

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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CLUB EVENTS

Narrandera Seniors' Club President helps Wagga Seniors' president cut the cake during Wagga Senior Citizens' Club birthday luncheon in August. Barry Williams and Judy Robertson, on behalf of Wagga Senior Citizens' Computer Club, receive a \$2800 Community Grant from acting mayor Andrew Negline at a reception at the Civic Theatre in September.



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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Editor's Notes

It has always been my belief that we all have a story or two to tell, and so far I haven't been let down as I search for interesting stories to share in this magazine. The latest offering in this issue is from Bruce McAlister, retired school teacher and principal. Through his story we learn a little of what it was like as a young teacher straight out of college taking up his first appointment in a small country school in the 1950's.

On page 10 (Seniors in The News) we feature two 100 yr. olds who reached that milestone in the same week during July of this year in Wagga. It is expected to see the population of Wagga jump to more than 73,000 by 2031, with a sharp increase in elderly residents.

In Wagga Wagga, that could equate to more than 20,000 people over the age of 65. Perhaps by that time 100 may not seem as remarkable!

This year we again enjoyed interclub comradeship when Narrandera and Wagga Senior Citizens' Clubs exchanged visits.

Judy Robertson and I were pleased to represent the Computer Club in accepting a \$2800 Community Grant from Wagga Council. Good health to all, and...

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	Cards and Indoor Bowls	12.30 pm	\$2.00
3rd Mon. Of Month	Luncheon Day	12 noon	\$5.00
4th Mon. Of Month	Sing-along - Movie Alternating each month	1.30 pm	\$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	10.30 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	Euchre	1.00 pm	\$2.00
Friday	Indoor Bowls	1.00-3.00 pm	\$2.00

Wagga Wagga Senior Citizens' Club Inc Committee 2013

President	Jim Weeden	69252001
Vice President	Barry Williams	69253065
Treasurer	Jo Jovanovic	
Assistant Treasurer	Gwen Beazley	69310268
Secretary	Robyn Weeden	69252001
Assistant Secretary	Barbara Moorhead	

Additional Committee: Bev Morley, Velma Spears, Fay King, Marlene Bowen, Robyn McClure, Phyllis Ward, Dawn McDermott, Paddy Adams, Janet Kaine., Helen Murley.

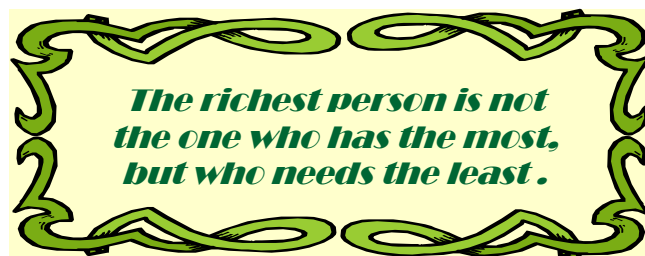
WAGGA WAGGA SENIOR CITIZENS' COMPUTER CLUB—COMMITTEE 2013

Chairperson	Judy Robertson	Ph: 69316125 jroberts@dragnet.com.au
Secretary	Barry Williams	Ph: 69253065 barrysonia@bigpond.com
Treasurer	Paddy Adams	Ph: 0427654575 vk2grq@ozemail.com.au

Additional Committee: Dawn McDermott, Velma Spears, Bev Morley, Enid Pendergast, Barbara Moorhead

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.



OLD IS WHEN YOU'RE NAPPING...



BUT EVERYONE'S WORRIED THAT YOU'RE DEAD!

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



Interclub Comradship
In what has become an annual event for some years now 43 Wagga Seniors travelled to Narrandera in July to meet with their friends at the Narrandera Senior Citizens' Club.

Pictured waiting for the bus to take them to Narrandera in July are (from left), Barb Moorhead, Velma Spears, Freda Hope, Val King, Marlene Bowen, Helen Murley, Bev Morley, Sonia Williams, Barry Williams, Leonie Clark.



- 1. Bus load of Wagga Seniors are met at the front entrance to Narrandera Senior Citizens' Club.*
- 2. Narrandera Club's president Eddie Naismith welcomes the Wagga guests.*
- 3. Wagga Club's president Jim Weeden helps present certificates to Narrandera members.*
- 4. Performing an item during the visit is (L to R) Barb Moorhead, Jim Weeden, Bev Morley, Win Wood, Yvonne Condon.*

Seniors In Focus



Club Birthday Celebrations



Pictured at the luncheon is Jean McClure-retiring after 47 years of continuous volunteering with Wagga Meals on Wheels Service.



