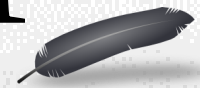


Something to

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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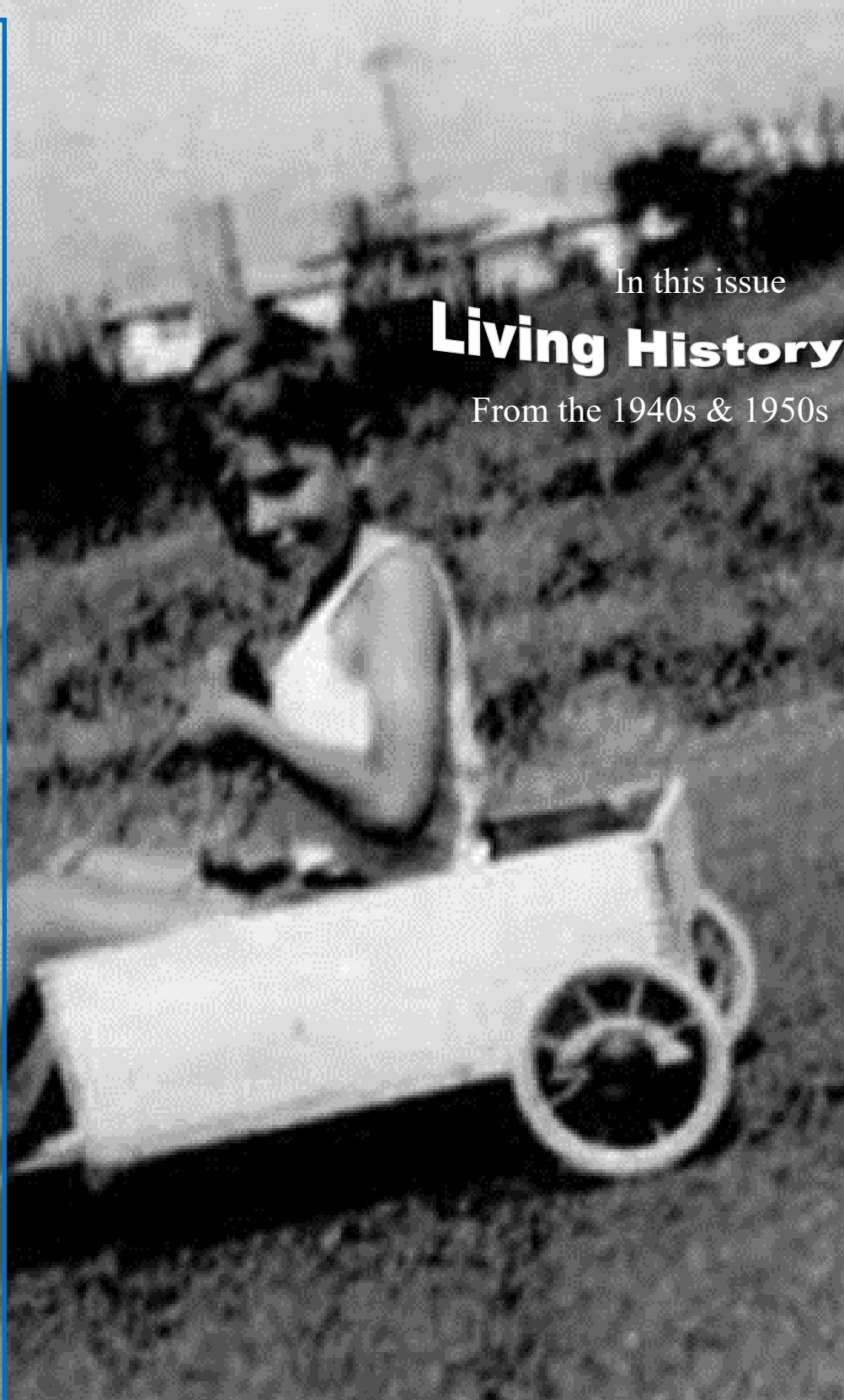
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Living History
From the 1940s & 1950s



Presidents Message

G'Day Fellow Seniors,
We are already a quarter of the way through 2022 and it seems like only yesterday that the year started.

