



TAMPA BAY SOUNDING

A Publication of Tampa Bay (Florida) Mensa

Vol. 27, No. 9

October 2002



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— Personal attacks and bigoted, sexist, hateful, or otherwise offensive material will not be published.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 calendar, the deadline for unsolicited contributions is the tenth day of the month.

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Proof That Lions Marry

KUSHNER'S KORNER*All the News...**Maxine Kushner, LocSec*

The big announcement this month is that we have **Honchos** for our annual **Memorial Day Weekend Bash**. In fact, we have four! **Jack and Jacquie Brawner** and **Marsha and John Raymond** have stepped forward and volunteered. While these four are equal **Co-Honchos**, in order to avoid miscommunication, we're going to use Jack's number and email address as the main contact, and he will share what he receives with the others. Jack can be reached at: *trojanowl@aol.com, 727-546-6061*.

The first Bash item that needs to be resolved, and it's a biggie, is the location for our annual **RG**. The general consensus is that we would like to move back to the beach, if at all possible. We also need **volunteers** for jobs large and small. If you are interested in heading a committee, being part of a committee, or just volunteering to help with one small thing, we would like to hear from you. Oftentimes, people don't volunteer because they're concerned that they will get caught up in a large, time-consuming task or they're not sure what there is for them to do. Have no fear, you won't get dragged into a huge, unwanted commitment! If you're willing to volunteer for even

a little job, such as manning the registration table for an hour, we will be glad to hear from you.

I am thrilled that this particular group of four is heading our **Bash** committee, as they are long-time members with a lot of **Bash** experience, and I know they are going to do a fabulous job. Thanks again, Jack, Jacquie, Marsha, and John!

And speaking of volunteering, another big thank-you goes out to **Ronan Heffernan**. Ronan has just barely joined **Mensa** (see page 16), and he has already volunteered to take over as **Calendar Editor**. That's the spirit!

National Testing Day is fast approaching. Help get the word out — let your friends, family, and colleagues know that we have scheduled a testing session for **October 19**. For further information, contact **Terri Elston** at *teriprofs@aol.com, 727-799-1151*.

Tampa Bay Mensa is again participating in the **MERF** scholarship program. This awards program is open to most postsecondary students regardless of whether or not they are members of **Mensa**. Infor-

mation and a downloadable application are available at <http://merf.us.mensa.org/>.

Locally, Roger Preslar is our scholarship chair. He can be reached at preslarr@aol.com, 813-651-1150.

The weekend of November 2-3, Chris Clement will be hosting a barbecue and cookout in Brooksville. For Saturday night's meal, Tampa Bay Mensa will provide beef and veggie burgers, hot dogs, and condiments. You should bring: covered dish (or something else to share), BYOB, eats for Sunday, games, crafts, musical instruments, tapes, records, and CDs. Your own chairs would help, but Chris has a dozen or so. If you plan to camp over, suitable equipment is recommended. Also welcome, of course, are children and pets. If the party is successful, it

could become an annual event.

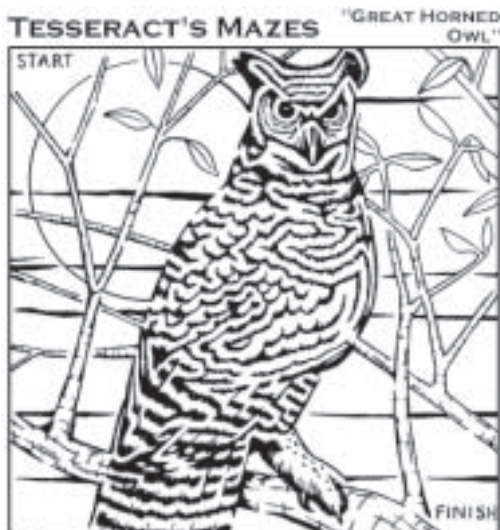
To see a map to, and photos of, the campout spot, go to <http://www.micrometer.com/bv.htm>. Attention residents of the northern counties: this event is actually being held in your area. We hope some of you will be able to come on out and have some fun.

Joining us at Dana and John Groulx's place for Movie Night were Bob and Kathy Angel, Sue Valek, and Don Davis. It was worth the trip just to see the picture on their HDTV plasma screen TV and hear the movie and audio DVDs through their impressive sound system. Do come and join us for the next Movie Night.

Until next month—

Maxine

maxine.kushner@verizon.net



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Letters to the Editor

Re: 2002 Crewe List Form

Dear Mary:

I was surprised and a little hurt to see that you had included one of my pet abominations on your RSVP for the Crewe List. This is the place for the stamp. Here it could as well say nothing. Or it could say "stamp." Including an additional instruction, *and* a caveat on what the post office might do. . . . Don't these imply that the TBM sender cheated on the Mensa test or else the postal worker should retake the civil service exam?

I shudder to admit that I actually did put a first-class missive in a mailbox without any postage. Whatsoever. They mailed it to me with a request for postage. It did not seem like this letter had sustained any damage. In the old days they just stuck a "postage due" on it, but then stamps were cheap enough that the price of one would not force you to take bankruptcy again. The fact that National supplies this epitome of triteness on its envelopes is not sufficient reason.

Bud Urban
Williston, FL

While Mensans by definition have great mental capacity, common sense and bril-

liance do not always go hand in hand. . . . Actually, I just thought the box looked nicer than no box. — MWM

Dear Mary:

I read a short story recently involving a hippogriff. A hippogriff is the offspring of a brood mare and a gryphon, which in turn is the offspring of a lion and an eagle. My first thought was, it would have to be a lioness — imagine an eagle trying to hatch an egg large enough to contain a lion cub, much less trying to lay it in the first place. And imagine the poor mare who tries to suckle a baby with an eagle's beak — ouch!

Then I started wondering what a hippogriff would eat — eagle food? Lion food? Horse food?

I put the question to my wise and wonderful husband, and he didn't miss a beat. "It's obvious," he said. "Purina Hippogriff Chow."

Phoebe Hunter
St. Petersburg

Faithful Correspondent
The Hinterlands

What
would
you
expect
to
read
here?

Sounding Editor
Mt. Olympus

THE TENTH STORY*Onward and Upward for
Northwest Florida Mensa**Elissa Ruldoph, R.V.C.*

Happy autumn to you! We know it's autumn because the colors of the license plates change. . . . Snow birds return to swell the lines at the restaurants, groceries, post offices, banks, and theaters, but, hey, can we blame them?

