

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)

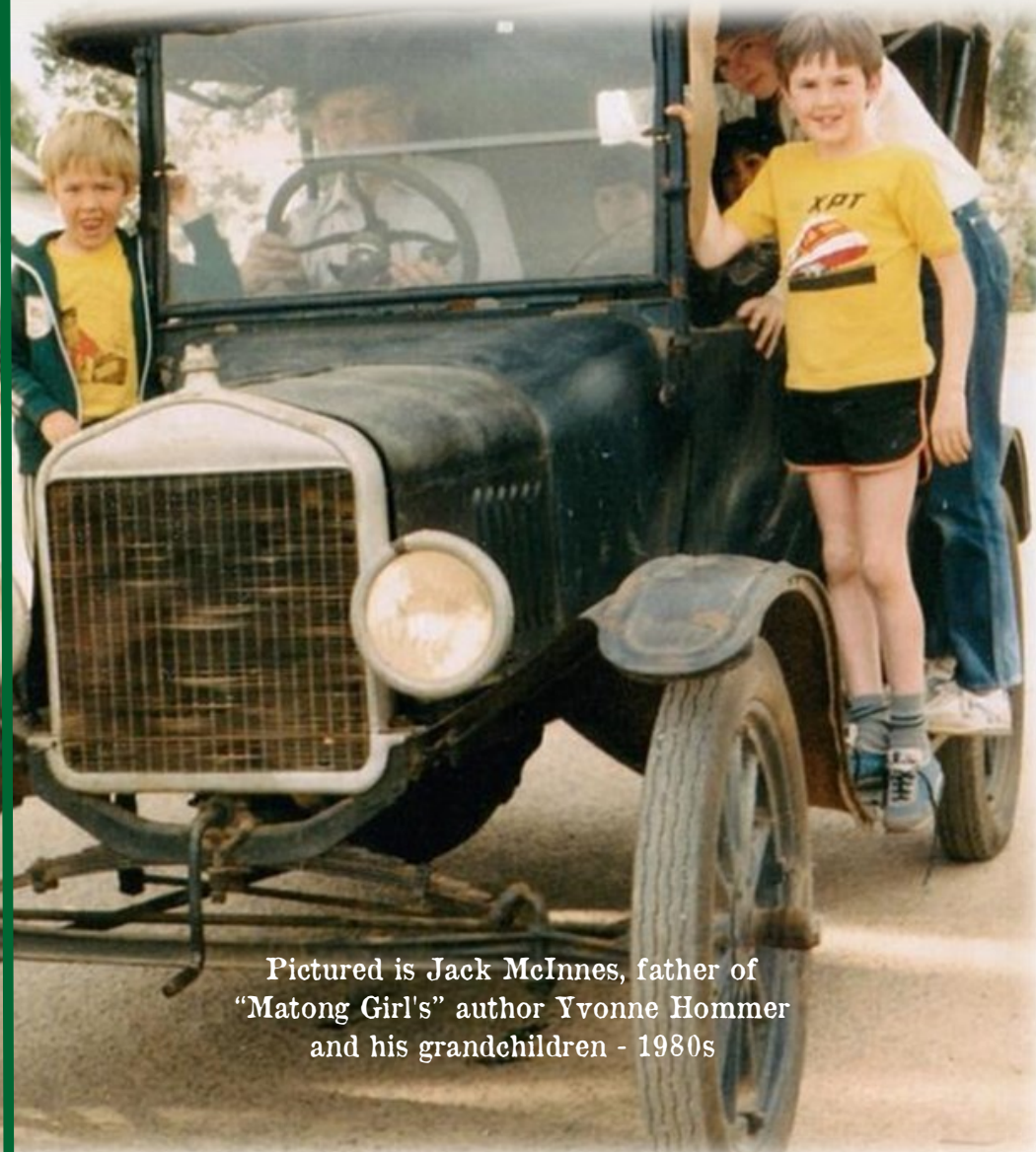
Issue 25

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Pictured is Jack McInnes, father of "Matong Girl's" author Yvonne Hommer and his grandchildren - 1980s



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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Our lead story this issue is

Matong Girl

The life of a country girl growing up in the 40s





Editor's Notes

Wagga Digital Enterprise Program.

I was recently privileged to take part in a series of free internet training sessions for small to medium enterprises and not-for-profit organisations such as local cultural institutions and clubs. This was a joint collaboration between the Australian Government, Wagga City Council and Wagga TAFE.

It was designed to help these businesses and organisations establish and enhance their online presence.

As part of the program I received one-on-one coaching sessions in establishing our club's Facebook page and website.

On page 10 of this magazine you will find links to these sites.

My thanks to Yvonne for providing the story for this issue, and also to Norma and Ellen for their contributions.

Wilma provided some pictures and David a joke, so please members, keep those contributions coming and we will truly be able to say, "this is our magazine"

Till next time, 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, Diana North.

