

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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## INSIDE THIS ISSUE :

Editor's Notes	2
Seniors in Focus	3
Seniors in Focus	4
"Bed Bugs"	5
The Clothes Line	6
Eric The Bus driver	7
Seniors in The News	8
Memories of How it Was	9
Computer Hints & Tips	10
Crows Joke Page	11
Bits and Pieces	12



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 .

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**RUOK?**  
A conversation could change a life.  
Day September 12

**Keep Australia Beautiful Week**  
19-25 August

**23 August - Daffodil Day**

**Heart Foundation**  
Door Knock Appeal  
1-30 September

**Flowers 4 Seasons**

**& OTHER NATIONAL DATES TO REMEMBER**

**Prostate Cancer Foundation of Australia**  
Prostate Cancer Awareness Month  
1-30 September

**Diabetes AUSTRALIA**  
National Diabetes Week  
14-20 July

**strokefoundation**  
**Think F.A.S.T. Act FAST!**  
National Stroke Week  
9-15 September

**Wattle Day**  
1 September

**National Meals on Wheels Day**  
August 28



## Editor's Notes

*There is something sublimely relaxing about watching the countryside slide by while sitting in a comfortable coach seat, safe in the knowledge that you are safe in the capable hands of such an experienced driver as Eric.*

*With Eric at the helm giving a running commentary on the passing scenery it is not just the destination that lives on in the memory of passengers on the numerous coach journeys this club has undertaken over the years. It is therefore with much pleasure that I have been able to persuade this amiable gentleman of the road to give us an insight into some of his experiences.*

*Yet another gentleman I have had the pleasure of meeting is Harry Hill of Tumut. A retired school teacher, he is the author of many books, a story teller of note who has also appeared a number of times on the local ABC radio station. With his permission I intend to include excerpts from some of his books in future issues.*

*After a sojourn overseas we welcome back to the club Andy and Sue. It is interesting to note that although very different in some ways, in other ways our two countries and cultures can be very similar.*

*See you at the Club - Barry*

## Wagga Wagga Senior Citizens' Club Inc.

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

### Weekly Programme of Activities

Day	Activity	Time	Cost
Mon.	Computer Club - offering one on one tuition.	9.30 am to 3.00 pm	\$3.00 Per hr.
1st Mon. Of Month	Public Meeting Day Guest Speaker	1.30 pm	\$2.00
2nd Mon. Of Month	Cards and Indoor Bowls	12.30 pm	\$2.00
3rd Mon. Of Month	Luncheon Day	12 noon	\$5.00
4th Mon. Of Month	Sing-along - Movie Alternating each month	1.30 pm	\$2.00
Thursday	Computer Club - offering one on one tuition.	9.30 am to 3.00 pm	\$3.00 Per hr.
Thursday	500 Cards	1.00 pm	\$2.00
Thursday	Line Dancing	10.30 am	\$2.00
Thursday	Craft	1.00-3.00 pm	\$2.00
Friday	Computer Club - offering one on one tuition.	9.30 am to 3.00 pm	\$3.00 per hr
Friday	Euchre	1.00 pm	\$2.00
Friday	Indoor Bowls	1.00-3.00 pm	\$2.00

**Bi-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 2013

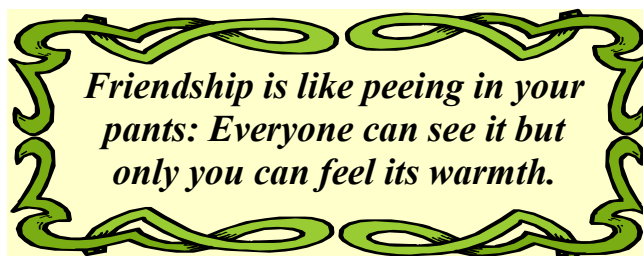
President	Jim Weeden	69252001
Vice President	Barry Williams	69253065
Treasurer	Jo Jovanovic	
Assistant Treasurer	Gwen Beazley	69310268
Secretary	Robyn Weeden	69252001
Assistant Secretary	Barbara Moorhead	

**Additional Committee:** Bev Morley, Velma Spears, Fay King, Marlene Bowen, Robyn McClure, Phyllis Ward, Dawn McDermott, Paddy Adams, Janet Kaine., Helen Murley.

