

Excerpts from the August 1999 MIND

The Newsletter of

[Central Indiana Mensa](#)

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PUBLISHING STATEMENT

Central Indiana Mensa, a Local Group of American Mensa Ltd., publishes MIND monthly. Mensa, a not-for-profit organization open to all persons scoring in the 98th percentile on a standardized intelligence test, neither endorses nor opposes the opinions reported in MIND, which remain those of the individual contributors.

CONTRIBUTION GUIDELINES

MIND accepts contributions from all interested parties, with preference for publication going to members of Central Indiana Mensa. Contributions should reach the Editor's postal box **50946, Indianapolis, IN 46250** at least twenty days before the 1st day of the publication month. Materials must take the form of **legible written copy and/or camera-ready art. Please do not submit items on magnetic media.** Contributions may undergo editing for length and to eliminate patently offensive remarks, including personal attacks. The Editor must know the name of any contributor before publication; however, he will withhold that name from the public on request.

REPRINT INFORMATION

Other Mensa publications may freely reprint material in MIND. Please send a copy of the issue with the reprinted material to the MIND Editor. If a piece bears an individual copyright, obtain permission from the author before reprinting.

ADVERTISING

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MIND STAFF

Managing Editor: George Dunn, PO Box 50946, Indianapolis, IN 46250

Calendar Editor: [Marion Harcourt](#)

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Publisher: Nancy White

This is Volume 34, Issue Number 8, August 1999

CONTENTS

August, 1999

(Some items have not been transcribed yet. -Webmaster)

[Ye Editor](#), with news and views

[A double-wide LocSection starring Grace Falvey Letters](#) and [Honor Roll](#)

"A Taste of Summer" by

[Robert O. Adair](#)
[Julie A. Harkey, PhD](#)
[Dom Jervis](#)

[More fiction by Robert Adair](#)

[Something the whole family can play: A Densa-mensa Quiz](#)

["O.K., then 'A Piece of My MIND"](#)

[A buffed-up Bulletin Board](#)

[To Keep in MIND \(Upcoming RGs\)](#)

Calendar, by Marion Harcourt

[Basil](#)

[UNICEF Benefit ad](#)

["A Baker's Dozen of Irrational Proofs"](#)

[A Mensa borrowing, "13 Signs..."](#)

[Directions to the Corn Roast](#)

[MINDSTUFFING](#)

[Random Sample](#), by Julie A. Yates Harkey

[Dave A. on Our On-line Bookstore](#)

ExCom Minutes for March, May and June

[Primer for the October Theme](#)

MIND Archives

MY PIECE OF MIND

GEORGE DUNN

Well, let's start right off by apologizing for using last month's column to confuse arbitrator / proctor / former LocSec / Web guy / proofreader / paterfamilias Russ Washburne with that radio person whose name makes one think of "hasty cheese." Usually we just drop the "e" off his last name, so at least this was a fresh typo.

* * *

[3 July] It seems the Fates themselves conspire to punish my error, for my agent at the AG informs me that, once again, MIND was shut out of the Newsletter Awards - but - that the very same Russ - that's Russ - Washburne received a special recognition for his years of devoted Mensa service. Let's hear it for Russ: Give me an "R," give me a "U," give me two "S's." Good on yer, Russ.

Should I mention this part? Ah, why not: you'll hear it on the street eventually: that same spy says the AG has great speakers, friendly people, nice accommodations, but that the curse of Hyatt-Regency is still in force and that the Hospitality bites. (For those unfamiliar with this curse, it seems that all those AGs which have had famously poor Hospitality have been held at Hyatt-Regencies. This is not typically the hotel's fault; just a curious set of correlations, like "Tecumseh's Curse," which killed "zero-year" Presidents until

Reagan broke it.)

* * *

Further gossip on the AG: despite decent attendance, the host group may be deep in the red, a result of failure to meet guarantees for paid meals.

In cheerier news, the AMC, following, but possibly not influenced by, Teresa Fisher's protests on our "Bulletin Board" pages, has authorized a revision of the Mensa membership directory, last issued in '92. This document, which is kind of a telephone book for American Mensa, costs thirty bucks, which is kind of pricey, but well worth the investment for active M's. It's available from Zanca's Boutique and will be delivered (all shipping covered by the \$30) in September.

