

Something to

# CROW ABOUT

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 36**

**Published Quarterly**

**Apr-Jun 2018**

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## **My Autobiography (The War Years)**

**By Theo Verbeek**

**Part 1**

Dr Theo Verbeek (retired) practised in Wagga for a number of years before retiring. In later years he wrote an autobiography detailing his life growing up in Colonial East Indies (now Indonesia) and later as a teenager and young man in Holland during the Second World War. In this and subsequent issues we are pleased to reprint his memories of those war years 1940-1945



**Contact the Club:**

Ph:69216980 (9.30am-3.00pm)

Mon, Thu, Fri.

or email

[senior.citizen@bigpond.com](mailto:senior.citizen@bigpond.com)



**eMagazine Editor**

Barry Williams: Ph: 69253065

**Email** Please send any contributions  
to this address -

[barrysonia@bigpond.com](mailto:barrysonia@bigpond.com)



## Editor's Notes

*In this issue we begin presenting part of an autobiography by a retired former Wagga doctor, Theo Verbeek. Theo had an interesting and varied life, starting in Colonial Dutch Indies (or Indonesia as it is now) where he was born, arriving in Holland as a young teenager not long before the outbreak of World War Two. After the war he moved back to Indonesia, before eventually coming to Australia. Even though we are only publishing part of Theo's memoirs, that of the war years, it will necessitate carrying over into further issues.*

*With the year well underway, we have been on a "Mystery Trip", enjoyed many hours of activities with fellow members and fabulous lunches prepared by our very own ladies in the kitchen.*

*Seniors Week in the past extended to the Seniors Festival, and now, this year we have "Fresh", which I prefer not to comment on as only time will tell just how successful it has been!*

*We have many more events to look forward to in the coming months, so good health to everyone and enjoy.*

*Barry*

## Wagga Wagga Senior Citizens' Club Inc.

Membership (\$5.00 per year) to over 50's  
Weekly Programme of Activities

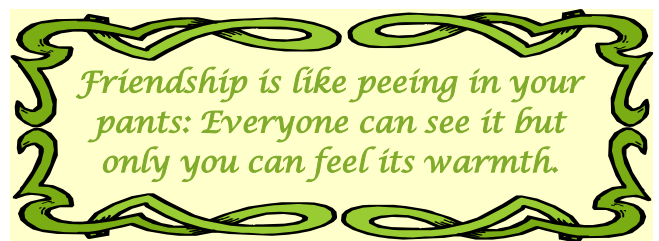
| Day               | Activity                                     | Time               | Cost           |
|-------------------|--|--------------------|----------------|
| Every Mon.        | Computer Club - offering one on one tuition. | 9.30 am to 3.00 pm | \$3.00 Per hr. |
| Every Mon.        | Computer Tablet Class                        | 11.00-12.00        | \$2.00         |
| 1st Mon. Of Month | 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                                 | 9.30 am - 11.30 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           | \$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 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 |

Additional Committee: Velma Spears, Phyllis Ward, Helen Murley, Barry Williams, Barbara Moorhead, Marlene Bowen, Dudley Downey, Chris Thomas, Lise Chan.



### WAGGA WAGGA SENIOR CITIZENS' COMPUTER CLUB—COMMITTEE 2017

|             |                 |  |
|-------------|-----------------|--|
| Chairperson | Hilary Phillips |  |
| Secretary   | Barry Williams  | Ph: 69253065<br>barrysonia@bigpond.com |
| Treasurer   | Dawn McDermott  | Ph: 69251191                           |

Additional Committee: Velma Spears, Jim Weeden, Gwen Winkler, Enid Pendergast, Bruce Donaldson, Joan Elkins, Sr Rae Berry



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



Activity at the Club. Here some of our craft group (above left) show off some craft work undertaken by members while (above right) line dancing class participants are following instructions from class leader Robyn Weeden. At left the Thursday afternoon card session is underway.



Dr Kay Patterson, Age Discrimination Commissioner, with Jim Weeden (President, Wagga Wagga Senior Citizens' Club Inc.) and Barry Williams (Secretary, Wagga Senior Citizens' Computer Club) during her visit to our Club on Thursday, Feb 15th, 2018 (above). Dr Kay briefly joined a line dancing lesson (above right) and a computer tuition session (left) during her visit.

Our club was pleased to invite some of Wagga's Retirement Home residents to a morning tea during "Seniors Week". (Below)

~~APRIL MYSTERY~~



TRIP



April saw Wagga Seniors' Club members embark on a day trip to the growing township of Murrumbateman, enjoying lunch at a local motel, then taking a tour of Gundagai during which we stopped at the lookout to view the vista below.



# My Autobiography (The War Years)

By Theo Verbeek

## A Forward

Theo Verbeek was born 20th June 1923 in the Colonial Dutch East Indies (present-day Indonesia) where his father worked for the Dutch Government.

