

Something to

# CROWABOUT

e-Magazine of the

**Wagga Wagga Senior Citizens' Club Inc.**

Incorporating

**WAGGA WAGGA SENIOR CITIZENS' COMPUTER CLUB**

*(Member of ASCCA (Australian Seniors Computer Clubs Association))*

Issue 14

Published Quarterly

Oct-Dec 2012

## INSIDE THIS ISSUE :

Seniors in Focus	3
Seniors in Focus	4
Les and May cartoon	4
'Lonely for my Land'	5
What is Java?	7
Memories of How it Was	8
Note from The President	8
Computer Hints and Tips	9
Crows Joke Page	10
My Worst Christmas	11
Bits and Pieces	12



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

### Contact the Club:

Ph:69216980 (9.30am-3.00pm)

Mon, Thu, Fri.

or email

[senior.citizen@bigpond.com](mailto:senior.citizen@bigpond.com)

### eMagazine Editor

Barry Williams: Ph: 69253065

Email Please send any contributions to this address -

[barrysonia@bigpond.com](mailto:barrysonia@bigpond.com)

*Old age is not for sissies !*

**WHERE WERE YOU WHEN THIS MAN WAS THE FIRST TO WALK ON THE MOON ??**



### A MAN CALLED ARMSTRONG.

Looking back over a lifetime of experiences it can be very difficult to remember what we were doing at a precise period in time. Unless... something momentous was happening at the same time.

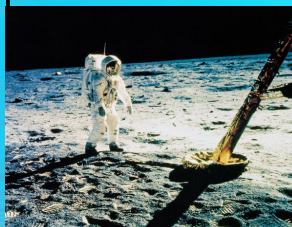
Without a doubt, one such occasion was July 20,1969.

The world watched, on that July afternoon when a man called Armstrong walked upon the moon.

When he made that famous step on July 20, 1969, he uttered a phrase that has been carved in stone and quoted across the planet: "That's one small step for [a] man; one giant leap for mankind."

"I don't think many truly appreciate the bravery of these people that got into capsules made of aluminium sitting atop massive Saturn V rockets. All calculations of the incredibly high speeds and angles were done with pencil on paper... The entire spacecraft had less computer processing power than the average microwave oven today'. Neil Armstrong died in Cincinnati, Ohio, on August 25, 2012, at the age of 82 due to complications from blocked coronary arteries.

What about you? Do you remember what you were up to when Armstrong took that giant step?



## Wagga Wagga Senior Citizens' Club Inc.

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

### Weekly Programme of Activities

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

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

**Annual Bus Trip:** Normally in October for 5 days.

*The prime of life is that fleeting time between green and over ripe.*



"What fits your busy schedule better, exercising one hour a day or being dead 24 hours a day?"

## Reminder

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



## Editor's Notes

September 13th this year was designated national RUOK? Day. The aim is to raise awareness of the importance of connection and preventing isolation by empowering people to support each other through life's ups and downs. Perhaps that old Aussie stock question "how ya goin mate" is a symptom that most of us still do care about our fellow travellers. At least, from personal experience, I do know we do in this club.

Wow, I can hardly believe it. Seems only such a short time ago we were starting a new year and here we are starting the count down to year's end. Looking back over the past few months (and surviving a particularly cold winter) we have much to be happy with. Whether it was the weekly activities, luncheons, trips or special events, what mattered most was the socialising aspect. There are far too many lonely older citizens living in isolation unnecessarily. As we heard during Seniors Week - "Live Life".

See you at the Club

Barry

## Wagga Wagga Senior Citizens' Club Inc Committee 2012

President	Jim Weeden	69252001
Vice President	Wayne Kaine	69331139
Treasurer	Jo Jovanovic	
Assistant Treasurer	Gwen Beasley	69310268
Secretary	Robyn Weeden	69252001
Assistant Secretary	Phyllis Ward	

## WAGGA WAGGA SENIOR CITIZENS' COMPUTER CLUB—COMMITTEE 2012

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

Additional Committee: Dawn McDermott, Marlene Bowen, Velma Spears, Jim Weeden, Bev Morley, Enid Pendergast.



