

Something to

CROWABOUT

e-Magazine of the

Wagga Wagga Senior Citizens' Club Inc.

Incorporating

WAGGA WAGGA SENIOR CITIZENS' COMPUTER CLUB

Member of ASCCA (Australian Seniors Computer Clubs Association)

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My Autobiography (The War Years)

By Theo Verbeek

Part 2

Continuing the memoirs of Dr Theo Verbeek (retired) detailing his experiences as a teenager and young man in Holland during the Second World War, 1940-1945.



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Editor's Notes



Winter has started to bite now but our members keep the chill at bay when they gather in the warm and friendly embrace of the Wagga Senior Citizens Centre for regular activities. And even when we leave the protection of the Centre, such as recently when we travelled south to visit the Howlong Wood Carving Museum and Holbrook's Woolpack Inn Museum on the return journey, members kept warm and really enjoyed a great day out.

By the time this edition has been published our club will have travelled to Narrandera for our annual visit with our sister Senior Citizens Club, an event we all look forward to every year, and return the favour by inviting the Narrandera Club members to our Club Birthday Luncheon in August.

Make the most of your membership by attending as many activities as you can

May love and laughter light your days, and warm your heart and home. May good and faithful friends be yours wherever you may roam...IRISH PROVERB

Look forward to seeing you at the club,



Barry

Wagga Wagga Senior Citizens' Club Inc.

Membership (\$5.00 per year) to over 50's
Weekly Programme of Activities

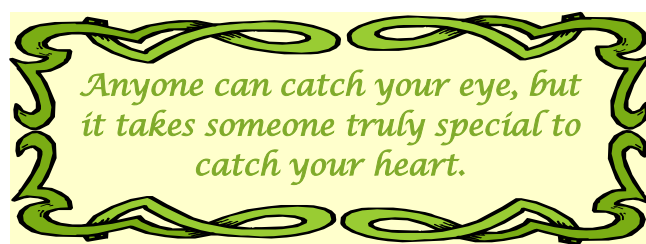
| Day | Activity | Time | Cost |
|-------------------|--|--------------------|----------------|
| Every Mon. | Computer Club - offering one on one tuition. | 9.30 am to 3.00 pm | \$3.00 Per hr. |
| Every Mon. | Computer Tablet Class | 11.00-12.00 | \$2.00 |
| 1st Mon. Of Month | Public Meeting Day Guest Speaker | 1.30 pm | \$2.00 |
| 2nd Mon. Of Month | Indoor Bowls | 12.30 pm | \$2.00 |
| 3rd Mon. Of Month | Luncheon Day | 12 noon | \$5.00 |
| 4th Mon. Of Month | Games & Fun round-robin | 1.00 — 3.00pm | \$2.00 |
| Every Thursday | Computer Club - offering one on one tuition. | 9.30 am to 3.00 pm | \$3.00 Per hr. |
| Every Thursday | 500 Cards | 1.00 pm | \$2.00 |
| Every Thursday | Line Dancing | 9.30 am - 11.30 am | \$2.00 |
| Every Thursday | Craft | 1.00 - 3.00 pm | \$2.00 |
| Every Friday | Computer Club - offering one on one tuition. | 12 noon to 3.00 pm | \$3.00 per hr. |
| Every Friday | Indoor Bowls | 1.00 - 3.00 pm | \$2.00 |
| 3rd Friday | Seniors Book Club | 11.00 am | \$2.00 |

Bi-Monthly Bus Trip: Normally 3rd Wednesday of month, destination decided at monthly meeting and bookings taken that day with payment.

Wagga Wagga Senior Citizens' Club Inc Committee 2017

| | | |
|---------------------|---------------|----------|
| President | Jim Weeden | 69331394 |
| Vice President | Ellen Downey | 69224903 |
| Treasurer | Jo Jovanovic | 69315926 |
| Assistant Treasurer | Bev Morley | 69228536 |
| Secretary | Robyn Weeden | 69331394 |
| Assistant Secretary | Robyn McClure | 69250273 |
| Dawn McDermott | Housemother | 69251191 |

Additional Committee: Velma Spears, Phyllis Ward, Helen Murley, Barry Williams, Barbara Moorhead, Marlene Bowen, Dudley Downey, Chris Thomas, Lise Chan.



WAGGA WAGGA SENIOR CITIZENS' COMPUTER CLUB—COMMITTEE 2017

| | | |
|-------------|-----------------|--|
| Chairperson | Hilary Phillips | |
| Secretary | Barry Williams | Ph: 69253065 barrysonia@bigpond.com |
| Treasurer | Dawn McDermott | Ph: 69251191 |

Additional Committee: Velma Spears, Jim Weeden, Gwen Winkler, Enid Pendergast, Bruce Donaldson, Joan Elkins, Sr Rae Berry



Find us on Facebook or visit our web site at...
<http://seniorcitizen8.wix.com/ww-senior-citizens>

Reminder

General Club Meeting is held on the **1st Monday** of Month.
Computer Club Committee meets on the **2nd Monday** of Month

Seniors in Focus

The ladies in the Club aren't the only "crafty" ones, as member Lance Tucker displays one of his forge work creations here.



