

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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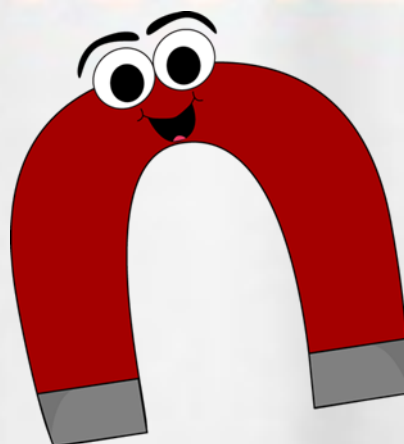
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THE

TROUBLE

MAGNET



*Johnny didn't have to go
looking for trouble, it
always found him;
sometimes with a little
help from friends!*



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Editor's Notes

This is the second issue of this magazine for this year and already we have had a busy time. The Seniors Festival has come and gone, A "Mystery Trip" undertaken and our annual visit to our sister Senior Citizens' Club in Narrandera is about to happen as this issue goes to print.

All our usual activities are in full swing and members both old and new are experiencing a close comradeship. We now have a dedicated "Members' Contributions" page and it is hoped members will take the opportunity to contribute to this magazine and take a little of the pressure off the shoulders of a sometimes harried editor.

Having long resisted the idea of using my own material in preference to others', I have included one of my own stories in this issue. Do hope this is not needed too often as it is enough being editor without contributing the lead story or article as well.

Best wishes & good health to all,

Barry

Wagga Wagga Senior Citizens' Club Inc.

Membership (\$5.00 per year) to over 50's
Weekly Programme of Activities

Day	Activity	Time	Cost
Every Mon.	Computer Club - offering one on one tuition.	9.30 am to 3.00 pm	\$3.00 Per hr.
Every Mon.	Computer Tablet Class	11.00-12.00	\$2.00
1st Mon. Of Month	Public Meeting Day Guest Speaker	1.30 pm	\$2.00
2nd Mon. Of Month	Indoor Bowls	12.30 pm	\$2.00
3rd Mon. Of Month	Luncheon Day	12 noon	\$5.00
4th Mon. Of Month	Games & Fun round-robin	1.00 — 3.00pm	\$2.00
Every Thursday	Computer Club - offering one on one tuition.	9.30 am to 3.00 pm	\$3.00 Per hr.
Every Thursday	500 Cards	1.00 pm	\$2.00
Every Thursday	Line Dancing	9.15 am - 11.15 am	\$2.00
Every Thursday	Craft	1.00 - 3.00 pm	\$2.00
Every Friday	Computer Club - offering one on one tuition.	9.30 am to 3.00 pm	\$3.00 per hr.
Every Friday	Indoor Bowls	1.00 - 3.00 pm	\$2.00
3rd Friday	Seniors Book Club	11.00 am	

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

Wagga Wagga Senior Citizens' Club Inc Committee 2017

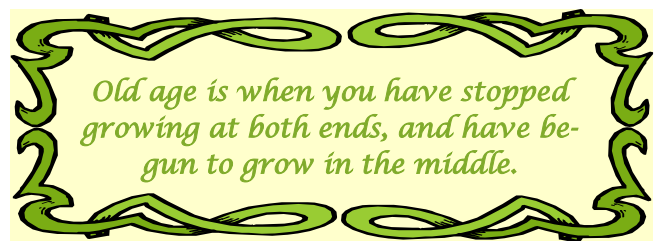
President	Jim Weeden	69331394
Vice President	Ellen Downey	69224903
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Assistant Treasurer	Bev Morley	69228536
Secretary	Robyn Weeden	69331394
Assistant Secretary	Robyn McClure	69250273
Dawn McDermott	Housemother	69251191
Fay King	Assis' Housemother	69265280

Additional Committee: Velma Spears, Phyllis Ward, Helen Murley, Barry Williams, Barbara Moorhead, Marlene Bowen, Dudley Downey, Chris Thomas.

WAGGA WAGGA SENIOR CITIZENS' COMPUTER CLUB—COMMITTEE 2016

Chairperson	Wilma Kalt	Ph: 69225726
Secretary	Barry Williams	Ph: 69253065 barrysonia@bigpond.com
Treasurer	Dawn McDermott	Ph: 69251191

Additional Committee: Velma Spears, Jim Weeden, Geoff Fellows, Judy Robertson, Gwen Winkler, Hilary Phillips, Enid Pendergast.



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

Reminder

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

Seniors In Focus



Dawn McDermott is awarded a community Service Award during the launch of Seniors Festival 2017
See link to video on page 10.

