

Armadillo Literary Gazette

A Publication of Lonestar Mensa

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Please submit ads to the newsletter editor.

A Word to the Wise

-by John Neemidge, President

The Haunting Season

The haunting season is upon us! It's fall at last, temperatures dropping, leaves changing color, ghosts and goblins coming out to play. It's also Lonestar Mensa's election season. We will have several vacancies on the ExComm this year, and of course any member is welcome to run for any office, vacant or not.

What does the ExComm do? We meet once a month, go over the group's finances and activities, and look for ways to make this a better group for everyone. The members are the group president, vice-president, treasurer, three members-at-large, and membership officer. Membership officer is appointed; the others are all elected in November. Each office has a one-year term; a person can serve in a given office for two consecutive terms. We're coming up to the end of my second term as president, so someone else will need to fill that office next year.

None of the offices is as difficult as you may think. Members at large have only one required duty — come to and participate in ExComm meetings. Often they'll take other jobs within the group, but it's not required. The group treasurer needs to keep our finances in order, present budget reports, pay bills, etc. Vice president backs up the president, filling in if the president cannot attend a meeting, and often taking on some other duties within the group. And the president, of course, does everything else. Some of the duties are: signing forms as needed; presenting a public face to the group for the media, new members, and the like; presiding over the ExComm meeting and the monthly meeting; and writing a column for this newsletter. The president isn't required to host events, attend every event (though attending many is a good thing, simply to, again, put a face on the group), run the RG, plan parties, or anything like that. Of course the president is welcome to do more than required — encouraged to — but the required duties themselves aren't as time-consuming as they may appear. I knew very little about being president the first time I took the job; it's something you can learn by doing.

I encourage everyone to think about participating more in the group, whether at the ExComm level, by volunteering for some other office, or just coming out to more events. If you'd like to learn more about the ExComm itself, please feel free to ask me, or any other member of the ExComm. You can also talk to any member of our nominating and election committee.

If Lonestar Mensa is going to continue to be a success — and by nearly any measure, it's been quite successful over the past few years — we need some new people to step up to the plate. More than that, it's rewarding too — I can state that with confidence, after the number of offices I've held (and plan to continue holding) in this group. Being involved as a group officer is very rewarding. Geri and I plan to stay very involved in the group; I'm RG Chair again next year, we'll continue to host events, be very active, and of course new officers can count on our help and advice if requested (and we'll try to avoid giving it when unwanted).

Back to the haunting season. Geri and I are hosting our annual Halloween Party on Halloween itself this year. It's always a lot of fun, and I hope you'll join us! See the article elsewhere in this issue for more information. We'll also have Games Night, our Monthly Meeting, the Waco group, and of course TGIT. Hopefully you'll be able to attend some of these.



Does Gifted Education Intrigue You?

-submitted by Michele Vaughn, LSM Gifted Children Resource

During the recent RG, I noticed that many of you attended the Gifted and Talented Education program presented by Mr. Jay McIntire, the Executive Director of the Texas Association for the Gifted and Talented (TAGT). For those who have a continued interest in gifted education, you may also be interested in the upcoming TAGT 26th Annual Professional Development Conference for Educators and Parents. In short, this is the largest conference on gifted education in the country!

The TAGT conference will be held in Houston this year on November 19-22. Of particular interest to many of you may be the many parent sessions that will be offered on the final day of the conference, Saturday, November 22. Who can pass up a session entitled "Parenting the Gifted: Like Nailing Jello to the Wall!"? For more information or to register on-line, please visit www.txgifted.org.

Howdy To!

-submitted by Geri Neemidge, Membership Chair

Ted Alexander

Ted is married to Joy Alexander, an accomplished dressage rider. They have one daughter who is currently attending Texas State, majoring in Accounting. She wants to become a college professor. Ted is currently a State Farm agent in Taylor, but he lives in Georgetown. Even though he has his CPA, Ted has not done that kind of work in many years. Ted and Joy have many interests and hobbies, including scuba diving, riding his Harley and her riding her horse. They both just got brown belts in Tae Kwon Do last month and are working toward black belts. Ted (sort of) plays the piano and is currently taking guitar lessons.

