



TAMPA BAY SOUNDING

A Publication of Tampa Bay (Florida) Mensa

Vol. 27, No. 7

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ABOUT US

Mensa is an international society whose sole qualification for membership is a score at or above the 98th percentile on a standard IQ test. Mensa is a not-for-profit organization whose main purpose is to serve as a means of communication and assembly for its members. All opinions expressed herein are those of the individual authors, and not necessarily those of the editors or officers of Mensa. Mensa as an organization has no opinions. Visit AML at <http://www.us.mensa.org>.



Tampa Bay Sounding is the official newsletter of Tampa Bay Mensa. See the inside back cover for copyright information. Tampa Bay Mensa, which split off from Central Florida Mensa in 1975, serves Hillsborough, Pinellas, Pasco, Hernando, and Sumter counties. Visit TBM at <http://www.tampa.us.mensa.org>.

SUBMISSION GUIDELINES

Tampa Bay Sounding encourages submissions from all members. Submissions must be signed, but names may be withheld or pseudonyms used if requested. All letters to the editor will be subject to publication unless the author specifically requests otherwise. All material submitted will be considered for publication, but nothing can be guaranteed. *Everything* is subject to editing. Please keep the following guidelines in mind:

— Articles, casual essays, opinion pieces, poems, short stories, puzzles, and artwork are all encouraged.

— Personal attacks and bigoted, sexist, hateful, or otherwise offensive material will not be published.

— E-mail submissions are preferred, either embedded or in Word-readable attachments. Computer printouts and typewritten pages are fine. If you submit hard copy, please make sure your printer has enough toner or your typewriter has a fresh-enough ribbon. *Legible* handwritten submissions will be considered (but not given preference).

You may send your submissions by either of the following means:

(1) E-mail — MotherMary@extremelysmart.com. (Please indicate "TBM" in the subject area.)

(2) U.S. Mail — Mary W. Matthews, 1000 Granville Court N., St. Petersburg, FL 33701-1529. (Telephone 727-502-9301)

Unless otherwise specified in the previous month's calendar, the deadline for unsolicited contributions is the tenth day of the month.

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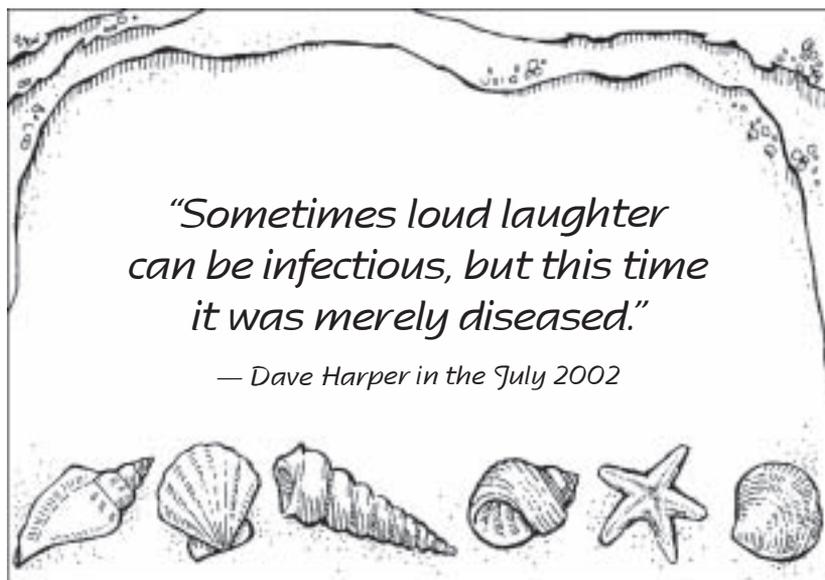
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KUSHNER'S KORNER*Come Out and Play**Maxine Kushner*

If you have had a chance to read the minutes of the most recent ExComm meeting or have been to our chapter's web site this month, you will have noticed that some of our officers have changed. I'd like to thank the other members of the ExComm for their vote of confidence in selecting me to serve as Local Secretary. I hope to make the coming year a productive one.

One of the first issues I would like to address is participation. Are you a Mensan who has never attended a Mensa-sponsored event? Don't feel too bad — you are part of the majority. Did you know that throughout American Mensa only 10 to 15 percent of members are active? I freely admit that I was a "closet" member for several years before I attended an event. We join because something piques our interest, but once we're in we don't take that next, seemingly logical step — attending an event — for any number of reasons.

I can tell you, from experience, that the hardest thing you'll do in Mensa is take that step, but once you actually show up, and are greeted like

a long-lost friend by your fellow Mensans, you'll wonder why you waited so long! I know I did.

So, how can we encourage the silent majority to come on out and join the rest of us? In the spring of 2001, we decided to sponsor a member picnic.

We had a good turnout and there were several new faces. We had another picnic this past spring

and, again, there was a good turnout and new faces. People really seemed to enjoy themselves. In fact, when we had our annual meeting later that afternoon, a member proposed that we make the picnic an annual event and the motion passed easily. Continuing in the same vein, we are working on arrangements with a member who has generously offered the use of his property in Brooksville for an overnight campout to be held this fall.

Another idea the ExComm had was to open our Yahoo announcement list (tbm-gm) to discussion. We felt Mensans would enjoy the opportunity to have thoughtful, online conversation with other members of our chapter. Beyond that, we hoped that the online interaction would lead to members



getting together in person. Coincidentally, within days of this discussion, a new member popped up on the list (welcome, Michael Fouse!) and introduced a topic. We decided to leave the Yahoo tbm-gm list for announcements only but have started a new list at Yahoo: tbm-discussion. So far, two of the topics being discussed are hydrogen fuel cells and corporate finance shenanigans. Signing up is easy. Go to <http://groups.yahoo.com>, and type "tbm-discussion" in the search box. From there, just follow the directions. If you have any problem signing in, contact me.

Now, on to other matters. The August 4 deadline for returning your Crewe List questionnaire to editor Mary Matthews is almost upon you. You could save yourself the cost of a stamp, and save Mary some typing, if you simply emailed the information to her. I'm guessing she would rather cut and paste than type. [*Yes! — thank you, Maxine. MWM*]

Do you have any family, friends, or acquaintances who might be interested

in taking the Mensa admissions tests? Testing Coordinator Teri Elston has scheduled a testing session for Saturday, August 24. Her contact information is listed on the Officer's page and online: <http://tampa.us.mensa.org>.

As you will read in Elissa Rudolph's column (page 8), a member has been expelled from Mensa; this is a rare and controversial event that has been debated endlessly in recent months. There is not enough room here to give even an accurate summary of the issues involved, but if you're interested in learning more, or perhaps even joining in the debate, you can join m-grapevine (a yahoo.com group) and read the continuing and archived debate.

If you have any questions, comments, or concerns about Tampa Bay Mensa, please feel free to contact me. I hope to see lots of you, if not in person, then online.

Maxine

maxine.kushner@verizon.net



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Letters to the Editor

Re: "Dare to Dream," Mary W. Matthews, July, 2002

Dear Mary:

Just a couple of observations on your holiday proposals:

1. Triumphs are celebrated, tragedies are mourned. We honor the births of presidents (Presidents Day) but not their deaths. We celebrate Independence Day and Armistice (now Veterans) Day, but who Remembers the Maine, or even Pearl Harbor, except as private, personal reflections of loss?

2. "Moon Day" is very specific, but is unfortunately subject to other, more earthy interpretations. Drawing on both the first words spoken on the Moon, and the world-wide excitement the event generated, consider "Mankind Day."

3. Given the realities of holiday scheduling, the third Monday in July would probably be a more saleable date than July 20.

