

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 10

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

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eMagazine Editor

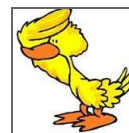
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An Army Duck (officially spelt DUKW) - navigating in Fitzmaurice Street, 1952. (from Dick Bostock's photo collection)

NOW (2011) & Then (1952)

Older citizens who were living in Wagga during the early 1950's will remember the ducks



Same place today

A man over ninety is a great comfort to all his elderly neighbours: he is a picket-guard at the extreme outpost; and the young folks of sixty and seventy feel that the enemy must get by him before he can come near their camp. ~ Oliver Wendell

CONGRATULATIONS TO BEN NEWBERRY ON HIS 90TH BIRTHDAY. FELLOW MEMBERS WERE ON HAND TO HELP HIM CELEBRATE.. MEANWHILE, GWEN LOOKS ON WITH A KNOWING SMILE, SHE'S "BEEN THERE, DONE THAT"





Editor's Notes

Hi, everyone, its great to be alive, isn't it?
It was also great to hear that the annual trip was such a success. Even though the weather was inclement at times, it seemed to miraculously clear up at every stop. Space only allowed for a couple of pictures from the trip this issue but hope to include more in the next edition.

The task of a magazine editor, even one as small as this one, is very rewarding—but can be frustrating if there is no input from the readers for that personal touch.

It is therefore with the most heartfelt thanks that I acknowledge the contributions (both from within and out side the club) I have received to date.

If your particular contribution has not appeared so far it is just waiting for that "right fit"

Just as your participation in activities at the club makes it, readers contributions make this e-magazine the success it hopefully has become.

Although mention has been made elsewhere, I feel compelled to make special mention of a new activity. The special entertainment afternoon was a resounding success and greatly enjoyed by all who attended—lets hope there are more to come in 2012!

Just room to wish you all the best for the coming festive season, and hope to see you in the new year

The Editor -

Barry Williams

Wagga Wagga Senior Citizen's Club Inc.

Membership (\$5.00 per year) to over 50's

Weekly Programme of Activities

Day	Activity	Time	Cost
Mon.	Computer Club	9.30 am to 3.00 pm	\$2.00 Per hr
1st Mon. Of Month	Public Meeting Day Guest Speaker	1.30 pm	\$1.00
2nd Mon. Of Month	Cards and Indoor Bowls	12.30 pm	\$1.00
3rd Mon. Of Month	Luncheon Day	12 noon	\$5.00
4th Mon. Of Month	Sing-along	1.30 pm	\$1.00
Thursday	Computer Club	9.30 am to 3.00 pm	\$2.00 Per hr
Thursday	500 Cards	1.00 pm	\$1.00
Thursday	Line Dancing	10.30 am	\$1.00
Thursday	Craft	1.00-3.00 pm	\$1.00
Friday	Computer Club	9.30 am to 3.00 pm	\$2.00 per hr
Friday	Euchre	1.00 pm	\$1.00
Friday	Indoor Bowls	1.00-3.00 pm	\$1.00

Wagga Wagga Senior Citizens' Club Inc Committee 2011

President	Jim Weeden	69252001
Vice President	Wayne Kaine	69331139
Treasurer	Joyce Redman	69312243
Assistant Treasurer	Gwen Beasley	69310268
Secretary	Phyllis Ward	
Assistant Secretary	Dawn McDermott	69251191

WAGGA WAGGA SENIOR CITIZENS' COMPUTER CLUB—COMMITTEE 2011

Chairperson	Judy Robertson	Ph: 69316125 Email: jroberts@dragnet.com.au
Secretary	Barry Williams	Ph: 69253065 Email: barrysonia@bigpond.com
Treasurer	Paddy Adams	Ph: 427654575 Email: vk2grq@ozemail.com.au

Committee: Dawn McDermott, Marlene Bowen, Wendy Drummond, Velma Spears, Jim Weeden.

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.

The very first "senior moment."

And that's what happened to the dinosaurs!