## WAGGA WAGGA SENIOR CITIZENS' COMPUTER CLUB—COMMITTEE 2013

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Secretary	Barry Williams	Ph: 69253065 barrysonia@bigpond.com
Treasurer	Paddy Adams	Ph: 0427654575 vk2grq@ozemail.com.au

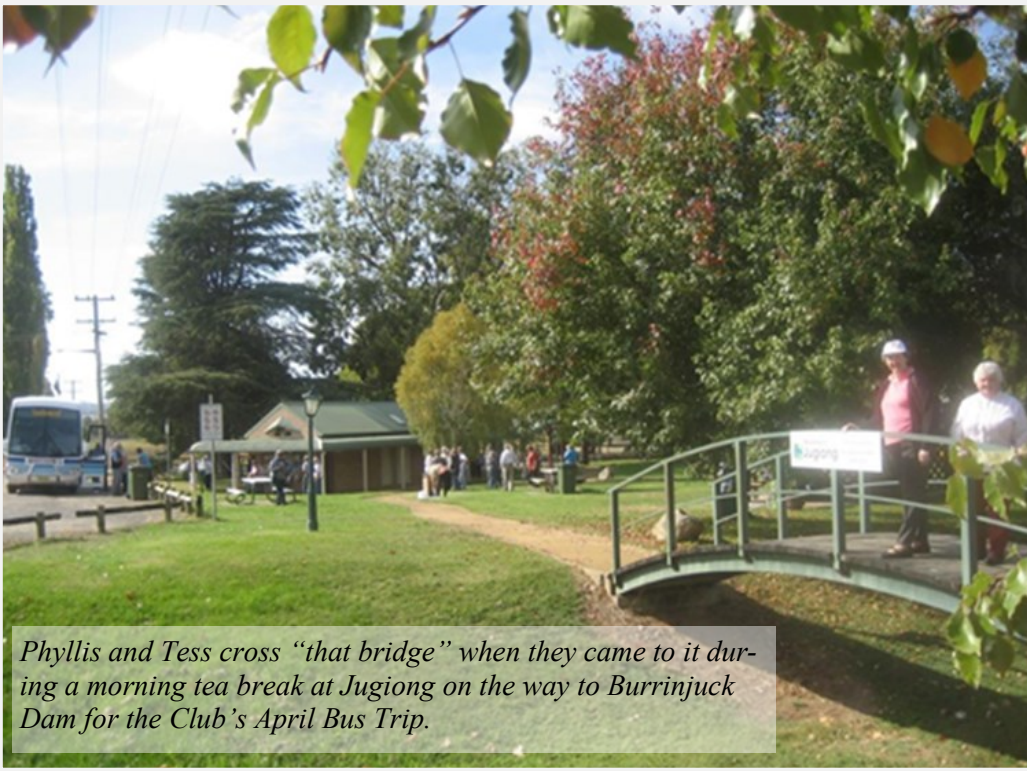
**Additional Committee:** Dawn McDermott, Velma Spears, Bev Morley, Enid Pendergast, Barbara Moorhead



## 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



*Phyllis and Tess cross "that bridge" when they came to it during a morning tea break at Jugiong on the way to Burrinjuck Dam for the Club's April Bus Trip.*



*Wagga Old Time Dance Group gave a scintillating demonstration of their talent at the Seniors' Centre for the Club's April "5th Monday Special Event" Pictured from left are-JOHN-ESMA-PETER-TRISH-COLIN-MARIAN.*



*Seniors Week 2013-a bus load of happy seniors enjoy an excursion (above), while (right) part of the large audience at the Seniors Concert.*



# Seniors In Focus

Seniors Week 2013– Bruce Robertson demonstrates his bee-keeping skills at Wagga Wagga Men shed.



Wagga Wagga Seniors' Club members Andy and Sue have only recently returned from a trip back to their 'home town' of Ipoh, which is actually the capital city of Perak State, Malaysia. Ipoh has a population of nearly 768,000. One of the highlights of their trip was joining in the activities of the local Senior Citizens' Club, and Andy and Sue have graciously allowed us to share some of that experience through these pictures.

The famous Sam Poh Tong Cave Temple at Ipoh



Line Dancing at Ipoh Senior Citizens' Club.



Sing-along session at The Senior Citizens' Club, Ipoh



Ipoh Senior Citizens' Club Band in action during Sing-along.