He enjoys traveling, especially to scuba dive. Like most Mensans, Ted loves to read. He was lucky enough to grow up in the book industry. Ted's parents owned a book wholesaler in Houston so he got all the books he wanted.

Dave Block

Dave is single with no kids. He owns two Bernese Mountain Dogs and works at Dell as a Product Manager. Dave's hobbies include road biking, mountain biking, and snowboarding. He's not completely sure why he joined Mensa - curiosity, desire to meet other bright people, validation of being "the smart guy", and probably a dozen other motivations.

Wes Davenport

Wes is married with two grown children and his first granddaughter will arrive this month. He teaches computer software and he is a futurist. Wes and his wife Madeline own 62 acres near Carmine, TX where they are currently building a house. When it is finished, they hope to turn the camp house that they are currently living in into a B&B. Wes is a fisherman, audio-video-movie nut, reader, photographer, game player, car nut, lover, fighter, motorcycle rider and a pretty fair tractor driving man. He joined Mensa to have the opportunity to talk to intelligent people about a diversity of topics. Wes has held pretty much every local office in either the St. Louis Mensa group or in Gulf Coast Mensa. He has also spoken on futures at several Gulf Coast RG's and at the AG in Houston.

Ritu Kar

Ritu is 22 years old and a graduate student in the Electrical Engineering department at UT. Her roommates are terrified of animals so she doesn't have any pets, but if she did, she'd have two cats and a golden retriever. Ritu

spends significant parts of an average day reading, running for classes and calling up her boyfriend (who she's been crazy about for the past ten years - he's a graduate student in Chicago). She absolutely adores books - classic literature, fantasy, sci-fi, books set anytime from the age of Achilles or Galahad to that of John Galt or Aragorn. Apart from that, Ritu is also interested in music - she can hold down a few keys on a well-behaved piano and is attempting an acquaintance with a guitar. Ritu has always been fascinated by puzzles and quizzes and mindgames - and the concept of Mensa in general.

Eric Vlam

Eric is married and has six children ages 24 - 12, two young ladies and four young men. He also has two dogs: a blond Lab, and a cross between a rat terrier and a jack russell. Then there is the half siamese declawed drooling cat who moved in about a year ago. His wife is not a cat person but Eric loves em all.

Eric is Director of Information Services for Reebok Team Uniforms in Waco. He lives outside town in Crawford, eight miles from President Bush's Western Whitehouse. He is taking some networking classes at the local community college. Eric is a devoted Christian and his faith is very important to him. Hobbies are skiing, flyfishing, sporting clays, trap and skeet. Eric loves being outdoors and before moving to Texas lived for ten years in Montana. While in Montana, he provided guided float fishing trips down the many rivers just North of Yellowstone Park where he lived. Eric joined Mensa as he believes in the effective use of one's intelligence. Many people are gifted in many different ways but without effective use of those gifts they will never benefit the world and life. Eric would like to make some small mark for the better while here.

Ji-Hoon Woo

Ji-Hoon Woo joined Mensa as a member of the South Korean group. He is a student preparing to transfer to UT-Austin from ACC. Ji-Hoon is majoring in computer science but still facing some difficulties with English. He decided to transfer his membership to US Mensa so that he could meet people and experience American culture.



Boring Stories

-by Jane Thompson

When we were teenagers we were subjected to the most boring and long-winded recitations; we would roll our eyes at each other and sigh, not believing that we had to listen, again, to what it was like for my grandmother when she was our age.

It couldn't possibly have any relevance to our lives and didn't hold any interest for us, but there we were, prisoners at the dinner table, and we had to listen again to what it was like for a sixteen-year-old bride on the prairie who had to keep house in a sod hut. She told us what it was like to have to feed her family on only black-eyed peas and sparse game because the first crop to go in after the sod was busted had to be a legume to fix nitrogen in the soil. (Hence, you must eat black-eyed peas on New Year's Day to ensure good crops in the future.) She described her struggles to keep herself, her clothes, and her kitchen clean in a house made of dirt when she had to haul water a half mile, and it was more sensible to hang the frying pan on the wash line and let the maddening and ubiquitous wind scour it than to waste water on it.