Will T-shirts be available?

John T. Henderson, Clearwater

You're right, John — I suspect the most popular T-shirt might read, "Moon a Friend Today." — MWM

Re: Letters to the Editor, July 2002

I hesitate to reply to Clarke's letter because I really don't want any dialogue

with him. However, his personal attack on me, counter to the submission guidelines for Letters to the Editor, has several glaring inaccuracies, two about me, that demand correction.

The oath to which Clarke refers is sworn to by ALL military personnel, enlisted and officer. It states, in part, that one "will support and defend the Constitution of the United States of America against all enemies, foreign and domestic"; that the oath is taken "freely, without any mental reservation or purpose of evasion"; further, it requires one "to obey all orders from persons superior to me."

I have not forgotten the oath. I have sworn to it more than a dozen times, as an enlisted Marine and as an officer. As the commander of units ranging from a company to an air station, I have administered the oath hundreds of times. No, I have not forgotten the oath or its meaning. I need no lecture from Clarke to remind me.

I am well aware of the authority the Constitution gives to the Congress to declare war. Does Clarke know how the Congress operated to permit Presidents Kennedy, Johnson, and Nixon to prosecute the action in Viet Nam? His time would be better spent learning about the oath, the Constitution, and how the legislative and executive branches interacted during this period.

More than two million American

military served in Viet Nam, not just 100,000. During the period 1968-70 alone, there were more than 500,000 military in Viet Nam each of those years.

Clarke asks where the military stood during Viet Nam and where they stand today. Americans can rest assured that the military services can be relied upon to live, and die, by the oath to which they have sworn. Is Clarke suggesting that all military personnel should put their orders on hold while they debate the constitutionality of those orders, or of the laws the Congress may pass regarding military actions?

No, rest easy. Swearing to support and defend the Constitution and obey orders protects all Americans, even those who would encourage treason and mutiny.

As for being on the side of the angels, that comment speaks volumes to me about Clarke. I want no one to presume that I am on the side of Hanoi Jane on anything, particularly Viet Nam. Let Clarke take rank with those poor wretches, but don't presume ever to speak for me. Clarke chooses to lament the past. I choose to learn from it.

Finally, a true patriot fully embraces his country, without reservation, with all its strength and beauty, and with all its weaknesses and warts. We voters get the politicians we elect. As men and women, they may fail us. Our country, our Constitution, our military services, never will.

Paul S. Frappolo
Colonel, U.S.M.C. (ret.)
Odessa

Re: Letters to the Editor, July 2002

This message is in answer to Bud Urban and Phoebe Hunter, who had letters in your July *Soundings*.

To Bud: First of all, it was not MY classification of generations. Those figures and descriptions were taken from our National Office's surveys. Had I been asked to come up with colorful names for the generations, we probably couldn't print them in a family newsletter <g>.

Your "old man's" generation was not among those listed probably because American Mensa does not have any living members born in that time period. We did have a member born in the 1883-1900 time period. The operative word here is "did." We do not now.

And I like your tag of "spontaneous generation." Very original.

To Phoebe: See above answer to Bud re: the naming of the generations: not my idea, but one that originated elsewhere. I just reported. Your idea of naming generations after their main entertainment is certainly more descriptive — mine would be the Captain Video generation, I think. If we stay away from TV labels, we have an even more vast array of possible labels. Then mine would be the "baby dolls that wet their diapers" generation.

Thanks to both Bud and Phoebe for their comments. It's great to know that my column actually gets read!

Elissa Rudolph, RVC 10
Delray Beach

THE TENTH STORY

News About and After the 2002 AG

Elissa Rudolph, R. V.C.

An article in an Arizona newspaper quoted an AG attendee, "I look at this as a family reunion with all the relatives you like." And that's what brings us back again and again, that undeniably sweet feeling of coming home. Yes, even to Scottsdale in July, where the temperature at 6:30 in the morning could be 91° F.

At the Fairmont Scottsdale Princess, however, there were three swimming pools to cool you off and the Willow Stream Spa to help you really feel rejuvenated. Then there were the AG programs for mental stimulation, tours to Taliesin West, the Grand Canyon, and Sedona, plus horseback riding to expand your horizons, and we haven't even begun to describe the gustatory delights of the 2002 American Mensa AG. In the seven restaurants and bars on site at the Princess, Mensans received a 50 percent discount — right — 50 percent! Then there were those infinite choices in Hospitality. . . . To see more than 400 photos of Mensans having fun go to: <http://www.or.us.mensa.org/pix/ag2002/rainey/2/index.htm>. Thanks to Scott

Rainey, RVC8, who was extremely busy with his digital camera.

Results of the Publications Recognition Program can be found at http://us.mensa.org/best_of/2002printwinners.php. Despite the fact that our region's wonderful newsletters were nominated for 22 awards, we came away with only a couple: *PensaMensa*, newsletter of Northwest Florida Mensa won an award for their photographic covers and *BrowBeat*, Broward Mensa, won for their cover art, *Lya Korda*, artiste. While the number of awards was small, our nominations were many — we have to look on the bright side!

On the other hand, the AMC had a unpleasant decision to consider based on the Hearings Committee's recommendation. You will no doubt hear and read many, many opinions on this (how many Mensans are there?), but the fact is that the HC rendered an unanimous decision that a member committed an act inimical — hostile or harmful — to Mensa. Acts inimical may result in expulsion



from the society. This is what happened when the vote was tallied on Saturday, July 6, 2002 — 15 for and four against expulsion. The vote was taken by written ballot, as is called for in our bylaws. One AMC member recused himself and one abstained; neither took a ballot to vote. The Hearings Committee did a fine job with what had to be a very disagreeable chore. If you would like to read the bylaws and/or the ASIEs (actions still in effect) concerning the “acts inimical” area, let me know and I’ll point the way. This is over; it’s time to direct our energies to more progressive ways to improve our organization.

Mini-minutes and the full minutes of this AMC meeting should be available by the time you read this in your newsletter.

A very tentative bid has been put together to invite Mensa’s International Board of Directors to conduct their 2006 meeting in Orlando along with a celebration of Mensa’s 60th anniversary. During the IBD’s meeting this coming October, they will consider American Mensa’s bid; there may be others from various Mensa world chapters. This bid is really an invitation from Region 10, because I would expect that all our groups would be involved in some way. Much of the administrative and contract work will be done by the National Office, leaving Central Florida Mensa and our other groups free to be creative with programming

and hospitality. Already Florida Ms are volunteering to be part of this World Gathering; I hope you will want to be part of it too!

This past year has just flown by and I still have many goals to reach for in Region 10. I hope to continue as your RVC for an additional two years (2003-05) in order to complete my goals, one of which is to visit your group at some point in my tenure. 

COMING EVENTS.

Looking for intellectual stimulation, yearning for that brain tickle you joined Mensa for? Here’s a deal for you — “Exploring Consciousness,” the 2002 Colloquium in Troy, Michigan August 16-18. Check their Web site: <http://www.colloquium2002.org/> for descriptions of “thinking on the edge.”

October 18-20, the *2002 SCAM Rollback RG*, <http://spacecoastareamensa.tripod.com/>, for details as they emerge.

Classified Advertisement:

One Mensa T-shirt for sale — yellow, size small. Type on front says, “Hold it, Scotty! I just discovered Mensa!!!” \$10, call 813-963-3196, or e-mail Dedicated1776@aol.com to inquire.