# Seniors In Focus



**CONFUSED:** Despite holding a Mobility Parking Scheme permit, Monica Baker, 81, received an \$88 parking fine last week as she did not realise her permit was not being displayed properly on her front windscreen. Picture: Addison Hamilton

## Costly warning to all elderly drivers

► WAGGA

By Jade Martin

ELDERLY residents need to ensure their Mobility Parking Scheme stickers are correctly fixed to their windcreens after an 81-year-old Wagga woman was given a parking fine despite being unaware her permit was not valid.

Monica Baker was parked outside the Senior Citizens Centre on Tarcutta Street last Wednesday when she was fined \$88 for overstaying the one hour parking limit.

Wagga City Council acting director of community and environment services Mark Gardiner said when the licence plate recognition technology detects a vehicle which has overstayed the signposted parking limit, the parking inspector takes a photo of both the position of the car, as well as a photo of the car's windscreen and any permits which may be displayed.

Though Ms Baker has a Mobility Parking Scheme sticker fixed to the windscreen of her car, the licence-style card that should be attached to the top of the permit identifying Ms Baker was tucked in behind the cardboard, meaning that the parking

### Fast facts

- As of April 2011, drivers who are eligible for parking concessions under the Australian Disability Parking Scheme must display both the Roads and Maritime Services Mobility Parking Scheme (MPS) permit and the Australian Disability Parking Permit.
- If not displayed correctly, and the vehicle has overstayed the time limit, the driver may receive a fine.
- For more information about how to properly display your parking permits visit [www.rta.nsw.gov.au/usingroads/mobilityparking/displaying\\_permits.html](http://www.rta.nsw.gov.au/usingroads/mobilityparking/displaying_permits.html).

inspector did not know she was the driver of the car and allowed to park in the one hour zone for longer than its signposted timeframe.

Ms Baker suffers from emphysema and applied for the disability parking permit after she found it difficult to cross busy roads or walk long distances without assistance from her walking frame and asthma puffer.

She will be writing to the State Debt Recovery, asking to have the fine overturned.



Entertainer Will O'Neal performed at an entertainment afternoon in July



The Club's Birthday celebrations in August is remembered with the cake, (above), and table decorations, (below)



*The Daily Advertiser, July 4, 2012...* If you saw the article reprinted here, please be reminded; if you did not, please be warned!!



# Seniors In Focus

Members Andy Choong Che Keong and Susie Lau Siew Tiang were snapped in front of Albury's Hume Dam during the Club's visit in June 27th.



President Jim Weeden looks on (below) as long time member Joyce Redman cuts the birthday cake during the Club Birthday Party (August 22nd) at Wagga Rules Club.



Special guest Eddie Naismith, President of Narrandera Seniors Club, "sings for her supper" at the Birthday Party.



**LES&MAY**  
LAFFING WITH (AND AT) OLDER AMERICANS

by Larry Lewis  
[www.lesandmay.co](http://www.lesandmay.co)



## Tish Lees – “Lonely For My Land”



Recently Wagga library played host to author Tish Lees as she and her husband Dick dropped in during her well publicised book tour to give a talk on her first published book, “Lonely For My Land”, a memoir.

It was great to hear the story behind this intriguing book. As a young girl growing up she had a 122,000 hectare backyard to play in. Her homestead was an oasis in an unimaginable vast landscape.

Often playing alone or with the children of the station’s aboriginal inhabitants on the sprawling Karratha Station in the 1950’s, Tish was never lonely.

Her father, Bill Leslie, and his family, pioneered this pastoral property in the Pilbara district of Western Australia from 1929 to 1966. There is a story of extreme isolation, incredibly hard work and courteous country hospitality.

Until it was rerouted, the main road from Perth to Darwin was practically on their front doorstep, (As a matter of fact it initially ran between the main homestead building and the kitchen) with a constant stream of travellers dropping in and receiving the utmost hospitality.

During winter months several large rockeries cascaded with colourful hardy annuals such as nasturtiums and petunias. Nothing flourished during the harsh summers but fortunately due to the plentiful water supply, the established lawn, shrubs and trees continued to provide welcome relief from the searing heat. While the surrounding countryside during summer was dry and desolate, Karratha remained “The Oasis in the Desert”.