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.



Why science teachers should not be given playground duty.

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



6



7



4



5



8

Pictured 1 and 2...On the way back home from Albury after a great day, despite the down-pours.

3. Past committee member and founder of Computer Club Paddy Adams, although a little frail now, still bowling.

4. Dawn and Fay, just two of the very busy ladies in the kitchen during Luncheon day.

5. "Judge" Wilma during Seniors Week.

6-7-8-9, pictures taken by Wilma during Senior Week.

10. Club member Beryl Jorgensen showing off nineteen medals won in 9km marathons nineteen times in a row since 1993-2014!!! A perfect example of passion and never giving up!



9

A sheep dog 'works' the sheep.



10

Matong Girl

By Yvonne Homer (nee McInnes)

I was born in the Narrandera hospital and grew up on my parents, Jack and Mary McInnes, farm "Glen Iris" five miles south of Matong in Southern New South Wales.

Early childhood memories of days without electricity, where we used kerosene lamps and the old Coolgardie Drip Safe to keep our food cool. Our meat was corned after the sheep was killed and kept in a meat safe, a cupboard covered with gauze to keep out flies.



The house on the farm was an old weatherboard building, which was built by my grandfather and father. There were three verandas, the back, middle and front. The back section of the house was a storeroom, a bathroom with a chip heater and a laundry. In the laundry was a copper and water tank. The middle section of the house was the kitchen with a wood stove and the lounge room with a wood fire of course. We had a large brown wireless about twice as high as a television set and a huge aerial out in the yard. When I was only small and the 2nd World War was still on I can remember hearing reports of how many tanks were shot at, and I used to visualize soldiers in water tanks on opposite banks firing at each other.

The four bedrooms were in the front part of the house, we were a verandah and two bedrooms away from the lounge room and of course no lights. The hallway between was probably only short but it always seemed long and after dark we never got up out of bed after being put there. My brother John and I shared a room; he was born when I was three and a half.

I can still remember going to Mass in Dad's T-Model Ford, with the canvas type hood. Dad used to have to crank and crank it a few times to get it going and then run and jump on the running board and get in to steer it.



My grandfather Alexander McInnes and the first building he erected on the property.

When Grandfather settled on the farm, he built a log hut which still stands (although the roof is broken in). I can remember spending a lot of time poking around while he and Dad worked there. The very fine soft powdery dust on the floor inside and the old bellows working, which we loved to have a go at; and numerous bits and pieces from machinery, horse shoes etc. lying around the hut.

Mum had a lot of chooks and would get about 100 chickens at a time. She set them up under an old metal tub with a kerosene lamp to keep them warm. I used to help feed the chooks and gather the eggs and wasn't worried about pulling a hen off the nest that didn't want to move. When we were older we had the job of packing the eggs to send to the Egg Board.

I used to watch Dad milk the cows but never did it myself, except to have a try. He killed our own meat, so I saw sheep, pigs and poultry being killed and prepared but took it all as a matter of course.

I started school at Grong Grong Public School in 1948 when I was seven years old. I boarded with my Mother's mother Nanny McGrath who had a shop there. She sold newspapers, lollies, ice-cream and also had a Bakery and served meals. Big ice-creams used to be only 6d. and we got a big bag of lollies for 6d. Dad's father used to take me to meet the train in the horse and sulky. He would hail the train at a small siding called "Pamandi" and I would travel in the guard's van to Grong Grong to attend school.



One day when my Grandfather was taking me home in the sulky from school he stopped at the gate to take me into their place as the creek was in full flood and we couldn't cross it. When he went to get back in the sulky the horse bolted and tore off all around the paddock with me (who was about 8 years old at the time) hanging on for grim death. After doing a full lap the horse eventually stopped right on the edge of the fast flowing flooded creek. My Grandfather's leg had been run over as he tried to get in the sulky and he had been running after us trying to catch up. My Grandmother came running out of the dairy where she had been milking. I can remember her talking to my mother on the Army phone they had linked between our places and telling her that my Guardian Angel must have been looking after me.

The creek in flood was nearly an annual occurrence and I can remember balancing on the hub of the tractor as my father took us across. Also, occasions when Dad had some near escapes from drowning when he swam the flooded creek. It would get extremely hot in the summer on the farm and of course there was no cooling – we would lay around outside on couches and the hammock with wet mosquito nets over us to try and keep cool.

I started school at the Matong Public School in 1952 when I was 10 years old. My brother John and I used to ride our bikes to the bus stop and catch the bus each morning and afternoon. Although we were only 5 miles from town we had to travel 30 miles around through Deepwater Station to pick up the other children in the morning. The afternoon journey was in the opposite direction making for a shorter trip.

When I was about 12 we moved into Matong, as my parents bought the Matong General Store. Dad kept the farm but wasn't able to do a lot of heavy work as he had an accident when a chain broke when he was pulling something with the tractor and it hit him on

the head. It was a serious injury and he suffered a lot of pain from it over the years.

