

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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INSIDE THIS ISSUE :

Editor's Notes	2
Seniors in Focus	3
Seniors in Focus	4
Life or Death Encounter...	5
Memories	8
Members Contributions	9
Computer Hints & Tips	10
The Crows Joke Page	11
Bits & Pieces	12



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Editor's Notes

Welcome to 2020. Perhaps, like me you thought when you were much younger that day was far off and we would never see it. Sadly, it is a fact that during the past year we unfortunately lost some of our much loved and respected members who we will continue to remember and miss for some time.

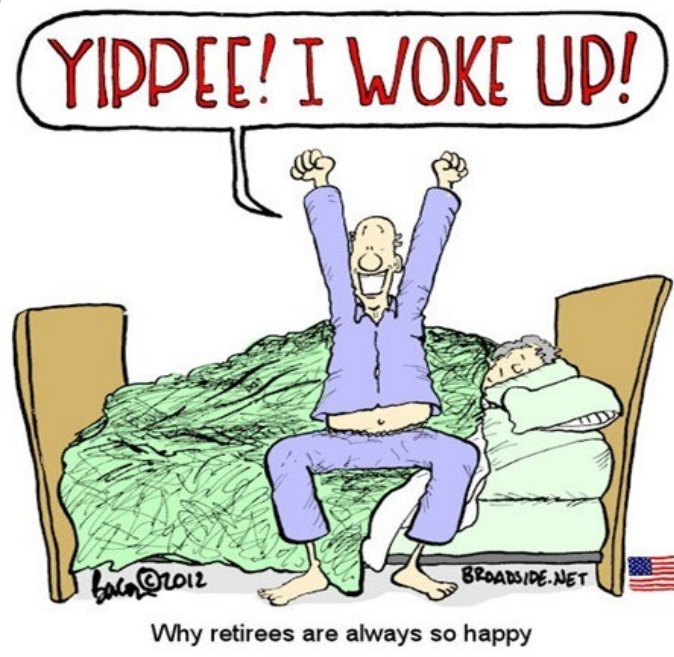
The members contribution page is the beating heart of this publication but we need your help to keep it going, so please, if you care do your part and take the time and contribute, every little bit counts.

I was pleased (as editor) to receive the odd two or three acknowledgements throughout the year from members who have enjoyed reading this magazine. We have passed the ten year mark so will be interesting to see just how far we can take it!

You may have noticed we no longer list the Computer Club committee below. At the end of last year the decision was made to continue as a non-structured sub group within Wagga Wagga Senior Citizens' Club Inc the same as other groups within the Club, such as the Craft Club.

We have now held our AGM and there are a couple of important positions on the committee that at the time of publishing this magazine have not been filled. It is hoped that doesn't remain so for long! Regards,

Barry

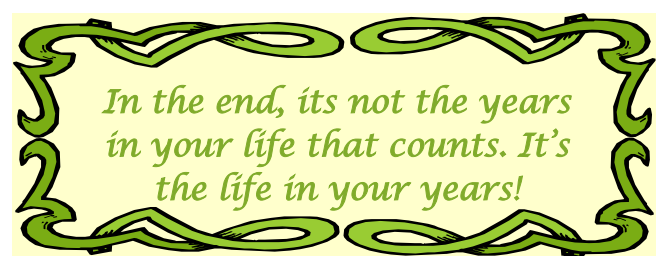


Wagga Wagga Senior Citizens' Club Inc.

Membership (\$5.00 per year) to over 50's
Weekly Programme of Activities

Day	Activity	Time	Cost
Every Mon.	Computer Club - offering one on one tuition.	9.30 am to 12.30 pm	\$3.00 Per hr.
Every Mon.	IPad Class	11.00-12.00	\$2.00
1st Mon. Of Month	General Meeting Day Guest Speaker	1.30 pm	\$2.00
2nd Mon. Of Month	Indoor Carpet Bowls	1.00 pm to 3.00 pm	\$2.00
3rd Mon. Of Month	Luncheon Day	12 noon	\$5.00
4th Mon. Of Month	Games Afternoon	1.00 pm to 3.00pm	\$2.00
Every Thursday	Computer Club - offering one on one tuition.	9.30 am to 12.30 pm	\$3.00 Per hr.
Every Thursday	500 Cards	1.00-3.00pm	\$2.00
Every Thursday	Line Dancing	9.30am to 11.30 am	\$2.00
Every Thursday	Craft	1.00 pm to 3.00 pm	\$2.00
Every Friday	Computer Club - offering one on one tuition.	12 noon to 3.00 pm	\$3.00 per hr.
Every Friday	Indoor Carpet Bowls Discussion Group	1.00-3.00pm 10.00am	\$2.00 \$2.00

Bi-Monthly Bus Trip: Normally 3rd Wednesday of month, destination decided at monthly meeting and bookings taken that day with payment.



