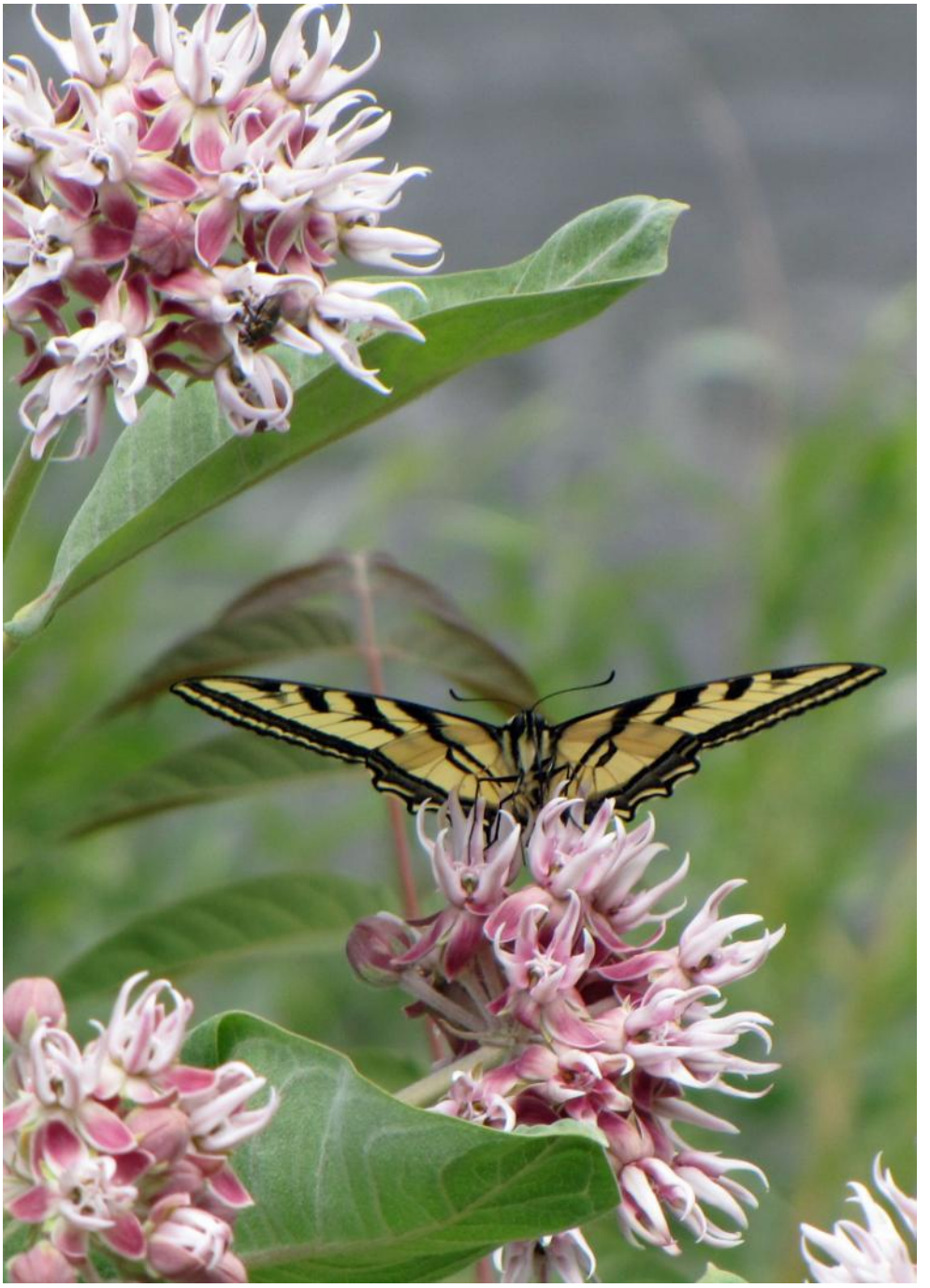
NEVADA MIND

Northern Nevada Mensa
Volume 34, Issue 7 — July 2010



Then join hand in hand, brave Americans all!
By uniting we stand, by dividing we fall.

John Dickinson (1732 –1808) Continental Congress

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SCHOLARSHIP
UNR PROCTOR
LAKE TAHOE PROCTOR AND AREA COORDINATOR

NEVA MIND

Northern Nevada Mensa

Volume 34, Issue 7 — July 2010

A Note from the Editor

by Anna Wright



I took this month's cover shot last June at our local Mensa "Picnic in the Park" event. Several of us took an exploratory walk, some with cameras in hand, along the portion of the Truckee River walk situated at the north end of Idlewild Park. The swallowtail butterfly lingered long enough for me to get several shots.

The Publication Recognition Program (PRP) national awards nominations for the year have been made and I am thrilled to announce that Northern Nevada Mensa, through our newsletter, the *Neva-Mind*, has again been singled out as containing some of the best Mensa contributions this year. My thanks to all who have added their efforts to help us achieve these acknowledgements. The *Neva-Mind* has been nationally nominated for Overall Presentation, Overall Entertainment, Member Recognition, and Best Small Group Newsletter. In addition, Ken Wright has been nominated for his humorous essay "When Being Light Hearted Wasn't a Crime" and I have received the nod for my "Green Man" cover photograph. We will find out at the Dearborn, MI Annual Gathering in July if Northern Nevada Mensa will be bringing home any trophies this year. Wish us luck!

P.S. I hope you all enjoyed my photograph of a bee on an apple blossom which was published in the June *Mensa Bulletin*, "Parting Shots." I am thrilled it was accepted. ■

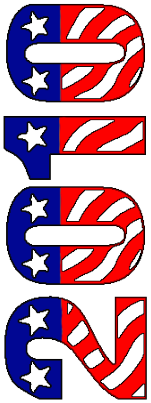
Errata: (June edition, page 19) I received two notices regarding the "Sharp Writ Unpublished Manuscript Awards" after we had gone to print.

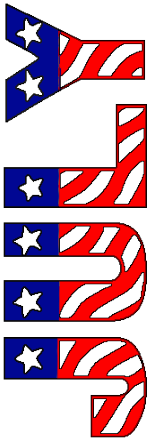
From the former Book Lovers SIG: The Book Lovers SIG has become an independent entity and decided to forgo its listing with the AML. This was necessary in order to prevent cancellation of the Sharp Writ Unpublished Book Awards. Therefore the link to the awards in the original submission is now invalid. The new link is http://www.facebook.com/book.awards - you do NOT have to be a member and/or logged into Facebook in order to see this page.