Some of our members were present at the Terry Leonard Concert during this years Seniors Festival at the Rules Club...Some even joined in the fun!



May General meeting with Ken from "Drums Calling".



Phyllis Ward celebrated her 80th Birthday in June at the Club with some of her activities groups.



Peter Gissing was our June Guest Speaker



In June our Club visited the Howlong Wood Carving Museum and Holbrook's Woolpack Inn Museum



My Autobiography

(The War Years—Part 2)

By Theo Verbeek

Late in October 1942 the battle of Al Alamein in North Africa took place and became the first significant victory of the allies against the German armies. Around March 1942 the Japanese armies, air force and navy experienced more and more that no quick victories came their way anymore. Kokoda Trail and Milne Bay, of course, names which have deep significance for us in Australia.

The battles of the American forces in Guadalcanal and the sea battle of the Coral Sea in early May 1942 and not long after that the battle of Midway in early June.

1942 turned the tide in the Pacific and the allies began their long and at times bitterly fought march to Japan.

We in occupied Europe followed all of this with great interest and it became clear that the allies started to win.

The Germans realised that an invasion by the allies was something they had better prepare for. All along the coast, many casemates were being built. Civilians in several areas close to the coast had to leave their homes (evicted) and German military installations were established there.

An elderly couple who had been evicted from their house in the Hauge were resettled in the house of my grandparents. I always had some pity for them because my grandmother was just as bossy with them as she was with her own husband. It wasn't an easy life for them. One good thing for them was, however, that food was not a problem, which had apparently been quite a problem for them in their previous place. My grandparents were, of course, not the only ones who had to take in people who had been forcibly removed from coastal areas.

So even as the circumstances of the population steadily became more and more difficult. Our previous gloomy mood changed: WE were winning!

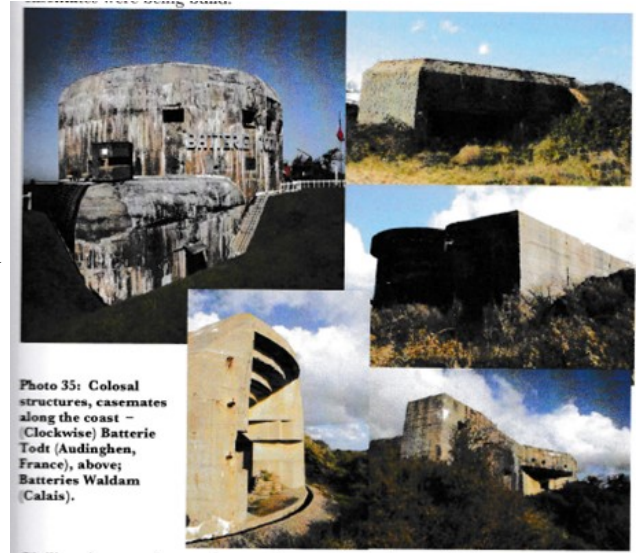


Photo 35: Colossal structures, casemates along the coast - (Clockwise) Batterie Todt (Audinghen, France), above; Batteries Waldam (Calais).

Still, on the ground, life became more and more chaotic. There was no petrol anymore and the sight of cars pulled by a horse a comical but not unusual sight.

The Germans had also commandeered cars and, if they could manage it, many people had mothballed and hidden their cars. Some people managed to construct a kind of wood burner which produced a gas which could run the motor, but it had its own problems; just getting the right kind of wood for it one of the problems ...

Shortages of all kind of things, from food, clothes, shoes, linen, towels, soap, bike and tyres, made so many "normal" activities impossible or very cumbersome.

The house of Oom Ide and Tante Jacques had a coke heater in the cellar which heated water which then went to radiators in all the rooms but there was no coke anymore, so a wood heater had to be installed in the living room. In the kitchen. The stove generally provided us with warmth there. No heater anymore in other rooms. Our school managed for quite a while to have heating in the classrooms and the large study hall and Henk and I used to do our homework there for much of the time. At home, we used the kitchen, which had the stove, while the family sat in the living room.

The Dutch radio, which we had in Venray, was actually received through by cable. It gave of course (obligatory!) German news but then also favourite Dutch songs and some local news. Always checked by the Germans (censored)! - one thing I will always remember of those evenings when life was in so many ways difficult. The program finished at 10 pm always with the song "Lili Marleen".

Winston Churchill loved the song and said it was the only good thing which came from the war. It still has the power to move me to tears when I think of that radio "good night". A love song in a world that tore itself apart in war.

1943-1944

I finished my "extra" year in high school, passed the exam in October 1943 and had to face the fact that I was going to be sent to Germany to work there. The family had, however, already worked out another plan: Oom (Uncle) Gerrit worked in the administrative division of the coal mines in Heerlen. People who worked underground were exempted from work in Germany, so Oom Gerrit had to get me accepted there. It needed a bit of skulduggery, however: needing glasses was a "no no" for underground workers.

Of course, my medical would normally have made this impossible and, in fact, the doctor who examined me disqualified me.

But it was war! I don't know exactly how it happened but Oom Gerrit managed to pull some "strings" and, somehow, I "passed" my medical without seeing another doctor and became an underground mine worker.

