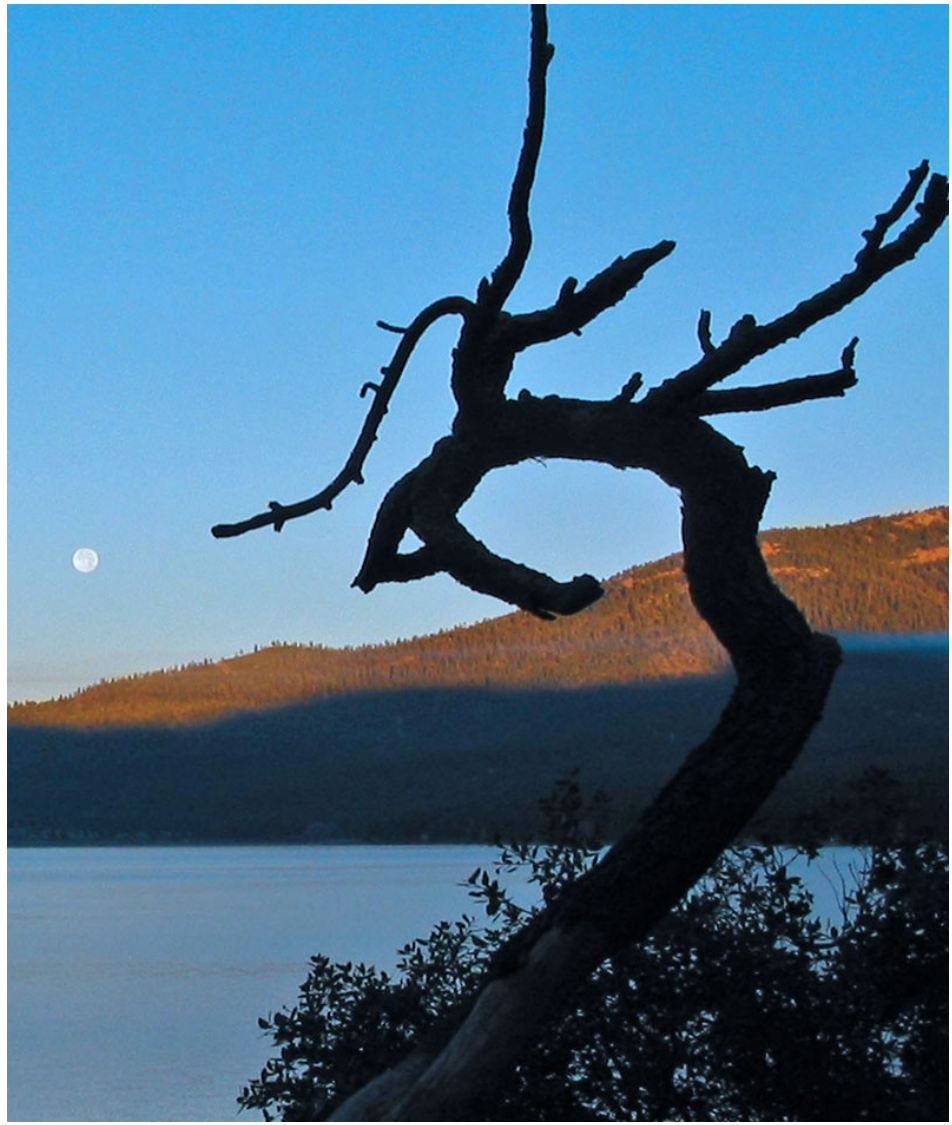
Neo-Mind

Northern Nevada Mensa
Volume 33, Issue 1 — January 2009



Tahoe Kokopelli



"The best and most beautiful things in life cannot be seen, not touched, but are felt in the heart."

-- Helen Keller 1880-1968

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Neva-Mind

Northern Nevada Mensa
Volume 33, Issue 1 — January 2009

"Tahoe Kokopelli," our cover shot, was taken at dawn by NNM member Sandra Beckerman whose lovely home overlooking Lake Tahoe would easily inspire any photographer.





If you've never seen our *Neva-Mind* in color (the e-version), you are really missing a treat. E-mail me at editor@northernnevada.us.mensa.org and I'll reply with a copy.

The beautiful quote on our cover by Helen Keller, is part of the email signature line of one our ExComm officers, Carole Preisach. It is, I think, a splendid thought for starting the new year. Thanks, Carole.

Have you something to contribute? We are always looking for original prose, poetry, art, and photography to publish. Do you sketch comics or create haiku? Let me know your favorite quote. Send it in! (Deadline is the 10th of each month.)

