

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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Contact the Club:
Ph:69216980 (9.30am-3.00pm)
Mon, Thu, Fri.
or email
senior.citizen@bigpond.com

eMagazine Editor
Barry Williams: Ph.: 69253065
Email Please send any contributions
to above address -

*Good bye summer.
Hello autumn.*





Editor's Notes

Still uncertain times internationally, nationally, locally, and for that matter within our Club. Because of faltering attendance at some of our activities we have had to postpone some, at least for the time being. We realise that these have been trying times (nearly said unprecedented, but 100 years ago saw similar circumstances). We do need members support if this Club is to continue into the future, so please, if you are able to show your support by attending our monthly meeting (first Monday of month) and any activity of interest, that will help get our Club back to normal. Best regards, *Barry*

Presidents Message



Hi Fellow Seniors

Just an update on activities at our Club.

On 19/4/21 club members (25) had a most enjoyable picnic at Collins Park. It was a beautiful sunny day and all had a great time catching up.

On 20/4/21 Terry Leonard performed to sell-out crowd at the RSL Club. Morning tea and

Terry's concert was a great success according to feedback I received.

Our usual activities are a little down at present. Bowls, cards, craft and discussion group are not active at the Club at present. I-pad, computer and line dancing groups continue to meet. Have had enquiries re cards and if we get 8 people or more wanting to play then the Club will open up for them. Please let the Secretary know (Phone 69331394) if you want to play.

We are allowed to have a cuppa at the rooms now providing we use disposable cups and the Club has bought individually packed biscuits for the members. You cannot get your own cuppa but a member can be in the kitchen to attend to the urn.

Signing in and sanitiser are still a requirement.

Don't forget General Meeting on the first Monday of the month at 1.30 p.m.

Hopefully we will be able to get back to full activity in the not too distant future.

Everyone take care.

President Jim

Wagga Wagga Senior Citizens' Club Inc.

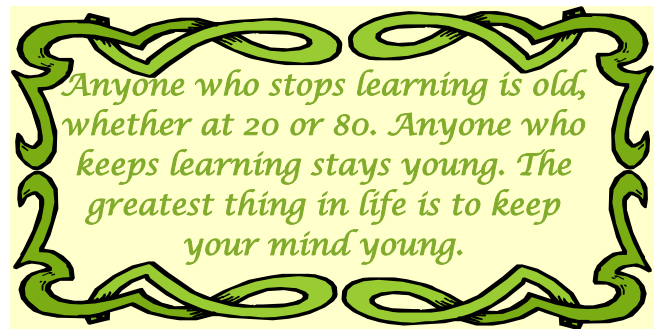
Membership (\$5.00 per year) to over 50's
Club activities 2021 (During Covid-19 restrictions)

Computers Monday only 10 am to 12 noon (must have a booking, contact Club at this time on 69216980 or Barry on 69253065 – 0417278796 after hours)

iPad classes Monday 11 am to 12 noon.

Carpet Bowls Friday 1.00 pm to 3.00 pm (on hold for time being)

Craft Thursday 1.00 pm to 3.00 pm on hold for time being)



Wagga Wagga Senior Citizens' Club Inc Committee 2019

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

Additional Committee: Velma Spears, Dudley Downey, Chris Thomas, Lenore Keppie, Ellen Downey.



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

Reminder

General Club Meeting is held on the **1st Monday** of Month.

Seniors in Focus

Our Line-dancing classes are well attended (R), while entertainer Terry Leonard (Below) played to an enthusiastic audience at Wagga RSL for the NSW Seniors Festival. Club member Dianne Steele entertained fellow members during a picnic lunch at a local park.



Two good stories- (and both true)

STORY NUMBER ONE

Many Years ago, Al Capone virtually owned Chicago. Capone wasn't famous for anything heroic. He was notorious for enmeshing the windy city in everything from bootlegged booze and prostitution to murder.

Capone had a lawyer nicknamed "Easy Eddie." He was Capone's lawyer for a good reason. Eddie was very good! In fact, Eddie's skill at legal manoeuvring kept Big Al out of jail for a long time.



