

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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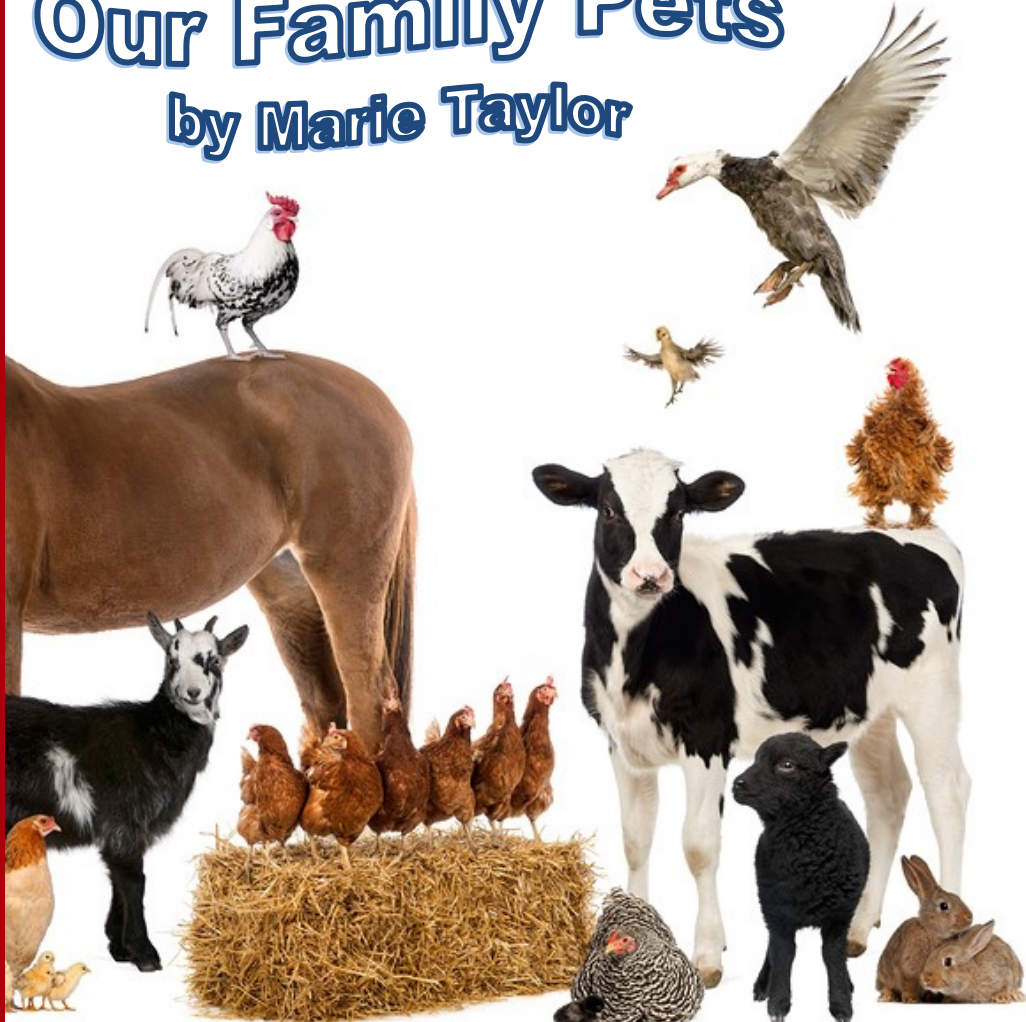
Our Family Pets

by Marie Taylor



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Editor's Notes

Blimey! It can't be nearly half way through the year can it? We have finally filled in the couple of missing positions in our committee and look forward to another great year of activities.

But not before looking back briefly to remember our past committee members who have put so much into this club. To Jim, Robyn, Jo, Dawn... Thank you so much.

This last month has seen the "Fresh" programme come and go with all the activities associated with that. Some of us still mourn the loss of our dedicated "Seniors Week" that is held in other parts of the state but of course our Council know what they are doing!

We have had some interruptions to our usual activities during that time with Easter and ANZAC Day breaks but now it is full steam ahead. The month of May will see us visit our friends at Narrandera Senior Citizens.

Whatever activity at the club you are interested in, just remember, you are the Club, without you we do not exist. So, see you there!

