

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))

Issue 7

Published Quarterly

March 2011

INSIDE THIS ISSUE :

Editors' Notes	2
Technology in the news	3
Sing-along Dress-up	4
Christmas Party 2010	5
Mikayla	6
Val's memories	7
Seniors in the news	9
Computer tips & hints	10
Crows joke page	11
History made interesting	12

Just for TODAY, Seniors, we can decide to look past whatever is going on, and see the sunrise. Our happiness today may depend upon it.



Members of Wagga Wagga Senior Citizens' Club Inc and Wagga Wagga Senior Citizens' Computer Club wish to thank Wagga Wagga City Council for its support .

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Wollundry Rotary has continued a proud tradition by making a sizeable donation to assist with the running of Seniors Week 2011 (March 20-27). Taking part in the presentation are (from left) Laurie Blowes, Seniors Week secretary Robyn Weeden and her husband Jim (president), Philip McIntosh, Rick Priest, Norma Steward, Jo Jovanovic, Wollundry Rotary president Frank Fuller, Stan Warren and (front) John Egan and (left) Steve McCoy.

Picture courtesy of the



Editor's Notes

Welcome to the seventh edition of "Crowabout". By now we are well into a new year and experiencing the company of our friends within the club.

And friends *are* special, because unlike family, much as we love them, we get to *choose* our friends.

Mikayla (page 6)—you may have already read her story in the newspapers before Christmas, but it touched me greatly at the time and I make no apologies for repeating it in this magazine. Perhaps we all need to reappraise our *attitude* to life now and again!

The Club Christmas Party was greatly enjoyed by all. Once again our local MP Daryl Maguire, and for the first time, new Mayor of this city, councillor Wayne Geale were official guests. As a reminder of what Wagga was experiencing at this time, Daryl made mention in his after dinner speech that he had to abandon his home on the outskirts of town as it began to be surrounded by flood waters so that he could continue to carry out his duties.

It was pleasing to see our Treasurer Joyce Redman in attendance after her illness, and was accorded a vote of thanks by acclamation for her work within this club. In similar fashion Dawn McDermott was also thanked for carrying out some of those duties that Joyce had been prevented from doing because of her illness, as well as attending to her own. Secretary Phyllis is also making a comeback after serious health problems. Con-

Wagga Wagga Senior Citizen's Club Inc.

Membership (\$5.00 per year) to over 50's

Weekly Programme of Activities

Day	Activity	Time	Cost
Mon.	Computer Club	9.30 am to 3.00 pm	\$2.00 Per hr
1st Mon. Of Month	Public Meeting Day Guest Speaker	1.30 pm	\$1.00
2nd Mon. Of Month	Cards and Indoor Bowls	12.30 pm	\$1.00
3rd Mon. Of Month	Luncheon Day	12 noon	\$4.00
4th Mon. Of Month	Sing-along	1.30 pm	\$1.00
Thursday	Computer Club	9.30 am to 3.00 pm	\$2.00 Per hr
Thursday	500 Cards	1.00 pm	\$1.00
Thursday	Line Dancing	10.30 am	\$1.00
Thursday	Craft	1.00-3.00 pm	\$1.00
Friday	Computer Club	9.30 am to 3.00 pm	\$2.00 per hr
Friday	Euchre	1.00 pm	\$1.00
Friday	Indoor Bowls	1.00-3.00 pm	\$1.00

Monthly Bus Trip: Normally 3rd Wednesday of month, destination decided at monthly meeting and bookings taken that day with payment.

Annual Bus Trip: Normally in October for 5 days.

Wagga Wagga Senior Citizens' Club Inc Committee 2011

President	Jim Weeden	69252001
Vice President	Wayne Kaine	69331139
Treasurer	Joyce Redman	69312243
Assistant Treasurer	Gwen Beasley	69310268
Secretary	Phyllis Ward	
Assistant Secretary	Dawn McDermott	69251191

WAGGA WAGGA SENIOR CITIZENS' COMPUTER CLUB—COMMITTEE 2011

Chairperson	Judy Robertson	Ph: 69316125 Email: jroberts@dragnet.com.au
Secretary	Barry Williams	Ph: 69253065 Email: barrysonia@bigpond.com
Treasurer	Paddy Adams	Ph: 427654575 Email: vk2grq@ozemail.com.au

Committee: Dawn McDermott, Marlene Bowen, Wendy Drummond, Velma Spears, Jim Weeden.

An explanation of costs within the **Computer Club**. All the sub groups within the Senior Citizens' Club make a small charge for each activity, with the computer club costs a bit higher because it has to cover ongoing costs and yearly affiliation fees to the ASCCA.

