

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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The Good Old Days



Editor's Notes

The good old days—were they really or has time just dimmed our perception of days gone by? No doubt we can all agree that life is certainly faster paced nowadays than what we remember of our childhood! I was fortunate to meet the author of the poem "The Good Old Days" Kathy Edwards a few months ago and gained permission to publish it in this magazine. Kathy is an award winning author and has published a number of poetry collections and other books. One of her memories mentioned in one of her books was that of her father pouring boiling water into the handlebars of his bike to keep his hands warm before riding to work on cold mornings. This jogged my memory of something similar when I rode to work with a small rubber water bottle hanging around my neck, and still arriving covered in white frost for work.

It is memories such as these that would be welcome from our members for the "Members Contributions" page.

In May we enjoyed a friendly visit to the Narrandera Senior Citizens' Club, and have had some interesting guest speakers at our General Meetings.

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

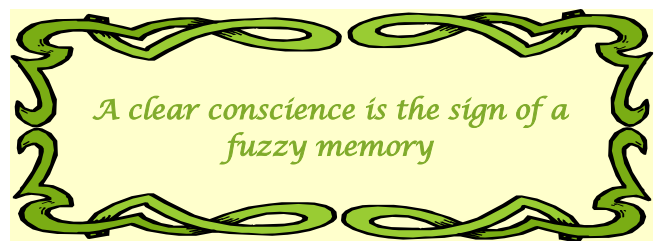
President	Jim Weeden	69331394
Vice President	Ellen Downey	69224903
Treasurer	Jo Jovanovic	69315926
Assistant Treasurer	Bev Morley	69228536
Secretary	Robyn Weeden	69331394
Assistant Secretary	Robyn McClure	69250273
Dawn McDermott	Housemother	69251191
Fay King	Assis' Housemother	69265280

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 2017

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 Pengast.



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

Narrandera Interclub Visit

In May Wagga Seniors made their annual visit to sister club Narrandera Senior Citizens' Club. After a welcoming speech by Narrandera Club president Eddie Naismith (1) members from both clubs sat down to a delicious hot casserole lunch (2). Afterwards the many prizes on display (3) were handed out to the lucky winners of a club raffle. Entertainment throughout the afternoon was provided by Narrandera resident Stan Dodgson who played accordion and gave poetry recitations, while guest speaker and Narrandera mayor Neville Kschenka also played some tunes on the accordion (4). Wagga members Robyn (5) and Wendy, centre, (6) were very lucky raffle winners. Click [HERE](#) to watch video



Our line dancers paid tribute to the memory of Grant Manson, one half of the popular duo "Heartbeat" who recently passed away. Heartbeat played a number of times at the Seniors' Centre for the line dancers and other appreciative members and is very much missed.

Seniors In Focus



Kate Brill, Co-ordinator for Live Better community services was the guest speaker at the **May general meeting**. Live Better was formerly Care West with its Wagga offices situated at 1 Fitzmaurice St - Wagga ... (old Baby Health Centre at the back of the Senior Citizens' Centre) and is one of a number of community aged care service providers. Kate recommends that seniors should make enquiries through My Aged Care at <http://www.myagedcare.gov.au/> or phone 1800 200 422 even if they do not need access to aged care immediately as their details can be placed on file and lessen the time accessing help when needed in the future.

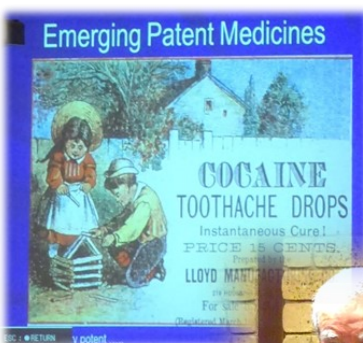
Following are some points given by Kate re changes.

1. There is an industry change for the NDIS - under 65 by end of year and over 65 and for everyone by next year.
2. It was suggested that you register now for Access to Care and once you have done so, you will be given a number. You may not need their services at this time but if you have a number it will be easier when you do require their services.
3. Your information will be private and protected as anything can be in these times.
4. Commonwealth Resource Centre covers - Early childhood and pre-school support group, social support group, merged with Family Link and has a volunteer centre.
5. ACAT will still assess people for packages.
6. Information can be found on My Aged Care website or call into the office and see Kate or her staff.

