

***Neva-Mind,* Northern Nevada Mensa**
Volume 36, Issue 1, January 2012

Neva-Mind

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RECRUITMENT
MEMBERSHIP
SCHOLARSHIP
UNR PROCTOR

Happy New Year!

A Note From the Editor

by Anna Wright



About a month ago, I was chatting with my good friend (and long-time Mensan) Bill Kositzky. Bill is an outstanding photographer and has done many of our wonderful covers. We were both discussing ways to add more "punch" to our photographs, taking them, hopefully, to the next art level. Bill mentioned that he had seen a technique called "out-of-bounds" but neither of us knew quite how to make this work. And so, the mutual challenge was issued. We would both try to find something in our photography files that might work. Each of us would then learn and apply the technique, finally sharing our new art projects with each other. My result is this month's cover shot, a picture that I took at the Bellagio Hotel/Casino in Las Vegas a couple of years ago. The polar bears and most of the surroundings were made of flowers which reminded me of the beautiful floats each New Year's morning that we see in the Rose Parade. I have to say that I am pleased with the result. (Bill's photo creation came out even better! But, you'll have to wait for a later edition to see it.)

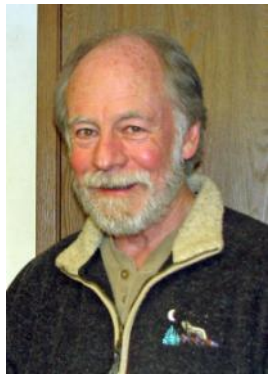
We'd also like to welcome Walt Ratchford to our list of author/contributors. Walt sent me his "lifetime" composition of personal events, humor, and observations. I have gleaned a section to share with you that I hope you will enjoy (page 10.)

Also, please take the time to complete your Mensa ExComm election ballot and send it in. You'll find it in the center fold.

Ken and I have just returned from our favorite Christmas party in southern California that we try to attend every year. This year we decided to stop at a roadside historic site on the way home, and it was well worth the time. Check out my photo essay on Manzanar (page 24.)

And, Happy New Year to you all! ■

From the Locsec



by Bob McAllister

The Horrific Police State
Pepper Spray Scenario

Most everyone, by now, has seen a news item that shows the incredulous, despicable action of police pepper spraying (Gandhi-like) civilly disobedient college youth exercising their First Amendment right to show their disapproval of injustice through Free Speech.

This http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=hhPdH3wE0_Y&feature=player_embedded is what actually happened.

I was first introduced to the internecine activities of "grass roots" activism, when I was directly interacting with the "Free Speech Movement" at UC Berkeley, the Black Students' protests at SF State, and anti Vietnam War actions in the San Francisco Bay Area, when police Mutual Aid programs began to be invoked in the nine Bay Area counties (no one agency was able to contend efficiently with mass "demonstrations."), we (those of us charged with containing things from becoming outright anarchy) initially asked ourselves, "Don't any of these people have jobs?" All these people seemed to have no agenda other than to show up and "hassle the man," to take steps to topple the perceived, problematic government. They weren't spontaneous demonstrators, having stock-piled in hidden areas tapped to be scenes of activity –the stockpile items being things such as plate glass from broken windows, chunks of cement, stones (for missiles at police), ice picks for police horses. Then we began to notice… prominent activists, stand-out provocateurs, crowd manipulators whom we had regularly encountered in Berkeley, San Francisco, South Bay began to show up in "spontaneous demonstrations" in news clips … in Seattle, Boston, Chicago, New York, Washington DC. They did have a job! They were bused from one flash point to another.

Some entity pays for the logistics of this.

Enter the Occupy Wall Street phenomenon. At its outset there seemed to be legitimate grievances. Then souring took it over. Assaults began to flourish, disease inducing activities proliferated, again, young people seemed to be spoiling for an opportunity to "take on the man" (or, perhaps, were prime for being led into such activity) and there were experienced agitators there to stir them up. Actions at the UC Davis campus begged addressing. Police presence had been in the mix at a very tolerant distance. Then the campus demonstrations got out of hand and the participants were told to desist. Things were devolving from legitimate voicing of grievances to anarchy and lawlessness.

By law, an assembly deemed to be in violation of the law must be addressed loudly (public address system/bull horns) twice. Then those who might actually realize that they are in imminent danger of arrest, as announced, could take the opportunity to leave. This wasn't at all easily accomplished. The UC Davis demonstrators shouted down attempts of the police to inform of an illegal demonstration. Some, blocking thoroughfares, some blocking pedestrian throughways, some actually throwing stones, were arrested. The arresting police contingent was then surrounded.

