

WebWhispers

Sharing Support Worldwide
Throat Cancer and Laryngectomy Rehabilitation



December 2014

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FEEDBACK



Guaifenesin

What Does It Do?

(guai-fen-es-in)

Quaifenesin is one of the most common medications prescribed or sold "over the counter" today. It is the ingredient in most cough syrups as a single ingredient, Plain, or as a base for a number of others that have decongestants, antihistamines, cough suppressants, and the syrup will indicate by initials what else it has, DM, CF, etc.

Quaifenesin is an expectorant and that means it thins mucus, making it easier to cough out of your chest or out of your throat. You need a lot of liquid for it to work properly so we usually take it with water and drink some extra so the medicine can work. I am not giving information here for children or babies... This is being written to gather the information for you that we laryngectomees usually recognize.

Adult doses are usually:

1. Immediate release: 200 to 400 mg orally every 4 hours as needed, not to exceed 2.4 g/day
2. Sustained release: 600 to 1200 mg orally every 12 hours, not to exceed 2.4 g/day

I took it with 1200 sustained release each morning and night when I was having trouble before my cancer was found. I swore it didn't work! It may have helped but there is no way I could drink enough water for that quantity of medicine.

In later years, when I could not swallow pills, I took liquid in the amount (tablespoon) that added up to 300mg, morning and night and sometimes in the middle of the day, each time with a glass of water and had more effect than with the much stronger sustained release variety. Sometimes, I even took a teaspoon (100mg) several times a day and that was enough. Sometimes I just felt I needed more water and just made sure I had a glass handy all the time.

I now get a bottle or two of 400mg tablets, common drug store brand, and when needed, usually chew up a soft tablet morning and night, followed by something to take the taste away ... and water, maybe flavored! I chew them because I do not swallow pills.

WHY is this important to us? If you have thin healthy mucus, a cough gives you clear mucus that looks like "thicker than water" saliva. that comes out the nose and mouth.... and separately, from the stoma. But if you have thick mucus in your stoma and you cough, it can sound and feel like you are strangling on what you are trying to get out. It is thick and sticky and doesn't want to cough out easily. It clings and strings making you cough harder.

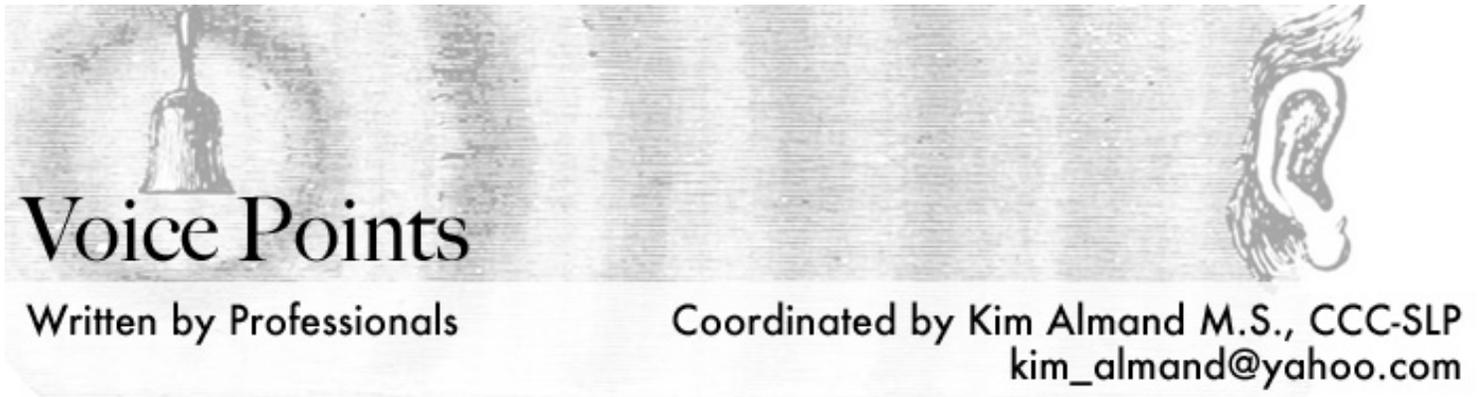
When I had my laryngectomy, we were told to irrigate, squirting water or saline solution in small amounts into the stoma and coughing it out. The HME was just coming out at that time and now it is the way many take care of the drying and thickening mucus in the trachea. When the humidity in your house is low, you have to work harder to get or keep moisture in the stoma.