..... 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

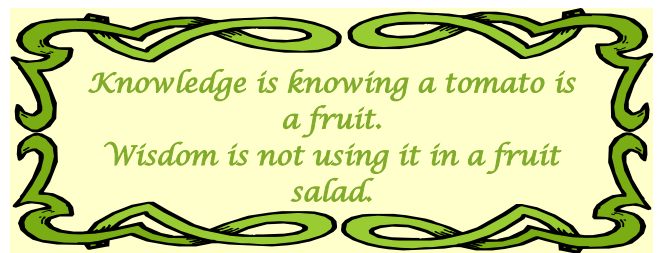
President	Ellen Downey	69224903
Vice President	Barbara Moorhead	69712940
Treasurer	Lise Chan.	69262468
Assistant Treasurer	Bev Morley	69228536
Secretary	Coralie Bond	
Assistant Secretary	Phyllis Ward	

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

WAGGA WAGGA SENIOR CITIZENS' COMPUTER CLUB—COMMITTEE 2019

Chairperson	Barbara Moorhead	Ph.: 69712940
Secretary	Barry Williams	Ph.: 69253065
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



One of our (crafty) members Bev Morley is shown here with some of her "Diamond Art Painting". Like a combination of cross-stitch and paint-by-numbers, diamond painting is the new creative hobby that's taking the crafting world by storm. You simply apply colourful resin rhinestones to richly-pigmented canvas paintings. The result? Visually dazzling, mosaic diamond artworks that sparkle, shimmer, and shine.



One of our craft group seniors Nellmore Simpson was caught busily crocheting recently at the Club. Nellmore also shared this picture of a clock-work knitting clock in her possession.



Much loved and respected senior member Albert (Alby) Sloan (front centre given a Farewell Afternoon Tea last Monday Feb 25th by his bowling buddies and other members as he prepares to move away from Wagga in the care of one of his daughters. Good luck and health Alby!

March General Meeting guest speaker Kirsty Campbell from NSW Roads & Maritime spoke about new and misunderstood road rules.



This was a follow up from a talk she gave last year. Afterwards there were handouts.

Seniors in Focus



Dawn McDermott ® was presented with a Certificate of Appreciation for her many years of service to the club.



Club carpet bowlers in action.



Thursday morning line dancing lessons.





By Marie Taylor (Nee Lovell)

Raising my family on a farm you can imagine we had so many different types of pets, so I thought I would write a little story about them. One day my husband had been to a clearing sale and he returned home with a little black and white fox terrier called "Nip", the children loved him so much... he really became part of the family. He was so friendly and the children played with him as much as possible and he used to go around the farm in the ute with my husband... he lived to a good old age.

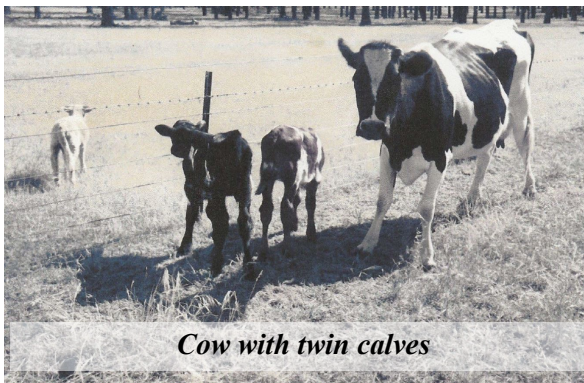
One Christmas my husband came home with a white cockatoo he had found with a broken foot and we put him into a wooden cage and looked after him, The children were trying to teach him to talk but he wasn't interested and would just peck at his cage and one day he pecked his way out of the cage and broke free... never to be seen again by the children; they were devastated.

One year we had a terrible mice plague and the gardener at the children's school advised us that we get a ginger cat and four kittens to help get rid of the mice... so we arranged for the children to bring them home on their school bus. The children were so excited when they finally brought them home, but the mother cat didn't like it and she ended up jumping off the bus so we had to raise the kittens. As they grew they were able to get rid of the mice and keep all the mice at bay for a long time in the future; we ended up with so many ginger cats.

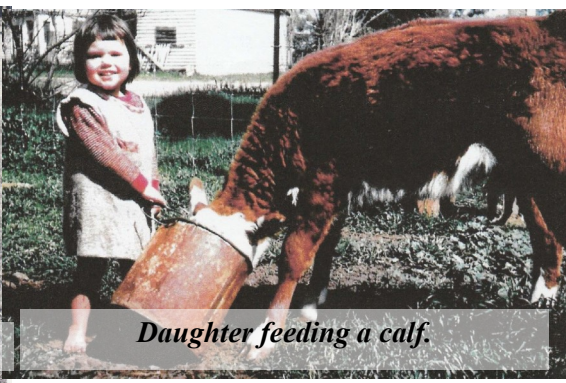


Daughter with the ginger kittens.

On the farm we had lots of cows; some for beef and some for milking. It was the children's job to milk the cows both in the morning and at night. We had Jerseys and Friesians and we named them all; but there were a couple you could never forget. Molly was a calm cow who just let you milk her with no problems, Joanie Babes loved food and as soon as she saw the food she would come running and as long as she had food she was happy; and then there was Bevie;



Cow with twin calves



Daughter feeding a calf.

