

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))

Issue 8

Published Quarterly

June 2011

INSIDE THIS ISSUE

| | |
|------------------------------|----|
| Editor's Notes | 2 |
| Kay Hull-Life After Politics | 3 |
| Seniors In The News | 4 |
| The Table-A Short Story | 5 |
| Collection No 3 | 5 |
| Optical Illusion | 5 |
| Winifred Campbell-Writer | 6 |
| Horse Riding-A Poem | 8 |
| Getting Old | 9 |
| How Much Are You Worth? | 9 |
| The Crows Joke Page | 10 |
| Computer Hints & Tips | 11 |
| My Mate Paddy | 12 |



SENIORS WEEK 2011



Members of Wagga Wagga Senior Citizens' Club Inc and Wagga Wagga Senior Citizens' Computer Club wish to thank Wagga Wagga City Council for its support .

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

eMagazine Editor

Barry Williams: Ph: 69253065
Email barrysonia@bigpond.com
Please send any magazine contributions to this address.



What was your experience?

Editor's Notes

This is our second issue for 2011 and we find ourselves already half way through the year.

A recent article (The Advertiser, April 25th) highlights a growing trend that we seniors need to be aware of. Under the headline "Medicare's closure angers McCormack" it goes on to say "The Medicare booth at Barellan Post Office and Transaction Centre will be removed in coming weeks.... Medicare was one service they had which was easily accessible and now...for which they will have to travel. The announcement comes just days after Minister for Human Services Tanya Plibersek announced patients seeking to lodge their Medicare claims would now be able to do so online. Federal Member for Riverina Michael McCormack is furious with the decision, "Elderly people aren't going to go out and buy a new computer, so unless you have the time to go to Griffith or Wagga, there really is no other option. Mr McCormack says - - "What the penny-pinching government, which has made this decision, fails to realise...is that not everyone has access to the internet..."

At the last State elections some people had the option of voting online for the first time; how soon before this becomes the normal way to vote?

It will not happen overnight, but it is plain to see that in years to come anyone that is not able to access the internet will be at a distinct disadvantage, just as in the past anyone who couldn't read or write was-they will be the new illiterate.

Wagga Wagga Senior Citizen's Club Inc.

Membership (\$5.00 per year) to over 50's

Weekly Programme of Activities

| Day | Activity | Time | Cost |
|-------------------|-------------------------------------|--------------------|---------------|
| Mon. | Computer Club | 9.30 am to 3.00 pm | \$2.00 Per hr |
| 1st Mon. Of Month | Public Meeting Day Guest Speaker | 1.30 pm | \$1.00 |
| 2nd Mon. Of Month | Cards and Indoor Bowls | 12.30 pm | \$1.00 |
| 3rd Mon. Of Month | Luncheon Day | 12 noon | \$4.00 |
| 4th Mon. Of Month | Sing-along | 1.30 pm | \$1.00 |
| Thursday | Computer Club | 9.30 am to 3.00 pm | \$2.00 Per hr |
| Thursday | 500 Cards | 1.00 pm | \$1.00 |
| Thursday | Line Dancing | 10.30 am | \$1.00 |
| Thursday | Craft | 1.00-3.00 pm | \$1.00 |
| Friday | Computer Club | 9.30 am to 3.00 pm | \$2.00 per hr |
| Friday | Euchre | 1.00 pm | \$1.00 |
| Friday | Indoor Bowls | 1.00-3.00 pm | \$1.00 |

Monthly Bus Trip: Normally 3rd Wednesday of month, destination decided at monthly meeting and bookings taken that day with payment.

Annual Bus Trip: Normally in October for 5 days.

Wagga Wagga Senior Citizens' Club Inc Committee 2011

| | | |
|---------------------|----------------|----------|
| President | Jim Weeden | 69252001 |
| Vice President | Wayne Kaine | 69331139 |
| Treasurer | Joyce Redman | 69312243 |
| Assistant Treasurer | Gwen Beasley | 69310268 |
| Secretary | Phyllis Ward | |
| Assistant Secretary | Dawn McDermott | 69251191 |

WAGGA WAGGA SENIOR CITIZENS' COMPUTER CLUB—COMMITTEE 2011

| | | |
|-------------|----------------|--|
| Chairperson | Judy Robertson | Ph: 69316125 Email: jroberts@dragnet.com.au |
| Secretary | Barry Williams | Ph: 69253065 Email: barrysonia@bigpond.com |
| Treasurer | Paddy Adams | Ph: 427654575 Email: vk2grq@ozemail.com.au |

Committee: Dawn McDermott, Marlene Bowen, Wendy Drummond, Velma Spears, Jim Weeden.