His father took long service leave and in 1937 when Theo was 14 went back to the Netherlands for a time with his family.

After briefly visiting two aunts living in Dusseldorf, Germany, they were soon back in Venray, the Netherlands (Holland) living with Aunt Jacqueline (Jacques for short) where he stayed to further his education when his father returned to work in Dutch East Indies (Indonesia)

Theo married 19 June 1952 while still having an estimated one more year of medical study.

He passed his final exam for doctor (MBBS here, on 29 May 1953, and did the remaining residencies before leaving the Netherlands, in November 1953 by boat from Amsterdam for Indonesia.

Theo left Indonesia in 1962 for Australia with his wife and seven children.

He initially found work in Bundarra, NSW, before moving to Inverell in 1966.

Theo moved to Wagga in 1984 where in 1986 he met Sally who he married. Sally Verbeek was for some years a member of our Senior Citizens' Club, sadly passing away last year.

One of the activities Theo and Sally enjoyed after retirement in Wagga was joining a book club where a fellow member just happened to be the editor of this magazine. On learning that Theo had written such an interesting account of his life experiences, the editor prevailed upon him to allow some small portion of his published autobiography to be republished in this magazine. What follows is that part of Theo Verbeek's life during the World War 2 years 1940-1945.

Barry G Williams (Editor-Crowabout)

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**On that first day, 10th of May 1940,** I had a sort of solemn feeling realising that I actually was in a country which was at war!

So many of the stories of Greek and Roman history had spoken about war and the terrible things that happened. At the same time the same war stories of olden and not so olden times also spoke of heroism, bravery, endurance in adversity and victories against all odds.

Our home history is full of battles sieges and hated enemies before the Netherlands became a free and independent country. Terrible events, all part and parcel of history but somehow it had all seemed to have been necessary.

And now I myself unbelievably was in the middle of one. The German war planes constantly flying over that day, an around-the clock reminder if any was really necessary.

That same day the 10th May, in the evening, a small group of German soldiers on bikes entered Venray; the occupation had started for us. In the middle of that day, I had seen large numbers of retreating Dutch troops leaving Venray. The radio told us about the bombardment of Rotterdam and heavy fighting in the North. In Venray itself not a shot was fired.

Along a road close to our school, big trees which lined the road had been prepared by the Dutch army to be blown up. Those trees lay now down over the road, making it impassable.

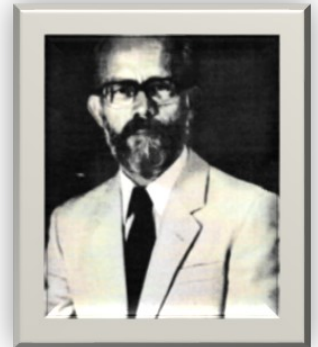


Photo 17: The Verbeek home (highlighted in red) (in Grootestraat, Venray (next to the Raadhuis (townhall)) - 1937)

The actual fighting in the Netherlands did not last long. The bombardment and destruction of the centre of the large town of Rotterdam, the largest harbour town of Europe, and the threat to bomb other towns of the Netherlands in addition to the overwhelming power of the German army led to the surrender of the army after only five days. The government left and established itself as a government in exile in England. The Dutch navy and air force managed, to a large degree, to escape to England and became part of the Allied navy and air force.

The colonial Army, Navy and air force in the Dutch East Indies were of course not affected by this surrender.

The days after all Dutch troops had left Venray and that little troop of Germans had arrived, nothing much really changed. They were there but just minded their own business and life went on as usual.

After two days my brother, I and a few friends went on our bikes to a little town some 20 km away where apparently fighting had taken place, we had been told.

I was very sadly impressed when seeing the damage: houses in ruins or burnt down; walls with bullet holes or gaping

holes from the cannon fire; evidence of human death like blood in several places - I saw a man with a shovel scooping out what looked like a piece of human skull with hair on it and bury it in a hole he dug.

For me the terrible side of war became a sad reality that day - no longer just a story which I read out of books, but real, I saw it myself!

Still, at home in Venray, in many ways all was still normal. Even the electricity had only been off for a bit over a day.

Trains did not go, and normal road traffic was severely disordered on account of the many bridges which had been blown up and the many roads blocked by blown up trees.

It wasn't very long however and within a few weeks one thing after another started to change.

The good part was that much of the war damage was either removed or repaired over the next few weeks. The fallen trees were fairly quickly removed. Trains ran again (no railway bridges have been blown up). Road bridges took longer, but makeshift pontoon bridges did provide, soon, adequate - though not perfect - passages over most rivers, more "proper" repairs took much longer.



The not so good part also did not wait very long to make its presence felt. The radio and papers suddenly were "pro German". We had to hand in all radios. We (and many others) managed to hang onto our radio but it was punishable and had to be kept secret and the radio hidden carefully. Listening to Allied radio (in English) or Dutch "Radio Oranje", the radio of the Dutch government in exile, was forbidden and had to be done in secret - people outside the house sometimes on watch to make sure it was safe. My brother and I were able to understand English and became important on account of that.