Pictured marking off members entering at the door during the Birthday Luncheon were committee members (L to R) Janet Kaine, Gwen Beazley and Jo Jovanovic.



Narrandera Seniors' Club president Eddie Naismith entertains Wagga members at the Birthday Luncheon August 19, 2013.



Eddie and fellow Narrandera Club member Jan Bock admire two of the table ornaments which were made by our Craft Group and presented to them to take back to Narrandera.



Members (above) Bev Morley, Marlene Bowen and Barb Moorhead with their purchases, while (below) Allan Weeden and Brian Holden check out a wine press at a Griffith winery during the Club's June bus trip to Griffith.

....And More



Barb Moorhead, Janet Kaine and Bev Morley display some of the items on sale from the Craft Table before the July monthly Luncheon at the Club.



My First Appointment

by Bruce McAlister

(Extracted from “A BUSH EDUCATION” – A Collection of Reminiscences”)

I attended Wagga Wagga Teachers College in 1956/7 and trained as a primary school teacher.

The 1957 Christmas/1958 New Year holidays were spent wondering where I would be sent to commence my teaching career. Most of the students were on scholarship and were guaranteed a job, wherever it may be. Two-year trained teachers were on a three-year bond and were required to teach wherever they were sent in NSW. From mid-January every day was spent waiting for the telegram boy to arrive with the good news! Would I get a large school or even a one teacher school?

When the fateful day finally arrived, the knock on the door of my parent’s home at Cootamundra announced the arrival of the telegram boy and the expected envelope. Eager hands ripped open the telegram and the message read: **“Commence duty Teacher in charge Curban 28th January 1958.”** Immediate thoughts were:

* “Teacher in charge” - I had been appointed to a one-teacher school.

* “Curban” - the telegram certainly didn’t tell me where I would find it.

* “28th January” - My first school wasn’t out west or ‘over the line’.

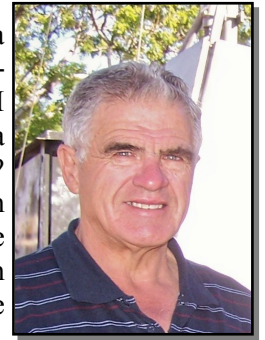
The line was an imaginary line dividing Eastern and Western NSW. Being at a school over the line gave teachers an extra week’s holiday and a little extra pay to compensate for the heat, the extra travelling and isolation. At college all students, especially the males, were treated to all sorts of dreadful stories about teachers who were appointed to the western parts of the state.

Curban must have really been a small place as searching through the road maps didn’t solve the problem of where it was. I hopped on my bike and headed for the Post Office, but the staff there couldn’t help. Where indeed was I being sent, especially as the postal staff couldn’t find it? The Electoral Office, after about half an hour of searching, found the village of Curban. It was in the Castlereagh electorate, fifteen miles north of Gilgandra on the Coonamble Road beside the Castlereagh River. It was not in the Western Division, but pretty close! Gulargambone, about fifteen miles further on towards Coonamble was ‘on the line’.

I was given the serial number 585300. For the uninitiated ‘58’ meant I began teaching in 1958, ‘5’ meant that I was a male (women had numbers starting with ‘6’ or ‘7’) and 300 meant I was the 300th teacher appointed that year.

I left home on the Thursday night before school started, taking the dreaded night train from Cootamundra through Harden and Blayney to Dubbo. At Dubbo I changed to a rail motor - the Coonamble Mail. It arrived at Curban about 9 am on Friday. I didn’t know what to expect. It

was my first appointment and a Teacher - in - charge. No Departmental representative to meet me. I felt a little like the lamb faced by a pack of wolves. How would I cope? In the Departmental mail I had been given the name of a parent where board may be available. I had written a letter as soon as I had received the information telling him of my appointment and asked if I could obtain board with him and his wife.



As the rail motor, better known as a ‘tin hare’, pulled out of Curban station, I stood on the small platform and surveyed the scene around me. The country was pretty flat and very dry. There was a railway station, a wheat silo and nothing else. Even though it was summer, I was wearing my college blazer. A short chap approached me and asked if I was the new teacher. Obviously he recognised the blazer. After answering in the affirmative, he introduced himself as the previous teacher. After gaining promotion the previous year, he had been appointed to Gulargambone Central as the deputy. Gulargambone was two stops up the line from Curban, and because it was “on the line” dividing eastern and western divisions, he had an extra week’s holiday and offered to show me around. The offer was gratefully accepted. Someone did care after all.