* * *

A hearty welcome to latest ExCom member Dom Jervis. Dom has been (and should continue to be) a frequent MIND supporter through his responses to the monthly themes and has worked diligently at MINDBendings and RGs, despite the geographic challenge of living in Detroit! That barrier has now been lifted and we all expect an infusion of vigorous New Blood for the ExCom.

* * *

Nationally, Mensa membership continues to creep upwards in both new memberships and renewals, a whole slew of new AMC officers have taken their seats and the Bulletin is now printed in (some) color. It's definitely time for fresh initiatives.

* * *

Central Indiana's Culture Quest Team, captained by Larry Marcus, did respectably well but just missed finishing in the money. If I had just remembered that the Ordovician preceded the Silurian...

* * *

Finally, not much feedback on the July MIND, but two people approved of Bob Adair's switch from Creationism to fiction writing.

LOCSECTION

Grace Falvey

How Things Work

(In the following paragraphs, actual names will be used to illustrate the workings of Central Indiana Mensa. There is a built-in hazard here: I am sure to leave out the name of at least one key person and not realize it until I see the column in print. Therefore I apologize in advance for any omissions.)

Time: second Friday of the month. Place: Riley Towers. Action: I arrive early, going over my mental check list for the evening, and I am delighted to find the "muscle crew" already at work setting up tables and chairs. This unofficial group includes Dave A., Bill Bunting, Jud Hornung and Larry Marcus; and in

June Dave drafted new member Ed Vantilburg to help out. (Hi! Welcome to Mensa! Get busy!)

While this Downtown location may not be to everyone's liking, we feel fortunate to have the regular use of such a large, adaptable meeting room. Arrangements for using the facility were made by Glen Bowling, a resident of Riley Towers, and we appreciate his help.

Having established a regular time and place for our monthly meetings, we need two other ingredients: snacks and a speaker.

Our Treasurer, Peggy Sargent, being blessed with a sunny disposition and ample storage space in her house, has agreed to transport food and beverages to and from the monthly meetings. Getting the stuff to Riley Towers is no big deal; getting it upstairs is another matter. Peggy has devised an elegant solution. She simply announces, "The beer is in my car," then she steps out of the way.

Lest we overdo our intake of chips, dip, and empty-calorie drinks, Doris Thomas adds some "real" food to the snack table in the form of raw veggies and cheese bites.. In this same spirit, I have started bringing fresh fruit. (O.K., so last month I brought ice cream. Nobody's perfect.)

Our speakers this year have been an amazingly diverse lot. Each one has attracted a different set of non-member visitors, in addition to offering us some food for thought. We owe this outstanding program to Rhoda Israelov, who has provided a printed schedule of this year's speakers and is hard at work lining up programs for next year.

That brings us to the vehicle that brings you news of all these goings-on, the very newsletter you are holding in your hand, our very own MIND. It is edited by George Dunn, who also serves on the ExCom.

Ye Editor loves receiving camera-ready material. Anything else must be transcribed by him into usable form. He writes a column of his own for the newsletter, and he has been known to dash off a sketch for the cover.

After he has all the copy, artwork and advertising in hand, George lays out the pages. This is something like working a jigsaw puzzle - one whose pieces were NOT designed to fit together. The finished pages are taken to United Way, where they are printed and collated. They still must be folded, stapled, labeled and bundled for mailing, which is where MINDBending comes in.

Did you know we use bones to crease the pages of MIND? Do you know how that staple gets put in the middle? Do you have any understanding of the Byzantine requirements of a Second Class mailing permit? Ah, the Shadow knows!

No, no. Make that Nancy White. Publisher Nancy White knows what the United States Postal Service requires of organizations if they are to get a break on the postage they pay, and it is she who masterminds the monthly process that is needed to get the MIND to you.

As if that were not enough, Nancy also finds the host or hostess for each month's MINDBending, (which turns into a party after the food is served). I don't know how she does all this.. I just keep saying, "You go, girl."

Integral to the publication of MIND is its calendar editor, Marion Harcourt, who used to be secretary for the ExCom, (not to be confused with Karen

Wilczewski, the current secretary, who used to be calendar editor).

One relatively new member of the ExCom is fast becoming indispensable.. He is Dave A., Vice LocSec, new-member liaison, Webmaster, and a man who never says anything unpleasant to anybody (in English. But there is no telling what he might say in Spanish.) He's easy to spot; he's the one who will have a job almost finished while others are still trying to decide where to start.

