

Armadillo Literary Gazette

A Publication of Lonestar Mensa

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Please submit ads to the newsletter editor.

Proxies Needed to Affect Certificate of Incorporation Amendment

-submitted by the National Office

American Mensa Ltd needs your help to correct an inconsistency between our Certificate of Incorporation and our Bylaws.

While AML Bylaws require that members vote via mail in elections and Bylaws referenda, the New York State Not For Profit Business Corporation Law says that such elections and referenda must be conducted by in-person voting during the Annual Business Meeting, unless our Certificate of Incorporation says otherwise.

The Certificate lacks the words needed to permit elections and referenda by mail or other methods. It also doesn't specify a quorum for the ABM. As a result, the default quorum under New York law, a majority of the membership, applies.

The proposed amendment sets a quorum for the ABM of 100 members, the smallest number allowed under the New York law, and allows members to vote other than in-person at a meeting, thus bringing the Certificate and our historical voting procedures onto the same page.

Ironically, even though the Certificate apparently has been out of sync with the New York law since it was filed in 1971, it was only now brought to our attention and we need to deal with this inconsistency right away.

There are two ways we can make the needed changes. We could have the majority of our membership (23,000-plus) vote in favor in-person at a business meeting, or we can gather proxies from the majority of the membership authorizing a specific person to vote the members' interest in favor of the proposed amendment. Proxies are likely the only practical way for AML to obtain the needed vote.

What happens if enough members don't vote to amend the Certificate? We could ask the New York state courts to allow us to ignore the Bylaws or change the Certificate with less than the required vote, but at a great cost and a possibility that approval would not be granted.

While the Bylaws prohibit the use of proxies for elections and Bylaws changes, they are silent as to the use of proxies in connection with amendments to the Certificate of Incorporation.

Between Nov. 1 and the July 2004 ABM, AML will conduct a campaign to gather proxies via mail, fax and online authorizing a vote in favor of the amendment. The proxies are revocable, should someone who has voted by proxy later decide to attend the meeting and vote in person.

Members may use their member number to submit online proxies at secure.us.mensa.org/privacy. They will receive confirmation of their proxy via email or mail following their submission, based on contact information on file at the National Office.

The members in attendance at the Annual Business Meeting July 1, 2004 in Las Vegas will be asked to vote to approve the amended Certificate. The proxies received will be exercised at that meeting.



A Word to the Wise

-by John Neemidge, President

Thanksgiving, Once Again

I always have trouble writing November columns. I think it's because, while this is the month of Thanksgiving, next month will be the month I actually write my column of thanks to the many people who've been involved in Lonestar Mensa this year. It's never too early to start, though — so if you've been involved in the group this year, from being an officer to writing on the chat list to just coming out to an event, thanks!

We can also give thanks for a busy couple of months coming up. In November, we have the Waco Zoo Trip, the Fall Picnic, Games Night, and for those willing to go a bit farther afield, the Thanksgiving RG up in Dallas. Geri, the kids, and I will be at all of them, and we encourage you to come join us. We're also planning ahead for the Holiday Party, which will be back at Zilker Clubhouse this year. It'll be on Sunday December 7th. Tickets are \$6.00 (\$7.50 at the door); you can pay in advance by check, online using PayPal, or in person at TGIT or the Monthly Meeting (or anywhere else you can catch us). We'll be having a gift exchange again this year. The Holiday Party is always lots of fun, and we hope everyone will come out and join us.

This is also the month of Lonestar Mensa elections. I hope all of you will show your support for the new officers by sending in your ballots (or bringing them to an event). Even if there's only one candidate for an office, it's still nice to know that people voted for you. Personally, I'm looking forward to seeing a President's column that I neither wrote nor proofread; it's been a while. I'm very excited about where the group is now, and I think it'll only get better as more and more people get involved at all levels.

See you in these pages next month, for my last President's column, perhaps forever.

Howdy To!