After a two year "break" due to Covid 19 and it's variants, the membership numbers this year have dropped to about half the numbers we have prior to Covid 19. With the loss of so many of our members, it is difficult to get enough members at the General Meeting to form a quorum.

It is good to see that Judy is back at the club and is willing to give computer lessons to a few of our members.

Our recent luncheon at the Rules Club was great and it was good to talk to so many members face to face.

With changes taking place, with the regards to the wearing of masks, it is hoped that we will soon be able to start having bus trips.

Remember, have fun and look after each other.

President Jim

Wagga Wagga Senior Citizens' Club Inc.

Membership (\$5.00 per year) to over 50's
Club activities 2021 (During Covid-19 restrictions)

iPad class Monday 10.30 am to 11.30

Computer Tuition Thursday 9-30 am to 2.30 pm
(Phone 0418270949 [Judy] for hour appointment)

Craft Thursday 1.00 pm to 3.00 pm

Line-dancing Thursday 9.30 am to 11.30 am

Cards Thursday 1.00 pm to 3.00 pm

Carpet Bowls Friday 1.00 pm to 3.00 pm

Monthly General Meeting First Monday of Month 1.30 pm

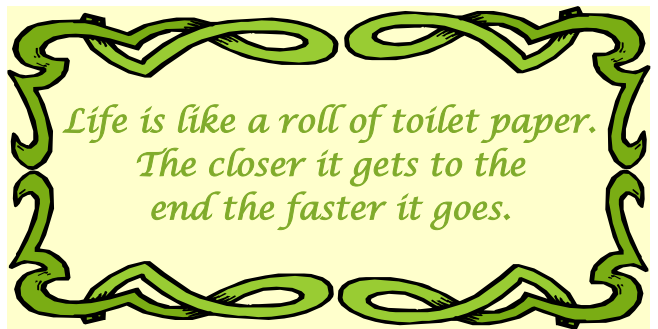


Editor's Notes



Dear club members,
As our President has pointed out attendance at our club General Meetings have fallen off, so if you are able to put in an appearance it would be greatly appreciated as it will allow us to invite interesting speakers as in the past before the Covid pandemic made its unwelcome appearance. Hope to see you there, until then good health and happiness.

Best regards, *Barry*
Editor, Crowabout



Wagga Wagga Senior Citizens' Club Inc Committee 2022

President	Jim Weeden	69331394
Vice President	Wendy Job	69225919
Treasurer	Jo Jovanovic	69228536
Assistant Treasurer	Marlene Bowen	0419713113
Secretary	Robyn Weeden	69331394
Assistant Secretary		

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



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



At this time we still do not have access to the Centre's kitchen but this did not stop member's from enjoying a morning tea and catch-up recently. Pictured (Left) Sonia, Les and Yvonne while (below) Lily and Wendy enjoy each others company.



Phyllis (Left), one of our Craft Group's members proudly shows off one of her latest creations. In April our members enjoyed a luncheon at the Rules Club (below and next page)



Seniors In Focus



Seniors April Lunch



Living History

Frank's story - School years

In 1948 I started my education at the local public school. I should say my formal education because my mother had already taught me to read and write and do some basic arithmetic. As I was the only child at the school born in 1941, I was put together with those a year older, not that it made a great deal of difference. There were about 30 pupils in the whole school and only one teacher. So grades 1 and 2 were seated in the second room, with the connecting doors open and grades 3, 4, 5 and 6 were in the main room. A second teacher was provided in about 1950 when the pupil population increased to about 50.

The school was situated on a hill and from the end of the school ground down to the river stood a plantation of pine trees. These had been planted during the years my mother had attended the school, and provided a great place for us kids to play during and after school. Opposite the school was a sports ground and after that the local Catholic school. Many a battle was fought on this ground between us Protestants and the Tykes, both during and after school. Such was life in those days. You would belt the daylight out of one another one day and be best mates again a couple of days later. As the school numbers were so small a football team had 6 to 12 year olds playing together. I loved every minute of it.

