

Augusta, KS 67010

POB-151

Seeds Editor

Kansas Mensa Sunflower Seeds



November 2023, Vol. - 51, Issue - 11

SATURDAY EVENTS

Nov. 4th	Meet & Greet 12:45 pm	Lemongrass Thai 300 N Mead www.lemongrasswichita.com
Nov. 11th	Group Meet & Speaker 2:00 pm	Fairmount Coffee 3815 E 17 th ST N www.fairmountcoffee.com
Nov. 18th	Group Field Trip 1:30 pm	Bill Barnett's 1915 N Country Walk LN Mulvane, Kansas
Nov. 25th	Group Meet 7:00 pm	Barnes & Noble 1920 N Rock RD www.barnesandnoble.com
Dec. 2nd	Meet & Greet 12:45 pm	Redrock Canyon Grill 1844 N Rock RD www.redrockcanyongrill.com
Dec. 16th	Group Field Trip 1:30 pm	To Be Announced

Congratulations: I want to give a shout out to our very own Randy Hamilton whose article "Death and Fear" was published in the last issue of Mensa Bulletin. We were lucky enough to have read the piece before the rest of the country since it was published here first. Look forward to reading more goodies soon.

Editor's note: This is a catch-up issue since the publication got behind. Issues 9 and 10 exist only in the ether.

Upcoming Field Trip: This month's field trip will be indoors. Our illustrious Loc-Sec has invited us to his home for food, drink, and merriment. Feel free to bring something to share, but there should be plenty for everyone. RSVPs are nice but not mandatory.

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.

This Month's Speaker:

Glenn Personey

Introduced by Gracie Ulrich

Glenn is one of us Sunflower Mensans, and he graciously responded to the survey sent some months ago to all our members, saying he would be willing to speak.

This presentation, tailor-made just for us, will focus on how to develop a successful vision and strategy which is applicable to all parts of life. If there is interest and time remaining, we will move on to business transaction best practices which also have broad applications in daily living (e.g. negotiation).

His book, *Any Fool can Complete an Acquisition: The Harsh Reality is Most Acquisitions Do Not Live Up to Expectations*, can be purchased on Amazon.com, and he will bring some copies in case of interest to purchase.

From the back cover of his book:

"Good fortune is in your future... you will be shocked and pleasantly surprised at what you will accomplish" (from the information in his book).

"When you embrace and use these principles, you will be able to reset the Vision and Strategy of your company, identify and complete the most attractive M & A (Mergers and Acquisitions) transactions, generate exceptional results, and simultaneously build capability in your firm."

In discussion over the phone with Glenn, I learned that these same principles can easily be adapted to one's personal life, for a more productive and satisfying set of outcomes. His prestigious experience spans 40+ years of developing successful strategies and conducting transactions and agreements between companies, including Fortune 500 clients. His down-to-earth wisdom will be a fascinating journey through good ideas that we can all adapt to suit our own needs.

RVC Region -7 Beth Anne Demeter

If you weren't doing anything else and decided to log onto the virtual but national Leadership Development Workshop (LDW) held the weekend of September 30th / October 1st, you certainly saw some amazing sessions!!

The weekend was packed with vignettes on running events, planning RGs, marketing, diversity, gifted youth, communications, history of Mensa and more. And, if you couldn't attend the sessions, great news – all the sessions were recorded! You're welcome to check out the recordings online, although I don't have a link at the time of this writing. But please reach out to me or Rachel Kibler (RVC9 at rachelregion9@gmail.com) and we'll make sure to send you the link.

Personally, I helped with the "Want To Be On the AMC?" session on Sunday. We fielded questions related to how AMC members are elected, much time is required to do the job effectively, what happens at AMC meetings, our favorite / least favorite part about being on the AMC, why can't we talk about confidential stuff and more. This column can't be so long that I can answer all those questions here, but check out the recording!

And importantly, succession planning is a huge part of what we do! Finding new leaders, encouraging members to take the next challenge, training the next AMC member, etc. is a lot of what we do. So, if any of YOU are interested in being on the AMC or – specifically – running for RVC, please let me know! I'm happy to run through the average hours per month, responsibilities in a prioritized list, how logistics happen for the AMC meetings whether held in a different location or virtually and more. It's key that the membership in Region 7 have diverse viewpoints and choice in the matter, and that means having more than one candidate.

Please make a point to check out the recorded sessions and give some big THANKS to Rachel Kibler for planning these sessions! She'll have another national LDW in March, so keep an eye out for that announcement. Well done, Rachel!