From AML: Please be advised the advertisements submitted to the Editors recently from the Eye-Cue, Book Lovers, and Creative Writing SIGs are from former Special Interest Groups that are no longer affiliated with AML.

Northern Nevada Mensa and the *Neva-Mind* hold no opinions on the contents of this ad. ■







Features:

Modern vs. Alternative *by Chelsea Chen, R.N..* **Page 8**

The Saber-Toothed Tiger *by Joseé Perrine* **Page 11**

Kamp Sunshine *by Ken Wright* **Page 16**

Artemis Mystery Unraveled *researched by Anne Stewart* **Page 18**

Mensa for Kids! *by Maurice Pollack and Anna Wright* **Page 19**

Columns:

From the LocSec *by Robert McAllister* **Page 5**

From the RG Chairs *SOMETHING'S COMING: October 1* **Page 7**

Events:

Program Notes *by Richard Arbib* **Page 14**

Calendar **Page 15**

Game Night, Lunch Bunch **Page 15**

Puzzles:

Puzzle Page *by Joe Kisenwether* **Page 12**

"What's in a Name?" *Crossword Puzzle by Anna Wright* **Page 14**

June Puzzle Page Answers **Page 20**

Answers **Page 22**



In Every Issue:

Volunteers **Page 2**

These are the people who keep Northern Nevada Mensa running. Thanks!

Cover Credits and A Note From the Editor **Page 3**

Notes From the ExComm **Page 6**

Happy Birthday! / Welcome! **Page 9**

Mensa-Speak *What are we saying?* **Page 23**

From the LocSec

by Bob McAllister



Caution vs. Paranoia

In the late sixties, the police were despised by a large, vocal segment of society. A large portion of them were called criminals, though a lot of them chose to go by loftier sobriquets. (Actually, that still happens today. Criminality cloaked ostensibly in the respectability of nobly vaunted causes is still criminality — especially for those easily fooled.) We were constantly on edge and vigilance was a constant necessity. When on patrol, it was standard to re-enter a patrol car, after having left it parked while investigating a complaint, by giving at least a cursory check. On top of all four wheels — a motion activated explosive could easily have been left in our absence and under the vehicle for a similar device. (Some were actually found.) At the beginning of each shift the back seat was uprooted to search for contraband that may have been left by previous occupants. Often found were stolen credit cards, stolen wallets, knives, even guns — loaded guns. After transporting "thoroughly" searched customers, more uprooting, which sometimes revealed more of the same. If someone was to be transferred from one transporting vehicle to another, another search of the individual to be transferred was conducted. Not to naysay that the person hadn't been properly searched. More, that it was each transporting individual's responsibility to make doubly sure. And still, there were occasions when one's guard was let down.

Being off-duty, though, connoted a bit of anonymity. You could let your guard down a bit. One night, off-duty, I, my ex-wife Diane and another couple went out for the night to North Beach, an area of night clubs and of much diverse entertainment. The four of us had gone to an establishment called the "Red Garter." It was a banjo/beer "garden." The patrons were given baskets of peanuts and, on consuming them, encouraged to toss the empty peanut husks on to the sawdusted floor. The lively banjo ensembles did well at their entertainment. Afterward it was off to Enrico's, a semi-sidewalk café for sandwiches and coffee before heading home.

As we sat at our table two ostensibly unrelated things happened. A group of what at the time would have been referred to as "hostile hip" types sat at a table adjacent to us. And an inordinate amount of attention seemed to be drawing the pedestrians' gazes toward the intersection of Broadway and Columbus Aves. I mentioned to my group that perhaps I should go take a look at the cause of all the attention. Diane exclaimed in perhaps an unduly loud voice, "You're not on duty now! Why don't you just forget about it?" The group of "hostiles" gave an even more menacing glare. In the back of my mind, I thought that perhaps because I was wearing a dark grey suit, black shirt, sort of lavender tie and had very black hair (back when I had hair) that maybe I looked like a member of an infamous mob-type. (And, hence the glaring looks.)



I said to my group that I'd just go and make sure that there wasn't a cop in need of assistance. As I stepped away from our table, the rest of our group followed. As it turned out there was nothing of note at the very busy corner at that bar closing time of the night. We returned to our coffee and sandwiches. (The glaring group had gone.)

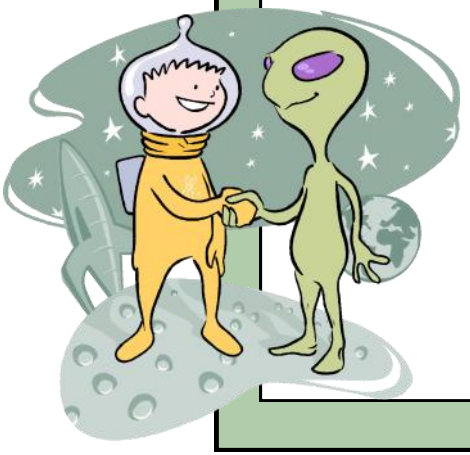
(Continued on page 20)

Call For Help!

We will need lots of extra hands (and feet) to help with the RG. What can you volunteer to do?

Here are some jobs that take two hours or less.

1. How about being a ***speaker shepherd***? Welcome the speaker and help him/her find the speaking room. Could you read a written introduction to the attendees?
2. Do you like to hang out in ***hospitality***? You could do a short tour as host by smiling, handing out drinks and filling up potato chip bowls.
3. How about ***Guy/Gal Friday***? We always need help running errands and passing messages.



4. You could man the ***registration desk*** for an hour or two, helping our visitors find locations in and around the RG.

Would you like to know more about your own Reno RG coming up in October? Would you like to help? Do you have ideas or comments to share? Contact **Ken Wright**: RGChair@northernnevada.us.mensa.org

NOTES FROM THE EXCOMM:

June 12, 2010

- Present was Anna Wright, *Neva-Mind* Editor.
- Other officers present were Richard Arbib, Program Chair; Ken Wright, RG Chair; and Mindy Hsu, Testing Coordinator.
- Not having a quorum, the ExComm did not have a formal meeting.



From the RG Chairs

by Ken and Anna Wright



WHO'S BEAMING IN?