In the VoicePoints column for the last several months we have been running a series on HME, written by different suppliers. Please read them. The HME is a good product and many are told from the time they have their first checkup that they need to wear it. Everyone is different and some love the HME and some don't because of trouble to change out and/or cost is mentioned frequently. Some have insurance that covers your supplies. Some do not.

But if you do not wear the HME please at least wear a damp stoma cover most of the time. It will help to moisturize

But if you do not wear the HME, please at least wear a damp stoma cover most of the time. It will help to moisturize and give you a basic filter.

*Enjoy,
Pat W Sanders
WebWhispers President*



Pulmonary Rehabilitation: It's NOT Optional!

In order to understand the necessary benefits of using a Provox HME post laryngectomy, we wanted to give a quick overview of the respiratory system and the impact that a laryngectomy has on this system. In the respiratory system, there are hair-like projections called cilia that are responsible for trapping large debris in the air and sweeping the mucus out of the airway. There are also tiny cells in the airway called goblet cells that produce mucus which then trap the smaller debris. The cilia and mucus producing cells are in the nose, mouth, pharynx and trachea.

It is important to note that mucus is a necessary defense mechanism which is normal. Normal mucus production should be thin and clear. After a total laryngectomy, the defense mechanisms that the nose, mouth and pharynx provide are disconnected. As a result, the incoming air one breathes is no longer conditioned, filtered, moisturized and warmed. Instead, the cold, dirty, dry air enters directly into the trachea via the stoma. Consequently, frequent coughing and stomal cleaning and oftentimes thick, copious secretions occur. Once the patient begins breathing through an open stoma, the temperature and relative humidity in the air drop and particles that would have been trapped and removed in the nose, mouth and pharynx now enter the trachea. This chronic irritation along with changes to temperature and relative humidity cause the goblet cells to hypersecrete mucus and the mucociliary activity becomes impaired. This process causes frequent coughing, irritation and difficulty with expelling mucus from the airway.

The solution is to normalize the tracheal climate by retaining the natural heat and moisture within the airway with the use of a Provox® heat and moisture exchanger (HME). Provox Heat and Moisture Exchangers (HMEs) are a critical part of post-laryngectomy rehabilitation as they assist in conditioning the air and restoring the natural heat and moisture within the airway. As the patient exhales, the hygroscopic material within the HME traps the natural heat and moisture within the airway. Upon inhalation, the air is then conditioned as it travels through the HME. This process helps maintain the proper temperature and relative humidity while providing a barrier to gross airborne particles.

The impact the Provox HME has on the tracheal climate has been tested in over 1100 patients over 20 years. It has

been studied immediately postoperatively in a randomized, controlled trial comparing the Provox HME to the standard external humidification system (Merol et al, 2013). Results were significant and included much higher compliance, less coughing, better sleeping and 100% patient and nursing satisfaction. The Provox XtraMoist™ HME has been shown to most closely restore the tracheal climate to its pre-laryngectomy state (C van den Boer et al., 2014).

The requirement for providing evidence-based patient care is critical. As such, the Provox® Heat and Moisture Exchange (HME) System has numerous studies, including level-one evidence to support the use of a Provox® HME throughout the continuum of care. Since Atos Medical's first introduction of a HME in 1995, a wide variety of HMEs have been developed to accommodate one's specific humidity and environmental needs.

The initial line in the Provox® HME family was the Normal and Hiflow Filter Cassettes; however, research indicated the need for an HME with improved moisture retention. Therefore, the XtraHME™ line was developed for improved humidification. There are two different types of XtraHMEs. The XtraMoist™ HME has capacities closest to normal nasal function². The humidification is good and the XtraMoist maintains a good airflow for easing breathing. The XtraFlow™ HME provides superior airflow while still getting good humidification and is good for those patients that are adapting to wearing an HME and prefer a lower level of breathing resistance.

The Provox Micron™ HME is the first electrostatic filter that not only provides heat & moisture exchange, but filters the incoming air from small airborne particles like dust, pollen, viruses and bacteria with < 99.8% efficiency. The Provox FreeHands HME goes the next step, by allowing for not only heat and moisture exchange but the ability to speak hands-free with an easy-to-operate automatic speaking valve.

In order to successfully wear an HME, the patient must find an attachment that works. Atos Medical, Inc. offers a full line of attachments which include both intraluminal and peristomal attachments.

