

- Genealogy Computer Society
- Meeting the Second Saturday of each Month at
- The Roswell Family History Center 9:AM until Noon

Volume 8 Issue 12

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Your Website Newsletter



Glen Engels

has brought us a long way toward a better understanding of computers and the Internet. At our next meeting on December 9th, he will continue to enlighten us and answer our questions.

If you have all the answers, you will not need to be there. If you lack knowledge about the Internet, try to make the meeting.

Don

It's that Time of the year again

The time when we continue to hear different Genealogy versions of "The Night Before Christmas" We thought it was a good time to review this along with other genealogy poems. We hope you enjoy them.

This week Mary Jean Hall sent along a note that makes me wonder if this is a modern problem after all. Mary Jean found the following in a book printed in 1897. From the "Wakefield Memorial, Historical, Genealogical & Biographical Register of the Name and Family of Wakefield":

A WARNING

It is deemed proper to warn the kinfolk that genealogies are sometimes made to serve very unfortunate ends, in the hands of "confidence" men and women. Books of this kind find their way into public libraries, where they can be consulted by any one; here cunning rascals familiarize themselves with parts of the family history and impersonate a distant relative and impose on the family hospitality, borrow money, ask valuable and rare favors, on various pretenses, all to beat the selected' victim. Sometimes (it is said) spirit mediums, clairvoyants, and fortune tellers consult genealogies to obtain necessary family history to bewilder and defraud their patrons. All kinds of schemes are resorted to, nowadays, for defrauding, and genealogies offer no exception to the rule.

Signature of Homer Wakefield M.D.

Christmas Songs

JINGLE BELLS

Dashing through the web, with a million megahertz
O'er my list I go, confirming ma'am and sirs.

Missing names I find, as more and more I know,
Oh, what fun it is to surf, my pedigree to grow.

Ohhhhhh, click the mouse, click the mouse, click the mouse once more
Oh what fun it is to search, my ancestry explore.
Click the mouse, click the mouse, click the mouse one more
Oh what fun it is to search, my ancestry explore.

AWAY IN THE MANGER

Away in the cyber - space, my answer's there
Aunt Agatha's cousin is out there somewhere.
The names on each index, they just haven't matched,
Agatha's cousin (pause) ... I guess she was hatched.

HARK THE HERALD ANGELS SING

Hark, the I.G.I.'s updated, Glory to each added name
Help me to complete the puzzle, In this fun detective game.
Genealogists, arisejoin the triumph of the wise.
Familysearch(dot)org now gives names of missing relatives.
Hark the I.G.I update, proof that they did propagate.

WE THREE KINGS

We three seekers, present and past ...also future so it will last.
Books and letters, wills and land grants ...Info can be amassed.
Oh-oh web of wonder, web of light, boot the hard drive, get it right.
Choose the icon, click and drag itprogram please come into sight

OH CHRISTMAS TREE

O internet, oh internet ...How helpful is each website.
O internet, oh internet ...you stimulate my appetite.
My heritage is hard to find, can't store it in my little mind.
But internet, oh internet, I'm running low on megabyte.

My Christmas Gift

For Christmas this year, my wife purchased a week of private lessons at the local health club for me. Though still in great shape from when I was on the varsity chess team in high school, I decided it was a good idea to go ahead and try it. I called and made reservations with someone named Tanya, who said she is a 26-year-old aerobics instructor and athletic clothing model. My wife seemed very pleased with how enthusiastic I was to get started.

Day 1 ** They suggest I keep this "exercise diary" to chart my progress this week. Started the morning at 6 a.m. Tough to get up, but worth it when I arrived at the health club and Tanya was waiting for me. She's something of a goddess, with blond hair and a dazzling white smile. She showed me the machines and took my pulse after five minutes on the treadmill. She seemed a little alarmed that it was so high, but I think just standing next to her in that outfit of hers added about ten points. Enjoyed watching the aerobics class. Tanya was very encouraging as I did my sit ups, though my gut was already aching a little from holding it in the whole time I was talking to her. This is going to be GREAT.

Day 2 ** Took a whole pot of coffee to get me out the door, but I made it. Tanya had me lie on my back and push this heavy iron bar up into the air. Then she put weights on it, for heaven's sake! Legs were a little wobbly on the treadmill, but I made it the full mile. Her smile made it all worth it. Muscles feel GREAT.

