

SWITCHED ON SENIORS

Email : contact@computerpals.org.au

President



Sandra Keen

Dates to Remember

AGM & Lunch -
Cardiff RSL- 11am
Friday 16th Aug.

Social Day Out -
Maitland Art Gallery
Saturday 24th Aug.

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President's Report -

The first two weeks of our new term have been extremely busy ones for all our volunteers. We have held 'Tea and Technology' events to introduce more seniors to the benefits of being online through Be Connected and our club. This was in addition to normal classes and meetings. Last Friday's enrolment open morning was one of the busiest I have encountered, especially for a winter month. This means our club is becoming known in the wider community.

Last week our clubroom was full to overflowing as we were visited by two leaders from the Good Things Foundation who wanted to see the work we are doing with Be Connected at ComputerPals Newcastle. Many thanks to all present. The visitors were very impressed. They especially mentioned the wonderful social interaction among the group.

Everyone should have received an invitation to our **Annual General Meeting on Friday 16th August.**

You must be a financial member to vote. We urge as many members as possible to come along and support the club.

We need to let the Cardiff RSL Club know final numbers at least a week ahead of the event for catering and table setting so please let us know by Friday (fill in the form Brenton sent out in his email) and pay your \$18.50 (for lunch).

All committee positions will be declared vacant at the AGM. The committee are willing to stand again and nominations have been received. More nominations are welcome. Please take advantage of the Nomination Form on our website (see Home Tab > Constitution Forms). These forms are also in the club room. If you know of someone that you think should be on the committee, put in a nomination by this Friday, 9th August.

As our club enters its twentieth year of existence we need to start planning for a way to commemorate this important milestone. Your ideas are important so please let us know of any ideas you have via email or note in the Suggestion Box in the clubroom.

I am very proud of the community service that we at ComputerPals are able to provide to the senior citizens in our local (and much wider) area. It is an absolute honour to work with the amazing group of volunteers at our club who give so freely of their time and knowledge. I am also confident that ComputerPals Newcastle has much to offer our members into the future.

Sandra Keen

From the desk of Brenton Elsey, who organises all our wonderful social outings - Thank you Brenton. You do an absolutely tiptop job.

- ◆ For those of you who could not make it for our Rail Motor Society event (same day as the recent Federal Election), the Society will be running a shuttle trip on Saturday 17th August during their regular Open Day (3rd Saturday of the month). While this will not be an official Computerpals outing, it will enable those who missed out the opportunity to take a nostalgic ride in their well preserved historic Rail Motors. If you are interested, please give me a call 0438997310 for details.
- ◆ **SAVE THE DATE!** - Saturday 24th August will be our next official outing, this time to the Maitland Regional Art Gallery - more details to follow.

—oooOOOooo—

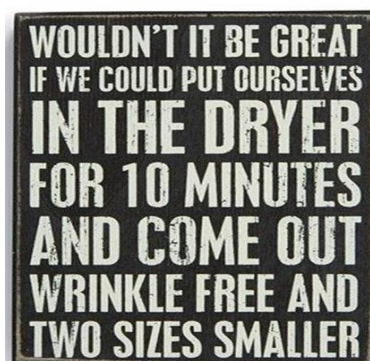
Just a Few Minutes on the Computer This is one of Carmel's poems

The buzz of busy voices in the classroom every week
 Says the brains are working hard for the knowledge we all seek.
 "I swear I did my homework, but the knowledge didn't hold
 And I know that only happened 'cause I'm getting way too old
 For all this modern learning 'bout computers and such stuff.
 Lord knows what they'll teach me if I hang round long enough.

I thought my life was busy bustling here and going there
 But now I've found computers, that stuff's all up in the air.
 I don't have time to go to lunch, and shopping's all but gone
 I can't wait to jump up out of bed and turn my 'puter on.
 Kettle and toaster do their thing, and then I settle down.
 I'd better check my emails before I leave to go to town.

There's one from Marg, and Elaine too, and another from my son
 I'll send them all an answer and go shopping when that's done.
 I'll check in on my bank account and see what money's there
 And then I'll phone my hairdresser for when she'll cut my hair.
 There's lots of stuff I have to do, but I'll check a few things first.
 I need to take a little walk or else I'm going to burst.

My golly, it's got dark outside. Is that a storm that's building up?
 I'll have to turn computer off or else it might blow up.
 It's not a storm. The day is gone! It's time to go to bed.
 I'd planned to do a lot today, but I'll have a shower instead.
 I'll try again tomorrow to do the things I have to do.
 Don't know where time went today. I blinked and it just flew.