Whilst at the station I was introduced to the postmaster who ran the Post Office with his wife. They also did the local mail run. The previous teacher offered me a lift to the village about two miles north of the station.

After introductions at the Post Office and a welcome cup of tea and biscuits, I was taken to see a couple of the local parents who lived in the village. During the floods of 1956 Curban was washed away by the flood waters of the Castlereagh River. The village had to be rebuilt on the southern side of the river on higher ground as the low level bridge had been washed away. The flood divided the families in the district and there were ill feelings for many years afterwards. After lunch the past teacher drove me about seven and a half miles from the village to the farmer to whom I had written about board. I felt very relieved when I was offered somewhere to stay. I spent an extremely happy two years with his family. The scales showed very quickly how well I was fed!

On the first day of my teaching career I waited at the front gate of the farm for the “school bus” to arrive. The Holden panel van with a couple of stools in the back carried about a dozen pupils. Its run involved travelling through a few paddocks. It wasn’t very long before I learnt to sit next to the driver. This meant I didn’t have to get out to open and close gates. Every gate had a different

catch, ranging from pieces of wire to elaborate chains. Some of the gates were C.O.D. (Carry Or Drag!)

Travelling by bus meant that I didn't arrive at school until 9.15 am and left at 3.30 pm. There was no time for preparation or other necessary work at school. Most of the equipment that I needed for preparation I took home with me and prepared the daily lessons and other necessary work after school and at night.

On the first morning, I was picked up at the farm gate and arrived with the bus travellers at the little school on the hill. It was only a slight rise, but high enough to stop the floodwaters from entering during 1956. During the flood the school was used for temporary accommodation for those persons who could not stay with relations or friends who had not been affected by the flood. There were twenty eight children enrolled from Kindergarten to sixth class, plus one doing Correspondence School leaflets. There were four to six children in most of the classes. I



think there were seven in second class, all of whom were excellent readers. Having several children in each class was a godsend as it was possible to work them in groups. It was during this first year that I realised the importance of getting children to read as soon as possible. They were able to work by themselves. Most children from small schools were independent workers. School radio programs were also a great help.

Most of the children came from farms. They had jobs to do at home and because of this training were quite reliable. The village boys and girls were also responsible. They all worked well and took pride in their work, a legacy of the previous teacher's work ethos.

I was thankful for the practice teaching I did at Kapooka a few months earlier. The teacher-in-charge had used a planning sheet for daily activities. These were set out for each grade or group onto the large timetable sheet. A coloured line alongside the group that was being taught enabled time to be spread across the classes. I quickly adopted his scheme. Such planning stopped me from being in two places or more at once. This sheet, I feel, was the reason behind my success as a teacher in small schools. I used it for each of the three small schools of which I was in charge over my first nine years of teaching career.

In the second year at Curban I had thirty six students, including two taking correspondence leaflets from Black-

friars Correspondence School in Sydney. The numbers remained around thirty in my third year with three taking correspondence lessons. Supervising these lessons was not an onerous task, but the age difference throughout the school, from five to fifteen years, in the playground did occasionally cause a few problems. The older children were also good monitors and handled the extra responsibilities quite well.

My first pay was thirty two pounds a fortnight. I was rich after the small monthly allowance of £17/4/0 at Teachers' College. The first year salary was £971, including the small school allowance. To put this amount into perspective, the cost then of a new Volkswagen was £970.

After Easter I bought a Vespa motor scooter and this simple means of transport gave me my independence. I often rode it into Gilgandra. The twenty five mile ride home wasn't too bad, although, in winter, extra warm woollies and a thick pair of gloves had to be worn. At the end of the Christmas holidays I bought a second hand VW, after trading in the scooter. Almost all the young teachers bought Volkswagens; locals often thought they were handed out to new teachers as a graduation gift!