New benefits have been added to your Mensa membership: An agreement was reached recently with Human Intelligence, a fee-paid employment service that looks to place Mensans, graduates of top universities (Harvard, Yale, CalTech, MIT, Sorbonne, etc.), and other "two percenters." Specifically, they seek to place individuals with backgrounds in mathematics, physics, engineering, information technology, biology, astronomy, finance, and linguistics. American Mensa now offers the Capital for Knowledge® program, providing education financing for all of your family's needs. Visit www.capital4u.net to find out more. Loans are generally disbursed within 48 hours of final approval. As a member of American Mensa you



have a choice with Choice Hotels International. American Mensa members save 20 percent off the regular rate on more than 4,000 participating hotels. For more details on these new benefits and all the others check "Member Resources" on Mensa's Web site, www.us.mensa.org. Love those benefits!

Is your group ready for National Testing Day, October 19? There will be a national publicity blitz that will no doubt result in lots of phone calls and e-messages from potential Mensans. Be ready!

Northwest Florida Mensa is in the spotlight this month, our next-to-last of the dozen Region 10 groups that I have covered in this column. The major cities in this group are Pensacola, Fort Walton Beach, Destin, and Panama City.

Being located in the Florida's panhandle and even in the next time zone, NWF members can't help but feel . . . different. But do they ever bring titles, awards, and prestige to Region 10! A hard-working group,

NWF won newsletter awards in the past two Publication Recognition Programs and copped the Group of the Year Award (GOTYA) in their size category again in 2001. Because you can't rest on your laurels, NWF is planning its first RG for February 2003 (details below). Last year, the group held an "Ungathering" to see if they had the energy and audience. And, of course, it was a rousing success. Onward and upward for Northwest Florida Mensa. All of Region 10 is proud of you!

See you at SCAM's party!!

COMING EVENTS:

October 18-20, the *2002 SCAM Rollback RG*, <http://spacecoastareamensa.tripod.com/>, Holiday Inn Oceanfront in Indiatlantic.

January 31-February 2, *Smarti Gras 2003*, <http://www.centralflorida.us.mensa.org/>. *Laissez les bons mots rouler!* Plan now to attend this RG organized by Central Florida Mensa! February 14-16, 2003, *ValenTime RG*, <http://www.nwflorida.us.mensa.org/>, for details for Northwest Florida's first-ever RG!



Super photographer Jane Davis snapped these photos at the August FSM. By working a little while you're having fun, you can be the first kid on your block to see next month's *Sounding!*

FOLD. SPINDLE. AND CAUTILATE*Awesome August FSM**Mary W. Matthews*

Our August FSM was the party at which we prepared the Crewe List, our Monster of the Year, to be mailed. Eleven troupers gathered, battled the Monster (64 pages!), and emerged victorious (although my wrist was sore for days). Many thanks to stalwarts Chris Clement, Don Davis, Jane Davis, Willa Harrison, Delphine Jenness, Barbara Loewe, Max Loick, Jerry Merchant, and Travis Roth. Special thanks go to noble host Doug MacDonald — he may be retired, but he's got terrific P.R.!

October's FSM, at 2 p.m. on Sunday the 27th, will be at the beautiful apartment of Gitti Walker, close to both Ted Peters' and the Horse & Jockey (TGIF).

From points north and east of St. Petersburg: Take Interstate 275 to I-375, and get off immediately (the sign directs you to 8th St. or 9th St.). At the second intersection, turn left on 8th St., which is one-way going north, and then immediately left again (west) onto 5th Ave. N. (You can also turn right (south) at the first intersection, 9th St./MLK St., and then right (west) onto Central Ave.)

From St. Petersburg, begin by heading west on 5th Ave. N., 9th Ave. N., or Central Ave. From 5th

or 9th, turn left (south) on 66th St., the righthand two-thirds of which will soon merge with Pasadena Ave. (follow the big arrows to 693). From Central Avenue, simply turn left (southwest) onto Pasadena — but if you choose Central Ave., be aware that it's still closed between 34th and 37th Sts., so you'll have to detour around the construction.

After about a mile and a half, turn left (southeast) on Shore Drive South, just opposite the Palms of Pasadena Hospital. Continue roughly half a mile to 1885 Shore Drive South, take the second turn-in and park in the back, and proceed to apartment 428.

Gitti's phone number is (727) 346-0656.

*Next FSM:**Sunday, October 27,
2 p.m.**Host: Gitti Walker
St. Petersburg*

RECOVERING FANKEE*Green People with Yellow Stripes**Mary W. Matthews*

August 1945: Days after bombs were dropped on Hiroshima and Nagasaki, ending World War II, a young Englishman met a middle-aged Australian on a rattling, neglected, war-torn train. This unlikely pair struck up a friendship.

In mid-March 1946, the Englishman, a mature student (because of the war) named Lancelot Lionel Ware, gave 49-year-old Roland Berrill, the second son of a noble English family, the Cattell Intelligence Test, and informed the older man that he had a superior IQ. (Ware, incidentally, went on to become a “biologist-bar-rister.”)

Around that time, Sir Cyril Burt, a professor of psychology at University College London (who would become honorary president of Mensa in 1960), gave a series of radio broadcasts, during one of which he suggested forming a club or association for people of high intelligence.

Great minds met and thought alike, and on November 1, 1946, Mensa was born with six members. Originally, Berrill wanted to call it Mens, the Latin word for “mind” — but Ware pointed out the potential confusion with a magazine called *Men Only*. Berrill settled on Mensa, or

“table,” the first Latin word students learned in those days. It would denote a “round table” society where all were equal; Berrill also liked the association that would be inevitable in many minds with the Latin tag *mens sana in corpore sano* (a healthy mind in a healthy body).

At an organizational meeting some time that summer, one of the five or six individuals present proposed that black people be excluded from Mensa. There was a long, shocked silence. Then Roland Berrill proposed that the motion be amended to replace the term “black people” with “green people with yellow stripes.” The amended motion passed with one vote against. If the minutes of that meeting had not been mislaid, that rule would still be in Mensa’s constitution today.

In January 1950, four months after Mensa’s second Annual Gathering (attended by 60 people), a 37-year-old sawmill manager named Victor Serebriakoff [pr. Sarah brie ACHE off] joined Mensa. A few months later, Berrill wanted a discreet way for Mensans to recognize each other in public. VS suggested that a small, yellow-headed map pin in the area of one’s lapel might be just the thing. This idea was so suc-

cessful that the newsletter of Maryland Mensa was called *Map-Pin* for more than 25 years.

Roland Berrill had, through hard work and wise investments, made himself independently wealthy. For the first five years of its existence, Mensa was his baby — he did all the work and paid all the bills. And Berrill was an eccentric soul who believed in astrology, bright colors for men's clothing, Dianetics,* palmistry, phrenology, and other oddities.

