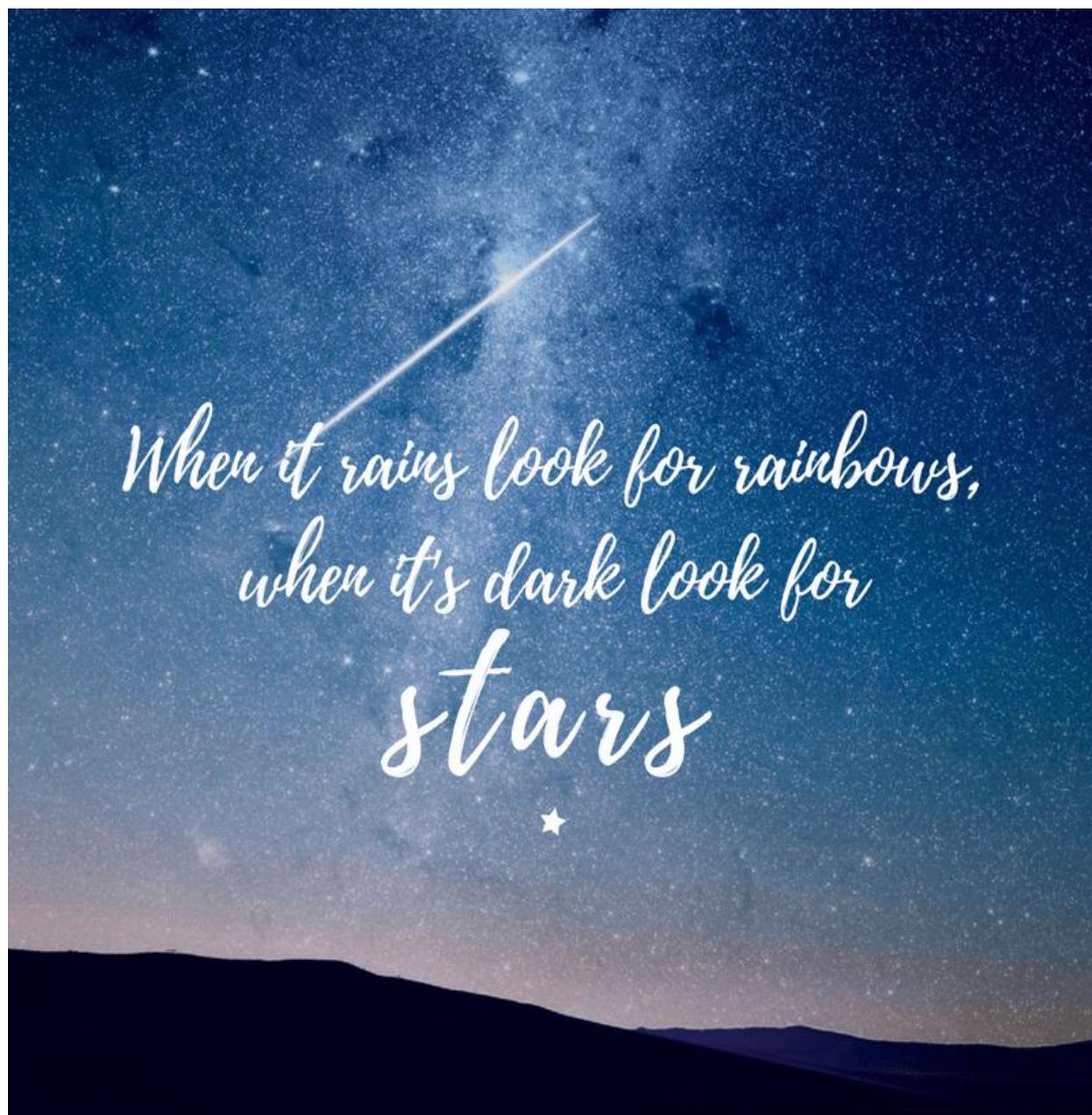


THE BUZZ



THE BUZZ



YOUR
D F 9 G = 8 9 B
REPORT

Hello Comrades and Friends,

I hope this issue finds you all doing well and keeping in good spirits. Things are starting to slowly get back to normal with many businesses re-opening their doors to the public albeit in a limited capacity and ANAF clubs are no exception.

Friday May 22nd saw Kingsway Unit 100 re-open to members only with seating for 45 people, it's a really are following all the proper health board measures to keep us all safe. Everyone that attended had a great time and it was obvious we all enjoyed greeting our friends again even from a distance.

Thank you to President David (Dave) Burney and the Executive and staff of Unit 100 for all the work they did to prepare for the opening. We know that the limited seating capacity is only temporary right now and things can only get better as time goes on.

We have received some good news from the Vancouver Parks Board regarding our annual Unit #68 picnic at Trout Lake John

Hendry Park. They are sending us the requirements to follow so we can have a safe event on Saturday July 18, 2020 from 9am till 4pm.

