

The

SCAM

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25th Anniversary Issue



**Special
ExComm
Election
Issue**

**RETURN THE ENCLOSED
OFFICIAL BALLOT
BY MAY 15, 2008**



SPACE COAST AREA MENSA



Website: www.spacecoast.us.mensa.org

(All Area Codes are 321 except as noted)

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All submissions must be received by the Editor before the 10th of the month preceding publication. Please allow extra time for mailed submissions, which may be **typed** or **legibly handwritten**. Whenever possible, we prefer submissions via e-mail. They may be in **e-mail text** or any of most **word processing** formats. All submissions should be sent to the **Editor**, whose contact information appears on Page 2.

Inside the Pocket Protector

Mike Moakley, Editor

As I gain increasingly more experience as your Editor, a favorite one-word expression I have adopted is “Oops!” Last month’s issue seems to have given me good reason to utter this expression more than once.

On our Calendar of Events, the ExComm meeting was listed for Wednesday, April 5th (the 5th was on a Saturday). The ExComm did meet, as planned, on Wednesday, April 2nd. The minutes, complete with the correct date, is on the inside back cover.

One of our regular columnists, “The George,” noted with dismay, that the title for his column in the “My Summer Vacation” series, incorrectly, “Be Very Afrais”. I guess this is what happens when a two-fingered typist is in too much of a hurry: *Be Very Afraid...*”

Finally, I incorrectly inserted a colon after the word OMBRE in the Scrabble column. This wraps up my “Oops” for April, at least the ones I was caught committing. My apologies to all concerned.

Onward to other business. A few more events are planned for this month. Be sure to check our calendar for details. Finally, do not forget to turn in your ballots. It is election time again! For anyone who is interested, you may have the unique opportunity to serve on our ExComm. See our LocSection for more details.

As for me, if the new ExComm is willing, I plan to continue as your Editor. Heaven knows, I need the practice.

***The SCAM* sells classified ad space.** SCAM members, non-commercial, no charge. Others: \$20 full page; \$10 half-page; \$5 quarter-page per month, we offer discounts for multiple insertions, and we can help with layout and design.

Subscriptions: SCAM members, included in dues; others, **\$10** for 12 issues.

This may not be this first sporting event in recent years for SCAM. There must have been a bowling event sometime in the past decade. And *Guns and Fried Rice* certainly qualified as a sporting event. But I must say, one of my major disappointments with Mensans is there almost total lack of interest in professional sports. Maybe there's a Gator fan out there somewhere but baseball -- what's that? Anyway -- we'll give it a try. Friday night, May 30, we have scheduled a calendar event at Space Coast Stadium, where the Brevard Manatees will play nine innings of baseball vs. the Vero Beach something or others. Barbara thinks they are the Dodgers. Now this is real professional baseball and as baseball goes these days, pretty inexpensive. A couple of dollars for parking and \$7.00 for the game. It's fun. You sit near the field. You can move to practically any seat you want (they don't sell out). You can sit behind home plate, next to the player wielding the radar gun (to clock the pitcher's speed [of his pitch]). You can drink beer and eat hotdogs. Watch Manny the Manatee cavort. Between innings there are little capers with the kids.

How does it work? *Go to the game.* It's at the Space Coast Stadium in Viera at 7pm. Aim for 6:30. You can be a little late. Park.

SCAM Treasurer's Report

As of 3/31/2008:

<u>Account</u>	<u>Balance</u>
General Fund	\$884.15
Post Office Acct.	91.45
Reserve Fund	2112.49
RG Fund	980.00

Total Funds Available:
\$4068.09

<u>Deposits</u>	
Mensa Funding:	\$195.58
Interest Income	0.87
RG Income	0.00

<u>Withdrawals</u>	
Printing Costs	\$150.31
Postage	65.27

—Bud Long, Treasurer

Buy tickets at the ticket booth. If you don't know where the stadium is, find the Viera Court complex and follow the traffic. To find me and fellow Mensans in the ballpark, draw a line, in your minds eye, from second base to third base, up to the back row of the stands and we'll be there for an inning or two. Barbara and I will be there. Try it, you'll like it. For more info, call me at 777-3721. I would really like to have a ballgame event every month for the summer. If this works, we might try a thoroughly minor league (or even college) basketball or hockey game for the fall.

Part Five: First Days in Captivity

In a short while we became rebellious. Reed banged on the door and kept banging and kicking it until the guard with rifle in hand cautiously opened the door. Ted, who was our senior officer, demanded an audience with the commandant in charge. In a few minutes a lieutenant appeared and wanted to know what the commotion was about. Ted spoke up and demanded medical attention for us and also demanded better quarters. "This room has no means of ventilation." boomed Ted, our senior officer. "We have rights to reasonable conditions of capture." The German officer was a well-behaved man. His English was limited and spoke only a few words. "You have no rights... You killed two and wounded one." I knew that he was referring to the machine gun fire that I sent toward the slits in the flak towers. I felt a glow of satisfaction knowing we had inflicted some damage before being shot down.