Reminder

General Club Meeting is held on the **1st Monday** of Month.
 Computer Club Committee meets on the **2nd Monday** of Month

Seniors in The News



Evan Savage, age 92 of Victoria and still on the road. At right are some of the various models he has driven over the years.
Courtesy Herald Sun



Fay King, Gwen Beazley, Robyn McClure and Norma Steward attend a meeting for Senior Citizen's Week to have their say. August 2011
Courtesy 'The Daily Advertiser'



Members **Barry and Sonia Williams** (1st and 2nd left), both heart attack survivors, enjoying an afternoon out at the Wagga Heart Support Group BBQ— May 2011
Courtesy 'The Daily Advertiser'



Can Assist volunteer (and member of Wagga Senior Citizen's Club) **Wendy Drummond** (2nd from left) helping with the Mother's Day raffle during May 2011
Courtesy 'The Daily Advertiser'



Yvonne Condon proudly marches along Baylis Street wearing badges displaying every Wagga Jazz and Blues Festival she has attended.
Courtesy 'The Daily Advertiser', Sep. 12, 2011



Gwen and Ben Newberry look the part of a king and queen to mark the wedding of Prince William and Catherine Middleton—May 2011
Courtesy 'The Daily Advertiser'

In and Around The Club



Nancy Morgan cuts the cake at the Club's Birthday Party August 17th, 2011



At our Luncheon Day, September 19th, 2011 we welcomed visiting guests from Narrandera Senior's Club. They are, from Left, Rusty Minchin, (our President, Jim Weeden), Jan Bock, (our Treasurer, Joyce Redman), John Skinner, (Narrandera's President, Edie Naismith), Graham Thompson and Joan Northby.



Fay King poses as a statue by the seaside during the Club's 2011 Annual Trip



Robyn and Jim Weeden are spectators at the Penguin Parade on Phillip Island.



Members look through one of the attractions on tour.

Classroom Chaos – A Teachers Autobiography

by John Kjeldsen

My birth in 1935, in a tiny bush nursing home at Cooranbong, was unheralded and in a short time I was taken home to the village of Martinsville, situated about fifteen kilometres inland from Morisset on the NSW Central Coast. The term village is a misnomer as there was only a general store, post office, public hall and church in close proximity with the school three k's further on. Thirty five families living on small farms were scattered throughout the picturesque valley.

My home was a rambling weatherboard structure, in two sections separated by a breezeway. The walls were lined with bags on which my mother pasted wallpaper, there was no power and no water laid on. Cooking took place in an Aga cast iron stove; two large water containers were a permanent fixture on the stove to provide hot water. Heating was from an open fire, lighting from kerosene lanterns and a Tilley lamp. The water supply was from two tanks beside the house and these provided a permanent residence for frogs and mosquitoes.

The majority of my clothes were hand me downs or those made by my mother, shoes were only worn to dances, to Sunday School or on a rare visit to Morisset or Newcastle. Bath day was Saturday night one after another in a round galvanized tub starting with the youngest, me. My three elder siblings always gave the same instruction, "Don't pee in the bath and be quick!" Beds were on a wire base with lumpy kapok mattresses and we were kept warm by feather filled doonas made by mum.

In our home kids were to be seen and not heard and discipline was swift. Before and after school each day we had chores to do; milking the cow, separating the milk, feeding the horse and chooks, cutting wood etc. On frosty mornings I snuggled into the warm flank of the cow as I milked her but half way through milking she placed her hoof on my bare, half frozen foot. The pain was excruciating and no matter how many times I punched her she refused to budge. In desperation I bit her on the flank. Her reaction was swift; the bucket was filled with manure and she took off down the paddock with the remains of the bail hanging from her neck. I was not popular!

School was two miles away so walking through the frosty grass produced gigantic chilblains. It was a one-teacher school and the teacher's main aim was to get rid of us as quickly as possible; I started at six and turned eleven in my first year of high school. The only high school available was a Seventh Day Adventist Colleges where my fees were welcomed and I was tolerated! My ambition was to be a vet, but at age fifteen five B's and one A in The Leaving Certificate showed I wasn't bright enough. I then worked for a vet. in Sydney for a year and he offered to pay my way through uni. but my parents thought the debt would be too great.

Without any study I sat for The Leaving Certificate again and achieved the same result and then was accepted at Wagga Wagga Teachers' College. Discipline was strict compared with today; no drinking, lights out at 10pm on weekdays, 11.30 Saturday and Sunday nights, 10p.m. on Sunday nights, we had to attend all meals (and they were very ordinary) and sit in the same place except on Saturday night when we could move to other tables. The discipline was nothing compared to what my home life had been so I had a ball. The only sport I had played was a few games of tennis but now I had a veritable smorgasbord to choose from so I tried the lot. I had experienced one brief romance at school (with a girl six years my senior, God bless you Elizabeth), but now the ratio of females to males was two to one so even I could manage a string of romances!