An activist, who seemed not to be a student, though in charge of inciting the crowds, induced the students to inveigh, "Don't shoot the students!" An absolute non sequitur out of nowhere. Then the crowds were induced to threaten the police with, "Release the prisoners, then we'll let you go!" This, in law, is called lynching. The police gave several warnings as to what likely would transpire, if the crowd didn't desist. Several warnings.

So, what to do? Should the police charge into the surrounding crowd wielding bludgeons? Should they approach the out-numbering crowd and attempt to lift each individual out of their interlocking arm chains? I imagine that there are some that would say, "Oh, just walk away." And leave behind the arrestees? (Who surely would find attorneys to sue the state for false arrests, despite having committed actual crimes. And that wouldn't even address the unacceptable issue of walking away from responsibility.)

After many warnings, after much attempts at diplomacy, the crowd was advised of impending pepper spray. To which the primary manipulator began the repetitive participatory chant, "Don't harm the children!"

The First-Amendment-Rights-demonstrating students/children were then sprayed. Control was accomplished with no injuries.

What do you think should have otherwise been done?

I believe that the media were more than remiss in plying a distorted presentation of the incident. The spraying officer wasn't indulging in wanton abuse. And now it's being further perpetuated (still in the media, editorial cartoons, editorials, night show comedians) as though we're just a step away from becoming a fascist police state. ■

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From the RVC

by Debra Reiger



By the time you read this, an entertaining and informative new Mensa communication will have been launched. It is called *The Weekly Brainwave*, and starting mid-December it is going, via email, to members whose current email addresses are on file with the national office. Below is a description of the *Brainwave* from Mensa's National Office. There is also help to start receiving it if you don't get it already (mainly, you would need to make sure that the National Office has your current email address.)

"The Weekly Brainwave is a thought-provoking news brief custom-built to send only the most interesting Mensa-relevant news straight to our subscribers' inboxes in a convenient, concise format. This is an approved Mensa communication provided at no cost to our members as a quick and easy way to broaden the Mensa experience.

All members with email addresses on file will be subscribed automatically and have the option of unsubscribing and re-subscribing anytime via the links included in the weekly email. Subscribers can also visit www.us.mensa.org/brainwave for information about managing their subscriptions and to view back issues.

Enjoy your *Weekly Brainwave*! And if you know anyone who would also enjoy it, encourage them to subscribe."

In my personal life, I have been busy with holidays, volunteer work, and Mensa. I was recently reminded that wonderful things can come to us in small packages. After my elderly and beloved (and quite large) kitty passed away in 2011, I missed him terribly but finally decided to go to the shelter and see about getting a another cat. My husband, John, and I ended up adopting a small adult cat with big eyes and a big personality. She is a wonderful and entertaining housemate for us. So, great stuff in a small package! By the way, there are many wonderful pets in those community shelters, and they all need good homes. I encourage you to consider rescue or shelter animals when it is time for you to choose your next pet.

I wish all of you a happy and comfortable 2012.
Regards, Debra Reiger, RVC 8

Happy Birthday!

January



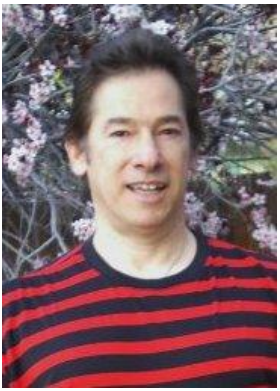
2	**Andrew Simbeck**	Reno
6	**Norma Rose**	Fallon
10	**Joseph Kisenwether**	Sparks
12	**Sandra Delehanty**	Fernley
16	**Eucke Warren**	Sparks
17	**Christopher Lanski**	Reno
17	**Darlene Underdahl**	Reno
18	**Timothy Sullivan**	Reno
19	**Ronald Cameron**	Carson City
19	**James North**	Reno

Welcome!

And Welcome Back!

Nigel Allan, Reno
Christine Alexander, Carson City
Sean Donnelly, Reno
Brian Carlson, Truckee

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



Program Listing

by Richard Arbib

Mensa Meeting (Saturdays 6 p.m.)

- January 14: Location: Reverse Aging Center, 628 South Wells Ave. Reno. This is a potluck dinner, but there is no microwave oven at the center to keep things warm, so plan accordingly.