To show his appreciation, Capone paid him very well.. Not only was the money big, but Eddie got special dividends, as well. For instance, he and his family occupied a fenced-in mansion with live-in help and all of the conveniences of the day. The estate was so large that it filled an entire Chicago City block.

Eddie lived the high life of the Chicago mob and gave little consideration to the atrocity that went on around him.

Eddie did have one soft spot, however. He had a son that he loved dearly. Eddie saw to it that his young son had clothes, cars, and a good education. Nothing was withheld. Price was no object.

And, despite his involvement with organized crime, Eddie even tried to teach him right from wrong. Eddie wanted his son to be a better man than he was.

Yet, with all his wealth and influence, there were two things he couldn't give his son; he couldn't pass on a good name or a good example.

One day, Easy Eddie reached a difficult decision. Easy Eddie wanted to rectify wrongs he had done.

He decided he would go to the authorities and tell the truth about Al "Scarface" Capone, clean up his tarnished name, and offer his son some resemblance of integrity. To do this, he would have to testify against The Mob, and he knew that the cost would be great. So, he testified.

Within the year, Easy Eddie's life ended in a blaze of gunfire on a lonely Chicago Street. But in his eyes, he had given his son the greatest gift he had to offer, at the greatest price he could ever pay.. Police removed from his pockets a rosary, a crucifix, a religious medallion, and a poem clipped from a magazine.

The poem read:

"The clock of life is wound but once, and no man has the power to tell just when the hands will stop, at late or early hour. Now is the only time you own. Live, love, toil with a will. Place no faith in time. For the clock may soon be still."

STORY NUMBER TWO

World War II produced many heroes. One such man was Lieutenant Commander Butch O'Hare.

He was a fighter pilot assigned to the aircraft carrier Lexington in the South Pacific.

One day his entire squadron was sent on a mission. After he was airborne, he looked at his fuel gauge and realized that someone had forgotten to top off his fuel tank.

He would not have enough fuel to complete his mission and get back to his ship.

His flight leader told him to return to the carrier. Reluctantly, he dropped out of formation and headed back to the fleet.

As he was returning to the mother ship, he saw something that turned his blood cold; a squadron of Japanese aircraft was speeding its way toward the American-fleet.

The American fighters were gone on a sortie, and the fleet was all but defenceless. He couldn't reach his squadron and bring them back in time to save the fleet. Nor could he warn the fleet of the approaching danger. There was only one thing to do. He must somehow divert them from the fleet.



Laying aside all thoughts of personal safety, he dove into the formation of Japanese planes. Wing-mounted 50 calibre's blazed as he charged in, attacking one surprised enemy plane and then another. Butch wove in and out of the now broken formation and fired at as many planes as possible until all his ammunition was finally spent.

Undaunted, he continued the assault. He dove at the planes, trying to clip a wing or tail in hopes of damaging as many enemy planes as possible, rendering them unfit to fly.

Finally, the exasperated Japanese squadron took off in another direction.

Deeply relieved, Butch O'Hare and his tattered fighter limped back to the carrier.

Upon arrival, he reported in and related the event surrounding his return.. The film from the gun-camera mounted on his plane told the tale. It showed the extent of Butch's daring attempt to protect his fleet. He had, in fact, destroyed five enemy aircraft. This took place on February 20, 1942, and for that action Butch became the Navy's first Ace of W.W.II, and the first Naval Aviator to win the Medal of Honour.

A Year later Butch was killed in aerial combat at the age of 29. His hometown would not allow the memory of this WW II hero to fade, and today, O'Hare airport in Chicago is named in tribute to the courage of this great man.

So, the next time you find yourself at O'Hare International, give some thought to visiting Butch's memorial displaying his statue and his Medal of Honour. It's located between Terminals 1 and 2.

SO WHAT DO THESE TWO STORIES HAVE TO DO WITH EACH OTHER?

Butch O'Hare was "Easy Eddie's" son.

Ned Kelly Saves the Day

By Miranda Howard (Age 14)

One winter's day in 1865 in the small town of Avenel, Victoria, Richard Shelton (known as Dick) was walking to school. He was walking along Hughes Creek when his straw hat was blown off his head by a gust of wind. The seven year old boy stretched out his arm to get it, but suddenly, he fell into the flood waters of the swelling creek; he couldn't swim and was drowning!

