

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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*75 years ago on 15th August, 1945, people were dancing in streets all over Australia, including here in Fitzmaurice St, Wagga (near the Wollundry Bridge). It was VP Day, for thousands of Australian soldiers World War 2 was over, the boys were coming home. It was a time of great relief & happiness, mixed with sadness for those who gave up their lives.
Our story this issue from someone who remembers.*





Editor's Notes

G'day to all our members,
 Once again I am happy to present what I hope is an enjoyable read that will at least briefly help us forget the trying times we find ourselves experiencing these past few months. We are all missing that friendly interaction and face to face contact that the many activities we were used to enjoying within our club provided. May a new year bring a return to happier times!

For the lead story/article in this issue I was reminded of an important anniversary that caused me to hark back to one of my very earliest memories.

This is the last issue for this year and one can never know what the future holds but it is hoped we will see you all within the pages of this magazine again.

Best regards, *Barry*



Presidents Message

Hi Fellow Seniors,
 Well, what a year it has been! Since March we have been unable to get together as a group due to Covid-19. I hope you are all well and looking after yourselves and keeping in touch with your fellow seniors. I know a few of the smaller groups have been gathering outdoors/indoors and the warmer weather will make this even more enjoyable. The rules set for using the Community Centre are just too great so the Committee, via your President, has decided to say goodbye to 2020 and hope we can start fresh in January 2021.

I do thank Barry for putting my remarks and other little snippets on Facebook and email from time to time as it does connect the majority of our members.

Your Committee and I wish you all a Merry Christmas and a Happy and Healthy 2021, when again we shall be able to gather as a group.

Remember HAVE FUN & LOOK AFTER EACH OTHER

Jim Weeden, President

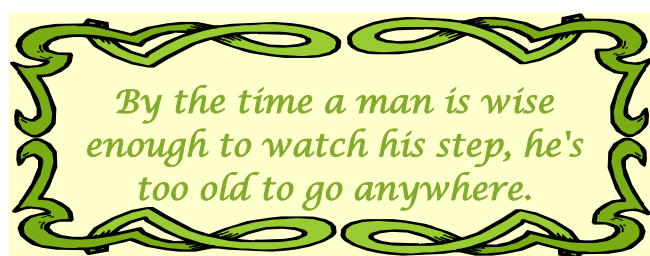
Wagga Wagga Senior Citizens' Club Inc.

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 12.30 pm	\$3.00 Per hr.
Every Mon.	IPad 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 pm to 3.00 pm	\$2.00
3rd Mon. Of Month	Luncheon Day	12 noon	\$5.00
4th Mon. Of Month	Games Afternoon	1.00 pm to 3.00pm	\$2.00
Every Thursday	Computer Club - offering one on one tuition.	9.30 am to 12.30 pm	\$3.00 Per hr.
Every Thursday	500 Cards	1.00-3.00pm	\$2.00
Every Thursday	Line Dancing	9.30am to 11.30 am	\$2.00
Every Thursday	Craft	1.00 pm to 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

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	Jim Weeden	69331394
Vice President	Wendy Job	
Treasurer	Jo Jovanovic	69228536
Assistant Treasurer	Marlene Bowen	
Secretary	Robyn Weeden	69331394
Assistant Secretary		

Additional Committee: Velma Spears, Dudley Downey, Chris Thomas, Lenore Keppie, Ellen Downey, Dawn McDermott.



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.

Seniors In Focus

Club Memories From Past Years



Christmas 2009



Annual Trip 2010



Seniors Week 2011



Gundagai 2012



Seniors Week 2013

The Letter

This is an actual letter that was sent to a bank by an 86 year old woman. The bank manager thought it amusing enough to have it published in the New York Times.



Dear Sir:

I am writing to thank you for bouncing my check with which I endeavoured to pay my plumber last month. By my calculations, three nanoseconds must have elapsed between his presenting the check and the arrival in my account of the funds needed to honour it. I refer, of course, to the automatic monthly deposit of my entire pension, an arrangement which, I admit, has been in place for only eight years. You are to be commended for seizing that brief window of opportunity, and also for debiting my account \$30 by way of penalty for the inconvenience caused to your bank. My thankfulness springs from the manner in which this incident has caused me to rethink my errant financial ways.