Prior to our **June meeting** we had guest speaker **Dan Hayes** (middle of picture at right) who is a Psychologist and also a Wagga Wagga City Councillor. He spoke on mental health and how there is still a stigma attached to this problem. He made comparisons between physical and mental health.

There are many areas of mental health, some of which are -Depression, suicidal thoughts, schizophrenia, bipolar disorder, personality disorder, panic attacks, PTSD just to name a few and the importance of not isolating one's self and connecting with friends and family. Hobbies and social activity are also important.

Dan expanded on some of these but of course it is a very complex issue. If anyone needs help, they should get in touch with their GP, psychologist or a mental health worker. All in all, a most informative and interesting talk.



Prior to our **July meeting** we had guest speaker retired pharmacist **Peter Gissing** who gave a most interesting and informative presentation on the Aspects of Pharmacy History in Wagga Wagga. He spoke on emerging medicines from the 1800's such as cocaine toothache drops, Chlorodyne (which contained opium) for influenza, coughs, colds and a multitude of other ailments, a soothing syrup which contained morphine, Parkers Tonic which was 46% proof alcohol, Beechams Pills, Dr. Williams Pink Pills for pale people, and Goanna Oil Liniment. The contents of these medicines brought much laughter from the members present.

The first pharmacy in Wagga Wagga was owned by Hugh Rose and that was in the 1870's.

Peter then gave a history on Gissing's Pharmacy.

Patrick Fitzgerald from Germantown (now Holbrook) 1899 - 1901

Alf Turner (who also had a pharmacy in Coolamon) - 1901

Mr Frank Smith - was called Central Pharmacy

C.J. Bellamey - 1907

Frank Sanderson 1910 (who began photography in his pharmacy at Sydney prices)

H.E. Gissing 1919

Morris Gissing 1950 (Peter's father) Peter joined his father after he graduated

The Good Old Days

How boring was your childhood?
With no computer games
no iPod, Xbox, Bluetooth?
or other fancy names.

And how on earth did you survive
without a mobile phone
that identified each caller
with a different ringing tone.

Maybe you just called your friends
by shouting out "Ring-Ring!"
then talking through two jam tins
tied together with some string.



Did you suffer with a belly ache
not game to say, "I'm sick"
because you knew the remedy
castor oil would do the trick.

If you were stung, or bitten
didn't mum know what to do?
the itchiness would disappear
with a bag of Reckitt's blue.

That was kept beside the laundry tubs
and in place of a washing machine
a scrub-board and a wringer
got the clothes all nice and clean.



Did you play in unfenced building sites
and not cause any trouble
was court action ever taken
if you were cut on all that rubble.



And perchance you did get hurt
did you ride your bike back home
so mum could fix your bleeding arm
with a dab of Mecurochrome?

Or maybe it was Rawleigh's
or some stinging iodine;
bet you didn't queue for hours
in some hospital waiting line.



And did you go to the dentist
with a loose tooth that was sore?
or was some string tied 'round the tooth
and the other end on to the door?

Then didn't someone slam the door?
you know this is the truth
no costly dental bills to pay,
did the fairies pay for the tooth?

Did you run along the footpath
playing 'don't step on the cracks?'
And did you play with marbles,
or those knuckle bones called "Jacks"?



Did you ever play "Red Rover"?
or jump with a skipping rope
and without TV Videos
however did you cope?

Was yours the biggest bonfire
each year on cracker night?
Was the garden hose kept handy
in case the garage caught alight?

For the flicks on Saturday arvo
did you have to earn some dough
by selling papers to the fish shop
or bottles to the old "Bottle-O"?

Was the paper in your outhouse
newspapers cut in squares
or did you use the wrappings
from 'round the apples and pears?

Were all your haircuts done at home
with a basin on your head?
Or did you get short back and sides
no matter what you said?

Ladies always wore a petticoat
can you remember that?
And a gentleman, a suit and tie
and he'd always tip his hat.