Wagga Wagga Senior Citizens' Club Inc Committee 2019

President	Jim Weeden	69331394
Vice President		
Treasurer	Jo Jovanovic	69228536
Assistant Treasurer	Marlene Bowen	
Secretary	Robyn Weeden	69331394
Assistant Secretary		

Additional Committee: Velma Spears, Wendy Job, Dudley Downey, Chris Thomas, Lenore Keppie, Ellen Downey, Dawn McDermott.



Find us on Facebook or visit our web site at...
<http://seniorcitizen8.wix.com/ww-senior-citizens>

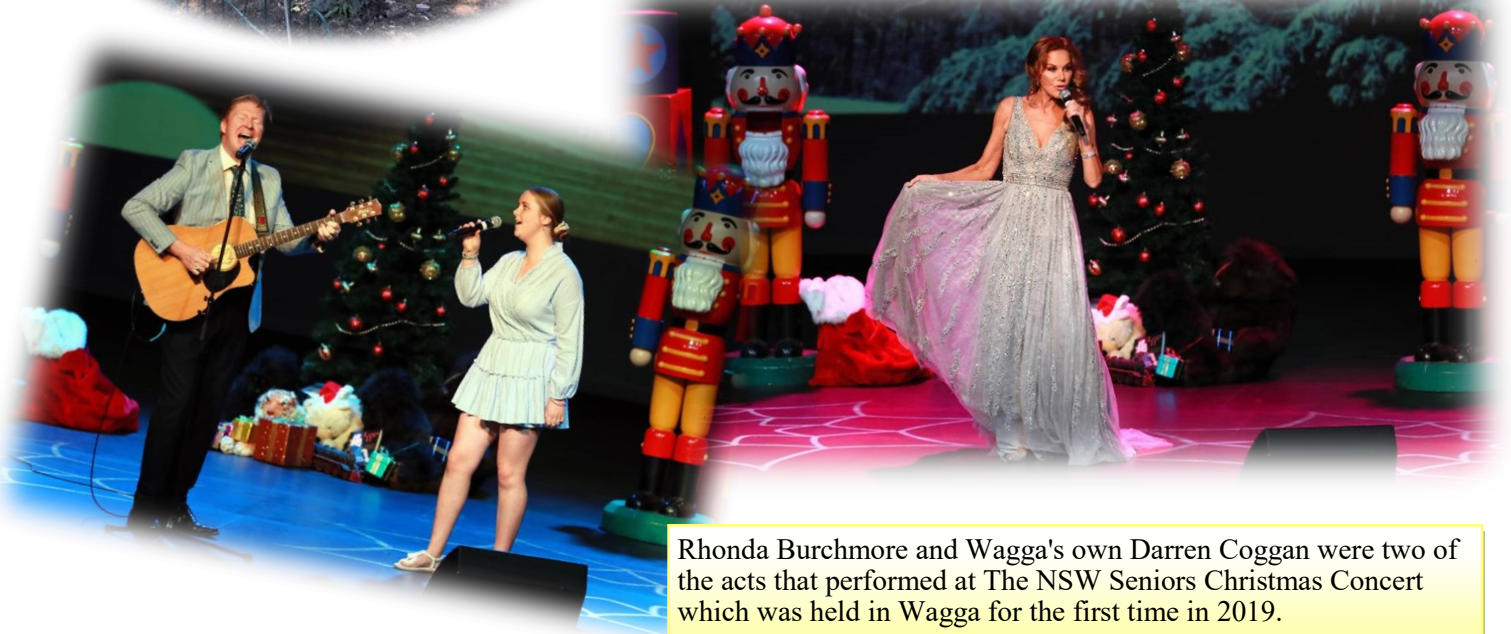
Reminder

General Club Meeting is held on the **1st Monday** of Month.

Seniors In Focus



Our members visited a number of attractions in Canberra during a two day visit in 2019.



