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## BEGIN EVERYDAY WITH A SMILE!

Volume 3, Issue 5 May, 2022

### Bring Back Any Memories?

Someone asked the other day, "What was your favourite 'fast food' when you were growing up?"

"We didn't have fast food when I was growing up," I informed him. "All the food was slow."

"C'mon, seriously...Where did you eat?"

It was a place called 'home'," I explained. "Mom cooked every day and when Dad got home from work, we sat down together at the dining room table, and if I didn't like what she put on my plate, I was allowed to sit there until I did like it."

By this time, the lad was laughing so hard I was afraid he was going to suffer

serious internal damage, so I didn't tell him the part about how I had to have permission to leave the table.

But here are some other things I would have told him about my childhood if I'd figured his system could have handled it.

Some parents NEVER owned their own house, wore jeans, set foot on a golf course, travelled out of the country or had a credit card.

My parents never drove me to school. I had a bicycle that weighed probably 50 pounds, and only had one speed (slow).

We didn't have a television in our house until I was 15. It was, of course, black and white, and the station went off the air at 10pm after playing the national anthem.

I never had a telephone until I was 27 years old and that was on a party line. Before you could dial, you had to listen and make sure some people you didn't know weren't already using the line.

Pizzas were not delivered to our home, but milk, meat, fish, vegetable, ginger beer, and bread was.

All newspapers were delivered by boys who got up at 6am every morning.

Film stars kissed with their mouths shut. At least they did in the films.

There were no movie ratings because all movies were responsibly produced for everyone to enjoy without profanity or violence or almost anything offensive.

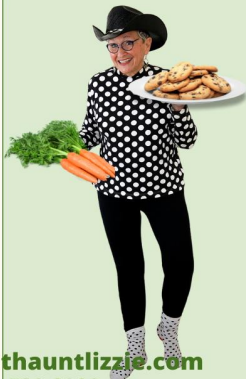
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# Chatterbox News

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## LETTER FROM THE EDITOR.

Another issue full of goodies for the reader who wants to smile. Even for those who don't want to smile. I saw you...I saw that little twitching of the upper lip. Aw just let a big guffaw out. We all need to smile to lighten our loads. Did you know you can't hold a smile and frown at the same time?

I just love to print the stories from Buzz Lightly aka Doug Lester. Reminds me of when my sister and brother and I celebrated Victoria Day behind the barn. Almost didn't have a barn left but sure did have a sore behind.

Klara had to weigh in on Fish Baiting as the season is upon us, I do believe she needs the rest. Until the next time We hope we can tickle your funny bone Liz

P.s. For you Canadian readers out there, Happy Victoria Day or we better call it the May 24 weekend.

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## **Who Is The Teacher?**

As she stood in front of her 5<sup>th</sup> grade class on the very first day of school, she told the children an untruth. Like most teachers, she looked at her students and said that she loved them all the same; however, that was impossible because there in the front row, slumped in his seat as a little boy named Teddy Stoddard.

Mrs. Thompson had watched Teddy the year before and noticed that he did not play well with the other children, that his clothes were messy and that he constantly needed a bath. In addition, Teddy could be unpleasant. It got to the point where Mrs. Thompson would actually take delight in marking his papers with a broad red pen making box X's and the putting a big 'F' at the top of his papers.

At the school where Mrs. Thompson taught, she was required to review each child's past records and she put Teddy's off until last; however, when she reviewed his file, she was in for a surprise.

Teddy's first grade teacher wrote, "Teddy is a bright child with a ready laugh. He does his work neatly and has good manners...he is a joy to be around."

His second grade teacher wrote, "Teddy is an excellent student, well liked by his classmates, but he is troubled because his mother has a terminal illness and life at home must be a struggle."

His third grade teacher wrote, "His mother's death has been hard on him. He tried to do his best but his father doesn't show much interest and his home life will soon affect him if some steps aren't taken."

Teddy's fourth grade teacher wrote, "Teddy is withdrawn and doesn't show much interest in school. He doesn't have many friends and he sometimes sleeps in class."

By now, Mrs. Thompson realized the problem and she was ashamed of herself. She felt even worse when her students brought her Christmas presents wrapped in beautiful ribbons and bright paper except for Teddy's. His present was clumsily wrapped in the heavy brown paper that the got from a grocery bag. Mrs. Thompson took pains to open it in the middle of the other presents.