"When we were flying we were at war with each other." I interjected. "You were shooting at us and we were returning the fire. You were our enemy then. Now we are your prisoners and demand that we be afforded treatment in accordance with the agreements reached by the International Convention at Geneva, Switzerland for prisoners of war."

The German officer gave it a moment of thought. He turned to the guard, gave him some orders and left without further word to us. Ted tried to get friendly with the guard and succeeded in finding that the door was to be left open and that we would get some medical attention. In a few minutes we realized that we were going to get some action because a hospital orderly soon appeared. The orderly was complaining about giving aid to the enemy and indicated that he would not attend to us. Our guard who had two stripes listened to the orderly's complaint. With a curse at him he gave him a sharp swipe with the back of his hand, which almost knocked him over. The orderly then proceeded to doctor our wounds with no further ado.

The guard told us that he was from Poland and had no sympathy with the German position but at present he could do nothing about it. We tried to weasel some military information from him as to our location, the size and number of guns and the number of military personnel. We figured that by some chance our secret fantasies might be realized and we could bring this information back to our intelligence

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officers.

After the medical orderly treated my hip wound and took care of Walton's ankle, we were beginning to feel hungry. We hadn't eaten since the fresh egg breakfast, which seemed hours ago.

We started to complain about the treatment and the lack of food. We had so much success from our first campaign about the lack of ventilation and the need of first aid that we felt that we had the Germany army intimidated. Well we waited but no food was forthcoming. Then we started to demand the return of our cigarettes. This too brought no results. We changed our tactics and asked the guard how long we would have to remain in this vault. Actually that was what it looked like - a concrete vault. We wondered if they had any intention of keeping us here overnight. The guard told us we would be moved in an hour or two. We didn't believe him but we hoped he was right. Days later we realized that during our time in captivity most of it was spent anxiously waiting to be moved. The cold, the lack of food, and the starkness of captivity were so intolerable that we felt that any move would be for the something better. We were soon to find out that the next move and each succeeding one did not provide an increase in our comfort.

In about an hour we were herded out of the vault back to the courtyard. My hip had stiffened considerably and I needed help. Walton seemed to be doing all right with his sore ankle. They had us climb aboard an open body truck, which was large enough to carry ten prisoners and a rifle toting guard. The weather was clear and brisk which prompted us to huddle together for protection from the cold wind. We traveled about twenty miles and were not permitted to look over the sides. When the truck finally stopped we found that we were in a military base. We were hustled into the base guardhouse. There were two large rooms and one smaller room that had toilet facilities. The smaller room had a barred small window about seven feet above the floor. Each of the large rooms had wooden long benches that would serve as beds if we had to spend the night. The guards put us in this enclosure and iron bars were locked behind us. There was no heating facility, no blankets and no mattress to soften the hard wooden benches .. I felt the bitter cold despite the clothing I wore on the mission. We sat dejectedly on the cold wooden benches after surveying our quarters.

It must have been about three o'clock in the afternoon when the

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bars had clanked shut behind us. We thought they would provide us with food but it didn't happen. The short spring days at 48 degrees north latitude soon brought on the dusk so we settled down as best we could to try to blot out our discomfort with sleep. Sleep was very hard to come by. The cold and the hard benches were a poor combination to induce untroubled sleep. I dozed off from nervous exhaustion but soon awoke. Realizing where I was, I tried to relax so I could bring back sleep...

The stiffness in my hip now permeated all the muscles of my body. Chatter, slow as I held him in this position he described what appeared to be a long inclined chute capable of holding a missile and giving it direction when fired. Ted thought it might be one of the sites used to launch the V-1 robot bombs or the V-2 long-range liquid fueled ballistic missiles that were wreaking havoc on London. After a minute or two I told Ted that I had to let him down. He said, "OK" and then boosted me up so I could see what he described. I thought that this information would have little value to the Allies. I was sure that our reconnaissance aircraft and our spies in Germany have much greater knowledge of this base than what we could supply by our casual observations.

In the late afternoon we were ushered into another building, which housed the German officers mess. We were surprised to find the tablecloths on the long tables. We were served black bread with a cup of soup. Margarine and fruit jam rounded out the menu. I presumed that this was all they could muster up for their prisoners and I felt grateful for the effort made to accommodate us.

This routine was carried out for two days. We learned that the Germans were accumulating allied prisoners at this base until they had a sufficient number for shipment to the main interrogation center located in Frankfurt-on-Main. Early in the morning of the third day we were given a ration of black bread and cheese to take with us and were moved by truck to the railroad station. The bread was sour and solid. A loaf about the size of the typical one-pound American wrapped bread weighed about four pounds. To the American men it was almost indigestible. While we were waiting in the railroad station for our train, some of our men (still full of piss and vinegar) made pellets of the squishy bread and used them to bombard each other. The civilians waiting for the train watched in amazement at the spectacle of officers wasting food when all of them were on a starvation diet. I was ashamed of my fellow fliers for their childish be-

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An Embarrassment of Riches

(LeXpert was used in the preparation of this column)

Many players of the SCRABBLE® crossword game agree that the most valuable tiles are the high-scoring J, K, Q, X, and Z; the two versatile blanks that can be used for any letter; and the four Ss. However, perhaps one can have too much of a good thing.