Happy Father's Day to all there, hope you are having a great barbeque with your family and friends. Stay Safe.

Shoulder to Shoulder

Fraternally Yours,

Jan Holt
President,
East Vancouver Unit #68
anavet68@yahoo.com



JUNE NEWS
FROM YOUR
HONORARY
PRESIDENT



Comrades:

Last month our country took a heavy loss with the downing of an Armed Forces helicopter and then a fatal Snowbird accident. Even in peace time it's a reminder of the danger our service men and women put themselves in on a daily basis.

There have been 7 pilots and 2 passengers killed during the Snowbirds history, with the second most recent in 2008. The Jets are 67 years old, with continual up-grades and constant maintenance.

The Harper Government allocated \$750 million to replace the Jets, however in 2018 PM Justin Trudeau's Government cancelled the order and added modern avionics to the jets thereby keeping them in service until 2030.

The Snowbirds are a demonstrate team of 80 personal, costing in the neighborhood of \$10 million per year to service and operate.

As proud as all Canadians are whenever these planes perform, it's time to replace these planes.

Yes, it's expensive but I feel our country should continue supporting this proud tradition. These men and women represent our country and with a National Defense budget of 20.1 Billion Dollars per year, it's a small price to pay.

Our Hearts go out to Captain Jennifer Casey's family and we all pray for a speedy

recovery for pilot Captain MacDougal, it's a miracle that he survived.

Fraternally Yours
Bob Rietveld ,
Honorary President Unit # 68

Happy Birthday to our Past
President Bill Ritchie!!!



A Very Special Surprise Birthday Celebration was held in Bill's V U W m U f Bill is turning 65 Years Young on June 7th, 2020. Agnes Keegan was there to help him celebrate, along with Jan Holt, Kerr Adamson, Leslie Leopky and Chuck Davies. Leslie's fur buddy Roscoe also joined the party. A fun afternoon was had by all!!!

Just memorize the "0"!



HOW TO READ BAR CODES...(very good to know)

ALWAYS READ THE LABELS ON THE FOODS YOU BUY--NO MATTER WHAT THE FRONT OF THE BOX OR PACKAGE SAYS, TURN IT OVER AND READ THE BACK--- CAREFULLY!

With all the food and pet products now coming from China , it is best to make sure you read label at the grocery store and especially Walmart when buying food products.

Many products no longer show where they were made, only give where the the distributor is located. It is important to read the bar code to track its origin.

How to read Bar Codes interesting!

This may be useful to know when grocery shopping if it's a concern to you.

GREAT WAY TO "BUY USA & CANADA " AND NOT FROM CHINA!!

The whole world is concerned about China-made "black-hearted goods". Can you differentiate which one is made in Taiwan or China?

If the first 3 digits of the barcode are 690 691 or 692, the product is **MADE IN CHINA**. 471 is Made in Taiwan.

This is our right to know, but the government and related departments never educate the public, therefore we have to **RESCUE** ourselves.

Nowadays, Chinese businessmen know that consumers do not prefer products "MADE IN CHINA", so they don't show from which country it is made.

However, you may now refer to the barcode - remember if the first 3 digits are:

690-692 ... then it is **MADE IN CHINA**

00 - 09 ... USA & CANADA

30 - 37 FRANCE

40 - 44 GERMANY

471 ... Taiwan

49 .. JAPAN

50 ... UK

BUY USA & CANADIAN MADE by watching for "0" at the beginning of the number.

We need every boost we can get!
If the government won't help us, we **MUST** help ourselves.



A HOME AWAY FROM HOME

Honour House provides a free of charge, temporary home for members of our Canadian Armed Forces, Veterans and Emergency Services Personnel and their families while they travel to receive medical care and treatment in the Metro Vancouver Area. These brave men and women, along with their families, sacrifice so much to protect our freedom and our everyday way of life, each and every day.

Honour House allows us the opportunity to show our support and appreciation for their selfless sacrifice.

We are proud to support some of our bravest Canadians and their families by providing them with a comfortable place where they can recuperate and forget about the financial stresses associated with their need to leave home for treatment.

Since September 2011, Honour House has saved our guests hundreds of thousands of dollars in out-of-pocket accommodation fees.

Suffering from any form of serious illness is a very stressful experience. Consider a person's day job involves some of the most intense and stressful situations imaginable, and then include a serious illness for them or a member of their family.

On top of all of this, they then have to leave behind their homes and the support of their friends and family as they travel to an unfamiliar city for treatment. Providing a free, safe and comfortable place of recovery for some of our bravest Canadians is the very least that we can do.



Located on a quiet tree-lined street in New Westminster, Honour House is a beautiful, fully renovated heritage home with 11 private bedrooms, each with its own ensuite bathroom. The house has a large shared kitchen, living room, a media room, sunrooms and many other common spaces. The house is fully modernized, wheelchair accessible and is set in its own extensive and lovingly maintained grounds.

