

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
The Oldest House	4
Two Short Stories	5
Grandparents	6
Memories	8
Members Contributions	9
Computer Hints & Tips	10
The Crows Joke Page	11
Bits & Pieces	12

## Grandparents From A Child's View



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## Wagga Wagga Senior Citizens' Club Inc.

Membership (\$5.00 per year) to over 50's  
Club activities 2021 (During Covid-19 restrictions)

Computers Monday only 10 am to 12 noon (must have a booking, contact Barry on 69253065 – 0417278796 after hours)

iPad classes Monday 10.30 am to 11.30

Carpet Bowls Friday 1.00 pm to 3.00 pm

Craft Thursday 1.00 pm to 3.00 pm

Line-dancing Thursday 9.30 am to 11.30 am

Cards Thursday 1.00 pm to 3.00 pm

Monthly General Meeting First Monday of Month 1.30 pm



## Presidents Message

Hi Fellow Seniors,

It is getting close to the end of the year when we start thinking and planning for Christmas.

It was not a good year for the members to "meet and greet" each other at the Seniors Community Centre and I am hoping that 2022 will be a better year for all.

I would personally like to thank Barry for all the hard work he has put into producing the "Crow About" magazine, plus helping the Secretary with emails and Facebook notices throughout the year.

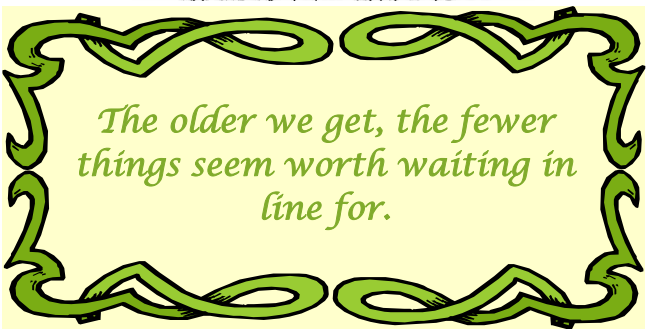
Our Christmas Party has been locked in at Romanos for Monday 6th December 2021. There will be a limit on the number of members that can attend so book and pay early to secure your seat.

I would like to wish all members a Merry Christmas and a Healthy & Happy 2022.

So, take care and look after each other.

President Jim

## WHO CARES IF WE'RE GETTING OLDER?



## 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.



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

A "Selfie" with friends!  
 On Monday September 20th our Club held our 72nd Birthday Luncheon. It was one month later than normal because of restrictions caused by the pandemic we have experienced these last couple of years. Last year we missed out altogether. Masks were the order of the day .



Two of our club activities starting back after the latest pandemic shut-down were craft and cards — masks required at this time.



Just some of the happy faces at our Seniors Morning Tea organized at the Wagga Rules Club (at this time we were not able to use the kitchen at the Senior Citizens' Centre because of Council applied Covid 19 restrictions). Rules at this time required masks to be worn unless eating and drinking.





## The Oldest House I Have Lived In.

By Heather McAlister

The oldest house I have ever lived in was erected in 1880. This building was approximately five miles south of Young in New South Wales. This building was known as a “dual”. The meaning of this was a house and a school built under the same roof-line.

The building was of large solid bricks with a tin roof.

It was built on a medium slope facing west, about one hundred yards from the main road between Young and Harden. My husband and I were appointed to this school and residence at the beginning of 1964. At that time it was in very poor condition. It was in need of being painted, and some major repairs were needed in almost every room throughout the whole building. There was a verandah facing west and another along the back facing east. To get to the bathroom and laundry you had to walk along the back verandah, step up onto another verandah then make your way into these conveniences. Now when it came to a toilet, it was about 20-odd yards up a very steep grade to the east. It was a weather-board building over a pit. This toilet was known as a pit toilet.



There was no town water connected and we had to depend on rain water which was caught and stored in large tanks. Cold water was connected to the kitchen, bathroom and the laundry. There was no hot water in any of these rooms. Hot water in the kitchen was heated on the fuel stove or in an electric jug and hot water in the bathroom was by lighting a chip-wood heater (which was badly in need of repair). The water for the bath heater had to be pumped to a higher tank by hand. This was not only time consuming, but forget to do this and you would be badly burned as the old heater would spray hot water from one end of the tub to the other. A hasty exit from the tub had to be made when this happened. On washday the copper had to be lit and kept fired up until you got hot water to do the washing.