-submitted by Geri Neemidge, Membership Chair

Ω Jake Carriker

Jake is married to Sarah Carriker; they have a 16 month old son named Max. Floyd the dog cohabitates with them, and he tolerates their presence quite well most of the time. Floyd is four years old, and he is of mixed descent. Jake trades stocks and futures for himself as well as manages other people's money for a living. He claims it is more fulfilling than getting a real job. Sarah is currently a stay at home mom, but will soon be going back into the workforce as the director of a non-profit organization that helps meet the needs of the elderly. Jake's hobbies include a newly established love / hate relationship with running at 6:30 every morning, playing the guitar, playing blackjack for fun and profit, and reading whatever he can get his hands on. He joined Mensa in order to meet new people, see new things, and stimulate his brain.

Ω Patrick Henrichs

Patrick is a First Lieutenant in the Transportation Corps of the US Army stationed at Ft. Hood with the 4th Infantry Division and is currently deployed to Iraq. He is single with no children. Patrick graduated from Gonzaga University in '01 with a BA degree in economics and history. He enjoys outdoor sports, music (especially live), beer making, and traveling. He decided to join Mensa simply because he loves challenging his mind and was searching for others who enjoy the same.

Ω Jeff Mills

Jeff invites interested members to check his personal web site, <http://www.dudeonthecorner.com/>.

Ω Elizabeth Pugliese

Elizabeth is single and has lived in Austin for five years. She currently works for the City of Austin, Office of the Police Monitor. Work keeps her very busy, but in her spare time she pursues her research interests in war crimes history and is currently editing an encyclopedia on the subject (she is always on the lookout for authors, you don't have to be an academic to contribute). Elizabeth also volunteers with Girl Scouts - Lone Star Council and is a Board Member of the National Coalition of Independent Scholars. Her hobbies are reading — especially historical fiction mysteries, sewing and talking about current events. Elizabeth decided to join Mensa because she is starved for intellectual conversation and wanted to meet interesting, fun new people.

Ω Mark Ward

Mark is a native Texan who has lived in Austin since 1971. He is a UT graduate, a member of The Austin Film Society, and he enjoys snow skiing and SCUBA diving. His beautiful wife Shannon is a master-rated ice skating instructor at Chaparral Ice and is also a graduate of UT. They have one very energetic child, daughter Mallory of whom he says, "If anyone has any ideas on how to transfer the slightest bit of this youngster's unceasing energy to me, I am open to any and all suggestions!" They also own Dreyfus, a twelve year old Bassett Hound. Mark has always been interested in joining Mensa, but never seemed to get around to it. When FOX TV ran "Test the Nation" that caught his interest. Mark took the test online and got them all correct. This spurred him to dig into his college memorabilia, find some old test scores, and go ahead and join.



Lemon Pound Cake

-recipe submitted by Doug Williams

- 1 box Duncan Hines Lemon Supreme cake mix
- 1 3oz box lemon Jello (not the sugar free kind)
- 3/4 cup water
- 1/2 cup cooking oil
- 4 eggs

Mix all of above until lumps are gone.

Pour into 10 inch tube pan that has been lined with wax paper.

Bake at 350 degrees F for 55 minutes.

Let cool for an hour.

Remove from pan .

Slice, pack, and bring to picnics, parties, and potlucks.

Hello Region 6!

-by Dan Wilterding, RVC 6

Ever notice how odd things crop up while you're going about your business? They do at my house and I'll bet they do at yours; they do also in the house of American Mensa.

Some time ago, while research on an unrelated subject was going on, it became known that our balloting and election procedures are not in compliance with our Certificate of Incorporation as issued by the state of New York (we're still incorporated there even though our national office is in Texas). Turns out that we have been out of compliance ever since our incorporation. Now, aware of the situation, we are ethically and legally bound to take corrective action.

The problem? Oh, yeah... Seems that by not specifying otherwise our C-of-I requires that a quorum be present at the Annual Business Meeting for any business to be conducted — that quorum is 50% of the membership, physically present. It also seems that ballots by mail are not legitimate although proxies are. The solution, therefore, is to amend the C-of-I to set a quorum at a reasonably achievable number (in this case: 100) and to include the appropriate provisions to allow mail ballots in the election of AMC members.

