

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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Celebrations in the streets of Holland at the end of WW2 in this final chapter of "My Autobiography-The War Years" by Theo Verbeek.

Plus

Christmas shenanigans in

My Grandfather's Christmas Prank

By Heather McAlister



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Presidents Message



Hi fellow members,

Well another successful year at the club is drawing to an end. The members attending the various events seem to always have smiles on their faces which make the days we attend the Seniors Community Centre very enjoyable. This year we had another event start up within the Club called the “discussion group”, which means in the last couple of years we have been able to offer members two new events.

Special thanks goes to those members that run the various events, as without you we would have no club. I would also like to thank the Wagga Wagga City Council for providing such a great facility for us to use as well as providing the internet to the building, all free of charge.

I wish you all a Merry Christmas and a healthy and happy 2019.

Remember “HAVE FUN AND LOOK AFTER EACH OTHER”.

Jim Weeden President.



Fun for Seniors

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

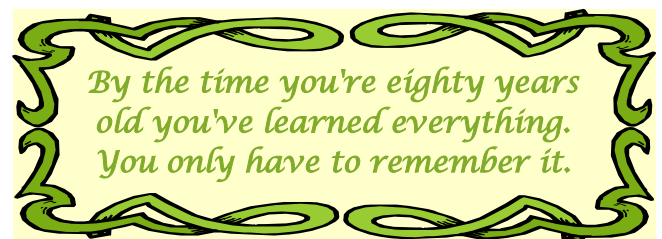
Additional Committee: Velma Spears, Jim Weeden, Gwen Winkler, Enid Pendergast, Bruce Donaldson, Joan Elkins, Sr Rae Berry

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	General Meeting Day Guest Speaker	1.30 pm	\$2.00
2nd Mon. Of Month	Indoor Carpet Bowls	1.00-.30 pm	\$2.00
3rd Mon. Of Month	Luncheon Day	12 noon	\$5.00
4th Mon. Of Month	Games Afternoon	1.00 — 3.00pm	\$2.00
Every Thursday	Computer Club - offering one on one tuition.	9.30 am to 12.00 pm	\$3.00 Per hr.
Every Thursday	500 Cards	1.00-3.00pm	\$2.00
Every Thursday	Line Dancing	9.30-11.30 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 Carpet Bowls Discussion Group	1.00-3.00pm 10.00am	\$2.00 \$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.



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** bi-Monthly.

Seniors In Focus



Fellow members and bowling buddies helped Esme Caldwell celebrate her 80th birthday at Wagga Senior Citizens' Centre in July.



The Club's iPad class with tutor Geoff Fellows (below) continues to be popular with members.



July inter-club visit with Narrandera Senior Citizens. Pictured L to R Keith Smith, Vice President, Narrandera; Jan Bock, Sec/Treasurer, Narrandera; Jim Weeden, President, Wagga; Eddie Naismith, President, Narrandera.



69th Club Birthday Party 2018



My Autobiography (The War Years—Part 3)

By *Theo Verbeek*

I slept that night with the whole family in our cellar; mattresses over the floor making one bed. The neighbours over the road had no cellar and we had then: --our cellar too; it was crowded even in our fortunately large double room cellar. All night long the shells came over, some not very far away, but no direct hits on our house or its immediate environs.

Going to the toilet became quite a problem. The toilet was not close to the cellar entrance. For just urine, men could just step out, listening whether a shell landed close; more difficult for women. For bowel movement it was a problem for all. Nobody wanted to be very far from the cellar entrance in case a shell was going to land close by. So, a bucket with on top a plank with a hole, close to the cellar entrance became an improvised commode.

Baths had been out of the question for a few days, even just APC or hand/face washing. It was a long night.

Of course, we weren't the only ones. The whole population had the same problems in Venray. As soon as it was light, I went out to find out what had happened during the night, ready to run and look out for "safe" spots and keeping an ear out for shells landing close by.

The first thing I noticed when getting out of the house was that the church tower had gone and what could be seen of the nave of the church was damaged too. I straight away ran back in, to tell everybody.