Somehow I passed my exams and was posted to Euston. Up until this time Euston had been a one-teacher school but now it had been upgraded to two teachers with students attending until year nine undertaking correspondence courses. Typically the bureaucrats had not figured out that another teacher meant that another classroom was required, when this oversight was brought to their attention a transportable building arrived at the beginning of term two. In the meantime I taught in the weather shed so the kids were distracted by the passing traffic and I was distracted by the very attractive Leslie triplets, only two years my junior and still attending school.

My stay at Euston had two highlights. On the night before school broke up for the Xmas vacation I hired a small plane to fly me to Wagga to take the girl of my dreams to the graduation ball. After the ball I spent the rest of the night partying so by the time I got back to Euston I was decidedly seedy. It was over a hundred in the water bag so after lunch I simply couldn't keep awake so I distributed a pile of magazines containing coloured pictures, sheets of cardboard, scissors and jars of paste. The kids were instructed to cut out the pictures and paste them onto the sheets of cardboard.

I crashed and when I awoke at two forty five I was greeted by bedlam. One boy had a haircut with a decided Mohawk tendency, others had bald patches and many had pictures glued on to their clothes. Following a frenzied cleanup I gave my students an early mark. This brought a reprimand from the principal but was a small price to pay for him not seeing the chaos.

An ex jockey, who was the barman at the pub, and I would put an illegal cross line in the river once a week at dusk. The cross line went from the N.S.W. bank of the Murray over to the Victorian side. Every few feet there was a baited hook. At dawn we would retrieve the line, and our catch, and this provided a week's supply of fish for the pub. As I pulled the line into the boat one morning I was sure we had hooked a giant cod but what surfaced was the body of an aboriginal man. We took the body to shore and called the local policeman, sure that we were going to be charged for the illegal cross line, but no mention was made of it.

I then taught in small schools near Wagga, becoming engaged and then disengaged before resigning and being a commercial traveler for a couple of years. This was an interesting job and paid a considerably higher salary than teaching. However when I married I returned to teaching and taught at Forest Hill and then Downside. During this time my daughter Gai was born. We lived in an old



farmhouse with a few acres where I kept fowls and pigs and picked up plenty of farm work.

In 1967 I was transferred to Wyong High School to teach maths. I had dropped maths at the end of year seven so this was quite a challenge. Fortunately a brilliant mathematician on the staff would teach me one week and I would teach the class the following week and this arrangement worked surprisingly well.

My second daughter Fiona was born at Wyong so as well as teaching I had a wife and two daughters to care for along with running the farm that I had purchased. On the farm were fifteen hundred citrus trees, two thousand laying hens and ten breeding sows. We sold around six thousand cases of oranges at the door annually and I killed, dressed and sold around a thousand hens annually. I suppose it was not surprising that I collapsed at school after five years and on medical advice sold the farm.

I was then posted to the maths staff at Wagga Wagga High School but the principal and I could not get on so in 1973 I was transferred to Koorungal High School which had just been built. I was in charge of the Social Science department as well as taking on a leading role in fund raising activities to purchase equipment for the school. There were challenging times as even textbooks were in short supply but an enthusiastic staff created a good environment.

After a year as acting Deputy Principal I was disillusioned with the system and the attitude of many principals so I resigned and taught at Mt. Erin for five years. During this time we built a new home, sold it to buy a farm, went deeply in debt stocking the farm. Then the cattle market collapsed and cattle we had paid \$200 for were now worth \$10. Facing bankruptcy I sub-divided the farm and all blocks sold quickly to save the day. We purchased another farm but my marriage was on rocky ground culminating in divorce.

Angie came to dinner on a blind date and we have been together virtually ever since.

After marrying in 1980 we moved to Dorrigo on to a very run down farm. Angie did casual nursing and I did some casual teaching before taking up a full time position working for the local stock and station agents where my main thrust was selling real estate.

After a couple of years we purchased a herd and began operating a dairy on our farm.

We made great improvements to the farm and were running a successful operation until I rolled a tractor.

When you face death supposedly our life flashes through your mind. I can clearly recall my thoughts;

1. This can't be happening.
2. Most people die trying to get off a tractor so hang on tightly.
3. This is it, I'm going to die. I hope it's not Angie who finds me (this as the tractor rolled for the first time).

As the tractor rolled a second time I was thrown clear and at the same time the back axle broke and the loose back wheel brushed my stomach in mid-air. I landed on my back, knocking myself out, and when I came to I half crawled, half staggered home fortunate to only having damaged my back.

Seeking level ground we purchased an irrigated dairy farm at Mooroopna in Victoria.