On the one hand, Roland Berrill invented the Annual Gathering. He also instituted the booklet that evolved into the *Mensa Register*, and what was popular for decades and may still be going on in some places, the Mensa Monthly Dinner.

But on the other hand, among his more unusual ideas: Berrill decreed that Mensa should have a queen, whose title was *Corps d'Esprit*, selected solely for her "pulchritude." At the Mensa Monthly Dinner — black-tie, of course — the queen was to sit on an enormous ormolu throne. Four or five FMs were embarrassed this way before Mercy intervened.

*Despite a thorough debunking by other Ms, Berrill clung to his belief in Scientology. "He shaved off his splendid beard and moustache, complained about his previous ways, and seemed a diminished man," Serebriakoff wrote. "He used to tell me miserably how much good it was doing him. 'I used,' he dolefully complained, 'to be a Happy Charlie.' Dianetics certainly cured that."

It isn't surprising that the man who did all the work and paid all the bills would become an autocratic ruler. It also isn't surprising that the members of Mensa began to object to Berrill's autocracy, his eccentricity, and his fondness for using his increasingly prominent position as Secretary of Mensa for promoting his wacky ideas. At the 1951 AG, a cadre of leaders attempted to introduce democracy to Mensa.

Their "plot" was foiled, but Berrill became disillusioned. He stopped caring about the organization, stopped virtually all the work he had been doing, and stopped subsidizing Mensa's expenses.

In January 1952, Berrill resigned as Secretary. There was little further recruitment, and the *Mensa Quarterly* magazine became an occasional sheet of paper. In less than two years, membership in Mensa went from a then all-time high of about 300 to about 120 — a 60 percent drop.

On October 5, 1953, a Mensa Monthly Dinner was held. Instead of the 16 or more people who might have attended in Berrill's heyday, there were four Ms present: Victor Serebriakoff, his wife, Win Rouse Serebriakoff, and brothers George and Joseph Wilson. Joseph was Mensa's second Secretary, and he had been begging for months for someone to relieve him of the job. It looked very much to the four as though Mensa were at the brink of extinction.

“ ‘It seems a pity,’ I foolishly said,” wrote Serebriakoff. By the end of that fateful dinner, VVS was *de facto* Secretary, Chief Executive, and Principal Officer of Mensa.

During the next 11 years, VS — working as a volunteer in his spare time — advertised Mensa, began charging to test applicants, revived the *Mensa Quarterly*, learned opinion sampling, founded International Mensa, kept up an ongoing publicity campaign, started a lecture series, wrote several books about Mensa, and helped found American Mensa. Membership went from about 120 at the end of 1953 to, in 1964, 1,400 in British Mensa, 4,400 in American Mensa, and more than 4,200 in nations including Australia, Canada, France, Germany, and Holland.

“Here was another strength of Mensa,” Serebriakoff wrote: He would ask Ms for help with the work. Virtually all would reply that they were too busy, not suited to the job, and not convinced of the work’s value to Mensa. Then a goodly proportion would do the work (on a strictly temporary and provisional basis, of course) — quickly, efficiently, and without help, instruction, or cheer-leading. They were Mensans.

Sir Cyril Burt’s original vision was that Mensa would be a think tank that could be polled by political leaders on questions of public interest. Lancelot Ware envisioned an elite from and of the upper class. Roland

Berrill dreamed of an unbiased panel of highly intelligent people, scientifically and therefore objectively selected, that could help any and all authorities improve their decision-making.

It took some years to evolve, but Victor Serebriakoff had a different vision for Mensa. His three fundamental goals were to provide opportunities for intelligent people everywhere to interact; to learn more about intelligence; and to foster intelligence for the benefit of humanity. He emphasized strongly that Mensa must by its nature be impartial, uncommitted, and disinterested. No opinions. No political, religious, or national affiliations. No class or race distinctions. No pressure groups.

One of the best things about Mensa is its large-spirited tolerance. Beyond that magic two-percent pole vault, you’ll find little or no racism, sexism, ageism, classism, nationalism, or any other system of exclusion or disenfranchisement (at least, in Mensa *quâ* Mensa).

However, membership in Mensa is barred to green people with yellow stripes, no matter how good their scores are. You have to draw the line somewhere.

Based on Victor Serebriakoff, *Mensa: The Society for the Highly Intelligent*. New York: Stein & Day, Publishers, 1985.

Small-Town Thrills

Joni M. Fisher

After nine years of living in New Orleans, we moved to Auburndale, Florida, and immediately suffered culture shock. The most famous restaurant in Auburndale was Allen's Restaurant, also known as the "Roadkill Café" for its main dishes featuring snake, armadillo, alligator, and various rodents. The most popular local sports consisted of hog hunting, fishing, auto racing, and watching high school football games.

I was regretting the move until a neighbor boy knocked on the door to raise money for the Auburndale High School Band. Forget about wrapping paper, cookies, or a magazine subscription. This boy wanted to sell a "Cow Bingo Deed." Reciting his sales pitch, he explained that a deed would entitle me to stake a claim by placing a small numbered stick on the football field. BBQ dinners were also for sale. Having survived nine Mardi Gras celebrations, I was game for something new.

"And why would I want to stake a claim on the football field?" Rumor was apparently circulating that the new family in the neighborhood would buy ANYTHING.

He smiled and patiently described how a cow is led onto the field while everyone sits in the stands until the cow deposits "chips." If this had been an

adult, I would have laughed and shut the door, but this was the mayor's son. It didn't make sense that this child would risk his parent's wrath for such a bizarre joke. He held out a sample deed. Printed under rule # 2 was, "The claim closest to the largest chip will be awarded the grand prize." The young man seemed amused to have to explain this social event.

"Let me guess, the grand prize is a hefty supply of fertilizer?"

"Oh, no, ma'am." the child said, "Last year someone won a thousand dollars."

Hmmmm. A cow-chip lottery? It was too strange to be a lie. I bought two "deeds" and four BBQ dinners so I could drag an unsuspecting couple along. Anne and David were adventurous people and we owed them for recommending Allen's Restaurant. Payback time.

The evening turned cold as we waited through the football game. After the game we collected our numbered sticks from a lady seated behind a folding table near the restrooms. When we returned to the stands a group of muscular, broad-shouldered men dashed onto the field and erected temporary fencing in the center of the field, and then we were allowed to plant our sticks within the fenced area. A gentleman wearing a band booster polo

shirt hollered instructions through a megaphone.

"Please plant your markers with the numbers down so we can read the numbers later. Keep your markers a foot away from the other markers. Place your markers inside the fenced area."

We strode onto the field. My husband handed me our stick and nudged his way back through the crowd against the flow of traffic.