Then there are those "geographically challenged" members who act as area coordinators: Rick Barbrick, Bloomington; Larry Marcus, Carmel; and Ken Kleist, Kokomo.

And what can I say about Russ and Shirley Washburne? Start with the fact that Russ was once the Region 4 RVC, and continue in any direction. Listing all the work these two have done for Mensa would take up another page, at least. Maybe just, "Thanks for being you," will cover it for now.

Thanks also to Dave Tess for handling the MERF scholarship competition, and to all those others who have a hand in making things work.

How Things Don't Work

Lots of people say they love the Outdoor Gathering, but nobody wants to adopt it, so this year's OG has been canceled for lack of a chairman. It had been scheduled for the first weekend in October at Versailles State Park.

LETTERS

To the Editor:

I address this letter to George Dunn's critics.

I think George has done a good job as editor. I am pleased he published so many of my articles. Some editors in the past have been guided solely by their tastes and persuasions. I think it is very commendable that George has printed many articles (mine and others) he doesn't necessarily agree with.








On the other hand, he has not seen fit to print some of my writings. I take this as a positive fault and an irrefragable proof that he is not perfect. Some people would agree he is not perfect but think the proof of his imperfection works just the other way -- that he printed *any* of my stuff.

Being perfect in some people's view is the least we can expect, especially from someone who is doing an unpaid, volunteer job. I can think of one nearly perfect human being. Alas, God carried him off to heaven in a fiery chariot. Tough luck for us.

Robert O. Adair

[In the fifth inning of the "tyrant editor" debate, the score stands at Pro-Ed: 3, Anti-Ed: 2]

MINDBENDING HONOR ROLL

| [H = Host] | Nov | Dec | Jan | Feb | Mar | Apr | May | Jun | Jul |
|------------|-----|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Dale Amlee | | | | |  |  | |  |  |
| Dave A. | |  |  |  |  |  |  | |  |

| | | | | | | | | | |
|---------------------|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|
| Alison Brown | | | ♥H | ♥H | ♥H | | | | |
| Greg Crawford | ♥ | ♥H | ♥ | | | | | | |
| George Dunn | ♥ | ♥ | ♥ | ♥ | ♥ | ♥ | ♥ | ♥ | ♥ |
| Mack Earnhardt | | | | | | | | | ♥ |
| Eric Ellis | | | | | | | | | ♥ |
| Marcele Everest | | | | | | | | | ♥H |
| Grace Falvey | | | | | ♥ | ♥ | | | ♥ |
| Jud Horning | ♥ | | ♥ | ♥ | ♥ | ♥ | ♥ | ♥ | |
| Jerry Hunter | ♥ | ♥ | ♥ | ♥ | | ♥ | | | |
| Jeff Lake | | | | ♥ | | | | | |
| Larry Marcus | | | | ♥ | | | | | |
| Treva Marks | ♥H | ♥ | ♥ | ♥ | | | ♥H | ♥H | |
| Jean Miller | | | | ♥ | ♥ | | | | |
| Anna Marie Rutallie | | | | | | ♥H | | | |
| Nancy White | ♥ | ♥ | ♥ | ♥ | ♥ | ♥ | ♥ | | |
| Russ Washburne | | | | | | | | | ♥ |
| Shirley Washburne | | | | | | | | | ♥ |

Robert O. Adair

The Taste of Summer

"Summertime, and the livin' is easy..." To us, this is just a line from a song. Once that defined the essence of summer. Summer was a time for fun and enjoyment, a time when life was easy, especially for people who lived close to nature. Summer was a time for growing gardens, fishing in lakes and streams, pulling fruit off trees, eating cold watermelons and going to picnics in the park.

Winters by contrast were hard -- people struggled to keep warm -- some were caught in storms or fell through the ice and froze to death. As winter approached, people worried that some of the other folks might not make it through.

The big problem of summertime was beating the heat. This is still true, but not with such intensity as back then. Many more died from heat prostration and some actually went crazy. One of the Thin Man movies starts out with a heat wave in New York City. People are frantic, trying to stay cool without air conditioning.

