



SWITCHED ON SENIORS

Email : contact@computerpals.org.au

President



Sandra Keen

Dates to Remember

Melbourne Cup Quiz -
Tues 5th Nov - 12.30

Enrolment Day -
15th Nov. 9.30-11.30

Digipals Photo Comp -
Writerpals Comp -
BOTH CLOSED

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President's Report -

The final term for 2019 at our club started with a very busy week – ‘Get Online Week’, a Be Connected / Good Things Foundation special event held throughout the country. Judging from the many questions and comments, Lindsay’s presentation on getting out and about with Google Maps and Opal Travel App was extremely beneficial to all who attended our special morning tea.



We have been fortunate to receive another grant to continue our work with Be Connected.

If you know of anyone who may benefit from these free classes please spread the word and invite them along.

There are still many people in the local area who are yet to discover the benefits of technology.

The Australian Seniors Computer Clubs Association (ASCCA) Conference is on again in Sydney on 13th and 14th of this month. If you are interested in some great speakers have a look at their website – here is a link to the information:

<https://www.ascca.org.au/index.php/69-uncategorised/324-2019-conference-title-page>

Please add to your diary our Christmas Lunch date...Friday, 6th December. Social Organiser Brenton will send out details closer to the date.

Sandra

YOU ARE INVITED to our Special Melbourne Cup afternoon on Tuesday next, 5th November. Carmel has some interesting quiz questions for us to search on the internet.

Just arrive between 12:30 and 1pm – donation in the moose.

You can dress as up or down as you choose - the object of the afternoon is to learn a little by searching for answers to the quiz questions, and to have a lot of fun.

Here's a question to whet your whistle - *What are the highest and lowest weights carried by Melbourne Cup Winning horses?*

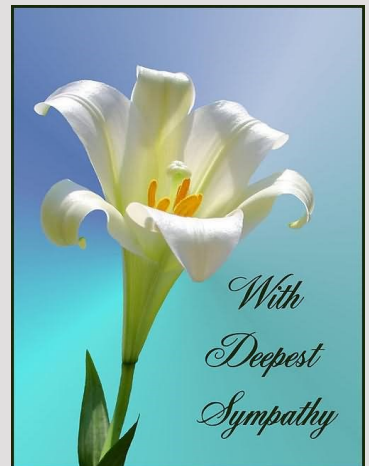


Best Wishes

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

Our new 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 pm** 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

This month our Christmas projects need to be the centre of our activities as Christmas is **less than 8 weeks away...**

Help is readily available should you require it

With Christmas approaching at a flat gallop, just think how special a photobook of your memories would be for your family. The anecdotes don't have to be long, and Sandra can show you where to find cute little pictures to illustrate them if you so desire.

No need to book - \$2 on the day

WriterPals

Everybody has a story to tell... Our next Writerpals meeting for the year will be on **November 12th** and will be our last for the year. Please join us then at the clubroom.

I have a big idea about our group and would like to run it past any interested members. I intend doing it anyway, but as a group it would be much more fun and enjoyable. Intrigued? Interested? See you on the 12th.

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

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.

DigiPals

Four members met four last monthly meeting and ventured to the park for a photo shoot. We then returned to the clubroom, uploaded our photos and had a quick review. Time overtook us and we will continue next meeting.

Digipals group meets on the 3rd Monday of the month at 1 pm.

Device Assistance

There usually a good attendance in the clubroom for people wanting to learn more about their tablets and phones— even more so now for those who received those goodies for special gifts or hand-me-ups and need a little help to master them.

You will learn things you weren't even aware that you didn't know!
Apple users—tablets and phones—meet at 11 am
Android users—tablets and phones—meet at 1pm

Bring your device fully charged AND your questions

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

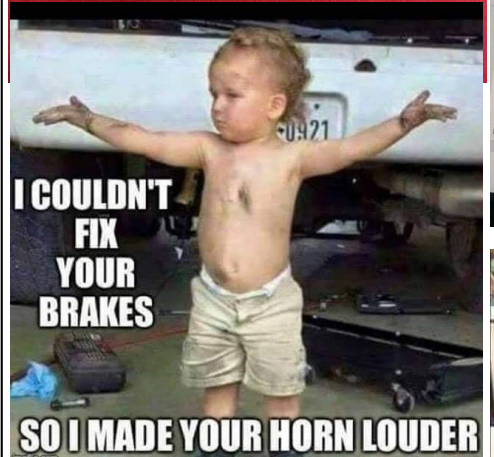
Camel Smith



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 —



If I am ever on life support, unplug me... Then plug me back in.. See if that works..

Hooman i requires your helps, dis tiny dinosaur bited me



PRIVACY STATEMENT: Information contained in this Newsletter is only for the members of the ComputerPals Newcastle Inc. The Editor accepts no responsibility for any errors, omissions, libels, in accuracy or other shortcomings of this newsletter.