She told of the Indians who would stop in and demand that she cook for them. Sometimes it took all the food she had in the house to feed them, but she was afraid, with her husband in the fields or in town, to refuse them anything. After all, she represented those who took their lands, killed the buffalo, and left them unable to feed themselves or their children. They left her without a word, never harming her, but always in fear.

After two years of isolation, plowing, (which is a tame word for breaking the virgin sod), building a shelter, performing incredible toil in the fields, hauling water, burning dried buffalo dung for fuel, starving, broiling in the sun, freezing in the winter, and living with the ever-present and infuriating wind, it did not rain, of course, when it had to and the wheat failed. With no other choice, my pregnant grandmother and her husband—not my grandfather, for he came later, moved to Oklahoma City, where he could hope his dreams of fortune would not be so subject to the vagaries of fortune.

For he was a dreamer, with big dreams, first, of a homestead that would bring him fortune as a wheat farmer, then, in the city, with various schemes that would bring him vast wealth. Instead of wealth, he had a wife who was just a child but who could sew dresses for ladies as

fine as anything they could buy back East. She became the seamstress for those who had made their fortunes.

She worked out of her home and became as much of a success as a woman could then, in the 1890s, with all of the rich ladies in town as her customers. He was known all over the city for his charm; everyone liked him and thought him a great guy. It was just too bad that he couldn't seem to find a way to support his wife and, by now, their three children. And, you know, sotto voce, he did drink too much. My grandmother, who was raised in Kentucky with all the baggage of the Southern belle—and with all the strength of the true Southern lady—kept her head up and her shoulder to the wheel, paid the rent, and kept up appearances. She didn't have any other choice.

Mary Thompson



That is, until one day he simply pushed her too far and found the steel underneath the ladylike exterior.

He took her last \$10 to town to buy groceries—when he didn't return in a reasonable amount of time, she knew he taken the money she had given him for food for the children and gone on a bender. That sweet Southern belle snapped. She knew just where to find him. She went to the Hotel Black—

the nicest hotel in Oklahoma City, where members of the territorial legislature were ensconced. She found him with three members of the legislature finishing a steak dinner, which he had bought with her hard-earned dollars. She proceeded to give those hail-fellows-well-met a piece of her mind, telling them that they knew what kind of a man he was, that they knew they were eating food bought with her money, that her children would now go hungry because of them. Furthermore, she expected them to file a bill of divorce in the territorial legislature and to get it passed for her. They did. Which is how my grandmother became the first woman to get a divorce in Oklahoma territory. This was a scandal and put her even further outside respectable society than her status as a working woman had done. Afterwards, she supported her children by herself, probably much better now that she didn't have to support her husband, too.

Later she married my grandfather, who was a widower with three children. So she had six children to care for, then finally bore my father. Still she had stories to tell of this time, of a tyrannical second husband who had a strange hatred of Catholicism; she was forced to practice her religion in secret and to baptize my father in the dead of night at a stranger's home. A husband who was so

abused as a child that he was denied education and was illiterate, but so proud that no one but her was allowed to know, so she read him every word of the newspaper daily and every paper he needed to sign. Of a husband who periodically disappeared without warning, only to return months later, bearing diamonds as peace offerings. Meanwhile she raised seven children and kept the home fires burning, sewing to keep food on the table while he was gone. All of those children, both her own and her stepchildren alike, adored her. She later bound her daughters-in-law and sons-in-law as closely to her as her children. She died at ninety-three. There were fifty grandchildren and great-grandchildren at her funeral and a half-page obituary in the newspaper; she was one of the best-known ladies in the city.

Well, you can see how her stories just nearly bored us to tears; after all, how would these experiences have anything at all in common with what we might face in our lives? We would never make any of the mistakes she made or face any of the hardships she did or wind up alone supporting ourselves.