But, there is no charge when members use the two NEC Kiosk computers while learning to use the internet and emailing. These computers are funded by the Australian Government.

Thought of The Month

Ability is what you're capable of doing.

Motivation determines what you do.

Attitude determines how well you do it.

Reminder

General Club Meeting is held on the **1st Monday** of Month. Computer Club Committee meets on the **2nd Monday** of Month.

Technology In The News

Back-to-school gadgets.

Kids go hi-tech.

More than a third of Australian parents will pack their child off to school this year armed with a laptop and mobile phone.

A Telstra survey of 1203 parents with children aged 10 to 17 found almost four in 10 had recently bought a laptop for their child's schooling. And 25 per cent of parents had bought their child a mobile phone.

More than 65 per cent of parents are convinced early access to computers is crucial to their child's education.

The survey reflects growing fears among parents their children may get left behind if they don't embrace technology.

The survey also found that **54 per cent** of parents said their child would take a laptop to school this year.

Victorian Principals Association president Gabrielle Leigh said it was important for students to have access to technology as young as grade 3.

"We don't want a situation where students do not have the skills they need to have for those later years in education," she said.

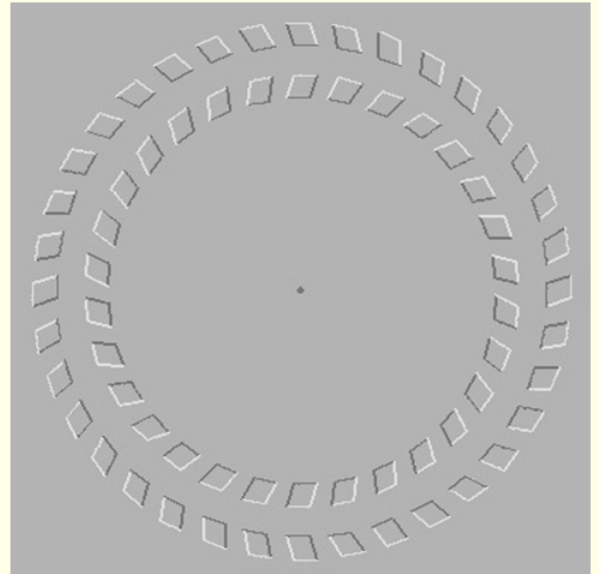


Optical Illusions

(Two for the price of one)

SPINNING CIRCLES

Stare at the gray dot in the centre and move your head forward and backward. As your head moves closer to your monitor and then back away from your monitor, the circles will appear to be spinning.