"Remember, people, plant your markers so the numbers are in the dirt. Numbers down. Numbers down." Mr. Band Booster blared.

Our guests shook their heads and jammed their marker in the turf near the 50-yard line. I followed suit, numbers down, near the 40-yard line. I picked up our boxed dinners and returned to the stands. The cow was coaxed into the fenced area and gated in.

"When you called, I suspected you were kidding," Anne said. She traditionally spent Friday nights at the Winter Haven Country Club, enjoying real food in air-conditioned comfort.

I swatted at mosquitoes and handed her a boxed dinner. "White meat?"

"Thank you." She said it but I knew she didn't mean it.

"So when do you plan to trade in your car?" David said. He opened his boxed dinner and pried his plastic silverware packet off a pile of baked beans.

"Haven't thought about it," I said.

David smirked and spoke in a

whisper, "To really fit in, you might consider purchasing a raised pickup truck with a gun rack."

"Give her time, dear," Anne said. "She'll be using 'y'all' for the second person plural soon enough."

"And," David said, glancing around, "don't admit you read for pleasure."

The couple solemnly shook their heads then burst into laughter. I held up my plastic knife threateningly, but it only fueled their amusement. A group in front of us passed a lunch bag around, pouring brown liquid from the bag into their sodas. They were clearly here for the duration and planned to enjoy it. My husband stared at a bug in his drink and then gave me an accusing look. Yes, this evening was my idea. I just had to know about cow bingo.

After an hour of small talk and fending off insects, my guests begged to go to a movie, any movie. We abandoned the excitement of live three-dimensional cow watching for two-dimensional simulated car chases.

A few days later an envelope arrived from the Band Booster's Club. In the wee hours of the night, I had won a chicken dinner at Hardee's. Thank you. Thank you very much. I now feel part of the community. In New Orleans, we measured the success of a Mardi Gras by the tonnage of trash removed from the streets. In Auburndale, we measure the success of the annual community-wide event by the shovel load.

TBM CALENDAR TBM CALENDAR TBM

October 2002 Calendar

Ronan Heffernan, 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. 'Pets' mentioned in the calendar are NOT optional.

Ronan Heffernan is TBM's new Calendar Editor, and we're lucky to have him. Please e-mail your calendar event notices to Ronan at ronan@iotcorp.com or give him a call at home, 813-907-8147. October 13 is the deadline to submit events for the November 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.

October 3rd, 10th, 17th, 24th, and 31st —

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

October 5th — Saturday — 7:30 p.m. — \$1

MOVIE NIGHT

Movies will be shown on a wide-screen HDTV plasma television using a progressive-scan DVD player. The sound system will put you right in the movie. You will feel the vibrations through your seat. If loud sounds bother you, please bring earplugs. Come at 7:30 p.m. to socialize and vote on which movie to see. The movie will start at 8 p.m. Popcorn and drinks will be provided.

Directions: Head north on I-75. Exit at State Road 54 and turn left (west). Go through the signal at Old Pasco

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

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 fifth house on the left side.

Dana Groulx — 813-991-7868 — dgroulx@mac.com
5410 Bold Venture Place — Wesley Chapel

October 7th, 21st — Monday — 3:30 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

October 8th, 22nd — 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

October 10th — 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

October 13th — Sunday — 1 p.m. — Free

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE MEETING

All members are invited to attend meetings of the Executive Committee. This month's meeting is at Max Loick's in St. Petersburg. Munches and soft drinks are provided.

Continued on page 21

Happy October Birthday to:

- | | | | |
|----|---|----|--|
| 2 | Michael Allen Perry
Patrick Thomas Rooney | 19 | Ronald Louis Cribbs
Douglas Keith Linkhart |
| 3 | Anne T. Murray
Karen M. Stowe | | David G. Smith
Rachel Winston |
| 4 | Patricia Benton Bowker
John Felix | 20 | James R. Rotunda |
| 6 | Carole G. Austin | 21 | Jane Hutchinson
Richard A. Robinson |
| 7 | Lawrence Patrick Marlin | | Joseph Moran |
| 8 | Scott R. McInnes | 23 | Andrea Fisher |
| 10 | Reeve Fritchman
Keven Elizabeth McGinn
Susan Slutsky
Pat Tuley | 24 | Dave Bryant |
| | | 26 | Ron L. Austin
John Bryant
Michael John Garrett
Phillip Grant Geisinger |
| 11 | Paul S. Frappollo | | |
| 12 | Robert Allen Farabee
Timothy Edward Harris
Linda K. Raymond | 30 | John J. Emerson |
| | | 31 | Robin E. Bumgasser
Cathleen Dunn
Florence J. Frain
Lee E. Hargrave
(see below) |
| 13 | Stephen J. Poreda | | |
| 14 | Scott M. Holloway
Peter E. Profiro
Marianne Bockhorst
Tucker | | |
| 18 | Michael Cusumano
Richard G. Rockenbach | | |

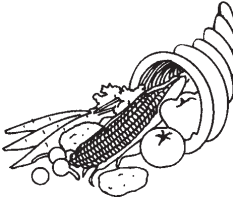


Welcome to Tampa Bay Mensa!

- | | |
|----------------------|----------------------|
| Ronald L. Baker | Ronan Heffeman* |
| Jessica Cameron* | Brenan M. Hofstadter |
| Pamela D. Farnsworth | Jinnie L. Lawson |
| Lee E. Hargrave | Karl A. Stevens |



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

TAMPA BAY MENSA
October

SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY
	<p><i>Please note the new days and time of Children's Game/Play Day!</i></p>	1	2
6	<p><i>Children's Game/Play Day at Linne Katz's New Port Richey, 3:30 p.m.</i></p>	<p><i>Tampa Dinner at Gino's Restaurant Tampa, 6:30 p.m.</i></p>	9
<p><i>ExComm Meeting at Max Loick's St. Petersburg, 1 p.m.</i></p>	<p><i>Schedule your November events by today, please.</i></p>	15	16
20	<p><i>Children's Game/Play Day at Linne Katz's New Port Richey, 3:30 p.m.</i></p>	<p><i>Tampa Dinner at Gino's Restaurant Tampa, 6:30 p.m.</i></p>	23
<p><i>FSM at Gitti Walker's St. Petersburg, 2 p.m.</i></p>	28	29	30