FOLD, SPINDLE, AND MUTILATE*Jolly June FSM**Max Loick, Interim Circulation Officer*

Well June's FSM went off very well, this time with a dozen (!) stalwarts at the lovely home of Louise and Keith Kelly in Palm Harbor. Along with Louise and Keith, present were Don Davis, Phyllis Roth, Mary Matthews and Jerry Merchant, Max Loick (still seeking a replacement!), Maxine Kushner and son Brian Turner, Doug MacDonald, Jim Davis, and Karin Flores, all enjoying an afternoon where the raindrops very kindly let up just in time to load the newsletters into the car without drenching them.

(By the way, someone left reading glasses behind . . . you?)

Thank these people when next you see them for getting the Sounding out to you, please.

August's FSM will be at the beautiful home of Doug MacDonald in Land O' Lakes. Directions:

From Tampa: Go north on Dale Mabry Hwy. After passing County Line Rd., get in the left lane and look for a "Tires Plus" sign on your right. Immediately after, get in the left turn lane, cross the median, and turn into the road at the "10 mph" sign. Now skip the next paragraph and continue:

From the North, East, or West: At the junction of US 41 and SR 54, head south on US 41 and bear right onto Dale

Mabry Hwy. Take your first right at the "10 mph" sign and then:

From the "10 mph" sign (there's no street sign there): Take the first driveway on the left and drive up to the gatehouse. Punch 010 on the keypad and wait for me to answer on the intercom. When the gate opens, go through it and take the first right at the sign "Lake Sun Place N," then take the next right. My house is #10 at the end of the cul-de-sac.

For more information, call Doug MacDonald at (813) 949-714.

Editor's Note: Noble Max does not mention that he did a wonderful job coordinating the June FSM, despite having his right arm in a sling following days-earlier surgery! Three cheers for one of Tampa Bay Mensa's most unsung heroes! 

*Next FSM:**Sunday, July 28, 2 p.m.**Host: Doug MacDonald**Land O'Lakes*

RECOVERING GANKEE*The Little Men With the Walkie-Talkies**Mary W. Matthews*

When I was a child, my family took a lot of car trips. We skied in the winter and visited grandparents in the summer, both of which meant round trips of hundreds of miles. Dad edited and wrote for the *National Geographic*, which occasionally meant round trips of thousands of miles. And of course there were cousins on Sanibel to visit, roughly 1,200 miles one-way (as the car drives).

It was during a very early car trip that the concept of the Little Men With the Walkie-Talkies began to evolve. The Little Men lurk by the side of the road and keep track of your movements, signaling each other so that lights turn red as you approach; roadblocks, speed traps, and potholes magically appear at just the wrong moment; and sometimes tacks spring up out of the road to cause flat tires. (The Little Men appeared long before the advent of steel-belted radials.)

And the Little Men have continued to diversify since my family first deduced their existence all those decades ago. About six months ago, Nabisco introduced a new taste treat, fudge-dipped Oreos. The Little Men With the Walkie-Talkies have obviously discovered that my husband and I like these cookies,

because they've disappeared off the shelves. This kind of thing has happened often enough over the years that Jerry now declares that if we like some product a lot, we must loudly state that we hate it, so as to fool the Little Men.

All those moments in your life when it has seemed as though the Universe is out to get you, when nothing seems to go right? It's not random chance or self-fulfilling prophecy — it's the Little Men With the Walkie-Talkies.

(Aside to those who know how committed I am to inclusive language: Of course they're magical little *men*. Magical little *women* have better things to do than plot deeds of cosmic malevolence.)

I know what you're going to say. You'll shake your head, knowing I'm consummately silly or ever so slightly daft, or both. "The Little Men With the Walkie-Talkies," you'll say. "You couldn't even make it cell phones?"

But perhaps, instead of scoffing, you feel a thrill of recognition. At last, an explanation for the perversity of apparently random chance! And perhaps your family had something similar, like the families of literature who knew about the Under Toad, the Green Ripper, the Velveteen Rabbit,

the Brave Little Toaster, or even the Great Pumpkin.

Anthropomorphism (AM): the ascribing of human intelligence, emotions, and cultural values to non-human beings and things. We've been doing it at least since the story about the talking serpent — the story where God, instead of being Spirit, liked to walk in a garden in the cool, cool, cool of the evening.

One of the ways we use AM is to try to feel more in control over things that are essentially uncontrollable. In the beginning, each phenomenon had its own anthropomorphic deity — gods of lightning and thunder, sun and storm and warfare, goddesses of fertility and growing things, moonlight, wisdom, and civilization. Over the millennia we realized that if there were dozens of gods and goddesses, there must be only one Über-Deity, or whence the dozens? So most of us stated confidently that we believe in one God, creator of heaven and earth, of all that is, seen and unseen — and merrily invented angels and muses, daemons and demons and devils, witches and warlocks, houris and incubi and succubi, nymphs, dryads, nereids, satyrs, fauns, saints and appearances of the Virgin, Bigfoots and yetis, ghosts, poltergeists, fairies, leprechauns, mermaids, selkies, djinni/genies, trolls, ogres, brownies, Kilroy Was Here, space aliens with rectal probes, honest politicians. . . .

And this gets us into a related reason for AM: coping with fear. If you can turn a thunderstorm into the anger of Zeus, Thor, or Tsuki-Yomi, you have a hope of appeasing the god's anger

and ending the storm. If you propitiate Danu-Ana, winter will end and her daughter, Spring, will smile, crops will be abundant and you'll have that baby you've been longing for.

This control-of-fear hypothesis also applies to hurricanes, which were given exclusively female names until women began pointing out that we don't exactly have an exclusive lock on the explosive violence and senseless destruction department. Perhaps ships were thought of as feminine (Lloyd's stopped using "she" only recently) for a similar reason — for men to feel more in control over a powerful entity they're secretly or not-so-secretly afraid of, while at the same time tacitly acknowledging that women's power is ultimately beyond male control.

Another reason we use AM is to try to explain the unexplainable. This, I think, is the realm of ghosts, poltergeists, demons, fairies, and space aliens. I believe the whole alien-abduction phenomenon, from Betty and Barney Hill to "The X Files," is essentially the same sort of expression of cultural anxiety as the witchcraft mania of the Middle Ages. (But *what if I'm wrong?*)

When we humans enter a strange landscape, we look for familiar referents so we can orient ourselves — other people, trees, buildings. If you enter a really vast cavern, your stereoscopic vision becomes useless for objects more than roughly 50 feet away; it's impossible to get much beyond "Wow, that's big!" without something familiar *somewhere* to give you a sense

of scale. You might see a stalagmite that you judge to be about 100 feet away — until you notice that the human standing next to it would then be only eight inches tall, and things suddenly snap into a different focus.

I think one reason we anthropomorphize is for much the same purpose — to explain weird phenomena by fitting them into a familiar template so we can feel as though we have a sense of scale. To draw analogies between us and the bizarre and try to find images from our own experience to make sense of them.

For example, the house my husband and I bought in 1999 was built in 1920. Periodically, Jerry or I or both of us will hear human footsteps overhead when we *know* that not even the cats are upstairs. We've named this "ghost" George, and we apologize to "him" when the Terminix man comes or a child hollers in the street — and we blame him when small items mysteriously disappear, a calendar from the desk or a set of drill bits from their container.

Humans also use AM to project our thoughts and feelings, either for comfort — think of those long, heart-to-heart talks we have with our pets — or for convenience. My husband and I have between us owned cars named Arnold, Horace, Fritz, Bessie, and Felix. It's easier to say "Fritz" than it is to say, "Jerry's dear old yellow Volkswagen beetle that he loved so much and still talks about wistfully all these years later."