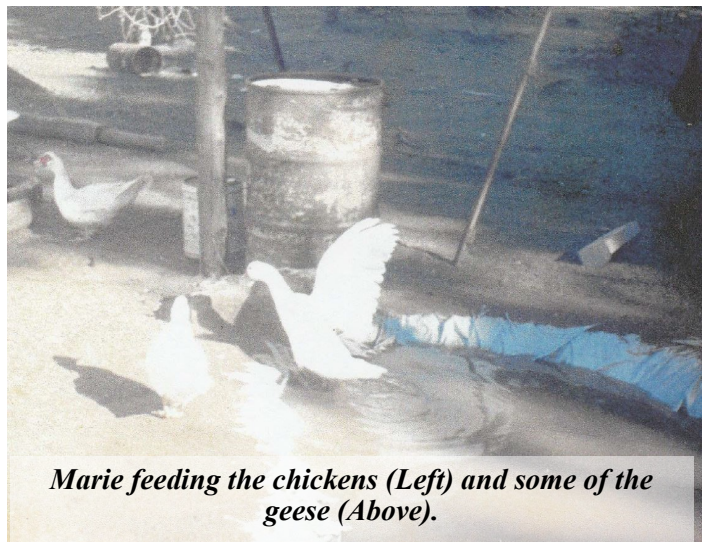
so known as Karate Cow, who wouldn't let you touch her, so you had to put a leg rope on so you could milk her without her kicking you... but sometimes it didn't stop her. We also had a number of pigs... and the kids had to clean out the pig yards... and I have been told that whilst my daughter

tried to clean out the pig yards the pigs would try and eat her gumboots... they would eat anything they could.



Son feeding the pigs.

We also had ducks and chooks. When I was first married that's how we made some money, selling ducks and their eggs, then later with the chooks. When we got the new chickens home, all the children would come and play with them as they were so cute and fluffy. Then they would grow up and lay their eggs and make the family some money selling the eggs to the egg board. We had a few roosters, one in particular which was white and black called Fredrick and my boss at one stage even gave us a turkey just to add to the mix.



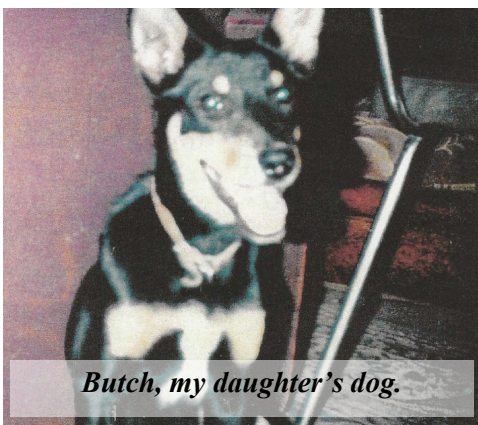
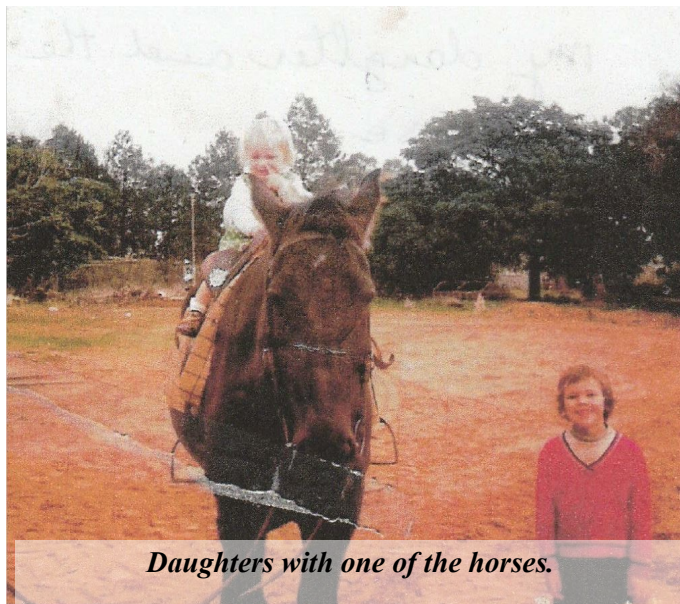
Marie feeding the chickens (Left) and some of the geese (Above).

We had some horses too; my husband had a horse when he was young called Robin, who he was so attached too. Then he got a couple more horses called Prince, Ginger and Hawkeye... the kids did learn to ride them and when my son and daughter were droving sheep for 6 months they took our horse Ginger... my daughter said she changed his name to Pharlap; because he was so slow as he was getting older.

My daughter Cheryl one day on the farm found a little rabbit and she and my husband caught it and Cheryl made it her pet; then decided to create her own little zoo. She had rabbits, Guinea pigs, budgies, ducks, geese, Chinese chooks and even fish. The kids loved them; but over the years they either died or flew away. By this time Cheryl had left home and moved to the big smoke in Sydney. But I remember all the fun they had with them.