- - Anna ■



Irish toast

In the New Year, may your right hand always be stretched out in friendship, never in want.

January 2009

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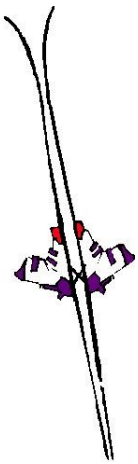
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Without these people, how would we keep Northern Nevada Mensa running?

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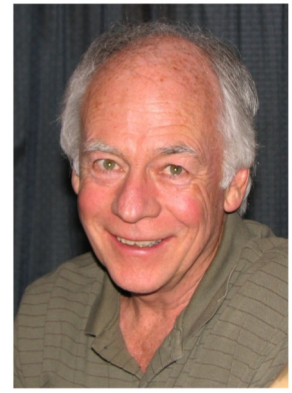
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From the Loc-Sec

by Bob McAllister



0.618 - the Golden Ratio.

The mathematical approach of 0.618, posited by Da Vinci, demonstrates a set of proportions which we humans regard as intrinsically ideal. An ideal face. An ideal body. An ideal edifice.
Can our assessments of beauty be reduced to mathematical formulae?

Some years ago an author, Douglas Hofstadter, wrote a book *Gödel, Escher, Bach: an Eternal, Golden Braid*.

He described and explained some truths about life in an appreciably humorous manner.

Using the mathematician Gödel, he described some truths that ostensibly aren't provable. He used examples of the artist Escher to show that reality can be bent and still seem real. He used Bach's music to show that there is a pattern to be experienced in our appreciation of music.

He used these patterns to show that seemingly disparate walks of life are related in appreciative patterns.

A Bach fugue wends its way up to a bridge and back down the same path, such that the piece conceivably could be played backwards and we would be as appreciative.

The helices of our DNA are of a discerning pattern.

Hofstadter even included a short work (*The Crab Cannon*) that was a short palindromic story. Can you believe it?! A short story that made sense forwards or backwards. Like a Bach fugue. Like our DNA.

So, where I'm going with all of this is that it seems that there may be aspects of music that fall into the notion that there is predictability in our appreciation of the beauty that is inherent in music. Our minds are in accord with that which fits "nature's patterns." Granted there is a lot of music out there that justifiably could be labeled as trite. The dissonance of Schoenberg's "classical" music is something that doesn't "click" with me. I'm not particularly a fan of Rap. At best it may be regarded as syncopated street poetry. And still, there is something about music. Our current youth are walking around with i-pods damaging their hearing and, given some of the music of choice, may also be damaging their psyches.

On the other hand, though, I recall a presentation that was given at our recent RG that dealt with bio-feedback.

The presentation convincingly asserted that the physicality of the brain is malleable and through this kind of manipulation we can come more into harmony with how we deal with and appreciate life.

I wonder, then, is music something that sculpts our minds, that may have therapeutic value as yet unappreciated? Something that is consistent with the concept of 0.618? ■

In Memoriam: Dr. Richard L. Acton, Jr.



Richard L. Acton, LCDR, USN RET passed away in his home in Reno on November 11, 2008. He spent more than twenty years in the navy, attaining the rank of Lt. Commander, retiring with honor and decoration in 1985. He was a also member of American Mensa. He was interred with full military honors at the VA Cemetery in Fernley, NV, on November 21, 2008.

Snapshots

December 13, 2008



Have you ever thought about starting a new business the 21st Century way? From a closet studio podcast to a multi-book publishing contract, the Grammar Girl, guest speaker Mignon Fogerty (above), inspired us all with her experiences and the expertise which has made her business an enormous success.

Notes from the ExComm Meeting

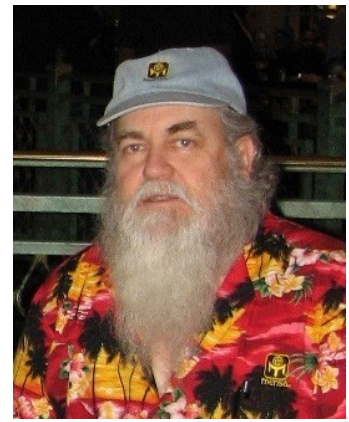
December 13, 2008

- The ExComm discussed 2 items related to next year's RG plans:
  1. The Silver Legacy contract negotiated by the RG Chair Ken Wright and
  2. Follow through of the RG purchasing simplification strategy suggested at an earlier meeting by Treasurer Carole Preisach.
- An online course for Mensa Ombudsman training is now available. It was recommended that an ExComm member take the training course and Bob McAllister volunteered.

