

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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**A Father, a Daughter  
And a Dog  
A True Story**



# Presidents Message



*Hi Fellow Seniors. Well another year is almost gone and all is well with Senior's Club. At present we have over 210 members and all the activities provided by the club during the year have been well attended.*

*The day bus trips were well patronised and will encourages the club to provide more trips in 2018. It is good to attend an activity at the club and the see all the smiles on the members face, not only enjoying the activity but the camaraderie within the club.*

*Hope all members have a merry Christmas and a healthy and happy 2018. Remembers the clubs motto "have fun and look after each other".*

Jim Weeden – President



## 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

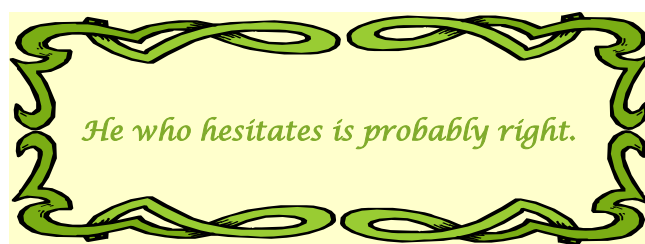
President	Jim Weeden	69331394
Vice President	Ellen Downey	69224903
Treasurer	Jo Jovanovic	69315926
Assistant Treasurer	Bev Morley	69228536
Secretary	Robyn Weeden	69331394
Assistant Secretary	Robyn McClure	69250273
Dawn McDermott	Housemother	69251191
Fay King	Assis' Housemother	69265280

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

# Seniors in Focus



**Wayne Hewitt** of *Riverina Tech Knowledge* was guest speaker at the Club's August general meeting. Wayne offers help in the home for the over 50s with any technology help they may require. Click on above sign for further information.

**Tony Dacey** from NSW Trustee & Guardian Services was guest speaker at the September General Meeting.

Tony spoke on the importance of planning for the inevitable while we still have the capacity to do so. Some of the questions to ask oneself are

- 1) Who will speak for you if you can't speak for yourself?;
- 2) Who would take care of your finances if you weren't able to? and
- 3) Who will inherit your property?

Clicking on the sign below will take you to the website where these questions and much more (including what to do about your online presence after you die) will be answered.



Our carpet bowls group was very pleased recently to help fellow member Lily celebrate her 80th before the usual game.



Every third Monday of the month is Luncheon Day at the club and pictured below are some of our hard working ladies preparing one of the monthly lunches.



# Seniors In Focus

Wagga Wagga Senior Citizens' Club

Visit to Altina Wildlife Park

August 23<sup>rd</sup> 2017



Click on picture at right for a video of our trip to Altina Wildlife Park in August 2017. →



**Club Birthday Party for 2017** was held as usual at Wagga Rules Club. Members enjoyed themselves (including our party girls Barb and Bev), and one of our guests from Narrandera, Edie (their Club president) was invited to cut the birthday cake.

Wagga Senior Citizens' Club president Jim Weeden was pleased to take the opportunity to present three of our more senior members who have passed that magical milestone of 90 years a certificate commemorating their achievement - the OBN (Over Bloomin' Ninety) Click on Badge for video of Club Birthday Party. →



# A Father, a Daughter and a Dog - A true story

by Catherine Moore

"Watch out! You nearly broad sided that car!" My father yelled at me. "Can't you do anything right?"  
"I saw the car, Dad. Please don't yell at me when I'm driving."  
My voice was measured and steady, sounding far calmer than I really felt.

Dad glared at me, then turned away and settled back. At home, I left Dad in front of the television and went outside to collect my thoughts.... dark, heavy clouds hung in the air with a promise of rain. The rumble of distant thunder seemed to echo my inner turmoil. What could I do about him?

Dad had been a lumberjack in Washington and Oregon. He had enjoyed being outdoors and had revelled in pitting his strength against the forces of nature. He had entered gruelling lumberjack competitions, and had placed often. The shelves in his house were filled with trophies that attested to his prowess.

The years marched on relentlessly. The first time he couldn't lift a heavy log, he joked about it; but later that same day I saw him outside alone, straining to lift it.

Four days after his sixty-seventh birthday, he had a heart attack. An ambulance sped him to the hospital while a paramedic administered CPR to keep blood and oxygen flowing.

At the hospital, Dad was rushed into an operating room. He was lucky; he survived. But something inside Dad died. His zest for life was gone. He obstinately refused to follow doctor's orders. Suggestions and offers of help were turned aside with sarcasm and insults. The number of visitors thinned, then finally stopped altogether. Dad was left alone.

