JUNE 2022

Head-Line



The Newsletter of Mid-Michigan Mensa Number 578

No cover art because I can't get the graphic to work. It works fine for the print copy, but it won't permit itself to be resized to fit here. Darned if I know why, but all the important stuff is what's inside the bulletin anyway. Please don't judge this book by its cover.

HEAD-LINE NO. 578 JUNE 2022
MID-MICHIGAN MENSA

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EDITOR'S COLUMN:

FROM MY BRAIN TO YOURS

by Sharon Plavnick

Holy cannoli, look at the size of this issue, folks! We had several lengthy submissions this month, making us top out at 16 pages. Your submissions can be any length so please don't anyone be intimidated by the length of these articles. Quality is what counts. In fact, the reason I ran the entire seven pages of David Wentworth's transcript of his TG talk about Africa, is because I was blown away by the engaging quality of his writing. I thought about serializing it over several issues, but it just seemed like too strong a piece to break up. I sure hope readers enjoy it.

If you want to respond to anything you read in this issue, send it along to me at: sharonslp@ameritech.net

LOC SEC COLUMN

Bob's Two Bits for JUNE 2022

by Robert Henderson, Loc Sec

I've been warned to avoid political subjects in my LocSec Column in case it might appear that Mensa itself leans one way or the other in the current divisive social climate. I don't like the idea of self-censorship any more than I like being censored, but fortunately for free speech, there is another way to voice my opinion: I can write a letter to the editor! That opens up the possibility of speaking to an even larger audience than Mid-Michigan Mensa members. Unlike posting online, letters to the editor are not pounced upon by trolls spewing vitriol and threats of violence. . . If there are any angry replies, they will appear in print days later, when I won't have to read them!

How many of you enjoy playing trivia games? I have enjoyed Facebook's "Quiz Planet" with a couple of other MMM members for a few years now. This evening I'll bite the bullet and join a friend's team for Pub Trivia. Wish me luck, and not just with the game. . . the pub will most likely be crowded, with no masks in sight. I'm fully vaccinated, but breakthrough infections still happen frequently. To avoid transmitting COVID to someone more vulnerable, I plan to quarantine for the next few days and then self-test. Rising case levels have already caused my choir to cancel tonight's practice and next Sunday's performance, so I certainly won't be spreading the virus at church!

Online games are a virus-free way to play. . . some even allow you to chat with other players, emulating in-person games without the risks. I enjoy both math and word games. Years ago I enjoyed playing Scrabble, but now I play Words with Friends on Facebook more conveniently and more often than I ever played Scrabble in-person. I recently started playing the daily "Wordle" from the New York Times as well as the Facebook version with 5, 6, and 7-letter words. It was fun coming up with a good set of words for the first few guesses based on letter usage frequencies in English. I can usually guess the target word in 3 or 4 tries out of the 6 allowed, but of course there is always room for improvement!

If you want to discuss the above and/or your own interests, feel free to join your fellow Mensans at our weekly TGIF dinners. If you would like to help decide the future course of Mid-Michigan Mensa, consider attending our monthly Steering Committee meetings following dinner. MMM could be doing more with our current budget surplus, including putting on activities to help attract new and younger members. Check out the MMM Facebook page and Website and let us know what we could be doing to better serve you and all of our members. We look forward to hearing from you!

Lora Mitchell- RVC3 Column June 2022

I suppose leadership at one time meant muscles; but today it means getting along with people. Mahatma Gandhi

Are you a leader?

I'm not asking if you are a LocSec/ President, or if you are a supervisor, or if you are an influencer (although you might be).

I'm asking if you are someone who cares and wants to make a difference, if you have good ideas, and can collaborate on important subjects. If so, there are roles for you to take in Mensa.

Or are you a local group officer who would like more volunteers in your group for specific jobs? If you are not familiar with the Volunteer Marketplace, it is on Mensa Connect, under the Volunteer tab marked Volunteer Opportunities. Any local group or national officer can post opportunities for various positions, and it becomes available to be seen for any member to apply. As of this writing, there are opportunities for design of the national website, national committees, area coordinator, and proctors. It's one of many ways people can connect.