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Herein Monsters Lie (Part I)

-by Brian Patrick Corcoran, copyright 2002

“Herein monster lie!” Captain Mabry cackled merrily as the overwhelming drone of the boat’s powerful twin engines challenged his equally powerful voice. With one hand rubbing the gristle of his snow-white beard, he swept a muscular, sun-bronzed arm in a wide arc across an emerald sea whipped to caps of frothy white by a stiffening South Pacific breeze. Hurdling forward, the bow of the “Argonaut” hammered a rhythmic assault against a phalanx of on-coming crests, sending periodic shock waves down its 35-foot length. Standing with Captain Mabry on the fishing deck at the small craft’s stern, I clung tenaciously at the radar mast rigging hoping to gain a purchase against the relentless noise and tumult. Behind us, the Argonaut’s expanding wake framed in an ever-widening “V” a backdrop of an Australian coastline rapidly fading into the distant horizon as we hurtled out toward opened sea.

Never one to mince a word, the good Captain stepped up to me on well trained sea legs and put his swarthy face straight up to mine. Poking his index finger into my chest for emphasis, and with scant attempt to conceal the unbridled nature of his enthusiasm, he locked his eyes to mine. With the same bluster that characterized all his dealings with his fellow man, he told me in his peculiar twist on a down-under accent, “Twenty years I’ve fished the Great Barrier Reef. I’ve got me two world records under me belt runnin’ charter blokes like you and never in me born days have I seen conditions as good as these. I can feel it in me bones. You get an fine instinct when it comes to dealing with the beasties and trust me, young fella, when I tell you that I’ll come back with another trophy record this expedition, or I won’t come back at all.”

”As we speak,” he went on, “we’re cruising over some of the most prolific spawning waters to be found anywhere on God’s blue earth. The shallow shelf that stretches along the coast supports the largest growth of coral known to man. It’s an environment so rich it bountifully nurtures countless species of sea creatures in untold abundance. We could fish here all day long and never have an idle moment. But we’ll be passing over these parts for deeper water, Laddie! We’ve bigger fish to fry.”

With that, the Captain backed up to the very stern of the boat and standing in front of the deck-mounted deep sea fishing chair turned to face the bow. Cupping his hands to form a megaphone of sorts he raised his head to face

the boat's flying bridge. High above at the helm of the Argonaut stood Quint, a copiously tattooed Maori, a natural born seaman, and the only man Captain Mabry would trust to pilot his precious craft. Shouting against the wind, the sea and the roar of the inboard motors he yelled, "When the depth finder shows a sharp drop, cut the engines." From his lofty perch, Quint affirmed his comprehension with a snappy salute.

"There's a stationary high pressure system over us that extends in every direction for a thousand miles so we won't encounter any sudden squalls or downpours. The moon will rise an hour before sundown so we can troll all night if we don't need to sleep."

Stepping behind the fishing chair he struck with his fist one of two 55 gallon metal drums strapped to the aft gunwales. The dull thud that issued left no doubt but that it was full. On the port gunwales two identical drums were strapped to balance out the craft.

"That's 200 gallons of extra fuel, Laddie. We could troll our way to New Zealand if we wanted. We've food and fuel for four days if we need to be out that long. But don't you worry none. I can feel the luck in the air. Like when the hair on your neck rises before the lightning strikes." With that he slapped me vigorously on the back, laughing as if he enjoyed the pain he had inflicted on my sunburned back and retired up the ladder above the cabin door to join his pilot on the flying bridge.

Left alone to my own thoughts on the fishing deck I settled myself comfortably into the fighting chair and strapped on the harness for security against finding myself bobbing in the voluminous propellor wash being churned by the powerful motors. I fumbled through the pocket on my flotation device for a cigarette and struggled against the wind to light it. As the soothing effect of the nicotine rushed through my brain an exhilarating calm swept over me. This was to be the adventure of a lifetime.

