
Southern Connecticut mensa Chronicle

SCHEDULE OF CHAPTER EVENTS FOR NOVEMBER

Wednesday, November 8, 7:00. Southern Connecticut and Connecticut/Western Massachusetts Joint Dinner. This regular dinner is now being held the 2nd Wednesday of each month at the Old Sorrento Restaurant, Newtown Road, Danbury, CT. Interested Mensans should contact Ward Mazzucco at (203) 744-1929, ext. 25, wjm@danburylaw.com, or Rev. Bill Loring at (203) 794-1389.

Saturday, November 11. NATIONAL TESTING DAY. If you have a friend who would like to take the Mensa qualifying test, have them call Dr. Joseph Howells, Testing Coordinator, at 203-775-4291. He currently has 7 people that have expressed interest but has room for more candidates.

Saturday, Nov. 18, 7:00. Monthly dinner, Three Door Restaurant, 1775 Madison Ave., Bridgeport. "Mensa Show and Tell Night" -- bring your interesting toys and gadgets to the meeting.

Please call Lee Steuber at 203-730-1634 for information and reservations. Dinner is \$10.00 and includes everything but the cash bar. Dress is casual and guests are welcome.

Saturday, Nov. 25, 8:00. THEATRE EVENT: *Man of La Mancha*, at the Wilton Playshop, 15 Lovers Lane (Rte. 33 & 106), Wilton, CT. Tickets are \$15. For info or reservations, please call Jim Mizera at (203) 332-2548 or e-mail Jmizera@hotmail.com. This is a small but popular theatre so please try to make your reservations by Monday, November 13.

TENTATIVE SCHEDULE OF CHAPTER EVENTS FOR DECEMBER

Wednesday, Dec. 13, 7:00. Southern Connecticut and Connecticut/Western Massachusetts Joint Dinner. See above listing for details.

Saturday, Dec. 16, 7:00. Monthly dinner, Three Door Restaurant, 1775 Madison Ave., Bridgeport.

2001 NOTICE

The Connecticut Association for the Gifted needs people who are willing to teach youngsters in grades K-8 for their Minds in Motion classes tentatively planned for October, 2001, at Danbury High School. The CAG, a non-profit organization, sponsors classes in subjects such as rocketry, chess, math, drama, dance, the environment, art, and foreign languages. If you are interested or want more information, please call Susan Chapman at 778-0194 or Chris Cuhsnick at 778-0002.

The Case of the Missing Socks
Gerard Brooker

I have a friend who thinks there is a place called Sox Heaven. It is where all of the millions of socks throughout the world that disappear go. Like most of us, I sometimes wonder if there is a heaven and what it might be like. The reveries always confuse me. When I was a little boy someone told me that heaven was a place where you could have anything you ever wanted. That definition appealed to me, especially since I was a poor boy who had few of the things I wanted. As I got older, the appeal faded. Too many contradictions. What if a Mickey Mantle wanted to hit a homerun in some heavenly intra-squad game and Bob Gibson wanted to strike him out? Something had to give, someone would not get what he wanted. Conclusion: getting what you wanted was not the definition of heaven to live by. Or die by.

My friend's conception of Sox Heaven is less complex. It's simply a place where socks hope to go in order to just be. Of course, Sox Heaven has its celebrities. Just as human heaven has its Mother Teresas, Albert Schweitzers, Johns and Josephs, Sox Heaven has its Bosox, Chisox, Black Sox, and Sox the Cat. There used be Pale Hose, but the name is now frowned upon. Too many overtones.

Sox Heaven is more neutral, less judgemental in its admissions policy. To gain entry, all a sock has to do is escape from the human condition. In the end, Sox Heaven is a place where socks are free from work, from having to provide covering, decoration, and sometimes warmth for people's feet which can be moist and smelly. It's an arduous and odious job.

Escaping from our circumstances is not easy for any of us. It is no less difficult for a sock. In the long history of their fight for freedom, socks have developed many evolutionary qualities. They have become cunning and downright sneaky. Their favorite ruse is to attach themselves to the sides of dryers, and they love clinging to towels. If they are lucky, when the towel is folded, they will be on the back side and not detected. Success in these tricks depends largely on static cling. Sheets of fabric softener are a curse.

Another favorite place to hide is in the sleeves of undershirts where they can remain undetected for long periods of time. There cunning has no bounds. Once, in my own experience, a sock provided a diversion for her mate by jumping into the shadows of the staircase leading upstairs from the laundry room. It was only when it was detected that I realized her mate was missing. It took a while to find him hiding under the pillow on the bed where I fold my laundry.