At the start of my second year at school, I fell in love for the first time. This beautiful, black eyed, blond girl turned up and I fell in love the first moment I saw her. Of course it was years later that I realized that's what it was. Caroline had the same effect on every boy in our age group for years to come. It took a few years I was about twelve before we had our first kiss, in a haystack on Delegate Station near where she lived.

For some unknown reason, John a cousin of mine, who was a couple of years younger than me but was bigger, could not get along and were for ever fighting in the playground. On one occasion we started fighting on the sports ground, prior to the start of a game of cricket between the two schools. The teacher had had enough and said to keep on fighting and if he seen us stop at any time for the whole afternoon he would give us the cane. Now in those days the cane was feared like nothing else. So John and I traded punches until neither of us could lift our hands higher than our knees. We could hardly walk home after school and our parents probably wondered why we went to bed so early and readily. I know I was sore for a week, but would never have admitted it. Needless to say we did not pick on each other for a few weeks after that.

I was a bright student and often beat older students at tests which all classes took part in. My first year at school was the year that the local shire created a Park complete with Swings, Slippery Dip, See Saws and Roundabout. A set of Memorial Gates was erected, as an entrance to the park even though it was never fenced around. The day they Commemorated the gates to the WWII Soldiers who never returned. A group of us younger children, rushed through the gates down to the playground. I ran up the See Saw plank. Fell off and broke my left arm. This was the first of many school holidays I spent either in plaster or recovering from Measles, Chicken Pox or Mumps.



Summers were spent at the local swimming holes and Saturday afternoon was spent at the movies. One swimming hole had a tree lying in the water along the edge of the river. This became the scene for what ever was on at the pictures the previous week. Fort Dodge, A Battleship, Pirate ship, Fighter plane. Sherwood Forrest. You name it. In the winter the picture theatre (the local school of arts hall) became a roller skating hall. Football and billy carts took place of Picture re-enactments at the swimming hole. After school I would run home as I had chores to do, cutting wood for the stove and fire fetching water from the tank and other errands Mum would have for me. All this was done as quickly as possible so I would be finished in time for the radio serials. There was no television back then and from 4.30pm to 5pm the radio would have adventure serials Biggles, Superman, Hop Harrigan , Jason and the Argonauts just to name a few. At night we use to listen to shows like Life with Dexter and the Cadbury's Bunk House show. And I must not forget the famous lunch time series Blue Hills one of the longest running radio shows ever.



School holidays were for me and my mate Kevin, the time when we made pocket money. We were forever trying out some venture to make a shilling. Two come to mind. Starting the fire in the mornings required kindling (thin splinters of wood), twigs or bark so Kevin and I scrounged up six sets of small pram wheels and axles. We made a platform of wood on each set and connect three sets behind our billycarts. We hauled them out of town up a hill to where a stand of gum trees stood. We then tied large bundles of bark on to each platform. We then cut a good size branch and tied a rope to it and the end of the last platform. We then put the branch in our billycart and started off down the hill when we started to go too fast we threw the tree

branch out and it acted as a brake to slow us down. It took us from six in the morning to five in the afternoon to get there and back home. The next day we sold bundles of bark for a bundle to the house owners and made five shillings each for the week end. A shilling in those days got you into the pictures and a small bottle of drink as well. The other venture occurred when Kevin's father purchased an old horse and a dray, at a clearing sale. He intended to give the old horse a good retirement home on his farm. Kevin convinced his father to keep him in town for a while and to let us use him to pull the dray for us. Now in those days there was no electricity and we living in a cold climate. Every house had an open fireplace, these were made of brick, and to protect the brick, the bricks were coated with a mixture of pipe clay and water. This had to be applied regularly the pipe clay was a white clay that had to be dug out of the ground. The local supply was located about four miles out of town. The first lot of school holidays after the arrival of the horse Kevin and I loaded up the dray with sugar bags, kerosene tins, wooden boxes and pick and shovels. With sandwiches and drink and headed out to the pipe clay pit. It was hard work but we headed home just on dusk with all containers full. Again the householders were happy to pay for the home delivery we provided. After several trips to the pit Kevin's father decided we were expecting too much from the old horse, so our commercial enterprise came to an end. We had made about five quid each for our effort so it was well worthwhile.