SOMETHING YOU NEED TO KNOW**Phone Calls to ComputerPals**

There has been a change to our telephone system to eliminate the little gremlins that seem to be creeping in occasionally. :

- Previously you could speak to whoever was manning the phone but this is no longer possible due to external issues with our phone system and NBN.
- NOW when you phone our club number – 49616576 – to enquire or book into classes you will be answered by a voice recording. The voice recording will ask you to leave your name, telephone number and a short message.

Our volunteer who is looking after the phone will return your call as soon as possible.

Please at least leave your name and number when asked by the voice recording so our volunteer can do their job.

—-oooOOOooo—-

Go to staysmartonline.gov.au/

With all the scams around today and new ones appearing all the time, only the very foolish among us would not be prepared or at least a little knowledgeable about what is happening. Access the website above and educate yourself about the nasties who are trying to steal your money and/or your identity.

Please be safe on the internet - it can be a lot of fun and most interesting, but be careful.

—-oooOOOooo—-

Some corny cackles my grandson has been bringing home from school to drive his parents nuts

Whom did the ghost invite to his party?
Anyone he could dig up.

Do zombies eat popcorn with their fingers?
No, they eat the fingers separately.

Why do witches think they're funny?
Every time they look in the mirror, it cracks up.

What happened to the monster that took the five o'clock train home?
He had to give it back.

How can you send mail to skeletons?
Bony Express

Why couldn't Dracula's wife get to sleep?
Because of his coffin.

When is it bad luck to see a black cat?
When you're a mouse.

Why aren't there any famous skeletons?
They're a bunch of no bodies.

Why did the doctor tell the zombie to get some rest?
He was dead on his feet.

Are my testicles black?

A male patient is lying in bed in the hospital, wearing an oxygen mask over his mouth and nose. A young student nurse appears and gives him a partial sponge bath. "Nurse," he mumbles from behind the mask, "are my testicles black?"

Embarrassed, the young nurse replies, "I don't know, Sir. I'm only here to wash your upper body and feet."

He struggles to ask again, "Nurse, please check for me. Are my testicles black?"

Concerned that he might elevate his blood pressure and heart rate from worrying about his testicles, she overcomes her embarrassment and pulls back the covers.

She raises his gown, holds his manhood in one hand and his testicles in the other.

She looks very closely and says, "There's nothing wrong with them, Sir. They look fine."

The man slowly pulls off his oxygen mask, smiles at her, and says very slowly, "Thank you very much. That was wonderful. Now listen very, very closely:

ARE - MY - TEST - RESULTS - BACK?"

A happy memory from Lindsay, all about his first bicycle. Enjoy!

In the autumn of 1955 I was a 10 year old growing up in Cessnock, Maitland was known to me but more as a name than a place, it was a place that we had seldom visited. In February of that year the people of Maitland had been devastated by the biggest flood on record. Most of the business district had been destroyed and many houses went under the floodwaters and some were even washed away.

As a 10 year old boy I did not have much concept of just how much damage had been done nor of the heroic efforts of many to save victims of this still talked about event. I did understand a flood however and have quite strong memories of the 1949 flood, it was a big one too. I had personally witnessed its effect but our family had not suffered any loss. In this flood the bridge on McDonalds Road at Pokolbin had been washed away, it was only a small bridge and the creek was normally dry. I would not remember this but for the fact that I was at school on the day when it happened and our house was on the side of this bridge about a kilometre.

We normally walked the 2 kilometre to and from school, a little group of 5 girls and me, my sister, my cousin and 3 girls of the neighbours. On this day my father came to get us from school, not because the bridge was gone, he did not know that, as far as he knew it was just very wet and us walking home from school as normal was just out of the question. I can now imagine my mother saying “Raymond, get the car out and go and get the kids from school, they can’t walk home in this weather.” Dad would have been home because his work was an “outside worker” on my grandfather’s farm and it had been teeming all day.

My memory of this event starts with the sight of our dark red 1934 Ford Tourer on the road with its front lower than normal and water washing all around it. My father had found out that the bridge was gone, it was only a small bridge with no side rails. As my father drove into the water across the road the car dropped its front wheels into the gap where the bridge should have been. The next part of my memory is my father carrying us through waist deep water to the home side of the creek. Not just my sister and I but all the children from school who lived on that side, I even remember him carrying one boy’s bicycle over his head to the other side. Shortly after this event we moved to Cessnock, Aberdare to be precise and my father got a job with the local produce merchant.

Shortly after the 1955 flood, for reasons still unknown to me, the produce merchant that my father worked had bought the contents a nursery in Maitland that had been flooded. My father was going to Maitland on the weekend to collect the contents of this nursery. This was extra work which I assume my father took willingly as at the time my mother was expecting our family’s 5th child and the meagre wages paid by the produce merchant did not go very far.