The house grounds were a jungle of inter-growing bushes, roses, vines and long grass. Amongst all of this there were tins, bottles and other rubbish strewn throughout. “WHAT HAD WE LET OURSELVES IN FOR”! Along with some help from family members and friends, we were able to make a big impression on this house and yard within a couple of weeks.

After several requests and a number of months later, we were supplied with an electric stove and an electric bath heater. As time went on, the house and the school were both painted inside and out, this made a big improvement and life was more liveable in this old dwelling.

We had several weird happenings while living in this house. One morning just as the sun rose we had a flock of noisy birds land on the roof. The noise continued for a few minutes, then it sounded closer. There was a flapping sound and a large parrot fell into the fireplace at the end of our bedroom. When it gained its senses, it flew towards the window at the top of our bed, stunned itself and fell into the bed with us.

A board was placed in front of this fireplace to stop things like this happening again. However a couple of months later as we were getting into bed, we detected a sound coming from behind this board. Surprise! Surprise! This time it was a possum which had fallen down the chimney. He was covered in soot and fairly dazed, so we gathered him up in a towel, placed him in a box and took him for a ride a few miles down the road, in hope that he wouldn't return.

My next surprise came when I placed our baby in her bassinette on the verandah in the sun for her morning kick. Our cat seen to be jumping around and interested in something under the mat. I lifted the mat and there was a two foot long brown snake. He was quickly disposed of with the rake.

There was one more happening which took us a long time to come to terms with. Our house and the school had both been broken into and there was havoc everywhere. Our belongings were strewn all over the house. Books, photos, clothing, cushions cutlery, etc. were thrown in every direction. It took hours with the help of others to get some kind of semblance back into this place we called home. The police were also very interested in this happening, but were unable to find the culprits. We lived in this house for almost another two years following this horrible experience. After three years in this house, we were moved to another location in northern NSW.

This building is now privately owned. It has been renovated and is now well maintained by its owners. It can be seen as you travel between Young and Wombat.



The old 'dual' today



## Two Short Stories

### Rose

The first day of school our professor introduced himself and challenged us to get to know someone we did not already know. I stood up to look around when a gentle hand touched my shoulder. I turned around to find a wrinkled, little old lady beaming up at me with a smile that lit up her entire being.

She said, "Hi handsome. My name is Rose. I'm eighty-seven years old. Can I give you a hug?" I laughed and enthusiastically responded, "Of course you may!" and she gave me a giant squeeze.

"Why are you in college at such a young, innocent age?" I asked.

She jokingly replied, "I'm here to meet a rich husband, get married, have a couple of children, and then retire and travel."

"No seriously," I asked. I was curious what may have motivated her to be taking on this challenge at her age. "I always dreamed of having a college education and now I'm getting one!" she told me.

After class we walked to the student union building and shared a chocolate milkshake. We became instant friends. Every day for the next three months we would leave class together and talk non-stop. I was always mesmerized listening to this "time machine" as she shared her wisdom and experience with me.

Over the course of the year, Rose became a campus icon and she made friends wherever she went. She loved to dress up and she reveled in the attention bestowed upon her from the other students. She was living it up.

At the end of the semester we invited Rose to speak at our football banquet. I'll never forget what she taught us. She was introduced and stepped up to the podium. As she began to deliver her prepared speech, she dropped her three by five cards on the floor. Frustrated and a little embarrassed she leaned into the microphone and simply said "I'm sorry I'm so jittery. I gave up beer for Lent and this whiskey is killing me! I'll never get my speech back in order so let me just tell you what I know." As we laughed she cleared her throat and began:

"We do not stop playing because we are old; we grow old because we stop playing. There are only four secrets to staying young, being happy, and achieving success.

"You have to laugh and find humour every day.

"You've got to have a dream. When you lose your dreams, you die. We have so many people walking around who are dead and don't even know it!"