Day 3 ** The only way I can brush my teeth is by laying the toothbrush on the counter and moving my mouth back and forth over it. I am certain that I have developed a hernia in both pectorals. Driving was okay as long as I didn't try to steer. I parked on top of a Volkswagen. Tanya was a little impatient with me and said my screaming was bothering the other club members. The treadmill hurt my chest so I did the stair master. Why would anyone invent a machine to simulate an activity rendered obsolete by the invention of elevators? Tanya told me regular exercise would make me live longer. I can't imagine anything worse.

Day 4 ** Tanya was waiting for me with her vampire teeth in a full snarl. I can't help it if I was half an hour late, it took me that long just to tie my shoes. She wanted me to lift dumbbells. Not a chance, Tanya. The word "dumb" must be in there for a reason. I hid in the men's room until she sent Lars looking for me. As punishment she made me try the rowing machine. It sank.

Day 5 ** I had Tanya more than any human being has ever hated any other human being in the history of the world. If there was any part of my body not in extreme pain, I would hit her with it. She thought it would be a good idea to work on my triceps. Well, I have news for you, Tanya, I don't have triceps. And if you don't want dents in the floor, don't hand me any barbells. I refuse to accept responsibility for the damage. YOU went to sadist school. YOU are to blame. The treadmill flung me back into a science teacher, which hurt like crazy. Why couldn't it have been someone softer, like a music teacher, or social studies?

Day 6 ** Got Tanya's message on my answering machine, wondering where I am. I lacked the **strength to use the TV remote** so I watched eleven straight hours of the weather channel.

Day 7 ** Well, that's the **week**. Thank God that's over. Maybe next time my wife will give me something a little more fun, like free teeth drilling at the dentist.

A Genealogist's Christmas Eve

"Twas the night before Christmas when all through the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even my spouse.

The dining room table with clutter was spread
with pedigree charts and with letters which said...

"Too bad about the data for which you wrote
Sank in a storm on an ill-fated boat."

Stacks of old copies of wills and the such
were proof that my work had become much too much.

Our children were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of sugarplums danced in their heads.

And I at my table was ready to drop
From work on my album with photos to crop.

Christmas was here, and of such was my lot
That presents and goodies and toys I'd forgot.

Had I not been so busy with grandparents' wills,
I'd not have forgotten to shop for such thrills.

While others had bought gifts that would bring Christmas cheer,
I'd spent time researching those birthdates and years.

While I was thus musing about my sad plight,
A strange noise on the lawn gave me such a great fright.

Away to the window I flew in a flash,
Tore open the drapes and I yanked up the sash.

When what to my wondering eyes should appear,
But an overstuffed sleigh and eight small reindeer,

Up to the house top the reindeer they flew,
With a sleigh full of toys, and 'ole Santa Claus, too.

And then in a twinkle, I heard on the roof
The prancing and pawing of thirty-two hoofs.

The TV antenna was no match for their horns,
And look at our roof with hoof-prints adorned.

As I drew in my head, and bumped it on the sash,
Down the cold chimney fell Santa - KER-RASH!



"Dear" Santa had come from the roof in a wreck,
And tracked soot on the carpet, (I could wring his short neck)

Spotting my face, good old Santa could see
I had no Christmas spirit you'd have to agree.

He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work
And filled all the stockings, (I felt like a jerk).

Here was Santa, who'd brought us such gladness and joy;
When I'd been too busy for even one toy.

He spied my research on the table all spread
"A genealogist!" He cried! (My face was all red!)

Tonight I've met many like you, Santa grinned.
As he pulled from his sack a large book he had penned.

I gazed with amazement - the cover it read
"Genealogy Lines for Which You Have Plead."

"I know what it's like as a genealogy bug!"
He said as he gave me a great Santa hug.

While the elves make the sleighful of toys I now carry,
I do some research in the North Pole Library!"

"A special treat I am thus able to bring,
To genealogy folks who can't find a thing."

"Now off you go to your bed for a rest,
I'll clean up the house from this genealogy mess."

As I climbed up the stairs full of gladness and glee,
I looked back at Santa who'd brought much to me.

While settling in bed, I heard Santa's clear whistle,
To his team, which the n rose like the down of a thistle.

And I heard him exclaim as he flew out of sight,
"Famly History Is Fun! Merry Christmas! Goodnight!"

Source: 1983 Gibbs Publishing Co., Napoleon, OH
Christmas Card