I was to go with my father in the lorry and help with the task, it was quite an adventure, riding in the lorry was not new to me, I had often done that on a Saturday morning going to farms and even to some of the mines around Cessnock delivering stock feed, I was always amazed at how my father could lift a bag of wheat to his shoulder with the sharp pointed hooks and sling it onto the back of the lorry, chaff for the pit ponies was easy by comparison as a bag of chaff weighed much less than a bag of wheat. This trip to Maitland was something a little different and exciting. Maitland was beyond our normal travel.

We arrived at the nursery and it was something that I had never imagined, I don’t know what I had expected, I don’t know that I had been to a nursery before. There were low benches covered in pots with dead looking plants and everything was covered in the dark brown silt from the flood. We had to be careful walking as the silt on the ground was still wet and very slippery.

We had loaded everything that looked like it might possibly recover and some that I am sure could not and Dad was starting to look around for what else might be of interest to his Boss.

In the corner of the nursery was, what I now think must have been, the potting shed and we were investigating what was in there. It had benches at a level for standing to work and all sorts of things hanging on the walls behind. The only thing I remember was a bicycle, old and rusty but it was a complete bicycle and I did not have a bike. My father considered it and said “well it is contents of the nursery I guess” and I think he thought that his Boss would have no interest in it.

This rusty old bike was loaded on the lorry and taken home, my father painted it and did whatever to make it a bicycle that I could ride. My first bike!

Continued next page ...

Aberdare was fairly bike friendly being generally flat with big wide streets. The streets were mostly gravelled with only two tar sealed as I remember, Northcote Street and Aberdare Road, there was no kerbing and guttering. This made for good and bad bike riding conditions, it was easy to ride from the road to the footpath, it was easy to skid the rear wheel while braking and slide the bike sideways, it was also easy to fall off doing this.

Aberdare was a great place for young boys to grow up, we lived in Congewai Street, the next street was Melbourne, it had houses only on one side and on the other was bushland. Low tea tree scrub with lots of Black Boys (Grass Trees) or kangaroo tails as we called them. This scrub was crisscrossed with tracks and a general dumping ground. One day while exploring in the bush I came across several bike components, the wheels were very attractive to me being much better than those on my bike from the nursery, they were the slim "racing" wheels from a racing bicycle. They even had tyres in good condition. I concluded that they must have been stolen and dumped and that I could just take them home which I did.

Down the back yard under the trellis with the grape vine and between the chook yards I set about rebuilding my bike with "racing" wheels. My bike would be much faster and look better. Well my father was always fixing or making and modifying something. I was delighted with my skills.

In the mid 1950's Victa motor mowers came on the scene. If you were rich and really keen on your lawn you could even have a reel mower like the Bowling Greens had. We were neither rich nor all that keen on a manicured lawn but there was plenty of it and the push mower was hard work. Dad bought an old Acme motor bike, a little 2 stroke, the object was to make a motor mower from a push mower. That is a story in itself.

Resulting from the disassembly of the motor bike was the frame with handlebars not unlike the fancy handlebars on brand new bicycles, not chromed of course but they looked pretty racy. I set about removing the handlebars from the discarded remnants of the poor little motorbike and adapting them to my pushbike. I really had a pretty smart bike now, well at least it was different to what anyone else had.

I rode that bike everywhere, to school all through my high school years, home from my grandfather's farm on Sunday afternoons, having got a lift out there on Friday afternoon with the milk lorry. I even once rode it to Nelson Bay with my mate, well we got a lift with a lorry as far as Hexham and rode the rest. After I left school I got a job at BHP Steelworks in Newcastle and I do not remember what happened to my first bicycle, my only bicycle.

oooOOOooo

A friend of a friend of mine was sitting on a lawn sunning and reading, when he was startled by a fairly late model car crashing through a hedge and coming to rest on his lawn. He helped the elderly driver out and sat him on a lawn chair.

"My goodness," he exclaimed. "You are quite old to be driving!"

"Yes," he replied. "I am old enough that I don't need a licence anymore. The last time I went to my doctor he examined me and asked if I had a driving licence. I told him yes and handed it to him."

"He took scissors out of a drawer, cut the licence into pieces and threw them in the wastebasket. 'You won't be needing this anymore,' he said."

"So I thanked him and left."

Top 10 signs you're over the hill.....

1. When you sleep, people worry you're dead.
2. Your back goes out more than you do.
3. Your best friend is dating someone half his age and isn't breaking any laws.
4. You wear black socks with sandals.
5. Your idea of a night out is sitting on the patio.
6. It takes longer to rest than it did to get tired.
7. Your address book has mostly names that start with Dr.
8. You sit in a rocking chair and can't get it going.
9. Getting "lucky" means you found your car in the parking lot.
10. You forget that you already had your 50th birthday.