

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)

Issue 24

Published Quarterly

Apr-Jun 2015

## INSIDE THIS ISSUE:

Editor's Notes	2
Seniors in Focus	3
Seniors in Focus	4
The Day Wagga Stood Still	5
The Missing Meat Parcel	7
Three Short Stories	8
Memories	9
Computer Hints & Tips	10
The Crows Joke Page	11
Bits & Pieces	12



Members of Wagga Wagga Senior Citizens' Club Inc and Wagga Wagga Senior Citizens' Computer Club wish to thank Wagga Wagga City Council for its support .

**Contact the Club:**  
Ph:69216980 (9.30am-3.00pm)  
Mon, Thu, Fri.  
or email  
[senior.citizen@bigpond.com](mailto:senior.citizen@bigpond.com)

### eMagazine Editor

Barry Williams: Ph: 69253065

Email Please send any contributions to this address -

[barrysonia@bigpond.com](mailto:barrysonia@bigpond.com)

## 70 YEARS LATER...

*This grand old eucalypt tree still stands in a paddock outside of Wagga, having borne witness to one of Australia's greatest wartime tragedies.*

*See our story...*

### When Wagga Stood Still

21st May, 1945  
Before  
&  
After



## Editor's Notes

*This issue's main story is again concerned with events during the Second World War, when Wagga was very much the focus for the rest of Australia.*

*Those that were old enough at the time will well remember it, but...*

*For nearly fifty years afterwards the incident was largely forgotten and it is only in later years that the full story was brought to our attention again, with a well deserved memorial established.*

*There is a collection of other short stories, as well as an interesting article by Amy Heap from the Riverina Regional Library—thank you Amy!*

*Once again we have enjoyed a very successful Seniors Week thanks to the efforts of our local Seniors Week Committee.*

*With a good part of the year already behind us we can look forward to the many events and activities organised within our Club in the months ahead.*

*That's all from me for the present,  
See 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
Mon.	Computer Club - offering one on one tuition.	9.30 am to 3.00 pm	\$3.00 Per hr.
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
Thursday	Computer Club - offering one on one tuition.	9.30 am to 3.00 pm	\$3.00 Per hr.
Thursday	500 Cards	1.00 pm	\$2.00
Thursday	Line Dancing	9.30 am - 11.30 am	\$2.00
Thursday	Craft	1.00 - 3.00 pm	\$2.00
Friday	Computer Club - offering one on one tuition.	9.30 am to 3.00 pm	\$3.00 per hr.
Friday	Indoor Bowls	1.00 - 3.00 pm	\$2.00

## Wagga Wagga Senior Citizens' Club Inc Committee 2015

President	Jim Weeden	69331394
Vice President	Ellen Downey	69224903
Treasurer	Jo Jovanovic	69315926
Assistant Treasurer	Lise Chan	69262468
Secretary	Robyn Weeden	69331394
Assistant Secretary	Robyn McClure	69250273

Additional Committee: Bev Morley, Velma Spears, Fay King, Phyllis Ward, Dawn McDermott, Helen Murley, Barry Williams, Dudley Downey, Barbara Moorhead, Marlene Bowen.

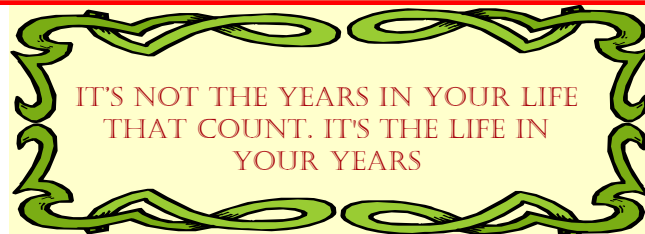
## WAGGA WAGGA SENIOR CITIZENS' COMPUTER CLUB—COMMITTEE 2015

Chairperson	Judy Robertson	Ph: 69316125 jroberts@dragnet.com.au
Secretary	Barry Williams	Ph: 69253065 barrysonia@bigpond.com
Treasurer	Dawn McDermott	Ph: 69251191
Assistant Treasurer	Enid Pendergast	Ph: 69218089 Enid.pendergast@gmail.com

Additional Committee: Velma Spears, Lisa Chan, Rose Murphy, Jim Weeden, Marlene Bowen.