Both Angie and I worked long and hard and improved the farm to the stage that we achieved second place in the prestigious Victorian Dairy Farm of The Year Competition.

Health problems saw us sell out and move to a small farm at Eurongilly where we intended to spend the rest of our days. Our basic operation was dealing in cattle and sheep but we also dabbled in Boer Goats and domestic rabbits.

A massive D.V.T. had me hospitalized with clots from my ankle to my groin plus both lungs full of clots. The specialist's words still stick in my mind, "Don't buy any lottery tickets you've used up all of your luck!" This, plus some other health issues, indicated that my working life was coming to an end so we leased the farm.

Perhaps to overcome mild depression I began writing poems about humorous events that had occurred during my lifetime and to my surprise people enjoyed them. At Angie's insistence I had the poems published as *An Old Dog Remembers* and these are sold by the Wagga and Gundagai Tourist Bureaus, Flash Jack's at Gundagai, the Lockhart Craft Shop. I sell them at The Muddi Markets and Markets by The Lake but I doubt that I will ever recover the printing costs.



I then wrote my autobiography and had that printed for distribution to relatives and close friends.

Finally accepting the inevitable we sold our farm and moved to a few acres on the outskirts of Wagga where I keep a large number of finches, parrots and poultry. Angie occupies herself helping at the trotting stable next door and endeavouring to get her beautiful filly, Precious Ginger, to win a race.

When I wrote a romantic, adventure novel I tried unsuccessfully to have it published in Australia but eventually had it published in America. Titled, *Full Circle* it has drawn the most satisfying response that an author can receive, a number of people have contacted me saying, "I couldn't put it down!"



This book is available from bookstores, the Information Centre, on the internet from Amazon or direct from me as I also sell copies at The Muddi Markets and Markets By The Lake.

My next project will be the completion of either a children's book (held up as I search for an illustrator skilled in animal and bird illustrations) or a book of short stories.

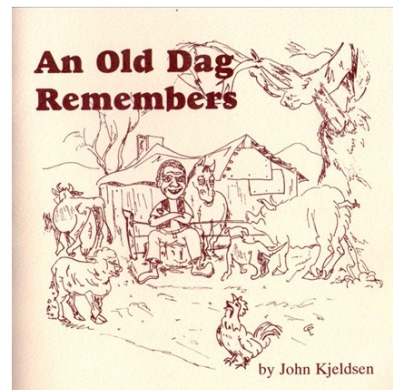
My burning ambition is to sell a thousand copies of *Full Circle*. If I do the financial reward will not be great but the sense of achievement will be most satisfying.

If anyone desires any more information, or if they wish to purchase one of my books, they can;

1. Go to my website www.kjeldsenbooksandbirds.com
2. email me on kjeldsenbooks@gmail.com
3. Phone me on 69228556



Books by John Kjeldsen



“Wanted to Buy”



by Yvonne Homer

My salt n pepper shaker collection of over a 1000 pairs started when I put an ad in the ‘wanted to buy’ column of the local paper after reading in my husband’s collectibles magazine how many people were advertising salt n pepper collections to buy or sell. Some collections numbered well in to the thousands.

Having several pairs that I had been given by family and friends I thought I’d try my luck.

Amazingly, the first person to answer my ad was Sue, a girl I had worked with at 2WG. She had several hundred that had been her mothers. She had got lots of them at op shops, and as it turned out some very old ones I haven’t seen since. All were the older ones that had the corks.



My second collection

Next step was an ad for a cabinet, the one in photo. → Then another of my ads for salt n pepper shakers was answered by a woman in Temora. There were many unusual ones amongst this collection. Groups of such things as birds, fish, dogs, animals etc.

I then had to buy another 2nd hand cabinet to accommodate my rapidly growing collection. Since then I have mainly added to my collection by buying at antique shops, op shops and garage sales, as well as receiving gifts from friends. They are generally amazed that there are ones I haven’t got already. I try to buy small ones now; and although some of them are not useful they are all beautiful. Interesting thing is that almost

every one of them still has salt or pepper in them!

I had a very lucky escape for myself one day. After lunch I stood up from the table, and then to my mother’s amazement I was lying on the floor in a pile of glass. I had fallen into the cabinet in the photo, smashing the entire side panel. No glass went through me and only one pair of salt n peppers had the head broken off and could be mended.

My husband was able to mend the end panel using flexible plastic sheeting, which was moulded to the curved panel, giving the appearance of glass. (but unbreakable)



My first collection



The cabinet I had the accident with.