Rhonda Burchmore and Wagga's own Darren Coggan were two of the acts that performed at The NSW Seniors Christmas Concert which was held in Wagga for the first time in 2019.

Seniors in Focus



During our 2019 Christmas Party Dawn McDermott was awarded a Life Membership, then had the honour of cutting the Christmas cake (with a little help from Helen Murley). Another member, Win Wood, who was not present, was also honoured with a Life Membership Award.



Craft club helped Beryl celebrate her 88th birthday.



Children from the neighbouring St Joseph's School choir sing at our General Meeting in November 2019



Our members were invited to Wagga's Sturt Mall during 2019.



Our iPad class finished 2019 with some Christmas cheer (above) and (at Right) 2020 officially underway with our AGM.



LIFE OR DEATH ENCOUNTER IN THE AFRICAN BUSH

By John Dyson

His arm mangled by a crocodile, the guide lay in the dark, waiting for lions and hyenas to finish him off. Then came something he never expected... With a picnic lunch and fishing rods, Alistair Gellatly, 39, and four friends pushed out on the Zambezi River for a peaceful day of fishing. Zooming upstream on the swirling African river in April 1994, the boat weaved past sunbathing crocodiles, snorting hippos and elephants wallowing in the muddy shallows. Alistair eyed the creatures without concern. He'd spent most of his life in the bush as a safari guide.



Gellatly had brought his friends to spend a long Easter weekend

at the small tourist camp he was building on a remote part of the Zambezi. They were his old pal Arthur Taylor, a construction manager, Arthur's wife Fay and her parents Brenda and Clive Kelly, who had just returned from England.

This part of the wide Zambezi, which marked the boundary between Zambia and Zimbabwe, was a popular stretch for tourist boats, but today the party had it all to themselves. Alistair cut the engine to let the boat drift with the fast current. They started to fish.

Soon Brenda yelled, "I've got one!" Proudly she dropped the day's first fish into the boat.

But just then, the boat leapt into the air, sending Clive and his daughter over opposite sides. The slight, grey-bearded ex-teacher surfaced, flicking water from his eyes. As his vision cleared, he saw the wide mouth of a hippo, just a few feet away, charging again.

Clive heard its yellow tusks scraping over the fiberglass as the hippo's jaw clamped onto the side of the boat. Then the two-tonne beast reared on its back legs and, with a single toss of its head, flipped the boat completely over. Its mission of defending its territory accomplished, the hippo backed down with a snort.

Still under the boat, Arthur grabbed Brenda and Fay. Arms linked, the trio swirled free of the craft and were swept downstream until they gained a footing on a submerged sandbank midstream.

With the hippo gone, Alistair and Clive climbed onto the upturned boat. Its heavier back end had sunk to the bottom and was stuck there. Alistair sat up on the bow jutting out of the water to take stock. The boat was marooned 100 yards from shore. Sixty yards downstream in mid-river, Arthur and the two women were slowly wading to where they could stand knee-deep in water on the sandbank. Everyone's safe, Alistair thought with relief.

Fatal embrace

Alistair made a plan. He knew there was a fishing camp three miles downstream on the far side of the river; he could swim the 100 yards to the nearer bank, walk downriver and shout across. He'd seen many crocodiles in the river that morning. But swimming with "flat dogs" didn't worry him that much. It was only noon, and the crocodiles were sunbathing lazily on the river banks.

"I'm going for help," Alistair told Clive. Splashing as little as possible, he swam across the river toward a boggy inlet. But as he paddled closer, a grey shape slithered into the water. Alistair stopped to tread water; the crocodile stopped and looked at him. It was blocking the way to the bank. Yelling and slapping the surface of the water, Alistair charged at the crocodile to frighten it off. It sank out of sight. Alistair ducked under water to look for



the animal, but was blinded by the mud cloud he'd kicked up. In a panic, Alistair lurched backwards into clear water and went under again. The eight-foot creature was coming at him like a torpedo.

Quickly Alistair jerked his legs up. Brushing against his feet, the croc vanished into a mud cloud. Then it whipped around and came back, its powerful tail whacking Alistair in the back as it passed. Gasping, Alistair surfaced for air, then went down, opened his eyes and looked into an open mouth with two rows of gleaming, yellow-brown teeth.