I Don't suffer from **ALZHEIMERS**.

I've got "**SOMETIMERS**"

Sometimes I remember and sometimes I forget

*Unhappiness is the difference between
What you have
And what you desire*

Reminder

General Club Meeting is held on the **1st Monday** of Month.
Computer Club Committee meets on the **2nd Monday** of Month

Kay Hull – Life After Politics.



At our March general meeting we were pleased to have Kay as our first guest speaker for the year. Over the years, Kay has participated in the life of this club during such times as 'Seniors Week'. And it is with some disbelief we realise that throughout these last twenty years Kay has been in politics, first as a councillor with Wagga City Council and then as the Riverina Member of Parliament. She may or may not appreciate the title of 'Pocket Dynamo' that has sometimes been attached to her but I humbly submit that it *is* somewhat appropriate as although Kay may be 'pocket sized' in stature, she has been undoubtable a dynamo when working for her constituents. In case you haven't got your dictionary handy, one of the definitions given for dynamo is "a hard-working, tirelessly energetic person".

Kay started her talk by describing how last year her sister-in-law was diagnosed with a carcinoma and came to live with her and her husband whilst she underwent treatment. Sadly she passed away before Christmas, so it was to be expected that when Kay was later approached by the NSW Board of CANASSIST to serve on that board, she was quick to agree.

Empathising with the plight of elderly parents with disabled children Kay has also found time to serve on the board of Kurrajong-Waratah.

Although no longer a Member of Parliament Kay remains in the National Party organisation. When a serving Member of Parliament was recently mentioned in the papers because of received threats Kay was questioned by journalists about her experiences with threats while serving in Parliament. Kay reports that despite her earnest explanation of her understanding of why she did receive threats at the time, this explanation was lost in translation when reported in the paper.

After the recent devastating floods in Queensland the cleanup began, with volunteers coming from miles around. Kay answered the call, even from here. Catching a plane to Brisbane, she pulled on a pair of gloves, hauled on a pair of gumboots and joined the bus loads of volunteers in the massive cleanup.

Like any proud mother and grandmother Kay was excited not long ago to firstly watch her son win an 'Apprentice of the Year Award' in Canberra, and shortly thereafter attend a ceremony in Sydney where her grandson was presented with a 'Volunteer of the Year Award'.

Kay then described the trials and tribulations that she and her husband experienced while trying to do the right thing by installing a solar energy set up at their property.

It can be seen, just by these few examples that although no longer in politics, Kay retains her zest for life and is not prepared to take a back seat just yet! We wish her well in her retirement.

Brief Bio: Served on Wagga Wagga City Council 1991-98; entered House of Representatives Oct.3, 1998; left House of Representatives Aug 21, 2010; Charles Sturt University names 'The Kay Hull Veterinary Teaching Hospital' at South Campus in honour of Kay; Rex Airlines names the 'Kay Hull Conference Room' at the Australian Pilot Academy' in Kay's honour May 2010; Wagga Wagga City Council awards Kay the 'Freedom of the City' March,2011.



President Jim Weeden introduces guest speaker the former Member for Riverina Kay Hull.

Seniors in The News

Sonya Gee, ABC Producer



ABC OPEN is a new project started by the ABC in Regional centres. Based in ABC local radio stations around the country, producers have been hired to work with local communities to produce and publish contributions of photos, videos, stories and sound through the ABC. Recently Riverina ABC OPEN producer Sonya Gee held a workshop with three Wagga Senior Citizen Club members at the Seniors Centre.

We spent the morning filming some of the activities happening in the centre for the **One Small Window project.**, which is just one of the projects within ABC OPEN. The activity filmed was the line dancing and if you are reading this on your computer click your mouse pointer on the link following and watch online. **VIDEO: Line dancing sing-a-long**



Photo credit: ABC OPEN

Workshop participants (left) Editor (Barry Williams) and Club President (Jim Weeden), and at right with Sonya Gee.



A MAJOR MILESTONE

April, 2011 marked a major milestone in the life of our club's much loved and respected member Gwen Newberry. To mark the occasion of her 90th birthday her regular bowling companions at the Senior Centre presented Gwen with a card and crowded around as she cut her cake.