In her talk Tish explained how her grandfather lent her father the family car with instructions to drive north in search of property to develop. Being joined by a friend en route near Roebourne on the west coast, he found country bearing lush natural grass which he felt would be perfect for carrying sheep. The local Dalgety’s rep mentioned that there was a property for sale – Karratha – which in the local aboriginal language meant ‘soft country’. With a river flowing past the property and seven permanent or semi-permanent water holes it was very attractive and was purchased in March 1929. There was already a homestead building – built in 1909 by the brothers Robert and Arthur Bunning (founders of present day Bunning’s Hardware) who were English master builders of high repute in Western Australia.

The first few years proved to be memorable for all the wrong reasons. As Tish said, he bought the property on the 22nd of March, 1929, the Great Depression started on the 23<sup>rd</sup> of March, and a severe cyclone wiped him out on the 24<sup>th</sup> of March, 1929. With not much left but determination, (he had to use his trousers rolled up as a pillow) Bill Leslie started over with a clean slate. There would be many such near calamities to overcome in the following years, more cyclones, drought, flood, grasshopper plagues, bush fires, health emergencies – all this and more.

A 1945 cyclone was particularly devastating, and about 15,000 sheep were lost in one night.

“They drowned in the water that surged down the rivers, became bogged in the mud or were hurled against fences,” Tish recalled.

Five years after Tish’s father had established himself on the property he had occasion to visit Melbourne, and ended up coming back with a bride, Tish’s mother. This young city girl found herself having to deal with no electricity or refrigeration. She was introduced to hurricane lights, a Coolgardie Safe (a charcoal cooler in which perishable food was stored), no telephone or mail service, and wire beds with horse hair mattresses.

Later, there would be a kerosene Electrolux fridge, and in 1949 a cold room was installed. But until then the Coolgardie Safe was the only means of keeping perishable food fresh. Unfortunately, if there was no breeze to keep the charcoal cool, its contents would rapidly deteriorate so that they would be confronted with meat tinged with green. Meat that failed the sniff test was given a quick dunk in vinegar or Condy’s crystals and a few generous scoops of curry powder to make it edible.



There was no septic or sewerage, so she (the new bride) was shown the Thunder Box some fifty metres from the house and instructed in the ritual of setting rolled up newspaper alight and running it around the underside of the fixed wooden seat before sitting down to kill off red back spiders, scorpions and other nasties that might be lurking there. Furthermore she was also warned that if she went there after dark she must carry a torch. Otherwise she could stumble on the narrow, stony path, and possibly sprain her ankle or, worse still, tread on a python, spinifex snake, or even a death adder.





“Ever the optimist, she wrote in her minimal notes how delighted she was to find an abundance of good water.” Among Tish’s bush skills were baking bread and churning butter. She also worked long hours around the station, mustering sheep alongside the Aboriginal stockmen and helping with the annual shearing. “I learnt to drive at the age of nine, and I’d help Dad around the mill runs, cleaning troughs and checking fences,” she remarked.

As a little girl her playmates were the children of the Station’s Aboriginal inhabitants. Many happy hours were spent swimming with them in one of the Stations waterholes. Or making animal tracks in the dust, anything from cats to kangaroos, using just finger and palm prints. With no lollies such as those enjoyed by city children, Tish and her little native companions would climb the local eucalyptus trees and gather the residue left by ants on leaves, a mixture tasting of honey and eucalyptus.

Tish recalled during her talk how while visiting Perth for the first time when she was about four years old she was introduced to some children playing in Kings Park. Her mother was nonplussed when her daughter cowered behind her skirt. When confronted about her reluctance to play with the children she stammered ... ‘But, but, I’m scared, they’re all *white*’

During those happy carefree days an issue arose that gave Tish’s father great concern. Legislation was passed in Parliament allowing police to remove half-caste children from their parents to be brought up in orphanages or similar institutions. The process resulted in what was to become known as ‘The Stolen Generation’.

The legislation may have been framed with the best of intentions, but Tish’s dad knew the distress being separated from their families would cause the children, and the sorrow that having their children taken away would bring to their parents and others in the camp. He could not bring himself to stand by passively and let such trauma happen to the Aborigines he regarded as his extended family. Although he was a law abiding man he decided to flout the law that provided for these children to be removed from their families. Whenever the authorities notified him of an impending visit for that purpose, he made sure the parents of half-caste children in the native camp were informed, giving plenty of time for the children to be rounded up and hidden in a cave at a nearby pool.