Like a huge mousetrap, the croc's jaws clamped shut on both of Alistair's arms. In spite of the searing pain, he had enough presence of mind to take a last breath as the croc dragged him under. Alistair managed to wrench his left hand free, but the reptile held firmly to his right forearm as it swam backwards, dragging him to deeper water.

The crocodile spun its body and whirled the 14-stone, six-foot man around in the water like a dishcloth being rinsed. Alistair felt his right forearm snap; his elbow and shoulder dislocated. It paused. Then Alistair realised it was turning again.

The scaly armour of the croc's middle scratched the inside of Alistair's own muscular thighs. Instinctively he clamped both legs round its belly and locked his ankles behind its back. When the beast rolled, he rolled with it. Locked in a fatal embrace, man and crocodile sank into deeper water.

Desperate manoeuvre

Alistair's frantic, powerful punches with his left fist simply glanced off the tough hide. His breath running out, he snatched a front foot and bent the claws back with all his strength. Again, no luck.

Recalling that crocodiles become docile when their eyes are covered or blinded, Alistair plunged his thumb into the croc's eye, but the eyeball merely slithered around in its socket. He jabbed a forefinger into the other eye with no result. All the time the reptile kept shaking, and with each shake, blood spurted from Alistair's arm, staining the water red.

Alistair's lungs screamed for air. Desperately he took his free arm and jammed it into the reptile's mouth, hoping he could force it to gag.

He felt sharp teeth rip his flesh as he drove his hand deeper and deeper. His fingers felt a rubbery flap at the back of the throat. Now! Grabbing the soft flesh between his fingers, he twisted and pulled.

With a spasm, the crocodile coughed. Its jaws opened involuntarily, just long enough to let Alistair jerk his arms free. Paddling as best he could with his one good arm, Alistair surfaced. When he reached the bank, he lay gasping, utterly spent.

His right forearm was a gory mess, with deep jagged wounds, the joints twisted, the bone broken. Roused to action, he drove a sharp stick through his shirt sleeve and twisted it tightly to slow the bleeding.

Dazed and weak, Alistair lurched to his feet and staggered into the bush. He was determined to press on with his plan to get help.

A few yards inland he faced a steep slope covered with scrub. Painfully he worked his way to the top, then blacked out. When he awoke, he struggled a few more yards, but a gully blocked his route.

Slithering down the slope again, he followed the river bank. He could see the three people on the sandbank and one on the overturned boat. "A croc got me," he yelled across the river. "I'm OK, but I have to rest."

Alistair knelt by the water, washed and covered his arm with a makeshift bandage and lay down. His only hope was to survive until morning and then try to reach the camp.

A new worry

Stranded on the overturned boat, Clive was heartsick when he saw Alistair stumble back alone. It meant they wouldn't be rescued that day.

Though apprehensive, he decided to risk the swim to join the others on the sand bank. Now at least everyone was together.

Any thought of swimming for shore was dashed by the thought of Alistair's ordeal—and the sight of a 12-foot crocodile sunning itself on the river bank. Their best hope was still with Alistair.



Easy prey

Drifting in and out of consciousness and wracked by pain, Alistair saw the darkness closing in—and the time when predators began to prowl. Get something to throw, he told himself. He piled stones beside himself. From downriver came a chilling series of deep, throaty roars that were answered by other roars: lions calling to one another. Next he heard the yowling of hyenas, scavengers that could detect the scent of wounded animals from miles away.

Alistair had spent nights alone in the bush, but never without a fire—and a firearm. The blood trail he'd left was a well-posted road to an easy kill. He was fighting sleep when a loud roar made him jump. It was close. It seemed only a matter of time before something got him.

Suddenly all was silent, and Alistair's skin prickled. He knew when big animals close in on their prey they go quiet. He strained his ears listening and then his eyelids drooped shut.

Night visitor

A strange noise brought Alistair fully awake. He heard heavy breathing and plodding footsteps. They were moving toward him. Craning his neck, he made out a set of enormous curving horns and the vast bulk of the last animal he expected to see—a Cape buffalo! A lone bull buffalo is one of the most feared animals in Africa.



Standing 20 yards away in the clearing, it lifted its muzzle to catch Alistair's scent. Its enormous horns spanned over three feet. One hook of those horns could toss a man high in the air. The hunting world was full of stories of hunters gored or trampled to death by these behemoths.

Unable to run, Alistair sat up and lobbed a stone, hitting the beast in the head. But the buffalo merely shook its head as if bothered by a fly and stepped nearer. At a distance of 30 feet, the buffalo stopped and gazed at Alistair. Then it carefully folded its front legs and, with a grunting sigh, laid down its great hulk.

