

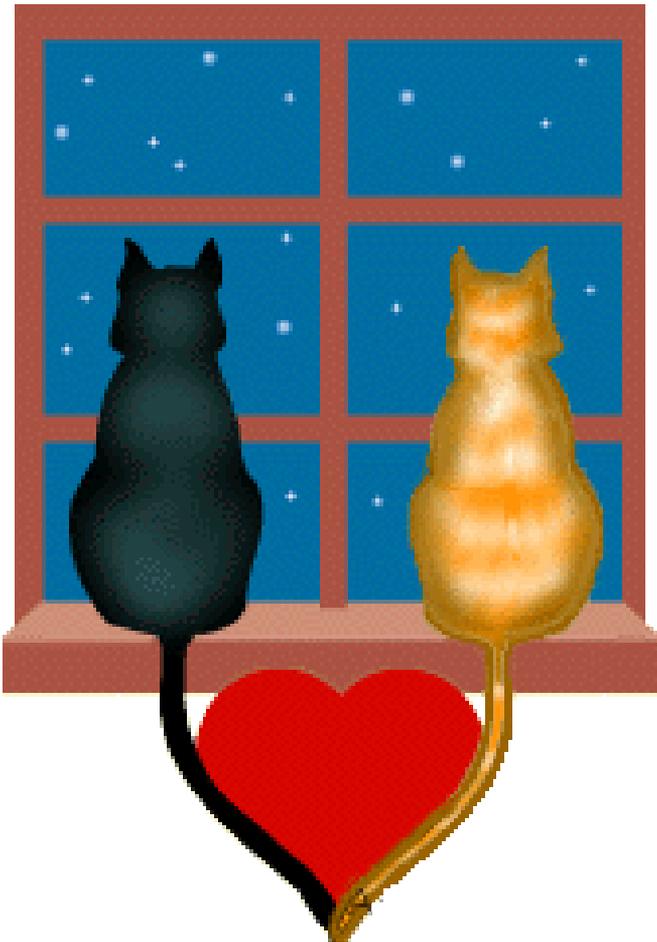


TAMPA BAY SOUNDING

A Publication of Tampa Bay (Florida) Mensa

Vol. 28, No. 1

February 2003



Happy Valentine's Day!

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 American Mensa 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>, which provides full instructions on how to join *tbm-gm* and *tbm-discussion*, our two Yahoo Groups.

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— Personal attacks and bigoted, sexist, hateful, or otherwise offensive material will not be published.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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"Beware the leader who bangs the drums of war to whip the citizenry into a political fervor, for patriotism is indeed a double-edged sword. It emboldens the blood, just as it narrows the mind.

"And when the drums of war have reached a fever pitch and the blood boils with hate and the mind has closed, the leader will have no need in seizing the rights of the citizenry. Rather the citizenry, infused with fear and blinded by patriotism, will offer up all their rights unto the leader, and gladly so.

"How do I know? This is what I have done. And I am Caesar."

—Julius Caesar

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

Hello, Tampa Bay Mensans!

⚓ Planning continues for our annual RG (Regional Gathering for you newbies). This year's title is "The Fellowship of the RG" because the event is, you guessed it, Tolkien-themed. The Honchos and other volunteers have already come up with a long list of activities that you are sure to enjoy. If you have never been to an RG, this would be a great year to attend Tampa Bay Mensa's biggest party. Not only will there be a multitude of activities, the usual well-stocked hospitality suite, and endless games, the Honchos have negotiated a rock-bottom room price. And we're back on the water! Yay! See pages 8-9 for details. If you would like to volunteer, in any capacity, please contact Jack Brawner or any of the other honchos: trojanowl@aol.com, 727-546-6061.

⚓ Testing Coordinator Terri Elston has decided to pursue some other activities, so we are in need of a new Testing Coordinator. The job does not require a great deal of time,

so if you think you might be interested or would like more information, please get in touch with me at Maxine.Kushner@verizon.net or 727-841-6043.

We are also looking for members willing to become proctors, especially in the northern reaches of our membership area. As we only test every two to three months and you would most likely not attend each session, it does not require a large time commitment.

I want to thank Terri for all her work. She did a fabulous job responding to prospects, setting up testing sessions, and keeping me informed. Brava!

⚓ Our online discussion group is a great place for talking with other Tampa Bay Mensans, (or at least reading what they have to say). Information on joining our email lists is on TBM's website: <http://www.tampa.us.mensa.org/>.

Until next month —

Maxine

maxine.kushner@verizon.net



Welcome, New Members!



Shawn Burtoft
 Robert A. Crabtree*
 Joshua D. Gilson*
 Curtis A. Lawrence
 Alexander Lim*
 Patricia M. Oldfield*
 Gregory J. Sedbrook



* = new member; others are moves in or preference in.

"MZP AXGJ KJ'OJ CNA MZP DXZV NU XZDYXZC
 ABMA QNGJENVP XQ ABXZDXZC MENSА VNXZC
 QNGJABXZC AN MZ MGJFXHMZ MZV QNGJABXZC
 AN NSF BNGJYMZV, PNS'OJ RSQA CNA AN DZNK
 KJ'FJ GNOXZC NZ XA, AN TFNAJHA ABJ SZXAJV
 ZMAXNZQ HNZQAXASAXNZ, MZV MA ABJ QMGJ
 AXGJ, KJ'FJ TFNAJHAXZC PNS."

— CJNFCJ K. ESQB

"Any time we've got any kind of inkling that somebody is thinking about doing something to an American and something to our homeland, you've just got to know we're moving on it, to protect the United Nations Constitution, and at the same time, we're protecting you." — George W. Bush, October 31, 2002

THE TENTH STORY

TBM Gets Noticed

Elissa Rudolph, R.V.C.

With a good start on 2003, we are rolling on, with just a short report from the tenth story. I'll be giving news on the hotel for the 2006 World Gathering next month.