One pet we never expected to have was peacocks; they wandered over to our farm from our neighbours and stayed for a long time.

There was a male and female and they just used to wander around the farm... especially around the sheep yards. We all used to love it when they showed their tails, they eventually went back to their home again... we really missed them around the place.



Lastly, what is a farm without dogs?

We had so many sheep dogs but there are three of them that we all still talk about.

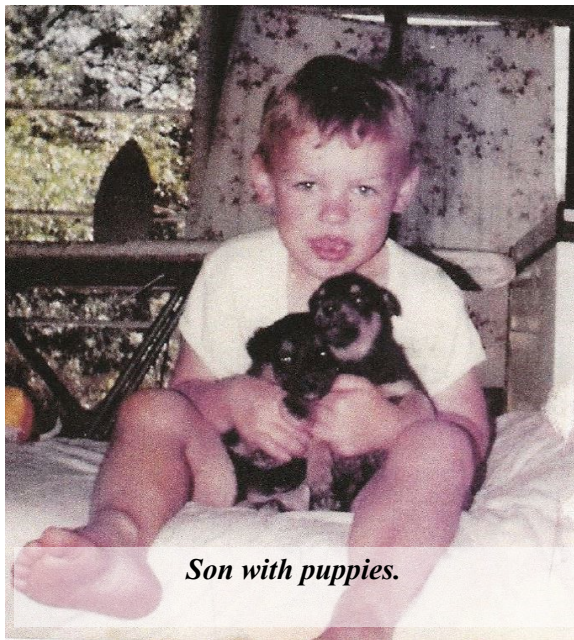
My husband's dogs Rusty and Tammy and my daughter Cheryl's dog Butch. Rusty and Tammy were expensive sheep dogs. My husband loved Rusty, he was an amazing dog and did everything Ben would say, and Tammy just followed Rusty. Unfortunately one whilst we were droving sheep Rusty was run over by a semi. It broke everyone's heart as he was an amazing dog.

We still had Tammy, who received the nickname "Mother Superior as she went everywhere with him and even stayed in the front seat... once I had to sit in the back set as Tammy was in the front seat already. Tammy died from old age.

The other dog was Butch, Cheryl's dog; she raised him from a puppy and used to ride

the motorbike around with a bag in front of her with Butch in the bag as a little puppy. Cheryl and Butch did everything together; she even tried to bring him into her bedroom to go to sleep all the time. As Butch grew up she would teach him things like shaking hands, giving the high five to each other, playing hide and seek, which Butch didn't like when he couldn't find Cheryl. He would play it again and made sure he had her in his sight.

Not only was Butch a good friend for Cheryl, he was an amazing sheep dog but then again he was a Kelpie too. Cheryl took him droving with her and one person even offered her \$1000 for him but she could never sell him. But like Ben's dog Rusty, Butch was eventually run over and Cheryl was devastated and still misses him today, she will love him forever.



ALZHEIMER'S EYE TEST

(I love this part.. its absolutely amazing!)
Count every "F" in the following text:

FINISHED FILES ARE THE RESULT OF YEARS OF SCIENTIFIC STUDY COMBINED WITH THE EXPERIENCE OF YEARS.....

WRONG, THERE ARE 6 -- no joke...

READ IT AGAIN!

Really, go Back and Try to find the 6 F's before you scroll down.

The reasoning behind it is that the brain cannot process "OF".

Anyone who counts all 6 "F's" on the first go is a genius.

This is one of the funnier essays I have seen about ...

Colonoscopy.

By Dave Barry

... I called my friend Andy Sable, a gastroenterologist, to make an appointment for a colonoscopy. A few days later, in his office, Andy showed me a colour diagram of the colon, a lengthy organ that appears to go all over the place, at one point passing briefly through Minneapolis .

Then Andy explained the colonoscopy procedure to me in a thorough, reassuring and patient manner. I nodded thoughtfully, but I didn't really hear anything he said, because my brain was shrieking, quote, 'HE'S GOING TO STICK A TUBE 17,000 FEET UP YOUR BEHIND!' I left Andy's office with some written instructions, and a prescription for a product called 'MoviPrep, 'which comes in a box large enough to hold a microwave oven. I will discuss MoviPrep in detail later; for now suffice it to say that we must never allow it to fall into the hands of America 's enemies. I spent the next several days productively sitting around being nervous. Then, on the day before my colonoscopy, I began my preparation. In accordance with my instructions, I didn't eat any solid food that day; all I had was chicken broth, which is basically water, only with less flavour. Then, in the evening, I took the MoviPrep. You mix two packets of powder together in a one-litre plastic jug, then you fill it with lukewarm water. (For those unfamiliar with the metric system, a litre is about 32 gallons.) Then you have to drink the whole jug. This takes about an hour, because MoviPrep tastes - and here I am being kind - like a mixture of goat spit and urinal cleanser, with just a hint of lemon. The instructions for MoviPrep, clearly written by somebody with a great sense of humour, state that after you drink it, 'a loose watery bowel movement may result.'

