

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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## Henry Baylis, (Mad Dog) Dan Morgan & The Lucky Bullet

*In a "stand-off" of with Morgan gunshots were exchanged and Baylis was wounded with a bullet lodged in his chest. Baylis returned to Wagga and had the bullet removed and kept it, but was dangerously ill for some time. He was greatly attached to the bullet which he then permanently wore in a gold locket on his watch chain.*

*Later the main Street of Wagga Wagga was named in his honour.*

*Pictured below is a picture of the actual "lucky bullet" which is held in The Museum of the Riverina, Wagga Wagga, together with the Gold Medal and other mementoes as a permanent exhibition.*

*Their story is in this issue.*



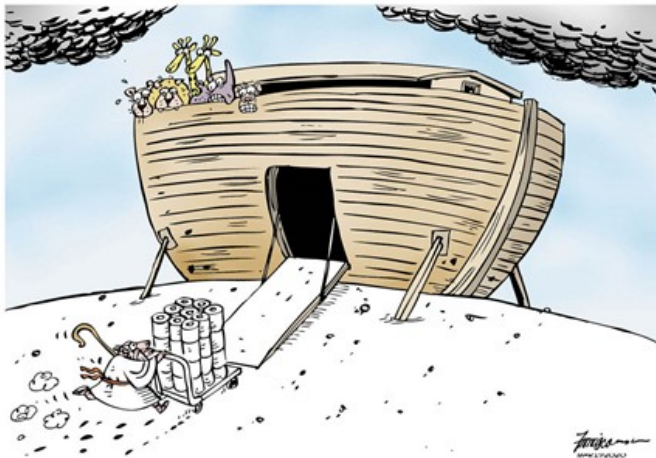
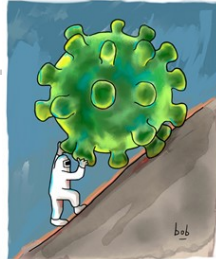




## Editor's Notes

These are challenging times as we go to print in the middle of a world-wide pandemic, but we will come out the other side stronger for it. Through necessity we are learning new skills and learning new phrases such as "social distancing". We have had to cancel many planned Club activities but hopefully we will resume some before the year is out. They tell us that our age group is more at risk which means we need to take every precaution recommended.. Stay strong, fit and healthy Seniors and we will be getting back together soon.

Best regards, *Barry*

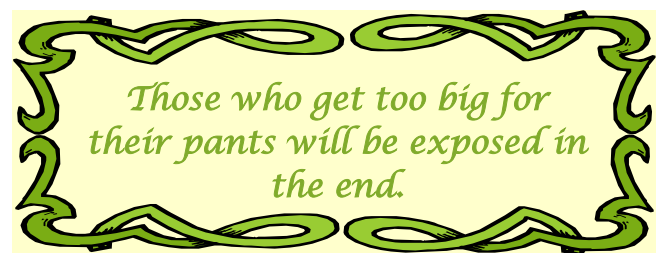


## Wagga Wagga Senior Citizens' Club Inc.

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	Wendy Job	
Treasurer	Jo Jovanovic	69228536
Assistant Treasurer	Marlene Bowen	
Secretary	Robyn Weeden	69331394
Assistant Secretary		

Additional Committee: Velma Spears, 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

## Club Memories From Past Years

2010 Singalong Dress-up  
2010 Annual Trip (Below)



2012 Trip to Gundagai

2012 Trip to Narrandera



2012 Annual Trip



# Seniors in Focus

## Club Memories From Past Years

*2013 Trip to Broken Hill*



*Seniors Birthday Luncheon 2014*

*Men's Choir entertaining at 2014 Seniors Week Morning Tea*

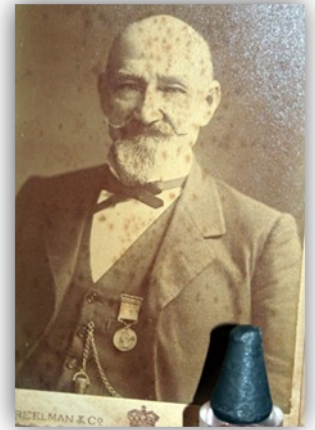


## Henry Baylis and his Encounter with the Bushranger Dan Morgan

By SHERRY MORRIS

On 20 August 1863, Henry Baylis mounted his horse Pathfinder. He left Davidson's 'Bullenbong' station and rode along the narrow track winding through the bush on the way to the 'Brookong' run. Baylis, Wagga Wagga's first police magistrate, was making his monthly journey to Urana to hold the Court of Petty Sessions.

The rider displayed a proud military bearing as one would expect of the son of a former Lieutenant in the 17th Regiment. Born in Edinburgh Scotland on 17 April 1826, he had only been five years of age when he arrived in Port Jackson with his father on the Edinburgh Castle on 21 June 1831. After attending Kings School at Parramatta, he had tried a variety of occupations before joining the public service. For four years, he trained in the legal office of the Fitzhardinge family of Sydney. Then he had become a pastoralist with his father at 'Capertee' in the Mudgee district and had overlanded horses to Adelaide in 1849. He had even tried his luck on the goldfields at Merool Creek. Eventually, he had decided to settle down, entering the public service as a clerk of petty sessions at Hartley on 8 August 1852. He had been appointed Wagga Wagga's first police magistrate on 1 January 1858. Although married at Mount Lambie a year before his appointment as police magistrate on 29 January 1857, he had arrived in Wagga Wagga alone after travelling cross country riding one horse and leading another. After settling in, he brought his young wife Sybella and his baby son James in a spring cart to live with him in a crude slab building.



