

# THE BUZZ



**WE WILL REMEMBER!!**

# THE BUZZ



## YOUR PRESIDENT'S REPORT

Hello Comrades and Friends,

I hope this issue finds you all doing well and keeping in good spirits.

November 2020 is upon us with this year's poppy campaign and Remembrance Day ceremonies going through several changes due to COVID 19.

As a result, we do not have poppy taggers at downtown buildings, sky train entrances, outside store fronts, or Cadets, Girl Guides and Brownies helping with the campaign.

The parade to the cenotaphs and ceremonies for the public have been cancelled. Only small groups of Comrades will be laying the wreaths at the various cenotaphs, Comrade Sandi Greenfield will lay the Unit 68 wreath at Memorial South Park Cenotaph and the Victory Square celebration will be virtually televised on Global B.C.

We all have memories of loved ones, family, friends and Comrades who have passed and although we cannot attend the cenotaph we can and will still remember

them on the 11<sup>th</sup> month, 11<sup>th</sup> day and 11<sup>th</sup> hour in our own way.

*"Age shall not weary them, nor the years condemn.*

*At the going down of the sun and  
in the morning  
we will remember them."*

Stay safe and remember social distancing is the new 2020.

***Shoulder to Shoulder***

Fraternally Yours,

**Jan Holt**

**President,**

**East Vancouver Unit #68**

[anavet68@yahoo.com](mailto:anavet68@yahoo.com)



## NOVEMBER NEWS FROM YOUR HONOURARY PRESIDENT



Comrades:

Around 15 years ago comrades Bob Mara of Unit #26, Chuck McDonald of Unit #284, Roy Blair of Unit #68, and May Nyce of Unit #68 and I would travel to the Penticton Peach Festival Parade in mid-summer.

As designate driver I could not indulge in the usual festive beer consumption in my van, but your dedicated Colour Guard members made up for it.

One special member however, May Nyce seemed to have a bladder problem and demanded I stop about every 1 hour for a pee break. About 20 miles from Princeton she could not hold on, so again I stopped for her.

As she crawled down an embankment to an appropriate tree, I jokingly snuck up and discreetly took a picture, which for years I used to black mail her.

I threatened to publish that picture in the Buzz if she did not comply with my demands. Her comeback was, if you do, I have New Years pictures you never want published. So, there was a stalemate for eternity.

All these years as I travel that highway, I salute that spot and say a prayer for my friend, but yesterday was different. As I drove home, I decided to stop and crawl down that hill and place a poppy on that pee tree in memory of those fun times, and being only 4 days from Remembrance Day, it seemed the right thing to do.

Now this story takes a twist. As I went down the hill, a truck pulling a horse trailer pulled into that same location and of course, the driver spotted my decaled Hummer and inquired what I was doing at that tree with a poppy?

I told him the above story and him, being a Veteran, was very touched. He then opened his van window to show me his black stallion.

The beautiful horse looked at me and it was as if May just rode in on its back, and since she was a First Nations person, it all seemed so surreal.

I will never forget this Remembrance day --  
**LEST WE FORGET!**

**Fraternally Yours**  
**Bob Rietveld,**  
**Past Colour Seargent,**  
**Honorary President Unit #68**





## PLEASE WEAR A POPPY

*"Please wear a poppy,"*  
the lady said  
And held one forth, but I shook my head.  
Then I stopped and watched as she  
offered them there,  
And her face was old and lined with care;  
But beneath the scars the years  
had made  
There remained a smile that  
refused to fade.

A boy came whistling down the street,  
Bouncing along on care-free feet.  
His smile was full of joy and fun,  
*"Lady,"* said he, *"may I have one?"*  
When she's pinned in on he  
turned to say,  
*"Why do we wear a poppy today?"*

The lady smiled in her wistful way  
And answered, "This is  
Remembrance Day,  
And the poppy there is the symbol for  
The gallant men who died in war.  
And because they did,  
you and I are free -  
That's why we wear a poppy, you see.

*"I had a boy about your size,  
With golden hair and big blue eyes.  
He loved to play and jump and shout,  
Free as a bird he would race about.  
As the years went by he learned  
and grew  
and became a man - as you will, too.*

*"He was fine and strong,  
with a boyish smile,  
But he'd seemed with us such  
a little while  
When war broke out and he went away.  
I still remember his face that day  
When he smiled at me and  
said, Goodbye,  
I'll be back soon, Mom, so please  
don't cry.*

*"But the war went on and he had to stay,  
And all I could do was wait and pray.  
His letters told of the awful fight,  
(I can see it still in my dreams at night),  
With the tanks and guns and  
cruel barbed wire,  
And the mines and bullets,  
the bombs and fire.  
"Till at last, at last, the war was won -  
And that's why we wear a poppy son."*

The small boy turned as if to go,  
Then said, *"Thanks, lady, I'm glad  
to know.  
That sure did sound like an awful fight,  
But your son - did he come back  
all right?"*  
A tear rolled down each faded cheek;  
She shook her head, but didn't speak.