"There is a huge difference between growing older and growing up. If you are nineteen years old and lie in bed for one full year and don't do one productive thing, you will turn twenty years old. If I am eighty-seven years old and stay in bed for a year and never do anything I will turn eighty-eight. Anybody can grow older. That doesn't take any talent or ability. The idea is to grow up by always finding the opportunity in change."

"Have no regrets. The elderly usually don't have regrets for what we did, but rather for things we did not do. The only people who fear death are those with regrets."

She concluded her speech by courageously singing "The Rose." She challenged each of us to study the lyrics and live them out in our daily lives.

At the years end Rose finished the college degree she had begun all those years ago. One week after graduation Rose died peacefully in her sleep.

Over two thousand college students attended her funeral in tribute to the wonderful woman who taught by example that it's never too late to be all you can possibly be.

If you read this, please send this peaceful word of advice to your friends and family, they'll really enjoy it!

We send these words in loving memory of ROSE.

Remember, GROWING OLDER IS MANDATORY, GROWING UP IS OPTIONAL.

"All I've learned about life I can sum up in three words. It goes on." -- Robert Frost  
Author unknown

### Super Granny! (Only in America)

An elderly lady did her shopping and, upon returning to her car, found four males in the act of leaving with her car. She dropped her shopping bags and drew her handgun, proceeding to scream at them at the top of her voice, "I have a gun and I know how to use it!

Get out of the car you scumbags!"

The four men didn't wait for a second invitation but got out and ran like mad, whereupon the lady, somewhat shaken, proceeded to load her shopping bags into the back of the car and got into the driver's seat.

She was so shaken that she could not get her key into the ignition. She tried and tried and then it dawned on her why. A few minutes later she found her own car parked four or five spaces farther down. She loaded her bags into her car and drove to the police station.

The sergeant to whom she told the story nearly tore himself in two with laughter and pointed to the other end of the counter, where four pale white males were reporting a carjacking by a mad elderly woman described as white, less than 5' tall, glasses, and curly white hair carrying a large handgun.

No charges were filed.

(True story!)

Author Unknown

## GRANDPARENTS - (From a child's view)

1. She was in the bathroom, putting on her makeup, under the watchful eyes of her young granddaughter, as she'd done many times before. After she applied her lipstick and started to leave, the little one said, "But Grandma, you forgot to kiss the toilet paper good-bye!" I will probably never put lipstick on again without thinking about kissing the toilet paper good-bye....

2. My young grandson called the other day to wish me Happy Birthday. He asked me how old I was, and I told him, 62. My grandson was quiet for a moment, and then he asked, "Did you start at 1?"

3. After putting her grandchildren to bed, a grandmother changed into old slacks and a droopy blouse and proceeded to wash her hair. As she heard the children getting more and more rambunctious, her patience grew thin. Finally, she threw a towel around her head and stormed into their room, putting them back to bed with stern warnings. As she left the room, she heard the three-year-old say with a trembling voice, "Who was THAT?"

4. A grandmother was telling her little granddaughter what her own childhood was like. "We used to skate outside on a pond. I had a swing made from a tire, it hung from a tree in our front yard. We rode our pony. We picked wild raspberries in the woods."

The little girl was wide-eyed, taking this all in. At last she said, "I sure wish I'd gotten to know you sooner!"

5. My grandson was visiting one day when he asked, "Grandma, do you know how you and God are alike?" I mentally polished my halo and I said, "No, how are we alike?" "You're both old," he replied.

6. A little girl was diligently pounding away on her grandfather's word processor... She told him she was writing a story. "What's it about?" he asked. "I don't know," she replied. "I can't read."

7. I didn't know if my granddaughter had learned her colours yet, so I decided to test her. I would point out something and ask what colour it was.

She would tell me and was always correct. It was fun for me, so I continued. At last, she headed for the door, saying, "Grandma, I think you should try to figure out some of these colours yourself!"

8. When my grandson Billy and I entered our vacation cabin, we kept the lights off until we were inside to keep from attracting pesky insects.

Still, a few fireflies followed us in. Noticing them before I did, Billy whispered, "It's no use Grandpa. Now the mosquitoes are coming after us with flashlights."