My Mum's Dad was known as Big Bill to all us kids, loved my Mum's curry. She reckoned he knew when she was making curry before she did. He would turn up for tea and afterwards would sit in an old lounge chair by the fire and tell us yarns. A riddle he gave us was one I will always remember. If it takes a dog with a wooden hind leg nine days to catch a cat with a glass eye, how many sticks of gelignite would you stick up a billy goats bottom to blow off his horns without injuring his eye sight?

He used to often turn up late in the evening after we, the kids, had gone to bed. He loved to sit by the fire and listen to the old short wave radio that we had. Big Bill died in 1953. In late 1954 after I come back from Bega where I was at boarding school, I woke up late one night and went out to go to the toilet, on the way back to bed I thought I heard the radio going. I looked into the lounge room and there was Big Bill sitting in the chair listening to the radio. The next morning I told Mum and she said he has been dead for twelve months. I swear on a stack of bibles that I saw him that night.

One Saturday night the picture showing was 'The Body Snatchers' one of the first scary movies of the time. I don't recall how I managed to get to go to it. When I got home Mum went crook on me, as I had not fed my dog before I had left. Our back yard was a long one and you went past the clothesline then there were a gum tree, further down was a quince tree it was there where my dogs kennel was situated. I took the piece of lamb's flap and went to feed the dog. I ducked under the clothesline and when I got to the first tree a horse that had strayed into the yard spooked me. It snorted I yelled and threw the meat in the general direction of the dog, raced back to the house. In my haste [not knowing it was a horse at the time], I forgot to duck at the clothes line, it caught me by the throat and I was jerked back and landed on my back. I thought the bloody body snatchers had me. Yelling my head off I made it back to the house. Mum said the next morning I was as white as a ghost and had this red welt across my neck. Of course I found the horse in the yard the next morning, but I had nightmares for weeks after.



In 1954 I started high school. There was no high school in Delegate so I was sent to Bega and boarded at a hostel for students attending High School. It was a bit of a shock to go from a class of three or four students to a class of twenty-five, all of which were the top students of that grade from Bega and other surrounding villages. One weekend I was allowed to go and spend the weekend at a distant cousin's home. This particular Saturday the local picture theatre was showing a movie call "The Thing", another outer space horror picture. On the way home we had to go through a long alley and there were no lights. We had only gone a few yards when a noise startled us. We took off running flat out slap bang into a cow, which was asleep in the middle of the alley. The cow let out a bellow we let out a scream and I don't think our feet touched the ground for the next hundred yards. More nightmares and I have seen very few horror movies to this day.

Unfortunately I was not happy there and at the end of the second term holidays I refused to go back. The alternative was to go back to the local school and do my studies via the Correspondence School under the supervision of the local schoolteacher. I did not mind this as being at home meant I could carry on with my latest venture. During the previous holidays I had bought ten rabbit traps. I carried them in a sugar bag on my pushbike about five miles out of town to an area that had a lot of rabbits. Myxomatosis had been introduced to reduce the rabbit population and this meant that the price of rabbit skins had increased from four shillings and six pence per pound weight. To as much as fifty-four shillings per pound. In the winter, when the rabbit pelts were at their best, it took an average of five skins to make up a pound weight of dried skins. With my ten traps I was getting up to fifteen rabbits a week. This was much needed money as Dad was often laid up with reoccurrences of Malaria and lack of shearing due to wet weather. In the winter I had to boil water and pour it into the handlebars of my bike and put a cork into the ends. This stopped my



hands from sticking to them it was that cold. The rabbits that had been caught earlier in the night would be frozen stiff, when I did my rounds each morning.

Electricity came to town in 1954, and for the first time the local Café had ice cream. Banana splits and ice cream sundaes became very popular.