An S is nice to have because if the other letters on your rack form a six-letter word, the addition of an S often forms an acceptable seven-letter word (HEATER/HEATERS, TRAVEL/TRAVELS, etc.). Also, you can often add an S to a word already on the board; hopefully, the word was already worth several points and your S was placed on a double- or triple-word-score space.

Using all seven letters on the rack scores a fifty-point bonus, but how likely is that if the rack happens to include *all four* Ss? There are five such words: ASSISTS, POSSESS, SASSIES, SISSIES, and SWISSES. [SASSIES is the plural of SASSY; SASSY is defined as “sasswood,” which is an African tree. SWISSES is the plural of SWISS, a cotton fabric.]

An eight-letter word can be formed using a tile already on the board, and there are twenty-nine acceptable words of this length that contain exactly four Ss: ASSASSIN, ASSESSED, ASSESSOR, BASSISTS, BASSNESS, BOSSISMS, BYSSUSES, CASSISES, LOSSLESS, MASSLESS, MISSISES, MISSUSES, OBSESSES, PASSLESS, PASSUSES, REASSESS, SASHLESS, SASSIEST, SCHUSSES, SCISSORS, SESSIONS, SISSIEST, SISSYISH, SPEISSES, STRASSES, STRESSES, SUBSISTS, SUDSLESS, and TUSSISES. [Several of these are plurals of somewhat uncommon words: BYSSUS is a fine linen, CASSIS is a European bush, PASSUS is a section of a story or poem, SPEISS is a metallic mixture obtained in smelting certain ores, STRASS is a brilliant glass used in making imitation gems, and TUSSIS is a cough.] ASSESSES contains five Ss, so playing this word would require a blank.

Did you notice that none of these seven- or eight-letter words with four or five Ss contained any of the high-scoring letters J, K, Q, X, or Z?

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There are no acceptable words that contain all five high-scoring letters, or even just four. The only words in *The Official SCRABBLE® Players Dictionary, Fourth Edition* (OSPD4) containing three of these letters are JUKEBOX, JUKEBOXES, JAZZLIKE, MUZJIK, and MUZJIKS. [MUZJIK is defined as “muzhik,” which is a Russian peasant.] KATZENJAMMER and KATZENJAMMERS can be played but are too long to be included in OSPD4. Notice that JAZZLIKE would require a blank for the second Z.

Lastly, let’s focus on seven-letter words containing two of the high-scoring letters. There are fifty that can be formed using J and K, including JUKEBOX which also uses an X and MUZJIKS which also uses a Z; SKYJACK requires a blank for the second K. With J and Q one can make JONQUIL. Besides JUKEBOX, J and X can be used to make JINXING and OUTJINX. Besides MUZJIKS, J and Z can be used to make AZULEJO, JACUZZI, JAZZBOS, JAZZERS, JAZZIER, JAZZILY, JAZZING JAZZMAN, JAZZMEN, JEZAILS, and JEZEBEL; JACUZZI is not actually in OSPD4 but should be, and this word and the others starting with JAZZ- require a blank for the second Z. With K and Q one can make sixteen seven-letter words; one of them, QUOKKAS, requires a blank for the second K. Including JUKEBOX, there are thirteen words that can be formed using K and X; one of them, KICKBOX, requires a blank for the second K, and KLEENEX is another accidental omission from OSPD4. Including MUZJIKS, thirty-one seven-letter words contain K and Z; two of them, KOLKHOZ and KOLKOZY, require a blank for the second K. With Q and X one can make EQUINOX or QUIXOTE. With Q and Z can form BEZIQUE, CAZIQUE, MEZQUIT, QUETZAL, QUEZALS, QUIZZED, QUIZZER, QUIZZES, or SQUEEZE; some of these require a blank for the second Z. With X and Z one can make OXAZINE or OXIDIZE.

A quote from Steven Wright seems applicable. “You can’t have everything. Where would you put it?”

Next month: Herbalicious

About Those Elections . . .

Here it is, election time again, and as hotly contested as usual, with four candidates vigorously competing for five positions. Yes, that's right. Five ExComm posts, four candidates. I'm kidding about it being hotly contested. For the past two elections, as best I can remember, we had five somewhat willing candidates, and managed to scare up a sixth person who agreed to be on the ballot so it would give the appearances of a contest.

This year, four current ExComm members have agreed (if elected) to serve an additional term. No one else has indicated any interest in the job, and I did not feel an urge to go out and beat the bushes for warm bodies. I expect we will have some write-in votes and those people written in will be approached and asked if they are willing to serve. If none of the write-ins are interested, we will start the new session with four members.