As the last vestige of the Port of Cairns and Queensland's coastline disappeared beyond the Western horizon I found myself surrounded by nothing but a vast expanse of rolling blue in all directions. It dawned upon me the precarious vulnerability of seagoing. Briefly, it frightened me. We had fuel, food, navigation equipment, radios, life rafts and all manner of emergency backups. Certainly, this was no more dangerous than other fishing expeditions I had undertaken.

But this was different. This was not Tarpon fishing in Florida, or Muskellunge fishing in Wisconsin or King

Salmon fishing in Alaska. This was the epitome of big game sport fishing worldwide. This was world-class game fishing. A large Tarpon might weigh in at 100 lbs, a King Salmon could clock in at 120. But a Black Marlin can weigh 1500 lbs. It is like fighting a raging bull by tying a rope to his horns and pulling him across a river. Was I up to it?

As I entertained the doubts and prospects of this scenario, the engines suddenly quit and shook me from my reveries with the now-erie silence. The Argonaut was swung hard apart and left to bob listlessly in its own oncoming wake.

Here, so far from the coastline, the ocean held a different texture. Here, there was no offshore breeze. The surface was a rolling sheet of blue-grey glass that heaved in lazy swells. One could look straight on into them as they approached and gently raised our craft upon passing beneath. It was as gentle and soothing as it was powerful and unrelenting.

As Captain Mabry descended the ladder from the bridge I rose to meet him. "This is it Laddie. This is where the monsters lie in waiting. We're at the edge of the abyss. The Continental Shelf ends here. For the last 35 miles we have been traveling over an average depth of 160 feet. Just now the depth finder plunged to 3500 feet, the limit of our sonar instrumentation to detect. If we head back a quarter mile behind us, we'll be at 160 feet again. The monsters love deep water like this. And they like to eat too. They live down there and come up here to feed on squid and octopus and the albacore tuna that abound on the shallows of the shelf. We'll snag the bitch on her way to dinner," he chuckled.

"Her," I mimicked quizzically.

"That's right Laddie, we won't be catching any males. If we hook a male, I cut the line. I won't be wastin' me time with no peewee bill fish this trip. You see Laddie, it's mid September now and the annual breeding migration has begun. The big Black Marlin come up here from the Coral Sea to spawn this time of year. Unlike other species, the males are small and the females carry the weight. Ask any sportsman, or husband for that matter, and he'll tell you the same, that the female of the species is always more deadly than the male. You want a world's record Laddie, she's here. They're hungry, they're horny and they're everywhere. Now let's be done with the jaw jacking and let's get fishing."

To be continued in November.

LonestarRG V A Class Act

-submitted by John Neemidge, RG Chair

LonestarRG V was held over Labor Day Weekend 2003 (August 29 - September 1). We had about 100 attendees over the weekend. Things started off with a cheer Friday night, as we had the Round Rock Youth Football Association cheerleaders lead a pep rally. We then had an icebreaker event, and rounded off the night with Carnelli. There was still a crowd in hospitality at 2am, when I went off to bed.

Saturday kicked off with Gulf Coast Mensan Don Graves cooking up omelettes in hospitality. We had a busy schedule, with Mensa admission testing, speakers, games, dance lessons, a meatball cookoff, and our prom dance in the evening. Our DJ, Rick Jones of Gulf Coast Mensa, did a great job getting people up and dancing. After the dance some of us retired to the hot tubs for some soaking and relaxation.

Sunday Don was back at it, getting us all up and going. We had more speakers and more games through another busy day. New Orleans Mensa and Baton Rouge Mensa brought King Cakes to promote their RG, NORGY VI. In the evening we had a comedy/variety show, the Name That Movie game, and then our surprise event — a wedding! Ray O'Connor, who'd previously demonstrated his skills as hospitality chair, meatball cook, and massage therapist, officiated over the wedding of Johnny Zweig and Grace Yuan. After the wedding we retired to the hospitality area for cake and champagne.

