

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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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 .

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Tarcutta St. before move to Edward St



1908

## IN OUR LIFETIME

The new Wagga hospital stands in the background as the old one starts to come down. Surely a great moment in this city's history! Also scenes from the past.



1922



1963



1924



1946



## President's Message

*Hi Fellow Seniors.*

*The club has started 2016 in a great fashion as we already have over 190 members. Most of the events put on by the club are well attended, but additional participants are always welcome.*

*The iPad class are now run by the computer club and all attendees are required to be members of the Senior Citizens Club for insurance purposes.*

*We have a couple of members who are keen to commence additional activities within the club and those activities will be considered by the committee.*

*Don't forget to put your name down for our annual bus trip, which is to Newcastle this year. Remember to continue to support all events as your support continues to make the Senior Citizens a strong club.*

*Have fun and look after each other.  
Jim Weeden—Club President*

## 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. Computer Tablet Class (\$2)	9.30 am to 3.00 pm 11.00-12.00	\$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
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.	9.30 am to 3.00 pm	\$3.00 per hr.
Every Friday	Indoor Bowls	1.00 - 3.00 pm	\$2.00

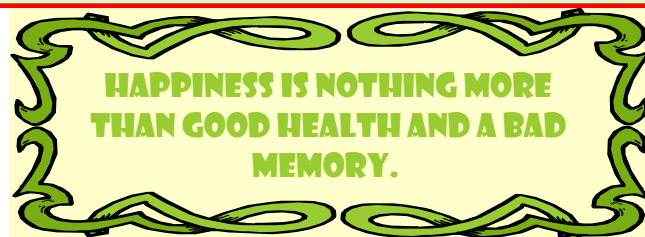
## Wagga Wagga Senior Citizens' Club Inc Committee 2016

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, Barbara Moorhead, Marlene Bowen, Dudley Downey.

**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.



## WAGGA WAGGA SENIOR CITIZENS' COMPUTER CLUB—COMMITTEE 2016

Chairperson	Judy Robertson	Ph: 69316125 jroberts@dragnet.com.au
Secretary	Barry Williams	Ph: 69253065 barrysonia@bigpond.com
Treasurer	Dawn McDermott	Ph: 69251191

Additional Committee: Velma Spears, Jim Weeden, Diana North, Jan Lampe, Wilma Kalt, Joan Elkins, Geoff Fellows.



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

Pictured below are our committee members for 2016.  
 In back row L to R- Robyn McClure (Ass. Sec.), Barry Williams, Dudley Downey, Phyllis Ward, Barbara Moorhead. Front row L to R- Jim Weeden (President), Dawn McDermott, Velma Spears, Jo Jovanovic (Treasurer), Fay King, Ellen Downey (Vice Pres.). Kneeling at front- Robyn Weeden (Secretary), Lise Chan (Ass. Treasurer)  
 Inset, (1) Bev Morley, (2) Marlene Bowen, (3) Helen Murley



Our President was pictured in the local paper recently following another interest as President of Wagga Wagga Society of Model Engineers Inc during an extension of Willans Hill Miniature Railway



# Seniors In Focus



Much loved and respected member Dawn celebrated a special birthday (80th) at the Senior Citizens' Centre in April and was joined by fellow members.



During the 2016 Seniors Festival members Bev and Lise were pictured at a Ribbon Brooch Workshop. (Above)



Capturing the attention of members at the May General Meeting were guest speakers from the local Wagga Fire Brigade as they demonstrated equipment and spoke about the services provided by the Fire Service. (Above)



Our Computer Tablet Class teacher Geoff receiving a Community Service Award at Seniors Festival Launch April 2016



Catalina Singers Wagga provided the entertainment at the 2016 Seniors Festival Closing Ceremony



## No Left Turns

This is a story of an aging couple told by their son who was President of NBC NEWS.

This is a wonderful piece by Michael Gartner, editor of newspapers large and small and president of NBC News. In 1997, he won the Pulitzer Prize for editorial writing. It is well worth reading, and a few good chuckles are guaranteed. Here goes...

My father never drove a car. Well, that's not quite right. I should say I never saw him drive a car.

He quit driving in 1927, when he was 25 years old, and the last car he drove was a 1926 Whippet.

"In those days," he told me when he was in his 90s, "to drive a car you had to do things with your hands, and do things with your feet, and look every which way, and I decided you could walk through life and enjoy it or drive through life and miss it."

