

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
An Ad in The Weekly Times	5
Les & May Cartoon	7
Memories	9
Computer Hints and Tips	10
Internet Links	10
The Crows Joke Page	11
Bits & Pieces	12



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## An Ad in The Weekly Times

This issue's story of a city girl making  
her life in the country

## Editor's Notes

*Changes in our club are a foot!  
It has been suggested that the five day Annual Bus Trip is becoming too expensive for our members and perhaps next year we may look at just day trips or some overnight stays at closer destinations. The other change is of course the new Qigong class on Thursdays led by Andy which is proving a popular addition to club activities.*

*In May our club members were the guests of Narrandera Senior Citizens' Club at a magnificent lunch, we look forward to a return visit from Narrandera members to our Birthday Luncheon in August.*

*At our June Luncheon we hosted visitors from the June Senior Citizens' Club. Entertainment during the afternoon was provided by the neighbouring St. Joseph's Primary School choir and band. Our Seniors were completely captivated by these delightful young people, and hope to get them back some time in the future. Video of the choir was uploaded to YouTube and received a lot of attention.*

*Time has flown by as we are already well into the second half of 2016, Cheers for now,*

*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 3.00 pm	\$3.00 Per hr.
	Computer Tablet Class	11.00-12.00	\$2.00
1st Mon. Of Month	Public Meeting Day Guest Speaker	1.30 pm	\$2.00
2nd Mon. Of Month	Indoor Bowls	12.30 pm	\$2.00
3rd Mon. Of Month	Luncheon Day	12 noon	\$5.00
4th Mon. Of Month	Games & Fun round-robin	1.00 — 3.00pm	\$2.00
Every Thursday	Computer Club - offering one on one tuition.	9.30 am to 3.00 pm	\$3.00 Per hr.
Every Thursday	500 Cards	1.00 pm	\$2.00
Every Thursday	Line Dancing	9.30 am - 11.30 am	\$2.00
Every Thursday	Craft	1.00 - 3.00 pm	\$2.00
Every Friday	Computer Club - offering one on one tuition.	9.30 am to 3.00 pm	\$3.00 per hr.
Every Friday	Indoor Bowls	1.00 - 3.00 pm	\$2.00

### Wagga Wagga Senior Citizens' Club Inc Committee 2016

President	Jim Weeden	69331394
Vice President	Ellen Downey	69224903
Treasurer	Jo Jovanovic	69315926
Assistant Treasurer	Lise Chan	69262468
Secretary	Robyn Weeden	69331394
Assistant Secretary	Robyn McClure	69250273

Additional Committee: Bev Morley, Velma Spears, Fay King, Phyllis Ward, Dawn McDermott, Helen Murley, Barry Williams, Barbara Moorhead, Marlene Bowen, Dudley Downey.

**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.



### WAGGA WAGGA SENIOR CITIZENS' COMPUTER CLUB—COMMITTEE 2016

Chairperson	Judy Robertson	Ph: 69316125 jroberts@dragnet.com.au
Secretary	Barry Williams	Ph: 69253065 barrysonia@bigpond.com
Treasurer	Dawn McDermott	Ph: 69251191

Additional Committee: Velma Spears, Jim Weeden, Diana North, Jan Lampe, Wilma Kalt, Joan Elkins, Geoff Fellows.



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

## Reminder

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



# Seniors In Focus

The Line Dancing class (Right) and carpet bowls (Below) are popular activities with our club members



The trading tables at the May Luncheon



One on one computer training at Seniors' Club



The Club's iPad Class and (new) Qigong Class are also popular



# Seniors In Focus

In May Wagga Seniors were guests of Narrandera Seniors. Pictured far Right is Narrandera President Eddie Naismith welcoming the Wagga visitors.





## "An Ad in the Weekly Times"

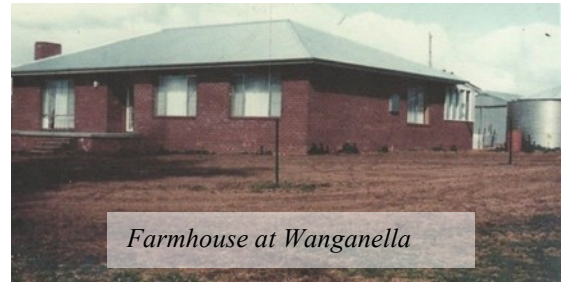
By Marie Taylor

In 1982 popular Australian country music singer Johnny Chester had a hit with a song called "An Ad in The Weekly Times".