Astonished, Alistair watched as the buffalo placidly chewed cud, its gaze fixed on the bushy ridge above—the same direction Alistair had been watching all night. After puzzling it for some time, Alistair worked out the only explanation: the buffalo is guarding me! Finally, the injured man fell asleep.

Something's coming

Hours later, Alistair snapped awake and felt tickly things on his bare chest. Then, in his armpits, on his face, in his wounds, he felt hundreds of bites and stings. Red ants! Shouting in pain, he jumped up. The buffalo snorted with alarm as Alistair beat the insects off his body. He froze until the beast resumed its chewing.

Refreshed by his sleep, Alistair pondered his situation. As a guide, he'd seen animals inexplicably helping those of a different species. At a floodlit water hole once, he'd watched lions bring down a zebra, then seen a hippo try to nudge the dying zebra to its feet.

Alistair wondered if he was benefiting from another instance of one animal risking its life for another. Whatever

er the reason, he was thankful.

Suddenly the buffalo lurched to its feet and ran off, crashing through the scrub. Alistair became alert instantly. Was something coming?

Crouched against a rock, he relaxed as he realised what was coming—it was dawn.

Squinting into the brilliant light on the river, Alistair counted four figures. It's a miracle, he thought, but we're all alive! Alistair Gellatly set off for the fishing camp. The trip took hours, but help eventually reached the stranded foursome. After recuperating from his injuries, he returned to his work as a safari guide, but with a renewed sense of wonder. "Something really special happened that night," he says. "A hippo tried to drown me, a crocodile almost ate me and then a buffalo helped me to survive. I don't suppose anyone will ever be able to explain that act of mercy—but I will never forget it."

END

A Walk Down Memory Lane!

Do you remember when....

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

MEMORIES OF HOW IT WAS.

Memory Lane

A look back at homework from 65 years ago
You don't get marked down for ink blots anymore



Dear old golden rule days,
I knew, if I looked, I'd find an old school book or two and yes, I did. In the very first carton I opened, lo and behold, I found two books of homework projects written in 1952 when I was aged 12. One, from early in my first year of High School, was for Social Studies and the other, from later in the year, General Science. I loved the three Rs – Reading, 'Riting and 'Rithmetic – which helped me do well in all three. In a small way, I suppose, it shows through when looking back at these two examples of what I wrote 65 years ago.



For Social Studies, and my first major project since coming over from Primary School, I researched and wrote on five major religions of Asia, allocating two pages to each, including drawings I thought appropriate to the subject. As you can see, this is the first of my two pages on Buddhism, the four other religions Hinduism, Confucianism, Taoism and Islam. Obviously (and not a lot different to writing a blog), article length had to be contained. It had less to do, then, with attention span than it did teacher's time in reading and marking, which was their form of homework. I got 9½ out of 10 for the effort, with half a mark deducted for an ink blot on page 3 of the project. Damn!

For Science, we were required to provide six pages on any subject on which we'd been taught through the year. I chose direct current electricity and concentrated on accumulators such as lead acid batteries, and 1.5-Volt 'dry' cells. I'd drawn the cross-section of a torch battery, showing the zinc shell, the carbon post, the electrolyte, the insulated cap, and

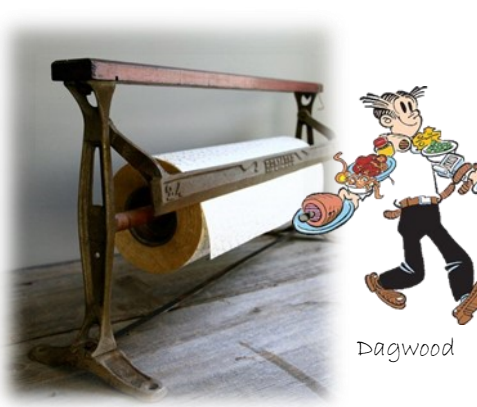


part of the method by which a cell produces its current flow. On this occasion there were no ink blots but I only got 9 out of 10 because I failed to use captions for my illustrations. Teachers were strict in their marking but I think, deep down, I appreciated the fact it was to push us on to ever better results. Reading through these projects again, I'm not at all disappointed at what I wrote, nor in the writing. I can see things I would do differently now, but not by any great degree. I note, too, I accepted the advice of Mr Lennox, our English master and one of my teaching heroes, and turned from the suffix '-ized' to '-ised.' Thus it remains to this day.