My husband, Dick, and I asked Dad to come live with us on our small farm. We hoped the fresh air and rustic atmosphere would help him adjust.

Within a week after he moved in, I regretted the invitation. It seemed nothing was satisfactory. He criticized everything I did. I became frustrated and moody. Soon I was taking my pent-up anger out on Dick. We began to bicker and argue.

The next day I sat down with the phone book and methodically called each of the mental health clinics listed in the Yellow Pages. I explained my problem to each of the sympathetic voices that answered in vain.

Just when I was giving up hope, one of the voices suddenly exclaimed, "I just read something that might help you! Let me go get the article."

I listened as she read. The article described a remarkable study done at a nursing home. All of the patients were under treatment for chronic depression. Yet their attitudes had proved dramatically when they were given responsibility for a dog.

I drove to the animal shelter that afternoon. After I filled out a questionnaire, a uniformed officer led me to the kennels. I moved down the row of pens. Each contained five to seven dogs. Long-haired dogs, curly-haired dogs, black dogs, spotted dogs all jumped up, trying to reach me.

As I neared the last pen a dog in the shadows of the far corner struggled to his feet, walked to the front of the run and sat down. It was a pointer, one of the dog world's aristocrats.



But this was a caricature of the breed. Years had etched his face and muzzle with shades of grey. His hip bones jutted out in lopsided triangles. But it was his eyes that caught and held my attention. Calm and clear, they beheld me unwaveringly.

I pointed to the dog. "Can you tell me about him?" The officer said "He's a funny one. Appeared out of nowhere and sat in front of the gate. We brought him in, figuring someone would be right down to claim him. That was two weeks ago and we've heard nothing. His time is up tomorrow." He gestured helplessly.

"You mean you're going to kill him?"

"Ma'am," he said gently, "that's our policy. We don't have room for every unclaimed dog."

I looked at the pointer again. The calm brown eyes awaited my decision. "I'll take him," I said. I drove home with the dog on the front seat beside me.

"Ta-da! Look what I got for you, Dad!" I said excitedly.

"If I had wanted a dog, I would have gotten one. And I would have picked out a better specimen than that bag of bones. Keep it! I don't want it" Dad waved his arm and turned back toward the house.

Anger rose inside me. "You'd better get used to him, Dad. He's staying!"

Dad ignored me. "Did you hear me, Dad?" I screamed. At those words Dad whirled angrily, his hands clenched at his sides, his eyes narrowed and blazing with hate. We stood glaring at each other, when suddenly the pointer pulled free from my grasp. He wobbled toward my dad and sat down in front of him. Then slowly, carefully, he raised his paw.

Dad's lower jaw trembled as he stared at the uplifted paw; confusion replaced the anger in his eyes. The pointer waited patiently.

It was the beginning of a warm and intimate friendship. Dad named the pointer Cheyenne. Together he and Cheyenne explored the community. They spent long hours walking down dusty lanes. They spent reflective moments on the banks of streams, angling for tasty trout. They even started to attend Sunday services together, Dad sitting in a pew and Cheyenne lying quietly at his feet.

Dad and Cheyenne were inseparable throughout the next three years. Dad's bitterness faded, and he and Cheyenne made many friends. Then late one night I was startled to feel Cheyenne's cold nose burrowing through our bed covers. I woke Dick, put on my robe and ran into my father's room. Dad lay in his bed, his face serene. But his spirit had left quietly sometime during the night.



Two days later my shock and grief deepened when I discovered Cheyenne lying dead beside Dad's bed. I wrapped his still form in the rag rug he had slept on. As Dick and I buried him near a favourite fishing hole, I silently thanked the dog for the help he had given me in restoring Dad's peace of mind.

The morning of Dad's funeral dawned overcast and dreary. This day looks like the way I feel, I thought, as I walked down the aisle to the pews reserved for family. I was surprised to see the many friends Dad and Cheyenne had made filling the church. The pastor began his eulogy. It was a tribute to both Dad and the dog who had changed his life.

And then the pastor turned to Hebrews 13:2. "Do not neglect to show hospitality to strangers, for by this, some have entertained angels without knowing it."

"I've often thanked God for sending that angel," he said.

For me, the past dropped into place, completing a puzzle that I had not seen before: the sympathetic voice that had just read the right article - Cheyenne's unexpected appearance at the animal shelter, his calm acceptance and complete devotion to my father, and the proximity of their deaths. And suddenly I understood. I knew that God had answered my prayers after all.

