

# SUNFLOWER SEEDS



August 2019, Volume – 47, Issue # 8  
Kansas Sunflower Mensa Newsletter



*There are many quiet and peaceful corners of the World if one will only venture to look. This is a branch of Chisolm creek located just a couple of miles from one of the most heavily developed shopping and eating districts in Wichita.*

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## August Group Events:

**Saturday 3rd 12:45pm - MONTHLY PIG OUT  
A CHANCE TO DINE WITH MENSA FRIENDS.**

**CARLOS OKELLY'S**

**4872 S BROADWAY**

[HTTP://CARLOSOKELLEYS.COM](http://CARLOSOKELLEYS.COM)

**Saturday 10th 2:00pm - GUEST SPEAKER  
PRESENTATIONS OF INTEREST, STATED MEETING**

**FAIRMOUNT COFFEE, MEETING ROOM**

**3815 E 17<sup>TH</sup> ST**

[HTTP://WWW.FAIRMOUNTCOFFEE.COM](http://WWW.FAIRMOUNTCOFFEE.COM)

**Saturday 17th 11:00am – MONTHLY FIELD TRIP  
JOIN US FOR A FUN ROAD TRIP.**

**WATERMARK BOOKS, BASEMENT AREA**

**MEET AT: 4701 E DOUGLAS**

[HTTP://UNDERGROUNDKANSAS.ORG](http://UNDERGROUNDKANSAS.ORG)

**Saturday 24th 7:00pm – BANTER AND BOOKS  
GOOD CAMARADERIE AND DISCUSSIONS.**

**BARNES & NOBELS, EATING AREA**

**1920 N ROCK RD**

[HTTP://WWW.STORES.BARNESANDNOBLES.COM](http://WWW.STORES.BARNESANDNOBLES.COM)

**Saturday 31st 12:45pm – BLUE MOON LUNCH  
A MELDING OF ART & WISDOM.**

**WICHITA ART MUSEUM, UPPER EATING AREA**

**1920 N ROCK RD**

[HTTP://WWW.WICHITAARTMUSEUM.ORG](http://WWW.WICHITAARTMUSEUM.ORG)

### This Month's Pig Out:



“For us, inviting you to try our new menu is akin to inviting you to our family kitchen. We’re happy to share our flavors – old and new – with you...our friends. Why? Because we get to share with you our made-from-scratch recipes that begin with the freshest ingredients.”

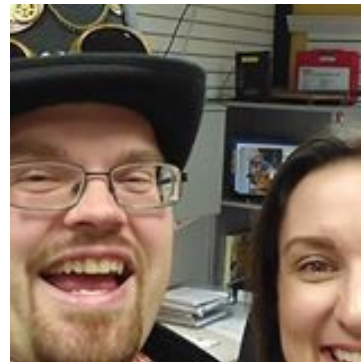
### To the salt mines with you! Chapter Field Trip for August:

We will be heading out of town again to the city of Hutchinson. Not only known for their World class space museum, it is also the repository of a great deal of American culture. Stored hundreds of feet underground in an old salt mine are thousands of priceless documents, film originals and other historical artifacts requiring a constant temperature and humidity.

Now open to the public for tours.



### This Month's Guest Speaker:



Engineer and inventor Rustin A. Atkeisson will speak on robotics, and maybe show us a project or two that he has put together. He has also worked with the Wichita based technology incubator Make ICT. One of his

pet projects is building and testing robots to be used in the DARPA Robotics competition.

**NOTE:** Stewart Boehmer's cancer surgery went well. He is in Kansas City and will be transferred to Bell Air next week. He plans to be back to meetings in September or maybe August.