Our hosts, Don and Laura McGregor, hosted a delicious December pot-luck dinner with all the trimmings!



Dexter



by Ken Wright

Friend and classmate at the Federal Aviation Administration Academy in Oklahoma City, Dexter was a transfer in from the Veterans Administration (Now called Veterans Affairs.) He had years of experience at being a government civilian employee, while the majority of us were military retreads. This wasn't exactly in Dexter's favor as it gave him a false sense of security and the "certain" knowledge that he knew how the government worked. What he forgot was that it wasn't Kansas anymore and the Wizard of this Oz was definitely looking to send him home early.

Dexter lived next door to me in the apartment complex, sharing a two bedroom unit with Jim, a former Air Force lieutenant who had washed out of pilot training and spent some time as the officer in charge of an air traffic control unit. So here we had the "playboy" and the "oh boy" in a per diem rich environment. Both quickly found alcohol to be their life blood and partied mightily, Jim at home in the apartment most times and Dexter wherever a party was happening.

One evening I heard a pounding on my door about 1 a.m. and Jim was there hanging onto the door frame saying that we had to go rescue Dexter. Eventually I got out of him that Dexter was at the police station and had been held there with no clothes. Jim was in a panic that *"Bubba"* was chasing Dexter around the drunk tank and wanted to make him his bride.

I had Jim get out his checkbook to pay bail and poured my soused buddy into my car and away we went. On the way I got more of the story out of Jim, and the rest from Dexter the next morning.

It seems that Dexter had been at a party being hosted by one of our academy instructors and it got wild. Alcohol flowed freely and clothes hit the floor until the swimming pool was filled with naked people splashing around. According to the story, Dexter had paired up with the wife of the host and was engaged in, shall we say, close communication with her while standing in the pool. Somebody noticed what the two were doing and told the host, who for some reason, was upset. Another interested party gave Dexter the keys to his car and told him to “haul ass or die,” as the host was in his bedroom retrieving his pistol.



So there we had Dexter, completely devoid of clothing, drunker than anyone still conscious had the right to be, driving a 1976 Pontiac Grand Prix, like the tank that it was, through a soggy, but no longer raining, Oklahoma City downtown.

(Continued on page 14)

PUZZLE PAGE

by Joe Kisenwether

Hidato

Each Hidato puzzle starts with a partially filled grid of numbers. The object is to number every square in the grid so that consecutive numbers squares are adjacent horizontally, vertically, or diagonally. When complete, the numbers will lay out a path that a chess king could take in order to visit every square on the board once. Each puzzle has only one answer.

			15	25	24		
	12			17		19	
	8		46				
	50		45	43	42	29	
	6	51			33		30
			54				
	2	61					35
1	***64***		62		56	38	37

Novice

13		***64***			52		
			61	60			
	10	15					50
7		4	38			57	
		35			18		
	32		36		23		42
	1		21			43	
						45	

Intermediate

It is possible to create Hidato using a surprisingly small number of clues. For example, it is possible to add just one more clue to the 4x4 Hidato on the right to wind up with a puzzle that has only one solution. Which number do you need to put in which square?

1			
		16	

Send answers and feedback to NNMpuzzles@live.com and for more Hidato puzzles, check out http://www.hidato.com/

Answers to last month's puzzle: Odd Man Out

Only one set of answers was submitted this month: Jenny Beatty got all 25 problems right!

Errata: In problem three last month, PHOENIX was spelled incorrectly. Also In problem six, RIDE should have been PRIDE.

1. BRONZE is not an element
2. BUY is not a word that sounds like a letter
3. SEATTLE is not a state capital
4. ATOM represents a very small thing
5. BUTTON is not a brand name
6. SHELL is not a collective noun
7. COW is the only one that doesn't rhyme
8. PROGRAM has no double letters
9. TOOTHBRUSH doesn't represent a living thing
10. SYRACUSE is not the name of a U.S. president
11. STAPLER doesn't come in pairs
12. FORMULA is not a word derived from mashing together two other words (a portmanteux)
13. FAN is not a mass noun
14. WRIST is not a type of bean
15. KENNEDY was not a Republican
16. BOURBON doesn't repeat a letter of letters twice
17. TRAP only has one pronunciation
18. DICTION is not the name of a movie
19. HEALTHY is not one of the Seven Dwarves
20. POKER does not begin with a silent letter
21. ARMOIRE is not a drink
22. PHOTOGRAPH is not named for a person
23. PIXEL is not a poker term
24. INCOMPLETE is another meaningful word when you remove the negative prefix
25. LOLLIPOP is not written on a keyboard using only the left hand

But Baby, It's Cold Outside!