- Murray Silver: "GHOSTS: WHAT THEY IS AND WHAT THEY HAINT. The Search for Life Among Savannah's Dead"
- Dr. Wendy Calvin: "Mars Rover, NASA"
- Mary Crawley: "Steampunk: Victorian Science Fiction"
- Diane Depolo from the University of Nevada, Reno Seismology Dept.: "Shaking It Up"
- Dr. Ali Norman: "The Science of Fitting In"
- Dr. Howard Chen: "Voodoo, Acupuncture and Zombies"
- Kovil H. Sven: "Planetary Nebulae"
- ACLU, those folks we love and hate
- From the Desert Research Institute, Dr. Gertler: "Air Pollution in Cairo or Why You Should be Glad to Live in the U.S."
- Renovations: "The Upcoming 2011 Sci-Fi Convention in Reno"
- Daela Gibson: "Sci-Fi Panel"
- Kelly Wetzler: "Science in History"
- Susan Palwick, Science Fiction author of ***Shelter***
- Cookie Bakke: "The Science of Fraud"
- Sam Beckerman: "Crafting"
- Chocolate Tasting Returns!
- Sci-Fi Dinner-show with costume contest!
- A Visit to the Fleischman Planetarium

REGISTER NOW! http://northernnevada.us.mensa.org/

Modern vs. Alternative - everything in its right place

by Chelsea Chen, R.N.



While it is not perfect, western medicine has its place. I bristle a little at the current language that demonizes modern medicine — labeling it "toxic," misguided and unnecessary. I wholeheartedly support "natural" remedies and promotion of wellness through diet and plant-based medicine. However, science and evidence-based medicine is not always the evil-doing poison some make it out to be. There are diseases and conditions that simply cannot be cured without modern medicine. Leukemia, schizophrenia, Parkinson's disease, ALS — these are all things that can severely alter quality and quantity of life without traditional treatments. Natural or alternative medicines can and should be used when appropriate to improve quality of life alongside the surgery, chemotherapy, and other advances that science has to offer us. There's a balance to be found between the two, and the challenge for us all is to use all the resources available to us to achieve the best outcome.

The behemoth that is the FDA has gotten a bad rap for some poor judgment in the recent past, but it still serves to protect us from snake-oil salesmen who would market rose petals as the cure for ugliness and make millions selling us our vanity. I can throw any green powder in a bottle and sell it as a "natural" supplement — there are few guarantees in the non-pharmaceutical world that what you're taking is what you think it is. Government regulation of medicine is absolutely necessary while there is money to be made from the ailing and vulnerable.

Our society puts a lot of stock in case reports — your neighbor's story about her grandmother's breast cancer being cured with grapefruit is way more credible than the large randomized, controlled, double-blind study done by Johns Hopkins on the effectiveness of the Taxol she was taking at the same time. It's frustrating to hear dubious stories of a miraculous cure being touted as superior to volumes of hard evidence. Awesome for grandma, but my money's on the peer-reviewed study.



I guess my point is — have a healthy sense of skepticism, do your research and educate yourself on ALL the options before you decide whether something is toxic or natural. (There are really good books and websites.) Some of the strongest cancer-fighting medications are derived from the humble periwinkle (Vincristine, Vinblastine,) but an incorrect identification of something quite natural could get you nightshade instead of huckleberries. ■

HAPPY BIRTHDAY!



July

Birthstone: ruby

Flower: larkspur, water lily

Astrological Signs:

Cancer: June 21 - July 22,

Leo: July 23 - August 22

3	**Edward Martinez**	Virginia City
4	**Eli Ganska**	Sparks
4	**John Preisach**	V.C. Highlands
7	**Peter Onorato**	Minden
9	**William Kositzky**	Reno
10	**Heather Danis**	Ely
13	**Dr. Jean Bradt**	Carson City
14	**Shane Preston**	Reno
18	**William Immers**	Reno
22	**Anne-Marie Cuneo**	Carson City
27	**Tyler Aas**	Reno

WELCOME!

and Welcome Back!

Govi Hines, Sparks;
Geneva Michaelcheck, Reno;
and **Jenny Reichert,** Reno

Willkommen, Bienvenidos, Chaire, Irashaimasu, Dobro pozhalovat', Bienvenue



PUZZLE PAGE

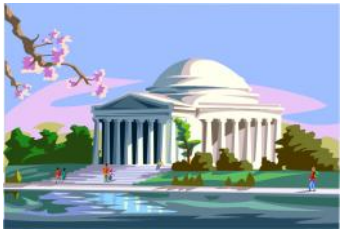
by Joe Kisenwether

2 for 1

Fill each blank below with a word that fits the clue on the words left, so that you can split that answer into two words which fit the clue on the right. For example, the first clue “Being contemplative” can be answered by the word THINKING, which can be broken up into the two words THIN KING to answer the clue on the right “Skinny monarch.”

1)	Being contemplative	THINKING	Skinny monarch
2)	Something important to be		Aural bird house
3)	Set in a new order		The back forty
4)	Myth		Foot
5)	Brings back to original condition		Let the minerals relax
6)	Bestow knowledge		Painting by a little devil
7)	Create power		The speed of DNA
8)	Lapel flower		Automobile country
9)	Similar in character		Fear of family
10)	Recluse		Female's baseball glove
11)	Jackasses		Put on lock openers
12)	Not quite murder		Masculine guffaw
13)	Modern		Fee paid to rent a mongrel
14)	Article of faith		Puppy's mother
15)	One quarter of a penny		The object way over there





The Saber-Toothed Tiger, The One Reason Women Stay with Abusive Men

by Joseé Perrine



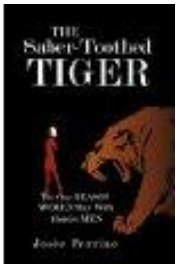
I'm congratulating myself. After too many years of writing I completed a book. I'll let you know right up front, I'm not a "writer." I am, however, a person who discovered something and wanted to share it in order to try to make a difference. As a Marriage and Family Therapist, I donate an hour a week counseling victims of domestic violence at our local women's shelter. Over the years, I found that the women were most often distressed by their own inability to leave abusive relationships. And all too often, if they left one such relationship, they became involved in another. I discovered that women in abusive relationships share a common fear — a pervasive, deep-seated loneliness — a feeling much different from loneliness as others experience it. The feeling in fact, is almost viscerally frightening, thus the name of the book. Loneliness is as scary as the presence of one of the scariest animals in human history, the Saber-Toothed Tiger. I determined that this particular form of loneliness develops early in life, likely at birth. And so, I began to research and write. The long process ended a month ago with the finished product, ***The Saber-Toothed Tiger, The One Reason Women Stay with Abusive Men***.