Life is too short for drama or petty things, so laugh hard, love truly and forgive quickly. Live While You Are Alive. Forgive now those who made you cry. You might not get a second time. God answers our prayers in His time.....not ours.

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## AMAZING CO-INCIDENCE

By Heather and Bruce McAlister



On 9th June, 1849, the *Emma Eugenia* arrived in Sydney after starting its voyage from Portsmouth, southern England.

Some of the passengers on board this ship were my (Heather's) ancestors. John Spackman and his wife, Mary Ann (nee Amor), from Milton Lilbourne in Wiltshire, together with Henry Osmond, his wife, Caroline (nee Gillett), and daughter, Harriet. They were among the assisted passengers who had decided to make a new life in New South Wales. They had lived in the Tintinhull area in Wiltshire. After disembarking they made their way to the Kippilaw district, just west of Goulburn.

Also on board this same voyage were John Pearce, his wife, Jane (nee Giles), and their three children, Henry, William and Fanny from the Stogumber and Wincanton areas of Somersetshire. (Bruce's paternal grandfather was Henry). They left Sydney and made their way to Queen Charlotte Vale area (Perthville and Georges Plains) near Bathurst.

The Spackman and Osmond families remained friends and in the second generation of family in New South Wales, two Spackman boys married two Osmond girls. Both families then moved to the Murrumburrah and Young districts to follow farming pursuits.

Meanwhile in the Bathurst area, the second generation of Pearces began to spread their wings and some of the family moved to Wellington and Cowra areas.

In the early 1960s Bruce and I met near Young and later married.

You can imagine our surprise when we started researching our respective families a few years ago and discovered this amazing co-incidence when two sets of my great-great-grandparents and one of Bruce's arrived in Sydney on the very same voyage in 1849. On 9 June 1999 we both celebrated the 150th Anniversary of the arrival of our great-great grandparents to Sydney.

We had no idea that some of our ancestors had come to the colony of New South Wales on the SAME voyage. No doubt they had known one another while travelling on the *Emma Eugenia*.

# Members' Contributions



Kevin had shingles.

Those who spend time in a doctor's office should appreciate this!

Physicians are running their practices like an assembly line?

Here's what happened to Kevin:

Kevin walked into a doctor's office and the receptionist asked him what he had,

Kevin said: 'Shingles.'

She wrote down his name, address, medical insurance number and told him to have a seat.

Fifteen minutes later a nurse's aide came out and asked Kevin what he had.

Kevin said, 'Shingles.'

She wrote down his height, weight, a complete medical history and told Kevin to wait in the examining room.

A half hour later a nurse came in and asked Kevin what he had.

Kevin said, 'Shingles.'

So the nurse gave Kevin a blood test, a blood pressure test, an electrocardiogram, and told Kevin to take off all his clothes and wait for the doctor.

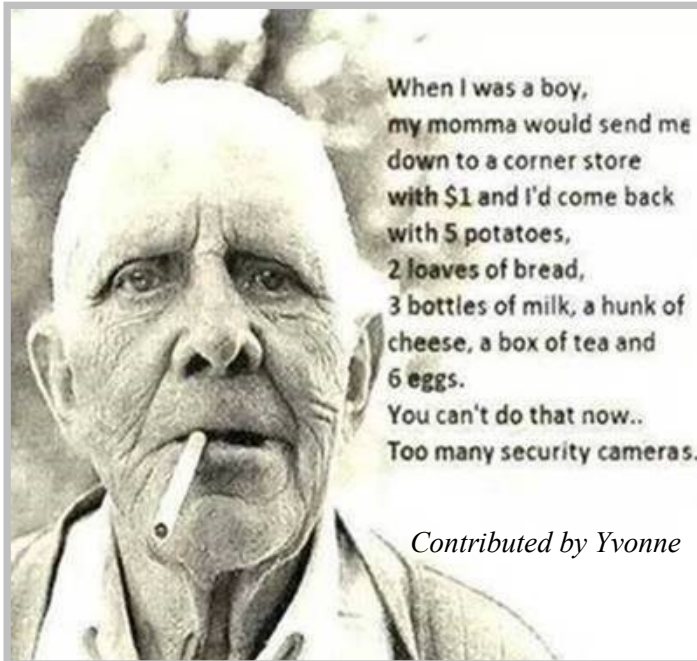
An hour later the doctor came in and found Kevin sitting patiently in the nude and asked Kevin what he had.

Kevin said, 'Shingles.'

The doctor asked, 'where?'