So there you are, a brief insight into my school work. I'd really like to see some of yours, as would many others, I'm sure
Do you still have any of your old schoolwork?

A Walk Down Memory Lane!

Fun to remember these things....



Dagwood

Members' Contributions

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

For the Information of all Members.

Re Seniors Week Festival.

Earlier this year (2019) I made a personal request of Dr. Joe McGirr in relation to the date of the Seniors Week Festival.

I asked if he would contact the appropriate people and advise them that due to the extreme heat our area is subject to in February that it is not ideal to have older persons out and about in the heat of the day for prolonged periods. I also mentioned that Wagga Wagga no longer celebrates Seniors Week as such because of this.

This week Dr. McGirr has forwarded me a copy of a letter he has received from The Hon. John Sidoti MP. In which he points out the reasons for changing the date and goes on to say and I quote;

“We have noted the issues of holding the Festival in February and are currently working towards scheduling the 2021 festival in late March.” end quote.

I have the email address of the Manager of Campaigns and Events should any of the members wish to contact her re 2021. 2020 is already scheduled for February. *Coralie Bond*



The year 1955. It won't be long before young couples are going to have to hire someone to watch their kids so they can both work.

Submitted by Judy Robertson



Front page news, 8th May, 1945
Submitted by Lily Arfort

: Great truths - the cycles of life

GREAT TRUTHS THAT LITTLE CHILDREN HAVE LEARNED:

- 1) No matter how hard you try, you can't baptise cats.
- 2) When your Mum is mad at your Dad, don't let her brush your hair.
- 3) If your sister hits you, don't hit her back. They always catch the second person.
- 4) You can't trust dogs to watch your food.
- 5) The best place to be when you're sad is Grandma's lap.

GREAT TRUTHS THAT ADULTS HAVE LEARNED:

- 1) Raising teenagers is like nailing Jelly to a tree.
- 2) Wrinkles don't hurt.
- 3) Families are like fudge...mostly sweet, with a few nuts.
- 4) Today's mighty oak is just yesterday's nut that held its ground.
- 5) Laughing is good exercise. It's like jogging on the inside.
- 6) Middle age is when you choose your cereal for the fibre, not the toy.

GREAT TRUTHS ABOUT GROWING OLD:

- 1) Growing old is mandatory; growing up is optional.
- 2) Forget the health food. I need all the preservatives I can get.
- 3) When you fall down, you wonder what else you can do while you're down there.
- 4) You're getting old when you get the same sensation from a rocking chair that you once got from a roller coaster.
- 5) It's frustrating when you know all the answers but nobody bothers to ask you the questions.
- 6) Time may be a great healer, but it's a lousy beautician.
- 7) Wisdom comes with age, but sometimes age comes alone.

THE FOUR STAGES OF LIFE:

- 1) You believe in Santa Claus.
- 2) You don't believe in Santa Claus.
- 3) You are Santa Claus.
- 4) You look like Santa Claus.

SUCCESS: How true this one is:

- 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 driver's license.
 At age 75 success is Having friends.
 At age 80 success is Not piddling in your pants.

Submitted by Barry Williams

A calendar's days are numbered.
A boiled egg is hard to beat.
Bruce McAlister



I put the thingamabob inside the whatchamacallit, turned the doohickey and the wuteveritis still doesn't work.
Any ideas?
Submitted by Yvonne Homer

Computer Hints & Tips



Understanding Windows Clipboard, Clipboard History & Cloud clipboard

When you use the Windows *Copy* function (using a menu function or Ctrl C), the data you select is copied to the **Windows Clipboard**. This is a temporary storage area in memory (RAM) that is cleared when you Copy some other data, logout of a Windows session, or restart the computer. The Clipboard can contain anything, such as plain text, formatted text, images, etc.

If you open Notepad or a word processor and go *Edit > Paste*, you can view whatever text is on the clipboard.

For example, if you copied a password from somewhere, that password remains on the clipboard until cleared, so pasting in Notepad would reveal the password.

If you use a public computer, or share your computer with others, and you have copied confidential data (passwords, credit card details, etc.) to the clipboard, clear the clipboard as soon as you have pasted the data.