## Heartland Mensa Region 7



Geologists know that Time lurks just beneath the surface. Well, maybe not *just* below – in the eastern part of our Region it may be buried beneath hundreds of feet of clay. Out West, though, Time leaps up from the surface and grabs you by the optical system. I’m just

back from a road trip to our Annual Gathering in Phoenix, by way of Arizona’s Meteor Crater and Route 89A south into Sedona, then back home via Utah’s Red Canyon, Bryce Canyon, and the Salt Wash along I-70, finishing up with Colorado’s Black Canyon of the Gunnison. If you ever get the chance, do take that route and in that order. It delivers a gradually rising crescendo of “WOW!” moments for anyone with the slightest geological inclination (pun intended). I’ve driven twisty roads in the Rockies and the Ozarks, but there’s a stretch along 89A that’s every bit as twisty and it has much prettier rocks. Lots of good hiking along that route but bring along water and take things slow unless you’re acclimated to the High Country.

One of the AG’s highlights is the Award Ceremony. Heartlanders brought home a healthy crop this year. For the Chairman’s Service Award,

- North Dakota Mensa’s **Greg Kontz**, who stepped up to fill a partial term as AMC Secretary
- Central Iowa Mensa’s **Marie Mayer**, who contributed her calming wisdom to both the Foundation and the AMC.

Jewel Awards are presented to Local Groups in recognition of their service to members. Emeralds went to **Nebraska-Western Iowa Mensa, Central Iowa Mensa, Kansas Sunflower Mensa, North Dakota Mensa** and **Wyoming Mountain Mensa**. Sapphires, the next higher level, went to **Mid-America Mensa** and **Plains and Peaks Mensa**. The top-level award, a Diamond, went to **High Mountain Mensa**. Finally, **Nebraska-Western Iowa Mensa’s** CultureQuest® team **You Go Girls** captained by **Tami Whitney** scored 20<sup>th</sup> out of all the teams in the country. “Woo-hoo” to everybody.

By the time you read this another Gathering will be history – North Dakota Mensa’s **FoRGe North** in Grand Forks the first weekend in August. I hope I will have seen you there.

~~ Rich

## Sunflower Mensa Financial Report

### 2ND QTR [April 1, 2019 – June 30, 2019]

*Diane Powell, Treasurer Sunflower Mensa*

Balance April 1, 2019	\$3, 939.64
SEEDS EXPENSES*	
[includes MarchSEEDS]	-\$230.00
Speaker	-\$40.00
National Funding	+ \$287.05
[\$92.80+ \$89.25+ \$105.00]	
Balance June 30, 2019	\$3,956.69

**Paige Winter**, 17, was attacked while swimming in waist-deep waters off the coast of North Carolina on June 2. She lost two fingers and her left leg was amputated, but she refuses to let the attack keep her down.

"I was aware from the beginning, nothing's gonna be the same ever again. Like, I'm still Paige. Just a little different," Winter told "GMA."



"I got some pieces of the puzzle missing. But it's OK. ... I'd rather have to go through this tough journey than, like, not being able to use my hands. Not being able to, like, walk."

Paige's grandparents live in Wichita, one of whom is a member of our Kansas Sunflower Mensa chapter.

The teen was swimming in the ocean with her sister and brother on a warm Sunday afternoon, enjoying the sun and pretending to be mermaids, when things suddenly took a turn for the worst. Something started to pull her underwater.

At first, she thought it was one of her siblings grabbing her leg as a joke, but then she started to feel a weird "snapping" sensation -- something she said she'll never forget. "I'm like, 'Is this, like, a snapping turtle? Like, what's happening?'" she recalled. "Then it just starts. Like a dog [when] they get a rope and you grab the other rope and they just start going -- like with their whole body."

"I remember giving up for a second, and then I just start like laying there ... and then I was like, 'no, wait a minute, I can't do that. Like, that's not an option!'" Winter said her body went into shock and she eventually stopped feeling pain. She said she mustered up all her strength and tried "prying" the animal off of her, but it was too strong.

Beginning to lose hope, she started to pray for a miracle. "I'm like, 'I'm 17, like, please don't let me die. Like, I'm not ready to die, I have stuff to do. Like, so much,'" she said, recalling her brief conversation with God. "My body went into shock. So I couldn't feel anything, I just knew it was bad." The teenager suffered "deep lacerations to her leg, pelvic and hand areas" and had to be airlifted to a trauma center. Despite her injuries, the vibrant teen said she hopes to turn it into a positive experience.