The sound of guns firing could be heard quite clearly mainly, from the north-east direction. Reconnoitring a bit further, I saw the remnants of the tower in a big heap lying over the cemetery around the church, obviously blown up. Passing the church, I saw many people, often with or carrying children and bundles going to the Ursuline convent/boarding school. Getting closer and speaking with them, they were from the village of Overloon, which was halfway between Venray and Sint Teunis, where, apparently, heavy fighting had taken place - they were refugees finding shelter in the cellars of the convent/boarding school of the Ursuline's. According to them, the Allies and Germans were still in close quarter fighting with many tanks in and around Overloon, which was nearly completely flattened and there were many people who had died or were injured.

I reconnoitred in a few other parts of Venray and hardly saw anybody. At one point, I did see a few German soldiers in the village park firing their mortar.



Photo 31: Ursuline Monastery and boarding school for girls, Venray

They came running in with the wheeled mortar fired six seven times and then ran to another spot and did the same again. They were completely unaware of my presence.

Apart from the ever-present gunfire and constant falling shells, rifle/machine gun fire could be heard all the time. The front obviously getting closer to the town. All day long shells fell; it was very heavy in the early afternoon.

It was growing dusk when I noticed a large fire in the north of town and soon realised that it had to be the Ursuline Convent. It was an eerie sight. The flames shooting high in the air above the nave of the church. No fire fighters of course!

I will never forget what happened not very much later. I had correctly surmised that the fire must be the Ursuline Convent and that fire was still burning fiercely. All the refugees, who I had seen in the morning going there from the village of Overloon, were now escaping the fire and on their way to St Servaas for shelter.

A long queue of obviously distressed people with their bundles, some with a wheelbarrow with their goods on it came right along the front of our house in the gathering dusk of the evening. The shelling had stopped, and I was wondering (and still wonder) whether the Allies had noticed the refugee crowd on the road and stopped their shooting. Enough of their planes in the air all day long!

I saw a woman carrying a bundle and having a toddler on her arm, a boy of say seven on her left and a little girl of perhaps four on her right – all of them obviously struggling. I offered to carry the girl and bundle, the woman told me – unasked – that her husband had died in Overloon. The little girl had to be encouraged by her mother to let me pick her up. We hadn't gone very far, when Henny came past and I asked him to pop into my house and tell my family where I had gone so that they wouldn't be worrying. The little girl panicked when I, during that brief talk, seemed to forget to stay very close to mum!

We walked to St Servaas and the settled somewhere in one of the cellars and I found my way to where the family of Henny had settled with many others and slept there. We all slept on straw, which had been spread over the floor and "shared" pillows, blankets or whatever cover there was - the weather fortunately mild.

The cellars being, of course, underground had small openings on the top, which were just above ground level so one could have a good view from it. In the early morning, I saw, some distance away, German soldiers coming from a side street and moving in the direction of Oostrum, that is east of Venray. I didn't know at that time that they were the last live German soldiers I would see.

Later, leaving St Servaas and running to our house, I saw a big hole in our roof obviously a shell had hit our house, but it was on the east side of the house, so it must have been a German shell - and did that mean that the allies were in town? I ran on into the main street and there they were with their jeeps and cigarettes at the council chambers next to my grandmother's place. At last!

Just past the council chambers the houses also had collected a bomb and their ruins lay over the road. On top lay a dead German soldier.

Yes, the English had arrived, but the war hadn't ended for us yet! Shelling went on, but now from the German side!

The English soldiers were in action of course. Underneath the council chambers, with its three stories, there was our mayor and police in discussion with English officers presumably giving them information!

Later that day a party of soldiers dug individual, meter deep holes in the garden behind our house near where the shed of our pig was. Each time a shell came down they called out to each other to make sure everybody was OK.

It was a bit funny, because I ran in between them to get veggies for Tante Jacques, who was trying to prepare some food for the family and, while they sat in their holes, I just dived between those holes flat onto the ground when shells came close.

The little shed with our pig ready for slaughter in October had collapsed, probably from the blast of a bomb or shell. Our pig seemed to be OK in it however and was happily grunting.



A bit later, I was running to St Servaas again and shells fell very close. I had just in time, thrown myself down the little gully which ran along the road and could hear shrapnel hitting the trees just above me. When no more shells came down I raised my head and there, right in front of me, on a tree, was the little sign of the Dutch RSPCA. Translated into English it read: "Be kind to animals. Save our birds".