Today I am 90. (Poem for a Nonagenarian)

Today, Dear Lord, I'm 90 and there's much I haven't done.
 I hope, Dear Lord, You'll let me live until I'm 91.
 But then, if I haven't finished all I want to do,
 Would you let me stay awhile, until I'm 92?
 So many places I want to go, so very much to see,
 Do you think you could manage to make it 93?
 The world is changing very fast; there is so much in store.
 I'd like it very much to live until I'm 94.
 And if by then I'm still alive, I'd like to stay till 95.
 More planes up in the air, so I'd really like to stick,
 And see what happens to the world when I'm 96.
 I know Dear Lord, it's much to ask (and it must be nice in heaven),
 But I would really like to stay until I am 97.
 I know by then I won't be fast, and sometimes will be late,
 But it would be so pleasant to be around at 98.
 I have seen so many things, and had a wonderful time,
 So I'm sure that I'll be willing to leave at 99
 MAYBE



The Table

By Muriel Menz
School for Seniors
Creative Writing Class

It was a very long table and there were eight straight dining chairs around it. But there were only six people sitting there. They were John, Gerry, Bill, Margaret and Clara. Their parents had died and it was a family reunion. Officially, it was a dining table, but it was used in many different ways.

“Remember”, said Pamela, “when we all sat here for meals?”

“And we had to mind our manners—and eat everything on our plates” remembered John.

“And not chatter”.

From Margaret, “The table cloth was always clean and ironed—not like today’s non-ironed ones”.

“I can remember our Dad sitting here with ear phones on and listening on the crystal radio set he made”, said Gerry.

“And I sat quietly reading a book while Mum would be darning or sewing at the other end of the table”, remembered Clara.”Remember how we played table tennis on it—and sometimes the ball ended in the hallway” put in Bill.

“Everything seemed to happen at this table. It could tell many tales. What a pity we have to get rid of it” said John.

Memories were interrupted by a commotion made by the next generation of children rushing in.

“Come on, you oldies, come outside and have a game of cricket or something. Its hot in here and lovely outside. And you have done enough remembering”.

“Well”, said John, “the table might fit inside my garage and with the doors open it won’t matter where the table tennis balls go to”.

END

Collection No. 3

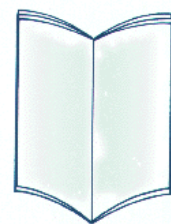
In previous collections pictured we’ve had old irons and bears. This time it’s elephants. Our collector is **Bev Morley** who has been collecting them for over 36 years. Bev says she was given her first elephant at a traumatic time in her life by a dear friend and has been adding to her collection ever since. The collection, which numbers 800 at the moment is scattered throughout the house and outside as well. There are two tables, supported by elephants of course. As well as buying them she has also made some and wears one at all times.

Friends returning from overseas have contributed.

Bev has visited Thailand where she worked with elephants for a week, washing and walking them.



BOOK



This ambiguous illusion is an open book, literally. Are the pages fanned toward you or away from you? If you see the figure is a book, as most do, you might assume there is text on the far side because there is none on this side. This might cause you to interpret the visible side as the back of the book. But it can be seen either way ... the vertical line can be the outside spine of the book, or it might suddenly change into the inside 'gutter' of the book.

Winifred Campbell-Wagga Writer



Winifred is a well known writer of award winning poetry who has had her work published. Many of her poems describe her experiences while living in the outback of Australia.

Winifred Campbell (*nee Hull*) was born in February, 1927 at Woonona, a small township on the NSW coast which has since become a northern suburb of its larger neighbour, Wollongong. This was during the Depression and there were to be many changes of abode until Winifred's parents settled on thirty acres at Cartwright's Hill, Wagga Wagga.

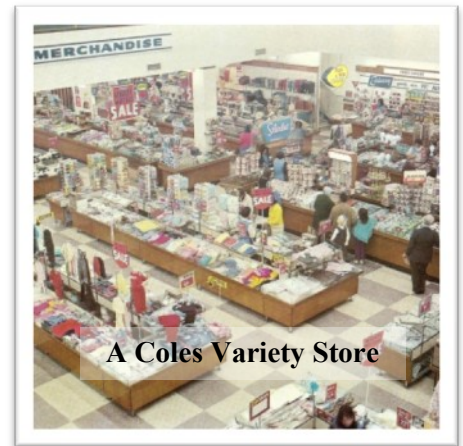
Most of Winifred's childhood was spent here, until at the age of seventeen she found employment as a governess to a little boy on a sheep station at Henty.