From a continuum of care standpoint, the earlier the HME is introduced the better. When introducing the HME immediately postoperatively, the Provox® Larytube™ is typically used. The Larytube is made of a medical grade silicone and was engineered to not only hold an HME but also to look different from a tracheostomy tube. The benefit is two-fold. The front of the Larytube is round so as not to irritate the newly formed stoma and also provides an easy way for medical staff to differentiate between a tracheostomy patient and a laryngectomy patient. After the patient has healed, they can continue with the Larytube or move on to the self-retaining Larybutton™ or one of the Provox baseplates.

The Provox baseplates include the following:

Stabilibase™; Xtrabase™; Flexiderm™ (Oval and Round); Optiderm™ (Oval and Round) and the newest addition to the line: The Provox Plus Baseplates which come in Regular, Flexiderm and Optiderm.

The Provox line of baseplates is designed to provide a solution for every type of stoma. Finding the right attachment for the patient typically involves several visits with the patient as well as some trial and error. The troubleshooting is well worth it and will go a long way in maintaining the patient's pulmonary health which leads to significantly improved quality of life.

Patients who use Provox HMEs report less coughing, less fatigue and better quality of life. Given the large body of evidence, post-laryngectomy pulmonary rehabilitation should not be optional but, rather, the standard of care. For a full HME literature review, including references cited above, contact Atos Medical, Inc.

By Julie Bishop-Leone, M.A., CCC-SLP & Meaghan Kane-Benjamin, M.A, CCC-SLP



Finding Your Passion

A dear friend came by the other day and as we caught up over wine and snacks she told me of her dilemma. She is a partner in a successful law practice doing important work helping immigrants. She mentioned a women's retreat she attended years ago where the question raised was "What are you passionate about?" and you could not answer family or children since that was a given, according to the facilitator. Now that her children are "nearly" launched, she said she still struggled with defining her real, true passion.

I have to admit I had a hard time answering that too. Without a doubt my passion right now is my family. It is my family now more than perhaps ever before except when my son was very young ... and then I always had to worry about supporting us and furthering my career so it always seemed more responsibility as opposed to passion.

These days my grand-daughters are the loves of my life and I make no apologies for that. They will only be little girls for a short time and I want to treasure every moment I have with them and be as much a part of their lives as I can helping them grow up to be responsible, loving, confident young women. I will not always be the favored Nanny that I am right now.

My parents are old and frail and my dad will not be with us much longer so for the next few months my passion is to help them out and to make my dad feel as loved and comfortable as possible. I will not have that chance again either.

There are folks whose passion is helping the lary community and they do an outstanding job. That will probably be their "raison d'être" for the rest of their lives. They have found their passion. Thank goodness for them but that is not the life for all of us.

I am thinking my passion may change as my life changes. I don't believe there is a rule that says your "passion" is written in stone. I believe it is important to have a passion but for some of us that is fluid. There is a common thread, perhaps, but the focus for our passion changes as we evolve and change. My immigration lawyer friend, although passionate about her work, is most passionate at the moment about her alpacas and I admit they are pretty darn cute.

I am passionate about my girls right now especially because I know how fast life changes. Maybe I will find a new passion in a few years. That is an exciting thought- that our passions can ebb and flow with our lives.

Life constantly evolves, changes and mutates. I think the secret is to pay attention and enjoy letting our new passions reveal themselves. Who knows what we may discover?



Special Gifts

In keeping with the holiday spirit we once asked about special gifts that you have received and got some great replies. So for this December's question let's turn it around and tell us "What special gift would you like to give if you could?" It may be to a person, an organization, maybe even to yourselves. Or, perhaps you have already given that gift and would like to share it with us. In either case we would like to hear you speak out!

Harry Wintemberg, Ormond Beach, Florida - Class 1982

The time: Christmas 1944.

The place: village of Bonne Rue, Belgium.

The occasion: My infantry platoon attacking and liberating a small village.