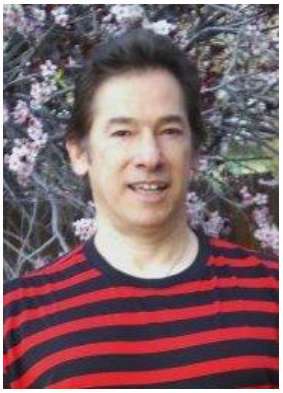
Although the book is meant to aid victims of abuse, I think fellow Mensans will find it interesting and maybe even relate to this type of loneliness. The gift of high intellect comes with what might be considered a down side. People with high I.Q.s share the characteristics of hyper-sensitivity — feeling things more deeply than others, introversion, and feeling different from 98% of the population. These characteristics may predispose Mensans to more intense feelings of aloneness/loneliness. If you read the book and would like to share your experience with loneliness, I'd like to hear from you. Maybe more research with Mensans can inspire the next book!

The Saber-Toothed Tiger, The One Reason Women Stay with Abusive Men is available from iUniverse.com, Barnes & Noble.com, and Amazon.com and is available in hard cover or paperback (ISBN # 978-1-4502-0079-0). I'll let you know of any future book signing events. ■

The *Neva-Mind* is pleased to announce the publication and availability of *The Saber-Toothed Tiger, The One Reason Women Stay with Abusive Men* by local Mensan, Joseé Perrine. Congratulations Joseé and best wishes for abundant sales!

To contact Joseé Perrine or find out about the services available at Sierra Counseling and Neurotherapy use web address http://scncounseling.com ■





Program Listing:

by Richard Arbib

July Monthly Meeting, Saturday, July 10

Pot Luck. Arrive after 6 p.m. Speaker at 7 p.m.
Speaker: Doresa Banning,
Freelance Writer & Editor for Businesses and Publications
Topic: "Written Communication: A Fresh Perspective"
Location: At the home of Gerry Lockhart 3349 Cortez St., Carson City



From her website http://www.doresabanning.com/
Doresa's writing career began at age six when she won first place for a Thanksgiving essay in her elementary school's American Heritage Contest.

At age 22, Doresa founded /dbScribe, a San Diego-based medical transcription business, which she ran for eight years with the help of up to 10 employees.

Later, she sold her business, finished college (obtaining a bachelor's degree in Writing/Literature from the University of California, San Diego) and moved to Reno.

In 2001, after a stint working for the Reno Gazette-Journal's Business section, she launched her freelance writing business.

Three years later, she completed a master's degree in Journalism at the University of Nevada, Reno, for which she conducted a survey and wrote a thesis on freelance journalists.

Today, she looks forward to what each day brings and new projects. When not working, she enjoys reading classic and crime novels, surfing Internet news sites, jogging, rooting for the San Diego Chargers, listening to The Black Crowes and socializing. ■

Directions: Phone: (775) 882-0868

From Reno (north):

Follow U.S. 395 S. till it ends at Fairview drive (exit 38.) You are now 1.5 miles from my house.
Turn right/west to traffic light at Saliman Rd.
Turn left/south, go about 0.7mi. to stop sign at Sonoma.
Turn right/west go 2 blocks to stop sign at Cortez.
Turn left/south, go 3 blocks to 3349 Cortez St.(S.E. corner of Cortez and Calico.)
(White house, black chain link fence)

From south:

Highway 395:Turn right/east at Koontz lane traffic light (Raley's shopping center.)
Go 0.7mi. to stop sign at Hillview/Saliman.
Turn left/north, go 1 block to Kingsley and turn left/west on Kingsley.
Go 2 blocks and turn right/north on Cortez St.
Go 2 blocks to 3349 Cortez (and Calico.)

From east: Take Highway 50W. to either U.S. 395S. or intersection with Saliman Rd. (go left/south.) Continue as if from north.



JULY 2010



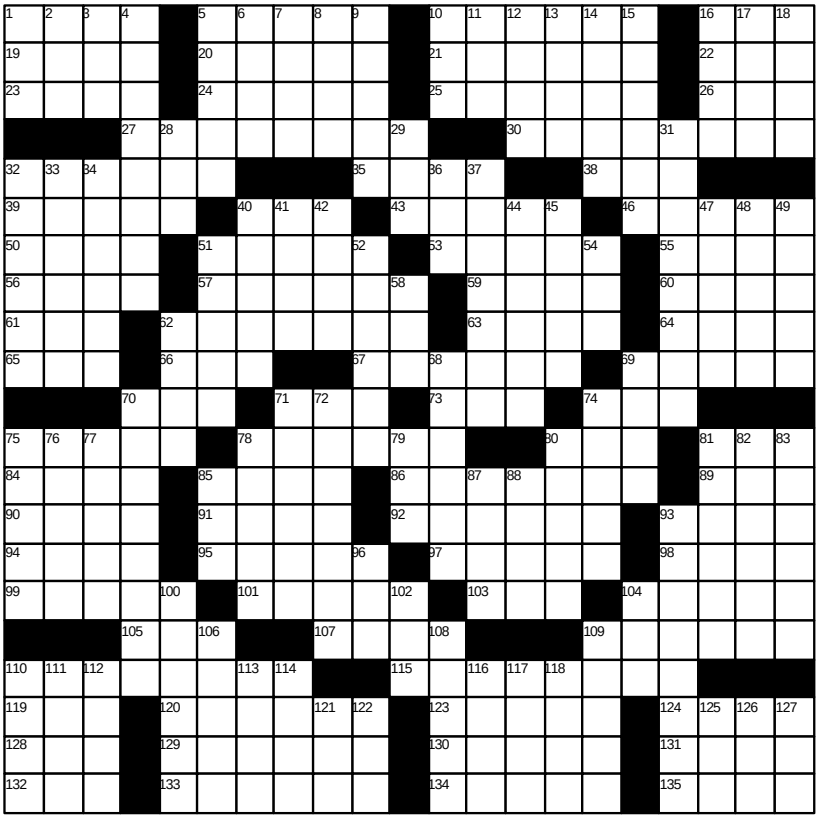
Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
Game Night at Joe's Place: Saturday August 7. (Game Night is cancelled in July due to the holiday weekend.) Potluck. 4:30 until 8:30 p.m. 1047 Table Mountain Court, Sparks. Contact:(775) 338-6521 or joe_kisenwether@hotmail.com.				1 	2 H. Hesse Birthday	3 NO Game Night
				2010 AG Dearborn, MI		
4 	5 P. T. Barnum Birthday	6 John Paul Jones Birthday	7 Robert Heinlein Birthday	8	9	10 Mensa meeting
11 E. B. White Birthday	12 Henry D. Thoreau Birthday	13	14	15 Rembrandt Van Rijn Birthday	16	17 Erle S. Gardner Birthday
18 John Glenn Birthday	19 Edgar Degas Birthday	20 Sir Edmund Hillary Birthday	21 Ernest Hemmingway Birthday	22 Raymond Chandler Birthday	23	24 Amelia Earhart Birthday
25	26 George B. Shaw Birthday	27 Lunch Bunch	28 Beatrix Potter Birthday	29	30 Emily Brontë Birthday	31
Aug 1	Aug 2	Aug 3	Aug 4	Aug 5	Aug 6	Aug 7 Game Night

Fourth Tuesday Lunch Bunch: The lunch bunch meets at 11:45 a.m. Tuesday, July 27, for a taste of Louisiana cooking at Jazz,1180 Scheels Drive, Sparks, in the Legends shopping center. The menu includes blackened catfish for $6.99 and crawfish fettuccine for $7.49 plus a wide selection of po'boy sandwiches and Cajun chicken strips.