From there she went to Gloucester to work as a subsidised school teacher on a cattle station. It was a subsidised school, which is, a one teacher school subsidised by the NSW Government. It was in a room at the station homestead, with children coming from three families. The family living on the station had four children. One of the other families lived five miles (8½ kilometres) away. They sent two children to school regularly, with a little girl of four attending sometimes on a Friday. The third family, who were also about five miles away, had a young girl. They all rode horses to school.

That was when Winifred learned to ride a horse, because after the first six weeks of boarding at the station, she had to board with one of the other families – and ride to school.

Many years later Winifred wrote a poem called "Horse Riding" which appears in her book of published poems and describes some of her experiences on the station.

When her teaching contract finished at Gloucester Winifred came back to Wagga to find work. One of the first jobs in Wagga was working at Dunlop's factory making raincoats. Leaving this job she then found work at Coles variety store in Fitzmaurice Street. This at the time was next door to the Rural Bank which then became the State Bank, and in turn Defence Housing. While working there Coles moved to larger premises next door to Hunters opposite what was then the main Wagga Post Office.



While working at Coles Winifred met a young man to whom she became engaged. He was a pilot instructor. One day he took some one for a training flight and there was a tragic mishap. It is believed that the trainee crashed the plane and both were killed.

Not knowing what to do, Winifred stayed on at Coles for a while, before heading off to Sydney to find work. At first she found work in a radio plastics factory polishing the radio casings, a job she found rather boring. Then one day while having lunch she saw an advertisement from the 'Woman's Mirror' magazine for clerical staff. She applied for the position and got the job, one which she came to enjoy.

When the editor was away on holiday Winifred was given the responsibility of looking after the "Piccaninny's" pages for children. This entailed reading the children's letters and judging the competitions in which prizes were presented.

In 1956 Winifred was married and for the next six years lived in Broken Hill with her husband.

Then her husband got a job on the 'Dog proof Fence' near the Queensland Border, at 'Adelaide Gate'.

This fence was built in the 1880's to keep dingoes out of the sheep bearing country of Southern Queensland and other southern states. It stretches for 5, 614 kilometres through arid country from the Darling Downs in Queensland to the Great Australian Bight in South Australia. At 180 cm high and 30 cm underground it is the longest fence in the world.

About every twenty miles (32.3 kilometres) along the fence is



a gate to give access to the other side. Alongside each gate is a house where the Boundary Rider, (who looks after that section), together with his wife and family, live.

And so, Adelaide Gate was the actual gate alongside which Winifred and her family lived, (she had two young children by this time) with the nearest neighbour twenty miles away.

It was very dry, particularly in summer when there were dust storms.

The township of Tibooburra was only sixty miles away but was rarely visited as the outback roads were difficult to drive on, it once taking three hours just one way using chains on the wheels because the road was wet.



Then in 1963 there was the Bulloo Floods. The Bulloo River in Queensland flooded, sending a massive amount of water down into the Channel Country in the Northwest of New South Wales. All the channels were flooded, and Winifred with her family was evacuated to Wompah because they had no airstrip. Although Adelaide Gate was on a sort of island about a mile square, the surrounding channels were up to two miles wide and if the Flying Doctor was needed there was nowhere for him to land.



The house was in no danger of being flooded, but the fact was they were cut off from civilisation. So they were moved out before the flood waters came down. The only way people could get back was by boat across the Bulloo Creek, which by then was about twelve miles wide.

Winifred's husband made a boat using flattened out petrol drums which the men used to cross the flood waters. But it was six months (from January to July) before Winifred and the children could return to Adelaide Gate. There was still about two miles of water to drive through. While doing so they had to keep the

wheels of the Land Rover in the wheel tracks. This proved hair-raising as the water was still pretty deep and even though a land Rover is fairly high off the ground they had to keep their feet up.

Indeed, quite a few people did get bogged, including "Old Bill" the Dogger (the official dingo catcher), who was known to them. Old Bill got bogged one night and had to wade out and walk to the nearest station, which was about twelve miles away to get help. This was eventually accomplished with a tractor.