Long before this I was a young girl growing up in Melbourne when an aunt of mine suggested that I do just that in order to find a boyfriend. I wasn't too keen on the idea at first but my aunt kept pestering me with the notion that I eventually did so (only to stop my aunt pestering me about it, and not thinking anything would come of it). To my great surprise I received a reply from a country boy, Ben, my husband to be.



Wanganella, the farm I moved to after our wedding was at Galore, 7 miles (12 kms.) from the Sturt Highway where we farmed for over thirty years, raising a family in the process. My husband had bought the property in 1960, just one year before we were married. I had been working in Melbourne as a nurse's aid and when I moved up to the farm just after we were married we did not have a fridge for the first six months, in fact the electricity was only connected one week before we came back from our honeymoon.



Things were pretty tight financially in those early years so in order to make some money we decided to buy some chickens to raise under a brooder. Feeling a bit lonely having lived in the city all my life I also bought some ducks as an interest which we sold for the meat. Not long after this I had my first child so I was fully occupied from then on.



From the very first I was preserving some of the farm produce. There was an old orchard on our property which included apples (which looked a bit like pears) pears (which looked a bit like apples), grapes, oranges, apricots, mulberries. I made the oranges, mulberries and grapes into cordial. I also made jam out of the grapes. We went to Leeton one year and came back with a trailer load of pears which I was very busy preserving, together with three large bags of peaches we had bought on a previous trip.

Over the years I was constantly filling our pantry with preserved fruit from the farm orchard (we planted another orchard in later years) as well as fruit purchased. I have been preserving fruit for over 50 years now (long after our farm was sold) and have learned a lot about the knack of preserving and jam making.

As a diabetic my jams do not contain very much sugar but never the less last for quite some time.

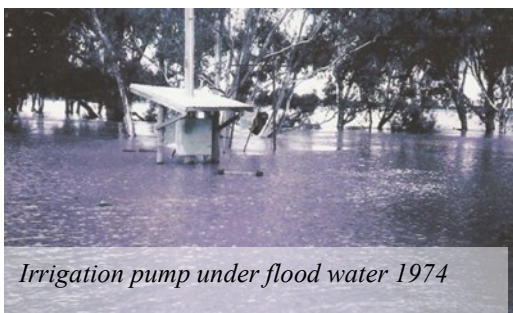
My husband kept a meat room stocked with farm killed meat, mostly sheep (and cattle in winter), as he did not believe in buying what was already available on the farm.

We kept lots of chooks, sending the eggs to Wagga's Egg Board.

Just before the big flood of 1974 we had to build a new home to accommodate our growing family of eight children.

Our mixed farming property was partly inundated by the flood in 1974.

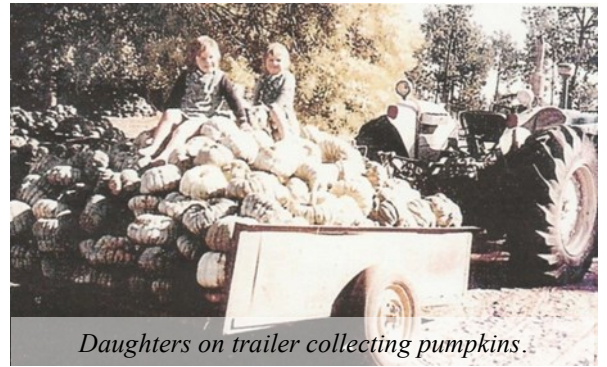
As an irrigation farm situated on Old Man Creek quite a few acres were covered by the flood which also inundated Wagga at the time.



One day during the early 80s some bee keepers came and asked for permission to set up their hives on our property. They gave us a big tin of honey which we used in preserving fruit instead of sugar. They had a caravan with them which somehow caught fire and burned down.

Another thing I learned in those hard times was the secret of making a substitute coffee drink which included two cups of plain wheat with a cup of brown sugar which was then placed in the oven until it became sticky like toffee. Out of the oven a pint of hot water is poured over and the wheat drained off. Chicory was added and the resultant mix kept in the fridge

One year we grew 10 acres of pumpkins and picked 21000 pumpkins with the help of the kids. They were all grown under irrigation. The cows, pigs, horse and sheep ate them before hay and we sold bags of them to people. We only did it the one year.