In the first few months and even for two years, the news was depressing. The Germans seemed to be victorious everywhere. Somehow also "confirmed" by the many German troops marching through town singing their beautiful marching songs. Not only we but Norway and Denmark were occupied by Germany. France capitulated after two months or so. The English army managed to escape to England but with heavy losses. A bit later came the German push into the Balkans and Greece and even the island of Crete fell into their hands. Their allies, the Italians invaded Libya and threatened to invade Egypt. They also invaded Ethiopia. With the capitulation of France, the French colonies in North Africa, Morocco, Algiers and Tunisia were also under German control. Then, in 1941 Germany invaded Russia and seemed to win there also. Looking back now and knowing how it eventually ended, it is a bit difficult to recapture the rather gloomy mood which we had as the war went on with Germany always victorious.

Blackouts became part of life. No street lights and no light allowed to be seen from outside - curfew also more and more frequent.

The overwhelming part of the population had a very anti-German feeling. Still there was a small group which had sympathy for the Nazi mentality (fascism). In the English world, the word used for those people is "quisling" after the leader of a similar group in Norway, Vidkun Quisling. We had Mussert, leader of the NSB (National Socialist Bond) and his followers in the Netherlands. The number was small, but they could and would "dob" you in - so very dangerous.

Still every cloud has a silver lining somewhere!

An important agricultural activity in the area around Venray was chicken farming. In those first two weeks the farmers couldn't get rid of their eggs because all transport had gone. You could buy eggs for next to nothing. My grandmother and the older generation in general knew how to prepare for such shortages of food from their experiences of the first world war; for instance, how to preserve eggs.

Big urns were filled with layers of salt alternating with layers of eggs. That certainly provided us with eggs well into the war. Many a trip my brother and I made in those days to get eggs from farmers for us

After about two weeks the roads started to open again, and the farmers could sell their eggs through the usual channels.

By that time our school also had opened again, and the boarders returned, and we found out about the various events of other parts of the Netherlands. Some quite terrifying, like the stories of boys from Rotterdam, others with a lot more actual fighting close by their homes than what we had experienced in Venray.

The Dutch soldiers of the army were not POWs, but were free to go home (Germany knew that it would need their labour!). Only the officers were made POWs but in civilised camps in the Netherlands itself.

Another "bad" thing also happened quickly! Rationing very soon was introduced, first only for a few things but over time you needed coupons for practically everything. Each person or child, depending on age, received coupons to buy something and the shops then had to hand it in so that they could get it from the wholesale places. Soon the normal paper bags (no plastic in those days) weren't there anymore. The shoppers themselves had to provide carry bags.

It sounds perhaps a bit funny but what I especially remember are the shoelaces. Not only that one could often not get

shoelaces even if you had coupons, but the quality was very bad and trying to knot shoelaces with already many knots in it a daily ordeal. Do not think that one could use string of any kind if - you could get that it was just as bad (Velcro was unknown!).

As the war went on the rations also became smaller and smaller. The black market rapidly appeared and became quite important. Because we, in Venray could relatively easy get extra food from farmers, Tante (Aunty) Jacques regularly send food parcels to families who lived in cities where food was not so easily available. During the war years I made many trips to farmers for a bag of wheat or potatoes and many other items. Oom (Uncle) Ide, being the forester could provide the farmers often with wood and, in turn they had then food for him. Of course, none of this needed coupons but it needed to be done secretly.

The farmers had to deliver their produce to government controlled places and, depending on the acreage/type of farm, a certain amount. In practice, they always had some “extra” left over and this was the basis from much of the black market. Very few farmers abused the misery of the hungry townspeople but some of the “middle men” certainly did. We had, however no problem with that side of the black market.

Oom Ide knew the local police very well on account of their combined efforts to combat poachers long before the war, so he knew (was told) when and which roads would be patrolled so that made it a bit “safer” for me but I still went only at night when it was actually curfew, and nobody was officially allowed on the street. We always used little country tracks and never the normal roads. The police turned a blind eye – the police, themselves, did not see this as “a crime” but the Germans stood over them, so they had to protect themselves too – and, at times, German police controlled the roads too, but Oom Ide had always information about that; we were never caught!

I did some of those “night” trips with my brother but mostly with one of Oom Ide’s office staff: a 25-year-old man who was excepted from having to go to Germany to work on account of his eye problems. We became well known to some of the farmers. Always a bit of an adventure and Tante Jacques always relieved when we were back at home after those nightly trips.