Regional Newsletter

Highlights:

Mary Matthews (editor of *Tampa Bay Sounding*, January 2003 issue) discusses "Men and Women in Mensa," one explanation of the disparity in numbers. As Victor Serebriakoff observed in the mid-1980s, "In Mensa, women are underrepresented." Basically Mary's article compares left brain/right brain activities, how men/women process information and how, with the ubiquity of computers, the proportion of women in Mensa is rising. (<http://www.extremelysmart.com/recoveringyankee.php>)

On the humor front, Darcy Schiller, editor of *BrowBeat*, Broward Mensa's publication, makes us laugh with Florida slogans: "We count more than you do." "We're number one! Wait! Recount!" "If you think we can't vote, wait 'til you see us drive." Hey, if we can't poke fun at ourselves,

we've lost our sense of humor. (dsnyp@aol.com)

Demographic notes:

At the end of 2002, the new Mensa members report split up by various generational proportions shows that the 17-to-36-year-old segment (Generation X, born 1966-85) had the greatest jump in numbers — 56 percent! Next highest segment was the Baby Boom segment (born 1946-65) — 32 percent. Now that's good

news for those of us known as the graying generation — no, we won't tell you when we were born!

Till next month, have fun at *Smarti Gras* in Orlando (Jan. 31-Feb. 3)!

February 14-16, *ValenTime RG*, <http://www.nwflorida.us.mensa.org>, for details for Northwest Florida's first-ever RG!

May 23-26, Tampa Bay Mensa's *The Fellowship of the RG*, Jack Brawner (troganow1@aol.com) or John Raymond (jmraymond3@aol.com). More details as they become available.



Executive Committee Meeting Minutes

December 14, 2002

Chris Drumm, Scrivener

Dana Groulx called the meeting to order at 4:20 p.m. Attendees: Chris Drumm, Dana Groulx, Barbara Loewe, Max Loick, Mary Matthews, and Sylvia Zadorozny. Absent: Dan Chesnut, Kathy Crum, Maxine Kushner. Other Ms present included Dottie Gondela, Jerry Merchant, and Kathy Zadorozny.

Barbara moved that the minutes from the October ExComm meeting be accepted as first e-mailed, then printed in the November 2002 *Sounding*. Sylvia seconded, all in favor.

LocSec Report — Dana substituting for Maxine. Maxine is drafting a letter to the publishers of *Tampa Bay Soundings* magazine and web site (about the local waterways and estuaries) requesting they adopt another title. Sylvia stated that if we allow the estuary group to use the title "Tampa Bay Soundings" without protesting its use of the name, then anyone may use it. (Our thanks to alert TBM member Duke Stern.)

Treasurer's Report — Dana substituting for Kathy Crum. TBM is in good financial shape after 95 percent of the year has elapsed. Financial reports were distributed to all Committee members.

Editor's Report — Mary Matthews. Mary distributed a revised

version of the bylaws addressing all points National wanted us to correct. This will be forwarded to National for its review before the revision process continues.

Proctor Report — Terri Elston. There will be a testing session on Saturday, January 18, 2003. She is revising the Publicity E-Mail list.

Publisher/Circulation Report — Max Loick (Interim). A new member has expressed interest in the Circulation Officer position.

Ombudsman Report — Barbara Loewe. Nothing to report.

Scribe Report — Chris Drumm. The Handspring Visor Keyboard and the PDA were passed to *Sounding* editor Mary Matthews.

New Business — Dana reporting for Maxine. "Back to the Beach Bash" Update — negotiations are almost complete for our Memorial Day RG. Details will be available soon (see next page). Volunteers needed, please contact our Honcho Quartet: Jack and Jacqui Brawner and Marsha and John Raymond.

The next ExComm meeting will be at Mary Matthews' home on Sunday, February 9, 2003. Chris moved that we adjourn, Mary seconded. All in favor. Meeting ended at 5:09 p.m.

THE FELLOWSHIP OF THE RG

MAY 24-27, 2003

Where:

Days Inn Rocky Point
7627 Courtney Campbell
Causeway
Tampa, FL 33607
Virtual tour and other informa-
tion: www.daysinnrp.com

About 5 minutes from Tampa Inter-
national Airport. Free shuttle avail-
able. Private beach, Jetski rentals.



Rooms:

\$55 per room per night plus tax. To get this rate, you **MUST** call DIRP directly, at (813) 281-0000 or (800) 237-2555. Do NOT reserve through Days Inn International or the website.

Main contact:

Jack Brawner
(TrojanOwl@aol.com)

Alternative contacts:

John Raymond
(JMRaymond3@aol.com)

----- Tampa Bay Bash Registration Form -----

Full registration:

\$60 until March 31 _____
\$65 April 1-30 _____
\$70 after April 30 _____

Partial Registrations:

Friday \$25 _____
Saturday \$35 _____
Sunday \$35 _____
Monday \$15 _____
TOTAL: \$ _____

Tampa Bay Bash T-Shirts

To guarantee availability, please pre-order. Small and 3X must be ordered in advance.

S/M/L/XL, \$10 each _____
2X, \$12 each _____
3X, \$13 each _____

Name: _____
Address: _____

Phone: _____
E-mail: _____

*Refunds must be requested
by April 30.*

**Make check payable to:
Tampa Bay Mensa**

Mail to:

Kathy Crum, Registrar
7164 Quail Hollow Blvd.
Wesley Chapel, FL 33544

RECOVERING Q ANKEE

2008

Mary W. Matthews

It was a bright, cold day in November, and the clocks were striking eighteen. Julia Winston, her chin nuzzled into her breast in an effort to escape the vile wind, slipped quickly through the glass doors of Victory Mansions.

It was November 2, 2008, and Younger Brother's anointment was scheduled for tomorrow. Julia was an employee of the Ministry of Truth, so it was part of her job to explain to the proles that the anointment was an "election," and that it was important for them to get out and vote for Younger Brother. Otherwise, Al Sharpton might become "Chief Executive Officer" (Elder Brother's preferred term) of Oceania.

Julia sighed as she entered her apartment. The television was on, and tuned in to a program that her husband knew she detested. "Why do we always have to have the TV on, and tuned in to this crap?"