An effort has begun to provide information; contact your LocSec or Editor, contact me, read the Bulletin, or go to "Proxy Information" on the AML website (<http://www.us.mensa.org/>). Both hard-copy and electronic proxies will be allowed, the latter to be made on a yet to be implemented part of the AML site.

As mandated by the applicable laws it will be necessary for us to have, in hand and verifiable, proxies in favor of the changes to the Certificate of Incorporation at least equal to one person more than 50 percent of the membership at the time of the next Annual Business Meeting in July 2004. When you first see a proxy in the Bulletin, on the web or wherever they are made available please sign and return it. Thank you.

Comments, anyone?

Dan Wilterding - RVC6

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Remember these gatherings:

The Feast of Pleasures and Delights

Thanksgiving weekend

North Texas Mensa

Carol Hilson - Registrar

c_Hilson@msn.com

NORGY VI -- New Orleans Regional Gathering, y'all

At the Maison Dupuy Hotel (in the French quarter)

December 12-14

Co-hosted by New Orleans and Baton Rouge Mensas

Contact:

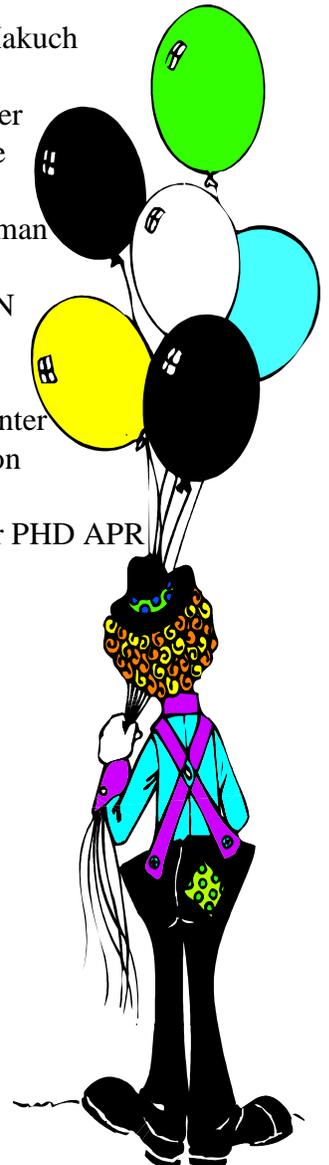
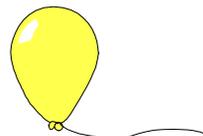
Online -- <http://www.norgy.us.mensa.org>

USPS -- NORGY c/o Baton Rouge Mensa

PO Box 77513 Baton Rouge, LA 70879-7513

November Birthdays!

- 1 Misty D Blagg
Mr Michael Kenneth Makuch
Ms Frances Miles Rush
- 2 Mr William Gerald Baker
Mr Gerald Lee Schappe
Eric R Vlam
- 4 Jeffrey David Johannigman
- 6 Jason Speros
- 8 Susan Marie Shaffer RN
- 9 Leo D Gordon
Paul W Roeber
- 14 Timothy Edward Carpenter
Sharon McGuire Gordon
- 15 Dr Jay David Jamieson
Dr Douglas Perret Starr PHD APR
- 16 Darcy Caplan
- 17 Paul R Albers
Peter Anthony Crossley
Valerie W Nogues
- 19 Ji-Hoon Woo
- 21 Barbara Horan
- 23 Susan R Sides
- 27 Bobe Kuriakose
- 28 Nancy W Norwood
David Allan Smith
- 29 Sachi Gahan
Catherine Ann LaFave



LONESTAR MENSA 2004 OFFICER ELECTIONS BALLOT

Nomination & Election Committee:

Committee Head: Walter Stewart
Committee Members: Jacob Matthews
Kartik Jayanarayanan

Candidates for Election:

OFFICE	NAME	APPROVAL
President:	Karen Werner	___
Vice President:	Margaret Wofford	___
Treasurer:	Kathie Blair	___
Members at Large:	Janet Kres	___
	Mark Kres	___
	Helen Siders	___

You may write in other candidates for any and all offices.