Kevin said, 'Outside on the truck. Where do you want me to unload 'em?'

*Contributed by Yvonne*



*Contributed by Yvonne*

## Did I read that sign right?

In an office:

**TOILET OUT OF ORDER..... PLEASE USE FLOOR BELOW**

In a Laundromat:

**AUTOMATIC WASHING MACHINES: PLEASE REMOVE ALL YOUR CLOTHES WHEN THE LIGHT GOES OUT**

In a London department store:

**BARGAIN BASEMENT UPSTAIRS**

In an office:

**WOULD THE PERSON WHO TOOK THE STEP LADDER YESTERDAY PLEASE BRING IT BACK OR FURTHER STEPS WILL BE TAKEN**

In an office:

**AFTER TEA BREAK STAFF SHOULD EMPTY THE TEAPOT AND STAND UPSIDE DOWN ON THE DRAINING BOARD**

Outside a second-hand shop:

**WE EXCHANGE ANYTHING - BICYCLES, WASHING MACHINES, ETC. WHY NOT BRING YOUR WIFE ALONG AND GET A WONDERFUL BARGAIN?**

Notice in health food shop window:

**CLOSED DUE TO ILLNESS**

Spotted in a safari park:

**ELEPHANTS PLEASE STAY IN YOUR CAR**

Seen during a conference:

**FOR ANYONE WHO HAS CHILDREN AND DOESN'T KNOW IT, THERE IS A DAY CARE ON THE 1ST FLOOR**

Notice in a farmer's field:

**THE FARMER ALLOWS WALKERS TO CROSS THE FIELD FOR FREE, BUT THE BULL CHARGES.**

On a repair shop door:

**WE CAN REPAIR ANYTHING. (PLEASE KNOCK HARD ON THE DOOR - THE BELL DOESN'T WORK).**

*Contributed by David (Past member)*

## **Password Hell**

**Please set a password to register.**

**cabbage**

**Sorry, the password must be more than 8 characters.**

**boiled cabbage**

**Sorry, the password must contain 1 numerical character.**

**1 boiled cabbage**

**Sorry, the password cannot have blank spaces.**

**50soddingboiledcabbages**

**Sorry, the password must contain at least one upper case character.**

**50SODDINGboiledcabbages**

**Sorry, the password cannot use more than one upper case character consecutively.**

**50SoddingBoiledCabbagesShovedUpYours,**

**IfYouDon'tGiveMeAccessImmediately**

**Sorry, the password cannot contain punctuation.**

**NowIAmGettingReallyPissedOff50SoddingBoiledCabbagesShovedUpYoursIfYouDontGiveMeAccessImmediately**

**Sorry, that password is already in use !**

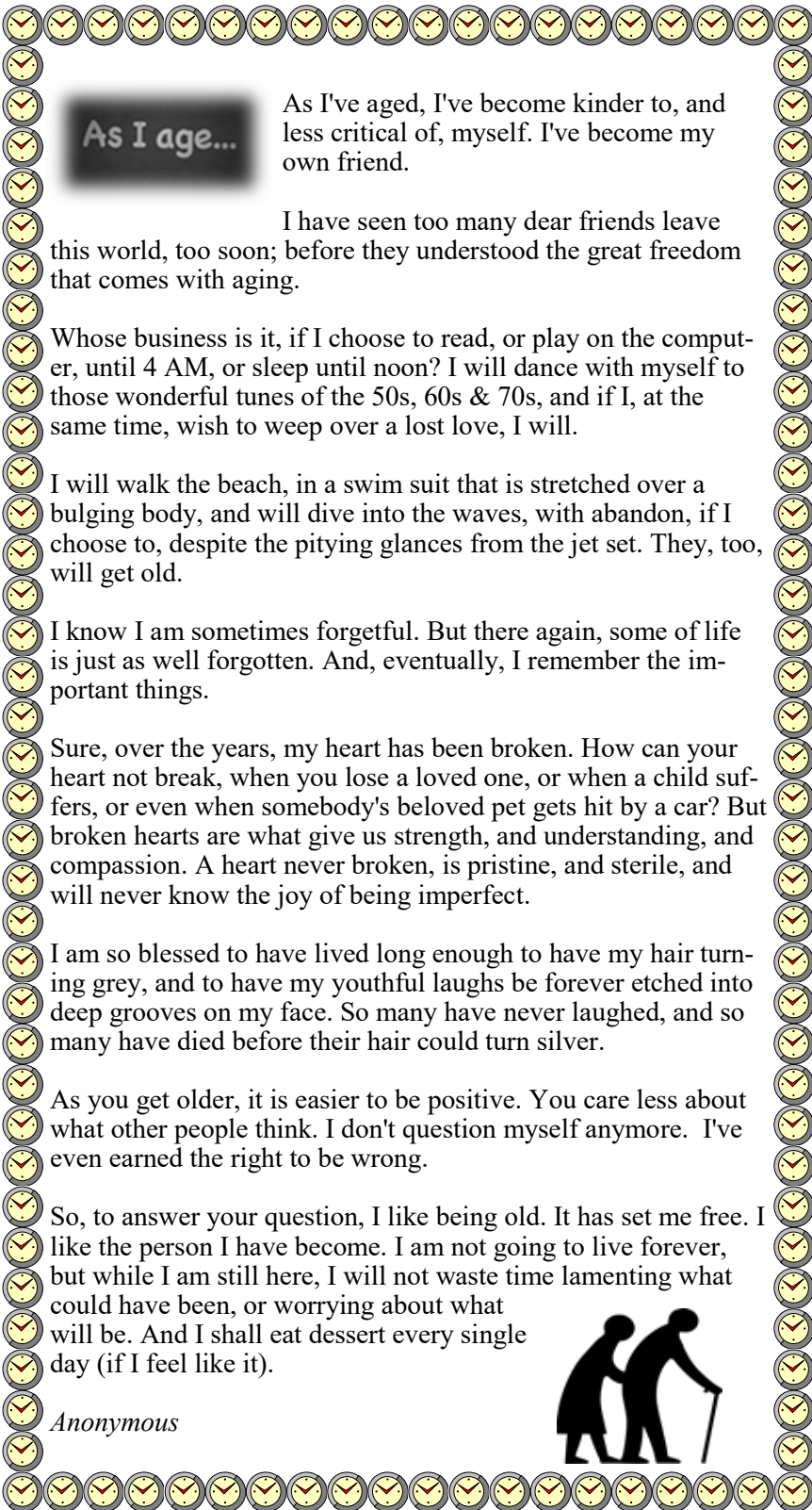
***Contributed by Wilma***

# R A N D O M thoughts

A BEAUTIFUL LESSON IN LIFE AND LONGEVITY  
Be nice to others because.. Time WILL make a difference!  
One day you will no longer be the big dog...  
Just the old dog...



And my friend, **WE** are now the old dogs



As I age...

As I've aged, I've become kinder to, and less critical of, myself. I've become my own friend.

I have seen too many dear friends leave this world, too soon; before they understood the great freedom that comes with aging.

Whose business is it, if I choose to read, or play on the computer, until 4 AM, or sleep until noon? I will dance with myself to those wonderful tunes of the 50s, 60s & 70s, and if I, at the same time, wish to weep over a lost love, I will.

I will walk the beach, in a swim suit that is stretched over a bulging body, and will dive into the waves, with abandon, if I choose to, despite the pitying glances from the jet set. They, too, will get old.

I know I am sometimes forgetful. But there again, some of life is just as well forgotten. And, eventually, I remember the important things.

Sure, over the years, my heart has been broken. How can your heart not break, when you lose a loved one, or when a child suffers, or even when somebody's beloved pet gets hit by a car? But broken hearts are what give us strength, and understanding, and compassion. A heart never broken, is pristine, and sterile, and will never know the joy of being imperfect.

I am so blessed to have lived long enough to have my hair turning grey, and to have my youthful laughs be forever etched into deep grooves on my face. So many have never laughed, and so many have died before their hair could turn silver.

As you get older, it is easier to be positive. You care less about what other people think. I don't question myself anymore. I've even earned the right to be wrong.

So, to answer your question, I like being old. It has set me free. I like the person I have become. I am not going to live forever, but while I am still here, I will not waste time lamenting what could have been, or worrying about what will be. And I shall eat dessert every single day (if I feel like it).

*Anonymous*





# 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

## Do you remember the Saturday afternoon matinee?



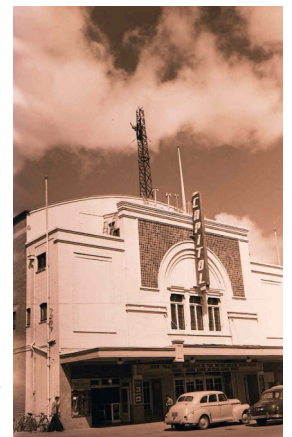
On Saturday arvos, having begged a couple of bob from Dad, I'd leave our little farm and peddle the three miles into town. Hoyts matinee was jammed with raucous prepubescents, stuffing their gobs with the lollies they didn't roll down the aisles or hurl at an already blotched screen. Curtains haven't covered movie screens since theatre owners figured out how to turn those screens into temporary billboards. Today the screen is almost never blank; if the main feature isn't showing, then there is a constant slideshow of advertisements.