Quantum Physics 101 Space, Biology, and Beyond BY: MELANIE SWAN

NOV 12, 2023, 02:30 PM PACIFIC TIME

Register and Zoom will email the link to join this meeting:

<http://livepresentation.link/SignUp>

*Look for a **confirmation email from ZOOM** it will contain the **link that you will need to join.***

Melanie presents a vision for our quantum future. No background required.

Using the Quantum Mindset - that anything we can imagine is considered possible.

Quantum science is able to gain understanding at the scale of atoms, ions and photons, and subatomic particles.

This talk provides a theoretical overview of contemporary developments in quantum science and its practical application in space and biology.

Quantum science is being applied in high-complexity fields such as space and biology.

- In biology the understanding of knot theory, enables examine of the ability of enzymes to add or remove tangles from DNA
- Quantum genomics, Chern-Simons biology, molecular knotting, AdS/neuroscience, and neuronal gauge theory.

Register in advance for this meeting:

<http://livepresentation.link/SignUp>

Judy Unger

Junger2040@gmail.com

Groupings

by Gracie Ulrich

I love the evocative names of groups of creatures. Lately, I've noticed some of them again, some I'd forgotten and others I fondly notice, and am consequently thrilled to notice that aspect of a creature's character portrayed by their group name or names. So, out of a spirit of generosity, I have listed some of the ones I've enjoyed in the last few days.

We probably all know that a group of crows is a murder of crows, and a cartoon I like shows two crows waiting for a crow friend to alight within their perching area, and is captioned, "About to commit murder."

Most people also know about a mob of kangaroos, and indeed, that Aussies, especially of aboriginal extraction, refer to their relatives and family reunions as "my mob".

Here are some other **mammals**, and a smattering of **reptiles**:

A shrewdness of apes

A congregation of alligators

A caravan of camels

A roll of armadillos

A clowder of cats

A parade of elephants

A business of ferrets

A tower of giraffes

A cackle of hyenas

A mess of iguanas

A conspiracy of lemurs

A leap of leopards, or a prowl of leopards

A prickle of porcupines—and also echidnas

A gaze of raccoons

A crash of rhinoceroses

A surfeit of skunks

A snuggle of sloths

A scurry of squirrels

An ambush of tigers

A romp of otters

A dazzle of zebras

In birdland, we also have:

A flamboyance of flamingos

A kettle of falcons

A convocation of eagles

A pandemonium of parrots

An unkindness of ravens, or a treachery of ravens

A murmuration of starlings

A pitying of doves

A descent of woodpeckers

A muster of peacocks (or peafowl, as the female is a peahen)



In the water, I was enchanted by:

A knot of toads

A fever of stingrays

A shiver of sharks

A smack of jellyfish

And especially:

A galaxy of starfish

Then, there's the **bugs**:

A kaleidoscope of butterflies

An intrusion of cockroaches (fair enough)

A loveliness of ladybugs

An eclipse of moths

Dogs have their own special group names:

A grumble of pugs

A length of dachshunds

A snooze of wieners

A glimmer of Chihuahuas

A barrel of pit bulls

A drove of Rottweilers

A trumpet of beagles

A tornado of terriers

A puff of Pomeranians

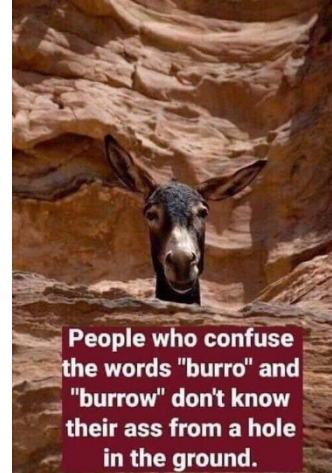
A blaze of Dalmatians

A train of huskies

This is enough to get the general idea.

Then there're the supernatural creatures: a frolic of fairies (also a finagle of fairies), a blessing of unicorns, and a screech of trolls (not that they travel together very much).

Let us not forget a flurry of yetis, a hagggle of harpies, a knot of dwarves, and a malignity of goblins. And on the righteous side, we of course have a choir of angels.

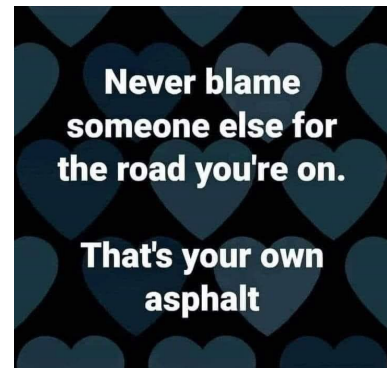


People who confuse the words "burro" and "burrow" don't know their ass from a hole in the ground.