Honour House receives no direct funding and raises all of its operating costs through donations and fundraising. The house has one full time and one part time member of staff. Almost all of the work needed to keep Honour House running is carried out by our dedicated board of directors and our hard-working team of volunteers, many of whom have served their country themselves.

OUR MISSION IS NEVER OVER

*Help Us Help Our Heroes
Show our brave men and
women in uniform how
much we appreciate them
risking their lives each and
every day to protect us and
keep us safe.*

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Patrick Buchannon, Executive Director
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Fax: 604-395-4376
E-mail: admin@newchelsea.ca

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For information regarding financial assistance
please contact 572-3242 or 1 – 800 – 268-0248.

*‘This is the sixth book I've
written, which isn't bad for a guy
who's only read two.’*

--- George Burns (1896 - 1996)

A NAF 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!!

Please see any one of our Executive to
obtain your yearly membership

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 Jan Holt
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***

HAPPY BIRTHDAY to our
Unit #68 MAY Celebrants!



Sam Bruni
Grant Dricos
John McGill
Bill Ritchie

Allen (Gill) Carson
Verna Gropp
Shirley Peterson
Shawn Wonnacott

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



REMINISCING
WITH RON ANDY
CAPPINOBINSON ..

Editor's Note: written by

Ronnie for our May 2010 Issue. I wonder what he would think of today's iPhones, etc. Enjoy!



In the early Seventies the world was introduced to a new device that soon became known as the Cell Phone. Actually, this amazing machine was originally created for emergency calls for the police, firemen and for doctors. However, it soon became extremely popular with the general public, especially those who wanted to be
you know what this month is going to be about. I promise you in advance that an awful lot of you readers won't agree with my view on cell phone but my Editors Fred and Mardi don't pay me those big bucks - they pay me to fill up page six with something every month.

Actually what I thought column about was an event that happened to myself and my lady friend, Lillian, several weeks ago in Las Vegas. We were attending a Comedy Show in the Four Queens Hotel and Casino. Moments before the show was to begin an announcement came over the theater requesting anyone with a cell phone to please see that they are turned off in respect to the entertainers as well as the audience.

We were seated in the front row, next to the stage. Sitting next to Lillian was a man and a woman in their early thirties. When the show's headliner (a Jay Leno Show) began his comedy routine the woman's cell phone at the same time her companion was busy playing some sort of game on his. The

comedian stopped his act and began giving the couple holy hell, and suddenly both Lillian and myself were brought into the fracas when he pointed us out and said that we had spent good money and had not been given the chance to enjoy the show. Anyway, the cell phone had ruined the show for us. Cell Phones? I hate them!

I got on a 49th and Fraser bus one day and I and all the other passengers were forced to listen to an idiot talking on his cell phone the entire trip to downtown. Why on earth do these people think we want to listen to their damn calls!

For years and years I have thought there was nothing more pleasant than sitting around a beer table in the club with your friends having a cool beer and discussing the latest sports news, politics, club business, etc., etc. Now when someone gets a call on his cell phone or has to make a call, then we have to listen to the call. I call this VERY IGNORANT and probably not too necessary except to show that he has a cell phone!

Cell phones in cars - not needed at all!! Need proof? Our own city has outlawed them and if that doesn't make you cell phone people just think about this ... the largest city in the world (New York) outlawed them several years ago. I have driven a car since I was 16 or 17 and I never had to use a phone in all those years, and yes, we had plenty of pay phones along the route, but I doubt I ever had to use them more than five times in my entire life!

One 'phone' story I'll never forget, and I'm quite sure there are other members around who will also remember. It happened in the funeral chapel at 38th and Fraser Street quite a few years ago. One of the most popular members of our club passed away. He began to ring and The chapel was packed with mourners from almost every veterans club in the

Lower Mainland. The Padre was in the middle of his tribute to our fallen comrade when suddenly a cell phone began ringing. The owner answered the phone and believe it or not, began laughing during his conversation on the phone. He actually took the entire situation as a joke. The Padre stopped his tribute and asked the ignorant fellow to take his phone out to the lobby of the chapel. At the same time, two of the attendants came up the aisle and removed him to the parking lot outside the chapel. Maybe my feelings against the cell phones began that terrible Saturday afternoon. One thing for sure, it will be an incident that will remain with me forever.

Well, that does it for this month's column and yes, I know just what most of you nice people are thinking at this moment . . . Robinson is over 88 years old and getting feeble-minded - WRONG!! I was feeble-minded long before I was 88!! And I promise not to take any more GRUMPY pills until I begin writing my next column.

Forever in our Memories

HUMOUR IS THE BEST
MEDICINE

PLEASE TAKE OUT YOUR CLOTHES FROM CLOSET REGULARLY, AIR THEM AND ALLOW TO STAND IN SUNLIGHT. RECENT STUDIES SHOWS THAT IF CLOTHES ARE KEPT IN CLOSETS OVER LOCKDOWN THEY SHRINK. 😊

A DEVOTED ADMIRER . . .