I always had my glasses with me in a little metal box but never needed them.

I have appreciated this experience of being a labourer, but it had its moments, of course.

I have retained a great admiration for the expertise and skills of underground mine workers. A well-known danger of coal mines is that not infrequently inflammable gas is present, which can suffocate and cause unconsciousness, and also

can explode when an open flame is brought into contact with it. Our electric lamps, fed from batteries, were safe to use but, in olden days, the gas lamps had a metal screen around them which would avoid this explosion. There was also the custom that little birds in a cage were kept; the birds apparently very sensitive and their distress warning the miners of danger.

Underground work, with its exemption, had been used not only by me but also by others who just wanted to stay out of Germany. The "regular" underground workers accepted this kind of "war-labourer" with good grace. "It was war!" Still, in some sense we were also sort of tolerated strangers. So, I landed in this group of "war-labourers" and it was very different from the academic world in which I had been.

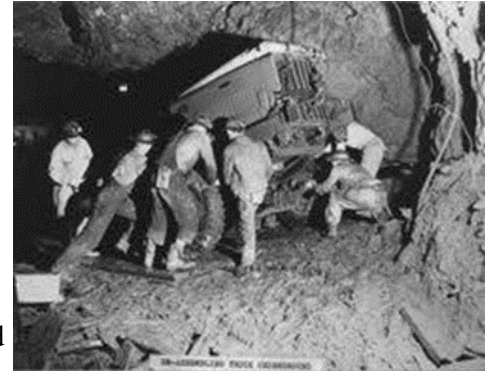
The two subjects of conversation apart from the war news were soccer and girls (sex).

My day started with a walk to the mine, about twenty minutes – one's status always check at the gate – then to the hall where you hang your clothes in a locker with your name on it and then, naked, to the place where the clean, daily washed work clothes were. You picked your size of washed clothes/socks (no underwear) put them on and then found and put on the shoes of your size on and went to the place where you were handed your helmet and your lamp with battery, which you hooked onto your belt. A simple turn switched your light on and off.

Then to the shaft waiting in the crowd and your turn to go down. The cage had four levels, so loading it meant for people and wagons alike that it moved while one level filled when the second and third and fourth followed. Then the quick 600 metres descent always making your ears pop.

The work which I initially had to do was pretty hard but fairly easy. The little wagons, which transported the coal, are brought up the shaft and emptied above ground by being turned upside down. Then back the empty wagons went down the shaft again. However, often some of the coal dust stuck, so the little wagon wasn't "empty". Not uncommonly, after having gone through the system a few times, the wagon was practically full of this gradually more and more compacted coal dust.

My (with others) job was to check the returning wagons coming down the shaft and loosen that compacted coal dust with pickaxes and put that in an empty wagon which, when full was sent up. So, theoretically, only empty wagons went further into the mine ready to receive a full load of coal.



One of the aspects of our work bothered me up to a point: my whole upbringing had instilled me with doing a good job and work as hard as you can, but it was war and all that coal went to the Germans and sabotaging was a sort of "patriotic" duty. A wagon half (or even more!) full of this compacted coal dust wasn't emptied but the coal dust from another only slightly filled one, placed on top of it until it was full. So, in fact, some full or nearly full wagons went around and round.

The "effectiveness" of our "work" wasn't really checked but only the number of wagons we filled recorded. After a month or so, I managed to change my job and became one of the people who coupled the wagons together which came down the shaft into one continuous train. It wasn't difficult but constant. I liked that busy work better than the previous one. It made the time go by very quickly. The mine went 24/7 and the rule was that labourers were rotated through the three shifts, morning, afternoon and night. No weekends off but one got a higher wage on those days. Fairly quickly I preferred night shift. Start 10.30 pm to 6 am.

Then home to sleep till, say, 1 pm and the rest of the day free. I took private English and French lessons and did a few other courses too.

Another advantage of the "night shift" had that when the alarm of air raids occurred the work on the shift stopped; the result of a bomb hit on a working shaft a potentially serious and even crippling damage to the mine. It meant no work and the ability to "snooze" or even sleep! I pulled a plank of sufficient length against the wall on a slight angle and lay down on it. Amazing when I think back to it now, but for a 21 -year-old it was good enough "bed".

The moment the shaft began work again I woke up and was at work again.

I began my underground mine work around November 1943.

I think it was in early January 1944, while coupling two wagons together, another wagon bumped into one and derailed it and, in the process, my right hand was caught and crushed. I, cradling my injured hand in my left one walked to the shaft only 20 metres or so from where it happened. The person who worked the shaft saw me and immediately a signal was sent up to the people on top. All normal work with the coal wagons always stops while an injured person is attended to. In my case it was relatively easy as I could walk, and no stretches or other people involved. I was brought to the first aid department of another mine where more facilities were available and stitched up (under local) and given a splint on my arm with a little wheel on top which pulled my thumb straight and kept the broken bones in alignment. Still the joint was also damaged, and I ended up with a permanently slightly damaged hand.

Fortunately, not preventing me to later pursue my desired training for medicine.