For us in Venray, even with this extra food there were also other ways by which extra food could be prepared without resorting to the “black market”. Flemish giants are a large type of rabbit. We had a few cages of those rabbits and my brother and I (mainly me!) had to get grass. When sufficiently grown, the rabbits provided extra very nice meat. The grass was just collected from the roadside on the bike - with some difficulty returning balancing a full sack of grass on the bike.

As time went on and we were not the only ones doing this, it was becoming more and more difficult to get enough grass close by and the trips for that became longer and longer. I was very relieved when Oom Ide arranged for a farmer that I could get some clover from his fields. The trip just as long but getting enough clover to fill my sack didn’t take much time!

Another source of extra food was the buying of a little pig in spring. A little shed in the orchard behind the house was his “residence” and fed with kitchen offal, it resulted in a nice fat pig by October. The butcher came and for a day or two the house was filled with the smell of all kinds of “goodies”. Balkenbrei, a sort of black pudding, was made from the blood and flour with spices.

Tante (Aunt) Jacques mostly organised for a few women friends and family to help her on those days; some of the meat also preserved as hams or smoked or in jars.

Interesting for us today also the fact that we and most people did not have a fridge in those days. In Venray, many people had cellars, cool places where much food could be kept longer; still not a fridge.

I never experienced hunger but was somehow quite worried about the possibility of us one day not having food. Perhaps a bit like that childhood worry I had in the big depression time: “What will happen to us if my dad would lose his job?”

Not all that long after the occupation began electricity was rationed and this became quite severe and as time went on. Initially, we started to use kerosene lights, but kerosene very soon wasn’t available anymore. Heating became a problem for many people because coal or coke and electricity were severely rationed. There was no gas heating in those days.

The already mentioned black-outs became just one of those war things. Nightly raids of Allied Planes bombarding German towns happened initially not that often but later practically every night.

The air raid alarm an ever more frequent event! Oom Ide and Tante Jacques, with the children went then to the cellar where makeshift bedding was ready. I myself and my brother mostly took our chances and stayed in bed upstairs.





Venray never suffered bombing during those raids on Germany. Not infrequently, the Ruhr area of Germany being one of the most important heavy industry areas of Germany only 80 km or so to the East of us, was the target of those bombing raids. The "fireworks" then very spectacular and, alas, far from nice. Many beams of the searchlights trying to find the bombers lit up the sky - the tracers of bombers and those of the German fighter planes often streaking through the sky and often also the flaming descent and final crash and explosions of the downed bombers.

A few times a bomber crashed not very far from Venray. What also sometimes happened was that large three-meter-long petrol containers came down. The bombers carried them when taking off to give them the ability to fly further but then were emptied. Still, these often still had some petrol in them; a very sought-after commodity! The Germans always very quickly swarmed over any downed bomber or any of those containers.

Some of the crews of the downed bombers managed to come down with a parachute and there was a fairly efficient group of Dutch civilians (underground) who sheltered those persons. Of course, this was illegal and severely punished if caught. Still, it had a great success rate; they were passed on from one place to another via underground civilians through Belgium and France (always secretly!) and then to Spain and finally to Portugal from where (it being a neutral country not at war with Germany) a normal civilian air plane brought them back to England. Many of them managed to get back to England.

In late October 1942 I passed my final high school exam. Normally I would then have gone to university, but many changes had taken place in the Netherlands since the Germans had invaded the Netherlands in May 1940: university education had been taken over by the Germans; professors and lecturers had to sign a loyalty declaration to Germany if they wanted to keep their position. Most of them refused to do so and lost their position. In itself this was, of course, already quite disastrous, but it also meant that they lost their exemption and, without exemption, every man over 17 had to work in Germany. In fact, many decided to become an onderduiker, ("dive under"), the name given to people who refused to be sent to Germany to work there.

So, universities were not really functioning. In addition, any person wanting to study at the university also had to sign the loyalty declaration. The solution which the family took for me was that I would do the languages/humanities 6th class (I had done the mathematics/science one) and that meant I was still a high school student and had automatic exemption.

I have always cherished this extra year. Study wise it was easy because some subjects were identical and because all the teachers knew me and, realising the situation, they often "used" me to assist pupils who struggled with one thing or another and for some completely "extracurricular jobs".

On the advice of Father Donulus, I also did a special personal project on the legend, /myth of Atlantis mentioned in one of the classics as a country which had sunk in the sea. Very interesting.

Still, the normal life for all citizens in the Netherlands, and of course all of Europe, was ever more disrupted in every aspect by the war - the German occupation adding just another very unpleasant element to that for us. Everybody over 17 had been given an identity card which you had to have on you at all times. Whether you were exempted was on that identity card.

More and more people refused to go to Germany and being set to work there. So, the number of onderduikers increased. They couldn't get coupons because one had to show your identity card for that and that meant then immediate transport to Germany. So, the black market became a lifeline for these onderduikers and their helpers - a very necessary economic reality in wartime Netherlands, but with many chaotic side effects:

The Dutch underground had, in early 1942 made a daring night raid on the central office in the Hauge where all identity cards were made, and all the records were held. The whole building had burned down, and all records destroyed.