Some of the children started to laugh when she found a rhinestone bracelet with some of the stones missing and a bottle that was one-quarter full of perfume, but she stifled the children's laughter when she exclaimed how pretty the bracelet was, putting it on and dabbing some of the perfume on her wrist. Teddy Stoddard stayed after school that day just long enough to say, "Mrs. Thomson, today you smelled just like my Mom used to."

After the children left, she cried for at least an hour. On that very day, she quit teaching reading, writing and arithmetic. Instead, she began to teach children. Mrs. Thompson paid particular attention to Teddy. As she worked with him, his mind seemed to come alive. The more she encouraged him the faster he responded. By the end of the year, Teddy had become one of the smartest children in the class and despite her lie that she would love all the children the same, Teddy became one of her 'teacher's pets'.

(Continued on Page 4)



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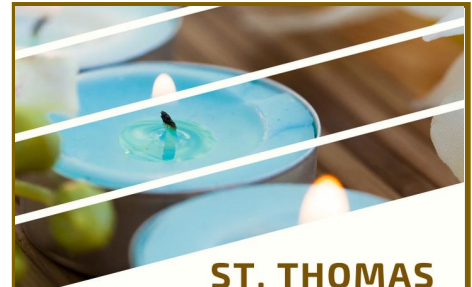
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THE SENILITY PRAYER. Grant me the senility to forget the people I never liked anyway; the good fortune to run into the ones I do, and the eyesight to tell the difference.

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 chimney regularly to  
 prevent chimney fires.

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reduce excessive

creosote build-up.

Remove ashes safely

only when cooled.



## Watch Out for Those Emails

A couple from Minneapolis decided to go to Florida for a long weekend to thaw out during one particularly icy winter. Because both had jobs, they had difficulty coordinating their travel schedules. It was decided that the husband would fly to Florida on Thursday, and his wife would follow him the next day. Upon arriving as planned, the husband checked into the hotel. There he decided to open his laptop and send his wife an email back in Minneapolis. However, he accidentally left off one letter in her address and sent the email without realizing his error.

In Houston, a widow had just returned from her husband's funeral. He was minister of many years who had

been 'called home to glory' following a heart attack. The widow checked her email, expecting messages from relatives and friends. Upon reading the first message, she fainted and fell to the floor. The widow's son rushed into the room, found his mother on the floor, and saw the computer screen which read:

To: My Loving Wife

From: Your Departed Husband

Subject: I've Arrived!

I've just arrived and have been checked in. I see that everything has been prepared for your arrival tomorrow. Look forward to seeing you then! Hope your journey is as uneventful as mine was. Dan. P.S. sure is hot down here!

## Life's Like That

When my husband and I arrived at an automobile dealership to pick up our car, we were told the keys had been locked in it. We went to the service department and found a mechanic working feverishly to unlock the driver's side door. As I watched from the passenger side, I instinctively tried the door handle and discovered that it was unlocked. "Hey," I announced to the technician, "It's open!"

His reply, "I know. I already got that side."



## "Soup ta Nuts"

### Fish Baiting Instructions

Hi Folks. I did this before but since I have had this fish-baiting instruction column requested so many times and I sure do know there are many newbie fishers out there, I couldn't resist and you know how I like to educate folks about life..

Spring is here! Fishing time! My Clem and I were out for a Sunday drive, and there were all the fishing wannabees, with poles lying on the dock, string in the water, and sipping on something from a bottle, and that bottle didn't look like pop.

I watched to see my first fish captured for this year, but no such luck. The only thing caught, I am thinking is a good hard snag of the blues.

I saw men gesturing, with wide sweeps of their arms, like the big one just got away. I was about to yell at them, and lecture about telling the truth, that the squiggly thing in the water was only their dilapidated worm. Clem clamped on to my arm and told me to leave them alone and let them have their fun. He said that sometimes that was all a man had was his wishful dreams.

It got me to thinking, perhaps they don't know how to fish properly. Maybe it is the bait they use and not that the fish just aren't biting, or got away.

I have fished for many a year, so I thought I'd give some fish baiting instructions in the hopes that the next time old Clem and myself go on our travels we will get to see the one that didn't get away. By the way, when you do catch a fish, please give me all the credit. Thank you.

Here goes:

1. Decide if you want to bait with worms or minnows.
2. Purchase the desired bait, if you don't like playing in the dirt, or can't catch those slimy little boogers.
3. Imagine what fancy, colourful thing dancing by you in the water, would

make you flip your gills with the wanting of it, then choose a hook with gizmo like that on it.