Write In	Office: _____	Name: _____
Write In	Office: _____	Name: _____
Write In	Office: _____	Name: _____

Please mail completed ballots to:
LSM Election Committee
c/o Walter Stewart
506 Canion St
Austin TX 78752

In order to verify that you are a current member of Mensa and of the Lonestar Mensa chapter, please include your member number in the place provided at the bottom of this page. Membership will be checked and the member number removed before the votes are tallied. If a ballot received has no member number written below or has any identifying information written elsewhere upon it, that ballot is invalid and will not be counted.

Email Ballots:

Email ballots to **mensa@wdstewart.com**.

Emailed ballots must include the member number and the word "Ballot" in the Subject line.

MEMBERSHIP NUMBER:

Oklahoma Odyssey

-by Jane Thompson

In 1923 my father was 12 years old and his father pulled him out of school to take part in a campaign that, he said, would be much more educational than the things he could learn in school. Of course, that wasn't the only reason my father joined in the journey. My grandfather was illiterate, but much too proud to let anyone but members of his immediate family know that. He always arranged it so that there would be someone he could trust around if there was reading to be done.

In that year the Ku Klux Klan had reached the apex of its power in Oklahoma. This wasn't the old Klan of the postwar years whose purpose was to keep ex-slaves in their place; this Klan was not just a social movement but also a political one. This Klan not only wanted to keep blacks in their place, but also Jews, Indians, and Catholics and it also made it part of its agenda to police the morals of the populace. It gained a great deal of ground in Oklahoma, which had an overwhelmingly WASP population. One of the pillars of its power was its ability to keep its membership secret and to convene in public, masked and mysterious.

Jack Walton, the mayor of Oklahoma City, decided to run for governor of the state on an anti-Klan platform. The strongest plank of that platform was an anti-mask law, which would make it illegal to appear in public masked 364 days of the year, the exception being, of course, Halloween. This would destroy the mystique of the Klan and turn Klansmen into the ordinary busybodies and tiny tyrants that they were. Jack chose my grandfather, an Oklahoma City cop but a man who had been involved in politics since Territorial days, as his campaign manager.

A campaign for statewide office consisted of visiting every county seat—all 77 of them. This could be an adventure. In those days there were no highways and only a few miles of paved road in the whole state. No highway signs; navigation was done by asking locals for directions and hoping they knew what they were talking about or using guidebooks that gave directions by using local landmarks, which could, of course, be torn down or disappear. It was easier in Oklahoma than in most states because of the grid pattern that even the rural roads were laid down on; but still nothing like today. My father was in charge of navigation; for the rest of his life, he could simply get in the car and drive anywhere in the state without consulting a map. Detours and fancy Interstates didn't confuse him; he knew the state of Oklahoma literally like the back of his hand.

They drove a Model T for weeks through red dust and rain and dark and ice and snow. My father got to where he could fix one in any conditions; darkness or a windstorm, and he

could change a tire in no time. Their standard procedure was to drive into a county seat, then tack up posters on poles and trees announcing a rally and speech in the evening. They would repair to the local hotel, rest and freshen up, speak to the crowds in the evening, eat with the locals who supported their campaign, sleep in that town, and start out at dawn for the next county seat. They met with more support than they expected; there was surprising sympathy for turning out the Klan.

They planned the campaign to end up in southeastern part of the state, where the Klan's power was strongest. The deeper they got into the region, the more uncomfortable things got. Finally, one day they pulled into a county seat whose denizens had been warned that they were coming. They went through the usual drill, not realizing that the Klan-dominated city council had met earlier that day to pass a law against posting flyers within the city limits. Of course they were promptly arrested and jailed for breaking the city ordinance. Since they could not get bail set and men starting loitering around the front of the jail they began to worry about their treatment at the hands of the locals and to try to find a way of their situation.

My father was always skinny; he was especially lanky as a kid. For the first time, he was grateful for that. Jack and my grandfather gave him careful instructions and shoved him through the bars of the back window of the jail. He got away unobserved and carried out his errand; then he blended into the landscape and waited to see what would happen.

