

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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*In this issue we present excerpts from a book by Leith Russell. Leith and her husband spent a year running a mobile pre-school in the Northern Territory.*



## Editor's Notes

Welcome to a new year of activities at Wagga Wagga Senior Citizens' Club, and of course another issue of *Crowabout*. Our first issue was in October 2009, so that means we are well into our 10th year of publication.

Our lead story in this issue is an excerpt from a book published by a member of this club, Leith Russell.

Leith and husband Dave spent 12 months travelling across the top end of the Northern Territory working with pre-school children. During their time in the Northern Territory, Leith kept a journal and sketched, all of which have been recorded in a book written and illustrated by Leith, titled *A Top End Story*. If you get a chance to read this delightful book you will not be disappointed.

This is a new year, and a new committee. Long standing president Jim Weeden, along with wife Robyn who for a number of years acted as secretary, have stood down. They have carried their respective positions with great enthusiasm and expertise and it is with some trepidation we face the future without their sound knowledge. Also we will greatly miss Jo Jovanovic as treasurer and others who have not continued in their position.

But, as they say, the show must go on and we are sure those members who are filling their shoes are up to the task and have the support of all members.

And members, please support your Club magazine by contributing to the Members' Contributions page, your editor could do with a little help!

Happy New Year..... *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	General Meeting Day Guest Speaker	1.30 pm	\$2.00
2nd Mon. Of Month	Indoor Carpet Bowls	1.00-.30 pm	\$2.00
3rd Mon. Of Month	Luncheon Day	12 noon	\$5.00
4th Mon. Of Month	Games Afternoon	1.00 — 3.00pm	\$2.00
Every Thursday	Computer Club - offering one on one tuition.	9.30 am to 12.00 pm	\$3.00 Per hr.
Every Thursday	500 Cards	1.00-3.00pm	\$2.00
Every Thursday	Line Dancing	9.30-11.30 am	\$2.00
Every Thursday	Craft	1.00 - 3.00 pm	\$2.00
Every Friday	Computer Club - offering one on one tuition.	12 noon to 3.00 pm	\$3.00 per hr.
Every Friday	Indoor Carpet Bowls Discussion Group	1.00-3.00pm 10.00am	\$2.00 \$2.00
4th Friday	Seniors Book Club	11.00 am	\$2.00

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 2019

President	Ellen Downey	69224903
Vice President	Barbara Moorhead	69712940
Treasurer	Lise Chan.	69262468
Assistant Treasurer	Bev Morley	69228536
Secretary		
Assistant Secretary		
	Housemother	

Additional Committee: V. Spears, P. Ward, B. Williams, D. Downey, C. Thomas, B. Russell. J. Burdett, L. Kipp, W. Job, R. Baskerville.

### WAGGA WAGGA SENIOR CITIZENS' COMPUTER CLUB—COMMITTEE 2019

Chairperson	Barbara Moorhead	69712940
Secretary	Barry Williams	Ph: 69253065 barrysonia@bigpond.com
Treasurer	Dawn McDermott	Ph: 69251191

Additional Committee: Velma Spears, Gwen Winkler, Enid Pendergast, Joan Elkins, Sr Rae Berry, Geoff Fellows, Jan Lampe, Claudia Shephard, Judy Robertson



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** bi-Monthly.

# Seniors In Focus



Our iPad Class seen here enjoying their final session for 2018



Wagga Mayor Greg Conkey joined forces with club secretary Robyn Weeden and Club treasurer Jo Jovanovic (right) to cut the Christmas cake while (below) Narrandera Club president Edie Naismith and Wagga president Jim Weeden share a seasonal hug.



The lovely table pieces were made by Bev Morley.

Our Jim is still playing with trains as can be seen by this picture which appeared in the Daily Advertiser earlier in 2018



Four of our members were pictured in the local paper just before Christmas.



The carpet bowlers are pictured playing their last game and celebrating in fine style afterwards.



## A Top End Story

By Leith Russell

It all started with a question.