"You know as well as I do. It's loud, obnoxious, and distracting." Julia's husband, John Smith, pointed at the screen and indicated with a grimace what Julia knew very well: In 2007, the Party (or in Oldspeak, Congress) had extended the national surveillance system begun in 2002 by one more tiny step. All television sets were now equipped with both video and audio feeds. Trying to turn off, dismantle, or fool an Ashvid was a

federal offense, punishable by being sent to one of the many Camps Q-Tip. ("Camp Q-Tip," of course, was the informal nickname for the version of Camp X-Ray designed for citizens of Oceania.) To everyone's disappointment, it had been impossible to mandate television that was not loud, obnoxious, and distracting.

John suddenly seemed to snap. "I am so *sick* of living like this!"

"And just what do you propose we do?" Julia whispered, making the "Keep your voice down!" motion with her hand as she glanced at the TV.

"Let's try to get away to Canada."

"Oh, yeah, like *that's* realistic," Julia hissed. In 2002, the Party began encouraging states to enact laws giving their governors virtually dictatorial control if there were a "potential" health threat. Many states had enacted such laws by the end of 2002. By 2004, almost all fifty states were on board. After his "election" in 2004 with 99.44 percent of the vote, Elder Brother in 2005 had notified Oceania that the Party had uncovered evidence of a potential health threat in all fifty states. Although no one had ever been able to discover the details of the potential health threat, martial law had never been rescinded.

And then there was the national ID card, another program begun in 2002.

This was proposed as a rational and innocent project to be carried out by private organizations, and so it was for the first year or two. But gradually more and more information was encoded on the cards' embedded computer chips, and gradually the cards became used for more and more purposes: permission to buy alcohol and tobacco. Identification as a member of the Party, which entitled even proles to special privileges. A professional and economic résumé, to relieve employers of the tedium of checking references. A complete medical history, including psychiatric, to ease the strain on emergency rooms and HMOs. Nowadays the cards were also used as internal passports. It would be impossible even to travel from Maryland into the District of Columbia without proffering one's ID card to at least one military checkpoint.

"Besides," Julia whispered, trying to sound reasonable. "Suppose you *could* manage to get us permission to go to North Dakota, or fake IDs good enough to fool the MPs? How are we supposed to get past the border guards?"

"Don't be stupid," John said. "A fake ID that's good enough to fool the MPs costs so much that your bank account is instantly flagged for personal attention from the poindexters."

In 2002, John Poindexter had been put in charge of constructing a massive national database on every citizen of Oceania. It began with the monitoring of every purchase by every citizen, from gasoline to major medical. It quickly coordinated with another program begun in 2002, the

monitoring of all library withdrawals and Internet communications.

Poindexter, of course, was the same man who had been convicted of five felonies connected with Iran-Contra, that lovely little scheme, devised with a great deal of (vehemently denied) participation by Poppy, for sidestepping the U.S. Constitution. When he became President, Poppy quietly rewarded several of the co-conspirators for their crimes. Elder Brother's appointment of Poindexter to his post in 2002 was yet another reward for his service to the Dynasty.

It did not take long for the national database to be given complete access to every private database in Oceania — banking records, medical histories, school and university records, credit and debit card transactions, the Internet, and of course everything on all home computers. There were no secrets in Oceania. Why should anyone who was not a criminal be concerned?

The Party quickly discovered what a useful tool this national database could be. If a man told his wife he was going across the country on a business trip, and his credit card showed him checked in at his home town's Pink Pussycat Motel, the poindexters knew about it. If an accountant's gambling losses matched the funds that were missing from her employer's accounts, the poindexters knew about it. And the Party even more quickly doped out what to do with its knowledge. When a poindexter uncovered evidence of illegal or im-

moral activity, the prole who had slipped up soon received a quiet visit from the poindexters, with instructions on how he or she was to serve the Party if the information was to be *kept* quiet.

"Remember in 2002, how Ashcroft wanted to start a program where citizens would spy on each other in their day-to-day activities? Remember how he called it TIPS, and I said that stood for 'Turning Into a Police State?'" John said, his voice rising. "Isn't it odd how the minute the poindexters became so successful, the Party reintroduced the TIPS program?"

"Keep your voice down, the Ashsnoops will hear you!" Julia whispered frantically, and then loudly said, "Our government knows what's best for us. Elder Brother is God's Holy Scourge of Terrorism!"

"Very good, sheep," her husband snarled. "Don't you see what's happened? We gave up our precious freedoms because the Party told us it would only be temporary, only for the duration of the War on Terrorism. We didn't remember that the Party also told us that the War on Terrorism would go on for years, or decades, or quite possibly forever."

"I supported Jesus Day when Elder Brother pushed it through in 2000, when he was governor of Texas," Julia said loudly. "I support

Jesus Day now. I celebrate every June 10, along with every other loyal member of the Party. Elder Brother is wise and benevolent."

"Freedom: you're a loyal member of the Party. Religion: you're a loyal member of the Party. And the deficit?"

"I scorn Rubinomics! I scorn the very idea of a balanced budget!" Julia said loudly. "I *am* a loyal member of the Party! In 2001, when Elder Brother enacted his first tax cut for the rich, I supported him."

"And when he advanced the proles \$300 each on their 2002 taxes, and then took the 'rebate' back a few months later, you had no problem with the fact that the richest ten percent were getting \$340,000 each a year for *life*. I know, I know.

You even supported the 2003 tax cut that the Democrats called 'Leave No Millionaire Behind.'"

"There are no Democrats any more," Julia said. "There is the Inner Party—"

"Our ruling plutocracy," John interrupted.

"—and the rest of the Party, and the proles. Elder Brother was wise to change the way we are governed. What do we little people understand of affairs of state?"

"So it doesn't bother you that the deficit is more than four times the size of the deficit that the Gipper and Poppy

"If this were a dictatorship, it'd be a heck of a lot easier, just so long as I'm the dictator."

— George W. Bush,
December 18, 2000

left for Clinton, and that Clinton got rid of altogether? It doesn't bother you that no one in the Inner Party pays any taxes at all? It doesn't bother you that all government contracts are awarded to big corporations that base themselves outside Oceania so that they don't have to pay a cent in taxes either?"

"Elder Brother is wise!" Julia shouted, looking at the television's hidden Ashvid.

"Yeah, that's why all his old college friends remember him as Bluto in *Animal House*. It doesn't bother you that just to pay the *interest* on the deficit, the proles are taxed at an effective rate of 80 percent?"