The Bylaws provide for this situation, allowing the ExComm to appoint someone to fill a vacant spot. If, in fact, there is someone out there who is interested in helping us run our organization, by all means let us know. It's too late to get on the ballot, but word of mouth should be able to generate a few write-in votes, which is all it takes to get elected. While there has been no great effort on the part of the ExComm to find an additional candidate or two up till now, if we start off with only four elected members, we will make an effort to find a volunteer to bring us up to full strength. Perhaps the novelty of an "incomplete" election slate will inspire someone to volunteer.

P.S.: My usage checker tells me I've used "someone" too often. That must mean something. It also says I've used too many contractions. Sorry, that's my style.

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havior. I'm sure that when these jackasses learned what it felt like to be really hungry they would recall this episode with regret.

...To be continued in next month's issue.

Long Live the Bear!

Friday the bull was not only slaughtered, but it is now going to be cut into many parts. If you are one of those folks “in for the long haul” I hope you have plenty of years because there are no more bulls in the pasture. The herd has been led to the packing house.

Hope and fear will now dominate for the next several years. Before it was hope and greed. Yes, I said years as this bear market has a long, long way to go. It will not surprise me to see the DOW now at 12,000 trade around 6,000 in about 5 years. This is a young bear who will grow and mature by eating almost every stock.

What can you do with your 401K or other tax sheltered retirement plan? Immediately transfer all funds to a money market account. Sure you won't make much, but you won't lose it. The broker will try to talk you out of selling. The fund manager will also be very unhappy. Accounts in money markets do not make any residual payments for them. Most investors who own mutual funds do not realize there are hidden fees that amount to about 2% every year.

Mutual fund managers are paid by the amount of money in the portfolio and not on the performance of the fund. Even when investors are losing money month after month they remain fat cats.

Brokers will tell the usual story that this is a great “opportunity” to buy XYZ company at this price. Don't believe it. “This is a good company and it pays a large dividend.” Really? From 2000 to 2003 the S&P500 Index lost 40%. Would the dividends you might receive make up for such a huge loss? You can answer that one.

History shows that during any 10-year period there has always been a market decline of 20% to 40% and sometimes more. Index funds are not a safe haven and 80% of mutual funds do not perform as well as a major index. Every index fund lost money during that 3 year period and many have not yet recovered. Cash is king.

Recently there has been a new financial instrument created. It is an ETF – Exchange Traded Fund. It is similar to a mutual fund, but the expense ratio is about 1/10 that of regular mutual funds and it can be bought and sold during trading hours. Brokers also allow stop loss orders to be placed.

And here is the kicker. There are bear ETFs. These are shares that

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MEMBERSHIP NOTES

Welcome to SCAM:

Thomas Lempicke
Barbara O'Donnell
Joseph Carrier

Welcome to SCAM and Mensa:

James Follis
Travis Elmore

MAY BIRTHDAY GREETINGS

3rd	Brian Conway	17th	Douglas Dial
12th	John McKeown	19th	Eric Sperry
12th	Martin Vanoy	25th	James Stewart
14th	Michael Friedman	27th	Karen Freiberg
15th	Rondal Halter	30th	Francis Stump

Note: If your birthday is not listed, and you want it to be, please let us know.

THE ALCHEMIST

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go up when the stock market goes down. There are hundreds of them that take in the entire market including specialized sectors. These can be found simply by a Google search using the words "bear ETF".

Take the time to study these as this is a way you can use these inverse funds to profit in a bear market. The bear is eating all stocks, even the "good" ones. Don't let him eat yours.

Al Thomas' best selling book, "If It Doesn't Go Up, Don't Buy It!" has helped thousands of people make money and keep their profits with his simple 2-step method. Read the first chapter and receive his market letter at www.mutualfundmagic.com to discover why he's the man that Wall Street does not want you to know. Copyright Williamsburg Investment Co. 2008 All rights reserved.

SCAM Calendar of Events for May 2008

7th - Wednesday 5:30 PM

EXCOMM MEETING

.This is our monthly business meeting. All members are always welcome to attend.

Contact: *George, 777-3721, for details.*

8th - Thursday 6:30 PM

DINNER AT THAT THAI II

George Patterson is hosting a dinner night out at Thai Thai II located on Highway A1A, about a mile south of Eau Gallie Causeway.

Contact: *George, 777-3721, for details.*

17th - Saturday 6:30 PM

BALLOT COUNT AND GAMES NIGHT

Come watch democracy in action, then enjoy an evening of cards and games at Karen and Doug's home in Rockledge.

Kitty is \$3.

Contact: *Karen or Doug, 633-1636, for more details.*

24th - Saturday 6:00 PM

S.N.O.R.T.

Join us for some sushi and tempura at The SCAM's best attended event at Miyako's, 1411 S. Harbor City Blvd. (US#1) in Melbourne.

Contact: *George Patterson, 777-3721.*

30th - Friday 7:00 PM

BASEBALL GAME

Join us at Space Coast Stadium in Viera for a night of baseball. More details can be found on Page Four in this issue.

Contact: *George Patterson, 777-3721.*

Calendar Updates

ATTENTION SCAM MEMBERS!