I had only been at the school a couple of weeks when I learnt a very valuable lesson when questioning pupils. A young lad, who was quite a bright, active boy with more than a hint of devilment in his eyes, pulled a fast one on me, even though he had just started Kindergarten. The Lower Division was having a series of lessons on food - in this particular case, on dairy products. We discussed that cows give milk, and from milk, cream, butter and cheese were produced. The lesson was going quite well until the lad put up his hand. When asked what he wanted, he 'innocently' said, "I know what bulls are for". Thinking that he would say, "meat", he replied, "To chase the cows around the paddock!" He had a smile from ear to ear. He was always full of beans, while his sister was extremely quiet and hardly said a word. But could she read! Early in second class she could read all of "Travelling On", the last of the infant readers and a rather difficult book. It was certainly a case of not judging a book by its cover.

Parent help was, in the main, very supportive. Not long after I arrived a working bee was organised to enclose a side verandah to make a library. The correspondence children also did their lessons here. Parents also built a tennis court. Cutting and carrying the pine posts, as well as digging up ant beds for the surface, were big jobs for the small number of parents.

I became a keen flower gardener and talked a parent who lived across the road from the school and close to the river into letting me have some of the water he pumped. He had a windmill near the house and a small one hundred gallon tank on a stand nearby. A working bee laid the pipe which was supplied by the Department. The pipe was connected to the overflow of his tank so that he would not run out of water. Using the water from this

source, a thousand gallon tank at school was always filled to capacity and there was no reliance on the heavens to keep the tank full. Because the water came from the river, it was not salty and was ideal for the flowers that we grew.

The children were also keen on gardening and many gardens were built as there was now a permanent water supply. I learnt quickly of the need to conserve water when living on the farm and the children never wasted a drop. To add to the visual impact of the gardens, I developed my "signature" for small schools - picket fences. I was able to procure some 2" x 1" timber and during craft lessons we cut, built, installed and painted picket fences. The kids were keen and many recess times were spent on our fences. As soon as one fence was completed and installed, another was commenced. When the flowers bloomed in front of our white fences, we all stood back and admired our work. And these were the days before Environmental Education became popular.

The school picnic was the major social event of the year. The whole village rolled up to support it as well as those parents who had long left the village. Food was always



A typical gardening scene in a school garden.

friendly grudge match between a chap my age and me. I just pipped him each time. The picnic took a lot of planning, but everyone enjoyed it.

School concerts were held on the school verandah. There was no village hall as it had been washed away in the 1965 flood. Stools had to be gathered from around the village, mainly from the churches, so that the parents could be seated on the playground in front of the verandah stage. The concert was also a great social night and the parents enjoyed seeing their children on stage. The concerts weren't hard to organise as most of the items were just part of the normal school activities. Only a little polish was needed.



plentiful. There were mountains of it. In fact, I reckon a large amount was always taken home. The caramel tart was a speciality of many a country cook. Events at the picnic were held for everyone. Age races, sack races, skipping races, orange races and three legged races were some of the events for the children. Driving the Nail, Throwing the Broom, Hitting the Wicket, Guessing the Weight of the Sheep and various other events kept the adults happy. There were also races for adults and for the three years that I was at Curban, the men's race was a

The District Inspectors were rarely seen. While this in itself was not a bad thing, one was left alone to battle out problems and any difficulties that one encountered. I suppose this was a good thing as one became very independent and resourceful, learning to fix things as the need arose. Parents could cause unexpected problems to a young, inexperienced teacher. The only times that the inspectors appeared for any reasonable time was during the yearly inspections. It was nearly six months before my first inspector arrived to visit me, a young teacher just out of college. What damage could have been done in that time! There were quite a few small schools in the area and, I'm sure, we, the first-year-out teachers, would have all appreciated more frequent visits.

SCHOOL-1945 vs. 2013 !!!

Scenario 1:

Johnny and Mark get into a fight after school.

1945 - Crowd gathers. Mark wins. Johnny and Mark shake hands and end up best friends.

2013 - Police called, and they arrest Johnny and Mark. Charge them with assault, both expelled even though Johnny started it. Both children go to anger management programmes for 3 months. School governors hold meeting to implement bullying prevention programmes.

Scenario 2:

Robbie won't be still in class, disrupts other students.

1945 - Robbie sent to the office and given six of the best by the Principal. Returns to class, sits still and does not disrupt class again.

2013 - Robbie given huge doses of Ritalin. Becomes a zombie. Tested for ADHD - result deemed to be positive. Robbie's parents get fortnightly disability payments and school gets extra funding from government because Robbie has a disability.

MEMORIES OF HOW IT WAS.