For months he had been her devoted admirer. Now, at long last, he had collected up sufficient courage to ask her the most momentous of all questions: *"There are quite a lot of advantages to being a bachelor,"* he began, *"but there comes a time when one longs for the companionship of another being -- a being who will regard one as perfect, as an idol; whom one can treat as one's absolute own; who will be kind and faithful when times are hard; who will share one's joys and sorrows."*

To his delight he saw a sympathetic gleam in her eyes. Then she nodded in agreement. Finally, she responded, *"I think it's a great idea! Can I help you choose which puppy to buy?"*

A real-estate agent was driving around with a new fiancee when she spotted a charming little farmhouse with a hand-lettered "For Sale" sign out front.

After briskly introducing herself and her associate to the startled occupant, the agent cruised from room to room, opening closets and cupboards, testing faucets and pointing out where a *"new light fixture here and a little paint there"* would help.

Pleased with her assertiveness, the woman was hopeful that the owner would offer her the listing.

"Ma'am," the man said, *"I appreciate the home-improvement tips and all, but I think you read my sign wrong. It says, "HORSE for sale."*

I have the most marvelous recipe for meat loaf! All I have to do is mention it to my husband and he says, *"Let's eat out!"*

EVERYONE'S been talking about a lovely video poem about the coronavirus pandemic called The Great Realisation.



Tom Roberts' poem takes the form of a bedtime story being told in the future.

In it, a dad tells his sleepy son the story of The Great Realisation, about how the coronavirus caused everyone to rethink our priorities and make positive changes to how we live.

'The Great Realisation' is a poem by filmmaker Tom Roberts which went viral online after offering a sense of optimism about the future after the coronavirus crisis is over.

Poet whose viral coronavirus verse has been viewed by 18 million people tells This Morning that the world can emerge from the pandemic as a better place if we all 'believe' it will happen

But the poet stressed that trying to think of the good things is now more important than ever, saying: "*I think the magic is that if you choose to believe that some good can come out of something really bad, the probability of that happening increases.*"

He added: "*I've always loved doing these poems, and this is the first time that a lot of people have watched one, which is very humbling.*"

The Great Realisation, by
Tom Roberts

"Tell me the one about the virus again,
then I'll go to bed.

'But my boy, you're growing weary, sleepy
thoughts about your head.

'Please! That one's my favourite. I promise
just once more.

'Okay, snuggle down my boy, though I
know you know full well
The story starts before then, in a world I
once dwelled

'It was a world of waste and wonder, of
poverty and plenty
Back before we understood why
hindsight's 2020

'You see the people came up with
companies to trade across all lands.
But they swelled and got bigger than we
could ever have planned

'We'd always had our wants, but now it got
so quick.
You could have everything you dreamed of
in a day and with a click.

'We noticed families had stopped talking.
That's not to say they never spoke.
But the meaning must have melted and the
work life balance broke.

'And the children's eyes got squarer and
every toddler had a phone.
They filtered out the imperfections but
amidst the noise, they felt alone.

'And every day the sky grew thicker, til we
couldn't see the stars.
So we flew in planes to find them while
down below we filled our cars.

'We'd drive around all day in circles. We'd
forgotten how to run.

We swapped the grass for tarmac, shrunk the parks till there were none.

'We filled the sea with plastic cause our waste was never capped.
Until each day when you went fishing, you'd pull them out already wrapped.

'And while we drank and smoked and gambled, our leaders taught us why, It's best to not upset the lobbies, more convenient to die.

'But then in 2020, a new virus came our way.
The government reacted and told us all to hide away.

'But while we were all hidden, amidst the fear and all the while,
The people dusted off their instincts, they remembered how to smile.

'They started clapping to say thank you, and calling up their mums.

'And while the cars keys were gathering dust, they would look forward to their runs.

'And with the sky less full of planes, the earth began to breathe.
And the beaches brought new wildlife that scattered off into the seas.

'Some people started dancing, some were singing, some were baking.
We'd grown so used to bad news but some good news was in the making.

'And so when we found the cure and were allowed to go outside,
We all preferred the world we found to the one we'd left behind.

'Old habits became extinct, and they made way for the new.
And every simple act of kindness was now given its due.

'But why did it take a virus to bring the people back together?'

Well, sometimes, you got to get sick, my boy, before you start feeling better.

'Now lie down, and dream of tomorrow, and all the things that we can do.
And who knows, maybe if you dream strong enough, some of them will come true.

'We now call it the Great Realisation, and yes, since then there have been many.

'But that's the story of how it started, and why hindsight's 2020.'