Speaker: Diane Underwood, from Reverse Aging Wellness Center. Now that you have made your New Year's resolutions to get healthy for 2012, get information on how to do it.

- February 11: Location: Famous Dave's BBQ Restaurant 4925 Kietzke Lane, Reno. Topic: "How I Published My Book and How You Can Too" by Richard Arbib
- March 10: Location: home of Mensan, Loren MacArthur, 6240 Stone Valley Drive, Reno. Potluck. Bill Kositzky will present a slide show of his photography taken at Burning Man 2011.

Supper Club (3rd Tuesday 6 p.m.)

- January 17. Nann & Kabab, Mediterranean Food, 2740 S. Virginia Street, Reno
- February 21. Bavarian World, German Cuisine (and bakery!), 595 Valley Road, Reno
- March 20. Coach's Barbecue, Fun and funky new location (used to be Wendy's), 1825 Silverada Blvd., Sparks

Contact Anne maytheroad@gmail.com

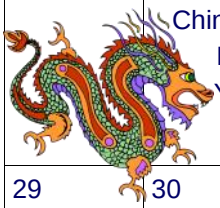
Lunch Bunch (4th Tuesday 11:45 a.m.)

- January 24. To celebrate the New Year, let's have lunch at Reno's newest restaurant! It's Campo located at 50 N. Sierra St., Reno.
- February 28. To celebrate during February, we've used U.S. presidents as the theme and located Fuddrucker's at 1655 E. Lincoln Way in Sparks!
- March 27. Foley's Irish Pub is the luncheon scene for March. It's at 3655 S. Virginia St. in Reno.

Reminder: Reservations needed. Call Laura or Don for your December 27 Lunch Bunch. You can contact them at 826-5904.

January 2012

Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
1 New Year's Day	2	3	4	5	6 Epiphany	7 Game Night at Joe's
8	9	10	11	12	13 Friday the 13th	14 Mensa Meeting
15	16 Martin Luther King Jr. Day	17 Supper Club	18	19	20	21
22	23 Chinese New Year	24 Lunch Bunch	25	26	27	28
29	30	31	Feb 1	Feb 2	Feb 3	Feb 4 Game Night at Joe's



Game Night at Joe's Place: (Saturdays 4:30 to 8:30 p.m.)

Potluck. 1047 Table Mountain Court, Sparks. Contact: Joe (775) 338-6521 or joe_kisenwether@hotmail.com.

- January 7
- February 4
- March 3

I Have Been Lucky All of My Life

by Walt Ratchford

> Some of what happens to me is because of what I do for other people, but a lot is luck and has no correlation to what I have done for any particular individual.

I ran out of gas on the way to work on Interstate 5 in Chula Vista. I pushed my Volkswagen Bug to a bridge. A crew of men was working on the bridge, and the supervisor walked over to me and handed me a gallon of gas.

This has happened to me a lot.

I was going to Denver for Thanksgiving to go skiing; two weeks before I left, I got a call from my old roommate, Jim G. He asked, “Are you going to be in San Diego on Thanksgiving? I’m going to be in town and I want to see you.” I told him I was going to be in Denver and was going to see him there. He asked where I was staying, and I told him I was going to get a motel. He said, “I will pick you up at the airport Wednesday, and you are going to stay in my condo and use my motor home and car while I am in San Diego. Then you can pick me up at the airport Saturday.”

I used his motor home Thanksgiving morning to go skiing and ran out of gas two miles from his condo. Fortunately, I was going downhill when it happened; and I coasted into an open gas station, one of the few open on Thanksgiving morning.

Jim was my roommate for two years in Riverside in 1981. I hadn’t met him, but I knew his father. He was broke and didn’t have a place to stay, so I told him he could stay with me until he found a place. While he lived with me, I convinced him he should go into an alcohol rehabilitation center. He did, and he told me I saved his life. He still drinks too much but has learned to control it and stay out of trouble. So part of the help he gave me in Denver was luck and part of it was the bread I cast on the water.

I went to Las Vegas to the NBBA air show at the Las Vegas convention center as the guest of Century Aerospace. The show is a trade show, and the companies give away small items - such as pens - with the name of the company. They also have containers to put your business cards in for drawings for larger items. At 2 minutes till 2 p.m. on Monday I put my card in the container for a drawing to be held at 2 p.m. The drawing was for a Taylor Made 7 wood and a dozen golf balls. I had bought a set of Taylor Made clubs but didn’t have a seven wood. I told the man and woman doing the drawing I needed that club and to skip

the drawing because I was going to win. The man in charge of the drawing dumped the cards in bag with my card on the bottom, and the woman drew out a card. The man sad, “The winner is Walt Ratchford.” I was standing behind him, tapped him on the shoulder and said, “Give me my club.” He looked at me and laughed. He thought I was joking. You should have seen the look his face when he saw my name on the badge and hollered, “You are Walt Ratchford!” That more than paid for my trip; the club costs $325.