At left we see two pictures of the same street corner (Fox and Edward Street) in Wagga. The only difference is of course time. The bottom picture shows the scene as we know it today, while the top picture transports us back in time to the 1950s. At the back of the service station sits a tennis court where there now stands a McDonald's. To the right, along Edward Street (part of the busy Sturt Highway) this was, back then (1950s), just a vacant lot. If you dear Reader have any similar before and after shots showing the passage of time, how about sharing them with 'CROWABOUT'!



TALL THUNDER TALES

What did your parents say thunder was? Marjorie's mother used to say it was the fairies moving their furniture. "Now, as a 70 year old I think of those little fairies going about their business"

Sandra was told by her older brother that it was angels breaking wind and that the rain was the angels, well, perhaps you can guess. "Suffice to say I still hate getting caught in the rain today".

Russel was told it was old St Nicholas rolling his beer barrels around, while Jenny swears it is graders in the sky, making roads for the planes to land.

Kevin was told it was Father Christmas shaking his blankets, while Jackie's mother told her it was God having his coal delivered.

Erica was told it was God moving furniture. Mick's Nanna told him the same thing. "As a 5 year old I thought this was fair enough, but now, 56 years later, I wonder why He can't be satisfied where He put it last time", says Mick.

Felicity was told it was Mr Thunder playing drums, while Barbara was told it was clouds bumping together.

Elaine's local minister told the kids thunder was angels playing ten-pin bowls, but Barry's father had a far less romantic approach. "He told me it was God rummaging around in His naughty box, looking for the name of the next bad kid to eat.

"You wouldn't believe how well behaved I was, particularly when it clouded over."



Computer Hints & Tips



Making up a Password

Making up a password that is easy to remember can be difficult. The easiest method is to.....

Choose a sentence that is easy to remember. An example could be a title of a poem you remember 'The Man From Snowy River'. Using the first letter of each word your password would be tmfsr. As you can see this would be hard to crack and easy to remember. Another example is 'My Cars Colour Is Alpine White'.

Password mcciaw. Don't forget to add a numerical digit or two.

How to Deal With Spam as Spam.

Most if not all internet service providers have an option for you to mark it as spam. Most will then use assorted characteristics of the message to better identify and automatically filter spam in the future.

Your E-mail software has a feature to blocking the sender of spam. But most senders randomly change their E-mail address to get pass this option.

If you use an Internet E-mail account, Hotmail, Gmail or Yahoo all give you the option to mark unsubscribe E-mail as spam.

If you purchase an item over the Internet then it's a good plan to use one of the Internet E-mail accounts.

E-cards

Christmas is not that far off. It's a time we wish our friends a Happy Christmas and the easiest way to do it is send an Electronic Greeting Card.

This may seem a good idea, the service is free but not all are honourable.

Unfortunately, all too often they have a hidden agenda.

What's the one piece of information that an e-card service needs to have in order to deliver your card?

The email address of the recipient.

By entering an email address into an electronic greeting card service you're giving them, the greeting card company, a very valuable gift: a known good email address.

Do you trust them with it?

Some companies will use the email address you gave them in two ways:

They will send the greeting card you requested to the recipient you specified.

They will start sending their own marketing materials to that recipient. They may then sell that known good email address to other marketing firms that will flood the recipient's inbox with even more spam; perhaps related, perhaps not.

That "known good email address" is valuable in the spamming world. As a result some E-card sites are set up simply to harvest email addresses.

Are there any Legitimate Sources? Of course.

Do you know which ones they are? Are you sure?

If you do send e-cards stick to sites that you know without a doubt are both legitimate and they do nothing more with that email address you provide than send exactly one greeting card - no more, no less.

On the other hand, a larger company with an established reputation, say the Hallmark greeting card company, is more likely to maintain their reputation and play honestly. They have an extensive privacy policy on their website, and it's a good choice... because they are Hallmark.

Web Address <http://ecards.hallmarkcards.com.au/ecards>

Of course they will occasionally send you promotional information which is part of their offering you a free e-card.

They guarantee no addresses are handed out or sold to spammers.



[Some Interesting Sites to Try-Just Click On The Link](#)

abc podcasts - Richard Fidler <http://www.abc.net.au/local/stories/201...%28none%29>
There are many, many characters and great stories to listen to...to keep you warm?! And they are free to download.

