

The French Broad Mensa Newsletter

BROADCAST

Vol. 28, No. 8, August 1972

<http://frenchbroad.us.mensa.org>



Cannibalism After Air Crash Reported

**Terror at Olympics
ALL HOSTAGES SLAIN**



In this issue

August 2022 Events Calendar 3
Regional Vice-Chairman’s Message 4
Local Secretary’s Message 5
Mediocre-Okay Advice from Gabbie 6
1972: Where Were You? 8
Strange Questions (& Stranger Answers)..... 13
Botanical Art 14
Getting Older and Getting Younger 15
Bob & the Bobettes 16
Executive Committee Report 17
The Haiku Habit 17
Treasurer’s Report..... 18
Contacts 19

A note from the editor:

“Why did you pick 1972?” someone asked. “What’s so special about that year?” As the headlines on our cover indicate, it was a very tumultuous year, world-wide: terrorism, political scandal, wars. In spite of all that, much of what our members chose to remember and share is positive.

We survived 1972, and we will survive 2022.

Submissions to the Broadcast

Deadline for articles, letters, and comments is the 15th of each month preceding publication. Original material is welcomed. Maximum length is 250 words. Editor reserves the right to decline publication or to edit submissions, as long as intent and meaning are retained.

FBM Events Calendar
August 2022

Monday, August 1, 11:30am: Executive Committee Meeting
at The Village Porch, 51 North Merrimon, Suite 113, in Woodfin
RSVP by July 29 to SharronArmel@gmail.com

Friday, August 5, 11:30am: First Friday Lunch
at La Rumba Restaurant Latino, 105 River Hills Road in Asheville
If you plan to attend, please contact Fae Armstrong:
one4fae2@yahoo.com or 828-575-0121

Saturday, August 13, 11am: Second Saturday Gathering
Moogseum Tour, 56 Broadway Street in Asheville
[Home - Moogseum](#)
Lunch at 1pm at nearby site determined by attendees
RSVP by August 12 to SharronArmel@gmail.com

Monday, August 15, 6pm: Totally Rad Trivia
At the Taproom At Highland Brewing Co.
12 Old Charlotte Highway, Suite 200, Asheville, NC
RSVP to Wayne Stanko @ wstanko@charter.net

Thursday, August 25, 6:30pm: Thu.D! (Note new start time!)
at Haus Heidelberg, 630 Greenville Highway in Hendersonville
[Haus Heidelberg Restaurant](#)
RSVP by **August 22** to SharronArmel@gmail.com

RSVPs are important for table planning, and many public eateries are still operating at limited capacity and/or reduced staffing. Please respond if you plan to attend an event. If you don't, the venue might not be able to seat you.

All regular and special Mensa events are open to members in good standing. However...



**Until further notice, in-person events are
open only to members & guests who are
fully-vaccinated against COVID.**

<http://www.frenchbroad.us.mensa.org/>

Regional Vice Chairman's Message



The AMC held its March 19th meeting in Hurst, TX at the American Mensa National Office. We covered a lot (the minutes were 37 pages long!) Some of the news was good: Mensa finished the 2021-22 Fiscal year with 50,074 members –a 1.52% increase over the previous year. Our retention rate was 90%.

Some of the news is bad: The AMC officially voted “No Confidence” in Bud Klueck, the National Ombudsperson.

And some of our actions are neutral. The 2022-23 budget was passed. We appointed an Auditor. We updated how the Strategic Planning Committee is appointed and the language about “online services.” A 3/5 year Membership Fund was established so that we can invest those funds like we do the Life Membership funds. The Volunteerism Task Force was established, and the AMC members have already received their report.

We decided to postpone the establishment of a Criminal Acts Task Force while we examine the ramifications of such an action.

I had hoped to visit Memphis Mensa and Mississippi Mensa in June, but personal matters got in the way, so I’ll visit them in August.

Don’t miss this upcoming Gathering:

Charlotte Blue Ridge Mensa’s Annual RG -- To Infinity and Beyond. November 4-6, 2022 will be held at the Fairfield Inn and Suites Charlotte Uptown. To register for the RG, register online at <https://cbrmensa.org/2022-charlotte-blue-ridge-mensa-rg-registration/>.