Since his arrival in Wagga Wagga, he was convinced, he had made quite an impression on the small community. As the senior government official in the town, he had a variety of tasks to perform. As well as the clerk of petty sessions, he was the local land agent, the road superintendent and the coroner, among other things. According to one contemporary, J. B. Edney, he was a 'good and upright man who discharged his duties honestly and would never favour anyone'. His judgments were apparently just and impartial as the small number of his decisions that did come for review before the Judges of the Supreme Court in every instance were upheld by the tribunal.

Although some locals may have considered him arrogant, forthright and overbearing, he felt he was a natural leader of most of the movements in town. He was secretary of the National School Board in Wagga Wagga, a vice-president of the hospital committee, a founder of the Murrumbidgee Turf Club and one of the first trustees of the racecourse. He was also a director of the private company, the Wagga Wagga Bridge Company, which financed the first bridge over the Murrumbidgee River at Wagga Wagga; and he was a prominent member of Saint John's Church of England and of the Mechanics Institute.

About thirteen kilometres from 'Bullenbong' station, as he neared a small patch of scrub which closed up on both sides of the road, Henry Baylis was surprised by a loud call, 'Stand! Or I'll blow your bloody head off!'

He quickly looked around and saw a tall man about thirteen metres from him with a gun to his shoulder pointed directly at him; and behind him a second man with a gun in his hand, striding across a log and also calling out, 'Stand'.

The magistrate hurriedly summed up the situation. It never occurred to him that these two nondescript individuals could be bushrangers as he would have expected bushrangers to be mounted on fine horses and armed with numerous revolvers and firearms. These, he decided, were just a couple of swagmen on foot. Instantly, he gave his horse the spur and invited the two men to 'blow away'. Both fired a shot at him but both missed their intended target.

After jogging up the road at quite a leisurely pace for about five kilometres, he noticed a man camped with a dray on the roadside and stopped and inquired if he had seen the two men passing up the road that morning. After describing the two men, the camper informed him: 'Oh they passed here last night riding grey horses'.

Just as his informant made this announcement, Baylis heard galloping horses and caught sight of the two men on grey horses racing after him. Immediately he left the road and made for the thickest scrub he could see. Though Pathfinder was a good old roadster, he was stiff in the shoulders and struggled over the ground which was very boggy after the recent heavy rains and in many places he sank over his knees. Baylis expected him to fall with him at every stride he took. Twice he was swept out of the saddle by saplings catching his knees, but managed to regain his seat each time.

After he had ridden about two and a half kilometres and came into the open forest, he suddenly came face to face with the tall man who had ridden round nearly in front of him and, while pointing a revolver at him, called out, 'Pull up! Pull up! Or I'll fire!'

Seeing that it was no use resisting, Baylis reined in his horse and asked, 'What is it?' 'The ruffian demanded that he 'get off that horse'.

Then, after Baylis dismounted, he ordered him to hang up his horse. 'Now stand over there' he added, pointing to an open space about twenty metres away.

Baylis complied and, as the bushranger dismounted, he turned and queried 'What next?' The bushranger angrily replied: 'I'll show you what next. You thought to get away from old bush riders like us by trying the scrub.'

Baylis retorted: 'Yes and I would have got away too if I had anything but that old screw there. I'd have bothered you to catch me, anyway.'

'Ah! Well young man it was a game thing to do but very foolish; you might have been shot.'  
'Shot be damned! I knew you couldn't hit me, for my life is insured.'

By this time Baylis had realised that he was the captive of none other than the well-known bushranger, Dan Morgan, who had been stealing horses about the Piney Range and had stuck up and robbed Alexander Burt of 'Tubbo' station when Burt went to arrest him for stealing a horse from the station. The police, undermanned and under gunned, were powerless to apprehend bushrangers who were usually riding stolen racehorses or other fine mounts while the police rode old government hacks. Baylis examined Morgan and found he was not the dashing bushranger he had expected. He described him as being, 'about six feet in height, with long



black hair, cut in the Old-Native fashion, level by the nape of his neck; he had a long black beard, and a dark sallow complexion, without an ounce of superfluous flesh upon him.' He wore a drab coloured overcoat, the top button fastened and the rest of it unbuttoned, and a cabbage-tree hat. In fact, Baylis felt that Morgan looked like a man who had just come out of a hospital, for he appeared to be weak in the knees and across the loins. His mouth twitched and his hand shook. When he first spoke to Baylis, he had drawled out his words, but it later struck Baylis that he had done this to affect a coolness which he really did not feel, because, later on, he spoke connectedly, and in a perfectly natural tone.

Dan Morgan's mate was a short stout fellow of about 35 years of age, with a light-coloured beard of about six to eight weeks' growth. He wore a cabbage-tree hat and heavy black overcoat and carried a double-barrelled gun, one hammer of which was down, the other at full cock. He trembled all over and Baylis was worried that he might, through nervousness, accidentally discharge the gun.