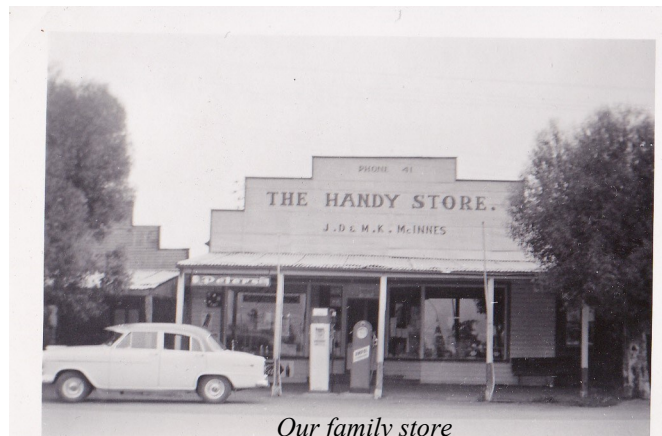
My first year of High School was done with Blackfriars Correspondence but I still stayed at the Matong School. Tony Nolan and I sat in the back desk behind the 6th class kids and did our correspondence lessons there.

In 1956 I went to Mt. Erin High School in Wagga as a boarder where I did 2nd, 3rd and Commercial in which I went very well. I found the strict religious life as a boarder a very new experience; rise at 6.00 am, Daily Mass, silence upstairs, in the refectory, Chapel, class and study. Looking back it seems we almost led the life of nuns. But I was quite happy there. I made many friends during my schooling and still keep in touch with some.

Leaving school in 1958 after turning 16 in August I helped in the shop for a couple of years, looking after it by myself quite a bit of the time. When we first took over the shop goods were not pre-packed as they are now. For example sugar, flour, biscuits, potatoes, onions and many other products had to be packed up into paper bags and it was a pretty constant job. In the mornings I would generally clean up the place. Then the papers were dropped off by the Post officer on the way back from the train. These had to be marked and rolled to be sent out on the run, north one day, south the next.

The rest of the day was spent serving groceries, petrol, hardware etc., stacking shelves, and typing, paper returns. Friday and Saturday mornings were the biggest days for orders and in those days people got most of their groceries from us as our prices were competitive and people didn't go off to the big centres like they do now. Sunday morning was a mad rush after Mass, everyone used to pile in and nearly everyone wanted a "Spider", a drink made from soft drink with an ice-cream in it. Also after football matches, everyone would want an ice-cream in a cone and my hand would be nearly dropping off!

We also sold a lot of lollies and at 4 or 2 for a penny it could be quite a business to serve them out. We opened again after tea, people would come around to get the papers that arrived on the night train, have a yarn or buy a chocolate. This was before TV and it was a bit of a get together for the locals. In harvest time we would have a lot of extra men come to the district to work on the hay and wheat carting, so we got to know them quite well.



Our family store



Load of hay at our farm Glen Iris

In later years we were the contact centre if there were any bush fires in the district.

I forgot to mention there was a danger of a fire coming through our place. Mum, John and I were up the paddocks rounding up the sheep, while Dad was away fighting the fire. I can't remember if it was the fire or another when Dad and some other men had to head for a dam and get under water as a bushfire passed over as their truck had stalled. Many years later in the 1980s when Dad was in his 70s he had a fire start on what we called the Boree Lane and he had a terrible battle by himself to contain it for several hours. It would have gone right through the farm if he hadn't got it out; none of the neighbours noticed it so he didn't have any help.

I came to Wagga to work when 18 years old in 1961 and stayed at the Y.C.C.A Hostel in Johnston Street. About 40 girls were under the matron Miss Ruth Griffiths. Rules were fairly firm, we had to sign the book if we were going out – be in by 12 midnight or be locked out. We had to get late pass if we had a special occasion like a Ball. We met some nice girls there and over 25 years later I am still friendly with many of them and we have 3 yearly reunions with Miss Griffiths who is 86 and around 100 girls and husbands come to them.

I worked at Queensland Insurance Company; mainly typing and phone work. I had a great social life; dances at the Coconut Grove and going to either of the two picture theatres, Capitol or Plaza; they showed movies every night and evening. I joined YCW and later on became a leader. I left Q.I.C. in 1962 and went back to Matong and looked after the shop while Mum and Dad went on a month's holiday. Then I worked in Albury for 8 months in 1963 at the Teleprinter Office at the Albury Railway. It was shift work and I sometimes finished work at midnight.

I joined the North Albury Group of YCW as a leader and considered entering Brown St Joseph's Order but after having a year at home in 1964 decided to go to the mission instead.

In 1965 I did training with the Pallottine Fathers at Millgrove in Victoria to go to the missions in W.A.