4. Perhaps you might want to purchase a bobber; those red and white balls attached to the string that the hook is attached to. That way you can get clued in when you have a bite, before the darn fish whips the entire pole out of your hand when he/she torpedoes away with your bait.

5. Now you have to bait the hook. If you decide to use a minnow, you have to get the hook, and try to put it through the cute little nipper's lips. Make sure to hold tight because I don't imagine it will welcome that piercing feeling especially with no pain pills.

6. If you can't stand to see the pain in those eyes, then try worms. Picture a snake slithering along the ground, and that is how you have to make them look on the hook. I don't know if you have to start at the head or the hind end, or if it even matters. You will have to decide. I've studied those darn things and both ends seem to move at the same time and wiggle the same way. So you could flip a coin - heads or tails!

7. If you get sick with all of this, I would suggest you just pitch the line into the water with a naked hook, and hope you come up with a blind trout, or forget it all.

8. Better still, buy some trout or whatever kettle of fish you want on your plate, throw them on a barbeque while you relax in a lounge chair with a glass of your favourite beer. Now that I think of it, maybe that's what those wannabees were doing when Clem and I were out. Ms. Klara

## Who Is The Teacher?

(Continued from page 2)

A year later, she found a note under her door from Teddy telling her that she was the best teacher he ever had in his whole life.

Four years after that she got another letter saying that while things had been tough at time he'd stayed in school, had stuck with it and would soon graduate from college with the highest of honours. He assured Mrs. Thompson that she was still the best and favourite teacher he had ever had in his whole life.

Then four more years passed and yet another letter came. This time he explained that after he got his bachelor's degree, he decided to go a little further. The explained that she was still the best and favourite teacher he ever had, but now his name was a little longer. The letter was signed Theodore F. Stoddard, M.D.

The story does not end there. You see, there was yet another letter that spring. Teddy said he had met this girl and was going to be married. He explained that his father had died a couple of years ago and he was wondering if Mrs. Thompson might agree to sit at the wedding in the place that was usually reserved for the mother of the groom.

Of course Mrs. Thompson did. Guess what? She wore that bracelet, the one with several rhinestones missing. Moreover, she made sure she was wearing the perfume that Teddy remembered his mother wearing on their last Christmas together.

They hugged each other and Dr. Stoddard whispered in Mrs. Thompson's ear, "Thank you Mrs. Thompson for believing in me. Thank you so much for making me feel important and showing me that I could make a difference."


Mrs. Thompson, with tears in her eyes, whispered back. She said, "Teddy, you have it all wrong. You were the one who taught me that I could make a difference. I didn't know how to teach until I met you.

## Quotable Quotes

"All changes, even the most longed for, have their melancholy; for what we leave behind is part of ourselves; we must die to one life before we can enter into another." *Anatole France*

"If we could read the secret history of our enemies, we should find in each man's life sorrow and suffering enough to disarm all hostility." *Henry Wadsworth Longfellow*





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## Losing Weight Can Be Such Fun!



"I have metal fillings in my teeth. My refrigerator magnets keep pulling me into the kitchen. That's why I can't lose weight."

"What fits your busy schedule better, exercising one hour a day

or being dead 24 hours a day?"

"I'm going to order a broiled skinless chicken breast, but I want you to bring me lasagna and garlic bread by mistake."

"If you put a crouton on your sundae instead of a cherry, it counts as a salad."

"The handle on your recliner does not qualify as an exercise machine."

"I was going to wake up early to do jogging, but my toes voted against me 10 to 1."

"My doctor told me to start my exercise program very gradually. Today I drove past a store that sells sweat pants."

"The healthiest part of a donut is the hole. Unfortunately you have to eat through the rest of the donut to get there!"

"I only have a kitchen because it came with the house."

"A balanced diet is chocolate in both hands."

"I was born free...now I'm expensive"

## Stay Young My Friend

Try everything twice. On one woman's tombstone, she said she wanted this epitaph: "I tried everything twice... Loved it both times!"

Keep only cheerful friends. The grouches pull you down (Keep in mind if you are one of those grouches!)



Keep learning. Learn more about the computer, crafts, gardening, whatever...Never let the brain get idle. 'An idle mind is the devil's workshop and the devil's name is Alzheimer's!

Enjoy the simple things.

Laugh often, long and loud. Laugh until you gasp for breath and if you have a friend who makes you laugh, spend lots and lots of time with him/her.