“How would you and Dave like a job in the Northern Territory?”

Gill’s enthusiasm was infectious through the phone.

“So how long would this job be for?” I asked, fascinated. “And I mean, why us? We are not teachers! And we’re old!” “For a full year. You don’t have to be teachers. It’s more important that you can back a trailer! You just take the toys to any isolated children, and encourage them to learn through play.”

Our daughter-in-law, Gill, was now running KICS (Katherine Isolated Children’s Service) from an office in Katherine. She co-ordinates two teams who take mobile pre-school across the vast Top End, from the Gulf of Carpentaria to the Western Australian border.

“You guys are expert campers. You’ll love it! Think it over together and we’ll talk in a few days.”

A month later we found our grand-parent selves, sitting round our kitchen table. Three people in three different locations four thousand kilometres away in the Northern Territory were synchronised to give us our technology assisted job interview.

In due course we were as prepared as we could be, Remote First-Aided and signed up, our home left far behind us for the whole year, setting off to do our first week of pre-school.

Our first Monday’s trip was so beautiful that if we never went on any other back roads all year I knew I was happy we came! Though I knew there would be plenty of back roads. Our heavy Toyota and trailer wallowed along the white Victoria Highway (which isn’t quite as flat as most highways). On either side was tall spear-grass beneath good tree cover. Staggered orange ant-hills. Rickets blue sky. No breeze. Pink galahs rose in flocks. Stations with finger-boards, sometimes a mail-box waited. The Top Springs road to Victoria River Downs Station was still cut so soon after the Wet, so we took the Gorge Road.



Crossing the Jasper Creek many times, it became narrow, gravel and rocky as it wound through the Gorge. Giant ancient red escarpments towered above us. Spinifex clung to the steep rocky cliffs.

Sculpted white snappy gums stood out against the red. Cockies screeched. Kites circle. A wallaby leaped from shade. A frill neck lizard bolted off the road. It was harsh and prickly and spiky. Three hours later we emerged into wooded, sandy-coloured grassland again. Although our campsite that night was memorable but not dramatic, our first impression of the Gorge Road certainly was.



Week One out on the job was hard to forget. Nothing had prepared us for camping in the Top End in March. The humid hot nights were the hardest. No breeze. Insects arrive at dusk. Flies arrive at sunrise.

But we survived, as everyone in the Territory does. And later on we enjoyed the sunny days of The Dry months while southern Australia was trying to keep warm. We soon settled into the job in hand....providing children in isolated places with pre-school.

And so began the weekly travel, taking Pre-school across 760,000 square kilometres of country, doing 10,000 kilometres a month.

It was an adventure each Monday to turn off the busy Stuart or Victoria Highway onto one of the outback roads, passing settlements we’d visit in diminishing order, Friday being closest to Katherine. Such a prescribed working week was never boring, sometimes challenging, always beautiful, and the perfect job for the two if us. Or that’s how we felt.

In no time at all since starting at KICS, our Land Cruiser and trailer were pulling into the very small, very remote community of Lingara, three hundred kilometres from Katherine. The country was undulating, the grass long and dry and stalky, the trees motley-barked blood woods and dainty-leaved bauhinias throwing thin shade. The Humbert River wound left and right. Our good gravel track was bisected by decent sized creeks all finding their way to the Humbert. Just east of Stokes Range was Lingara, situated in a bend of the River. Aboriginal communities are always on good water.

A broken down fence, an enormous bank of solar panels, old car-bodies and a sturdy octagonal open meeting house hiding behind long grass announced we were there. Down the one sealed street between several neglected looking houses and the football field, chickens scratched, the usual conglomeration of dogs watched, and a young guy fixing a Toyota answered our G’day..

Yes, there was one little girl here but she’d be still asleep. Yes, he would let her family know KICS is here. A father or uncle replied that she would come along after she had breakfast. Breakfast is a good start – a luxury not enjoyed by all children who come to preschool.