In the use of AM to entertain, instruct, or persuade, to make some

product or animal seem familiar and endearing, the examples are virtually endless. Think of Balaam's ass, Francis the Talking Mule, and Mr. Ed, Br'er Rabbit and Puss in Boots, Charlie the Tuna and Lancelot Link, "My Mother the Car," R2D2, and that great iMac commercial. How could you possibly feel intimidated by a computer that mimics your every movement and, when you stick your tongue out at it, opens its drawer and sticks out its CD tray?

AM isn't just pervasive in our lives, it permeates our culture and patterns of thought. We can't go a day without some encounter with an AM, from Rosy-Fingered Dawn to Mayor McCheese to a high-fiving pair of squirrels to Old Man River, until we say goodnight to the Man in the Moon.

It seems to me that AM must be a survival trait, since we all do it, from Uncle Sam to John Bull to Marianne to Ivan to Charlie to Osama, from Santa Claus to the Great Satan.*

The burning question in my mind is, is AM a survival trait because it helps us cope more successfully — only that and nothing more? Or is it

* There is no Devil. The ancient Hebrews invented an angelic district attorney, *ha'satan* (pr. "hah-sah-TAHN"), and the Babylonians (Iranians) turned him into Satan, a god equal or virtually equal to God in power and as malevolent as God is loving. It is blasphemy to pretend that there is an evil counter-God in the Universe whom God is perennially and therefore ontologically powerless to defeat.

possible that there exists a spiritual dimension, for the most part inaccessible to modern science, and our angels and ghosts and spirit guides are just the best way we can find of explaining the unexplainable?

Perhaps it is even possible, as some have suggested, that mass belief in an AM *creates* that AM. Perhaps religious statues weep tears of blood because worshippers believe they can. Perhaps a house becomes literally haunted when enough people sincerely believe that it is.

It's tempting for me to flatter Mensans by suggesting that high intelligence is correlated with the imagination that goes into a creation like the Little Men With the Walkie-Talkies. I'm also tempted to imagine that one difference between high and low intelligence is the amount of belief one invests in AMs. But against that we must balance (for example) Conan Doyle's absolute belief in fairies and Houdini's desperate belief in ectoplasm as he searched, like Diogenes, for an honest medium. These were not stupid men.

I worry that there are people who buy the *Weekly World News* not because it's hilarious, but because they *believe* its stories of apocalypses and Antichrists, Bigfoot sightings and Frog Babies, where The Space Alien campaigned for Clinton and the Bat Boy advises the Magisterium to solve its

credibility problems by using robot priests. . . .

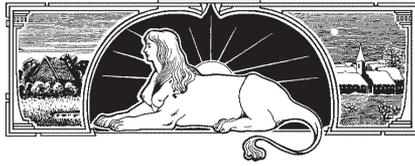
I think in the end that high intelligence is useful for making us skeptical of our AMs. Maybe God isn't an angry old white man with a long white beard. Maybe Jesus isn't merely "God in a man-suit." Maybe Allah didn't create humanity out of a drop of his

celestial sperm (Sura 16:4 and others). Maybe Hecate won't confer supernatural powers on those who

dance naked in the light of the full moon. Maybe Mr. Clean couldn't beat up the Ajax White Knight ("stronger than dirt"). Maybe Colossus couldn't beat up HAL. Maybe the Keebler elves could "pull a Snow White" on Chiquita Banana.

Maybe AM is a survival trait because it gives us that little extra competitive edge, the ability to tell when a car needs a tune-up because she's feeling grumpy, the ability to enter into dialogue with a sorrowful tree or a mischievous ocean current.

But maybe we anthropomorphize because we are made in our Creator's image, and one of our Creator's pastimes is investing human response into unlikely situations. Maybe one of God's pranks on us is that beings from some parallel dimension actually do intersect with us from time to time, and, for lack of a better description, we call them angels or fairies or genii loci. Or Little Men With Walkie-Talkies.



T B C A L E N D A R T B C A L E N D A R T B C A L E N D A R T B

August 2002 Calendar

Dana Groulx, Interim Calendar Editor

Mensa events are open to all Mensans, their spouses, and accompanied guests. A party at a private home is a private event, and who may or may not attend is at the complete discretion of the host. Kitties listed in the calendar are NOT optional.

Dana Groulx (813-991-7868) is the Interim Calendar Editor. Please e-mail your calendar event notices to Dana at dgroulx@mac.com or give her a call at home. August 11 is the deadline to submit events for the September calendar.

Hosts: Please remember to mention any special concerns about your location, such as limited access for the handicapped, smoking restrictions, or presence of pets.

Guests: If you have special needs or restrictions, it is prudent to discuss them with your host before attending an event.

August 1st, 8th, 15th, 22nd, 29th –

Thursdays – 12:30 p.m. – \$

LUNCH BUNCH

We meet at Piccadilly Cafeteria, on 11810 North Dale Mabry Highway (next to Barnes and Noble Bookstore), in Tampa. For directions, descriptions, and/or encouragement to attend, call:

Jim Perry – 813-837-3473 – philart@gte.net

August 1st – Thursday – 9:00 p.m. – \$

CHALICE

Our very own Tampa Bay Mensan singer and songwriter, Chalice, will be performing at the Chronic Insomnia Coffee House in Palm Harbor. There is no cover charge, but the coffee house does have a two-beverage minimum. Chronic Insomnia is located at 32884 US Highway 19 North, between Nebraska and Tampa, behind the Chick-Fil-A.

<http://www.chronicinsomnia.net>

Chalice – 727-785-7013 –
chalice@tampabay.rr.com

T B C A L E N D A R T B C A L E N D A R T B C A L E N D A R T B

August 3rd – Saturday – 12:00 p.m. – \$

TRAVELER'S CENTURY CLUB

Like Mensa, the Travelers Century Club has a single criterion for membership: One must have traveled to 100 countries. The Florida coordinator of the club is inviting all Mensans to their quarterly luncheon meeting, held at Mad Dogs and Englishmen. Mad Dogs is located at 4115 South MacDill Avenue. Come out and meet some world travelers!

Jay Hines — 813-828-6353

August 7th, 21st – Wednesday – 2:00 p.m. - \$2

CHILDREN'S GAME DAY/PLAY DAY

For ages 0-10. Come join us. Bring your favorite games. For directions contact:

Linne Katz — 727-372-9438 —

LINNEKATZ@aol.com

10037 Wheatland Road — New Port Richey

August 8th — Thursday – 7:30 a.m. – \$

MID-PINELLAS BREAKFAST SIG

Leave your home a bit early, and join us for breakfast on your way into work. The location is the Village Inn at Walsingham and Vonn Roads in Largo, bright and early at 7:30 a.m. Please call me in advance so I know how much space to reserve when I get there early.

Lori Puterbaugh — 727-399-2419 —

puterbaugh@mindspring.com

August 9th – Friday – 7:30 p.m. - \$2

GAMES & PIZZA

Second Friday in August's a day / Mensans gather together to play. / We play games — a whole bunch — / And have pizza to munch, / Up in Oldsmar, "The Top of the Bay." / I must ask those who smoke, "Please step out." / And three cats may come roaming about; / But if those are okay, / Then come join me today, / Meet with friends, play some games, and pig out!