I am very excited to share that we are going to be hosting a 1-day Regional Mini Gathering on July 23, sponsored by multiple chapters, and hosted by Dayton. (Young's Jersey Dairy; Region 3 Mini RG; 6880 Springfield-Xenia Road; Yellow Springs, OH 45387. 11am-9pm; $26 for adults; $20 for children 4-11. For more information please contact Chair@dayton.us.mensa.org. Preregistration required.)

We do also have the AG in July (starting the 5th!!), and within the region is the VML in August, Pittsburgh RG in September, Columbus RG in October, and Cincinnati RG in December. Watch your social media, the Bulletin, and the national website for info.

As one final note, I want to invite members to submit photos for the Mensa International Photographer of the Year. Entries are accepted until July 1, and each member may enter up to 3 photos. This year's theme is Nature. Information is on the national website and has been emailed to members; there is a link available on the region 3 Facebook page.

~Lora Mitchell rvc3@us.mensa.org

Bob's Letter Fill-ins

Fill in the 3 blank spaces to make a common 5-letter word on each line below. Score 10 points for each word you find. Can you score a perfect 100 points?

1. _ B _ U _
2. _ B _ V _
3. _ O _ V _
4. _ S _ C _
5. _ S _ D _
6. _ S _ U _
7. _ W _ C _
8. _ W _ U _
9. _ X _ S _
10. _ Y _ L _

Bob's Krypto Math Puzzle

Remember your middle school math? Group the 5 numbers on each line below in any order using parentheses and then add, subtract, multiply or divide each group to make an expression equal to the target number given. Can you complete all 15 equations successfully? Hint: each operation on 2 numbers evaluates to one number, so you'll need to use a total of 4 operations to get from 5 numbers down to the target number on each line.

1: 3, 4, 5, 16, 20, target = 1
2: 5, 8, 8, 14, 15, target = 3
3: 7, 10, 19, 22, 25, target = 4
4: 2, 8, 9, 16, 24, target = 4
5: 12, 15, 16, 17, 21, target = 8
6: 5, 10, 14, 15, 17, target = 8
7: 1, 9, 10, 16, 22, target = 8
8: 1, 2, 14, 18, 19, target = 9
9: 6, 9, 13, 18, 19, target = 12
10: 1, 3, 4, 5, 19, target = 12
11: 2, 7, 11, 15, 24, target = 12
12: 5, 6, 10, 13, 17, target = 14
13: 4, 6, 8, 9, 17, target = 15
14: 4, 5, 10, 16, 18, target = 21
15: 6, 8, 9, 10, 14, target =

See Answers on page 8

WHAT ARE YOU READING? WHAT ARE YOU THINKING?

Bob Henderson reviewed Catch-22, by Joseph Heller

This sprawling 1962 novel describes the experiences of the airmen of an Allied bomber group helping to liberate Italy late in World War 2. Each chapter focuses on one of the group's officers or men as told by John Yossarian, the bombardier of a B-26 medium bomber. Yossarian comes across as a likeable and sane victim of the insanity of war. He feels empathy for the war's impact on the men around him, but most of the group's officers and their superiors are described as selfish and venal, caring more about improving their own wealth and career prospects than for either the men under them or the Allied war effort.

The "Catch-22" of the title refers to Yossarian's very reasonable desire to survive vs. his superior officer's orders for him to fly dangerous bombing missions. The official policy from the regional top brass is that, when an airman has flown 50 missions, his tour of duty is complete. However, when Yossarian asks that this policy be honored, his superior officer raises the requirement to 60, then 70 missions! Yossarian is required to follow orders, so the announced regional "policy" seems little more than a cruel joke to him. The only other way he could be sent home is if he were found to be insane, but his very desire to be sent home in one piece is evidence that he is, in fact, sane. . . That's the logic of a "Catch-22!"