Adelaide Domanski (Front Centre) has help remembering her 90th birthday during a Craft Group session at the Senior Citizens' Centre.



Some memories from the recent Seniors' Festival 2017.
1. Touring the enormous purpose built warehouse for the Australian War Memorial.
2. Tribute concert to Johnny Cash, Marilyn Monroe, Elvis.
3. & 4. Thirsty Crow Brewery Tour and Tasting.



Seniors In Focus

APRIL ~~MYSTERY~~ BUS TRIP

No longer a *Mystery* our April trip this year ended in the old gold field town of Bethanga. After travelling through some scenic countryside we all enjoyed a lovely dinner at the Bethanga Hotel.

Stopping at Culcairn for morning tea.



We cross the Bethanga Bridge over Lake Hume, on the border between New South Wales and Victoria, linking the Victorian towns of Bellbridge and Bethanga with the city of Albury on the Riverina Highway; and below, at the Bethanga Hotel for dinner.

Pictured above is the Bellbridge home of international basketballer Lauren Jackson which appeared on national TV we passed along the way.
Pictured below is the view from the Bethanga Lookout



The Trouble Magnet

By Barry G Williams

Our farmhouse sat amongst a landscape of undulating hills and valleys upon a slight rise surrounded by the one hundred and forty acres of our dairy farm. Down in the flatlands below, about a kilometre away, the Murrumbidgee River wound its way. Hidden from view by stands of River Red Gums and Yellow Box, the river could not usually be seen unless in flood. Then, vast areas of river flats would be covered in a silver sheen of water.

Starting on the opposite banks of the “Bidgee” and spreading up into the nearby hills was the growing city of Wagga Wagga, or just Wagga as it is usually known. The main part of town was nearly six kilometres away so was not very conspicuous of a daytime. But at night, hundreds of lights shone like diamonds against the black velvet backdrop of the surrounding hillside.

Separated from three neighbours by two roads and a laneway, a fourth property closely abutted ours, with only fences and a gully intervening. This neighbour’s farmhouse stood about half a kilometre from our house. At that time during the early nineteen fifties it was occupied by the G****f family.

Those were the years when, following the turmoil in Europe caused by the Second World War, Australia was inundated by an influx of migrants from war ravaged countries. One such family of migrants were the G****f’s, consisting of Mrs G****f, a widow, and her two sons. These was six-year-old Johnny and his much older step-brother Herbert.

I was about eleven at the time. As Johnny did not have a good command of the English language I was enlisted by his mum to help him integrate at school. Her idea was that I could keep him out of trouble. Keeping Johnny out of trouble would have been a full-time job for anyone, but I was particularly inept at the task. It was a bit like putting the fox in charge of the hen house. On one occasion, I was directly responsible for all his woes, but more about that later.

As Johnny was a new chum to this country of ours we felt it our duty to warn him of the dangerous wildlife lurking in the countryside, ready to lash out in a vicious, unprovoked and deadly attack at every opportunity.

“We’ve got brown snakes here mate, six feet long and thick as your arm”, I told him during one of his visits.” They’re all around in the long grass and if you tread on one you’ll be dead in ten minutes”.

It was the middle of winter, so I didn’t think there was much chance of encountering a “Joe Blake” at the time, but surely there was such a thing as too much information at one time!



Naturally there were no pathways between our two homes, only large paddocks, which if not being grazed by livestock, could sometimes be covered in long grass. Just like now. My younger brother Max and I watched with interest as Johnny set off home. Climbing through the house yard fence into the paddock beyond, he glanced around. Here the grass grew half way up to his knees. As he moved off once more his gait seemed to change dramatically.

Stepping very high with his knees rising to waist level at every step, he continued to glance nervously about. With a quick wink to Max, I picked up a small stone lying nearby and hurled it with all the strength I could muster into the grass a couple of yards to the left of Johnny’s pathway. At the same time, I gave a yell.

“Look out Johnny, there’s something there”. With a high-pitched scream rising from his throat our young new chum threw all caution to the wind and took off like a rocket. From our view point his feet never seemed to touch the ground as he flew over the remaining distance to his front door and safety.



“Huh, snakes, they’re nothing compared to Red Backed Spiders”, I said to Johnny a few days later.

“Because they are so much smaller than a snake they can hide almost anywhere which makes them twice as deadly. One bite and you’re a goner”. “An –any around here”, Johnny stammered nervously, turning a paler shade of grey. “Saw one only the other day in the dunny over there,” I said, pointing to our old outside toilet.