Winifred and her family were at Adelaide Gate for two years, a period which was to provide Winifred with material for a number of poems, including 'Old Bill the Dogger', 'Back of Bourke' and 'The Boundary Rider's Wife'. All of which have been published.

Winifred reared four children at this outback post, miles from civilisation and without the benefits of conveniences we take for granted today, such as electricity.

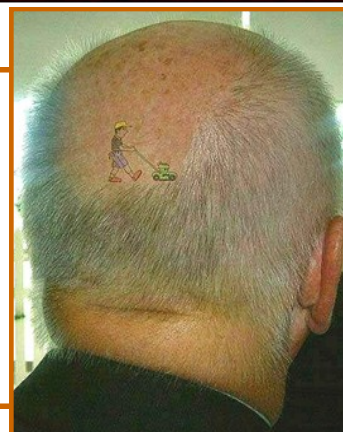


In December 1963 Winifred moved back to Wagga where in 1980 she was to become involved with the 'School for Seniors' and the 'Creative Writing' class. She has written numerous poems and a short story which has won awards, and has competed successfully in the Wagga Wagga Eisteddfod. END

Tattoo Of The Year

Give us a sense of humour, Lord,
Give us the grace to see a joke,
To get some humour out of life,
And pass it on to other folk.

Can you imagine sitting behind him in church??



Horse Riding

By Winifred Campbell
(With permission of the Author)

On Kauthi cattle station at a tiny country school
I had to learn to ride a horse because they had a rule
That the teacher stayed for half a year, then moved to board
elsewhere.

And so I had to learn to ride a very stubborn mare.
Now Jenny was a piebald which appeared to do no harm,
But just to show me how she felt, she bit me on the arm.

I learned to trot and canter, my body tense with strain,
And if she shied or galloped I hung on to her mane.
I persevered with learning, which made me sore, of course,
But still, I felt so very pleased that I could ride a horse.

In Kauthi cattle country, homes are few and far between,
So back and forth to school I rode, around the hills so green
And in the balmy weather when the sun was shining bright
The views of distant valleys always filled me with delight.

The roads, (or were they tracks?) unfenced, meandered
round the hills,
And often on my way to school I had some little spills.
The children laughed, and said in fun; 'That's your
selection there'.
And just because my pride was hurt I said I didn't care.

Now, Vince was there, a stockman. He was sun-tanned,
broad and strong.
I never saw a man who rode so well, or worked so long,
And he could handle cattle when the beasts were really
wild.
I loved to see his face light up, like sunshine when he
smiled.

So after school I'd sometimes stay, long after half past
three
And wander to the stockyards, such exciting things to see
As branding of the cattle, or the horses broken in,
And then I'd saddle Jenny, and my homeward ride begin.

And once we all enjoyed and shared a most eventful day,
A real Australian bush rodeo, seven miles away.
We got an early start and took some extra nags along,
A happy crowd with children and adults, but things went
wrong..

Old Jenny shied and I fell off—a stupid thing to do -
And on my leg she left a bruise the shape of her new shoe.
Then Vince said; 'Don't fall off your horse, hold tightly to
the reins.
So his advice I kept in mind, in spite of aches and pains.

Then on we went to real bush fun just seven miles away.
I'm sure that all the people had a most exciting day.
The stockmen rode to prove their skill, they don't believe
in luck
Though horses hate the straps about their flanks that made
them buck
And riding bareback, roping calves, and riding bulls and
steers,
They filled the day with action and excitement, shouts and
cheers.

Then on the homeward trip, a most delightful moonlit
ride,
Old Jenny, frightened by a horse which came and nipped
her side,
Lashed out and kicked and bolted. Far ahead I saw a gate
And with dismay I wondered would she jump. Was that my
fate?

I gripped the reins. The gravel track flew past beneath her
feet,
But still I rode, determined now that I would keep my seat,
And then to my surprise she stopped. I looked around with
pride.
To Vince, at last, I'd proved beyond a doubt, that I could
ride.



Amazing 2011

Fact 1. Did you know that if you take your age you will be this year (2011), and add the year you were born, the two numbers will add up to 2011?

Fact 2. Take the last two digits of your birth, add the age you will be this year. The result will be 111 - for everyone!

Fact 3. This year we are going to experience four unusual dates - 1/1/11, 1/11/11, 11/1/11, 11/11/11



Winifred is a Wagga writer and author of a published book of poetry—for further information contact the editor.

Getting Old...

