

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 Old Hawker	4
Dan	6
20 Words...	7
Memories	8
Members Contributions	9
Computer Hints & Tips	10
The Crows Joke Page	11
Bits & Pieces	12

In this issue

THE OLD HAWKER

THE OLD HAWKER



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to above address -





Editor's Notes

G'day Seniors, a new year and a brighter outlook for our Club and indeed for all of Australia.

Admittedly life is still pretty grim overseas as this cursed covid-19 pandemic still takes its savage toll but we are blessed in this country to have escaped the worst of it, especially in regional areas such as Wagga.

With prospects of a vaccine being rolled out in the not too distant future, and a plan crafted by our President Jim in place to follow during activities at the Senior Citizens Centre we can rightfully be more optimistic of happy times again as we meet up with faces we have so missed over these past months.

Best regards, *Barry*
Editor, Crowabout
Public Officer

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.



Presidents Message

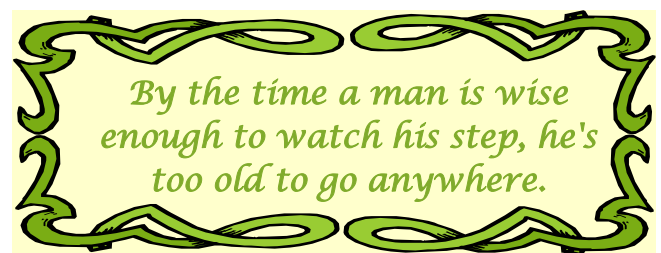
Welcome to 2021 seniors. Let's hope 2021 will be a better year and we will be able to get most of our events going. During the lockdown period in 2020, our Secretary Robyn and our Treasurer Jo continued working and I would like to thank them for their efforts. The lunch we had early this year was attributed to these ladies.

I trust that all seniors have come through the Covid-19 epidemic and once we get our vaccination, we will be right to get seniors back to "normal"?

I thanks Barry for him continually putting the snippets of "information" that I sent him via emails and Facebook.

Remember, "HAVE FUN and LOOK AFTER EACH OTHER".

Jim Weeden, President



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 Lunch 2021

As the pandemic still rages overseas and still evident in certain "hot spots" in this country we have been very fortunate to have gone untouched in regional Australia. With a vaccine shortly being released and appropriate measures in place for a safe gathering we were pleased to hold our first Club activity for nearly twelve months in January 2021.



THE OLD HAWKER.

Indian Hawkers, Yesterdays' Travelling Salesmen

By Barry G Williams

George was determined as any twelve-year-old boy could be. His father had made it quite clear that he was not to approach old Cher Singh the Indian hawker by himself and "that was that".

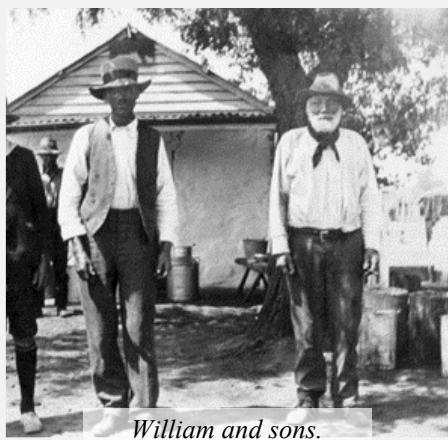
But 'that' was exactly what George intended to do. If only he could do so without bringing down the wrath of his father William, who in that year of 1907 was sixty-nine years of age and known for his fiery temper. William also put in a full day's work on the dairy farm and with the help of his older children (George was the second youngest of ten) he hand-milked all the cows, selling the cream and butter produced on their dairy farm at Ladysmith to the Wagga Co-Operative Butter Factory (later the Murrumbidgee Co-Op) at Wagga.

George *could* have thanked his father for the fact that back in 1881 long before he was born William was instrumental in getting the Ladysmith Public School he attended established. But thanking his father for anything now was not on his agenda.

Deciding that caution was a better response than outright defiance, George bided his time. He did not have long to wait. As soon as the sun sank below the horizon and darkness enveloped the countryside, the rest of the family were in bed, ready for an early start the next day.



George age 12 (1907)



William and sons.