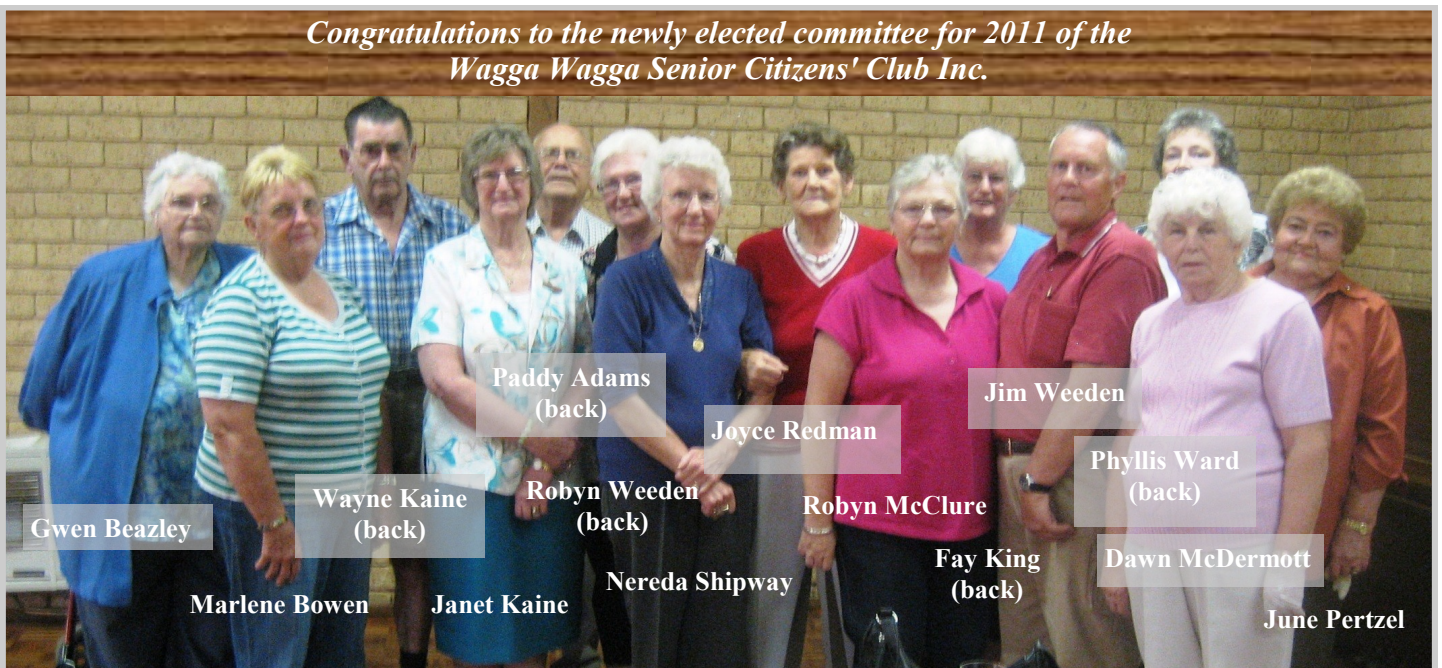


Can you read this four letter word?



Answer page 10 if you get stuck.

Congratulations to the newly elected committee for 2011 of the Wagga Wagga Senior Citizens' Club Inc.



Gwen Beazley

Marlene Bowen

Wayne Kaine
(back)

Janet Kaine

Paddy Adams
(back)

Robyn Weeden
(back)

Nereda Shipway

Joyce Redman

Robyn McClure

Fay King
(back)

Jim Weeden

Phyllis Ward
(back)

Dawn McDermott

June Pertzelt

End of Year 2010 Function—No. 1



Once a month members get together for a Sing-along. On the last session of the year it was a dress up affair—with some startling results!

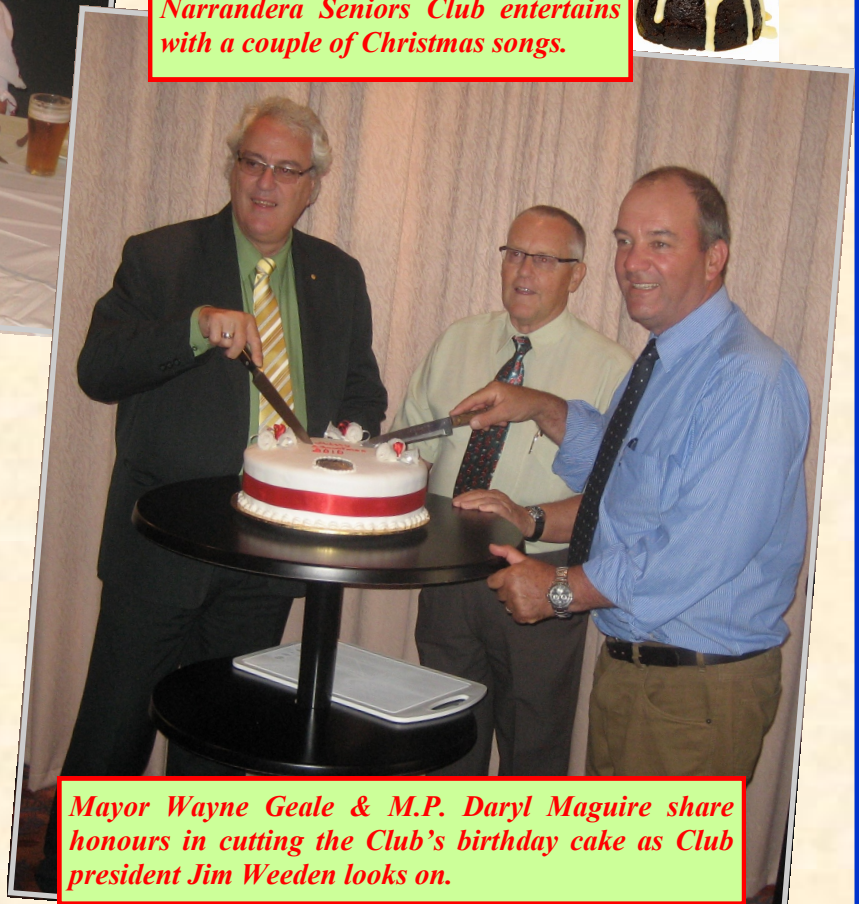
Wagga Wagga Senior Citizens' Club Inc Christmas Party 2010



Guest Eddie Naismith, President of Narrandera Seniors Club entertains with a couple of Christmas songs.



Mick & Jutta Stefanowicz Party on!



Mayor Wayne Geale & M.P. Daryl Maguire share honours in cutting the Club's birthday cake as Club president Jim Weeden looks on.