Morgan came near to Baylis and demanded his purse. As Baylis put his hand in his pocket and took out his purse, Morgan kept his right hand on his revolver and his eyes fixed on Baylis' eyes. He reached out, took the purse and quickly backed some ten to twelve metres to open it. He said: 'What have we here, cheques?'

Baylis replied: 'There is one cheque for £2, the rest are small memoranda of no use to anyone but myself.'

'Ah', Morgan replied, 'We don't want them. Now I want your watch.' 'Watch, be hanged? I never had a watch in my life.'

Morgan checked Baylis all over but could see no indication that he had a watch and then asked, 'Now, who are you?'

Baylis proudly announced: 'I'm the police magistrate of Wagga Wagga: my name is Baylis.'

'Police magistrate, are you. What the hell are you doing here?'

'I am going to Urana to hold court.'

'Ah, well mister Police Magistrate I'll see what you have got in your swag.' 'Very good; then I may as well light my pipe.' The police magistrate then calmly sat down on a log and took out his pipe. He then cut a pipeful of tobacco, filled and lit his pipe. Dan Morgan in the meantime examined Pathfinder and removed a leather case slung onto the saddle and a valise but found no more money. Disappointed, the second man said 'Well, sir, we expected to get a real dollop of money from you, from the desperate effort you made to get away from us.'



'Ah, I'm glad to think you are disappointed for once.' The men claimed that they would not have stopped him if they had known he was the police magistrate and praised him as the 'gamest man we have met' as everyone else called on to stand had done so at once. Though toying with the idea of detaining him for the rest of the day so that he would not 'spoil the road' for them, Morgan eventually returned the money (not the cheque) and said he could leave. After further debate, the two men decided to return the cheque as well saying, 'There sir you are none the worse for having met us, and if we come before you I hope you'll be easy with us.'

Baylis retorted that if they did come before him he would do his duty. Dan Morgan then said, 'You need not mention having met us and we'll say nothing about it.' But the police magistrate refused to compromise. He told Morgan that he could not promise to suppress the matter as he had his duty to do.

Morgan replied, 'Yes, you must do your duty and we must do ours. Good-morning, sir.'

The other man also bid him 'Good morning, sir.'

Baylis then rode on to 'Brookong' station. Here he obtained a fresh horse and pushed on to Urana where he telegraphed to the Wagga Wagga police to come and meet him to pursue the two men. The police magistrate held court in Urana on Saturday and the same evening rode back to 'Brookong' station where he stayed the night. On the following day he teamed up with Sub-

Inspector John Morrow, and Mounted Constables Charles Brown and William Charlton and accompanied them in pursuit of the bushrangers.

For two days, they searched for the two bushrangers all over the 'Brookong' and 'Mittagong' runs, then struck south until they reached Urangeline Creek and followed it down. On Wednesday morning 26 August, they finally found fresh tracks of two horses and followed them to a small waterhole, round which there were numerous tracks of horses in hobbles. Further searching revealed a mia-mia, built with two forked saplings set up in the ground and another sapling laid horizontally across the forks, all covered with two to three sheets of bark. Outside the mia-mia, a small fire was burning with a billy-can half-full of tea. Inside, they found a number of blankets and rugs, a square bottle half-full of gin, some flour in a bag, a silver watch, a silver snuff-box, the last issue of the Border Post and a bible.

Constable Charlton was instructed to take the horses into a thick scrub about half a kilometre away while the others placed themselves in positions round the mia-mia to await the return of the campers. All day they watched without success. Then when it began to rain heavily at nightfall, the tired men moved into the mia-mia for shelter. After the rain ceased about 7.30 p.m., the three men heard sounds of sticks and leaves crackling. Convinced the bushrangers were sneaking up on them, Baylis went outside to investigate, taking the revolver that Sub-Inspector Morrow had given him. When he had gone about twenty paces from the mia-mia, Baylis heard a shot and caught sight of Morgan's accomplice, still in his black coat, about twelve metres away, stepping hurriedly from one low bush to another. Baylis immediately called on him to 'Surrender!' He levelled his revolver and took deliberate aim at him. The bushranger swung round his gun, and both men fired at the same instant. Baylis was struck on the second joint of his right-hand thumb. The bullet then glanced from there, and entered his right shoulder over the collar-bone, struck his backbone and left shoulder blade and passed through, falling inside his shirt and belt.

About the same time, Constable Brown fired his revolver from the mia-mia, believing that the blaze from Bayles's gun came from one of the bushrangers. The bullet passed through the sleeve of Bayles's coat, just below his right wrist. The police magistrate

had almost been knocked over by the force of the first shot. As he was straightening up, he saw Dan Morgan for the first time as he rose from behind a small scrub. When about three metres away Morgan fired his revolver at Baylis whose eyebrows and whiskers were singed and the left side of his face blackened with powder. Baylis tried to return the fire but the joint of his right thumb was completely shattered. He lost consciousness with the effort and fell to the ground.

Sub-Inspector Morrow and Constable Brown pursued the bushrangers but without success. On their return, they found Baylis had been moved into the mia-mia by Constable Charlton. He was saturated in blood and shivering with the cold. Sub Inspector Morrow stripped him and tried to staunch his wounds; and they piled all the blankets and coverings they could find on him to keep him warm. The bullet found inside his shirt appeared to weigh about an ounce and three-quarters. It seemed to have been made in a clay mould, and was shaped like the broad top of a ramrod.