I noticed that whereas I personally answer your telephone calls and letters, when I try to contact you, I am confronted by the impersonal, overcharging, pre-recorded, faceless entity which your bank has become. From now on, I, like you, choose only to deal with a flesh-and-blood person. My mortgage and loan repayments will therefore and hereafter no longer be automatic, but will arrive at your bank, by check, addressed personally and confidentially to an employee at your bank whom you must nominate.

Be aware that it is an offense under the Postal Act for any other person to open such an envelope. Please find attached an Application Contact which I require your chosen employee to complete. I am sorry it runs to eight pages, but in order that I know as much about him or her as your bank knows about me, there is no alternative. Please note that all copies of his or her medical history must be countersigned by a Notary Public, and the mandatory details of his/her financial situation (income, debts, assets and liabilities) must be accompanied by documented proof.

In due course, at MY convenience, I will issue your employee with a PIN number which he/she must quote in dealings with me. I regret that it cannot be shorter than 28 digits but, again, I have modelled it on the number of button presses required of me to access my account balance on your phone bank service. As they say, imitation is the sincerest form of flattery.

Let me level the playing field even further. When you call me, press buttons as follows:

IMMEDIATELY AFTER DIALING, PRESS THE STAR (*)
BUTTON FOR ENGLISH

#1. To make an appointment to see me

#2. To query a missing payment.

3. To transfer the call to my living room in case I am there.

4. To transfer the call to my bedroom in case I am sleeping

5. To transfer the call to my toilet in case I am attending to nature.

6. To transfer the call to my mobile phone if I am not at home

#7. To leave a message on my computer, a password to access my computer is required. Password will be communicated to you at a later date to that Authorized Contact mentioned earlier.

8. To return to the main menu and to listen to options 1 through 7.

9. To make a general complaint or inquiry. The contact will then be put on hold, pending the attention of my automated answering service.

10. This is a second reminder to press* for English. While this may, on occasion, involve a lengthy wait, uplifting music will play for the duration of the call regrettably, but again following your example, I must also levy an establishment fee to cover the setting up of this new arrangement. May I wish you a happy, if ever so slightly less prosperous New Year?

Your Humble Client

(Remember: This was written by an 86 year old woman) 'YA JUST GOTTA LOVE " US SENIORS" !!!!!

And remember; Don't make old ladies mad. They don't like being old in the first place, so it doesn't take much to set them off.



The Day Wagga Celebrated War's End

By Barry G Williams

Australia's involvement in World War 2 began on September 3, 1939 when the Prime Minister of the day, Robert Gordon Menzies, uttered those ominous words, "Fellow Australians, it is my melancholy duty to inform you officially, that in consequence of a persistence by Germany in her invasion of Poland, Great Britain has declared war upon her and that as a result, Australia is also at war." It would continue for almost another five devastating years.

As I write these lines the month is August, 2009, but my thoughts are drifting back to another August some sixty four years earlier in the year 1945. Like a candle glowing dimly in a darkened room my memory of this moment is vague, for I am only four years old and this is one of my very first memories. We live on our dairy farm three miles out of Wagga, but for reasons I know not, we are in town. A crowd (nearly 10,000 according to the next day's paper, which is not bad considering the town's population is just approaching 15,000 at this time) is gathering on the footpath and I struggle to see what is happening through a forest of legs. In the distance come the sound of music, slowly building to a crescendo as it approaches. "That's just the band, Barry", someone yells in my ear reassuringly.

The crowd cheers wildly as the Wagga Junior Citizens' Band in their full regalia of dark blue cloaks with light blue satin linings and forage caps approach playing a lively march. Following them come members of the Returned Soldiers League, veterans of this and the last war (WW1). Next come the Kapooka Military Band leading hundreds of men in uniform. The stamp, stamp, stamp of hundreds of boots hitting the bitumen in unison as the khaki clad men, carrying 303 rifles with fixed bayonets glinting in the weak late winter sun, march by. "Soldiers", someone explains to me.

The blare of bugles, the thunder of drums, the whole explosion of sound. I am jumping out of my skin with excitement. And I jump again as an old chap just behind me yells loudly, "good on yer, God bless ya lads".

The sisters of Army camp hospitals, followed by a contingent of A.W.A.S. (Australian Women's Army Service) come next.

