That a person has written and submitted something to the newsletter is not, in itself, sufficient reason for its publication. It is the editor’s discretion whether to publish any submission, with the exception of mandatory items.

All submissions are welcome and encouraged. They may be sent via email or snail mail. They may be sent as attachments or in the body of the email.

Photographs are also welcome. Please include a brief description of the photo, and the name of the photographer. You may also include an entire article to accompany the photo.

Email: nmmnewsletter@hotmail.com

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Borealis
Stan Cain
3584 Village Circle Dr.
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August 2006 Calendar

BOOK CLUB - Saturday, August 5, 2006 - 11:00am
Cottage Cafe, Traverse City (NOTE THIS IS AN EARLIER TIME DUE TO SUMMER SCHEDULE.) We will meet in the Papa's Den at the front of the restaurant to the right as you enter. The book for discussion this month is The Quiet American by Graham Greene. This group is open to all members and attendance can be at each meeting, or only those meetings that present books in which you have an interest.

BRUNCH - Saturday, August 12, 2006 - 11:00am
Cottage Cafe, Traverse City. We will meet in the Papa's Den at the front of the restaurant to the right as you enter.

TGIF at the Ballpark - Friday, August 25, 2006 - 7:05pm
Wuerfel Park, Traverse City. We will meet on the lawn behind first base near the children's play area. Bring your own chairs, blankets, etc. and enjoy the summer evening. Tickets for the lawn are $6.00 each and can be purchased at the box office or online at traversecitybeachbums.com. The game is against the Chillicothe Paints and the first 1,000 fans will receive Souvenir Program #4. Autographs and fireworks after the game! Please also bring your suggestions for a new location for TGIF beginning in September.

ANNUAL PICNIC - 4th Anniversary Celebration - Saturday, September 9, 2006 - 12:00pm
2260 NW Bayshore Drive (Highway M-22), Suttons Bay (Jill Daniels’ home)
(Ed. Note: The annual picnic will be held in September this year rather than August. Look for complete details in the September issue and see the article by Jack Schultz below.)

Happy August Birthdays
1 Mark L. Banker
9 Donald Hennig
12 Corinne Kass-Hillard Mowrey
13 Lynn A. Durling
15 Delberta Windiate
21 Robert E. Miller

Mensa Membership Milestones
(Years of continuous Membership)

4 Years
John Porter

3 Years
Lynn A. Durling
Margaret Ellen Gustafson
Carola “Penny” Pollard Novarro

Last Month’s Brain Teaser - Answers
Submitted by Margaret Scott
For the following series:

4 8 12 2 1 7 6 3 5 11 10 9

The numbers represent the months of the year in alphabetical order. April, the fourth month, comes first alphabetically; September, the ninth month comes last.

Member News

Welcome Back
Welcome back to reinstating member Floyd Fitzsimmons of Free Soil. We’re glad to have you back.

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In addition to providing good food and stimulating conversation, the July brunch also involved the presentation of the Northern Michigan Mensa Local Scholarship Essay Contest prize of $500 to Monica Schmit. Monica is pursuing a nursing degree at Northwestern Michigan College.

The other essay scholarship recipients, Marie Sweetman and Sara Karpinski, were unable to attend the brunch. Congratulations to all of them and good luck with their future studies.

Monica Schmit accepts the scholarship award from Don Hennig watched by Melissa Rennie and Patty Paternel. Photo by Jack Schultz.

NMM's SUMMER PICNIC... A Brief History
By Jack Schultz

With the end of summer fast approaching, it's time for us to do a little reminiscing about how we in Northern Michigan Mensa celebrate the founding of our local group.

Many members know that we are an offshoot of Western Michigan Mensa, but did you know that the separation of our local group is a relatively recent thing? For many years, we were known as the Traverse City Area Subgroup of Western Michigan Mensa.

In the winter of 2000, a large group of Mensans who call northern Michigan home met for brunch at the Flap Jack Shack in Traverse City to consider the merits of seeking to form a separate local group. A straw vote taken at the time showed only one who thought it a bad idea. A subsequent written ballot was mailed to all Mensans in the area which now constitutes Northern Michigan Mensa, and only three who responded voted against the idea.
In August of that year, we held a picnic/potluck supper and about 25 people met at the home of Jack and Joanne Schultz. Rick Magnus, Regional Vice-Chairman of Mensa for our region, was a guest that evening and he presented information pro-and-con about forming new local groups. We’d essentially made the decision to proceed even before Rick’s comments, but I distinctly remember Lotus Young poking Rick in the chest and asking him if he’d help us or hinder us in our efforts to move forward. He didn’t have much choice but to say he would back us.

The following August (2001) another large group met at the Schultz home and we knew that things were under way to seek approval from Mensa’s national organization to form our own local group. A set of tentative bylaws, modeled after the document provided by the National Office, was ready for consideration and Rick Magnus, again a guest, offered suggestions for refinement and clarification.