“What’s in a Name?”

Crossword by Anna Wright

Identify the state or its capital for each state nickname.



© 2010 by Anna M. Wright

ACROSS

1 2008 biographical film
5 Pub game
10 Language
16 Capital of the Centennial St. to the capital of the Land of Enchantment
19 Theater award
20 D-Day Normandy beach site
21 The Treasure State
22 Wing
23 Sign
24 Corrupt
25 Ideal person
26 Carpet
27 "Jacksons"
30 Azure
32 Appraiser
35 Mineral
38 Oolong
39 Expel
40 Stretch to make do
43 Trails
46 Stair part
50 Connect
51 Devilfish
53 Boredom
55 Misprint
56 Noblewoman
57 Elicit
59 Truant
60 Sports car
61 Shoshonean
62 Hypocrisy
63 Not any
64 Fairy tale opener
65 Males
66 Terminate
67 The Lone Star State
69 Prodded
70 Caviar
71 Boxer Muhammad
73 __ Chi
74 Dr. Timothy Leary's Rx
75 Urchin
78 Allegiance
80 Future flower
81 Viper
84 Nigeria is its most populous member.
85 Hole repair
86 The Yellowhammer State
89 W.C.
90 Swearword
91 Epochs
92 Depart suddenly
93 Woes
94 Package label
95 Induct (2 wds.)
97 Bowler hat

98 Oaf
99 Exterior stairway to front door
101 Fabric
103 Enjoy Squaw Valley
104 Groove
105 Pinch
107 Slick
109 Server
110 Hampered
115 Slogan
119 Card game
120 Berate
123 Tiny amounts
124 The Buckeye State
128 Energy unit
129 Keanu
130 Quench
131 The Hawkeye State
132 Offspring
133 Anger
134 Anesthetic
135 Blemish

DOWN

1 Cow speak
2 Thinkpad maker
3 Palter
4 The Bluegrass State
5 The First State
6 Prayer ending
7 Rave
8 Siamese
9 The Beaver State
10 Expression of surprise
11 Part of RPM (abbr.)
12 Alack's partner
13 After alpha
14 Unsuitable
15 Floor covering
16 Asian dress
17 Mumble
18 Earnings
28 Moist
29 Drink slowly
31 The Constitution State
32 Parchment
33 Pilot
34 Tree
36 Taxi
37 The Peach State
40 Has hearing appendages
41 Tangle
42 Decorative needle case
44 The Aloha State
45 Trimmed off
47 Looking at
48 Swiftly
49 Foolishly fond
51 The Pine Tree State
52 Attack
54 Cagy
58 Ostrich cousin
62 Lowest in rank
68 Did "Dos"
69 Tom Vilsack's dept.
70 The Old Dominion State
71 Poke holes in a lawn
72 The Great Lakes State
74 Heffridge Trumpler Brompet Heffalump, IV
75 Blunders
76 Separated
77 Ditto (2 wds.)
78 How you got along
79 Little bit
80 Disney deer
81 Wholehearted (2 wds.)
82 Dissolved substance
83 Placard
85 Editing key
87 Top cards
88 Dog speak
93 The Prairie State
96 Zero
100 Mount Rushmore State
102 Cc
104 __ Schwarz
106 Primp
108 The Gem State
109 Smarter
110 Centers
111 Towards
112 Part of speech
113 Always
114 Prima donna
116 Foal
117 The Beehive State
118 Grab
121 Limb
122 Capital of the Silver St. to the capital of the Volunteer St.
125 Skip
126 __ Jima
127 Grain



Kamp Sunshine

by Ken Wright



When you are twelve years old, as I was in 1965, it doesn't take much to get you excited. One of the benefits of living in south Florida, is the almost continuous sunshine and fresh air, which makes being out of doors the natural thing to do.

The Snake

My nearly constant companions, Larry, Sam and Ralph, and I decided on one Saturday morning that it was an excellent day for snake hunting in the pine and palmetto forest to the west of the Hollywood Reservation, between Hollywood and Ft. Lauderdale and west of the main concentration of people.

It didn't take us long to search the area that we normally messed around in. We knew it all too well... and possibly IT knew us that well too... IF there were any critters, they certainly knew what we sounded and smelled like and avoided us with great success. Not only had we not caught any snakes, we hadn't even seen one all morning.

We made a joint decision to move to a previously unexplored patch of forest, even farther to the west. The area seemed more remote and quieter than all the rest of sunny Florida. This was a good thing. We relocated and set about looking everywhere for snakes.

We didn't get too far when a Blue Racer broke cover and the chase was on! This wasn't the first time that we had worked together in this type of endeavor and we were quickly on top of the snake. Like the local nickname for this species indicated, the "Davie Cobra" turned and faced us, rearing up at least one third of its body length in an amazing threat display. This was a good one, at least four feet long and ornery. They are NOT poisonous… just mean. They really like to bite!

Larry grabbed the tail from behind while it focused on me. The snake spun and bit him on the arm causing him to let go, and the other two to jumped in. But, they were not fast enough. He was on the go again. He flew across a grassy area, heading for the cover of some pine trees, which were all in a row. I didn't recognize where we were. We had been running so hard to keep up with this snake that I had lost track of where we came from... But no matter, the snake turned and reared again, probably getting tired. I know I sure was.

The Fence

That's when we heard the laughing. When we stopped running and could hear again, the sound of women laughing floated to us on the breeze. A quick scan of the area made it most likely that the sound was coming from beyond the pine trees. So we went over to them... might as well... While we were gawking and listening, the snake had given us the slip. He was nowhere to be seen.

When we got to the trees we could hear the voices clearly, and knew that there were several women talking. What in the world were they doing out here?