See if you can put the curser on the man's nose <http://www.selfcontrolfreak.com/slaan.html>

Best of YouTube <http://bestofyoutube.com/index.php?page=1>

Make Your Own Artwork

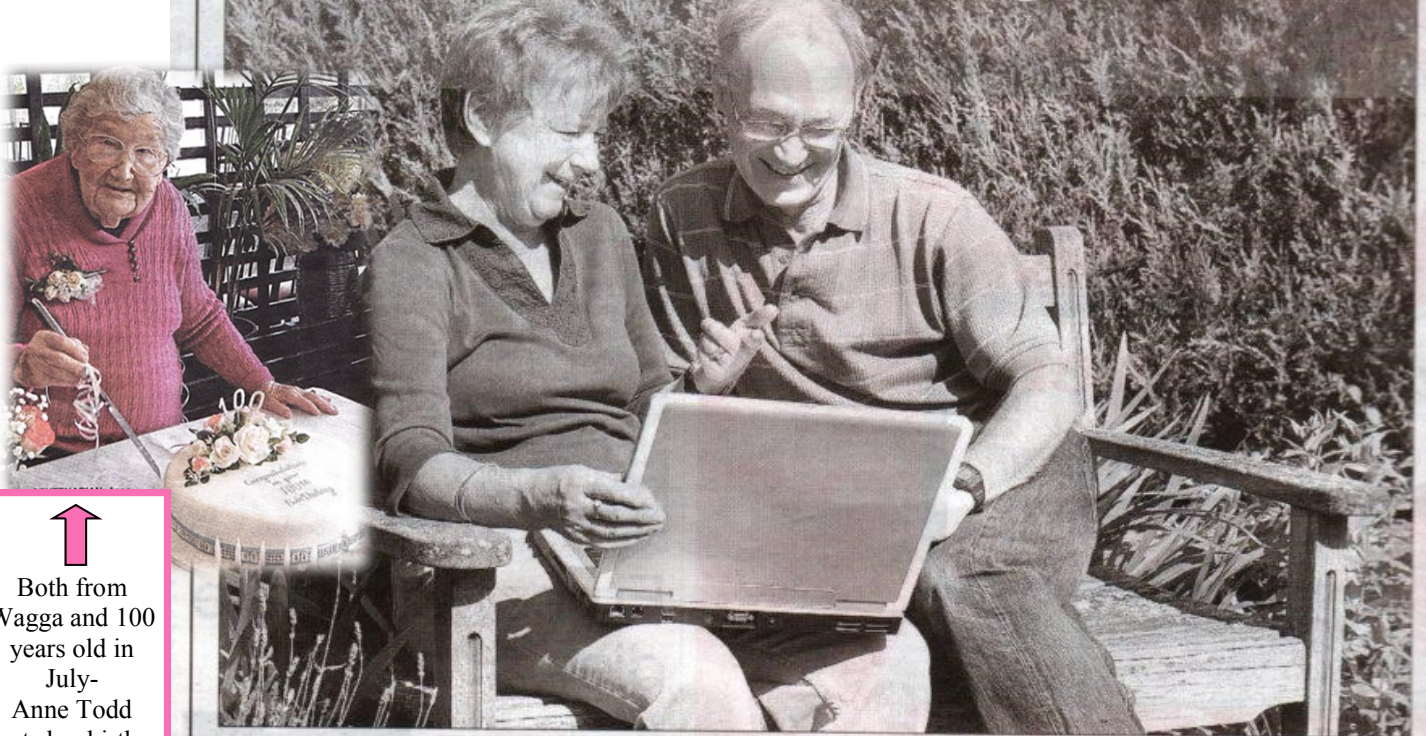
Another cute site courtesy of R. SChriefeen at Tech Support Alert site.

<http://www.jacksonpolllock.org/>

No experience needed, just keep clicking your mouse and make weird shapes, just like doodling. Here's my first go which took around 70 seconds:



Tech boost for savvy-seniors



↑
Both from Wagga and 100 years old in July - Anne Todd cuts her birthday cake while Olga Montgomery receives a birthday card from the Queen
↓

THE NSW government is spending \$500,000 to turn the state's grannies and grandpas into a generation of connected, tech-savvy computer whizzes.

The aim is to encourage the state's elderly population to stay in touch using Skype, email, iPads and smartphones.

"We want to see more tech-savvy seniors, we want to see people understanding and utilising technology," NSW Minister for Ageing Andrew Constance said yesterday.

"That means using apps on iPhones

and iPads."

Mr Constance said getting more older people online would help them stay in touch with their families.

The cash will be used over two years to fund technology training programs across the state.