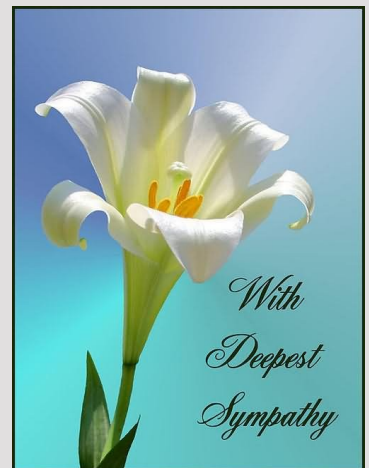


Best Wishes

For all our members who are celebrating birthdays and anniversaries - hearty congratulations !



To those who are ill we send our best wishes for a speedy recovery.



Condolences

To those of our members who have lost loved ones recently, please accept our sincere condolences. You are in our thoughts.

**Special Interest
Groups**



MemoryPals

*This group meets on **first Monday** of each month at **1:00pm** in the clubroom. Reminisce about your childhood memories and learn how to preserve them.*

WriterPals



*Our Creative Writing group is for enthusiasts, not experts. We meet on the **second Monday** of each month at 15 Hubbard Street, Islington. Meetings are from **1:00 p.m.** until we go home!*



DigiPals

*DigiPals is an active group of ComputerPals members who meet on the **third Monday** of each month at **1 p.m.** in the Islington clubroom to explore digital photography.*

MemoryPals

Our August Meeting on Monday 5th August will be led by Lindsay Threadgate while Sandra takes a well earned break.

Lindsay will help members investigate ways of researching their family history.

No need to book - \$2 on the day.

If you're creating a project for Christmas, hop to it. After all, it's only five and a half months till Christmas..... Just saying!!!!

WriterPals

Everybody has a story to tell...Our next Writerpals meeting for the year will be on August 12th and we would love to see you there. Please join us then at the clubroom.

If you can tell a story—you can write a story. Just have a go. We would love to help, so please come join us. Once you start the rest will come easily.... Not sure where to start? Come talk to us... we can help

Think of the last story you told your kids or grandkids. You CAN do it

We meet on the 2nd Monday of the month at 1pm, and all are welcome - with or without stories in hand. Just turn up. Bring ideas to talk about for future writings or meetings.

See details of our writing competition elsewhere in this newsletter & on our website.

DigiPals

DigiPals group meets on the 3rd Monday of the month at 1 pm. The next meeting is on 19th August.

ASSCA competition photos are due by September 1st. You can help our club by submitting entries as our club receives a point towards Champion Club for every club member who submits an entry. See ComputerPals Newcastle website home page for details.

If you need help to submit entries please contact Barry Keen via the club email islingtonpals@gmail.com. Some time will be set aside at 19th August DigiPals group for helping with entries.

ComputerPals Mission

Our mission is to educate seniors in the use of computers as a way of enriching their lives and making them more self-reliant. We bridge the generation gap and assist seniors to find ways to benefit the community through their collective experience and knowledge.

Contact Us



To contact the Roster Team or the Treasurer regarding

rosters or

payments use:

islingtonpals@gmail.com

Roster Team

Barry Keen



Mitzi Gordon



Carmel Smith



Wendy Cripps-Clark

These people are all volunteers who also teach classes at Computerpals. We ask that you take this into consideration when your phone call is not answered immediately.

Funnybone — An Irish painter by the name of Murphy, while not a brilliant scholar, was a gifted portrait artist.

Over a short number of years, his fame grew and soon people from all over Ireland were coming to the town of Milltown in County Clare, to get him to paint their likenesses.

One day, a beautiful young English woman arrived at his house in a stretch limo and asked if he would paint her in the nude. This being the first time anyone had made such a request he was a bit perturbed, particularly when the woman told him that money was no object; in fact, and she was willing to pay up to 10,000 pounds.

Not wanting to get into any marital strife, he asked her to wait while he went into the house to confer with Mary, his wife. They talked much about the Rightness and Wrongness of it. It was hard to make the decision but finally his wife agreed, on one condition.

In a few minutes he returned.

"T'would be me pleasure to paint yer portrait, missus," he said "The wife says it's okay.

"I'll paint you in the nude all right; but I have to at least leave me socks on, so I have a place to put me brushes."