The Germans never succeeded in having a proper database again and many false identity cards were in circulation but the danger of being found out also existed!

The nightly bombing raids also occurred more and more frequently, the alarm sirens becoming a nightly event. My brother Hendrik's and my job was to listen to the radio from England. We used, as an antenna, a special one - basically a coil which we could turn and in that manner, try to screen out the German interference. It worked up to a point but never completely, so trying to understand news through the noise quite a job at times. I certainly, since that time, have learned to "read between the lines" of all news, even of our own news bulletins today: the Germans talking about elastic army manoeuvres meant they were losing; the allies talking about typhoid in the German armies meant that the allies (Russians) were losing, and so on, and so on.

Late in 1941, Japan entered the war when they suddenly attacked Pearl Harbour and for nearly two years they, too, seemed to be invincible and overran the Philippines, the French colonies in Indo China (Vietnam, Laos and Cambodia), Singapore fell and shortly after that the Dutch East Indies, and the war moved even into Burma - the bombing of Darwin and the submarine attack in Sydney harbour frightening events for Australia.

Japan had already before Pearl Harbour occupied much of China, but China is a large country and Japan never managed to occupy all of it. The "long march"(6000 km!!) of Mao Tse Tung in the mid-thirties, one of China's fantastic "military" achievements. TO BE CONTINUED IN NEXT ISSUE.

# Members' Contributions

## 50 Shades of Grey for Seniors

Back and forth . . . in and out . . . in and out . . . a little to the right. . . a little to the left . . . she could feel the sweat on her forehead . . . between her breasts. . . and, trickling down the small of her back . . . she was getting near to the end. He was in ecstasy . . . with a huge smile on his face as his wife moved . . . forwards then backwards. . . Forward then backward. . . again . . . and again . . . her heart was pounding now. . . her face was flushed . . . she moaned softly at first, then began to groan louder . . . finally . . . totally exhausted; she let out a piercing scream . . . . "OK, OK, you smug bastard, I can't parallel park. You do it!"

*Submitted by Yvonne*



Who says senior citizens don't wear stylish clothes. *Submitted by Yvonne*

## TO WHOEVER WILL LISTEN—A Lament

We was just starting to make a go of it at Silverton when the bank brought in decimal currency, and me overdraft doubled over night.

As if that wasn't enough, the Water Board got rid of gallons and brought in kilolitres and now me water is double what it used to be.

On top of that the fuel bloke said I couldn't get me petrol in gallons anymore – I had to buy litres, and now I find me car using about four times the fuel used to.

Blow me down, the next year the bastards changed the bloody weather, and we haven't had an inch of rain since. Instead of 90 degrees last summer we only got 32 degrees Celsius and the bit of blue bush still alive died. Probably froze.

Last year the bastards really got nasty, and changed all me acres to hectares, and halved the size of the bloody block. When they brought in day light saving, and I found meself working an extra hour a day the wife and me decided it wasn't worth the worry anymore. We'd sell the block and get out, but bugger me; I just put the place in the Agent's hands when they changed to kilometres, and now the place is too far out of town to get a buyer, and I have twice the distance to drive and complain to somebody who won't listen.

*Contributed by Lily*

Is there as much talent now? I do not think so. How things have changed in 47 years

You may have to play this a couple of times in order to identify everyone.

Many of the people in the video are gone now and the younger gen-kids probably won't even appreciate all that talent in one place.

Click below:

[John Wayne 1970 Variety Show Celebrating America's History ....](#)

*Submitted by Yvonne*

## You'll Always be Beautiful In My Eyes

You're my peace of mind  
in this crazy world,  
Your everything I've tried to find  
Your love is a Pearl,  
Your my Mona Lisa, my rainbow sky,  
and my only prayer is that you realise  
You'll always be beautiful in my eyes

The world will turn  
and the seasons change,  
and all the lessons we learn  
will be beautiful and strange.  
We'll have our share of tears  
our share of sighs,  
but the only thing is that you realise  
you'll always be beautiful in my eyes

You will always be beautiful in my eyes  
And the passing years will show you will  
always grow even more beautiful in my eyes.  
There'll be times upon my face from a  
lifetime of smiles and when the time comes  
To embrace for one long last while.  
We can laugh about how time really flies  
we won't say goodbye 'cause true love never  
dies  
You'll always be beautiful - in my eyes

*Contributed by Bruce*

*Contributed by Elfriede*





# A Walk Down Memory Lane!

Do you remember when....

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

## A childhood memory of the 1950s

MEMORIES OF HOW IT WAS.

Memory Lane

While watching today's children playing with computers and mobile phones, they appear to have so much more than I had in my childhood in the 1950s.

Despite the material possessions that children have today, they seem to have lost much in relation to imagination and freedom.