The manager/usher in his ill-fitting red jacket tried and failed to keep order – until a brief hush as the first shafts of light shone down to the screen. Everyone stood up for the national anthem, God Save the King (only later was it God Save the Queen). Then there was the Movietone and

Cinesound newsreels, the first with its kookaburra, the latter with a kanga jumping from the screen.

This led to a couple of cartoons. Heckle and Jeckle, Tom and Jerry, Sylvester and Tweety-pie. Bugs Bunny and Elmer Fudd. "That's all folks!" from Porky Pig followed by one or another of our serials. Batman and Robin versus villains, Superman, starring the plump George Reeves in

wrinkled undies, or woeful Westerns – Hopalong Cassidy, Tom Mix, the Scarlet Horseman – all filmed betwixt the same familiar Hollywood boulders. Despite the fact they were crap, and we knew it, we loved them. The way the hero was left dangling at the end, often literally dangling from a cliff or the wing of a plane, in a situation from which escape was impossible. Only to miraculously survive via manifestly fraudulent editing. (Deafening boos from a couple of hundred critics, then out to get more lollies.)



During the interval the manager hid in his office. And then the "film". My favourite matinee movies were anything starring Johnny Weissmuller, preferably being Tarzan, though Jungle Jim was acceptable. (When Johnny became too heavy to swing from a vine, producer Sam Katzman squeezed him into a safari suit

Ushers, those gallant men and women who escorted you to your seats at the cinema. But that was at a time when movie ushers did much more than tear tickets and sweep up spilled popcorn; they kept an eye out for miscreants attempting to sneak in without paying, offered a helpful elbow to steady women walking down the steeply inclined aisle in high-heeled shoes, and were quick to "Shhh!" folks who talked during the movie. Ushers carried small flashlights to guide patrons who arrived after the movie had started, and they were also the ones who maintained order when the film broke and the audience grew ornery. Of course, cell phones hadn't yet



been invented, so doctors or parents who'd left youngsters home with a babysitter often mentioned such to the usher as they were seated, so he'd be able to find them during the show if an emergency phone call was received for them at the box office.

Apart from going to the pictures – that was that. Television? A decade away. All we had were Batman and Superman comics, scratched 78s on a hand-cranked player, and the wireless. My favourite program, a radio serial called The Search for the Golden Boomerang, was an Australian precursor to movies about searching for golden rings.

So we weren't overloaded, drowning in images. What we saw on the Plaza's or Capitol's blotched screen was precious and magical. And wireless was wonderful – because it wasn't done for you. You just listened... and conjured the pictures, faces, sets, and costume yourself. Imagine that. Imagine kids having to use their imaginations.



## Why are electronic greeting cards a bad idea?

Electronic Greeting Cards, or ecards, seem like a nice idea, but often end up giving the recipient more than intended, in the form of spam or worse.

I recently sent a friend of mine an electronic greeting card. He replied that I shouldn't have. He said that because of my good intentions, he'd now be getting even more spam than ever. Is he right? Did I just screw up?

Electronic greeting cards seem like such a good idea. A quick point and click at a e-card service and you can send a cute virtual "card" via email. Quite often they're even animated, and with sounds or music in the background.

Unfortunately, all too often they have a hidden agenda.

You may be "giving" more than you think.

### The Electronic Greeting Card "Gift"

What's the one piece of information that an e-card service needs to have in order to deliver your card? The email address of the recipient.

By entering an email address into an electronic greeting card service you're giving them, the greeting card company, a very valuable gift: a known good email address.

Do you trust them with it?

Would the recipient want you to be handing out their email address like that?

Probably not, for several reasons.

### Email Address Harvesting – The "Not So Bad" Kind

Some companies will use the email address you gave them in two ways:

- They will send the greeting card you requested to the recipient you specified.
- They will later send marketing materials to that recipient. Technically, since they didn't ask for it, this is spam.

I'll call this fairly benign. While the companies probably shouldn't do this, the ones that fall into this bucket are generally trying to be somewhat above board and may even have indicated that they would do this in the terms of service most people never read.

They'll probably also have and honour an unsubscribe link in whatever they send.

But, nonetheless, as a result of your sending a greeting card the recipient got the gift of spam as well.