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

**Annual Bus Trip:** Normally in October for 5 days.



"High blood pressure, high cholesterol, high blood sugar, high anxiety...getting high is no fun at my age!"

## 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



1



2



3



4

**Games & Fun afternoon at the club.** 1) Shirley and Helen try their luck with the quoits, 2) Ellen and Phyllis have a game of dominos, as 3) so do Victor and Paddy. 4) Shirley launches a dart at the board. 5) Victor is a keen soccer player. 6) Ellen and Dudley are deep in concentration as they play a game of Chinese Checkers



5



6



**Committee members for 2015** are (Back L to R), Ellen Downey, Dudley Downey, Dawn McDermott, Fay King, Jo Jovanovic, Marleen Bowen, Barb Moorhead, Phyllis Ward, Velma Spears, Barry Williams, (Front L to R), Robyn McClure, Jim Weeden, Robyn Weeden, Lisa Chan.. Not pictured, Helen Murley, Bev Morley.

# Seniors in Focus



Two stalwart members of this club, Gwen Beazley and Velma Spears shared 80th birthday honours late last year.



The Senior Citizens' Centre was the venue for a "Health and Wellbeing Expo" during Seniors Week 2015



The editor found himself the subject of a picture (show emotion) taken during a Seniors Photography course last year and displayed as part of Seniors Week



Squares by craft ladies and made into cushion (above) by Phyllis Ward, who also made the jug covers, below.



End of (last) year celebration by club Carpet Bowlers.



## THE DAY WAGGA STOOD STILL

What happened at the bustling Kapooka Camp in May of 1945 remains today the Army's worst training mishap in more than 100 years of its history. Arguably, its one of the most significant military event occurring on home soil during WWII.

Compounding the sorrow of that fateful day in which 26 enthusiastic youthful volunteers were killed instantly in an horrific underground explosion, is the fact that the tragedy occurred during the final decisive epochs of World War II. Victory - no less - was in sight. It was in the long and fading shadows of a weary campaign when Australia quickly forgot what occurred at Kapooka, and for the next 50 years, the tragedy was never spoken of again.

The memory of the victims, the families they left behind and the accident which stunned a country, was somehow forgotten and never mentioned in official war diaries or well-chronicled history books.

The true heartbreak of this story is not the fact that 26 men were killed in the most horrific of circumstances, the true tragedy lies in the forgetting by a proud nation who reveres its military origins.

IT was the Australian Army's worst accident, a tragedy so grim and gruesome it tore open the heart of a country town. In a single blinding flash of gelignite, 26 young lives were snuffed out in an underground bunker at an army training camp at Kapooka, near Wagga Wagga in NSW.

When they buried the victims three days later, half of the population of Wagga - 7000 men, women and children - lined the streets to bow their heads at the passing parade of coffins. It remains to this day the nation's largest military funeral. But then something strange happened: Australia forgot.

While Diggers who fell on the battlefields of World War II are remembered and venerated each Anzac Day, the 26 souls who died at the Kapooka army training camp on May 21, 1945, were quietly airbrushed from the Anzac story. Their terrible fate was excluded from the official histories of World War II and has all but vanished.

As the nation prepares to commemorate another Anzac Day, those who died at Kapooka are the forgotten dead.

"They had signed up and they were prepared to give the ultimate sacrifice, so it is wrong that they should be forgotten," says Norman Degrandi, an army sapper at the camp at the time of the disaster.

So what happened at Kapooka and why did a country that reveres its Anzacs forget their sacrifice?

The day of the accident began like any other at the Royal Australian Engineers Training Camp, a rough bush base where long rows of tents were home to several thousand young army recruits.

In Europe, Hitler's Germany had been defeated but the war against Japan was still raging and the Kapooka recruits were to be sent overseas once they had completed their engineer training.

It was week four of the 16-week training program, a period known as demolition week because the young trainee sappers would be taught how to set and detonate explosives.

It was also the 31st birthday of one of the instructors, Sergeant Herbert "Jack" Pomeroy, a veteran of the Middle East and New Guinea campaigns and father of four children under the age of five.