This classic example of early twentieth century architecture, in common with most buildings of its kind, was situated a good fifty metres from the house. Measuring roughly one metre by two metres the small weatherboard building had one door in front with a small louvered opening at the rear for ventilation. Under this opening, butting up against the rear wall was the toilet seat. This consisted of a wide board running the width of the building with a hole cut in the middle of it. The front of this seating arrangement was covered in, with a trapdoor at the back of the building giving access to the “can” or toilet pan which had to be emptied regularly. One other necessary “dunny” accessory was a six-inch nail driven into the side wall and upon which were spiked several torn squares of newspaper. On a hot Summer’s day aromas emanating from this structure meant any visit was a somewhat hurried affair.

It was on one such summer’s day that Johnny and his mother payed us a visit. As fate, would have it, “nature called” and Johnny decided he had to “go”. With any normal person, there would have been no drama, but this was Johnny – the trouble magnet.

Perhaps it was thoughts of dreaded Red Back Spiders lurking below that caused Johnny to squat instead of sit. Whatever the reason the result was the same. The conversation we were having with his mother was suddenly interrupted by muffled shouts coming from the dunny. Running to the door Mrs G****f flung it open. A minute later she emerged dragging a very dishevelled and pungent offspring outside. It soon became apparent that he had slipped through the hole into

the can below. Now his skinny legs glistened in the sunlight with an obnoxious brown stain. With howls of protest from Johnny and angry yells from his mother the miscreant was hauled by the ear to the nearest water tank. From a safe distance, upwind we watched as Mrs G****f splashed water on her son's legs and scrubbed furiously with a borrowed brush to remove the horrible scum before revulsion overtook her. Even at our distance my stomach felt a little uneasy, I was thankful the clean-up duty did not include me. At last the clean-up was completed. After profuse apologies from Mrs G****f a thoroughly chastened Johnny was led home.

Johnny was constantly getting into trouble of one sort or another. Unfortunately for him the one person chosen to be his guide and mentor proved to be his nemesis.

It wasn't all that long after the "dunny" incident that I was a visitor to Johnny's home. While his mother was doing some housework in another part of the house Johnny gave me a tour of his home. Coming to a large, sparsely furnished room my gaze was attracted to the highly-polished timber floor boards. Never in all my eleven years had I seen such a beautiful, shiny surface.

Kneeling I tentatively touched the floor. I was entranced; it was as smooth as glass. I wondered just how slippery it was. By way of experimentation I lay on my back with my feet against the wall and gave a small shove. To my utter delight and satisfaction, I glided for nearly six feet across the floor.

"Boy oh boy Johnny" I exclaimed excitedly, "Have you ever tried this"? Not waiting for an answer, I repeated the exercise, this time pushing a lot harder. This produced much greater momentum; I sailed right across the room, slamming into the opposite wall.

Not to be outdone, Johnny copied my example by pushing off from the wall following in my wake. Just then the fickle hand of fate, in the person of Johnny's mum, appeared in the doorway. With arms and legs flailing in the air Johnny zoomed by on his back.

By this time, I was innocently standing against the wall. Mrs G****f and I watched as Johnny clipped a small table as he passed, bringing it down with a resounding crash that echoed around the room.

With a shout of fury his mother marched into the room, grabbing her wayward son by the arm. After administering a couple of hearty whacks to his legs, she sent him to his room to reflect on his mischievous behaviour. In the meantime, I thought that discretion was the better part of valour and beat a hasty retreat home.

I'll give him this much however, he was no squealer. He never mentioned that it was my idea; I felt that my reputation as a reliable and wise leader of men remained intact.

Poor Johnny though, I felt sorry for him. He always seemed to attract more than his share of trouble. Many years have passed since those days during which I have lost contact with him. I wonder if he is still a trouble magnet.

The Cost of Things

Do we need reminding about how much things cost!!

All these examples do NOT imply that petrol is cheap; it just illustrates how outrageous some prices are.

The last one might shock the socks off you.

Think a litre of petrol is expensive?

This makes you think, and also puts things into perspective.

Can of Red Bull, 250ml, \$2.95 ... \$11.80 per litre!

Robitussin Cough Mixture, 200ml, \$9.95 \$ 49.75 per litre!

L'Oreal Revitalift Day Cream, 50ml, \$29.95 \$599.00 per litre!

Bundy Rum, 1250ml, \$51.00 \$40.80 per litre!

Visene Eye Drops, 15ml, \$5.69 ... \$379.00 per litre!

Britney Spears Fantasy Perfume, 50ml, \$29 \$580.00 per litre!

And this is the REAL KICKER.