The Air Force Band then comes into view as they lead group after group of young airmen. They comprise men from all the Air Force stations in the Wagga district.

Then follow members of the W.A.A.A.F (Women's' Auxiliary Australian Air Force), V.D.C. (Volunteer Defence Corps), High School cadets, V.A.D. (Voluntary Aid Detachment), W.E.S.C. (Women's Emergency Signalling Corps), with Wagga Scouts and Cubs, followed by Girl Guides and Brownies completing this spectacular march.

Everyone is clapping and seems so happy. I am too young to understand that this is a great day for Wagga, and the world. Today is a day for heroes. Today our boys, our sons, our brothers, our fathers, have started to come home.

And the day wasn't over yet. The march had started at 2 o'clock. At 3 o'clock sharp there came a tremendous rush of sound overhead as a Spitfire came hurtling out of the sky at terrific speed and zoomed low over the astounded crowd, only to become a tiny spec in the distance in seconds. Two Spitfires and two Beau fighters joined in the following display, giving demonstrations of strafing runs and evasive tactics.

With flags fluttering all around, the crowd then listened as they were addressed by Civil and Armed Forces dignitaries.

But the real excitement had started a few hours earlier, when news of Japan's surrender, precipitating an end to the war, reached Wagga. The pages of The Daily Advertiser recorded those first deliriously happy hours.

THE DAILY ADVERTISER, THURSDAY, AUGUST 16, 1945

Vast Crowd at Wagga Victory Celebrations

**SPECTACULAR PROCESSION;
R.A.A.F. DISPLAY;
CEREMONY IN GARDENS**

Stirring Speeches Made

The official V-P celebrations in Wagga yesterday afternoon will live long in the memory of all residents. Never before has such a vast concourse of people thronged the Victory Memorial Gardens. The crowd was officially estimated to number close on 10,000 persons.

Proceedings began with a procession of returned soldiers, service men and women, and auxiliary war organisations, the salute being taken opposite the Town Hall. Then followed a spectacular display by Spitfires and Beaufighters, and finally, the ceremony in the gardens, when, after two minutes' silence had been observed, stirring addresses were delivered by representatives of the services and civilian organisations.

Thousands of people lined the streets in the vicinity of the Wagga Town Hall before 2 o'clock to witness the march

Mrs. H. E. Gissing (president of the Wagga Red Cross), Mrs. John Graham (president of the Wagga R.S.V. Women's Auxiliary), Mrs. Wagga. During the whole of the war he was president of the Australian Comforts Fund, and he



THE WAGGA CENOTAPH

Thanksgiving Services Held in Wagga Churches

Prayer and Praise and Appropriate Addresses

After the revelry of the morning and the official celebration of victory in the Memorial Gardens in the afternoon, it was fitting that the people of Wagga should turn their thoughts to giving thanks, where thanks were due, for the victory gained over foes who, had the decision been reversed, would have held the defenceless nations in a state of bondage which would have eliminated all freedoms—religion, speech, press and the right to live their own lives. All the services were excellently attended.

Church of England

**AND AFTER WAR—
THE PEACE**

St. John's Church of England was packed with reverent worshippers, who participated in appropriate prayers and singing, and listened to a well-delivered address by the Ven. Rev. Canon E. J. W. W.

dred, of thousands of the forces.

"In the joy, therefore, of our deliverance, be they what they let us to the task. Let us finish in our duty. Let us let the war be a serious lesson to the brave and valiant and to those who have turned to us to return to their own

Enemy Sank 36 Ships Off Eastern Australia

SYDNEY, Wed.: Merchant shipping sunk off the eastern coast of Australia

Wagga Crowds Throng Street to Celebrate: Wagga went wild with excitement yesterday morning when the news that the war had ended was received. Whistles and sirens blew, car horns were tooted, and crowds thronged into the main streets, where pandemonium broke loose. At night the red glow of bonfires illuminated the sky, and still the merrymaking went on. It was a day of days. As early as 2 am there was much ado in Wagga railway yards, with a cock-a doodle-doing from the locomotives. Premature messages of Japan's surrender had evidently been received. But it was not until nine o'clock that the celebrations really started. Shops had opened for the day, but bands of servicemen and women invaded the shops with the news that the war had ended. Most shops closed immediately after the customers already in them had been served. Some remained open for a little while, especially those dealing in foodstuffs.