*Daughters on trailer collecting pumpkins.*

We had quite an extensive house vegetable garden and milked a cow for our own milk supply, a job for the children before and after school! We had a butter churn and made our own butter, even lemon butter as we had lemon trees in the orchard.



*Milking the house cow.*

When buying groceries we bought a lot in bulk such as sugar and potatoes by the bag, usually at Huthwaites in Wagga and occasionally in Melbourne as my parents lived there. We had a very large pantry with up to a thousand bottles of preserved fruit.

I also made a lot of our own clothes. We had eight girls and three boys and I made all their school uniforms.

All the children worked on the farm as there was always something to do such as cooking for the shearers at shearing time and wheat graders (grading for best and highest quality seed for sowing).

Ours was a mixed farm, cattle, sheep, cropping and chooks, and at one time we kept pigs for a while.

We did our own shearing and wool classing; only getting

extra shearers when needed.

Even the eldest girls drove tractors, we were very self-sufficient.

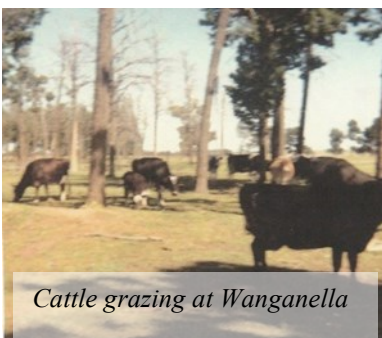


During the 1984 drought things were very tough and one of the things we did to try and make ends meet was getting a flour mill and grinding our own flour. We also made our own porridge, not that the kids liked it that much!

It was that time (1988) that our house burned down! We lost the flour mill then along with a lot of other stuff. It was in the middle of the night, we had been to Henty the day before and everybody was tired. We don't know for sure what happened but our little five year old son was sleeping in a room by himself with a bedside lamp which may have fallen onto the bed, or it may have just been an electrical fault. We had a water pressure system and almost put out the fire when the system failed. The police cautioned us against blaming our son because the cause could not be certain.



*House fire.*



*Cattle grazing at Wanganella*

The house was brick veneer and the roof was completely destroyed besides extensive damage to the rest of the house. Luckily everyone got out without being hurt.

The old original house where we used to live was still standing and after a lot of help from the local church folk it was made liveable (including removing a dead sheep) so that we could live there (as well as an old caravan) for the thirteen months it took to rebuild our home. We had no hot water, although we went back to the old (burned) house to shower in the laundry which had no roof.

All this happened in the middle of winter. It was great to move back into our newly restored home.

I have worked at Caloola Court for twenty years before retiring and helped put food on the table when things became tough on the land.

There wasn't enough in 1988 during the drought for the sheep so my husband arranged for my son and daughter to go droving with 2500 sheep for six months. They had a car, old caravan and a motor bike.

As our kids were brought up in hard times I believe it has given them a good work ethic and they all have jobs. I had eleven children and I later moved to Wagga when they started going to school while Ben worked the farm. We had to sell our irrigation farm but bought more acres of dry land.

Ben passed away in 2009 but not before buying me a house in Wagga. My sons run the farm now, and despite all the hardships this city girl never regretted making a life in the country.



## Did We Say That!!

The other day, a not so elderly (65) lady said something to her son about driving a Jalopy and he looked at her quizzically and said what the heck is a Jalopy? OMG (new phrase!) - he had never heard of the word jalopy!! She knew she was old but not that old.

Well, I hope you are Hunky Dory after you read this and chuckle -

About a month ago, I illuminated some old expressions that have become obsolete because of the inexorable march of technology. These phrases included "Don't touch that dial," "Carbon copy," "You sound like a broken record" and "Hung out to dry."

Back in the olden days we had a lot of moxie. We'd put on our best bib and tucker to straighten up and fly right - Heavens to Betsy!

Gee whillikers! Jumping Jehoshaphat! Holy moley! We were in like Flynn and living the life of Riley and even a regular guy couldn't accuse us of being a knucklehead, a nincompoop or a pill.

Not for all the tea in China!