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

11. Children's Logic: "Give me a sentence about a public servant," said a teacher. The small boy wrote: "The fireman came down the ladder pregnant."

The teacher took the lad aside to correct him. "Don't you know what pregnant means?" she asked.

"Sure," said the young boy confidently. "It means carrying a child."

12. A grandfather was delivering his grandchildren to their home one day when a fire truck zoomed past. Sitting in the front seat of the fire truck was a Dalmatian dog. The children started discussing the dog's duties.

"They use him to keep crowds back," said one child. "No," said another. "He's just for good luck."

A third child brought the argument to a close. "They use the dogs," she said firmly, "to find the fire hydrants."

13. A 6-year-old was asked where his grandma lived. "Oh," he said, "she lives at the airport, and when we want her, we just go get her. Then, when we're done having her visit, we take her back to the airport."

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

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

SEND THIS TO OTHER  
GRANDPARENTS,  
ALMOST GRANDPARENTS,  
OR HECK, SEND IT TO EVERYONE.  
IT WILL MAKE THEIR DAY!



## Do this one thing every day to improve your quality of life later

A research team from Yale School of Medicine in America has found that the key to preventing disabilities in old age is as simple as taking a 20-minute walk every day.

The study is a first in trying to detect the triggers and preventative measures between staying mobile or becoming housebound in ageing. The study analyzed 1635 sedentary men and women between ages 70 and 89 that could walk for 15 minutes, but were at risk of losing that ability due to physical deterioration.

The participants were separated into two groups and were followed for two years, one group walking for 150 minutes per week with strength, fitness and balance training and the second group performed stretching exercises only.

Every six months the participants were assessed and each assessment confirmed the same results: moderate activity helped volunteers maintain their ability to walk at a rate 18 per cent higher than older adults who did not exercise, and there was a 28 per cent reduction in people permanently losing the ability to walk easily.

Co-Principal Investigator Jack Guralnik said: "The fact that we had an even bigger impact on persistent disability is very good. It implies that a greater percentage of the adults who had physical activity intervention recovered when they did develop mobility disability."

Maintaining functional independence is an important part of a positive ageing process, so the small change in lifestyle could have big rewards for you later.

If you're unsure of how to get that 20-minute walk in your day, you could try the following things:

Park your car at the opposite end of the shopping centre to where you shop so you have to walk that little further.

Take the stairs instead of lifts or escalators.

Walk and talk. If your kids ring you on the mobile, take a walk around the block while you talk to them.

Go walking with your friends. Get a group together, meet in a central location and enjoy a stroll and catch up.

Choose public transport as you will have to walk a little further at both ends to reach your destination.

It seems like a small thing now, but it could have huge impacts on keeping you happy, mobile and healthy later on in life.



## Interesting historical derivative

Manure... An interesting fact Manure: In the 16<sup>th</sup> and 17<sup>th</sup> centuries, everything had to be transported by ship and it was also before the invention of commercial fertilizers, so large shipments of manure were quite common. It was shipped dry, because in dry form it weighed a lot less than when wet, but once water (at sea) hit it, not only did it become heavier, but the process of fermentation began again, of which a by product is methane gas of course. As the stuff was stored below decks in bundles you can see what could (and did) happen. Methane began to build up below decks and the first time someone came below at night with a lantern, BOOOOM! Several ships were destroyed in this manner before it was determined just what was happening. After that, the bundles of manure were always stamped with the instruction 'Stow high in transit' on them, which meant for the sailors to stow it high enough off the lower decks so that any water that came into the hold would not touch this volatile cargo and start the production of methane.

Thus evolved the term 'S.H.I.T' (Stow High In Transit) which has come down through the centuries and is in use to this very day. You probably did not know the true history of this word. Neither did I. I had always thought it was a golf term.

## Politics have sure changed!

This is one you'll want your children and grandchildren to read.

Harry Truman was a different kind of President. He probably made as many or more important decisions regarding our nation's history as any of the other 42 Presidents preceding him. However, a measure of his greatness may rest on what he did after he left the White House.

