

Augusta, KS 67010

POB-151

Seeds Editor

Kansas Mensa Sunflower Seeds



August-September 2023, Vol. - 51, Issue - 8

SATURDAY EVENTS

Sept. 2nd	Meet & Greet 12:45	Avi Seabar & Chophouse 135 N Waco www.aviwichita.com
Sept. 9th	Group Meeting 2:00	Fairmount Coffee 3815 E 17 th ST N www.fairmountcoffee.com
Sept. 16th	Group Field Trip 1:30	Strataca Salt Mine 3650 E AVE G Hutchinson Kansas www.underkansas.org
Sept. 23rd	Group gathering 7:00	Barnes & Noble 1920 N Rock RD www.barnesandnoble.com
Sept. 30th	Blue Moon Gathering 12:45	1400 by Elderslie 1400 Museum Blvd. Wichita Art Museum www.wam.org
October 7th	Meet & Greet 12:45	Albero Bistro 2684 N Greenwich #600 www.alberobistro.com

Upcoming Field Trip



This month we will be getting down and dirty. Actually, the place is pretty clean considering that we will be 650 feet below the surface of the windblown prairie and well below the water table. It is even cool, dry, and clean enough therein to store hundreds of millions of dollars' worth of classic movies and other irreplaceable media and documents. If there is an old classic film that you like, the original is probably stored in a secure vault located in a corner of the mine.

If you are claustrophobic or afraid of the dark, then this field trip might not be for you. There will be some walking involved, but there will be

a pretty cool train ride to show off parts of the still working salt mine.

We went there a few years ago right after an earthquake centered in that area. Despite my apprehension, the salt mine remained safe and intact, and in fact I am told it is a very safe place to be during a tremor. It is also a great place to hide during a tornado, although I hope that neither will be an issue.

Plan to meet at the Strataca building in East Hutchinson at 2PM. Rides there can be arranged with prior notice. It is about an hour drive from Northeast Wichita.

Still Wanted:

Vintage copies of the Sunflower Seeds prior to September 1982. Editor will be glad to buy said issues or happily accept as donation to the chapter and the future.



RVC Region -7 Beth Anne Demeter

This Mensa summer is not disappointing!

You'll be reading this closer to mid-summer, but as I write this, I'm a few short weeks after returning home from the Annual Gathering in Baltimore. What an amazing time! The team running the gathering did a stellar job with a difficult task. While not everyone will be happy, I'm incredibly impressed at how the team coordinated all the things to make the AG happen – that includes hospitality, external / non-Mensan speakers, Mensa member speakers, games, tournaments, registration, the gala and guest speaker John Waters, all the SIG suites, tours, Colloquium and more! It's a stupendous effort by a group of great volunteers.

Obviously, I'm impressed so, if you haven't had a chance to attend an Annual Gathering, consider this my strong recommendation! And remember, next year's Annual Gathering is in our home region! The 2024 AG will be held at the Sheraton Crown Center in Kansas City, MO. Several events will also be held at the neighboring Westin and convention center, along with other tours, barbecue tastings and other fun stuff scattered around the city. Make a point of attending that!

Finally, you're probably wondering...who's the incredible (or insert other adjective here) volunteer who's stepping forward to run the 2024 AG??? That's me!!! And while I'm very excited, I'm also looking for several folks to help round out the leadership team. If you're interested in doing any planning or even have ideas that other volunteers can run with, please pass them along! Since it's our region, I'd love to make this AG a wonderful experience for all attendees.

See you next year in Kansas City!

Creative Writing Project

By: Gracie Ulrich

This is a challenge to our readers. Here are lists of words, and the challenge is to take one or more words from each list and write for 5-15 minutes, telling a brief short story using some of these words. As usual, I would expect that, if you don't see a word you want, then use whatever words you prefer, because it's your story. These prompts are merely intended to massage your creativity. The best story submitted will get a prize as well as accolades from the few, the proud, the 2%.

The length should be 1-2 pages. A few of many examples below:

Feelings: excited, morose, inebriated, peaceful, dread, sexy, motivated, horror.

Place: barber, basement, courthouse, forest, truck stop, farm, airplane, office.

Person: librarian, police, fireman, lawyer, teacher, street sweeper, politician.

Weather: hot, dry, cold, windy, icy, stormy, tornado, moonlit, hailing, calm.



The Helicopter Crash

By: William Barnett

Sam was feeling excited about the trip to the beach. He and his friends had been unhappy about their obligation to repair the roof of their boss' beach house. Their updated plan was to start the roof and then join the party beside the ocean. Hanna, the sexy nurse's aide, was joining them and Sam was thrilled at the thought of knowing her better. After evading the policeman, they rushed past the pub and onto the private beach. Suddenly the weather went from hot and dry to rainy, stormy, and finally thundering.