As a child it was quite normal for me and my friends to disappear from home at first light and not return until dark. There was no thought of danger and our parents usually wanted us out from under their feet. I did wonder though if they would have been so glad to see the back of us if they knew what we were up to.

We would pack a picnic of a jam sandwich and a bottle of water. The better-off kids might have range squash. Then off we would go to explore. I was lucky to live in Dagenham, which despite being the largest council estate in the world at the time was still surrounded by fields and farms.

It was often possible, although illegal, to add to our picnic with a few pods full of peas and some rhubarb from farmers' fields. The fields were magical places to us. They were full of small ponds and lakes where you could catch frogs and newts, but they offered so much more ...

Ponds became vast oceans where we could sail as heroic pirates on home-made rafts.

Fields were the sites of battles between knights in shining armour or cowboys and Indians. A suitable stick could be either a sword or a rifle, depending on the game.

There were very few days when it wasn't possible to play outside. Snow did not hinder us; a snowy day was often even more exciting than the warm and sunny ones. The only thing that stopped us going out was darkness. Then we could play the same games, but indoors, with toy soldiers – one of the few toys that most children had.

Toy cars were also popular, but more expensive than soldiers. I was lucky in having older brothers whose toys were passed down to me. Toy cars may have been in short supply but they were still more numerous than real ones. We could play football and even tennis in the roads outside our houses without being disturbed by passing traffic.

There seemed to be more reading going on then. We didn't have a television until the 1960s. I remember my father reading True Crime magazines and my older brother reading a western while I read a Just William or a Billy Bunter book. I can't imagine there are many families today where they are all sitting and reading together.

Although the Just William stories were my favourites, the life they portrayed was very different from my own. William was obviously from a different class to me. He lived in a house with servants, but it didn't seem strange that other people had such different lives – we just accepted it.

Another interest that most children shared was collecting.

There were a number of ways of forming a collection without paying for it. Stamps were easy; they came through the door most days. My collection was quite boring, however, as we never got any letters from abroad in our house.

Matchbox labels were also free and could be picked up from the gutter. Germs had not been invented then. There was a huge variety of different labels so you could easily build a lovely collection. Every shop seemed to sell stamp hinges in those days as they were the best way of sticking your collection into a book. I haven't seen stamp hinges on sale for

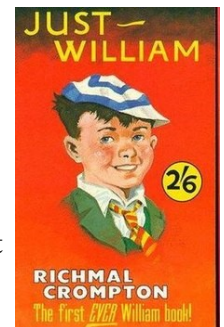
years. Picture cards were another free way of collecting. They had been given away with cigarettes but this had mainly died out by the 1950s. Now they were given away in tea but you had to persuade your mum to buy the right sort of tea. I remember being much keener to go to the shop when we needed tea than at any other time.

The cards came in sets of fifty and you could then buy an album to stick them in. I don't think I ever managed to complete a set. There was one shop near our home that had a picture card rack, with spaces numbered one to fifty. You could take in a card and swap it for one you didn't have if there was one there you needed. The shop was often crowded with children swapping cards but not

buying anything, so the rack eventually disappeared. Picture cards had a big advantage over stamps and matchbox labels.

They were thicker and stiffer and could be used in games.

There were two I remember. There was one where you flicked the cards against a wall; the first person to get a card on top of another won all the cards. The other was where you stood cards against the wall and the person who knocked the last one down by flicking cards at them won.



# Computer Hints & Tips



## Finding your downloads

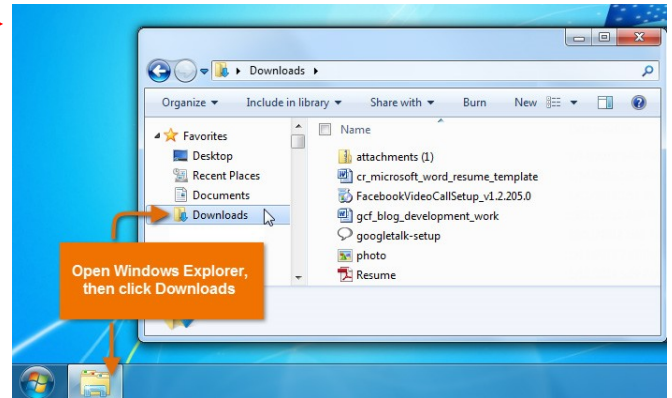
While you may spend a lot of time browsing the Web, you can also use the Internet to **download files** to your computer. From **email attachments to photos, music, movies, applications**, and more, you've probably downloaded lots of different files from the Web. Sometimes, however, it can be difficult to **locate those files** after downloading them. In this lesson, you'll learn how to **find your downloads** easily.

### Using the Downloads folder

By default, most computers will save downloaded files in a specific folder, known as the **Downloads folder**. If you're having trouble finding a **downloaded file**, this is the **first place** you should look.