This is kind of like saying that after you jump off your roof, you may experience contact with the ground. MoviPrep is a nuclear laxative. I don't want to be too graphic, here, but: Have you ever seen a space-shuttle launch? This is pretty much the MoviPrep experience, with you as the shuttle. There are times when you wish the commode had a seat belt. You spend several hours pretty much confined to the bathroom, spurting violently. You eliminate everything. And then, when you figure you must be totally empty, you have to drink another litre of MoviPrep, at which point, as far as I can tell, your bowels travel into the future and start eliminating food that you have not even eaten yet. After an action-packed evening, I finally got to sleep. The next morning my wife drove me to the clinic. I was very nervous. Not only was I worried about the procedure, but I had been experiencing occasional return bouts of MoviPrep spurtage. I was thinking, 'What if I spurt on Andy?' How do you apologize to a friend for something like that?

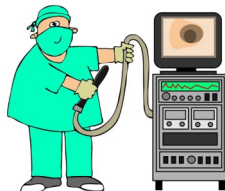
Flowers would not be enough. At the clinic I had to sign many forms acknowledging that I understood and totally agreed with whatever the heck the forms said. Then they led me to a room full of other colonoscopy people, where I went inside a little curtained space and took off my clothes and put on one of those hospital garments designed by sadist perverts, the kind that, when you put it on, makes you feel even more naked than when you are actually naked. Then a nurse named Eddie put a little needle in a vein in my left hand. Ordinarily I would have fainted, but Eddie was very good, and I was already lying down. Eddie also told me that some people put vodka in their MoviPrep. At first was ticked off that I hadn't thought of this, but then I pondered what would happen if you got yourself too tipsy to make it to the bathroom, so you were staggering around in full Fire Hose Mode. You would have no choice but to burn your house.

When everything was ready, Eddie wheeled me into the procedure room, where Andy was waiting with a nurse and an anaesthesiologist. I did not see the 17,000-foot tube, but I knew Andy had it hidden around there somewhere. I was seriously nervous at this point. Andy had me roll over on my left side, and the anaesthesiologist began hooking something up to the needle in my hand. There was music playing in the room, and I realized that the song was 'Dancing Queen' by Abba. I remarked to Andy that, of all the songs that could be playing during this particular procedure, 'Dancing Queen' has to be the least appropriate. 'You want me to turn it up?' said Andy, from somewhere behind me. 'Ha ha,' I said. And then it was time, the moment I had been dreading for more than a decade. If you are squeamish, prepare yourself, because I am going to tell you, in explicit detail, exactly what it was like. I have no idea. Really. I slept through it.

One moment, Abba was shrieking 'Dancing Queen! Feel the beat from the tambourine ...' and the next moment, I was back in the other room, waking up in a very mellow mood. Andy was looking down at me and asking me how I felt. I felt excellent. I felt even more excellent when Andy told me that it was all over, and that my colon had passed with flying colours.

I have never been prouder of an internal organ.

ABOUT THE WRITER Dave Barry is a Pulitzer Prize-winning humour columnist.



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

A Step Back in Time

Clive Bailey was the only child of William Henry and Sarah Bailey who came to the Millthorpe district of New South Wales about 1906 when Clive was about 3-4 years old.

They bought a property known as "Glenowrie" on the Millthorpe / Beneree Road, in the Village of Forest Reefs, which was at that time a gold mining village.

The property consisted of a parcel of grazing land and an hotel which they converted into a residence and butchers shop and traded under the name of W.H. Bailey & Son.

Clive operated the Butchery business by himself from the early 1930's after his father lost his leg from sepsis.

This entailed riding his saddle horse to Orange fourteen miles distant, buying cattle from the Orange sale yards, and driving them home by road. These were very long days for man and horse and took place every month or so.

Some sheep and cattle were bred on the property.

The cattle and sheep were slaughtered on the property and the slaughter house used for that purpose was still standing in 2003.

Slaughtering was performed mainly at night, sometimes in very hot weather, late at night.

He was assisted in the butcher's shop by his Mother Sarah and in later years by his eldest daughter Joyce, both of whom were able to cut meat. He had a sausage making machine that is on display in the Millthorpe museum.

The shop serviced a wide area and due to residents not having transport Clive took the meat in his cutting cart to the residents in outlying areas including the mining town of Cadia about 15-20 kilometres distant on a regular basis.

I recall him leaving in the late afternoon or early evening and know that he was out until all hours of the night in all-weather with his faithful old horse and kerosene lamp serving meat.