Nancy Campbell, RVC5

704-533-3351 or RVC5mail@gmail.com

Local Secretary's Message

This month we'll be trying something new on our Second Saturday— a tour of the Moogseum in downtown Asheville. This event will let us learn about the history of the Moog Synthesizer, and we may get to try some hands-on music-making. “Enter into a world of imoogination!”



Also, we're going to try another Trivia site this month. Highland Brewery's trivia game allows only 6 players per team, so if you're interested, please let **Wayne Stanko** know as soon as you can.

Welcome to a member who has joined our group:

Jacquelyn Tompkins

Happy Mensa Anniversaries to:

Pat Benard

Victor Dostrow

Karen Caskey

Happy August Birthdays to:

Susan Chitwood Barton

Warren Hargis

Cynthia Eayre

Rosalie Rogers

Veronique Eichler

Joy Ruhe

David Fincher

If your name is missing from any of the applicable “celebration” lists, please check your profile at AmericanMensa.org, to make sure you're allowing display of your information.

As of mid-July, French Broad Mensa had 118 members, gradually increasing from 114 at the end of April. This newsletter is distributed in print to 65 of our members, and 53 have opted for electronic delivery.

Sharron Armel, Local Secretary

SharronArmel@gmail.com

Mediocre-Okay Advice from Gabbie

Gabbie hears your woes and offers curmudgeonly advice. Send your quandaries to Gabbie c/o the *BROADCAST* Editor.



Dear Gabbie,

What's all this hullabaloo about Roe and Wade? Is that a comedy team I should be aware of? A singing duo? What am I missing here?

At a loss

Dearest Loser,

Sheesh! You're doing some serious not-paying-attention, aren't you?

When was the last time The Institute let you wander off completely unsupervised? Did you notice the crowds everywhere? At the market? The DMV? The Postal Office? Downtown? Maybe you thought it was just tourist season and everyone had come to visit.

Well, that's not it! You're missing the point. There's just too many people. We've overrun the planet's carrying capacity. And everyone had to have their own car, too, so's they can get to wherever they're going on time and not a minute later. That's not helping.

The basic problem is that there are too many people. And that's where your pals Roe and Wade come in. No, they're not a comedy team. They're jugglers, legal jugglers. About 50 years ago, there was a big fight twixt Roe and Wade, and the U.S. Supreme Court decided to find something that wasn't specifically there in our founding document, The Constitution. They found a Right of Privacy. And part of it was a right for people, women in this case, to control their own bodies and do what needed to be done.

Gabbie goes on...

Way back then, there were already plenty of children, enough for everyone. The Right of Privacy and its extended meaning meant that a pregnant woman could abort a fetus for her health, because the unborn was the product of rape or incest, because of the tax consequences, for terminal inconvenience, or merely on a whim. Wow! That was a big and important decision. It actually gave women rights! Rights that they should have had all along anyway.

But Roe and Wade are no longer America's friends. The S.Court has reversed itself and women no longer control their own bodies (whatever else they can't control notwithstanding). No more blanket right to abort. The states will have to decide for themselves what they want to do about abortion. Fifty-one different jurisdictions means 51 different opinions and sets of procedures. There's too many children anyway. Luckily, Putin is killing people as fast as he can, and there are other forward-thinking a-holes here and there around the planet doing the same thing. Maybe we can get the population back down to a manageable number. COVID helped too, and we're all looking forward to monkey pox now.

I hope this helped to explain the situation to you. Maybe someone else will also benefit from this diatribe.

*With love and respect for the remarkable planet you had here,
Gabbie*

**In 1972, a Ford Pinto cost \$2,078
and a gallon of gas was \$55¢!**

1972

Where were you?

Johanna Dokter remembers...

My husband and I married in the Netherlands in December 1971. Wrong year you say, well hang on I'll get to it. We moved to our first apartment in March of 1972. We went across the country, (all 248 km) and lived frugally. This meant no tv, no car, etc.

In June or July of 1972, a friend of ours brought us a little used tv and we were looking forward to watching the Olympics which would start in August in Munich, Germany.