Joyful expressions and actions were not confined to the younger people. Middle-aged and older people joined in the crowds which were milling in the streets, and many carried flags and blew trumpets and rang bells, until it was thought bedlam had broken loose.

The crowd was particularly thick near the New Moon Gardens. The roadway had been closed to traffic from the Council Chambers to Johnston Street, leaving a clear run for pedestrians along the streets as well as the footpaths. Tin cans and billycans were being kicked about by young people, and many of them were playing "ring-a roses" in the middle of the street. It was difficult for any person to make his way through the crowd. Shouting and cheering was going on ceaselessly, from 9 am until well after noon, when the crowd thinned somewhat, owing to the people wanting something to eat, no doubt.

Motor cars and sulkies, gaily decorated with flags and bunting, were being driven around the streets, all crowded with people. Many vehicles trailed empty kerosene tins in their wake along the streets, making a glorious din.

Young women, prim and staid at other times, reached up to kiss servicemen, who did not seem to mind in the least. Several girls even mobbed Detective-Sergeant Harry Cloke, who for a while was standing talking to the traffic policeman in front of the Council Chambers, and kissed him on the cheek. A similar effort to kiss the traffic policeman ended in a smiling rebuff.

Many young men, civilians as well as servicemen, were seen with bottles under their arms, dancing about, but on the whole there was no wild horseplay. It seemed, however, that there must be a few accidents, as some of the young people took tremendous risks in jumping on and off moving vehicles.

Soon almost every hand waved a flag. Flags were converted into headgear for some, and decorated the clothes of others. People danced jubilantly along the streets, carrying streamers in which they caught groups of people as they passed. Girls found partners and, making their own music, danced wherever there was space. Paper streamers were thrown and caught from side to side of the street, and people from second storey windows showered those below with confetti.

Near the Lagoon bridge, which was dense with joyful humanity, music was amplified. Passing vehicles were decorated with red, white and blue; and their drivers, many in jazz caps, waved gaily in response to the riotous greeting of the crowd. Everybody appeared to be everybody's friend.

Children on decorated bicycles rode zig zag, their machines festooned with colour. Lorries and carts were filled to capacity with gesticulating joy-riders, who waved delightedly as they passed. Horses wore Diggers hats over one ear and flags in the other; coloured ribbons adorned their harness. Up and down the main street and around the town these vehicles went, here and there stopping to allow some of the occupants to alight and more to clamber on.

Children as well as adults shouted their happiness, and many mothers wept with joy at the news. The atmosphere was one of joyous abandon. Flags graced the Town Hall and dozens of other buildings; victory signs in broad characters covered some shop windows and pennants of all colours fluttered from verandas and roofs. The celebrations did not lose their spontaneity right throughout the morning.

Neon Lights and Bonfires: Last night, for the first time in many years, the neon signs in the streets of Wagga were turned on.

A huge bonfire, organised by the students of the Wagga Technical College attracted more than 300 children and adults last night. The bonfire was held in the school grounds. Community singing was conducted and also novelty dances."

Although it is many years now, that memory (one of my very first) as a young boy watching that march and experiencing the excitement all around me will live with me always.

END



World War 2 Parade in Baylis Street, Wagga



Wagga Celebrates the End of World War 2

August 15th this year (2020) was the 75th anniversary of VP Day (Victory in the Pacific) when Japan finally surrendered and Wagga citizens gathered in the streets to celebrate the war's end in 1945.

V-P. CELEBRATIONS IN WAGGA AND DISTRICT

Police Pay Tribute to Behavior of Residents

Though no organised victory celebrations were held on Thursday, the public of Wagga were present in large numbers in the streets during the day and evening. In some sections of the main street dancing was in progress, and though the noise and jubilation of the previous day had ceased to some extent, the people appeared to be thoroughly enjoying themselves.

Groups again sang in the streets of Wagga and there was much flag-waving. All public buildings and other offices and shops still wore victory dress, and flags were still being flown over most buildings and in the Victory Memorial Gardens.

Yesterday, Superintendent G. B. Howard, of the Wagga Police, paid high tribute to the people of Wagga for their conduct during the Victory Day celebrations. "There was an absence of vandalism," he said, "and the people obeyed all instructions given by the traffic policemen. The crowd in spite of the general merriment, was particularly orderly."