Monday morning Don completed his Party Animal award-winning round of service to us all by cooking up yet more omelettes. We had one more speaker, and then gave out RG awards and prizes from our raffle. Some prizes were hotly contested this year. Between the raffle and Barbara Bartlett's White Elephant Gift Bag event the RG raised \$276 for our scholarship fund, almost paying for next year's scholarship. We wrapped up the day by saying goodbye to everyone and working hard to clean up hospitality so we could all go home and rest!

Our most popular speaker was Spike Gillespie. Spike is a local author who's written for many national publications and web sites; she has two published books, and a novel published on the internet. She talked about writing honestly, the process of writing and getting published, and made the observation that Mensans are similar to junior high age kids since we so often feel like outsiders. Joe Nick Patoski, who spoke at LonestarRG I, returned to give a very popular talk about the history of live music in Austin. Joe Nick is a former Texas Monthly editor and a local author, with books on Selena and Stevie Ray Vaughan. He also brought along Eddie Wilson, a local restaurateur who was the owner of the legendary Armadillo World Headquarters and currently runs

Threadgills.

Final financial results aren't yet available; we believe that the RG may have broken even or shown a slight loss. In a year when attendance dropped nearly 25% from the previous year, we managed to control costs well and still put on a great RG for those who attended. We believe that the attendance drop is largely due to the economy and are hoping for an upturn in both the economy and RG attendance next year.

My thanks to the RG Committee: Geri Neemidge, Program Chair; Ray O'Connor, Hospitality Chair; Mark & Janet Kres, Registrars; Helen Siders, Volunteer Coordinator; Midge Kocen, Treasurer; and Paula Beard, Logo Artist. Thanks also to Don Graves, Betsy Skelly, and everyone who helped out in hospitality. Thanks to Hugh Brown for another successful year of the Discussion Room, to Johnny Zweig for Dance Lessons, Rick Jones for his Top 40 Music Challenge, Paul Pierce for Exquisite Corpses, and Kelly Wagner for the Christmas Ornament Workshop. We couldn't have done it without you!

Pottery Party

Friday October 10th 8 - 9:30 pm.

This is a private pottery party for just our group. We get to use clay and hand building techniques to make bowls and/or trays. We get to make objects and paint them. The cost will be about \$20 per person (depending on the number of people who attend) We get the studio for an hour and a half and you can make as many things as you'd like to in that time. We're allowed to bring in our own snacks and drinks (including alcohol, if you'd like). You must RSVP (gneemidge@usa.net or 512-310-9090) by October 3rd. In order to set this up - I need people who will commit to attending and sharing the cost. If you would like to do this, but this date does not work for you, let me know.

October Monthly Meeting

October's speaker will be cardiac nurse Roberta Jo Richards of the Heart Hospital of Austin.

Roberta Jo Richards is originally from Lansing, Michigan. She received her Master of Science degree in Nursing from the University of Texas at Austin in 2002. Roberta is certified as a Family Nurse Practitioner by the Board of Nurse Examiners of Texas. She is a member of the Austin Nurse Practitioner Association, the American Association of Critical Care Nurses, and the Texas Transplant Society. Prior to joining Austin Heart, Roberta worked at Seton's Transplant Clinic and has over 30 years of nursing experience.

LonestaRG U Photo Gallery

photos by Geri Neemidge
and Patsy Graham



Chris Fite, Diane Huth, Ray O'Connor, Shelley Sundermann, Ernie & Tara White, Bruce & Louanne Duckworth enjoying the dance



John & Geri Neemidge and
Patty & Chris Williams at the Prom



Danny South introduces Craig Schroer of the Drug Policy Forum of Texas



Heather and Kali Stewart, Janet & Mark Kres, Grace Yuan,
Monica O'Connor, Johnny Zweig and Chris Fite at the
Dance Lessons



Yes, there was really a wedding!
Ray O'Connor officiates at the wedding of
Grace Yuan and Johnny Zweig

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Walter's World

-by Walter Stewart, wds@wdstewart.com

In the last couple of weeks I have had the opportunity to witness firsthand several 'repair and sell' house job by landlords and speculators. For both types of sellers, every penny spent is one less penny counted as profit from the sale. The result in many cases is a 'nice house' that has 'street appeal'. This means that to a buyer, especially a first time one, is that the house looks like it has nothing wrong with it.