That is the event that brings back 1972 for me. The horror of seeing the team of Israel being attacked by Black September, a Palestinian terrorist group. 11 Israeli athletes were murdered and 5 terrorists and one policeman were also killed.

AND THE GAMES CONTINUED.....

Will McGuffin remembers...

In 1972 I went to Chicago to take a job as a technician in a hematology research lab at West Side VA that was run by a friend of mine. Our ultimate boss was a doctor who was originally from Czechoslovakia and was a survivor of both Auschwitz and Buchenwald, but that's another story. He encouraged me to audition for the Lyric Opera of Chicago chorus, even though auditions had taken place a couple of weeks earlier at the time. "They always need tenors, Will! Just ask for an audition, they'll welcome you with open arms," he said.

He was right and I was accepted into the chorus. In January we started memorizing music right away, three nights per week, as we had six operas to commit to memory by September. The first thing they did was

to take measurements for my costume for the first opera, "Maria Stuarda" by Donizetti, about Mary, Queen of Scots, since the costumes were being made by a firm in Italy. Wow, I thought, I'm in the big time now. At any rate, in a few months I found myself onstage with singers like Montserrat Caballé, Joan Sutherland and Luciano Pavarotti. And, I was being PAID for being there! Sutherland was very personable and willing to chat with us about singing, and I even had a bit of stage business with her in La Fille du Régiment when she, as Maria, reviewed her disreputable "army." She took a prop liquor bottle from me and pitched it upstage over my shoulder. Unfortunately one of Carol Fox's sycophants (Fox was the general director) saw this and informed me that if they saw me throw that bottle again I was fired. I asked this person to please observe from the wings to see just who was throwing the bottle. He did and my position in the chorus was secure. As to Pavarotti, we were never able to meet him as he was off to his dressing room immediately after each rehearsal. Caballé flew back to Spain after only two of the six performances due to health reasons.

I had other encounters with great singers that year and the upshot was that I decided that I needed to get realistic and find a way to make a living doing something other than grand opera. Standing ten feet from these superhuman voices showed me what the competition was like, but at least I had the experience of singing with them as a chorister. In all we did about 39 performances of Maria Stuarda, Manon, Fille du Régiment, Carmen, Der Rosenkavalier and La Bohème in which Pavarotti made his Chicago debut. It was a fabulous experience which I'll never forget.



*Will in costume
for La Bohème*

Wayne Stanko remembers...

My wife Jan and I spent a week in the campground in the National Park on the island of St. John in the U. S. Virgin Islands. To get there, we had to fly from Nashville, Tennessee to Miami, Florida to San Juan, Puerto Rico to St. Thomas. We took a boat from St. Thomas to St. John. From the dock, we took a taxi to the campground.

We stayed in a “cabin” at the campground. There were six adjoining cabins separated by concrete slab walls. The front and back of the cabin were all screens to let wind blow through. There was no air-conditioning. We could lower curtains for privacy. There were cots for sleeping. There was one electric hot plate for cooking. There was a communal toilet and shower house. The showers did not have hot water, but the water was naturally warm.



The campground was located on the beach at Trunk Bay. The water was crystal clear. There was an underwater trail off the beach. We used snorkels to follow the trail. There were signs identifying things such as antler coral or brain coral. The depth was about 40 feet.

We also hiked up on the mountains and to the abandoned Danish sugar plantation. When the Danes still owned the island, there was a big rat problem, so they brought in mongooses to cure the problem. We did not see any rats, but there were plenty of mongooses. There were also wild bulls that had been left behind when the Danes left. There were many colorful birds.

There were no TVs or telephones. There were no programs presented by park rangers. We were left to entertain ourselves, mainly reading.

The trip back home was a little easier. We had a direct flight from the Harry Truman Airport on St. Thomas to Miami, then home. The end of a once-in-a-lifetime trip.

Sharron Armel remembers...

...volunteering at a retirement home for veterans. It was housed in what had once been Al Capone's summer residence in the New Jersey Pine Barrens. The building had also served as a hotel, and as a mental hospital—quite a history.



On my first visit, we approached the slightly-decrepit mansion by way of Double Trouble Road (no kiddin'). My first sight of this place as the sky darkened into dusk brought chilling thoughts of Edgar Allan Poe's stories.