Mikayla

Oh Mikayla! No, my darling child, you will never be forgotten.

How your story moved me to tears, as it did countless others in this country just before this Christmas past. Page after page after page of city newspapers were filled with memorials to your memory.

Not quite seven years of age, little Mikayla Francis was dying of a rare liver cancer.

She will, perhaps, be remembered most for what she asked her Mum and Dad shortly before she died.

"Don't forget me. Don't forget me when I'm gone."

Don't forget me," she'd told her father, and to her mother, "Mummy, if you have another baby, will you tell them about me or not?"

We know children do die.

It is for that reason that we parents not only love our children, but love them frantically, and guiltily offer silent thanks when we ourselves are spared the immeasurable loss that the Francis family suffered, as their little girl, held closely by her parents, sighed, breathed twice more, and slipped away.

Yes, we know children do die, and we do not note and mark the death of each as something extraordinary, unimaginable.

But still thousands of people in her home state of Victoria and beyond instantly reached for the phone, a pen or a keyboard to respond, to tell Mikayla that while they lived, no, she would not be forgotten.

So it was, perhaps, something else that made people reach out to this one - her dying plea: "Don't forget me."

Here were words that spoke to our deepest fears, our deepest needs, and our deepest reserves of compassion.

To be forgotten? Unmourned?

Alone forever after, abandoned by even the thoughts of those you once knew?

Oh, no, you precious girl. We could not abide the thought of you fearing so, even though you were a child we'd never known.

In that moment you were our daughter, too. And you were also a little of us, at our smallest in this vast world.

Is there anything we fear more than to be lost to everyone, cut off by death, an implacable boundary, an absence of love? Are there words more likely to bring us to tears when we are down than these: "I am alone"?

Dying is to be alone forever, which is why we so desperately believe in a God to walk with us in that next place:

It is memory, our refusal to forget, which is our last and strongest link to a life departed.

Memory is what spares us from having lost completely a Mikayla, and while we ourselves live in someone's heart, we will not be extinguished by our own death, either.

It's this not forgetting that tells us we will never be truly alone, and the dead, neither.

We are determined to keep them company with our thoughts, and in doing so we show to ourselves it is possible that someone someday will keep us company, too, with their loving remembrance. So when Mikayla asked, "Don't forget me", it was not just for her, but also for ourselves, that we cried to her, "We will not."

But I will leave the last word in this tragically short story to Mikayla herself.

When her dad Andrew asked her if she was scared, she said, "No, Dad, I'm kind of excited. I just reckon heaven's going to be awesome".

Mikayla Francis passed away December 14th, 2010.

(With acknowledgement to Herald Sun newspaper - Editor.)



Attitude

There once was a woman who woke up one morning,
Looked in the mirror and noticed she had only three hairs on her head.

"Well", she said, "I think I'll braid my hair today!"
So she did and she had a wonderful day.

The next day she woke up, looked in the mirror,
And saw she only had two hairs on her head.

"H-M-M," she said
"I think I'll part my hair down the middle today!"
So she did and had a wonderful day.

The next day she woke up, looked in the mirror
And noticed that she only had one hair on her head.

"Well", she said
"Today I'm going to wear my hair in a pony tail".
So she did and had a wonderful day.

The next day she woke up, looked in the mirror,
And noticed that there wasn't a single hair on her head

"YEA!" she exclaimed
"I don't have to do my hair today".

**Attitude is everything
Be kinder than necessary for everyone you
meet is fighting
some kind of battle.**

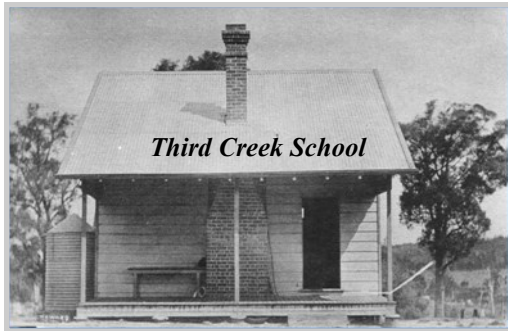




Val's Farming Memories

Valerie Paton *nee* Gray was born on the 15th December, 1928 in Harley Private Maternity Hospital at Crookwell, NSW. The second eldest of four children, (another child was born some time later) she grew up on her parent's, (Wilfred and Mary Gray) farm seven and a half miles (15 kms) outside of town.