I slunk away in a sort of shame,  
And if you were me you'd have  
done the same;  
For our thanks, in giving, if oft delayed,  
Thought our freedom was bought -  
and thousands paid!

And so when we see a poppy worn,  
Let us reflect on the burden borne,  
By those who gave their very all  
When asked to answer their  
country's call  
That we at home in peace might live.  
Then wear a poppy!  
Remember - and give!

~~By Don Crawford.

### EDITOR'S NOTE:

*We have reprinted  
this poem (from 2011  
and 2012 ) because its  
meaning grows  
stronger each and  
every year!*



## **OUR NATIONS' PRIDE: A COMMEMORATIVE WRITING CONTEST - WINNING ENTRY**

*"It is amidst great perils we see brave hearts."* -Jean Francois Regnard

I am proud of this nation because of the heroes of this nation and what they did to protect my freedom without ever considering the cost to themselves. The men that served in the First World War, the Second World War, and the Korean War, gave everything they could, including their lives if necessary, to ensure freedom.

They did not serve solely for the goal of giving freedom to Canada, for, as this was their primary calling, it was not their ultimate. The men and women that now take the title of "hero," and rightly so, fought for the free will of every human being - dependant not on race, nationality, or religion, but on the right of all to be equal.

There were many battles that Canada participated in, and in each battle, Canadians proved their worth with immeasurable success. In Ypres (1915), Canada joined with Britain and France in the battle against Germany. There, Canada was crucial in ensuring the defeat of the Germans. And, that battle became a turning point in the First World War itself. During the Second World War, in western Holland (1945), the Canadian Forces fought hard to liberate the area from German control. The battles that ensued were intense and critical, and when Canada took victory over the areas in German control, our troops enabled liberation once again. In the Korean War (1950 - 1953), Canada contributed the most troops, in proportion to its population, than most of the countries in the international force. In the Battle of Kapyong, Canada's Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry earned a

United States Presidential Citation because of the bravery they displayed while maintaining a very difficult position.

The men and women that have served Canada in the past deserve the title of "hero." A hero is not measured in terms of strength, in terms of size, or in terms of importance to the cause. A hero is measured by bravery, and the bravery our Veterans have surpasses anything else deserving of honour when we as a nation look back at our past. And, although it may seem sometimes that we forget our Veterans' effort, support and sacrifice, the heroism our Veterans' exemplified adds to the pride I have in Canada.

I remember attending a memorial service a few years ago, and I remember looking into the face of the Veterans that were present. As they reflected on their past, I looked into their eyes and saw the stories they contained. I could see the trenches, the battles, the immense struggles as they fought for ideals they believed in. And, most importantly, I recall seeing the courage they had despite the face of adversity. That is what makes me proud to be Canadian.

Connor Shram



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*“A lie doesn’t become truth,  
wrong doesn’t become right  
and evil doesn’t become good  
just because it’s accepted by a majority.”*

Booker T. Washington

**ANAF UNIT #68  
MEMBERSHIP . .**



The year 2020 is almost over – please plan  
for your new memberships for 2021 soon!

**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 NOVEMBER  
Celebrants!**



Phil Barbour  
Rose Rietveld  
Al Stronstad

Charlie Calvert  
Joe Sharples  
Brian Wiens

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

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



**Editor's Note:** The following are excerpts from Ronnie's military adventures – they are classic - so ENJOY!

With those dreaded war clouds still hovering over this world of ours, our thoughts bring about memories of the last war. Of course we all know that there is certainly nothing humorous about war, but there are lighter events to remember.

Mine goes back to June 18<sup>th</sup>, 1940. Myself and four of my Fraser Street 'Gang' walked all the way down to the Beatty Street Armories and joined the Army. The recruiting officer promised us we would be staying together in the same outfit, the Duke of Connaught's Own Rifles Regiment.

I still believe the Canadian Government owes me a medal for being the shortest length of time served in a regiment. Twenty minutes after I took the oath as a member of the Connaught's Rifles I was suddenly discharged and became a Private in the Rocky Mountain Rangers and sent to Salmon Arm for basic training and never saw my 'Gang' ever again.

The Army told me I would serve my time with the Rocky Mountain Rangers until I gained more weight then I would be returned to the same outfit as my buddies. It never happened.

My early months in Salmon Arm are times I shall never forget. Our first issue of uniforms consisted of coveralls (large enough to hold three soldiers), a cardboard pith helmet, and a broom handle for a weapon.

Twice a week we 'proudly' marched down the main street of Salmon Arm with our wonderful broomsticks slung over our shoulders. The locals watched us from both sides of the street and we never could

figure out if they were cheering for us, . . . or laughing at us. I often thought if the enemy ever seen us with our trusty broom handles they would have felt so sorry for us they would have surrendered!

