problem remembering something, tie a ribbon around your wrist and write down what you are trying to remember. Then when you look on your wrist, there it is plain as day!**

### Carry Extra Zip -Lock Bags When Traveling . . .

**When you travel, throw in a few extra zip-lock bags. They are great for wet swimsuits, a half-full bottle of shampoo, some animal crackers for the car, or even to fill with ice at the motel to use in the cooler while you drive.**

### Storing Tea . . .

**Always store loose tea in a container with a tight-fitting lid to preserve the quality of the herbs. Even if your tea bags are individually wrapped, it's good to store them in a sealed container as well. Try to avoid plastic containers for tea. You are gambling on whether or not it will acquire a weird taste. Dark glass, ceramic or metal are best for tea.**

### Use Foil On Ironing Board . . .

**Put foil under your ironing board cover to help insulate it. The foil will help heat the underside of the item you are pressing.**

### Removing Pen Ink from Leather . . .

**Spray a little hairspray (the cheap stuff works best) on the ink, let it sit for a few seconds, and wipe it off. Quite often, the ink will come right off. Be sure to test this solution in an inconspicuous place first to make sure it doesn't mark the leather. Or try WD40. It does not discolor leather.**

### Slicing Mushrooms . . .

**Use an egg slicer to slice fresh mushrooms. It's quick and makes nice even slices that are the perfect thickness for most recipes. Mushroom slices that have a uniform thickness will cook evenly.**

### Use Salt for Grease Spills . . .

**If grease or oil spills in your oven, quickly toss some salt on the stain. Once the oven has cooled off and the salt has dried,**

FROM OUR UNIT  
#68 BUZZ RECIPE  
CORNER:



## MEXICAN BEEF TACO CUPS

A fun & simple alternative to regular beef tacos!



### INGREDIENTS

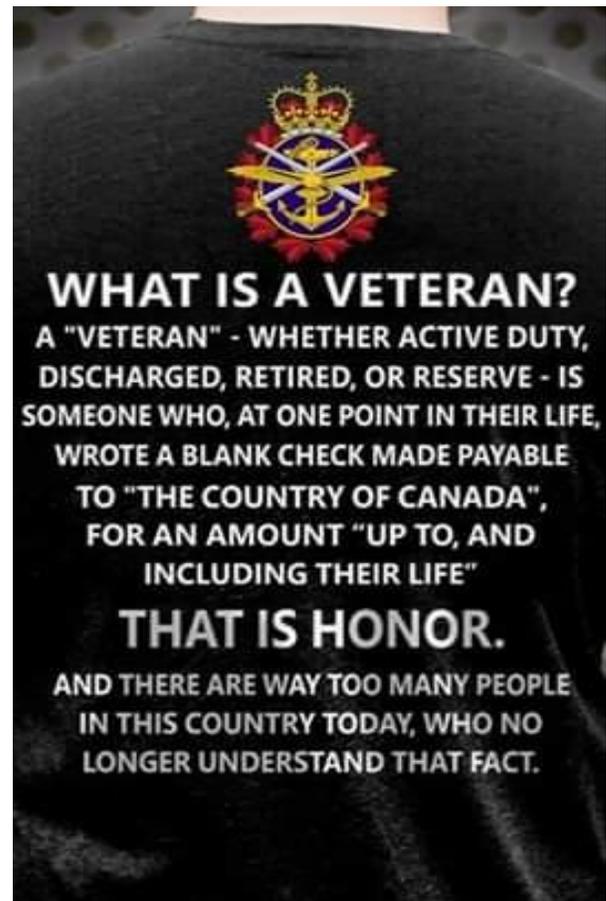
- < 4 whole wheat tortillas
- < 1 pound lean or extra lean ground beef
- < 3 tablespoons taco seasoning
- < 1/2 cup salsa
- < 1/2 cup sliced black olives
- < 1/2 cup 2% shredded Mexican-blend cheese
- < sour cream (optional)

### DIRECTIONS

1. Preheat oven to 350°F. Cut approximately 4 inch circles out of each tortilla and place each circle into a muffin pan.

2. Bake tortillas for 12 minutes.
3. While tortillas are baking, add beef to large skillet over medium heat.
4. Stir in taco seasoning and heat until beef is thoroughly browned.
5. Leaving tortilla cups in the muffin pan add beef evenly to each cup followed by salsa, olives and cheese.
6. Bake for another 5-10 minutes or until cheese is melted.
7. Top with sour cream immediately before serving.

ENJOY!! ENJOY!!



## THE PICKLE JAR . . .

The pickle jar as far back as I can remember sat on the floor beside the dresser in my parents' bedroom.