*By Harry Hill*



Walter Campbell was the owner of Red Hill Station, a large grazing property at Adjungbilly, about 30 miles from Tumut. Dad had been a casual worker there for many years, both before and after the war, and he had always found Walter to be a very generous boss. Someone working at Red Hill Station for keep and 32s.6d. a week was likely to find 40 shillings in his pay packet if the work that week had been harder than usual.

My brother Don and I were always keen to stay at Hillside over a weekend or during holidays. This meant using the sleeping accommodation available and it also meant having a whole day of rabbiting or other outdoor activities. Mum was not so keen on us spending the night there. She was certain the place was infested with bedbugs and that we'd be bringing some of them home in our clothes.

She was ever vigilant that Dad didn't become a carrier. As soon as he arrived home from Hillside he was obliged to strip out of his work clothes that more than likely had been worn for the whole stay there. The clothes were placed in the laundry ready for washing as soon as possible. Washing work clothes was a vigorous affair; it was more than washing; it was boiling.

There was a built-in wood heated copper in the laundry and after Dad's clothes were given the preliminaries they were boiled for a considerable time. Pre-boiling preliminaries entailed energetic use of homemade soap, a wooden scrubbing board, a scrubbing brush and a great deal of hard labour to get rid of stains and ground in dirt.

Mum made her own soap using dripping, animal fat and caustic soda that were heated and blended in the copper. After it had been allowed to cool it was cut into blocks and removed from the copper. It lathered, but was too strong to use on human skin. With only a few minute's use Mum's soap on a scrubbing board one's hands went through the stages of being clean, perfectly clean, red, tingling, aseptic to approaching peeling.

Even bed linen, whites and coloureds went through the boiling stage, then several stages of being rinsed, blued and wrung. Dad's work clothes were left to the last boil. The boiling and Mum's soap made sure that any bed bugs resident in the seams didn't survive.

We slept rough at hillside. No bed linen. The base of all the beds had sagged to the maximum extent. The old kapok mattresses had been compacted and coagulated so that considerable pushing and punching was needed to before mattress contour equated to body contour. The kapok pillow (without pillow case) showed years and years of use and abuse. The grey blankets were rough, not at all like the clean white sheets at home. I liked to think that the grey was the original colour and not the accumulation of stains and dirt. However, we slept well, except for one night when I became ill. I didn't eat my tea and told Dad that I was both hot and cold.

Dad felt my forehead and gave his medical opinion. 'You're as hot as blazes, you've got a fever. I'll put you to bed, put on an extra blanket and sweat the fever out of you.'

I didn't improve by the following morning so Dad made another decision. 'We'll take you home. Your mother will know what to do, she's a trained nurse.'

When I got home Mum conducted a medical examination and declared, 'Clem, you should have brought him home last night and not left it till morning.'

The bed bugs were at bay. At least that was until I found some bite marks on me that became itchy. Mum declared them to be bed bug bites so my bed had to be given a careful once over.

In a small gap between the wire and wood of the bed frame a bedbug colony was found. Under Mum's supervision and direction I treated them by pouring kerosene on them.

It was effective, but my bed received regular inspections for some months.

I feared that the arrival of bedbugs might provide Mum with further reason to prohibit my sleeping at Hillside so I told her that I'd picked the bedbugs up at the picture theatre. Several mates had also acted as carriers and had established bedbug colonies in their homes. I doubt if Mum believed me.

***Editor's Note:*** Harry Hill is a retired school teacher living in Tumut. A well known identity there and in the surrounding "High Country," he is a valued historian and raconteur on ABC radio. Living in Tumut, near the northern boundary of Kosciuszko National Park, for his whole life, he has an extensive knowledge of the place through years of camping, bushwalking, research, exploration, photography and writing. But his biggest contribution to the park has been in the area of hut conservation. Author of over a dozen books (I've lost count) I count myself privileged to have conversed with this gentleman (and shared some of his scones!). The article above is a small snippet from one of his books.

## The Clothesline

THIS IS FUNNY AND QUITE TRUE...WE ARE PROBABLY THE LAST GENERATION THAT WILL REMEMBER WHAT A CLOTHESLINE WAS

Remembering Mom's Clothesline. (There is one thing that's left out of the following list).

We had a long wooden pole (clothes pole) that was used to push the clotheslines up so that longer items (sheets/pants/etc.) didn't brush the ground and get dirty.

I can hear my mother now...

### THE BASIC RULES FOR CLOTHESLINES:

(If you don't even know what clotheslines are, better skip this.)