Superintendent Howard had arranged for all members of the staff of the Wagga Police Station to be back on duty as soon as the news of the declaration of peace was announced. "The whole staff was at the Police Station within a very short time of this announcement," he said, "and they did a wonderful job during that day. They worked right through, and discharged their duties very capably."

The Weather

LATEST FORECASTS

SYDNEY, Friday: Following are the latest official weather forecasts:—

Riverina and Southwest Slopes: Generally fine, with scattered cloud; mild day; cool to cold night. Isolated light frosts. Light to moderate west winds.

State: Scattered cloud on the southwest slopes and plains; practically cloudless elsewhere; mild day; cool night; light west winds.

RAINFALL REGISTRATIONS

SYDNEY, Friday: Official rainfall registrations for the 24 hours ended 9 a.m. to-day included:—

Riverina: Whitton 1 point, Berrihan 1, Corowa 6, Howlong 10, Southwest Slopes: Beroona 2, Gundagai 2, Rylow 7, Tumut 4, Southern Tablelands: Cooma 2, Delegate 3, Kiandra 70, Kosciusko



Ever Wondered Why There's an "R" in "Mrs"?

Missus doesn't even have an "R" in it. What's the deal?

Spelling in the English language can be tricky, downright hilarious, or just plain confusing. Case in point: Why does the abbreviation "Mrs." have an "R" when the full word "missus" is R-less?

That's because Mrs. wasn't always the abbreviation for missus. Centuries ago, it stood for mistress, which at the time meant the woman of the household. A governess who looked after children was also called a mistress. Eventually, the abbreviation became the title for married women, while men used Mr., pronounced master.

Since English speakers have a tendency to shorten words by means of contractions, the moniker was pronounced missus at the end of the 18th century. It was probably for the best, since "mistress" was given a new definition, the one we know today involving extramarital romantic affairs. Confusing the two could land you in seriously awkward trouble.

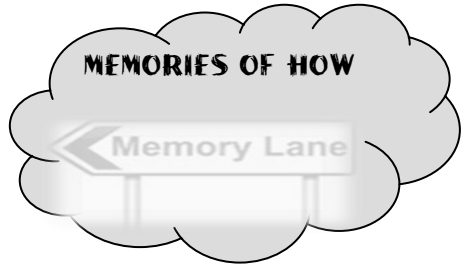
The grammar changed for the gents, too. The pronunciation of Mr. eventually went from master to mister, but the whole title was rarely written out. Mister was already a word that referred to an occupation or trade.

Long story short: The English language is confusing.



A Walk Down Memory Lane!

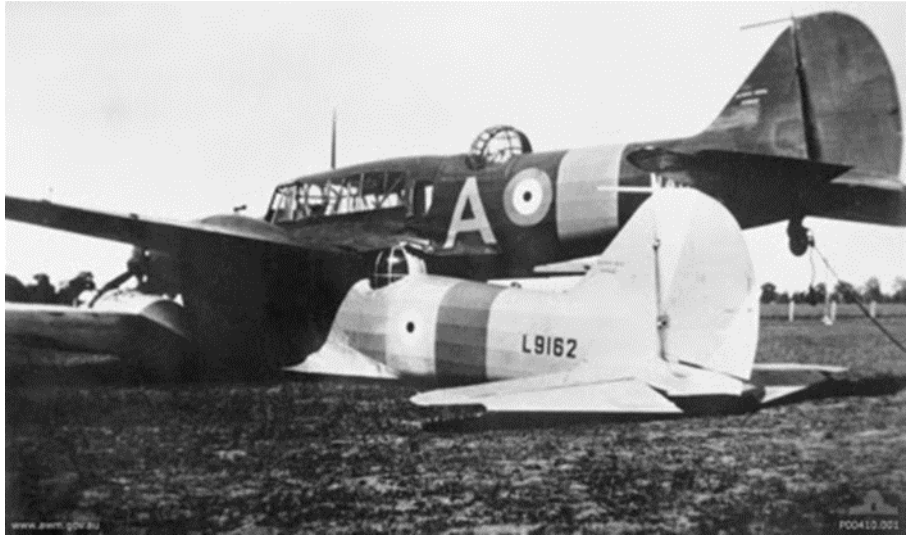
Do you remember when....
Here are a few gentle reminders of how it was when we were young.