Round to the meeting house we drove. Dave found a tap behind the clinic and joined our wobbly old hoses. For the litter

of broken toys, broken phones, food-wrappers and old clothes I brought out the rubbish bags. Then out with the broom. A cement floor was a luxury! Constantly we wiped the sweat away. Unloaded the woven mats, the base for every play-group. Then the little tables and chairs, mindful of where the sun would move to. Then boxes of toys, blocks, games, dress-ups. Dave began making the play-dough; this was to become his speciality. Flour power. Sometimes he got away with it before anyone noticed. More usually a mob of little black kids rushed to help. They all wanted to choose the colours. They all wanted a go at mixing. They all wanted to get into the bowl! But wasn't a big mob today.

Little Cranthia was bought along by her great-grandmother, Ajuga, through the long grass and over two flattened mesh fences. Our Pre-school looked colourful and inviting we proudly thought. Play-dough was always a good start for kids and carers alike; while modelling and rolling it one can chat without many words. The one important piece of daily bookwork I needed to do was note down names, ages and colour of children. It had been suggested I ask the carers to help as names can be difficult for us. This was our first community and sadly it didn't work that way as great granny Ajuga had never been to school and couldn't write, her English was not at all fluent. Luckily her daughter, Mona, and Cranthia's mother, Karen, had wandered over and could help. Only one child today anyway! You never knew. Anxious to give the little Cranthia a happy time kept us busy. We were finding out that thirty kids are much, much easier than one! And there were 1500 kids waiting for KICS pre-school in the year ahead. After about three hours, as quietly as they had arrived, they wandered away.

With quite a relief we began our pack-up, wiping away the sweat, grateful for that shady roof. We had done our first pre-school! I liked the pack up. You knew you'd done your best for that day. At last it was all into the trailer so we headed away towards our next venue, to return in about six weeks.

Though we visited stations as well, eighty per cent of the children we met were black, and lived in communities, big and small. The KICS trailer, bulging with toys, announced our arrival. Excited black faces beamed big white smiles as we drove down the brief bitumen. From behind aunties' skirts we were watched shyly till we threw down the mats under a shady tree. As the games and puzzles appeared all reserve faded away. What did we have for them today! Wheel toys were racing, block towers were rising and falling. Water was being measured and poured. Easels were bright with colour. As we stepped through the dress-ups and the giant jig-saw, we were glad we had come.

Urapunga was small, with great community spirit. Some lovely people lived there. Our usual place was in the shade of a big mahogany tree on slightly sloping ground sandwiched between two houses. I approached one house with our hose. It was very quiet. "Hey! They're asleep in there! Mind the cheeky dog in that house!" I didn't need any encouragement to leave, and try the house on the other side. A hose dragged through the broken fence filled the trough for water-play. But, by bad management, I had set it up the slope from other activities. The water sloshed its way into games and blocks and dress-ups. But nothing needed to spoil good mud-play. We hosed the kids down before they went home, and would wash the dress-up clothes on Saturday. Houses in communities were close, as were the residents, chatting in little groups on each others' verandas.

Houses were standard government design, with jaws-type mesh. Often with clothes threaded through, drying. It saved going to a clothes line. They weren't there very long anyway. One unusually cold morning a boy in a thin T shirt, half way to school, was seen to bound up the verandah steps, find himself a jumper and go on his way. Real community.



Hannah was the great grandmother of three year old Ezra. She sat with Vinette, happily making coloured macaroni chain necklaces for her grandchildren. As the morning unfolded so did our conversation. She told us about her life on the station where she grew up. So different from now. Her father was a black tracker. He had a chain around his neck (not made of macaroni) and he was forced to work, tracking his fellow black fellas on the run for spearing white fellas. Our eyes widened, trying to take in all this. I am well aware there are indescribable atrocities for which we are totally ashamed, as human beings, and as the subjugators of another race. This was a present day conversation. Suddenly, time disappeared. We became soberly aware of how close our history is. We were listening to it.

If the kids were learning anything from what KICS brought them, it was nothing compared to what we were learning. Each day a new venture.