Luckily, her father, Charlie Winter managed to punch the shark in a move that may have saved her life, authorities said. Now she calls him her hero. Paige Winter said she still remembers how she felt when her father placed her over his shoulder and brought her back to safety.

"I was like, 'Dad, please help me!' I remember being really quiet," she said. "And at one point his energy, like, dropped. He's like, 'I can't ... I can't, man,' and I was like, 'Yes, you can, please help me.'"

Charlie Winter said he ran as fast as he could when he realized his daughter was in danger. "You could tell where she was because you could see pink on the water," he told "GMA." "I dove under. It was about 5 feet. She was already getting pulled back and so I dove in where -- she was movin' back. That's where I dove in and I grabbed her."

Within a matter of seconds, he found himself staring eye-to-eye with a massive shark. "I pulled her up. You could see the shark come up right with her. And then I just immediately just start beating it with everything I could," he said. "He was just staring at my sideways, just the biggest, blackest eye piercing. It was just no negotiating with it."

Today, the family says they're still working to get used to "the new normal," but Paige Winter says she doesn't feel any anger toward the shark who attacked her. "This situation has urged me to learn more about sharks. Because even in the back of that ambulance and in the back of that truck, I was like, 'Guys, sharks are still good people. Like, don't get mad at the shark. The shark is fine,'" she recalled with a smile. "I was just trying to assure them that me and that shark are good, like, we're good."

Paige Winter's family has set up a GoFundMe fundraising page called "Prayers For Paige" to help with the cost of her surgeries and recovery process.

(ABC/KAKE) -



# The Escape Conspiracy

Bill Barnett

July 20, 2019

They were huddled in the basement of the old bookstore. It was the first time they were all together. Until that time, they met in cells of four and did not know who was in the other cells. Three spooks had been discovered. They were disappeared. The three infected cells went out of touch. They continued simply meeting and talking about the ceos and doing nothing. They were out of contact forever. Nervously everyone hoped it was safe. It was Sunday and the biggest shopping day, but the stores were empty of people as always. Everyone there was part of the disbanded Interplanetary Settlement Program. They spent their lives in the program from the time they went to space camp as teens. It was The Dream.

Mike stood up and addressed the group. He was the mastermind. They would escape. But not all of them. Just a couple. "Earth is doomed." he said. With the consolidation came the promise of prosperity for everyone, but it was not so. Standard wages had been cut in half. Work rules eliminated. Profits soared and the market boomed. Or so was the promise. With half wages the stores were empty of shoppers. There were no sales, so no profits, and no stock market gains. It was all propped up by the government. But nothing worked. Anarcho-capitalism was the opposite of communism, but the results were the same. And police were arresting protesters everywhere. It was like the time of Bolsheviks.

"The plan will go on." Mike continued. "We will make it work. Everything is in place. It happens on Whit Monday. It is a day off of work, but the corporation has asked us to do green time. They want us to volunteer free time to help with the reorganization. Of course, we will all sign up. And call in sick. That is the perfect day to not be noticed."

"So, we all get to go on Whit Monday?" asked Vanessa. "No" said Mike. "We can only get one ship and supplies for two people." "But the plan is for all of us to go." pleaded Vanessa.

"I know that was the plan," said Mike, "but we only can get one ship and a few supplies. Do you

want us to cancel the trip because we cannot all get what we want? "What if we wait till we have more supplies?" pleaded Vanessa. "Then no one goes!" said Mike sternly. "It will not work."

The room was filled with tension. No one was surprised by what Mike said. Three ships had already left the planet. Three more were to follow and were cancelled. Budget cuts. There were plans for hundreds. The dream was to colonize the galaxy. Everything had been redirected to the ceos. "Do we have a target?" asked Vlad.