Before Air Conditioning

Many of the activities of summertime revolved around this. Ice cold drinks were much more a blessing than they are today.. What a treat it was to go to the drug store fountain to get an ice cream soda or a coke or a limeade or a root beer or a Black Cow. Picnics were a favorite because women could get out of their 100-degree-plus kitchens and they were held in the park because of the shade trees and proximity to a lake or stream where the temperature was 5 to 10 degrees less. Some fortunate individuals managed to spend time in the local icehouse and working men often slept on a cot in the basement. When air conditioning came into the movie theaters, a lot of people went to them just as much or more for the coolness than the pictures.

Times have changed -- the forms of summer remain -- people still picnic or go to the beach, but the underlying realities have changed. Old timers like me come home, kiss their whole house air conditioner and say, "To heck with going anywhere!"

Julie A. Harkey, Ph.D.

1950's Summer

Many of my summer memories are centered on the back yard in the first house I lived in. There were cherry trees, a long row of beautiful iris, a big lilac bush, and an even bigger blue spruce. I had a sandbox out there too, which I was supposed to always cover with a screen when I wasn't using it, to keep the neighborhood cats out.

Rhubarb

There was a picket fence along the back of the yard, and between that fence and the alley Mom grew rhubarb. I can remember walking around with a stem of rhubarb in one hand and a palm full of sugar in the other. Sour treat!

One particular summer memory stands out. I was at the house around the corner taking my piano lesson. I sat on the piano bench, while my elderly teacher perched on one of those little round stools. The sky had been cloudy as I walked to her house for the lesson, and while I played, a summer thunderstorm broke loose. The wind and rain pelted the house. The noise kept getting louder, and now it sounded as if the big old house was being bombarded with rocks!

A hailstorm!

A window broke upstairs somewhere, and I worried about how I would get home. I suspect that I didn't learn much about music that day. The storm was over by the time I was to go home. I walked along a sidewalk covered with golf-ball size hailstones. I hurried home to find my red wagon, then my friends and I collected quite a load of hail. Dad had recently had aluminum siding put on our house, and it looked as if someone had smacked the west side of the house all over with a ball peen hammer.

The last day of school

The day after the last day of school in the spring was joyous. The summer seemed to stretch into the far future. In fact, when I was in grade school, summer did last a lot longer than it does now. Time traveled more slowly for me then. The sultry days were full of outdoor games, wading pools, and popsicles from the ringading truck.

Fiction by Robert O. Adair

A Deal is a Deal

In the flickering candlelight of an old abandoned farmhouse, John Fortune carefully inscribed a pentagram on the living room floor. Lightning flashed and thunder rolled while torrential rain pelted the roof.

Fortune chanted a runic formula. In a flash of light and a cloud of smoke a huge, ugly but affable looking demon appeared.

"Well, mortal! Why have you summoned me from the black abyss of hell?" His eyes gleamed like burning coals but his clawlike hands were not as long

and sharp as some.

"I've called you up because I want to make a bargain for my soul!"

"Oh, tarnation! One of those! Why me? Why do I get assigned to all you crazies? The last one wanted immortality! He thought it would be a good way to have his cake and eat it too."

"No, this is a straight-forward deal. I want the power to turn lead into gold. At the end of my life you can have it -- my soul, that is."

"All right, here are the papers. Read them. I think you will find them all in order. Sign in blood."

"Wow! How can you do that in just an instant?"

"Oh, that. It's nothing. We have the finest legal department in the world -- the very best, the most successful lawyers come down here to assist us."

Fortune signed -- in blood. A day later he received a set of plans for a cyclotron. Fortune exploded in uncontrolled rage. He called up the demon again.

"You cheated me," he said. "It would cost me a couple of million dollars to build a cyclotron and a lot to keep it running. If I had that kind of money, I wouldn't have made this deal in the first place. I thought the Devil kept his word in these matters. Where I come from, a deal is a deal!"

"Calm down, mortal; let me think about this a minute." He looked thoughtful for a few moments, then he said, "O.K., I agree you got shortchanged on this. Here's what I'll do: I'll give you this little book. There's an incantation that will do just what a cyclotron would do -- change lead into gold."

Fortune was mollified. A week later he had bought an old bank building in a small town and fixed up the vault for his purposes. It was filled with piles of lead ingots. Fortune locked himself in and began using his incantation to change the lead into gold. After several hours he was through. "Gold! Gold! he exulted. "I'm rich! Rich! Do you hear, rich beyond my wildest dreams!"

Then he dropped dead -- the Devil had kept his word. Lead turned to gold in a cyclotron is radioactive. He got exactly what he asked for.