Pomeroy was bored with instructing and wanted to return to the front line. But having worked in an explosives factory he was considered a "conscientious and solid instructor" for the trainee sappers.

On the afternoon of May 21, Pomeroy led 26 young men out into a paddock and down some steps into a large but rudimentary underground dugout where Pomeroy held his lectures. The covered dugout was 6.4m long, 5.8m wide and 2.1m high at its centre, its roof roughly level with the ground outside. Bush timber supported the walls and ceiling, sawdust covered the floor, and the soldiers sat around the edges on old ammunition boxes.

They were young, mostly teenagers. Before joining the army they had worked as farmhands, tractor drivers, motor mechanics, milk factory workers, timber cutters and barbers. Sitting alongside these young recruits was a deadly cache of explosives.

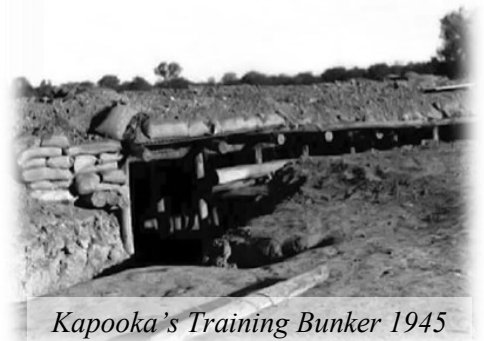
"On that day a considerable quantity of explosives had been stored inside: a total of 100lbs (45.4kg) of monobel and 10lbs of gelignite, plus a large quantity of detonators and fuses Having explosives and detonators in the same dugout was routine.

It was not considered risky because it seemed inconceivable that the detonators could accidentally come into contact with the explosives, which were stored on the far side of the dugout.

On this day Pomeroy began his talk on the preparation of hand charges, demonstrating how to cut and crimp safety fuse wire, attach it to a detonator, then

place the detonator into a tennis ball-size plug of 'monobel'.

As he spoke, another instructor, Sergeant Kendall, left the dugout to complete a task. Kendall was walking back towards the dugout when a massive explosion and a wave of searing heat knocked him to the ground. He knew what had happened.



*Kapooka's Training Bunker 1945*



*After The Blast*

"From my position on the ground I could see that the roof of the dugout had caved in and a portion of a man's body had been blown to a position close to me," Kendall recalled at the time.

Elsewhere across the camp, soldiers assumed the blast was a part of training and it took several minutes for them to register what had happened.

One soldier, Sergeant Tafe, saw smoke and debris filling the air above the dugout and raced towards it.

A grisly scene confronted him. Checking the mass of bodies for signs of life, he found sapper Allan Bartlett in an upright position, imbedded into the south-western wall by the force of the blast."

Miraculously, Bartlett was alive. Two other soldiers in the dugout were also alive, but they died within hours from horrific wounds.

One rescuer observed seven intact bodies seated against the wall with their arms folded. "They looked like men of 80, their faces ash grey," he said.

The others were blown to bits. "Nineteen were identified by identity discs The remaining seven, being unrecognisable, were identified through personal possessions, including wedding rings, dental records and labelled clothing, including braces and civilian underwear. Pomeroy was identified by his engraved watch."

Having survived the explosion, Bartlett was able to give evidence to the subsequent military inquiry from his hospital bed.

The army was stunned by the carnage and released a short statement that day saying 26 men had been killed in an explosion and promised an immediate inquiry.

Although the country was distracted by the war overseas, the Kapooka tragedy was front-page news, and nowhere more so than in the nearby town of Wagga Wagga. A mass funeral for the victims was held there three days later.

"A lorry of wreaths and four flag-draped semi-trailers carrying the coffins crept sombrely past half of Wagga's 14,000 population,"

"After separate denominational funerals, the coffins were lowered simultaneously into the prepared graves. The emotion of the event continues to reverberate in local memory."

The government and the media vowed that Kapooka would not be forgotten.

Agriculture minister E.H. Graham said the sappers had "given their lives in the cause of freedom just as assuredly as if they had fallen on the battlefield. We will remember them with gratitude and, by honouring them, honour ourselves."