Evian water, 375ml, \$2.95 ...\$7.86 per litre! \$7.86 for a litre of WATER!! and the buyers don't even know the source (Evian spelled backwards is NAIVE!!)

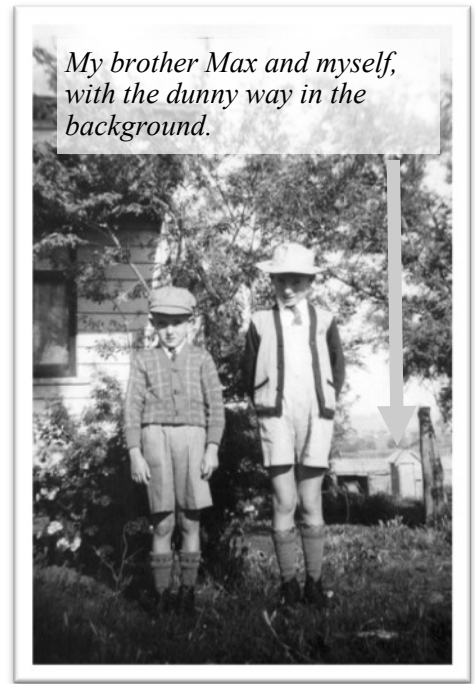
Ever wonder why computer printers are so cheap?

So they can hook you for the ink!!

Someone calculated the cost of the ink at, you won't believe it but it's true; \$2,500 a litre.

\$2500.00 A LITRE!!!

So, the next time you're at the pump, be glad your car doesn't run on water, Red Bull, Robitussin, L'Oreal or, God forbid, Printer Ink!!!!



A Full Jar!

A professor stood before his philosophy class and had some items in front of him. When the class began, he wordlessly picked up a very large and empty mayonnaise jar and proceeded to fill it with golf balls. He then asked the students if the jar was full. They agreed that it was.

The professor then picked up a box of pebbles and poured them into the jar. He shook the jar lightly. The pebbles rolled into the open areas between the golf balls. He then asked the students again if the jar was full. They agreed it was.

The professor next picked up a box of sand and poured it into the jar. Of course, the sand filled up everything else. He asked once more if the jar was full... The students responded with a unanimous 'yes.'



The professor then produced two Beers from under the table and poured the entire contents into the jar effectively filling the empty space between the sand. The students laughed.

'Now,' said the professor as the laughter subsided, 'I want you to recognize that this jar represents your life. The golf balls are the important things---your family, your children, your health, your friends and your favourite passions---and if everything else was lost and only they remained, your life would still be full. The pebbles are the other things that matter like your job, your house and your car. The sand is everything else---the small stuff.'

'If you put the sand into the jar first,' he continued, 'there is no room for the pebbles or the golf balls. The same goes for life.'

If you spend all your time and energy on the small stuff you will never have room for the things that are important to you.

Pay attention to the things that are critical to your happiness.

Spend time with your children. Spend time with your parents. Visit with grandparents. Take your spouse out to dinner. Play another 18. There will always be time to clean the house and mow the lawn.

Take care of the golf balls first--the things that really matter. Set your priorities. The rest is just sand.

One of the students raised her hand and inquired what the Beer represented. The professor smiled and said, 'I'm glad you asked.' The Beer just shows you that no matter how full your life may seem, there's always room for a couple of Beers with a friend.

CHECK OUT THIS LITTLE WORD.... **UP**

Read until the end....you'll laugh....

This two-letter word in English has more meanings than any other two-letter word, and that word is '**UP**.'

It is listed in the dictionary as an [adv], [prep], [adj], [n] or [v].

It's easy to understand **UP**, meaning toward the sky or at the top of the list, but when we awaken in the morning, why do we wake **UP**?

At a meeting, why does a topic come **UP**? Why do we speak **UP**, and why are the officers **UP** for election and why is it **UP** to the secretary to write **UP** a report? We call **UP** our friends, brighten **UP** a room, polish **UP** the silver, warm **UP** the leftovers and clean **UP** the kitchen. We lock **UP** the house and fix **UP** the old car.

At other times this little word has real special meaning. People stir **UP** trouble, line **UP** for tickets, work **UP** an appetite, and think **UP** excuses. To be dressed is one thing but to be dressed **UP** is special.

And this **UP** is confusing: A drain must be opened **UP** because it is stopped **UP**.

We open **UP** a store in the morning but we close it **UP** at night. We seem to be pretty mixed **UP** about **UP**!

