

Something to

CROWABOUT

Newsletter of the

Wagga Wagga Senior Citizen's Computer Club
Member of ASCCA (Australian Seniors Computer Clubs Association)

December 2009



Patron: Lindsay Vidler



**A VERRY MERRY CHRISTMAS
AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR TO ALL
OUR INTENDING MEMBERS**



IMPORTANT NOTICE

General Meeting

January 11, 2010, (10.00 am) at The Senior Citizen's Centre, Tarcutta Street

As this is our first general meeting since the inaugural meeting back in June please make an effort to attend. During the past six months a steering committee has been meeting on a monthly basis in an effort to get this club running.

At this meeting you will be asked to sign up as members; first as members of the Wagga Wagga Senior Citizen's Club, then as members of that club's sub-group the Wagga Wagga Senior Citizen's Computer Club. At this moment the total cost to you will be \$5.00 and the only condition is that you be over 55. This will be your chance to help select the club committee for the next 12 months and discuss the club's agenda.

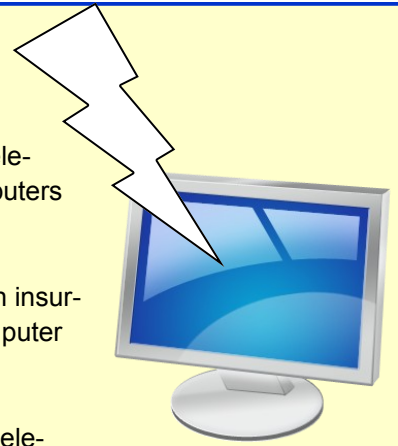
COMPUTER SAFETY HINT

LIGHTNING STRIKES

Thunderstorms are responsible for electrical surges being transmitted through the telephone and power lines. These surges often damage electronic equipment and computers are susceptible.

We should all use a good quality surge protector. Some of the better ones come with insurance guarantees, so read the fine print on the packaging. They will protect your computer and modem from lightning strikes.

To be on the safe side it is best to unplug your modem and PC from the power and telephone lines when storms are about and on those occasions when you are away from home.



Why?

Why do we press harder on a remote control when we know the batteries are getting weak?

Why do banks charge a fee on "insufficient funds" when they know there is not enough?

Why does someone believe you when you say there are four billion stars, but check when you say the paint is wet?

Why doesn't glue stick to the bottle?

Why do they use sterilized needles for death by lethal injection?

Why doesn't Tarzan have a beard?

Why does Superman stop bullets with his chest, but ducks when you throw a revolver at him?

Why do Kamikaze pilots wear helmets?

Whose idea was it to put an "S" in the word "lisp"?

If people evolved from apes, why are there still apes?

Is there ever a day that mattresses are not on sale?

Why do people constantly return to the refrigerator with hopes that something new to eat will have materialized?

Why do people keep running over a string a dozen times with their vacuum cleaner, then reach down, pick it up, examine it, then put it down to give the vacuum one more chance?

Why is it that no plastic bag will open from the end on your first try?

How do those dead bugs get into those enclosed light fixtures?

When we are in the supermarket and someone rams our ankle with a shopping cart then apologizes for doing so, why do we say, "It's all right?" Well, it isn't all right, so why don't we say, "That hurt, you stupid idiot?"

Why is it that whenever you attempt to catch something that's falling off the table you always manage to knock something else over?

In winter why do we try to keep the house as warm as it was in summer when we complained about the heat?

The statistics on sanity are that one out of every four persons is suffering from some sort of mental illness. Think of your three best friends -- if they're okay, then it's you.

A Message from the Editor

Do you have a favourite picture you would like to share with fellow club members? Perhaps you have tried your hand at writing in the past. Today's computers make these tasks and others much easier than ever before. If you read the latest ASCCA newsletter it will be realised that these are two activities that our fellow affiliated clubs participate in.

Maybe this is something to think about for the future. In the meantime, I am not one to suggest something without having a go myself, hence the sorry attempt below.

Oh well, at least I tried, how about it! I await the deluge of contributions.

It has been noted that quite a lot of the other computer clubs take advantage of paid advertisements to help defray the cost of producing their newsletters. The cost of printing and mailing out the last "Crowabout" was considerable and so a decision to only email this edition to those with email addresses was made. Of course this still leaves everyone the option of downloading it from the club's computers onto their thumb drives for free. I am nonetheless indebted to Greg Breust for his offer of the paid advertisement on the right.

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Contact: Greg and Sharon Breust
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What Happened To My Century?

By
Barry G Williams



At the end of the twentieth century I was nearly sixty years old which meant I had lived the greater part of my life in that period. I guess that means that I can claim that age as *my* century.

'Time flies' is an old cliché that to me still rings true. It seems only yesterday that I was rushing home from school to listen to the latest episode of one of my favourite serials, such as "Biggles" or "Tarzan of the Apes" on our big old battery powered valve radio, or 'wireless' as it was called in those days.

As daylight disappeared and dusk approached a match was struck and the resulting flame set to the wick of our kerosene lamps. Except for the flickering light cast from the open fireplace in the lounge room on a winter's evening, these lamps provided the only light to ward off night-time's gloom in that old farmhouse. This meant an early supper. Afterwards we would read or perhaps have a game of cards. If there wasn't anything worthwhile listening to on the wireless all the family would be in bed by 8-30 p.m.

Having no electricity supply to our farmhouse explains the need for such lighting. This also meant we had no refrigeration. Once a week we depended on the delivery of blocks of ice for our ice chest. This arrived packed in sawdust for insulation within a wheat bag. It was dropped off at our roadside mailbox by the mail contractor.

The ice chest stood in a corner of the large kitchen. In another corner, sitting on a rough stand was a dish in which the plates and eating utensils were washed. Immediately above this was a tap connected to a pipe protruding through the wall. This pipe was in turn connected to a rainwater tank outside.

Another thing of note in the kitchen was the big, black wood fuelled stove on which all the meals were cooked, as well as heating the water in the large black kettle which sat on top. Flat irons for ironing the weekly washing were also placed on top of the stove to be heated. Another use for the stove was when bath time came around in cold weather. The galvanised bath tub, which also doubled as the wash tub, was placed in front of the stove. With kitchen chairs placed around and discretely draped with towels or a sheet for privacy, we managed to take a bath in some comfort.

Once a week Dad would harness up our old horse 'Betty' into the sulky and drive into town for supplies. In my youth I read quite a lot. One of my favourite genres was science fiction. I remember reading Jules Verne's '20,000 Leagues Under The Sea' and 'Journey To The Moon' amongst others. Never did I think that in my lifetime man would set foot upon the Moon!

I once visited the local Agricultural College, later to become a regional university. I was shown a large air conditioned room in which most of the available space was taken up by a computer. I could not have imagined at the time that a few years later I would sit in front of a small desktop computer, which held as much information as that whole room full of computers, and to write about my life.

So much has happened during my lifetime, so much has changed. We now live in a different century to the one I lived in during my childhood. All I can think is "what happened to *my* century?"