At which point my mother, a sometimes salty Irishwoman, chimed in:

"Oh, bull shit!" she said. "He hit a horse."

"Well," my father said, "there was that, too."

So my brother and I grew up in a household without a car. The neighbours all had cars -- the Kollingses next door had a green 1941 Dodge, the VanLaningshams across the street a grey 1936 Plymouth, the Hobson's two doors down a black 1941 Ford -- but we had none.

My father, a newspaperman in Des Moines, would take the streetcar to work and, often as not, walk the 3 miles home. If he took the streetcar home, my mother and brother and I would walk the three blocks to the streetcar stop, meet him and walk home together.

My brother, David, was born in 1935, and I was born in 1938, and sometimes, at dinner, we'd ask how come all the neighbours had cars but we had none. "No one in the family drives," my mother would explain, and that was that.

But, sometimes, my father would say, "But as soon as one of you boys turns 16, we'll get one." It was as if he wasn't sure which one of us would turn 16 first.

But, sure enough, my brother turned 16 before I did, so in 1951 my parents bought a used 1950 Chevrolet from a friend who ran the parts department at a Chevy dealership downtown.

It was a four-door, white model, stick shift, fender skirts, loaded with everything, and, since my parents didn't drive, it more or less became my brother's car.

Having a car but not being able to drive didn't bother my father, but it didn't make sense to my mother.

So in 1952, when she was 43 years old, she asked a friend to teach her to drive. She learned in a nearby cemetery, the place where I learned to drive the following year and where, a generation later, I took my two sons to practice driving. The cemetery probably was my father's idea. "Who can your mother hurt in the cemetery?" I remember him saying more than once.

For the next 45 years or so, until she was 90, my mother was the driver in the family. Neither she nor my father had any sense of direction, but he loaded up on maps -- though they seldom left the city limits -- and appointed himself navigator. It seemed to work.

Still, they both continued to walk a lot. My mother was a devout Catholic, and my father an equally devout agnostic, an arrangement that didn't seem to bother either of them through their 75 years of marriage.

(Yes, 75 years, and they were deeply in love the entire time.)

He retired when he was 70, and nearly every morning for the next 20 years or so, he would walk with her the mile to St. Augustin's Church.

She would walk down and sit in the front pew, and he would wait in the back until he saw which of the parish's two priests was on duty that morning. If it was the pastor, my father then would go out and take a 2-mile walk, meeting my mother at the end of the service and walking her home.

If it was the assistant pastor, he'd take just a 1-mile walk and then head back to the church. He called the priests "Father Fast" and "Father Slow."

After he retired, my father almost always accompanied my mother whenever she drove anywhere, even if he had no reason to go along. If she were going to the beauty parlour, he'd sit in the car and read, or go take a stroll or, if it was summer, have her keep the engine running so he could listen to the Cubs game on the radio. In the evening, then, when I'd stop by, he'd explain: "The Cubs lost again. The millionaire on second base made a bad throw to the millionaire on first base, so the multimillionaire on third base scored."

If she were going to the grocery store, he would go along to carry the bags out -- and to make sure she loaded up on ice cream. As I said, he was always the navigator, and once, when he was 95 and she was 88 and still driving, he said to me, "Do you want to know the secret of a long life?"

"I guess so," I said, knowing it probably would be something bizarre.



"No left turns," he said.

"What?" I asked.

"No left turns," he repeated. "Several years ago, your mother and I read an article that said most accidents that old people are in happen when they turn left in front of oncoming traffic.

As you get older, your eyesight worsens, and you can lose your depth perception, it said. So your mother and I decided never again to make a left turn." (Ed: Remember this is in America!)

"What?" I said again.

"No left turns," he said. "Think about it.. Three rights are the same as a left, and that's a lot safer. So we always make three rights."

"You're kidding!" I said, and I turned to my mother for support.

"No," she said, "your father is right. We make three rights. It works."

But then she added: "Except when your father loses count."

I was driving at the time, and I almost drove off the road as I started laughing.

"Loses count?" I asked.

"Yes," my father admitted, "that sometimes happens. But it's not a problem. You just make seven rights, and you're okay again."

I couldn't resist. "Do you ever go for 11?" I asked.

"No," he said "If we miss it at seven, we just come home and call it a bad day. Besides, nothing in life is so important it can't be put off another day or another week."