Dog's Bedtime Prayer

Now I lay me down to sleep,
The king-sized bed is soft and deep.
I sleep right in the center groove,
My human beings can hardly move.
I've trapped their legs, they're tucked in tight,
And here is where I pass the night.

No one disturbs me or dares intrude,
Til morning comes and "I want food!"
I sneak up slowly to begin,
And nibble on my human's chin.
For morning's here, it's time to play,
I always seem to get my way.

So thank you Lord, for giving me,
This human person that I see.
The one who hugs me and holds me tight,
And shares their bed with me at night.

A NYC Taxi driver wrote:

I arrived at the address and honked the horn. After waiting a few minutes, I honked again. Since this was going to be my last ride of my shift I thought about just driving away, but instead I put the car in park and walked up to the door minute', answered a frail, elderly voice. I could hear something being dragged across the floor.

After a long pause, the door opened. A small woman in her 90's stood before me. She was wearing a print dress and a pillbox hat with a veil pinned on it, like somebody out of a 1940's movie.

By her side was a small nylon suitcase. The apartment looked as if no one had lived in it for years. All the furniture was covered with sheets.

There were no clocks on the walls, no knickknacks or utensils on the counters. In the corner was a cardboard box filled with photos and glassware.

'Would you carry my bag out to the car?' she said. I took the suitcase to the cab, then returned to assist the woman.

She took my arm and we walked slowly toward the curb.

She kept thanking me for my kindness. 'It's nothing', I told her. 'at my passengers the way I would want my mother to be treated.'

'Oh, you're such a good boy, she said. When we got in the cab, she gave me an address and then asked, 'Could you drive through downtown?'

'It's not the shortest way,' I answered quickly.

'Oh, I don't mind,' she said. 'I'm in no hurry. I'm on my way to a hospice.'

I looked in the rear-view mirror. Her eyes were glistening. 'I don't have any family left,' she continued in a soft voice. 'I H doctor says I don't have very long.' I quietly reached over and shut off the meter.

'What route would you like me to take?' I asked.

For the next two hours, we drove through the city. She showed me the building where she had once worked as an elevator operator.

We drove through the neighborhood where she and her husband had lived when they were newlyweds. She had me pull up in front of a furniture warehouse that had once been a ballroom where she had gone dancing as a girl.

Sometimes she'd ask me to slow in front of a particular building or corner and would sit staring into the darkness, saying nothing.

As the first hint of sun was creasing the horizon, she suddenly said, 'I'm tired. Let's [c b c k " D

We drove in silence to the address she had given me. It was a low building, like a small convalescent home, with a driveway that passed under a portico.

Two orderlies came out to the cab as soon as we pulled up. They were solicitous and intent, watching her every move. They must have been expecting her.

I opened the trunk and took the small suitcase to the door. The woman was already seated in a wheelchair.

'How much do I owe you?' She asked, reaching into her purse.

'Nothing.' I said.

'You have to make a living,' she answered.

'There are other passengers,' I responded.

Almost without thinking, I bent and gave her a hug. She held onto me tightly.

'You gave an old woman a little moment of joy,' she said. 'Thank you.'

I squeezed her hand, and then walked into the dim morning light. Behind me, a door shut. It was the sound of the closing of a life.

I didn't pick up any more passengers that shift. I drove aimlessly lost in thought. For the rest of that day. I could hardly talk. What if that woman had gotten an angry driver, or one who was impatient to end his shift? What if I had refused to take the run, or had honked once, then driven away?

On a quick review, I don't think that I have done anything more important in my life.

We're conditioned to think that our lives revolve around great moments. But great moments often catch us unaware-beautifully wrapped in what others may consider a small one.

Source: Joe Becigneul
on Facebook



Short skirts have a tendency to make men polite. Have you ever seen a man get on a bus ahead of one?

LITTLE BOY KNOWLED GE

A little boy and his grandfather are raking leaves in the yard. The little boy finds an earthworm trying to get back into its hole.

He says, "*Grandpa, I bet I can put that worm back in that hole.*"

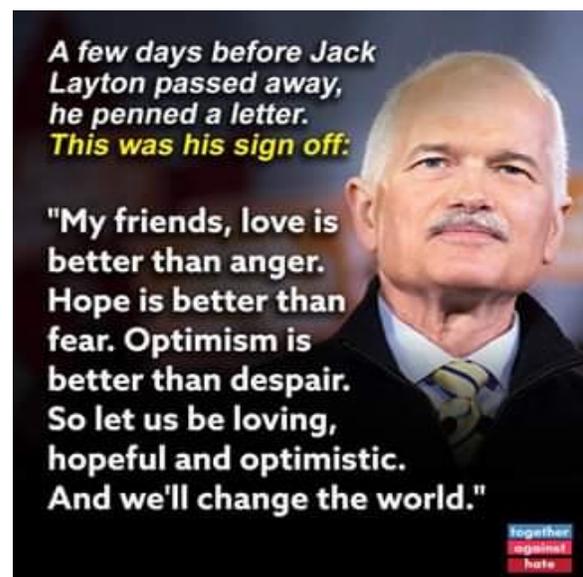
The grandfather replies, "*I'll bet you five dollars you can't. It's too wiggly and limp to put back in that little hole.*"

The little boy runs into the house and comes back out with a can of hair spray. He sprays the worm until it is straight and stiff as a board. Then he puts the worm back into the hole.