How You Know It's Happening To You

Eventually you will reach a point when you stop lying about your age and start bragging about it.

Don't let anyone tell you you're getting old. Squash their toes with your rocker.

The older we get, the fewer things seem worth waiting in line for.

Some people try to turn back their odometers. Not me. I want people to know why I look this way. I've travelled a long way and some of the roads weren't paved.

Maturity means being emotionally and mentally healthy. It is that time when you know when to say yes and when to say no, and when to say whoopee.

How old would you be if you didn't know how old you are?

When you are dissatisfied and would like to go back to youth, think of Algebra.

You know you are getting old when everything either dries up or leaks.

I don't know how I got over the hill without getting to the top.

The golden years are really just metallic years, gold in the tooth, silver in your hair, and lead in the rear.

Life would be infinitely happier if we could only be born at the age of 80 and gradually approach 18.

One of the many things no one tells you about aging is that it is such a nice change from being young. One must wait until evening to see how splendid the day has been.

Age seldom arrives smoothly or quickly. It is more often a succession of jerks.

Yeah, being young is beautiful, but being old is comfortable.

Old age is when former classmates are so gray and wrinkled, and blind they don't recognize you.

If you don't learn to laugh at trouble, you won't have anything to laugh at when you are old.

AND LAST BUT NOT LEAST

First you forget names, then you forget faces. Then you forget to pull your zipper up, and then you forget to pull your zipper down.

... How Much Are You Worth? ...

Ever wonder how much you're worth? Well, we know all humans are priceless, but seriously, ever wonder how much money the elements found in your body are worth?

Well...when we total the monetary value of the elements in our bodies and the value of the average person's skin, we arrive at a net worth of \$4.50.

This value is, however, subject to change, due to stock market fluctuations. Since the studies leading to this conclusion were conducted by the U.S. and by Japan respectively, it might be wise to consult the New York Stock Exchange and the Nikkei Index before deciding when to sell! The U.S. Bureau of Chemistry and Soils invested many a hard-earned tax dollar in calculating the chemical and mineral composition of the human body, which breaks down as follows:

| | | |
|----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
| 65% Oxygen | 0.35% Potassium | 10% Hydrogen |
| 0.25% Sulphur | 1% Phosphorous | 18% Carbon |
| 0.15% Sodium | 1.5% Calcium | 0.0004% Iron |
| 0.15% Chlorine | 3% Nitrogen | 0.05% Magnesium |

Additionally, it was discovered that our bodies contain trace quantities of fluorine, silicon, manganese, zinc, copper, aluminium, and arsenic. Together, all of the above amounts to less than one dollar.

Our most valuable asset is our skin, which the Japanese invested their time and money in measuring.

The method the Imperial State Institute for Nutrition at Tokyo developed for measuring the amount of a person's skin is to take a naked person, and to apply a strong, thin paper to every surface of his body.

After the paper dries, they carefully remove it, cut it into small pieces, and painstakingly total the person's measurements. Cut and dried, the average person is the proud owner of fourteen to eighteen square feet of skin, with the variations. Basing the skin's value on the selling price of cowhide, which is approximately \$.25 per square foot, the value of an average person's skin is about \$3.50. Add the above chemical components and we have the tidy sum of \$4.50 ... not a bad capital gain. Of course, then there are capital gain taxes but that's not the subject of this report.

AND WHO SAYS WE'RE NOT RICH!

Silver in the Hair

Gold in the Teeth.

Stones in the Kidneys

Sugar in the Blood.

Lead in the Butt.

Iron in the Arteries.

And an inexhaustible supply of natural gas.

I never thought I'd accumulate such wealth!





The Crows Joke Page



A farmer named Sid was overseeing his stock in a remote outback pasture in Northern Territory when suddenly a brand-new BMW advanced toward him out of a cloud of dust.

The driver, a young man in a Brioni suit, Gucci shoes, RayBan sunglasses and YSL tie, leaned out the window and asked the farmer, "If I tell you exactly how many cows and calves you have in your herd, Will you give me a calf?"

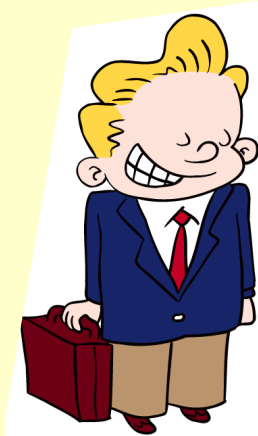
Sid looks at the man, obviously a yuppie, then looks at his peacefully grazing stock and calmly answers, "Sure, why not?"