Stan B. took me and a few other people to dinner at Treasure Island Monday evening. The dinner was excellent; but when I left the hotel, I could only make a left turn and ended up on Industrial Road west of Interstate 15. I went south and was going to get on the interstate but there weren’t any interchanges. I drove for five miles and finally got to a cross road. The traffic light was red and I sat there for what seemed like five minutes. There wasn’t any traffic, so I went through the red light. I looked up and saw headlights in my mirror and thought this is a cop. The flashing lights came on and I pulled over. He told me he was going to give me a ticket, and I said, “I broke the law and it was OK.” He asked me if I would mind telling him why I went through the light. I told him how I ended up on Industrial Road and that I had passed the exit I wanted to take me to Boulder City and I got frustrated. Then the light wouldn’t turn green and I was sitting there with the coyotes, jack rabbits, rattlesnakes and roadrunners. I got more frustrated and finally said “screw it” and went through the red light. He tried not to laugh but couldn’t keep from laughing and said, “Get out of here; I am just going to give you a verbal warning.” That was one of my lucky days. It continued all week. I shot 75 on the Boulder City golf course on Thursday playing with my cousin Bill.

I bought a 26-foot motor home while I was in Wichita and towed my Datsun Z to Stratford. When I got near Stratford, I wanted to stop at the River House for dinner and turned on the wrong road. Half way down the hill I remembered how steep it was. I put on the brakes and down shifted and still the car wouldn’t stop. I thought I would go through the light, and then I remembered the road didn’t go through. It went down a steep wooded hill. When I got to the bottom of the hill, my bumper hit the asphalt of the cross road and my springs and shocks bottomed out. As the shocks released and the motor home rose up; I turned the steering wheel hard to the right. It made the turn swaying back and forth but did not turn over. I am not sure why it didn’t but I survived. It threw things all over the motor home, but only one bourbon decanter broke. The next bad news was that the restaurant had gone out of business. I ended up having a scotch and soda in a MacDonald’s parking lot and eating a Big Mac.

I backed into a post and cracked the bumper on my 1995 Jeep. Cherrill told me my insurance would pay to have it repaired, but that would have cost me $250 for the deductible. I told her someone will hit me and they will pay for the

(Continued on page 13)

Puzzle Page

by Travis McCord

Story for the New Year

As part of our ongoing outreach program and in honor of the new year, this month I'm presenting something literary -- a new author has asked me to present his "firsts story" to the world. It's kinda' short and fairly, um, experimental, but really, why not expand our horizons?

Therefore, without further ado:

A screaming comes across the sky
by Adam G. Washington

Perhaps the sentiments contained in the following pages, are not yet sufficiently fashionable to procure them general favour. Way out west there was this fella I wanna tell ya about. There was a boy called Eustace Clarence Scrubb, and he almost deserved it.

It was 20 years ago today. The sky above the port was the color of television, tuned to a dead channel. Still don't know what I was waiting for.

"What do we care if we were expelled from college, Scarlett? Captain Walker didn't come home, his unborn child will never know him." It was a slow day, and the sun was beating on the soldiers by the side of the road. Marley was dead, to begin with.

"I believe in America. America has made my fortune. Johnny's in the basement, mixing up the medicine."

"Listen to yourself Bob. You follow her to work. You eavesdrop on her calls. You open her mail. The minute you started doing these things the relationship was over."

I know there's nothing to say, someone has taken my place. I've been mad for (censored) years, absolutely years.

If you really want to hear about it, the first thing you'll probably want to know is where I was born, and what my lousy childhood was like. Born down in a dead man's town. It was a bright cold day in April, and the clocks were striking thirteen. "Buddy you're a boy, make a big noise!"

Dr Greene... He was the most extraordinary man I ever knew. In my younger and more vulnerable years my father gave me some advice I've been turning over in my mind ever since.

All children, except one, grow up. Choose life. Choose a job. Choose a career. Choose a family. Here you are, sir, main level D. Midway upon the journey of our

life. Greetings, my friends! We are all interested in the future, for that is where you and I are going to spend the rest of our lives. You look at that river gently flowing by. You notice the leaves rustling with the wind. You hear the birds; you hear the tree frogs. Oooh, a storm is threatening my very life today. I looked at my notes and I didn't like them.