Sylvia Zadorozny — 813-855-4939 —

szadorozny@aol.com

651 Timber Bay Circle West — Oldsmar (see map in mapquest.com)

Continued on page 21



Happy August Birthday to:

- | | | | |
|----|----------------------|----|------------------------|
| 1 | Sandra M. Davanzo | 14 | E. Gerald Kamen |
| 2 | Kenneth E. Kaplan | 18 | Charis Reine Barnard |
| | Michael J. LaBance | 19 | Richard Clark |
| | Leo Richard Reilly | 20 | Charles Leonard |
| 3 | Allen E. Mehnert | | Barrick, Jr. |
| 5 | Patricia Wallace Fox | | Jean B. Chambliss |
| | Alexander J. Frain | 23 | James R. Klein |
| 7 | Kathy Crum | | Karen A. Payne |
| | Peter B. Forret | 25 | Susan Ball |
| | Joan Lyn Gutek | | Beverly Shanteau Kraft |
| 9 | Matthew Lewis Snook | 26 | Doug MacDonald |
| 10 | Megan E. Nash | | Francis Wellman |
| 11 | Mary L. Britain | 28 | Edward Michael |
| | Nikki Riggsbee | | Roots, Jr. |
| | Rosa Tattoli | 29 | Martha H. Metcalf |
| 12 | J. Ellis Blanton, II | 30 | Alan Lichtenstein |
| 13 | Jane Ann Davis | | |

Welcome to Tampa Bay Mensa!

- | | |
|--------------------|--------------------------|
| Ann Basso* | Joseph Moran |
| Timothy E. Bourne | Christopher Schmidt* |
| Joshua W. Buchet* | Daniel Schmidt* |
| Gregory Coleman* | Michelle C. Taylor* |
| Debra F. Hartland* | Rudolph Frederick Trosin |

* = New member; others are moves in or reinstatements.

TAMPA BAY MENSA

August

SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY
<p>Because September is "Crewe List Month," your deadline for <i>Sounding</i> submissions (for our October issue) is September 10.</p>			
<p>4</p> <p>Please return your Crewe List form absolutely no later than today.</p>	<p>5</p> 	<p>6</p>	<p>7</p> <p><i>Child Game/</i> at Linne New Por 2 p</p>
<p>11</p> <p><i>Schedule your September events by today, please.</i></p>	<p>12</p>	<p>13</p> <p><i>Tampa Dinner</i> at Gino's Restaurant Tampa, 6:30 p.m.</p>	<p>14</p>
<p>18</p>	<p>19</p>	<p>20</p>	<p>21</p> <p><i>Child Game/</i> at Linne New Por 2 p</p>
<p>25</p> <p><i>FSM</i> at Doug MacDonald's Lutz, 2 p.m.</p>	<p>26</p>	<p>27</p> <p><i>Tampa Dinner</i> at Gino's Restaurant Tampa, 6:30 p.m.</p>	<p>28</p>

EVENTS CALENDAR

of 2002

WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
	<p>1</p> <p><i>Lunch Bunch</i> at Piccadilly Cafeteria Tampa, 12:30 p.m.</p> <p>—</p> <p><i>"Chalice"</i> at Chronic Insomnia Palm Harbor, 9 p.m.</p>	<p>2</p>	<p>3</p> <p><i>Traveler's Century Club</i> at Mad Dog's Tampa, Noon</p>
<p><i>Children's Play Day</i> at Katz's at Richey, p.m.</p>	<p>8</p> <p><i>Mid-Pinellas Breakfast Group</i> at Village Inn Largo, 7:30 a.m.</p> <p>—</p> <p><i>Lunch Bunch</i> at Piccadilly Cafeteria Tampa, 12:30 p.m.</p>	<p>9</p> <p><i>Games Night</i> at Sylvia Zadorozny's Oldsmar, 7:30 p.m.</p>	<p>10</p> <p><i>ExComm Meeting</i> at Chris Drumm's Wesley Chapel, 2 p.m.</p>
	<p>15</p> <p><i>Lunch Bunch</i> at Piccadilly Cafeteria Tampa, 12:30 p.m.</p>	<p>16</p>	<p>17</p>
<p><i>Children's Play Day</i> at Katz's at Richey, p.m.</p>	<p>22</p> <p><i>Lunch Bunch</i> at Piccadilly Cafeteria Tampa, 12:30 p.m.</p>	<p>23</p> <p><i>TGIF</i> at Horse & Jockey South Pasadena, 5:30 p.m.</p>	<p>24</p>
	<p>29</p> <p><i>Lunch Bunch</i> at Piccadilly Cafeteria Tampa, 12:30 p.m.</p>	<p>30</p>	<p>31</p> <p><i>Games Night</i> at Dana Groulx's Wesley Chapel, 7:30 p.m.</p>

The Impressed Feline

B. Valsavage

A famous literary critic once wrote that no one has written a good book on cats. I fear that it may be a while before anyone does. Cats are a tough subject. They are hard to figure out and almost impossible to impress. A dog is in awe when you just show up. But a cat would not blink if you flew in from Mars.

And when you sprinkle food in the aquarium, fish think you are God raining manna from "the other world." While Mr. Kitty is watching the stupid fish.

Even human children can be amazed by the goings-on of a loving parent, but the cat remains undazzled. If you accidentally close the family cat in the coat closet all day (as I have twice), when you let her out, she just sneers at you as if to say, "You dumbbell!" Then she will stand in front of her food dish waiting for you to make it up to her. And there had better be tuna in that dish!

The only time I ever even came close to impressing the older of my two cats is when I was testing my sprinkler system. Hazel likes to sit in the front room window and watch the

world. I guess it is Cat T.V. I was running around the front yard, dodging the shooting streams of water, adjusting the sprinkler heads and doing a reasonably good job of not getting too wet. When I came

in the house, just for a second, I caught a glimpse of a look of complete astonishment on Hazel's furry face. She either thought that I was a total loon, or very brave, for surviv-

ing the attack of the sprinkler heads! And when I foolishly called her on it (busted), she turned her head and, with her tail straight up, quickly left the room!

That is how you know when a cat has fouled up. If a cat slips off a chair and lands not too gracefully, notice at that point Mr. Sure-foot will get up and act very casual, with a look that says "I planned that!" Then the goof will quickly leave the room!

Don't get me wrong, I love my kitties. And I think they are great pets. Cats are very self-sufficient, quiet, and beautiful, with a grace and class all their own. I have just accepted the fact that cats are not impressed by me. I suppose I'll get over it.



T B C A L E N D A R T B C A L E N D A R T B C A L E N D A R T B

Continued from page 16

August 10th – Saturday – 2:00 p.m. – Free

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE MEETING

All members are invited to attend meetings of the Executive Committee. This month's meeting is at Chris Drumm's in Wesley Chapel. Munchies and soft drinks are provided. Directions: *From Tampa and South Pinellas*: North on I-275 until it merges with I-75. Exit on State Road 54; turn left at signal. Drive west on 54 for one mile, passing the signal at Old Pasco Road. Turn right into the Lexington Oaks subdivision. Drive about one mile, turn right into the Churchill Villas. This is a gated community, so you will need to dial our extension on the key pad. Press # and you will see a directory; the Drumm extension is 604. Proceed through the gate a short distance, turn right onto Gallant Fox Ct. Our house is in the cul-de-sac on the left – 5604 Sir Barton Ct. *From North Pinellas and West Pasco*: Take State Road 54 east. When you are at State Road 54 and Rt. 41, you will drive about 8 miles northeast to the Lexington Oaks subdivision. Turn left into Lexington Oaks, drive about one mile, turn right into the Churchill Villas, then see instructions above.

Chris Drumm – 813-973-8095 –
candjdrumm@cs.com

5604 Sir Barton Ct. – Wesley Chapel

August 13th, 27th – Tuesday – 6:30 p.m. - \$

TAMPA DINNER AT GINO'S RESTAURANT

Please join us for dinner at Gino's Restaurant. We meet in the dining room around 6:30 p.m.. Gino's (813-933-1089) is located at 10006 N. Armenia Avenue in Tampa. For more information contact:

Celeste Terken – 813-933-8700 –
onlyeaze@gte.net

August 23rd – Friday – 5:30 p.m. – \$

TGIF

You don't have to be an Anglophile to enjoy the Horse & Jockey British Pub, but you do have to be prepared to celebrate TGIF! The Horse & Jockey is located at 1155 Pasadena Avenue South, South Pasadena. RE SMOKING: This

is a pub and smoking is allowed, but smokers are asked to sit at the table nearest the bar.