"Elder Brother *needs* the money, for gifts to the Inner Party and for fighting Evil," Julia bellowed.

She need not have bellowed. There was a knock on the door, which Julia opened to reveal two Ashsnoops, a poindexter, and six MPs.

"John Smith," the poindexter said. "The Party feels that you would be happier, healthier, and more productive if you were living in a Free Speech Zone. Please come with us."

Julia watched as her husband was taken under escort. The MPs would politely but firmly take him to the nearest Free Speech Zone, the stroke of genius invented by the Party in 2001 to save Elder Brother from having to confront, or even know about, any critics. John would probably be taken to live in Alaska's Wild and Wonderful Work Zone, where oil derricks dotted what once had been wilderness. But he might be taken to the Georgia Urban

Liberty Appreciation Group.

Julia knew she would never see her husband again. Why should anyone need a lawyer or habeas corpus when they were simply living in a Free Speech Zone? Both lawyers and habeas corpus were outgrown holdovers from the ancient days when the government had cared about the U.S. Constitution. The government had begun holding citizens indefinitely without access to the courts or counsel early in 2002, as well as taping attorney-client communications and using secret courts that did not have to hold to the obsolete standards of "probable cause." And on January 8, 2003, the 4th U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals declared, unanimously and repeatedly, that the Executive Branch of the government was exempt from any "interference" by the Judiciary or the Bill of Rights. Life in Oceania was really much more efficient nowadays.

The relief that only her husband had been taken, that she herself had been spared, filled Julia with a curious mixture of shame, sorrow, and elation.

She knew why she had been spared. She was a loyal member of the Party. She did whatever the poindexters told her to do. She bore her staggering tax bracket cheerfully, happy to know that the obscenely wealthy Inner Party paid no taxes at all — surely to enter that charmed circle was a goal to aspire to!

And it was all right, everything was all right, the struggle was finished. Julia Winston Smith had won the victory over herself. She loved Elder Brother.



FOLD, SPINDLE, AND MUTILATE*Delightful December FSM**Max Loick, Interim Circulation Officer*

Ah, December's FSM was truly fun, at the wildlife preserve (!) where Ronan and Dea Heffernan live. Wonderful house, great pond behind, where we watched an osprey take a fish home for dinner and heard hair-raising tales of gators and boars.

Nine stalwarts — Mary and Jerry (Matthews and Merchant), Max Loick, Don Davis, John and Dana Groulx, and Chris Drumm — enjoyed the view (and the kitchen) of Ronan and Dea for a few hours. Yum, those egg rolls!

FSM went easily with many hands and left time for visiting and enjoying the view.

Our next FSM will be held on Sunday, February 23, at 3 p.m., 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. Doug's house is #10 at the end of the cul-de-sac.

For more information, call Doug MacDonald at (813) 949-7141. 📞

*Next FSM:**Sunday, February 23,**2 p.m.**Host: Doug MacDonald
Land O' Lakes*

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

February 2003 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. Kitties mentioned in the calendar offset the cost of refreshments and are **NOT** optional.

Ronan Heffernan ((813) 907-8147) is the Calendar Editor. Please e-mail your calendar event notices to Ronan at Ronan.Heffernan@shawus.com, or visit <http://www.tampa.us.mensa.org/cal> for complete instructions. Your deadline for the March calendar is February 9.

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.



February 3rd & 17th - Mondays - 3:30 PM - \$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

February 6th, 13th, 20th & 27th - Thursdays - 12:30 PM

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

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

February 9th - Sunday - 3:00 PM

EXCOMM MEETING

All members are invited to attend ExComm meetings. This month's ExComm meeting is hosted by Mary Matthews.

Directions: Granville Court is just off 9th Avenue N., between 7th and 8th Streets. If you're coming by way of the highway (so to speak), take 275 to 375 (a left-side exit), then immediately take the exit heading for 8th Street N. Go north on 8th Street, turn right (east) on 9th Avenue, and then left onto Granville Court less than a quarter-mile later. Call (727) 502-9301 for more information.

Mary Matthews - 727-502-9301 -
MotherMary@extremelysmart.com
 1000 Granville Court N. - St. Petersburg

February 11th & 25th - Tuesdays - 6:30 PM

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.

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

February 13th - Thursday - 7:30 AM

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

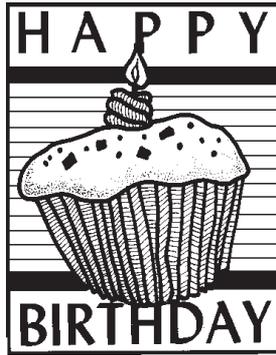
February 21st - Friday - 7:30 PM - \$2

CARD GAMES NIGHT

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!

Directions: Card Night will be at my new house. You just continue south on Belcher about 7 lights. My new street is

Continued on page 21



February Birthdays

- | | | | |
|----|--|----|--|
| 1 | John Ganno
Stuart Marchant | 13 | Robert A. Pressner
Zoe Vercelli |
| 2 | Ronald I. Croft
Barbara Anne Smith-
Palinkas
Eve R. Weiss | 14 | Kevin M. Drew
Arthur Hovdestad
Jean A. Ribblett |
| 3 | Gerri Almand
Roy W. Jahnke
Stephen Marcinek | 15 | Mark Komula |
| 4 | Jane Zurflieh | 17 | Darlene H. Cerullo
Peter J. Fournier
Sandra K. Stroud |
| 5 | Donald Douglas Hart
Yvonne Robin Meadows | 18 | David William Rice |
| 7 | Jeffrey Scott Croker
Bryan Hoerbelt | 19 | Marie Dyer Roberts |
| 8 | Carol Dressel
Gary J. Martin | 20 | Bob Hickstein |
| 9 | Charles Dale Sumner | 21 | Brian Sawyer
Robert E. Summers |
| 10 | Esther Maria Talledo
Snook
Robert Topper
Norman Ulrich | 22 | Joseph J. Welch |
| 11 | Diane Marie Church-
Smith | 23 | Carl R. Regenhardt |
| 12 | Wendy Coughlin
David Gunn | 25 | Martha Miller Mallak |
| | | 26 | Arthur G. Kelland
Gregory S. Pitts
John W. Woemer
Jeffrey Brent Yorns |
| | | 27 | Maryl Brayton Curry
Henry Gelter
Ben J. Pethe |
| | | 28 | Robert M. Jacobec |
| | | 29 | Robert J. Duffy |