Two resident veterans of World War I became my pals. Those guys were ancient! (They were about the same age as I am today.) They told me stories of The War to End All Wars, and they had me read them spy thrillers set in the time of The War After That. And now it's Ian Fleming and Alistair MacLean I think of when I see the pictures.

Grace Lehto recalls...

In 1972 I was living in San Diego, California. I was twenty-eight years old and working as a secretary at an insurance company. The company I was working for decided to relocate to Escondido, which would have meant about an hour commute for me each way.

So, I decided to look for another job closer to home. I went to an employment agency and asked about maybe continuing to work in the insurance industry. The lady in charge told me that she had an opportunity for me not far from her office. She set up an appointment for me to meet the potential employer at a restaurant. He seemed nice enough and the pay was equal to what I had been making at my previous job. So, I accepted the job.

The employment agency had me come in to process the paperwork. And it specified that if I were to leave the job prior to having served six months, I would owe the agency \$500.00, a hefty sum back in those days. Well, I thought, I can certainly last six months. Paperwork completed; she gave me the address of the establishment which was to be

my new place of employment. Surprise, surprise, it was right next door to the employment agency.

The next Monday morning, I reported for duty and began to get familiar with my new surroundings. I sat up front and was the first person customers met when they came to the agency. There was a narrow hallway behind me with office doors on either side. On that first day, my new boss summoned me to his office via the intercom. As I walked back towards his office, he was walking towards me. His first words to me were, “I really like that sweater,” as he ran his right hand across my left breast.” I was ticked. If I slapped him, I’d get fired and still owe \$500.00 to the employment agency. So I sucked it up and spent the next six months avoiding him. During that time, I learned that the employment agency lady was in cahoots with my boss, the groper.

Once I had completed six months and one day, I just called in and told the boss that I wouldn’t be coming in again, ever. The employment agency tried to ask for \$500.00. But I had kept the paperwork and there was no way they were going to get a dime out of me.

That’s what I was doing in 1972.

Michael Havelin recalls...

What I Was Doing 50 Years Ago (1972)

After ending my rock-&-roll career several years before, I became a photography student at the Rochester Institute of Technology (RIT). Between my 3rd and 4th years, I talked my way into the brand new sign language interpreter training program being taught at the National Technical Institute for the Deaf (NTID), which was located on the RIT campus. The plan was for me to work as a classroom interpreter part-time during my senior year of photo school. From being a crazed long-haired rock-&-roller, I was being trained to be a “productive member of society.” Little did they know.

Strange Questions (& Stranger Answers)

by Grace Lehto

What puzzles you?

Last month's question:

Why do electrical plugs have holes in the flat prongs?



Is it to make them weigh less? Or to save money on materials? No! Inside the socket there are two small bumps that these holes latch onto. That help keeps the plug from falling out of the wall!

And now we'd like to know:

Why are pistachios one of the few nuts commonly retailed with their shells still ?



And while we're at it, how about the questions you've wondered about? Send an e-mail to gracelehto@yahoo.com to posit your question or answer.

Botanical Art
by *Mark Crossley*

Let me tell you about my passion for creating copper art! In the beginning: Graduated from the 3rd class of UNC-A, Bachelors in Chemistry/Math and a M.S. in statistics. Left Asheville in 1967 and returned five years ago...did not recognize the Asheville I left.

I've been active in many artistic endeavors for most of my life: Clarinet (73 years), theater (5 plays), photography (nature), and during the past five years, creating copper art. My art is focused on nature, specifically flora. My objective is to emulate "Mother Nature" with respect to the beauty of the flora she has created. My efforts are futile but understandable. Ms. Nature has had millions of years to perfect her art but I've only had five years...but I still try.

To paraphrase Plato: Perfection only exists in one's mind. Just as soon as we attempt to copy it we screw up to some degree. I strive to create a perfect reproduction of nature's beauty. I follow the Fibonacci sequence as it is associated with nature. 3 or 5 leaves on a rose, 21 petals on a Blackeyed Susan, etc.

Some of my art is currently on exhibition at the Asheville airport until the end of November. The three examples in this article are samples of my work. I have commissioned many pieces but much larger (4 ft H x 8ft W). See my website at marksmetallicarts.com.