Back in the olden days, life used to be swell but when's the last time anything was swell? Swell has gone the way of beehives, pageboys and the D.A, of spats, knickers, fedoras, poodle skirts, saddle shoes and pedal pushers. Oh, my aching back. Kilroy was here but he isn't anymore.

We wake up from what surely has been just a short nap and before we can say, well I'll be a monkey's uncle! /This is a fine kettle of fish! - we discover that the words we grew up with, the words that seemed omnipresent as oxygen, have vanished with scarcely a notice from our tongues and our pens and our keyboards.

Poof, go the words of our youth, the words we've left behind. We blink and they're gone. Where have all those phrases gone?

Long gone: Pshaw/The milkman did it/Hey! It's your nickel. Don't forget to pull the chain/Knee high to a grasshopper. Well, Fiddlesticks!

Going like sixty. I'll see you in the funny papers. Don't take any wooden nickels/Heavens to Murgatroyd!

It turns out there are more of these lost words and expressions than Carter has liver pills. This can be disturbing stuff! We of a certain age have been blessed to live in changeful times. For a child each new word is like a shiny toy, a toy that has no age. We at the other end of the chronological arc have the advantage of remembering there are words that once did not exist and there were words that once strutted their hour upon the earthly stage and now are heard no more, except in our collective memory. It's one of the greatest advantages of aging.

See ya later, alligator!

*Ed: I suspect the writer is American but you get the idea, even if we are used to a slightly different vernacular in good old "Oz".*



## Home Schooling

Some children are home schooled today, but when you think about it, most of our generation of 50 plus were HOME SCHOOLED in many ways. For instance . . .

- My mother taught me to appreciate a job well done. “If you're going to kill each other, do it outside. I just finished cleaning.”
- My mother taught me religion “You better pray that will come out of the carpet.”
- My father taught me about time travel “If you don't straighten up, I'm going to knock you into the middle of next week.”
- My father taught me logic. “Because I said so, that's why.”
- My mother taught me more logic. “If you fall out of that swing and break your neck, you're not going to the shops with me.”
- My mother taught me foresight. “Make sure you wear clean underwear, in case you're in an accident.”
- My father taught me irony. “Keep crying and I'll give you something to cry about.”
- My mother taught me osmosis. “Shut your mouth and eat your dinner.”
- My mother taught me about contortion. “Just look at the dirt on the back of your neck.”
- My mother taught me about stamina. “You'll sit there until all that spinach is gone.”
- My mother taught me about weather. “This room of yours looks like as if a tornado went through it.”
- My mother taught me hypocrisy. “If I told you once, I've told you a million times, I don't exaggerate.”
- My father taught me the Circle of Life. “I brought you into this world, and I can take you out.”
- My mother taught me about my roots. “Shut that door behind you, do you think you were born in a tent.”

## Keeping My Place in the Community: What's it like growing older?



People aged 60 and over in the Wagga Wagga region are invited to contribute to a study on their health, wellbeing and quality of life.

The study aims to explore health and social issues faced by people as they age.

Most people want to stay living in their own home as long as possible, but sometimes there are not enough family members nearby or community services to support them to do that. Participating in this study offers people a chance to contribute their perspective and experiences.

Participants will complete a confidential survey, which takes 15-20 minutes to complete. It can be completed online or on paper and posted back using the Reply Paid envelope provided. People who complete the survey will receive a \$5 grocery gift card.

The research is being conducted by researchers from the School of Rural Medicine, University of New England in Armidale, the University of Sydney and in partnership with Disability and Ageing organizations across NSW and QLD. This study has been approved by the Human Research Ethics Committee of the University of New England (Approval No HE14-287, **Valid to 30/10/2016**).

We are looking for people who are:

Are aged 60 or over

Living in the community



Complete the survey at <http://bit.do/ageingsurvey>

For any questions or to ask for a paper copy to be sent to you, please phone 1800 824 414, or email Peta Ryan [pryan9@une.edu.au](mailto:pryan9@une.edu.au).



## Qigong

**NEW ACTIVITY AT YOUR CLUB.** Club member Andy is leading a class of Qigong exercises for members on Thursday morning after the Line Dancing classes.