1. You had to hang the socks by the toes... NOT the top.
2. You hung pants by the BOTTOM/cuffs... NOT the waistbands.
3. You had to WASH the clothesline(s) before hanging any clothes - that is - walk the entire length of each line with a damp cloth around the lines.
4. You had to hang the clothes in a certain order, and always hang "whites" with "whites," and hang them first.
5. You NEVER hung a shirt by the shoulders - always by the tail!  
What would the neighbours think?
6. Wash day on a Monday! NEVER hang clothes on the weekend, or on Sunday, for Heaven's sake!
7. Hang the sheets and towels on the OUTSIDE lines so you could hide your "unmentionables" in the middle (perverts & busybodies, y'know!)
8. It didn't matter if it was sub-zero weather... clothes would "freeze-dry."
9. ALWAYS gather the clothes pins when taking down dry clothes!  
Pins left on the lines were "tacky"!
10. If you were efficient, you would line the clothes up so that each item did not need two clothes pins, but shared one of the clothes pins with the next washed item .
11. Clothes off of the line before dinner time, neatly folded in the clothes basket, and ready to be ironed.
12. IRONED??!! Well, that's a whole OTHER subject!

And now a POEM...

A clothesline was a news forecast, To neighbours passing by,  
There were no secrets you could keep, When clothes were hung to dry.  
It also was a friendly link, For neighbours always knew  
If company had stopped on by, To spend a night or two.

For then you'd see the "fancy sheets", And towels upon the line;  
You'd see the "company table cloths", With intricate designs.  
The line announced a baby's birth, From folks who lived inside,  
As brand new infant clothes were hung, So carefully with pride!

The ages of the children could, So readily be known  
By watching how the sizes changed; You'd know how much they'd grown!  
It also told when illness struck, As extra sheets were hung;  
Then nightclothes, and a bathrobe too, Haphazardly were strung.

It also said, "On vacation now", When lines hung limp and bare.

It told, "We're back!" when full lines sagged, With not an inch to spare!  
New folks in town were scorned upon, If wash was dingy and grey,  
As neighbours carefully raised their brows, And looked the other way.

But clotheslines now are of the past, For dryers make work much less.

Now what goes on inside a home, Is anybody's guess!  
I really miss that way of life, It was a friendly sign  
When neighbours knew each other best... By what hung on the line.

Contributed by Judy Robertson



# Eric The Bus Driver

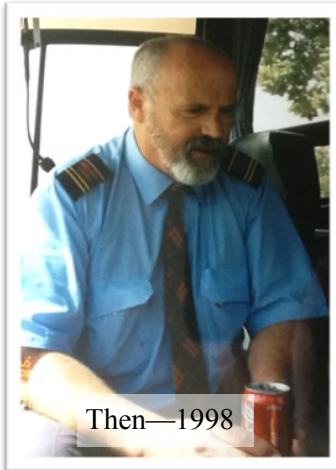
By Eric Hawkins

Many people ask why I continue to drive a bus. Why not retire? The answer to this is more complex as my work has been more my hobby for the last fifty one years. For the last twenty-three years I have been able to literally play buses, not only do I drive them I get to service, body repair, paint and look after the electrics etc. Then comes the best part - people come for a drive in them with me. This starts my next favourite activity, research. The destination, the route, all have stories to tell and I need to find information that is not obvious and that is specific to the location.

The very best part is that all these people that were strangers become my friends and we get to share our beautiful country, the food and occasionally the accommodation or show.



Today



Then—1998

At the moment we are preparing vehicles for the snow season, this is a fantastic part of the year with the very early drives into our beautiful mountains. There is nothing like a drive up the Kiewa Valley with snow on the mountains.

The vehicles have changed massively over the years. In the early days we relied on small low horse powered buses with non synchro (crash gearboxes) gear boxes. To have floor heaters was a luxury and if it got too hot windows were opened. Later would come heavy unreliable air conditioners but it was a start and the big deal was reclining chairs and ash trays in the armrests, oh the decadence.

The last fifteen years have seen major improvements, greater power and economy automatic transmissions or auto shift manual gearboxes. Superior seating with seat belts, climate control air conditioning that is reliable, disc brakes and retarders either on gearboxes or engines that enable you to drive around the mountains without needing to use the foot brakes.

With all this comes the necessity that I have to keep up with the technology and this makes the whole lot an exciting, involving past time and hobby, and somebody keeps putting money in the bank for me. Please tell me again why I should retire?