The easiest way to clear the sensitive data from the clipboard is to Copy some other data there, a quick way to do this is to take a screenshot using the PrtScn (PrintScreen) button.

Introducing Clipboard history and Cloud clipboard

Version 1809 of Windows 10 (late 2018) includes a new feature called **Clip-board history**. If this option is turned on, **all** the data that you Copy is stored and therefore available for pasting later—ie copying new data will not clear the old data. All this data is fully visible to anyone viewing the clip-board history. Furthermore, if you have multiple devices accessed using a Microsoft account, and you have *Sync across devices* turned on, the clip-board data is synced to all these devices via cloud based storage.

This means that if you Copy passwords or other confidential information, and you have Clipboard history turned on, your clipboard history is available for viewing by anyone accessing your computer (or other device).

View the clipboard history, and Pin an entry To view the clipboard history (in Windows 10 version 1809 or later), press **Windows key and V**. If you have Clipboard History turned off, you will see a message “Can’t view history” and an offer to turn it on.

You can choose to *Pin* individual entries to the Clipboard history so that even if you clear it, the pinned items re-main. This is particularly insecure, for example if you leave your computer with a technician.

Turn Clipboard history on or off

The *Clipboard history* option is turned off by default. To turn it on or off go to *Settings > System > Clipboard > Clip-board History*. It is recommended that you leave this turned off if you often copy sensitive data to your clipboard.

Clearing the clipboard history

*Note that pinned items are **not cleared** using the methods below—to clear a pinned item you need to Unpin it first.*

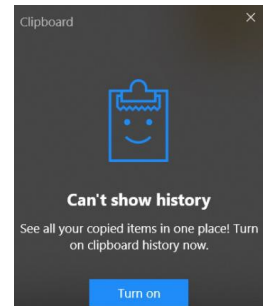
To clear your *Clipboard history*:

- Logout of Windows or restart the computer, or
- Go *Settings > System > Clipboard > Clipboard History* then under *Clear clipboard data*, click the *Clear* button

If you use Keypass (or some other application or file where you store your passwords)

In Keypass, you can select data such as usernames and passwords and copy them using Ctrl C. If Clipboard history is turned on, all this sensitive data is stored and is viewable by someone else. So you need to be extra careful in this case. The safest way to copy username and password in Keypass is to right click on the entry then choose **Copy User Name** or **Copy Password**. In these cases Keypass will automatically clear the data from the clipboard a few seconds after you copy it (this time can be changed in Keypass Options).

In version 2.41 of KeyPass, there is an additional option (turned on by default) to “Do not store data in the Windows clipboard history and the cloud clipboard”. This further protects your data.



Internet Links 4U2 Try

[Just click on the links below!](#)

[Lens – New York Times](#)

Lens is the photojournalism blog on the New York Times.

This is a [photography website to bookmark](#) if you are a serious shutterbug. And I also pointed out the same if you like your [news in pictures](#). The same quality of reportage on the news site extends to the photos from around the globe. Photo essays from South Sudan will move you.

Please note: All links were functioning at time of publishing but may fail over time!





The Crows Joke Page

A little boy getting ready for kindergarten was whimpering because his shoes hurt his feet. "Darling," his mother said, glancing down, "you've got them on the wrong feet."



"But Mummy," the boy wailed even louder, "I don't have any other feet!"

The boss asked one of his employees: "Do you believe in life after death?" "Yes sir," replied the recruit. "Well then, that's fine", the boss continued, "because after you left early yesterday to go to your grandmother's funeral, she dropped in to see you."



A senior policeman is interrogating three men who are training to become detectives. To test their skills in recognising a suspect, he shows the first man a picture for five seconds and then hides it. "This is your suspect, how would you recognise him?"

The first man answers: "That's easy, we'll catch him fast because he only has one eye!"

The policeman says: "Well...uh...that's because the picture I showed is his side profile."

Slightly flustered by this ridiculous response, he flashes the picture for five seconds at the second man and asks him: "This is your suspect, how would you recognise him?"

The second man smiles, flips his hair, and says: "Ha! He'd be too easy to catch because he only has one ear!"

The policeman angrily responds: "What's the matter with you two? Of course only one eye and one ear are showing because it's a picture of his side profile! Is that the best answer you can come up with?" Extremely frustrated at this point, he shows the pic-



ture to the third man and in a very testy voice asks: "This is your suspect, how would you recognise him? Think hard before giving me a stupid answer." The third man looks at the picture intently for a moment and says: "The suspect wears contact lenses." The policeman is surprised and speechless because he doesn't know himself if the suspect wears contacts or not.