Quietly slipping out of bed he groped his way to the doorway. Pausing only briefly to drag on his boots, he was away. Guided only by the light of the moon and taking his bearings from the flickering glow in the distance, George made his way through the paddocks. Hopefully, he would not step in anything, it was a dairy farm after all!

At last, he reached his destination. Cher Singh sat by his campfire, finishing his supper. His two horses had been unharnessed from his fully stocked hawkers van and were now peacefully grazing on the abundant grass by the roadside.

"Why, young George, how are you, did your mother forget something earlier?" Cher Singh asked. Quickly, George assured him that his mother did not want anything else; he was merely hoping to hear some more of his stories.

For his part, Cher Singh was glad of the company. His was a lonely profession and he was a long way from his own family back in the Punjab region of India (parts of which would later become part of Pakistan). Like a lot of his fellow countrymen, he

had left his village to earn money which he sent home by money order to support his family.

The first Sikhs arrived in the country somewhere in the late 1840s'. By the early 1900's there were estimated to be from 5000 to over 7600 Indians in Australia, making them a sizeable proportion of the population at the time.

From Federation in 1901 the "White Australian Policy" came into force (repealed in 1973), restricting the immigration of non-whites into Australia. This made it impossible for Sikhs to enter the country unless they were merchants or students, and then only for short periods. It also meant if those already here returned to their mother- country they would be barred from re-entry. There were conflicting reports about their acceptance by the rest of the population. Hawkers were represented by some politicians as a threat to women alone on farms, whom they would pressure strongly to buy their goods. A NSW Member of Parliament is quoted in the 1890s as saying they had 'become a menace to the safety and comfort of the inmate of the house' and use 'most insulting language'. On the other hand, there is enough anecdotal evidence from local Australians that the Sikh hawkers were much loved members of the community. The womenfolk loved them because they provided a welcome break from their mundane existence - the hawkers brought beautiful clothes, goods, all things exotic, and a fleeting glimpse of the big wide world beyond their farm-lands. The Australian men liked the hawkers because they were tough - they knew how to survive in difficult bush land and, more importantly, they played cricket!

Sikh hawkers were particularly popular with children, one reason being they could spin sugar to make what would be known as fairy floss. They would give the children treats and entertain them in various ways. Just watching them arrange their turbans was said to be a popular pastime. The Aussie kids adored the hawkers because of the stories they told of another world, because of their playful spirit and their wonderfully aromatic curries. At least one reason Sikh hawkers went out of their way to entertain children was that most had left their families at home in India and so missed their own children.

Not all Sikhs who came to Australia became hawkers, of course. Most probably worked as labourers. Many Sikhs were in the British Army in India and those who came to Australia were no doubt attracted by the fact that it was a British colony. The first thing a Sikh needed to do to become a hawker was get



a hawker's licence. Typically, a hawker would have to pay a bond of nearly \$100 upon entering the country. Then, before they began hawking, they had to go to court to obtain a permit, had to prove that they were of good character and needed to be debt-free. Then, they would either begin hawking on foot or on horse-drawn carts and pay an annual hawking fee.

In Victoria, these cost two pounds a year, in NSW one pound and in Queensland ten pounds fifteen shillings. A hawker new to the trade might have had to travel on foot at first, leading a pack-horse laden with his wares. Once he could afford it, he may have got about in a horse and dogcart, and when he was well established, he would travel in a wagon pulled by a pair of horses. These hawkers' wagons were equipped with shelves and display counters, and they had canvas covers that could be rolled up to showcase the goods on sale.

Most Sikh hawkers did not have a home in Australia to go to, so their wagon was, for them, both shop and home. They would normally sleep on the wagon's floor. It was a lonely life. Hawkers nearly always had a dog with them, but otherwise they travelled alone. They also travelled light in terms of personal belongings. Apart from clothes, they might have just a few cooking utensils — a pannikin, a blackened billy, plate and utensils, a tin of curry powder, and a knife, fork, and spoon. This was all their wagon had room for. The rest of the available space was reserved for merchandise. The Sikhs were said to be fine looking men, and the horses were fine looking, too. Hawkers were renowned for keeping their horses and their harnesses in good shape. Brass buckles were said to shine.

Part of the "White Australia" policy meant passing a dictation test which was designed to exclude those deemed to be undesirable.