Eric the bus driver

In the future I will give an insight into some of our journeys.



## Can You Read This?

Can you read this? Only smart people can. I don't believe that I could actually understand what I was reading. The phenomenal power of the human mind, it doesn't matter in what order the letters in a word are, the only important thing is that the first and last letter be in the right place.

The rest can be a total mess and you can still read it without a problem.

This is because the human mind does not read every letter by itself, but the word as a whole. Amazing, huh?

Yeah, and I always thought spelling was important!!!

## Did you know this about the human body?

It takes food 7 seconds to get from your mouth to your stomach.

One human hair can support 6.6 pounds.

The average man's penis is two times the length of his thumb.

Human thighbones are stronger than concrete.

A woman's heart beats faster than a man's.

There are about one trillion bacteria on each of your feet.

Women blink twice as often as men.

The average person's skin weighs twice as much as the brain.

Your body uses 300 muscles to balance itself when you are standing still.

If saliva cannot dissolve something, you cannot taste it.

Women: will be finished reading this by now.

Men: are still busy checking their thumbs.



# Seniors in The News



**CELEBRATION OVER:** Albie Sloan and Lily Arfort mark the closing ceremony of Seniors Week with a cuppa at the Seniors Community Centre.

Picture: Alastair Brook

Pictures courtesy of *The Leader*

## 90-Somethings Are Oldest-Ever Newlyweds

98-year-old weds 95-year old on Leap Day  
They call themselves "the Romeo and Juliet of senior citizens," and with their wedding yesterday, they unknowingly broke a world record—for the newlyweds with the oldest combined age. Together, Lillian Hartley, 95, and Allan Marks, 98, are 193 years, 8 months, and 3 days old, the Desert Sun reports. It will be a Guinness record as soon as they've provided the organization with proof of their ages, breaking the previous record of 191 years. "I want to be together for all eternity, and I'm not taking any chances," says the new Mrs. Marks. The Palm Springs couple, both widowed, met 18 years ago on Yom Kippur, at temple. Marks told Hartley he liked her dress. "I didn't want a relationship—I enjoyed my freedom—but he got me," she says. Since then, they've been "living together in sin," Hartley said, spending their time traveling and watching Lakers games. They're not planning any big honeymoon:



Mary Conway shows off the beautiful photograph of her parents that won her first place in the photography section of The Haven Craft Show.

## A true gentleman of general practice

Nov. 26, 2012,

Vale Doctor Richard Lewis

Described by many as a gentleman, one of Wagga's first specialist obstetricians, Doctor Richard Lewis, has died at age 91.

Doctor Lewis began practicing in Wagga in 1964 when there was a desperate need for an obstetrics and gynaecology specialist.

His son Philip recalled his father constantly being called up to the hospital in the middle of the night and at the weekend.

"He delivered so many babies in Wagga, he was constantly being stopped by people and told about it," he said.

"I remember coming home from school at lunchtime and (on occasions) finding a box of groceries or a frozen chicken and once a wicker chair as payment for his services."

Mr Lewis said the common theme in talking to people about his father was that he was a true gentleman.

Dr Charles Oliver said he thoroughly enjoyed assisting in theatre work with Dr Lewis and he was a great support for general practice.

"He kept active as a retired doctor through the Base hospital's once-a-month 'update series' of meetings and still read medical journals," he said.

Dr Ian Stewart, who worked with Dr Lewis at his Best Street practice said he was almost certainly the first provincial specialist obstetrician in NSW.

"He was a consummate people person, gentlemanly and devoted," he said.

Dr Lewis was born in Townsville in 1921. He served in WWII and afterwards studied to become a GP as a mature age student.

He was a GP in Armidale for a number of years before heading to England with his wife Marcia and five boys to study obstetrics and gynaecology.