One of the group's Majors apparently has nothing better to do on base than pitching horseshoes, but he also has an uncanny ability to catch the first Jeep into newly-liberated Italian towns, where he is greeted as a hero and photographed for the papers back home. His stern visage has discouraged everyone from asking his first name, so he is only called "-------- de Coverly" throughout the book! Luckily for the group's other officers and men, he also makes good use of his early arrival in town to arrange for living quarters, Italian cooks, waiters, and even servants for them all to enjoy when on leave from the base!
One of the mess supply clerks in the group finds a way to barter or buy fresh local food and sell it on base at a profit. He parlays his

profits into bigger schemes until he is accepting kickbacks from the enemy to defend military targets and even attack his own base! He assures doubters that there is enormous profit to be made and offers them shares in it for their help!

Heller's descriptions of aerial combat are as vivid as one might expect based on his own service as a bombardier in WWII. Rumors that a fuel storage depot near Bologna is heavily defended prey on the crews' minds before their mission to bomb it. Half-way to their target, Yossarian unplugs his headphones and tells his crew to abort the mission, since they need his direction to make bombing runs. Once back on base he is embarrassed when all the other bombers on the mission return safely, describing it as a "milk run." Yossarian decides to lead the next day's attack, but the anti-aircraft batteries had just been playing possum and resumed firing with a vengeance! Yossarian needed all his considerable evasive maneuvering skills to get his bomber out of their range and back to safety.

Yossarian's dreams are haunted by the young men who have died under his command. One naive young crewman planned to marry his Italian lover (referred to as "Nately's whore") and go home with her after his next mission. Instead, his luck runs out, and Yossarian feels obliged to deliver the bad news to his lover. She is incensed at her loss and viciously attacks Yossarian, whom she blames for Nately's death. He is able to get away from her, but for the rest of the novel she keeps showing up when least expected to attack him with her bread knife!

Near the end of the book, Yossarian's commanding officers get fed up with his refusal to fly any more missions and offer him an odious deal: they will send him home if he promises to say only good things about them! Yossarian turns down the deal, even though it might be his only way out of the war. . . until word arrives that one of the bomber group's crewmen presumed to have been lost at sea had instead miraculously turned up alive and well in neutral Sweden! The novel ends with Yossarian enjoying a surge of renewed hope. . . and another narrow escape from his Italian nemesis and her bread knife!

JUNE 2022 MEMBERSHIP MATTERS
Kathy Teshich, Membership Chair
101 members

JUNE BIRTHDAYS

Ingrid Nova	June 2
Kevin Smart	June 4
Michael Rademacher	June 5
Richard Weingartner	June 9
Gail Wolfe	June 11
Wendy Kassal	June 13
Mark Weiss	June 16
Robert Smith	June 18
Kane Hanson	June 19
Matthew Carter	June 27
Igor Guro	June 27

JUNE MENSAVERSARIES

Frank Dolinar	23 yrs
A Beckon	26 yrs
Roy Saper	53 yrs

Answers to Missing Letters Puzzle:

1. A B O U T
2. A B O V E
3. S O L V E
4. P S Y C H
5. A S I D E
6. I S S U E
7. T W I C E
8. A W F U L
9. E X I S T
10. C Y C L E

Answers to Krypto Math Puzzle:

1: 1 = (((20 - 3) - 5) + 4) / 16
2: 3 = (14 - 8) / (15 - (8 + 5))
3: 4 = (((22 + 7) - 19) * 10) / 25
4: 4 = 8 / (2 * ((16 + 9) - 24))
5: 8 = (21 / (15 - 12)) + (17 - 16)
6: 8 = 10 - (((14 + 5) + 15) / 17)
7: 8 = 16 / (22 - ((9 + 1) + 10))
8: 9 = 18 / (((19 - 14) - 1) - 2)
9: 12 = (18 / ((13 + 9) - 19)) + 6
10: 12 = (19 + 5) / ((4 - 3) + 1)
11: 12 = 11 + ((15 + (7 + 2)) / 24)
12: 14 = 17 - (6 / ((10 + 5) - 13))
13: 15 = 17 - (((6 + 4) + 8) / 9)
14: 21 = 18 + (5 - ((16 + 4) / 10))
15: 24 = (((14 + 10) * 6) / 9) + 8

These are just the first solutions that I found. . .
Congratulations if you can also find others!