It was not an easy life, but he lived it and supported his mother and father, wife May and three children with good humour and great diligence until the shop closed in 1948-49 when he decided to become a farmer.

Clive retired to Orange in 1967 and left us in 1983 aged 80 years.

A life well lived. He was of course, my father. Coralie Bond.

Items from Clive Bailey's Butchers shop.



CLIVE BAILEY'S BUTCHERS SHOP

THE ITEMS IN THIS DISPLAY ALL CAME FROM CLIVE BAILEY'S BUTCHERS SHOP

CLIVE BAILEY OWNED AND OPERATED THE BUTCHERS SHOP ON THE BENEREER ROAD AT FOREST REEFS FROM THE EARLY 1900s UNTIL IT CLOSED IN 1949.

IN THOSE DAYS THE BUTCHER HAD TO BE CAPABLE IN ALL ASPECTS OF BUTCHERING, HE WOULD BUY THE STOCK, SLAUGHTER THEM IN THE SLAUGHTER HOUSE, IN SUMMERTIME THIS WAS ALWAYS CARRIED OUT AT NIGHT TIME TO MINIMISE THE TROUBLE WITH BLOW FLIES, AND AS THERE WAS NO REFRIGERATION, SLAUGHTERING HAD TO BE DONE EVERY COUPLE OF DAYS TO ASSURE A FRESH MEAT SUPPLY FOR THE CUSTOMERS. THE MEAT WAS THEN CARTED AND HUNG IN THE FLY PROOF MEAT ROOM. CORNED BEEF AND MUTTON WAS A STAPLE DIET FOR MANY, THE SALT HELPED TO PRESERVE THE MEAT WITHOUT REFRIGERATION. THE CORNING PROCESS INVOLVED "PUMPING" A BRINE SOLUTION INTO THE MEAT, THIS WAS DONE WITH A HAND PUMP AND HOLLOW NEEDLES 25cm TO 30cm LONG AND 5mm OR 6mm IN DIAMETER WITH HOLES ALL THE WAY ALONG THE NEEDLE. THE MEAT WAS LEFT TO SOAK IN THE BRINE VATS, CONCRETE VATS ABOUT 1M SQUARE AND 1M DEEP.

CLIVE ALSO RAN A "CUTTING CART". THIS WAS A HORSE AND CART WITH A FLYPROOF CABINET, A MOBILE BUTCHERS SHOP. THE TAIL GATE CAME DOWN TO ACT AS A BENCH, OTHER EQUIPMENT INCLUDED CHOPPING BLOCK, SCALES, MEAT HANGERS ETC. HIS MOBILE RUN TOOK HIM AROUND SPRING TERRACE, SPRING SIDE, AND HIS BIGGEST CUSTOMERS WERE THE MINERS AT CADIA. MOST OF THE "CUTTING CART" RUN WAS DONE IN THE COOL OF THE EVENING AND AT NIGHT. TWO REASONS FOR THIS, ONE WAS THE BLOW FLY PROBLEM, AND THE OTHER REASON WAS HE FOUND MORE PEOPLE HOME AT NIGHT. HE WOULD SOMETIMES BE OUT TIL 1 OR 2 IN THE MORNING.



Clive Bailey on his "meat cutting cart" (above).
Provided by, and courtesy of
Golden Memories Millthorpe Museum



Members' Contributions



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

A is for apple, and **B** is for boat, That used to be right, but now it won't float! Age before beauty is what we once said, But let's be a bit more realistic instead.

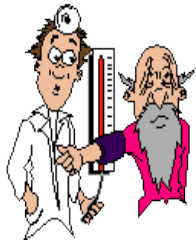
Now The New Alphabet:



A'S for arthritis; **B'S** the bad back, **C'S** the chest pains, perhaps car-di-ac?



D is for dental decay and decline, **E** is for eyesight, can't read that top line! **F** is for farting and fluid retention, **G** is for gut droop, which I'd rather not mention.



High blood pressure--I'd rather it low; **I** for incisions with scars you can show. **J** is for joints, out of socket, won't mend, **K** is for knees that crack when they bend. **L**'s for libido, what happened to sex? **M** is for memory, I forget what comes next. **N** is neuralgia, in nerves way down low; **O** is for osteo, bones that don't grow!



P for prescriptions, I have quite a few, just give me a pill and I'll be good as new! **Q** is for queasy, is it fatal or flu? **R** is for reflux, one meal turns to two.



S is for sleepless nights, counting my fears, **T** is for Tinnitus; bells in my ears! **U** is for urinary; troubles with flow; **V** for vertigo, that's 'dizzy,' you know..



W for worry, now what's going 'round? **X** is for X ray, and what might be found. **Y** for another year I'm left here behind, **Z** is for zest I still have-- in my mind!