My last year in Heerlen as underground mine worker. 1944

The accident made me a temporary invalid and not able to work. It took about six weeks, and, during that time, I lived

for a while in Venray in my "normal" "home and - not too badly handicapped by my right splinted arm- had, in general, a nice time.

My room at Oom Gerrit's was an attic room and, having time, I decided to read the bible from A to Z. Oom Gerrit had made a new translation of the bible from Hebrew into Dutch. Pretty crazy really, looking back on it, that reading the bible from A to Z!! But I managed to do it, being in the process completely baffled by big parts of it.

While reading that in my little attic room I "became friends" with a little mouse, who initially very carefully but later quite brazenly "checked me out" and, when I put out some food for him/her, became a very regular guest!

After those six weeks, my splint was taken off and I was put on light duties, which proved to be a very interesting time.

Before going on to that, here also another routine daily part of life as an underground mineworker.

Understandably, the work is very "dirty" and one ends the shift covered from top to toe in black coal dust. Coming up, everybody goes to the shower hall. The dirty clothes go into a chute to be washed (by the mine) and a hundred or more naked men go under many nice hot showers (soap provided). No cubicles but all cosy together in that hall. All the parts which one can easily reach are washed.

Quite a job to get the area around your eyes clean so that you don't have little black rims along the eye lashes! But to wash your back it is much easier if somebody else does that for you. So, you tap somebody on his shoulder or somebody taps you on the shoulder and you wash each other's back. It was called "pukul". Probably dialect. I have not been able to find the word in any dictionary.



The drying happens with walking to an area where hot air blows, but small towels were also provided to "finish off" if you need them; these also into the chute afterwards. Then you go to your own clothes locker, dress and that is it for the day.

The light duties which I had to do was to be with a very experienced mine worker whose job it was to check the not-at-the-time-in-use area/passages.

Potentially important for the overall mining activity. Quite fascinating to walk for many, many kilometres through the maze of tunnels under the earth, the result of centuries of mining.

My boss was very pleasant company, his conversation interesting; also, quite instructive to notice his keen observation and knowledge of the status of the tunnels.

I think I did that light duty for perhaps a month or so and then was put, as the saying has it, at the "coal face". In this case literally! A mineworker who actually hack the coal loose with their jackhammer and shovel it onto the conveyor belt are the "front line soldiers" of that industry. That must have been around early April 1944.

Where I had to work was about a metre, so one could not stand up and was the whole shift crawling or working stooped. My job with a few others was to drag wooden poles to the front where they were needed to put up temporary support for the roof as the coal was hacked away. While we dragged those poles up to the front, we often had to help each other. We worked with the incessant noise of the jackhammers and the machines, which moved the gutters around us. Calls for more poles from the front letting us know where to go because visibility was limited by the constant heavy dust. One often only saw the headlights on helmets not who it actually was. It was hard and dirty work. Still, a good feeling of comradeship and working together, often only seeing each other as a lamp moving in the dust till "smoko" was called and we munched our food/drink for a little while, half sitting wherever one could and then on again till the end of the shift.

Then boarding "proper" passenger carriages (no sides) each for 12 persons sitting back to back six aside, feet to the outside and transported the few kilometres to the shaft.

Both during my "light duties" period and later when "at the coal face", work did not stop, when above the siren went for air alarm. Only coming back up at the end of the shift, we learned what had happened "above" during our shift.

Actually, the nightly bombardments of Germany after the invasion on the coast of Normandy on 6 June 1944 also diminished, presumably because much of the allied air force was busy at the invasion area.

In West Europe, Russia and North Africa and, lately, also in Italy, the war went on. We got our news through the German radio/papers but also by the many people who managed to listen with their forbidden radios to news from England. People who had been in Germany to work there often also related what was happening there. Major destruction of many towns from bombing raids, which seemed to happen more and more.

Here is just one of those war stories which stick in my mind: A bloke working on a railway yard when an air raid started took shelter under a railway carriage and felt sort of safe lying between the rails with a wagon above him. Several bombs fell quite close to him. A bit later, peeping up, he realised that his protective wagon had disappeared, and he was lying in the open air. Bombs kept falling and a bit later he felt something like a stone hitting him quite hard on his back. Feeling for it with his hand, it was a quite hot bolt!

Earlier the mood was very gloomy, but now things had changed, and it became more and more obvious that "WE" were winning. Still, when on 6 June 1944 – D Day – the long-anticipated invasion took place, very chaotic situations also became "normal".

All rail workers from high to low went on strike that day or shortly after in France, Belgium and the Netherlands. This was of course "illegal" and all striking persons became onderduikers, creating many problems for the people who sheltered and looked after these onderduikers food wise because they had no coupons. The black market became even more just a kind of parallel economy. However, at the same time, the means of the German occupiers to control the situation became impossible. Though they increased their air raids, this also became, through lack of personnel, a more and more inefficient and just another chaotic part of daily life.

The German army needed everybody at the front. Rail transport was, through the strike and constant bombing by the allies, impossible in day time. At night time the shortage of workers and the destruction of tracks all over the place also made it very difficult and very limited.

Oom Ide and Tante Jacques wanted me in Venray when the war came closer. Still, if I did not work in the mine I could be forced to go to Germany, so for the time being, they wanted me to stay where I was.