Using the Downloads folder in Windows:


Open **Windows Explorer** (also known as **File Explorer**), then locate and select **Downloads** in the **Navigation pane**. A list of your **downloaded files** will appear.



### Viewing recent downloads in your browser

You can also view downloads directly from your **web browser**. This is especially helpful for finding files you've downloaded **recently**, but it may not display every file in your Downloads folder.

We'll use **Internet Explorer** in the example below, but other web browsers will have **similar options** for viewing recently downloaded files.

In Internet Explorer, click the **gear icon**  then select **View downloads** from the drop-down menu.

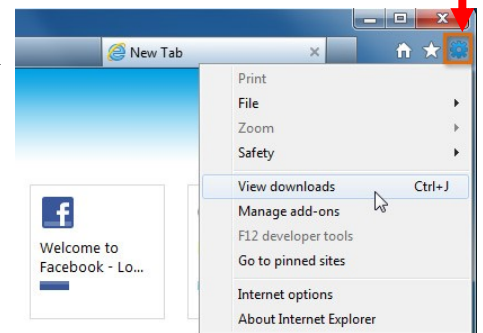
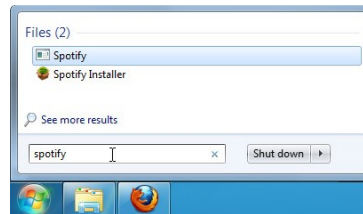
### Searching for files

Sometimes you may not be able to find the file you need in the Downloads folder. If you believe the file is still on your computer, you can always **search for the file**.

Searching for files in Windows:

Click the **Start button**, type the **file name** or **keywords**, then press **Enter**.

If you're using **Windows 8 or 10**, simply navigate to the **Start screen** and start typing the file name.



## Internet Links 4U2 Try

Bob Hope and James Cagney

<http://videos2view.net/Hope-Cagney.htm>

Bubble Artist

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=KMrvR836TFI>

Wooden Woman

<https://content.jwplatform.com /videos/fHLu8cvK-Kvp5pHRn.mp4>

You Raise Me Up

You've probably heard this sung by many different people.

I couldn't believe what I was hearing out of these two little ones!!

How inspirational and gifted are these two.

From Hong Kong: A 10-Year-Old Boy And 7-Year-Old Girl Sing 'You Raise Me Up.' ~~~ Is unbelievable, beautiful...

<http://richards-page-creations.net/page3/You-Raise-Me-Up.html>

Life in Australia: Sydney From the Film Australia Collection. Made by the Commonwealth Film Unit 1966. Directed by Joe Scully. A picture of life in the New South Wales capital of Sydney in the mid 1960s. The Life In Australia series portrays Australian cities and rural centres as happy, lively places where good

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=vR1CU8NjGW0>

Things You Didn't Know The Use For!

Things you did not know the use for! These everyday objects you don't know the purpose of yet we see these weird things everyday on products.

[https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Y\\_KZuh0w18A](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Y_KZuh0w18A)



# The Crows Joke Page

## The old man and the Ferrari

A doctor goes out and buys the best car on the market, a brand new Ferrari GTO valued at \$3 million. He takes it out for a spin and stops at a red light. An old man on



a moped pulls up next to him. The old man looks over at the sleek shiny car and asks, "What kind of car have you got there, sonny?"

The doctor replies, "A Ferrari GTO. It cost \$3 million dollars!"

"That's a lot of money," says the old man. "Why does it cost so much?"

"Because this car can do up to 300 kilometres an hour!" states the doctor proudly.

The moped driver asks, "Mind if I take a look inside?"

"No problem," replies the doctor.

The old man pokes his head in the window and looks around. Then, sitting back on his moped, the old man says, "That's a pretty nice car, but I'll stick with my moped!"

Then the light changes, so the doctor decides to show the old man just what his car can do. He floors it, and within 10 seconds, the speedometer reads 150kmh. Suddenly, he notices a dot in his rear view mirror ... and suddenly something whips by him going much faster!

"What on earth could be going faster than my Ferrari?" the doctor asks himself.

He floors the accelerator and takes the Ferrari up to 200kmh. Then, up ahead of him, he sees that it is the old man on the moped! Amazed that the moped could pass his Ferrari, he gives it more gas and passes the moped at 250kmh.

WHOOOOOOSH HHHH!

He is feeling pretty good until he looks in his mirror and sees the old man gaining on him AGAIN!

Astounded by the speed of this old guy, the doctor floors the gas pedal and takes the Ferrari all the way up to 300kmh. Not 10 seconds later, he sees the moped bearing down on him again! The Ferrari is flat out, and there is nothing that he can do! Suddenly, the moped ploughs into the back of his Ferrari, demolishing the rear end. The doctor stops, jumps out and, unbelievably, finds the old man is

still alive.

He says to the mangled old man, "Oh my gosh! Is there anything I can do for you?"