He returned to Australia and moved to Wagga in 1964 and was initially based at Gurwood Street, then built a practice on Best Street. He retired from full-time practice in the late '80s, and continued as a locum for a number of years



## Life of oldest man ends at 116 years.

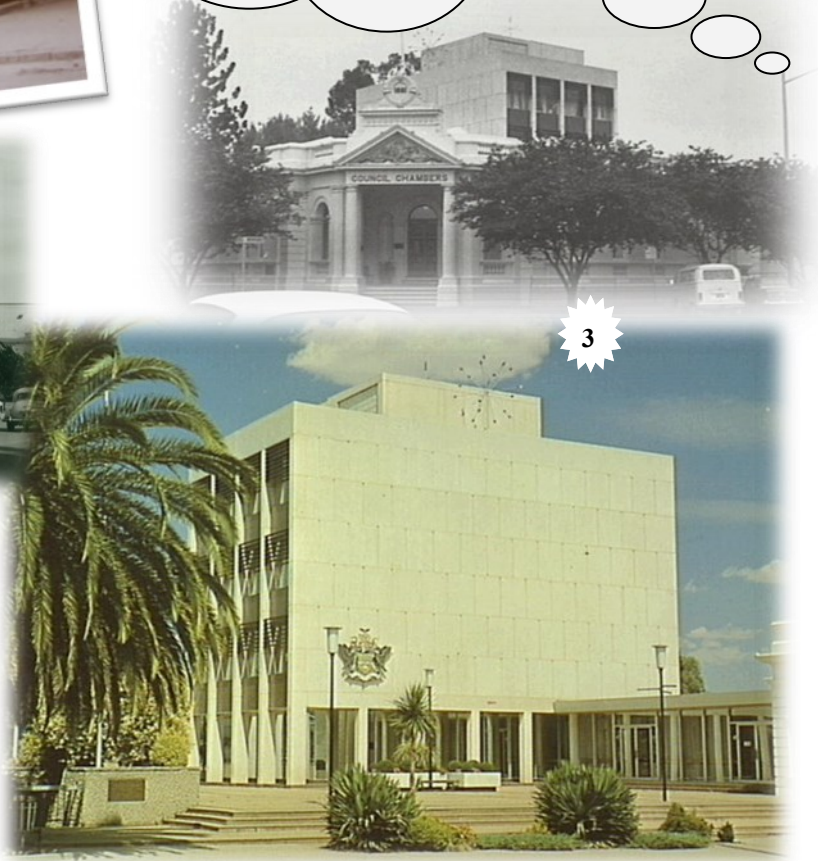
The world's oldest person and the oldest man to have lived has died of natural causes aged 116.

Japan's Jiroemon Kimura, who was born in 1897, died in hospital June 12, 2013. However, he was well off the all time record set by French woman Jeanne Calment, who died in 1997 at 122 years, making her the longest living person in history. He had seven children, 14 grand-children, 25 great-grand-children and 14 great-great-grand-children. He worked at a post office for about 40 years. Then he took up farming, which he continued to do until the age of 90.



# MEMORIES OF HOW IT WAS.

*The changing face of our Civic Centre*



## **Wagga's Civic Centre.**

1. Council Chambers completed 1882
2. Library built 1946
3. A new six storey civic administration centre was built in 1967 next to the historic council chambers with the library on the ground floor, but proved inadequate. In 1981 the library was moved to the former Coles Supermarket in Gurwood Street.
4. In 1997, the City of Wagga Wagga commissioned an architectural competition for a \$12 million civic centre on a key site beside the Wollundry Lagoon.

## **Thoughts from my Memory Box.**

Let me just share a couple of memories with you this issue. 1) With all the emphasis on good diet, low fat etc now-a-days, I can still remember eating copious amounts of bread and dripping when I was a child. 2) Socks were never thrown out when I was young, but were always darned. 3) Dad owned a 'shoe last' and mended all our shoes.

4) As well as being the family shoemaker (or at least shoe mender), Dad was also the family barber (no fancy haircuts-just a few tears when those hair clippers snagged and pulled)



# Computer Hints & Tips



## A Look Into The Future

The title is a little misleading because the device in this article is already available.

Harvey Norman is selling USB 3.0 hard drives.

USB 3.0 is ten times faster than your USB 2 flash drives and other USB 2 devices.

The only trouble is that Windows 7, Microsoft's latest operating system doesn't support USB 3.0.

The good news is that USB 3.0 is backward compatible with USB 2. Owing one of these super fast drives and connecting to a XP, Vista or Win 7 computer the drive runs at the USB 2 speed.

Windows 8 Operating System will support devices based on the USB 3.0 interconnect. Microsoft is anticipating that the public will adopt the USB 3.0 format as Intel has developed its own super-fast data transfer format, named Thunderbolt™ which is being built into their Processor chips.

USB 3.0 transfers data at speeds of up to 5 gigabytes per second.