Was the naughtiest thing you ever did
ring somebody's front doorbell?
And before they even answered it
did you turn and run like hell?

After teatime and the washing up
were there cheers of sheer delight
as you huddled 'round the wireless
for the serials each night?

'When a Girl Marries' – 'Dad and Dave'
and 'Martin's Corner' too
or was your favourite one 'Yes What'
with Greenbottle and all the crew?

Did you use a wooden fruit box
to make a U-beaut billy cart
and how many times did you push a car
because it was hard to start?

Was a paling from the fence
Your bat when you played cricket,
and the neighbour's metal garbage bins
were they borrowed for the wickets?

The Good Old Days *(Continued)*

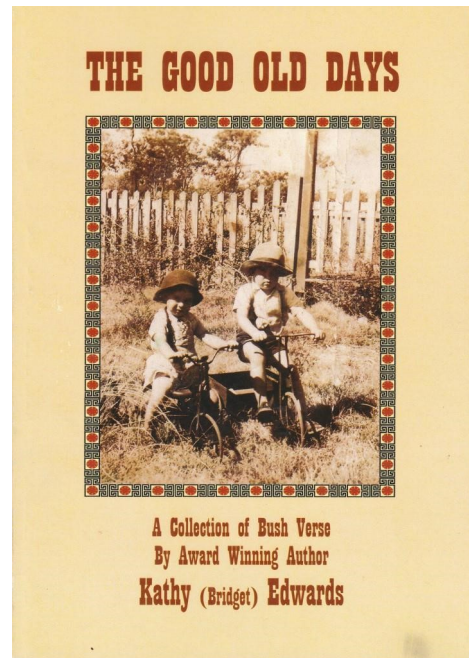
Were visits by the school doctors
and nurses held each year
and did the very thought of them
just make you cringe in fear?

Did you drink the bottled milk at school
They did not refrigerate?
And how much food did you consume
that was passed its use-by-date?

Were clothes and shoes all hand-me-downs
yet still, you looked well dressed,
and did you count your blessings
because you knew that you'd been blessed?

Kids today have everything
Technology and modern ways
But don't you think we had more fun
BACK IN THE GOOD OLD DAYS

By Kathy Edwards *(Reprinted with permission)*



The Last Post

If any of you have ever been to a military funeral in which The Last Post was played; this brings out a new meaning of it.

Here is something everyone should know.

We have all heard the haunting song, 'The Last Post.'

It's the song that gives us the lump in our throats and usually tears in our eyes.

But, do you know the story behind the song?

If not, I think you will be interested to find out about its humble beginnings.

Reportedly, it all began in 1862 during the American Civil War, when Union Army Captain Robert Ellicombe was with his men near Harrison's Landing in Virginia. The Confederate Army was on the other side of the narrow strip of land. During the night, Captain Ellicombe heard the moans of a soldier who lay severely wounded on the field. Not knowing if it was a Union or Confederate soldier, the Captain decided to risk his life and bring the stricken man back for medical attention. Crawling on his stomach through the gunfire, the Captain reached the stricken soldier and began pulling him toward his encampment.

When the Captain finally reached his own lines, he discovered it was actually a Confederate soldier, but the soldier was dead.

The Captain lit a lantern and suddenly caught his breath and went numb with shock. In the dim light, he saw the face of the soldier. It was his own son. The boy had been studying music in the South when the war broke out. Without telling his father, the boy enlisted in the Confederate Army.

The following morning, heartbroken, the father asked permission of his superiors to give his son a full military burial, despite his enemy status. His request was only partially granted.

The Captain had asked if he could have a group of Army band members play a funeral dirge for his son at the funeral.

The request was turned down since the soldier was a Confederate.

But, out of respect for the father, they did say they could give him only one musician.

The Captain chose a bugler. He asked the bugler to play a series of musical notes he had found on a piece of paper in the pocket of the dead youth's uniform.

This wish was granted.

The haunting melody, we now know as 'The Last Post' used at military funerals was born.