"Animals and Birds?? What about me?" I thought!

Running a bit further and hearing more shells coming down, I ran to the shelter of a house where three English soldiers were just checking it. I saw a sudden movement from one of them, which was quickly checked when he realised that it was just a harmless civilian.

The front ran right through town at that stage and there I was running through it, probably with that young adult feeling of invulnerability. During the day the English army completely secured the town and the front was then well to the east of it. The farmer I normally went to for food was now, however, "out of bounds" "being on the other side of the front."

Over the next few days, the English army pushed the Germans further and further away from Venray.

Just behind the hospital, in an area which I knew well – it was a spot where we many a time had gone with the whole school to play cops and robbers and similar games – hand to hand fighting had taken place and about 20 bodies of German and English were there. In the warm weather, the removal of these bodies – I with some 10 others were asked to assist – was pretty gruesome.

The presence of so many civilians close behind the front became too much of a problem, however, for the English army and the whole town was ordered to evacuate.

We were resettled in Sint Teunis and environs. Many people there took in the refugees from our town and the refugees from Overloon once more had to leave their refuge. Fortunately, this time, many English army trucks made their journey easier; a woman delivering a baby on a truck during the journey, an event just indicating how abnormal circumstances were, with mother and child fortunately OK!

October 1944 to the end of the war in Europe, 8-5-1945

The first night after being evacuated, I slept in a dairy with many other people.

There was plenty of straw! We had food from a soup kitchen, no idea who had organised that. I went to Sint Teunis on my own bike and not with the trucks, which the English army had provided for everybody in Venray.

The next day, I found out where the family had been quartered. It was a farmhouse a few kilometres out of Sint Teunis where the farmer (no children only husband and wife) had two rooms made available for them. One used by uncle and aunt, the other one for some of the children, some of the children stayed at Oom Joost, however. I slept in the shed where there was plenty of straw in the loft.

Very soon after arriving in Sint Teunis, I decided, however, to go, on my bike, to Brussels in Belgium where there were Dutch army units, we had been told. I have mentioned this "bike riding" quite a few times and it might be a good place to elaborate a bit upon it. Like everything else, new bike tyres were as rare as hen's teeth and, over the years, the outer tyres had many, many patches under the tears/holes. Inner tyres were even worse, with many repaired punctures.

Recently, I, like many others, used a garden hose which, when filled with soft material of any kind did "the job" in a

fashion and could not be punctured.

Very quickly after the allied army liberated us, another material became available, which often needed to be replaced but still very useful: Mobile phones did not exist but the first (prototype), the so called "walkie-talkie", was used by the army. It had to be handled by two soldiers. One did the talking/listening and had some of the gear, the other one had most of the gear, which included quite a large antenna (about 2- 3 metre). Most of the communication between army units/ personnel closer to the front/in combat areas, still went through wire.

Kilometres of it not being used anymore was lying around wherever the army had been. If you wound that wire tightly around the garden hose on the rim (bit cumbersome working it through the spokes) it was pretty good and, depending on the surface over which you paddled the bike, it lasted mostly 100 kilometre or even a bit more. I (and many others) had acquired lice and, on top of that, I had scabies (also a not uncommon skin problem for many!) which needed treatment and I, fortunately, got rid of it quickly.

In our evacuee place, we could have our usual tub bath again, like we always had in Venray and the period when the front went over us, and washing/bath was impossible became history.

Brussels is about 120 km from Sint Teunis. As I had no passport, I chose to go over little back roads where it would be unlikely that there would be any checkpoints along the border between the Netherlands and Belgium. That was indeed so, though I was checked in Belgium but let through when I told them my "business".

I found myself, as it grew dark, still 50 km or so from Brussels. No hotel anywhere! A strong cold wind with rain had pestered me all day long. I knocked on the door of a farmhouse but there was no answer. I saw a shed to the side of the farmhouse and found the door open and was just getting ready to make my bed in the straw when the farmer, having heard noises, came to check what was going on and, when I told him my story, he told me to come in. I would have a better "deksel" (cover) for the night. I still remember that Flemish word for bed, a bit funny sounding for me because in Dutch it means "lid", like the lid of a tin.