Each venue a new adventure.

Each evening a new campsite.

Each season a new wonder.

All we had to do was say yes.

There's more adventure in the Top End, and more adventure in 'A Top End Story.'

\*\*\*END\*\*\*

*Retired farmers, Leith and husband Dave set out on an adventure in "The Top End". Leith (who just happens to be a member of this Club) kept a journal and sketched while on the road. If you would like a copy of this interesting and beautifully illustrated book look up Leith's website at <https://www.topendstory.com/> (if link not working copy & paste in a browser or do a web search for A Top End Story)*



Picture courtesy of The Daily Advertiser

## The Mousetrap

One day, a little mouse was hiding in a cupboard when he peered through a crack in the doors and saw the farmer bring home a small wrapped parcel. The mouse was hungry, as the farmer's wife had stored all the food in large glass and hope that the parcel contained food. However, when the parcel was opened, the mouse was shocked to find that the parcel contained a new mouse trap. Though the mouse was small, he had lived on the farm for all his life and knew of all the hiding spots and traps to avoid. His friends, however, did not know of this and he scurried into a gap in the wall to warn them.

'Beware! The farmer bought a mousetrap!', he shouted the chicken in the old henhouse.

'I live in the henhouse so it won't affect me but don't worry I would pray for you, ' the chicken clucked.

'Thank you,' the mouse replied.

After the farmer had brought feed out for pig, the mouse scuttered up the trough and squeaked to the pig, 'Pig, you must beware of the farmer's new mousetrap!'

'Look how much food the farmer gives me!' snorted the pig, 'do you really think he would hurt me?'

The mouse ignored the pig.

When the sky darkened, the mouse ran to the barn where the old cow returned from eating grass in the day.

'Mousetrap, mousetrap!'

'I heard,' replied the cow said. 'It is not really my fate any way.'

The mouse sadly left the barn.

Not long later, something devastating happened. One night the farmer's wife heard the trap snap. She put down her knitting and went to the kitchen to investigate. Little did she know; a venomous snake was trapped in the mousetrap. So, in the weak candlelight, she bent down to pick the trap and was bitten.

The farmer panicked and drove his wife to the physician where she was treated. When she returned, she had a high fever. The farmer knew there was no cure. To help his dying wife, he went to the henhouse with an axe and prepared chicken soup.

Family and friends began to visit the farmhouse to help the poor farmer and his wife. To repay them, the farmer had to butcher the pig to feed them.

Unfortunately, the farmer's wife died. The cow was slaughtered for the feast after her funeral, where all their family and friends attended. The mouse watched everything through his cupboard, devastated that he could no longer save them.

Through a small mousetrap, a great many events occurred. Whenever someone else faces a problem, that you don't think would concern you, you must be reminded that we all can be affected by the problem. The extra effort to help and encourage people is advised. After all, in the tapestry of life, our fates are all interwoven: each of us a vital, supporting thread.

### You Think YOU'RE Having A Bad Day?

If you think your day is going badly, read these stories. You may feel a little better about your day after reading.

Fire authorities in California found a corpse in a burned-out section of forest while assessing the damage done by a forest fire.

The deceased male was dressed in a full wet suit, complete with scuba tanks on his back, flippers, and face mask.

A post-mortem test revealed that the man died not from burns, but from massive internal injuries. Dental records provided a positive identification. Investigators then set about to determine how a fully clothed diver ended up in the middle of a forest fire.

It was revealed that on the day of the fire, the man went diving off the coast, some 20 miles from the forest. The fire fighters, seeking to control the fire as quickly as possible, had called in a fleet of helicopters with very large dip buckets. Water was dipped from the ocean and emptied at the site of the forest fire.

You guessed it. One minute our diver was making like Flipper in the Pacific, the next, he was doing the breast stroke in a fire dip bucket 300 feet in the air. Some days it just doesn't pay to get out of bed.

Still think you're having a bad day?