One thing I remember about those first few months of the war that few people today ever knew about, was that members of the armed forces were not allowed in the same restaurants as the Locals, or the beer parlors in some towns (Halifax was the worst city for this).

Now quickly back to my story . . . after about six months in Salmon Arm I was transferred to the Royal Canadian Artillery and became a gunner in the 25<sup>th</sup> Battery, Anti-Aircraft. It took a team of five to operate the Bofors anti-aircraft gun.

Something happened on a bright, sunny day on Vancouver Island that myself and the other four gunners were responsible for, and the Canadian government made us swear to complete silence about the entire episode.

That Order was given over sixty years ago now, and I broke my code of silence in the November issue of The Buzz in 2005, . . . so if you missed my big story in that issue perhaps you can bribe the editors and they'll come forward with a back issue for you.

Otherwise, you'll just have to bribe me with a pint or two, and maybe I'll tell my story – maybe!!!!

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

It's been close to sixty years ago now, so I presume it's safe enough for me to open my mouth and tell you the reason why we were sworn to secrecy.

As mentioned in my previous column . . . 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 shoot and destroy the large 'sock' being towed above us by a small aircraft. We aimed and we fired. We missed the 'sock' 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 because . . . we won the war, didn't we?

*Forever in our Memories*

## HUMOUR IS THE BEST MEDICINE . . . .

A man went to the doctor complaining of insomnia. The doctor gave him a thorough examination, found absolutely nothing physically wrong with him, and then told him, "*Listen, if you ever expect to cure your insomnia, you just have to stop taking your troubles to bed with you.*"

*"I know," said the man, "but I can't. My wife refuses to sleep alone."*

— — — — —  
Two men were walking home after a Halloween party and decided to take a shortcut through the cemetery just for laughs.

Right in the middle of the cemetery they were startled by a tap-tap-tapping noise coming from the misty shadows. Trembling with fear, they found an old man with a hammer and chisel, chipping away at one of the headstones.

*"Holy cow, Mister," one of them said after catching his breath, "You scared us half to death -- we thought you were a ghost! What are you doing working here so late at night?"*

*"Those fools!" the old man grumbled. "They misspelled my name!"*

— — — — —  
At the fall barbecue a lady stood up and said that it was time to get ready for the celebrations.

At the stroke of midnight, she wanted every man to be standing next to the one person who made his life worth living.

Well, it was kind of embarrassing. The poor bartender was almost crushed to death.

— — — — —  
*"I don't like to commit myself about heaven and hell-you see, I have friends in both places."*

--- Mark Twain (1835 - 1910)

## **“I was walking around in a Big Bazar store...”**

I was walking around in a Big Bazar store shopping, when I saw a Cashier talking to a boy couldn't have been more than 5 or 6 years old..

The Cashier said, 'I'm sorry, but you don't have enough money to buy this doll. Then the little boy turned to the cashier and asked: are you sure I don't have enough money?'"

The cashier counted his cash once again and replied: "You know that you don't have enough money to buy the doll, my dear." The little boy was still holding the doll in his hand.

Finally, I walked toward him and I asked him who he wished to give this doll to. 'It's the doll that my sister loved most and wanted so much . I wanted to Gift her for her BIRTHDAY.

I have to give the doll to my mommy so that she can give it to my sister when she goes there.' His eyes were so sad while saying this. 'My Sister has gone to be with God.. Daddy says that Mommy is going to see God very soon too, so I thought that she could take the doll with her to give it to my sister..."

My heart nearly stopped. The little boy looked up at me and said: 'I told daddy to tell mommy not to go yet. I need her to wait until I come back from the mall.' Then he showed me a very nice photo of him where he was laughing. He then told me 'I want mommy to take my picture with her so my sister won't forget me.' 'I love my mommy and I wish she doesn't have to leave me, but daddy says that she has to go to be with my little sister.' Then he looked again at the doll with sad eyes, very quietly..

I quickly reached for my wallet and said to the boy. 'Suppose we check again, just in

case you do have enough money for the doll?"

'OK' he said, 'I hope I do have enough.' I added some of my money to his with out him seeing and we started to count it. There was enough for the doll and even some spare money.

The little boy said: 'Thank you God for giving me enough money!'

Then he looked at me and added, 'I asked last night before I went to sleep for God to make sure I had enough money to buy this doll, so that mommy could give It to my sister. He heard me!" 'I also wanted to have enough money to buy a white rose for my mommy, but I didn't dare to ask God for too much. But He gave me enough to buy the doll and a white rose. My mommy loves white roses.'

I finished my shopping in a totally different state from when I started. I couldn't get the little boy out of my mind.

Then I remembered a local news paper article two days ago, which mentioned a drunk man in a truck, who hit a car occupied by a young woman and a little girl. The little girl died right away, and the mother was left in a critical state. The family had to decide whether to pull the plug on the life-sustaining machine, because the young woman would not be able to recover from the coma. Was this the family of the little boy?