### What is Qigong?

Qigong is an ancient Chinese health care system that integrates physical postures, breathing techniques and focused intention. The word Qigong (Chi Kung) is made up of two Chinese words. Qi is pronounced chee and is usually translated to mean the life force or vital-energy that flows through all things in the universe.



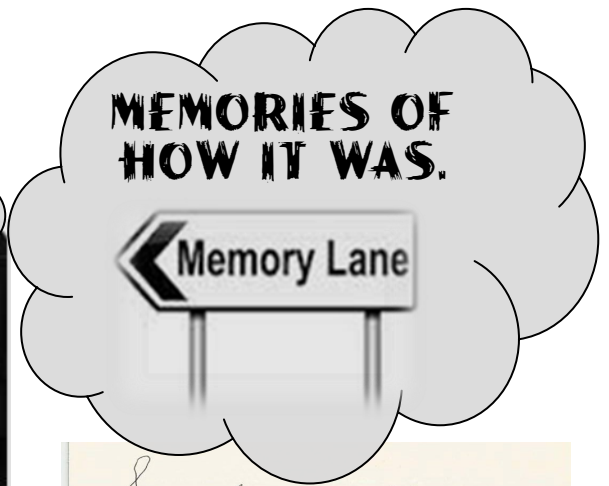


# A Walk Down Memory Lane!

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



Buying cigarettes at the bedside  
1950s.



*Someday us old folks  
will use cursive writing  
as a secret code.*

## Before Our Time -

### Wagga Wagga Advertiser, Thu 23 Aug 1906

ITEMS OF NEWS.  
EXCITING BOLT.

An exciting runaway occurred in Wagga on Tuesday, when a pair of horses attached to a buggy, the property of Mr. John Chapman, bolted from Little Gurwood-street to Tarcutta-street, and thence by that thoroughfare to near the Lands Office, where they were brought to a standstill by Mr. R Jackson, the messenger at the office. At the time the horses bolted the buggy was standing opposite the Court House, when they were startled by a band which was parading the main street. Mrs. Chapman was seated in the vehicle having in her arms an infant, whilst another child about two years old, was also with her. The horses soon got up a good pace, and although Mrs. Chapman carefully guided them around the corner into Tarcutta-street, the swerve was so great that the infant was thrown out on the hard roadway. Mrs. Chapman made heroic efforts to stop the progress of the affrighted animals, which were making straight for the narrow causeway at the Wollundry Lagoon. When passing the Lands Office, however, Mr. Jackson rushed to the horses' heads, and at great risk managed to grasp a rein of each horse, and soon had them at a standstill. Mrs John Sullivan, who witnessed the child fall from the vehicle, picked it up at once, and ran with it to the hospital, which is nearby. A doctor was soon in attendance on the little sufferer, whose injuries were promptly attended to. The child's forehead was badly cut, and it was much bruised about the body, but no serious consequences are anticipated from the injuries. Subsequently the child and its mother were taken to the residence of some relatives at North Wagga. Mrs. Chapman fortunately escaped with a shock.



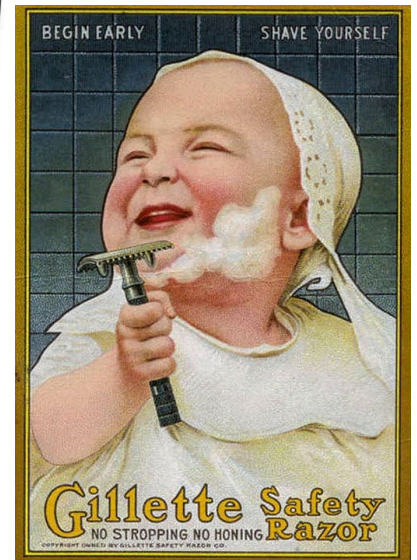
Living three miles out of Wagga in the 1940s as a child I can remember coming into town to do our weekly shopping in a horse and sulky.

**ITEMS OF NEWS.**  
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No doubt some of our members have similar memories, but did not it is hoped, meet with any disaster such as reported in the accompanying article!



Pictured above: The old Wagga hospital where it stood in Tarcutta Street at the time of this event, and where the Police Station now stands.



# Computer Hints & Tips



## Ransomware

**Ransomware** stops you from using your PC. It holds your PC or files for "ransom".

There are two types of ransomware – lockscreen ransomware and encryption ransomware.