In 1955 a school bus service was started to take high school students from Delegate and Craigie to the Bombala high school. So I stopped the Correspondence and went to Bombala.

Frank

The Faulty TV

Today we are accustomed to our friends and a colleague having a reasonably comfortable rapport with what was considered a few decades ago very complex, high-tech equipment in the home.

Today, the complexity of the equipment pervading our domesticity is handled by old and young alike. Although perhaps in the former case with some difficulty, which has in fact always been the case. The older you get the harder it is to adapt to new technology

I am reminded of an incident three decades back when television first made its entrance into our homes. With unparalleled excitement, we all took to learning how to use the new medium.

At this time, I was a young television technician calling on customers around the suburbs of Melbourne.

I recall well the day that I called in response to a client's complaint. The service company I worked for relayed the call: "TV is faulty. Just delivered and under warranty. The customer is extremely irate".

When I entered the home of the client, I was confronted by an angry elderly lady waving a TV programme guide in her hand and pointing to the offending television set. "It doesn't work!" she said.

With a few reassuring words, I switched the set on and was surprised to see a clear picture and equally clear sound; all channels working perfectly.

I turned to the elderly lady, expecting her to be as surprised as me, but this was not the case. "There!" she exploded. "I told you it doesn't work." I hesitated, looked again at the offending TV and replied: "But it's working fine at the moment."

"Rubbish! What's wrong with you!" she retorted. "Look here at the paper." She held the TV programme guide under my nose. "Look here," she pointed. "It's not working. It says I Love Lucy is on now and look at the TV! It's not there!" Somewhat shocked by this unexpected reply, I looked at the set. She was right; the designated channel was definitely not showing I Love Lucy but Lassie instead.

I turned again to the lady, now wondering if the cuckoo clock calling in the background was telling me something, or was there something I had overlooked. "May I see your TV guide?" I asked. She handed it to me and I began to scan it carefully looking for an answer to this conundrum.

Eventually I looked at the date on the top of the page

"I have the answer," I said, regaining my confidence. "This is last week's paper and I Love Lucy is not on this week apparently." wondering what response I might get from this confused lady.

With a gruff rebuff my client examined the programme guide with great skepticism, and eventually replied "well, we'll see won't we. You can go now and, if it's not right, you will be in trouble."

I gladly made my retreat. I never did hear from that lady again. I presume she checked the TV guides for currency from that time on but for me it was an experience I never forget and remember with a chuckle. You never know what to expect next when you're dealing with the public and the new fangled!

Tom, Frankston, Victoria



A Walk Down Memory Lane!

Do you remember when....

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

Memories of how it was.

Memory Lane

Flashback to the days of taking photographs on rolls of film

Photography as it once was.

Once upon a time, many years ago, I became interested in photography; not just taking the pictures you understand, but processing them as well and finally creating my own prints. It was great fun, but quite hard work.

In those days photos were taken on film, either black and white — or colour and that could be quite a chore. Black and white film came in a great range of sizes and grains, 35 millimetre (the width of the negative film), 120, 620, quarter plate, half-plate and even whole plate, but both the film and the cameras were rather expensive, especially when you got up to that size.

In the earlier days of my hobby the grain of the film was rather coarse and so it was better to use a larger camera for serious work — 35mm film came in a little later, after the scientists at places like Kodak learned how to make the grain much finer. The grain of the film was simply the size of the minute pieces of sensitised silver with which the sheet of acetate was coated; it was by exposing the silver to light that the image was formed, after treating with several chemicals. The fine grain and 35mm film meant that cameras could also be made much smaller, without any loss of quality.



Once photographs had been taken it was time to process it and so make the image visible. This was a fairly hefty and time consuming occupation, and it all had to be done in a darkroom, under a very low red, or sometimes green light, colours that film wasn't sensitive to. Once in the darkroom, and before the lights were lowered, it was necessary to mix the developer and fixer to treat the film. The developer changed the chemical structure of the silver crystals and then the fixer, as the name implies, stopped the process and made it permanent. The actual processing could be done in one of two methods, either in open dishes, or, more conveniently in a light-proof developing tank, where the unprocessed film was loaded and the various chemicals poured in as and when needed for the process. The film had to be gently jostled continuously for about 10 minutes and when the last chemical — the fixer — was poured out, several refills of water had to be introduced, to wash away any remnants of the chemistry, then the film could be hung up to dry.