***David Wentworth*: Mensa Talk: Into Africa**

EDITOR'S NOTE: Periodically at TGs, we are fortunate to get a good speaker to enlighten and entertain us after dinner. On April 8, David Wentworth was just such a speaker. He spoke about his experiences in Africa, back in his college student days. I am publishing his very well-written talk for those of us who weren't in attendance.

Let me start out by asking you to think about what you were doing and thinking about 40, 50, 60 years ago, and how those interests shaped your lives…. I ask you this evening, to travel back in time with me. I was a quiet, shy, skinny, 21-year-old college kid with a 24" waist when I first ventured into Africa – exactly 60 years ago this summer. And, indeed, it was in many ways a life changing experience!

I ask you to picture this. Snow had been shoveled from the northern New Hampshire sidewalks, so it was a cold, but easy, early evening, mid-January walk for me from my dorm to the small 200 seat auditorium on campus. The year was 1962. In my Junior year the previous Spring, for a Government course I had written a 15 page research paper on how Kwame Nkrumah, who studied in the U.S., was able to return home and be the first to lead a predominantly black colony, the British Colony of the Gold Coast, to independence, as Ghana in 1957. I felt inspired by a sense of justice and the whirlwind of change that was sweeping black African colonies. In 1960 alone, 17 black African colonies became Independent, and more followed. Hope was in the air.

Thus, when I saw an article in the student newspaper that 4 students would be talking about a program,

Operation Crossroads Africa, where they had spent the summer in different work projects in Sub-Saharan Africa, I knew I had to attend. I was surprised that perhaps 50 or 60 were in attendance. The 4 speakers were fellow students who spoke glowingly about their experiences in Africa the previous summer, and they showed color slides to prove it. I learned that a black minister (the Rev. James Robinson), in New York City had founded the organization in 1958 to get young Americans and young Africans to work together at the grassroots level. I heard later that Crossroads was one of the main models John Kennedy had used to form the Peace Corps. I remember walking back to my dorm totally convinced that, somehow, I would be in Africa that summer.

The application form I picked up was a little unusual. I needed to write an essay on why I wanted to go to Africa and, also, get 12 letters of recommendation sent in. I realized that I would need to allay my mother's inclination to worry about possible dangers and be specific about why it was important to go to Africa. I shamelessly plied my persistence and reminded my parents of how dad had loved wandering Europe and Germany as a student in 1933, at the time of Hitler's rise. I noted that in the previous summer Dave Lamb and I had a great and **SAFE** learning experience tooling around Europe in a rented Volkswagen bug. Looking back I have realized that there was purpose in requiring so many recommendation letters, for it required applicants, like me, to put in considerable time and energy contacting and eliciting sponsors and articulating why we wanted to go to Africa.

In the Spring I got my acceptance letter and learned I would be going to The Gambia, a British colony in the most western part of the bulge of Africa. Gambia is a narrow strip of land 15 to 30 miles wide on either side of the fully navigable Gambia River and extending inland 300 miles. It is surrounded on three sides by French-speaking Senegal. It gained independence in 1965. About one sixth of African slaves imported into the U.S were from this region. Indeed, in Alex Haley's 1976 novel, **Roots**, the hero, Kunta Kinte was born, and enslaved, in Gambia.

As best I recall there were about 13 countries that had one or more of the 27 Crossroads groups that summer. Our Gambia group was typical in that we had 7 men and 6 women, including one black man and one black woman, all college or grad students, including our group leader and his wife. At the end of June we had an active orientation week staying and eating in the comfortable facilities on the grounds of the National Cathedral in Washington, D.C. During the day we had informal meetings with government officials on topics ranging from politics, economics, customs, and food. The highlight of the week, however, was all 292 of us students being welcomed on the lawn of the White House. I particularly recall seeing in the distance John-John being pushed in a stroller. **But**, of course, the big thrill was President Kennedy and Senator Humphrey speaking directly to us. And as we know the internet is an amazing thing – and I was able to dig out a **photo** from that day, June 22, 1962, with JFK talking to our group, along with his **speech**, which I am passing around.