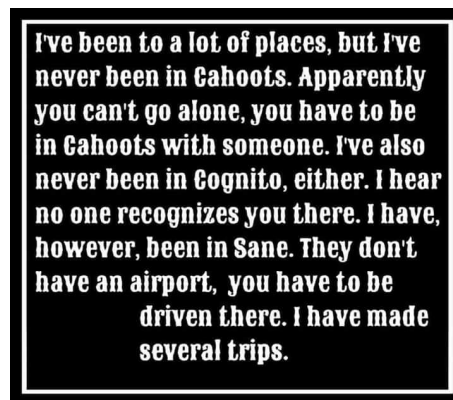
If anyone gets a message from me about canned meat, don't open it.

It's Spam.



Never blame someone else for the road you're on.

That's your own asphalt



I've been to a lot of places, but I've never been in Cahoots. Apparently you can't go alone, you have to be in Cahoots with someone. I've also never been in Cognito, either. I hear no one recognizes you there. I have, however, been in Sane. They don't have an airport, you have to be driven there. I have made several trips.



All the trees are losing their leaves, and not one of them is worried.

Donald Miller

Humorous

PIX by:

Gracie U.



I wish offended people would react like fainting goats and quietly tip over

The Three Wishes

By: William Barnett

There was a fine young man named Achmed who was due to inherit a majestic magical kingdom, but alas, he received nothing. His elder brother usurped the throne and put a price on his head. His mother was the fairest milkmaid in the kingdom and the favorite concubine of the late great king, a man beloved by his subjects. Only his mother had been more loved. His elder brother's mother, an ill-tempered hideous old crone, had been the result of a forced marriage that saved the kingdom from a civil war, or so it was said. In concern for the future welfare of the kingdom, his father had left the kingdom to the favored younger son in a will. The old crone was furious and found the will and destroyed it so that her son would inherit the kingdom. Her malignant-tempered son was even more disliked than she was. Together they oppressed their subjects with ever-increasing taxes and excessive police force.

Only the mercenaries that they had hired from a foreign kingdom could keep the mob from revolting.

Achmed roamed the wasteland at the edge of the kingdom. There were many good fellows there who were outcasts as well. He made good friends but was never happy in his vanquished state. Only the condition of his subjects was more troublesome than his poor estate. Olivia, a wise old fairy, had befriended him. Without her he would have perished from grief.

He and his good friends, a happy group of farmers, who enjoyed life in spite of their poverty, would play dominos with an elderly genie. Achmed enjoyed the domino games and always wondered about the genie's past. It was said that a genie could grant three wishes, but the farmers never wished for anything. Surely it must have been that the old genie had used up all his wishes long ago. One day he asked Olivia why the genie never gave the farmers any wishes.

"Because they are wise farmers," she answered him.

"But couldn't they get their wishes answered?" Achmed asked.

"Of course they could, but there's no reason to ask. They have everything they want," Olivia replied. "They're happy."

"But they're so poor," Achmed argued. "Their clothes are rags. They live in tiny cottages. And they work so hard."

"Their cottages are full of love," Olivia explained. "Did you meet their wives?"

"They are in as poor an estate as the farmers," Achmed replied.

"It doesn't matter," the wise old fairy said. "They're in love."



Achmed gave up the conversation. Olivia just didn't understand. The next day he traveled to the pub in the village. It was a plain establishment, of an older construction, and sturdy while showing signs of wear, but filled with a merry crowd. He sat down and ordered a pint to

down his sorrows. *If only I had a kingdom*, he wished to himself, and then ordered another pint. An old gentleman joined him. The gentleman was wearing the clothes of a prince, but they were even more threadbare and ragged than the farmer's clothes. For a time, they just stared at each other in silence. After they shared another pint together the old gentleman asked, "Are you inquiring for a kingdom?"

"And how would you know things like that?" Achmed demanded.

"I know a lot of things," the old gentleman said. "Your thoughts are even louder than your words, if a person listens to such things."

"Are you a prince?" Achmed demanded again.

"Right you are," the disheveled prince replied.

"Why are your clothes so ragged?" Achmed demanded a third time, showing his anguished temper.

"It's a long story," the impoverished traveler replied, as a fisherman about to set a hook in a trout. "But I know why your princely clothes are so worn."

"And how would you know that?" Achmed asked, as a fish about to take the bait.

"Why haven't you ever asked the genie for a wish?" the stranger asked.