At daybreak the following morning, Baylis was placed on a horse with a large bundle of blankets strapped in front of the saddle on which he could lean and rest his shoulders. The party reached 'Bullenbong' station by 3 p.m. After obtaining a fresh horse, Constable Brown rode into Wagga Wagga and returned that night with Doctor A. B. Morgan to dress the wounds. The owners of 'Bullenbong', Mr and Mrs Davidson and family, were extremely attentive and drove Baylis home in a buggy on the following Tuesday. It was not until March 1864 that the broken pieces of his backbone were taken out and the wounds healed up.

It was later revealed that, after shooting Baylis, the bushrangers had retrieved their horses and ridden over to the shepherd's hut on Urangeline Creek. There Morgan shot the shepherd named Haley, accusing him of informing the police of the whereabouts of his mia-mia. Two days after the encounter the bushrangers visited the 'Mahonga' run and witnesses verified that Morgan's accomplice was suffering from a gunshot wound in the shoulder. Morgan was later to reveal that his mate who, he said, had been shot by 'that bloody Police Magistrate', died in the scrub on the 'Mahonga' run.

For the two following months, Dan Morgan remained quiet. Then early in November 1863 he held up and robbed several runs in the area including 'Burrumbuttock' and 'Bulgandra' owned by Thomas Gibson, 'Walla Walla' owned by the Stitt brothers and 'Mittagong' owned by Elizabeth Vincent. The crimes continued in 1864 and before long Morgan was wanted for the murder of three people. At 'Round Hill' station on 19 June he had accidentally shot the young John Heriot in the knee. Feeling remorseful, he had allowed John McLean to ride for a doctor. However, after McLean had departed, he changed his mind, and being worried that he may contact the police, he pursued him and shot him in the back and brought him back to the station. McLean died a few days later. On 24 June Morgan shot and killed Sergeant David Maginnity on the road from Copabella to Tumbarumba. Then on 4 September, he shot Sergeant Thomas Smyth near Albury.

Morgan continued to evade the authorities, robbing the mail services in the Riverina, bailing up individuals and groups and visiting stations. In March 1865 he visited Bobby Rand's station at 'Mahonga', mustered all the men into one room and demanded spirits. He then ordered one victim to play the concertina to amuse them all and insisted on Rand himself dancing a jig. He then returned to Victoria for the last time.

In April 1865 he visited the 'Peechelba' sheep station on the Ovens River over thirty kilometres from Wangaratta, owned by Ewan McPherson, George Rutherford and Robert Telford. Tired and careless, Morgan was not aware that the nurse Alice Keenan who had been allowed to tend a sick child in the back room, had managed to inform a station employee. The employee alerted the part-owner George Rutherford who lived nearby; and before long, a party of two police and eight volunteers together with several station hands lay in ambush outside the homestead. Morgan was shot and killed by John Wendlan, a station hand, as he left the house the following day.

Baylis was dangerously ill for some time after his encounter with Dan Morgan; and he suffered from the wound periodically until his death. In 1875 the government presented him with a gold medal in recognition of his bravery. In November 1879 he petitioned the government for compensation as a gratuity for extra services performed at the risk of his life in the capture of Morgan; and eventually, in 1890, parliament voted him a sum of £1500 in recognition of his services and as compensation for the suffering as a result of the wound.

In 1896 he reluctantly had to retire, at the age of seventy, retrenched by the Department of Justice although still of 'fine stalwart physique' and 'capable of another ten years' service'. He left the Wagga Wagga district for Sydney in September 1897 and lived the latter years of his life with his daughter, Mrs B. C. Garland of Summer Hill, Ashfield. He died in July 1905. He was returning from his duties as a member of the Old Age Pensioner Board at Parramatta when he was knocked down by a passing train while he was crossing the tracks (to avoid the climb up and down the stairs of the overbridge).

END

Editor's note: Well-known local historian and author, Sheree Morris OAM has written more than 30 books on local and regional history over the years. We are indebted to Sheree for allowing us to reprint this short story about these famous characters from Wagga's past.

### **Mad Dog Morgan**

Morgan was born of convict parents. He was an uncontrollable child spending most of his time in the bush. He became an expert tracker and bushman and one of the finest horsemen in the Colony.

His life of crime started in the gold rush years when, in 1854 he appeared in court in Castlemaine as "Bill The Native". He had graduated from horse theft to armed robbery. Judge Barry, the same man who *sentenced* Ned Kelly 16 years later, sentenced him to twelve years jail, the first two in irons.

Morgan emerged after six years bitter and brooding. He used the name "Down River Jack" to terrorise the Castlemaine area, leaving to reappear soon after in the Wagga Wagga region using the name Daniel Morgan.

Morgan quickly gained the reputation 1883 as a "fearsome figure". He carried two large revolvers in his belt, sported a huge black beard to his chest, long gypsy-style hair over his shoulders and a temperament which could shift from compassion to a murderous

rage in seconds. He was in every sense of the word a highly unstable individual. Morgan terrorised the region over the few years striking fear into residents and police alike. In 1884 he committed his first "atrocious" act at Round Hill Station when he flew into a rage after rounding up all the station hands. He shot and wounded several before having a change of heart and assisting the wounded.