Inside the tree line was a board fence, meant for privacy I guess, but from whom? There wasn't even a road the way we came in. The fence was only about six feet high. Problem was... we weren't. It wasn't too hard to find a break in the boards. They looked like they had been there a long time and were in need of repair.

Kamp Sunshine

Oh My God! I'm so glad that they didn't fix that fence. If I had caught that snake, I'd have kissed it on the lips! Those women didn't have ANY clothes on! We had stumbled upon a nudist colony, or a naturist retreat as they were called by some at the time. Whatever anyone else wanted to call it, to us it was paradise. We were only about twelve you know, and looking was much more than we could hope for... And, there they were... *nekked*... ALL OVER!

There were men there too, but who cared. The women were mostly older, but all ages seemed to be represented, from babies to grandmothers and all shapes, sizes, hair color and degrees of tan were ably displayed.

We had found enough openings that all of us had our own spot to look through, and we recognized several of the people inside. I for one am glad that I wasn't required to speak at that point. I don't think that I could have made any sound come out. WOW!

Oh My God! I'm so glad that they didn't fix that fence. If I had caught that snake, I'd have kissed it on the lips!

Deeply engrossed in our studies of the female version of human anatomy and its moving parts, we didn't hear the old guy walk up on us. He was the caretaker and security guard for Kamp Sunshine and was patrolling the "perimeter" when he spotted us.

This guy was the reason to live to be old. He, by his own admission, was 77 years old and suntanned the color of old leather. He was uniformed in Khaki shorts, flip flops and a pith helmet, with a gut hanging over his beltline that seemed to need a wheelbarrow, and with the white coating on his nose like a lifeguard... maybe he was that too!

He went off on us, yelling obscenities and making threats against our male parts if we didn't depart with the utmost haste and certainty. The guy was very annoying... but we were under the influence of guilt at the time, so we complied.

By the time we had entered the trees on the other side of the grassy clearing, we came to our senses. We went right back to our spots and continued our observations of the female form in motion... lovely, just lovely.

I guess the old guy must have figured us out. Instead of continuing around on his loop, he doubled back on us, stopping at his guard shack and grabbing his shotgun.

The Battle

He came at us yelling and pointing the shotgun. Not knowing what he *would do*, we had to go on what he *could do* and took off on the run. As we gained momentum we felt safer and then the blast hit us from behind. Thank God it was only rock salt. Man, that stuff stings!

That was not necessary and we were mad about it. We went back to the car, which we found by back-tracking our own footprints, and went after some equalizers. We rounded up some BB guns and ammunition and headed back to even the score with him for blasting us while running away. One slight problem: we didn't recognize the starting point to get to the Kamp.

Then we caught a break. Where there is a helicopter circling, there are naked women below. The lo-

(Continued on page 18)

(Kamp Sunshine continued from page 17)

cal "Eye-in-the-Sky" traffic helicopter was locked right on to the volleyball game in progress and turning in tight circles.

We took our positions once more, up in the trees this time, loaded and ready... and waited for our chance, which came before too long. He was still packing the shotgun. We yelled at him and as he raised the shotgun to shoot us again. We let him have it from all sides! We were only shooting BBs and without much power behind them. And, no head shots were allowed.

He retreated and we figured that we had done enough damage to get the cops called on us, so we very reluctantly left "paradise" and went back to the world of "clothing NOT optional" and other bitter realities of life. We didn't return again. We figured that he probably changed his ammunition to something more lethal and would be waiting for the chance to get even with us.

But, when I saw certain women after that, I did remember what I had seen and it always brought a smile to my face. ■

Artemis Ephesus
photo by Maurice Pollack



Mystery Unraveled: Perhaps you remember this photograph (left) that we published in the April 2010 *Neva-Mind*. Many of us have wondered, why eggs? And, why plastic? Our thanks go to local Mensan Anne Stewart for researching this unusual art piece. Aha!

←

"*Artemis Ephesus – Allegory of the Easter Eggs*" by Matthew DeHaven was made for an art competition using products solely from "99¢ Only Stores."



→

His inspiration: *Artemis of Ephesus*. 1st century CE Roman copy of the cult statue of the Temple of Ephesus. Statue in the Museum of Efes (Turkey). Photo source: http://www.flickr.com/photos/22174859@N00/382153782/

My God! How little do my countrymen know what precious blessings they are in possession of, and which no other people on earth enjoy!

Thomas Jefferson (April 13, 1743 – July 4, 1826)



Mensa for Kids!

(and kids at heart)

by Maurice Pollack and Anna Wright

End



Geronimo Jones went to England, many years ago. It was raining off and on in York, so he bought an umbrella at "Woolies" (Woolworth's) for 1 pound, 11 shillings and 11 pence. At that time there were 20 shillings to a pound, and 12 pence to a shilling. If the pound was worth $3 in American currency, how much did the umbrella cost in American money?



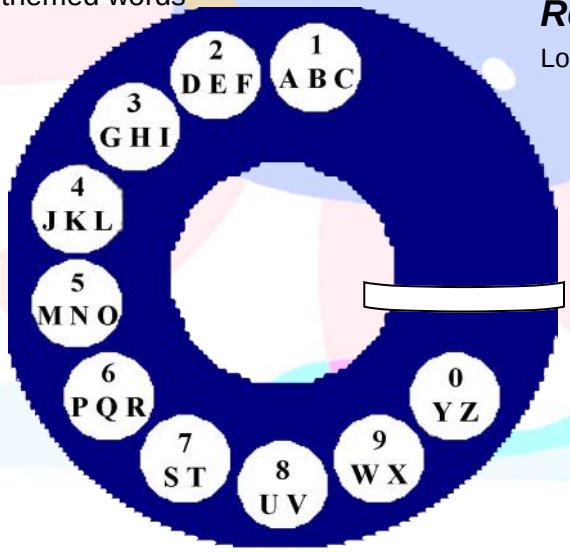
Help **Paul Revere** find his way to the end of the maze.



Start

The diagram below represents an old-fashioned rotary dial **telephone**. The dial has both letters and numbers in each finger hole. Can you decode the following holiday themed words using the numbers?

1. 8. 7. 1.
2. 2413
3. 517355
4. 124216172
5. 258673 52 4840
6. 642232
7. 6176357375
8. 15455327



Have you read the poem, ***The Midnight Ride of Paul Revere*** by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow?

WHAT AND WHERE:

Look at the clip art on the pages of this issue. Each one depicts an important landmark in America. Can you identify them all?