The Pallottine are a German Order. Father Silvester was our Chaplain and a very dynamic priest. I travelled by train to W.A. and by car to Tardun.



Haystack at Glen Iris

I don't remember how I coped for the first few months as the previous cook had left and I had to virtually train myself. The kitchen was a big old building with a sump oiled floor and a big wood stove in the middle, used one side one day and the other the next. Across the yard were the cool rooms and bakery which weren't exactly mouse proof.

I can't remember a lot about my first encounter with the aboriginal kids but they were all very happy and friendly (if a little light fingered). The kids did a terrific amount of work on the missions. We would have about three to wash pots, three to do veg's, others to do dishes, set tables, help in the laundry etc. Tardun was a boarding school for 100 part aboriginal children who came from families on stations from near and far when only 5 years old.

The food was all bush type and probably not very marvellous. I cooked for 100 children and 30 staff. Only 8 sheep a week were killed and this didn't go round too well. Morning feed would be something like porridge or Cornflakes, or sandwiches – lunch and tea would be vege's and stew. Sometimes I wonder how I managed to produce so many meals. I only got Thursday and Sunday afternoons off. Then came the big blow. We awoke in the middle of the night to the sound of exploding asbestos and looked down to see the whole kitchen block completely alight. Everything went, all the kitchen and dining rooms; and there was no water to put it out.

The kids grabbed as much as they could out of the little wooden chapel in case it caught alight also.

The next day all that was left was the old wood stove. So they built a tin shed about four metres square, no windows and no doors. I worked from this little shed with the dirt floor for about 3 months and Tess had to use the sewing rooms which were old army huts for dining rooms for the now 40 staff as the new mission buildings were already half built. The kids used to eat out in the open, rain, hail or shine.

Eventually, we got into the beautiful new kitchen block which was like a huge hotel complex - gas stoves, tiled floor and stainless steel benches. Only one drawback, so much to clean up! I spent two and a quarter years there; I was supposed to stay only two but they were short-handed and I stayed on. It was 1967 when I finally came home at the age of 25. I visited many of the missions before coming home, some were very big and wherever I went they were very friendly to us. It was in July of 1967 when I came home. I stayed home for a few months to get used to things before starting work at 2WG in October. I was Sales Secretary for Barry Heydon and Mr Fisher.



"Miss Yvonne" with mission children.

I started going out with Les Homer (my future husband) in 1968 and was engaged in 1969.

In April 1971 my first child Megan Maree was born. She was centre stage for two and a half years until Adam Leslie was born in October 1973. He was only 22 months when Stephen John arrived in August 1975.

What followed was lots of hard work. We did not get away for a holiday for the next eight years.

Renee Lavinia was born in March 1987.

So much has happened over the intervening years, our family expanding with the advent of grandchildren who have brought much joy, softening the impact of life's hard blows.



Jack McInnes (my father) with his grandchildren on farm in 1983 just before selling.

Addendum: Alexander McInnes (1869-1951) was a blacksmith. He built the log cabin for his blacksmith's shop where he also lived until he built the 4 bedroom house on the property. This was built from pine trees growing on the farm. My grandfather (Alexander) and grandmother had one son (Jack) my father, and five girls.

Jack McInnes's parents, Alexander and Julia, were amongst the pioneering settlers of the Matong District in Victoria. As well as being a farmer, he owned and ran the Matong Store. By 1994 he had retired and was living in Tolland. He wrote Matong Public School Diamond Jubilee, a history of the school which includes some history of the pioneers of the region. He was a member of the Wagga Wagga Writers group and contributed to early issues of that organisation's journal fourW, writing ballads in the bush tradition. He wrote ballads, stories and articles from the time he completed primary education at the Matong Public School, which were collected in "Riverina Ramblings".

LES&MAY by Larry Lewis
LAFFING WITH (AND AT) OLDER AMERICANS www.lesandmay.com





The Day Wagga Stood Still... A follow-up to our story in the last issue of Crowabout recalling the terrible tragedy at Kapooka in May, 1945. Some of our members were present during the funeral procession and remember it well.

Norma Steward writes...

May 1945 there was a dreadful accident at the Kapooka Army base, 27 young soldiers were killed in a bunker explosion.

I can remember standing on the street watching all the coffins go by on trucks; what a sad day it was!

I was speaking to one of the caretakers at the Bandiana Army Museum a couple of years ago and he didn't know anything about it. I had mentioned it to him because I could not find any information on it at the museum.



Ellen Earsman writes...

I was in Wagga on the 21st May 1945 working at Dunlop's garment factory making army trousers, when twenty six soldiers were killed by an explosion in a dugout at Kapooka Army Base.

I had just turned 20 years of age and was dismayed by the number of young men about my age (who had probably just reached enlistment age), as well as officers.

The tragedy was that we had just celebrated Victory in Europe (8th May) and was near Victory in the Pacific.