Theoretically, the buyer has an inspector to catch these problems and point out potential problems. This has become somewhat problematic in recent times due both to the cheaper construction methods that became very prevalent during the 70's and 80's, and to a practice I call C&C – Camouflage & Cover-up. In C&C, the owner wants to make everything look like it's in great shape, but rather than spend the money to properly fix it, decides to spend just enough to cover and hide it. Most house inspectors go on appearances and simple tests. Very few if any really will look for multiple indications and even fewer will question the lack of indicators. Almost none have actually built or repaired houses. As a result, buyers frequently don't get all of the information they need to make a truly informed choice.

One of my favorite examples is siding. Siding keeps rain out of walls and provides additional structural strength. During the boom years, many different types of siding were produced and sold. These ranged from the traditional wood siding and bricks, T-111 plywood, particle- and fiber-board substitutes, to Hardiboard. (It should be noted that Hardiboard is NOT wood based and does not degrade with moisture.)

All wood based siding has one drawback: moisture damage and rot susceptibility. In short, if it is not protected by paint and caulk, it does not last. Central Texas weather is some of the worst for wood siding products. Hot sun tends to dry out the siding, cracking paint and causing caulk to deteriorate and crack. High winds and torrential driving rains drive moisture into the smallest of crevices. If the protective layer of paint and caulk is not maintained, the result is moisture in the siding material. The actual failure modes all boil down to that.

Enter the C&C artist. Rather than repair the damage, he hides it. Rotted wood gets Bondo and caulk to hide gaps and voids. Extra nails and screws are driven. Cardboard is glued to surfaces. The result is then painted. With luck, the actual damage may be hidden for anywhere from 3 months to a year. At which point the poor unsuspecting homeowner finds he needs to spend \$15K or more to repair the damage – which at this time may include mold growing in the walls.

Caveat Emptor!



| | | |
|----|------------------------------|--|
| 1 | David Floyd | |
| | Melanie G Gover | |
| | Robert Brian Holder | |
| 3 | Thomas M Spillman Jr | |
| | Diane E Tominaga | |
| | Ms Karen M Werner | |
| 4 | Mr Mark L Kres | |
| 5 | James Froedge | |
| 8 | Karla Ault Smith | |
| 10 | Mr Robert Allan Larson | |
| | John M Lott | |
| | Sally Pelow | |
| 13 | J Elaine Watson | |
| 14 | Kelley Saveika | |
| 15 | Rituparna Kar | |
| | Michelle R Miller | |
| | Vicky Yvonne Spradling | |
| 16 | John D Perkins | |
| 17 | Leslie Edward Griffin Jr | |
| | Ms Linda Joyce Streitfeld | |
| 19 | R Kelly Wagner | |
| 20 | Taylor Thurston | |
| 21 | Codie Smith | |
| 23 | Mr David H Green | |
| | Mr Michael Bennett McCormick | |
| 26 | Robert I May | |
| 27 | Marie Pierce | |
| 28 | W Andrew York | |
| 29 | Mr Terry L Cost | |
| | Erik W Mulloy | |
| | David R Travis | |

What's Happening in October?

Thank Goodness It's Thursday

Central Market Café

Every Thursday

6:00-8:00pm

4001 N. Lamar Blvd., Austin

(512) 206-1020

Meet us in the Café after work for fun, conversation & food. Prospective members welcome. Central Market Café is located in the Central Park shopping center on the east side of Lamar Blvd between 38th and 41st Streets. Central Market is the anchor store. Central Market Café is adjacent to Central Market on the south side. We meet upstairs.

Pottery Party

Friday, 10 October

8:00-9:30pm

Please see the article on page 8 for details.

ExComm Meeting

Saturday, 11 October

10:00am

University Hills Branch

4721 Loyola Lane, Austin

Contact John Neemidge at (512) 310-7863 to get an item on the agenda. All members welcome.