The proclamation of the Felon's Apprehension Act of 1885 branded him as an outlaw with no rights. He could be shot on sight by police or civilians...like a mad dog.

On Saturday 8th April, 1885 Morgan arrived at Peechelba Station. He rounded up staff and occupants and spent some hours dining with them and chatting. One servant slipped out and police in Wangaratta were notified. Morgan stayed at Peechelba talking. Police surrounded the homestead with a force of regional volunteers at around 2am.

Morgan emerged at 8am and, unsuspecting, walked to the stables. One of the volunteers, a station hand named John Wendian, became over anxious and fired. The shot struck Morgan down. It was the only shot of the encounter. Morgan died soon after.

The body was removed to Wangaratta where a photographer, in search of fame, propped it up with pillows and took its photograph. The police skinned Morgan of his beard and the coroner had him decapitated sending his head to professor Halford at Melbourne University for study. There was public outcry at these actions, but Victoria Police had achieved what their NSW counterparts had failed to do for years...they had stopped the reign of terror of arguably Australia's most vicious outlaw, MAD DOG MORGAN.

Click on link below for podcast about Henry Baylis.



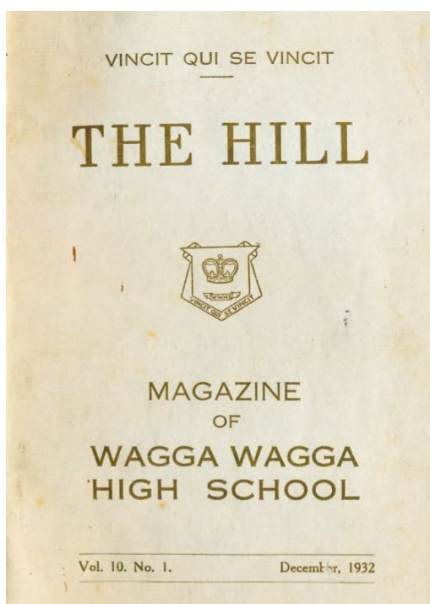
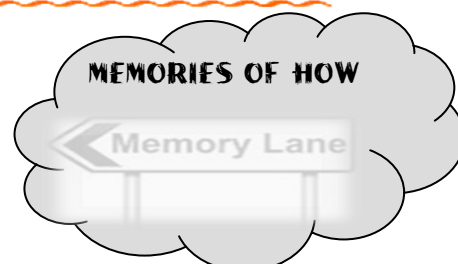
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<https://csuregarch.intersect.org.au/files/original/d59dc2049d08c8885698d40a9a3472db.mp3>

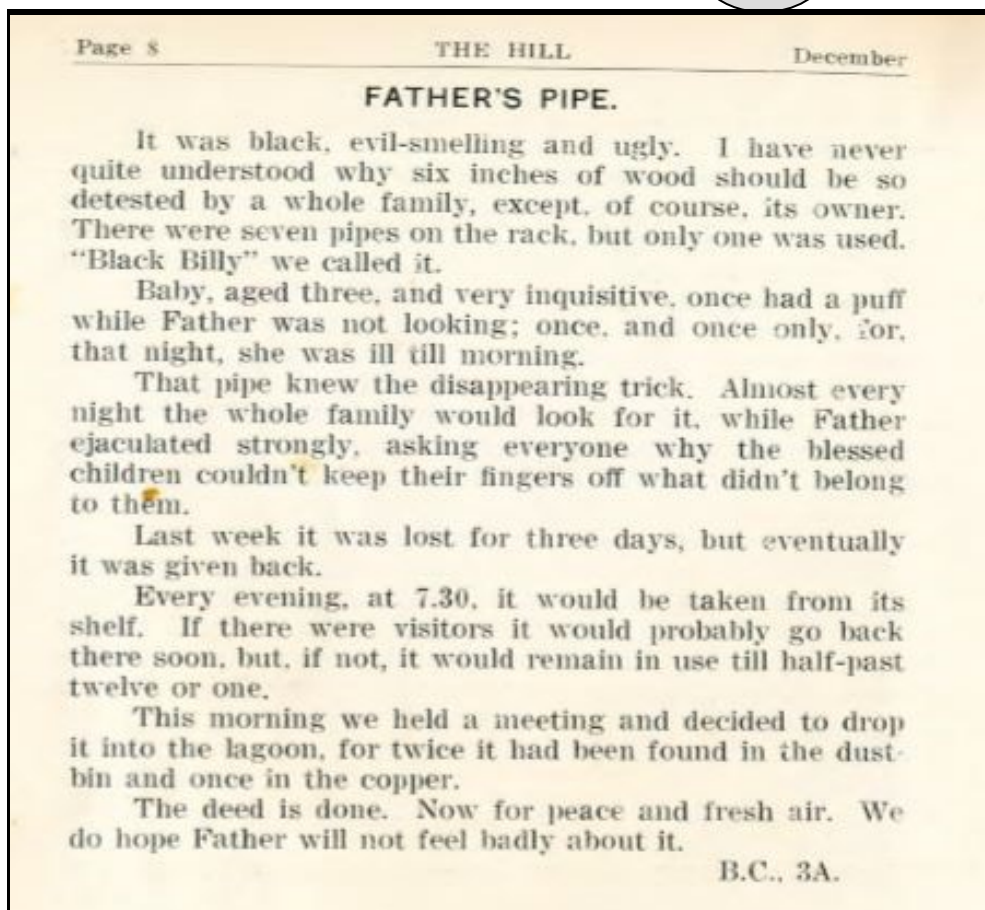
## A Walk Down Memory Lane!