On Sept. 29, 1940, two Avro Anson training aircraft took off from a Royal Australian Air Force base near Wagga Wagga for a cross-country exercise over New South Wales. They were making a banking turn over Brocklesby when pilot Leonard Fuller lost sight of Jack Hewson's plane beneath him, and the two collided with a "grinding crunch of metal and tearing of fabric."

To his horror, Fuller found that the planes were now locked together. His own engines had been knocked out by the collision, but Hewson's were still functioning, and he could still manipulate his own ailerons and flaps, so he found he could control the lumbering pair as one aircraft.

After the crew of the lower plane had bailed out, along with his own navigator, Fuller flew an additional five miles and made an emergency landing in a paddock, where he slid 200 yards to a safe stop. "I did everything we've been told to do in a forced landing," he told air accident inspector Arthur Murphy. "Land as close as possible to habitation or a farmhouse and, if possible, land into the wind. I did all that. There's the farmhouse, and I did a couple of circuits and landed into the wind. She was pretty heavy on the controls, though."



Fuller was credited with saving £40,000 worth of military hardware and preventing any damage or injury in Brocklesby, and his plane was even returned to service. He died four years later in a road accident.



Remember when most families owned station wagons and we could sit in the back . . . no seat belts required!



Members' Contributions

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

THE YEAR WAS 1955

Contributed by Judy Robertson



When I first started driving, who would have thought gas would someday cost 25 cents a gallon? Guess we'd be better off leaving the car in the garage.



I never thought I'd see the day all our kitchen appliances would be electric. They're even making electric typewriters now.



It's too bad things are so tough nowadays. I see where a few married women are having to work to make ends meet.

Hearing Aids

A man walked into a shop specialising in supplying hearing aids and asked about prices.

"They vary," he was told, "from very expensive to surprisingly cheap. Our Deluxe model, for example is priced at several thousand dollars. It can translate into 3 languages for instance. Our cheapest model costs only \$1.50."

"And what does it do?" asked the man.

"Nothing, It's just a button with a string on it. You fit the button in your ear and the other end of the string into your top pocket."

"Well, how does it work?"

"Oh, it doesn't. But if you wear it you'll be surprised at how loudly people will talk."

Submitted by Yvonne Homer

If my body was a car!

If my body was a car, this is the time I would be thinking about trading it in for a newer model.

I've got bumps and dents and scratches in my finish and my paint job is getting a little dull.

But that's not the worst of it

My headlights are out of focus and it's especially hard to see things close up.

My traction is not as graceful as it once was. I slip, slide and skid and bump into things even in the best of weather.

My whitewalls are stained with varicose veins.

It takes me hours to reach my maximum speed. My fuel rate burns inefficiently.

But here's the worst of it ...

Almost every time I sneeze, cough or splutter

Either my radiator leaks or my exhaust backfires.

Submitted by Bruce McAlister

To me, old age is always fifteen years older than I am.

By the time most men have money to burn, the fire has gone out.

Work hard and save your money, and when you are old, you can have the things only young people can enjoy

Submitted by Bruce McAlister

Church Signs

Submitted by Yvonne Homer



Computer Hints & Tips



How to buy, sell and make money with Facebook Marketplace

Gone are the days (well, mostly) of garage sales and “For Sale” signs in windows. These days, the majority of buying and selling of second-hand items is done online – and with a bit of knowledge, it’s something you can easily partake in.

There are loads of ways to exchange goods online, from eBay, Gumtree and Etsy to any number of online stores. However, in this article we’re going to focus on one in particular: [Facebook Marketplace](#).

We’ve chosen this because a large majority of people already have a Facebook account and are familiar with its software. If you don’t already have a Facebook account and want to buy and sell second-hand items on Marketplace, [you can sign up by following the instructions at this link](#).

What is Marketplace and how can I access it?

Marketplace allows you to buy and sell items with people in your community on Facebook.

To access Marketplace on your phone, open the Facebook app, tap the three-horizontal-line symbol in the bottom right corner, and then click on **Marketplace**.