I've survived all the symptoms, my body's deployed, And I'm keeping twenty-six doctors fully employed! Submitted by Robyn Weeden



Methul West Public School where two of our members received their early education. Submitted by Neil Harris.



Velma Spears has submitted this picture of her family using the latest farming machinery (of the day!)



Computer Hints & Tips



WHAT IS USAGE?

Nearly every online activity involves either downloading (data you receive) or uploading (data you send). The amount of usage you accumulate varies depending on the pages you visit and what you do online. If you exceed your plan's monthly usage allowance you'll either be billed an additional charge or your access will be slowed –based on the plan you have chosen. Remember, keeping track of your usage is up to you. If you know what's adding to your usage, you'll know how to manage it effectively.

UPLOAD & DOWNLOAD?

The easiest way to think about uploading and downloading is: **UPLOAD**–Information going 'from 'your computer **DOWNLOAD**–Information coming 'to 'your computer When you visit a website, view multi-media content such as video clips or just browse, you're downloading data to your computer. When you send an email you're uploading data from your computer. Both uploads and downloads count towards your usage allowance.

WHAT & HOW MUCH IS 1 MB?

A megabyte (MB) is a measure of computer storage. 1MB is made up of approximately 1000 kilobytes. If you measured a megabyte by pages of text, it would be roughly equal to 600 pages or a large novel. A plain text email has an average size of 2KB (kilobytes) –so a megabyte would be equal to about 500 plain text emails. A digital camera photo is usually between 1MB and 4MB in size, depending on the resolution and an MP3 music file is usually 4MB in size

WHAT ACTIVITIES IMPACT MY USAGE?

Here are some common applications and activities that can cause your usage to skyrocket.

- Peer to Peer
- Hackers
- File downloads
- Streaming Audio/video
- Using download managers
- Online gaming
- Sending and receiving emails
- News groups and chat
- Multiple users



You've just seen some examples of common activities that add to your usage. Did you know that some of the ways your usage adds up isn't so obvious and can even happen without you knowing? This could very well explain why your usage has crept up without you knowing why. Some websites are as they appear and use minimal megabytes -these sites are usually static and contain mostly text and very few images. However nowadays, most websites use more megabytes. They have a lot of content, are constantly changing to show the latest information, and typically contain lots of photos and images

COMMON HIDDEN USAGE CAUSES

CAUSES Here are common causes of usage that you may not be aware of: These days, most software includes an Automatic Update feature. It regularly contacts the software manufacturer online to check for and download updates. On one hand this is great. You don't have to remember to check for updates yourself or do anything to get them. However, software updates can be huge. They're downloaded on your internet account so this can really bump up your monthly usage. More info Digital photos mean that you can share your special moments with anyone anywhere in the world almost instantly. The size of a high quality digital photo taken with a standard 5 mega pixel camera could be up to 1 MB or more (better picture quality means bigger size and more usage). Remember, both sending and receiving file attachments will send your usage up, so sharing special moments with your family and friends over email could potentially cause your usage to climb really high!

AUTOMATIC DOWNLOADS, DIGITAL IMAGES & LARGE ATTACHMENTS

Automatic downloads

- Sending/receiving digital images, large attachments via email
- Downloading songs for your mp3 player, iPod
- Playing online games on your console (PlayStation®, Xbox)
- Emails that don't reach their destination



EMAILS THAT DON'T REACH THEIR DESTINATION

Usually you don't need to think twice about sending and receiving emails. But, sometimes emails get stuck between the email program on your computer and the mail server. This can happen when the messages you're trying to send or receive are too big and therefore can't get to their destination. Your email program/server will keep trying to send or receive the email and every time this happens your usage goes up.



Leave it to Beaver TV Series

<https://archive.org/details/leave.it.to.beaver.complete.series/LeaveItToBeaver-s01ep19-theBankAccount.avi>

[Just click on the links below!](#)

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



The Crows Joke Page

Paddy had long heard the stories of an amazing family tradition. It seems that his father, grandfather and great-grandfather had all been able to walk on water on their 18th birthday. On that special day, they'd each walked across the lake to the pub on the far side for their first legal drink.

So when Paddy's 18th birthday came around, he and his pal Mick, took a boat out to the middle of the lake, Paddy, stepped out of the boat and nearly drowned!

Mick just barely managed to pull him to safety. Furious and confused, Paddy went to see his grandmother.

'Grandma,' he asked, 'Tis me 18th birthday, so why can't I walk across the lake like me father, his father and his father before him?'

Granny looked deeply into Paddy's, troubled blue eyes and said, "Because ye father, ye grandfather and ye great-grandfather were all born in December, when the lake is frozen, and ye were born in August, ya idiot!"

THE PERFECT HUSBAND

Several men are in the locker room of a golf club. A cellular phone on a bench rings and a man engages the hands-free speaker function and begins to talk. Everyone else in the room stops to listen.

MAN: "Hello"...