The words are:

Day is done.	Gleaming bright.
Gone the sun...	From afar...
From the lakes	Drawing nigh.
From the hills.	Falls the night...
From the sky.	Thanks, and praise.
All is well.	For our days.
Safely rest.	Neath the sun
God is nigh.	Neath the stars.
Fading light.	Neath the sky
Dims the sight.	As we go.
And a star.	This we know.
Gems the sky.	God is nigh



Members' Contributions

The Hypnotist at The Seniors' Centre

It was entertainment night at the senior citizens' centre.

After the community sing along led by Alice at the piano, it was time for the star of the show – Claude the Hypnotist!

Claude explained that he was going to put the whole audience into a trance.

"Yes, each and every one of you and all at the same time." said Claude.

The excited chatter dropped to silence as Claude carefully withdrew from his waistcoat pocket; a Beautiful antique gold pocket watch and chain.

"I want you to keep your eyes on this watch" said Claude, holding the watch high for all to see.

"It is a very special and valuable watch that has been in my family for six generations" said Claude.

He began to swing the watch gently back and forth while quietly chanting

"Watch the watch --- Watch the watch ----Watch the watch"

The audience became mesmerized as the watch swayed back and forth.

The lights were twinkling as they were reflected from its gleaming surfaces.

A hundred and fifty pairs of eyes followed the movements of the gently swaying watch.

They were hypnotized.

And then, suddenly, the chain broke!!!

The beautiful watch fell to the stage and burst apart on impact"

"S!!!T" said Claude.

It took them three days to clean the Senior Citizens' Centre and Claude was never invited there again.

Submitted by Judy

These lovely old family snapshots (below) are shared by Yvonne.



Dear Dad"

School is \$uper. I'm making lot\$ of friends and playing lot\$ of \$port and \$tudy-
ing very hard and getting a lot\$ of \$leep. And I simply can't think of anything I
need. \$o if you like you could ju\$t \$end me a card, a\$ it would be beaut to hear
from you.

Love, your \$on.

The reply

Dear Son,

I kNOW that asroN0my, ecoN0mics and oceaN0graphy aren't eNOugh to keep
an hoNOR student busy.

Do Not forget that the pursuit of kNowledge is a N0ble task and you can never
study eNOugh

Love, Dad

Submitted by Bruce



Growing Old

Few people like to be called 'old.' In our society, that's a loaded term. It implies that you are irrelevant, used-up, unproductive. Words like 'seniors,' 'retirees,' even 'elderly' seem to evoke a less negative attitude, although they are still tainted with an obsolete brush.

This uncomplimentary perception is a direct legacy of our modern nuclear family. Unlike the extended family of traditional societies, where up to four generations live in one household, with the oldest male wielding the greatest power, the household unit of the nuclear family is made up of a couple and their children. If grandparents are included, they are considered temporary additions, or at best, built-in baby-sitters. On the other hand, most grandparents choose to live on their own, justified by the fact that they had paid their debt to society in bringing up their offspring who must now accept responsibility for their own families.

The result of this arrangement is a disconnect between the generations. Younger persons who do not interact regularly with older people tend to believe that they are an ever-increasing group of the sick and the dependent, threatening to burden the society with huge expenditures for health care in the future. There is fear that higher taxes would be required of them to meet this obligation. And the fact that older people are now living longer, needing greater support is also worrying.

While some of these concerns are valid, a lot of myths and inaccuracies about older peoples' dependence persist, simply because younger people cannot know what it means to be 'old.' Our culture values youth and physical beauty where living in the present trumps everything else. Today's youth have not yet created a past, a history that would give them some insight into the wisdom and experience that come with having lived for many years. For them, the future is much more challenging. And in an age of all-pervading technology, where everything is instant and at your fingertips, it is difficult to appreciate the self-discipline and patience of delayed gratification – characteristics that older people nurtured in order to survive in very trying times.

In spite of all the challenges that come with growing old, people in their retirement are able to adapt to the new environment, taking better care of themselves and maintaining a healthy life-style far into their lives. To most seniors, travel and learning, and among other activities, meaningful community involvement are important. They are politically aware, and their buying power cannot be ignored. But, like everything else, life is not without its problems.