In his speech Kennedy told us, "***This group (Operation Crossroads Africa) and this effort really were the progenitors of the Peace Corps and what this organization has been doing for a number of years led to the establishment of what I considered to be the most encouraging indication of the desire for service not only in this country but all around the world….***"

After 60 years my memory of those first few days in Africa are somewhat vague. At that point I am not sure that I even fully remembered all the names of all the people in my group. Perhaps fatigue from the long flight to Dakar, Senegal, followed by a 5-hour drive down to Gambia in 2 small vans, was a factor. I would very soon, however, have a simple, but very vivid memory of Africa that has stayed with me for a lifetime.

Yundum Teachers College, a cluster of 40 to 50 one-story, white-washed, cement block buildings where we were to live and work with a select group of about 30 Gambian students for the summer, was still finishing up its regular term and exams, ***so*** it was determined we would take a 3-day drive upriver and see the real countryside. Our ride was an old gray, with lots of rust, 1948 Bedford pickup truck with an 8' truck bed. With the driver and our Gambian host leader (a wonderful, humorous, heavyset man with 4 wives) there were 15 of us piled into the cab and open cargo area. The weather was in the 90s with high humidity. We experienced no rain, but the high gray clouds filtered the sun. We would occasionally stop at villages and be introduced to village elders who would make a fuss over us and honor us by giving us a live chicken or two. By the second day we had 12

or 13 live chickens tied by their legs in groups of 3 or 4 flopping among us on the rusty truck bed floor. I was squeezed in the back, leaning against the tailgate. Three tied chickens were tied to the left of me, up against my knee. With each bump in the road – and there were many -- there were squawks, and I wanted to let them go. Was I feeling my first inkling of cultural shock? A few days later, on the 4th of July on a beautiful undeveloped Gambian beach, staff cooked them up on an open fire, but I did not eat any chicken.

We passed lots of forested land but, also, lots of open red soil fields. My eyes would linger on the many images of both men and women with legs straight but bent over at the waist and swinging wooden hoes. I remember saying to myself, "I'm really here." I felt the wonder of seeing a new world, but it would still be a while before I was more fully aware of how much of a life changing, wonderful, experience my summer in Gambia was going to be.

Once back at Yundum Teachers College we began to settle in. An often-repeated phrase in Crossroads Africa was "**building bridges of friendship**" – and indeed that is what happened. We ate, and talked, together at long tables in a simple mess hall. The staple was "Groundnut Stew" which was a spicy mixture of peanuts and peppers. Some of us would semi-sneakily supplement our diet with cans of spam that we would bring back from our minibus excursions into the nearby town, and our Gambian friends would kid us about it. We lived together. One or two American guys to a small dorm building of 7 or 8 cots, where we rolled out our sleeping bags. So, we

got to know some of the Gambian students very well. We even, sort of, got used to the cold showers in the shower building down the path…. The American girls were divided in two similar spaces which they shared with Gambian girls.

We, Gambians and Americans, worked together. Some worked on finishing and painting in the interior of one of the larger cement block classroom buildings. I was a tennis player. Two courts had already been built with a reddish composite cement-like material and with the nets installed – but no lines. We were asked to paint the lines and given two long coiled tape measures to use. Turns out one of the tape measures had been stretched out about 3" or 4", so one of our legacies was to leave Gambia with two crooked tennis courts. We, also, invited colony officials including the Prime Minister and others we had worked with during the summer to a thank you celebration at the College. The girls, American and Gambian, did a lot of the cooking over open fires. An unknown number of guests got food poisoning, a few went to the hospital, but nobody went to jail or died. And we laughed about it together….

We relaxed and played together. Some of us danced and sang together. We learned a few words of the local language, Wolof. A couple of our American guys got interested in juju and some of our skeptical Gambian friends introduced them to a local witch doctor, which was a topic of frequent joking. I think we succeeded in building two-way "bridges of friendship". Toward the end of our 8 weeks a couple of us were asked to make a few comments at a local Anglican Church. I was nervous as I had never given a speech – let alone climb a tight circular

staircase to a pulpit. I remembered that Abe Lincoln had scribbled notes on his way to Gettysburg, so I, of course, found an envelope and jotted a few notes to the effect that I was humbled, thrilled, and inspired to be in Africa and the Gambia, when they were at such at such a wonderful and historical **Crossroads** and facing great economic and political developments in the coming years…. I was thankful for the complements I got afterwards, and, over the years, I have looked back fondly, and thankfully for the opportunity to be in Africa, experience, grow, and make friends, in the summer of 1962.