They rushed back into the beach house as Hanna's mother was calling her on the phone. Being the perfect Jewish mother, she was worried that her baby was in an airport garden party with strangers, a convenient lie that Hanna had told her and had backfired.

The lady librarian, who was with them, took the phone to calm the horrified mother down, but it only unsettled mom even more, as she was sure that her daughter was not there, but with an imagined inebriated vagrant.

Sam, knowing the lady was in a dreadful state of mind, took the phone and told her the truth, hoping it would turn her toward a more peaceful state of mind. He might as well have called in an icy cyclone on the poor woman.

The professor, who loved to join his students on their spring break escapades, explained the situation to his cousin, Hanna's mom, and assured her that the now adult child was safe, and that he would protect her.

The unhappy mother relented, feeling as if the storm was showering on her, right there in her own living room. It was the first time that her daughter was alone without her, and she was unable to do anything about it. In other words, the helicopter crashed and burned in a nasty

explosion with mom driving. She sat down and cried, with tears of sorrow mixed with tears of joy.

Hanna was excited to be face to face, looking at her sexy boyfriend Sam. Ω

Quips & Observations - Gracie Ulrich

Boredom

If you find yourself bored on a Saturday, just go to some random wedding, and shout out, "I still love you!" ... and wait for the drama. Works whether you are male or female.

Internet Shopping

Fave way to online shop? I just yell out what I want and wait for an ad to pop up on my smartphone.

A Fast Life?

I'm currently experiencing life at several WTF's per hour.

Booby

BOOBYTRAP spelled backwards is PARTY BOOB.

Covid Aftermath

At the end of the covid scare, almost everyone was a monk, a hunk, a drunk, or a chunk.

A Touch of Courtesy

Sorry I'm late. I got here as soon as I wanted to.

Fitness

Oops! Forgot to go to the gym today. That makes it 8 years in a row now.

Alacrity of Purpose

I used to be a crastinator, but finally I decided to go pro.

The Scariest Day of Daisy's Young Life

By Gracie Ulrich

Daisy was fascinated by the new granary her dad had just bought for their farm. Shiny new galvanized steel flashed brilliantly in the bright sunlight. It was big, with a stairway winding around it to service the cyclone on the top, and it had a long chute with a big auger to fill the grain trucks when they arrived. It replaced the three old bottle-top grain bins that had sat next to the cowshed since the 1940's, long before her time.

With green eyes and brown hair, Daisy was tall and skinny for her age, 12, and she was adept in caring for the horse and the guineas, geese, and peacocks. She was good at tree climbing too, and she had built her own modest skateboard park, with her dad's help.

Just then, her dad landed his little 2-seater Cessna 152 on their private dirt landing strip. She ran toward the Quonset hut as he taxied toward it to park inside.

He looked excited when he got out. "I just barely beat the storm front," he told her, as he climbed down from the cockpit. "There's a huge storm cell on the way. See how the clouds have all turned that dark grey, and how pockmarked they look to the southwest? The wispy end tips are swirling a little, like curlicues. Those are like baby tornado clouds. I wouldn't be surprised if we did get a tornado out of this."

Daisy looked. Within an hour the wind had picked up, the sun had gone, and tumbleweeds raced across the open field to the west, stopped only by the stock fence, spreading their seeds as they went.

The sky was getting black now, with a sick-looking tinge of yellow green. Her mother, an accountant, had gone into town and wasn't

back yet. Daisy had started to worry. She'd never seen a sky like that before.

"Dad, dad, have you heard from Mom?" she yelled, to be heard above the ferocious wind.

"No, honey, I haven't, but she's a country girl. She's got good sense, and she knows how to take shelter and stay safe," her dad answered, as he kept moving to lock down anything that could blow away. Daisy helped, dragging the yard chairs into the barn and shutting and fastening the big doors that slid on rails to close.

Then they saw it, the funnel snaking down from the clouds as it began to rain great mighty drops. Soon they couldn't see anything because of the drenching downpour. Daisy's dad took her hand as they ran together, soaked through, to the house and headed for the basement.

Almost immediately, they heard a deep roar that vibrated through the cement walls of the house's foundations. The electricity went out, and they waited in darkness, hugging each other.

The house shook with a sudden huge gust of wind. They hugged tighter. They heard windows breaking. Dad had forgotten to open any windows to equalize the sudden change in air pressure. The roar was so loud that it hurt, but they didn't want to take their arms from around each other to cover their ears.

Then...quiet. It sounded unnatural still.

They crept up the stairs with trepidation, afraid of what they would see.