"Live Oak" All copper with Spanish Moss.
P.S. Bugs on the moss were eradicated.
(20" x 24")

“Grapevine Lamp” Grape leaves were reproductions of leaves found at Carrier Park. Mounted on a stone base



“Botanical Resurrection” Original was created December 2019 inspired by the Paradise California fire. The name was inspired by the notion that plants and vines are the first things to reappear after a forest fire (my example is the Blackeyed Susan vine).

Mark Crossley photographs

Getting Older and Getting Younger

Getting older...well, that's us, at least the lucky among us.

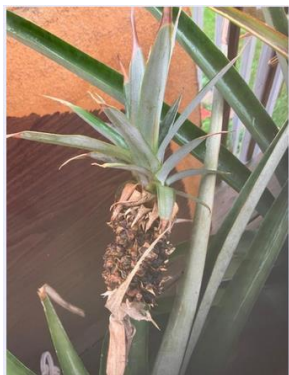
Getting younger? The new youngest member of Mensa is only 2½ years old!

<https://www.msn.com/en-us/news/us/shes-21-2-she-took-an-iq-test-and-just-got-her-mensa-membership-card/ar-AAZ42Aa>

Some readers may remember that our FBM colleague, Anna (Stanko) Whisnant, was the youngest member when she joined Mensa.

Bob & the Bobettes

A Squirrel Attack an update on Bob, the Pineapple Plant



Here is what's left of Brutus, one of Bob's offspring, after a squirrel took a big bite of him. Now, only three siblings are surviving. I have seen the guilty varmint running around on my front porch. I assume he (or she) decided to take a bite of this new and strange plant in the environs of Asheville. The squirrel must not have liked it because after the first huge bite, there was no further damage. I imagine the pineapple poacher got quite a meal from the big bite. Perhaps the squirrel never munched on the other three because the first one gave him an upset tummy.

I like to think that perhaps the squirrel, thinking he/she should help me out by giving me a walnut tree that it planted in an empty pot on my porch. Or perhaps the squirrel had a guilty conscience and was trying to make amends for killing Brutus.



And this is Barb, another of Bob's offspring, just to let you know that all three of the remaining babies are alive and well. And I hope they all grow to be healthy, happy pineapples.

Grace Lehto photographs

Executive Committee Report

The Executive Committee met Tuesday, July 5 at the home of Grace Lehto. Members and advisors present were: Sharron Armel, Michael Havelin, Grace Lehto, Will McGuffin, and Wayne Stanko.

Scholarship Update: Wayne will send payment of our group's special scholarship to the winning recipient.

COVID Precautions: The group discussed the changing public health situation regarding continued spread of COVID and its variants. We will continue to restrict attendance at in-person events to members and guests who are fully-vaccinated. The notice in our newsletter will be amended to add "COVID" to the description of required vaccinations.

BROADCAST: Theme for the August newsletter will be **1972**. Sharron asked for stories, recollections, artwork, etc. related to events from 50 years ago.

Future Special Events:

- September Picnic: Sharron reported that we have reserved the Carrier Park Picnic Pavilion again for September 16. The group will provide catered box lunches and other refreshments.
- October Train Ride? Sharron will explore the possibility of renting the caboose of the Great Smoky Mountains Railroad in Bryson City.

Locations and events for August were established.

Submitted by ***Grace Lehto***, Deputy Local Secretary

The Haiku Habit
(Please send yours!)

Is there anything
Quite as exhilarating
As total freedom?

Treasurer's Report

Closing Balance at May 31, 2022 \$5,761.55

Receipts:

 Monthly subsidy from Am. Mensa \$99.60

 Members' share of boat trip \$76.00

Total Receipts \$175.60

Disbursements:

 Boat trip \$272.00

 Bulk Mail deposit 50.00

 Roll of stamps 58.00

Total Disbursements \$380.00

Closing Balance at June 30, 2022 \$5,557.15

Submitted by **Wayne Stanko**, Treasurer



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French Broad Mensa Elected Officers:

Executive Committee (January 2021- December 2022)

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Grace Lehto gracelehto@yahoo.com

Treasurer

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Membership Coordinator Position Open

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Periodical Postage

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