Two days after this encounter with the little boy, I read in the news paper that the young woman had passed away.. I couldn't stop myself as I bought a bunch of white roses and I went to the funeral home where the body of the young woman was exposed for people to see and make last wishes before her burial.

She was there, in her coffin, holding a beautiful white rose in her hand with the photo of the little boy and the doll placed over her chest. I left the place, teary-eyed,

feeling that my life had been changed for ever...

The love that the little boy had for his mother and his sister is still, to this day, hard to imagine. And in a fraction of a second, a drunk driver had taken all this away from him.

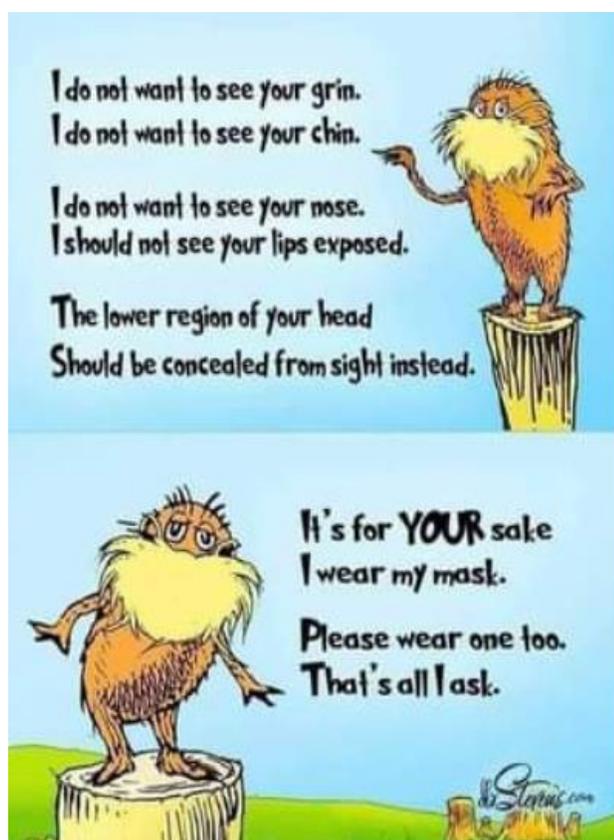
Please **DO NOT DRINK & DRIVE**.

Now you have 2 choices:

- 1) Share this message, or
- 2) Ignore it as if it never touched your heart.

*The value of a man or woman resides in what he or she gives, not in what they are capable of receiving.*

Source: Cophia M Jackson on FaceBook

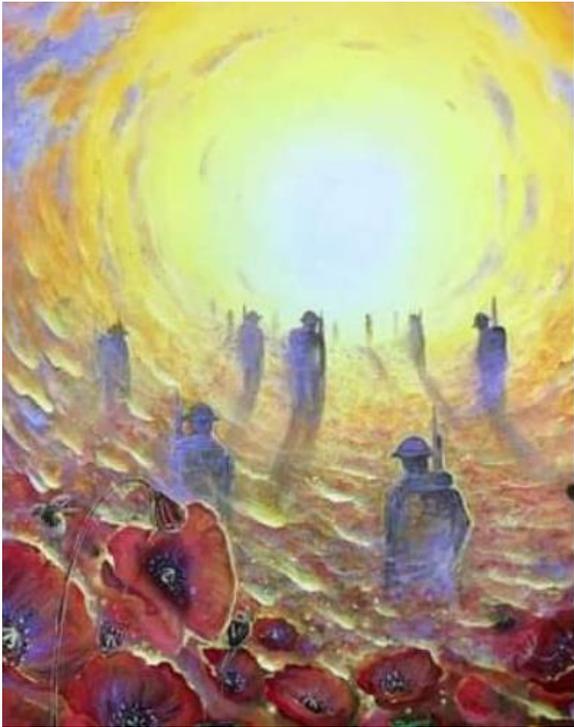


### **WATCH OUT FOR THIS VIRUS . . .**

Just got this in from a reliable source. It seems that there is a virus out there called the Senile Virus that even the most advanced programs cannot take care of, so be warned, it appears to affect those of us who were born before 1964!

#### **Symptoms of Senile Virus:**

1. Causes you to send same e-mail twice.
2. Causes you to send a blank e-mail.
3. Causes you to send to wrong person.
4. Causes you to send back to person who sent it to you.
5. Causes you to forget to attach the attachment.
6. Causes you to hit "SEND" before you've finished the message.



Forces Support Page - Powerful.. Joshua Dyer (aged 14) was tasked at school to write a poem for Remembrance Day. An hour later (without any help) he produced this..