### Email Address Harvesting – The "Pretty Darned Bad" Kind

Not all greeting card sites are "trying to be above board", as I described it above. Some are borderline evil.

No SPAM! Some companies will use the email address you gave them in two ways:

- They will probably send the greeting card you requested to the recipient you specified.
- They will start sending their own marketing materials to that recipient. They may then sell that known good email address to other marketing firms that will flood the recipient's inbox with even more spam; perhaps related, perhaps not.

That "known good email address" is valuable in the spamming world. As a result some e-card sites are set up simply to harvest email addresses by folks who want to give nothing more than a holiday or event-related greeting.

Sadly, as a result, the recipient is also given the gift of spam – lots of spam. But it gets worse.

### Email Address Harvesting – The Worst Kind

So far the worst that's happened is that by sending a greeting card you've also potentially "given" the recipient a lengthy gift of spam.

Some sites do even worse.

Enter an email on one of these sites and you may be giving the gift of malware.

Some – admittedly probably only a few – sites will happily take the email address that you give them, send the greeting card in order to appear legitimate, and then add that email address to their list to begin receiving email laden with attached viruses.

In the worst case, the greeting card itself (which almost always involved clicking on a link) directs the recipient to a malicious web site where his or her computer is then infected with the latest virus, spyware or other form of malware.

Quite the "gift" you've given when it happens.

Are there ANY Legitimate Sources? Of course.

Do you know which ones they are?

Are you sure?

Me neither.

If you have to, of course stick to sites that you know without a doubt are both legitimate and that do nothing more with that email address you provide than send exactly one greeting card – no more, no less.

If you're not sure, if you don't know, then you're taking some risks with your friend's email address.

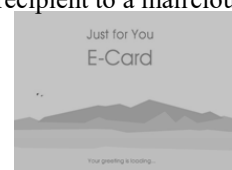
Would they want you to? I'm guessing not.

### Alternatives

Deal only with reputable sources – if you've never heard of the service, then steer clear. On the other hand, a larger company with an established reputation, say the Hallmark greeting card company, is more likely to maintain their reputation and play honestly. They have an extensive privacy policy on their website, and I choose to believe it ... because they are Hallmark.

Do it yourself – let's face it, basic online greeting cards are nothing more than a pretty picture with some well-chosen words. A few minutes with a graphics program and your own photos and you can achieve similar results, without involving a third party. Personalizing it with your own photo and message is likely to be more meaningful to your recipients anyway.

Use "old technology" – speaking of more meaningful, since it's a little more work, a paper card that you purchase, sign, address and put in the mail yourself is always going to mean more than something you can do in a click or two online. Send a real card.





# The Crows Joke Page

**A man** told his doctor he wasn't able to do the things around the house he used to do. When the examination was complete, he said: "Now tell me Doc, I can take it. Tell me what is wrong with me."



"Well, in plain English," the doctor replied, "you're lazy."

"OK," said the man. "Now give me the medical term so that I can tell my wife."

**A man and his wife** are woken at 3am by a loud pounding on the door. The man opens the door to find a drunken stranger, standing in the rain, asking for a push. "Not a chance," says the husband. "It is 3am." He returns to bed.



"Who was it?" asks the wife. "Just some bloke asking for a push," he answers.

"Did you help?" she says.

"No, it is 3am!" he says.

"Well, you have a short memory," says his wife.

"Remember three months ago when we broke down and those two blokes helped us?"

The man agrees, and goes out into the rain. "Hey mate, do you still need a push?" he calls out. "Yes", comes the reply. "Where are you?" he asks.

"Over here on the swing!" replies the drunk.



**A bloke** who was down on his luck won the lottery, and decided to share his fortune.

He tracked down three blokes who'd had it tough, and told them: "I'm going to lend you

\$10,000 each. Invest it wisely, and when I die, return the \$10,000 into my coffin before they close it."

So after he died, the three men came to his funeral.

The first man put \$10,000 in the coffin. "Thank you so much," he said. "I bought a fish and chip shop, and I've almost doubled my investment"

The second man also put in \$10,000. "I bought a half share in a farm, and I've more than doubled my money," he said.

The third man said, "Well, it's taken me a long time, but I tripled my investment."

And with that, he took out his cheque book, wrote a cheque for \$30,000, and put it into the coffin, took

out the \$20,000 cash, and left.