Thunderbolt can transfer data between host computers and external devices such as displays and storage at up to 10 gigabits per second.

## Pop Ups

When you are surfing the web, do you get irritated by “pop-ups” – a smaller page on top of your screen usually inviting you to enter a competition, do something you never wanted to do, or telling you that you have won the lottery?

The natural thing to do is click the close button. But DON'T. Just wait a few seconds and the pop-up should disappear.

Not all pop-ups are dangerous of course, but if it isn't related to your current research, it could be, even if you click a NO button or initiate a “close” action.

Best to just ignore it. It should go away in a few seconds.

## Basic Computer Skills ...

### The Clicking Mouse

The mouse has either two or three buttons; we will deal only with the left and right mouse buttons here ... "Clicking" the mouse implies that you click the left button of your mouse ... "Double Clicking" implies two clicks of the left mouse button in quick succession. "Right Click" implies clicking with the right mouse button.

Clicking an object causes it to be selected or active ... This can apply to any object, such as an icon, a file, a window or any part of a window. When an object is selected or active, it'll stand out from objects which are no longer selected or active by the colouring of parts of the object ... In the standard default mode, active or selected objects are blue and objects which are not active or selected are grey.

When the name or title of an active or selected object is clicked, that name or title goes into text editing mode (highlighted in blue) ... and can be changed according to the user's preference (if it is in editing mode, and you don't want to change it, click empty space).

Double clicking an object opens the object. It causes a program or application to run or open or launch, or a file or folder to open. Launching a program icon means double clicking it. Opening a file icon means double clicking it.

Right clicking an object produces a popup menu for that object, and, the selections presented in the menu depend on the type of object it is. Nearly all objects have a Property Sheet and the selection Properties is included in its popup menu (that will usually be the last item at the bottom of the menu).

Dragging and dropping an object (a very important skill) ... is done by placing the mouse pointer on the object and clicking (left mouse button) ... and while holding that button down, dragging the object somewhere else and letting go the button. Dragging and dropping is very different when using the right mouse button.

Several of the mouse functions can be altered or adjusted to fit individual needs, including the reversing of the functions of the two buttons for left handed people, making the double click faster or slower, or adjusting the speed of the pointer's movement ... or even putting a long tail on the pointer so it doesn't get away from you. These adjustments (configurations) can be done in the Mouse section (icon) of the Control Panel of My Computer ... remember, it's only a mouse; you be the boss.



## April 27, 1981: Say Hello to the First Personal Computer Mouse.

1981: The first integrated mouse intended for use with a personal computer makes its appearance with the Xerox Star workstation.

The name “mouse” derived from the device's rounded shape and tail-like cord extending from it, suggesting the diminutive rodent.



# The Crows Joke Page

**A little boy** was waiting for his mother to come out of the grocery store. As he waited, he was approached by a man called Terry who asked, "Son, can you tell me where the post Office is?"

The little boy replied, "Sure! Just go straight down this street a coupla blocks and turn to your right." Terry thanked the little boy and said, "I'm the new pastor in town. I'd like for you to come to church on Sunday. I'll show you how to get to Heaven." The little boy replied with a chuckle. "Awww, come on... You don't even know how to get to the bloody Post Office." (submitted by Jim)



## 5 OLDER LADIES

Sitting on the side of the highway waiting to catch speeding drivers, a Police Officer sees a car puttering along at 22 KPH.

Says he to himself: "This driver is just as dangerous as a speeder!"

So he turns on his lights and pulls the driver over.

Approaching the car, he notices that there are five old ladies, two in the front seat and three in the back...wide eyed and white as ghosts.

The driver, obviously confused, says to him "Officer, I don't understand, I was doing exactly the speed limit!

What seems to be the problem?"

"Ma'am," the officer replies, "you weren't speeding, but you should know that driving slower than the speed limit can also be a danger to other drivers."

"Slower than the speed limit? No sir, I was doing the speed limit exactly...Twenty-two kilometres an hour!" the old woman says a bit proudly.

The Police officer, trying to contain a chuckle explains to her that 22 is the highway number, not the speed limit.

A bit embarrassed, the woman grins and thanks the officer for pointing out her error.

"But before I let you go, Ma'am, I have to ask...Is everyone in this car OK? These women seem awfully shaken, and they haven't made a peep this whole time," the officer asks.

"Oh, they'll be all right in a minute officer. We just got off Highway 189.."