From bushes across the road, he watched the crowd of men in front of the jail grow larger, rowdier, and drunker. Things did not bode well. It looked as though they would be lucky to get away with a tarring and feathering. Then, just as the sun was setting, "just like in the movies," two Highway Patrol cars crammed with deputies sped up to the jail and screeched to stop. The Highway Patrol Officers demanded to know why a candidate for governor was being held in jail and on what charges. Eventually it was sorted out and my father, my grandfather, and Jack pattered out of town, rally forgotten, between two highway patrol cars. They had no more problems in that neighborhood, though they weren't really welcomed.

After the long and exhausting campaign, to everyone's surprise, Jack Walton was elected governor. Since my father was part of it, he used to tell us proudly, "Jack Walton broke the Klan with his anti-mask law." However, the Klan still had some power—within the year, Jack was impeached, convicted, and turned out of office. At least, my father always said that the Klan got him. The history books don't agree, but in this case, I think my father was right.

Herein Monsters Lie (Part II)

-by Brian Patrick Corcoran, copyright 2002

“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.”

“I’ll be doin’ a stand up next to you while you’re in the chair. I’ll be trolling an artificial lure, a teaser that makes a lot of noise and gets their attention but has no hooks . Once we’ve got that they’ll come after the live bait you’ll be trolling next to me. Now I can only lead the horse to water, Laddie, but I canna make ya drink. Now I trust you know how to handle the beastie once she strikes.”

Mabry let out a shrill whistle directed at Quint who responded by promptly descending the bridge ladder to join us on the cockpit deck. A wiry, muscular man who moved silently with the easy grace of a nervous cat, he was the perfect onboard compliment to the lumbering, obtrusive mannerism of Captain Mabry. The wordless manner in which they communicated spoke volumes about their relationship, the nature of which carried overtones well beyond that of Captain to deck hand.

Quietly and efficiently he set about to bait the stout curved-butt rod upon which was mounted an enormous Penn International reel wound with 130 lb. test monofilament. From an oblong wooden box, he produced a treble hook larger than a closed fist and strode over to the live bait well. Opening the lid, he reached deep inside and after considerable agitation and a bit of a fishing adventure in itself, emerged with an impossibly slimy and formless mass in the form of a twenty pound octopus. It slithered unpredictably and uncontrollably around his arm, its suction cups attached firmly to his flesh. It went through six changes of color occasioned by the stress of being unnaturally exposed to direct sunlight.

“Tricky business, Yankee Boy”, Quint grinned at me, the bright white of his perfect shark’s teeth accenting by contrast the darkness of his thick black hair and dark native skin. I could not help but take offense at his reference to

me as “Yankee Boy”. I was at least ten years his senior, much larger than he, and if push came to shove, could twist his rude little head off. I looked at him crosswise briefly and he picked up on my displeasure by grinning even more broadly. Rudeness without malice was a new experience for me and I merely dismissed it as bad manners. He didn’t impress me as an ill-bred man so this aspect of his character puzzled me, a confusion compounded by the fact that his keenly perceptive glances betrayed an unmistakable quality of intellect.

“Watch me take care of this slimy bastard”, he said never abandoning his ever present grin. With those profound words Quint ran the long shaft of the treble hook straight up through the beak of the creature and out the back of its formless grey head. Attaching the end of the shaft to a stout clip on the rod’s line, he extricated himself, one sticky tentacle at a time, from the octopus’s smothering clasp, leaving the hapless creature to dangle preposterously from the end of the rod.

“They don’t live long outside the water” he said while lifting the formless mass over the edge of the boat and releasing enough line allowing the creature to descend into the sea. Immediately sensing the impulse to freedom the octopus pulsed frantically to escape, only to find itself frustrated by the line’s restraint. “Now that’s good bait” Quint confided enthusiastically, pointing to the rhythmic pulsations of the tethered beast. “That’ll get ‘em good” , he assured me with a humorous wink.