Dana Groulx — 813-991-7868 — dgroulx@mac.com

August 25th – Saturday – 7:30 p.m. - Free

FSM

August's FSM will be at the beautiful home of Doug MacDonald in Land O' Lakes. Directions:

From Tampa: Go north on Dale Mabry Hwy. After passing County Line Rd., get in the left lane and look for a "Tires Plus" sign on your right. Immediately after, get in the left turn lane, cross the median, and turn into the road at the "10 mph" sign. Now skip the next paragraph and continue:

From the North, East, or West: At the junction of US 41 and SR 54, head south on US 41 and bear right onto Dale Mabry Hwy. Take your first right at the "10 mph" sign and then:

From the "10 mph" sign (there's no street sign there): Take the first driveway on the left and drive up to the gatehouse. Punch 010 on the keypad and wait for me to answer on the intercom. When the gate opens, go through it and take the first right at the sign "Lake Sun Place N," then take the next right. My house is #10 at the end of the cul-de-sac.

Doug MacDonald — 813-949-7141

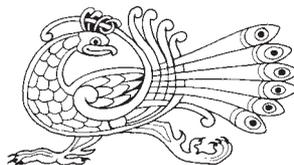
August 31st – Saturday – 7:30 p.m. – \$2

GAMES NIGHT

This month's Last Saturday Rotating Games Night will be held at Dana Groulx's in Wesley Chapel.

Directions: Head north on I-75. Exit at State Road 54 and turn left (west). Go through the signal at Old Pasco Road. The first right turn after the signal will be the Lexington Oaks subdivision. After turning in, look for Belmont Village, which is the second village on your left. Dana's house is the 5th house on the left side.

Dana Groulx — 813-991-7868
5410 Bold Venture Place. — Wesley Chapel



Speculating About the Future

Marsha Patterson Raymond

Last year, in the space of about four days, I ran across several scientific articles that moved my personal bent for fantasy into realms of conjecture regarding our not-too-distant future. For example, a group of researchers from the University of Innsbruck in Austria, and another team headed by Francesco De Martini in Rome, have successfully experimented with quantum teleportation. They didn't beam a member of the Star Trek universe back on board a starship, but what they have accomplished is amazing. These physicists have confirmed that it is possible to transport the properties of one quantum particle (such as a photon) to another — even if the two are at opposite ends of the galaxy!

In late March 2001, astronomers had the groundbreaking first direct observation of “dark matter” — lending support to a widely held theory that there is much more to the universe than we had previously supposed. Within the same week of this celestial surveillance, the fortuitous discovery of a shipwreck (circa 299 BCE) in the center of the Mediterranean substantiates as fact that the ancient Hellenic mariners were

capable of epic journeys along the lines of those of Odysseus. Whether we look far up or deeply down, history and understanding open themselves to our ever-growing bank of knowledge.

How about this? A fossil recently uncovered in Kenya is adding another branch to our early family tree. This new species of hominid, *Kenyanthropus platyops*, is currently being referred to as “flat-faced human.”* It has also been determined that Neanderthals, another branch of the family that left us about

30,000 years ago, would be living side by side with us now had they either had a tiny two percent more children or a two percent–lower death rate! With all the trouble our adolescent species has getting along with people “different” from ourselves, how would we do in the workplace and in our neighborhoods with a different species of humanity? Not very impressively, I'd wager. . . .

A gene therapy technique has recently (finally!) been successful in

* From the Greek, *platys*, or flat, and *ops*, literally eye, figuratively face.



preventing cancer in mice (understand that this isn't the first step toward curing cancer, but it could be used to prevent people prone to that disease — like smokers — from ever developing cancer).

Before we get too full of ourselves, though, remember that many scientists and explorers thought they had a knotty problem all figured out only to have their research proven inaccurate by subsequent study. For instance, generations of Europeans were terrified at the knowledge that a race of gigantic creatures the Greeks named "Cyclops" ** existed — when the "proof" of the Cyclops' existence was in reality based on the discovery of several elephant skulls found by a group of sailors. They mistook the nasal openings (for the elephants' trunks) for single eye sockets.

** Literally, round-eyed.

Since I was born — January 1953 — we have speculated on (and broken the code of) the molecular structure of DNA, launched *Sputnik*, landed on the moon, determined that birds were dinosaur descendants, and discovered fossil footprints demonstrating that hominids walked upright 3.6 million years ago. The Berlin Wall also fell in Germany, the Cold War ended, as did the Soviet Union as an entity, and we have filled our spare time with televisions, computers, and surfing the Web.

Was I the only one excited in 1996, when a meteorite from Mars pointed to the possibility of life on other planets? Okay, so now I'm ready for that undeniable, well-televised extraterrestrial visit; warn me first, though — and make the warning gentle, sort of the "phone home" variety, please. I startle easily, but I am *so* interested in seeing what's next!



The Best of Mensa

Are you a writer or an avid reader? **BestOfM** is a new facility, created by Ray Anderson of Mensa South Africa, for the submission and transmission of original writing — articles, essays, short stories, poetry, puzzles, etc. It is open to all Mensa members, and submissions will be released bi-weekly.

To submit articles, e-mail them to BestOfM@yahoogroups.com.

To subscribe, send an email to BestOfM-subscribe@yahoogroups.com. To set to "digest" (recommended), follow the above with BestOfM-digest@yahoogroups.com.



URBAN COWBOY*Regrets**Bud Urban*

Had I not taken Cicero for two semesters of my high school Latin, I would not have known how worthless the course was. Now I say to teachers, Let them have Ovid — Ovid is no worse than television, but Cicero is. Sure, Cicero was an orator, but at that time, I could hear Winston Churchill in the original. I doubt that Churchill liked Cicero either. It was said that Churchill's teachers were constantly having him whipped. Especially his Latin teachers.

Ovid would have been fun for me because I had already familiarized myself with the Roman deities. (Of course, the *Aeneid* was lousy with them.) Which brings me to another regret. For most of my independent learning as a child I used the children's library. Children's libraries are for people who can't read.

The rest of my high school Latin was good. The first year of basic Latin was not fun, but it was essential if you expected to go any farther. Plowing through as much of the *Aeneid* as we could was wonderful, and Caesar's *De Bello Gallico* was timely, because somebody's always having a Gallic war.

Piano was another major regret. I did not regret the instrument, just the fact that it was me (I) who was

trying to work it. Irving Berlin had the right idea. The piano could be used to pick out a melody, which he did. Then he wrote the lyrics, obtained an arranger and a publisher, and then the sheet music was given back to the piano, and someone was provided who knew how to work it.

Meredith Wilson had the right idea, too. As chronicled in *The Music Man*, the study of music was supposed to keep children from having sex, especially in Iowa. Well, it didn't work for my sister, but if symphonic castration was the idea, everyone got it, and I got the piano and the drum. Luckily, my piano teacher was wife to the bandleader, one of a very kind couple, and I guess eventually they both knew my keyboarding was not that of a normal person, and the bandleader didn't even ask me to try the glockenspiel. (By the way, the couple had no kids.)

The bandleader was replaced before I was correctly pigeonholed in the band. The bass drum. I was a great bass drummer. I have coordination, yes, but not the kind you need to use a keyboard.