(LocSec continued from page 5)

We finished, said our good nights and went on our respective ways. On the way home, I exclaimed to Diane that, oddly, I felt that I was getting "drunker." After all, I had had some beer from a large pitcher earlier.

We arrived at my apartment, which was located on a rather steep street location. Parking my car on the apartment's steep street seemed to be occurring on a near vertical plain. I got out of the car and had to make my way very slowly to my apartment front door seeing inexplicably what I later found could have been described as Peano curves. A colored line would connect to a colored line. The connections multiplied and began to develop their own designs. They grew like exotic paisley rainbows. Rather than go away, they kept growing and began to spin like pinwheels, like dozens, hundreds of vision distortions that come from some migraines. I crawled across the floor to my bed, laid myself down, looked at the ceiling and saw what was referred to at the time as a full blown presentation of moving Peter Max.

Both of Diane's parents had had nervous breakdowns when she was younger. One out of a group of college girls with whom she roomed while going to college had developed a nervous breakdown. When I had first met Diane, she was living with a family whose teenage daughter suddenly developed serious schizophrenia. I mention this because, though I both concluded that someone must slipped a dose of LSD into my coffee earlier that evening and that Diane was pretty certain that she had jinxed me into losing my mind, I wasn't sure how to handle the situation. While lying there, looking at the color show and thinking it was interesting that this must be how the "machinery" of the mind works, the thought also occurred to me that I had no idea how much had gotten into me. Was I going to be pushed over the edge of reality, never to return? All I could do was look at Diane and calmly, but repeatedly say, "I don't know. I don't know."

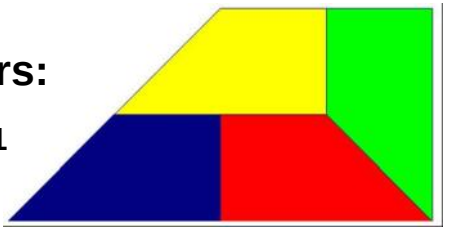
There is much more that could be related about this, but suffice it to say, it ended with a call to Kaiser Hospital's emergency room for advice. I had a left over prescription of valium from an earlier injury that I never finished. I ran down my assessment of the situation and asked the on-duty doctor whether adding valium to LSD would help or worsen things. He suggested I try the valium. And, the nightmare ended in peaceful sleep.

So, is there a lesson or moral to this? Things happen and you don't have to put yourself intentionally in harm's way for them occur: young ladies' glasses of water being surreptitiously spiked when their head is turned, an elderly person being rear-ended while waiting for a traffic signal to change, sometimes merely being at the wrong place at the wrong time. That which I just recounted could be considered a rape of the mind and…

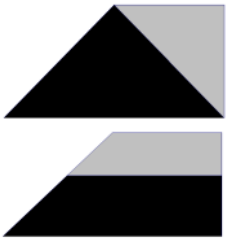
Actually, all of this negative stuff notwithstanding, I have to say that life has been very good to me and I have been consistently lucky. As for drugs, my recent back surgery wouldn't have been the relative picnic that it has been were it not for modern day's excellent products. Life is good. ■

June Puzzle Page Answers:

Solution, Problem 1



Solution, Problem 2



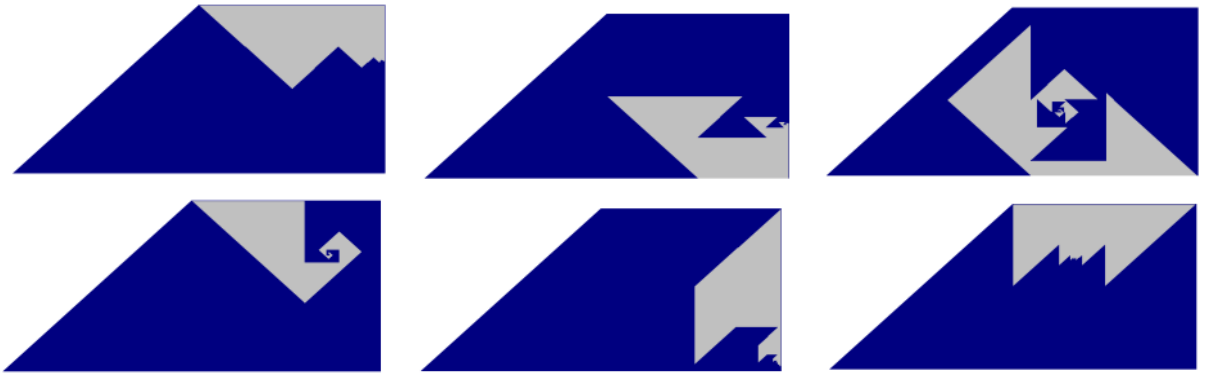
Most people can find the right triangle solution. Those who remember their high school geometry and are persistent will find the solution with the two trapezoids. (The horizontal line is exactly $\sqrt{2}-1 \approx 41.42\%$ of the way down from the top.)

However, there are an infinite number of fractal solutions! We recursively generate these the same way we did the Sierpiński Triangle and the Koch Snowflake. Start with our original trapezoid. Now take a shrunken version of this shape and put it inside the original, touching an edge, and in a different orientation than the original. On each step, add another even smaller trapezoid inside the previous one, in the same relative position. Alternate coloring these new trapezoids dark then light, and you've created a fractal solution. The first several steps of one solution are illustrated here;



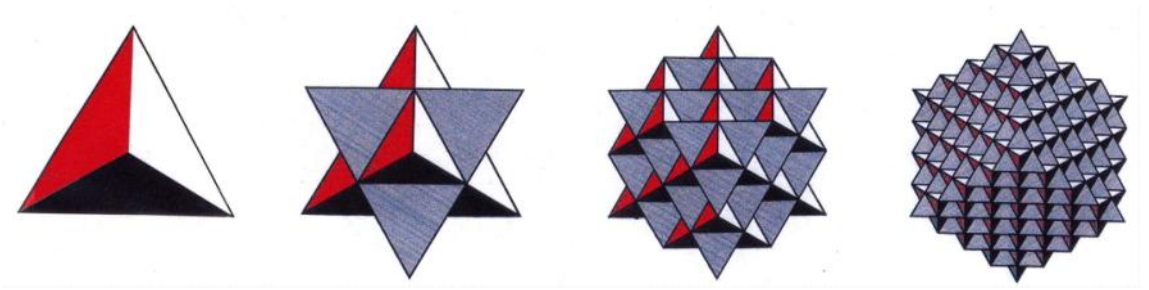
Finally it produces this fractal:

Below are some of those fractal solutions:



Solution Problem 3:

Believe it or not, after an infinite number of steps, the final shape you get is a simple cube! The first four steps of the process are shown below, and you can already see the cube starting to take shape…



What's in a Name? (answers)

M	I	L	**K**	■	**D**	A	R	T	**S**	■	A	**R**	A	B	I	C	■	**S**	**S**	**W**
O	B	I	**E**	■	**O**	M	A	H	**A**	■	**H**	**E**	**L**	**E**	**N**	**A**	■	A	L	A
O	M	E	**N**	■	**V**	E	N	A	**L**	■	**A**	**V**	**A**	**T**	**A**	**R**	■	R	U	G
■	■	■	**T**	W	**E**	N	T	I	**E**	S	■	■	S	A	P	P	**H**	I	R	E
V	A	L	**U**	E	**R**	■	■	■	**M**	I	C	**A**	■	■	T	E	**A**	■	■	■
E	V	I	**C**	T	■	E	K	E	■	P	A	**T**	**H**	S	■	T	**R**	E	A	D
L	I	N	**K**	■	**M**	A	N	T	A	■	B	**L**	**A**	H	S	■	**T**	Y	P	O
L	A	D	**Y**	■	**A**	R	O	U	S	E	■	**A**	**W**	O	L	■	**F**	I	A	T
U	T	E	■	P	**I**	E	T	I	S	M	■	**N**	**A**	R	Y	■	**O**	N	C	E
M	E	N	■	E	**N**	D	■	■	**A**	**U**	**S**	**T**	**I**	**N**	■	U	**R**	G	E	D
■	■	■	**R**	O	**E**	■	A	**L**	I	■	T	**A**	**I**	■	L	S	**D**	■	■	■
G	A	M	**I**	N	■	F	E	**A**	L	T	Y	■	■	B	U	D	■	A	S	P
O	P	E	**C**	■	D	A	R	**N**	■	**A**	**L**	**A**	**B**	**A**	**M**	**A**	■	L	O	O
O	A	T	**H**	■	E	R	A	**S**	■	D	E	C	A	M	P	■	**I**	L	L	S
F	R	O	**M**	■	L	E	T	**I**	N	■	D	E	R	B	Y	■	**L**	O	U	T
S	T	O	**O**	**P**	■	D	E	**N**	I	M	■	S	K	I	■	F	**L**	U	T	E
■	■	■	**N**	**I**	P	■	■	**G**	L	I	**B**	■	■	■	W	A	**I**	T	E	R
H	I	N	**D**	**E**	R	E	D	■	■	L	**O**	C	**U**	T	I	O	**N**	■	■	■
U	N	O	■	**R**	E	V	I	L	**E**	■	**I**	O	**T**	A	S	■	**O**	**H**	**I**	**O**
B	T	U	■	**R**	E	E	V	E	**S**	■	**S**	L	**A**	K	E	■	**I**	**O**	**W**	**A**
S	O	N	■	**E**	N	R	A	G	**E**	■	**E**	T	**H**	E	R	■	**S**	P	O	T

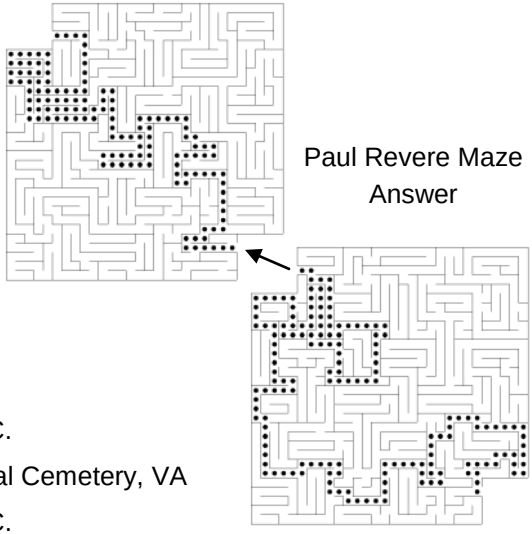
Page:	What and Where Answers	
Front Cover	Liberty Bell	Philadelphia, PA
2	National Archives	Washington, D.C.
3	Marine Corps War Memorial	Arlington National Cemetery, VA
4	Washington Monument	Washington, D.C.
5	Independence Hall	Philadelphia, PA
6	Mount Vernon	Virginia
8	Capitol Building	Washington, D.C.
9	Lincoln Memorial	Washington, D.C.
10 left	Supreme Court	Washington, D.C.
10 right	Jefferson Memorial	Washington, D.C.
12	The White House	Washington, D.C.
15	Vietnam Veterans' Memorial	Washington, D.C.
18	Mount Rushmore	Black Hills, S.D.
Back Cover	Statue of Liberty	New York City, NY

Mensa For Kids!

Geronimo Jones:
1 pound is $3.00
1 shilling is $3.00/20 = $0.15
1 pence is ($0.15)/12 = $0.0125

So, 11 shillings is (11)($0.15) = $1.65
And, 11 pence is (11)($0.0125) = $0.1375

$3.00 + $1.65 + $0.14 = $4.79



Paul Revere Maze Answer

Answers to Telephone Puzzle

1. U. S. A..
2. FLAG
3. NATION
4. CELEBRATE
5. FOURTH OF JULY
6. PLEDGE
7. PATRIOTISM
8. COLONIES



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Mensa-Speak

AG	Annual Gathering (Conference)
AMC	American Mensa Committee (National Elected or Appointed Officers)
AML	American Mensa Ltd. (National Office Employees)
ExComm	Executive Committee (Local Elected Officers)
LDW	Leadership Development Workshop
LocSec	Local Secretary (Local President)
M/Ms	Mensans
MERF	Mensa Education & Research Foundation
MIL	Mensa International Ltd.
NNM	Northern Nevada Mensa
PRP	Publication Recognition Program
RG	Regional Gathering (Conference)
RVC	Regional Vice-Chair
SIG	Special Interest Group
SIGHT	Service of Information, Guidance and Hospitality to Travelers
WG	World Gathering (Conference)

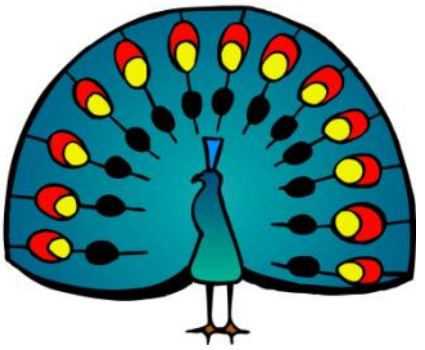
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