When he got ready for bed, Dad would empty his pockets and toss his coins into the jar. As a small boy, I was always fascinated at the sounds the coins made as they were dropped into the jar. They landed with a merry jingle when the jar was almost empty. Then the tones gradually muted to a dull thud as the jar was filled.

I used to squat on the floor in front of the jar to admire the copper and silver circles that glinted like a pirate's treasure when the sun poured through the bedroom window.

When the jar was filled, Dad would sit at the kitchen table and roll the coins before taking them to the bank. Taking the coins to the bank was always a big production. Stacked neatly in a small cardboard box, the coins were placed between Dad and me on the seat of his old truck .

Each and every time, as we drove to the bank, Dad would look at me hopefully. 'Those coins are going to keep you out of h \ Y \ h Y I h ] \ Y \ a ] \ \ ž \ g c b t \ V Y h h Y f \ h \ U b \ a Y " \ H \ ] g \ c \ going to hold you back.' Also, each and every time, as he slid the box of rolled coins across the counter at the bank toward the cashier, he would grin proudly. these are for my son's college fund. He'll

never work at the mill all his life like me.' We would always celebrate each deposit by stopping for an ice cream cone. I always got chocolate. Dad always got vanilla. When the clerk at the ice cream parlor handed Dad his change, he would show me the few coins nestled in his palm. K \ Y b \ k Y \ [ Y h \ \ c a Y ž \ k Y Đ \ \ \ g ^ U f \ U [ U ] b " Đ \ < Y \ U \ k U m g \ \ \ Y h \ coins into the empty jar. As they rattled around with a brief, happy jingle, we grinned at each other. 'You'll get to college on pennies, nickels, dimes and quarters,' he said. 'But you'll get there; I'll see to that.

No matter how rough things got at home, Dad continued to doggedly drop his coins into the jar. Even the summer when Dad got laid off from the mill, and Mama had to serve dried beans several times a week, not a single dime was taken from the jar.

To the contrary, as Dad looked across the table at me, pouring catsup over my beans to make them more palatable, he became more determined than ever to make a way out for me, when you finish college, Son, he told me, his eyes glistening, You'll never have to eat beans again - unless you want to.'

The years passed, and I finished college and took a job in another town. Once, while visiting my parents, I used the phone in their bedroom, and noticed that the pickle jar was gone. It had served its purpose and had been removed.

A lump rose in my throat as I stared at the spot beside the dresser where the jar had always stood. My dad was a man of few words: he never lectured me on the values of determination, perseverance, and faith. The pickle jar had taught me all these virtues far more eloquently than the most flowery of words could have done. When I married, I told my wife Susan about the significant part the lowly pickle jar had played in my life as a boy. In my mind, it

defined, more than anything else, how much my dad had loved me.

The first Christmas after our daughter Jessica was born, we spent the holiday with my parents. After dinner, Mom and Dad sat next to each other on the sofa, taking turns cuddling their first grandchild. Jessica began to whimper softly, and I carried the baby into my parents' bedroom to diaper her. When Susan came back into the living room, there was a strange mist in her eyes.

She handed Jessica back to Dad before taking my hand and leading me into the room. 'Look,' she said softly, her eyes directing me to a spot on the floor beside the dresser. To my amazement, there, as if it had never been removed, stood the old pickle jar, the bottom already covered with coins.

I walked over to the pickle jar, dug down into my pocket, and pulled out a fistful of coins. With a gamut of emotions choking me, I dropped the coins into the jar. I looked up and saw that Dad, carrying Jessica, had slipped quietly into the room. Our eyes locked, and I knew he was feeling the same emotions I felt. Neither one of us could speak.

This truly touched my heart. Sometimes we are so busy adding up our troubles that we forget to count our blessings. Never underestimate the power of your actions. With one small gesture you can change a person's life, for better or for worse.

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The best and most beautiful things cannot be seen or touched - they must be felt with the heart ~ Helen Keller

## A LAUGH A DAY . . .

A boy had reached four without giving up the habit of sucking his thumb, though his mother had tried everything from bribery to reasoning to painting it with lemon juice to discourage the habit.

Finally she tried threats, warning her son that "If you don't stop sucking your thumb, your stomach is going to blow up like a balloon."



Later that day, walking in the park, mother and son saw a pregnant woman sitting on a bench.

The four-year-old considered her gravely for a minute, then spoke to her saying, "Uh-oh ... I know what "you've" been doing."

Life is short.  
Spend it with people  
who make you laugh  
and feel loved.