The story: After successfully capturing this small farm village, we spent the night with a grateful Belgian family by the warmth of their fireplace. Their 6-year old son, Eric, was awed by this small group of dirty American infantry soldiers that had liberated his village from the Germans. The next morning we captured a German soldier hiding in a nearby barn. He had what appeared to be a nearly new bicycle that he obviously had stolen from somewhere that he refused to reveal. We decided this would be a perfect gift from Santa to give to Eric. Well that 6-year old boy is now 76 years old and every Christmas since 1945, I have received a Christmas card from Eric. He is now a grandfather and every holiday season he retells the story of the bicycle he got from some GI's who freed them from the Nazis in 1944! Little did I know that bicycle would create a life-long friend that I have never seen since that Christmas. Harry Wintemberg, Class 1982, Ormond Beach, Florida

MARYANNE B TILLOT, PALM BEACH GARDEN, FL - 2005

USE SERVIX NOW 80 YRS OLD!! PRAYER BOUGHT ME THIS FAR TO CELEBRATE 3 GREAT GRANDCHILDREN- WAS IN CT SINCE 1959 BUT BORN, RAISED, MARRIED & HAD 2 DAUGHTERS IN THE

BRONX N Y C- I CREDIT THAT FACT FOR NOT BEING SHY ABOUT THE SERVOX- TRIED THE IMPLANT & IT BROKE - HAD TO GET IT OUT & GO 10 DAYS WITHOUT EVEN COFFEE!! at 70 YRS OLD DECIDED NOTHING ELSE INTERNAL- HAD HYSTERECTOMY, MASECTOMY, BASIL CANCER, LARANGECTOMY LUMPECTOMY, EVEN GALL BLADDER REMOVED. BY THE GRACE OF GOD, STILL THIS SIDE OF THE GRASS

I WOULD LOVE A TRIP TO CT TO SEE MY GRANDCHILDREN & GREATGRANDCHILDREN- NEVER MISSED IT BEFORE SEPT 15 WHEN I MADE A BIG MOVE- FROM CT TO PALM BEACH GARDENS, FL- INDEPENDENT LIVING- BEAUTIFUL HERE BUT MISS MY CHILDREN SO MUCH!

Max Hoyt from Delaware - 17 Sept 1993

I was just 4 weeks post surgery when two members of the local club stopped me as I was leaving a meeting. They announced that the next day they would come and pick me up on the way to an elementary school to speak to students. I fussed a bit about going but they wouldn't take no for an answer.

I was using an EL at the time for speech. I was having trouble being understood. The event was successful and the students asked many questions. I had a couple of questions directed to me and I think I answered them OK. As we left, I got a great warm feeling of gratitude. I realized that I was given hope that I was still a productive part of society.

Since that day, I have spoke to well over 5000 students about life as a Laryngectomee. I have never left such an occasion without having the gift of gratitude refreshed.

Kenneth Alward, Laurel DE - 7/18/14 - WW member 11/2014

I have a difficult time using the electro-larynx.

The delay for my TEP procedure has been due to radiation treatments two years ago slowing healing process.

Is there a normal time to wait in cases like mine?

Is learning to speak with TEP difficult?

Thank you.

Pat W Sanders, Birmingham, AL - 1995

I would like to be able to give, to each who needs it, the ability to give up the anger at what happened to you and learn to accept the rest of your life as different but a good project to be worked on and worth doing. Being proud of what you are doing and have accomplished is much better than being angry at what was done to you.

Len Hynds Of Ashford, Kent England - 2004

Throughout my life I have thought of a gift I would like to give to people, not only at Christmas but throughout the year. It started as a young 18 year old military policeman, patrolling vast distances of desert in Egypt and the Sudan, only meeting those bedouin families, who know no other existence. No medical attention for anybody in that wilderness, and most people died young. What broke my heart on many occasions were small children, laying in black tents, either ill or deformed in some way. If only I could have had the gift of healing instead of just keeping the peace wherever I went.

It continued when I became a policeman in London and although medical attention was all around there were so

is reminded when I became a policeman in London, and although medical attention was all around, there were so many, deaf, blind and speechless.

THE HEALER

By Len A.Hynds.

*I wait in contemplation, for that special gift I know,
to remove that pain and anguish, from that child whose spirit's low.*

*Then in a flash I feel, that trembling energy flow,
and I know the time is near, for my hands that final blow.*

*I can see her troubled soul, her fighting with pain so deep,
and then my hands reach out to touch, my gift for her to keep.*

*I see this child's shocking pain, I hear those heartfelt sighs,
and know my touch will bring back, a smile to her young eyes.*

*And deep in my heart I feel, the black sadness of her pain,
but my hands make it all rush out, to make her whole again.*

*I sit and smile in silence, as she runs and skips away.
as now I have her wretched pain, giving her freedom to laugh and play.*

*Then slowly, the pain is gone, I'm pleased it's passing swift
to give new life, where once no hope, is so marvellous a gift.*

Wouldn't it be marvellous to have such a gift. Len

Rodney Mills, Knoxville, TN - new

I still can't talk real good and have trouble with a lot of junk getting build up in my stoma. I clean every day at least three to four times but I'm doing pretty good. Still have a lot of hardness in my neck. I rub it all the time and where they did my pec to rebuild my throat and stoma. I hurt in my shoulders a lot but the doctor did a great job on my surgery. Anyway, doing fine. Life goes on, just never give up. Want to stay strong.