To be knowledgeable about the proper uses of **UP**, look **UP** the word **UP** in the dictionary. In a desk-sized dictionary, it takes **UP** almost 1/4 of the page and can add **UP** to about thirty definitions

If you are **UP** to it, you might try building **UP** a list of the many ways **UP** is used. It will take **UP** a lot of your time, but if you don't give **UP**, you may wind **UP** with a hundred or more.

When it threatens to rain, we say it is clouding **UP**. When the sun comes out we say it is clearing **UP**. When it rains, it soaks **UP** the earth. When it does not rain for awhile, things dry **UP**. One could go on & on, but I'll wrap it **UP**, for nowmy time is **UP**! Oh....one more thing:

What is the first thing you do in the morning & the last thing you do at night? **U - P**!

Did that one crack you **UP**?

Don't screw **UP**. Send this on to everyone you look **UP** in your address book. Or not...it's **UP** to you.

Don't forget when your angry at someone it's **Up Yours!!!!** Now I'll shut **UP**

Members' Contributions

Grandma's on the Net Again

Grandma's on the net again, the kitchen's not her home.
She used to make us cherry pies and call us on the phone.
She would talk to us for hours, now she leaves us all alone.
We miss her home-made biscuits, and I'll make this little bet.
If you want to contact Grandma, you'll have to surf the net.

Grandma's surfing on the net, you bet. She's surfing on the net.
We've been calling her all morning, and we haven't got her yet.
She's on the e-mail network with her electronic friends.
If you want to talk to Grandma, you'll have to surf the net.

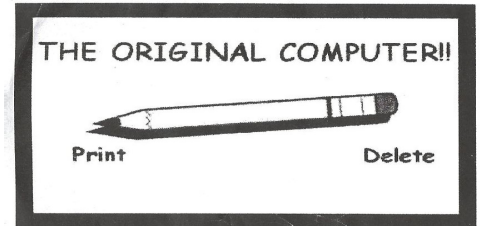
She's never surfed at Malibu or caught a wave at Waikiki.
She's never seen a surfboard, hang ten doesn't mean a thing.
She's never met a beach-bum, Moon Doggie's just a pup,
But when she heads for her computer, you know the surf is up.

Grandma's getting older and her eyes are getting dim.
Her random-access memory is half of what it's been.
When St Peter comes to call someday, I know she'll say, "Not yet",
He'll just have to wait for Grandma, 'cause she's surfing on the net.
Submitted by Bruce

Life before the Computer

Memory was something that you lost with age
An application was for employment
A program was a TV show
A cursor used profanities
A keyboard was a piano
A web was a spider's home
A virus was the flu
A CD was a bank account
A hard drive was a long trip on the road
And a mouse pad was where a mouse lived.

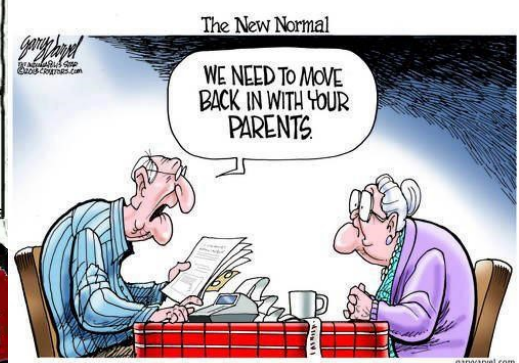
Submitted by Bruce



MURPHY'S OTHER 15 LAWS

1. Light travels faster than sound. This is why some people appear bright until you hear them speak.
2. A fine is a tax for doing wrong. A tax is a fine for doing well
3. He, who laughs last, thinks slowest.
4. A day without sunshine is like, well, night.
5. Change is inevitable, except from a vending machine.
6. Those who live by the sword get shot by those who don't.
7. Nothing is foolproof to a sufficiently talented fool.
8. The 50-50-90 rule: Anytime you have a 50-50 chance of getting something right, there's a 90% probability you'll get it wrong.
9. It is said that if you line up all the cars in the world end-to-end, someone from California would be stupid enough to try to pass them.
10. If the shoe fits, get another one just like it.
11. The things that come to those who wait, may be the things left by those, who got there first.
12. Give a man a fish and he will eat for a day. Teach a man to fish and he will sit in a boat all day drinking beer.
13. Flashlight: A case for holding dead batteries.
14. God gave you toes as a device for finding furniture in the dark.
15. When you go into court, you are putting yourself in the hands of twelve people, who weren't smart enough to get out of jury duty.