## **ONE THOUSAND MEN ARE WALKING . . .**

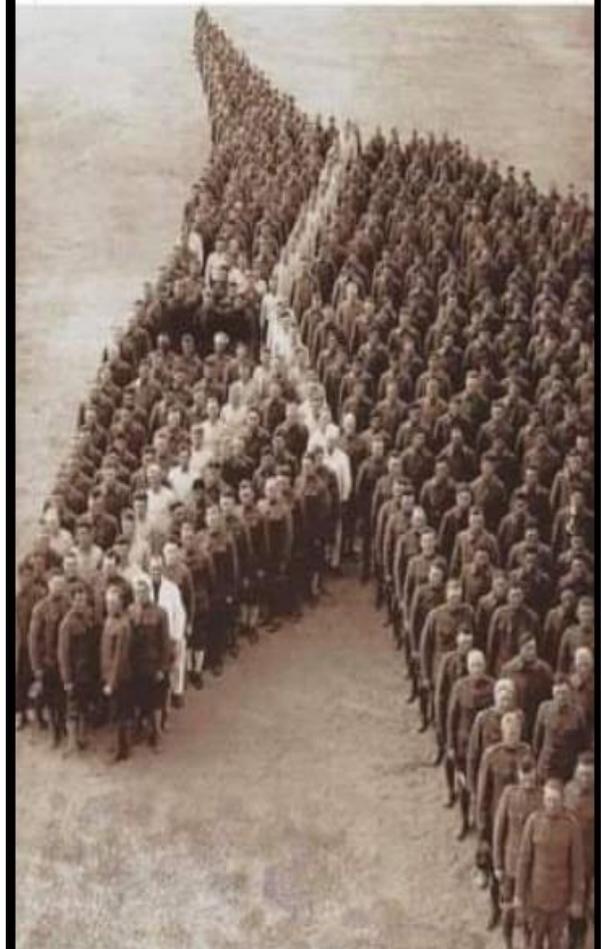
One thousand men are walking  
 Walking side by side  
 Singing songs from home  
 The spirit as their guide  
 they walk toward the light milord  
 they walk towards the sun  
 they smoke and laugh and smile together  
 no foes to outrun  
 these men live on forever  
 in the hearts of those they saved  
 a nation truly grateful  
 for the path of peace they paved  
 they march as friends and comrades  
 but they do not march for war  
 step closer to salvation  
 a tranquil steady corps  
 the meadows lit with golden beams  
 a beacon for the brave

the emerald grass untrampled  
 a reward for what they gave  
 they dream of those they left behind  
 and know they dream of them  
 forever in those poppy fields  
 there walks one thousand men

Joshua Dyer 2019 (aged 14) Lest we forget  
 This has to be shared. An incredible poem  
 from 14 year old Joshua Dyer

Artist Unknown

World war one soldiers paying respect to the horses killed in the conflict . beautiful photo that needs more publicity.



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



### ***An Unexpected Hiding Place for Holiday Gifts . . . .***

You've tried the attic, a closet in the master bedroom and even a creepy corner of the basement, but your kids have yet to be stumped on where to find their hidden holiday gifts. Instead of those classic spots, grab your waste baskets and hide your wrapped gifts (that fit inside) into the bottom of the bin and place a garbage bag on top. Nobody will think to look there!!

### ***Make Cardboard Storage Spools for Your Holiday Light Strings . . .***

Next up: How to store Christmas lights. Here's a great way to recycle cardboard and keep your strings of holiday lights from getting tangled when you store them. Just use strips of cardboard and cut out a slot on each end to make a 'spool' to keep the lights from slipping off.

### ***Dowel Ornament Storage . . .***

Use dowels inside a storage bin for organizing your holiday ornaments when the season is over. Measure the length of your bin from one lip to the other; then cut a wooden dowel into two or three pieces of that length. Hang the ornaments on the dowels and hang the dowels on the lip inside the bin.

### ***Store Your Artificial Tree in a Tube . . .***

Now that the holiday is over, what's the best way to store an artificial Christmas tree? Many people like the convenience of an artificial Christmas tree, but storing it

can be a pain because it takes up so much space. Here's an idea: Buy two 8-in.-diameter concrete form tubes, wrap each layer of the tree in twine and shove half of the tree layers down each tube. Mark the layer numbers on each tube and slide the tubes up in your garage rafters for a perfect storage solution!

### ***Christmas Cocoa Stirrers . . .***

Cinnamon sticks or the different flavored candy cane sticks. You can also buy the straight candy cane sticks; stick some mini-marshmallows on the end of the straight candy cane sticks for hot cocoa!

### ***Hold on to daily rituals . . .***

If you like to read for half an hour before bed, don't give it up in favor of yet another holiday chore. Our everyday practices help calm and center us.

### ***Stick with the tried and true . . .***

A special gathering is not the time to experiment with a new recipe. "Just do what you know how to do and can do well,"

### ***AND . . . JUST IN CASE OF A SNOWY WINTER . . .***

#### ***Coat Your Snow Shovel with Car Wax . . .***

Make shoveling snow easier by first coating your metal shovel with car wax. Follow the application instructions on the car wax package. Then the snow and ice will slide right off of the shovel after each scoop.