The tears happen. Endure, grieve, and move on. The only person who is with us our entire life is ourselves. LIVE while you are alive.

Surround yourself with what you love whether it's family, pets, keepsakes, music, plants, hobbies, whatever. Your home is your refuge.

Cherish your health. If it is good, preserve it. If it is unstable, improve it. If it is beyond what you can improve, get help.

Don't take guilt trips. Take a trip to the mail, even to the country, to a foreign country, but NOT to where guilt is.

Tell the people you love that you love them at every opportunity.

Forgive now those who made you cry. You might not get a second chance.

Remember! Lost time can never be found. Be kinder than necessary, for everyone you meet is fighting some kind of battle.

Two elderly women were eating breakfast in a restaurant one morning. Ethel noticed something funny about Mabel's ear and she said, "Mabel, do you know you've got a suppository in your left ear?"

Mabel answered, "I have a suppository in my ear?" She pulled it out and stared at it. Then she said, "Ethel, I'm glad you saw this thing. Now I think I know where to find my hearing aid."

## Quotable Quotes

"Journeys bring power and love back into you. If you can't go somewhere, move in the passageways of the self. They are like shafts of light, always changing, and you change when you explore them. Rumi

# Dog and People Business

## Buy A Dog or Get Married



If you want someone who will eat whatever you put in front of him and never say it's not quite as good as his mothers...then buy a dog.

If you want someone always willing to go out at any hour for as long and wherever you want...then buy a dog.

If you want someone who will never touch the remote, doesn't care about football, and can sit next to you as you watch romantic movies...then buy a dog.

If you want someone who is content to get on your bed just to warm your feet and who you can push off if he snores...then buy a dog.

If you want someone who never criticized what you do, doesn't care if you are pretty or ugly, fat or thin, young or old, who acts as if every word you say is especially worthy of listening to, and loves you unconditionally...then buy a dog.

BUT, on the other hand...

If you want someone who will never come when you call, ignores you totally when you come home, leaves hair all over the place, walks all over you, runs around all night and only comes home to eat and sleep and acts as if your entire existence is solely to ensure his happiness...then marry a man. Hahaha...thought I was going to say then buy a cat...well... both could be true.

## In My Next Life



I'M GONNA  
BE A BEAR

In this life  
I'm a wom-  
an. In my  
next life, I'd  
like to  
come back  
as a bear.  
When  
you're a  
bear, you  
get to hi-  
bernate.  
You do  
nothing but

sleep for six months. I could deal  
with that.

Before you hibernate, you're sup-  
posed to eat yourself stupid. I could  
deal with that too.

When you're a girl bear, you birth  
your children (who are the size of  
walnuts) while you're sleeping and  
wake to partially grown, cute, cuddly  
cubs. I could definitely deal with  
that.

If you're a mama bear, everyone

knows you mean business. You swat  
anyone who bothers your cubs. If  
your cubs get out of line, you swat  
them too. I could deal with that.

If you're a bear, your mate EX-  
PECTS you to wakeup growling. He  
EXPECTS that you will have hairy legs  
and excess body fat.

Yup, gonna be a bear!

A portrait of a woman with reddish-brown hair, smiling slightly. She is wearing a grey top.

PREPARED BY  
April LaRoche

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## The Bathtub Test

During a visit to my doctor, I asked  
him, "How do you determine wheth-  
er or not an older person should be  
put in an old age home?"

"Well," he said, "we fill up a bath-  
tub, then we offer a teaspoon, a  
teacup and a bucket to the person  
to empty the bathtub."

"Oh, I understand," I said. "A nor-  
mal person would use the bucket  
because it is bigger than the spoon  
or the teacup."

"No" he said. "A normal person  
would pull the plug. Do you want a  
bed near the window?"



A couple in their  
nineties are both  
having problems  
remembering things.  
During a check-up,  
the doctor tells them  
that they're physical-  
ly okay but they  
might want to start

writing things down to help them re-  
member.

Later that night while watching TV, the  
old man gets up from his chair. "Want  
anything while I'm in the kitchen?" he  
asks.

"Will you get me a bowl of ice cream?"

"Sure."

"Don't you think you should write it  
down so you can remember it?" she  
asks.

"No, I can remember it."

"Well, I'd like some strawberries on  
top too. Maybe you should write it down  
as not to forget it?"