David Kinkead - 7/2013

I would love to give the gift of reading a book to my granddaughter. Before my surgery, I read The Night Before Christmas to her in one of those read and record books. I always read the book to my daughters every Christmas Eve. My granddaughter knows me only as Grandpa with the thing he talks with. To be able to read to her as I did to my daughters would be the ultimate gift.

Marilou Percival

I would like to give my grandson and fiancé for their January wedding the love of each other as guided by God. I would like to also give them the opportunity to experience 50 years of marriage as Ron and I did this year.

Margo Ziegler, Minnetonka, MN - permanent trach 1996

I would like to give the gift of a MIRACLE to my friend who recently found out he has ALS (Lou Gehrig's Disease). I pray for that for my friend.

And as for myself, I do give myself little gifts now and then that do not cost much, but put a smile on my face. I do the same for my friends. Like a simple cup of coffee "on me", or maybe some flowers to perk up the day, or a nice greeting card to a friend just to say HELLO! The tiniest of things make a huge difference in someone else's life. They know someone out there cares about them and it's such a good feeling when I can make someone else's day a little brighter.

Noirin Sheahan has written a column on gift giving and it follows this section. Please keep reading...

Thank you for your submissions. Edits are used for length, clarity and to keep comments on subject of the month.
Staff of Speaking Out



What Gift to Give!

Noirin Sheahan

I love buying presents – thinking about what the other person would like, shopping around, wrapping it up, writing the card, imagining them receiving the gift, being delighted. I get a real buzz from all this. But anxiety shows up too – wondering whether I got the right thing ... will they think I spent too much ... that I'm trying to impress them ... or too little ... that I'm mean ... that I don't care about them much . And once the present has been given, there is the need to get some feedback ... did it arrive safe ... did they like it ... does it work properly. If I don't hear back with a 'thank you' pretty soon all these thoughts are multiplied.

Wouldn't it be great just to be able to enjoy giving the gift and let go of all the unnecessary worries? Since I saw the 'Speaking Out' suggestion for December I've been thinking of this whole business about giving presents. Where does all the anxiety come from? It's because I'm secretly bargaining with this gift: *I'm happy to give you this present so long as you're really grateful for it! You have to appreciate me for all the trouble I'm taking!*

Could I give a gift without this undercurrent of bargaining? Just give it, let it go, and let the other person deal with all the gratitude or ingratitude? That would be real generosity.

The question is how to become more truly generous? I've decided to make a start anyway, Lary, by noticing all those anxious thoughts and then dropping them, and instead generating a simple good wish for whomever I'm giving the present to. The other day, on the bus into town to get a gift for my cousin's new baby, saying to myself over and over again: *'I hope you're both happy and well'* and imagining the baby in her arms, both of them smiling. And it worked well – once the gift was sent I forgot all about it and it was a nice surprise to get her email a few days later, thanking me.

I'll have plenty of Christmas shopping coming up to practice at this. Of course there is now the extra challenge of you, Lary dear, when I'm out shopping. Especially when I'm feeling tired or grumpy; how hard it is then to bear with you on top of all else. The other day when I went into a shop to buy a gift token, I didn't go straight to the counter to get this, but found myself wandering around the shop, looking at stuff aimlessly. What was I doing? I have to admit I was just delaying the moment when I would have to expose my noisy electrolarynx voice to others in the shop. After a while I gave up the delaying tactics as hopeless and went to the counter. I had a bit of trouble finding a sweet spot and getting the microphone close enough to my lips and there was a lot of background noise but the assistant was helpful and patient and between my few words and some gestures and notes we sorted through the business happily enough.

What's the big deal about being different, not being able to talk clearly? It means I need others to be understanding; I have to trust they will be kind. And they always are. But I find it hard to accept kindness when I'm feeling tired and down-hearted. Strange – as it's the time I really need it!