Soon another boy who was poor and called Edward Kelly (known as Ned), who was also on his way to school came whistling along, when he saw his schoolmate yelling for help and struggling in the raging water. Ned, aged ten, quickly dropped his lunch pail and books and raced for the creek.

At the risk of his own life, he bravely swam towards his friend. Thankfully, Ned could swim and eventually managed to get Dick and himself onto the bank. Both boys were exhausted and just lay there on the bank in the warm sun for a few minutes. "Are you alright, Dick?" Ned panted.

"I am, thanks to you, Ned," he paused for bit to catch his breath and continued, "You saved my life! If you hadn't come along I would have drowned!"

"Your welcome, but any boy would have done the same," Ned smiled.

"Oh Ned! After we've rested for a little longer, what will we do?" Richard asked.

"Well, your place is the closest and our mothers will never forgive us if we stay in these wet cloths all day," Ned smiled.

"Ned, aren't you forgetting that the head teacher, Mr Irving, is teaching today and you know how strict he is. You should be right, your well-behaved and even above average, but I think he'll be angry with me," Richard reminded him.

"Well, if he is, I'll talk to him," Ned assured him. "Anyway, we had better get to the hotel and dry off. I don't mind missing a day with him, do you?"

"I sure don't," Richard laughed. Ned helped him up and the two drenched boys started for the Royal Mail Hotel, which Richard's parents owned.

When Richard's mother saw them she exclaimed, "Richard Shelton! What happened, you both look like drowned rats!" Soon both boys were sitting by a lovely warm fire with blankets wrapped around them and a biscuit and glass of milk each. When Mr and Mrs Shelton were ready to listen, Richard started to tell how Ned Kelly had saved the day.

Richard's parents were so grateful to the poor boy, that they decided to publicly present him with a reward at a school ceremony in a week's time. So, in a week, Ned was standing in front of Mr Shelton. "Edward Kelly, as gratitude for saving our son, Mrs Shelton and I are presenting you with this," he said giving the sash to Ned and extending his hand out. Ned shook his hand and looked down to see a long and beautiful gold-tasselled sash with green on one side and gold on the other. Mr Shelton asked if he would like to say anything to his classmates and the people gathered to see the event.

"Mr Shelton, I thank Mrs Shelton and you so much. I shall treasure this for the rest of my life," Ned said.

"And may God bless you with a long and happy one, Edward Kelly," Mr Shelton smiled.

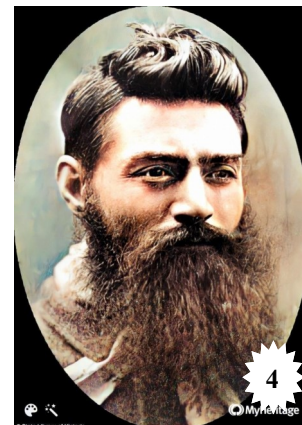
"You can call me Ned, Mr Shelton, that is if you want too," Ned said. The people and the Sheltons roared with laughter. Then Ned's mother, Ellen Kelly, smiled with happiness and pride at her oldest son. Soon, things became even better for Ned when his father, John "Red" Kelly, was released from prison in October.

That boy hero would grow up to become Australia's most famous bushranger, Ned Kelly. He treasured his sash so much that he wore it under his famous bullet-proof armour at his last stand.

END



1. (Above), Ned Kelly age 15
5.(Right) Ned's blood stained green sash.



(2). Ned Kelly age 18 (1874 Beechworth Prison Record)
(3) Age 19, unofficial boxing champion of north-east..
(4) Age 24, day before hanged.

A Man and His Dog!

A man and his dog were walking along a road. The man was enjoying the scenery, when it suddenly occurred to him that he was dead. He remembered dying, and that his faithful dog had been dead for many years. He wondered where the road was leading them. After a while, they came to a high, white stone wall along one side of the road. It looked like fine marble. As he reached the wall, he saw a magnificent gate in the arch, and the street that led to the gate made from pure gold. He and the dog walked toward the gate, and as he got closer, he saw a man at a desk to one side.