## A CHERISHED MEMORY . . .

Richard, (my husband), never really talked a lot about his time in Viet Nam, other than he had been shot by a sniper. However, he had a rather grainy, 8 x 10 black and white photo he had taken at a USO show of Ann Margret with Bob Hope in the background that was one of his treasures.



A few years ago, Ann Margaret was doing a book signing at a local bookstore. Richard wanted to see if he could get her to Sign the treasured photo so he arrived at the bookstore at 12 o'clock for the 7:30 signing.

When I got there after work, the line went all the way around the bookstore, circled the parking lot, and disappeared behind a parking garage. Before her appearance, bookstore employees announced that she would sign only her book and no memorabilia would be permitted.

Richard was disappointed, but wanted to show her the photo and let her know how much those shows meant to lonely GI's so far from home.

Ann Margaret came out looking as beautiful as ever and, as second in line, it was soon Richard's turn.

He presented the book for her signature and then took out the photo. When he did, there were many shouts from the employees that she would not sign it.

Richard said, *"I understand. I just wanted her to see it."*

She took one look at the photo, tears welled up in her eyes and she said, *"This is one of my gentlemen from Viet Nam and I most certainly will sign his photo. I know what these men did for their country and I always have time for 'my gentlemen.'"*

With that, she pulled Richard across the table and planted a big kiss on him. She then made quite a to-do about the bravery of the young men she met over the years, how much she admired them, and how much she appreciated them. There weren't too many dry eyes among those close enough to hear. She then posed for pictures and acted as if he were the only one there.

That night was a turning point for him. He walked a little straighter and, for the first time in years, was proud to have been a Vet. I'll never forget Ann Margaret for her graciousness and how much that small act of kindness meant to my husband.

Later at dinner, Richard was very quiet. When I asked if he'd like to talk about it, my big, strong husband broke down in tears. *"That's the first time anyone ever thanked me for my time in the Army,"* he said.

I now make it a point to say 'Thank you' to every person I come across who served in our Armed Forces. Freedom does not come cheap and I am grateful for all those who have served their country.

If you'd like to pass on this story, feel free to do so. Perhaps it will help others to become aware of how important it is to acknowledge the contribution our service people make.

*Written by Carole Adams,  
a proud army wife*

### **REMEMBERING BOB HOPE**

*On his deathbed they asked him where he wanted to be buried.*

*Bob Hope replied: "Surprise me."*

*I had forgotten that he lived to be 100, and also didn't realize it has been 17 years since he died.*

### **BOB HOPE IN HEAVEN**

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

### **WHAT A WONDERFUL MESSAGE - - -**

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

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

***ON TURNING 70*** - "I still chase women, but only downhill."

***ON TURNING 80*** - "That's the time of your life when even your birthday suit needs pressing."

***ON TURNING 90*** - "You know you are getting old when the candles cost more than the cake."

***ON TURNING 100*** - "I don't feel old. In fact, I don't feel anything until noon. Then it's time for my nap."

***ON GIVING UP HIS EARLY CAREER (BOXING)*** - "I ruined my hands in the ring. The referee kept stepping on them."

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

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

***ON WHY HE CHOOSE SHOWBIZ FOR HIS CAREER*** - "When I was born, the doctor said to my mother, congratulations, you have an eight pound ham."

***ON RECEIVING THE CONGRESSIONAL GOLD MEDAL*** - "I feel very humble, but I think I have the strength of character to fight it."

***ON HIS FAMILY'S EARLY POVERTY*** - "Four of us slept in the one bed. When it got cold, mother threw on another brother."

***ON HIS SIX BROTHERS*** - "That's how I learned to dance. Waiting for the bathroom."

***ON HIS EARLY FAILURES*** - "I would not have had anything to eat if it wasn't for the stuff the audience threw at me."

***ON GOING TO HEAVEN*** - "I have done benefits for ALL religions. I would hate to blow the hereafter on a technicality."

***Dear Lord -***

***Please give me a sense of humor, give me the grace to see a joke.***



***Comedian Bob Hope,  
Entertainer to the Troops***

## MY FLAG, MY ANTHEM . . .



When you stand in front of your flag and listen to your anthem, what goes on before your mind's eye?

Possibly not much, because there is no immediate attachment. You do not sense any pride, or should I say deep pride. Would you stand there with a tear in your eye and a swelling of your chest? Not likely. There have been no events to make it so.

On Remembrance Day as you stand in front of a cenotaph, what is seen in those memorials that should make you hold your breath? Not much. Let's say, though that if you had been in another country, far away from home, and again if your life was in danger at the time and you heard your anthem, would it be different in your thoughts? I believe lots.

You would see in your mind's eye the ocean you crossed by ship or by air. You would see Canada as you remember from the maps. You would see your province, you would see your city or town or village. You would see your schools, the corner store, the old man or woman on their porch giving a little wave. You would see your parents, brothers and sisters or the entire family, and maybe a girl or boy which you really liked. You would go back to the earliest age that you could remember.