Special Entertainment Afternoon at the Club

Monday, October 31, being the 5th Monday in the month and not a regular date within the club it was decided at the previous monthly meeting to organise special entertainment to be followed by afternoon tea. Thanks to Robyn Weeden's organisation in obtaining the services of the band (more about them in a moment) and the marvellous spread put on by the ladies of the club, it was smashing success.



The band in question was "The Long Gone Daddies", a 'Blue Grass' band that produced some real 'toe-tapping' old time music that was enthusiastically received by the members of the club that were present. Anybody not present on this occasion unfortunately missed out on a fabulous afternoon, but then, if you don't attend meetings, you will miss out on news of events such as this that are organised on fairly short notice. It can only be hoped that we can repeat the experience and that you are able to make it next time!



More about the band. The three regular members are locals Keith Lugton, Barrie Price and Rudy Neilson, with banjo player Alan Shirley joining them on this occasion all the way from Bathurst. Just as



"The Long Gone Daddies" are - Keith Lugton, Barrie Price and Rudy Neilson.

well Alan is a little younger than the other members of the band or, at least according to Keith, somewhat tongue in cheek, they may have called themselves the R.O.B.s (Retired Old Bastards).

The instrument Barrie can be seen playing here is called a 'Bindara' 4 string guitar that is unusual in that it is very deep (in body), making it difficult to hold while playing and produces a very deep bass sound for its size.



Just a small section of the audience getting into the swing of the music.



Note from the President.

Well, 2011 has almost gone and the Club has had another busy and enjoyable year.

Again during 2011 a few of the planned bus trips had to be cancelled due to lack of numbers. The day bus trips are suggested by the members and those members that do go enjoy such trips, so please consider going on planned bus trips in 2012.

It was with sadness that Michelle Bray from the Wagga Wagga City Council resigned from her position with Council and on behalf of the Seniors Citizens Club I thank her for her dedication to the Seniors' of the city through her employment with the Wagga Wagga City Council. Michelle's replacement, Sarah Jones has taken on the roll with great enthusiasm.

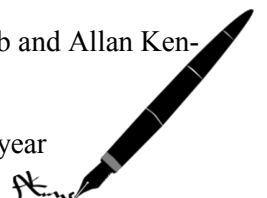
I thank the Wagga Wagga City Council for providing and maintaining the Seniors' Community Centre free of charge to senior groups within the city and council staff for their help and support.

A special thanks goes to the Executive Committee and those members of the Club that run the various activities for without your help the Club would not run as efficiently as it does. To the Committees of the sub-clubs, I thank you for taking on the role of running of the sub-clubs.

How do you say thank you to a person like Barry Williams for his dedication to ferreting out news and other interesting items for the "e-magazine". **OUR** magazine (Seniors Citizens Club Inc.) is now available widespread on the Councils' web site (Click [HERE](#) and scroll to bottom of list to find back copies of CROWABOUT)

Finally, a big thank you to the members for turning up and supporting the various activities of the Club and Allan Kennedy for helping with the heavy lifting.

Be kind to each other and I wish each member a safe, joyous and happy Christmas and a healthy new year





The Crows Joke Page

Welcome to Heaven

A couple were 85 years old, and had been married for sixty years. Though they were far from young, they were both in very good health for their age, largely due to the wife's insistence on health food and exercise for the last decade.

One day, their good health didn't help when they went on a holiday and their plane crashed, sending them off to Heaven. They reached the Pearly Gates and St. Peter escorted them inside. He took them to a beautiful mansion, furnished in gold and fine silks, with an eternally stocked kitchen and a waterfall in the master bathroom. They gasped in astonishment when he said, "Welcome to Heaven. This will be your home now." The old man asked Peter how much all this was going to cost.



"Why, nothing," Peter replied, "Remember, this is your reward in Heaven."

They went out behind the mansion, where they were shown the adjacent championship golf course, finer and more beautiful than any ever built on Earth. "What are the greens fees?" grumbled the old man.

"This is heaven," St. Peter replied. "You can play for free, every day."

Next they went to the clubhouse and saw the lavish buffet lunch, with every imaginable cuisine laid out before them, and free-flowing beverages and a fountain of champagne.

"Don't even ask," said St. Peter to the man. "This is Heaven, it is all free for you to enjoy."

The old man looked around and glanced nervously

at his wife. "Well, where are the low fat and low cholesterol foods and the decaffeinated tea?" he asked

"That's the best part," St. Peter replied. "You can eat and drink as much as you like of whatever you like, and you will never get fat or sick. This is Heaven!"