"Llarimya." said Mike. "We know almost nothing about that planet." stated Olof. "We know enough. It has oxygen, water, seed plants, and probably animals. And it is close. The signs are there in the data." Said Mike. "We do not know the topography or climate, other than things grow there. Probably life like our life. It will be raw survival."

"And humanoids?" asked Vanessa. "We cannot go there." "To our knowledge, no. We cannot be sure. The pioneers will have to deal with that." Mike replied. "It is the only option. There is no opportunity to terraform the planet. The ship goes straight there and lands. The shuttle was taken for ceos transport. The pioneers get an old fashion capsule to land. We take it as it is and survive."

"We?" Asked Sophie. "We aren't going. Just two, you said." "Right." said Mike. "More can try for later. This is all we can do." "Can we please just go on?" insisted Olof. "Let's stop arguing and hear the plan." "Adrian has the diversion." said Mike. "I will let him tell you."

"Being a holiday there will be a skeleton crew at the Eurasian Holding Corporation vault." said Adrian. "Just security people and security robots. Mostly just robots. My cell has hacked into some of the security robots and can command them from anywhere. They have access to all the weapons. It will be a battle of robots vs. robots. They will penetrate the vault and make a big mess. Alarms will sound to the police and military. The security people will flee and leave it to the robots. Swat teams and military personnel will show up and just find dead robots and a hole in the wall. The ceos will be notified and it will make the continent news. No one will be watching us."

“Thanks Adrian. Timing is essential. There is only a small window of time before security is back to normal.” said Mike. “Vanessa tell us about the ship.”

“The Ark is still intact.” said Vanessa. “The fuel has been drained. The supplies were taken away. The precious cargo is lost. After the layoff no one fed the animals. No one put liquid nitrogen in the cryogenic containers. All of the frozen embryos we worked so hard to prepare are lost. The computers and guidance system are still all there. It is scheduled to sell for salvage in a couple of months. The guard is asleep all the time. We just need to supply it and go.”

“Valda, tell us about supplies.” said Mike. “The warehouses are full and easy to get into.” said Valda. “The guards are lazy and corrupt. We just send them some street women and they let us take what we want. We do it all the time. That is how we feed our families. The supply shortages are just at the free government stores. We can get all we need. It is easy. We already have most of what we need. We can get trucks and porters the same way. Just give them some food or women and they will do whatever we want.” Give us an updated list and a time and it will be there.”

“Arttu, what about fuel?” said Mike. Arttu replied: “The fuel is not so easy. They hired competent guards and put military officers in charge. We have carefully studied the place. We have a mole. One of us who is a military officer was able to transfer there. His code name is Frank Smidt. We stayed out of contact until recently. He will help us get in. We also need a distraction. Across the base from the helium-3 and deuterium is an old fossil fuel plant. They share the same security, but that side is not as carefully guarded. In fact, there is only one guard there. Can we have a truck go out of control and breach the fence there. And some security robots come to the rescue of the broken fence and cause a little chaos?” Arttu replied.

“Will that get us the fuel?” asked Mike. “We can get to the fuel that way.” Arttu said. “But we still need trucks. The trucks at the depot are not available. But there are some trucks nearby. There is a liquid nitrogen plant two miles away. Those trucks can transport cryogenic fuel. And they are not guarded.

Just steal the trucks and drive up to the gate at the fuel depot. The gate will open, and we will be ready to load the fuel. Thordis’ team will work the gates. Frank Smidt will give us all the security codes and chips. We will take him with us. He cannot go back. Oh, and the distraction at the other side of the base needs to continue until we are long gone.”

“Jason has the schedule.” commanded Mike. The people were getting edgy and he was trying to show confidence. He did not feel it but had to put on the show. Jason showed a slide of the schedule as he talked: “The robot distraction at the Eurasian Holding Corporation vault will start at 8:07 AM. That is after the traffic peak. It needs to be protracted until 4:07 PM. Keep sending in robots.