Wagga's Daily Advertiser newspaper stated: "Once in uniform, a person is a soldier of the king and, should death come swiftly in peaceful surroundings far removed from the battlefield, a life has been given for the king as surely as if the soldier had died in combat."

But these promises quickly faded. Unlike those who gave their lives on the Kokoda Track or in the deserts of North Africa, there was no national pride in remembering an explosives accident in rural NSW. It was a tragedy that did not fit the Anzac narrative, and, as such, it was not consigned to history.

The official history of World War II makes no mention of it, nor does the Australian Centenary History of Defence. The only monuments to the event are a mouldy plaque at the site, now privately owned and locked to the public, and a modest memorial at Wagga's war cemetery.

A brief military inquiry explored the tragedy and could find no conclusive cause as to how or why detonators might have made contact with the explosives. It was speculated that an instructor holding a detonator might have tripped. To prevent a repeat tragedy, the army prohibited the use of detonators in the same dugout as explosives.

The demolition area is now a sheep paddock not far from Kapooka's main gate, but outside the camp's present boundary. It is still recognisable from old photos, particularly the gnarled and beautiful, but lonely, yellow-box eucalypt at its centre. Missing are the four dug-outs scattered across the paddock that served variously as shelters, training rooms and storage facilities.

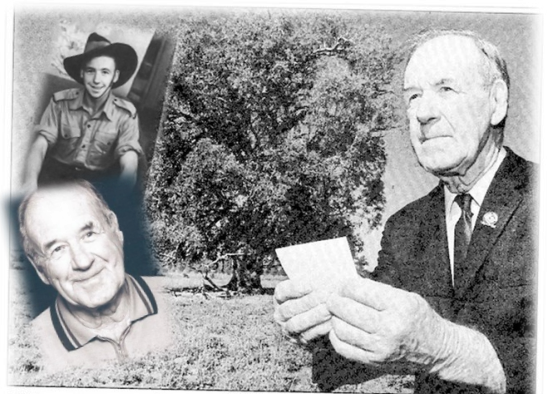
After the war ended, nothing was publicly said about the tragedy for decades. No doubt the families never forgot, but at other WWII ceremonies in Wagga nothing was publicly remembered, probably until 1992.



*A wreath laden lorry passes by*



*Thousands watch the solemn procession*



**Blast survivor relives horror**

**Lone survivor Allan Bartlett visited on 50th anniversary on 21st May, 1995 (since passed away 2005)**

SOLE SURVIVOR: For 50 years, Allan Bartlett has known little about an explosion at Kapooka that official records say killed 26 soldiers even though he was the only survivor. Yesterday, he and about 100 people, including family members of the fallen soldiers, attended a memorial service to mark the anniversary of the tragedy. With the help of a photo supplied by Max Howson (below, top picture) More KEN GRIMSON stories and PETER TREMAYN photos (below, bottom picture) More KEN GRIMSON stories and PETER TREMAYN photos (below, bottom picture)

In that year, the 50th anniversary of the opening of Kapooka was being celebrated and many officials were coming to town. The army arranged for a plaque to be placed on a concrete block, in private property near the explosion site. There were some family members of the deceased at the ceremony and more than one newspaper articles. Later, in 1995, another ceremony was held marking the 50th anniversary of the accident. Then in 2000 an information board on the accident was unveiled at the War Cemetery. More recently, the plaque which had been located on the concrete slab in the farm paddock was relocated across the road to a spot where the public could view it without entering the private land. In 2012, the army has built a commemorative enclosure across the road from the actual site, allowing for car parking and with interpretive boards to be erected. A tree has been planted for each soldier killed, and there is a name plaque in front of each tree.



### The Missing Meat Parcel

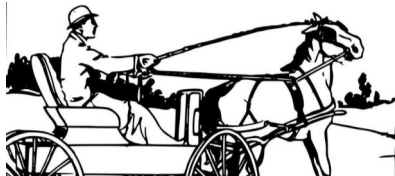
By Val Howard

I was pondering one day the wonderful days of childhood innocence when there came back to me the memory of a particular time when my cousin Elsie was enjoying her school holidays with us and the adventure we had together.