The resulting exposed film was now called the negative because the image wasn't usable as it came from the camera. Light at the time the picture was taken meant more effect on the silver, so it went blacker. Therefore a girl's white dress, in sunlight, appeared as black on the negative, while her black hair would be clear film.

Then, basically, the whole process had to be gone through again, only this time a piece of light sensitive paper would be placed on a board, again in a red light environment, the negative laid on top and a white light shone briefly through it to create another negative image on the sensitised paper, which of course meant the image was transposed back to positive. Then the same process of development took place, to show and then fix the image. I've streamlined this description very much for simplicity.

I've written all this as a reminder of how complicated and time consuming photography was, before the age of the digital camera. I haven't even mentioned colour photography and retouching either.

Nowadays a high definition camera need be no larger than a postage stamp, virtually anything electronic, like a mobile phone or a wristwatch incorporates a camera as well as its prime function. There are no darkroom or chemicals required and you can see as soon as you photograph something has turned out the way you envisioned it, and if not, we just delete it and try again! Just think of the number of photographers of 50 years or so ago, coming home with an irreplaceable roll of film, only to find, on processing it, that the exposure was set wrongly or something, it must have been heart-breaking! Yet now we're all expert photographers and we never bring home any unusable pictures — do we?



Editors Note: This article was not written by me but it could have been as I also once dabbled in processing my own black and white photos in a dark room set up. Although I now use a digital camera I find myself, like many people now-a-days, relying almost exclusively on my mobile phone. Quite a change from when our childhood days were captured on a Box Brownie!



Members' Contributions

At our age, you've gotta laugh ,

The Winter Boots

(Anyone who has ever dressed a child will love this)

Did you hear about the teacher who was helping one of her pupils put on his boots?

He asked for help and she could see why.

Even with her pulling, and him pushing, the little boots still didn't want to go on.

By the time they got the second boot on, she had worked up a sweat.

She almost cried when the little boy said, 'Teacher, they're on the wrong feet.'

She looked, and sure enough, they were.

Unfortunately, it wasn't any easier pulling the boots off, than it was putting them on.

She managed to keep her cool as, together, they worked to get the boots back on, this time on the correct feet.

He then announced, 'These aren't my boots.'

She bit her tongue, rather than get right in his face and scream, 'Why didn't you say so?'

like she wanted to.

Once again, she struggled to help him pull the ill-fitting boots off his little feet.

No sooner had they got the boots off when he said, 'They're my brother's boots. But my Mom made me wear 'em today.'

Now she didn't know if she should laugh or cry.

But she mustered up what grace and courage she had left to wrestle the boots BACK onto his feet again.

Helping him into his coat, she asked, 'Now, where are your mittens?'

He said, 'I stuffed 'em in the toes of my boots.'

She'll be eligible for parole in three years.



Contributed by Yvonne Homer

Do you ever feel like this?

There is nothing the matter with me,
I'm as healthy as I can be.
I have arthritis in both my knees
And when I talk, I talk with a wheeze.
My pulse is weak, my blood is thin,
But I'm awfully well for the shape I'm in.

Arch supports I have for my feet
Or I wouldn't be able to be on the street.
Sleep is denied me night after night,
But every morning I find I'm all right.
My memory is failing, my head is in a spin,
But I'm awfully well for the shape I'm in.

How do you know that my youth is all spent?
Well, my "get up go" has got up and went.
But I really don't mind when I think with a grin
Of all the grand places my "get up" has bin.
Old age is golden I've heard it said,
But, sometimes, I wonder as I get into bed
With my ears in the drawer, my teeth in a cup,
My eyes on the table until I wake up.
Ere sleep overtakes me, I say to myself,
"Is there anything else I could lay on the shelf?"