The only asset he had when he died was the house he lived in, which was in Independence Missouri. His wife had inherited the house from her mother and father and other than their years in the White House, they lived their entire lives there. When he retired from office in 1952 his income was a U.S. Army pension reported to have been \$13,507.72 a year. Congress, noting that he was paying for his stamps and personally licking them, granted him an 'allowance' and, later, a retroactive pension of \$25,000 per year. After President Eisenhower was inaugurated, Harry and Bess drove home to Missouri by themselves. There was no Secret Service following them. When offered corporate positions at large salaries, he declined, stating, "You don't want me. You want the office of the President, and that doesn't belong to me. It belongs to the American people and it's not for sale."

Even later, on May 6, 1971, when Congress was preparing to award him the Medal of Honor on his 87th birthday, he refused to accept it, writing, "I don't consider that I have done anything which should be the reason for any award, Congressional or otherwise."

As president he paid for all of his own travel expenses and food.

Modern politicians have found a new level of success in cashing in on the Presidency, resulting in untold wealth. Today, many in Congress also have found a way to become quite wealthy while enjoying the fruits of their offices. Political offices are now for sale (cf. Illinois).

Good old Harry Truman was correct when he observed, "My choices in life were either to be a piano player in a whore house or a politician. And to tell the truth, there's hardly any difference!"

PS. It's interesting to note that Australia's longest serving Prime Minister, Bob Menzies, could not afford to buy a house when he retired and some wealthy friends in Melbourne donated one to him where he lived until he died.

Politics have sure changed!





# 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

## Simpler shopping times...

I was nearly five at the outbreak of World War Two, almost old enough to start school but too young to be left on my own for any period of time. So, when my mother went into town each week, to do the family shop, I went along with her. She was a lady who enjoyed shopping, even though the money my father earned in a gent's outfitters store didn't allow too many luxuries. She had a set route she followed every time we went out, encompassing her favorite suppliers for all the necessities she required. Even though it involved a walk of three or four miles (laden with goods on the way back home!).



Her first call was always at Mr. Pont's grocery store, which was the furthest place we visited, the rest of the trip taking us back towards home. The shop was tiny, compared to the monster supermarkets we are accustomed to nowadays, with a single counter along one wall and goods literally stacked everywhere else. Mum would sit down on a provided chair alongside the counter and Mr Pont would step forward on the other side to serve her. No self-service nonsense in those days. She would then take out her shopping list from her bag and say something like, "Eight ounces of butter, please Mr. Pont", and off he'd go, to the other side of the shop where a large block of butter stood, on a marble slab. He would deftly, and surprisingly accurately cut a piece off the slab, wrap it and bring it back to us, jotting down the price with a stub of pencil on a piece of paper. This would go on for some time, with Mr. Pont rushing about all over the shop in answer to my mother's requests, taking sugar from a sack with a large scoop, cutting bacon from a side hanging from the ceiling and tea from a large, foil lined tea-chest, stacking everything in front of us and jotting down the prices. Eventually, her list having been filled, Mr. Pont would manually add up the price and snip the various coupons from our ration books. Then Mum would pay and we'd leave, not touching the purchases. That was because the groceries would all be delivered, later that day, by the grocer's 'boy', on a pushbike with a big basket on the front handlebars.

This ritual would be repeated, with minor differences, at various shops on our route back home, the 'Biscuit Barrel' who (yes you've guessed it), sold all types of biscuits, from open tins, about 30cms cubed. Mum told the assistant which varieties she wanted as we strolled along the line and they would be popped in a paper bag, no triple-wrapped cellophane in 1940! There were also boxes where broken biscuits were put, which you could buy at a considerable discount, all very friendly and for the benefit of the customer, not the shop!

Next came the butcher, with his expertly cut joints, smaller now than before the war because of the rationing, but still recognisably from the right parts of the animal, unlike some of the cuts we see today, which could be from a rump or a shin for all that can be told.

Finally, it would be the greengrocers' turn to enjoy our company, with his wonderful array of fresh, locally grown produce, one of the few things that were free of rationing. Then Mum headed for home, her stride triumphant, and her arms full of biscuits, meat and vegetables.