"He doesn't have any left," Achmed answered, feeling insecure about what he had just said.

"He has plenty of them!" the old gentleman exclaimed. "Just ask him for yourself!" And with that the gentleman disappeared.

On his way home Achmed stopped by Olivia's house. She was up late doing chores in her garden.

"Why didn't you tell me the genie still has wishes?" Achmed demanded of his friend.

"You don't need any," the loving fairy replied.

"What a fool I've been!" Achmed cried. "All this time I could have asked for my kingdom."

"You have a much better kingdom here," Olivia stated. "Everyone calls you prince."

After much debate Achmed went home to go to sleep, planning to visit the genie the first thing in the morning.

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At sunrise Achmed awoke and traveled to the genie's cottage in haste. After pounding on the door the genie came to the door sleepy-eyed, trying to awaken.

"We've got to talk," Achmed demanded.

"Come in," the genie replied rubbing his eyes. "Would you like some coffee?"

"I'm good," Achmed replied. "Oh, well, sure, if you're making it."

The good genie made the morning coffee at the speed of a glacier. After an eon the coffee was made and on the table and the sleepy genie began to wake up.

"Do you still have wishes to grant?" Achmed demanded.

"Oh ... uh ... yea ... of course," the annoyed genie replied. "Is that all you came for? ... And at this hour?"

"Yes!" Achmed exclaimed. "Can I have three wishes?"

"Yea, sure," the genie replied with indifference. "You have three wishes. Can I go back to sleep?"

"Thanks!" Achmed replied.

"You'll regret it," the genie stated.

Achmed rushed out the door and ran all the way back to his tiny cottage.

"WOW! I've got three wishes, three wishes, I'll be happy now!" Achmed shouted. Then after thinking for a while, he said, "I want ten tons of gold."

Immediately there were 20,000 pounds of gold in his living room. It crushed the floor and blocked everything in the cottage, but he didn't care. "I have to tell everyone," Achmed shouted. "I can live like a prince."



Achmed rushed to the pub. It wasn't open, so he went to a diner for breakfast. He tried to pay with a gold coin, but the dear lady at the diner didn't have change for such a coin. After strutting about the village all day long, the pub finally opened and Achmed told his friends. They seemed indifferent. By the week's end people were trying to sneak into his cottage and steal the gold.

"What can I do now?" Achmed asked his friends at the pub.

"There's mercs in the next village," the farmers said. "They barely escaped with their lives from your brother. They can help."

Soon the mercs were guarding his house and the gold, but his friends could no longer visit, for security reasons. There was even a plot to have him killed to get his money. When he became accustomed to the gold, he thought about the second wish. "Of course!" he said to himself. "Power!" That's what I need to be a prince, POWER! I wish for power." Soon all his friends were gone. They stayed away for their own lives' sake, wishing him the best, but feeling sad about everything that had happened to their friend. More people tried to kill him. He had to hire an army of mercs and build a castle fortress in place of his house for protection.

"Wow! I'm really a prince now," he said to himself. "All I need now is a wife. I wish for the most beautiful woman in the world."

There was a knocking at the door. When he opened the door a stunningly beautiful woman pushed past him and said, "Mine, mine! All mine!! You can do anything you want!"

Immediately Achmed took her to the royal bedroom and consummated the marriage. By the month's end Tequilabra, his new wife, had completely remodeled the castle into a palace, spending all of the gold. She even sent the mercs on conquest for more gold. Soon they brought back 20 more tons of gold to the castle, earning the hatred of all of the neighboring kingdoms.



He realized that the guards didn't care about his safety, they were only using him as a figurehead to promote themselves. They even told him so to his

face, in private, of course.

Soon Tequilabra was with child and Achmed was excited about having an heir to his throne. The milkmaids, his only confidants, informed him that his wife was with child from another prince and had lain with all the princes within a month's journey. Achmed was in shock with disgust. When his bride returned from her daily ride he asked her where she had been.

"Anywhere I damn well please," she replied contemptuously.

"And whose child she are you carrying?" Achmed asked in concern.

"Yours of course," she lied.

"What do you do on your daily rides?" Achmed asked.

"Anything I damn well please," she answered.

"You're lying with every prince a month's ride from here!" he shouted.

The maids and the palace staff ran for their lives.

"If you want this shit don't complain," she sneered, pointing to her voluminous bosom.

After much screaming and cursing he stomped away in angst. The staff had fled to the woods to avoid being killed in the fray. Even the guards were busying themselves in the stables. After sleeping alone in the library he awoke late and traveled to see Olivia, the wise old fairy. He told her the whole story.