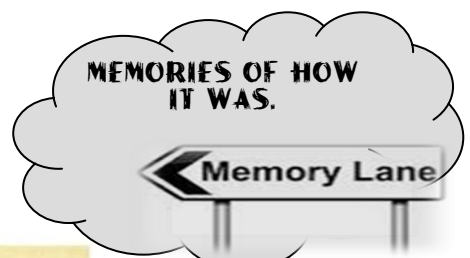
Submitted by Yvonne



Submitted by Wilma

A Walk Down Memory Lane!

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



THE WAY WE WERE 1932

Until the mid-1930s, cars resembled a horse carriage more than a motor vehicle. A car roof was made out of leather, fabric or canvas pulled over a wooden frame. To make sure the top stayed dry and in good condition, owners would regularly paint the material with waterproof solutions and "hooddressing".

According to this ad in a 1932 NRMA guidebook, the Taylor, Williams and Halliday company supplied a choice of 15 colours. It was easily applied and dried in four hours. New technology later enabled steel to be stretched over a chassis and the modern car was born. It was cheaper and safer, but somehow lacked the romance of the early car.



Gay new cloaks for gay new kitchens



...by G.E. of course!



\$5.98*

Today's new clocks do so much more than tell the time. They are beautiful, too. They are practical, too. They are reliable, too. They are the most important thing you can have in your home. Here's the new clock to watch!

GENERAL ELECTRIC

Vintage Ad (at left)... "Gay" has a whole new meaning now-a-days

Conversely...Looking into the future!

Driverless Crystal Ball (From a recent comment in a motoring magazine)

There seems to be some misconceptions in the motoring world about so called driverless cars and the "I would never own one" scenario. No, you probably wouldn't. Why would you? A better way of thinking about it is as driverless taxis. A taxi company would own them. You would book via a phone app or, if you don't have a smart phone, via a 1800 service. You could even book them months in advance. Just enter the starting point, the destination and when you would like to arrive. That's all that would be needed. The system would know about travel times and conditions and would let you know when the car would pick you up.

Once at your destination, you get out, take your belongings and then the car goes on to collect other users and deliver them to their destinations. All this would be done according to an algorithm that guarantees accurate delivery of passengers to their destinations and the maximum use of the car.

There would no longer be a need for the passenger to have a driver's licence. This fact opens up a plethora of possibilities. What a boon for the elderly!

Mum has a regular doctor appointment every Friday at 2pm so she would have a regular car collection. The same goes for Dad if he has a hospital appointment, visit to the barber, social engagement and so on.

Can't pick up the kids after school? No problem. Book a driverless car to collect and bring them home safely. A passcode would ensure they get in the right one and each car would have on-board cameras to guarantee security.

I know quite a few elderly people who must have a car because they need it for regular trips that public transport just can't do. The only logical alternative is a driverless car.

They would also resolve the current parking issues. Shopping Malls wouldn't need such huge parking lots. And driverless taxis would likely be far cheaper than current taxis. With an electric motor and no driver to pay, the running costs would be negligible.



Mirror lightning phobia uncovered

■ DAWN'S husband was not the only person to run around covering mirrors during a thunderstorm.

Dawn told us on Monday how her husband's family covered mirrors whenever lightning was around and she wondered why.

It was done because people

feared that lightning might bounce off a mirror and hit somebody in the room.

Sandra's mother went a step further.

"Not only did she cover the mirrors, but she also opened one window in the front of the house and one at the back so that the lightning could come

in and go out without doing any damage."

Peter grew up in a household in the '60s that covered mirrors.

"When I got married, we had a storm so I dutifully covered the mirrors. My wife asked what I was doing and when I told her, she laughed."



No one ever asked where the car keys were because they were always in the car, in the ignition, and the doors were never locked

SAGE ADVICE FOR SIXPENCE

■ DAWN has been reading our reports of assorted scams, but she reckons they've been going on for years.

In 1924, Dawn's mother was a young bride and she answered an advertisement in a magazine that guaranteed

safe birth control.

"She sent a self-addressed envelope and either sixpence or a shilling to a certain post office box number," she says.

"She received the reply. On a piece of paper was written: 'Don't do it.'"

From the papers...
The things we used to do!

Got some memories? Sure you do, we all do! So why not share them; it just may jog someone else's memory of times long past! The editor would love to hear from you.

Computer Hints & Tips



How to Tell if a Link Is Safe Without Clicking on It

Here's what to do with a link that looks suspicious. By Justin Phelps, PCWorld



Even the best security software can't protect you from the headaches you'll encounter if you click an unsafe link. Unsafe links appear to be shortcuts to funny videos, shocking news stories, awesome deals, or "Like" buttons, but are really designed to steal your personal information or hijack your computer. Your friends can unknowingly pass on unsafe links in emails, Facebook posts, and instant messages. You'll also encounter unsafe links in website ads and search results. Use these link-scanning tips to check suspicious links. All of these solutions are free, fast, and don't require you to download anything.