EVENTS CALENDAR

2002

WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
	<p>3</p> <p><i>Lunch Bunch</i> at Piccadilly Cafeteria Tampa, 12:30 p.m.</p>	<p>4</p>	<p>5</p> <p><i>Movie Night</i> at Dana Groulx's Wesley Chapel, 7:30 p.m.</p>
<p>10</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>11</p> <p><i>Deadline for Sounding submissions</i></p>	<p>12</p>  <p>Columbus Day</p>	
<p>17</p> <p><i>Lunch Bunch</i> at Piccadilly Cafeteria Tampa, 12:30 p.m.</p>	<p>18</p> <p><i>Card Night</i> at Terri Elston's Clearwater, 7:30 p.m.</p>	<p>19</p>	
<p>24</p> <p><i>Lunch Bunch</i> at Piccadilly Cafeteria Tampa, 12:30 p.m.</p>	<p>25</p> <p><i>TGIF</i> at Horse & Jockey South Pasadena, 5:30 p.m.</p>	<p>26</p> <p><i>Games Night</i> at Dana Groulx's Wesley Chapel, 7:30 p.m.</p>	
<p>31</p> <p><i>Lunch Bunch</i> at Piccadilly Cafeteria Tampa, 12:30 p.m.</p>			

The Playfair Code

Mary W. Matthews

The Playfair Code begins with a grid and a keyword — in this example, “submarine.” The message to be encoded is broken into letter pairs, and diagonals are sought. Here are some sample phrases, “straight” on the left and encoded on the right:

S	U	B	M	A
R	I/J	N	E	C
D	F	G	H	K
L	O	P	Q	T
V	W	X	Y	Z

ES CH EW JA RG ON RM EK IY CU ND PJ
 GO SL OW ER FP RV WU CI
 CH EX ER UP EK NY CI BO
 PL EA SE RE LE AS EM EY OU NE RD
 QO CM MR JC QR SU HE HM WI EC DL

Suppose you are trying to decode “Flc’p uwnvev, mn kmxbox.” First break it into letter pairs: FL PI UW NV and so forth.

Sort out the pairs like this:

F	C	U	N
L	P	W	V

and see what you can deduce using what you know about letter frequency (our old, invaluable friend ETAOINSHRDLU) and alphabet placement.

Since Z, X, and V are relatively seldom used, it’s probably safe to assume that they will fall on the bottom line. Moreover, when an encoder runs across a pair of letters (as in the TT of “letters”), she or he will throw in a Z, X, or even a Q to break them up. When you see sets of characters like “NV EV” and “XB QX,” there is a good chance that the V and the X represent duplicated letters. So the next step is to start making tentative boxes like those below and see which boxes make sense and which don’t (UW = ZV?).

B	E	C	K	N
M			P	Q
		V	X	Z

B	E	K		
	M	N	Q	U
V	W	X	Y	Z

For an excellent explanation of the Playfair code, see Dorothy L. Sayer’s novel *Have His Carcase*. Below is your code. Decipher it, and you’ll also discover the keyword. (The answer is on page 27.)

Agcpcmidpum oo kqead hcne ka bn zmgz
 snv xbsvl hch ln bn cd pbs agg lmg siidm.
 — Yctga Aovlmqrvrv

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

Directions to Max Loick's place:

— From I-275, take the I-375 spur into downtown, where it becomes 4th Avenue North. Take the spur all the way in, and be in the right lane at the traffic light at 5th Street N. Max's apartment building, the Peterborough Apartments, is at 440 4th Ave. N. If you're stopped at the light, you can see the building ahead and right. The two-hour parking limit is not in force on weekends.

At this intersection, 5th St. and 4th Ave. N, the Colosseum is on the left, the shuffleboard and chess club are on the right. A large Lutheran church (Trinity) is ahead left, and Max's building is ahead right.

Enter the lobby and turn right, walking down the hall just before the elevators. Just before it ends, the hall will jog left into the Peterborough's party room, where Max will be waiting with wonderful refreshments and even better conversation.

— From any local area, take 16th St. or 9th or 4th to get to 4th Avenue and 5th Street N. Beware of one-way streets!
Max Loick — 727-896-4270 — oldmax1@juno.com

October 18th — Friday — 7:30 p.m. — \$2

CARD GAMES & GREAT SNACKS

Love Card Games? Bring your favorite deck of cards & your favorite game(s). Teach your game to us, learn a new one, and/or play an old one! Smoking on patio only. Four indoor cats are on board. Hope to see you all!

On Top Of The World — West side of Belcher or call for directions. Parking on street or in visitor (V) spaces. Please do not park in numbered (assigned) spaces.

Terri Elston — 727-799-1151- TeriProfsr@aol.com
2294 Swedish Drive #18 — Clearwater

October 25th — 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. Gitti Walker is hosting October's TGIF.

Gitti Walker — 727-346-0656

October 26th -Saturday — 7:30 p.m. — \$2

GAMES NIGHT

This month's Last Saturday Rotating Games Night is at Mark Komula's in Tampa. **Directions:** Take the Veterans Expressway to the Erlich Road exit. Head west on Erlich Road and take the first left, Briarthorn, into the Wood Briar West subdivision. The first right is Woodbrook Drive. Mark's house is on the corner. Mark has two cats.

Mark Komula — 813-964-5390
7202 Woodbrook Drive — Tampa

October 27th — Sunday — 2:00 p.m. — Free

FSM

October's FSM, at 2 p.m. on Sunday the 27th, will be at the beautiful apartment of Gitti Walker, close to both Ted Peters' and the Horse & Jockey (TGIF).

Directions to Gitti Walker's place:

From points north and east of St. Petersburg: Take Interstate 275 to I-375, and get off immediately (the sign directs you to 8th St. or 9th St.). At the second intersection, turn left on 8th St., which is one-way going north, and then immediately left again (west) onto 5th Ave. N. (You can also turn right (south) at the first intersection, 9th St./MLK St., and then right (west) on Central Ave.)

From St. Petersburg, begin by heading west on 5th Ave. N., 9th Ave. N., or Central Ave. From 5th or 9th, turn left (south) on 66th St., the righthand two-thirds of which will soon merge with Pasadena Ave. (follow the big arrows to 693). From Central Ave., simply turn left (southwest) onto Pasadena — but if you choose Central Ave., be aware that it's still closed between 34th and 37th Sts., so you'll have to detour around the construction.

After a little more than a mile and a half, turn left (southeast) on Shore Drive South, just opposite the Palms of Pasadena Hospital. Continue roughly half a mile to 1885 Shore Drive South; if you find yourself in the Gulf of Mexico, you've gone too far. Take the second turn-in and park in the back in an unmarked space, admire the spectacular view of Tampa Bay, and proceed to apartment 428.

Gitti Walker — 727-346-0656

WELLS-SPRING*To Be a Patriot**Erin Wells*

Many of you (I hope) recognize my name from scattered columns in this fine publication, but this is the inaugural edition of my monthly column. I have, of course, known for months I would be writing this, but I procrastinated, so now I am staring at a nearly blank page the night before the deadline. (I must love working under pressure.) The bright side is that I have a lot to say right now.