The grandfather hands the little boy five dollars, grabs the hair spray, and runs into the house. Thirty minutes later the grandfather comes back out and hands the little boy another five dollars.

The little boy says, "*Grandpa, you already gave me five dollars.*"

The grandfather replies, "*I know. That's from your grandma.*"



A FEW HANDY
HINTS FOR YOU
and FO R YOUR
HOUSEHOLD



Used Tea Bag to Sprout Seeds ..

Remove the staple and string and snip a tiny hole in your used tea bags and place your seeds inside. Keep moist and in a few days your seed will sprout.

From there, you can place in a small pot or directly into your garden. No need to remove the bag. It will protect the young root from any disturbance and pests and break down naturally. Easy and fun for adults and kiddies!



Cleaning Rusty Tin Pie Pan s Å

Remove rust from a tin pie pans using a raw slice of potato. Dip the potato in a some scouring powder and scrub away.



Banana Peels for Cleaning Shoes

...

Bananas are not only a fast meal, they can also clean your shoes in a second.

Rubbing the inside of the peel on the outside of each pair of shoes. Grab a dishcloth and buff it off. Amazingly the scuffs, dirt, and questionable marks will disappear.



Use Foil On Ironing Board Å

Put foil under your ironing board cover to help insulate it.

The foil will help heat the underside of the item you are pressing.



Buy Native Plants Å

When planting, one way to help ensure that your new plants will survive is to opt for plants that are native to your area.

Those plants are most likely to survive in your particular climate and will require the least care. There is a huge variety of native plants for you to choose from in any part of the world.



Slicing Mushrooms Å

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 Å

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, brush it out of your oven. Most of the stain should be gone.



Pressing Rice Krispy Treats Å

Love Rice Krispy Treats but hate the mess? Run your hands under cold water before pressing Rice Krispies treats in the pan and the marshmallow won't stick to your fingers. Butter or oil rubbed on your fingers can also be used.



Protecting Sheets of Stamps Å

Keep stamps from sticking together by storing them in-between sheets of wax paper. Wax paper also works well for saving stickers, just put them on the shiny side of the wax paper.



FROM OUR UN IT
#68 BUZZ RECIPE
CORNER:



FRENCH ONION MEATLOAF

Warm, comforting, and healthy meatloaf stuffed with 2 sweet, caramelized onions and topped with bubbly gruyere cheese. This is the ultimate in comfort food, yet still low in calories and fat, and packed with protein!



INGREDIENTS

- < 1 tbsp olive oil
- < 1 tsp balsamic vinegar
- < 3 cloves garlic, minced
- < 2 large sweet onions, sliced
- < salt and pepper
- < 2 egg whites, lightly beaten
- < 1/3 cup unsweetened almond milk
- < 1/3 cup low sodium beef broth
- < 1/2 cup raw oats (if you care about that sort of thing, use gluten-free oats)
- < 1 lb 96% lean ground beef (if I haven't sold you on the beef thing, ground turkey works too)
- < 2-3 oz gruyere cheese, sliced or freshly shredded

DIRECTIONS

- < Preheat oven to 400. Line a 9 x 5 inch loaf pan with tin foil and spray with nonstick spray. Set aside.
- < In a large pan, cook garlic and onions in olive oil and balsamic vinegar over medium-low heat. Season with salt and pepper. Cook until soft and caramelized, about 40 minutes.
- < Meanwhile, whisk together egg whites, almond milk and beef broth in a large bowl. When onions have finished cooking, remove from heat and let cool for 5-10 minutes, then add onions, oats and beef to the egg white mixtures. Add salt and pepper if desired (I didn't). Use your hands to incorporate all ingredients until combined. You don't need to overmix. The mixture may appear liquidy at first, but just keep lightly tossing with your hands, and it will come together.
- < Transfer to prepared loaf pan, and cook for 50-60 minutes until cooked throughout. Remove tinfoil from pan and transfer to a baking sheet. Gently remove tin foil from the sides of your meatloaf, and flatten onto baking sheet (this allows the cheese to ooze down). Top with cheese. Turn your oven to broil and cook for an additional 3-5 minutes until the cheese is melted, browned and bubbly to your liking. Let rest for 5 minutes, then enjoy.

ENJOY!! ENJOY!!

EDITOR'S NOTE: looks Yummy & great to enjoy on a lonely coronavirus evening!

HISTORY OF THE CAR RADIO

Seems like cars have always had radios, but they didn't.