THE GOVERNMENT OF AUSTRALIA No. 61/08
DUPLICATE
COMMONWEALTH OF AUSTRALIA
Immigration Restriction Act 1901-1902 and Regulations
CERTIFICATE EXEMPTING FROM DICTATION TEST.
I, *L. S. S. S.* *Director of Customs*
of the *Melbourne* in the said Commonwealth,
hereby certify that *L. S. S. S.*
hereinafter described, who is leaving the Commonwealth temporarily, will be exempted
from the provisions of paragraph (a) of Section 3 of the Act if he returns to the Com-
monwealth within a period of *3 years* from this date.
Date of issue *24/1/11* *Director of Customs*
NATIONALITY *Indian* RELIGION *Hindu*
AGE *33 years* COMPLEXION *Dark*
HEIGHT *5 ft 7 inches* HAIR *Black*
EYES *Brown*
PARTICULAR MARKS *None*
Over impression of hand left blank of this document. *VICTORIA*
Date of departure *24/1/11* Destination *India*
Ship *Andhra* Date of return *24/1/11* Ship *Andhra*
Port *Melbourne* *4/Stone*

Hawkers obtained their merchandise from big stores and warehouses in Sydney, Melbourne, and other cities. The newly arrived hawker was linked in a 'peculiar chain of mutual dependency' with his more established countrymen: Larger Australian warehouses sold goods on credit to small-scale Indian wholesalers. They in turn supplied their countrymen with goods to hawk around the countryside - again on credit. The hawker sold hundreds of lines to their customers in the country - all on credit. In those days it might take as long as six months, or even a year, for a farmer or his farmhands to pay off a bill of 6s. 6d. If a buyer could not get what they wanted, they could place an order and receive what they needed within a day or two.

By the late 1800s the merchandise would be sent to them in bulk by rail, and they would collect it from whichever country railway station was closest to the district they serviced. The range of goods which the hawkers sold was extraordinary. According to contemporary records, a hawker's list of wares might include suits and work clothes for men, pots and pans, Indian silks, curries, spices, hair combs, brushes, scissors, cottons, soap, guns, knives, light ironmongery, tinned food, books, trinkets, penknives, mouth organs, pencils, jewellery, and various items of sewing gear including needles and pins. Fabrics were their main line of merchandise, however, given that settlers tended to make most of their own clothes, curtains, bed covers and the like. As well as selling merchandise, some Sikh hawkers dabbled in phrenology or fortune-telling as a sideline. But the hawkers led very lonely lives - tramping repetitively on country roads where the nearest town could be at least 100 kms away. Hardly any of them had their family here and they rarely inter-married locals. Letters were their only source of contact with family back home and they could go for a long time without speaking or hearing their native language, since each hawker had a specifically marked territory to work in. They tended to form friendships with local country people and twice a year; all the hawkers converged at a pre-arranged spot where they spent a few weeks of holidays together, typically during Christmas and Easter.

Hawking was popular with the younger Indian men because they could start with extraordinarily little capital, travelling on foot until they could afford a horse and cart. Older men met them when they arrived, sold them goods, and provided advice. The tradition of hawking was common throughout rural India and they felt at home in Australia's wide-open spaces.

The hawker's life was hard, but it did have its rewards. Sikh hawkers, it seems, ended up well off. Some were able to afford to make several trips back to India in their lifetimes. One is said to have paid to put his son through medicine at Oxford. Some Sikh hawkers were able to buy a store of their own in some country town. Others had enough money to go into farming. Some hawkers made so much money that they bought sheep stations; land and property, while others were content with sending the money back to Punjab.

By the early 1900s, though, they were starting to fade out. As more and more big stations were broken up and as more and more country stores sprang up, hawkers ceased to have a role. Yet a bundle-carrying hawker was reported in the Dimboola area of Victoria as late as 1953. He may have been the last of his kind.

Despite the "White Australia Policy" and deep-seated racism of the day Indian hawkers were welcomed and well regarded by most country dwellers. Hundreds of Sikh hawkers operated all over Australia, providing essential services to many country towns. Their wagons carried goods both mundane and exotic; their conversation carried the news of the day, both good and bad. Above all, they provided the country people a lifeline as well as a dream of the mystique of lands far beyond the shores of Australia.