Like many outback kids, Tish was educated by correspondence (the School of the Air commenced after she left high school) and later went to a boarding school in Perth.

She returned to her beloved Karratha during school holidays, helping her parents host the constant stream of guests, including family friend Lang Hancock and the State Governor, as well as an assorted bunch of “interesting souls who passed through the door”.

The average rainfall was 11 inches, which as Tish explained could mean no rainfall at all one year and maybe 12 inches overnight another year.

The roads in those early years were very rough, in a lot of cases just twin wheel ruts. Cars were not all that reliable, and on more than one occasion a vehicle was left by the side of the track while the unfortunate driver had to walk back to the homestead for assistance.

Summer is very hot in the region. How hot, was the question posed by one of the audience?

Tish went on to explain that it was not unusual to be up to 45 degrees at 8.00pm.

Now living in retirement on the Queensland Sunshine Coast with her husband, Tish is amazed when revisiting her childhood district neighbourhood that residents of Karratha now have access to air-conditioners, refrigerators, telephones, fresh fruit and vegetables, and even the daily Perth newspaper.

“Each time I go back, it’s just more and more jaw-dropping,” Tish said. With no hairdressers available it was a case of cutting each other’s hair and Tish recalled that lemon leaves soaked in boiling water made an excellent hair conditioner.

During World War 2 and the Japanese bombing raids on Northern Australia, Tish was too young to understand the seriousness of the situation, but she said she did sense a widespread uneasiness. When planes droned overhead at night people couldn’t help but wonder if they were friend or foe.

Not long after Tish’s second birthday in July 1942, the war came very close when nine Japanese war planes dropped 54 bombs on Port Hedland aerodrome.



In 1952 Britain began atomic testing on the Monte Bello islands, a mere 190 kilometres from Karratha’s coastal boundary.



Tish had returned to school in Perth, when on October 3, 1952, her mum was walking through the house when she was halted by an ear-shattering noise. At first she thought it was a thunderclap, but suddenly realisation hit. It's the bomb! She yelled as she raced outside with her camera. The authorities had issued no instructions to locals about precautions they should take when the bomb was detonated. Oblivious to any possible danger, she ran out onto the lawn for a better view. An enormous black mushroom cloud rose into the sky. Tish's mum caught it all on her camera.

A strong wind blew the atomic cloud towards the mainland, an unexpected development over which the scientists on site had no control. When questioned by a journalist some thirty years later

about the threat to the safety of people in the area, a British Air Vice Marshal responded: '...anyhow, these areas were very sparsely populated.' "True enough", said Tish," but those few who did live there, my family and our Aboriginal families included, did not consider their lives any more expendable than those of people who lived elsewhere".

Tish explains in her book how she came to be called that. It was during a trip as a little girl with her mother to Perth when they came across an old friend of her mother's. "What's your daughter's name" the friend asked. 'Patricia', her mum answered. "Dear little Patty", said the lady condescendingly, patting her on the head. Mortified, Trish stared at the footpath. Did she think she looked like a rissole? When they continued down the street she asked her mother never to introduce her as 'Patricia' again. Her mother respected her request and she became 'Trisha', then 'Tisha' and finally 'Tish' when school-mates dropped the 'a'.



Although Tish enjoys a life of luxury now compared to those far off days, she still longs for those periods of "deafening silence" she experienced as a girl growing up in the vast expanses of the Pilbara region of Western Australia. "My soul belongs on these plains, among those rocks, along those shores and creeks" she says. If you would like to catch a glimpse of that experience, you need only pick up a copy of "Lonely For My Land"

Relaxing with her adored corgi, Winnie



## What Is Java and Do I Need It?

Category: Software

Many websites tell you they have a Java application to show you and you need to enable Java on your end to run it. Is Java safe? Are there any potential downsides to installing it? Read on to find out...

Should You Allow Java on Your Computer?

If you encounter a website with an embedded Java app, and you don't have Java installed (or enabled), you'll just see an empty space where the program should be displaying. Many sites will provide a helpful link to where you can download the Java runtime environment from Sun Microsystems, the developer of Java. Even cell phones commonly push Java at users. But what is Java, and why should you install or enable it?