A man was working on his motorcycle on the patio, his wife nearby in the kitchen. While racing the engine, the motorcycle accidentally slipped into gear. The man, still holding onto the handlebars, was dragged along as it burst through the glass patio doors.

His wife, hearing the crash, ran in the room to find her husband cut and bleeding, the motorcycle, and the shattered patio door. She called for an ambulance and, because the house sat on a fairly large hill, went down the several flights of stairs to meet the paramedics and escort them to her husband.

While the attendants were loading her husband, the wife managed to right the motorcycle and push it outside. She also quickly blotted up the spilled gasoline with some paper towels and tossed them into the toilet.

After being treated and released, the man returned home, looked at the shattered patio door and the damage done to his motorcycle. He went into the bathroom and consoled himself with a cigarette while attending to his business. About to stand, he flipped the butt between his legs.

The wife, who was in the kitchen, heard a loud explosion and her husband screaming. Finding him lying on the bathroom floor with his trousers blown away and burns on his buttocks, legs and groin, she once again phoned for an ambulance. The same paramedic crew was dispatched.

As the paramedics carried the man down the stairs to the ambulance they asked the wife how he had come to burn himself. She told them.

They started laughing so hard, one slipped, the stretcher and dumping the husband out. He fell down the remaining stairs, breaking his arm.

Still having a bad day? Just remember, it could be worse...

The average cost of rehabilitating a seal after the Exxon Valdez oil spill in Alaska was \$80,000. At a special ceremony, two of the most expensively saved animals were being released back into the wild amid cheers and applause from onlookers. A minute later, in full view, a killer whale ate them both.

Still think you are having a bad day?

A woman came home to find her husband in the kitchen shaking frantically, almost in a dancing frenzy, with some kind of wire running from his waist towards the electric kettle. Intending to jolt him away from the deadly current, she whacked him with a handy plank of wood, breaking his arm in two places. Up to that moment, he had been happily listening to his Walkman.

STILL think you're having a bad day?

Iraqi terrorist Khay Rahnajet didn't pay enough postage on a letter bomb. It came back with "return to sender" stamped on it. Forgetting it was the bomb; he opened it and was blown to bits. There now, feeling better?

# A Walk Down Memory Lane!

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

MEMORIES OF HOW IT WAS.

Memory Lane

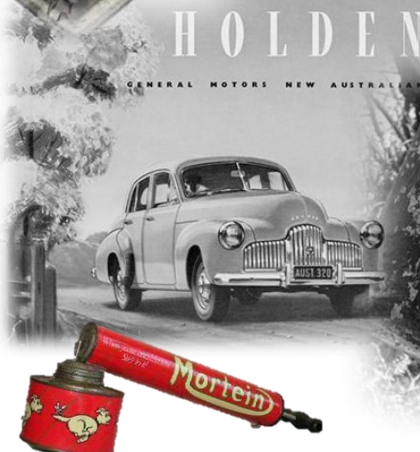
*\*Remember These?\**

*If you remember some of these photos ...you are old!!*

*If you remember most of these photos ...you are very old!!*

*If you remember all of these photos ...you are antediluvian!!.....( look it up )*

*If you can't remember any of these photos... you have Alzheimer's!!*



# More pictures from our 2018 Christmas Party



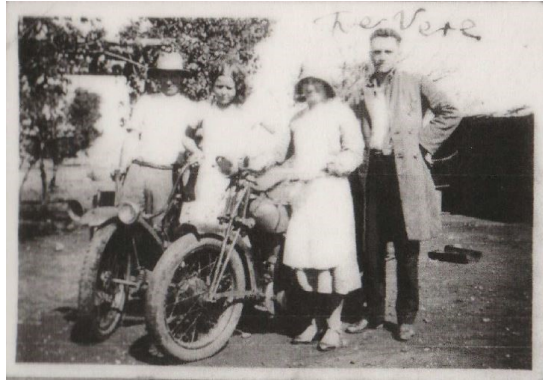


# Members' Contributions

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



Members have been asked to share some of their old family pictures from the past showing how life has changed. The first in what we hope will be a continuing theme on this page are from Dawn McDermott (Above) and Yvonne Homer (Below).