As their families were not allowed to join them in Australia many finally returned to their original homeland to retire. If a hawker died in Australia and had no other relatives here, his horse, cart, goods, and wagon were auctioned off. With the money raised, the hawker would be cremated, the site marked with a memorial, and the remaining money would be sent back to India along with the ashes. Many death notices published in newspapers of more than a century ago indicate relocation of ashes to India, 'to be dispersed in the Ganges', or according to the last wishes of the deceased.

All hawkers required licenses issued by the state and from the 1880's licenses started to become restricted to British subjects. This denied Afghans, Assyrians and Chinese from renewing their license, giving the Sikhs a monopoly which they held until the 1930's when new European migrants began to ply the trade.

In one somewhat unusual case here in Wagga, as reported in the "The Daily Advertiser", January 12, 1909, a young local boy 14 years of age named Albert Dunn, applied for and was granted a hawker's license. In this case his mother said that she would accompany him on his rounds.

It should be noted that although all hawkers were not Sikhs, all Sikhs had Singh as their last name!

Cher Singh was a well-known supplier of goods in the Wagga area.

Footnote: George was my father. He told his family in later years how, as a young boy he would sneak away to visit the old hawker and listen enthralled as the old man regaled him with stories of his travels here and overseas.

Pictured right, "The Old Hawker" from the family photo album



DAN

By Dunny Jo

I HEARD THEM TALKING. My old frame trembled with humiliation.

I said nothing but brooded for days. So! After forty years' faithful service I was to be tossed to the scrap heap! Yet I'd loyally served this family and theirs before them.

For several days now, people had been coming and going. I tried not to worry, although I accepted the end was near. Beside me the dogs sprawled lazily in the sun. From where I stood in the shade of the lovely old willow tree I could see the cows grazing on the slope.

I admired the garden with its masses of rhododendrons—blue, pink and purple. Another corner glowed with yellow roses and scarlet dahlias. Over the years my contributions had helped create their beauty.

I had watched all this develop—but never intruded. I had seen the children grow from babies and couldn't remember a time when they didn't run to me for comfort. Aye, the grown-ups too, and they would leave, sighing with relief after visiting me.

Now the children are all grown up and married, and they look at me rather pityingly. They do not encourage their children to visit me as they did. Visitors give me a patronising smile. Only the boss and his wife remained loyal. And now . . .

It was enough to break my tough old heart! It is hard to adapt to changes at my age. Why couldn't they let me stay and end my days in dignity?

Depression sapped me, causing me to sag even further. How could they forget all I had done for them? I admit, I had my moments. In earlier days they would often get tipsy and I would take a perverse delight in observing party guests coming to me then sneaking uncomfortably away. They thought I never noticed, but I knew my place and kept silent.

Then came that fateful day. Heavy footsteps sounded outside. Bang! Bang! Bang! I shook violently. The moment had come. Bang! Bang! Bang! I collapsed to the ground in a pathetic heap. I heard the old boss's callous words. "That old loo was an eyesore. Good riddance to it."

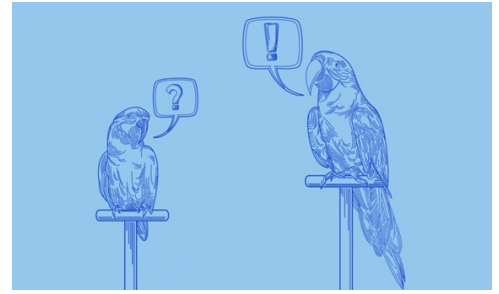
Dunny Jo is the pen-name of Pat Johnson.

20 words that once meant something very different

Words change meaning all the time — and over time. Language historian Anne Curzan takes a closer look at this phenomenon, and shares some words that used to mean something totally different.

Words change meaning over time in ways that might surprise you. We sometimes notice words changing meaning under our noses (e.g., *unique* coming to mean “very unusual” rather than “one of a kind”) — and it can be disconcerting. How in the world are we all going to communicate effectively if we allow words to shift in meaning like that?

The good news: History tells us that we’ll be fine. Words have been changing meaning — sometimes radically — as long as there have been words and speakers to speak them. Here is just a small sampling of words you may not have realized didn’t always mean what they mean today.



Nice: This word used to mean “silly, foolish, simple.” Far from the compliment it is today!

Silly: Meanwhile, *silly* went in the opposite direction: in its earliest uses, it referred to things worthy or blessed; from there it came to refer to the weak and vulnerable, and more recently to those who are foolish.