Hover Over the Link

Sometimes a link masks the website to which it links. If you hover over a link without clicking it, you'll notice the full URL of the link's destination in a lower corner of your browser. For example, both of these links connect you to PCWorld's home page, but you wouldn't know that without hovering: try hovering on [Click Here!](#) or... <http://www.freerolexwatches.com/> and note the pop-up true address.

Use a Link Scanner

Link scanners are websites and plug-ins that allow you to enter the URL of a suspicious link and check it for safety. There are many free and reliable link scanners available; I suggest you try [URLVoid](#) first. URLVoid scans a link using multiple services, such as Google, [MyWOT](#), and Norton SafeWeb, and reports the results to you quickly.

Check Out Shortened Links

URLVoid can't properly handle shortened URLs from services such as bitly, Ow.ly, and TinyURL (URLVoid will scan the shortening service website instead of the link to which it points). To scan the mysterious shortlinks you'll often find on Twitter and Facebook, use Sucuri. Sucuri automatically expands the shortlink and draws upon a handful of services, such as Google, Norton SafeWeb, and PhishTank, to determine if the real link is safe. You can also use Sucuri for scanning nonshortened links, but URLVoid checks more sources.

Copy a Link--Safely

Services like URLVoid and Sucuri require you to type in or paste a suspicious link—but how do you quickly and safely grab the URL without opening anything? Easy. Just right-click the link to bring up a context menu, then click Copy shortcut (in Internet Explorer), Copy Link Location (in Firefox), or Copy Link Address (in Chrome). The URL is now copied to your clipboard and you can paste it into any search field.



Internet Links 4U2 Try



Click on links below

"Dawn Shines "as she accepts her Community Service Award during Seniors Festival Launch

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=3JE7u--Jpaw>

Wild Sweden

Truly a beautiful film with great music you can while away.

Rarely seen such a beautiful nature film.

http://www.youtube.com/embed/SB8WlqfJJRE?feature=player_detailpage



The Way Spain Gets Rid of Stupid People

http://www.youtube.com/embed/2h-WhhqFjv..._detailpage

AMAZING ANTIQUE DESK

A two-minute video that shows some of the intricacies to it. And to think the guy who made this over two hundred years ago did it with hand tools alone!

<http://www.youtube.com/embed/MKikHxKeodA?rel=0>

A Second a Day from Birth.

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ZtgzTr8iopk> this is a cute-type video about Indigo.

Funniest Comedy Sketches Of All Time

http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=upEBdKFG..._dded#@at=77

an old sketch - Irish comedian named Dave Allen, aired in the 70's or 80's on the BBC

Please Note: All links were active at time of publishing, but may fail over time.

Dance of the flowers .. this is beautiful!..

http://player.vimeo.com/video/27920977?..._0href=%3E



The Crows Joke Page

The pastor's teeth

A Pastor goes to the dentist for a set of false teeth. The first Sunday after he gets his new teeth, he talks for only eight minutes.

The second Sunday, he talks for only 10 minutes.

The following Sunday, he talks for two hours and 48 minutes.

The congregation has to mob him to get him down from the pulpit, and they ask him what happened.

The Pastor explains the first Sunday his gums hurt so badly he couldn't talk for more than eight minutes. The second Sunday his gums hurt too much to talk for more than 10 minutes. But on the third Sunday, he put his wife's false teeth in by accident and suddenly he couldn't shut up...



A man received the following text from his neighbour:

I am so sorry Bob. I've been riddled with guilt and I have to confess. I have been helping myself to your wife, day and night when you're not around. In fact, more than you. I do not get it at home, but that's no excuse. I can no longer live with the guilt and I hope you will accept my sincerest apology with my promise that it won't, ever happen again.

The man, anguished and betrayed, went into his bedroom, grabbed his gun, and without a word, shot his wife and killed her.

A few moments later, a second text came in:
Bloody auto spell! I meant "Wi-Fi, not "wife"



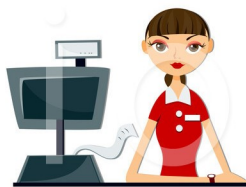
There was a bit of confusion at the store this morning.

When I was ready to pay for my groceries, the cashier said, "Strip down, facing me."

Making a mental note to complain to my elected member about Security running amok, I did just as she had instructed.

When the hysterical shrieking and alarms finally subsided, I found out that she was referring to my credit card.