WOMAN: "Hi Honey, it's me. Are you at the club?"

MAN: "Yes."

WOMAN: "I'm at the shops now and found this beautiful leather coat. It's only \$2,000; is it OK if I buy it?"

MAN: "Sure, go ahead if you like it that much."

WOMAN, "I also stopped by the Lexus dealership and saw the new models. I saw one I really liked."

MAN: "How much?"

WOMAN: "\$90,000."

MAN: "OK, but for that price I want it with all the options."

WOMAN: "Great! Oh, and one more thing... I was just talking to Janie and found out that the house I wanted last year is back on the market. They're asking \$980,000 for it."

MAN: "Well, then go ahead and make an offer of \$900,000. They'll probably take it. If not, we can go



the extra eighty-thousand if it's what you really want."

WOMAN: "OK. I'll see you later! I love you so much!"

MAN: "Bye! I love you, too."

The man hangs up. The other men in the locker room are staring at him in astonishment, mouths wide open.

He turns and asks, "Anyone know whose phone this is?"

A man and woman had been married for more than 60 years. They had shared everything. They had talked about everything. They had kept no secrets from each other, except that the little old woman had a shoe box in the top of her closet that she had cautioned her husband never to open or ask her about. For all of these years, he had never thought about the box, but one day, the little old woman got very sick and the doctor said she would not recover.

In trying to sort out their affairs, the little old man took down the shoe box and took it to his wife's bedside.

She agreed that it was time that he should know what was in the box. When he opened it, he found two crocheted dolls and a stack of money totalling \$95,000.

He asked her about the contents.

"When we were to be married," she said, "my grandmother told me the secret of a happy marriage was to never argue. She told me that if I ever got angry with you, I should just keep quiet and crochet a doll."

The little old man was so moved; he had to fight back tears. Only two precious dolls were in the box. She had only been angry with him two times in all those years of living and loving. He almost burst with happiness.

"Honey," he said, "that explains the dolls, but what about all of this money? Where did it come from?" "Oh," she said. "That's the money I made from selling the dolls."



Two nuns were driving along a country road when they ran out of petrol. So they walked a little way to a farmhouse, and asked the lady if she had some fuel that would get them into town.

The lady found a little bit of petrol in her farm shed and brought it back to the nuns in an old chamber pot, saying; "We don't use this anymore, so no need to bring it back."

The nuns walked back to the car, carefully carrying the petrol so it wouldn't spill, and started pouring it into the car out of the little pot.

Just then, two blokes driving down the road spotted the nuns.

"Well, would you have a look at that!" the driver said. "Now that's what I call faith!"



Bits and Pieces



Attitude

There once was a woman, who woke up one morning,
Looked in the mirror and noticed
she had only three hairs on her head.
“Well”, she said, “I think I’ll braid my hair today!”
So she did and she had a wonderful day.

The next day she woke up, looked in the mirror,
And saw she only had two hairs on her head.
“H-M-M,” she said
“I think I’ll part my hair down the middle today!”
So she did and had a wonderful day.

The next day she woke up, looked in the mirror
And noticed that she only had one hair on her head.
“Well”, she said
“Today I’m going to wear my hair in a ponytail”.
So she did and had a wonderful day.

The next day she woke up, looked in the mirror,
And noticed that there wasn’t a single hair on her head
“YEA!” she exclaimed
“I don’t have to do my hair today”.

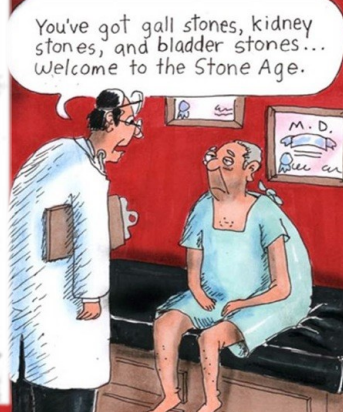
Attitude is everything
Be kinder than necessary for everyone you meet

Home delivery on a frame

YOU have to admire the energy of people like Jean Pritchard.

Last week, Jean baked a chocolate cake for a sick friend then walked it around to her house, supporting herself all the way with her walking frame.

Not bad, given Jean’s 102. We’re betting the cake was pretty good, too, because Jean won a White Wings bake-off in the 1970s.



Exercise for Seniors!

Begin by standing on a comfortable surface where you have plenty of room at each side. With a 5kg potato sack in each hand, extend your arms straight out from your sides and hold them there as long as you can. Try to reach a full minute, and then relax.

Each day you’ll find that you can hold this position for just a bit longer. After a couple of weeks, move up to 10kg potato sacks. Then try 50kg potato sacks. Then eventually try to get to where you can lift a 100kg potato sack in each hand and holding you arms straight for more than a minute. (I am at this level!) Once you feel confident at that level, put a potato in each sack!!