The old man glared at his wife and said, "You and your dry old bran muffins. I could have been here ten years ago!"

Andy's Hearing

A preacher said, "Anyone with 'special needs' who wants to be prayed over, please come forward to the front by the altar."

With that, a man got in line, and when it was his turn, the Preacher asked, "Andy, what do you want me to pray about for you?"

Andy replied, "Preacher, I need you to pray for help with my hearing."

The preacher put one finger of one hand in Andy's ear, placed his other hand on top of Andy's head, and then prayed and prayed and prayed.

He prayed to the 'Almighty' for Andy, and the whole congregation joined in with great enthusiasm.



After a few minutes, the preacher removed his hands, stood back and asked, "Andy, how is your hearing now?"

Andy answered, "I don't know. It ain't 'til next week!"

.Success

At age 4 success is . . . Not piddling in your pants.

At age 12 success is . . . Having friends.

At age 17 success is . . . Having a driver's license.

At age 35 success is . . . Having money.

At age 50 success is . . . Having money.

At age 70 success is . . . Having a drivers license.

At age 75 success is . . . Having friends.

At age 80 success is . . . Not piddling in your pants.

Three oldies are out walking. First one says, "Windy, isn't it?"

Second one says, "No, it's Thursday!"

Third one says, "So am I. Let's go get a beer."

Computer Hints & Tips



PDF EXPLAINED

Terms such as PDF (for Portable Document Format) roll easily off our tongues and we assume that everybody understands the 'jargon'.

Basically a PDF is a file that can be read on most computers regardless of whether it has a Windows, Macintosh, Linux or any other operating system.

For club members your most frequent encounter with a PDF might be when you read our quarterly newsletter, "CROWABOUT". To read a PDF file you need to have some version of Adobe Acrobat Reader installed on your computer, and when you double-click the newsletter file Adobe Reader will automatically start up and you will be able to read or print out the newsletter at your leisure.



Let us now go back a few steps and consider why we make "CROWABOUT" available as a PDF file and the process involved in creating a PDF.

Our magazine could be created in "Word", but if the version used was 2010 for example and you, the recipient, had the 2007 version installed on your computer, you would not be able to open and read the file.

"CROWABOUT" is created using Microsoft Publisher. If our editor was to make it available as a 'PUB' file (more jargon!) then you would need to have the applicable version of Publisher on your computer, and that might cost you quite a few dollars e.g. Publisher 2010 can cost about \$170-\$200.

So to allow you to save that money our editor converts the newsletter to PDF.

In most instances that PDF file will include all the formatting, pictures and special effects that would be available if you had Microsoft Publisher on your computer. If you then wish to print it out you would open up the PDF with Adobe Reader, click the Print icon and select your 'physical' printer—at OPEN this could be the Canon IP4300, the HP Laser Jet 2600, or something similar. When viewing on computer you can click on the links, such as at bottom of this page and be taken directly to a website.

Apart from our monthly newsletter you may also find that instruction manuals for computer software and hardware are produced as PDFs. Good reasons for doing this are that manufacturers don't have to produce different versions of their manuals, nor do they want computer users to be able to interfere with their manuals, so they produce them in a format that can't be edited. Unless, of course, you want to spend several hundred dollars to purchase the Professional version of Adobe Acrobat.

"Spellbound!!"

If you are using Microsoft Word with spell checker turned on, any word you misspell will show a wiggly red line under it.

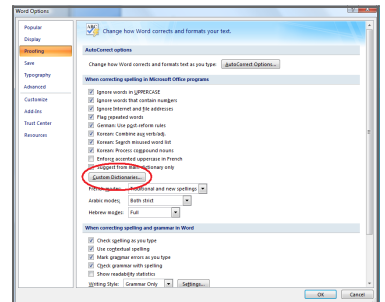
If you right-click on that word a list of words you might have meant to use pops up.

You can then click on the word you meant to type. The misspelt word is replaced with the word you have chosen.

If the word with the red line under it is actually a new (correct) word you want to add to your dictionary you click Add to Dictionary.

It is easy to add a new word to the dictionary but you should also know how to remove a word from your list of words. (Don't forget, Microsoft is not the last word on words, particularly as we do not always spell the same as our American cousins!)

First, open Microsoft Word and go up to Tools, left-click on Tools, then left-click on Options.



After you click on Options, a multi-tabbed box pops up.