When he was close enough, he called out, "Excuse me, where are we?"
"This is heaven, sir," the man answered.

"Wow! Would you happen to have some water? We have travelled far," the man said.
"Of course, sir. Come right in, and I'll have some ice water brought right up."
The man gestured, and the gate began to open.

"Can my friend," gesturing toward his dog, "come in, too?" the traveller asked.
"I'm sorry, sir, but we don't accept pets."

The man thought a moment, remembering all the years this dog remained loyal to him and then turned back toward the road and continued the way he had been going. After another long walk he came to a plain dirt road, which led through a farm gate that looked as if it had never been closed. There was no fence. As he approached the gate, he saw a man inside, leaning against a tree and reading a book.

"Excuse me!" he called to the reader. "Do you have any water? We have travelled far."
"Yes, sure, there's a faucet over there." The man pointed to a place that couldn't be seen from outside the gate. "Come on in and help yourself."

"How about my friend here?" the traveller gestured to his dog.
"There should be a bowl by the faucet; he is welcome to share."

They went through the gate, and sure enough, there was an old-fashioned faucet with a bowl beside it. The traveller filled the bowl and took a long drink himself, then he gave some to the dog. When they were full, he and the dog walked back toward the man who was standing by the tree waiting for them.
"What do you call this place?" the traveller asked.
"This is heaven," was the answer.

"Well, that's confusing," the traveller said. "The man down the road said that was heaven, too."
"Oh, you mean the place with the gold street and pearly gates? Nope. That's hell."
"Doesn't it make you mad for them to use your name like that?"

"No. We're just happy that they screen out the folks who'd leave their best friends behind in exchange for material things."

Author Unknown



Appreciate what you have!

One day . . . a wealthy family man took his son on a trip to the country, so he could have his son see how poor country people live.

They stayed one day and one night in the home of a very humble farmer. At the end of the trip, and when they were back home, the father asked his son, "What did you think of the trip?"

The son replied, "Very nice dad."

Then the father asked his son, "Did you notice how poor they were?"

The son replied, "Yes."

The father continued asking, "What did you learn?"

The son responded, "I learned that we have one dog in our house, and they have four.

Also, we have a fountain in our garden, but they have a stream that has no end.

And we have imported lamps in our garden . . . where they have the stars!
And our garden goes to the edge of our property. But they have the entire horizon as their back yard!"

At the end of the son's reply the father was speechless.

His son then said, "Thank you dad for showing me how poor we really are."

Isn't it true that all depends on the lens you use to see life?

One can ask himself what would happen if we give thanks for what we have instead of always asking for more.

Learn to appreciate what you have. Wealth is all in one's point of view.

Author unknown



Criminal Lawyers Award!

A Charlotte, NC, lawyer purchased a box of exceedingly rare and expensive cigars, then insured them against fire among other things. Within a month having smoked his entire stockpile of these great cigars and without yet having made even his first premium payment on the policy, the lawyer filed claim against the insurance company. In his claim, the lawyer stated the cigars were lost "in a series of small fires." The insurance company refused to pay, citing the obvious reason: that the man had consumed the cigars in the normal fashion.

The lawyer sued...and won!

In delivering the ruling the judge agreed with the insurance company that the claim was frivolous. The Judge stated nevertheless, that the lawyer held a policy from the company in which it had warranted that the cigars were insurable and also guaranteed that it would insure them against fire, without defining what is considered to be unacceptable fire, and was obligated to pay the claim.

Rather than endure lengthy and costly appeal process, the insurance company accepted the ruling and paid \$15,000 to the lawyer for his loss of the rare cigars lost in the "fires."

NOW FOR THE BEST PART...

After the lawyer cashed the check, the insurance company had him arrested on 24 counts of ARSON!!! With his own insurance claim and testimony from the previous case being used against him, the lawyer was convicted of intentionally burning his insured property and was sentenced to 24 months in jail and a \$24,000 fine.