"Well, that's an interesting answer," he replies. "Wait here for a few minutes while I check his file and I'll get back to you on that." He leaves the room and goes to his office, checks the suspect's file on his computer, and comes back with a beaming smile on his face.

"Wow! I can't believe it. It's true! The suspect does, in fact, wear contact lenses. Good work! How were you able to make such an astute observation?" "That's easy," the third man replied. "He can't wear regular glasses because he only has one eye and one ear."

A man hired himself out as a handy man

A young man wanting to earn some extra money decided to hire himself out as a handy man and started canvassing a nearby well-to-



do neighbourhood. He went to the front door of the first house and asked the owner if he had any odd jobs for him to do.

"Well, I guess I could use somebody to paint my porch," the owner said. "How much will you charge me?"

The man quickly responded: "How about \$50?"

The owner agreed and told him that the paint and everything he would need were in the garage.

The man's wife, hearing the conversation, said to her husband: "Does he realise that our porch goes all the way around the house?"

The husband shrugged and went off on his way. A short time later, the man came to the door to collect his money.

"You're finished already?" the husband asked.

"Yes," the man replied, "and I had paint left over, so I gave it two coats."

Impressed, the owner reached into his pocket for the \$50 and handed it to him.

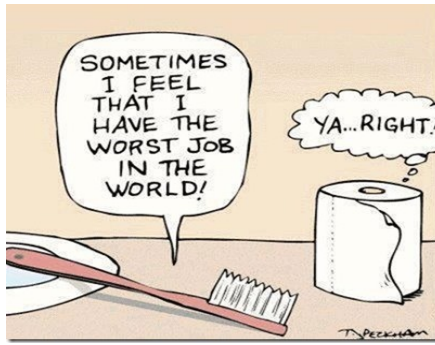
"And by the way," the man added, "it's not a Porch, it's a Lexus."

Q. What's the difference between ignorance and apathy?

A. I don't know and I don't care

Did you hear about the crook who stole a calendar? He got twelve months

Bits AND Pieces



When Things Go Wrong

by Anonymous

When things go wrong, as they sometimes will,
When the road you're trudging seems all uphill,
When the funds are low and the debts are high,
And you want to smile, but you have to sigh,
When care is pressing you down a bit-
Rest if you must, but don't you quit.

Life is queer with its twists and turns,
As every one of us sometimes learns,
And many a fellow turns about
When he might have won had he stuck it out.
Don't give up though the pace seems slow -
You may succeed with another blow.

Often the goal is nearer than
It seems to a faint and faltering man;
Often the struggler has given up
When he might have captured the victor's cup;
And he learned too late when the night came down,
How close he was to the golden crown.

Success is failure turned inside out -
The silver tint in the clouds of doubt,
And you never can tell how close you are,
It might be near when it seems afar;
So stick to the fight when you're hardest hit -
It's when things seem worst that you must not quit

Lipstick in School



A certain private school in Brisbane was really faced with a unique problem.

A number of girls were beginning to use lipstick and would put it on in the bathroom. That was fine, but after they put on their lipstick they would press their lips to the mirror leaving dozens of little lip prints. Every night the maintenance man would remove them and the next day the girls would put them back. Finally the principal decided that something had to be done. She called all the girls to the bathroom and met them there with the maintenance man. She explained that all these lip prints were causing a major problem for the custodian who had to clean the mirrors every night, (you can just imagine the yawns from the little princesses). To demonstrate how difficult it had been to clean the mirrors, she asked the maintenance man to show the girls how much effort was required. He took out the long handled squeegee, dipped it in the toilet and cleaned the mirror with it. Since then, there have been no lips on the mirror.

There are teachers..... And then there are educators!!!



Slanted house illusion

Tobias Thierer took this photograph of a house on Baldwin Street in Dunedin, New Zealand. You might be forgiven for thinking that the people who live there would have difficulties getting in and out of their front door without falling over, but is it the house that's slanted, the hill it rests on or the cameraman ?



LET'S FACE IT...
YOU'RE AT THE AGE WHEN
"GETTING LUCKY"
MEANS YOU FOUND YOUR CAR
IN THE PARKING LOT.



If you try to fail,
and succeed,
which have you
done?