Anyhow, as a result of December's 'Speaking Out' assignment I'm wondering is there any way I can turn around my thoughts about you, Lary, to see you as a gift rather than a burden? After all, you provide a focus for people's compassion. You bring out the best in them. Isn't that an incredible gift to be giving? And I'm not asking much – just a few moments extra attention. Most of us like to care for others, to do a good deed for a stranger. Very likely that assistant who organised my gift token got a bit of a buzz out of the extra effort he had to take to serve me. Why should I begrudge him that?

Ok Lary – you're right – I did begrudge him. I wasn't in the humour for receiving kindness. I wanted to be capable, on top of things, smart. So is there any way I can help myself through those bad days when I'm actually feeling ashamed of my association with you?

Number one will be my mindfulness practice of just acknowledging things as they are. Noting emotions like shame or dread, behaviours like delaying, avoiding, and hiding. And reminding myself that this is all OK – it's a natural human reaction to having lost a vital part of myself. Maybe I'll take a few moments to quietly rub the back of my hand or my cheek, murmuring, *"It's OK to feel like this, Noirin, it's OK"*. And then just do my best with the situation.

So I'll try to see you as a gift to the world. OK, there will be bad days when you are a gift I wish I didn't have to give. But there will be other days when I can rise to the occasion, appreciate the effort others make to understand me, enjoy the personal touch you bring to simple transactions, savour the smiles you so often bring to me and others as we try to communicate. I'll treasure those moments, those days. And I must try to remember to thank you for making the interaction so rich.

Christmas shopping – here we come!





Four years ago, we published this lovely, touching, Christmas story from Len and wanted to share it with those who might have missed it or would like to read it again. (Editor)

The onset of these darker evenings, and the thoughts of Christmas which is now only a few weeks away, remind me of those halcyon days of childhood which are so strong in my memory. I was seven and could only dream of wonderful presents. I knew that mum and dad could not afford what I so dearly wanted, that wooden fort in the toyshop window. For two years I had stood outside, just gazing at it, and those marvellous Scots soldiers in their kilts, red coats and white helmets lining the ramparts. The youngest of seven children, with very little money coming into the household, you soon realise that your own personal wants are not even mentioned, so I never told anyone of my heart's desire.

Let me convey you to our darkened bedroom on the evening of that Christmas Day. My two brothers were asleep. I lay between them in our large bed, and being the youngest, I had to sleep at the opposite end between their feet. Charlie was always on my left, and with him being shorter than Alf, I could get a clear vision over the top of his covered feet, so I always slept on my left side. What a day it had been. I loved Christmas; it was always so exciting. And this had been one of the most thrilling days of my life, and as it was drawing to a close, we had been sent to bed.

I lay there, looking over Charlie's covered feet, at the faint glow at the window which was coming from the gas lamp outside. Even Jack Frost knew it was Christmas. He had made his own decorations on the inside of the glass window panes, as our breath froze into the most wonderful shapes. They were like sparkling diamonds, and I wondered what part of that pattern was my own frozen breath, and if it was forming those intricate close knit patterns because we were brothers.

Before falling asleep, Charlie had blown out our candle, but I could still see my present in the faint glow from the window. It was the wooden fort, with its ramparts lined with those Scottish soldiers. I could not believe it when I had been given it earlier that day. I used to stand outside that toyshop for such long periods just gazing in, that nearby stall holders, wearing mistletoe in their woollen hats, and faces glowing from their acetylene lamps, would nudge each other, and say to me, " You'll get it if you're a good boy".

Well I was good, or so I thought, but would miserably say to myself, ' I can't even tell them what I want.' The man from the toy shop came out and spoke to me on a few occasions, and I asked him what regiment it was, and after peering in, he said, " Why, they're the Camerons, a Scottish Regiment and they're fighting in a country called Afghanistan right now."

My sister Kit had read us several stories written by a man called Kipling, and one story was about those Afghans sweeping down the Khyber Pass to ravage and ransack India, and they had been doing this for hundreds of years. As he spoke, I was with that regiment marching up the pass, kilts swirling, bagpipes playing, returning the fire from the mountainsides.

When Dad had carried that fort into the parlour with the soldiers lining the walls, I could not believe my eyes. They were the Camerons. I was so filled with emotion that I felt tears coming into my eyes, but brushed them away, knowing that boys don't cry like girls, but wondered how on earth did they know what I had wanted. Mum said, " The shopkeeper told us what you wanted, and how you had been so good for business just gazing in. He sent you these as a present " She produced another box with a further 12 Camerons inside

as a present. She produced another box with a further 12 Camerons inside.