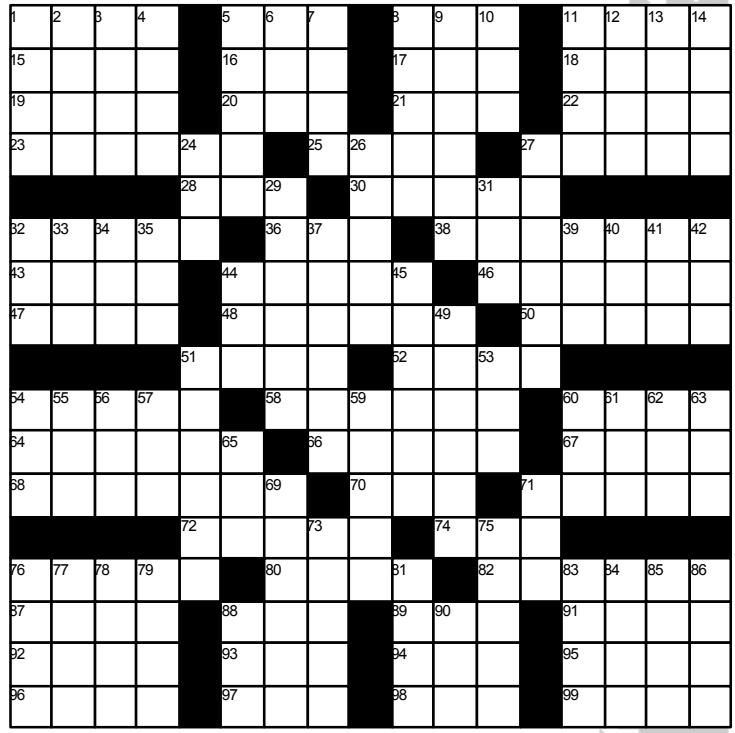
by Anna M. Wright

ACROSS

1 Pleads
5 **Winter mo.**
8 Cooking measurement
11 Meat and potatoes dish
15 Halo
16 Downwind
17 Brew
18 Margarine
19 Jam
20 Wing
21 Soft baby food
22 **Biathlon necessity**
23 **Alaskan island**
25 Revile
27 Tress
28 **Color of winter golf ball**
30 Ad
32 **Small loose rocks**
36 **Ski course**
38 **Glacial rock formation**
43 Dirt
44 __ up (hiding)
46 National capital
47 Weft
48 Unexpressed
50 **Indoor rink**
51 Root vegetable
52 Grind
54 Got up
58 Borrower
60 Baseball team
64 **Alaskan waterway**
66 House parts
67 **Skier's obstruction**
68 Below genus
70 Compass point
71 **Men's downhill, for example**
72 Vex (2 wds.)
74 **Ice barrier**
76 **Metal spike for climbers**
80 **Thin layer of ice and snow over rock**
82 **Siberia locale**
87 Computer picture button
88 Small amount
89 Yes
91 Royalty
92 Pare
93 Compass point
94 Rested
95 On top
96 Swirl
97 Time zone
98 Stretch to make do
99 Optical device

DOWN

1 Endorse
2 **Spend it in Norway**
3 High School senior
4 **Lapland denizen**
5 **Snow particle**
6 Moray
7 **Ursus maritimus**
8 S.E. Asian mammal
9 **Skier's challenge**
10 High-school club
11 **Frost**
12 __ mater
13 Very large truck
14 **Winter headgear**
24 Is
26 Sleep disorder
27 **Sub-arctic forest**
29 Hummed
31 Rabble
32 Compass point
33 Bird call
34 River (Spanish)
35 **Santa's helper**
37 Northern Ireland
39 Sky
40 Anger
41 Abbess
42 Terminal abbr.
44 Color
45 Punctuation marks
49 Cursed
51 Mild
53 Tax agency
54 Muscles (abbr.)
55 Representative
56 Lode yield
57 Attack
59 Chest
60 TV music channel
61 Bard's before
62 **Perfect score**
63 Position
65 **Sleigh driver's command**
69 Piece of hair
71 Flightless bird
73 **Himalayan locale**
75 **Narrow glacial rock formation**
76 **Snow boarding trench**
77 **Chilled**
78 Has metatarsals
79 Simply
81 Comfort
83 **Phoca groenlandica**
84 Fill
85 Ferrum
86 **Swiss playgrounds**
88 **Winter mo.**
90 **South central Asian cattle**



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Program Listing:

by Richard Arbib



January Monthly Meeting
Saturday, January 10

Time: Arrive after 6 p.m. Presentation at 7 p.m.
Potluck dinner, so bring a dish to share.