The government is also making \$550,000 available to local councils through a grants program to spend on things like handrails and access ramps.

The two announcements are the key planks of the government's new NSW Ageing Strategy, which is designed to

help cope with the state's rapidly expanding older population.

The number of people aged over 65 in NSW is set to double by 2050.

Nan Bosler, who runs the Australian Seniors Computer Clubs Association, said she was thrilled with the plan.

"The part that excites me most is the tech savvy bit because if a senior can adapt to technology, they can keep in touch with the family, with their friends," she said.

"Whether they're across the street or across the world."



Hi-tech plan to aid elderly

►WAGGA
By Ashleigh Gleeson

AS THE population ages, a research team at Charles Sturt University is working to transform healthcare for the elderly by utilising the latest technology.

Dr Tanveer Zia is at the helm of the team working to design a cloud-based healthcare monitoring system.

It would work by connecting tiny sensors to the body of a patient to monitor things such as heart rate, blood oxygen levels, the pulse and breathing patterns.

would then be transmitted using smartphones and sent to a secure internet cloud storage site.

This would then be accessed by health professionals.

Dr Zia pointed to recent statistics that showed 9 per cent of the population was aged 70 or older.

He said a major benefit of the sensors would be that if an elderly person fell down, the health-care professional would be alerted.

He noted that could be of significant benefit to elderly residents in remote or rural areas.

"The first goal is fall prevention," he said.

"When looking at the data of fall rates in Australia, 30 per cent of older Australians fall each year and 10 per cent of those falls lead to injury."

Dr Zia said the technology could also be applied for purposes in monitoring defence personnel, wildlife and the underwater world.

He said the main challenges were making the sensors smaller and less obtrusive, getting elderly people to sign up to use the technology and securing privacy.

"Our research is innovative because it uses existing telecommunications infrastructure which enables the data to travel over longer distances, which is then placed on the cloud-based platform," he said.

News items courtesy of the Daily Advertiser

Seniors break skydiving record

A FLYING saucer formed outside of Darwin on Friday but it was no UFO - it was 17 skydiving seniors.

Members of the Skydivers Over Sixty (SOS) group have claimed a new Australian record for the largest group formation dive for jumpers over 60.

This beats the previous record of a 14-way formation set in Toogoolawah, Queensland, in 2008.

"It looked like a big doughnut," skydiver Nigel Brennan said.

At 74, Gordon Turner was the oldest skydiver in the record-breaking group.





The Crows Joke Page

“Cornish Three Kick Rule”

An English lawyer went duck shooting near Truro. He shot and dropped a bird, but it fell into a farmer’s field on the other side of a fence.

As the lawyer climbed over the fence, an elderly farmer drove up on his tractor and asked what he was doing. The litigator responded, “I shot a duck and it fell in this field, and now I’m going to retrieve it”.

The old farmer replied, “This is my property, and you are not coming over here”.

The indignant lawyer said, “I am one of the best trial lawyers in England and, if you don’t let me get that duck, I’ll sue you and take everything you own”.

The old farmer smiled and said. “Apparently, you don’t know how we settle disputes in Cornwall. We settle small disagreements like this with the ‘Three kick Rule’.

The lawyer asked, “What is the ‘Three Kick Rule?’”

The farmer replied, “Well, because the dispute occurs on my land, I get to go first. I kick you three times and then you kick me three times and so on back and forth until someone gives up”.

The lawyer quickly thought about the proposed contest and decided that he could easily take the old codger. He agreed to abide by the local custom.

The old farmer slowly climbed down from the tractor and walked up to the attorney. His first kick planted the toe of his heavy steel-toed work boot into the lawyer’s groin and dropped him to his knees.

His second kick to the midriff sent the lawyer’s last meal gushing from his mouth. The lawyer was on all fours when the farmer’s last kick to his rear end, sent him face first into a fresh cow pie.

Summoning every bit of his will and remaining strength the lawyer slowly managed to get to his feet. Wiping his face with the arm of his jacket, he said, “Okay, you old fart. Now it’s my turn”.

The old farmer smiled and said, “Nah, I give up. You can have the duck”.



A little, silver-haired lady calls her neighbour and says, “Please come over here and help me. I have a very difficult jigsaw puzzle, and I can’t figure out how to get started.”

Her neighbour asks, “What is it supposed to be when it’s finished?”

The little lady says, “According to the picture on the box, it’s a rooster.”