On the 24th May we were allowed time off work to go and view the procession from Edward and Murray Streets. The cortege passing through Wagga was mainly of four open carriers of coffins – semi trailers – followed by mourners and Army representatives. There was a large crowd of people sightseeing along the route.



Dunlop Weatherproof Factory

From the 1940's until the late 1970's the Dunlop Factory at the edge of the lagoon was a centre for productivity in Wagga. It stood on the corner of Forsyth and Murray streets and became a hub of employment for the region.

The factory initially opened as a munitions plant, making fuses to service the military during the Second World War. Before long, the factory began to manufacture military uniforms and then after the war ended, continued on as a garment division of Dunlop Australia Pty Ltd until its closure in March 1977.



Dunlop's was a landmark building which housed the largest single workforce in Wagga during its operation. At one time Dunlop's employed 260 people, which included 208 females. Jobs varied along the assembly line, and the girls were eventually trained to be high-speed industrial machinists.

In the height of its existence the Dunlop Weatherproof Factory was a major manufacturer of quality clothing including industrial waterproof and safety garments, fashionable men's and women's raincoats and sports clothing; including the 'whites' for the Davis Cup tennis team.

Dunlop's distributed their products to industries right across the country, for instance the Victoria Police, Queensland miners and fishermen from Darwin would only use products made from Dunlop's at Wagga.

Despite its overwhelming success, the Dunlop factory had its share of challenges. As well as the prospect of the adjacent lagoon flooding, Dunlop's had a constant battle attracting enough staff to keep up with production demands. It was repeatedly reported in The Daily Advertiser that the factory was in urgent need of more female staff; one report suggested that a lack of accommodation for girls from outlying districts was a major limiting factor to the factory's growth.

The Dunlop Factory officially closed on March 31st 1977 as a result of Dunlop Australia's falling profits in a weak market. It was reported that there were approximately seventy people working for the factory at the time of its closure.

The former factory gained a new lease of life when in 1980 it was transformed and re-opened as a warehousing complex. The building had been subdivided and further warehousing space was added to the existing structure. Today the site is occupied by various retailers and services including a hairdresser, paint shop and the South Wagga fruit market, bakery and butcher.



Seniors in The News

Club member Evelyn Booth shared some of her memories of life during WW2 in the book "Between The Dances". *Courtesy of The Daily Advertiser*

WAR STORIES: Evelyn Booth proudly wears a medal she was presented after World War II for her work.

THREE Wagga women are among 300 who have shared their World War II experiences in a new book.

The book – titled *Between The Dances* – has been written by Melbourne-based author Jacqueline Dinan.

Evelyn Booth, her childhood friend the late Ettie Read and Enid Scobie shared their stories with the author after she spoke about her previous book in the Wagga library about four years ago.

Enid was a Voluntary Aid Detachment nurse who worked in the Australian Army Medical Women's Service during the war, Ettie was in the Women's Auxiliary Airforce and Evelyn worked in a munitions factory in Murray Street making bomb detonators before being shifted to Orange to assemble .303 rifles.

"There hasn't been a book like this before," Ms Dinan said.

"It's sad.

"It's the 11th hour for this generation and they are trying to remember what they did 70 years ago.

"A lot of women have not been asked these things before."

Evelyn, 89, told *The Daily Advertiser* that working during the war kept her busy and helped her cope with the fears she held for her husband, Forbes.

The couple went out for a few years before they married in 1944 while Forbes was on leave from active service in the Pacific.

The first of their five children, Trevor, was born while Forbes was back at war.

Ms Dinan said there seemed to be three main areas that the women in her book wished to talk about – their paid or voluntary war effort, the men they were worried about and dances to which they looked forward.

"I take my hat off to the women who appear in *Between The Dances*, not just for the stories they have shared, but for being indicative of the scores of thousands of women they represent," Ms Dinan said.

"They are from a generation who grew up in the Depression and were pragmatic, austere disciplined and they proudly accepted the torch from their Anzac-spirited forebears."

Between The Dances is published by Jane Curry Publishing.

Wartime rationing meant that there was always queues forming. Teenager Evelyn Booth always ran to join a queue when she saw it forming in Wagga (even if it wasn't quite clear what she was queueing for!) "Usually, when I got to the window, it was cigarettes and this encouraged me to smoke; it was supposed to calm one's nerves. It was a struggle to make tea, sugar, meat and butter rations last.

Tea often ran out and the family had ground coffee. Customers could get wool blankets without clothing coupons and some women made coats out of these. Initially, knitting wool was not rationed so Evelyn and her mum made many garments. Items such as sewing cotton, shoe polish and rice were hard to come by but they resourcefully swapped about. When a woman had a baby, with permission from the baby health centre, she received an extra sheet of coupons and Vegemite.