I get up each morning and dust off my wits
And pick up the paper and read the "Obits".
If my name is still missing, I know I am not dead,
So, I have a good breakfast and go back to bed.
Anon

Contributed by Bruce McAllister



Interesting old picture of the "Up to Date" Bakery in Warri Street Ardlethan c.1910 (*Contributed by Barry Williams*)

THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN A BIG SISTER AND A BIG BROTHER...



The three hardest things to say are:

1. I was wrong
2. I need help
3. Worcestershire Sauce

I HATE IT WHEN I SEE
SOME OLD PERSON AND
THEN REALIZE WE WENT
TO HIGH SCHOOL
TOGETHER



*Contributed by
Les Homer*

Computer Hints & Tips



How to enlarge text on your devices

Find out how to enlarge the screen text on your device and stop straining your eyes.

Many of us spend good chunks of the day checking text messages, reading emails, catching up on social media and generally staring at the teeny tiny screens on our smartphones. This can lead to blurred vision, headaches, dry and sore eyes, and muscle strain.

Around one in four people with eye concerns complain about sore eyes due to spending time reading text on a small screen. The problem is that while we naturally blink once every three to four seconds, we only blink every six to eight seconds when we stare at a screen.

I didn't believe this when I first read it, so I reread it – which took me about 12 seconds – and you know what? I didn't blink. I looked away and immediately blinked four or five times in rapid succession.

The other thing I noticed was that I squinted to read the screen. That can also contribute to eye strain as well as neck, shoulder, and muscle fatigue.

One way to combat these problems is to enlarge the text on your screen. Here's how to do just that.

On your iPhone or iPad, head to 'Settings' then click on 'General'. Next, select 'Accessibility', then tap 'Larger Text'. Now, select your desired text size, then press the home button to exit the menu.

If that's not enough and you want to make your text stand out even more, you'll be happy to know that you can bold your screen text. To do this, just go to 'Settings' then click 'Display & Brightness' and flip the 'Bold Text' switch. Now restart your phone and your bold text will appear.

You can also use the good old 'pinch apart' gesture – which is when you put two fingers on your screen and pull them apart to magnify any images and text.

If you're using an Android phone, go to 'Settings' and click 'Display', then 'Font Size'. Now you can choose from one of four settings: small, normal, large or huge. While a standard Android phone doesn't have a 'bold text' option, it does have a high-contrast feature. This adds a black outline around some of the text on your screen to make it easier to read. To access this feature, go to 'Settings', then tap the 'high-contrast' text box.

If you're using a Mac computer, you can hold 'Command' and use the '+' or '-' to enlarge or reduce the text and images on your screen.

For PC users, click on 'Start' and head to 'Settings' and click on 'Control Panel'. Now double click 'Display', then 'Settings' and move the tab under screen resolution to the left to enlarge images and text on your screen.

Another trick that usually works for both computer types is to hold Control and scroll your mouse-wheel forwards or backwards, depending on how you have your mouse set up. Or you can use your trackpad and pinch in or out.



Internet Links 4U2 Try



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

Sydney's Harbour Bridge (8 mins)

Made by the Cinema Branch 1933. Directed by Lyn T Maplestone. Officially opened on 19 March 1932, the Sydney Harbour Bridge was a massive engineering undertaking that transformed the city. This short film documents the construction of one of the world's great landmarks in its various stages, and provides a fascinating glimpse of life around Sydney Harbour and Circular Quay in the twenties and thirties. The Cinema Branch regularly filmed events of special interest to the nation. There were at least 3 different films on the progress of the bridge. Sydney's Harbour bridge was filmed over several years and edited to celebrate the opening.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Jy5cZ-IO0Eg>

Time-Lapse Photography, watch flowers open before your eyes.

<https://youtu.be/LjCzPp-MK48>



Luck or Stupidity?

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=wEV-rUso9P4>

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



The Crows Joke Page

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A woman goes to the Doctor

worried about her husband's temper. The Doctor asks, "What's the problem?" The woman says, "Doctor, I don't know what to do. Every day my husband seems to lose his temper for no reason. It scares me."