The yuppie parks his car, whips out his Dell notebook computer, connects it to his Cingular RAZR V3 cell phone, and surfs to a NASA page on the Internet, where he calls up a GPS satellite to get an exact fix on his location which he then feeds to another NASA satellite that scans the area in an ultra-high-resolution photo.

The young man then opens the digital photo in Adobe Photoshop and exports it to an image processing facility in Hamburg, Germany. Within seconds, he receives an email on his Palm Pilot that the image has been processed and the data stored. He then accesses an MS-SQL database through an ODBC connected Excel spreadsheet with email on his Blackberry and, after a few minutes, receives a response.

Finally, he prints out a full-colour, 150-page report on his hi-tech, miniaturized HP LaserJet printer, turns to the farmer and says, "You have exactly 1,586 cows and calves."

"That's right. Well, I guess you can take one of my calves," says Sid.



He watches the young man select one of the animals and looks on with amusement as the young man stuffs it into the back of his car.

Then Sid says to the young man, "Hey, if I can tell you exactly what your business is, will you give me back my calf?"

The young man thinks about it for a second and then says, "Okay, why not?"

"You're a Member of Parliament for our Government", says Sid.

"Wow! That's correct," says the yuppie, "but how did you guess that?"

"No guessing required." answered the farmer. "You showed up here even though nobody called you; you want to get paid for an answer I already knew, to a question I never asked. You used millions of pounds worth of equipment trying to show me how much smarter than me you are; and you don't know a thing about how working people make a living - or about cows, for that matter. This is a flock of sheep. ...

Now give me back my dog!

Turpentine

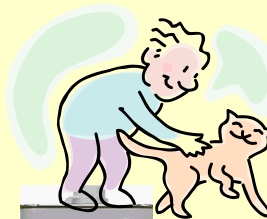
A little boy was sitting on the curb with a gallon of turpentine and shaking it and watching the bubbles. A little while later a Priest came along and asked the little boy what he had.

The little boy replied, "This is the most powerful liquid in the world, its' called turpentine."

The Priest said, "No, the most powerful liquid in the world is Holy Water. If you take some of this Holy Water and rub it on a pregnant women's belly, she'll pass a healthy baby.

The little boy said;

"You take some of this here turpentine and rub it on a cat's ass and he'll pass a Harley Davidson."



Computer Hints & Tips

Tips on how to create a strong password

Choosing a strong password is of great importance to everyone. However, it is not always easy to know what makes a strong and secure password which would leave hackers empty handed and reduce the potential of being a victim of other online threats.

Here are some simple tips on how to choose your password.

A safe and secure password must follow the following criteria:

It should contain special characters such as @#\$\$%^&

It must be at least 8 characters long.

It shouldn't be simply common words such as "password" or your login name, neither be your birth date, 123 or any words that can be found in the dictionary in any language.

It must contain a variety of capital and lower case letters.

Also, these are the elements that you should definitely avoid when creating your password:

Logical sequences such as names of places.

Common words such as 'airplane' should be replaced with symbols, example 'a!rPlan£s'.

Family names and dates of birth shouldn't be included in a password.

Finally, it's very important to use a different password for each website you register with, the reason being that should you forget your password, you will no longer have access to your email account, chat or other services which you probably make use of on a daily basis.



Utilising search engines

In the search for information on specific topics, you can be overwhelmed with useless information. Here is an explanation of how to optimise the use of search engines.

Here we are looking at Google, the largest search engine in use today. The whole idea of utilising search engine capabilities is to be able to cut out the middle information we are fed that we don't actually need, and to be given exactly what we want! Let's get started:

• Please go to the following address in internet browser (Internet explorer/Firefox etc.)

<http://www.google.com.au/>

• To the right of the search box there is a small word saying Advanced Search
Click this.

• We will now be presented with a large range of data fields that can be entered.

• For example, let's say we wanted to search for a website on conspiracy theories relating to the assassination of John F Kennedy, we could use the following words: Oswald Kennedy Conspiracy. Type this into the first row.

• If we had an exact quote that we knew from the past, such as from a news article we were looking up, we could place this in (or the exact headline) the next box given.

• The next box can be used if you have more specific information but it not too relevant.