I will call it the missing meat parcel, because in those long past days the butchers always had a piece of white paper to place the meat on, then very carefully finished the parcel in several large sheets of newspaper to make a neat insulated parcel. One could often see someone walking home with their meat parcel tucked under their arm or neatly placed in a basket.



On this particular day we had volunteered to go and fetch the mail from our letter box on the Old Narrandera Road which was quite some distance to walk.



When we arrived at our destination we decided to have some fun, jumping up and down from the raised bank onto the road, skipping, running, and generally using up our childhood energy. I must add the road was not known for much traffic. A car was seen very seldom, and a horse and sulky at times.

As we happily ran further down the road we could see Wagga in the distance over a hill. Elsie became very excited. There, in the middle of the road was what looked like a very neatly wrapped meat parcel. We grabbed it and headed for home, running as fast as we could to show Mum our find.

We raced inside breathlessly and placed it in the middle of the kitchen table explaining to her about the horse and sulky in the distance and how it must have fallen out onto the road. We stood there with great expectation wondering what kind of meat we might be having for tea.

Mum carefully un-wrapped the parcel and to our horror out fell a dead cat.



I will never forget the look on Mum's face, nor the words that she had to say. Needless to say that parcel was quickly re-wrapped and two forlorn children had to walk back to where the parcel was found and left there with the admonition never, never pick up parcels on the road again. A lesson we never forgot. There was no missing meat, only a missing cat.

**LES&MAY**  
LAFFING WITH (AND AT) OLDER AMERICANS  
by Larry Lewis  
[www.lesandmay.co](http://www.lesandmay.co)



## Law of the Garbage Truck

One day I hopped in a taxi and we took off for the airport.

We were driving in the right lane when suddenly a black car jumped out of a parking space right in front of us.

My taxi driver slammed on his brakes, skidded, and missed the other car by just inches! The driver of the other car whipped his head around and started yelling at us.

My taxi driver just smiled and waved at the guy. And I mean, he was really friendly.

So I asked, 'Why did you just do that? This guy almost ruined your car and sent us to the hospital!'

This is when my taxi driver taught me what I now call, 'The Law of the Garbage Truck.'

He explained that many people are like garbage trucks. They run around full of garbage, full of frustration, full of anger, and full of disappointment.

As their garbage piles up, they need a place to dump it and sometimes they'll dump it on you. Don't take it personally.

Just smile, wave, wish them well, and move on. Don't take their garbage and spread it to other people at work, at home, or on the streets.

The bottom line is that successful people do not let garbage trucks take over their day.

Life's too short to wake up in the morning with regrets, so ... Love the people who treat you right.

Pray for the ones who don't.

Life is ten percent what you make it and ninety percent how you take it!

Have a garbage-free day!



## THE BRICK

A young and successful executive was travelling down a neighbourhood street, going a bit too fast in his new Jaguar.. He was watching for kids darting out from between parked cars and slowed down when he thought he saw something.

As his car passed, no children appeared.

Instead, a brick smashed into the Jag's side door!

He slammed on the brakes and backed the Jag back to the spot where the brick had been thrown.



The angry driver then jumped out of the car, grabbed the nearest kid and pushed him up against a parked car shouting, 'What was that all about and who are you? Just what the heck are you doing? That's a new car and that brick you threw is going to cost a lot of money. Why did you do it?' The young boy was apologetic.

'Please, mister...please, I'm sorry but I didn't know what else to do,' He pleaded. 'I threw the brick because no one else would stop...!' With tears dripping down his face and off his chin, the youth pointed to a spot just around a parked car... 'It's my brother,' he said 'He rolled off the curb and fell out of his wheelchair and I can't lift him up.'

Now sobbing, the boy asked the stunned executive, 'Would you please help me get him back into his wheelchair? He's hurt and he's too heavy for me.'

Moved beyond words, the driver tried to swallow the rapidly swelling lump in his throat... He hurriedly lifted the handicapped boy back into the wheelchair, then took out a linen handkerchief and dabbed at the fresh scrapes and cuts. A quick look told him everything was going to be okay. 'Thank you and may God bless you,' the grateful child told the stranger. Too shook up for words, the man simply watched the boy push his wheelchair-bound brother down the sidewalk toward their home..