.....*T'is why we love the Irish.*

oooOooo

A man was sitting reading his papers when his wife hit him round the head with a frying pan.

'What was that for?' the man asked.

The wife replied, 'That was for the piece of paper with the name Betty on it that I found in your trouser pocket.'

The man then said 'When I was at the races last week, Betty was the name of the horse I bet on.'

The wife apologized and went on with the housework.

Three days later the man is watching TV when his wife bashes him on the head with an even bigger frying pan, knocking him unconscious.

Upon re-gaining consciousness the man asked why she had hit him again. Wife replied, 'Your horse phoned!'

Why we shouldn't lie ...

We were dressed and ready to go out for the evening. We turned on a 'night light', turned the answering machine on, covered our pet parrot and put the cat in the backyard. We phoned the local taxi company and requested a cab.

The taxi arrived, and as we opened the front door to leave the house, the cat we had put out in the yard scooted back inside. We didn't want the cat shut in the house because she always tries to get at the parrot. My wife went to the taxi, while I went back inside to get the cat.

The cat ran upstairs, with me in hot pursuit. Waiting in the cab, my wife didn't want the driver to know that the house would be empty, so she explained to the taxi driver that I would be out soon. "He's just going upstairs to say good-bye to my mother."

A few minutes later, I got into the cab. "Sorry I took so long," I said, as we drove away. "That stupid old thing was hiding under the bed and I had to poke her with a coat hanger to get her to come out. She tried to take off, so I grabbed her by the neck and wrapped her in a blanket to keep her from scratching me while I hauled her downstairs and threw her out into the backyard. She'd better not poop in the vegetable garden again!"

The silence in the taxi was deafening...!

This is Computerpals Newcastle Creative Writing Competition.

Even if you have never written a story or a poem before there is no reason why you could not win in this competition. You are encouraged to submit one story only for each of the three prose topics and one poem only for each poetry topic.

We will acknowledge an overall “Writing Champion” and also a “Champion Club” for Creative Writing. Please read and comply with all the conditions of entry and keep strictly within the various word limits for each category - or your entry will be disqualified from judging.

The topics are:-

Prose – You can enter one story only for each of the three topics:

1. **Open Topic** – You are invited to submit your best piece of writing
2. **Memories** – A story of memories in general or a personal memoir of your own from your lifetime. Do not let truth get in the way of your creativity.
3. **Cameo** – it could be a charming piece of jewellery with a story, or a fleeting appearance by

Each story to be **1,000 words or less**

Poetry – You can enter one poem only for each of the same three topics

1. **Open** – A poem about anything you choose.
2. **Memories** - a poem about memories, singular or plural, general or specific
3. **Cameo** - a poem about a cameo, whether it be jewellery or an appearance by a person or entity

Any style of poetry may be entered, using **no more than 350 words**.

You don't need to be an expert or have visions of being published to enter the competition

—oOo—

“But I can't write stories” is the refrain that I am constantly hearing....then I proceed to get told a wonderful story of some incident that is rattling around in that person's memory.

If you can TELL a story... you can WRITE a story

especially with the phone and tablet apps that allow you to speak your story and have it turned into text. I was handed a wonderful story last week by someone who wrote about his stay in the hospital. Told part in verse and part in prose, it was a great read - and something he can be very proud of.

Have a go.

I think you will surprise yourself with what you can do, and with how much you recall once your memory starts releasing its treasures and once the words start flowing, you will be amazed at the stories you end up with...

Just bought a book from IKEA



With all the kerfuffle about the moon landing and outer space that has been all over TV lately, I thought you might appreciate another contribution from the wonderfully fertile imagination of Barbara Bartlett. This one describes the meeting between Earth and Mars, the Red Planet. Well done Barbara. Thank you.

THE RED PLANET

I was looking at the distant stars admiring their brightness and sparkle when who should come spinning into view but Earth. “Look at me. Your sister planet,” I called, “the ruby red one. How about a chat now that were lined up?” Earth ignored me. “I’m just being friendly.” I said.

“My Mother called me, Mars,” I called again into space, “You must be able to see me. The red one. I only want to talk to you seeing we’re so close. I’m named after the Roman God of War”. I persisted questioning her, “Tell me why are you called Earth?”

Earth puffed herself up a little and replied, “My living organisms gave me that name long before they knew they were actually living on a planet.”

“I like my name,” I replied, “It’s a noble name, a legend.”