TAMPA BAY MENSA

February

SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY
<p>2</p> <p>Groundhog Day</p> 	<p>3</p> <p><i>Children's Game/Play Day</i> at Linne Katz's New Port Richey, 3:30 p.m.</p>	<p>4</p>	<p>5</p>
<p>9</p> <p><i>ExComm Meeting</i> at Mary Matthews's St. Pete, 3 p.m.</p>	<p>10</p> <p><i>Deadline for Sounding submissions</i></p> <p><i>Schedule your January events now.</i></p>	<p>11</p> <p><i>Tampa Dinner</i> at Gino's Restaurant Tampa, 6:30 p.m.</p>	<p>12</p>
<p>16</p>	<p>17</p> <p><i>Children's Game/Play Day</i> at Linne Katz's New Port Richey, 3:30 p.m.</p>	<p>18</p>	<p>19</p>
<p>23</p> <p><i>FSM</i> at Doug MacDonald's Land O' Lakes, 3 p.m.</p>	<p>24</p>	<p>25</p> <p><i>Tampa Dinner</i> at Gino's Restaurant Tampa, 6:30 p.m.</p>	<p>26</p>

EVENTS CALENDAR

July 2003

WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
			1
6	<p><i>Lunch Bunch</i> at Piccadilly Cafeteria Tampa, 12:30 p.m.</p>	7	8
13	<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>	14	15
20	<p><i>Lunch Bunch</i> at Piccadilly Cafeteria Tampa, 12:30 p.m.</p>	21	22
27	<p><i>Lunch Bunch</i> at Piccadilly Cafeteria Tampa, 12:30 p.m.</p>	28	<p><i>Card Games Night</i> 7:30 p.m.</p> <p><i>Games Night</i> 7:30 p.m.</p>





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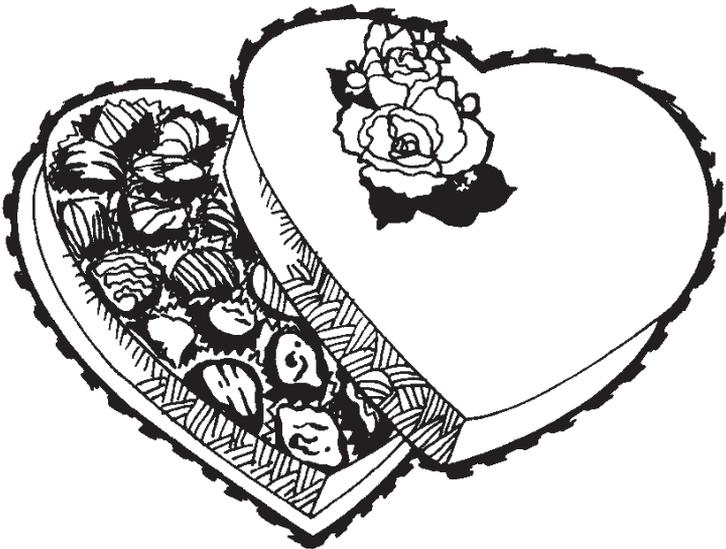
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County Line Rd., get in the left lane and look for a "Tires Plus" sign on your right. Immediately after, get in the left turn lane, cross the median, and turn into the road at the "10 mph" sign. Now skip the next paragraph and continue:

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. Doug's house is #10 at the end of the cul-de-sac.

Doug MacDonald - (813) 949-7141
Land O' Lakes



The Roar of the Engine, the Pounding of My Heart

Joni M. Fisher

Parenting is not for the faint of heart. Strapped into the passenger seat of my car, I remembered other uncomfortable firsts of parenting to distract myself:

The first time my daughter said something socially uncomfortable was in a McDonald's. Then six, she pointed to the tattooed forearm of the man in front of us and addressed him in her usual loud voice.

"Does your mom know you draw on your arm?"

His leather clothing squeaked as he turned and looked down.

I held my breath.

He answered in a deep growl, "Yeah. And she was really mad."

Then there was that first hockey game. My husband was supposed to go. Our daughter, at age nine, was excited about going to a grown-up game with him. An hour before the game, he called to tell me he'd been called to the emergency room to treat a dear friend of ours. I was clearly the second choice, but my daughter agreed to go with me. We were enjoying the game with confused interest as the padded men skated from one side of the rink to the other. They often slammed one another against the high Plexiglas walls in their fight for the puck. It was a lively crowd.

The couple behind us appeared to be season ticket holders. They wore the team colors from head to toe. They shouted advice to the players. Then my daughter started asking questions I couldn't answer, so I suggested she watch and listen. Soon after that, she elbowed me.

"Hey, Mom. I know what they call that guy at the net."

"Oh?"

"He's the pucker," she shouted.

I felt beer spray on my neck. "Um, I don't think so."

"He is too. That man at the end of our row keeps calling him that."

So long ago, she was my little girl. Now she was driving my 4Runner on suddenly narrow streets. She skidded to her first stop sign.

"Whoops."



"Let's try it slower next time."

Eye-rolling. "Yeah, okay."

At 15, my daughter was driving for the first time since she got her learner's permit. No longer on the vacant roads of new housing developments, we were on real streets with real traffic, and I was having a rough time staying calm. We were going to pick up her friend to spend the night. My daughter searched for a different radio station while she strayed over the yellow line. We were alone on the road, but I needed to alert her.

"Look up at the road."

She looked up and swerved back into the right lane. "Whoops."

"If another car had been coming you would have known it by the loud crunching sound of metal on metal. Leave the radio alone. You steer, okay?"

A dramatic sigh flew from her clenched teeth. "You're making me nervous."

"And you're scaring me. Is this your best driving?"

"Nooooooooo."

"Show me your best."

"Can't I listen to the radio?"

"No."

She snorted.