Look for the tab that says Spelling and Grammar and left-click on that tab. About half way down the box there is a Custom Dictionaries button; left -click on it.

Another box will pop up. You will see a list of Custom Dictionaries (although most people have only one).

Depending on what version of Word you have, left-click on Edit or Modify.

After you click on Modify a list of the words in your Custom Dictionary appears.

Left-click on the word you want to remove to highlight it, left-click on Delete, and then left-click on OK.

You will have to close the boxes you have been using. The Custom Dictionary box will now be on your screen; left-click on OK. Finally, the multi-tabbed box appears; left-click on OK.

You have edited your Dictionary and the word has been removed!

Websites Worth Looking At



John (sometime known as 'Noddy') Knight is a local amateur photographer and has his own website. If you would like to view some amazing pictures, by all means check this website.

Just put <http://jknight.smugmug.com/> in your Internet Browser, or left click here



Technology at Your Library

Whether we like it or not, technology is making great changes in our lives and, if we are unable, or unwilling, to keep up in some way, we are going to miss out on a lot. It's easy to become overwhelmed by the ever changing technological landscape but if you can keep it in perspective, take it reasonably slowly and worry only about the advances that are useful to you, you can find that technology really can enhance your life!

I do miss letter writing, at least I miss receiving letters. I'm sure that this will be a significant loss as years go by, that we won't have the same record of people's lives because the contact we keep is so impermanent and insubstantial. For now, however, the ease of email, mobile phones for calling and SMS and social networking does mean that it is so simple to stay in regular contact with friends and family. The computers and free W-Fi at the library make it a very attractive place to spend a morning reading the papers and catching up with people over the Internet. The library also holds regular Internet classes where people can set up a free email account, join Facebook or just improve their basic Internet searching skills.

An area of major importance to the library and its users that is undergoing a lot of change is reading. E-books and e-readers are on the rise and if you, like me, are very attached to your paper books, you may be tempted to dismiss them. This would be a mistake, however, because e-readers can be so very handy. When you go away, lugging big piles of books with you is terribly inconvenient, and running out of books to read is even worse! E-readers can store thousands of books and generally weigh less than one paper book – perfect for packing. Free e-books abound on the Internet and even those you pay for are less expensive than the paper version. E-readers that come with built in Wi-Fi enable you to search the online bookshop and purchase new books instantly, perfect if you are travelling.

E-books may well be cheaper than paper books but they aren't cheaper than library books which cost nothing at all to borrow! Thankfully, the South-West Zone, of which the Riverina Regional Library is a part, has won a grant to offer downloadable e-books and e-audio books to their members for free. From early 2012, library members will be able to download e-books and e-audio books onto their computer at home, or in the library, and then transfer them to their e-readers. These books will simply disappear at the end of the borrowing period. This means that people can borrow and return books without having to come to the library. With all the free books and library books as well, your e-reader could get a lot of use without costing you lots of money.

While e-readers may not be as appealing as a paper book to many people, they can be much easier to use for people with vision impairments or who find holding heavy books and turning pages difficult. The text size can be made much larger than normal and you can put in your headphones and play audio books. The library also has some Plectalk players from Vision Australia that are designed for people with vision impairment or print disability such as a stroke or arthritis. These machines play audio books and are so simple to use. Borrow one from the library to try, and if you have vision impairment or print disability, Vision Australia will send you one of your own.

There are plenty of e-readers to choose from and each is good for different reasons. Readers like the Amazon Kindle and Sony Reader have an eInk screen. This looks very much like paper, has no colour, causes no eye fatigue and can be read in sunlight. Tablet computers such as the iPad and Android also make great e-readers. They have full colour, backlit screens which can cause eye strain and are hard to read in bright light.

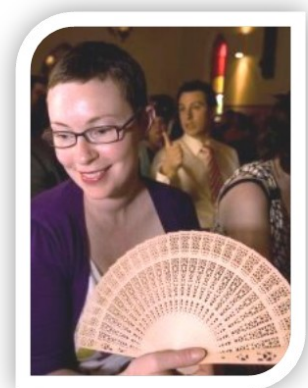
You need to know what formats the e-reader will read because they aren't all the same. The Amazon Kindle doesn't read ePub which is the standard format for e-books. The Kindle reads Amazon's own format and there are so many books available from Amazon that you won't run out but you will not be able to easily borrow e-books from the library for a Kindle.

You can ask at the library if you have any questions about e-books or e-readers, we love to talk about reading. Whatever the format, reading is a great way to relax and learn, which keeps us young, so whether you read e-books or paper books, you're on a winner with reading!