My mother was never in an accident, but one evening she handed me her car keys and said she had decided to quit driving. That was in 1999, when she was 90.

She lived four more years, until 2003. My father died the next year, at 102.

They both died in the bungalow they had moved into in 1937 and bought a few years later for \$3,000. (Sixty years later, my brother and I paid \$8,000 to have a shower put in the tiny bathroom -- the house had never had one. My father would have died then and there if he knew the shower cost nearly three times what he paid for the house.)

He continued to walk daily -- he had me get him a treadmill when he was 101 because he was afraid he'd fall on the icy sidewalks but wanted to keep exercising -- and he was of sound mind and sound body until the moment he died.

One September afternoon in 2004, he and my son went with me when I had to give a talk in a neighbouring town, and it was clear to all three of us that he was wearing out, though we had the usual wide-ranging conversation about politics and newspapers and things in the news.

A few weeks earlier, he had told my son, "You know, Mike, the first hundred years are a lot easier than the second hundred." At one point in our drive that Saturday, he said, "You know, I'm probably not going to live much longer."

"You're probably right," I said.

"Why would you say that?" He countered, somewhat irritated.

"Because you're 102 years old," I said..

"Yes," he said, "you're right." He stayed in bed all the next day.

That night, I suggested to my son and daughter that we sit up with him through the night.

He appreciated it, he said, though at one point, apparently seeing us look gloomy, he said:

"I would like to make an announcement. No one in this room is dead yet"

An hour or so later, he spoke his last words:

"I want you to know," he said, clearly and lucidly, "that I am in no pain. I am very comfortable. And I have had as happy a life as anyone on this earth could ever have."

A short time later, he died.

I miss him a lot, and I think about him a lot. I've wondered now and then how it was that my family and I were so lucky that he lived so long.

I can't figure out if it was because he walked through life,

Or because he quit taking left turns. "

Life is too short to wake up with regrets.

So love the people who treat you right.

Forget about the ones who don't.

Believe everything happens for a reason.

If you get a chance, take it & if it changes your life, let it.

Nobody said life would be easy, they just promised it would most likely be worth it."

ENJOY LIFE NOW - IT HAS AN EXPIRATION DATE!

Note from the editor:

This short inspirational story was forwarded to me some time ago now by David Riddell. David is no longer with us but I know he would have appreciated me sharing it with you all. So thanks David for passing this on...and passing through our lives!

## AN UNEXPECTED MISHAP

by Heather McAlister  
(As told to her by her grandmother.)

The alarm clock's piercing ring broke the silence of the early morning. A quick check of the weather from the verandah gave the all clear for the day trip to town where my grandmother would get the much-needed supplies.

With no time to waste, children had to be fed and readied for school, and then the usual lunches packed, both for the children and for the men who would be left home to work the property.

When all this was under control and the car checked and fuelled, my grandmother, Annie Spackman set off on her day trip to Young, a distance of about 25 miles from the farm, in the Model A Ford. She had arranged to meet a friend at the junction of the road, not far from her farm. The friend also needed supplies and had to visit a doctor.



These day trips were quite arduous and exhausting back in the mid-1920s as they were made only every four to six weeks. There were things to get for the running of the farm, cases of petrol for the car and kerosene for the lamps. Then there were the food items, such as bags of flour and sugar, cases of tea and other groceries and the list went on. Fruit and vegetables were also bought as well as personal items for the whole family

The trip to town went well. Soon after arrival, they made their way around the various shops picking up their needs. The old Model A was becoming more loaded down by the minute. My grandmother was used to doing this trip and packed things carefully making use of every bit of available space.

The afternoon rolled on, and there were still more things to buy before it was time to leave town, so they needed to hurry. Around 3.30 p.m. the two ladies, sure that they had exhausted their shopping lists, climbed aboard the laden car and then headed home.

Through the streets of town they slowly travelled, before accelerating to climb over the hill on the outskirts of town. Up, up the hill they chugged until they made the top. With just one more bend to negotiate, they would be on the open road. However, just as my grandmother rounded the corner, a very feeble, old piebald horse staggered onto the road. The brakes were applied and the car slowed but not quickly enough. The car hit the horse with a sickening thud. It fell to the road and the car ran on top of it. The poor old horse was left struggling beneath the car.