Speaker: Pamela Hormiotis
Topic: Pamela Hormiotis is with Lake Tahoe Wolf Rescue and will talk about the organization.



Hosts: Bob and Mary McAllister
Location: 350 Old Washoe Circle, Washoe Valley
Phone: (775) 849-2269

Directions: From Reno, travel south on Highway 395. After the intersection of Highways 395 & 431 (Mt. Rose Hwy.) the distance will be another 7.1 miles.

When the cement highway divide ends/disappears, make an immediate left turn into Old Washoe Estates. Unfortunately, this will be directly across the northbound Hwy. 395 traffic. Please be careful.

If you are coming from the south on Hwy. 395 through Washoe Valley, the right turn into Old Washoe Estates will be approximately 100 yards north of the Texaco Station.

At the gate, key in #9467. (The # sign is necessary as well as the numbers.) The neighborhood consists of a traffic circle with four tributary spokes. The traffic circle is called Old Washoe Circle. 350 Old Washoe Circle is at the juncture with Wild Life Way. Look for a grey two story house with white trim and lots of parking space. ■

It's time to renew your Mensa membership.



Renew online at www.us.mensa.org/renew
or call 888/294-8035 ext 199

January 2009

Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
Birthstone: Garnet Flower: Carnation, Snowdrop Astrological Signs: Capricorn: December 22 - January 19, Aquarius: January 20 - February 18				1 New Year's Day	2	3
4	5	6	7	8	9	10 Mensa Meeting
11	12	13	14	15	16	17 Game Night
18	19 Martin Luther King Day	20 Inaugura-tion Day	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28 Lunch Bunch	29	30	31



Fourth Wednesday Lunch

The lunch bunch visits Bertha Miranda's Mexican restaurant on Wednesday, January 28. Meet at 11:45 a.m. at the restaurant, which was voted Reno's third best Mexican restaurant in the Gazette-Journal 's 2008 poll. Address: 336 Mill Street in Reno. For information, call Loren at 746-2938.

Game Night at Joe's Place

Saturday January 17, 2pm 'til everyone has to leave
1047 Table Mountain Court, Sparks, NV
Contact: 775-338-6521 or
joe_kisenwether@hotmail.com

Preserving History



by Sandra Beckerman

My mother did not teach me how to can food. Although she grew up in a rural area, she left at sixteen, pregnant with me. Glad to leave the demands of country life, she never looked back, even in nostalgia. Like many '50s moms, she fed a family of six with roasts or broiled meat and vegetables from metal cans.

Younger and prettier than the other moms, she smoked, drank, and flirted. She fixed her blonde hair every day and never failed to wear make-up. Who could compete with that? Not her awkward, pigtailed daughter. I never smoked, didn't understand dating, and still wear no makeup. I rebelled, if you could call it that, by achieving mastery of cooking and crafts at an early age. In high school, I took the offered two years each of cooking and sewing and another two years of special projects with the home economics teacher. When my mother left us, I cooked for my dad and three younger sisters.

After my own divorce, my teen-aged daughter Monica and I moved to an old farmhouse hidden in the middle of Houston. Besides the working well and ordinary fruit trees, the single acre boasted a mature asparagus patch, two huge pomegranate trees, lots of loquats, an overgrown blackberry patch, and mustang grapevines around the one-acre perimeter. I was fascinated with the possibilities of our unexpected bounty. Monica just rolled her eyes in that same way she did when I volunteered to chaperone at the prom. I waited until she was away at camp to have my only girlfriend with canning experience over for a weeklong marathon of hands-on experience in 'putting up' food.

A year later Monica left for college with no cooking skills whatsoever. Even grilled cheese sandwiches were a mystery. Hey! Maybe my daughter avoided the kitchen because she didn't want to compete with me. Imagine that.



It was ten years before the subject of home food processing came up again. My daughter and her father loved the case of homemade garlic-jalapeno pickles they got each Christmas from his new wife's sister in Louisiana. They celebrated their annual arrival by greedily wolfing down a whole jar. They then hoarded the rest, carefully rationing them to last the year. Returning the empty jars insured recipient's good standing on next year's pickle list. Then, one year Aunt Martha sent a note with the pickles saying that they could keep the jars this time—this was the last batch, she was retiring from the annual pickle business.