Here's the story:

One evening, in 1929, two young men named William Lear and Elmer Wavering drove their girlfriends to a lookout point high above the Mississippi River town of Quincy, Illinois, to watch the sunset.

It was a romantic night to be sure, but one of the women observed that it would be even nicer if they could listen to music in the car.

Lear and Wavering liked the idea. Both men had tinkered with radios (Lear served as a radio operator in the U.S. Navy during World War I) and it wasn't long before they were taking apart a home radio and trying to get it to work in a car.

But it wasn't easy: automobiles have ignition switches, generators, spark plugs, and other electrical equipment that generate noisy static interference, making it nearly impossible to listen to the radio when the engine was running.

One by one, Lear and Wavering identified and eliminated each source of electrical interference. When they finally got their radio to work, they took it to a radio convention in Chicago.

There they met Paul Galvin, owner of Galvin Manufacturing Corporation. He made a product called a "battery eliminator", a device that allowed battery-powered radios to run on household AC current.

But as more homes were wired for electricity, more radio manufacturers made AC-powered radios.

Galvin needed a new product to manufacture. When he met Lear and Wavering at the radio convention, he found it. He believed that mass-produced, affordable car radios had the potential to become a huge business.

Lear and Wavering set up shop in Galvin's factory, and when they perfected their first radio, they installed it in his Studebaker.

Then Galvin went to a local banker to apply for a loan. Thinking it might sweeten the deal, he had his men install a radio in the banker's Packard.

Good idea, but it didn't work – Half an hour after the installation, the banker's Packard caught on fire. (They didn't get the loan.)

Galvin didn't give up. He drove his Studebaker nearly 800 miles to Atlantic City to show off the radio at the 1930 Radio Manufacturers Association convention.

Too broke to afford a booth, he parked the car outside the convention hall and cranked up the radio so that passing conventioners could hear it.

That idea worked -- He got enough orders to put the radio into production.

WHAT'S IN A NAME

That first production model was called the 5T71.

Galvin decided he needed to come up with something a little catchier.

In those days many companies in the phonograph and radio businesses used the suffix "ola" for their names - Radiola, Columbiola, and Victrola were three of the

biggest. Galvin decided to do the same thing, and since his radio was intended for use in a motor vehicle, he decided to call it the Motorola.

But even with the name change, the radio still had problems:

When Motorola went on sale in 1930, it cost about \$110 uninstalled, at a time when you could buy a brand-new car for \$650, and the country was sliding into the Great Depression. (By that measure, a radio for a new car would cost about \$3,000 today.)

In 1930, it took two men several days to put in a car radio -- The dashboard had to be taken apart so that the receiver and a single speaker could be installed, and the ceiling had to be cut open to install the antenna.

These early radios ran on their own batteries, not on the car battery, so holes had to be cut into the floorboard to accommodate them.

The installation manual had eight complete diagrams and 28 pages of instructions. Selling complicated car radios that cost 20 percent of the price of a brand-new car wouldn't have been easy in the best of times, let alone during the Great Depression - Galvin lost money in 1930 and struggled for a couple of years after that. But things picked up in 1933 when Ford began offering Motorola's pre-installed at the factory.

In 1934 they got another boost when Galvin struck a deal with B.F. Goodrich tire company to sell and install them in its chain of tire stores.

By then the price of the radio, with installation included, had dropped to \$55. The Motorola car radio was off and running.

(The name of the company would be officially changed from Galvin Manufacturing to "Motorola" in 1947.)

In the meantime, Galvin continued to develop new uses for car radios. In 1936, the same year that it introduced push-button tuning, it also introduced the Motorola Police Cruiser, a standard car radio that was factory preset to a single frequency to pick up police broadcasts.

In 1940 he developed the first handheld two-way radio -- The Handy-Talkie -- for the U. S. Army.

A lot of the communication technologies that we take for granted today were born in Motorola labs in the years that followed World War II.

In 1947 they came out with the first television for under \$200.

In 1956 the company introduced the world's first pager; in 1969 came the radio and television equipment that was used to televise Neil Armstrong's first steps on the Moon.

In 1973 it invented the world's first handheld cellular phone.

Today Motorola is one of the largest cell phone manufacturers in the world. And it all started with the car radio.

WHATEVER HAPPENED TO the two men who installed the first radio in Paul Galvin's car?

Elmer Wavering and William Lear, ended up taking very different paths in life.

Wavering stayed with Motorola. In the 1950's he helped change the automobile experience again when he developed the first automotive alternator, replacing inefficient and unreliable generators. The

invention lead to such luxuries as power windows, power seats, and, eventually, air-conditioning.

Lear also continued inventing. He holds more than 150 patents. Remember eight-track tape players? Lear invented that.