All this happened, more or less. Really don't mind if you sit this one out. ■

Answers on page 26



(Lucky continued from page 11)

repair. I was driving by a plant on Fairview that does industrial laundry and the wind blew a large laundry cart into my Jeep. The cart hit dead center on the crack in the bumper and did $2,128.80 worth of damage to my bumper and fender. I sold the Jeep to my auto mechanic for $1,500 (which was low *Blue Book*) and put the money from the insurance towards a 2000 Lexus RX300 SUV.

Some of what happens to me is because of what I do for other people, but a lot is luck and has no correlation to what I have done for any particular individual. I was also blessed with a good mind, I belong to Mensa and I have a good body - which I make an effort to take care of. I'm a decent athlete. I also have the strength of mind and will power to correct most of my bad habits and keep a positive attitude. ■



This is a “pull-out” ballot.

Cut here

- Complete your ballot
- Remove this page from the *Neva-Mind*.
- Cut off ballot at Newsletter fold line
- Refold it at the center fold mark.
- Seal the centers of all of the open edges .
- Add postage.
- Drop in the mailbox (the ballot is pre-addressed)

- OR give it to your Election Officer, Barbara Day, or any ExComm member.

Thank you.

Voting Deadline is February 1, 2012

Northern Nevada Mensa 2012 Ballot
for Executive Committee (ExComm) - 2 Year Terms
Voting Deadline is February 1, 2012

Please mark your Ballot with X for the candidate of your choice OR fill the Write-in space.

Position:	Candidate:	
Local Secretary (LocSec):	Bob McAllister	☐
	Write-in:	_____
1st Vice-Secretary:	Ken Wright	☐
	Write-in:	_____
2nd Vice-Secretary:	Gerald Lockhart	☐
	Write-in:	_____
Treasurer:	Carole Preisach	☐
	Write-in:	_____

Sample only
To vote use the ballot supplied in your printed copy of the *Neva-Mind*.

Bob McAllister
350 Old Washoe Circle
Washoe Valley, NV
89704-9511

Attach Postage Here

Barbara Day, NN Mensa Election Officer
13455 Mt Whitney
RENO, NV 89506 - 1423

Fold Here

Seal Edge

Seal Edge

Seal Edge

YIKES IT'S 2012!

Anne Stewart

V	R	K	G	N	I	I	K	S	U	R	P	R	I	S	E	R
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T	T	A	N	N	I	N	E	T	N	I	P	C	N	A	L	N
O	S	G	V	R	T	O	L	E	R	A	R	I	M	A	Y	N
J	E	A	R	E	U	I	A	M	F	E	D	P	U	A	R	C
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APRIL
AUGUST
CALENDAR
CELEBRATE
COATS
CONFETTI
DATES
DECEMBER
DIET
EXERCISE
FALL
FAMILY
FAST
FEBRUARY
FRESH
FRIENDS
GARDEN
GIFTRETURN
GLOVES
HAPPY
HATS
HEALTH
JANUARY
JULY
JUNE
MARCH
MAY
MAYAN
MENSA
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NOVEMBER
OCTOBER
PETS
READING
RENOAG
RESOLUTION
SEASONS
SEPTEMBER
SKIING
SNOWMAN
SPRING
SUMMER
SUN
SURPRISE
TAN
TAXES
TIME
TIME
TRAVEL
VACATION
WALK
WHITESALE
WINTER

Answers on page 27

When Lefty was Right All Along *by Ken Wright*



Part 3:

As we continue our story, we have to pause while Lefty catches a nap. At 92 years old you sleep whenever you want to and the rest of the world can jolly well wait on you.

“Hello Lefty, welcome back.”

“Am I dead?”

“No, you're just as alive as ever.”

“At my age you gotta check every time you know.”

“OK. You were telling us about when you first came to the state of Alaska.”

“It wasn't a state back then child, don't you kids learn anything in school anymore?”

“Yes, you are correct, sorry Lefty. Will you go on with your story now?”

“Where was I?”

“You were telling Socko about when you promised your mother that you would look for your dad....”

“Hey Boss, how did you get to the territory back then?”

“I took the train to San Francisco and wandered around until I found the Golden Anchor Saloon or what was left of it. It had burned down in some big fire they had in 1906. April 18th I think the man said, early in the morning the world shook and erupted in fire he went on to say. I thought he was a bit touched at the time, but others have told the same story since then, so I guess he was right enough.”