Evelyn's family lived at the edge of the Murrumbidgee River at Wagga and her mum's flock of geese disappeared while a bivouac was taking place on the other bank. On losing her geese for the pleasure of the new trainees, her mum was of the opinion that she had done her bit for the war effort.

Evelyn married during the war, aged nineteen, and her husband was posted overseas. She waved goodbye at the train station, along with other women. "When the train was out of sight we did our crying. During the war lipstick was not rationed and we wore plenty of makeup to look bright and cheerful, portraying defiance that war was not getting anyone down."

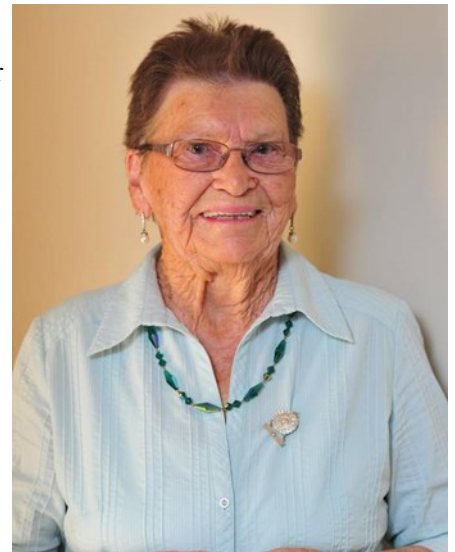
At the end of the war thousands of troops were provided transport home. They could take an alternative route if they found a

way. Her husband, impatient at waiting, scored a lift aboard a Chinese fishing boat. During the three-week voyage, it stopped often as the men cleaned out the bilges. During February 1946, it chugged into Sydney as members of his unit arrived by plane.

At her first war related job in a munitions factory in Wagga (later to become the Dunlop Factory after the war) teenager Evelyn made detonators for bombs. She was next posted to a small arms factory in Orange where she assembled .303 rifles. Evelyn then pitted peaches at a cannery in Leeton.

In the Wagga area, there were Italian prisoners of war working on farms. They wore red overalls with 'POW' on the back.

Years later, one of these men would become her daughter's father-in-law.



Women bundling ammunition in a Commonwealth Small Arms Ammunition Factory, c. 1944
www.awm.gov.au 43999

Computer Hints & Tips



Back To Basics: Understanding The Term OS

OS stands for Operating System. Simple enough, right? The operating system is simply the basic software that controls the computer. The operating system provides the foundation on which other programs such as games or a word processor are able to run. It tells the hard drive to run, sends images to the screen and organizes your files in a way that it's possible to find them.

The most common operating system for home computers is Windows. Windows XP, Windows Vista, Window 7 & Windows 8 are all operating systems.

Another well-known operating system is Apple's OS. They even worked OS into the name. This is the operating system that runs Mac computers.

You'll find various versions of the Windows OS on many brands of computers. You will only find the Mac OS on computers manufactured by Apple.

Another well-known operating system is Linux. Linux is what's called open-source – that means anyone can use it for free. There are more than 100 types of Linux, so sometimes it can get a little confusing. Linux is a great operating system for people who like to play with computers or who have a computer geek handy to help them get set up.

You don't have to know much about any of these operating systems to use them. But you do have to find the right programs to run on these computers. You can't run a Mac program on your Windows computer or a Windows program on your Mac computer. (yes, I know there can be workarounds, but I'm keeping it basic here.)

When purchasing a software just make sure it says it works with the operating system on your computer. It almost always says something about which operating system a device or software will work with in the information about a program.

Operating systems aren't just for computers. Smartphones & tablets (which are just small handheld computers) use them as well. The most popular phone and tablet operating system is Android.

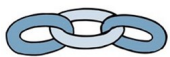
System Requirements
Windows®PC: • Windows 8, Windows 7, Vista, or XP
• 45 MB Hard Disk Space
• 800 x 600 higher display
• Speakers or Headphones recommended
• Sound Card recommended
• Windows Tablet
• Windows 8
• 45 MB Hard Disk Space
• Keyboard recommended

That's followed by iOS from Apple. (see, they worked the OS into the name again.) iOS is only used for iPhones, iPads and iPods. If you're using an Apple mobile device, you're using iOS.

You may have also heard of Chromebooks. These lightweight laptops use a special Chrome operating system and can only run programs designed for that operating system.

Again, you don't have to know much about any of these operating systems to use the devices. You just have to make sure that when you are buying accessories or programs, (in the case of phones and tablets, they'll be called apps) that you're buying the ones made for that operating system.

It's really no different that buying a Ford or Honda. They all work to get you around, but when you're ordering parts you have to make sure that you get parts for the model you're driving.