Do you remember when....

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



*If you were lucky!!! enough to attend Wagga Wagga High School in your younger years you will remember the school magazine. Here is a short extract from an early edition.*





# Members' Contributions

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

## 80 YEARS

"The first 80 years are the hardest - Life really begins at 80!"

I have good news for you. The first 80 years are the hardest. The second 80 are a succession of birthday parties.

Once you reach 80, everyone wants to carry your baggage and help you up the steps. If you forget your name, or anyone else's name, or an appointment, or your own telephone number, or promise to be in three places at the same time, or can't remember how many grandchildren you have, you need only explain that you are 80!

Being 80 is a lot better than being 70. At 70 people are mad at you for everything. At 80 you have a perfect excuse no matter what you do. If you act foolishly, it's your second (or third) childhood. Everybody is looking for symptoms of softening of the brain.

Being 70 is no fun at all. At that age they expect you to retire to a house on the Central Coast and complain about your arthritis (they used call it lumbago), and ask everyone to stop mumbling because you can't understand them. (Actually your hearing is about 50% gone.) If you survive until you are 80, everybody is surprised that you are alive. They treat you with respect just for living so long. Actually they seem surprised that you can walk and talk sensibly.

So please folks, try to make it to 80. It's the best time of your life. People forgive you for everything.

If you ask me, LIFE BEGINS AT 80!!!

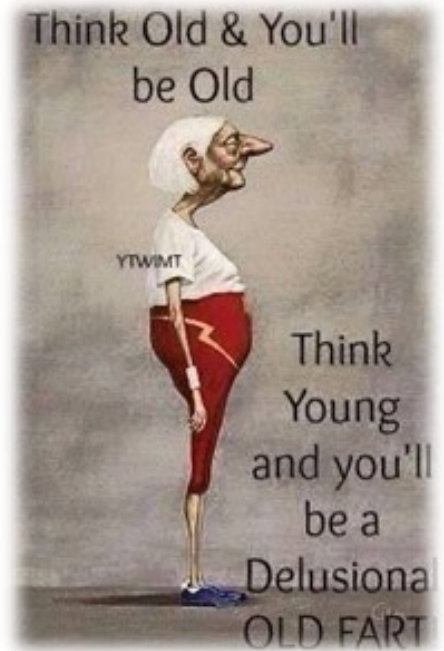
I am a walking stream of facts ..... I have just lost the key to the storeroom.

*Contributed by Bruce McAlister*

## YES I AM A SENIOR CITIZEN.

- I am the life of the party even if it lasts until 8pm.
- I am very good at opening childproof caps with a hammer.
- I am usually interested in going home before I get to where I am going.
- I am awake many hours before my body allows me to get up.
- I am smiling all the time because I cannot hear a thing you are saying.
- I am very good at telling stories over and over and over.
- I am aware that other people's grandchildren are not as cute as mine.
- I am so cared for .... long term care, eye care, private care, dentist care.
- I am not grouchy, I just do not like traffic, waiting, crowds, lawyers, loud music, unruly kids, Toyota commercials, barking dogs, politicians and a few other things I can't remember.
- I am sure everything I can't find is in a secure place.
- I am wrinkled, saggy, lumpy and that's just my left leg.
- I am having trouble remembering simple words like "hurry".
- I am realising that ageing is not for wimps.
- I am sure they are making adults much younger these days, and when did they let kids become policemen.
- I am wondering if you're only as old as you feel, how could I be alive at 150?

*Contributed by Bruce McAlister*



*Contributed by Freda Hope*

## Assailant suffers injuries from fall

Oeville Smith, a store manager for Best Buy in Augusta, Ga., told police he observed a male customer, later identified as Tyrone Jackson of Augusta, on surveillance cameras putting a laptop computer under his jacket. When confronted the man became irate, knocked down an employee, drew a knife and ran for the door.

Outside on the sidewalk were four Marines collecting toys for the Toys for Tots program. Smith said the Marines stopped the man, but he stabbed one of the Marines, Cpl. Phillip Duggan, in the back; the injury did not appear to be

severe.

After Police and an ambulance arrived at the scene Cpl. Duggan was transported for treatment.

"The subject was also transported to the local hospital with two broken arms, a broken ankle, a broken leg, several missing teeth, possible broken ribs, multiple contusions, assorted lacerations, a broken nose and a broken jaw...injuries he sustained when he slipped and fell off of the curb after stabbing the Marine," according to a police report.



*Contributed by Yvonne Homer*

*Contributed by Les Homer*

# Computer Hints & Tips



## Google Photos and Sharing Albums

Google Photos is a cloud-based photo storage system where you can upload photos that can be accessed anywhere, provided you have an internet connection.

Photos taken with your phone can be viewed on your computer or tablet and even between platforms.

*Take photos on your iPhone and view on your PC!*

*Take photos on your android phone and view them on your iPad!*

*You can search for people and places to easily find a photo you're looking for!*

When you're looking at your timeline/library, start sliding up or down and you'll see the little arrow icon appear on the right side of the screen. The date is displayed as you begin to scroll, enabling you to locate photos according to when they were taken. You can also organise your photos by album.