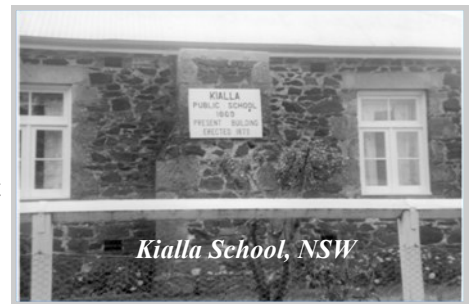
In common with most farms in that area the Gray property grazed sheep and an assortment of other livestock. Each year a crop of potatoes would be grown and harvested. From a very early age Val and her siblings would pitch in and help out with the daily tasks around the farm, except when schooling intervened.



Val's first school was the tiny one teacher "Third Creek School" which was about three and a half miles from the farm. When Val was in third class this school was forced to close because of insufficient student numbers and for about twelve months the children in that locality received no schooling. After that time the larger "Kialla Public School" which was about the same distance in another direction accepted enrolments and Val was reunited with her previous teacher from the other school.

In both instances it meant a long walk to and from school every day. Val's schooling ended after

year seven. In 1941, during her final year at school, World War 2 was in progress with food and clothing rationing being enforced. Val's sewing teacher set her class as a project in the end of year exam, "The best article made from a sugar bag". Val achieved the highest marks for her effort of turning one sugar bag into a school uniform. This reminder of wartime rationing has since been exhibited at country shows.



Val's father Wilfred enlisted in the army on the 9th of October, 1941 and served as a Signaller in the 18th Battalion, 2nd Division. That Christmas he came home on his last leave before being posted overseas. Drawing his young family around him he began to explain the various tasks that needed to be undertaken to keep the farm going. Don't worry Dad, Val reassured her father, we know what we have to do.

Barely thirteen years old, Val was resolved not to let her father down. With her slightly older sister she set herself to carry out the day to day jobs around the farm.

While her sister Kathy controlled the horse pulling the single furrow plough, Val walked steadily behind. Hanging over her shoulder hung a hessian bag filled with seed potatoes. At every footstep Val would stoop and deposit one potato. As horse and plough came back in the other direction ploughing another furrow, the earth would be turned over, covering the preceding furrow. In this way over six and a half acres of the potato crop was sown.



Val was also adept at other farm jobs, such as hand milking the house cow for the daily milk, and crutching the sheep when it was required. It was also necessary to keep the rabbit population under control, so trapping, skinning, and drying the skins in preparation for selling was an essential task. It also brought in a little extra income and provided extra food on the table as well. Val would set up to twenty four traps along the fence line where the rabbits dug under the fence, returning after school to despatch those that were still kicking by wringing their neck. (Val also had the job of wringing a chickens neck if her mother wanted one to cook). Then came the task of skinning and

stretching the skins out on wire frames, and then hanging up in a shed to dry out. When enough skins had been gathered they would be loaded aboard the family car and taken to a skin buyer in Cootamundra. Her Mum couldn't drive the car by herself so Val would sit beside her and change the gears for her.

The road leading into the nearest town (Crookwell) became nearly impassable in wet weather so it was often much easier and quicker to harness up the horse and sulky and take a shortcut through the scrub.

With rationing being enforced because of the war, one problem was keeping children clothed, with hand-me-downs the order of the day. The rule for children was you had to be in your teen years and at least five feet two inches tall. Val's older sister was five foot ten, but Val herself was only just the required height, so any clothing had to be shared out between them and the younger siblings.



Food rationing could cause problems at times, but with a little organising it could be managed. For instance, because they had a couple of cows, they had plenty of butter. Val's mother loved her tea, so they would swap their butter ration cards for tea. With plenty of fruit trees on the farm there was always a quantity of fruit being preserved or made into jam, so sugar had to be carefully managed.

With no electricity supply they relied on a kerosene refrigerator to keep the food fresh, and a pressure pump kerosene lamp for lighting of a night time. All meals were cooked on the wood fuelled stove in the large kitchen-dining room, which also had an open fire place beside the stove. Behind the open fireplace was another which faced into a lounge room.

With no man around the farmhouse, Val remembers one rather scary night. The dogs were barking like crazy and her mother was frightened and shaking like a leaf. Petrified that someone was outside and meant them some harm, she called to her daughter. Val, she said, you will have to come to the rescue. I want you to take a cartridge and very carefully place it in the shotgun. Then, I want you to point it out the door while your sister Flo holds it partly open and fire it into the air. Mindful of the fact that if she aimed too high it would blast a hole through the varandah roof, or too low she might hit someone on a rise, Val took her best guess and fired. Then she closed the door and after carefully checking that the gun was not loaded, put it away.

Meanwhile, Wilfred had gone off to fight for his country. Unfortunately, he was not long at his destination in Singapore when his position was over-run by the enemy. In February, 1942, the Malaya Command, comprising Australian, British and Indian troops, made the decision to surrender to the Japanese. All P.O.W.s were transferred to Changi prison Camp.