Every effort is made to bring to you an accurate up-to-date Calendar of Events. However, last minute changes can and do occur past newsletter deadline. For up-to-date info, visit spacecoast.us.mensa.org and click on "Calendar".

As an atheist, I find the most compelling argument championing the existence of God to be that two such different species as men and women can actually procreate. However, having devised such a complicated, gooey, and inefficient method for propagating our species, He is obviously not an engineer.

I observed my lovely wife closely during the gestation periods of our three daughters, continually amazed at how her lithe, lissome, female human anatomy could metamorphose into such a surrealistic bloat. Towards the end of the pregnancy, it looked like nothing so much as she had swallowed a whole watermelon. All those internal organs being squeeze up into every available nook and cranny, the hormonal rebalance (imbalance?) thing, inhaling a Whopper in the time it took me to get to the booth from the counter... And having something inside of you moving around! Bizarre!

[[^]BEGIN /digression]

My wife records Oprah every day, scanning it in the evening for juicy tidbits. On occasion, she will summon me from my manly lair to watch some particularly salacious piece of sensationalism or some informative bit of information without which I could certainly no longer function as a productive member of society.

Some time in early April, Oprah had on Thomas Beatie and his wife of five years, Nancy. Thomas is 34 and Nancy, somewhat older, has two grown daughters from a previous marriage. At the time the program aired, they were expecting their first child together to be born in about three months. The hook here is that it was Thomas that was pregnant, not Nancy!

Well, folks, lemme tellya... I don't remember having sat through an entire Oprah before, but I sure did for this one.

Thomas, it seems, was formerly Tracy LaGondino, a teen beauty pageant contestant from Hawaii. He... she... Tracy... Thomas – oh hell! – THIS PERSON decided to become a man 10 years ago. He began taking testosterone treatments and had breast surgery to remove glands and flatten his chest. "I opted not to do anything with my reproductive organs because I wanted to have a child one day," he told Oprah. Notwithstanding his distaff organs, his marriage is legal, since he is recognized under state law as a man.

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You can satisfy that overpowering curiosity about how they “did” it by Googling “pregnant man” or “Thomas Beatie” and read all about it yourselves. No need for me to go into the licentious details here.

I merely wanted to point out how truly bizarre this whole human reproduction thingie can be.

[^END /digression]

So, I started thinking about ways this process might be improved. The first thing that came to mind was eggs. Tried and true. Works for birds, reptiles, bugs, and such. Squeeze. Plop! Squat on the ol’ ovoid for a while and – voila! – watch junior squirm his way out. Lots of upside.

But I had one big problem with the whole egg thing: Salvador Dali. I’m a big Dali fan. But if you check out one of my favorite paintings of his, “Geopoliticus Child Watching the Birth of the New Man” (another Google), you’ll get some idea of my reluctance to switch to ovipositioning. Yuck!

Which brought me to the unequivocally obvious solution: nonplacental viviparism, commonly known as: Marsupialia

Mar*su`pi*a"li*a`, *n. pl.* [NL., fr. *L. marsupium* a pouch, bag, purse, Gr. ?, *dim. of* ?, ?.] (Zof[“o]l.) A subclass of Mammalia, including nearly all the mammals of Australia and the adjacent islands, together with the opossums of America. They differ from ordinary mammals in having the corpus callosum very small, in being implacental, and in having their young born while very immature. The female generally carries the young for some time after birth in an external pouch, or marsupium. Called also Marsupiata.

It’s perfect!

The Great Red Kangaroo can grow to be up to 200 pounds, yet after a 33-day gestation period (!), the undeveloped joey (that’s what they call a baby kangaroo) that crawls up into mom’s pouch is about the size of a lima bean.

A lima bean! Sooooo much better than parturition of something the size of a nice mackerel. And not only is delivery merely a kwik kegel, but the little bugger then crawls up into the mama’s pouch under its own power! Talk about convenience!

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Now, admittedly, this will take a little biological manipulation before it can come to fruition for us homo saps. But, heck, we're already just a few gene splices away from pigs that can fly and tapioca flavored rattlesnake. I have no doubt that we can come up with the necessary tweaks to make the changeover. In fact, while we're at it, we might as well work on engineering out the irksome propensity junior has for hanging around in the pouch for six, seven, twelve, or so months.

And not only is this physically, logistically, and practically more desirable than the system that we're using now, but there's even a significant monetary benefit.

Think of the industry this would generate. Why, dads could be equipped with a ManPouch® (patent pending) for taking over care of the little nonplacental mammalian offspring. Lined with nice, soft padding and equipped with a nipple attached to a reservoir of Enriched Formula Marsumil®, dads can schlep the little tyke around and give ol' mom a well-deserved break. Rich folk could one-up each other with mink or alpaca pouches studded with precious gems and sporting Gucci, Luis Vuitton, Prada, or Versace designer labels. Just what we need to give our tired economy a boost.

No need to thank me.