Despite the restrictions of rationing and the abysmal methods of selling them, by today's slick standards, we all lived pretty well during those war years. Everyone had enough to be fit without getting fat, we walked everywhere because of petrol rationing and we didn't live in stuffy, overheated houses. I sometimes yearn for those far-off simple days, but then I grab a beer from the fridge, a bag of biscuits from the pantry (half of them broken at no reduced cost!), a sit down in my air-conditioned living room to watch television on a 56-inch screen. It's easier to forget those "good old days" then!



# Members' Contributions

At our age, you've gotta laugh,

**A few old words and sayings here to get the grey matter thinking of days and words long past----**

Mergatroyd!...Do you remember that word? Would you believe the email spell checker did not recognize the word Mergatroyd?

Heavens to Betsy ! Oops -a- Daisy! - Well I'll be Blowed! - Some Americanisms eliminated and some 'Dinkum Strine' added

The other day a not so elderly (65) year old lady said something to her grandson about driving a Jalopy and he looked at her quizzically and said "What the heck is a Jalopy?"

OMG (new phrase)! He never heard of the word jalopy!! 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."

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 dickhead, a nincompoop or a pill. Not for all the tea in China ! - Its a 'Phurphy' !

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 ,knickers, fedoras, poodle skirts, dudds, saddle shoes and pedal pushers...

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!' Or, "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.

Long gone: Pshaw, The milkman did it. Hey! It's your tray bit,zack, deena, two bob. 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. Wake up and smell the roses.

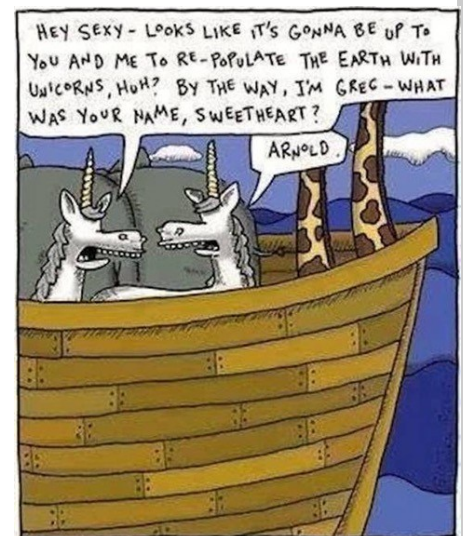
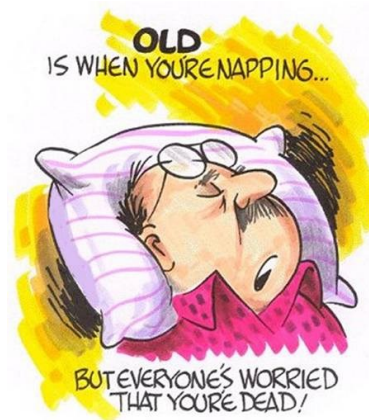
It turns out there are more of these lost words and expressions than Carter Little liver pills.

We of a certain age have been blessed to live in changeable 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.

Leaves us to wonder where Superman will find a phone booth..? - Struth, I Dunno

See ya later, alligator!

Okidoki - Hunkydory



**Contributed by Yvonne Homer**

## 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**

# Computer Hints & Tips



## What are 'cookies' on your computer and what should you do about them?

Ever been browsing the internet and seen a message pop up on a website that says something along the lines of "Accept Cookies" with an option to agree?

You may have wondered what on Earth these 'cookies' have to do with your computer. Don't worry, you're not alone. In this article we'll try to lift the lid on the virtual cookie jar so you not only understand what cookies are and why they exist, but also what you should do about them.

### WHAT ARE COOKIES?

Let's start with the basics – what is this mysterious cookie? Sometimes referred to as a web cookie or browser cookie, it is definitely not an edible baked treat. The simplest explanation of a cookie is that it's a text file with small pieces of data (think usernames, passwords and online shopping carts) used to identify your computer when you're using a network. The data stored in a cookie is created by the network server when you connect to the internet, and this data is given a form of ID that's unique to you and your device. When you visit a website, the server automatically reads this ID and knows the specific information to deliver.