“Yeah, I heard about that one too, Boss. A big shaker hit and Hell opened up and swallowed whole pieces of the city, or sumptin' like that.”

“Close enough I suppose. To continue...”

“I had to wait for three weeks to catch a ship sailing north, unlike in the old days when it would be only days in between ships sailing for the goldfields and glory, and getting a premium fare for passage too I might add. I had not planned on the extra expense of my stay in San Francisco, but then at seventeen years of age, what does one know about planning anyway?

“I made the trip as a first class passenger, paying the higher price and sleeping in a cot, with plenty to eat provided to me. Others were not traveling as comfortably as I did, having to provide their own food and sleeping on the deck with whatever bedding they brought with them and packed together like sardines in a tin. I can remember feeling sorry for them and never having known hunger at that

point, couldn't imagine what was in store for me when my money ran out.

“When I got to land once more, I was shocked to find out that we weren't in Anchorage or Alaska City as some called it, but a long way from there. I asked a friendly looking young gent about transportation to go north and he said, ‘Mate, your standing on 'em.’ and walked off.

“I just stood and watched dumbfounded for a few moments and then hurried after him. I had just met Joseph Busch, owner and operator of ‘There and Back Aircraft Flying Company,’ freshly afoot after crashing his airplane on the coast of California.

“Joe was a red headed fellow of a few inches more than my height of five feet, eight inches and according to him weighed about 14 stones. I didn't know what he meant and when I asked him was that little stones or big ones? He laughed and laughed until the tears ran down his face and he couldn't stand up. I didn't get the joke and was as red in the face as his hair. Just when I thought that I was going to have to hit him for making fun of me, he slapped me on the back and said, ‘You're all right mate, a bit daft, but all right!’ Years later I found out that a stone is about 14 pounds, but I sure didn't know it then.

“Along the way we walked and talked about everything we could think of to pass the time and try and forget about how badly our feet hurt. It was while we were walking along that we felt the call of nature and wanted to get off of the beaten path to take care of this need.

“All was going smoothly until the limb that Master Joseph was sitting over broke and sent him tumbling down the bank and into an icy river with his pants around his ankles. At first I thought how funny it was, until I realized that he might be in some danger and hurried after him. To use some words that I had learned from him, ‘Bloody Hell!’ I was going to have to jump in too. I didn't know that he couldn't swim!

“We got out of the river after a short, but very cold ride and set about making camp. We had to get dry and warm again; even in the spring time in Alaska you can die from exposure.

“I had only done what anyone else would have, but I had made a lifelong friend in doing so.

“When we got to Anchorage, Joe wouldn't have it any other way but I come to work for him. I told him that I didn't know how to fly an airplane or work on them or anything at all to help out. He just said that he would teach me all that I needed to know.

“I was flying the mail run for Joe while he worked on building another airplane from pieces of wrecked ones that he kept bringing in from all over. He was at once a master of mechanical workings and a talented designer and blacksmith

(Continued on page 20)

(Lefty continued from page 19)
too. Each piece of twisted metal or splintered wood held something of value to his eye and he would work on it until I could finally see it too. What a marvel he was to watch.

"It was during a bad weather day that I met the vision of loveliness in white lace and furs that was Victoria.

"She wanted to mail something to New York, and I told her that the mail wasn't going anywhere until the weather lifted. She asked how long that would be and I kept trying to think of something to say that would keep her there so I could look at her some more — a vision of light with her blonde hair and ice blue eyes that sparkled when she talked to you. I know that I must have had my mouth hanging open, looking bloody ridiculous to quote Joe, but that's how she affected me.

"Victoria Elizabeth Smythe was born in New York City on October 10th of 1910 and grew up never having known her mother. Her father told her that her mother had died giving birth to her, but she had these dreams of a blonde woman rocking her and singing to her as a very young child. No matter, you did not contradict Snerdly Smythe. He wouldn't have it.

"Snerdly was the station master for the telegraph and railroad service in Anchorage and kept talking about some crazy idea of 'speaking over the air.' What did he think that we did now?



"He was working on setting up the radio station that I eventually came back to work for, KFAR, 'Serving everyone that could hear it,' was his great claim. He had a way with words alright.