He says, "I can remember that. You  
want a bowl of ice cream with strawber-  
ries."

"I'd also like whipped cream. I'm cer-  
tain you'll forget that...write it down?"  
she asks.

Irritated, he says, "I don't need to  
write it down. I can remember it! Ice  
cream with strawberries and whipped  
cream. I got it for goodness sake!"

Then he toddles into the kitchen. After  
about 20 minutes, the old man returns  
from the kitchen and hands his wife a  
plate of bacon and eggs. She stares at  
the plate for a moment.

"Where's my toast?"

## A.A.A.D.D. Age Activated Attention Deficit Disorder.



Recently I was diagnosed with A.A.A.D.D. – Age Activated Attention Deficit Disorder. This is how it mani-

fests. Talk about multi-tasking.

I decided to water my garden. As I turn on the hose in the driveway, I look over at my car and decide it needs washing. As I start toward the garage, I notice mail on the porch table that I brought up from the mail box earlier. I decide to go through the mail before I wash the car.

I lay my car keys on the table, put the junk mail in the garbage can under the table and notice that the can is full. So, I decide to put the bills back on the table and take out the garbage first. But then I think, since I'm going to be near the mailbox when I take out the garbage anyway, I may as well pay the bills first.

I take my cheque book off the table and see that there is only one cheque left. My extra cheques are in my desk in the study. So I go inside the house to my desk where I find the can of Pepsi I'd been drinking. I'm going to look for my cheques but first I need to push the Pepsi aside so that I don't accidentally knock it over.

The Pepsi is getting warm and I decide to put it in the refrigerator to keep it cold. As I head toward the kitchen with the Pepsi, a vase of flowers on the counter catches my eye – they need water. I put the Pepsi on the counter and discover my reading glasses that I've been searching for all morning. I decide I better put them back on my desk but first I'm going to water the flowers.

I set the glasses back down on the counter, fill a container with water and suddenly spot the TV remote. Someone left it on the kitchen table.

I realize that tonight, when we go to watch TV, I'll be looking for the remote but I won't remember that it's on the kitchen table, so I decide to put it back

in the den where it belongs, but first I'll water the flowers.

I pour some water in the flowers but quite a bit of it spills on the floor. So, I set the remote back on the table, get some towels and wipe up the spill. Then, I head down the hall trying to remember what I was planning to do.

At the end of the day: the car isn't washed, the bills aren't paid, there is a warm can of Pepsi sitting on the counter, the flowers don't have enough water, there is still only one cheque in my cheque book, I can't find the remote, I can't find my glasses, and I don't remember what I did with the car keys. Then, when I try to figure out why nothing got done today, I'm really baffled because I know I was busy all day and I'm really tired. I realize this is a serious problem and I'll try to get some help for it, but first I'll see where the water hose went.

---

When the husband finally died his wife put the usual death notice in the paper, but added that he died of gonorrhea.

No sooner were the papers delivered when a friend of the family phoned and complained bitterly, "You know very well that he died of diarrhea, not gonorrhea."

Replied the widow, "I nursed him night and day so of course I know he died of diarrhea, but I thought it would be better for posterity to remember him as a great lover rather than the big crapper he always was."

---



## Food For Thought

Let's put the seniors in jail and the criminals in a nursing home. This way the seniors would have access to showers, hobbies and walks. They'd receive unlimited, free prescriptions, dental and medical treatment, wheel chairs, etc., and they'd receive money instead of paying it out.

They would have constant video

monitoring so they could be helped instantly if they fell or needed assistance. Bedding would be washed twice a week and all clothing would be ironed and all their meals and snacks would be brought to their cell. They would have family visits in a suite built for that purpose. They would have access to library, weight room, spiritual counseling, pool and education.

Simple clothing, shoes, slippers, P.J.'s and legal aid would be free on request along with private, secure rooms for all, with an exercise outdoor yard with gardens. Each senior could have a P.C., a T.V., radio and daily phone calls. There would be a board of directors to hear complaints and the guards would have a code of conduct that would be strictly adhered to.

The "criminals" would get cold food, be left all alone and unsupervised. Lights off at 8pm and showers once a week. Live in a tiny room and pay \$5,000. per month and have no hope.

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An elderly couple were on a cruise and it was really stormy. They were standing on the back of the boat watching the storm when a wave came up and washed the old man overboard. They searched for days and couldn't find him so the captain sent the old woman back to shore with the promise that he would notify her as soon as they found something.