"What can I do now?" he asked in shame.

"You got exactly what you asked for," she replied in her sweet voice.

"How can I change them?" he whined.

"They will never change," she said. "They are who they are. You chose them."

"So, what can I do?" he asked again.

"You can do anything you want," she answered.



He went to his old cottage, but one of the farmers' sons was living there now, so he slept in the woods. After a fitful night of trying to sleep he returned to his castle still not knowing what to do. A neighboring prince was emerging from his bedroom. The staff bowed politely. But now he could see that inside they had no respect for him. He had finally realized their thoughts. "Summon the captain of the guard!" he ordered. When the man arrived Achmed ordered, "Kill 'em all!" Panic ensued. There was blood everywhere. Soon all was quiet. Then Achmed was alone. The remaining guards, who hadn't been killed, were back in their quarters having a pint. He was totally alone and knew it would be that way forever. His life was in grave danger.

"I wonder if they are still playing dominoes back at the village?" he said to himself. "I'll go see."

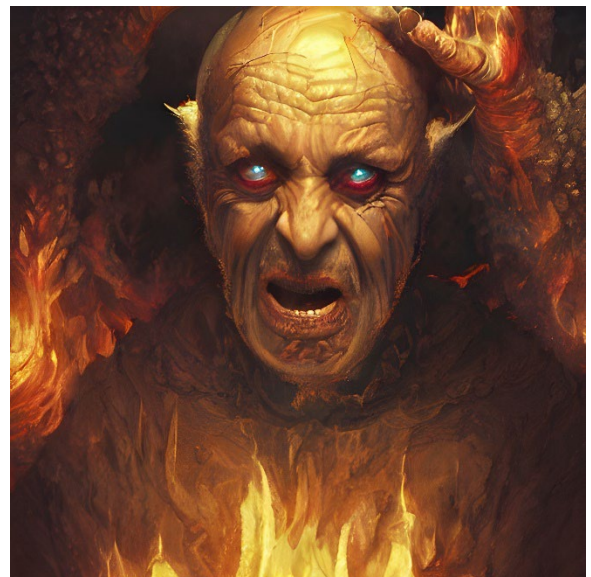
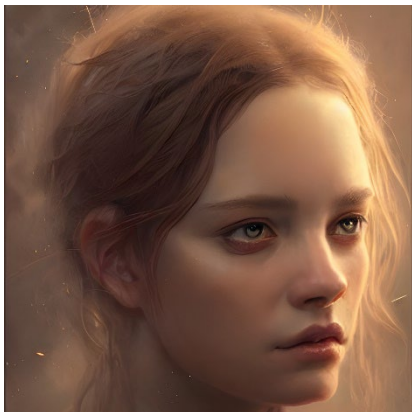
The next day he was playing dominoes with his friends and bought a round for everyone.

Ω



I had a free page and decided to play a little bit. My true artistic skills are quite limited, but with the help of AI, I have managed to create beauty, and help portray the Human condition.

Klaus



2023 Officers of Kansas Sunflower Mensa:

LocSec: Bill Barnett, 316-214-3330,
locsec@kansassunflower.us.mensa.org
Asst. LocSec: Igor Ponomaryov,
asstlocsec@kansassunflower.us.mensa.org
Treasurer: Susan Pung, treasurer@kansassunflower.us.mensa.org
Program Chair: **ACTING-** Bill Barnett,
programchair@kansassunflower.us.mensa.org
Publications Chair: Gracie Ulrich,
publications@kansassunflower.us.mensa.org
Editor, Seeds: R. Klaus Trenary,
editor@kansassunflower.us.mensa.org
Recruiting & Testing: Dan Gollub,
testing@kansassunflower.us.mensa.org
Associate Proctor: **POSITION OPEN -**
Member at Large: Ted Saranchuk,
memberatlarge@kansassunflower.us.mensa.org
Ombudsman: Mike Dickson,
ombudsman@kansassunflower.us.mensa.org
Region – 7 VC: Beth Anne Demeter,
bethanne.demeter@gmail.com
American Mensa Ltd.: 1-888-294-8035

Chapter's Official Web Sites:

<https://www.kansassunflower.us.mensa.org>
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The member subscription fee of \$5.00 is included in annual dues paid to Wichita Sunflower Mensa and American Mensa, Ltd.; other subscriptions for mailed version is \$36.00 per year (USA only) for 12 issues.

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Editor: R. Klaus Trenary, editor@kansassunflower.us.mensa.org or shamanklaus@sbcglobal.net