Hey -- a deal is a deal!"

Dom Jervis

My Taste of Summer

My most memorable "taste" of summers past is different than one might expect. It is not limited to one sense, yet it is as sweet as any fruit. This holocorporeal taste, my friends, is of freedom.

One might wonder how I could have felt "free" during this time of my life. I had no realistic choices as to my abode, my subsistence, or the hour at which I was compelled to retire. None of this mattered. What little I knew of any other way seemed no better than what I had. During those years, I felt as free as I ever have in my life.

I could sleep as late as I wished. I could ride my bicycle or play basketball (or both) all day long. I always had books, my key to a break from my day-to-day existence. My gravest concern was not whether I had enough money for my needs; it was whether I would ever dunk a basketball or be in adequate shape for the start of football training camp. My most arduous decision was, "The library will only let me check out three books. Which three do I select?"

Hurrying to be on time for work, keeping my sanity without alienating my coworkers, and other banes of our work-a-day world were beyond my horizon. The stresses of dealing with car repairs, resisting the urge to blow a paycheck on a strong, but trivial temptation, and balancing career development with soul enrichment were left for another day, or decade.

Boredom was never a major problem. An only child learns early how to entertain himself. The world's external adventures and the internal journeys into realms new and wonderful that were as close as the nearest book offered too much to allow me to ever get into a rut.

Mark Twain was credited with saying, "I never let my schooling interfere with my education." Reading, watching a building being built (or razed), or figuring out a different way to get from Point A to Point B, had at least as much to do with my development as an effectively thinking and acting person as any blather dispensed by some automaton cleverly disguised as a teacher. The belief that learning is a lifelong experience was instilled in me at an early age, and I can think of no better lesson that I could have been taught.

I have been unemployed three times, twice during the summer. Since adequate resources ensured that survival needs were never lacking, both periods recalled fond memories of childhood summers. These times, when food, shelter and clothing were taken care of allowed me to explore the world around me, as well as develop within. I believe the latter has been more important, since it let me determine how I would lead and manage my life.

Yes, my friends, to me the poignant, all-encompassing and thoroughly satisfying sensation resulting from the recollection of the freedom of summers long ago and far away qualifies as a *bona fide* taste.

[Dom's "taste" is a little more metaphorical than I had hoped for, but he does seem to have a sort of visceral memory of it. -Ed]

A Densa-Mensa Quiz

The Densa player gets a point by giving the answer which the majority of the population would deem correct; the Mensa player gets a point for each answer that is technically correct.

1. Other than a road, what is the longest continuous construction in the world?
2. Where did Noe's (or Noah's) Ark land?
3. Who was the head of state who snubbed Jesse Owens after he won the gold medal at the 1936 Olympics?
4. What's the motto of the Canadian Mounties?

5. What's the motto of the US Postal Service?

6. Where did the Earps kill the Clantons in a gunfight?

O.K., then "**A Piece of My MIND**"

BULLETIN BOARD

Herman Hagemier: Extracts from my forthcoming book on Physics which have been published in MIND over the last several months must be discontinued to preserve the copyright for the new publisher. Please be aware that all Hagemier articles in MIND are protected by copyright and no one may republish them individually or as a collection without express permission from the author.

Nancy White: the Monthly Book Sale, briefly run by Greg Crawford, is back under my administration. Please contribute books in good condition.

Marie Beltrame: I miss my friends in Central Indiana Mensa! Even though I am now far away in real distance, won't you keep in touch with me in cyberspace? Either MarieBeltrame@juno.com or Beltrame@fls.infi.net

Petra Ritchie:

Glee and Sympathy

Sharing with those Mensans who are having memorable experiences of one sort or another.

If you know of a Mensan who has suffered a setback **or** who has something to celebrate, (*especially* something to celebrate) please contact Petra with the information; she will send a card on behalf of the Local Group.

(address and phone # deleted for web page)

pritchier@ibj.com

Joseph Zanca: After seven years, the Mensa Membership Directory is being revised! The 1999 edition will be available in late September from the Mensa Boutique. Order by credit card at 1-800-MENSA4U. \$30.

Kishor Kulkarni: UNICEF Benefit Concert featuring Veena* K. Kulkarni, pianist, on August 8, 3:00 - 4:30 pm, Johnson Room at Robertson Hall, Butler University. See Ad elsewhere in this issue for additional information.