The truck wreck at the fossil fuel side of the fuel plant happens at 9:07 AM. Nothing on the hour. It needs to take out a lot of fence and the robots needs to keep showing up to help and causing chaos for four hours. If several trucks are upside down and close to the gasoline tanks it will take the wreckers hours to clean it up.

Have the cryogenic trucks secured and rolling at 9:17 AM. It takes 5 minutes to get to the fuel base so open the gates at 9:22 AM with the trucks driving in at that exact time. It takes 20 minutes to fill them. Wear uniforms and act like it is your daily routine. They should roll out of the base at 9:42 AM. Go with the traffic flow and speed limit like it was your routine drive.

It is 147 minutes to drive from the fuel base to the ship. Have the fuel trucks and supply trucks arrive at the ship at 11:49 AM. It takes 30 minutes to load the ship. There is no time for the full checklist. Do the short list and take off at 12:19 PM. Good luck!”

“Who is going?” quizzed Vanessa. “Mike proclaimed: “You and Adrian are going. You both scored highest at survival school and you will need that.” They looked at each other. They were friends, but never imagined this.

“Most of the others are sick, injured, in jail, or otherwise unavailable.” said Mike. “Raju and Mari are number two and three for the women. Valto and Oscar are number two and three for the men.”

Everyone gasped. “We are in survival mode.” Said mike.

It was the morning of Whit Monday. There was an explosion at the vault. It was heard all over the city. Smoke was pouring out of the building. Robot parts were scattered all over the landscape. The police surrounded the place. Marines in tanks were coming up the street. Everyone except the police fled that area. The only two guards were long gone.

The ceos were in a panic and scheduled all day meetings. Someone was responsible and heads would roll. Was it the African Holding Corporation or the Americas Holding Corporation. They must find out. The only thing keeping them from war was the fact that if two started a war the other would wait until the first two were weak and win them both. So all the ceos wanted a war, but no one wanted to start it.

An eight-truck tractor trailer pileup closed the street in front of the gasoline tanks with three trucks plowing up fence and stopping just three feet from the gasoline tanks. Security from the fuel base swarmed the accident area. The cryogenic fuel area was like a ghost town. No one was there.

The empty liquid nitrogen trucks pulled into the gate exactly on schedule and began filling up as if it was their daily duty. A third truck filled up with liquid air at the nitrogen plant and was heading to the ship. Everyone was on schedule.

All the trucks arrived at the ship at 11:50 AM. Two minutes past the schedule. They were still good. They had to be off before the plan was found out. It was 12:20 PM and the trucks were backing away from the ship. Vanessa was going down the checklist. Everything for launch must be working. She had checked it before with the ship empty. It was easy to get in.

12:21 PM and the ship lifted off. What a strange feeling. The g force crushed her into the seat. Adrian was staring at the wall of the ship in shock. They were off.

1:30 PM and they were docking with the cocoon, a concrete tube that would protect them from

radiation and micro-meteorites. The concrete was made from rocks and ice mined from asteroids. Now the cocoon was part of the ship. They had two old fashioned capsules. With no shuttle they would burn through the atmosphere just like old timey astronauts. A one-way trip. Hopefully the supply capsule would land near their capsule. And then be in complete survival mode.

2:14 PM and they left Earth orbit at 2 G’s. They had to get past what was left of the Mars colony before they could rest or talk to their friends on Earth.

That evening they were found out. The whole plan was discovered. There friends were hiding in the underground culture. They were heroes no one could know about. There was no one left to talk to. They stared at each other. Now they would really have to get to know each other. There was no one else left.



*She sights a Bird—she chuckles—  
She flattens—then she crawls—  
She runs without the look of feet—  
Her eyes increase to Balls—*

*Her Jaws stir—twitching—hungry—  
Her Teeth can hardly stand—  
She leaps, but Robin leaped the first—  
Ah, Pussy, of the Sand,*

*The Hopes so juicy ripening—  
You almost bathed your Tongue—  
When Bliss disclosed a hundred Toes—  
And fled with every one—* Emily Dickinson



# Remembrances of Happier Times!





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