Meanwhile Captain Mabry had prepared the artificial lure, the teaser, by attaching it to the end of a stout, stiff casting rod . It consisted of a comically baroque wooden caricature of a squid, painted in such awkwardly garish colors as to lend itself as an object of artistic ridicule. I grimaced in scorn at the sight of it.

“Sure its ugly”, the Captain defended . “But it gets their attention and truth be told I’ve had more strikes on this hookless piece of trash than any live bait I’ve ever used. But it ain’t for hookin’ ‘em . We just toot the horn with it.” With that pronouncement he cast the apparatus into the sea and took up just enough line to bring it taught.

With a curt gesture of the hand he signaled Quint to the bridge and instructed him, “Zig zag us over the edge of the drop off. Use your best judgement. You’re the boss up there now. I need to help this bloke catch his world’s record.”

Once the live and artificial baits had drifted far enough from the boat to clear the propeller wash, Quint ignited the powerful engines. He engaged the propellers with an

audible clank and kept the motor RPM to its slowest speed. A low burbling sound issued from beneath the water line. Slowly the Argonaut moved out to its languid trolling speed of a paltry three knots, roughly the speed that a man normally would walk.

“Play out the line until you can see your bait at eye level in the oncoming swells”, the Captain advised. This proved to be about 75 yards out as the spacing of the swells would have it. The Captain, standing next to me, played out the teaser so as it would run ahead and then fall behind the pulsing octopus that was my bait. He would yank at it periodically, causing it to leap from the surface and splash back down while the aluminum propellers behind the teaser constantly agitated the surface. All the while, Quint artfully steered the craft up and over the great abyss, riding the swells to afford us the best advantage of view. Now it was a game of patience and perseverance.

I could not help but notice the change that came over the Captain at this stage. Gone was the bluster and good humor. In its place was a concentrated demeanor that brooked of no distraction. He was like a man charged with a serious mission that would not know of failure. He had a contagious sense about him that something awesome and spectacular was imminent. The sense extended to myself and I’m certain Quint felt it also as we assiduously plied those pregnant waters. And then, as destiny had ordained, it happened.

My first conscious sense of the event came in the form of a single sharp clang of the bridge bell. From high above on his elevated perch, Quint saw them first. From his commanding view from the flying bridge he spotted their wakes before they rounded the top of the swell and descended the slope in pursuit of the teaser. One quick snap of the bridge bell alerted us to the impending assault. We both turned our heads up to Quint who was pointing with steadfast resolution to the top of the far-off swell.

As we returned our focus to the object of his direction we could plainly see the creatures as they rounded the top of the crest and broke the silhouette between sea and sky. Three of them raced in parallel, jostling to reach the teaser first. With the combined force of gravity and enormous musculature the giant billfish surfed straight down upon the teaser, their maws wide opened, as their spectacular bills yawned menacingly above the surface.

With an instinct honed of experience Captain Mabry yanked viciously at his rod. The teaser flew from the surface of the swell a scant instant before one of the Marlin could snatch it in its jaws. Frustrated in their assault they

dove below the surface and disappeared from sight punctuating their rapid departure with snaps of their tails that produced three twenty-foot-tall columns of water.

“Males, Laddie, that’s a pack of hungry males. And not one of them larger than 600 pounds”, Mabry exclaimed excitedly. “That means there’s a big female nearby. She’ll be hungry too. You watch that bait of yours. I’ll keep my fingers crossed that she takes your bait and not one of them. You count to ten and by the time you get there I’ll guarantee you that you’re going to have the fight of your life on your hands.”

Thanksgiving Weekend 2003 NTM’s Feast of Pleasures and Delights RG

You won’t want to miss this Regional Gathering! We have been putting together a great weekend of events and are inviting our Mensa family members to stop by for a visit.

We start off with Thanksgiving snacks and open Hospitality on Thursday. If your family is too far away to visit, or you have satisfied your obligations, and you want to share with us, please come on by.