I have some very exciting news that is going to give away my age instantly, but it's worth it. Today, September 9, 2002, I voted for the very first time. Tomorrow (during the actual primary election) I will be a poll worker for Hillsborough County. (I had to vote today because I am not assigned to work in my home precinct.)

I cannot describe to you how excited I am about voting and how much pride I felt when I pushed that "Touch Here To Cast Your Ballot" box on our new, state-of-the-art touchscreen voting machines, knowing that I had done my part as a citizen. Maybe voting has become routine for many of you (I hope you're all registered!) and is now a mere annoyance every few years. I ask you to think back to the first time, though, and recall how you felt. Were you

nervous? (I was.) Whom did you vote for? Was this something your parents encouraged you to do?

In my house, voting is required. My father was a politician of sorts and my mother worked on many campaigns. I was raised with a lot of what is called "citizenship" (and even more "patriotism") and I'm proud of it. I am now on a mission to get people to the polls. The new polling machines are a breeze, and there are qualified people at the polls (like me) who can help you should any problems arise. Even though this column will be printed after our primary election is over, I still want to remind everyone of how important and special this right is; Americans are blessed to have the opportunity to choose who represents them. If you need to register, change your address, or switch your party affiliation, there is still time before the general election in November. And I am more than happy to answer questions about the new machines! After all, that is my job.

Today being September 9, I feel compelled to write about the one-year anniversary of the horrific terrorist attacks perpetrated against our country on September 11. This semester I am in a class called Com-

munication & Society (basically Communication 101), and we have been talking a lot about 9/11. Last Wednesday (Sept. 4) we watched the news footage my professor taped that day, including the collapse of the towers. I left class crying. When I see those images it does not seem like a year has passed; it is still a fairly fresh wound for me and many others. I hope all of our readers took time September 11 for remembrance, mourning, and reflection.

Mensans have special mental capabilities; that is what our membership in this organization is based upon. Reading the articles written for the *Sounding* since 9/11, I see clearly that we seem to understand that 9/11 was not our

fault, that it was a crime, and that we must in some way — whether through force or other means — bring those responsible to justice. I am proud of most of what I have seen written because I can say, “We *are* special, because we understand the fundamental crime that has been committed.” As we remember the victims, let us also renew our resolve to capture those individuals still at large who have hurt us or are planning to hurt us.

I hope this article will cause discussion at least in your home, if not also in our letters column. I did not start out with the intent of making it patriotic, but that is a fine result in my opinion. I’ll see you here next month, same time, same channel.

TK VNI VATZIBIA MNF NTK FQOI GIIQ PAFD NFDI
 XK MXKIA VNTQ NI MNF NTK QIZIA BIPV NXX
 FMQ YFFAKVIR, KF T JQFMBIYUI FP FQI FVNIA
 OEBVEAI KNFEBY KNTARIQ FEA TGXBXVC VF
 KOAEVXQXWI DFAI KVITYXBC, VF TRRAIOXTVI
 BFZXQUBC, FEA FMQ. — DTAUTAIV DITY

As the traveler who has once been from home is wiser than he who has never left his own doorstep, so a knowledge of one other culture should sharpen our ability to scrutinize more steadily, to appreciate lovingly, our own. — Margaret Mead

(Un)Screw The Fluorescent

Les Milewski

Energy conservation buffs have pushed thousands of savings ideas at the general public over the years. Some catch on, while others, far too extreme, fail. The secret of success is that the idea has to be both simple to enact and appealing to the public.

Most enacted ideas start out simple but are not appealing to the public, which has to be dragged along kicking and screaming. The recycling of glass, plastic, aluminum cans, and paper is a classic example. Very few people like the idea of having three or four different garbage cans in their kitchen. Having to rinse the “garbage” off first really irritates.

(For those of you who don't have curbside recycling pickups: If your sorted plastic bottles still have a little soda left, your “garbage” is rejected!)

Another doomed idea was the “don't flush the toilet” routine, intended to save water by only occasional flushing. This proved pretty unappealing to most of the public, and was further aggravated by wholesale installations of “radar detector” auto flushes that literally took control out of your hands. (Perhaps these could be programmed to “every other flush.”) As a matter of fact, if you walked slowly down a line of

these toilets in a store, you could get several to flush as you passed.

The real winners are those ideas that not only conserve our natural resources but let the consumer realize an immediate savings. Increased miles per gallon on cars is a good example.

The creation of the fluorescent screw-in bulb to replace the standard incandescent type was a hot seller.

Suddenly the public was bombarded with lighting efficiencies and the low power consumption of the fluorescent type. Almost four times the light for the same amount of electricity — wow!

Because the fluorescent type cost more, people had to be sold on the fast payback of this initial investment. Charts were produced and fluorescent bulb sales grew.

To many, the thought of white fluorescents in rooms other than the kitchen seemed too sterile. They asked, “Will I really save money buying a \$5.00 screw-in fluorescent instead of a fifty-cent bulb?”

First, let's think about “using lights” for a moment. When do you normally turn on lights? When it's dark, of course. And in most cases, when is it dark? *When the sun don't shine.*



Now, in most places in the U.S. (especially Alaska), when the sun is not shining, it's usually cooler outside than inside. This is obviously true in the winter, our darkest season, and often true in the summer in both northern and western U.S. (Florida can get some pretty hot summer nights.)

So a safe assumption for most of the country, and most of the time, is when the lights are turned on, you will also typically need some heat.

Now, the fluorescent faction is quick to tell you that your incandescent bulb provides 10 percent light and 90 percent heat (what a waste!), while their fluorescent is a whopping 40 percent light and only 60 percent heat, so you only need a fourth the wattage to get the same amount of light.

One important detail not mentioned is that *100 percent of the energy goes to heat in both types*. Light is just an intermediate path for the energy going into your bulb. Light converts back to heat when it hits your walls and carpets. (You might lose a little out the windows.) When you use a 15-watt fluorescent to equal the light of a 60-watt incandescent, you are reducing the heat contributed to the space by the lights by about 75 percent.

So, this is a whopping savings, right? Not so fast, let's think about this for a minute.

Remember the heat side of the equation? When our lights are on,

most of us need heat too.

Let's look at the "no-brainer" case first: electrically heated homes. In 1990 there were more than 24 million of these, according to the 1990 census.

Now, let's start basic — it's a cool night and you need a little heat. You have a choice: You can turn on the electric heaters and fan in your heating plant, or you can take that same electricity going directly to heat and make it do other things for you first, *then* go to heat.

First of course, is to turn on the lights. It doesn't matter if you're not in the bedroom at the time, turn them on anyway — *the light is free*, because 100 percent of the electricity put into the light goes to heat.