Awful: Awful things used to be “worthy of awe” for a variety of reasons, which is how we get expressions like “the awful majesty of God.”

Fizzle: The verb *fizzle* once referred to the act of producing quiet flatulence (think “SBD”); American college slang flipped the word’s meaning to refer to failing at things.

Wench: A shortened form of the Old English word *wenche* (which referred to children of either sex), the word *wench* used to mean “female child” before it came to be used to refer to female servants — and more pejoratively to wanton women.

Fathom: It can be hard to fathom how this verb moved from meaning “to encircle with one’s arms” to meaning “to understand after much thought.” Here’s the scoop: One’s outstretched arms can be used as a measurement (a fathom), and once you have fathoms, you can use a fathom line to measure the depth of water. Think metaphorically and fathoming becomes about getting to the bottom of things.

Clue: Centuries ago, a clue (or clew) was a ball of yarn. Think about threading your way through a maze and you’ll see how we got from yarn to key bits of evidence that help us solve things.

Myriad: If you had a myriad of things 600 years ago, it meant that you specifically had 10,000 of them — not just a lot.

Naughty: Long ago, if you were naughty, you had naught or nothing. Then it came to mean evil or immoral, and now you are just badly behaved.

Eerie: Before the word *eerie* described things that inspire fear, it used to describe people feeling fear — as in one could feel faint and eerie.

Spinster: As it sounds, spinsters used to be women who spun. It referred to a legal occupation before it came to mean “unmarried woman” — and often not in the most positive ways, as opposed to a bachelor ...

Bachelor: A bachelor was a young knight before the word came to refer to someone who had achieved the lowest rank at a university — and it lives on in that meaning in today’s B.A. and B.S. degrees. It’s been used for unmarried men since Chaucer’s day.

Flirt: Some 500 years ago, flirting was flicking something away or flicking open a fan or otherwise making a brisk or jerky motion. Now it involves playing with people’s emotions (sometimes it may feel like your heart is getting jerked around in the process).

Guy: This word is an eponym. It comes from the name of Guy Fawkes, who was part of a failed attempt to blow up Parliament in 1605. Folks used to burn his effigy, a “Guy Fawkes” or a “guy,” and from there it came to refer to a frightful figure. In the U.S., it has come to refer to men in general.

Hussy: Believe it or not, *hussy* comes from the word *housewife* (with several sound changes, clearly) and used to refer to the mistress of a household, not the disreputable woman it refers to today.

Egregious: It used to be possible for it to be a good thing to be egregious: it meant you were distinguished or eminent. But in the end, the negative meaning of the word won out, and now it means that someone or something is conspicuously bad — not conspicuously good.

Quell: Quelling something or someone used to mean killing it, not just subduing it.

Divest: 300 years ago, divesting could involve undressing as well as depriving others of their rights or possessions. It has only recently come to refer to selling off investments.

Senile: *Senile* used to refer simply to anything related to old age, so you could have senile maturity. Now it refers specifically to those suffering from senile dementia.

Meat: Have you ever wondered about the expression “meat and drink”? It comes from an older meaning of the word *meat* that refers to food in general — solid food of a variety of kinds (not just animal flesh), as opposed to drink.

We’re human. We love to play with words in creative ways. And in the process, we change the language. In retrospect, we often think the changes words undergo are fascinating. May we transfer some of that fascination and wonder — some of the awe that used to make the words *awful* and *awesome* synonymous — to the changes we’re witnessing today. Click on link below for an interesting talk.

[Watch Anne Curzan’s TED Talk to find out what makes a word “real”](#)

A Walk Down Memory Lane!

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



15 things kids of today are missing out on.

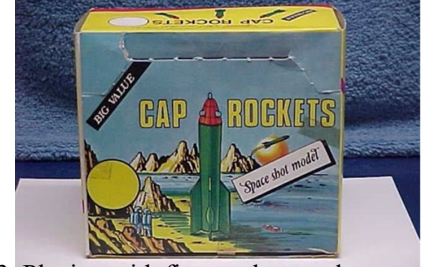
Remember the days of your childhood? Now try telling your grandchildren about it! More often than not they'll stare at you with disbelief and incredulity probably thinking "how could you survive without technology?" Growing up in the 50s and 60s is worlds away from what it's like to be a kid today. With so many favourite pastimes no longer acceptable for our grandchildren, here we look back at 15 things we remember fondly.