The invasion in Normandy on 6 June 1944 was followed by heavy fighting. In late July, the allies broke out of their beach head. Then the German army seemed to collapse, and the allies stormed, within less than a month, nearly a thousand kilometres to the north and east through France and Belgium. Paris fell with hardly a fight on 25 August, the allies entered Antwerp with its harbour intact on 1 September and the armies then advanced into the southern Netherlands.

I left Heerlen and my exempted status as mineworker in early August. Oom Ide had organised a place where I would be safe. My "residence" as onderduiker was with an elderly lady and I was there with two other young blokes in a similar situation as me.

The house was next to a primary school and the neighbour on the other side was in cahoots and helped in "lookout" services for us. On the other side of the road there were no houses but the big fence of St Servaas, the large institution for mentally ill male persons.

We had as "escape" in case of a raid, a covered hole in the ground of a chicken coop behind the house. It could have been very cramped and uncomfortable but also, rather difficult to discover. Fortunately, we never needed it. German police came to Venray to enquire about my whereabouts after a week or so, obviously alerted to my absence from work, but nobody, of course, knew anything at all about me .



Photo 36: Heerlen in the 1940s

Very shortly after this "visit" of the police, the German occupation control in the south Netherlands simply crumbled. All German soldiers were needed for the army and most other personnel just got out.

So, I wasn't very long an onderduiker. By end of August I moved in with my normal family at Tante Jacque's, though I also stayed, at times, with my widowed grandmother, who still had her evacuees living with her and otherwise moved freely around, often with my friend Henny Steerneman, who also had escaped being sent to Germany but had been onderduiker for much longer than me.

"Normal" society had gone, from shops who had poor access to suppliers to bakers who often could not bake bread to butchers who often had no meat. Milk delivery became erratic. Often no electricity (that is, also no radio!); no telephone, and no schools! Apart from German army trucks and sometimes tanks there was no motorised civilian transport on the roads.

I quickly resumed my visits to farmers for food, much easier now because no secrecy was need anymore, and I did it in daytime; the steady presence of retreating German trucks and tanks and foot soldiers proving to us that the allied armies must be getting closer.

It is strange, but one is quite isolated and only knows what one can see or hear oneself. Actually, persons like me, young and able to walk – if necessary run, or go on a bike – were main sources of news. People in New York, at that time, would have been better informed about what happened around Venray than we who lived there.

I woke up early in the morning on the 17th September from the noise of many planes. Going outside, it was simply unbelievable, the sky was filled with low flyting English planes – gliders pulled by normal planes – each plane mostly pulling three gliders, all going north. Much higher in the sky also English fighters.

What a different feeling I had that day, compared to that of 10th of May 1940 when I was woken up by plane noise and it were German bombers in the air! It was clear that something big was going on and fairly quickly we learned that a major allied airborne attack was in process. The day after, somebody told us that allied troops were actually in Sint Teunis where my Oom Joost lived. Just 18 km away.



With Henny and one or two other friends, we went there on bikes and there they were: "the Tommies"! A column using both sides of the road going north, a column seemingly without end! Trucks mainly but also jeeps and tanks not stopping but going, going, going. There were high in the air allied planes, fighters mostly, but also bombers. Not a German plane to be seen.

There wasn't a German soldier in Venray and we hadn't seen one on our trip! We reported all of that enthusiastically when back in Venray, when we returned later that day. We could not quite understand why no allied troops came to Venray. Still, it could not be very long, and we would soon be "properly" liberated from the German occupation. I don't want to dwell on the many details of that part of the second world war which engulfed us but here just in very broad lines about the situation:

The Germans were completely surprised by the airborne attack and the thrust of the allies some 800 km or so to the north into the Netherlands from Belgium. To the west of this column of allied troops, there were still a large number of German troops who, of course, did not want to be cut off from Germany and began fighting their way to break through this fairly narrow allied column from the west back to Germany. The German army still in Germany obviously tried to help this manoeuvre by attacking the column from the east. It is of course very quickly said but moving large groups of men and their armaments needs a bit of time.

So, while on the 18th and even on the 19th of September there wasn't a German soldier in Venray and between Venray and Sint Teunis, this rapidly changed!

On the 20th and following days we suddenly had more and more German troops with their tanks and guns and mortars in Venray.

We were properly "occupied" again though the German army had no interest in unarmed civilians as long as they did not hinder. Some places had been blocked off, but overall people could still get around normally on foot or bike.

On 30th September I had gone on my bike for a 10 kilometre or so trip to the farmer where I got supplies to fill our larder. I could hear loud explosions from the direction of Venray and, on my return journey, there were many bomb craters, which made the little track over which I had come impassable. So, I had to walk the bike - with its load - around these craters to get home. Everybody

there had taken shelter in the cellar and many bombs had fallen on Venray they said but everybody at home was OK.

I did a little reconnoitre on foot and came to the main street of Venray some 300 metres or so from our house. Looking into the street looking to the left, an amazing sight. There was no street anymore! All houses, many actually shops, from both sides as far as I could see had crumpled into the street. The track of a tank had already made its imprint all over it, but no tank was in sight. The scene otherwise totally deserted. Looking to the right where my grandmother's house was and the council chambers, it looked normal, however.