If you’re on your computer, go to your Facebook Home page, and click on **Marketplace** in the left-hand column. If you can’t see Marketplace straight away, you may need to click on the **See More** options drop-down menu.

Alternatively, you can always access Marketplace by typing facebook.com/marketplace into your address bar.

How do I buy something on Marketplace?

Once you’re in Marketplace, locate the “Search Marketplace” search bar and type the name of the item you wish to buy. A list of items will appear along with their prices and locations.

Click on an item you might want to buy and a new page will open with more information about that particular item, including its condition, brand, and a more detailed description.

You can message the seller in two ways – click **Message** to send a custom message to the seller, or click **Send** to send a pre-written message that says, “Is this still available?”

From there, you can continue your conversation – and your bartering over price – in Facebook Messenger.

If you and the seller come to an agreement, you can arrange either a pick-up or delivery. Remember, it’s best to only exchange cash once you’ve viewed the item in person; some sellers may wish for you to transfer money online, but this can be risky, particularly if you’re not confident with online transfers.

How do I sell something on Marketplace?

When you sell something on Marketplace, you create a public listing that can be seen by anyone on Marketplace and in News Feed, search, and other places on or off Facebook.

To sell an item on Marketplace, click + **Create New Listing** on your computer, or click **Sell** on your phone app. Then click **Item for Sale**.

Next, click **Add Photos** to upload one or more photos of your item from your phone or computer.

Good photos are crucial, so take the time to photograph them clearly. Try to place them up against a plain background (such as a wall) if possible to ensure there is as little distraction as possible. Make sure the lighting is good too; a poorly lit photo can hurt your chances of getting a good price.

Once you’ve uploaded some photos, enter the info about your item. Start with a strong title; this will be the first thing that potential buyers see, so make sure it’s concise and to the point.

Then, enter a price and choose a category. The price is a starting point, and buyers will undoubtedly want to barter with you, so it’s generally a good idea to list a higher price than you’re hoping to sell for.

Next, enter a description. If you’re selling a table, for example, you’ll want to list its dimensions, colour, condition, and any other information you think is relevant.

When you’re finished, click **Publish**; or **Next** and then **Publish** if you’re on your phone. If Publish or Next is greyed out, it’s because you haven’t filled out one or more of the fields. Go back and fill these out and then try again.

Once you click Publish, you’ll have to wait a short time for your item to be approved by Facebook, and then it will go live on Marketplace. Sit back and wait for the offers to start rolling in!

A few extra tips

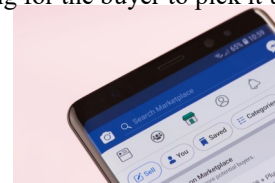
After your listing has been published, you can mark it as Sold, Pending or Available. If you’ve sold an item, marking it Sold will make it invisible to anyone else on Marketplace. All buyers who messaged you about the item will get a message saying the item has been sold.

Pending is what you’d use when you’ve made an agreement to sell the item and are waiting for the buyer to pick it up. New buyers will still be able to see the item, but they’ll know that the sale is pending.

If you’re not receiving any offers, there could be many reasons, including:

- The price is too high
- The Title doesn't give an accurate enough description
- The photos are unclear
- Or, unfortunately, there may just simply be no demand for what you're selling!

Like anything online and in real life, Facebook Marketplace may take some time to get used to, but overall it's a very easy platform to master. And once you do, who knows what great items you may find – or what handy bits of extra cash you could make!



Internet Links 4U2 Try

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

360° Panoramas at <https://www.airpano.com/360photo/Mono-Lake-California-USA/>

[Is It Safe to Let Your Browser Remember Passwords?](#)

[What's the Difference Between an Email Account, an Email Address, an Email Program, and an Email Service?](#)

[Is it Safe to Click That Link?](#)

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



The Crows Joke Page

A family sat eating dinner at the table one night. "Dad," the son asked, "are bugs good to eat?" "Why, that's disgusting!" his father exclaimed. "Don't talk about things like that over dinner." After dinner, the father asked his son: "Now, son, what did you want to ask me?" "Oh, nothing," replied the son. "There was a bug in your soup, but it's gone now."



A man runs into a bar and hurriedly orders the barman to pour him 20 shots of his best single malt scotch whiskey. The bartender hurries and pours the man the 20 shots, and the man quickly takes down each one.