1. Drinking from a hose.



2. Piling into a car with far too many people



3. Playing with fire crackers and cap rockets on the street.



4. Riding cardboard trays down the hill.



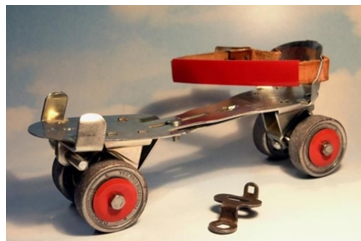
5. Climbing up trees bare foot and sometimes falling.



6. Asking permission to use the phone to call your friends.



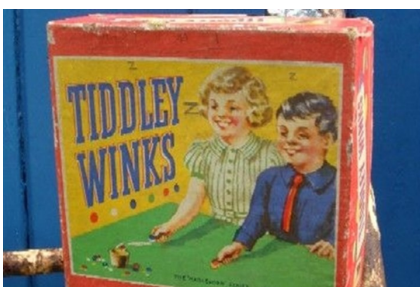
7. Buying a bag full of lollies for a few pennies



8. Roller skating, what a great activity



9. Cassette tapes. Remember when a pencil was a necessity to roll the tape back in?



10. Playing Jacks, Sticks, Tiddly Winks and Silly Putty for hours on end.



11. Getting up to change the channel on the TV



12. Learning how to write on a typewriter



13. Wholesome dances at the local hall on a Saturday night. What about the twist.



14. Sharing a milkshake on a date. It was a sign that things were serious.



15. Disappearing for hours to play with your friends

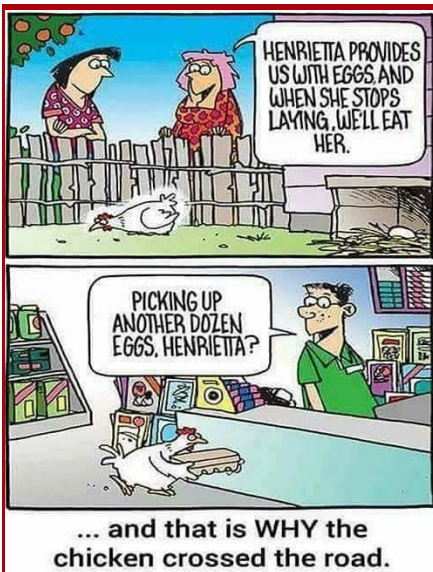
Members' Contributions

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

A MEDICAL NOVELTY

Medical experts were asked if it is time to ease the lockdown. Allergists were in favour of scratching it, but Dermatologists advised not to make any rash moves. Gastroenterologists had sort of a gut feeling about it, but Neurologists thought the government had a lot of nerve. Obstetricians felt certain everyone was labouring under a misconception, while Ophthalmologists considered the idea short-sighted. Many Pathologists yelled, "Over my dead body!" while Paediatricians said, "Oh, grow up!" Psychiatrists thought the whole idea was madness, while Radiologists could see right through it. Surgeons decided to wash their hands of the whole thing and pharmacists claimed it would be a bitter pill to swallow. Plastic Surgeons considered this proposal would "put a whole new face on the matter." Podiatrists thought it was a step forward, but Urologists were pissed off at the whole idea. Anaesthetists thought the whole idea was gas, and those lofty Cardiologists didn't have the heart to say no. In the end, the Proctologists won out, leaving the entire decision up to the arseholes in politics.

Contributed by Les Homer.



Contributed by Yvonne Homer



Contributed by Freda Hope

A SMILE

A smile costs nothing but gives so much. It enriches those who receive, without making poorer those who give. It takes but a moment, but the memory of it lasts forever. None is so rich or mighty that he can get along without it, and none is so poor but that he can be made rich by it. Yet, it cannot be bought, begged, borrowed, or stolen, for it is something that is of no value to anyone until it is given away. Some people are too tired to give you a smile. Give them one of yours, as none needs a smile so much as he who has no more to give.

Contributed by Bruce McAlister.

THE YEAR WAS 1955

Contributed by Judy Robertson



If they think I'll pay 30 cents for a haircut forget it!



There's no sense in going on short trips anymore, it costs nearly \$2 for a room..