I ran back home and told them what I had seen and decided to reconnoitre a bit more. I went to Henny's place, just a few doors down from us, and everybody there was also in the cellar, and I told them what I had seen.

The Henny and I, just the two of us, went for a reconnoitre. We ran over the well known little track to our old school. Around that time, shells started to come over and we dove to the ground several times and very quickly learned to not just run, but always run to a spot with some shelter where we could stop and look for the next "safe" spot. The gullies along the roads often found us lying down ready for our next run. The bombshell craters also very good places to shelter. The theory being, that it was very unlikely that two shells/bombs would fall on the same place giving "extra safety" (??).

The sound of a shell landing close by also very different from one which will land further away. Another fact, the importance of which made it quickly "second nature", when to dive down or to keep going.

We came past a shed which had burned down with a totally burned body with the poking out stumps of both legs visible, was lying in the ruins.

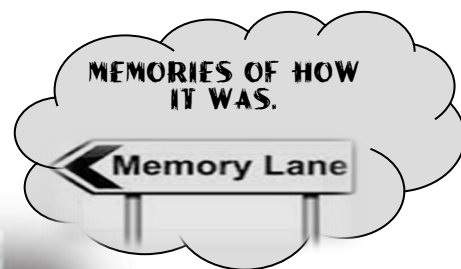
A bit further on we came to a house completely caved in from a direct hit. Several men were digging, one of them the husband. He had been away from the house when the bombing started. His wife and mother and two children had been in the cellar. Henny and I assisted, and we dug up the whole family, all deceased.

It was a sad day, Similar scenes all over Venray. Much more was to come! TO BE CONTINUED IN NEXT ISSUE.

A Walk Down Memory Lane!

Do you remember when....

Here are a few gentle reminders of how it was when we were young.



Members' Contributions

At our age, you've gotta laugh, even if it is at yourself!

The Busy Road

The busy road is always busy,
All the cars are in a tizzy.
There is always a traffic jam,
Or something on the road like a little lamb,
Or even a big fat ram.



And sometimes a group of thieves,
Or a giant pile of leaves,
Or something catches fire,
A car loses its tyre,
And a tree burns up in fire.

All of the cars crash and bash.
There's a big hole in the road that makes a big splash.
There's noisy parties that keep you awake.
You cannot even bake a cake,
Because our noisy neighbours
give us all a headache.



You can never concentrate,
Or serve food in a plate.
It is worse than New York City,
Because nothing is never pretty.
So that is why we are moving out of Gritty City.

By Miranda Howard (Age 10)
Submitted by a proud great-uncle Barry



Growing old.

First you forget names; then you
forget faces; then you forget to zip
up your fly; and then you forget to
unzip your fly.



Contributed by
Freda



What else can happen to make this day even worse ?
Contributed by Yvonne

WORD PLAY:

BEAUTY PARLOR > A

place where women curl up and dye.

CHICKENS > The only animal you eat before they are born
and after they are dead.

COMMITTEE > A body that keeps minutes and wastes hours.

DUST > Mud with the juice squeezed out.

EGOTIST > Someone who is usually me-deep in conversa-
tion.

HANDKERCHIEF > Cold Storage.

INFLATION > Cutting money in half without damaging the
paper.

MOSQUITO > An insect that makes you like flies better.

POLITICAL CORRECTNESS > A doctrine fostered by a
delusional, illogical minority.

RAISIN > A grape with a sunburn.

SECRET > A story you tell one person at a time.

SKELETON > A bunch of bones with the person scraped off.

TOOTHACHE > The pain that drives you to extraction.

TOMORROW > One of the greatest labour-saving devices of
today.

YAWN > An honest opinion openly expressed.

WRINKLES > Something other people have.... similar to my
character lines.

In youth, the days are short and the years are long. In old age,
the years are short and days long.

Submitted by Yvonne

A.A.A.D.D

I have finally found my problem, or maybe yours. I have been
diagnosed with, heaven forbid, A.A.A.D.D. - Age Activated
Attention Deficit Disorder.

These are the symptoms: I decide to wash the car; I head to-
wards the garage but spot the mail on the table. OK, I'm going
to wash the car. But first I'd better go through the mail. I put
the car keys down on the desk, discard the junk mail and I no-
tice the garbage tin is full. OK, I'll just put the accounts on the
desk and take the garbage out, but since I'm going to be near
the letterbox anyway, I'll pay these few accounts first. Now,
where is my cheque book? There's only one cheque left! My
extra cheques are in my desk. Oh, there's the Coke I was drink-
ing. I'm going to look for those cheques. But first I need to put
my Coke further away from the computer, or maybe I'll pop it
into the fridge to keep it cold for a while. I head off towards
the kitchen and my flowers catch my eye, they need some wa-
ter. I put the Coke on the counter and there are my glasses. I
was looking for them all morning! I'd better put them away
first.