Emerging into the kitchen, they found broken glass from the window over the sink, shattered. Glass was everywhere. But since both of them wore shoes, they didn't get cut. One large shard of glass was lodged firmly into the floor at right angles, like a giant carving knife.

Then they saw the living room. There was broken glass there, too, but not quite so bad. Everything near broken windows was drenched in rainwater, including the sofa.

Out the front door, the towering trees were mostly bent and broken. One big branch had fallen on the old tractor, bending the frame a little, but that tractor didn't run anyway.

They had to climb over big branches to get around to the back of the house.

The new granary was still standing, though damaged. The cyclone was on the ground, bent and twisted around a section of the stairs that had spiraled like a nautilus up to the very top. It was insured, and the damaged parts would be replaced.

The Quonset hut and barn still stood, but a big part of the corral was gone.

Just then, Mom came carefully maneuvering up the long driveway in her old Desoto. She was fine, but very distressed, wondering what had happened to her husband and daughter. Now that they could all see one another, they were teary-eyed with relief.

There were three more peacocks, and no one ever knew where they came from. One of the geese had died from a falling branch, so Daisy's

mom dressed it out right away, in order to not waste the meat, while Dad started cleaning up all the broken glass.

That's the story of what happened when Daisy was 12 years old, the summer she quit climbing trees because they lost most of their limbs to the tornado.

The goose was very tasty.



Can Your Child Pass This Test?

DOES YOUR CHILD ...

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*Someone supposedly found this letter
when going through some old mail.*

Dear Son,

I'm writing this slow 'cause I know you can't read fast.

We don't live where we did when you left. Your dad read in the paper that most accidents happen within twenty miles of home, so we moved.

Won't be able to send you the address as the last Arkansas family that lived here took the numbers with them for their house, so they wouldn't have to change their address.

This place has a washing machine. The first day I put some shirts in it, pulled the chain and haven't seen them since.

It only rained twice this week, three days the first time and four days the second time. And the coat you wanted me to send to you, Aunt Sue said it would be a little too heavy to send in the mail with them heavy buttons, so we cut them off and put them in the pockets.

About your sister, she had a baby this morning. I haven't found out whether if it is a boy or girls so don't know if you are an Aunt or Uncle??? Your Uncle John fell in the whiskey vat. Some men tried to get him out, but he fought them off playfully, so he drowned. We cremated him and he burned for three days.

Three of your friends went off the bridge in a pickup. One was driving and the other two were in the back. The driver got out. He rolled down the window and swam to safety. The other 2 drowned. They couldn't get the tailgate down.

Not much more news this time. Nothing much happened. If you don't get this letter, please let me know and I will send another one.

Anon.

Banishing Birds as retold by:

Gracie Ulrich

Down the road from me, on the farm, my neighbor had a big black horse with distinctive white markings, named Starry Night. Regrettably, Starry had birds nesting in his mane. The birds had only taken up residence there in the spring, and they were so well entrenched by the time the farmer noticed that he couldn't get rid of them. The birds' constant bickering and flying in and out, not to mention the incessant chirping, drove the poor horse to distraction. The farmer did not know what to do.

He asked his neighbors if they'd ever heard of such a thing. They had not.

A couple of weeks later, the Schwann man stopped by in his delivery truck, as he usually did every month or two. And after the farmer's wife had bought some boxed beef for the freezer, she got to talking to the Schwann man, and she happened to mention the horse's problem. Turned out, the Schwann man gets around, and he had luckily heard of this problem before.

"Rub some dry yeast in his mane. It's a sure deterrent," he told her.

"OK," she said, "I'll give it a try."

Sure enough, she went to the grocery store in town the very next day and bought a jar of Fleischmann's dry yeast. When she got home, she put away the shopping as fast as she could, anxious to try the remedy. Out in the barn, the horse was shaking with nervousness because the birds were flying about his head like cartoon birds. The bird droppings were obnoxious and smelly. He never got even a moment's rest. She commenced to rubbing the entire jar of yeast into his mane, everywhere that she could get her fingers in it, and she did as thorough a job as she possibly could.

A few days later, all the birds had flown, and they never returned. The farmer and his wife were baffled at this result, because they had tried everything they could think of to get rid of the birds previously.

(cont.)

A month later, the Schwann man showed up on his usual route, and he stopped in to see if she needed any meat. She did, and bought a nice brisket and some steaks. Then they got to talking, as you do on the farm, and she asked him, "I did what you suggested, and put the yeast in Starry Night's mane. I was flabbergasted that it worked! But I don't have any idea why it worked. Do you know why?" she asked.

"Oh, that's easy," he replied. "Yeast is yeast and nest is nest, and never the mane shall tweet!"

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