The fast food restaurant is convenient for a quick meal, but I seriously doubt they will ever catch on

Computer Hints & Tips



Tips on how to play smart and safe online

Here are some things that you should look out for when shopping online.

Spotted the ideal gift? Make sure the company you would like to purchase from is also ideal. If you're sure of this company's reputation (trustworthy, efficient) then go ahead! If you don't, then dedicate some minutes to research before purchasing.

Always consider the nature of the object you'd like to purchase. Ascertain whether the price matches the value/worth of that object (question the notion 'it's too good to be true.')

Take a good look at the URL of the page you're on - watch out for the 's' in https as it refers to the fact that you need to log in or input credit card information while the closed padlock or the key clearly represent site security.



Phone number? Then give them a call! If a real person answers, don't hesitate to ask what their privacy policy is regarding credit cards. No clear answers? Move on and shop someplace else.

Use common sense when affecting online payment via credit card. What would be the reason behind providing your date of birth, or even, your social security number? You'd be paving the road for identity theft!

Happy Shopping!

When you are surfing the web, do you get irritated by “pop-ups” – a smaller page on top of your screen usually inviting you to enter a competition, do something you never wanted to do, or telling you that you have won the lottery?

The natural thing to do is click the close button. But DON'T. Just wait a few seconds and the pop-up should disappear. Not all pop-ups are dangerous of course, but if it isn't related to your current research, it could be, even if you click a NO button or initiate a “close” action.

Best to just ignore it. It should go away in a few seconds.



Google Photos free

It was inevitable that Google would start charging for photo storage after inviting everyone in the world to put up their entire photo collections for free storage. Many of us switched to Google Photos as the main repository of our photo collection, so this is a significant change. I spent months scanning all our old photos and uploading them.

As you might know, you can choose two levels of quality with Google photos—Original quality and High quality. If you choose Original you already have the 15GB limit. If you choose High quality, there is currently no limit to what you can store. For most purposes High quality is fine, the size of the pictures is reduced to 16 MegaPixels.

Google announced “Starting June 1, 2021, all new photos and videos backed up in High quality will count toward the free 15 GB of storage that comes with your Google Account or any additional storage you may have purchased, the same way other Google services like Google Drive and Gmail already do.”

Thankfully, all photos and videos backed up BEFORE June 1, 2021 are exempt from this change and will not count toward your Google Account storage (and will continue to be stored free of charge). This includes all of your existing content uploaded in High quality.

So, many of us will be very busy over the next 6 months taking advantage of the free storage cut-off date.

If you are likely to go over your 15GB free limit, you would have to buy additional storage: 100GB for \$2.49 per month, 200GB for \$4.39 per month, 2TB for \$12.49 per month.

Mind you, 15GB can hold a lot of photos—I have 11,000 photos there which consume only 8GB.

If you were getting close to your limit, you could cull some.

If you decide to dump Google photos and store your photos somewhere else, you would need to then delete the Google Photos app on your phone or change its settings to stop it automatically uploading new photos.

You can download some or all of your existing photos from Google Photos and upload them to a different cloud service, or put them onto a USB disk (make sure you have a backup copy).

To download selected photos, select them, click then click Download.

If you have sorted your photos into albums, you can download an entire album so that your album integrity is maintained.

Open the album, click on then Download all.

The photos are downloaded in a single zip file.

If you have just selected some photos the file is called Photos.zip.

If you have downloaded an album, the name is ~album name~.zip.

Open the downloaded zip file and copy your pictures to a folder on your hard disk.

From there you can do what you like with them.





The Crows Joke Page

A policeman was rushed to the hospital with an inflamed appendix. The doctors operated and advised him that all was well, however, the patrolman kept feeling something pulling at the hairs in his crotch. Worried that it might be a second surgery and the doctors hadn't told him about it, he finally got enough energy to pull his hospital gown up enough so he could look at what was making him so uncomfortable.



Taped firmly across his pubic hair and private parts were three wide strips of adhesive tape, the kind that doesn't come off easily --- if at all. Written on the tape in large black letters was the sentence, "Get well soon, from the nurse in the Ford Explorer you pulled over last week." Kind of brings tears to your eyes doesn't it?