All this would flash in your mind's eye in a matter of seconds. This is what one misses and thinks about at such times when danger is prevalent, such as soldiers at war, people in danger of losing their lives or possibly close to dying. To this day, as I stand in front of my flag and hear my anthem, I get a tear in my eye.

Also on Remembrance Day, I see all those young people who stood like me, and even the real tough ones, with that little glitter, a little snuffle. That is why there was a certain

bonding between these people even though you hardly knew them, and even though they came from different parts of the country. You stood together.

After you came back to all the things I mentioned, some of the ones we were standing with did not come back.

There lies the sadness.

There lies the reason for being here today.

There lies my reason for talking with you.

Cherish this moment in your thought the next time you hear your national anthem.

*by the late Eugene Berton, WWII Veteran*



Photos courtesy of the Dept. of National Defence



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



**HOT DOGS IN PUFF PASTRY**



A new and rather unique, fun way to bring back those summer memories . . . .

**INGREDIENTS**

- 1 to 2 sheets puff pastry, defrosted and refrigerated
- Good Dijon mustard
- 4 hot dogs
- 1 egg beaten with 1 tablespoon water, for egg wash
- Flaked sea salt
- Freshly ground black pepper

**DIRECTIONS**

Preheat the oven to 375 degrees.

Lay the cold puff pastry on a board and cut a 5½-inch wide strip to match the length of the hot dogs.

Brush a 3-inch-wide strip of the cut pastry generously with Dijon mustard.

Place a hot dog at the end of the pastry where you brushed the mustard and roll it up and away from you one turn, until the hot dog is just encased in one layer of pastry and mustard.

Brush the next 1-inch strip of pastry with the egg wash and continue to roll the hot dog, so the pastry is completely sealed.

Cut any remaining pastry across and place the hot dog, seam side down, on a sheet pan lined with parchment paper.

Prepare the remaining 3 hot dogs the same way.

Brush the pastry with egg wash and sprinkle generously with sea salt and pepper.

Bake for 15 to 20 minutes, until the pastry is nicely browned.

Serve hot with extra mustard on the side.

**ENJOY!! ENJOY!!**

**ROLL-OVER DOG BISCUITS**

**INGREDIENTS:**

- 2 Cups Whole Wheat Flour
- ¾ C. Rolled Oats
- ½ C. Powdered Milk
- 1 Egg Beaten
- 5 Tbsp. Vegetable Oil
- ¼ C. Water
- 1 C. Apple Sauce

**DIRECTIONS:**

1. Preheat oven to 350 degrees F (175 degrees C).
2. In a large bowl combine ALL ingredients to make a thick dough.
3. Knead on a lightly floured surface until no lumps remain. Sprinkle with flour and roll out to ½" thickness.
4. Use cookie cutters or a small drinking glass to cut out desired shape. Place on an ungreased cookie sheet and bake until edges are lightly browned (approx. 22 minutes).
5. Let biscuits cool at least 1 Hour before serving. Keep remaining treats in an airtight container.

Yields 24 Biscuits

Submitted - with our Special Thanks - by  
Laura – A.N.A.F. Unit #100

## ***WILL YOU GIVE THIS TO MY DADDY?***

Copied from THE BUZZ of  
November 2009

Last week I was in Toronto, Ontario attending a conference. While I was in the airport, returning home, I heard several people behind me beginning to clap and cheer. I immediately turned around and witnessed one of the greatest acts of patriotism I have ever seen.

Moving through the terminal was a group of soldiers in their camos. As they began heading to their gate, everyone (well almost everyone) was abruptly to their feet with their hands waving and cheering.

When I saw the soldiers, probably 30-40 of them, being applauded and cheered for, it hit me. I'm not alone. I'm not the only Canadian who still loves this country and supports our troops and their families.

I immediately stopped and began clapping for these young unsung heroes who are putting their lives on the line everyday for us so we can go to church, school, work and home without fear or reprisal.

Just when I thought I could not be more proud of my country or of our service men and women, a young girl, not more than 6 or 7 years old, ran up to one of the male soldiers.

He kneeled down and said *'Hi.'*

The little girl then asked him if he would give something to her daddy for her.

The young soldier, who didn't look any older than maybe 22 himself, said he would try and what did she want to give to her daddy.

Then suddenly the little girl grabbed the neck of this soldier, gave him the biggest

hug she could muster and then kissed him on the cheek.

The mother of the little girl, who said her daughter's name was Courtney, told the young soldier that her husband was a soldier and had been in Afghanistan for 11 months now. As the mom was explaining how much her daughter Courtney missed her father, the young soldier began to tear up.

When this temporarily single mom was done explaining her situation, all of the soldiers huddled together for a brief second. Then one of the other servicemen pulled out a military-looking walkie-talkie. They started playing with the device and talking back and forth on it.