Java is both a programming language and a platform for development of applications that work on multiple operating systems, such as Windows or Mac OS or Linux. Java consists of many software components that work together to provide a "cross-platform environment". Essentially, that means a program written in the Java programming language will run on any type of computing platform, not just on an Intel or Apple or Nokia piece of hardware; provided, of course, that the essential Java operating components are present. That's where the Java runtime environment becomes necessary.

Java is handy for programmers; they need only write a program once and not worry about whether the user has a PC or a Mac computer, or be concerned with which browser is being used. Java applications can be embedded in web pages, cell phones, industrial controls, household thermostats, even coffee makers. So you will run into Java often.

Yes, you do need the Java runtime environment, or you will be frustrated quite often. That online game or mortgage calculator you've been looking for all day won't run without Java. So go ahead and install the Java runtime. It won't hurt, if you have sufficient computing resources.



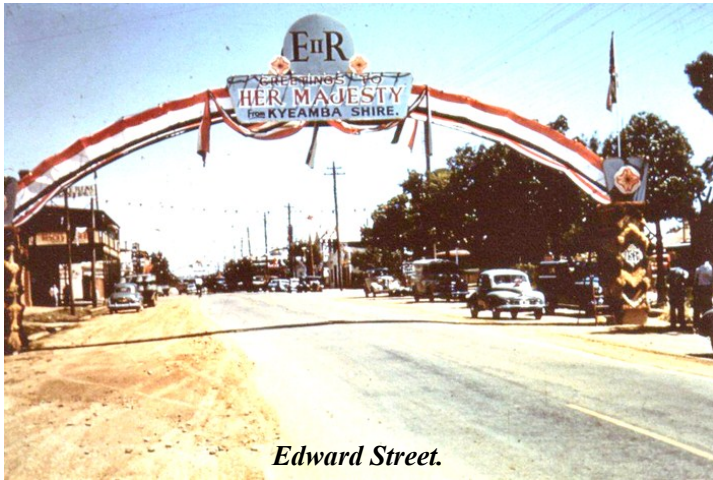




The recent Royal Jubilee (*Diamond/60th anniversary of the Queen's coronation*) celebrations have brought back memories of Wagga's "greatest day" when Queen Elizabeth 2 and the Duke of Edinburgh visited the city on February 13th, 1954. A special thanks to club member Helen Murlin for making these rare colour photos available. Wagga's population at the time was about 25,000; but during the Queen's visit this was estimated to have swelled to up to 89,000. Bolton Park was reserved for children (some 20,000 dressed in red, white or blue) Perhaps some of you were there! Helen was.



## MEMORIES OF HOW IT WAS



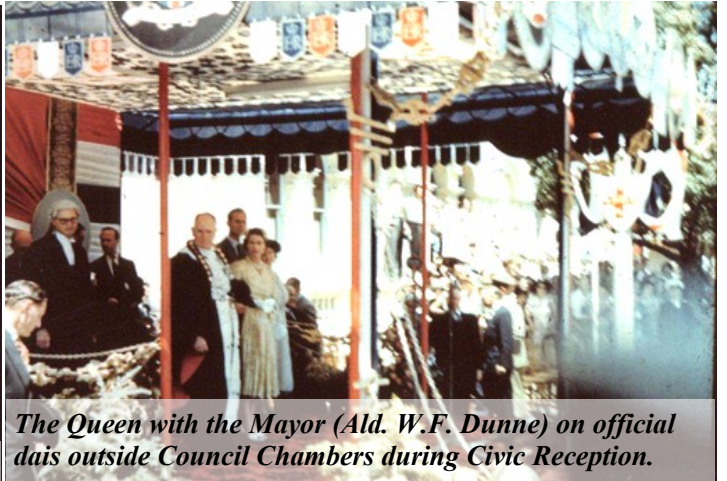
*Edward Street.*



*Looking north at Fitzmaurice-Johnston Street intersection*



*Facing railway station in Baylis Street*



*The Queen with the Mayor (Ald. W.F. Dunne) on official dais outside Council Chambers during Civic Reception.*

### Note from the President.

2012 is almost over and it seems like only yesterday that I was preparing a note for the 2011 issue of the e-magazine. It was pleasing to note that the club is becoming like a big "family" with members helping and supporting each other during the good and bad times in their personal lives. During the year most of the planned functions went ahead including the bus trips during 2012 due to the support of the members.