A priest dies and is waiting in line at the Pearly Gates. Ahead of him is a guy who's dressed in sunglasses, a loud shirt, leather jacket, and jeans. Saint Peter addresses this cool guy, 'Who are you, so that I may know whether or not to admit you to the Kingdom of Heaven?' The guy replies, 'I'm Bruce, retired airline pilot from England. Saint Peter consults his list. He smiles and says to the pilot, 'Take this silken robe and golden staff and enter the Kingdom.' The pilot goes into Heaven with his robe and staff. Next, it's the priest's turn. He stands erect and booms out, 'I am Father Bob, pastor of Saint Mary's for the last 43 years.' Saint Peter consults his list. He says to the priest, 'Take this cotton robe and wooden staff and enter the Kingdom.' 'Just a minute,' says the good father. 'That man was a pilot and he gets a silken robe and golden staff and I get only cotton and wood. How can this be?



'Up here - we go by results,' says Saint Peter. 'When you preached people slept. When he flew, people prayed.'

A couple who work at the circus go to an adoption agency. Social workers there raise doubts about their suitability. The couple produces photos of their 50 foot motorhome, which is equipped with a beautiful nursery. The social workers then are doubtful about the education that the child would get. "We've arranged for a full-time tutor who will teach the child all the usual subjects along with French, Mandarin and computer skills." Then there are doubts about raising a child in a circus environment. "Our nanny is an expert in paediatric welfare and diet." The social workers are finally satisfied. They ask, "What age child are you hoping to adopt?" "It doesn't really matter, just as long as he fits in the Cannon"



A NEW INTERPRETATION OF BEING REALLY POOR

Bought vs Homemade. It just doesn't get much cuter than this. Note the expression in the picture. Six year old Annie returns home from school and says that today she had her first family planning lesson at school.

Her mother, very interested, asks: "Oh, and how did it go?"

"I nearly died of shame" she answers. "Sam from down the street says the stork brings babies. Sally next door said you can buy babies at the orphanage. Pete in my class says you can buy babies at the hospital." Her mother answers laughingly, "But that's no reason to be ashamed". "No, but I can't tell them that we were so poor that you and daddy had to make me yourselves"



Mum's text msg to son

"Windows at home are frozen - what should I do?"

Son- "spray some de-icer or pour hot water on them"

*Mum a few minutes later -
"Done that - now computer won't work at all!"*

Bits AND Pieces



"Everyone in the building got together. Here's 200 bucks for your violin."



"How much longer did he tell you to stay on this banana diet?"



"It took me three hours, but I finally discovered why you're limping. You lost the heel off your shoe."

Australian Love Poem

Of course I love ya darlin
You're a bloody top-notch bird
And when I say you're gorgeous
I mean every single word

So ya bum is on the big side
I don't mind a bit of flab
It means that when I'm ready
There's somethin' there to grab

So your belly isn't flat no more
I tell ya, I don't care
So long as when I cuddle ya
I can get my arms round there

No Sheila who is your age
Has nice round perky breasts
They just gave in to gravity
But I know ya did ya best

I'm tellin' ya the truth now
I never tell ya lies
I think it's very sexy
That you've got dimples on ya thighs

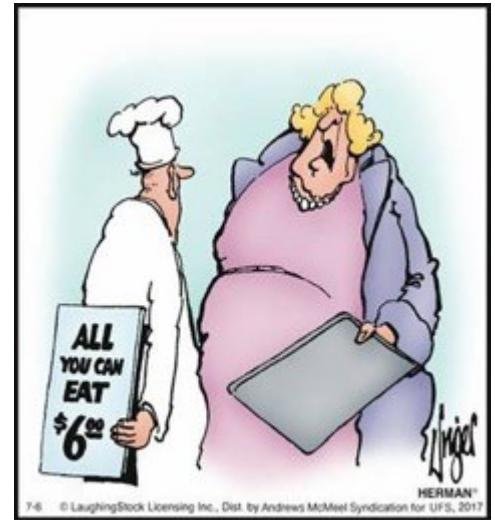
I swear on me nanna's grave now
The moment that we met
I thought you was as good as
No matter what u look like
I'll always love ya dear

Now shut up while the cricket's on
And fetch another beer..

Why do you have to "put your two cents in"... but it's only a "penny for your thoughts"? Where's that extra penny going to?



"It's just a backup system for your pacemaker."



"What are you hiding behind your back?"



Which blue dot is bigger?
Good for you if you guessed the same size!
The top just looks bigger compared to the big circles and empty space around it.