In any case, I slept in a normal bed and, in the morning, was given a nice breakfast to help me on my way. I happened to have a bar of chocolate on me, which one of the tommies had given me, and the farmer's daughter – 7 or 8 years old – was very happy with that; chocolate being quite a luxury in those war years.

I arrived in Brussels in the morning, found the Dutch embassy and they directed me to a place where I could stay. I fairly quickly found out that my brother Henk was in Brussels with the newly formed Irene brigade and made contact with him. He had, of course, his duties in the army but we managed several meetings and he also managed to get me into the army canteen a few times where good food was available.

Henk had actually tried to go to England using the route which the underground had for Allied aircrews, who had parachuted into the Netherlands, when their planes had been shot down by the Germans. He had managed to get close to the border between France and Spain, high in the Pyrenees, when the French police picked him up and placed him in a detention centre because he had no proper papers.

That place was full of soldiers/civilians who had come to France from Spain at the end of the civil war in Spain (1936-1939) when Franco had come out victorious. The detention centre was a fairly relaxed place under the supervision of the so-called Vichy French Government, not the Germans. Henk learned to speak French very well there and that served him, much later, excellently when, as engineer, he worked with the head office of Philips in Eindhoven in the Netherlands.

I had good weather when returning to Sint Teunis after a week or so and did it in one day, with now also proper identification papers from the Dutch embassy.

The family of course relieved to find out about Henk, because nobody knew what had become of him after he took off on his attempt to go to England.

I made, in the latter part of December, another bike trip; this time to Heerlen to tell them about the family in Venray and what had happened there. It sounds perhaps strange, but there not being any post or phone and the Germans still occupying much country between Venray and Heerlen, we didn't know what was going on with each other. I actually had to make my trip diverting to the west to avoid the German areas.

I happened to do it just as the so-called battle of the Bulge took place. Not that I knew that at the time of course, but remember that getting closer to Heerlen there were quite a large number of allied tanks stationed in many places.

In early 1945 some kind of normality also began for us, even while still being evacuated. Electricity and radio was there again and, with that, came knowledge of what happened in the world. Even newspapers appeared again! The main thing which interested us was the situation in the northern part of the Netherlands, still under German occupation. The reality of the severe famine situation there became known. The German authorities, probably able to act more independently as Germany itself was invaded both from west and east, allowed substantial airdrops of food there.

In April, all evacuees were allowed to return to Venray and, apart from damage to many buildings some minor, some bad - people moved back into their houses. My grandmother also returned with the evacuees who could not return to their homes till after the end of the war and the liberation of the northern part of the Netherlands.

In the main streets, where practically all houses/shops had been destroyed, the rubble which covered the streets was cleared and rebuilding started soon afterwards; the hole in the roof of our house was covered by a large tarpaulin, await-

ing more permanent repair. Fortunately, water damage to the contents of the house was not too bad, as much furniture had been protected in some fashion (quite a bit had been put in the cellar!), when the evacuation was ordered. Still, practically everybody had to deal with war damage to buildings and contents.

On 7th May, 1945, the Germans surrendered and the war in Europe was over! The 8th May became the so-called E-Day; the northern part of the Netherlands, now, at last, also free! I remember well the exuberant feeling and public spontaneous festivities and dancers on the streets in those days with allied soldiers travelling through joining in. Similar scenes also known from the day when the war had ended here on the streets of Australia.

THE END



Photo 40: E-day; 8 May 1945, exuberance in the streets

A Walk Down Memory Lane!

Do you remember when....

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



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



Cap guns... loud shooting, gun powder smelling ones with sheets of red cap paper



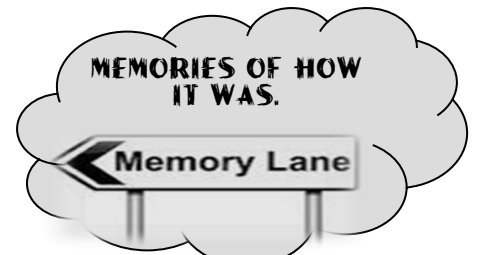
Glass marbles... ones that looked really special and we could collect and swap as commodities.



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



Ladies in aprons. Every woman in the family wore an apron in the 50s, 60s and 70s. And they were beautiful too. Do you remember your mother having a swag of beautiful homemade aprons or bought from fetes and fairs?