One day a cat dies of natural causes and goes to Heaven. There he meets the Lord himself. The Lord says to the cat, "You've lived a good life and if there is any way I can make your stay in Heaven more comfortable, please let Me know."

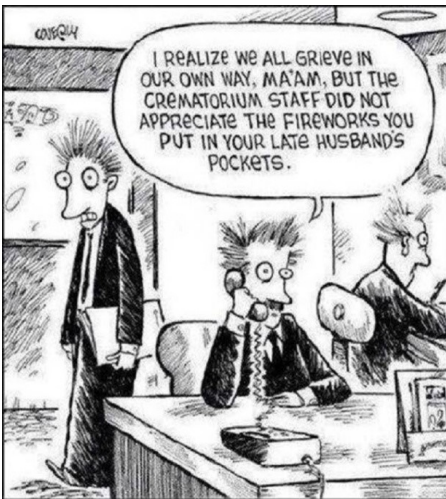
The cat thinks for a moment and says, "Lord, all my life I have lived with a poor family and had to sleep on a hard wooden floor." The Lord stops the cat and says, "Say no more," and a wonderful fluffy pillow appears.

A few days later six mice are killed in a tragic farming accident and go to Heaven. Again the Lord is there to greet them with the same offer. The mice answer, "All of our lives we have been chased. We have had to run from cats, dogs, and even women with brooms. Running, running, running; we're tired of running. Do you think we could have roller skates so we don't have to run anymore?" The Lord says, "Say no more," and fits each mouse with beautiful new roller skates.

About a week later the Lord stops by to see the cat and finds him in a deep sleep on the pillow. The Lord gently wakes the cat and asks him, "How are things since you arrived?"

The cat stretches and yawns and replies, "It's wonderful here! Better than I could have ever expected. And those little Meals on Wheels you've been sending by are the best!!!"

Contributed by Bruce McAlister

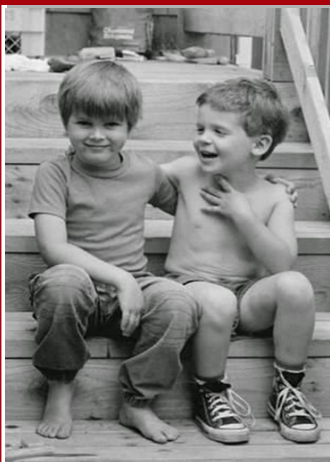


Five Nuns Sitting at a Bar OR Somethings are not Always What They Seem

Contributed by Bruce McAlister

Contributed by Freda Hope

## And we thought that Grandfathers knew everything...



Hunter was 4 years old and was staying with his grandfather for a few days. He'd been playing outside with the other kids, when he came into the house and asked, 'Grandpa, what's that called when two people sleep in the same bedroom and one is on top of the other?' His Grandpa was a little taken aback, but he decided to tell him the truth. 'Well, Hunter, it's called sexual intercourse.' 'Oh,' Little Hunter said, 'OK,' and went back outside to play with the other kids. A few minutes later he came back in and said angrily, 'Grandpa, it isn't called sexual intercourse. It's called Bunk Beds. And Jimmy's mom wants to talk to you.'

Contributed by Les Homer

# Computer Hints & Tips




## How to Unfreeze a Frozen Computer in Windows 10

When nothing onscreen moves (except sometimes the mouse pointer), the computer is frozen up solid. Try the following approaches, in the following order, to correct the problem:

•**Approach 1:** Press Esc twice. This action rarely works but give it a shot anyway.

•**Approach 2:** Press the Ctrl, Alt, and Delete keys simultaneously and choose Start Task Manager from the menu that appears.

If you're lucky, the Task Manager appears with the message that it discovered an unresponsive application. The Task Manager lists the names of currently running programs, including the one that's not responding. On the Processes tab, click the name of the program that's causing the mess and then click the End Task button. You lose any unsaved work in that program, of course, but you should be used to that. (If you somehow stumbled onto the Ctrl+Alt+Delete combination by accident, press Esc to quit Task Manager and return to Windows.)