Internet Links 4U2 Try



Click on links below

Spirit of the Anzacs

<https://www.youtube.com/embed/Q20DUaIzYJg>

Great card magic

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=f0m9QtYWTIE#t=330>

Tom Lennon Bio

Part 1 <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=I49N7WiZVJs>

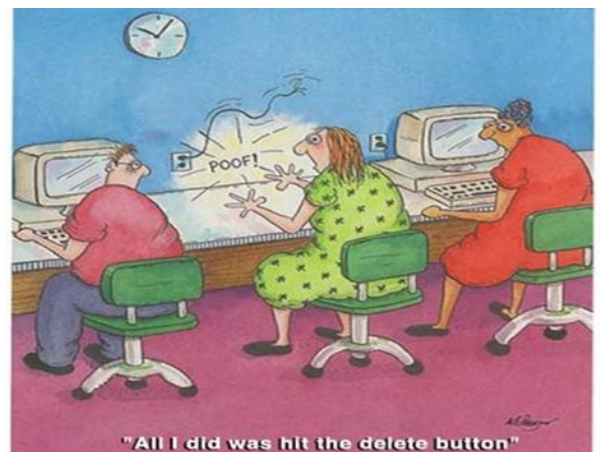
Subject: BORED ENGINEERS - Amazing!!!

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

Model Railroad - Hamburg

Trust the Germans to come up with a mind blowing, precision attraction
The narration is in English Enjoy!

https://www.youtube.com/embed/ACkmg3Y64_s?rel=0



Warning: Updating Java Could Hijack Your Browser Settings (June 25, 2015)

This week, once-great search giant Yahoo announced a new partnership with Oracle: Every time you update Internet plugin software Java on your computer, the updater will make an attempt to change your browser's default search settings and home page to Yahoo.

During the update process, Java users are being greeted with a new pop-up window entitled "Get the best of the web with Yahoo." It contains a checkbox, unfortunately checked by default, that reads, "Set Yahoo as your homepage and default search engine on Chrome and Internet Explorer, plus get Yahoo as your new tab page on Chrome." If you rush through the installation, you might inadvertently be tricked into overriding your existing search engine settings (Google, DuckDuckGo, etc.), as you need to specifically opt-out by unchecking the box to keep your current settings.

If all this sounds a bit sketchy on Yahoo's part, well – it is. These kind of sneak installs are typical hallmarks of malware, not acceptable actions from multi-billion dollar corporations. If Yahoo wants to improve its position in the search world, it needs to figure out a way to offer better search than industry king Google. Tricking people into using its search is definitely not the way to go.

Harvard University business professor Ben Edelman agrees, calling the sneak install scheme "despicable." "If we make security updates into marketing opportunities," Edelman says, "consumers will rightly and reasonably ignore or defer updates and then we'll all be faced with less secure computers."

Yahoo, for its part, appears to believe it's done nothing wrong. "We have definitely made sure that our onboarding process is one that's highly transparent and gives users a choice," a company spokesperson said.

Unfortunately, Java is a key component in many websites, so many of us can't just avoid the software. And it's important to keep it updated when prompted, because many patches apply critical security fixes. Just remember next time that you need to lookout for this nasty little search hijacking attempt, or else you'll need to enter your browser settings later to reset your preferences.



Wagga Wagga Senior Citizens' Club Inc. at <https://www.facebook.com/pages/Wagga-Wagga-Senior-Citizens-Club-Inc/486339174711404> OR at Website <http://seniorcitizen8.wix.com/ww-senior-citizens>



Bricks and mortar provide the shelter but it is the members themselves that provide the fellowship and comradeship that defines this club.

With the many activities on offer throughout the week there are many opportunities for our Seniors to gather and socialise with other members of their generation.

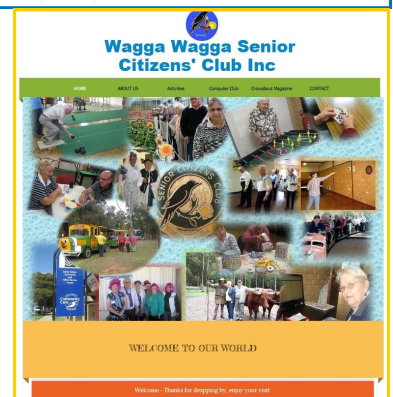
Now, even when this is sometimes not possible, through the latest technology we have the ability to keep up to date with what is happening at our Club.



Visit your club

3 ways!

- In person
- Via Facebook
- Via website





The Crows Joke Page



An Engineer was unemployed for a long time. He could not find a job so he opened a medical clinic and puts a sign up outside: "Get your treatment for \$500, if not treated get back \$1,000."

One Doctor thinks this is a good opportunity to earn \$1,000 and goes to his clinic.

Doctor: "I have lost taste in my mouth."

Engineer: "Nurse, please bring medicine from box 22 and put 3 drops in the patient's mouth."

Doctor: "This is Gasoline!"

Engineer: "Congratulations! You've got your taste back. That will be \$500."

The Doctor gets annoyed and goes back after a couple of days later to recover his money.

Doctor: "I have lost my memory, I cannot remember anything."