BULLETIN BOARD continued

Nancy White: Channel 20 volunteers, your tour is Sunday, August 22, from 4:00 to 8:00pm.

PFLAG (Parents, Family/Friends of Lesbians and Gays) a group for support and education. Second Sundays, 2:00 p.m. at St. Luke's Methodist Church. 86th Street, near Meridian.

Positive Change Network: Fourth

The ExCom: Another vacancy has opened up. No selection will be made until after the August Monthly Meeting, so express your interest to Grace before then.

Tuesdays 6:15 - 8:45 at Library Services Center, 2450 N. Meridian. Information: 925-9297.

SPAN Program: Earn college credit while still attending High School. 10th, 11th and 12th graders who have SAT of 1010 and complete IUPUI placement test may take 100 and 200 level classwork. Info: (317) 274-2660.

Russ Washburne:

Proctored Mensa Admissions Test

Saturday, September 11, 2:00 p.m.

(317) 839-9282 for details

(You want your friends to be members, too, don't you?)

Women of Vision Network: 5:30 every Wednesday at Cynergi Bookstore, 6358 Guilford. (Broad Ripple) 841-3912.

Friends of Jung: First Thursdays. Information: 466-9214.

To Keep In MIND

Upcoming Gatherings and Events

| *** 1999 *** | |
|---------------|---|
| September 3-6 | Rivers III; RG Chair: Bob Heasley, Sewickley, PA; bheasley@usaor.net Registration \$40 (checks to Western Pennsylvania Mensa) |
| October 1-3 | Mensa Rocks Aurora Woodlands Hotel, 800 N. Aurora Road, Aurora, OH 44202-9516; (800) 877-7849 or (33)[sic] 995-3172; Rooms \$59; Registration \$55 to 9/15; \$60 after; checks: CAM-RG 1999. Registrar Dave Michel, POB 1236, Willoughby OH 44096-1236; email: ikillgore_dmichel@compuserve.com NOTE NEW LOCALE. |
| October 15-17 | Hollywood, FL. Contact Jay Bertolet. |
| October 29-31 | HalloweeM 24 Arlington Park Hilton, 3400 W. Euclid, Arlington Heights, IL 60005-1099 (847) 394-2000; fax (847) 394-2095; rooms \$79 (reserve by 10/08 and mention Mensa); Registration \$45 thru 7/31, \$50 thru 9/15, \$55 thru 10/15; \$60 after; Bill Slankard, Registrar, Arlington Heights, IL. email: weem-registrar@chicago.us.mensa.org . Website: www.chicago.us.mensa.org/ |
| December 3-5 | AMC Meeting, Minneapolis MN. Contact: Judith C. Hogan. |

| *** 2000 *** | |
|---------------|--|
| January 28-30 | Circle City RG: Y2K Survivors' Party. Waterfront Plaza Hotel, |

| | |
|-----------------|--|
| | 2930 Waterfront Parkway West, Indianapolis, IN 46214; (317) 299-8400; rooms \$62, mention Mensa; registrar Karen Wilczewski . rates \$40 until K-122 (9/1); \$45 to K-92 (10/1); \$50 to K-31 (12/1); \$55 to 1/1/00; \$60 thereafter. |
| July 5-9 | Delaware Valley Mensa AG (Philadelphia) (Joint AG with Mensa Canada) |

| | |
|---------------------|--------------------------------------|
| *** 2001 *** | |
| July 4-8 | North Texas Mensa AG (Dallas) |

| | |
|---------------------|-------------------|
| *** 2002 *** | |
| July 3-7 | Phoenix AG |

B _____
A _____
S _____
I _____
L _____

by Basil Wentworth

148 - SHAKESPOONERISMS

The leery monarch speaks:
 "When this disturbance peaks
 The rills and streams
 Will burst their seams --
 Blow winds! And check your creeks!"

The builder said, "Here's how
 To berth your horse and cow
 In layered beds:
 If you have sheds,
 Prepare to tier them now."

A tempting thing to do
 Is pitch clandestine woo,
 But tattling brothers
 Lead to mothers
 Shaming of the two.

His facial hair was weird,
 And everybody jeered
 And asked unkindly
 Can his mind be
 Parted like the beard?"

These photos, if I'm right,
 Will give my wife delight.
 (And, sure enough,
 She liked the stuff,
 And said "Good prints, sweet knight.")