If that still doesn't do the trick, press Ctrl+Alt+Delete again and click the Power icon (shown here)  in the screen's bottom-right corner. Choose Restart from the pop-up menu, and your computer shuts down and restarts, hopefully returning in a better mood.

•**Approach 3:** If the preceding approaches don't work, turn off the computer by pressing its power button. (If that merely brings up the Turn Off the Computer menu, choose Restart, and your computer should restart.)

•**Approach 4:** If you keep holding down your computer's power button long enough (usually about 4 to 5 seconds), it eventually stops resisting and turns off.

## Making up a Password

Making up a password that is easy to remember can be difficult. The easiest method is to.....

Choose a sentence that is easy to remember. An example could be a title of a poem you remember 'The Man From Snowy River'.

Using the first letter of each word your password would be tmfsr. As you can see this would be hard to crack and easy to remember. Another example is 'My Cars Colour Is Alpine White'.

Password mcciaw. Don't forget to add a numerical digit or two and capitalise some letters.

## 'Friend scam' warning

One of the most successful, and largest growing, scams to hit Australia is the 'friend scam'. The scam involves your friend's email or social media account being hacked and a message being sent out to all of that person's contacts asking for help. For many Australians every year, these emails and more recently, social media updates, are no laughing matter. Once the hacker has taken control of a person's email or social media account, they send messages to the whole contact list of that person. When someone replies, they ask the person to send them an amount of money via Western Union (the amount is generally around \$1200) so that they can pay the bill and get on a flight back home. The reason this scam is so successful is that the email is coming directly from a friend and does sound quite plausible. One way to identify a scam email of this kind is to look in the 'To' field of the email. You will find that the email will have been sent to 'undisclosed recipients'.

Whenever you receive an email or social media message of this nature from someone you know, your first action should be to get in contact with that friend by phone (they obviously can't access their email so replying won't help). Your friend should then reset their password and scan their computer for viruses (generally it won't be a virus that has caused the hacking of a password).

## Internet Links 4U2 Try [Just click on the links below!](#)

Harbour Bridge

This is a very old movie, from our National Archive, but none the less, very interesting.

To see Sydney Harbour with no bridge, and the ferries and trams at Circular Quay.

You'll be blown away by the sound track. Did they all talk like that back then???

Note everyone wore a hat! BUT no hard hats!!

[http://www.youtube.com/embed/Jy5cZ-IO0Eg?feature=player\\_detailpage](http://www.youtube.com/embed/Jy5cZ-IO0Eg?feature=player_detailpage)

Colorado by drone. <https://player.vimeo.com/video/186483277>

[Facebook hacked? What you need to do NOW](#)

[Someone is sending from my email address! How do I stop them?!](#)

[\[ALERT\] Beware The Recurring Charge Scam](#)

[A beautiful Sight.](#)

*turn your lights down. Turn your sound up.*

*When it starts, click the box at the bottom right to make full screen.*

*Then sit back and enjoy.....*

<http://www.wimp.com/dubai/fountain/>

[What Security Software Do You Recommend?](#)

Please note: All links were functioning at time of publishing but may fail over time!

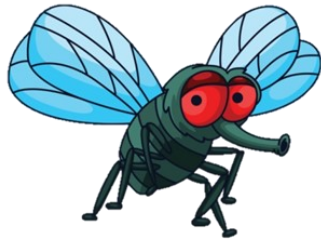


# The Crows Joke Page

A fly was buzzing around a barn one day when he happened on a pile of fresh cow manure. Due to the fact that it had been hours since his last meal, he flew down and began to eat. He ate and ate and ate. Finally he decided he had eaten enough and tried to fly away. He had eaten too much though and could not get off the ground. As he looked around wondering what to do now, he spotted a pitchfork leaning up against the wall.