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



Mother daughter dresses... Do you remember when this was the most fashionable way to go out and about?

My Grandfather's Christmas Prank

By Heather McAlister

This story was told to me many years ago by my Grandfather who was always playing pranks on his younger siblings. He came from a large family and his mother died when the youngest little girl was only two years of age. He at this time was about seventeen or eighteen years of age. His father along with a housemaid managed this large family of ten children. They lived on the land between Wombat and Wallendbeen.



Christmas was almost upon them and the older girls and their brothers asked their father if they could have some friends over for a night of games and to exchange presents with one another. Everything was in readiness when their friends turned up. Most of them had been dropped off down on the main road and had walked up across a paddock to the house.

They played games, sang carols and enjoyed a lovely supper which had been prepared by the housekeeper and the older girls.

My grandfather who was a number of years older than the rest of his family decided he would go to bed. But being the devil which he was, he thought he would add a bit of spice to this party. So when it was almost time for his sisters and brother's friends to leave, he hopped out of bed took the sheet from his bed and pulled it over himself to look like a ghost. Off down the paddock he went and hid behind a couple of trees.



When the party was over the young people set off to go home. They hadn't gone far when they came to the place where my grandfather was hiding. He jumped out and frightened the wits out of them. They turned and run back to the house screaming and crying. The housemaid was quickly on the scene to enquire what had happened to them and to try and calm them down.



They told the housemaid how this thing in white had come out from behind the trees and frightened the life out of them.

My grandfather had also made a very hasty retreat back to the house. He knew if his father suspected him of being the culprit he certainly would not be celebrating Christmas the next day. Or sitting down to eat his Christmas lunch either!

He had just made his way back to the house, had climbed through the window and landed on the bed when his father burst into the room with the housemaid in tow. He turned over and asked what the problem was? His father said, "Some stupid person had hidden down the paddock and frightened the partygoers as they were walking home."

My not so innocent grandfather got his just desserts, as he had to get up, dress and walk this group of young people home.

This story was often brought to life down through the years around Christmas time.

In and Around The Club



Guest Speaker at August General Meeting was Kerrie Luff on behalf of Wagga Women's' Shed. Having only formed in 2017, the group has swelled from a membership of one to in excess of 300.



Guest Speaker at September General Meeting was Kristy Campbell from NSW Transport—formerly NSW RTA. Advice was given for over 65s to make safer choices when driving, riding, walking, using a mobility scooter or catching public transport.

Members' Contributions

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

A SMILE

A smile costs nothing, but gives so much. It enriches those who receive, without making poorer those who give. It takes but a moment, but the memory of it lasts forever. None is so rich or mighty that he can get along without it, and none is so poor but that he can be made rich by it. Yet, it cannot be bought, begged, borrowed or stolen, for it is something that is of no value to anyone until it is given away. Some people are too tired to give you a smile. Give them one of yours, as none needs a smile so much as he who has no more to

A Smile

A smile costs nothing but creates much. It happens in a flash
But the memory of it lasts forever.

It can never be borrowed or stolen,
And it is no earthly good to anyone
Until it is given away.

So if in your hurry you meet someone
Who is too weary to give you a smile,
Leave one of yours,
For no-one needs a smile quite as much

A SMILE

Smiling is infectious; you catch it like the flu,
When someone smiled at me today, I started smiling too.

I passed around a corner and someone saw me grin,
When he smiled, I realise that I had passed it onto him.

I thought about that smile, then realised its worth,
A single smile, just like mine, could travel 'round the earth.

So if you feel a smile begin, don't leave it undetected,
Start an epidemic and get the world infected.

Life is like a mirror. If you frown at it, it frowns back. If you smile, it returns the greeting.

A warm smile is the universal language of kindness

Grow a Smile!

A smile is quite a funny thing
It wrinkles up your face
And when it's gone you'll never find
Its secret hiding place.

But far more wonderful it is
To see what smiles can do
You smile at one, he smiles at you
And so one smile makes two.

Since a smile can do great good
By cheering hearts of care
Let's smile and smile and not forget
That smiles go everywhere.

Contributed by Freda

Smiles

Contributed by Bruce

At the age of 65 my
grandma started
walking
5 miles
a day

She's 92 now.
We have no idea
where she is.