Envisioning a life without these spicy pickles, Monica called me and asked if we could make them if she got the recipe. She had to be desperate. She hated to cook. But even more than that—we were in the middle of planning her wedding and were fighting about everything.

I read all I could find, but only my older cookbooks had chapters on pickling and canning. They all listed the various ways your finished product could poison people. Whereas, using regular vinegar instead of the more acidic pickling vinegar would simply turn the vegetables black.

Monica was both concerned and repelled by the whole process. She didn't LIKE cucumbers and just didn't understand how they magically turned into pickles.

Although I did the research, the pickles were a joint project. We spent most of a Sunday in the suburbs hunting for Mason Jars at discount stores and wandering the Houston Farmers' Market loading up on fresh dill, garlic, jalapenos, and cucumbers. Five hundred cucumbers and twelve dozen assorted jars filled the back of my SUV.



She showed up early the next day and we quickly developed an assembly line, wordlessly changing jobs when things were moving fast; settling in and chatting while we laboriously peeled the garlic. We scrubbed the *cukes*. We sliced the *cukes*. We stuffed the *cukes* in sterilized jars. We even burped them. We used a turkey roaster and punch bowl to hold the large batches of thick cucumber slices. Nothing else was near big enough. The water with vinegar and cups of salt we boiled for brine left a crust on everything it touched. And it seemed to touch everything. We arranged all the ingredients in the jars so that the dill and the jalapeno halves artistically pressed against the outside of the glass jars.

Monica and I may not have spent much time in the kitchen together, but this time we were on equal footing. Both beginners, both workers. She was not the bride-to-be getting her every whim catered to. I was not the mother, automatically in charge and delegating duties.

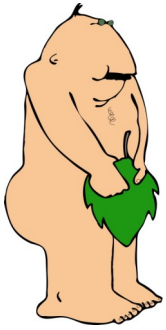
It was a perfect wedding. Everyone said so. We spent weeks finding the perfect gown. I booked the Junior League. Her kindergarten class rewarded us with the sound of childish giggles in the church as "their" Miss Phillips and that long train swept past them. The groom got his chocolate cake and nine groomsmen from five different states. The grandparents, all five *corsaged* sets of them, got framed photographs for their mantels.

As the perfect photo album gathers dust on a remote shelf, I've had to learn that I can give a wedding, but the marriage is not mine to give.



Monica and I both still proudly give out beribboned jars of spicy homemade pickles at Christmastime. I hope my granddaughter Maggie, just now crawling, will join us in a few years in this tradition we assumed from my ex-husband's new family. Every tradition has to start somewhere. ■

(***Dexter*** *continued from page 7)*



Then Dexter misjudged a turn and whacked the curbing on the right side with both front and rear wheels, causing both wheels to shatter. I don't know what kind of cheap, but flashy wheels he had put on that car, but they sure couldn't take a hit. So now the car was completely disabled, just through the intersection, and blocking a busy thoroughfare. Being the responsible naked drunk that he was, Dexter then got out of his car and proceeded to direct traffic. What a sight to behold in the headlights of your car as you approach the intersection: pale white skin waving at you from multiple altitudes. Needless to say, it didn't take long for the Oklahoma City Police Department to arrive.

Those boys can go from nice to redneck faster than any PD I have ever known. They asked Dexter what he was doing and he said, “Directing traffic, can't you see?”

Thereupon commenced the beatings. Based on the bruises that I personally saw and Jim photographed, the story that Dexter told was supported completely by the physical evidence. They grabbed his arm and told him to get out of the street, and he resisted, saying no, he had to make sure everyone got safely around his car, because his car was broken and somebody might get hurt.

They threw him down on the pavement and beat him across the kidneys and the backs of his knees for a while and then hauled him back to his feet and asked him who he was. Dexter was so pickled, and traumatized by what was happening that he couldn't remember who he was. A search of his car revealed no clothing, but running the tag did provide the owner’s name, a resident of Illinois. They asked him if he had stolen the car and he didn't know. So they threw him down and beat on his feet and ankles to "sober him up.”

Fortunately for Dexter, the duty sergeant, showed up and told the officers to haul Dexter to the jail, get the vehicle towed, and clean up the *damned intersection* for traffic again.

Now entered Jim and I on our way to the jail to try and get Dexter out. I found a convenient parking spot right out front of the PD. (Go figure — 2 a.m. and I got a prime spot.) So we got out of the car and I locked the door; there are lots of criminals around police stations, you know. I was all the way to the front door and about to buzz for entry, when I looked back. Jim had whipped out his de-watering equipment and was peeing in the middle of the front lawn of the Oklahoma Police Department.