Three weeks went by and finally the old woman got a fax from the boat. It read: "Ma'am, sorry to inform you, we found your husband dead at the bottom of the ocean. We hauled him up to the deck and attached to his butt was an oyster and in it was a pearl worth \$50,000. Please advise."

The old lady faxed back "Send me the pearl and re-bait the trap."



## With a little Bit of Luck

**Lessons from Life's Journey by Buzz Lightly (aka Doug Lester)**

### Victoria Day

Back in the day, the 24<sup>th</sup> of May weekend had very little to do with rowdy parties in campground and cases of beer.

When I was boy, the Victoria Day weekend was the day we prepared our garden and planted our first seeds. It was also a day of bonfires, hotdogs, marshmallows and fireworks. It was one of the most exciting days of the year.

On Monday morning, mom and dad gathered up the rakes and hoes and we headed for our garden plot out behind the barn. Dad had arranged for the ground to be plowed in the fall and cultivated in the spring. Now our job was to turn the clumps of clay into a smooth bed for the produce we would enjoy during the summer and fall.

As a young boy the garden seemed huge, and as we started hacking and raking I wondered if we would ever finish the task. However the warm earth soon yielded and the stakes and string marked out the first rows. What excitement as we helped plant Dutch sets, radishes, potatoes, and corn.

After lunch we finished up our garden chores and headed to my aunt and uncle's farm. At the farm we helped with some yard clean-up and all the leaves and limbs were piled in a large pile ready for the evening bonfire. Usually the pyre was at least ten feet tall.

Then the waiting began. We would have a farm dinner but the younger generation ate very little in anticipation of bonfire hotdogs and roasted marshmallows later on.

After supper my cousin usually found the first package of firecrackers. These were the little explosive devices you see in festivals around the world. We enjoyed them until Canada banned firecrackers on September 27, 1972 after it came out in the media that some children had been badly burned while playing with firecrackers in their tent. It was later found out that the news story was incorrect, and that the children had actually been smoking. Not wanting to

tell their parents, they said they had been playing with firecrackers. In the 50's even our mothers tolerated us boys putting a lit firecracker under their chairs to see them jump.

At dusk the bonfire was lit and we watched in awe as the flames danced in the evening sky. As the fire turned to ambers our hotdog sticks came out and we began roasting hotdogs and marshmallows. Then the men would start letting off the fireworks.

Balls of colour exploded in the air and we would always finish with the "Burning School House".

I was smiling in my sleep as we drove home from a fun-filled day. Although the little firecrackers are gone, with a little bit of luck our children and grandchildren can still experience the joy of lighting a sparkler and sitting by a bonfire on a warm evening in May.

### Quotable Quotes

"A step in the wrong direction is better than staying on the spot all our life. Once you're moving forward you can correct your course as you go. Your automatic guidance system cannot guide you when you're standing still." *Maxwell Maltz*

"Each of us has a fire in our hearts for something. It's our goal in life to find it and to keep it lit." *Mary Lou Retton*

## Happy May 24 Victoria Day

Two elderly ladies had been friends for many decades. Over the years they had shared all kinds of activities and adventures. Lately, their activities had been limited to meeting a few times a week to play cards.

One day they were playing cards when one looked at the other and said, "Now don't get mad at me. I know we've been friends for a long time...but I just can't think of your name! I've thought and thought, but I can't remember it. Please tell me what your name is."

Her friend glared at her. For at least three minutes she just stared and glared at her. Finally she said, "How soon do you need to know?"

### The Woman Marine Pilot

The teacher gave her fifth-grade class an assignment: Get their parents to tell them a story with a moral at the end of it. The next day, the kids came back and one by one began to tell their stories.

There were all the usual moral stores: spilled milk and pennies saved. The teacher then called upon the last student. "Janie, do you have a story to share?"

"Yes ma'am. My dad told me a story about my mommy. She was a Marine pilot in Desert Storm and her plane got hit. She had to bail out over enemy territory and all she had was a flask of whiskey, a pistol and a survival knife. She drank the whiskey on the way down so the bottle wouldn't break, and then her parachute landed her right in the middle of 20 Iraqi troops. She shot 15 of them with the pistol until she ran out of bullets, killed four more with the knife till the blade broke, and then she killed the last Iraqi with her bare hands."

"Good heavens," said the horrified teacher. What did your daddy tell you was the moral to this horrible story?"

"Stay away from mommy when she's been drinking."