Four people are on a train

Three men and a young woman are travelling on a train. The four passengers get talking and the chat soon takes an erotic turn.

The young woman proposes: "If each of you give me \$1 I will show you my legs". The men, charmed by the woman, all pull a dollar out of their wallet and she proceeds to pull up her dress a bit to show her legs.

The woman then says: "If each of you gentlemen give me \$10 I will show you my thighs". Again the men pull out their wallets, hand over the money the money and the woman pulls up her dress to show her legs.

The woman continues: "If you give me \$100 I will show you where I was operated on for appendicitis". All three hand over the money. The woman then turns to the window and points outside at a building they're passing. "See there in the distance, that's the hospital where I had it done!"

Contributed by Les



Did you come on the bus Ethel??

Yes, but I made it look like an asthma attack!!



Contributed by Yvonne

Computer Hints & Tips



Online Scams To Be Aware Of This Christmas

The holidays are a dangerous time. It'd be nice if the season of cheer was all happiness and joy but, unfortunately, there are malicious people out there who will capitalize on your good spirits to scam you out of a lot of money. If you think you're safe from scams just because you're safe at home behind a computer screen, think again.

The basic idea of a scam is always the same: trickery and deceit. People tend to drop their guard during the holidays, resulting in emotional vulnerabilities that can easily be exploited.

Keep these tips in mind and stay alert, or you may end up regretting it.

Deceptive Giveaways on Social Networks

For those of you who spend a lot of time on social networks — especially Facebook — please be wary when you come across any links. Any links. Yes, even those links that were shared by that friend you trust with all your heart. Though your friend may be the farthest thing from malicious, there's always the chance that their account has been compromised.

Around this time of year, you'll see plenty of claims that promise free giveaways, free gift cards, and free products where the only catch is that you need to click a link and answer a question or fill out some details. If you click, you're as good as done.

At best, these sites will steal your personal data and spam you in the future or sell your data to other companies who will spam you in the future. At worst, they'll snag your credit card details or install dangerous malware on your computer without you knowing.

Stay safe by... not clicking on these links. If you're really interested you could probably get away with running a few searches on Google to see if the giveaway is legitimate, but even then I'd still be wary.

Anonymous E-Cards

E-cards might seem like a relic of an Internet age from the past but they're still alive and kicking.

It's always nice to receive a genuine e-card because it means someone out there is thinking of you.

Fake e-cards, on the other hand, are a pain in the butt.

If you haven't gotten a fake e-card before, it's pretty simple to spot. You receive an email from an unnamed person and the email will say that you need to click on a link to view the e-card sent to you. Hopefully you can see what happens next.

Stay safe by... not opening e-cards from anonymous senders. A genuine e-card should at least identify the sender in the email. If it doesn't say who it is — or if you don't recognize the sender — just put it in the trash. Better to be safe than sorry.

Don't let these scams put a damper on your Christmas. However, do be aware of their existence and be smart as you browse the web this holiday season. Being scammed is the fastest way to lose all of your holiday cheer and we wouldn't want that to happen!



 **Internet Links 4U2 Try**  [Just click on the links below!](#)

You Raise Me Up - A lovely song

https://docs.google.com/file/d/0B_ruStQGpT38M3JVdnZGUE81dDA/preview?pli=1

Great Bicycle stunts

<https://www.youtube-nocookie.com/embed/HhabgvIIXik?rel=0>

10 TIME SAVING TECHNICAL TIPS You will save lots of time using this information on your computer, Blackberry, I-phone, Cellphones, Digital Cameras, etc...

http://www.youtube.com/watch_popup?v=OoT0-2vu9m4

Change the words A one minute video with a message

http://www.youtube.com/watch_popup?v=Hzgzim5m7oU&vq=medium

Remember to breathe .. Three minute promotional video for Alberta Canada spectacular !!

http://www.youtube.com/watch_popup?v=ThFCg0tBDck

What happens in the Garden when your asleep.. ? Lovely photography ..The hummingbird doing rolls chasing a bug.. there is a baby bat under its mother... If you never knew what goes on in the garden when your not watching .. well this is so unreal , its just beautiful...