After about 10-15 seconds of this, the young soldier walked back over to Courtney, bent down and said this to her, *'I spoke to your daddy and he told me to give this to you.'* He then hugged this little girl that he had just met and gave her a kiss on the cheek. He finished by saying *'Your daddy told me to tell you that he loves you more than anything and he is coming home very soon.'*

The mom at this point was crying almost uncontrollably and as the young soldier stood to his feet, he saluted Courtney and her Mom. I was standing no more than 6 feet away from this entire event.

As the soldiers began to leave, heading towards their gate, people resumed their applause. As I stood there applauding and looked around, there were very few dry eyes, including my own. That young soldier in one last act of selflessness, turned around and blew a kiss to Courtney, with a tear rolling down his cheek.

We need to remember everyday all of our soldiers and their families and thank god for them and their sacrifices. At the end of the day, it's good to be a Canadian.

**RED FRIDAYS** ---- very soon, you will see a great many people wearing red every Friday. The reason? Canadians who support our troops used to be called the '*silent majority*'. We are no longer silent, and are voicing our love of country and home in record breaking numbers.

We are not organized, boisterous or over-bearing. We get no liberal media coverage on TV, to reflect our message or our opinions.

Many Canadians, like you, me and all our friends, simply want to recognize that the vast majority of Canadians supports our troops.

Our idea of showing solidarity and support for our troops with dignity and respect has started - and continues each and every Friday until the troops all come home, sending a deafening message that every Canadian who supports our men and women afar will wear something red.

*Let's make Canada on every Friday a sea of red.*

If every one of us who loves this country will share this story with acquaintances, co-workers, friends, and family. It will not be long before Canada is covered in red and it will let our troops know the once '*Silent*' majority is on their side more than ever; certainly more than the media lets on. The first thing a soldier says when asked '*what can we do to make things better for you?*' is . . . '*we need your support and your prayers.*'

Let's get the word out and lead with class and dignity, by example; and wear something red every Friday.

We don't know if you've seen this, but we urge you to pass it on to everyone you know.

*We live in the land of the free, only because of the Brave.*

***Their blood runs red---- so wear red!***

## DID YOU KNOW??



For those not in the know, **Night Witches** were Russian women bombers who bombed the shit out of German lines in WW2.

Thing is though, they had the oldest, noisiest, crappiest planes in the entire world.

These planes were so noisy that to avoid alerting the Germans hearing them on their approach (and risk facing their anti-aircraft guns), these Night Witches would climb up to a certain height, coast down to German positions, drop their bombs, then climb **OUT ON THE WINGS OF THE PLANE TO RESTART THEIR ENGINES IN MID AIR**, then climb back in and get the hell out of dodge.

Their leader flew over 200 missions and was never captured.

**Pilots.  
women pilots.  
women pilots killing Nazis.**

## FATHERS !!!

I overheard my father telling a family friend about my newly-assigned mission in the U.S. Coast Guard.

I work on a cutter that escorts cruise ships and international vessels under the bridges in California's Bay Area.

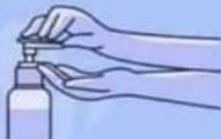
But what my father told his friend was, *"She's involved in some sort of escort service."*



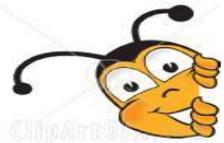
### I've learned so much this year...

I learned that things don't always go as planned, or the way you think they should. And I've learned that there are things that go wrong that don't always get fixed or get put back together the way they were before. I've learned that some broken things stay broken, and I've learned that you can get through bad times and keep looking for better ones, as long as you have people who love you.

**Never in my whole life would I imagine my hands would consume more alcohol than my mouth!!**



## FROM YOUR EDITOR MARDI . .



Remembrance Day brings back so very many memories – memories that we will cherish for many years to come!!

Unfortunately, this Remembrance Day will be like no other – we will be missing our usual traditions and have to content ourselves by watching the virtual celebrations on our television sets.

As for me – I will be standing on my balcony, surrounded with all of the things I cherish that reside out there – and at the 11<sup>th</sup> hour of the 11<sup>th</sup> day – I will be looking up at the sky – and remembering!! Remembering all of our fallen comrades, all of our friends who we have cherished and lost to the great beyond – and also remembering my buddy who is forever with me!!

Yes – Remembrance Day is a day for remembering – for reminiscing – and thinking back to special moments in our Unit when we were all together, hand in hand, with tears in our eyes, when we heard Amazing Grace! We loved the Pipers who always came to visit, and what moments those were! Nobody ever left before our Pipers came – that was always the cherished ending to our day!

You may notice, if you are a loyal Buzz reader, that sometimes I repeat an article or item from time to time. I do this only when I feel that it deserves the repeat!! So please continue to enjoy!

Comrades - Be Kind, Be Calm and Be Safe! We continue to be very grateful to all of our frontline workers for all of their loyal dedication to the task at hand. May they all continue to stay safe also!!

**Your Editor  
MARDI**