Yes. This was my beloved baby girl. Was it my imagination, or does each major first in her life accelerate her more? As soon as she could crawl, she headed off to stick a wet finger in an electrical socket. As soon as she could walk, she took off and dared us to catch her. Then there came

roller-skating on four wheels. When she finally mastered her two-wheeler, she demanded the training wheels come off. Faster and faster. Once she tried to outrace me on her two-wheeler and screamed in shock when I caught her. Back then I could move fast, too. Then Roller-blading. My daughter skis on water and snow, faster and faster leaving me behind. This, my stubborn, athletic, smart child was driving. New speeds. New dangers. I was imagining how she was accelerating out of my sight when we reached her friend's house. My baby was in high school, and too soon she'd go off to college.

She turned off the car and handed me the keys.

"What? You don't want to drive home and show your friend how well you're doing?"

"Can I?"

"Sure. Just keep doing your best."

"Thanks, Mom." She kissed me on the cheek and hopped out of the car. It was the first spontaneous act of kindness from her in weeks. I nearly cried.

Parenting isn't for the faint of heart, that's for sure. Something at each stage scares the breath out of me, but this sweet girl has met all the challenges so far. I only hope my car and my heart can hold up to the next few years. This is the most difficult job in the world: to teach a child to become independent so she can leave you. That's the greatest strain on the heart.



February

Erin Wells

As a child I never gave much thought to the interaction between the two components of a couple. Whether or not they got along — whether or not they seemed to love each other — was simply fact and not anything I considered worth my time and energy. My parents were separated and I, of course, only had firsthand experience with familial love. But now I'm older and have fallen in love with a man, becoming entranced and fascinated by the mysterious intimacies that couples develop: tacit agreements, private jokes, code words, familiar gestures, simple kindnesses. I am now an avid observer of relationships.

I have discovered that even superficially bad relationships can have tender moments rarely seen and little known. My aunt — my mother's sister — and her husband fight often. Their fights are rarely about anything important; it's usually because my aunt is irritated with him. But when my grandmother died, he sat up all night with my aunt, holding her hand while she cried about her mom. And just the other night I saw them holding hands in the truck on our way back from dinner, a loving habit that impatience could not erode. Sometimes it's the small things that keep

people together, I thought as I watched their hands intertwine.

Then there is my cousin and his wife. They are a very happy young couple who enjoy spending time together on the weekends fixing up their house with some newly-discovered craft project she's read about. Their words are much less often unkind or impatient than I hear between his mother and stepfather. But even he still escapes often for a whole day or more to be an outdoor sportsman with his guy friends while she sews new curtains for her mom. Still, I wonder about the bond I know exists between them, the glue holding it all together. I know it is forged when the rest of the world has gone home.

Then there is my own relationship. My boyfriend and I have been forging our own secretive bonds over our eighteen months together that even I find difficult to explain. We are best friends and I find that the longer we are together, the less time I need or even want away from him — and he reports he finds the same to be true for himself. We know each other stories' (although I dare say I know his not only better than he knows mine but better than he knows his own!) and we usually knows how the other will react to an event or issue, what

the other will say about it. We have private jokes and habitual sleeping positions. We just don't have a song.

I am thoroughly enchanted (and not infrequently outraged) by the intricacies of romantic relationships. I am usually a very rational person — an economist — and find the irrationality both exciting and dangerous. Yet I persist, and happily — contentedly — so.

The other relationship I think I might have only begun to take note of in the last week or so is the family relationship, and its similarity to romantic relationships with the quiet intimacies, unspoken acknowledgements, and shared history. Maybe it is the shared history where romantic relationships begin to surpass family, because a romantic relationship is terribly dependent on a shared future as well.

Sitting with my family this past weekend I realized that these people had not seen me in over a year and a half, had rarely talked to me since then and really did not know me separate from my mother. And yet

there was genuine gladness and excitement in them that I was there to see them, and make them spend more time together. That year and a half melted away and you would have thought we were all together just the week before, so easy was it for us all to sit together and learn about each other and our family history. This is not an easy group to keep together, either; parts of this family have gone years without speaking. Yep, they envelope me completely with a sense of love and safety when I am with them and I feel protective, unwilling to expose the secrets and quarrels I know so well to people too naïve or cruel to respect our bond.

The beauty I see in the people — otherwise ordinary people — in my life amazes me. The different shades and degrees of love, the tireless dedication to the whole, the comfortable familiarity... they all fill me with joy and contentment that are indescribable. The outside world is indifferent and uncertain, but I know at least this love endures. I guess the small things really are big things after all. 

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URBAN COWBOY*Pigtail**Bud Urban*

I had so much fun acting as “pigtail to the editor” on the critique of Berrill,¹ I thought I would try again with her January review of Dr. Shlain’s opus.² I can’t help with the book review, but I can stick in my oar with a few truffles I have been able to smell out in the same garden. I have been more interested in masculine and feminine traits that occur in both sexes; the yang in the yin and the yin in the yang, as it were. I never met my mentor in this field. I did read his book.

This author was Melvin Page, a dentist who practiced nutrition for many years in St. Pete Beach. The book was *Degeneration-Regeneration*. It should have been called *Guys and Dolls*. I read Page’s book back home in Iowa, not knowing that I would be associated with persons left over from the Page clinic after moving to faraway Florida.

¹ Bud Urban, “Updates and Amplifications,” January 2003. (All footnotes to this article are supplied by the editor, not by Bud Urban. Blame MWM if something annoys you.)

² Bud is referring to “Men and Women in Mensa,” January 2003, which discussed Leonard Shlain’s *The Alphabet and the Goddess*.

I learned that I had understood the anthropometry involved if not the sweet potato diet. In a nutshell, people’s ankles are bigger around than their wrists. In the usual woman, the ankles are bigger, and in the usual man, the wrists are bigger, and stronger than the woman’s. Add to this the characteristics of the usual masculine musculature and you get a further ambivalent answer to the old schoolman’s question (particularly if the old schoolman were anthropologically inclined), did humanity ever brachiate?³

Most of us have seen Johnny Weismuller brachiating in the trees, and there’s no doubt he could do it, though he seemed more at home in the water. Given the sexual difference of strength (function) of the upper extremities, I can only imagine our ancestral women hiking on the ground while the men occupied the trees, happily brachiating. You will note that in our own group



³ Didn’t some country-western singer have a big hit a few years ago singing about “But don’t tell my heart, my brachiating heart, I just don’t think he’ll understand”?

more women think of walking as a pastime.⁴

In Page's work, one with the measurement(s) of a normal male was termed andric, and of a female, gynec, this regardless of gender except for frequency of occurrence, which is what he was talking about. Page reported that he could do the measurements on one spouse and this would help him guess what the measurements of the other would be. For instance if the husband were gynec, the wife would be andric, and vice versa. Thus the race tends toward a golden mean. I wonder how they did it in the old days when women didn't show their legs, even when they went swimming?

