



SWITCHED ON SENIORS

Email : contact@computerpals.org.au

President



Sandra Keen

Dates to Remember

Get Online Week
Morning Tea -
Monday 14th Oct
9:30 am

Classes Resume -
Tuesday 15th Oct -
10.00am

ASCCA Photo Comp -
Writerpals Comp -

BOTH NOW CLOSED

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President’s Report -

Although ComputerPals volunteers are having a well-earned rest from classes, they are still working behind the scenes. Several of our volunteers ‘manned’ an information table at MP Pat Conroy’s Seniors Expo this week. As well, some of us have been spreading the word about our **Get Online Week Event** to be held on **Monday 14th October at Islington Public School Hall.**

Please invite some friends and join us at 9:30 am for informative activities and delicious morning tea.

You have probably heard that all volunteers at ComputerPals Newcastle were awarded 2019 Newcastle Volunteers Awards at an event hosted by Sharon Claydon MP. Many thanks to Brenda Shippen for the nomination.



Renewal of membership for 2019-2020 is now due and should be paid before end of year to avoid paying the extra amount of a New Member fee in addition to the Membership Renewal.

I hope you have “recharged your batteries” over the holiday break and are ready to come back for the new term and the range of classes we have planned.

Sandra

Our Get Online Week Event to be held on Monday 14th October at Islington Public School Hall.

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ComputerPals - Newcastle
Where Seniors master technology



Free
Morning
Tea for
Seniors

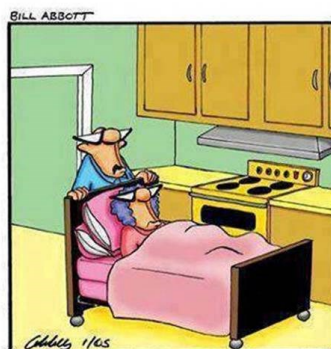
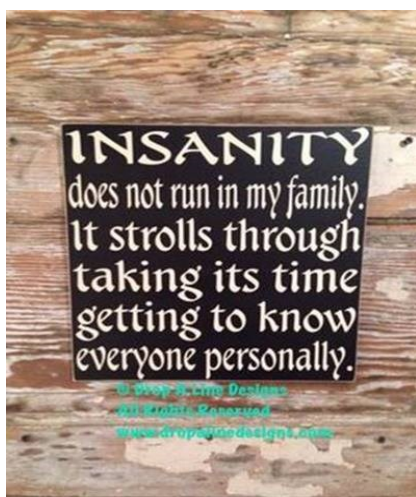
GET MORE OUT OF LIFE ONLINE

When: Monday 14th October 9:30 - 11:30 am
Where: Islington Public School Hall

Learn how to get out and about with Maps and Apps
Informative and Fun Activities
Tea, Coffee and Snacks provided

For more information Ph: 4961 6576

Location: 15 Hubbard St, Islington | **Email:** contact@computerpals.org.au



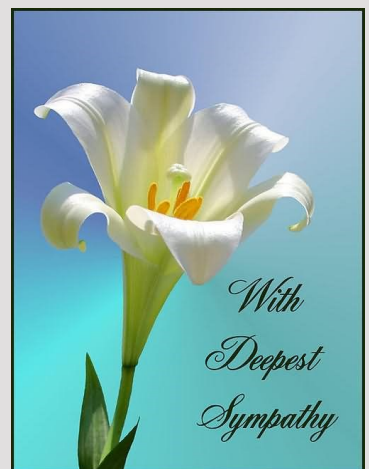
“I figured you should have breakfast in bed on your birthday. Can you reach the stove okay?”

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.

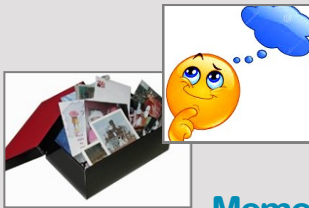


Condolences

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 clubroom to explore digital photography.

Device Assistance

If you have a portable device; iPad, iPhone, Android tablet or phone we have a Special Interest group for you.

On the **fourth Friday of the month** is our regular meeting **Apple devices** at 10 a.m, **Android** at 12:30 pm in the clubroom.



MemoryPals

No MemoryPals this month (Labour Day) but next month we need to get started on our Christmas projects if that is where your creativity takes you as well as answering other questions you might come up with.

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 **October 14th** 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. If you're still in doubt, come to us for a confidence boost. I've heard some wonderful stories since the AGM 'harangue'....

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

Digipals people watch your inbox for an email from Barry who will let you know where and when the next get together is.

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

Device Assistance

There is 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 10 am

Android users—tablets and phones—meet at 12:30 pm

Bring your device fully charged AND your questions.