The Seniors of Wagga Wagga should be thankful that the Wagga Wagga City Council provides and maintains a centre for the use of Seniors' groups free of charge and I know the Wagga Wagga Senior Citizens' Club is truly thankful to the Wagga Wagga City Council for the use of the centre.

Over the year the Senior Citizens' Club Inc. has been supporting Council in the setting up of a Seniors' Internet cafe in the Seniors Community Centre and hopefully that early 2013 such a cafe will be a reality. The Senior Citizens Club Inc. will also take an active part in the information contained in the "Seniors" section of the Council's web site, which hopefully will also be fully functional in early 2013.

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

A big, big thank you to Barry Williams for his dedication to the publication of the "e-magazine", which is the electronic magazine of the Seniors Citizens' Club Inc. and Seniors' Computer Club. Copies of the e-magazine are available on the Council's web site.

As always, be kind to each other and I wish each member a safe and joyous Christmas and a healthy 2013.





# Computer Hints & Tips



## Computer freeze solution - How to Unfreeze Your Computer

We've all been there, happily working on something when the computer screen freezes. This generally results from too much memory being used and your computer not being able to process the information fast enough. Here a tip to help you unfreeze your programs without losing important information.

Listed below for Windows XP, Vista and Windows 7 users is an alternative way to unfreeze your computer. It works a large majority of the time, but even so, you may have to end a specific program that is "Not Responding". \*Please note that if you cannot move your mouse or have the menu pop up as in the below steps, you will have to reset your computer as it has completely frozen\*

Windows XP

1. Press the "CTRL" "ALT" "DELETE" keys in sequence
2. Task Manager Appears
3. Click The "Processes" Tab
4. Find any and all instances of "Explorer.exe" and close them all by right-clicking and choosing "End Process"
5. If you've done this successfully your taskbar will disappear - don't worry - that's what you want.
6. Now, while you're still in Task Manager, click "File" "New task" and type in "explorer.exe" (without the quotes)
7. Your taskbar should now reappear and your computer that was frozen should now be ready to go

Windows Vista & Windows 7

1. Right-click an empty place on your taskbar
2. Choose "Task Manager"
3. Click The "Processes" Tab
4. Find any and all instances of "Explorer.exe" and close them all by right-clicking and choosing "End Process"
5. If you've done this successfully your taskbar will disappear - don't worry - that's what you want.
6. Now, while you're still in Task Manager, click "File" "New task" and type in "explorer.exe" (without the quotes)
7. Your taskbar should now reappear and your computer that was frozen should now be ready to go.

This trick will work most of the time - but not always. Sometimes you can't even use your CTRL - ALT -DELETE keys. If this happens you'll just have to shut it down and then restart.

\*\*\*

**Adding new fonts to your computer** - you save the required fonts to My Documents. Then go to Control Panel, then click on the Fonts icon. If you have both screens open together, by making them smaller by clicking the little box right next to the X in the corner, you can do one of two things. You can drag each Font icon in your My Docs to the Font Page, or you can Copy and Paste each font from my Docs to the Font page. You can also download other new fonts from a good website eg. AK Font Viewer.

\*\*\*

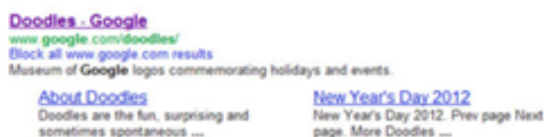
## Google Doodle Archive

Have you ever noticed that on holidays and during special events Google puts up a unique logo (also called a "Doodle") on their main page? Since 2000, the Google logo has undergone various, albeit temporary, design changes for Christmas, the Olympics, Halloween and more. The only problem is that after the holiday is over, so is the logo.

So, wouldn't it be cool to be able to take a gander into the archives? Maybe check out some Doodles from years gone by?

Thought so, and thankfully there is!

Browse over to Google.com, and in the Search Box, type "Google Doodles" – the first result that pops up should look similar to this:



Click on it, and you will be taken to the archives where every logo from 2000 to the present day are there for the viewing! Personally, I love looking at the Halloween ones.