It was a long, slow walk back to the Jaguar. The damage was very noticeable, but the driver never bothered to repair the dented side door. He kept the dent there to remind him of this message: 'Don't go through life so fast that someone has to throw a brick at you to get your attention!' God whispers in our souls and speaks to our hearts. Sometimes when we don't have time to listen, He has to throw a brick at us. It's our choice to listen or not.

## Gold Wrapping Paper

Some time ago there was a mother who punished her daughter for wasting a roll of expensive gold wrapping paper. Money was tight and she became even more upset when the child used the gold paper to decorate a box to put under the Christmas tree.

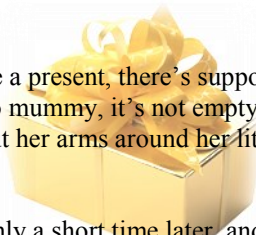
Nevertheless, this little girl brought the gift box to her mother the next morning and then said, "This is for you mummy."

The mother was embarrassed by her earlier over-reaction but her anger flared again when she opened the box and found it was empty and spoke to her daughter in a harsh manner.

"Don't you know young lady when you give someone a present, there's supposed to be something inside the package?"

The little girl had tears in her eyes as she said, "Oh no mummy, it's not empty. I blew kisses into it until it was full."

The mother was crushed. She fell on her knees and out her arms around her little girl and begged her forgiveness for her thoughtless anger.



Unfortunately, an accident took the life of the child only a short time later, and it was told that the mother kept that gold box by her bed for the rest of her life. Whenever she was discouraged or faced difficult problems, she would open the box and take out an imaginary kiss and remember the love of the child who put it there.

In a very real sense, each of us, as human beings, have been given a golden box filled with unconditional love and kisses from our children, family and friends. There is no more precious possession that anyone could have.

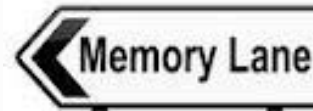


# A Walk Down Memory Lane!

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



## MEMORIES OF HOW IT WAS.



### Then & Now

145 years separate these two pictures of Fitzmaurice Street. The top street scene shows the 1870 flood, one of many that have inundated our city. With the building of the levee banks Wagga CBD has been flood free since 1974.

## Do you remember

Memories from the 50s and 60s.

When you think about it... many of these things will never be known to younger generations now the world has changed so much.



Pennies... And how much you could get for a penny at the local sweet store?

Glass marbles... ones that looked really special and we could collect and swap as commodities.



Peppermint Bull's-eyes – How much was it for a bag when you were a little kid at the corner store?



A public telephone... with a dial and a coin slot... No-one in this generation will ever know what one of these was.



Roller-skates... Real, strap on ones... that we skated on the path in, and enjoyed very often.



Paper dolls that you popped or cut out and dressed or redressed in outfits for hours. It was the ultimate in girls' entertainment.



Viewfinders... The olden day iPod for the kids born in the 1950s and 1960s... Did you have one; and how many film strips did you have for yours?

# Computer Hints & Tips



## Sharing our stories with "Historypin"

Most of us enjoy a good trip down memory lane when we pull out our old photo albums. We have such wonderful images stored away in our cupboards, and the fascinating stories that go with those images are safely in our memories, but what if we could share them while preserving them? Historypin is an online map of the world to which anyone can 'pin' historical photos and stories to build up a history of locations on the map.

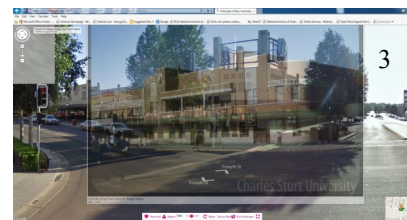
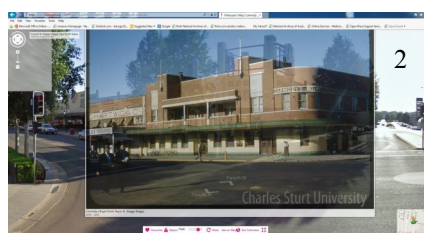
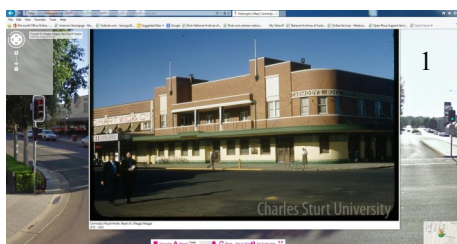
You can explore Historypin ([www.historypin.org](http://www.historypin.org)) to see what historical photos, audio files or videos are pinned to the location you grew up in or where you live now. You can explore cities you have visited or where you would love to go. There is no need to join Historypin to see what has been pinned, but if you do join (joining is free and easy) you can add comments to photos other people have pinned and you can pin your own photos. The Frequently Asked Questions page and How To guides can tell you everything you need to know to get started.