Booking is essential—cost is \$5

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

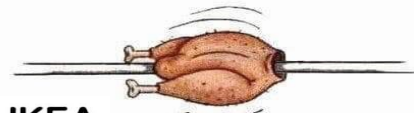
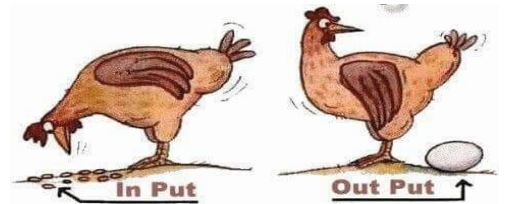
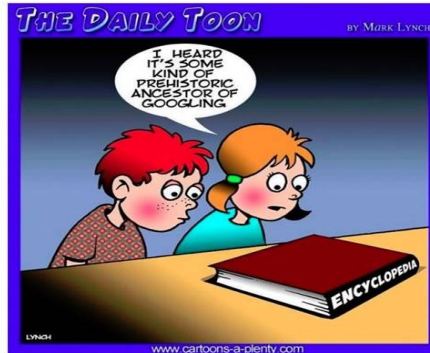


Wendy Cripps-Clark

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 —

Did you hear about the crook who stole a calendar? He got twelve months. Did you hear about the semi-colon that broke the law? He was given two consecutive sentences. The world tongue-twister champion just got arrested. I hear they're gonna give him a really tough sentence. I woke up this morning and forgot which side the sun rises from, then it dawned on me. I recently decided to sell my vacuum cleaner as all it was doing was gathering dust. My clock just went back 4 seconds... I guess it was still hungry.



Ka Put

sv#

Just bought a book from IKEA



WHY ENGLISH IS SO HARD

We'll begin with a box, and the plural is boxes,
But the plural of ox becomes oxen, not oxes.
One fowl is a goose, but two are called geese,
Yet the plural of moose should never be meese.
You may find a lone mouse or a nest full of mice,
Yet the plural of house is houses, not hie.

If the plural of man is always called men,
Why shouldn't the plural of pan be called pen?
If I speak of my foot and show you my feet,
And I give you a boot, would a pair be called beet?
If one is a tooth and a whole set are teeth,
Why shouldn't the plural of booth be called beeth?

Then one may be that, and three would be those,
Yet hat in the plural would never be hose,
And the plural of cat is cats, not cose.

We speak of a brother and also of brethren,
But though we say mother, we never say methren.
Then the masculine pronouns are he, his and him,
But imagine the feminine: she, shis and shim!

-ANONYMOUS



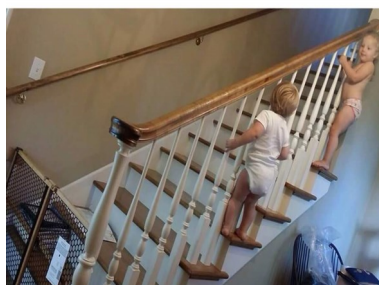
...and that is WHY the chicken crossed the road.



YOU WERE RIGHT...

People don't land on their feet...

Get a baby gate they said, it'll keep them safe it said...



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.

A bit of nonsense from Carmel, plus a word of caution.
If an internet contact seems to good to be true, it mostly is just that.

Scamwatch.gov.au is a very good source of information, or just type “internet scams” or “internet romance scams” into Google.

Some of it does not make pretty reading, but the bottom line is just plain old common sense.

TWITTER

Vic showed me how to Twitter, now I twitter like a pro
Till I get all twitterpated, then it’s off to bed I go
People post their grumps and gripes, give the politicians hell
While others post their dad-jokes, gifs and funny pics as well.

Some pics should come with eye-bleach, showing what they all should hide
While others are heart breaking. Some people say they cried.
I follow mostly fun ones and the nature pics as well
And I add my little comments when an idea seems to gel.

Every now and then someone drops by to have a chat
With a ‘hello’ through the message bit, so I always ‘hello’ back.
I like to chat with different folk and learn about their worlds.
Most of them use made-up names, and some are Russian girls.

One wanted to get married, couldn’t help her out with that
But we had a real good chuckle once we cleared things with a chat.
Three called themselves Lee Kernighan, and two were Jimmy Barnes
Those phonies soon got sorted out with short five minute yarns.

And then there came a charmer with eyes of brilliant blue
Said he really loved me and every word was true.
Said he’d come out to Australia – if I told him ‘no’ he’d die
Asked how big my house was and what it cost to buy.

We chatted back and forth for days, him piling on the charm
So I kept on chatting back, tongue in cheek, which did no harm.
I said I taught computers, online safety, warned of scams
‘Cause scammers are just parasites who couldn’t give a damn.

It didn’t take him long to disappear from off my screen
When I ‘thanked him for his help’, did he know just what I mean?
So much for all his heartbreak, ‘no’ from me would make him die
Guess he found another target, one more gullible than I.....