Her neighbour decides to go over and help her with the puzzle. When he arrives, the old lady shows him the puzzle spread out all over the table. He studies the pieces for a moment, then looks at the box, then turns to her and says:

“First of all, no matter what we do, we’re not going to be able to assemble these pieces into anything resembling a rooster.”

Then he takes her hand and says, “Secondly, I want you to relax.

Let’s have a nice cup of tea, and then...” and he says this with a deep sigh...”Let’s put the corn flakes back in the box”.



Out of Patience

After a tiring day, a commuter settled down in his seat and closed his eyes.



As the plane rolled out to the runway, the young woman sitting next to him pulled out her cell phone and started talking in a loud voice: "Hi sweetheart. It's Sue. I'm on the plane".

"Yes, I know it's the six thirty and not the four thirty, but I had a long meeting".

"No, honey, not with that Kevin from the accounting office. It was with the boss".

"No sweetheart, you're the only one in my life".

"Yes, I'm sure, cross my heart!"

Fifteen minutes later, she was still talking loudly.

When the man sitting next to her had enough, he leaned over and said into the phone,

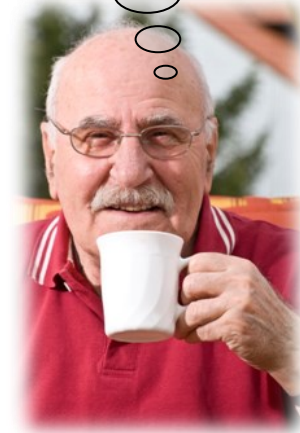
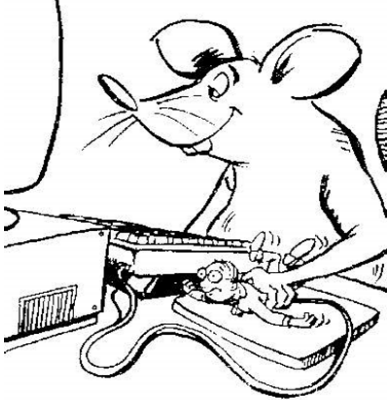
"Sue, hang up the phone and come back to bed."

There was a "Click" on the other end of the line!

Now, Sue doesn't use her cell phone in public places any longer.

Bits AND Pieces

How can someone
"draw a blank"?



How children perceive their Grandparents

She was in the bathroom, putting on her makeup, under the watchful eyes of her young granddaughter, as she'd done many times before.

After she applied her lipstick and started to leave, the little one said, "But Grandma, you forgot to kiss the toilet paper good-bye!" I will probably never put lipstick on again without thinking about kissing the toilet paper good-bye....

My young grandson called the other day to wish me Happy Birthday. He asked me how old I was, and I told him, 80. My grandson was quiet for a moment, and then he asked, "Did you start at 1?"

A little girl was diligently pounding away on her grandfather's word processor. She told him she was writing a story. "What's it about?" he asked.

"I don't know," she replied. "I can't read."

When my grandson asked me how old I was, I teasingly replied, "I'm not sure." "Look in your underwear, Grandpa," he advised "Mine says I'm 4 to 6."

Grandpa is the smartest man on earth! He teaches me good things, but I don't get to see him enough to get as smart as him!

My Grandparents are funny, when they bend over, you hear gas leaks and they blame their dog.

Submitted by Yvonne



Men can fix anything!!

Slow Dance

Have you ever watched kids on a merry-go-round?
Or listened to the rain slapping on the ground?
Ever followed a butterfly's erratic flight?
Or gazed at the sun into the fading light?
You'd better slow down. Don't dance so fast.
Time is short. The music won't last.

Do you run through this day on the fly?
When you ask, "How are you? Do you hear the reply?
When day is done do you lie in your bed,
With the next hundred chores running through your head?

You'd better slow down. Don't dance so fast.
Time is short. The music won't last.

Ever told your child, "We'll do it tomorrow."
And in your haste, not seeing his sorrow?
Ever lost touch, let a good friendship die?
Cause you never had time to call and say "hi"?
You'd better slow down. Don't dance so fast.
Time is short. The music won't last.

When you run so fast to get somewhere,
You miss half the fun of getting there.
When you worry and hurry through the day.
It is like an unopened gift ... thrown away.
You'd better slow down. Don't dance so fast.
Time is short. The music won't last.

Anon



COLUMNS

The question is—are they round or square?