<http://www.youtube-nocookie.com:80/embe...cbk4?rel=0>

German iPads ... Amazing http://www.youtube.com/watch_popup?v=6a8Eimr-fm0

The Interview with God <http://www.theinterviewwithgod.com/popup-frame.html>



The Crows Joke Page

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The Senior Citizens' Club has decided to go on a mystery tour every week. To make it interesting, they have a sweep to guess where they are going. Eric, the coach driver, has won five weeks in a row.



Students in an advanced Biology class were taking their mid-term exam. The last question was, 'Name seven advantages of Mother's Milk.' The question was worth 70 points or none at all. One student was hard put to think of seven advantages. He wrote:



- 1) It is perfect formula for the child.
- 2) It provides immunity against several diseases.
- 3) It is always the right temperature.
- 4) It is inexpensive.
- 5) It bonds the child to mother and vice versa.
- 6) It is always available as needed.

And then the student was stuck. Finally, in desperation, just before the bell rang indicating the end of the test he wrote:

- 7) It comes in two attractive containers and it's high enough off the ground where the cat can't get it. He got an A.

A highway patrolman pulled alongside a speeding car on the freeway. Glancing at the car, he was astounded to see that the lady behind the wheel was knitting.



Realising that she was oblivious to his flashing lights and siren, the trooper cranked down his window, turned on his bullhorn and yells, "Pull over!" "No," she yelled back over the sound of the siren, "it's a scarf!"

A kiss from a nun...

A cabbie picks up a Nun. She gets into the cab, and the cab driver won't stop staring at her. She asks him why he is staring.



He replies: "I have a question to ask you, but I don't want to offend you."

She answers, "My son, you cannot offend me. When you're as old as I am and have been a nun as long as I have, you get a chance to see and hear just about everything. I'm sure that there's nothing you could say or ask that I would find offensive."

"Well" the Cab driver replies, "I've always had a fantasy to have a nun kiss me."

She responds, "Well, let's see what we can do about that:

Firstly, you have to be single, and secondly, you must be Catholic."

The cab driver is very excited and says, "Yes, I'm single and Catholic!"

"OK" the nun says. "Pull into the next alley."

The nun fulfils his fantasy with a kiss that would make a hooker blush.

But when they get back on the road, the cab driver starts crying.

"My dear child," said the nun, why are you crying?"

"Forgive me but I've sinned. I lied, I must confess, I'm married and I'm Jewish."

The nun says, "That's OK, my name is Kevin and I'm going to a Halloween party."

A man goes out drinking with his friends ...

A man goes out drinking with his friends, after promising his wife that he'll be home by midnight.

Midnight comes and goes. He finally arrives home just before 3am. As he walks in, he realises the cuckoo clock is about to go off.



With a flash of genius, he decides to coo another nine times to make it seem like it's still midnight. Finished, he sneaks into bed, satisfied with his plan.

The next morning, he wakes up and finds that his wife isn't mad at all.

"You sleep okay last night?" he asks cautiously.

"Fine," the wife says. "But we need a new cuckoo clock."

"Why?"

"Last night it cooed three times, then it yelled 'Crap!', cooed another six times and giggled. Then it cooed three more times, farted, and tripped on the carpet."

Bits AND Pieces

Walk with Me While I Age - Poem

I hope this poem has the same effect on you as it did on me. Walk with me by the water ...

A BEAUTIFUL POEM ABOUT GROWING OLDER:



Shit... I forgot the words.



Would you tell him or just watch?

Harold was an old man. He was sick and in the hospital. There was one nurse that just drove him crazy. Every time she came in, she would talk to him like he was a little child. She would say in a patronizing tone of voice, 'And how are we doing this morning',



or 'Are we ready for a bath', or 'Are we hungry?' Old Harold had had enough of this particular nurse. One day, at breakfast, Old Harold took the apple juice off the tray and put it in his bed side stand. Next, he was given a urine bottle to fill for testing. So you know where the juice went!



The nurse came in a little later, picked up the urine bottle and looked at it. 'My, it seems we are a little cloudy today.' At this, Old Harold snatched the bottle out of her hand, popped off the top, and drank it down, saying, 'Well, I'll run it through again. Maybe I can filter it better this time.' The nurse fainted! Old Harold just smiled!

DON'T MESS WITH 'OLD' PEOPLE!!!!



This will make your brain hurt!



Sick as a dog!