The ladies were quite shocked. Gran's friend was so upset that she threw her handbag at other horses passing by the car. The handbag landed in some long grass beside the roadway.

The horse that was now wedged under the car belonged to the circus that was showing in town. The circus attendant, who was exercising the horses, rushed to the scene and accused my grandmother of driving too fast and for not stopping and letting the horse get off the road. My grandmother's reply was to inform the attendant that, if it were not for the poor and sick condition of the horse, it would have had plenty of time to get out of her way. After the heated exchange of words ceased, they both stood there wondering how to free the poor animal under the car.

"Try to back off" was the attendant's suggestion, but there was no luck, as it remained stuck beneath the vehicle. "Try driving it forward" was the next piece of advice given. Still no luck. How were they going to free the poor horse?

Soon another car came along. The two gentlemen in it got out and looked at the situation. After some deep thought they decided it might be best to try to reverse the car off the horse. Having tried to do this earlier without any success, the three men decided to get in front of the car and help by pushing.

Granny started the Model A once again. The horse struggled even more violently with the sound of the engine running. The men at the front of the car began to push as the car tried to reverse over the horse, but still the car wouldn't budge.

"Look, Misses," boomed the attendant's angry voice. "Give it some throttle!" Granny revved the car engine and the men pushed with all their might, the clutch was let out and the car shot backwards. Instead of the car being on the horse, the three men lay in a crumpled heap where the car



once stood. They all struggled to get to their feet. The men, apart from being quite dusty were not hurt. The stunned horse took some time to make it onto its feet before it limped off the road.

After another verbal encounter between the circus attendant and Annie as to who was at fault and who owed whom for damages, things calmed down and they parted company.

It was now really getting late so the ladies were off down the road at a quiet pace. When they were about 5 miles towards home, Annie's friend remembered throwing her handbag at one of the horses. As it contained the tablets that she got from the doctor, they would have to return to the site where the accident occurred. When they reached the spot, they found the handbag in the long grass at the roads edge. It was soon retrieved and they started for home once again. By now it was almost dusk. Both families would start to worry about the day-trippers as they were not usually late.

The car purred on along the road, slowing for known bumps and bends. It was getting dark and the headlights had to be turned on. The ladies had never been this late before, but then they had never run over a horse before either.

They turned off the main road and went on dirt tracks, which were very rough and winding. In and out between the trees they dodged at a very slow pace.

At the junction of the road where my grandmother had picked up her friend, they saw lights flickering between the trees. They paused for a minute or two and a car pulled up beside them. It was her friend's family who had become very worried about them and had decided to come looking for them. Her supplies were soon quickly loaded into the other car and with a few parting words, Annie was off again.

Her family was relieved when she reached home safely with the day's shopping. After tea she sat down and told her family about the happenings of the day and how she had run over the circus horse. As she was now home safely with her family, she could even manage to have a laugh about her adventure.



## *The Last Rodeo*



By Val Howard

Cowboys, cowgirls, wild steers, bucking horses with arched backs and head down between their front legs frantically trying to dislodge their rider.

These were the images going around in my ten year old mind as I lay on the soft grass under the blossoming almond trees watching banks of white clouds drift across the summer sky.

It was a perfect day for a rodeo ride. The only steed I had was a poddy calf, a beautiful jersey about three months old, and a willing participant! After all, hadn't I taught her how to drink out of a bucket, her head down sucking my fingers until she could go solo? This was one of the joys of being a country kid growing up on a dairy farm on the outskirts of Wagga.



I had ridden her before and had some success getting her to trot with a burden on her back. It was with great elation that I was able to cling on with my legs around her middle. She headed for the nearest apple tree where she unceremoniously dislodged me by going under the low branches.

My dignity hurt I brushed myself down and determined to conquer that crafty bovine.

Now was the day. She was peacefully grazing in the paddock just near the cow bails well away from the fruit trees. As I approached her she was calm, willing for me to get on board. When I kicked her to make her go, a decided change came over her demeanour. She took off like the proverbial rocket, heading straight for a large crop of stinging nettles.

Making her way right through to the middle of these, she began bucking and I went head first, landing with my face on a cow pad. A skinned nose, upper lip and very red painful legs; to say that my dignity was severely injured would be putting it mildly!

That was my last 'rodeo'. Dumb animal-I don't think so!

Dad eventually bought me a pony, he thought that would be a safer option.