I'm just doing my civic duty thinking up ways to make life better for my fellow passengers traveling on Spaceship Earth.

the george

A gentleman is a man who can play the accordion but doesn't.

- Unknown

From The Local Secretary

The committee and I still need your HELP, however. We can only try to anticipate the kind of activities and content in The SCAM that will appeal to you. If we are not, we need to hear from you. Your participation, no matter how little, encourages us and lets us know we are doing something right. But when we continue to have a large group of M's that appear only as names on a list, unknown and unidentified, we wonder what it is that attracts you to Mensa. Please get involved. Join in the fun at our activities and send in your thoughts, artwork, and quizzes, to Steve, our SCAM Editor. This is your organization. We can't make it what you want if we are kept in the dark.

—*Judy Peabody*

Here's The SCAM!

Editor's Note: Back in 1983, since SCAM was then a brand new group, each issue had a brief review of the previous month's events. Among other things, it served somewhat as a progress report.

The Pot Luck at the Smoker's left everyone on Cloud 9. OUTSTANDING food, including homemade lasagna, stuffed goose, Korean beef, southern fried chicken, shoo-fly pie, and homemade brownies you wouldn't believe (well, maybe you would believe them). It was another one of those evenings that we will all try to remember.

The Program Night, featuring our own Alex Martone, offered a new way of looking at the everyday things that we think we understand. Alex provided an entertaining walk through the world we think we know.

I am so tired of hearing and reading a lot of nonsense about the problem of immigration. Everyone knows that this country's greatest resources and assets are her people, people who have come from other countries or are descendants of people from other countries. However, there are those who want to come to this great land of ours to destroy our lifestyle and ideology and are a threat to freedom throughout the world, while others simply want to be a burden on our economy. In order to preserve our heritage and insure a free and prosperous nation in the future for our children and future generations, we can all agree that a workable solution needs to be implemented soon.

If we close our borders as some propose, we will be shutting out future Einsteins, Mozarts, Picassos, Galileos and DaVincis. Let us not forget those who are not quite as gifted and have good work ethics that have provided the labor to build and feed this great nation. (All are vital to our society). Do we want to keep them out? I think not. On the other hand, if we leave the borders wide open, that's an invitation to our enemies (political and economic) to continue to invade our shores and threaten our freedom, prosperity, and way of life.

Solutions need to be as comprehensive as the problem is complex. Every person entering this country needs to be screened, registered, photographed, fingerprinted and a DNA sample taken. Persons coming from a subversive ideology (such as Communists, Nazis, Fascists, Muslims or any other ideology that is a threat) also need to be monitored, tracked and restricted from access to firearms, sensitive locations, critical information, and certain types of employment. (Yes, I said it, *Muslims are our enemies*. HELLO AMERICA!! It's time to *wake up and see reality*). ID chips under the skin could be considered for high risk personal. This will aid in law enforcement if a crime is committed by an immigrant as well as giving homeland security the tools they need to keep track of our enemies and keep our nation safe.

With the advances made in the past 20 years in technology, all this is possible. Computers, software, imaging hardware, communication and data base services would be required. These resources are readily available and relatively inexpensive. The difficult part is the infrastructure required (including personnel) to implement such a task. Implementation and management is also expensive as well as difficult. The cost of this task would be best covered by those who benefit the most. A tariff levied on each person entering our borders

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can cover the cost of all the services they require. Those requiring more service (the subversives) will bare a greater cost. An annual fee will cover maintenance of the system to be paid until that person becomes a citizen. Corporate, agricultural and family sponsorships should be structured into the system to accommodate the comprehensive needs of our citizens, agriculture and the business community.

Management should be by an agency of the Federal Government with affiliations to Immigration, Home Land Security and the criminal justice system. This agency needs to be independent of political influence with no corporate control (we all know how honest politicians are and how ethical corporate America is). A division within the agency should be established to insure ethical treatment of those passing through the system. Some migrant workers and domestic maintenance workers as well as others have become victims of abuse, excessive labor demands, intimidation, forced prostitution and unfair treatment in the past, this must to be avoided. With a properly managed agency those committing crimes can more easily be caught and deported. Terrorists can be restrained and incarcerated when they violate their restrictions. There will be less drowning in the Straits of Florida and we might even be able to drop the "wet foot/dry foot" policy. The distinction between political and economic refugees will be lees significant. We would have a better chance to avoid another 9/11 type incident.

Immigrants desiring to reside in this great nation need to be prepared to assimilate into our society. A mandatory training course (about 2-3 weeks) needs to be part of the process for entry and can be part of the screening process. The training should cover things like currency, laws, their rights and the rights of others, customs and traditions, limited language, U.S. history, and U. S. economic system, the criminal justice system the political system and what ever may be needed for a smooth transition. A handbook would be a good idea to be used for future reference.