The Doctor says, "I have a cure for that. When it seems that your husband is getting angry, just take a glass of water and start swishing it in your mouth.

Just swish and swish but don't swallow it until he either leaves the room or calms down."

Two weeks later the woman comes back to the doctor, looking fresh and reborn. She says, "Doctor that was a brilliant idea! Every time my husband started losing it, I swished with water. I swished and swished, and he calmed right down!

How does a glass of water do that?"

The Doctor says, "The water itself does nothing. It's keeping your mouth shut that does the trick."



A blonde was involved in a car crash

A blonde was driving to visit some friends in a nearby town for a week when she was involved in a car crash.



Miraculously, she managed to pry herself from the wreckage without a scratch. A local police officer arrived at the scene shortly after.

"Your car looks like an accordion that was stomped on by an elephant," he exclaimed. "Are you okay?"

"Yes officer, I'm just fine," the woman replied.

"Well how in the world did this happen?" he questioned.

"Officer, it was the strangest thing," she began. "I was driving along this road when out of nowhere a tree popped up in front of me. So I swerved to the right and there was another tree!

"Each time I swerved a tree was right there."

"Uh ma'am," the officer said politely. "There isn't a tree on this road for 30 kilometres. That was your air freshener swinging back and forth."

New friends at the pool

Visiting his parents' retirement village in Melbourne, my middle-aged friend, Tim, went for a swim in the community pool while his elderly father took a walk. Tim struck up a conversation with the only other person in the pool, a five-year-old boy. After a while, Tim's father returned from his walk and called out, "I'm ready to leave".

Tim then turned to his new friend and announced that he had to leave because his father was calling. Astonished, the wide-eyed little boy cried,

"You're a kid?"



A man with a sheet of paper comes into an office

where a man is sitting next to shredding machine. "Do you know how to operate this thing?" he asks.

"I have an important paper here and I want to make sure it is done right."

"Sure," the other man answers. "Just put the paper in here and press the button."

The first man does so, saying: "Great. And where do the copies come out?"



A woman was hosting a dinner party when she was interrupted by the maid calling her into the kitchen.

"Ma'am, the cat climbed up on the counter and ate half the fresh salmon," the maid said. The hostess told her to replace the missing portion with tin salmon and serve it up with the rest of the fresh salmon.

As everyone enjoyed the fish the maid summoned the hostess into the kitchen again. "Ma'am, the cats dead" she said. In a panic the hostess told her guests and suggested they all go to the hospital to check they were not affected by the bad salmon. Returning home after a long an expensive trip to the hospital the woman asked the maid where she had put the cat.

"Nowhere, ma'am. It is still out on the street where the car hit it."



Bits AND Pieces



Cat & Mouse

The Tin

JUST an ordinary tin —
 Nothing special, nothing fancy,
 With pictures on the lid
 And garlands on the sides.
 Just an ordinary tin
 Which once held chocolate biscuits,
 But who can guess the treasures
 And the memories it hides . . . ?

Here's a button made of brass
 From a soldier's khaki jacket,
 A little scrap of tartan
 With a "Scottie" kiltie-pin,
 A creased and faded photo
 Of a happy, laughing couple,
 And a lock of auburn hair
 With the baby curls still in.

Here's a brooch of coloured glass,
 The rubies spell out "Mother,"
 A tiny, little teddy
 Won by shooting, at the fair,
 An ornament from Wales
 From that holiday, one summer,
 And letters tied with ribbon
 With all the love still there.

Just an ordinary tin —
 Nothing special, nothing fancy,
 With garlands on the sides
 And pictures up above.
 Just an ordinary tin —
 The biscuits long forgotten,
 But full of treasured memories
 Of a lifetime filled with love.

— F. Walker.



LOUISIANA

FAMILY

Mother, Father and Daughter ... This depicts an entire family all in one gloriously ambiguous face. We see a mustached father is on the extreme right. Mother is in the middle and the daughter looks away to the left. The family all share the same bonnie hat.



Why is it called "after dark" when it really is "after light"?



Wrinkles should merely indicate where smiles have been... - Mark Twain