Pictured at left is my younger brother with one of the poddy calves on the dairy farm at that time (early 1940s)





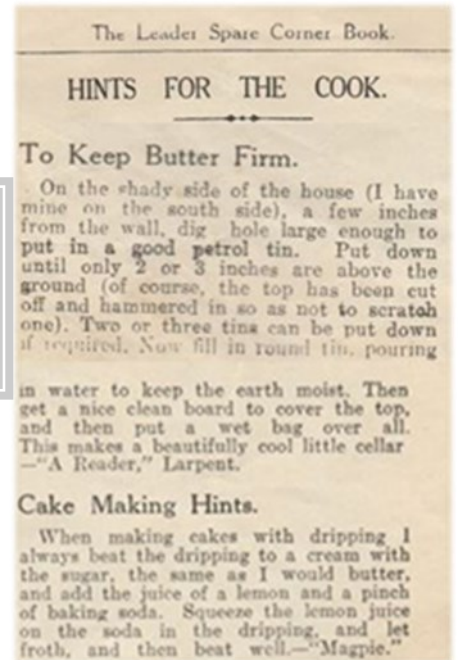
# A Walk Down Memory Lane!

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

MEMORIES OF  
HOW IT WAS.



Some pictures and advice from yester-year... provided by one of our members. Thank you Marlene Bowen



## To Keep Meat Sweet.

Place some bars across the meat dish and lay the meat on them, so as to give a current of air, and put vinegar in the dish, turning it occasionally. It will keep the meat sweet and the flies away. It will also make it tender if dressed with salad oil before cooking.—"J.C.S.," West Australia.

## Milk Rot.

This is for those who suffer from sore fingers festering around the nail, commonly called "milk rot." A friend who suffered from same for fifteen years at last found a cure, and her fingers have not troubled her since. Get a chemist to make it up:—10 drops of pure glycerine to 1 drop of pure carbolic.

Apply any time convenient and soak a piece of wadding with it and bandage on at night.—"Orangeite."

## Sties.

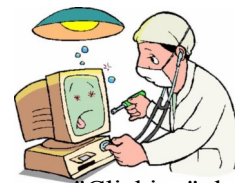
Get a bad apple and cut the bad part out and put in a muslin, and put it on the sty and leave all night. It is generally broken by the morning.—"Lavender."

## Warts.

To cure warts:—Get a feather and dip it in spirits of salts, and touch each wart with it, being very careful not to let it touch any other part, for a few times.



# Computer Hints & Tips



## Basic Computer Skills ...

### The Clicking Mouse

The mouse has either two or three buttons; we will deal only with the left and right mouse buttons here ... "Clicking" the mouse implies that you click the left button of your mouse ... "Double Clicking" implies two clicks of the left mouse button in quick succession. "Right Click" implies clicking with the right mouse button.

Clicking an object causes it to be selected or active ... This can apply to any object, such as an icon, a file, a window or any part of a window. When an object is selected or active, it'll stand out from objects which are no longer selected or active by the colouring of parts of the object ... In the standard default mode, active or selected objects are blue and objects which are not active or selected are grey.

When the name or title of an active or selected object is clicked, that name or title goes into text editing mode (highlighted in blue) ... and can be changed according to the user's preference (if it is in editing mode, and you don't want to change it, click empty space).

Double clicking an object opens the object. It causes a program or application to run or open or launch, or a file or folder to open. Launching a program icon means double clicking it. Opening a file icon means double clicking it.

Right clicking an object produces a popup menu for that object, and, the selections presented in the menu depend on the type of object it is. Nearly all objects have a Property Sheet and the selection Properties is included in its popup menu (that will usually be the last item at the bottom of the menu).

Dragging and dropping an object (a very important skill) ... is done by placing the mouse pointer on the object and clicking (left mouse button) ... and while holding that button down, dragging the object somewhere else and letting go the button. Dragging and dropping is very different when using the right mouse button.

Several of the mouse functions can be altered or adjusted to fit individual needs, including the reversing of the functions of the two buttons for left handed people, making the double click faster or slower, or adjusting the speed of the pointer's movement ... or even putting a long tail on the pointer so it doesn't get away from you. These adjustments (configurations) can be done in the Mouse section (icon) of the Control Panel of My Computer ... remember, it's only a mouse; you be the boss.