My life was passing right before my eyes and the chapter with all of us in the drunk tank was not pleasant. I ran back there and made him zip it up and hurried to the door, just hoping that the whole episode hadn't been captured on video. The guy inside never said a word about it so we skated by.

I had Jim bring sweats for Dexter to put on and the desk sergeant agreed to take them back

(***Dexter*** *continued from page 14)*



to him. It seems that he was still wearing the paper disposable nightgown that the police officer gave him at the wreck site. Dexter told us that a very large black man with a bald head and gold earrings had chased him around the cell until he was sober. The guy got tired and sat down in a corner for a rest and fell asleep. Dexter was praying that somebody would rescue him before *Bubba* woke up all refreshed and ready.

We called a bail bond place because the original charges would have been out of our reach: D.U.I., resisting arrest, failure to maintain a travel lane resulting in an accident, leaving the scene of an accident, public lewdness, and a half dozen more.

Finally the desk sergeant came back from talking with Dexter and giving him the sweats, and the attitude changed dramatically. When I asked if some of the charges weren't a bit of an exaggeration, the sergeant got kind of pale. He was reading the booking sheet and having just seen Dexter, he was *waaay* ahead of me. He had visions of police brutality lawsuits dancing in his head. Not only were the charges trumped up, but the physical evidence of the beatings that Dexter were given had been noted by the jailer doing the booking. The huge admirer in the drunk tank was a known homosexual rapist who had only been out of prison a week and was being held for return due to immediate parole violation. The arresting officer had specified that Dexter be put in that cell, "To teach him some manners."

If a bail bondsman had received a copy of that booking sheet, the chances that he and Dexter would be owning the property which the jail sat upon were very high.

The desk sergeant leaned over the desk and said, "I tell *ya'* what; since you guys are from the academy and all, I am *gonna'* cut you some slack. I'll drop the charges down to public indecency and you guys pay his $110 appearance bond and get him out of here. He don't even have to come back; the $110 will cover the fine."

We forked over the money, grabbed up Dexter as soon as he popped through the door and hauled ass out of there. It was now 5 a.m., our classes started at 6 a.m. and we had to hurry. I drove us to the apartments and said I'd be ready to go in a few minutes; I wanted a shower before school. Those two clowns got into Jim's car and took off to breakfast, still hung over and smelly.

I got to school on time; Dexter and Jim were late as usual. Dexter *BS'd* their way out of trouble. Neither one of them graduated with us, and the world was much safer because of that. Dexter went back to the VA and the government lifestyle that he had known before. I don't remember what became of Lonesome Jim. ■



Northwest Passages

by John Recht, Regional Vice-Chair



As the year comes to a close, this is a good opportunity for me to acknowledge all of the hard work of our Mensa volunteers in Region 8. I wish I could personally thank them all, but I have only enough space to thank by name the leaders of each of our Local Groups and my Assistant RVC. They are ably supported by literally hundreds of others, and I would like us all to remember to thank each Mensa volunteer, every chance we get. Volunteers do what they do for the love of it, certainly not for wealth or glory, and Mensa truly couldn't get along without them.



To each of you, my most heartfelt thanks:

Debra Reiger, Assistant RVC, Sacramento Regional Mensa
Denise Yancey, President, Mensa Alaska
Edward Ledger, LocSec, Mensa of Western Washington
Harold Ward, President, Southern Idaho Mensa
Lori Drake, LocSec, San Francisco Regional Mensa
Mark Mitchell, LocSec, Columbia River Mensa
Mildred Treherne, LocSec, EasternWashington/Northern Idaho Mensa
Robert McAllister, LocSec, Northern Nevada Mensa
Rosmaire Duffy, LocSec, Sacramento Regional Mensa
Ruth Parvin, LocSec, Oregon Mensa
Steve Bean, LocSec, Monterey County Mensa
Walt Bodley, LocSec, Redwood Empire Mensa

and likewise, I send my deepest thanks to Alan Winson, who just finished his term as LocSec of San Francisco Regional Mensa. My hat is off to you all!

Another item of note: please keep in mind that the postmark deadline for the 2008/2009 Mensa Foundation Scholarship Essay Contest is almost upon us. Entries are due by Jan. 15, 2009, and forms and information are available online at www.mensafoundation.org. There are actually two simultaneous contests, with an entry form for the general public and a separate entry form to compete for special Mensa member awards. If you have questions, please contact Diana Maul, Region 8 Scholarship Coordinator, at dlmaul@aol.com.