• The important box here is the "Don't show pages that have"

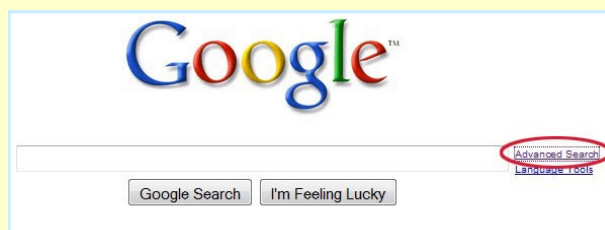
This tool is very creative and will eliminate any of the pages with certain words from our list. For example if we wanted to look it up with no words about the government, we would put it into this box. This will eliminate many of the thousands pages we would have otherwise got.

• The next box, Need more tools? Is quite good, I personally hate having to click between those 10 items only limits when you search, but you can select to see up to 100 on the one page with this great tool!

• You can also select the language or the file format in this area.

• The final box is extremely useful; I forget the full name of a website I visited all the time! But with this tool, I can place part of the name in if I remember something I looked up there, and it will find it for me!

• Now that all your information is placed in, at the bottom right hand side of that large box of information is a button named Advanced Search. Click this and we are done.



My Mate Paddy

Paddy is an incredibly smart bloke. When he was a young fellow he once bought a donkey from a farmer for \$100. The farmer agreed to deliver the donkey the next day. The farmer drove up and said, "sorry son, but I have some bad news. The donkey's dead." Paddy replied, "Well then just give me my money back." The farmer replied, "Can't do that. I've already spent it."

Paddy said "OK, then, just give me the dead donkey."

The farmer asked, "What are you going to do with him?"

Paddy said, "I'm going to raffle him off." The farmer said, "You can't raffle a dead donkey!"

Paddy said, "Sure I can, watch me....I just won't tell anyone he's dead."

A month later, the farmer met up with Paddy and asked, "What happened with that dead donkey?"

Paddy replied, "I raffled him off, I sold 500 tickets at \$2 apiece and made a profit of \$898."

The farmer said, "Didn't anyone complain?"

Paddy said, "Just the guy who won, so I gave him back his \$2."

Paddy was taking a walk in the country. In a field he noticed something that intrigued him. "Why doesn't this cow have any horns?" He asked the local farmer.

"Well sir, cattle can do damage with their horns so we usually keep them trimmed down with a hacksaw. You can also treat young calves so their horns never grow. And some breeds don't have any horns at all," the farmer replied.

The farmer continued, "But this cow doesn't have any horns because it is a horse!"

A bloke stopped Paddy for directions... "Excuse me pal, what's the quickest way to Turvey Park?"

Paddy said "Are you on foot or in the car?"

The bloke said "In the car."

Paddy replied "That's the quickest!"

Paddy was waiting at the bus stop with one of his other mates when a lorry went by loaded with rolls of turf.

Paddy said, "I'm gonna do that when I win the lottery". "Whats dat", says his mate

"Send me lawn away to be cut."

It happened a while ago in Dublin, long before Paddy came to Australia and even though it sounds like an Alfred Hitchcock tale, it's said to be true!

John Bradford, a Dublin University student, was on the side of the road hitchhiking on a very dark night and in the midst of a big storm.

The night was rolling on and no car went by. The storm was so strong he could hardly see a few feet ahead of him.

Suddenly, he saw a car slowly coming towards him and stopped. John, desperate for shelter and without thinking about it, got into the car and closed the door.. only to realise there was nobody behind the wheel and the engine wasn't on.

The car started moving slowly. John looked at the road ahead and saw a bend approaching. Scared, he started to pray, begging for his life. Then, just before the car hit the bend, a hand appeared out of nowhere through the window and turned the wheel. John, paralysed with terror, watched as the hand came through the window, but never touched or harmed him.

Shortly thereafter John saw the lights of a pub appear down the road, so, gathering strength, he jumped out of the car and ran to it. Wet and out of breath, he rushed inside and started telling everybody about the horrible experience he had just had.

A silence enveloped the pub when everybody realized he was crying and.... wasn't drunk.

Suddenly, the door opened, and two other people walked in from the dark and stormy night. They, like John, were also soaked and out of breath.

Looking around, and seeing John Bradford sobbing at the bar, one said to the other...

'Look Paddy..there's that idiot that got in the car while we were pushing it!'