Although a barrier-free environment is the goal of our society, it remains an ideal, not yet fully realized. People with disabilities, and that includes a lot of older people, face many obstacles when they try to participate in social activities. Heavy doors, poorly designed atria, fine print, and noise level are all deterrents to getting around. How many people go out for dinner and find themselves assailed by loud music, noisy conversations and a general sense of being rushed? Ageism is alive and well, discouraging lots of people from getting around comfortably.

There is however, another aspect of aging that our society is reluctant to face. The inevitability of death. We talk about the certainty of death and taxes, but while we diligently file our tax returns, we would rather not talk about death. Such topics are morbid, self-defeating, denoting a weakness of character, we are told. However, in the words of the Indian philosopher Krishnamurti, to fully embrace life we must understand death. It is part of the life-cycle.

We see this wisdom every day in the rising and the setting of the sun, in the changes of one season to another. Nothing is constant in our universe. Every new thing becomes old one day, and every young person must join in the march of time.

Perhaps the challenge for everyone, both young and old, is to live life fully. To grow in every phase of our existence. To know the hopefulness of spring, to feel the summer sun on our faces, to glory in the colours of fall, and to go gently into the sleep of winter. We are part of nature. Denying our mortality does not change it.

Law of the Garbage Truck

One day I hopped in a taxi and we took off for the airport.

We were driving in the right lane when suddenly a black car jumped out of a parking space right in front of us.

My taxi driver slammed on his brakes, skidded, and missed the other car by just inches! The driver of the other car whipped his head around and started yelling at us.

My taxi driver just smiled and waved at the guy. And I mean, he was really friendly.

So I asked, 'Why did you just do that? This guy almost ruined your car and sent us to the hospital!'

This is when my taxi driver taught me what I now call, 'The Law of the Garbage Truck.'

He explained that many people are like garbage trucks. They run around full of garbage, full of frustration, full of anger, and full of disappointment.

As their garbage piles up, they need a place to dump it and sometimes they'll dump it on you. Don't take it personally.

Just smile, wave, wish them well, and move on. Don't take their garbage and spread it to other people at work, at home, or on the streets.

The bottom line is that successful people do not let garbage trucks take over their day.

Life's too short to wake up in the morning with regrets, so ... Love the people who treat you right.

Pray for the ones who don't.

Life is ten percent what you make it and ninety percent how you take it!

Have a garbage-free day!

A Walk Down Memory Lane!

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



The Humble Kerosene Tin

The humble four-gallon kerosene tin. What did folks do with it once it it was emptied? Well they could have chucked it in the corner of the shed to 'rust in peace' like this one, or they could have put it to much better use.



Back in the 20's and 30's kerosene had many uses around the house. It 'powered' heaters, lanterns, fridges and even stoves. So there was more than just the odd 'kero' tin lying around.

With no work to be had and no steady income during the Great Depression, people lost their homes and were forced to 'make do' as best they could. Some built their own huts using saplings for the frame and flattened and folded kero tins for the walls and roof.

The number of uses found for the kerosene tin in the home is legion. As a measure, it holds 30lb. of wheat.

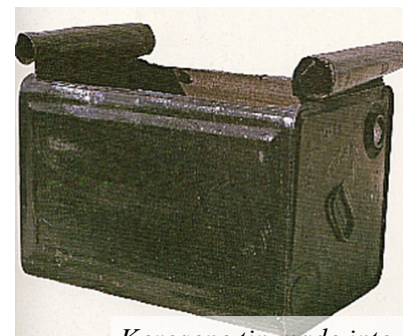
28lb. of maize or potatoes, 25lb. of barley, or 10lb. of bran. Roughly, it forms a half-bushel measure, and it holds four gallons of liquid when holes are allowed for the handle. In many bush homes the Christmas dinner is cooked in it, and it can be used as an ice chest when dropped down the well at the end of a rope. Cut about 3in. from the bottom, it is a cake dish; halved lengthways, it becomes a useful baking dish for meat or bread, or a tray for drying or striking seeds safe from the reach of ants. With a slit cut in one side, and the flap out, It makes a good letter-box. or. filled with concrete, ideal piers, that are white-ant proof, for the homestead. Cut diagonally along its length, it provides two hanging shelves. Halved across, it is a dog's dish or water trough for the fowls. With one side of each cut out, six tins, in their cases nailed together, form an excellent makeshift for a chest of drawers. With the aid of a regulated spirit lamp, an incubator can be made.