Author Unknown



MAJORITY:

If 50 million people say a foolish thing, it is still a foolish thing.

In 1844 a medical doctor named Ignas Phillip Semmelweis, who was assistant director at the Vienna Maternity Hospital, suggested to the doctors that the high rate of death of patients and new babies was due to the fact that the doctors attending them were carrying infections from the diseased and dead people whom they had previously touched. Semmelweis ordered doctors to wash their hands with soap and water and rinse them in a strong chemical before examining their patients. He tried to get doctors to wear clean clothes and he battled for clean wards. However, the majority of doctors disagreed with Semmelweis and they deliberately disobeyed his orders.

In the late nineteenth century, on the basis of the work by Semmelweis, Joseph Lister began soaking surgery instruments, the operating table, his hands, and the patients with carbolic acid. The results were astonishing. What was previously risky surgery now became routine. However, the majority of doctors criticized his work also. Today we know that Lister and Semmelweis were right; the majority of doctors in their day were wrong.

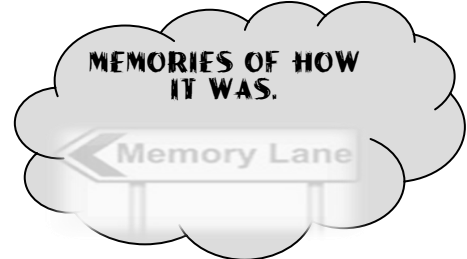
Just because the majority believe one thing does not necessarily mean it is true.

Source Unknown: Pictured, Joseph Lister



A Walk Down Memory Lane!

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



A couple of ads from the 1930s

SHOULD A WIFE TAKE HER HOLIDAYS ALONE?

WELL IF YOU WON'T COME FOR A HOLIDAY, NOW I THINK I'LL GO FISHING WITH JACK.

VERY WELL! I'LL SPEND A MONTH AT MOTHER'S WHEN YOU GET BACK.

PERHAPS SHE'S BORED WITH ME. I ONLY KNOW SHE'S TERRIBLY CHANGED.

MAYBE THERE'S A VERY SIMPLE EXPLANATION, OLD CHAP—WHEN WE BATHED TOGETHER YOU WERE A LIFEBOUY USER—REMEMBER?

YOU'RE SURELY NOT HINTING AT "B.O."? I HAVE A BATH EVERY DAY.

BATHS WITH ORDINARY SOAP DON'T MAKE YOU SURE, BOB, ONLY LIFEBOUY WITH ITS SPECIAL HEALTH INGREDIENT WILL STOP "B.O."

GLAD JACK BROUGHT PLENTY OF LIFEBOUY! DON'T KNOW WHY I EVER STOPPED USING IT! SO REFRESHING AND IT'S GOOD TO KNOW YOU'RE PROTECTED.

2 WEEKS LATER

IT'S WONDERFUL HAVING YOU BACK AGAIN, DEAR. I DON'T WANT TO GO TO MOTHER'S AFTER ALL NOW.

(THINKS:!) IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR LIFEBOUY I MIGHT HAVE LOST HER!

Don't you make the mistake of thinking one soap is just as good as another! Mere washing with any ordinary toilet soap is not enough to guarantee your personal freshness. You need Lifebuoy with its special health ingredient to stop "B.O.". Get Lifebuoy to-day.

THE ONE SOAP SPECIALLY MADE TO STOP "B.O."

No offer could be fairer!

Let us instal this Radio in your own home—

Try it for three days and if you're not fully satisfied that this is the best Radio you've ever heard at the price we'll refund your deposit!

£29'10 5-V. Superhet. for £19'19

OR £2 DOWN, 5/2 WEEKLY FOR 78 WEEKS

Some people prefer a smaller Set

D. J. Minnie 5
PRICE £14'19'6

DAVID JONES
CORNER GEORGE AND BARRACK STREETS

Anyone remember waiting in line at the Capitol Theatre?



Someone asked the other day, 'What was your favourite fast food when you were growing up?'

'We didn't have fast food when I was growing up,' I informed him. 'All the food was slow.'

'C'mon, seriously. Where did you eat?'

'It was a place called 'at home,' I explained.