The treatment and the atrocities visited upon these poor unfortunate prisoners of war are well documented. All that will be recorded here is that Wilfred, aged 38 when he enlisted in 1942, in robust health and six feet two inches tall, came home from the war in 1946 a near skeleton and weighing well under six stone. There came months of hospitalisation at Concord Repatriation Hospital as he recovered from his ordeal. He was bedridden during this time and though he did recover somewhat he was never able again to do the heavy work on the farm.



One of the first things he asked of his wife was, "Do we still have the farm?" "Yes" came the answer. "Oh, and who did it", he said. "No, you don't have to tell me, I think I know. It was Val, wasn't it?"

Wilfred had great faith in his young daughter, who was only twelve when he went to war, and even now was just approaching sixteen.

It was at this time that the matron of the Harley Private Maternity Hospital at Crookwell (where Val had been born sixteen years before) asked her if she would be interested in becoming a Nurses Aid at the hospital. Of course Val said yes, and so began three and a half years of training at the Maternity Hospital.

When Val was nineteen she started a four year course in General Nursing at Cootamundra Mercy Hospital, receiving her diploma in March, 1952. This was to be a significant year for Val, as she became engaged to, and later married, her husband Russell Paton.



Val's Nursing Diploma

Together they have raised their family of five children, two girls and three boys. Sadly, Russel passed away in October, 2009. With children and grandchildren located at various places around Australia, Val has still managed to keep in contact, even travelling long distances at times. She has not lost any of her determination, and is now learning to use a computer at Wagga Wagga Senior Citizens' Computer Club.

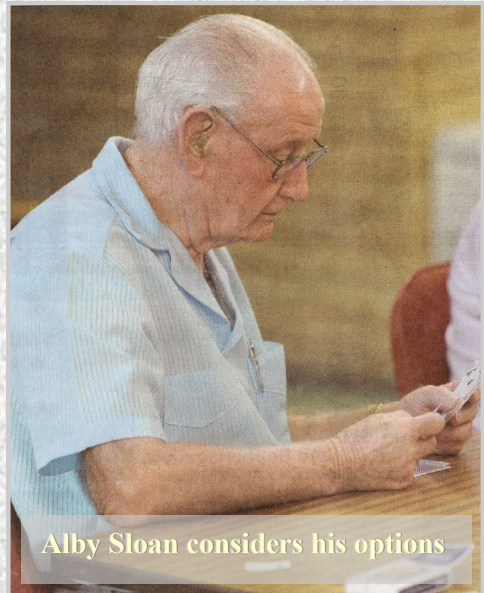


Val age 19 with her baby brother Laurence

Seniors in The News



Knit three: Adelaide Domanski, Beryl Jorgensen and Darlene Feeney complete their craft at the Senior Citizens' Centre.



Alby Sloan considers his options



Edith Beer lays out her cards during a game at the Senior Citizens' Club.



Knit one, Purl one: Tess Skeers and Sister Declan get crafty with some knitting needles at the Senior Citizens' Centre.

Pictures courtesy of the



Computer Hints & Tips

Tips on how to play smart and safe online

Here are some things that you should look out for when shopping online.

Spotted the ideal gift? Make sure the company you would like to purchase from is also ideal. If you're sure of this company's reputation (trustworthy, efficient) then go ahead! If you don't, then dedicate some minutes to research before purchasing.

Always consider the nature of the object you'd like to purchase. Ascertain whether the price matches the value/worth of that object (question the notion 'it's too good to be true.')

Take a good look at the URL of the page you're on - watch out for the 's' in https as it refers to the fact that you need to log in or input credit card information while the closed padlock or the key clearly represent site security.

Phone number? Then give them a call! If a real person answers, don't hesitate to ask what their privacy policy is regarding credit cards. No clear answers? Move on and shop someplace else.

Use common sense when affecting online payment via credit card. What would be the reason behind providing your date of birth, or even, your social security number? You'd be paving the road for identity theft!

Happy Shopping!



MS Word: Why Does Inserting A Picture Always Cause Such a Mess?

Okay, so maybe it's not a complete "mess", but if you're not familiar with the interactions of text and pictures in a Word document then, it probably feels that way to you.

After you insert a picture, you suddenly find yourself looking at this great big huge gap between two lines of text where the picture now sits.

You may even try to move the picture around and yet you still have the "gap".

Well, if you take a close look at the placement of the picture, you'll find that it actually has text lined up with the bottom of it... as though it's on the line with the text... which of course it is.