The old man whispers, "Unhook my suspenders from your side mirror."

\*\*\*\*

A fleeing Taliban terrorist, desperate for water, was plodding through the Afghan desert when he saw something far off in the distance. Hoping to find water, he hurried toward the mirage, only to find a very frail little Jewish man standing at a small makeshift display rack, selling neckties.

The Taliban terrorist asked, "Do you have water?"

The old man replied, "I have no water. Would you like to buy a tie? They are only \$5."

The Taliban shouted hysterically, "Idiot Infidel! I do not need such an overpriced western adornment. I spit on your ties. I need water!"

"Sorry, I have none, just ties - pure silk, and only five dollars."

"Pahh! A curse on your ties! I should wrap one around your scrawny little neck and choke the life out of you, but I must conserve my energy and find water!"

"Okay," said the little old Jewish man. "It does not matter that you do not want to buy a tie from me, or that you hate me, threaten my life, and call me Infidel. I will show you that I am bigger than any of that. If you continue over that hill to the east for about two kilometres, you will find a restaurant. It has the finest food and all the ice-cold water you need. Go in peace."

Cursing him again, the desperate Taliban staggered away over the hill.

Several hours later he crawled back, almost dead, and gasped,

"They won't let me in without a tie."

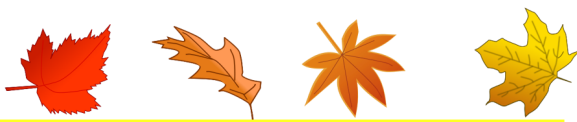
\*\*\*\*

## Why hearing aid batteries NEED to be changed!

An elderly couple are in church. The wife leans over and whispers to her husband, "I just passed wind, thank God it was silent!"

The husband leaned towards his wife and says, "The first thing we'll do when we leave here is get those hearing aid batteries changed!"





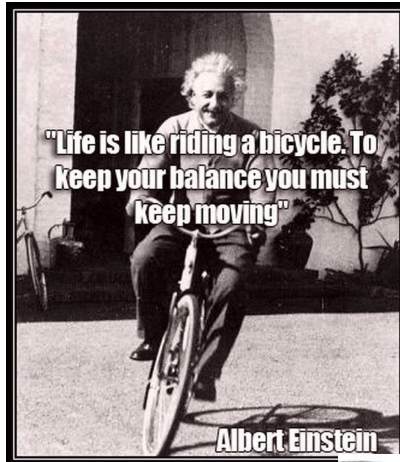
HOW HE WOULD COMMUNICATE IN 2018

Clancy@theoverflow

I had written him a text  
 Which I'd sent, hoping the next  
 Time he came in mobile coverage  
 He'd have time to say hello.  
 But I'd heard he'd lost his iPhone,  
 So I emailed him from my smart phone,  
 Just addressed, on spec, as follows:  
 clancy@theoverflow  
 And the answer redirected  
 Wasn't quite what I'd expected  
 And it wasn't from the shearing mate  
 Who'd answered once before.  
 His ISP provider wrote it  
 And verbatim I will quote it:  
 'This account has been suspended:  
 You won't hear from him any more.'  
 In my wild erratic fancy  
 Visions come to me of Clancy:  
 Out of reach of mobile coverage  
 Where the Western rivers flow.  
 Instead of tapping on the small screen,  
 He'd be camping by the tall green  
 River gums, a pleasure  
 That the town folk never know.  
 Well, the bush has friends to meet him  
 But the rest of us can't greet him:  
 Out there, even Telstra's network  
 Doesn't give you any bars.  
 He can't blog the vision splendid  
 Of the sunlit plains extended  
 Or tweet the wondrous glory  
 Of the everlasting stars.  
 I am sitting at the keyboard,  
 I'm too stressed out to be bored  
 As I answer all the emails  
 By the deadlines they contain.  
 While my screen fills with promotions  
 For 'Viagra' and strange potions  
 And announcements of the million-dollar  
 Prizes I can claim.  
 But the looming deadlines haunt me  
 And their harassing senders taunt me  
 That they need response this evening  
 For tomorrow is too late!  
 But their texts, too quickly ended,  
 Often can't be comprehended  
 For their writers have no time to think  
 They have no time to wait.  
 And I sometimes rather fancy  
 That I'd like to trade with Clancy:  
 Just set up an email bouncer  
 Saying 'Sorry, had to go.'  
 While he faced an inbox jamming  
 Up with deadlines and with spamming  
 As he signed off every message:  
 clancy@theoverflow.

-with apologies to A.B.  
("Banjo") Paterson

# Bits AND Pieces



## IMPOSSIBLE

### Lego Impossible Object

This is an alternative version of an impossible object made out of Lego, the straight beam across the top appears to connect to the front and back columns without bending even though they are some distance apart. The Lego man looks suitably confused - I don't blame him.