He climbed to the top of the handle and jumped off, thinking that once he was airborne, he would be able to take flight. Unfortunately he was wrong and dropped like a rock, splattering when he hit the floor.

The moral of the story is: Never fly off the handle when you're full of crap.



## A lesson on how consultants can make a difference in an organization.

Last week, we took some friends to a new restaurant, and noticed that the waiter who took our order carried a spoon in his shirt pocket.

It seemed a little strange. When the busboy brought our water and utensils, I observed that he also had a spoon in his pocket.

Then I looked around and saw that all the staff had spoons in their pockets. When the waiter came back to serve our soup I inquired, 'Why the spoon?'

'Well,' he explained, 'the restaurant's owner hired Andersen Consulting to revamp all of our processes.'

After several months of analysis, they concluded that the spoon was the most frequently dropped utensil. It represents a drop frequency of approximately three spoons per table per hour.

'If our personnel are better prepared, we can reduce the number of trips back to the kitchen and save 15 man-hours per shift. As luck would have it, I dropped my spoon and he replaced it with his spare. I'll get another spoon next time I go to the kitchen instead of making an extra trip to get it right now.'

I was impressed.

I also noticed that there was a string hanging out of the waiter's fly. Looking around, I saw that all of the waiters had the same string hanging from their flies. So, before he walked off, I asked the waiter, 'Excuse me, but can you tell me why you have that string right there?'

'Oh, certainly!' Then he lowered his voice. 'Not even-

ryone is so observant. That consulting firm I mentioned also learned that we can save time in the restroom.

'By tying this string to the tip of our you-know-what, we can pull it out without touching it and eliminate the need to wash our hands, shortening the time spent in the restroom by 76.39%.'

I asked quietly, 'After you get it out, how do you put it back?'

'Well,' he whispered, 'I don't know about the others, but I use the spoon.'



## Elephant Picture

Jake is five years old and learning to read. He points at a picture in a zoo book and says, 'Look, Mama! It's a frickin' elephant!'

Deep breath . . . 'What did you call it?'

'It's a frickin' elephant, Mama! It says so on the picture!'

And so it does . . .

"A- f- r- i- c- a- n Elephant."

Sound travels slowly

Sometimes the things you say

when your kids are teenagers

don't reach them till

they're in their 40s.



## A man and his wife walked into a dentist's office.

The man said to the dentist, "Doc, I'm in one heck of a hurry. I have two buddies sitting in my car waiting for us to go play golf, so I forget about the anaesthetic. I don't have time for the gums to get numb. I just want you to pull the tooth, and be done with it. We have a 10 am tee time at the best golf course in town and its 9.30 am already. I don't have time to wait for the anaesthetic to work."

The dentist thought to himself, "Well, well, at last a golfer with real balls".

So the dentist asked him, "Which tooth is it sir?"

The man turned to his wife and said, "Open your mouth, honey, and show the dentist."



## A man is recovering from surgery

A nurse comes in to check on him. Source: Getty.

A man is recovering from a minor surgery when a nurse comes in to check on him.

"How are you feeling?" she asks.

"I'm okay," he says, "but I didn't like the four-letter word the doctor used during surgery."

"What did he say?" the nurse asks.

"Oops."



# Bits AND Pieces



So you think you've had a bad day!



## A Person Like You by Anonymous

The meaning of being special,  
is found in a person like you.  
A friend who is so thoughtful,  
in everything they say and do.

A person who better my life,  
by being a part of it each day.  
Someone who touches my heart,  
in a special, and unique way.

A person who's always giving,  
and willing to help all they can.  
Who truly gives from their heart,  
showing they care for who I am.

This friend I have found in you,  
is as special as one could be.  
And I am so blessed in my life,  
that you've been a friend to me.

All you young Whipper-snappers  
will never know...  
The satisfaction  
of slamming  
down a receiver  
on a rotary phone!



"Each capsule contains your medication,  
plus a treatment for each of its side effects."



How come  
our noses run  
and our feet  
smell?



## OPINION