The bartender says, "wow, I've never seen anybody drink that fast!" The man says, "well, you'd drink fast too, if you had what I had ..." The bartender says, "my God, what is it? What do you have?" The man replies, "50 cents."

A paramedic assists during a blackout... A woman calls triple-0 ...she's in labour. Due to a power outage, only one paramedic responded to the call. The house was very dark so the paramedic asked Katie, a 3 year-old girl to hold a torch high over her mummy so he could see while he helped deliver the baby. Very diligently, Katie did as she was asked. Heidi pushed and pushed and after a little while, Connor was born. The paramedic lifted him by his little feet and spanked him on his bottom. Connor began to cry. The paramedic then thanked Katie for her help and asked the wide-eyed 3 year-old what she thought about what she had just witnessed. Katie quickly responded, "He shouldn't have crawled in there in the first place, smack his arse again!"



A pharmacist walked into his shop to find a man leaning against the wall. "What's wrong with him?", he asked his assistant. "He came in for cough syrup, but I couldn't find any so I gave him an entire box of laxatives." "You idiot" said the chemist, "You can't treat a cough with laxatives." "Of course you can" the assistant replied, "Look at him.....he daren't cough now!!"



A salesman knocked on an old lady's door

A little old lady answered a knock on the door one



day, only to be confronted by a well-dressed young man carrying a vacuum cleaner.

"Good morning," said the young man. "If I could take a couple of minutes of your time, I would like to demonstrate the very latest in high-powered vacuum cleaners." "Go away!" said the old lady. "I'm broke and haven't got any money!" She slammed the door shut but, quick as a flash, the young man wedged his foot in the door and pushed it wide open again. "Don't be too hasty!" he said. "Not until you have at least seen my demonstration." And with that, he emptied a bucket of horse manure onto her hallway carpet. "Now, if this vacuum cleaner does not remove all traces of this horse manure from your carpet, Madam, I will personally eat the remainder." The old lady stepped back and said: "Well let me get you a fork, because they cut off my electricity this morning!"

A 'blonde man' was driving home, drunk as a skunk. Suddenly he has to swerve to avoid a tree, then another, then another.

A cop car pulls him over, so he tells the cop about all the trees in the road. The cop says, "That's your air freshener swinging about!"



People Enjoying Nature!



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www.glasbergen.com



"THE COMPUTER SAYS I NEED TO UPGRADE MY BRAIN
TO BE COMPATIBLE WITH ITS NEW SOFTWARE."

Another Year Has Passed

Another year has passed
And we're all a little older.
Last summer felt hotter
And winter seems much colder.

There was a time not long ago
When life was quite a blast.
Now I fully understand
About 'Living in the Past'

We used to go to weddings,
Football games and lunches..
Now we go to funeral homes
And after-funeral brunches.

We used to have hangovers,
From parties that were gay.
Now we suffer body aches
And while the night away.

We used to go out dining,
And couldn't get our fill.
Now we ask for doggie bags,
Come home and take a pill.

We used to often travel
To places near and far.
Now we get sore arses
From riding in the car.

We used to go to nightclubs
And drink a little booze.
Now we stay home at night
And watch the evening news.

That, my friend is how life is,
And now my tale is told.
So, enjoy each day and live it up...
Before you're too damned old!

Anonymous

Two little boys were at a
wedding when one of them
leaned over to the other and
asked, "How many wives can
a man have?" His friend
answered, "Sixteen... four
better, four worse, four richer,
and four poorer."

Oldtimers

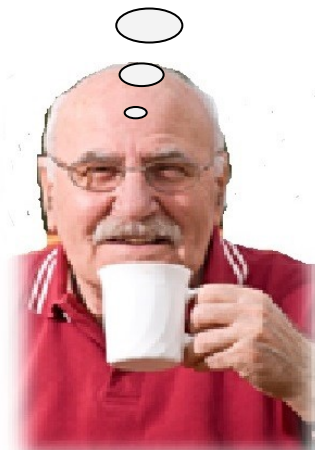


Marilyn hasn't aged well!

More people enjoying nature!



Can short people
tell tall tales?



Mirror Carrying

Here's a simple illusion achieved with the use of a mirror, this man is carrying the mirror on his shoulder with the reflective side outward thus achieving the illusion that he has no head.