Light of the Age kerosene was sold in tins containing exactly four-and-one-sixth gallons (18.9 litres) each, two tins to the case. The tins made wash up basins, buckets, plant pots and, when bashed out flat, many a respectable shed and even dwelling. The deal cases made dressing tables, upholstered chairs not in the style of Chippendale, writing desks. Nobody threw out a kerosene case. Butter came in 56 lb boxes (25 kg), and was cut by the storekeeper into bats. Sugar came in 70 lb bags (32 kg), and the empty bags made aprons, curtains, door mats, fishing and tool bags, tucker box bags, backing for rag mats and anything else you could think of.

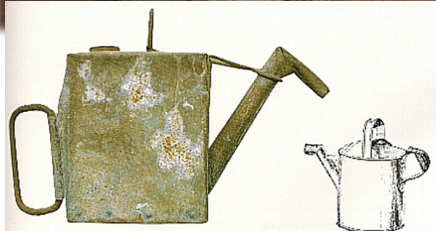
You'll find this 'kerosene tin hut' (at left) in the grounds of the Morven Museum in south western Queensland.



Kerosene tins made into buckets



Kerosene tin made into a drink trough



Watering can made from a kerosene tin



Pin cushion made from a kerosene tin

...(one rolled up and put in side another), washing aprons, dog rugs, curtains, mats, and slippers, and when dampened are handy at a bush-fire. Most important of all, they are the - universal carry-all of the bush ; they will carry anything, and every swaggie numbers at least one in his equipment. Though uses of the kerosene tin are almost as numerous! They provide buckets, basins, rubbish tins, chairs, dinner gongs, flower pots (ornamental if you like to trim them and curl the edges), photo, frames, and billycans. Hanging on to one in the creek, little Willie learns to swim. I have seen whole houses built of kerosene tins, and have even seen a bushman trying to shave by using the end of one".

THE SUGAR BAG AND THE KERSENE TIN

Back in the days before our use and throw- away generation we had a "make do" attitude.

If a vote were taken among the early outback people in Australia as to what inanimate things they found most useful, there is little doubt that at the head would be the sugar-bag and the kerosene tin (writes 'Coulraine' in the 'Cotton Farmer', a newspaper of the time). "I have seen sugar bags used for clothes and overcoats for children, saddle-cloths, feed-bags, blankets, pillows ... →

Computer Hints & Tips

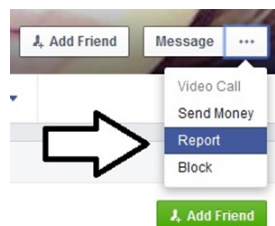


How Do I Get Rid Of A Facebook Faker?

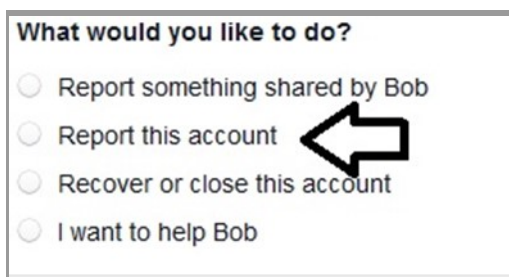
. Go to the faker's Facebook page and click the icon with the three dots.



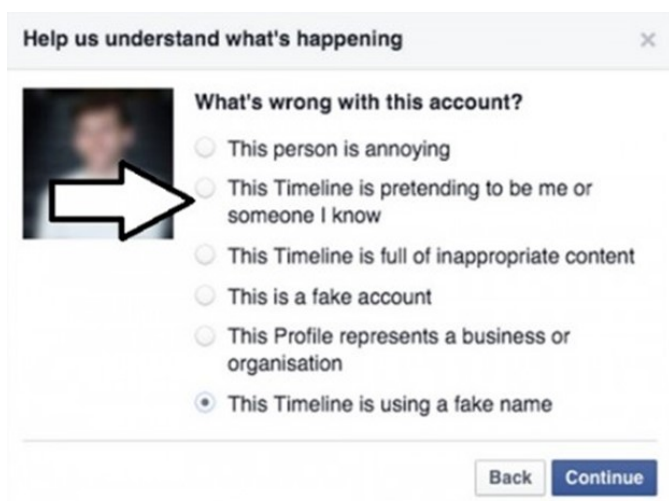
Choose Report from the drop-down menu.