August of 2002 saw a very large group of us—nearly 30 people—assembled at the home of Sherry and Ed McNamara to witness the official recognition of Northern Michigan Mensa as the newest of Mensa’s local groups. Rick Magnus presented us with our initial charter and approved the new set of officers.

As you can see, August has become the month in which we have met annually to set the stage for recognition of our group, to share in congenial relations while enjoying good food, and, later on, to celebrate the anniversary of the group’s founding. We met at the Schultz home again in 2003 and 2004 to celebrate the 1st and 2nd anniversaries of the establishment of Northern Michigan Mensa. Then, in August of 2005, we met at the home of Jill Daniels to celebrate our third anniversary as a local group. The superb setting at Jill’s home on West Grand Traverse Bay allowed for both indoor and outdoor activities. Good food and convivial discussions were again the norm.

As the fourth anniversary of our founding approaches, we’re making a slight change. We’ll meet once again at Jill’s home but it will be on Saturday, September 9 rather than in August. The waters of Lake Michigan will be a bit cooler, but the beautiful setting remains the same and we look forward to another good time. DON’T MISS IT!!! Details will be found in the September issue of Borealis and on our NMM web site.

BABY-ON-THE-POOL-TABLE
By Ruth Minshull

I consider that a book has been worth reading if I take away one or two nuggets of knowledge or insight.

In the early 1980’s a friend and I both read a book called “Blue Highways” (by William Least Heat Moon) in which the author described a cross-country trip on lesser roads (the blue highways) rather than on expressways.

In one backwater town, a woman told him that in a place where nothing happens, anything is news.

I often recall that observation when I hear some of our locals chatting on a village corner, or when I read our weekly newspaper. It doesn’t take a mind-blowing incident to be a hot item around here.

Conversely, the bigger the city, the more drama is needed for something to be newsworthy. In New York City, even murders don’t get much attention unless they’re spectacular: multiple deaths, serial killings, a famous person involved or some bizarre twist.

Speaking of bizarre, I remember a New York Times headline that read, “Guardian Sought for Fetus of Retarded Floridian.” I never did read the article; but for some time my mind wrestled with the memory of that incongruous headline.

Several years ago, I was reminded of how little it takes to make the news here in Northport. I had ordered a mattress to be delivered by truck. Since I didn’t know the exact arrival date, and whether I would be home, I arranged for it to be left with a friend who owned a shop in town. When the mattress arrived, another friend picked up the carton, tied it atop his van, delivered it to my house and placed it on my new bed frame.

The next day, a village official arrived at his (the van-owner’s) door and asked him if he was the person who had left a mattress at the village dump. “No, I didn’t,” he replied. Curious, he asked, “Why would you think that anyway?”

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“Someone saw you with a large box on top of your van and assumed it was a mattress.”
“Well, I did have a new mattress on my van, but I delivered it to a friend.”
“What did you do with the old one?”
“There wasn’t one. She bought a new bed for a room that was just finished.”
“Oh. Well, you do know that it’s illegal to leave mattresses at the dump?”
“Yes. I do now...”

When he related the story to me, we both marveled at the provincial life in a small village. Someone had to notice the box, deduce that it was a mattress, learn that a mattress had been left (illegally) at the dump, and then make a report to the village bigwigs. Actually, there could have been several people involved with relaying this heady news item.

I never learned whether they found the culprit guilty of the mattress caper, but with a village full of people having little to do—where anything that happens is news—I would guess that they probably did. Someone surely ratted on the miscreant.

Another incident in the “Blue Highways” book concerned a pregnant woman working in a small bar at a Nevada truck stop. She told the author that when she was ready to deliver her baby she wanted to have it on the pool table, but her husband insisted on taking her to the hospital. “Why would you want to do that anyway?” Moon asked.

She answered that her daughter would then be different from everyone else. She’d always have something special she could tell people about herself.

Since then, whenever we see a person who has opted to do something outrageous (such as wearing a tiara and marching in the dog parade or painting their house a garish purple) my friend and I nod at each other knowingly and say, “Yup. It’s the baby-on-the-pool-table syndrome again...”

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Simple Gifts of Life
Submitted by Margaret Scott

Take time to remember the simple gifts that can and do bring joy into our lives:

Sleeping on a rainy day
A good book
A letter from your best friend
Favorite old songs on the radio
Chocolate
Family gatherings and holidays
A favorite chair
Laughing out loud
The smell of fresh rain
A hot bath
Cooking
Not having to cook
Your pet’s welcome when you turn the key in the door
The support of a spouse
Stroking a purring cat as he snuggles on your lap.
Unconditional love
Forgiveness
Laughing out loud
No pain!
Sharing childhood memories with your grandchildren
A call from someone just to say “I Love You.”
Lying in bed and listening to the loons call to each other out on the lake
Splashing in the waves on the beach
Savoring a big juicy cheeseburger
A down comforter on a cold winter night

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