Betty Boop. She was the exception that proved the rule for Page. He declared that a woman with a figure like hers proved attractive to most men regardless of their own configuration. (He may have had a Boop thing.)

In his own profession, Page found more dentists to be more gynec than the usual run, with one logical exception, those limiting their practices to dental surgery. He had similar findings for physicians. Although Shlain is a surgical specialist, his writing leads me to speculate that the rule might not prove out for neurosurgeons, particularly in his case.

HOMO vs. VIR⁵

In the Trojan war, the readers or

hearers, like the gods, may have favored one side or the other, so the participants could mostly be called *vir*. But in an account by a conqueror like Caesar, the ones on our side were *vir* (hero) while those being conquered were *homo* (schlep), (the rest of us).⁶ This regardless of Shakespeare. Virgil may have used *vir* because it sounded like his name, P. Vergilius Maro. I really expected something on Mariolatry from Editor Mary. I hope it's yet to come.⁷

To me the most poignant part of the Faust story is when he hears the "Ave Maria." Then he knows he has signed off, not only on Heaven, but on Mary, a fellow human sufferer who

⁵ Bud is referring to a parenthetical remark in "Men and Women in Mensa": that the Latin word for "man" is "vir," while the Latin word for "person" is "homo."

⁶ I bow to Bud's infinitely superior acquaintance with Latin before I mention that *Cassell's Latin Dictionary* defines "vir" as (1) a man; (2) *emphatically* a man; (3) a he-man; (4) a soldier. The same dictionary defines "homo" as (1) a human being; (2) the Roman equivalent of cannon fodder. I definitely prefer Bud's "shlep"!

⁷ The only Mariolatry of which "Editor Mary" approves is idolatry of Mary W. Matthews. Regrettably, the only practitioners of this particular form of Mariolatry are one or two kittens, who on becoming adult cats have pretty much grown out of it.

⁴ And perhaps more men than women are in favor of "swinging."

⁸ According to *The Woman's Encyclopedia of Myths and Secrets*, the Pearly

probably had to register for the typing test before Peter would let her into heaven.⁸

HEMIPLEGIA⁹

Which side did your stroke impair? Years ago the Sister Kenny Institute announced its prognosis for stroke based only on which side of the body was affected. Right hemiplegics tended to worry more while progressing to a substantial amount of recovery. Those paralyzed on the left side anticipated recovery like, tomorrow, but in many cases "tomorrow" never came.

BOUSTROPHEDON¹⁰

"For instance, one line written left to right, the next right to left, and so on." The name is because the ox of at least one Greek made furrows in opposite directions as it plowed. It had to turn (strophe) but the turn was minimal. I don't suppose this

Gates are a Christian borrowing from the cult of Aphrodite Marina, or the Sea-Mother Mari, to whom pearls were sacred. The goddess's own body was the Gate of Heaven, through which all humans passed at birth (outward) and at death (inward).

⁹ "Hemiplegia," paralysis of one side of the body, refers to the discussion in "Men and Women in Mensa" of the differences between the right and left lobes of the human brain.

¹⁰ "Boustrophedon," or a style of writing in which left-to-right alternates with right-to-left, refers to the fact cited in "Men and Women in Mensa" that early

method was more than a curiosity in handwriting, but I think I have seen machines do it, with resulting increased efficiency.

As for the Amish and their photographs, I was close to the Amish and members of other "plain" churches for many years, as they were my patients. I felt that I was perhaps closer to these people than any other infidel except my wife, and I was a worse infidel. I knew a brother and sister who were born into one of these churches and the family had problems and these children were adopted. The girl married an Old Order Amishman so they couldn't have any wedding pictures, or any other kind. Her brother wound up in the Beachy Church, where they had photographs, could have telephones instead of just using someone else's, and could drive cars as long as they were black. The cars, that is. Unlike a Pennsylvania sect, they didn't have to black out the chrome bumpers. Among all these people the man is considered the boss, and may actually be. 

cuneiform originally appeared higgledy-piggledy on the writing surface. It was not until a few hundred years after its invention that Sumerian writers began settling on even rows, and a while longer before they settled on left-to-right.

Bud's final paragraph refers to the fact that even today, some sects, including the Amish and the Muslims, believe that the Hebrew Scriptures' ban against graven images applies to *all* representations.

The Ice Follies of 1954

Roger Preslar

In fall 1954, I was a ten-year-old lad who was anxious to assert my independence and earn my own money. After I confided my desire for money-making to Andy Cox, a close friend, he told me during our fifth-grade recess that J.L. Glover, Andy's neighbor and the local circulation manager for the *Memphis Commercial Appeal* newspaper, was looking for someone to help deliver morning newspapers to customers in our small town of Union City in northwestern Tennessee. I decided to ask Mr. Glover for a job as a newspaper carrier.

Mr. Glover, or "Jelly" as he was known to his friends, was a friendly young bachelor recognized throughout Union City because he always drove a bright blue, shiny Chevrolet pickup truck with his constant companion Bob, an energetic English springer spaniel, perched in the rear of the truck's bed. Although Jelly initially hesitated to hire me because of my tender age and small stature, he decided to give me a chance to prove myself.

The next morning, I excitedly awoke at 3:30 a.m. to dress and pedal my bicycle two miles in the early-morning darkness to the all-night taxi stand where the newspaper bundles were delivered every night. Upon my arrival, I greeted my fellow carriers, who were two to three years older than I. We folded our papers, usually taking 30 minutes to crease

the 100 or so papers given to each boy, and loaded them into our heavy canvas bags. We then placed the bags in the large baskets on our bicycles' handlebars. By this time, it was 4:30 a.m., and time to start our morning deliveries.