Now, just turning on the lights isn't going to give you *enough* heat, so now what?

For starters, turn your heating plant to "fan only," to circulate the various heat sources you're going to be producing. Remember, the fan motor electricity also goes to 100 percent heat, so the circulation, just like the light, is free also.

Now, pick and choose,

- (1) Bake a cake
- (2) Make coffee
- (3) Watch TV
- (4) Play the stereo
- (5) Vacuum the carpets
- (6) Run the dishwasher
- (7) Have a beer (doesn't help, but it feels good)
- (8) Play with the computer, etc.

Do anything that uses electricity, which will all go to heat anyway. *It's like getting free electricity, by making it work twice.*

So for all of you who have electrically heated homes, the simple rule is, any time your home needs heat, make it work for you twice. If you need lights most of the time in hot weather, then the fluorescent bulb may be the best choice.

But what about the rest of the homes? Those with oil, gas, or coal heat, etc.? Well, it's not as clear as the electric heat examples, mainly because it involves calculations between the cost of heating by your present method vs. the cost of heat via electricity. One way to do this is to ask the utilities, electric and whatever one provides your heat now. Most will tell you the relative cost of heating by various methods.

In most of these places, electricity used for heating is more costly than, say, gas or oil. However, your comparison is not which method of heating costs less, but how big the difference is. This is because, if you choose to use the "double duty" electrical approach, while you're paying more for the electricity, you're saving an equivalent amount of heat from your current heating source *and* getting another service from the electric approach (lights, vacuuming, music, etc.). Also, it's obviously better to do all your chores that require electricity during cooler hours because you'll be getting a "rebate" in

reduced heating costs. All the electrical "heat" will reduce the gas or oil heat needed.

For example, let's say it costs six cents an hour to run your stereo, but the heat from the stereo is equivalent to four cents' an hour savings in gas, oil, or whatever. This means that when you need heat, your stereo is only going to cost you two cents an hour to operate, a 67 percent savings in operating cost.

Even better, doing things that have to be done, such as vacuuming, baking, etc., during the periods when it's cooler outside, is actually an even bigger savings. The same heat generated by all these electrical appliances is an added load on your air conditioning in hot weather. So in addition to the savings in heating costs gained by shifting electric appliance usage to the cooler evenings, there's an additional savings thanks to the reduced load on your air conditioning.

Which brings me back to the fluorescent screw-in light bulb. None of those glowing cost comparisons take into consideration the added heating costs in those areas where lights and "cool" usually occur together. I believe you'll find it's a losing investment in those areas.

ANSWER TO THE PLAYFAIR CODE

keyword: Symphonic. "Happiness is being paid to do what you would pay to do if you had the money." — Sarah Caldwell

The Eight Winds

Marsha Patterson Raymond

The Buddhists teach that there are eight winds: gain, loss, praise, ridicule, credit, blame, suffering, and joy. If you are not aware of these winds as they blow across your life, they will carry you away like dust. Even the wind of praise, which fills your lungs with ego, can be so sweet as to move you from your goal, making you believe prematurely that you have gained success. An example of this teaching is illustrated in the story of a young man in ancient China, who after many years of study and meditation believed himself to have reached enlightenment. Proud and confident, he wrote a poem and sent it out with a caravan to deliver to his master, who lived three hundred miles up river. The poem skillfully and beautifully told how he was no longer controlled by the eight winds — no longer a student, but a master.

Several weeks later, the young man received the poem back from his master, who had written across the bottom “fart, fart.” The more the young man read those words, the more upset he became. Finally he began the long, difficult journey up the river to speak to his master about his disconcerting response. Arriving

at the temple and bowing low to the ground, he asked, “Why did you write this, master? Doesn’t this poem show that I am no longer blown about by the eight winds?”

“You say that you are no longer blown by the eight winds,” replied the master, “but two little farts blew you all the way up here.”

In my struggle to be balanced in my life, I have particularly allowed myself to be blown off my feet by both credit and blame. What I perceive as my “mistakes” (i.e., free-will choices I made at the time with which I later disagreed), have brought paralyzing guilt. While receiving recognition for the actions I took that pleased others, I was left feeling trapped in a desperate need for perfection so that I wouldn’t disappoint anyone in the future. These winds continue to whip around me at times, but they no longer control my emotional response. Unlike the student in the story, I feel no need to wax poetic about it . . . there is (and will always) be much to do.

When I drum, particularly in ceremony, I have been taught to “wake up” the drum before playing. To do this I tap gently on the hide and





rub my hand over the surface of the face. I think about the horse whose skin will soon vibrate with life long after its death. I think about the man's hands who created this beautiful musical instrument, using ancient techniques, and I feel reverent and aware as I begin to play. Afterwards, I hold my hand slightly above the drum to feel the vibrations still moving through the air. I am aware of my increased heartbeat and am thankful.

This is the way I feel we should all live, every day — being aware of the detail, the connectedness. Too many of us only look straight ahead, never up, never down. I know of a seven-year-old Chinese boy whose father gave him a camera to stimulate his imagination. The first roll of film seemed to only show corners of the hallway or blurry scenes of light bulbs. The boy explained to his father that he was photographing mosquitoes so that his mother would know

where they were and not be bitten. The next roll of film was of classmates and family members . . . but always the same angle, the backs of their heads. When he happily presented one of these to his uncle, his uncle said, "Is this the back of my head? Why would I want a picture of that?!", and the little boy answered, "I knew you couldn't see it, so I was helping you know who you are."

We are indeed more than what we can see in the mirror, in fact we see more of our own reflection in the faces of people with whom we live, work, and interact; but the closest view to reality is what we see when we look within. When our inner path, as well as our outer one, is based on truth and forgiveness, the winds will blow sweet and soft. Sharpen your pencil . . . your own poem is on the way. Start it with the words "complete self-responsibility" and end it with "complete surrender." Very zen. . . .



URBAN COWBOY*More Regrets**Bud Urban*

Cicero prefaced one of his speeches, the "Defense of Roscius," by stating that he was NOT going to talk about government and law. So let me reveal my purpose in recounting my regrets: I am NOT going to announce the proper way to bring gifted children to intellectual fruition. But since this is a purpose of Mensa, and since we were all gifted children (some of us still are), see if your own regrets might be similar.

In my case the things I *don't* regret are more unusual, but they may be more related to unusual background. So if you find mistakes in your fetchings up, maybe we can get together with some suggestions to help gifted children, instead of following our instincts, the first of which would be to make sure the little bastards suffer as much as we did.