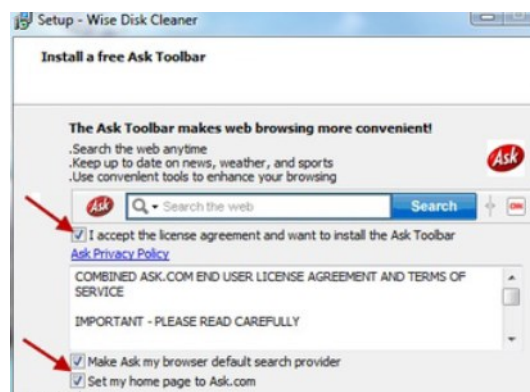
## Be Wise Installing Software

When installing free software or downloading from the internet, carefully read the install menu.

Many have default options to turn on load 'Menu Bars' to your Internet Explorer. Example shown at right.

Make sure you uncheck the boxes before clicking [Next] or [Install].  
To remove the 'Toolbar'.....

Right-click the tool bar, in the menu choose Show/Hide then uncheck the icons you don't want.



## Internet Links 4U2 Try

Click on links below

### Eiffel Tower Panorama

<http://www.photojpl.com/tour/08toureiff...iffel.html>

### Why email was invented

<http://www.flixy.com/why-email-was-invented.htm>

### "Penguins in Antarctica "just is so beautiful - enjoy !

[http://www.youtube.com/watch\\_popup?v=Sk...&vq=medium](http://www.youtube.com/watch_popup?v=Sk...&vq=medium)

### Japanese Surrender.. for History Buffs..

[http://www.youtube.com/watch\\_popup?v=vc...r\\_embedded](http://www.youtube.com/watch_popup?v=vc...r_embedded) This film is believed to have never been seen before, only shots of the surrender were known. If you are a history Buff you will enjoy this.

### What a wonderful world..

<http://www.youtube.com/embed/auSo1MyWf8g?rel=0>

### Dakuwaqa's Garden - Underwater footage from Fiji & Tonga

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=mcbHKAWik3I&list=PLE7A8B9DEAC58A283>

*Please note that links are operating at time of publishing but may cease to over time!*



# The Crows Joke Page

**During training exercises**, the Lieutenant driving down a muddy back road encountered another car stuck in the mud with a red-faced Colonel at the wheel. "Your jeep stuck, sir?" asked the Lieutenant as he pulled alongside. "Nope," replied the Colonel, coming over and handing him the keys, "yours is."



## Spot and the Mushrooms

She wanted to serve her guests mushroom-smothered steak, but she had no mushrooms and no time to buy them.

Her husband suggested, "Why don't you go pick some of the mushrooms that are growing wild down by the stream?"

She said, "No, some wild mushrooms are poisonous."

He said, "Well, I see varmints eating them and they're OK."

So she picked a bunch and washed, sliced and sautéed them for her dinner.

Then she went out on the back porch and gave Spot, their dog, a double handful. Spot ate every bite. All morning long, she watched the dog.

The wild mushrooms hadn't affected him after a few hours, so she decided to use them. The meal was a great success.

After everyone had finished, her daughter came in and whispered in her ear, "Mum, Spot is dead."

Trying to keep her head about her, she left the room as quickly as possible, called the doctor and told him what had happened.

The doctor said, "That's bad, but I think we can take care of it. I'll call for an ambulance and I'll be



there as quickly as I can.

"We'll give everyone enemas and we'll pump out their stomachs and everything will be fine. Just keep them calm."

Before long they started to hear the sirens as the ambulance tore down the road.

The paramedics and the doctor had their suitcases, syringes, and a stomach pump.

One by one, they took each person into the bathroom, gave them an enema, and pumped out their stomachs.

After the last one was done the doctor came out and said, "Everything will be okay now," and with that he left.

The hosts and the guests were all weak and knackered sitting around the living room when the daughter came in and said to her mum, "I can't believe that guy!"

"What guy?"

"You know, that one who ran over Spot, he never even slowed down".

**Two shearers** who had spent a long, hard season north of Broken Hill decided it was time to try the good sheep in the Western District of Victoria.

They arrived in Hamilton and decided to rest up in one of the posh hotels.

On asking for accommodation before sampling our great

ale, the lady of the hotel

told them there wasn't an empty room in town. They had arrived on race day. The young shearer said: "Don't worry; I'll sleep in the old wagon".