Lockscreen ransomware shows a full-screen message that prevents you from accessing your PC or files. It says you have to pay money (a "ransom") to get access to your PC again.

Encryption ransomware changes your files so you can't open them. It does this by encrypting the files. Older versions of ransom usually claim you have done something illegal with your PC, and that you are being fined by a police force or government agency.

These claims are false. It is a scare tactic designed to make you pay the money without telling anyone who might be able to restore your PC.

Newer versions encrypt the files on your PC so you can't access them, and then simply demand money to restore your files.

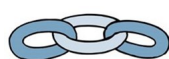
Ransomware can get on your PC from nearly any source that any other malware (including viruses) can come from. This includes:

- Visiting unsafe, suspicious, or fake websites.
- Opening emails and email attachments from people you don't know, or that you weren't expecting.
- Clicking on malicious or bad links in emails, Facebook, Twitter, and other social media posts, instant messenger chats, like Skype.

It can be very difficult to restore your PC after a ransomware attack – especially if it's infected by encryption ransomware. That's why the best solution to ransomware is to be safe on the Internet and with emails and online chat:

- Don't click on a link on a webpage, in an email, or in a chat message unless you absolutely trust the page or sender.
- If you're ever unsure – don't click it!
- Often fake emails and webpages have bad spelling, or just look unusual. Look out for strange spellings of company names (like "PayPal" instead of "PayPal") or unusual spaces, symbols, or punctuation (like "iTunesCustomer Service" instead of "iTunes Customer Service").

Editor: Another warning sign is if the supposed bill etc is just addressed to "Customer" instead of your name.



## Internet Links 4U2 Try



Click on links below

**Compare before you buy site**, for a large number of Australian stores for purchasing a huge range of goods such as computers, electronics, health and beauty, home and garden, books and DVDs, gifts and wine, toys, etc.

<http://www.getprice.com.au/> or <http://www10.au.shopping.com/>

**Fantastic recipes** are just a click away. Cakes, soups, tapas, jams, meat and fish dishes—you'll find hundreds of them. This site also has links to articles from many well known food magazines including the Australian MasterChef magazines. <http://www.taste.com.au/>

**Hoax-Slayer** includes anti-spam tips, computer and email security information, articles about true email forwards, and much more. <http://www.hoax-slayer.com/>

You think you know how to ride a bike? Check out these two young women. <http://wimp.com/bicycleskill/>

**English Country Garden** - Wide screen and definitely sound on for this one

<https://www.youtube.com/embed/v7OqzUQRxq4?rel=0>

The Play that Goes Wrong performing at The Royal Variety Performance 2015

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=DOWO4gq-whg>

**Tom Lennon "Portrait of a photographer" part one.** This is part one of a biographical documentary that focuses on Tom Lennon, who was the photographer for the Wagga Wagga Daily Advertiser in the 1950's and 60's. It was produced as part of the 2006 Television production course at Charles Sturt University in Wagga Wagga

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

part 2 <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=BgR9KVi8K0I>





# The Crows Joke Page

**A lone tourist** is passing through the suburbs on the way to town by car. Unfortunately he experiences mechanical problems with the automobile. The car stalls and the tourist parks by the side of the road and waits for help.

Not much later a farmer happens to pass by with a truck load of farm animals. The farmer offers the tourist a lift into town and proceeds to explain that he is bringing his farm animals to the town market, where they will be auctioned off to the highest bidders.



Well, it so happens that on the way to the town the farmer, being engrossed in his story, unintentionally wanders into the other side of the road where another vehicle is approaching from the other direction. The farmer realises his absent mindedness and attempts to avoid the possible collision with the other vehicle. He just misses the other, but unfortunately crashes the truck into the side of the road. The tourist winds up thrown into a ditch and suffers broken ribs and a broken arm and leg and is obviously in extreme pain.

The farm animals are all messed up very badly and the farmer, although remaining inside the vehicle, still suffers cuts and bruises.

The farmer gets out of the truck and looks at his farm animals. The chickens all have broken limbs and can barely move. "These chickens are all useless! Nobody will want to buy these chickens anymore," bellows the farmer. With that, he grabs and loads his shotgun and blows away the chickens. Next, he sees the pigs and they are all lame and bleeding profusely. "These pigs are worthless now I'll get nothing for them," yells the farmer. With great rage, the farmer reloads his shotgun and blows away the pigs.