# The Crows Joke Page

**(It takes a Scot to get his priorities in order..... )**

A young Scottish lad and lass were sitting on a low stone wall, holding hands, gazing out over the loch. For several minutes they sat silently.

Then finally the girl looked at the boy and said, "A penny for your thoughts, Angus."

"Well, uh, I was thinkin'... perhaps it's about time for a wee kiss."

The girl blushed, then leaned over and kissed him lightly on the cheek.

Then he blushed. The two turned once again to gaze out over the loch.

Minutes passed and the girl spoke again.

"Another penny for your thoughts, Angus."

"Well, uh, I was thinkin' perhaps it's noo about time for a wee cuddle."

The girl blushed, then leaned over and cuddled him for a few seconds. Then he blushed.

And the two turned once again to gaze out over the loch.

After a while, she again said, "Another penny for your thoughts, Angus."

"Well, uh, I was thinkin' perhaps it's about time you let me put my hand on your leg."

The girl blushed, then took his hand and put it on her knee. Then he blushed.

Then the two turned once again to gaze out over the loch before the girl spoke again.

"Another penny for your thoughts, Angus."

The young man glanced down with a furled brow.

"Well, noo," he said, 'my thoughts are a wee bit more serious this time.'

"Really?" said the lass in a whisper, filled with anticipation.

"Aye," said the lad, nodding.

The girl looked away in shyness, began to blush, and bit her lip in anticipation of the ultimate request.

Then he said, "Dae ye nae think it's about time ye paid me the first three pennies?"

*Our thanks to Dave (David Riddell) for this one*



**With Age Comes Wisdom!!**

A guy is 72 years old and loves to fish.

He was sitting in his boat the other day when he heard a voice say, 'Pick me up.'



He looked around and couldn't see anyone.

He thought he was dreaming when he heard the voice say again, 'Pick me up.'

He looked in the water and there, floating on the top, was a frog.

The man said, 'Are you talking to me?'

The frog said, 'Yes, I'm talking to you.' Pick me up, then kiss me;

And I'll turn into the most beautiful woman you have ever seen.

I'll make sure that all your friends are envious and jealous, because I will be your bride!

The man looked at the frog for a short time, reached over, picked it up carefully and placed it in his shirt pocket.

The frog said, 'What, are you nuts? Didn't you hear what I said?' I said, 'Kiss me, and I will be your beautiful bride.'



He opened his pocket, looked at the frog and said, 'Nah. At my age, I'd rather have a talking frog.' With age comes wisdom.

**A little boy goes to his father and asks, "Daddy, how was I born?"**

"Well son, I guess one day you will need to find out anyway.

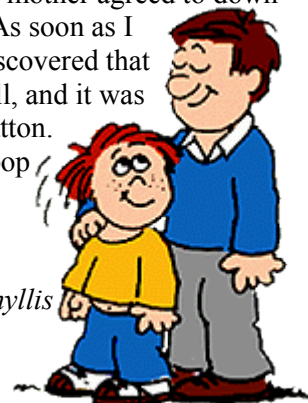
Your mum and I first got together in a chat room.

Then we met at a cyber café. We sneaked into a secluded room where your mother agreed to download from my hard drive. As soon as I

was ready to upload we discovered that neither of us uses a firewall, and it was too late to hit the delete button.

Nine months later a little pop up appeared that said ....

'You've got male'.



*And a special thanks to Phyllis for this last joke.*



## MY WORST CHRISTMAS

by Heather McAlister



*The year was 1948. It had been a particularly wet summer. The harvest on Dad's farm had not gone well and was very long and drawn out. On Christmas Eve my father, older brother and workman, Mick, went to the paddock to pick up the rest of the bagged wheat to bring it home to the sheds. During the afternoon a huge electrical storm came up and raged through the district. The lightning kept hitting the electric power lines and dancing along them with brilliant flashes. The electricity kept going off and the old kerosene lights had to be brought out as the house was very dark.*

*My mother was very restless; she was very worried about the men being away in such a bad storm. She was pleased to see them when they returned. Her other worry was in regard to the Christmas dinner – should she cook the meats and have a cold lunch or should she leave it and cook a hot lunch for Christmas dinner.*