I have been asked to shop elsewhere in the future. They need to make their instructions to us seniors a little clearer!



5 OLDER LADIES

Sitting on the side of the highway waiting to catch speeding drivers, a Police Officer sees a car puttering along at 22 KPH.

Says he to himself: "This driver is just as dangerous as a speeder!"

So he turns on his lights and pulls the driver over.

Approaching the car, he notices that there are five old ladies, two in the front seat and three in the back...wide eyed and white as ghosts.

The driver, obviously confused, says to him "Officer, I don't understand, I was doing exactly the speed limit!

What seems to be the problem?"

"Ma'am," the officer replies, "you weren't speeding, but you should know that driving slower than the speed limit can also be a danger to other drivers."

"Slower than the speed limit? No sir, I was doing the speed limit exactly...Twenty-two kilometres an hour!" ..the old woman says a bit proudly.

The Police officer, trying to contain a chuckle explains to her that 22 is the highway number, not the speed limit.

A bit embarrassed, the woman grins and thanks the officer for pointing out her error.

"But before I let you go, Ma'am, I have to ask...Is everyone in this car OK? These women seem awfully shaken, and they haven't made a peep this whole time," the officer asks.

"Oh, they'll be all right in a minute officer. We just got off Highway 189."



The Sheer Nightgown....a Cautionary tale.

A husband walks into ' Victoria 's Secret' to purchase a sheer negligee for his wife.

He is shown several possibilities that range from £250 to £500 in price -- the more sheer, the higher the price.

Naturally, he opts for the most sheer item, pays the £500, and takes it home.

He presents it to his wife and asks her to go upstairs, put it on, and model it for him.

Upstairs the wife thinks (she's no dummy), 'I have an idea.

It's so sheer that it might as well be nothing.

I won't put it on, but I'll do the modelling naked, return it tomorrow, and keep the £500 refund for myself.'

She appears naked on the balcony and strikes a pose.

The husband says, 'Good Grief! You'd think for £500, they'd at least iron it!'

He never heard the shot.



Bits AND Pieces

Turpentine. A little boy was sitting on the curb with a bottle of turpentine and shaking it and watching the bubbles. A little while later a priest came along and asked the little boy what he had. The little boy replied, "This is the most powerful liquid in the world, it's called turpentine."
The priest said, "No, the most powerful liquid is Holy Water. If you take some of this and rub it on a pregnant women's belly, she'll pass a healthy baby."
The little boy said, "You take some of this here turpentine and rub it on a cat's ass and he'll pass a Harley Davidson."



A Birthday Plea

Lord I'm 80 and there's much I haven't done,
I hope, dear Lord, you'll let me live until I'm 81!
But then if I'm not finished all I want to do,
Would you let me stay a while, until I'm 82?
There's many places I'd like to go and very much to see,
Do you think you could manage to make it 83?
The world is changing very fast, there's so much in store,
I would really like to stay until I'm 84!
And if by then I'm, still alive,
I'd like to stay till 85
There'd be more planes in the air; I'd really like to stick
Around to see what happens when I'm 86!
I know, dear Lord, it's much to ask
(And I know it must be nice in Heaven)
But I'd really love to stay until I'm 87.
I know by then I won't be fast and sometimes will be late,
But it will be oh so pleasant to live to 88.
I would have seen so any things and had a wonderful time
I'm sure that I'd be willing to leave at 89!
Well maybe...



"I figured you should have breakfast in bed on your birthday. Can you reach the stove okay?"

Trivia (Useless Knowledge!)

- A cat has 32 muscles in each ear.
- A goldfish has a memory span of three seconds.
- A 'jiffy' is an actual unit of time for 1/100th of a second.
- A shark is the only fish that can blink with both eyes.
- A snail can sleep for three years.
- Almonds are a member of the peach family.
- An ostrich's eye is bigger than its brain.
- Babies are born without kneecaps. They don't appear until between 2 and 6 years of age.
- Peanuts are one of the ingredients of dynamite!
- Rubber bands last longer when refrigerated.



Cow and faces illusion

I think most people have heard the saying about cows being curious and the black and white cow staring back at you in this image is no exception. I am curious myself about what this cow is interested in when the other cows in the herd are busy grazing in the background. Perhaps the photographer is showing it a handful of hay in order to grab its attention. Who knows, but it looks like it has had the desired effect. So going back to the cow's face, if you look carefully at it, not only do you see the cow's face but it also gives the illusion that there are two black silhouettes of human faces looking towards each other.



Fortune 500's Men's Washroom



Why does "slow down" and "slow up" mean the same thing?