Amy Heap
Reader Services Librarian
Wagga Wagga City Library



A happy member of Wagga library with the 'Plectalk' reader. Courtesy 'The Daily Advertiser'

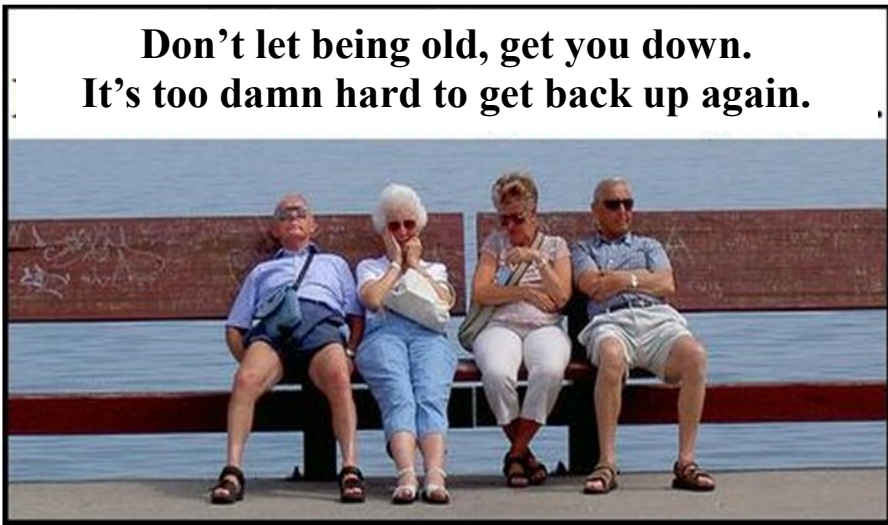


Bits AND Pieces

. Always be yourself. Because the people that matter, don't mind. And the one's that mind don't matter.



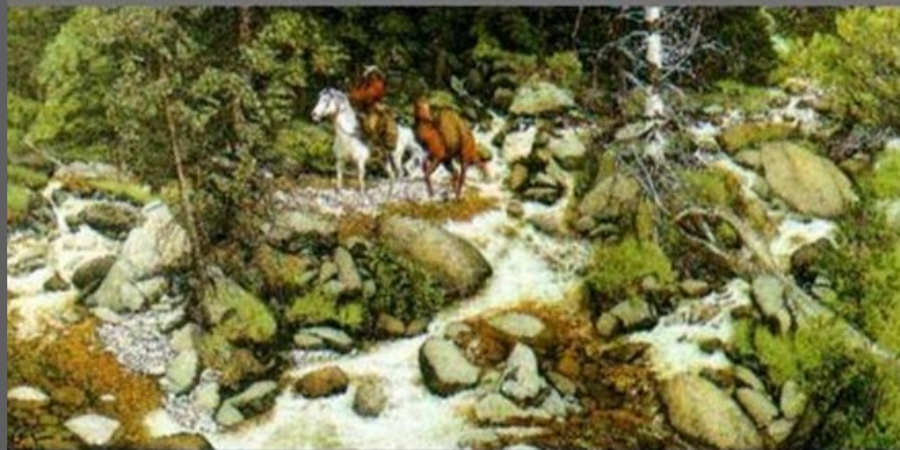
Now don't take us too seriously....



**Don't let being old, get you down.
It's too damn hard to get back up again.**



There are 11 human faces in the picture. Can you find them all ?
Normal people find 4 or 5 of them.
If you find 8 of them, you have a extraordinary sense of observation.



If you find 9 of them, you have a sense of observation above of the average.
If you find 10 of them, you are very observant
If you find 11 of them, you are extremely observant

Inner Peace: This is so true
If you can start the day without caffeine,
If you can always be cheerful, ignoring aches and pains,
If you can resist complaining and boring people with your troubles,
If you can eat the same food every day and be grateful for it,
If you can understand when your loved ones are too busy to give you any time,
If you can take criticism and blame without resentment ,
If you can conquer tension without medical help,
If you can relax without liquor,
If you can sleep without the aid of drugs,



....Then You Are Probably The Family Dog!

Don't EVER give up!



Remember
Remember the laughs
Remember the smiles
Remember the times we had for a while
Remember the good
Remember the bad
Remember with a smile
Remember with a tear
Remember the times listened to me
Remember the arguments
Remember the hugs
Whatever you do don't forget US

(As I will not when the time comes for my leave)
Anonymous