"The owner and sole supporter of this venture was a wealthy gentleman who resided in New York and had never been to the Alaska Territory. His name was Roderick Charles 'Abe' Victorm, a money lender and banker who believed in the future of radio and invested a great deal of money in sending Snerdly Smythe and his daughter to Anchorage in 1925 to set up the 'farthest north radio station in the world.'

"How a man was going to make a profit on an investment like that I purely didn't know, but I guess that was why I wasn't one of them high priced bank fellows.

"Snerdly Smythe's greatest desire was to be important. To be a respected member of society and have others bow down to him. He just didn't have the personal charm or commanding enough presence to pull it off on his own, so he planned to marry his daughter into the kind of society that he wanted to be part of and join their ranks in that way.

"The richest man in the Territory was Ralph A. Simpleton. Only he would do for Snerdly's daughter, even if she had other ideas about some airplane flying man or something ridiculous like that.

to be continued :



April 20, 2012 Herndon, VA

http://mindgames.us.mensa.org

Mensa-Speak *What are we saying?*	
AG	Annual Gathering (Conference)
AMC	American Mensa Committee (National Elected or Appointed Officers)
AML	American Mensa Ltd. (National Office Employees)
ExComm	Executive Committee (Local Elected Officers)
LDW	Leadership Development Workshop
LocSec	Local Secretary (Local President)
M/Ms	Mensans
MERF	Mensa Education & Research Foundation
MIL	Mensa International Ltd.
NNM	Northern Nevada Mensa
PRP	Publication Recognition Program
RG	Regional Gathering (Conference)
RVC	Regional Vice-Chair
SIG	Special Interest Group
SIGHT	Service of Information, Guidance and Hospitality to Travelers
WG	World Gathering (Conference)

Mensa for Kids!

(and kids at heart) by Maurice Pollack and Anna Wright

Geronimo Jones wonders if you can determine what the missing two entries are in the following two problems.



Problem 1		
O	O	E
O	E	O
E	E	?

Problem 2		
O	O	O
O	E	E
E	E	?

"Clothes make the man" is a quote from Mark Twain that gets repeated often. But, there is actually another line in this famous quote. Use the letters from the names of these famous fictional and real characters, who can be identified by their clothing, to solve the puzzle below and finish the quote. The "F" is given free. And, the first puzzle entry has been done for you too.



(2,17)	(3,19)	(4,4)	(3,14)	(2,34)	(3,1)	(2,37)	(3,21)	(1,36)
(3,16)	(4,13)	(7,40)	(4,39)	(4,27)	(4,18)	(4,26)	(5,20)	(4,7)
(12,11)	(5,31)	(11,41)	(6,6)	(5,23)	(6,32)	(6,12)	(7,38)	(8,35)
(14,9)		(12,33)	(12,42)	(6,2)	(7,10)	(7,22)	(8,3)	
(15,30)		(14,24)		(9,8)	(9,29)	(8,25)	(11,28)	
						(9,5)	(13,15)	

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15

	I													
16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25					

		F												
26	27	28	29	30	31	32	33	34	35					

36	37	38	39	40	41	42

Answers on page 27

GRAFFITI WALL

Humor from the odder side.













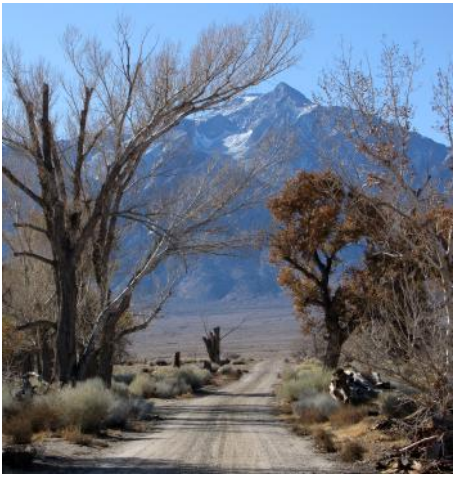






Road Trip: Manzanar

Photo essay by
Anna Wright









Residents of Manzanar gardened to provide their own food, and if fortunate, could work in the camouflage netting factory for $10 per month.

http://www.nps.gov/manz/index.htm





At the base of beautiful Mount Whitney, CA, only a few miles from Bishop, is the Manzanar National Historic Site. From 1942 to 1945 over 11,000 loyal Japanese-Americans were detained here in multiple family long-houses. (Those who would not sign the loyalty oath were sent elsewhere.)









The photos on this page are all taken at the Manzanar residents' cemetery.