Then select Report this account.



You can then select why you want to block the account. Either the person is impersonating you or someone you know or perhaps they're using the name of a character or business that you have the rights to.



After Facebook investigates, they'll remove the person if they determine the account to be a fake one.

Font too small when reading a Web Page?

If you are viewing a web page that has a font size too small to read, just hold down the Ctrl key and tap the += key. Each time you press the key the text will get larger. To reduce the size, hold down the Ctrl key and tap the _- key (next to the += key). Each time you tap the key will reduce the text size.



Internet Links 4U2 Try



Click on links below

[Using Windows 7? You MUST Ensure That Updates Are Enabled](#)

[Beware of This Clever New Scam](#) (Ed: Bob Rankin brief, readable article on May 2017 global computer attack)

[An 84 year old demonstrates the amazing benefits of prune juice](#)

[Beware the Driver Update Scam](#)

[An oldie but goodie. Laughter at the White House](#)

[Doom and gloom! Every so often it's great to remind yourself to smile; laugh; bounce; feel good!](#) An oldie but goodie

[Don't forget to visit Google Arts and Culture frequently to browse the many changing exhibitions](#)

[Sundrop Farm; plus driver-less road transport. A vision of now not the future](#)

[\[HOWTO\] Copy Old Hard Drive to New PC](#)

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



The Crows Joke Page

A pirate's tale

A pirate walks into a bar with an eyepatch, peg leg, and hook for a hand.

The bartender notices his leg, "How did you get that peg leg?"

The pirate replies, "It were many years ago. I were walkin' on the deck when a wave swept a shark aboard. The shark bit my leg off!" "Wow," replies the bartender. "What about that hand?"

The pirate replies, "It were many years ago. I were walkin' on the deck when a wave swept a killer whale aboard. The whale bit my leg off!"

"Oh," replies the bartender. "How about the eye?" The pirate replies, "It were many years ago. I were walkin' on the deck when a seagull came outta nowhere and pooped in my eye."

"And that blinded you?" asked the bartender. "No, t'was my first day with the hook."



Funny things happen in the middle of the night



Late one night a man is driving down the road, speeding quite a bit. A cop notices how fast he is going and pulls him over. The cop says to the man, "Are you aware of how fast you were going?"

The man replies, "Yes I am. I'm trying to escape a robbery I got involved in."

The cop gives him a sceptical look and says, "Were you the one being robbed?"

The man casually replies, "No, I committed the robbery."

The cop looks shocked that the man admitted this.

"So, let me get this right, sir. You committed a robbery and were speeding?"

"Yup," the man calmly says. "I have the loot in the back."

The cop begins to get angry. "Sir, I'm afraid you have to come with me." The cop reaches in the window to subdue the man.

"Don't do that!" the man yells fearfully. "I'm scared you will find the gun in my glove compartment!" The cop pulls his hand out. "Wait here," he says.

The cop calls for backup. Soon cops, cars, and helicopters are flooding the area. The man is cuffed quickly and taken towards a car. However, before he gets in, a cop walks up to him and says, while gesturing to the cop that pulled him over, "Sir, this officer informed us that you had committed a robbery, had stolen loot in the trunk of your car, and had a loaded gun in your glove compartment. However, we found none of these things in your car." The man replies, "Yeah, and I bet that liar said I was speeding too!"

A nice, calm and respectable lady went into the pharmacy, walked up to the pharmacist, looked straight into his eyes, and said, "I'd like to buy some cyanide."

The pharmacist asked, "Why in the world do you need cyanide?" The lady replied, "I need it to poison my husband."

The pharmacist's eyes got big and he explained, "Lord have mercy! I can't give you cyanide to kill your husband, that's against the law. I'll lose my license! They'll throw both of us in jail! All kinds of bad things will happen. Absolutely not! You CANNOT have any cyanide. Just get a divorce!"