As we celebrate the centenary of the First World War, it is wonderful to be able to enjoy the stories other people are sharing, and to be able to share our own. Historypin has many WWI projects, including some Australian ones, so go online to [www.historypin.org](http://www.historypin.org) and do some exploring. You may be inspired to dig out your own family treasures and share them with the world.



by  
Amy Heap

Outreach and Promotions Coordinator  
Riverina Regional Library



Explore the changing face of our world through Historypin and Street View. In the example here, watch how the old Carmody's Royal Hotel gradually fades into the present day Sturt Mall at the same address. (editor)



### Default Installations

Everyone loves free stuff! Unfortunately, free software is often ad-supported and in many cases the installer comes bundled with additional products or ad-ware, which can slow down your computer. Thus, anytime you download a free Windows application, you must do a custom install. With a custom install, you can opt out of crapware, say a browser toolbar or another application.

### WORD TIPS (May not work in early Versions of Office)

To put a line anywhere in a page. Press Dash, dash, dash and enter

To put a thick line anywhere in a page. Press # # # and enter

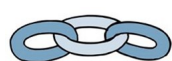
To put a double line anywhere in a page. Press = = = and enter

To insert current date, press ALT + SHIFT + D.

To insert the Current time press ALT+ SHIFT+T.



"Now, if you can find the power switch, flip it"



## Internet Links 4U2 Try



Click on links below

### **What happened in your birth year.**

Just type in your year of birth,.. sit back and read all the good things that happened then.

<http://whathappenedinmybirthyear.com/>

### **A RARE find - Old Songs**

The original videos of those songs - Excellent Site! Click on link below:

<http://www.my-3-sons.com/javascript-flv/flv-videos1.htm>



[The Best of The Dean Martin Variety Show](http://www.youtube.com/watch?)  
<http://www.youtube.com/watch?>



# The Crows Joke Page

## The money game

A lawyer and an older gentleman are sitting next to each other on a long flight.

The lawyer is thinking that seniors are so dumb that he could get one over on them easily.

So, the lawyer asks if the man would like to play a fun game.

The senior is tired and just wants to take a nap, so he politely declines and tries to catch a few winks.

The lawyer persists, saying that the game is a lot of fun...."I ask you a question, and if you don't know the answer, you pay me only \$5.00. Then you ask me one and if I don't know the answer, I will pay you \$500.00", he says.

This catches the senior's attention and, to keep the lawyer quiet, he agrees to play the game.

The lawyer asks the first question. "What's the distance from the Earth to the Moon?"

The old man doesn't say a word, but reaches into his pocket, pulls out a five-dollar bill, and hands it to the lawyer.

Now, it's the old man's turn. He asks the lawyer, "What goes up a hill with three legs, and comes down with four?"

The lawyer uses his laptop to search all references he can find on the internet.

He sends e-mails to all the smart friends he knows; all to no avail. After an hour of searching, he finally gives up..

He wakes the man and hands him \$500.00. The old man pockets the \$500.00 and goes right back to sleep.

The lawyer is going nuts not knowing the answer.

He wakes the man up and asks, "Well.....so what goes up a hill with three legs and comes down with four?"

The senior reaches into his pocket, hands the lawyer \$5.00, and goes back to sleep.

## Be on time

A priest was being honoured at his retirement dinner. A local politician and member of the congregation was to give a speech at the dinner. He was de-

layed, so the priest decided to say a few words while they waited.