'Mum cooked every day and when Dad got home from work, we sat down together at the dining room table, and if I didn't like what she put on my plate I was allowed to sit there until I did like it.'

By this time, the kid was laughing so hard I was afraid he was going to suffer serious internal damage, so I didn't tell him the part about how I had to have permission to leave the table.



Members' Contributions

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

I see people around my age mountain climbing, I feel good getting my leg through my underwear with out losing my balance

I'M AT THAT AGE WHERE MY MIND STILL THINKS I'M 29, MY HUMOR SUGGESTS I'M 12 WHILE MY BODY MOSTLY KEEPS ASKING IF I'M SURE I'M NOT DEAD YET.



Ageing Humour
Contributed by Les Homer

80 YEARS

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

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

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

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

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

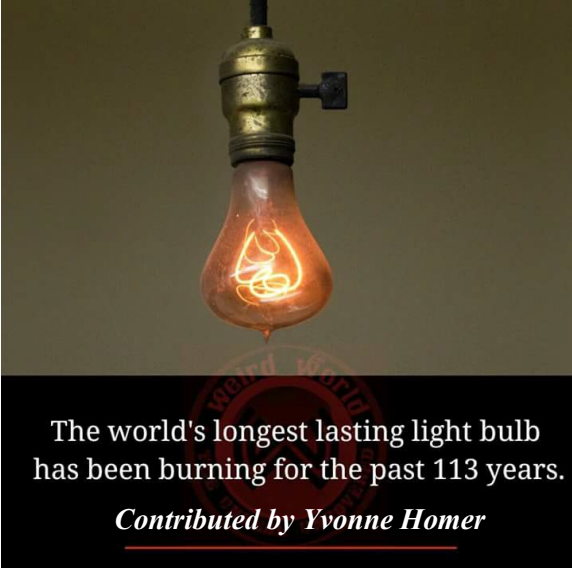
So please folks, try to make it to 80. It's the best time of your life. People forgive you for everything.

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

Contributed by Bruce McAlister



Newspaper Headlines from the past –
Contributed by Lily Arfort



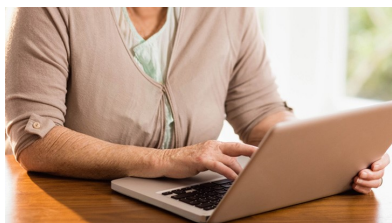
The world's longest lasting light bulb has been burning for the past 113 years.
Contributed by Yvonne Homer

Computer Hints & Tips



Are you doing this to keep your computer healthy?

A healthy computer is a happy computer. A happy computer will make *you* happier while using it.



But what makes a computer healthy?

Speed is an important indicator of a computer's performance. A key factor that goes towards keeping a computer speedy is its storage space. With lots of free capacity, your computer will be able to run at full speed. Think of it this way: if you're carrying a backpack up a hill, and that backpack is filled to the brim with heavy equipment, the weight of the backpack will slow you down.

What should you do? Empty your backpack of all the unnecessary junk, and only keep the equipment you really need inside.

Here are some good sources of junk to target.

Downloads Folder

There are many people who don't take much notice of their Downloads folder, or who aren't even aware of its existence! The Downloads folder is the default folder for your Internet downloads – this means that if you download something from online onto your computer without specifying a particular folder to save it in, your computer will automatically save it in the Downloads folder.

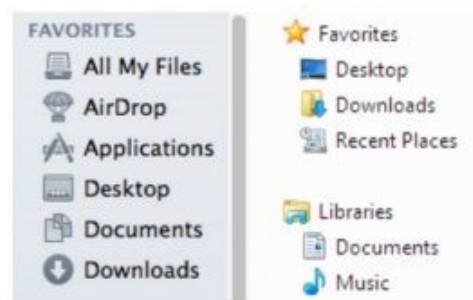
You can find the Downloads folder in the sidebar under File Explorer (Windows Users) or Finder (Mac Users).

When you're surfing the web, you may inadvertently click on a link that downloads a document, image, video, or any other type of file onto your computer.