Once again we feature our Tastings, where you get to try a variety of foods in a different categories. Don’t miss the Cheese and Olive tasting, as well as some of our perennial favorites – beer, wine, soda, coffee, chocolate, and *cheesecake!* Each year we try to add new variety to the offerings so you will be experiencing something different than before.

We will have “The Great Mensa Retest” on Friday evening. Teams will be organized to compete in a fun quiz (like the TV “Test the Nation” last summer). Don’t worry – we won’t tell national how anyone scores on this. Saturday evening is our “Come as You Are – NOT!” dance. This is an occasion to dress as someone you are not, or not, as you wish.

Early Friday we are scheduling the Bloodmobile to collect liquid donations for the NTM account. And Saturday morning is the Mensa Job Fair. Scheduled among these are various interesting speakers and other program events. Later in the evening we have scheduled the hot tub until 2 AM each day.

And Hospitality will be open around the clock with a variety of food and beverages for your enjoyment.

You can find a registration blank at the NTM web site (<http://www.northtexasmensa.org>) under the “Events” menu item.

See you at the RG!

Gifted and Talented?

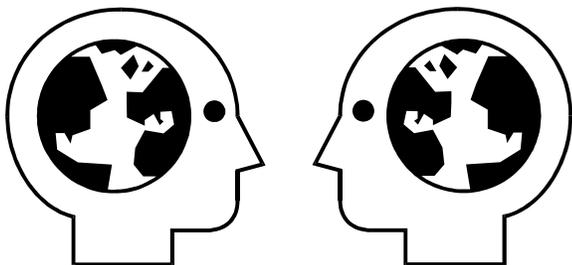
-by Michele Vaughan, LSM Gifted Children Resource

The Texas Association for the Gifted and Talented (TAGT) is a non-profit organization that has been promoting awareness of the unique social, emotional, and intellectual needs of gifted and talented youth across Texas for over 26 years. As the driving organization and principle legislative advocate for gifted children, TAGT strives to impact the development of appropriate educational services to meet these needs. TAGT also offers services and resources, such as professional development, curriculum recommendations, teacher/student scholarships, and parent outreach, to name a few.

TAGT will host its 26th Annual Conference for Parents and Educators this year in Houston on November 20-22. The conference promises to draw more than 4,000 educators and leaders in the field of gifted education from all over the U.S., the world, and, of course, Texas. On Saturday, there will be special sessions for parents in particular, as well as an evening event for parents and children at Houston's Museum of Fine Arts.

Also, mark your calendar now for the TAGT Parent Conference to be held at The University of Texas at Dallas on February 28, 2004 from 9:00AM-4:00PM! Featuring renowned gifted author and counselor Judy Galbraith plus, over a dozen sessions specifically for parents of gifted children. You are sure to come away informed and excited about gifted education! Bring the kids! There will be fun and stimulating activities for gifted children, ages 6-12, throughout the day—while you are learning, they'll be learning, too!

For information on TAGT or either upcoming conference, please visit the TAGT website, www.txgifted.org.



November Monthly Meeting

November's speaker will be Dr. Earl Chilton, aquatic habitat enhancement program director for the Texas Parks and Wildlife Department.

Dr. Chilton will discuss the department's use of sterile Asian grass carp to control hydrilla in area rivers and lakes.

Mensan Fall Picnic

4:00PM SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 2003

Come to a Fall Picnic at Northwest Park in north central Austin. This picnic will be similar to the previous events Mensans enjoyed last year and this spring, which means we will have a lot of fun. Pets on a leash are welcome. Bring significant others and bring kids.

Bring potluck food to share with everyone. Bring uncooked meat for your own family and grill it at the park.

Misty has developed a website with information about the Nov 15 picnic. Please access <http://b-b-fam.home.Texas.net/LSMPicnic/> to register for the picnic, enter what potluck food you can bring and see who else is coming. Questions: check the above website or e-mail xlartemis@austin.rr.com



Sign Up Now for the Lonestar Mensa Holiday Party

Send in your reservations now for the LSM Holiday Party! This year's party will be held at the Zilker Clubhouse (the same location as last year) on Sunday December 7th at 2:00pm. The Clubhouse is west of Zilker Park in the hills. It has a panoramic view of downtown Austin and two beautiful fireplaces.