Stiff penalties and swift enforcement for circumventing the system need to be in place. Rewards for citizens who turn in violators should be available. This would give the system some teeth. Funding for enforcement should be part of the entrance tariff and annual fee so there will not be a burden on the taxpayers. As immigrants become a productive part of our society and become citizens they are removed from the annual fee roles. Those of a subversive ideology need to continue to be monitored, tracked and restricted while denied citizenship as they are a threat to our country. Any persons already in this coun-

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One political “hot button” issue in public education is the question, “What shall be the appropriate science curriculum?” More specifically, this is the continuation of the century-long debate over how to handle the theory of evolution. In the past, the debate centered over whether evolution should be taught at all. Since the 1990s, however, rather than having an outright ban, many in the Fundamentalist Community propose adding the teaching of “creationism” alongside the teaching of evolution. This is all the more an issue locally, as it is the subject of current proposed legislation here in Florida.

The Fundamentalist Community states it is about fairness. Creationism, based on Biblical teachings, deserves “equal time” in the science classroom. Opponents believe the teaching of Creationism is tantamount to indoctrinating public school students with religious belief, in violation of the principle of separation of church and state.

While I believe very strongly in separation of church and state, I do believe that, under a strict set of guidelines, Creationism should be taught in the science classroom. While my concerns are the same as Creationism opponents (I do, likewise, oppose indoctrination attempts), I respectfully disagree. Below, I will explain.

Dictionary.com defines Science in part as: “*Systematic knowledge of the physical or material world gained through observation and experimentation.*” When, eons ago, I attended science classes in high school, I learned that the Scientific Method is key to determining the truth of a proposed theory in science.

The American Heritage New Dictionary of Cultural Literacy defines Scientific Method in part: “*An orderly technique of investigating that is supposed to account for scientific progress. The method consists of the following steps: (1) Careful observation of nature. (2) Deduction of natural laws. (3) Formation of hypotheses – generalizations of those laws to previously unobserved phenomena. (4) Experimental or observational testing of the validity of the predictions made.*”

Finally, The American Heritage Dictionary defines Creationism as: “*Belief in the literal interpretation of the account of the creation of all living things related in the Bible.*”

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Let me here and now make abundantly clear that I am not by any means a qualified educator. Yet, this is my proposal on how Creationism should be introduced within the public school science curriculum:

When a biology class first meets, immediately the lesson would be the definition of Science. No science class is of any value if the student does not know what science is. The second lesson would be an in-depth discussion of the Scientific Method. No student would be able to pass the class without knowing what the scientific method is, and (at least, on a basic level) how to use it.

Immediately afterward, Creationism would be studied in depth. All students would be required to be thoroughly familiar with Creationism. Next is the class project: Every student is assigned to submit a written report to answer the question: "*Is Creationism science? Use the Scientific Method to support your response.*" Every step must be adequately documented. Perhaps half the students would be assigned to start with "Yes", with the other half assigned to start with "No" to begin the investigation.

Once this exercise is completed, continue with evolution. Again, using the Scientific Method, the students would likewise be assigned to demonstrate whether evolution is science.

At this point, I do have one additional suggestion: Before allowing students to tackle biology and other specific science classes, a basic course in elementary logic, sometimes referred to as Creative and Critical Thinking, should first be successfully completed.

Should the public school system choose to implement my proposal, I believe that Creationism can be thoroughly discussed without becoming a detriment to knowledge of science. I do, however, have one final question: Will the Fundamentalist Community wish to continue to have Creationism as part of a public school science curriculum? My guess is they will not. For extra credit: *Would anyone care to employ the Scientific Method to prove or disprove my guess?*

Honestly, I am not one of those Luddites who oppose new technology. In my daily existence, I enjoy, directly or indirectly, much of what modern technology offers. Yet, I do draw the line on cell phones. Why? Let me count the ways...

Years ago, when cell phones first became widely available, I learned that unlike conventional telephone service, you pay for calls you make *and* receive. I realize there are now many options available with the ten million “plans” available, but it takes a really sharp lawyer to decipher the fact that the customer just signed away his or her firstborn child.

A more appropriate name for these devices is “leash”. Where, in the past, you were able to make it home from work before facing “honey-dos”, now, it is a continuous thing. Yes, you can shut off the phone, but only if you do not mind answering her about the fictional “other woman” (after all, why *else* would you shut it off?). Of course, school-age children who need that emergency ride to the mall now utilize The Hotline to Mom on quite a regular basis.

The day of peaceful meals at your favorite restaurant has come to an end. No such meal is complete without some ditzy teenager loudly describing to her girlfriend over the phone about last night with her boyfriend. Everyone within earshot will know if it was as good for her as it was for him.

The cell phone has also added a whole new dimension to road rage as the idiot in front of you talks incessantly on the phone while remaining stopped through the third green light in a row during the morning rush hour. For those who enjoy even more torture, in front of you at the McDonald’s drive thru on your 30-minute lunch break is the Proud-To-Be-A-Stay-at-Home-Mom in the Lincoln Navigator with her three preschool brats. She has just changed her mind for the fifth time on her “fast” food order, while at the same time holding a conversation with her Important Husband...you’ll be there for a while!