*The afternoon was drawing in, my brothers and sisters and myself were all being sent off to the bathroom for our baths.*

*In those days the copper was heated and the hot water was taken to the bathroom in buckets. My young sister and I had had our baths, and soon it was my younger brother's turn. Instead of waiting for someone to take the water to the bathroom for him, he tried to carry it himself and spilled the hot water down his leg, scalding it rather badly. My parents decided it was too wet to try to make it to town, a distance of about 28 miles and over dirt roads. So he was patched up with items from the first aid chest.*

*The rain continued to fall heavily all afternoon. We sat down and had our tea and eventually, after playing a few more games, went off to bed.*

*When we woke, the excitement of Christmas broke the morn. Some of our presents were beside our beds, but the larger items were on the front verandah. We dashed out onto the verandah to discover that the rain was still falling and a cold wind was blowing. Yes, there were the toys that we had hoped we would receive. But what were those big bare footprints that led from the house to the garden shed and back? Why wasn't Santa wearing his gumboots like we were led to believe he wore? Why? Why?*

*Soon it was time for church. Mother decided that the three younger children, including myself, would stay at home with her and the two older ones would go with Father. We were still hoping that we would still be able to go to our grandparents' farm after lunch for the afternoon. However, the gullies were starting to fill with water and sure enough, by the time Christmas dinner was finished, we were cut off from our grandparents' farm.*

*Mick, the workman, decided that he would saddle up one of the horses, rug up in a big overcoat, and ride to a friend's place about seven miles away.*

*During the afternoon a large fire was lit in the open fireplace. We played games, coloured in and played with our toys that we had received. The afternoon went slowly and I kept asking questions about Santa Claus. And why this and why that?*

*Who was this Santa Claus anyway?*

*We all sat round the large table and enjoyed our Christmas tea. Soon it would be bedtime.*

*My mother was becoming concerned, as Mick had not returned. My father, who didn't get too excited about this kind of thing, remarked that Mick had gone to war and had arrived home safely so he should be OK.*

*We were all tucked up in bed; the wind was still whistling around outside. As I was lying there snuggling into my pillow, the thoughts of Santa Claus and those reindeers and all the world he had to visit in one night, those big bare footprints on the path and how was this chap supposed to get down the chimney kept running through my mind.*

*"Just one more question before I go to sleep", I thought. Suddenly my older sister who had had enough of my questioning told me the whole truth about Santa Claus. I was told to keep it all to myself and not ruin my younger sister's fun.*

*Even though I think in the back of my mind I thought this entire Santa Claus thing was a little far fetched, I certainly hadn't expected it to finish like this. Along with the cold, wet and stormy Christmas Eve and Day, I always remember the Christmas of 1948 as the worst Christmas I have ever experienced.*

*I had killed off Santa Claus!*



# Bits AND Pieces

How do you know when it is time to "hang up the car keys"?

I say when your dog has this look on his face!



## Men Can Fix Anything !!!



Thereifixedit.com

### Forgetter Be Forgotten?

My forgetter's getting better,  
But my rememberer is broke  
To you that may seem funny  
But, to me, that is no joke

For when I'm 'here' I'm wondering  
If I really should be 'there'  
And, when I try to think it through,  
I haven't got a prayer!

Oft times I walk into a room,  
Say 'what am I here for?'  
I wrack my brain, but all in vain!  
A zero, is my score.

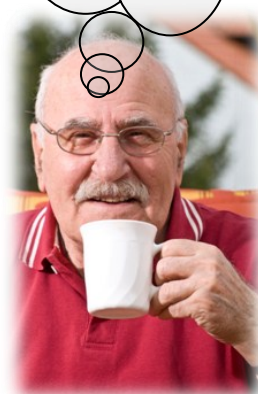
At times I put something away  
Where it is safe, but, Gee!  
The person it is safest from  
Is, generally, me!

When shopping I may see someone,  
Say 'Hi' and have a chat,  
Then, when the person walks away  
I ask myself, 'who the hell was that?'

Yes, my forgetter's getting better  
While my rememberer is broke,  
And it's driving me plumb crazy  
And that isn't any joke.



If olive oil is made from olives, and vegetable oil is made from vegetables, what is baby oil made from?



Stare at the circles and they seem to move