Firsts Answers:

Needless to say the story's not a real story — it's made up of the opening lines of several books, albums, movies, and TV shows. To wit:

1. A screaming comes across the sky: Thomas Pynchon's *Gravity's Rainbow*
2. Adam G. Washington: Obvious.
3. Perhaps the sentiments contained in the following pages, are not yet sufficiently fashionable to procure them general favour: Thomas Paine's *Common Sense*
4. Way out west there was this fella I wanna tell ya about.: the movie *The Big Lebowski*
5. There was a boy called Eustace Clarence Scrubb, and he almost deserved it.: C.S. Lewis' *The Voyage of the Dawn Treader*
6. It was 20 years ago today.: The Beatles' *Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band*
7. The sky above the port was the color of television, tuned to a dead channel.: William Gibson's *Neuromancer*
8. Still don't know what I was waiting for.: David Bowie's *Hunky Dory*
9. What do we care if we were expelled from college, Scarlett?: the movie *Gone With the Wind*
10. Captain Walker didn't come home, his unborn child will never know him.: The Who's *Tommy*
11. It was a slow day, and the sun was beating on the soldiers by the side of the road.: Stephen Crane's *The Red Badge of Courage*
12. Marley was dead, to begin with.: Charles Dickens's *A Christmas Carol*
13. I believe in America. America has made my fortune.: the movie *The Godfather*
14. Johnny's in the basement, mixing up the medicine.: Bob Dylan's *Bringing It All Back Home*
15. Listen to yourself Bob. You follow her to work. You eavesdrop on her calls. You open her mail. The minute you started doing these things the relationship was over.: the TV series *Frasier*
16. I know there's nothing to say, someone has taken my place.: Fleetwood Mac's *Rumours*
17. I've been mad for (censored) years, absolutely years.: Pink Floyd's *Dark Side of the Moon*
18. If you really want to hear about it, the first thing you'll probably want to know is where I was born, and what my lousy childhood was like.: J. D. Salinger's *The Catcher in the Rye*
19. Born down in a dead man's town.: Bruce Springsteen's *Born in the USA*
20. It was a bright cold day in April, and the clocks were striking thirteen.: George Orwell's *1984*
21. Buddy you're a boy, make a big noise!: Queen's *News of the World*
22. Dr Greene...: the TV series *ER*
23. He was the most extraordinary man I ever knew.: *Lawrence of Arabia*
24. In my younger and more vulnerable years my father gave me some advice I've been turning over in my mind ever since.: F. Scott Fitzgerald's *The Great Gatsby*
25. All children, except one, grow up.: J. M. Barrie's *Peter Pan*
26. Choose life. Choose a job. Choose a career. Choose a family.: the movie *Trainspotting*

27. Here you are, sir, main level D.: the movie *2001: a Space Odyssey*
28. Midway upon the journey of our life.: Dante's *Inferno*
29. Greetings, my friends! We are all interested in the future, for that is where you and I are going to spend the rest of our lives.: *Plan 9 from Outer Space*
30. You look at that river gently flowing by. You notice the leaves rustling with the wind. You hear the birds; you hear the tree frogs.: *An Inconvenient Truth*
31. Oooh, a storm is threatening my very life today.: The Rolling Stones' *Let It Bleed*
32. I looked at my notes and I didn't like them.: Isaac Asimov's *I, Robot*
33. All this happened, more or less.: Kurt Vonnegut's *Slaughterhouse-Five*
34. Really don't mind if you sit this one out.: Jethro Tull's *Thick as a Brick*

Geronimo Jones answer:

The letter "O" represents any odd number.
The letter "E" represents any even number.

Both of the missing letters are "E".

Problem One is an addition problem.
From left to right:

An odd number plus an odd number is an Even number.

An odd number plus an even number is an Odd number.

And, in the third row,

an even number plus an even number is an Even number.

Problem Two is a multiplication problem.
From left to right:

An odd number times an odd number is an Odd number.

An odd number times an even number is an Even number.

And, in the third row,

an even number times an even number is an Even number.

Yikes! It's 2012! answers:



Mensa for Kids!

"Clothes Make the Man" answer:

N	A	K	E	D		P	E	O	P	L	E		H	A	V	E
1	2	3	4	5		6	7	8	9	10	11		12	13	14	15

L	I	T	T	L	E		O	R		N	O
16	17	18	19	20	21		22	23		24	25

I	N	F	L	U	E	N	C	E		O	N
26	27		28	29	30	31	32	33		34	35

S	O	C	I	E	T	Y
36	37	38	39	40	41	42

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