Though most of my regrets happened when someone else was driving the boat, I happened to take Cicero on purpose. Effie's upper-class Latin courses attracted the smartest students in our high school. (I wish we had had Mensa then.) Her Virgil course was excellent, and since Homer was so well known, it was nice to get things from the Trojan per-

spective. My friend Louie Eichler took the course. Some of the handful of times I studied the lesson during the year were with Louie. And a couple of girls I really liked, Kay and Clarissa. As for Effie, Herself, ask any of the students the name of the last Roman emperor, and they would have said Effie. They also might have credited her, rather than Mussolini, with inventing fascism. But she sure didn't like Mussolini, and she probably knew lots more Latin.

Effie (Latin) and Flossie (English) had rooms large enough so the students could sit in a circle, so they did. Hazel (something else) might have circled her students had her class been smaller. I thought that was because the teachers were old maids and didn't want that to happen to the girls. So the kids could see someone besides the teacher and could become interested in each other in the days of their youth.

So what could the ideal Latin class read in place of Cicero? Perhaps "The Golden Ass" in one semester and "The Menechmi" in the other. And fill in with the "Georgics." The latter should go great with the beekeepers. I would ask a present-day teacher what she or he uses now, but I would

be afraid of finding out that she doesn't read Latin.

My high-school class was the first out after Pearl Harbor. My mother made plans to stick me into engineering school. Why? My brother-in-law was an engineer. Mamma probably didn't want to have me die in combat, and as an engineering student I could have stayed out two years longer than otherwise. Nobody asked me about it. I don't regret going to engineering college; everyone should taste Hell a few times in his/her life. I just regret staying so long. I had flunked three semesters in an accelerated program by the time they threw me out. As I recall, I was still 16, as I was when I went in.

The University of Iowa did/does not have a first-rate college of engineering, playing second fiddle to Iowa State and a lot of other places. A better engineering college would just have been worse for me. I strongly wanted not to be an engineer. I thought if there was anything I wanted to invent, *then* I could study engineering. But now I think if there was anything to be learned in engineering school, I would ask someone who went there, and if I wanted to invent something, I would learn more in independent study.

For a young man

the advantages of an academic setting are (1) accreditation and (2) meeting women. I was not attracted to any of the two or three women I saw in engineering school.

Journalists are constitutionally free from accreditation, but there are control freaks who will always keep trying. In medicine you are strictly licensed, but the thought control is worse. The engineers, when I went, were striving to be known as a "profession," and to that end they had themselves over-regulated and I suppose they still do. So what do you do? You write, dammit.

So the conclusion is that gifted children should not have a college major chosen for them, nor even be sent to college, without their permission. Personally, much as I love knowledge, I wanted a car more than I wanted an education, and I didn't understand people with the opposite preference. My folks did not have a car. There were no cars in my family, and the fact that my old man had a horse years ago just didn't cut it.



Donna's Diary*Norse Mythology**Donna Myhrer*

This month I thought it might be fun to see how much you know about Norse mythology, as interpreted by

Edith Hamilton in her classic *Mythology*. So I have made up a little true-and-false quiz on the subject.



1. The city of the Giants was Jotunheim.
2. The home of the gods and goddesses was Valhalla.
3. Odin, the sky-god, loved to eat.
4. On Odin's shoulders perched two ravens, who flew each day through the world and brought him back all the news of what humans did.
5. The names of Odin's two wolves were Hugin (Thought) and Munin (Memory).
6. The Day of Doom was known as Ragnarok.
7. Odin gave up one of his eyes to learn the use of Runes.
8. To become a poet, one could drink the skaldic mead.
9. "Val," from which the name, "Valkyrie" come, means "brave."
10. Thor was the most beloved of the gods.
11. The only plant that Frigga didn't ask for an oath not to harm her son, Baldur, was an insignificant mistletoe.
12. Heimdall was the keeper of Bifrost, the rainbow bridge which led to Asgard.
13. Freyr cared for the fruits of the earth.
14. Nanna was Baldur's wife.
15. Thor was the god of thunder.
16. Freya, for whom Friday is named, was Odin's wife.
17. The kingdom of the dead was under the sole rule of Hel.
18. The place where people lived was called Asgard.
19. The first man was made from an elm tree; the first woman from an ash tree.
20. The names of the three Norns were Urda (the Past), Verdandi (the Present) and Skuld (the Future).
21. A huge ash tree, Yggdrasil, supported the universe.
22. Loki was punished for plotting to murder Baldur by being forced to stand in a circle of fire.
23. Wednesday is named for Odin.
24. The Well of Wisdom was guarded by Mimir the Wise.
25. Frigga always told Odin everything she learned.



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03h

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ANSWERS TO DOMIN'S DIARY.



- 1. T being wounded by a spear.
- 2. F the home of the gods was Asgard.
- 3. F he never ate, but instead gave all his food to two wolves sitting at his feet.
- 4. T these were the names of the two ravens.
- 5. F he spent nine days hanging from a tree, after was the goddess was Frigg; Freya serpent hanging above him, drip-ping painful venom onto his face.
- 6. T he was punished by being chained in a cavern with a poisonous snake hanging from an elm.
- 7. F he never told Odin, her husband, anything she knew.
- 8. T lived in Midgard.
- 9. F "Val" means "slain."
- 10. F Baldur was the most beloved of the gods.
- 11. T made from an ash tree, woman from an elm.
- 12. T 19. F man was made from an ash tree, woman from an elm.
- 13. T 20. T anything she knew.
- 14. T 21. T 22. F he was punished by being chained in a cavern with a poisonous snake hanging from an elm.
- 15. T 23. T 24. T 25. F she was very quiet and never told Odin, her husband, anything she knew.
- 16. F Odin's wife was Frigg; Freya serpent hanging above him, drip-ping painful venom onto his face.
- 17. T 18. F humans lived in Midgard.
- 19. F man was made from an ash tree, woman from an elm.
- 20. T 21. T 22. F he was punished by being chained in a cavern with a poisonous snake hanging from an elm.
- 23. T 24. T 25. F she was very quiet and never told Odin, her husband, anything she knew.

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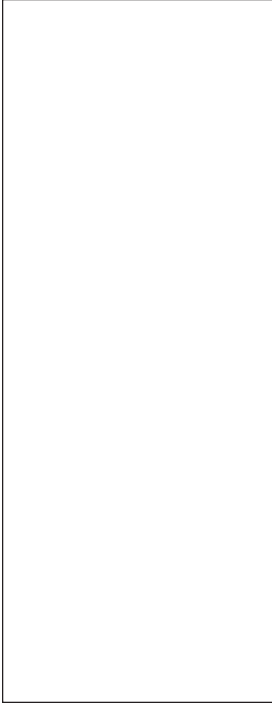


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