The old shearer wanted a bed and luck was with him. There was a vacant bed in a room occupied by a young lady, and if he crept in quietly it was his.

So that night he took off his boots and quietly slipped into bed.

He was just about asleep when the young lady asked him to close the window.

This he did quietly and was just about asleep again when the same thing happened.

This time "please open the window"

Four times "open the window, close the window".

This was too much for the old shearer. He sat up in bed and said: "Lady, would you mind if we pretended to be married, just for tonight?"

"Yes." She said, "That would just be great".

"Right," said the old shearer, "it's your bloody turn to close the window."



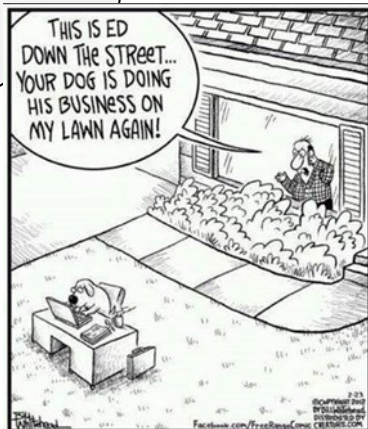
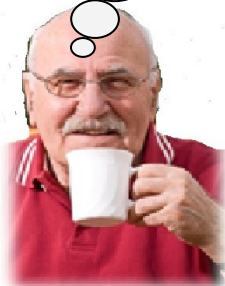
# Bits And Pieces



The New Normal

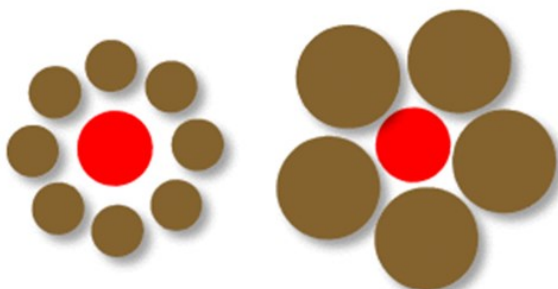


Why do they call them "apartments" when they are all stuck together?



## CENTER-CIRCLES

The Titchener Illusion ... Compare each of the red circles with the nearest outer circles. Now compare the two red circles. Which is bigger? Believe it or not, both red circles are the same size. We are good at comparing objects relative to their surroundings, but not so good at judging actual sizes.



## In My Day

©by Leslie Leckie

When Nan comes and stays she could rave on for days  
 'bout her girlhood a century behind  
 When they bought nothing new so they had to make do  
 With just any old thing they could find

When I was first born, she'd say looking forlorn  
 The basket of wash was my cot  
 I was pegged by the nose with the rest of the clothes  
 By my short-sighted mother a lot

Our play-dough was mud and our pool was a flood  
 With old palings for surfboards, of course  
 And Dad got his start painting great works of art  
 Using leftover gravy and sauce

We'd wash in hot weather, then using a feather  
 With flour our armpits were dusted  
 So while sleeping we'd bake under each arm a cake  
 And then that was our breckie with custard

Then amidst all our snickers, Nan spoke of their knickers.  
 We each had just one scratchy pair  
 When too big for our britches, Mum knitted on stitches  
 And BOY were we itchy down there!

And puzzles weren't cheap so we'd smash an old heap  
 At the car yard, then gather the bits.  
 We were smart little dears, but the windscreen took years  
 And big barrels of glue, and sharp wits.

With a rumpety-bump we'd all jump to the dump  
 With a basket and bottle of drink  
 For a marvellous day of 'please take what you may'  
 Well, you'd pay for such play now, I think

And a fine slippery-dip was above that old tip  
 How we'd whoosh down the hill with our screeches  
 To land with a thud in the swampy old mud  
 (and you'd win if you'd got the most leeches)

My big sister Kitty was terribly pretty  
 She'd go to the city to flirt  
 To accent her lashes she'd splash them with ashes  
 And brush her white legs with brown dirt

The school in my day, was ten miles each way  
 And I'd piggy-back twelve of my brothers  
 Caught one minute late we were whacked at the gate  
 And it never harmed me or the others

So if you say "I'm bored" around Nan, your reward  
 Is a lecture on life in 'her day'  
 But our Nan's still adored and Mum's faith is restored  
 When she makes us go outside to play

© Leslie Leckie *'The only difference between a flower and a weed is a judgement'*  
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