A few years ago I took a trip with my son to Bethel, New York, the site of the fabulous Woodstock rock concert. As we walked across the famous field, now marked like some Civil War battlefield with a monument to its social and historical significance, we scratched the surface of the soil with sticks to see if we could find some artifacts left behind from that summer of 1969. They were not very difficult to find. Just below the surface almost everywhere was a plethora of objects: pipes, remnants of beer cans, t-shirts and shorts tattered and beaten by the years of rain and wind. The most intriguing find, though, was a sock. It was about a size 10, presumably a man's. The many indignities it had suffered were apparent. It was worn down badly and very loose at the top where it had been roughly pulled like some puppy dog at its ears. Its loss of freedom was evident. Its master had chosen to wear it mostly on the left foot, worn down as it was on its left outer edge where tens of thousands of footfalls took their toll. After a quarter of a century of hiding out at Woodstock, it was saturated with mud and old grass.

Adding another chapter to the long lists of chapters that narrate human cruelty, I took it home and washed it, along with my other dirty socks. I kept a careful eye on it, though, as I expected it to try another breakout. It didn't. In retrospect I realize that it couldn't. It was now a marked man that is, sock. It had become a sock for the ages, soon to join the pantheon of celebrities in Sox Heaven in an ex officio sort of capacity as the Sock of Sox, the one who escaped the longest and lived to tell about it.

If you wish to submit material, please write or e-mail Jim Mizera at PMB #181, 7365 Main St., Stratford, CT. 06614-1300, Jmizera@hotmail.com. E-mail submissions are preferred. Please include your name, address, and telephone number. Anonymous material will be rejected, although names will be withheld on request. Items will be returned if accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelope. Currently, the deadline for postal submissions is the 15th of the month preceding publication, and the 20th of the month for e-mail submissions.

NOTABLE AND QUOTABLE

The writer Miguel de Cervantes (1547-1616) coined or popularized a remarkable number of sayings in his novel *Don Quixote*. Here is a sample:

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| Can we ever have too much of a good thing? | Chap. vi. |
| Let me leap out of the frying-pan into the fire; or, out of God's blessing into the warm sun. | Book. iii.Chap. iv. |
| Let the worst come to the worst. | Chap. v. |
| Why do you lead me on a wild-geese chase? | Chap. vi. |
| I find my familiarity with thee has bred contempt. | Chap. vi. |
| Sing away sorrow, cast away care. | Chap. viii. |
| Thank you for nothing. | Chap. viii. |
| Let every man mind his own business. | Chap. viii. |
| Murder will out. | Chap. viii. |
| It is the part of a wise man to keep himself to-day for to-morrow, and not to venture all his eggs in one basket. | Chap. ix. |
| I know what's what, and have always taken care of the main chance. | Chap. ix. |
| I am almost frightened out of my seven senses. | Chap. ix. |
| Within a stone's throw of it. | Chap. ix. |
| Let us make hay while the sun shines. | Chap. xi. |
| A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush. | Book iv. Chap. iv. |
| More knave than fool. | Book iv. Chap. iv. |
| Here is the devil-and-all to pay. | Chap. x. |
| I begin to smell a rat. | Ibid. |
| Every man is as Heaven made him, and sometimes a great deal worse. | Part ii. Chap. iv. |
| Remember the old saying, "Faint heart never won fair lady." | Chap. x. |
| Let every man look before he leaps. | Chap. xiv. |
| There were but two families in the world, Have-much and Have-little. | Chap. xx. |
| Patience, and shuffle the cards. | Chap. xxiii. |
| The proof of the pudding is the eating. | Chap. xxiv. |
| Building castles in the air, and making yourself a laughing-stock. | Chap. xxxi. |

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| It is good to live and learn. | Chap. xxxii. |
| He is as mad as a March hare. | Chap. xxxiii. |
| I must follow him through thick and thin. | Ibid. |
| There is no love lost between us. | Ibid. |
| In the night all cats are gray. | Ibid. |
| All is not gold that glisters. | Ibid. |
| Honesty is the best policy. | Ibid. |
| A good name is better than riches. | Ibid. |
| I drink when I have occasion, and sometimes when I have no occasion. | Ibid. |
| An honest man's word is as good as his bond. | Ibid. |
| I have other fish to fry. | Chap. xxxv. |
| But all in good time. | Chap. xxxvi. |
| Matters will go swimmingly. | Ibid. |
| Good wits jump; a word to the wise is enough. | Ibid. |
| You may as well expect pears from an elm. | Chap. xl. |
| Make it thy business to know thyself, which is the most difficult lesson in the world. | Chap. xlii. |
| You cannot eat your cake and have your cake. | Chap. xliii. |
| Diligence is the mother of good fortune. | Ibid. |
| What a man has, so much he is sure of. | Ibid. |
| The pot calls the kettle black. | Ibid. |
| When thou art at Rome, do as they do at Rome. | Chap. liv. |
| Many count their chickens before they are hatched; and where they expect bacon, meet with broken bones. | Chap. lv. |
| Liberty... is one of the most valuable blessings that Heaven has bestowed upon mankind. | Chap. lviii. |
| As they use to say, spick and span new. | Ibid. |
| I think it a very happy accident. | Ibid. |
| Rome was not built in a day. | Chap. lxxi. |
| Never look for birds of this year in the nests of the last. | Chap. lxxiv. |