There will be a \$6.00 admission charge (if you pay in advance) and a \$7.50 charge at the door. The group will be providing finger foods and desserts, cider, eggnog, and soft drinks. You should BYOB. To sign up in advance, send a check to our treasurer, Midge Kocen, 7131 Wood Hollow Drive Apt. 106, Austin, TX, 78731-2502, or go to the LSM website (<http://www.lsm.us.mensa.org/lsmnews.htm>) and follow the link to the PayPal payment page. It will greatly help in our planning if you sign up early, as it helps us estimate how many people will attend and therefore how much food we should purchase.

We'd appreciate volunteers to help set up decorations for the party and to help with food preparation during the party. We'd also like to get together a group of member musicians to play holiday music during the party — if you're a musician, please contact John Neemidge to join the group.

We hope to see you at this special Holiday Party!

What's Happening in November?

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.

Waco Zoo Trip

Sunday, November 2nd

11:00am

Cameron Park Zoo

1701 N. 4th St., Waco

(254) 750-8400

Join us as we visit the Cameron Park Zoo in Waco. John and Geri will be wearing green Lonestar Mensa Armadillo Brigade t-shirts. Meet us at the main entrance at 11:00 a.m. If you would like a ride (we can take a few people) or to arrange car pooling or caravanning contact John or Geri at 512-310-7863. Zoo admission: Adults \$5.00, Children (4-12) \$3.00, Seniors \$4.50.

ExComm Meeting

Saturday, November 8

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, November 8

11:00am-1:00pm

Austin Public Library

University Hills Branch

4721 Loyola Lane, Austin

Please see the announcement on page 10 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.

Waco Area Mensa Get-Together

Wednesday, November 19

7:00pm

Barnes & Noble Café

4909 W. Waco Dr., Waco

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

Fall Picnic

Saturday, November 15

4:00pm

Northwest Park, Austin

Helen Siders xlartemis@austin.rr.com

Please see the article on page 10 for details.

Potluck SIG & Games Night

Saturday, November 15

6:00pm

Kelly Wagner & Steve Harsch's Home

1001 E. Riverside, Austin

(512) 443-9650

Theme: Low fat foods. Halloween is just past, and Thanksgiving is right around the corner. We'd like to go easy now, so that we can better enjoy the feasting to come! Please RSVP, and 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.

Georgetown Area Games Night

Saturday, November 15

7:00pm

129 Sunflower, Sun City, Georgetown

Betty Dougherty

(512) 864-1582

Games and conversation. Scrabble, Upwords, Boggle, Perquackey, backgammon, and decks of cards provided, or bring your favorite game. 7:00 to 10:00 p.m. Smoking outside.

From Austin, go north on I-35 to exit 261A. (From Waco going south, it's exit 262.) Stay on access road to Williams Drive. Turn west on Williams Drive (FM 2338) and proceed to Sun City (about 6 miles). You'll see some blue signs along the way saying "Sun City." At the light, turn right onto Del Webb Blvd. and go about 1 1/2 miles. Where the road flattens out, you'll cross a bridge (there's a blinking light right before the bridge), then turn right on Whispering Wind. The 2nd left, opposite a "Speed Limit 30" sign, is Dan Moody. Turn left on Dan Moody and wind up and around to Sunflower at the top of the hill. Turn right on Sunflower and go to the 3rd house on your right - #129 is on the garage.

Fold & Sticker

Thursday, November 20

(at TGIT)

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



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November

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
						1
2 Waco Zoo Trip	3	4	5	6 TGIT	7	8 ExComm & Monthly Mtgs
9	10	11	12	13 TGIT	14 <i>'Dillo deadline</i>	15 Picnic Potluck'nGames G'town Games
16	17	18	19 Waco Area Mensa	20 TGIT <i>Fold & Sticker</i>	21	22
23	24	25	26	27 Dallas RG - TGIT	28 Feast of Pleasures & Delights	29
30						

2003

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