This means internet cookies allow web browsers (such as Google Chrome and Safari) to constantly track, personalise and save specific information about your session (the time you spend on each website). In other words, cookies let websites remember you specifically, as well as some of your internet activities and actions, for example website logins or previous search history and pages you've visited.

### WHAT ARE COOKIES USED FOR?

In theory at least, cookies exist to identify specific users and improve their web browsing experience. It's worth noting that the internet as we know it wouldn't be the same without cookies; these files perform an integral role for streamlined web browsing by helping web developers provide more personalised, convenient website visits. Without cookies, you would always need to log in again every time you left a website, or rebuild the whole shopping cart on your favourite online store just because you closed the page by mistake.

Cookies are intended to be used for:

**Managing website sessions:** Each site recognises you and recalls your individual information and preferences, such as travel and entertainment versus sport and politics.

**Personalising content:** Cookies enable tailored promotions and advertising within your sessions. The areas you search determine the targeted ads you receive in future.

**Tracking items:** An e-commerce site can use cookies to monitor and record the items you have viewed, then make suggestions on other related products or services that might interest you.

You don't need to be a computer whiz to guess that cookies also provide advantages to web developers. Aside from being able to personalize website experiences, cookies help free up storage space for the website because the data is stored locally on your device rather than the server.

### ARE COOKIES GOOD OR BAD?

So what's the catch, you ask? First of all, cookies themselves are not harmful or dangerous. They will never infect your computer with a virus or malware. However, it is possible for cookies to be 'hijacked' by a cyber-attack, meaning hackers could gain access to your browsing sessions and histories.

Therefore, the major downside of cookies is they can sometimes create vulnerabilities to your internet privacy which, as you probably know, is a serious and often overwhelming concern. If a cyber-criminal is spying on your information, cookies are likely involved.

Not all cookies are made equal, or shall we say equally threatening. The origin of the cookie is the key factor. For example, a 'first-party' cookie is created directly by the website you're using and is generally safe – assuming the website is reputable and hasn't been compromised. On the other hand, 'third-party' cookies can be more problematic because they are generated by different websites, not the pages you're currently browsing. These types of cookies are usually linked to ads on the page.

All that said, a basic understanding of cookies and internet security does go a long way to protecting you and your internet activity against unwanted eyes.

### WHEN TO ALLOW OR REMOVE COOKIES

We've seen that carefully managed cookies can enhance your internet experience. At the same time, while removing cookies might help mitigate the risk of a privacy breach, it could also make websites harder to navigate.

Keep in mind you can control the cookies on your device by adjusting your browser settings. Choosing whether to allow or remove cookies may come down to your preference for convenience versus security risk. That's entirely up to you, but the more you know the better equipped you will be to make an informed decision that's right for you.

Regardless of your overall stance, it's prudent to periodically clear the cookies and other site data from your browser for a fresh start. Happy and safe browsing!

Internet Links 4U2 Try 

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

[All OK](#) Origin of OK

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





# The Crows Joke Page

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**A woman bakes a cake** for a church bazaar to donate and raise money for the church. Upon taking it out of the oven she drops it and the centre of the cake falls to the floor, ruined.

With no time to make another cake, she places a roll of tissue paper in the centre and slathers icing all over the top. She then sends her daughter to deliver the cake, and gives her money, with explicit instructions to present the cake for sale and then to immediately buy it back.

A great idea. But unfortunately it doesn't go to plan and the cake is immediately bought by someone else.

The following day, the woman goes to play bridge. There, on the hostess's table, is the woman's cake. She is mortified, knowing what is inside it.

Knowing her staring eyes had been noticed, she quickly says: "Oh my, what a beautiful cake!" The hostess replies without batting an eyelid: "Thank you, I baked it myself."

**A young doctor**, fresh out of Med. School, joined a new practice, boasting that he was so good, there wasn't a patient he couldn't cure.

The senior doctor in the practice sent him an elderly patient who had been coming to him for years with the same complaint that he himself could not cure her of, hoping to take this new buck down a peg or two.

After about 3 minutes in the examination room, the doctor told her she was pregnant.