If I could keyboard, I might still be at the *Des Moines Register*. Newspapers are produced using a com-

puter keyboard. When I went to study journalism in college I needed to learn to type. Now, I did carry a typewriter in the war. It was a crappy one, but the Japanese on the other hill didn't care how fast I was typing.

They did not teach typing in journalism school. In high school they taught both journalism and typing, but I didn't know I would take journalism in college. Journalism sounded attractive in high school, but it was not a free elective, you had to try out for it. I thought the tryout would involve writing, of course. My high school's idea seems to have been, I could take journalism to learn to write, but I would have to know how to write before I could take journalism. Thankfully, the university had no such requirement.

So I studied typing in the college

of commerce, where you were trained to be an office fixture and produce business letters. We typed as the teacher spoke. Why he spoke in 6/8 time, I know not, but I know it was costing me precious strokes when I was struggling to get 40, no, make that 39, words a minute.

They say that President Hoover once applied for a job where they wanted him to type. So, the night before he was to apply, he borrowed a typewriter and learned enough to handle the job. I understand he also made it through engineering college. However I consider myself an Iowa Cityan, while Hoover is still claimed by West Branch, Iowa, where they don't even have the same football cheers.

NEXT: Engineering college, a preview of Hell. 



Frank Clarke vacationed in Austria and Germany earlier this summer. He entitled this photo "Altstadt and Festung," and commented: "The Mönchsberg provides an incomparable view of both Old Salzburg and the Fortress. It is virtually impossible to take a picture of an Aus-

trian or Bavarian town that does not show at least one (usually Roman Catholic) church. Six are visible in this picture." See this picture in color, and many more, at <http://nisus.home.mindspring.com>.

E-Mail and Public Prayer

Dave Bryant

In the middle of June, Dave Bryant received an e-mail containing the prayer used by "Minister Joe Wright" to open the Kansas State Senate in January. His correspondent urged Dave to forward the prayer to every in his e-mail address book. The following is Dave's reply:

I have received this prayer [see box, next page] several times from good, honest folks with whom I agree nearly universally. However, I must take exception to this public prayer that was used to open the State Senate in Kansas. I know my comments will be provocative (so what else is new), but my intention is not to offend. Rather it is to present a perspective for your consideration.

While much of what this minister has to say is enlightened and certainly well intended, I think it would more appropriately be delivered from the pulpit of his church than in the State Senate. When public prayer is offered, particularly on public land as part of a government function, I think the leader of such a prayer has a special responsibility to be more inclusive of all and less imposing of his personal or organizational beliefs. A proper invocation might be a short request to God to watch over the proceedings and to provide wisdom

and courage to guide them. The minister in the present case went way beyond that. He added his political, moral, and religious beliefs to this taxpayer-supported public prayer. Whether you agree with him or not is irrelevant. It is wrong and, I contend, un-American.

Far be it from me to argue for more diversity, sensitivity, and tolerance. These very words have been abused so much that they are now common codes in socialist-liberal, politically correct Newspeak. However, in this case the liberals are right. Monotheistic faith is part of our nation's history. God rightly has a place in our American culture. Unfortunately, many Christians equate God with their religion and have decided we are (or at least ought to be) a Christian nation. Not true! Founded on Judeo-Christian ideals to be sure, but Christian, absolutely not. Christians, in all their different sects, happen to be the predominant religion in the United States, but our Constitution prohibits state-sponsored religion. This was a pretty important issue for our Founding Fathers, since they knew quite well what happens when religion and government intertwine. I know many have

continued on page 29

— Original Message —

Sent: Monday, June 17, 2002
11:08 PM

Tell it like it is!

OPENING PRAYER — KANSAS
STATE SENATE Date: Monday,
Jan 21, 2002 17:16:12

This interesting prayer was given in KANSAS at the opening session of their Senate. It seems prayer still upsets some people. . . . When Minister Joe Wright was asked to open the new session of the KANSAS SENATE, everyone was expecting the usual generalities, but this is what they heard:

"Heavenly Father, we come before you today to ask your forgiveness and to seek your direction and guidance. We know Your Word says, "Woe to those who call evil good," but that is exactly what we have done...We have lost our spiritual equilibrium and reversed our values. We confess that.

We have ridiculed the absolute truth of Your Word and called it Pluralism.

We have exploited the poor and called it the lottery.

We have rewarded laziness and called it welfare.

We have killed our unborn and called it choice.

We have shot abortionists and called it justifiable.

We have neglected to discipline our children and called it building self-esteem.

We have abused power and called it politics.

We have coveted our neighbor's possessions and called it ambition.

We have polluted the air with profanity and pornography and called it freedom of statement. We have ridiculed the time-honored values of our forefathers and called it enlightenment.

Search us, Oh, God, and know our hearts today; cleanse us from every sin and set us free. Guide and bless these men and women who have been sent: to direct us to the center of Your will and to openly ask these things in the name of Your Son, the living Savior, Jesus Christ. Amen!"

The response was immediate. A number of legislators walked out during the prayer in protest.

In 6 short weeks, Central Christian Church, where Rev. Wright is pastor, logged more than 5,000 phone calls with only 47 of those calls responding negatively. The church is now receiving international requests for copies of this prayer from India, Africa, and Korea.

Commentator Paul Harvey aired this prayer on his radio program, "The Rest of the Story," and received a larger response to this program than any other he has ever aired. With the Lord's help, may this prayer sweep over our nation and wholeheartedly become our desire so that we again can be called, "One nation under God."

If possible, please pass this prayer on to your friends. Think about this: If you forward this prayer to everyone on your email list in less than 30 days it would be heard by the world.

God Bless America

taken this separation of church and state concept to absurd extremes. Atheists, anarchists, communists, and well-meaning liberals have used this concept as a weapon to tear down our society to advance their twisted versions of Utopia. Extremist kooks are a menace regardless of the issue.

Even the most conservative view of history will show that Christians have not always been the best neighbors. While modern-day Christians generally work and play well with others, there is a basic tolerance issue inherent in any religion that calls itself the "only" way. This will occasionally manifest itself in some righteous trampling of the neighboring infidels. Remember the Crusades?

And we really don't have to go back nearly that far to find Christian zealots willing to kill in the name of their religion. We are all incensed when Muslim extremists (who are convinced with moral certainty that their religion is the only true way to God) attack our citizens. It is right that we are outraged, and we need the courage and fortitude to bring swift and severe justice down on them until they surrender their campaign or die in the process. But we should not lose sight of our principles as a nation. And we should never allow any religious order to claim our country. We are a nation of laws and those laws demand that we respect the rights of others, even when we disagree with them, so long as they

are acting within those laws. "With liberty and justice for all" are not just words we mutter out of habit. They mean something special, proclaiming our American value of freedom.

I am a member of the Masonic fraternity. I am proud to say that many of the men who wrote the foundational documents of our country were members too. It is a basic requirement for membership in the Masons that one believe in the immortality of the soul and in the existence in a supreme being for whom, for lack of a better name, we use the acronym GOD.*

In the United States, most Masons happen to be either Christian or Jewish although, like all American citizens, formal religious membership is a matter left to individual choice. I am constantly shocked and offended when even at the functions of such a sublime order as this, a public prayer is offered "in the name of Jesus Christ." Yes, it is a violation of Masonic law as well as etiquette. But it almost always goes unchallenged,

* Mr. Bryant is adamant in his insistence that the English word "God" is an acronym, "from the Hebrew words: Gomar (beauty), Oz (strength), Dabar (wisdom)." The *Oxford English Dictionary* is of the opinion that the English word "God" is descended from the Old Teutonic Gott or Gutte (English started out as an offshoot of German in approximately 400 CE), as is the word "good." The Hebrew word for "wisdom" is "hokmah," where the first H has the final sound of "Bach" or "loch." — Ed.

particularly when most in the room happen to be Christians, much like the Kansas Senate. I contend that this is an insidious form of proselytizing and should not be praised in a free American society.