Engineer: "Nurse, please bring medicine from box 22 and put 3 drops in the patient's mouth."

Doctor: "But that is Gasoline!"

Engineer: "Congratulations! You've got your memory back. That will be \$500."

The Doctor leaves angrily and comes back after several more days.

Doctor: "My eyesight has become weak."

Engineer: "Well, I don't have any medicine for this. Take this \$1,000."

Doctor: "But this is \$500..."

Engineer: "Congratulations! You got your vision back! That will be \$500."

Submitted by David

Farmer Joe was telling his fellow males in the local pub about his first visit to a big city church.

"When I got there, they had me park my old truck in the corral," Joe began.

"You mean the parking lot," interrupted Charlie, a more worldly chap.

"I walked up the trail to the door," Joe continued.

"The sidewalk to the door," Charlie corrected him.

"Inside the door, I was met by tis dude," Joe went on. "That would be the usher," Charli explained.

"Well, the usher led me down the chute," Joe said.



"You mean the isle," Charlie said.

"Then, he led me to a stall and told me to sit there," Joe continued. "Pew", Charlie retorted.

"Yea," recalled Joe. "That's what the pretty lady said when I sat down next to her."

The difference between a farmer and his wife – he is driving up a steep, narrow mountain road. She is driving down the same road. As they pass each other, she leans out the window and yells, "PIG!" The farmer immediately leans out his window and replies, "Stupid!"

They continue on their way, and as the farmer rounds the next corner he slams into a pig in the middle of the road.



Two judges were stumbling home from their local pub, arms around each other, loudly singing Kenny Rogers. "Hey", said one to the other, "I think we're drunk".

"You are right, and according to the law I will have to charge you with being drunk and disorderly," said his mate. "And you will have to appear before me at 10.00 am tomorrow," said the first. Next morning in court, the first pleaded guilty to the charge and was fined \$10. They then switched places. "Drunk and disorderly eh, you are fined \$20".

"Hey" protested the first, "when I was in the chair I only fined you \$10!"

"Yes", said the second judge, "But the offence is becoming too common, you are the second drunk to appear before this court this morning."



"What the heck is going on here?" yelled the **angry man** storming into the florist shop. "I just lost one of my main clients and it's your fault!"

"Why don't you calm down a bit, said the lady behind the counter,

"and let us know exactly what happened."

"Well", said the man, "My client moved to a new location, and to be nice to him I called you guys up and asked you to send him some flowers with a note saying 'Congratulations on your new location'. He calls me up and says "What's the idea of sending me a note that says 'Rest in Peace'?"

"Oh no!" she sighed; "Now I know why I got a nasty message from the funeral parlour."

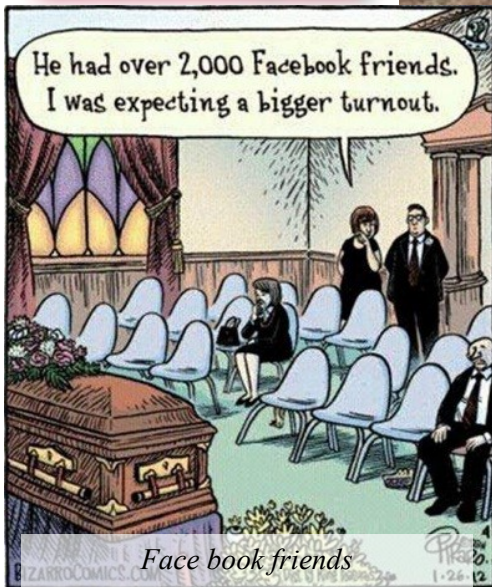
Bits AND Pieces



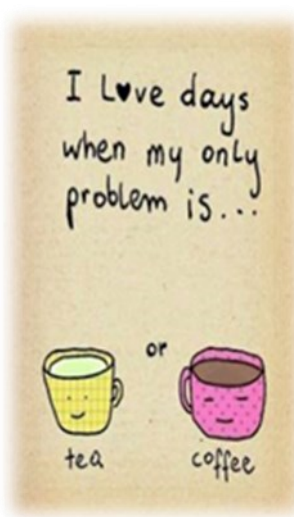
If at first you don't succeed, skydiving is not for you.



Lawnmower invented 1830



Face book friends



IMPOSSIBLE TRIANGLE

Impossible Dice Triangle

This take on the classic "impossible triangle" or "Penrose triangle" illusion uses dice to create the appearance of an object that is fundamentally impossible in ordinary Euclidean space.



A Friendly Toast

May you always find your treasure
In the blessings that life sends
In the beauty of each season
In the company of good friends.

May you grow in faith and wisdom,
Gather strength from every storm
May you always have a smile to share
And someone to keep you warm.

May each path you choose bring promise
Of the things you're dreaming of
May your world be filled with peace and joy,
And your heart be filled with love

by Anonymous