RECIPE/ADVERTISEMENT

Anton's Chocolate Chip Cookie Mix Gift in a Jar

Ingredients:

_ tsp. vanilla powder (available from cake decorating suppliers)
1 c all purpose flour
_ c white sugar (cane, not beet)
_ c brown sugar
1 c chocolate chips
_ c brown sugar
_ c white sugar (cane, not beet)
_ c all purpose flour
_ tsp salt (kosher, not iodized)
1 tsp baking soda
1 tsp baking powder

Directions:

Layer the chocolate chip cookie mix ingredients into a wide-mouth mason jar. Start from the bottom up. Pack each layer into the jar.

Use scissors to cut a 9 inch diameter circle from calico fabric (or use a doily). Place over lid. Tie on a raffia or ribbon bow to secure the fabric. Alternately, shellac a cookie the same size as the lid as an ornament on top of the jar, or cut out old Christmas card circles the same size as the top and place it them between tops and rings. Attach a gift card to the jar with the following mixing and baking directions:

Anton's Chocolate Chip Cookies

_ c unsalted butter
1 egg
1 Chocolate Chip Mix Gift in a Jar

Preheat oven to 375 degrees. Sift dry ingredients through a colander to separate out the chocolate chips from the other ingredients (so you don't smash the chips!). Beat _ cup of unsalted un-melted butter in a medium bowl. Stir sifted ingredients into butter until well blended. In a small bowl, beat 1 egg. Mix your beaten egg into your butter mixture until blended. Gently stir in chips. Drop 1 teaspoon of batter onto a lightly greased cool cookie sheet. Bake 8 minutes or until browned. Yield: 4 dozen.

From *Anton's Gifts in a Jar*. ISBN: 096661190X available from Amazon.com.

This book contains 200 old-fashioned folk, Amish, and gourmet country handcrafted food gifts and personal luxury recipes that fit in a quart mason jar. These are creative gifts for creative minds! In this book are recipes for soups, salsa, baby items, herbal potions, magic reindeer food, fisherman's soap, flower recipes, aromatherapy, tea, Christmas drinks, bath products, dip, cider, layered mixes for cookies. It is brand new for 2000.

These recipes instruct how to make jars that can be placed in old-fashioned handcrafted cheer baskets. They are great for Mother's Day. The jars make lovely bridal and baby shower prizes. You can top the mason jars with your favorite quilt squares, cross-stitch, doilies, homespun fabric, and ribbons. This book and its projects are a hit during the gift-giving season!

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Warren Mi 48091
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New Hampshire Mensa
A GATHERING WITH NO NAME



February 16 - 18, 2001

Registration: \$45 to 11/15/00, \$50 to 12/31/00, \$55 to 02/15/01, \$60 at the door. *Do not mail after 02/07/2001.* Children 8 - 17, \$10 less than the regular adult rate, under 8 free. Saturday rate, \$10 less than the regular rate in effect at registration.

Registrar: Deb Stone, 24312 Spartan St., Mission Viejo, CA 92691-3921 (949) 770-4890, fax (949) 770-3157 or e-mail debstone@aol.com

The Party: Speakers, Games, Friends, Midnight Pool Party, Movie Room & more!

Meals: To Be Announced

T-Shirts: To Be Announced

Hotel: Radisson Hotel Merrimack, 4 Executive Park Drive, Merrimack, NH 03054, Phone (603) 424-8000

Rates: \$71 S/D, \$81 T/Q - Be sure to ask for the Mensa rate!

Rooms blocked until 1/24/01 only!!!

Name: _____ Name on Badge: _____

Address: _____ City: _____ State: _____

Zip Code: _____ Telephone: _____ E-mail: _____

Amount enclosed: _____ or MC/Visa # _____

Expires: _____ Name on Card: _____

For items: _____

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(Monthly)

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Please allow four weeks for the change in MENSА Bulletin (the National Magazine) delivery, and eight weeks for the Chronicle. Remember to give your membership number to facilitate this process. (This number appears on your membership card and labels affixed to the Chronicle and MENSА Bulletin.)

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