**You might like to view these You Tube videos to show how Google Photos works!**

**There are many more on YouTube too!**

Remember, unless you have subscribed to YouTube, there is often a short advertisement before the video commences. After a few seconds you may have the option to *skip the ad* – see the bottom right side of the video for this.

**Google Photos v Google Drive** - <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=wycDE91W6fU>

**Google Photos: Albums and Sharing** - <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=UkHU5cNo164>

**Organizing Old Photos with Google Photos** - [https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ppleyVVC1\\_I](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ppleyVVC1_I)

Sharing photos by email can be difficult and restrictive. You are often limited with the amount of data that can be sent. However, using Google Photos, you can share large volumes of photos, videos, albums, and movies with any of your contacts, even if they don't use the Google Photos app.

Just select (click and hold) some of your photos in Google Photos and create an album. Share the album with friends or family listed in your contacts list.

**For more information, check out these links:**

**From Google support:** <https://support.google.com/photos/answer/6131416?co=GENIE.Platform%3DAndroid&hl=en#linkshare>

**Link Sharing Permissions:**

<https://www.guidingtech.com/google-photos-link-sharing-permissions-settings-guide/>

**Please note:** Albums that are shared are private, provided these are not shared, again, by the initial recipients. You might like to read this article: <https://www.dpreview.com/news/1979225812/psa-privately-shared-google-photos-links-can-be-opened-by-anyone>



## Internet Links 4U2 Try [Just click on the links below!](#)

**Purple**

This is a wonderful, one-minute clip filmed in Glasgow. Full of wisdom, and very brief. It's not a joke, it's not religious, it's not political. It's just...Special. I think you'll agree. Enjoy this clip; it has a meaning for all of us.

[http://www.youtube.com/watch\\_popup?v=Hzgzim5m7oU&vq=medium](http://www.youtube.com/watch_popup?v=Hzgzim5m7oU&vq=medium)

When stand-up comedians really earned their pay <http://goo.gl/2p89W>

So you think you can dance (or play the piano)! Check this out.

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=1QQzbCmlZM4>

Tale of two brains. Five minute video. ([http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=xxtUH\\_bHBxs](http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=xxtUH_bHBxs))

- Unbelievable safety invention for saw bench

[http://www.youtube.com/watch\\_popup?v=E3mzhvMgrLE&NR=1](http://www.youtube.com/watch_popup?v=E3mzhvMgrLE&NR=1)

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





# The Crows Joke Page

**A little girl** was being told off by her dad for biting her nails.

He said, "If you bite your nails, you will get big and fat".

On the tram the next day with her mum, the little girl noticed a visibly pregnant lady got on and sat next to her.

She looked up at the lady and said. "I know what you've been doing".



**A man received message** from his neighbour ...:

"Sorry sir, I am using your wife...day and night ...when you are not present at home....in fact. More than you!

I confess this because now I feel very much guilt...Hope You will accept my sincere apologies "

... And the man shot his wife.....

Few minutes later he received another message:

Sorry sir, spelling mistake ... Wi-Fi not wife



**A wife is proud of her dog**

A wife walks inside and says to her husband one weekend morning:

"You know, we have such a clever dog. Every morning he brings in the daily newspapers."

Her husband shrugs and replies:

"So? A lot of dogs can do that."

The wife responds: "Yes, but darling, we've never subscribed to any papers!"



**You've got mail!**

A man was in his front yard mowing grass when his attractive blonde female neighbor came out of the house and went straight to the mail box.

She opened it, slammed it shut, and stormed back in the house.

A little later she came out of her house and again went to the mail box and again opened it, then slammed it shut again. Angrily, back into the house she went.



As the man was getting ready to edge the lawn, here she came out again, marched to the mail box, opened it and then slammed it closed harder than ever.

Puzzled by her actions the man asked her, "Is something wrong?"

To which she replied, "There certainly is! My stupid computer keeps giving me a message saying, "YOU'VE GOT MAIL!"

**An old Irish farmer's dog** goes missing and he's inconsolable.

His wife says "Why don't you put an advert in the paper?"

He does, but two weeks later the dog is still missing.

"What did you put in the paper?" his wife asks.

"Here boy" he replies.



**Hint for the day**

An old man, a boy & a donkey were going to town. The boy rode on the donkey & the old man walked.

As they went along they passed some people who remarked "What a shame the old man is walking, and the boy is riding."

The man and boy thought maybe the critics were right, so they changed positions.

Later they passed some people who remarked "What a shame.... He makes that little boy walk."

So they then decided they'd both walk!

Soon they passed some more people who remarked "They're really stupid to walk when they have a decent donkey to ride."

So, they both rode the donkey. Now they passed some people who shamed them by saying "How awful to put such a load on a poor donkey."

The boy and man figured they were probably right, so they decide to carry the donkey. As they crossed the bridge, they lost their grip on the animal and he fell into the river and drowned.

The moral of the story?

If you try to please everyone, you might as well...

Kiss your ass goodbye!

Have A Nice Day And Be Careful With Your Donkey



**Paddy shouts frantically** into the phone "My wife is pregnant and her contractions are only two minutes apart!"

"Is this her first child?" asks the Doctor.

"No", shouts Paddy, "this is her husband!"