Finally, I invite interested members to take part in a Leadership Development Workshop (LDW) scheduled for Mar. 13-15, 2009, in Portland, OR. For information, check the Gatherings section of the Mensa Bulletin, or send me an email at rvc8@us.mensa.org. Hope to see you there! ■

Happy Birthday

January

1	Dan Anderson	Carson City
2	Andrew Simbek	Reno
6	Pauline Bradley	Reno
8	Albert Morch	South Lake Tahoe
10	Joseph Kisenwether	Sparks
16	David Osborne	Carson City
16	Eucke Warren	Sparks
17	Darlene Underdahl	Virginia City Highlands
18	Timothy Sullivan	Reno
19	James North	Reno
25	Joseph Stuart	Reno
31	Joel Croteau	Reno

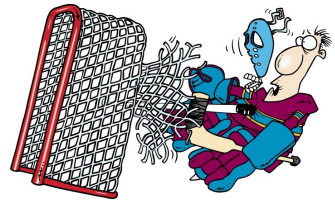
Tired of scanning the classifieds to find that perfect career?



Introducing American Mensa's CareerLink, the new job board created specifically for members of American Mensa. The service is a member benefit and is free for all Mensans to search for jobs and post résumés.

American Mensa's CAREERLINK

www.careerlink.us.mensa.org



Welcome!

Robert M. Klein (Verdi)

And Welcome Back!

Michael Glover (Reno) **and E. J. Smith** (Reno)

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

Introducing Gen Y!

Were you born between 1976 and 1990? You should totally check out the Gen Y Special Interest Group! Inspired by the success of Gen X, the Gen Y SIG has been growing by leaps and bounds in the past few months. While our Yahoo group has remained our main gathering place (http://groups.yahoo.com/group/Gen-YMs), we've expanded to "Facebook," and several local groups are enjoying monthly Gen Y "get togethers." We'd love to see Gen Y events flourish in Northern Nevada!

In the coming months, we will be launching a web site and sending a newsletter to every Gen Y aged member in American Mensa! You too can join in the fun! Join the Yahoo group, and chime in! We'd love to hear from you! If you would like to write something for the upcoming newsletter (anything, really!), email it to euro_4ever@yahoo.com. Fame has never come so easily!

Marie Porter ■

Think Green — Save paper!

There are two easy methods to receive electronic versions of publications:

- You can either call the national office (817 607-0060) and dial extension 199 for member services, or
- you can go to http://www.us.mensa.org/profile (requires login) and check the box at the bottom of the page which reads "I would like to receive publications electronically if available. **I will not receive these publications via regular mail**." then click "Submit".





Do recent extremes make you wonder about the future of weather?

Colloquium 2009: Weather Or Not

The past, present & future of climate change
Feb. 27–March 1, 2009

www.colloquium.us.mensa.org

to view the program and register online

Join the Northern Nevada Mensa E-List

http://tinyurl.com/5bz9x7 .

If you have trouble signing up via the web, you may also subscribe yourself via automated email by sending an email to: **northern.nevada.mensa-subscribe@codegnome.org**

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's	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)

Oregon Mensa: BeaveRG XII

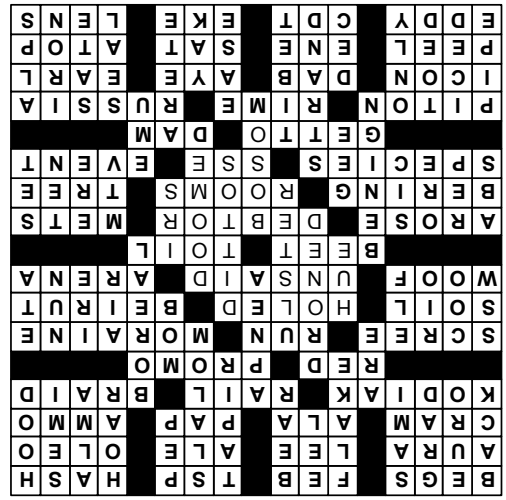
May 1-3, 2009

Brainstorm on the shore of the Columbia River across from Portland, Ore.! (Two states for the price of one RG!) Let us storm your brain with stimulating programs, game tournaments, bountiful hospitality, a teen room and a Friday tour. Registration is $60 by 1/31/09, $70 by 2/28/09, $80 by 4/15/09, $90 thereafter.

Red Lion at the Quay,
100 Columbia St.,
Vancouver, WA 98660

For more information contact:
Steve Darnell
financialwizard2@comcast.net

But Baby, It's Cold Outside!



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