The farmer looks at the sheep and they all have broken limbs and their wool is all bloodied. "Worthless sheep," screams the farmer and with that, he reloads his shotgun and blows away the sheep.

Meanwhile, the injured tourist witnesses all of this carnage in great horror.

The farmer then moves over to the side of the ditch and looks at the tourist. "Are you okay down there?" asks the farmer. "NEVER FELT BETTER IN MY ENTIRE LIFE," the tourist yells back.

**Three men** were stranded on a desert island. On the third day they found a magic lantern containing a genie, who granted them each one wish. The first man wished he was off the island and back home. With a whoosh he was gone. The second man wished the same. Whoosh Gone. Last to make his wish, the third man, said: "I'm lonely. I wish my friends were back here".



**A priest, a minister and a rabbi** want to see whose best at his job. So they each go into the woods, find a bear, and attempt to convert it. Later they get together. The priest begins: "When I found the bear, I read to him from the Catechism and sprinkled him with holy water. Next week is his First Communion. 'I found a bear by the stream,'" says the minister, "and preached God's Holy Word. The bear was so mesmerised that he let me baptise him. 'They both look down at the rabbi, who is lying on a gurney in a body cast. "Looking back," he says, "maybe I shouldn't have started with the circumcision."



**A young man** asked an old rich man how he made his money.

The old guy fingered his worsted wool vest and said, "Well son, it was 1932 – the depth of the Great Depression. I was down to my last 5c piece. I invested that 5c in an apple. I spent the entire day polishing the apple and, at the end of the day, I sold the apple for 10 cents. The next morning, I spent the entire day polishing them and sold them for 20 cents. I continued this system for a month, by the end of which I had accumulated a fortune of \$1.37. Then my wife's father died and left us \$2 million."



# Bits AND Pieces



The EyePhone!

restraint

precision

creativity

panic



Why is it that people say they "slept like a baby" when babies wake up like every two hours?

**YIPPEE! I WOKE UP!**



Why retirees are always so happy



## A Smile

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

I passed around the corner,  
And someone saw my grin,  
When he smiled I realized,  
I'd passed it on to him.

I thought about that smile,  
Then realized its worth,  
A single smile, just like mine,  
Could travel round the earth.

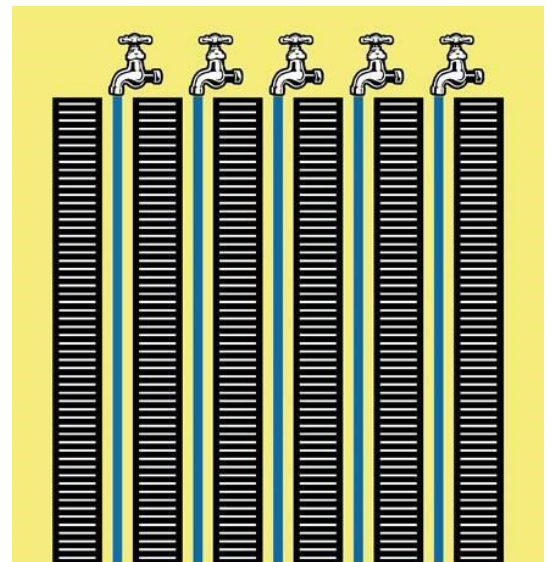
So, if you feel a smile begin,  
Don't leave it undetected.  
Let's start an epidemic quick,  
And get the world infected.

By Anonymous



## Taps running water illusion

This optical illusion image is a row of open taps with blue water flowing down from each one of them. When you look at this picture can you see the blue water lines twist up and down as if they are flowing?



## WHY WORRY?

There are only two things in life to worry about. You're either rich, or you're poor. If you're rich, you've got nothing to worry about, and if you're poor, there are still only two things to worry about. You're either well, or you're ill. If you're well you've got nothing to worry about, and if you're ill, there are still only two things to worry about.

You're either going to get better, or you're not. If you're going to get better, you've got nothing to worry about, and if you're not, there are still only two things to worry about. You're either going up, or you're going down. If you're going up, you've got nothing to worry about, and if you're going down, you'll be so busy shaking hands with old friends, you won't have any time to worry - so, why worry?