Take 183 to Manor Rd. exit; go west on Manor Road past the HEB; turn left at the next light, which is Loyola. The library is on the right, less than one block up Loyola.

Monthly Meeting

Saturday, 11 October

11:00am-1:00pm

Austin Public Library

University Hills Branch

4721 Loyola Lane, Austin

Please see the announcement on page 8 for meeting details. Take 183 to Manor Rd. exit; go west on Manor Road past the HEB; turn left at the next light, which is Loyola. The library is on the right, less than one block up Loyola.

Games Night in Georgetown

Saturday, 11 October

7:00-11:00pm

124 Cowan Creek Drive, Sun City, Georgetown

Susie Ward

sfward124@aol.com

Directions: Drive west on Williams Drive (heading towards Andice) and turn right on Del Webb Blvd into Sun City at the traffic light. Drive to the stop sign at the end (about 2 miles) and then turn left on Sun City Blvd. Drive .8 mile and turn left into Cowan Creek Drive. #124 is 200 yds along on the right - look for the Union Jack and Old Glory flying in front.

Waco Area Mensa Get-Together

Wednesday, 15 October

7:00pm

Barnes & Noble Café

4909 W. Waco Dr., Waco

Prospective members welcome. RSVP to Jerry Lenamon, (254) 399-9450.

Fold & Sticker

Thursday, 23 October

(at TGIT)

Help us assemble the newsletter! See Thank Goodness It's Thursday for directions.

Potluck SIG & Games Night

Saturday, 25 October

6:00pm

Kelly Wagner & Steve Harsch's Home

1001 E. Riverside, Austin

(512) 443-9650

Theme: In honor of Christopher Columbus, we shall dine in Italian style - bring pasta, asti spumante, primavera salad! (Please RSVP & let us know what you plan to bring.)

Directions from Riverside Dr between IH35 & Congress Ave: the house is on the SE corner of the intersection of Travis Heights Blvd & Riverside Dr. There is a traffic light at the intersection. Park on Travis Heights & enter the house at the back door. Do not attempt to park on Riverside Dr.

LSM Mustelid Mansion

Eighth Annual Halloween Extravaganza

Friday, October 31 7:00pm

The Neemidges

1807 Messick Place, Round Rock

Join your fellow ghouls, goblins, witches, ghosts and spooks at Geri and John's eighth annual Halloween party, on Halloween itself this year. See how many decorations one house (and yard) can hold! Thrill to automated creatures talking to you from darkened rooms! Be tempted by the terrifying trinity, Cheesehead, Meathead, and Diphead! Drink in the party spirit with Geri's famous witches' brew! Win acclaim in the costume contest! Bring your friends! Bring your family! Bring along some beastly beverages, potent potions, devilish delights and terrible treats to share! If you're handing out trick-or-treating goodies, come out after you're done — the party will still be going on.

From Mopac/1325: Follow 1325 to the intersection with Wells Branch Parkway/Howard. Turn onto Howard. Follow it 2.5 miles to McNeil-Round Rock Rd (follow the signs pointing to McNeil Post Office). Follow McNeil-Round Rock past the Austin White Lime plant. Eventually a wooden fence will appear on your left. Take the first left, which will be Messick Loop West. The third left on Messick Loop West is Messick Place.



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October

| Sunday | Monday | Tuesday | Wednesday | Thursday | Friday | Saturday |
|--------|--------|---------|--|---|------------------------------|---|
| | | | 1 | 2 TGIT | 3 | 4 |
| 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 TGIT | 10 Pottery Party | 11 ExComm & Monthly Mtgs G'town Games |
| 12 | 13 | 14 | 15 Waco Area Mensa <i>'Dillo Deadline</i> | 16 TGIT | 17 | 18 |
| 19 | 20 | 21 | 22 | 23 TGIT <i>Fold & Sticker</i> | 24 | 25 Games Night |
| 26 | 27 | 28 | 29 | 30 TGIT | 31 Halloween Party | |

2003

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