Dad said, " There was this one who had a leg broken in the shop, and was going to be thrown away. I told the shopkeeper that you might like him." As I took this one, the one with the leg missing, I realised that here was a hero. He had lost his leg fighting those Afghans. I looked at my fort in the faint light and there he was, in a position of honour standing to attention in the uppermost tower.

British troops are still fighting those Afghans all these years later, and now they have their American colleagues with greater fire power to stand beside them.

It was the following summer, the exact circumstances elude me, but during a visit to our home by some relation, I was given a whole sixpence to spend, and I went to the market to buy something I had long coveted. As I crossed the road to enter the market, I saw a man sitting on the pavement with his back resting against the wall. A crutch leant against the wall beside him.

The poor man only had one leg, which was stretched out in front of him, and beside it a soldier's Glengarry cap which had a few coins in it. The poor man was begging.

As I was passing, he picked up the cap to take out the few coins, and I saw the most beautiful silver badge on it. I read the word Camerons. I put my sixpence in his cap.

Bits, Bytes and No Butts!



Frank Klett

On the Internet...Nobody Knows you're a Dog!

Just when you think you have found a new exciting feature in our tech universe it turns out to be as old as mankind itself. The art of gossip, information sharing or just plain BS has taken on a new face today...it's called Social Media, AKA: Facebook, Twitter, Pinterest, MySpace, Delphi, Google +, Email ... the list goes on and on.

Please keep in mind that you don't really know the people who say they are people on the World Wide Web.

Among the marvels of today's tech innovations it seems that our ancient need to share information and to learn of the plights of others has created a vast new business for our entrepreneurs. Part of the beauty of this technology is that there is no right or wrong ...simply what you as an individual prefer. The interfaces that have been created to appeal to us are seeking 90% acceptance and seem in constant flux to achieve that goal.

Gossip on the Grapevine, AKA: Status Updates

During the Civil War messages were sent by telegraph and the cobweb of wires in the telegraph offices led to the

phrase “heard it through the grapevine” since the cluster of wires resembled a grapevine. The communications during this period were not guarded secrets as they are today hence the slaves or others sent to town to fetch the mail would also gather news on the war and the gossip of the county. Today the use of social media has made the passing of informal and formal news much faster and more timely. Of course that presumes that the information being shared is true and accurate.

Security on the Internet

Your personal information and identity are always at risk once you have made the decision to jump into the social pool of info sharing. Keeping this in mind always know just what pages you are visiting and use a bit of prudence on what you click on.

Did you know that each “Like” you click on in Facebook for instance sends a bit more of your personal preferences to Facebook’s data gatherers. Soon afterwards you should see ads appearing for the item you liked or a similar item.

Your Credit Card Purchases

Another aspect of being on line is our propensity to shop and then shop some more. It has proven for many of us an excellent cost savings since we can get the goods we need without the need to start the car ...drive to the store(s)...park...and then of course drive home. We save gas and more importantly, time.

Search Providers

Your credit card info is now updated to reflect your buying habits. Have you Googled a problem on the Web and found several pages of answers? That question you asked will lead to ads designed to help you select a product or service to solve your problem. This is how most search providers make money...making your queries available to marketers who hope to capture your business through targeted advertising.

Some excellent information is consolidated by PC Pitstop in the short article from Consumer’s Reports....

<http://techtalk.pcpitstop.com/2014/03/06/sponsored-search-links-delivering-crapware/>

Email Has its Benefits

Email is still the most common means we have to maintain contact with one another, as well as the best way we have to “spread the word”. It also offers us the greatest level of personal security since we know what we are sending and to whom. This is often defeated by those who send “chain-like” emails since many viruses are spread by just such a means.

Ask Leo provides some great notes on the advantages of email...

<http://askleo.com/8-reasons-email-is-wonderful/>

Webwhispers Forum

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For those of you who have not joined the Forum you may want to consider it for a new source of information exchange. Just stop in at: WWFORUM: <http://forums.delphiforums.com/webwhispers/start> ...complete a short application and Delphi will let us know of you interest...in turn we will then validate your WW membership and once confirmed we will send you the access code. Then just come in and join us anytime knowing it goes no further than your fellow members.

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Managing Editor - Pat Wertz Sanders
Editor - Donna McGary

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