I fill a container with water and head for the flowerpots. Some-
one left the TV remote in the kitchen. We will never think to
look in the kitchen tonight when we want to watch television
so I'd better put it back in the family room where it belongs.
I splash some water into the pots and onto the floor, I throw
the remote back onto a soft cushion on the sofa and I tread
back down the hall trying to figure out what it was I was going
to do.

AT THE END OF THE DAY:

The car isn't washed, the accounts are unpaid, the Coke is sit-
ting on the kitchen counter, the flowers are half watered, the
cheque book still only has one cheque in it and I can't seem to
find my car keys! When I try to figure out why nothing got
done today, I'm baffled because I KNOW I WAS BUSY ALL
DAY LONG! Contributed by Bruce

Computer Hints & Tips



Avoid eye strain by enlarging the text on your devices

Many of us spend good chunks of the day checking text messages, reading emails, catching up on social media and generally staring at the teeny tiny screens on our smartphones. This can lead to blurred vision, headaches, dry and sore eyes, and muscle strain.

Around one in four people with eye concerns complain about sore eyes due to spending time reading text on a small screen. The problem is that while we naturally blink once every three to four seconds, we only blink every six to eight seconds when we stare at a screen.

I didn't believe this when I first read it, so I reread it – which took me about 12 seconds – and you know what? I didn't blink. I looked away and immediately blinked four or five times in rapid succession.

The other thing I noticed was that I squinted to read the screen. That can also contribute to eye strain as well as neck, shoulder and muscle fatigue.

One way to combat these problems is to enlarge the text on your screen. Here's how to do just that.

On your iPhone or iPad, head to 'Settings' then click on 'General'. Next, select 'Accessibility', then tap 'Larger Text'. Now, select your desired text size, then press the home button to exit the menu.

If that's not enough and you want to make your text stand out even more, you'll be happy to know that you can bold your screen text. To do this, just go to 'Settings' then click 'Display & Brightness' and flip the 'Bold Text' switch. Now restart your phone and your bold text will appear.

You can also use the good old 'pinch apart' gesture – which is when you put two fingers on your screen and pull them apart to magnify any images and text

If you're using an Android phone, go to 'Settings' and click 'Display', then 'Font Size'. Now you can choose from one of four settings: small, normal, large or huge.

While a standard Android phone doesn't have a 'bold text' option, it does have a high-contrast feature. This adds a black outline around some of the text on your screen to make it easier to read. To access this feature, go to 'Settings', then tap the 'high-contrast' text box.

If you're using a Mac computer, you can hold 'Command' and use the '+' or '-' to enlarge or reduce the text and images on your screen.

For PC users, click on 'Start' and head to 'Settings' and click on 'Control Panel'. Now double click 'Display', then 'Settings' and move the tab under screen resolution to the left to enlarge images and text on your screen.

Another trick that usually works for both computer types is to hold Control and scroll your mouse-wheel forwards or backwards, depending on how you have your mouse set up. Or you can use your trackpad and pinch in or out.

Internet Links 4U2 Try

Brain Pump is a site full of random, short, educational videos. Choose from their list of categories that include topics such as psychology, technology, food, history, physics, space, business, math etc.

[Here's a 2 min "taster" of the kind of factual information available in hundreds of free videos.](#)

If you enjoy magic, you will certainly enjoy this – this guy is fantastic!

Click below, sit back and be in awe.....unless, of course, you've already seen it, so 'be in awe' again

<http://www.metaspooon.com/smoothini-magic/?fb=044ENd6599a0>

Click below and Enjoy!

http://img0.liveinternet.ru/images/attach/c/5/3970/3970473_sprite198.swf

Subject: BORED ENGINEERS - Amazing!!!

[Click here to watch what Bored Engineers Do!](#)

French Nightclub!! It is not what you expect!

http://www.youtube.com/watch_popup?v=5h1c2ODfRxQ

Watch More Than 2000 High-Quality Documentaries For Free

<http://www.documentarystorm.com/>

Don't try this at home!

<http://www.flixy.com/lion-whisperer-ke...ardson.htm>

<http://www.flixy.com/animal-tightrope-...ng-act.htm>

A Bird with RythmThis Bird Loves Ray Charles - a Video! (and do watch the following video of Einstein the Bird)

<http://www.maniacworld.com/bird-loves-ray-charles.html>





The Crows Joke Page

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Morris, an 82 year-old man, went to the doctor to get a physical. A few days later the doctor saw Morris walking down the street with a gorgeous young woman on his arm. A couple of days later the doctor spoke to Morris and said, "You're really doing great, aren't you?" Morris replied, "Just doing what you said, Doc: 'Get a hot mamma and be cheerful.'" The doctor said, "I didn't say that. I said, 'You've got a heart murmur - be careful.'"



I've sure grown old. I've had two bypass surgeries, a hip replacement, new knees, fought prostate cancer, and diabetes. I'm half blind, can't hear anything quieter than a jet engine, take forty different medications that make me dizzy, winded, and subject to black-outs. I have bouts with dementia. I have poor circulation. I can hardly feel my hands and feet anymore. I can't remember if I'm 85 or 92 and I've lost all my friends. But.....Thank God, I still have my driver's licence! Now doesn't that make life worth living?