My paper deliveries on that first morning were made under the supervision of Billy Williams, the 15-year-old carrier whom I was replacing. A jocular, crew-cut teenager, Billy was surprised that Jelly had chosen me, five years Billy's junior, to take over the route. However, by the time we finished delivering the papers two hours later, Billy was convinced that I had what it took to be a good carrier. For the next few months, I continued delivering the papers and cleared around \$20 a month, which I thought was quite a bit of money for a ten-year-old kid in 1954.

Union City's location in the upper South meant that the winter climate, although chilly, usually remained temperate, with a rare drop to below-freezing temperatures. However, January 1955 was to prove the exception to the rule.

When I left my warm home that frigid January morning, I was awed to see that a ferocious ice storm had swept through the city in the middle of the night. Every tree's limbs were coated with ice an inch or more thick,

and the ice's crushing weight had caused many branches to snap under the stress and crash into the streets and yards. Adding to the surreal sight of the landscape were the overhead power lines that had collapsed. The thick power lines were jerking and writhing on the frozen surface of the moonlit streets and yards and emitting huge, jagged blue arcs of high-voltage electricity. The popping and crackling of the uncontrolled electricity and the smell of the ozone from the electrical arcs permeated the air.

I briefly considered giving up any thought of delivering papers that morning, but decided that my customers were relying on me, so I pushed ahead. When I arrived at the taxi stand, the papers were waiting for me and the other boys, but I was the only carrier there. Even Jelly and Bob were absent that morning. I counted out my 100 papers, folded them, and then began the most treacherous, dangerous journey of my young life.

Since there was no power for the streetlights because of the broken utility lines, the only light was from the full moon's glow, which cast a strangely beautiful, glistening shine through the ice coating the unbroken tree branches. The streets and sidewalks were covered with slippery ice, making riding my bicycle impossible. I was also forced to give a wide berth to the numerous fallen power lines that threatened instant electrocution.

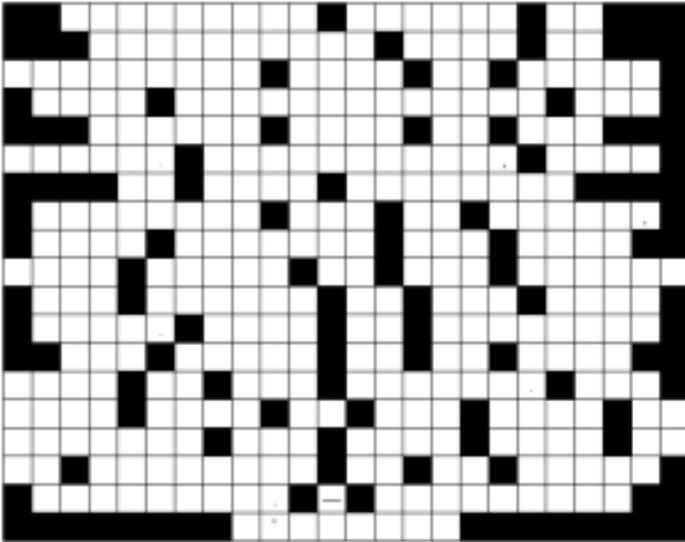
What normally took two hours to accomplish on an average morning turned into a grim, four-hour, bone-

chilling marathon of pushing my bicycle and falling time and again on the ice. With the temperature in the high teens, the air was so piercingly, bitterly cold that I remember wishing in desperation that my thin leather shoes were lined with rabbit fur, like my gloves. My feet were numb from the biting cold, and I could barely bend my nearly frozen fingers to pull newspapers from my bicycle basket and toss them onto my customers' porches. Somehow, at 8 a.m., I finally delivered my last newspaper and wearily pushed my bicycle the two miles to my home.

Needless to say, I was very happy to learn that there was no school that day because of the extremely hazardous ice storm. I was even happier at the size of my tips when I collected my paper route money at the end of the month. All my customers told me that they were astounded to find their newspapers on their front porches the day of the worst ice storm in anyone's memory, and most were only too happy to tip me an extra fifty or seventy-five cents that month.

I kept my paper route in Union City for the next three years, until my family moved back to the small town of Dyersburg, Tennessee, where I and my younger sisters had been born in the 1940s. Even though more than 45 years have passed since I delivered my last paper, I still can recall every house on my old paper route — and especially the night of the ice storm when I risked my life to deliver the news.





M U
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Strangely enough we strengthen love in ourselves when we raise into consciousness the shadow side of our lives. Conversely, when we keep negative feelings out of sight, they smother the love that seems to lie deeper and closer to the real self. This is probably why there is so much pain in not loving. The life that is not able to express the love that is so integral to it grows deformed. — Elizabeth O'Connor

Donna's Diary

Directions

Donna Myhrer

I was looking at a map the other day and I noticed that things weren't quite where I had thought they were. I wonder if this would be true of anyone else. So, here is this

month's quiz. I picked a few locations on the map of the world and compared them to each other. Let's see how you do on the following questions:



Which in the following pairs is further North?

- 1. Tierra del Fuego (South America) or the Cape of Good Hope (Africa)
- 2. Mexico City, Mexico, or Honolulu, Hawaii
- 3. Havana, Cuba, or Cairo, Egypt
- 4. Addis Ababa, Ethiopia, or Singapore
- 5. London, England, or Winnipeg, Manitoba
- 6. Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, or Madrid, Spain



7. Timbuktu, Mali, or Lima, Peru

8. Hong Kong or New Delhi, India

Which in the following pairs is further East?

- 9. The Atlantic entrance to the Panama Canal or the Pacific entrance to the Panama Canal
- 10. Belize or Suriname
- 11. Berlin, Germany, or Stockholm, Sweden
- 12. Moscow, Russia, or Cairo, Egypt

ANSWERS TO DONNA'S DIARY.

- 1. Cape of Good Hope
- 2. Honolulu
- 3. Cairo
- 4. Addis Ababa
- 5. London
- 6. Madrid
- 7. Timbuktu
- 8. New Delhi
- 9. The Pacific entrance
- 10. Suriname
- 11. Stockholm
- 12. Moscow

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