* * * * *

When his devious plans all fell through,
 I expected the air would be blue

With the sound of his curse
(Or perhaps something worse)
But he only cries "Go to".

The Fourth Annual
UNICEF Benefit Concert

featuring piano selections by
Veena* K. Kulkarni

Sunday, August 8, 3:00 - 4:30 pm
Johnson Room of Robertson Hall, Butler University
4600 Sunset Avenue, Indianapolis

A Baker's Dozen of Irrational Proofs

1. I got the results I needed, and nothing's broken down.
 2. My opponent is completely in the wrong; since my views are opposite his, they must be in the right.
 3. I formerly supported another view; since it's later, I must be wiser, and my current position is therefore the correct one.
 4. I can find many flaws in all the other theories, but I have yet to notice any in my own.
 5. Those whose opinions I respect most agree that my approach is correct.
 6. Several objections to my methods proved to be invalid. Why, I saw through them right away.
 7. I've worked a lot harder to reach my conclusions than they have to reach theirs.
 8. Those who have attacked my work have selfish motives.
 9. If my explanation *should* be wrong, then an unthinkable number of other things would have to be wrong, too.
 10. I really wish I could have found some other explanation; since my findings go contrary to my own wishes, they are obviously free of emotional bias and must therefore be correct.
 11. If I had been on the wrong course, responsible people would have stopped me earlier.
 12. Any differences between observed results and predictions are due to interference or improper application. I can even point out where this happened.
 13. My people don't make those kinds of mistakes; we have a perfect record.
-

13 Signs that You have had Too Much of the 90's

Directions to Janet & Warren Ward's home in Columbus

Random Sample

© by [Julie A. Yates Harkey](#)

Six Miles Up

Sometimes it's hard to know what to write about, especially when I don't leave myself time to think and reflect on anything beyond the daily imperatives. At the moment, I'm once again miles, six or so, above ground, zooming along in a pressurized aluminum tube. I realize that often, even when I have opportunity for contemplation, I fill that time with fluff. Today I finished reading my novel shortly after takeoff, having miscalculated my reading time vs. what was left of the book. The other book I have with me is an excellent text describing the role of organizational error in mass transportation accidents, which put me to sleep until the little kid in the row behind me kicked my seat.

Am I rambling? Well, yes. I so rarely just sit and think and write that the machinery is a bit rusty. Stick with me-I'll make a point eventually. I'm even beginning to know where I'm going with this.

I work for an airline. My job is centered on discovering and documenting how people interact with, and function within the technological and cultural environment. I am interested in why people do things the way they do in airplanes, airports, and hangars. This includes pilots, flight attendants, station personnel, maintenance, and vice presidents. People make mistakes, do dumb stuff. Once in a great while these mistakes lead to an accident. My job is to find out where the mistakes happen, and work on the safety nets we call procedures, training, and standard practices. I help people keep our airplanes right side up.

Today I'm on my way to a course about human performance. I'm a little concerned about the next four days of class time. My days are usually full and busy. I rarely sit for very long and just listen. When I do, especially in a classroom, I get sleepy. From past experience, some of the upcoming lectures will be lullabies. Anyone who teaches should have to pass a special qualifying test. They should have to present their subject to a group of busy adults in such a lively interesting and interactive manner that everyone stays awake.

That was a good point, though not one I thought I was going to make. The direction I want to take this column is to think about thinking. The ivory tower folks call it metacognition. Contemplation.

Meditation? What am I afraid of? Well, lots of things, but I'm not thinking of bugs and boogey men as I write this. I keep my life so full and my mind so busy, so muddled, that I don't look deeper than the daily surface clutter. When I do take a break, I retreat into fiction to disconnect. Perhaps this is habit. In my former life (pre- 1992), I had a great many thoughts and pressures and fears that I kept pushed down out of sight so I could function each day. They didn't go away, some rearing up to bite me at the most inopportune times.

Escape never has worked very well. It's time to break the escape habit and deal with the stressors head on. I resolve to think about things rather than worry about them. Perhaps therein lies a way to resolve things and move on, and tolerate the ones I can't change. To quote the Kenny Wayne Sheppard Band, "Whisper on a scream, doesn't change a thing; Blue on black." I am going to try to accept the things that are beyond my power to change. Oh, yes,

I keep forgetting. The other important part of this strategy is to notice, and enjoy, the good things in my days.

Dave A.

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