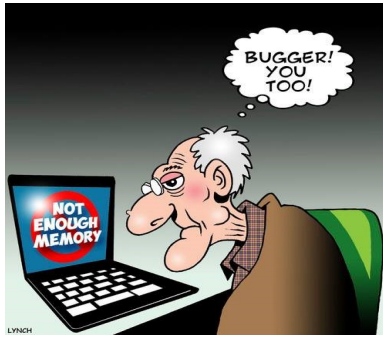
**The first computer** dates

back to Adam and Eve. It was

an Apple with limited memory, just one byte. And then everything crashed.



# Bits And Pieces



## I Wish You...

by Anonymous

I wish you bright mornings and warm, sunny days,  
Soft shade to cool you from sweltering rays,  
Raindrops, a few, from some cloud floating by,  
Rainbows thereafter to colour your sky.

Rambling rivers and great shining seas,  
Mountains and forests with towering trees,  
Hillsides and valleys, all flower-festooned,  
Nature that nurtures whoever's attuned.

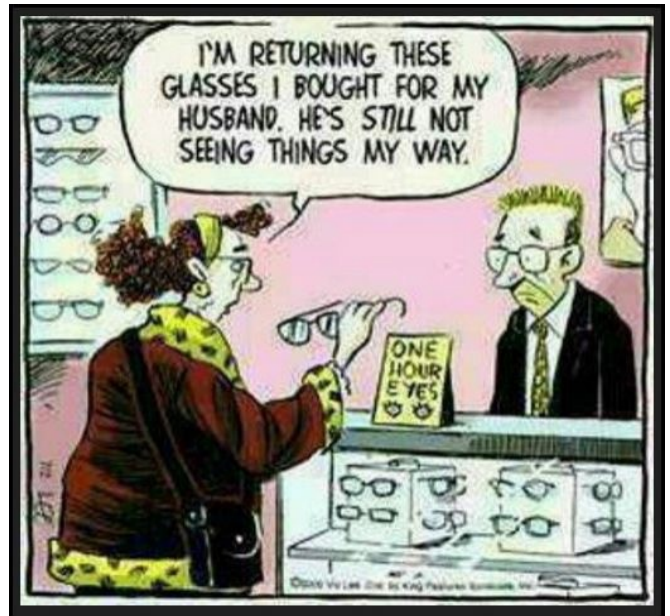
A faithful companion who'll stay by your side,  
Children to care for, to love and to guide,  
Enough work to do with enough time for play  
Then restful sleep at the close of the day.

Friends when you need them and when they need you,  
Something to spend, just as much as will do  
A heart full of laughter; perhaps a few tears,  
A faith you can follow through all of your years.

Then, fearlessly facing your last setting sun,  
As you contemplate all the deeds you have done,  
Recalling a life that's been more than worthwhile,  
Perhaps you will pause and give thanks with a smile.



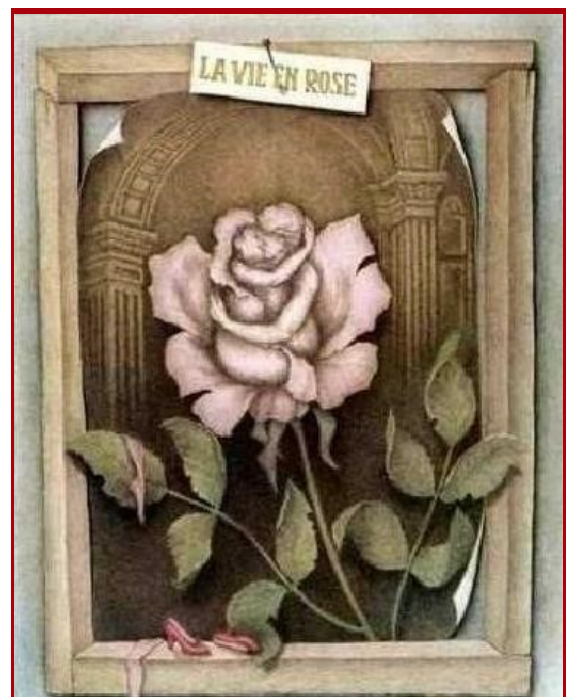
How others see you, is not important.  
How you see yourself means everything.



*Spec Savers!*

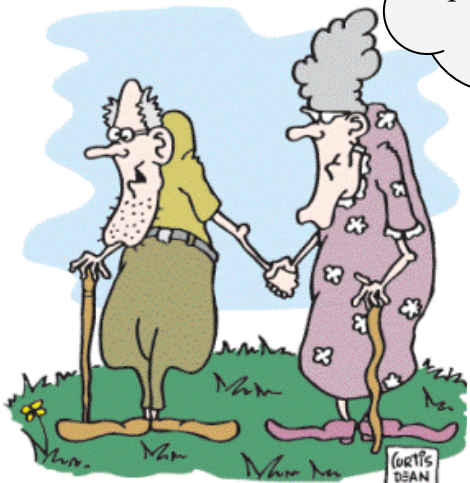


Can you see the kissing couple?



**YOU'RE ONLY  
AS OLD AS  
YOU REMEMBER  
YOU ARE**

Why is it that doctors and attorneys call what they do 'practice'?



"Remember when shake, rattle and roll meant more than just getting out of bed?"