Earth, full of her own importance, gave me a condescending look and said, “I’m the most important planet in this solar system, I possess life and I haven’t got all day to stop and listen to your trivialities, you small....tiny planet.”

“Now, listen to me.” I yelled. “I can still pull a lot of punch for my size in this solar system even though I’m the second smallest planet. For one, I am red because I am rich in iron. You don’t have as much iron as me.”

Earth replied in a prim voice, “But I have water and you don’t and I’m known as the Blue Planet.”

“But I do,” I said. “I have water at my polar caps, frozen water that is. What’s more,” I added with a grin, “I’m not fond of water in its liquid form. It makes mud and is messy. I can remember the time, long ago, when I had an atmosphere and water.”

“What, You don’t have an atmosphere,” answered an astonished Earth, “You are a most peculiar planet, Mars.”

“I have a little bit of atmosphere.” I screamed chasing after Earth. “But what I do have that you don’t are two small moons and they are named after the Roman Gods chariot horses - Phobos and Deimos.”

Earth started to get rather bristly at this point in our encounter and said, “Anyway, your moons are irregular in shape because you don’t have any control over your gravity whereas my beautiful silvery orb.....”

“Your silvery orb has no name. ‘No name’ Moon is what I call your silvery orb.”

“You are so horrible and pretentious, you little squirt.” sniffed Earth. “Anyway, what makes you such an interesting planet? I have life and it is unique in the solar system.”

“I am unique, too. I can list so many things that proves my uniqueness. Like you, I spin on a twenty five degree axis tilted towards Mother Sun but my orbit around Mother Sun is more elongated than yours or any of our sisters and as a result of my elongated orbit my poles experience a colder or warmer temperatures for winter and vice versa for summer. Now that is something. You must agree.”

“No, not really.” Earth replied insipidly.

Now I was starting to get really angry. “Well, my axis is not always stable. I can swing wildly. Sometimes a little and sometime a lot. Can you imagine what fun that is? Let me tell you, it is, and that is why I have had so many changes in climate over the years. Whereas, you have only had a couple of climate changes. Remember your ice ages? Nothing to what I have experienced in the past.”

“Well,” she said and her voice sounded sad, “of late, I’m experiencing a bit of a climate change, myself. I’m heating up a few degrees. Too quickly. Don’t really like it but what can I do. Those silly humans are upsetting me to no end. Giving me a headache, just like you are now.”

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“Forget about your headache and listen to this. My small amount of atmosphere is made up of carbon dioxide and I can change its state from a solid to a gas. You cannot do that seasonally as I can.. Can you?”

“Well, who would want to.....except you. I cannot see anything extraordinary about that.” Earth replied.

“Beat this then. At my pole in winter I can reach a temperature of one hundred and twenty five degrees celsius and a summer temperature of a balmy twenty degrees at my equator. Such a range, you must agree.”

“Oh, really,” she said, ”glad that it is yours and not mine.”

“Where is your sense of adventure, Earth. I love living on the wild side. Let me tell you about my winds. In spring, when my temperatures start to warm, I enjoy wreaking havoc with gale force wind storms. They spiral down from the poles at four hundred kilometres per hour. Such fun. Try holding your hat on in that wind. And as for the dust storms that I can whip up, wow, you cannot see a foot in front of you as I blanket thick red dust everywhere. Not that I’m boasting now, well, maybe I am but I can spurt geysers of gas and dust skywards for hundreds of kilometres.”

“You sound a rather unpleasant planet to me.” said a peeved Earth.

“I can also tell you.” I replied, “that I have the highest mountain in the solar system.”

“A tiny planet such as you couldn’t possibly lay claim to the tallest mountain. Mount Everest is my tallest mountain.” said Earth proudly.

“Well, let me tell you that Olympus Mons is not twice as high as Mount Everest but three times higher. Mount Everest is just a pimple compared to Olympus Mons.” I grinned as I made my point. “And let me tell you that I also have the longest and deepest valley in the whole of our solar system. Your Grand Canyon is nothing but a flea bite to my Valles Marineris.”

“My Grand Canyon is beautiful, interesting and ancient. In fact, it is named as one of my Seven Natural Wonders. It is.....”

“Is it four thousand kilometres long and ten kilometres deep and stretches across one fifth of your surface crust?”

Just then, Earth put on some speed and disappeared into the darkness. I could just hear her nasty words as they trailed behind her. “I have life, Mars, and you are still a little squirt!”

-ooOoo-