She burst out of the room and ran down the corridor screaming.

The senior doctor stopped her and asked what the problem was.

After listening to her story, he calmed her down and sat her in another room.

Then the doctor marched down the hallway to the first doctor's room.

"What wrong with you?" he demanded.

This woman is 63 years old, she has two grown children and several grandchildren, and you told her she was pregnant?!!!"

The new doctor continued to write on his clipboard and without looking up said:

"Does she still have the hiccups?"



**So there was this female business executive** who was late for a meeting. She is going 65 on a street where the speed limit is 40. A cop pulls her over

and says "ma'am, can I please see your license?" She says "I'm sorry, officer, but I got it revoked two years ago for drunk driving." His brow furrows and he straightens up. "Well, can I please see the registration of your car?" She says, "I stole the car and I killed the driver; he's in the trunk." "Ma'am, DON'T MOVE, I'm calling for backup." He mutters furiously into his walkie-talkie... Five minutes later, half the squad pulls up, the Chief of Police walks over to the woman's window. "Ma'am, can I see your license?" he asks sternly. "Of course, officer," she smiles demurely and pulls out a license from her purse. He squints warily at it. "This looks legitimate," he mumbles. "Can I see the registration to this car?" She pulls it out of the glove compartment and hands it to him. "Ma'am, stand back!" He bangs open the trunk of the car and flinches: but it was completely empty... The woman brandishes a finger at the first cop and says accusingly, "And I'll bet that liar told you I was speeding too!!"

## Changing your password.

Sharon knew a lot about computers and was always being asked by the other women in her exercise class to help them with their tech problems.

One day, Karen came up and said to Sharon, "I can't log into my email anymore. Can you help me?"

Sharon sighed and said, "Ok, what's the problem."

Karen said,

"MickeyMouseDonaldDuckBugsBunnyDaffyDuckPorkyPigSupermanBatmanCanberra".

Sharon was shocked, "That's a long password!"

Karen was puzzled. "Is it?" she asked. "I thought every password had to seven characters and a capital."

## Careful what you wish for!

A man and his wife now in their 60's were celebrating their 40th wedding anniversary.

On their special day, a good fairy came to them and said that because they had been so good that each one of them could have a wish.

The wife wished for a trip around the world with her husband.

Whoosh! Immediately she had airline/cruise tickets in her hands.

The man wished for a female companion 30 years younger...

Whoosh....immediately he turned ninety!





# Bits AND Pieces



## A Friendly Toast

by Anonymous

May you always find your treasure  
In the blessings that life sends  
In the beauty of each season  
In the company of good friends.

May you grow in faith and wisdom,  
Gather strength from every storm  
May you always have a smile to share  
And someone to keep you warm.

May each path you choose bring promise  
Of the things you're dreaming of  
May your world be filled with peace and joy,  
And your heart be filled with love

If a word is misspelled in the dictionary, how would we ever know?



What can go wrong?



Lawn mower invented by Edwin Budding 1830



### AMBIGUITIES

The term ambigram refers to certain words and designs that read the same upside down ... Don't confuse them with palindromes, which are words that read the same backwards, for example, "madam" - here are decorative examples by typographer John Langdon, which spell the two words "ambiguity" and "Victoria" ... To see it, all you have to do is stand on your head, or maybe turn your monitor upside-down ... well, I'm sure you'll be resourceful and find a better way

Ambiguity

VICTORIA

## Always Wear Underwear...

Always wear underwear in public, especially when working under your vehicle. From the local paper comes this story of a Brisbane couple who drove their car to the shopping centre, only to have their car break down in the car park. The man told his wife to carry on with the shopping while he fixed the car.

The wife returned later to see a small group of people near the car. On closer inspection, she saw a pair of hairy legs protruding from under the chassis.

Unfortunately, although the man was in shorts, his lack of underpants turned his private parts into glaringly public ones. Unable to stand the embarrassment, she dutifully stepped forward and quickly put her hand up his shorts, and tucked everything back into place.

On regaining her feet, she looked across the bonnet and found herself staring at her husband who was standing idly by watching.

The R.A.C.Q. mechanic however, had to have three stitches in his forehead.