But what he's really famous for are his contributions to the field of aviation. He invented radio direction finders for planes, aided in the invention of the autopilot, designed the first fully automatic aircraft landing system, and in 1963 introduced his most famous invention of all, the Lear Jet, the world's first mass-produced, affordable business jet. (Not bad for a guy who dropped out of school after the eighth grade.)

Sometimes it is fun to find out how some of the many things that we take for granted actually came into being!



WE WALK TOGETHER

"And so one day
We fell in step.
It mattered not that each of us
Had traveled quite a way,
Or that the hour was rather late.
It just seemed very good
To walk together.

I think it seemed to each of us
A sweet surprise,
An unexpected joy,
To know such deep and quiet peace
With one another."

~ Sue C. Boynton

Image Credit: Jacques Matthysen

Source: Library of Thoughts



A Cowboy's Guide to Life...

1. Don't squat with your spurs on.
2. Don't interfere with something that ain't bothering you none.
3. If you find yourself in a hole, the first thing to do is stop digging.
4. Always drink upstream from the herd.
5. Telling a man to git and making him do it are two entirely different propositions.
6. When you give a personal lesson in meanness to a critter or to a person don't be surprised if they learn their lesson.
7. If you're riding ahead of the herd, take a look back every now and then to make sure it's still back there.
8. The quickest way to double your money is to fold it over and put it back in your pocket.
9. If you get to thinking you're a person of some influence, try ordering somebody else's dog around.
10. And never, ever, miss a good opportunity to shut up.



AN OLD SOUL IS A SIGHT TO
BEHOLD . . .

"Old age is not a disease - it is strength and survivorship, triumph over all kinds of vicissitudes and disappointments, trials and illnesses."

~ Maggie Kuhn

A LAUGH A DAY

"You're in remarkable shape for a man your age," said the doctor to the ninety-year-old man after the examination.

"I know it," said the old gentleman. ***"I've really got only one complaint: My sex drive is too high. Got anything you can do for that, Doc?"***

The doctor's mouth dropped open. ***"Your what?"*** he gasped.

"My sex drive," said the old man. ***"It's too high, and I'd like to have you lower it if you can."***

"Lower it!" exclaimed the doctor, still unable to believe what the ninety-year-old gentleman was saying. ***"Just what do you consider 'high'?"***

"These days it seems like it's all in my head, Doc," said the old man, ***"and I'd like to have you lower it a couple of feet if you can."***

I'M SO OLD THAT:

I HAVE DIALED A ROTARY PHONE (THAT DID NOT HAVE AN ANSWERING MACHINE), RECORDED A SONG THAT I LOVE OFF A TRANSISTOR RADIO ONTO A TAPE RECORDER, WATCHED A BLACK & WHITE TV (WITH LESS THAN 10 CHANNELS) THAT HAD FOIL ON THE RABBIT EAR ANTENNAS, TAKEN A LONG WALK WITHOUT COUNTING THE STEPS & EATEN FOOD THAT I DIDN'T TAKE PICTURES OF.

*K\ Uh` J Z` &\$&\$` J g b D h`
K\ Uh` J Z` &\$&\$` J g` h \ Y`
been waiting for?*

*A year so uncomfortable, so
painful, so scary, so raw Ē that it
finally forces us to grow.*

*A year that screams so loud,
finally awakening us from our
ignorant slumber.*

*A year we finally accept the need
for change.*

*Declare change. Work for change.
Become the change.*

*A year we finally band together,
instead of pushing each other
further apart.*

*& \$ & \$` çagcbllDh, but rather
the most important year of them
all.*

- Leslie Dwight

My Hero

You held my hand
When I was small
You caught me when I fell
You're the hero of my childhood
And my later years as well

And every time I think of you
My heart still fills with pride
Though I'll always miss you Dad
I know you're by my side

In laughter and in sorrow
In sunshine and through rain
I know you're watching over me
Until we meet again

-author unknown

FROM YOUR YX3
EDITOR MARDI



It's wonderful news to hear that our world is starting to open up once again – *slow but sure wins the race*, as they say! Together apart we will succeed!! !!

Wishing all of our Fathers, Grandfathers and Great-Grandfathers a Very Happy Father's Day! Sending you much Love and 'air hugs' with the hope that your day will be a special and memorable one for you!!

Just as in last month's issue - my wish for you, our loyal Buzz readers, is to stay healthy, stay six feet away from your friends and family but do remember to send them all 'air' hugs!!

Special Thanks as always to all of our community front line workers for all that you are doing to keep us safe!

Make your plans now to attend our Annual Picnic on July 18th – It will be a 'Happening'!! A very Fun Day to bring us all together again!

Your Editor
MARDI

5 Ways to Stay Connected Å
Pick up the phone and phone a family member
Gather paper and a pen and write a letter to a friend
Have a "window visit" and use hand made signs with messages to communicate
Say or wave "hello" to a stranger from your window, yard or patio
Create a "thinking of you card" and slide it under a neighbour's apartment door

TOGETHER WE CAN DO THIS!!