A blonde dials 000 to report that her car had been broken into. She is hysterical as she explains her situation to the dispatcher. "They have stolen the dashboard, the steering wheel, the brake pedal and even the accelerator, she cries. The 000 dispatcher says, "Stay calm, a policeman is on the way, He will be there in two minutes. Before the police get to the crime scene, however the 000 dispatcher telephone rings a second time and the same blonde is on the line again. "Never mind," giggles the blonde, I got in the backseat by mistake."



A wife, being the romantic sort, sent her husband a text ,If you are sleeping send me your dreams, if you are laughing send me your smile, if you are eating send me a bite, if you are drinking send me a sip, if you are crying send me your tears" I love you. The husband, typically non - romantic, replied, "I am on the toilet, please advise".



A dreadful hurricane capsizes a cruise liner and an investment broker washes ashore on a deserted island. It seems he must be the only survivor. He lives on fresh water, yams, coconuts, bananas and fish. He survives for several months and then one day he sees the most incredibly beautiful blonde coming around the point in a rowing boat. "Somebody else on this island!" she calls out. "I can't believe it. Were you on the cruise ship?" "Yes," he replies. "Where are you? On the other side of the island?" "I've been there since the storm. I managed to salvage a bit of wreckage and live pretty well". She invites him to come with her and they row around to the far side of the island.

True enough, she has made a comfortable lean-to with timber that washed ashore. The roof is thatched with palm leaves while the sides are walled with broken packing cases and other suitable flotsam. Other items she has managed to salvage are a table, a couple of chairs, a box containing a gross of wine, some amount of crockery, several barely damaged books, candles and even a box of matches.

"Come in," she invites him then excuses herself so she can go through to a second room and slip into something more comfortable. "I was fortunate enough to find a trunk with a whole lot of really lovely clothing. Now I have company, I really would like to dress for you".

A few minutes later, she comes back into the room dressed in a sheer negligee. With a coquettish smile, she says, "I bet there's something you're longing for, something you've missed so badly these past few months..."

"Oh hell," exclaims the man. "Don't tell me you've got the internet, too...?!"



Bits AND Pieces

The Winter Man - Kindness of Strangers

By Marj Kenny

On a cold winter's morning, an old man sat awkwardly against a wall at Sydney's Circular Quay station I glanced his way for a moment but disregarded him as a derelict and walked on along with the throng of people caught up in the bustle of commuting.

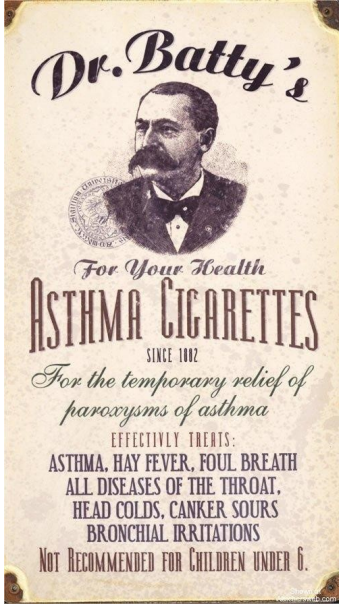
On my way home that afternoon, I saw the same man in the same place. He was crumpled over, his head almost on the ground. Two ambulance attendants were crouched beside him. This time my step paused. He wasn't a derelict at all. He was old certainly, but he wore a nice suit and was clean-shaven. And in a very bad way.

Shame rocked me. How torturous for that sick, old man to have endured the coldness of the entire day, sitting on the hard, unforgiving ground. He probably reached out to passersbys for help. No-one stopped. No-one cared. Out of sight, out of mind.

A different season and I again came across an old man half lying on the footpath, not far from where the Winter Man had been. The morning heat was stifling. Caught up in the familiar stampede of people commuting, I barely glanced at him. However, the memory of the old Winter Man came back to me vividly. I walked back to the man on the ground. He was dressed in smart clothes with a neatly trimmed beard and only a straw hat for shade. I knelt down to ask if he was OK. His kind face looked at me.

Beside him, a takeaway cup of coffee and sugar sachets lay open. A flow of people kept walking by. He regained consciousness, albeit weakly, and told me he was diabetic and it might be a good idea to call an ambulance, which I did - it was a few minutes away.

In barely a whisper, he said to me, "Nobody stopped. Thank you." Fighting back tears, I asked his name. "Greg," he said. We looked into each other's eyes for a moment. Volumes were spoken without a word being uttered. I saw a proud man who didn't like what was happening to him. As the approaching ambulance's siren proclaimed the arrival of help, a number of emotions rushed at me. I felt sadness tugging at my heart for the Winter Man and shame that I had almost walked past another person in need. I was amazed that it had been so easy to be helpful.



Oh for the Good Old Days!



ILLUSION

Bird in the bush triangle illusion

This optical illusion is one of those kinds where your brain works faster than your eyes and you think you have read the text correctly when in fact you most likely have not. So let us start by looking at this optical illusion again. What do you see? Here we can see an image of a red shaped triangle with some white text written inside it. The text is a simple short message and reads "A Bird In The Bush." Or does it? Read the text inside the triangle again and you will see what I mean. I am not going to tell you what it says, so see if you can figure out what you have missed