I welcome your feedback. And yes: God bless America!

* * *

P.S. Since I wrote this, the U.S. Appeals Court in the People's Republic of California issued their ruling on the "unconstitutional" pledge of allegiance in public schools. Extending this logic, one has to won-

der if our currency ("In God we trust"), swearing in of public officials (right hand on the Bible, oath ending, ". . . so help me God"), and even closing government offices on Christmas, would all have to change if these liberals had their way. Fortunately, I know this nonsense will likely have been overturned by the time you read this. But it is a good example of what I referred to when I cautioned about the absurd extremes of kooks. Personally I love it when they tip their hand. It really helps rally the silent majority! 

Atta M!

In a June 19 article, *The Suncoast News* reported that TBM member George Sims, who is the president of the Fish on Fishing Club, was one of the club members who participated in a very special fishing trip. Club members treated 28 children who reside at Joshua House, a facility for abused and neglected youngsters, out for a great day on the Cotee River.

"I would say every kid caught fifteen fish," Mr. Sims said. "They weren't real big, some of them, but kids don't have to catch a marlin to have a good time. They just need action."

The club raised the money for

their June 1 jaunt over the past year, and obtained financial help and donations from the *Miss Virginia*, the Port Richey Wal-Mart, Winn Dixie, Kash n' Karry, and Publix.

"It's just the club's way of doing something for the kids and the community," said Mr. Simms. "They don't get to do things like this much, I'm sure, and we know they enjoy it."

The club will work during the coming year to organize and raise money for next year's trip.

Well done, Fish on Fishing Club! Well done, Mr. Simms! 

Got an achievement of your own? Let the Sounding know!



WEB-SURFING & CLOTSAM*No Profiling Allowed*

To ensure that we Americans never offend anyone — particularly fanatics intent on killing us — airport screeners are not allowed to profile people. They will continue random searches of 80-year-old women, little kids, former candidates for the presidency, airline pilots with proper identification, Secret Service agents who are members of the President's security detail, 85-year old Congressmen with metal hips, and Medal of Honor-winning former governors.

Before we start arguing the pros and cons of profiling, let's pause a moment and take the following test:

1. In 1972 at the Munich Olympics, athletes were kidnapped and massacred by:

- (a) Olga Korbut
- (b) Sitting Bull
- (c) Arnold Schwarzenegger
- (d) Muslim male extremists mostly between the ages of 17 and 40.

2. In 1979, the U.S. embassy in Iran was taken over by:

- (a) Lost Norwegians
- (b) Elvis
- (c) A tour bus full of 80-year-old women
- (d) Muslim male extremists mostly between the ages of 17 and 40.

3. During the 1980s a number of Americans were kidnapped in Lebanon by:

- (a) John Dillinger
- (b) The King of Sweden
- (c) The Boy Scouts
- (d) Muslim male extremists mostly between the ages of 17 and 40.

4. In 1983, the U.S. Marine barracks in Beirut was blown up by:

- (a) A pizza delivery boy
- (b) Pee Wee Herman
- (c) Geraldo Rivera making up for a slow news day
- (d) Muslim male extremists mostly between the ages of 17 and 40.

5. In 1985 the cruise ship *Achille Lauro* was hijacked, and a 70-year-old American passenger was murdered and thrown overboard by:

- (a) The Smurfs
- (b) Davy Jones
- (c) The Little Mermaid
- (d) Muslim male extremists mostly between the ages of 17 and 40.

6. In 1985 TWA flight 847 was hijacked at Athens, and a U.S. Navy diver was murdered by:

- (a) Captain Kidd
- (b) Charles Lindbergh
- (c) Mother Teresa

(d) Muslim male extremists mostly between the ages of 17 and 40.

7. In 1988, Pan Am Flight 103 was bombed by:

- (a) Scooby Doo
- (b) The Tooth Fairy
- (c) Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid, who had a few sticks of dynamite left over from the train job
- (d) Muslim male extremists mostly between the ages of 17 and 40.

8. In 1993 the World Trade Center was bombed the first time by:

- (a) Richard Simmons
- (b) Grandma Moses
- (c) Michael Jordan
- (d) Muslim male extremists mostly between the ages of 17 and 40.

9. In 1998, the U.S. embassies in Kenya and Tanzania were bombed by:

- (a) Mr. Rogers
- (b) Hillary, to distract attention from Wild Bill's women problems
- (c) The World Wrestling Federation, to promote its next villain, "Mustapha the Merciless"
- (d) Muslim male extremists mostly between the ages of 17 and 40.

10. On September 11, 2001, four airliners were hijacked and destroyed and thousands of people were killed by:

(a) Bugs Bunny, Wile E. Coyote, Daffy Duck, and Elmer Fudd

(b) The Supreme Court of Florida

(c) Mr. Bean

(d) Muslim male extremists mostly between the ages of 17 and 40.

11. On December 13, 2001, the Indian Parliament was attacked and 13 people were murdered by a group of terrorists, armed with both guns and bombs, comprising:

(a) the Rolling Stones

(b) the descendants of Sally Hemings

(c) Buffy Summers and her Scooby gang

(d) Muslim male extremists mostly between the ages of 17 and 40.



12. In 2002 the United States fought a war in Afghanistan against:

(a) Enron

(b) The Lutheran Church

(c) The NFL

(d) Muslim male extremists mostly between the ages of 17 and 40.

13. In 2002 reporter Daniel Pearl was kidnapped and murdered by:

(a) Bonnie and Clyde

(b) Captain Kangaroo

(c) Billy Graham

(d) Muslim male extremists mostly between the ages of 17 and 40.

Hmmm . . . nope, no patterns anywhere.



Donna's Diary

More Transportation

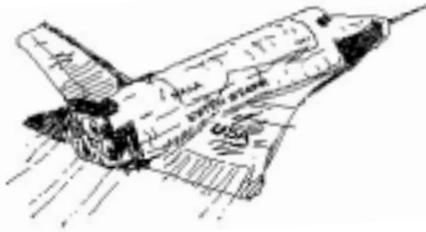
Donna Myhrer

Since we all had such fun with transportation last month, how about something similar this time? Well, I looked up the names of some vehicles and other forms of transportation in the dictionary. What I will give you

here is the root meaning of the word and the language from which it came. What could be easier? (Two of the answers are very different kinds of vehicles, even though they come from the same root word.) 



- | | |
|---|---|
| 1. Latin for "to throw" | 9. Italian for "spool" |
| 2. Dutch for "to hunt or chase" | 10. Latin for "to pull" |
| 3. English for
"to skim upon the water" | 11. Greek for "wheel" |
| 4. Hungarian for
a small village near Raab | 12. Latin for "to pull" |
| 5. French for "to carry" | 13. Scandinavian for
"the shaft of a cart" |
| 6. Latin for "chariot" | 14. Persian for "convoy" |
| 7. Latin for "two circles" | 15. Latin for "all" |
| 8. Latin for "couch" | 16. French for "a large ball" |



ANSWERS TO DONNA'S DIARY.

- | | |
|------------------|----------------|
| 1. jet | 6. car |
| 2. yacht | 7. bicycle |
| 3. schooner | 8. litter |
| 4. coach (Kocsi) | 9. rocket |
| 5. carriage | 10. tractor |
| 1. bus (short) | 11. truck |
| for omnibus) | 12. train |
| 6. balloon | 13. tram |
| | 14. van (short |
| | for caravan) |

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