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Senior citizens are constantly being criticized for every conceivable deficiency of the modern world, real or imaginary. We know we take responsibility for all we have done and do not try to blame others.

HOWEVER, upon reflection, we would like to point out that it was NOT senior citizens who took:

The melody out of music,

The pride out of appearance,

The courtesy out of driving,

The romance out of love,

The commitment out of marriage,

The responsibility out of parenthood,

The togetherness out of the family,

The learning out of education

The Golden Rule from rulers,

The nativity scene out of cities,

The civility out of behavior,

The refinement out of language,

The dedication out of  
employment,

The prudence out of spending,

The ambition out of achievement or  
God out of government and school.

And we certainly are NOT the ones who eliminated patience and toleranc from

personal relationships and interactions with others!

And, we DO understand the meaning of patriotism, and remember those who have fought and died for our country.

YES, I'M A SENIOR CITIZEN! . . .

I'm the life of the party.....Even if it lasts until 8 p.m.

I'm very good at opening childproof caps.....With a hammer.

I'm awake many hours before my body allows me to get up.

I'm smiling all the time, because I can't hear a thing you're saying

I'm sure everything I can't find is in a safe secure place, somewhere.

I'm wrinkled, saggy, lumpy, and that's just my left leg.

I'm beginning to realize that aging is not for wimps.

Yes, I'm a SENIOR CITIZEN and I think I am having the time of my life!  
Spread the laughter Share the cheer

Let's **be happy**  
While we're here.

What's four inches  
long and drives a  
woman crazy?



A freakin' empty toilet roll.

## ALL THE WAY HOME . . .

Here's to the ones that danced in chucks, smoked cigarettes, had afternoon cocktails, and still talk to their neighbor lovingly over the fence. Here's to the ones with wrinkled palms, and to the ones that still pull their lawn chairs out onto the driveway after a long day of work.

Here's to the greatest generation - the people that learned to fix things when they break - like cars, pipes, and marriages. The generation with iron and faith running through their now-frail veins, and the generation that loves with a kinda love that has seen the Great Depression and Vietnam.

Here's to the coffee drinkers, the ones that are still waking up at the crack of dawn because that's just what you do if you want to get it done.

Here's to the ones that cut their teeth on Johnny Cash, Elvis, and Conway. Kennedy, Truman, Brown vs. the Board of Education, and the original I-have-a-dreamers. The Beatles. Apollo.

Here's to the greatest generation.

Here's to the last of the best. Here's to the holy few that are left. Here's to the people we call when we don't know what to do, which direction to turn, or how to fix it.

To the thinkers.

To the ones that just don't know how to give up .

To the servers - the ones that give so freely and wholly of themselves because they don't know any different.

To the committed, constant, and true.

Their shoulders are stooped now. They've just carried so much for so long. Their hands are boney, scarred from holding so much for so long.

Their hair is gray.  
Their steps are slower.  
Their time - short.

Here's to that, today.

To remembering the ones that light our way.

All the way Home.

Rebecca Cooper, Author



## BE AWARE!!

You know when you go to Walmart or the grocery store and they have the wipes to clean your cart handle? How many of you don't use them?

Well, I do and I always thought of the germs only. I've now been told that the police also suggest that you do because of all the problems with drugs. If someone has Fentanyl still on their hands and they touch that cart they transfer it to the cart, then you get it on you; one drop can cause death.

Scary but worth taking the time to clean the handle. All you have to do is rub your nose, or touch your grandchild's mouth to cause a major health problem. This is a very scary truth!!!

*Submitted to FaceBook by a concerned citizen.*



*Special Memories are with me every day , my Buddy !*

FROM YOUR  
EDITOR MARDI



As the daylight gets shorter every day we soon realize that Winter is approaching very quickly! Oh well . . . that means Spring is on the way Æ we can look forward to that!

I am wishing everyone a very memorable Remembrance Day reminiscing with comrades and friends! Enjoy the memories!

As in every other issue, I want to extend a special thank you to all of our loyal readers who keep me up to date with great items, etc. for The Buzz every month Æ I appreciate your input!! But please remember to include in your emails the source of your items.

Our BUZZ is on our Website every month. Look up [www.anavets68.com](http://www.anavets68.com) and ENJOY!!

As always I want to extend a Very Special Thank You to Kerr and Jan for taking us along on their fabulous journey every month!! We will all be very happy to welcome them both home and share a pint with them!

Until next month my wish for you all is to stay healthy, stay happy and always remember to live your life to the fullest!! Enjoy!! Enjoy!!

And again I remind you to give all of your friends and family Special Hugs to let them know just how very much you care!!

Your Editor  
MARDI