(submitted by David)

**A single glass** at night could mean a peaceful, uninterrupted night's sleep. Now, there is a new wine for seniors. Clare Valley vintners in South Australia, which primarily produce Pinot Blanc, Pinot Noir, and Pinot Grigio wines, have developed a new hybrid grape that acts as an anti-diuretic. It is expected to reduce the number of trips older people have to make to the bathroom during the night. The new wine will be marketed as... 'Pino More'!

(Submitted by Lily)



**Paddy** took 2 stuffed dogs to the 'Antiques Road show'.

"Ooh!" said the presenter, "This is a very rare set, produced by the celebrated Johns Brothers taxidermists who operated in London at the turn of the last century.

Do you have any idea what they would fetch if they were in good condition?"

"...Sticks?" Paddy replied. (Submitted by Judy)

## The Talking Centipede

A single guy decided life would be more fun if he had a pet. So he went to the pet shop and told the owner that he wanted to buy an unusual pet.

After some discussion, he finally bought a talking centipede, which came in a little white box to use for his house. He took the box back home, found a good spot for the box, and decided he would start off by taking his new pet to the pub for a drink with him.

So he asked the centipede in the box, "Would you like to go down to the pub with me today? We will have a good time."

But there was no answer from his new pet.

This bothered him a bit, but he waited a few minutes and then asked again, "How about going down to the pub with me?" But again, there was no answer from his new friend and pet. So he waited a few minutes more, thinking about the situation.

The guy decided to invite the centipede one more time.

This time he put his face up against the centipede's box and shouted, "Hey. In there! Would you like to go to the pub with me?"

This time, a little voice came out of the box, "I heard you the first time! I'm putting my !\*\*!\*\* shoes on." (Submitted by Lily)



# Bits AND Pieces



If you woke  
up breathing  
congratulations!  
You have  
another chance



**How not to start a chain saw!!**

## Grandma's Off Her Rocker!

In the dim and distant past,  
When life's tempo wasn't fast,  
Grandma used to rock and knit,  
Crochet, tat and baby sit.

When we were in a jam,  
We could always count on gram.  
In the age of gracious living,  
Grandma's life was one of giving.

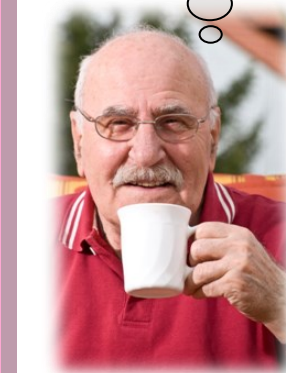
BUT TODAY....

Now grandma's at the gym,  
Exercising to keep slim,  
She's off touring with the bunch,  
Or taking all her friends to lunch.

Driving north to fish or hike,  
Taking time to ride her bike.  
Nothing seems to block or stop her,  
Now that grandma's off her rocker.

*Author Unknown*

*Why does a  
round pizza  
come in a  
square box?*

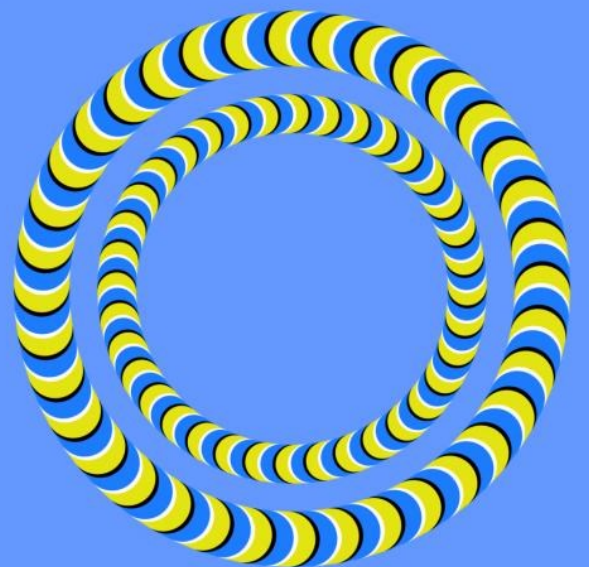


"Okay your father  
managed to get a mouse.  
Now how do we use it?"

Age is a question of  
mind over matter.  
If you don't mind, it  
doesn't matter

## OPTICUS

Do not look at the picture below for too long—it  
may make you dizzy!!



## Men can fix anything!



There I Fixed It