**A doctor** that had been seeing an 80-year-old woman for most of her life finally retired. At her next check-up, the new doctor told her to bring a list of all the medicines that had been prescribed for her. As the doctor was looking through these his eyes grew wide as he realized Grandma had prescription for birth control pills. "Mrs. Smith, do you realize these are birth control pills?" "Yes, they help me sleep at night." "Mrs. Smith, I assure you there is absolutely nothing in these that could possibly help you sleep!" She reached out and patted the young doctor's knee and said, "Yes, dear, I know that. But every morning, I grind one up and mix it in the glass of orange juice that my 16-year-old Granddaughter drinks. And believe me it definitely helps me sleep at night." You gotta love Grandmas!



**A man** was riding on a full bus minding his own business when the gorgeous woman next to him started to breast-feed her baby. The baby wouldn't take it so she said, "Come on sweetie, eat it all up or I'll have to give it to this

nice man next to us." Five minutes later the baby was still not feeding, so she said, "Come on, honey. Take it or I'll give it to this nice man here." A few minutes later the anxious man blurted out, "Come on kid. Make up your mind! I was supposed to get off four stops ago!"

**A woman and her 12-year-old son** were riding in a taxi in De-



troit. It was raining and all the prostitutes were standing under awnings. "Mom," said the boy,

"what are all those women doing?" "They're waiting for their husbands to get off work," she replied. The taxi driver turns around and says, "Geez lady, why don't you tell him the truth? They're hookers, boy!

They have sex with men for money." The little boy's eyes get wide and he says, "Is that true Mom?" His mother, glaring hard at the driver, answers "Yes." After a few minutes the kid asks, "Mom, if those women have babies, what happens to them?" She said, "Most of them become taxi drivers."

**An elderly, but hardy cattleman** from Texas once told a young female neighbour that if she wanted to live a long life, the secret was to sprinkle a pinch of gunpowder on her oatmeal each morning. She did this religiously and lived to the age of 103. She left behind 14 children, 30 grandchildren, 21 great-grandchildren, five great-great-grandchildren and a 40-foot hole where the crematorium used to be.

## Beauty Spoil (or The Black Outback)

I love an unburnt country  
Without the soot and ash  
Without the withered burnt out scrub  
Without the fire's flash

No more the scorched ground and blackened trees  
No more the smoking ground  
Our fauna frying in the heat  
Expire with nary a sound.

While hawks and kites soar above  
The smoking, ravaged land  
The choking smoke in volumes rise  
To blot out all at hand

The colours of the hills and vales  
They pale to brown and grey  
While Spinifex and desert pea  
Ignite and fade away.

The burning off is good – I'm told  
-Rejuvenates the land  
But I'm afraid, from where I sit  
It simply isn't grand.

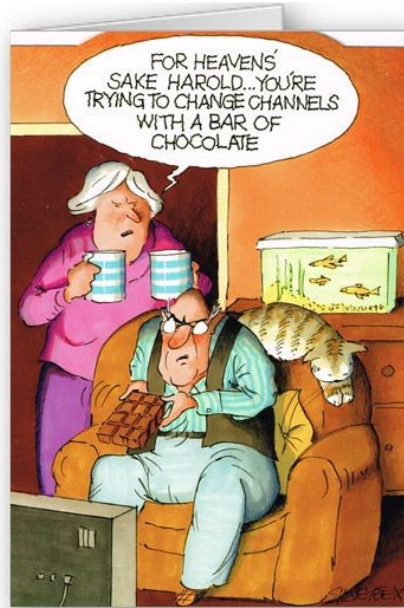
Our country has a beauty rare  
Its heritage forever  
To see it shrivelled to a crisp –  
My cup of tea? No never.



*By Lawrie Maher, retired teacher and school Principal, during a trip through the outback of Australia*



JOHN was driving from Alice Springs to Uluru along the Mereenie Loop Road when he came across these speed warning signs.



## You can leave your pants on

MICHELE took her lovely mother, Nina, to the specialist last week.

Nina is 91 and, while she's fighting fit, Michele says she sometimes gets a bit confused.

"We were sitting in the waiting room when Mum looked down at her outfit.

"Oh no, I didn't think, and I'm wearing panty hose under my slacks'.

"Yeeees," I replied.

"I'll have to struggle out of them when I get into the doctor's office'.

"Suit yourself, Mum," I said, "but we're at the eye specialist."



## Hidden bird art illusion

This is an oil painting by the very talented Ukrainian artist Oleg Shuplyak. As with all his paintings he uses hidden images to turn his beautiful artwork into mind-blowing optical illusions. This remarkable picture he has painted shows two small birds sitting on branches in a tree. Or does it?