—oOo—

What do you call a bear without any teeth? A gummy bear!
Does anyone need an ark? I Noah guy!
To whoever stole my copy of Microsoft Office, I will find you. You have my Word!
What sound does a witches car make? Broom Broom
What's Forrest Gump's password? I forrest l
Want to hear a joke about construction? I'm still working on it.
I wanted to go on a diet, but I feel like I have way too much on my plate right now.
Did you hear about the chameleon who couldn't change colour? He had a reptile dysfunction.
How did Darth Vader know what Luke got him for Christmas? He felt his presents!
What did the drummer call his twin daughters? Anna one, Anna two!
A fire hydrant has H-2-O on the inside and K-9-P on the outside.
There are only four words in the English language which end in "dous": tremendous, horrendous, stupendous, and hazardous.

There are two words in the English language that have all five vowels in order: "abstemious" and "facetious."

A delightful memory from Barbara Bartlett.

CUBBY DOORS

My house had many doors. Well, not doors in the physical sense. When I think about my house, my memories of childhood come flooding back and I realise these doors were the catalyst to imaginative learning which prepared me for adult life. An imagination where secrets, schemes, fantasy, play and naughtiness were delighted in. My house of many doors was a cubby house that my sister and I built. We built our cubby house between two corrugated iron sheds. The sheds were made from second hand corrugated iron, painted a reddish brown, with old nail holes which we put to very good use. Our cubby house was a rather simple affair made from an old blue plastic rain coat that our mother had discarded. We used string to tie the edges of the raincoat to the sheds using the old nail holes. We had constructed a roof and therefore, a very fine cubby house.

We really loved the privacy that our cubby offered. It could not be seen from the house and so parents would not interrupt or interfere in our play. We found or scrounged an old mat to use as a floor covering and we raided our father's sheds to find any bits or pieces that might come in handy for our cubby. The cubby was not very high. We had to crawl in and then sit very comfortably on the mat to do our scheming or play. As you might guess, the cubby could only accommodate two small girls at any one time. However, with a tight squeeze, we could bring in our pet dog who was always assigned the role of baby. We would dress him in baby clothes and make him keep still while we fussed over him. I know that he would have much preferred to have gone fishing with Dad. Being a male blue cattle dog, he tolerated this role only because he loved us dearly.

In all kinds of weather, we would crawl in to sit in our cubby house and play away from adult eyes. When it rained gently, we loved listening to the raindrops on the roof. If there was a downpour, the excitement of coping with the bellying of the roof or fixing any loose knots or corners that tore with the weight was added.

Empty malt or golden syrup tins were used to store water that had collected on the roof after rain. We found a thin piece of tubing which we would suck to syphon the water into our containers. The lids were placed on the tins and we loved drinking from our very own water supply. Sometimes, for afternoon tea, we would ask our mother for Arnotts biscuits. Iced Vo-Vo's were our favourites although we were also partial to Monte Carlos. If we were feeling particularly evil, we would dunk our biscuits in the water knowing that our mother could not disapprove.

Used IXL jam tins and a flat piece of wood made our table. A marigold in an old bottle posed as a vase of flowers and was lovingly placed on the table. We loved 'keeping house' in our cubby. We would borrow our mother's banister brush set to clean the floor always forgetting to return them. We used any old rags we could find to use as doileys, tea towels or general cleaning rags. An old face washer hanging from a nail placed in a hole was used to dry our little hands.

When our neighbours came over, they were not invited to play in our cubby. It was strictly a private place for two sisters. It was also a haven when one of us had a disagreement with our mother. She was always the enemy! We would 'gang up' or join forces against our mother and scheme or talk about leaving home to live in our cubby. It never came about although one time we came very close.

*One day, we were bold to our mother and told her that we were leaving home. My sister and I were trying to blackmail her but our blackmail back fired. We were at the back door whimpering and complaining. She came to the back door carrying our overcoats and, as she flung them towards us, she yelled, "Its bloody cold of a night, you will need these to keep you warm!" She then locked the back door and went off to bed to read *The Woman's Weekly* while our whimpering turned to wailing, then banging on the back door and finally, screaming. After a while, when we realised that Mum meant business, we consoled each other in our cubby. We were eventually allowed to enter the house at tea time but, like the proverbial dog, with our tails between our legs. No-one said anything and we ate our tea very quietly.*

Make believe played an important role in our love of the cubby. We often pretended to make cakes. We would use the lids of bottles as saucepans to put on our single brick stove. We would sit around the table pretending to eat our cooking and acting out our parents' roles. We were always very busy in the cubby telling each other what to say or what to do.

"You be the father and I'll be the mother,"

"No. I was that last time."

"Let's pretend that I'm the mum and you're the grandma."

"OK but I'm going to bring a sponge cake with cream and icing, not the cinnamon bun she always brings when she visits."

"I can't stand cinnamon buns either!"

Our cubby play lasted as long as the blue plastic raincoat could withstand the elements. From the moment we constructed our cubby, our childish lives became enriched. Play prepared us for adult life. It opened so many doors for us. Now, our cubby lives only in our memories.