"I got my first impression of the parish from the first confession I heard. I thought I had been assigned to a terrible place. The very first person who entered my confessional told me he had stolen money from his parents, embezzled from his employer, screwed over his closest friends, and taken a lot of drugs. I was appalled. But as the days went on I knew that my people were not all like that and I had, indeed, come to a fine parish full of good and loving people".

Just as the priest finished his talk, the politician arrived full of apologies for being late. He immediately started his speech.

"I'll never forget the first day our parish priest arrived; In fact, I had the honour of being the first one to go to him in confession".



**A distraught senior citizen** phoned her doctor's office. "Is it true," she wanted to know, "that the medication you prescribed has to be taken for the rest of my life?"

"Yes, I'm afraid so," the doctor told her.

There was a moment of silence before the senior lady replied, "I'm wondering, then, just how serious is my condition, because this prescription is marked 'NO REFILLS'."



## Who talks more?

A husband was trying to prove to his wife that women talk more than men.

He showed her a study which indicated that men use about 10,000 words per day, whereas women use 20,000 words per day.

His wife thought about this for a while. She then told her husband that women use twice as many words as men because they have to repeat everything they say.

Her husband looked stunned. He said "What?"



# Bits AND Pieces

Why did kamikaze pilots wear helmets?



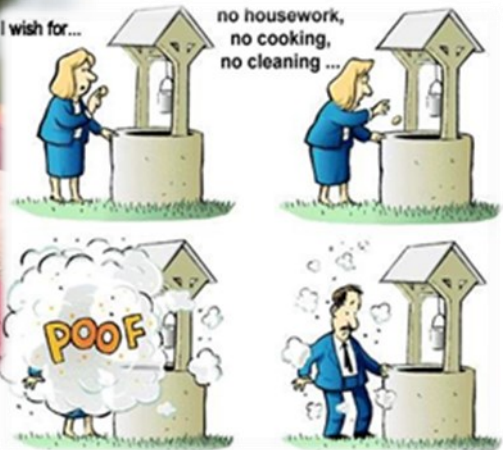
**I'm Fine Thanks!**  
 There is nothing the matter with me,  
 I'm as healthy as can be,  
 I have arthritis in both knees,  
 And when I talk – I talk with a wheeze  
 My pulse is weak and my blood is thin,  
 But –I'm awfully well for the shape I'm in.

Arch supports I have for my feet,  
 Or I wouldn't be able to stay on my feet.  
 Sleep is denied me, night after night,  
 But every morning I find I'm alright;  
 My memory is failing, my head's in a spin  
 But I'm awfully well for the shape I'm in.

The moral of this tale I unfold,  
 That for you and me, who are growing old,  
 It's better to say "I'm fine "with a grin"  
 Than to let folks know the shape I'm in.  
 How would I know that my youth is all spent?  
 Well, my "get up and go" has "got up and went".

But I really don't mind when I think, with a grin,  
 Of all the grand places my Get-up has been'  
 Old age is golden I've heard it said,  
 But sometimes I wonder as, I get into bed,  
 With my ears in the drawer – my teeth in a cup,  
 My eyes on the table until I wake up.  
 "Ere sleep overtakes me", I say to myself,  
 Is there anything else I would lay on the shelf?

When I was young and my slippers were red,  
 I could kick my heels right over my head,  
 When I was older, my slippers were blue,  
 But I still could dance the whole night through.  
 Now I am old, my slippers are black,  
 I walk to the store – and puff my way back.  
 I get up each morning and dust off my wits,  
 And pick up the paper and read the Obits,  
 If my name is still missing, I know I'm not dead,  
 So I have a good breakfast –and go back to bed.  
 Author unknown



**Eye test illusion**

When you first look at this optical illusion image it is difficult to determine what exactly you are looking at. Here we have a black oblong shaped box with some strange white shapes inside it resembling blocks but they are actually letters making up a two word sentence. The point of this illusion is to test your eyesight to see if you can pick up what the letters say. For best results close your eyes almost completely until you can make out the words. It is easy when you know how - so what does it say?



**Hidden animals in trees illusion**

In this simple black and white optical illusion drawing you can see a group of trees. Hidden amongst the trees are a number of animals which include a lion, deer, pig and a horse. Those are the easier one which I have been able to pick out, how many animals can you spot? I believe there are at least eight hidden in this image.