These files will automatically end up in your Downloads Folder...and most of

the time, they will be absolute junk! For this reason, you'll want to clear your Downloads folder out.

However, one thing to keep in mind is that there might be files that you *had* intended to save, but which happened to end up in your Downloads folder. It's a good idea, then, to first go through your Downloads folder and copy and paste the files you actually want to keep into another folder (such as your hard drive) before you clear it out. Once you're sure that everything in there is junk, you can simply delete everything in your Downloads folder.



Recycle Bin

This brings us to the next culprit: the Recycle Bin. The Recycle Bin (or Trash for Mac users) is where all your deleted files end up. That's right – they haven't actually been deleted yet! What you need to do to be rid of them for good is go

into your Recycle Bin and permanently delete them. You can do this by simply deleting the files the way you normally would; by selecting them and pressing **DELETE** on your keyboard. It's kind of like needing to delete the files twice.



You can find Recycle Bin on your Desktop (Windows Users) and Trash on your Dock (Mac Users)

If these files are in your Recycle Bin, then chances are you've already deemed them useless. However, if you're still uncertain, you can go through Recycle Bin and check to see

if there are any files you may have accidentally deleted. You can recover these files by right-clicking on them, and then clicking on "**Restore**". They will then appear in their original folder.

Mac users will need to go through each individual file, right-click, and choose "**Put back**" to recover a deleted file. Furthermore, Mac users can only permanently delete files from Trash by clicking on "**Empty Trash**". This will delete every item in Trash, so make sure there is only junk in there first.

Your Hard Drives

For those Windows users who are looking to be really thorough, you can clean up your hard drives with a little tool called **Disk Cleanup**. It's a utility that's been automatically installed onto your Windows computer, which you can use to eradicate some of the more obscure files that are unnecessarily taking up space.

To access this utility, you can simply click on the Start button on the bottom-left corner of your screen, type "**Disk Cleanup**" into the search bar, and press **ENTER** on your keyboard. Next:

1. A window will pop up asking you which hard drive you want to clear out. You can select any hard drive you want, and then go back later for the others – the more hard drives you clear out, the better!
2. The Disk Cleanup window will appear. This window will show you all the files that you can remove. Click on the box beside any file that you wish to remove
3. Only the files whose removal won't affect the operation of your computer will be listed. Thus it's fine to tick all of the boxes and remove all of the files
4. Once you've ticked every file you wish to delete, the window will show you how much disk space you will free up on this hard drive. Click on **OK**

Click on "**Delete Files**", and then wait while the files are cleared out.

It's a good idea to use Disk Cleanup every once in a while – certainly not every day, but perhaps once every few months. It will save you several MBs of space!



The Crows Joke Page

A **rabbi and a priest** are driving along when they crash into each other. Both cars are totally demolished, but, amazingly, neither of them is hurt. After they crawl out of their cars, the rabbi sees the priest's collar and says: "So you're a priest. I'm a rabbi. Just look at our cars. There's nothing left, but we are unhurt. This must be a sign from God. God must have meant that we should meet and be friends and live together in peace the rest of our days."

The priest replies: "I agree with you completely. This must be a sign from God."

The rabbi continues: "And look at this. Here's another miracle. My car is completely demolished but this bottle of wine didn't break. Surely God wants us to drink this wine and celebrate our good fortune." Then he hands the bottle to the priest.

The priest agrees, takes a few big swigs, and hands the bottle back to the rabbi. The rabbi takes the bottle, immediately puts the cap on, and hands it back to the priest.

The priest asks: "Aren't you having any?"

The rabbi replies: "No ... I think I'll wait for the police."



ROMANCE

An older couple were lying in bed one night. The husband was falling asleep but the wife was in a romantic mood and wanted to talk.

She said: "You used to hold my hand when we were courting."

Wearily he reached across, held her hand for a second and tried to get back to sleep.

A few moments later she said: "Then you used to kiss me."

Mildly irritated, he reached across, gave her a peck on the cheek and settled down to sleep.

Thirty seconds later she said: "Then you used to bite my neck."

Angrily, he threw back the bed clothes and got out of bed.

"Where are you going?" she asked.

"To get my teeth!"