While many of you no doubt have similar experiences, one could ask, “Why bring all of this up?” Good point. What prompted me to reduce my frustrations to words was a recent experience that I never before believed would have occurred.

Not too long ago, I was in the hospital awaiting some minor surgery in the preparation area. This is where I had the IV attached, and the final monitoring of my vital signs done. While I was spending the

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time with my wife, I overheard a couple in the next bed talking to one of the staff. "Is it OK if I keep the cell phone here, as I will have to make some calls?" Sure enough, the phone rang! I ruefully had to admit to myself that cell phones do, indeed, have their place. *But, where?*

Shortly afterward, I was wheeled to the Operating Room for my surgery. While taking some deep breaths into The Mask, I came up with an absolutely brilliant design idea for the next generation of cell phones. While it would require more miniaturization, I believe the engineers are up to the task. Make the phone cylindrical in shape, with one end shaped like a cone. The outside would be made of a soft waxy substance, so as to minimize any discomfort as the phone is placed in its proper location.

Guest Column

IMMIGRATION SOLUTION

Continued

try who are of a subversive ideology (especially Muslims) need to be added to the rolls to be monitored, tracked and restricted with their citizenship revoked (even if they were born here) and pay the tariff and annual fees.

Some of the solutions suggested may seem harsh; what happened on 9/11/2001 was harsh. We have had problems with Islam from the very beginning of our nation. After we became an independent nation we had problems with Islam attacking our merchant ships because we no longer had protection from the British fleet. We came very close to going to war with Islam back then. If you're not a Muslim, you're an infidel. Muslims are taught that they get "heavenly rewards" for killing infidels. If you are a Muslim, there is no room on this planet for anyone else but Muslims. Visit the website TheReligionofPeace.com for more information on Islam. I believe in freedom of religion. I no longer consider Islam as a religion but a subversive, intolerant, ideology founded and propagated by violence. We need to have the same attitude toward Islam as we had toward communism during the 50's and 60's.

20% of the world's population is Muslim (that's 1 of 5). They openly declare that they have every intention to eliminate all non-Muslims in the world by conversion or death. *If you're not part of the solution, you're part of the problem. I invite your comments and suggestions.*

Jfsnyder@bellsouth.net

Good news from national - For the first time in about 20 years, membership in American Mensa topped 56,000 at the end of the fiscal year, March 31.

If you are considering a run for Region 10 Vice Chair or any other national office, now is the time to put forth your name and information to the National Nominating Committee. Region 10's representatives to the Nominating Committee are Nora Foust and Mike Tuchman, both from Central Florida Mensa.

We usually do not have members from the same chapter on the NomComm, but these were the only two people who expressed a willingness to serve. (NOTE: If you are interested in being Region 10's third representative to the NomComm, please let me know ASAP. You must of course be a member in good standing. Have you paid your dues?)

Speaking of paying your dues: This might be a good year to consider doing a multi-year or life membership. Effective with the next dues year (2009-2010), there will be a \$7 increase in the annual dues. At that time, multi-year and life memberships will also increase proportionally. So take a look at your finances and get however many "bargain" years as you can during THIS dues year.

Have you ever seen/read the INTERLOC? This is a Mensa publication which until now was sent to local group officers and others who requested it. It contains excellent articles from knowledgeable members from across the country. At the recent AMC meeting, a motion was passed to include the INTERLOC inside the Bulletin, enabling it to reach ALL members, not just officers.

An unusual thing happened to me returning from the AMC meeting in San Francisco. My US Airways flight was cancelled, so they put me on a United flight a couple of hours later. In the computer, this turned me into a one-way passenger on United and flagged my ticket so that I was pulled aside for "super security" scanning. Besides the usual screenings of myself and my carry-ons, I had to stand in a box and have air puffed at me, and then the screener wiped all the items in my purse and carry-on bag, then inserted the wiping pad into a machine that beeped. I felt like I was being screened for GSR on CSI! I asked him what he was looking for. "Explosives" was the answer.

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Minutes of the ExComm Meeting:

The ExComm met at the home of George Patterson on Wednesday, April 2, 2008. Called to order at 6:02 pm by LocSec George Patterson.

Members present: George Patterson, Terry Valek, and Joe Smith. Thomas Wheat and Bud Long were unable to attend.

Minutes for the March 5, 2008 meeting were approved as published in the April 2008 SCAM.

Reports:

RG Committee: Joe Smith reported that he had accepted the post of hospitality chair for the RG.

Treasurer: Bud submitted by email the Treasurers Report which showed total funds at the end of March of \$4,068.09. \$980 of this was in the RG account from early registrations.

Old Business: George moved that Barbara Crawford be appointed to the Audit Committee. Seconded by Terry, approved unanimously.

New Business: There was no new business.

The meeting was adjourned at 6:08. Next meeting will be at George Patterson's house at 301 Sand Pine Rd., Indialantic on Wednesday, May 7, 2008 at 5:30 pm.

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So, yes, picture this fat retired elementary school teacher being screened as a security threat. Now that you have had your laugh, I bid you adieu until next month.

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