By default, Word inserts pictures "In line with text". It becomes a part of the line, so the spacing must be adjusted between the current line and the one above so that the picture fits.

Therefore you get the "mess".

I'm sure by now you've found the wrapping options and adjusted the situation to a more suitable look, but aren't you tired of making the same old changes over and over again?

If you feel that this isn't what you want to happen every time you insert a picture, let's take a look at how we can change the default way that Word wraps text around a newly inserted picture...

We need to start out in the **Options** dialog box. (**Office Button / File tab, Options choice**)

Once there we need to go to the **Advanced** category of options.

Under the **Cut, copy and paste** section you need to locate the **Insert/paste pictures as** option.

When you click the down arrow, a list of text wrapping choices will appear.

Choose your preferred wrapping type then click **OK**.

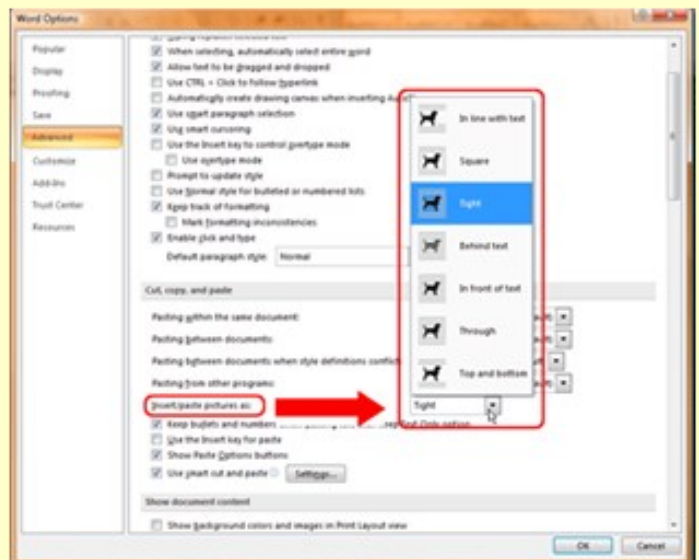
That's it.

Your pictures will now come into your file with the text wrapped as you chose.

Does it mean that you'll never have to adjust the wrapping again?

No... not unless you never plan to use any other wrapping style... but it should mean that the amount of time you spend changing the wrapping style is dramatically reduced.

That's progress in my book!



Answer from page 3- "**LIFT**" (cream on black) It is hard for us to see because we are so accustomed to reading dark on light.

LIFT



The Crows Joke Page

About Growing Old

Eventually you will reach a point when you stop lying about your age and start bragging about it. The older we get, the fewer things seem worth waiting for.

Some people try to turn back their odometers. Not me, I want people to know why I look this way. I've travelled a long way and some of the roads weren't paved.

When you are dissatisfied and would like to go back to youth, think of Algebra.

You know you are getting old when either everything dries up or leaks.

I don't know how I got over the hill without getting to the top.

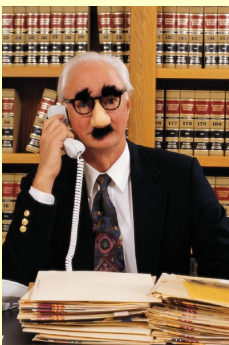
One of the many things no one tells you about ageing is that it is such a nice change from being young.

One must wait until evening to see how splendid the day has been.

Being young is beautiful, but being old is comfortable.

Long ago when men cursed and beat the ground with sticks, it was called witchcraft. Today it's called golf.

And finally – If you don't learn to laugh at trouble, you won't have anything to laugh at when you are old.



A local Salvation Army officer realised that the organisation had never received a donation from the town's most successful lawyer. The person in charge of contributions called him to persuade him to contribute.

"Our research shows that out of a yearly income of at least \$500,000, you give not a penny to charity. Wouldn't you like to

give back to the community in some way?"

The lawyer mulled this over for a moment and replied, "First, did your research also show that my mother is dying after a long illness, and has medical bills that are several times her annual income?"

Embarrassed, the Salvation Army rep mumbled,

"Um ... no."

The lawyer interrupts, "or that my brother, a disabled veteran, is blind and confined to a wheelchair?"

The stricken Salvation Army rep began to stammer out an apology, but was interrupted again.

"or that my sister's husband died in a traffic accident," the lawyer's voice rising in indignation, "leaving her penniless with three children?!"

The humiliated Salvation Army rep, completely beaten, said simply, "I had no idea..."

On a roll, the lawyer cut him off once again, "So if I don't give any money to them, why should I give any to you?"

Confusing

Little Mary was at her first wedding and gaped at the entire ceremony.

When it was over, she asked her mother, "Why did the lady change her mind?"

Her mother asked, "What do you mean?"