Two elderly ladies had been friends for many decades. Over the years, they had shared all kinds of activities and adventures. Lately, their activities had been limited to meeting a few times a week to play cards.

One day, they were playing cards when one looked at the other and said, "Now don't get mad at me... I know we've been friends for a long time but I just can't think of your name. I've thought and thought, but I can't remember it. Please tell me what your name is."

Her friend glared at her. For at least three minutes she just stared and

glared at her. Finally, she said,

"How soon do you need to know?"



Two elderly women were out driving in a large car - both could barely see over the dashboard. As they were cruising along, they came to major crossroad. The stop light was red, but they just went on through. The woman in the passenger seat thought to herself "I must be losing it. I could have sworn we just went through a red light." After a few more minutes, they came to another major junction and the light was red again.

Again, they went right through. The woman in the passenger seat was almost sure that the light had been red but was really concerned that she was losing it. She was getting nervous.

At the next junction, sure enough, the light was red and they went on through. So, she

turned to the other woman and said, "Mildred, did you know that we just ran through three red lights in a row? You could have killed us both!" Mildred turned to her and said, "Oh! Am I driving?"



As a senior citizen was driving down the motorway, his car phone rang. Answering, he heard his wife's voice urgently warning him, "Vernon, I just heard on the news that there's a car going the wrong way on M25. Please be careful!"

"Hell," said Vernon, "It's not just one car. It's hundreds of them!"



Bits And Pieces



And you thought your job sucked

I'm Fine Thanks!
There is nothing the matter with me,
I'm as healthy as can be,
I have arthritis in both knees,
And when I talk – I talk with a wheeze
My pulse is weak and my blood is thin,
But –I'm awfully well for the shape I'm in.

Arch supports I have for my feet,
Or I wouldn't be able to stay on my feet.
Sleep is denied me, night after night,
But every morning I find I'm alright;
My memory is failing, my head's in a spin
But I'm awfully well for the shape I'm in.

The moral of this tale I unfold,
That for you and me, who are growing old,
It's better to say "I'm fine "with a grin"
Than to let folks know the shape I'm in.
How would I know that my youth is all spent?
Well, my "get up and go" has "got up and went".

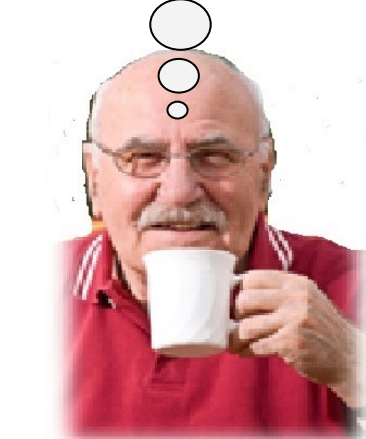
But I really don't mind when I think, with a grin,
Of all the grand places my Get-up has been'
Old age is golden I've heard it said,
But sometimes I wonder as, I get into bed,
With my ears in the drawer – my teeth in a cup,
My eyes on the table until I wake up.
"Ere sleep overtakes me", I say to myself,
Is there anything else I would lay on the shelf?

When I was young and my slippers were red,
I could kick my heels right over my head,
When I was older, my slippers were blue,
But I still could dance the whole night through.
Now I am old, my slippers are black,
I walk to the store – and puff my way back.
I get up each morning and dust off my wits,
And pick up the paper and read the Obits,
If my name is still missing, I know I'm not dead,
So I have a good breakfast –and go back to bed.
Author unknown

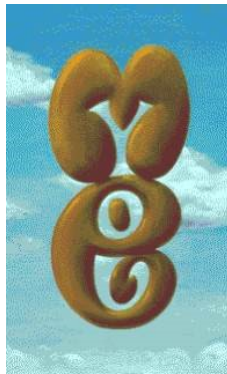
Why is it, whether you sit up or sit down, the result is the same?



Without thinking Captain Hook uses the wrong hand



Is it ME or YOU ?



Innie or Outie?
Is the smallest point of this black and white illusion pointing in or sticking out?
It's anyone's guess.



Latest scientific evidence of why there are more women than men!