The lady reached into her purse and pulled out a picture of her husband in bed with the pharmacist's wife.

The pharmacist looked at the picture and said, "You didn't tell me you had a prescription!"



A large steel company, feeling it was time for a shake-up, hired a new CEO.

The new boss was determined to rid the company of all slackers. On a tour of the facilities, the CEO noticed a guy leaning against a wall. The room was full of workers and he wanted to let them know he meant business.

He asked the guy; "How much do you make a week?"

A little surprised, the young man looked at him and said, "I make \$400 a week, why?"

"Wait right here," said the CEO

He walked back to his office, came back in two minutes, handed the guy \$1600 in cash and said; "Here's four weeks' pay.

Now GET OUT and don't come back."

Feeling pretty good about himself the CEO looked around the room and asked: "does anyone want to tell me what that goofball did here?"

From the back of the room a voice said, "Pizza delivery."



Bits AND Pieces



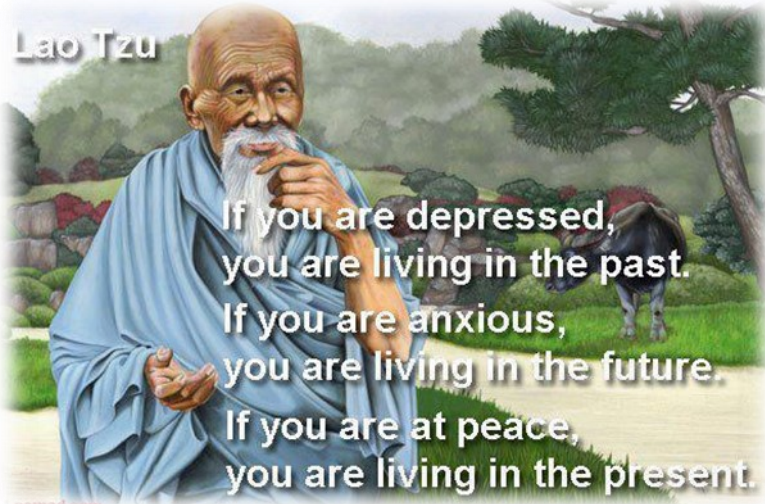
Grandma's legacy

I had a grandma, years ago,
Who taught me most of what I know.
How to fashion clothes and such,
How to bake with dainty touch,
When to save and when to spend,
Seldom to borrow, but often to lend.
I wish I could thank her now.

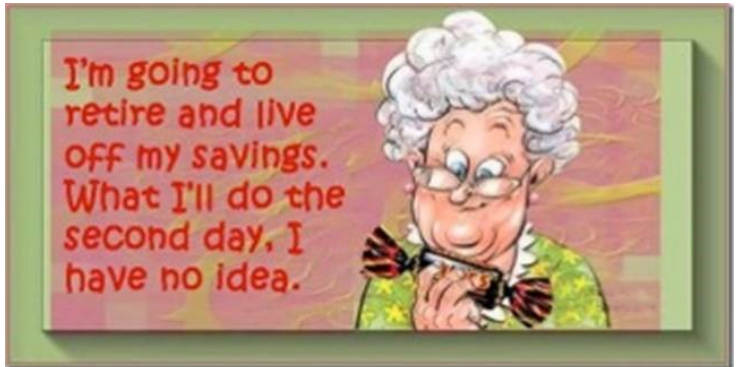
She'd hold me tightly when I wept,
Rock me gently till I slept.
With ballads gleaned from music hall,
Her lovely voice would rise and fall.
I learned to crochet and sew a fine seam,
She taught me to think, to hold on to a dream.
I wish I could thank her now.

I've been a grandma for many years,
And the old vain wishing steadily clears,
For I've passed it all on, all that I know,
All I learned at her side so long ago.
On a day yet to come, maybe not very long,
They'll recall, with love, an old music hall song.
And we'll hear, me and Grandma, somehow!

Lao Tzu



If you are depressed,
you are living in the past.
If you are anxious,
you are living in the future.
If you are at peace,
you are living in the present.



Why does "fat chance" and "slim chance" mean the same thing?