"Well, she went down the aisle with one man, and came back with another one."



Last night, my kids and I were sitting in the living room and I said to them, 'I never want to live in a vegetative state, dependent on some machine and fluids from a bottle. If that ever happens, just pull the plug.'

They got up, unplugged the Computer, and threw out my wine!!!!

The little bastards

The town fathers were looking for a way to increase attendance and participation at their regular meetings. One member suggested bringing in a hypnotist. The officials agreed, a famous hypnotist was hired, publicity distributed and everyone was pleased.

A few weeks later the meeting hall was packed and the town's people sat fascinated as the hypnotist withdrew a pocket watch. The hypnotist began chanting... "Watch the watch, watch the watch, watch the watch..."

The crowd became mesmerised as the watch swayed back and forth, light gleaming off its polished surface. Hundreds of pairs of eyes followed the swaying watch, until suddenly the hypnotist's fingers slipped and the watch fell to the floor...

"Sh*t" said the hypnotist.

It took three weeks to clean up the town hall.



... History Made Interesting ...

Next time you are washing your hands and complain because the water temperature isn't just how you like it, think about how things used to be....

Here are some facts about the 1500's:

Most people got married in June because they took their yearly bath in May and still smelled pretty good by June. However, they were starting to smell, so brides carried a bouquet of flowers to hide the body odour. Baths consisted of a big tub filled with hot water. The man of the house had the privilege of the nice clean water, then all the other sons and men, then the women and finally the children-last of all the babies. By then the water was so dirty you could actually lose someone in it-hence the saying, "Don't throw the baby out with the bath water."

Houses had thatched roofs - thick straw - piled high, with no wood underneath. It was the only place for animals to get warm, so all the dogs, cats and other small animals (mice, bugs) lived in the roof. When it rained it became slippery and sometimes the animals would slip and fall off the roof -hence the saying "It's raining cats and dogs."

There was nothing to stop things from falling into the house. This posed a real problem in the bedroom where bugs and other droppings could really mess up your nice clean bed. Hence, a bed with big posts and a sheet hung over the top afforded some protection. That's how canopy beds came into existence.

The floor was dirt. Only the wealthy had something other than dirt, hence the saying "dirt poor." The wealthy had slate floors that would get slippery in the winter when wet, so they spread thresh (straw) on the floor to help keep their footing. As the winter wore on, they kept adding more thresh until when you opened the door it would all start slipping outside. A piece of wood was placed in the entranceway hence, a "thresh hold."

In those old days, they cooked in the kitchen with a big kettle that always hung over the fire. Every day they lit the fire and added things to the pot. They ate mostly vegetables and did not get much meat. They would eat the stew for dinner, leaving leftovers in the pot to get cold overnight and then start over the next day. Sometimes the stew had food in it that had been there for quite a while - hence the rhyme, "peas porridge hot, peas porridge cold, peas porridge in the pot nine days old." Sometimes they could obtain pork, which made them feel quite special. When visitors came over, they would hang up their bacon to show off. It was a sign of wealth that a man "could bring home the bacon." They would cut off a little to share with guests and would all sit around and "chew the fat."

Those with money had plates made of pewter. Food with a high acid content caused some of the lead to leach onto the food, causing lead poisoning and death. This happened most often with tomatoes, so for the next 400 years or so, tomatoes were considered poisonous.

Most people did not have pewter plates, but had trenchers, a piece of wood with the middle scooped out like a bowl. Often trenchers were made from stale bread which was so old and hard that they could be used for quite some time. Trenchers were never washed and a lot of times worms and mould got into the wood and old bread. After eating off wormy, mouldy trenchers, one would get "trench mouth."

Bread was divided according to status. Workers got the burnt bottom of the loaf, the family got the middle, and guests got the top, or "upper crust."

Lead cups were used to drink ale or whiskey. The combination would sometimes knock them out for a couple of days. Someone walking along the road would take them for dead and prepare them for burial. They were laid out on the kitchen table for a couple of days and the family would gather around and eat and drink and wait and see if they would wake up - hence the custom of holding a "wake."

England is old and small and the local folks started running out of places to bury people. So they would dig up coffins and would take the bones to a "bone-house" and reuse the grave. When re-opening these coffins, 1 out of 25 coffins were found to have scratch marks on the inside and they realized they had been burying people alive. So they thought they would tie a string on the wrist of the corpse, lead it through the coffin and up through the ground and tie it to a bell. Someone would have to sit out in the graveyard all night (the "graveyard shift") to listen for the bell; thus, someone could be "saved by the bell" or was considered a "dead ringer".

And that's the truth...(and whoever said that History was boring?!)