For me, my Operations Crossroads Africa involvement gave me a sense of confidence and involvement in something larger than myself…. A stronger sense of identity. It was not until two years later, when I had a job in Uganda for the summer of 1964, that I got to see wild animals, such as lions, hippos, hyenas, and gazelles in the parks of East Africa, but I will always remember the smiles, welcome, hope, and inspiration I found in The Gambia way back in 1962. Indeed, Wendy will tell you of her encounters with animals in East Africa.

I think the contact and experience was equally beneficial for our Gambian participants. It was a two-way street. A number of our Gambian co-workers were inspired to come to the U.S. for college. For instance, Halifax King attended Hampton Institute in Virginia and served a long career in the U.S. Air Force. Another close friend, Lamin Sanneh, got his B.A. degree in the States, and graduate degrees in England. He ended his career teaching Philosophy and Religion at Yale. Sadly, he died a couple of years ago, but his son recently published an article in “The New Yorker” weekly magazine, on problems in the Gambian tilapia fishing industry.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT
By Barb Ford

It seems these days I am finding more reason to look back to the old ways of doing things from a century or so ago. There were no television or video games for the kids. There may have been a radio with news and family programming. Automobiles were getting more common, but in the country, they were a luxury. Food was so different. It was primarily grown at home. Oh, sure, there was a mercantile that sold dry goods like fabric, hardware, and some basic food staples. Sugar was a precious commodity, usually purchased for use during holidays and special occasions. The staple sweetener/flavoring ingredient was blackstrap molasses. Everybody had it on hand. Many folks remember a family recipe for cookies, breads and even beans that were made with molasses. Perhaps even the Long Timers among us may not know how amazing this basic American staple food really is. What the heck is it anyway? How is it made?

Blackstrap molasses is made from crushed sugar cane, making a juice which is then boiled to extract the sugar. After that, it is boiled again to begin a caramelization. This is molasses. It comes in degrees of color, from light to medium to dark. In order to produce blackstrap molasses, it is boiled a third time. The resulting thick and rich product has very little sugar in it, rather it is loaded with vitamins and minerals and flavor. Calcium, magnesium, selenium, potassium, copper Vitamin B6, Manganese, iron and even protein. It not only is a key ingredient in many old-fashioned dishes, it was a health staple as well. A tablespoon in a cup of hot water became a tonic for those suffering from anemia, diabetes, arthritis, blood pressure, intestinal issues, injuries fatigue, and even cancer. A known blood and bone tonic, it was also used to boost the mood. There are old recipes for topical hair tonics as well. It was given in diluted form to ailing baby farm animals to get them up and going.

Growing up, my mother always insisted that any molasses we used in our home must be blackstrap molasses. For good reason, I am seeing now. By the way, her cookies were legendary. Grandma's recipe.

When we moved to North Carolina, we discovered a wonderful old-fashioned store that sold its own cured meats, cheeses and other items. They had a big drum of blackstrap molasses elevated on stilts in the corner. We used to bring our own clean jars and fill them from the spigot on the drum. Thick, rich, fragrant blackstrap molasses. In the colder months, we had to be patient as we waited for that precious goodness to flow into our jars. "Slow as molasses in January." I get it now. That store is gone now, but for a time, it provided a memory remnant from my childhood.

"The taste of sweetness, whereof a little
More than a little is by much too much."

William Shakespeare

JUNE 2022 CALENDAR

Friday June 3: TGIF - Coral Gables
2838 E Grand River, East Lansing, just east of Hagadorn Rd. A favorite of Mid-Michigan Mensa. Serves Greek foods, steaks, seafood, pasta, salads, sandwiches, pizza and more.

Friday June 10: TGIF - Asian Taste
132 S. Cedar St, Mason, in the Felpausch Plaza. Delicious Chinese food a la carte. Favorites include Orange Chicken and Crab Rangoon.

Steering Committee meeting: to follow dinner.

Friday June 17: TGIF - Harrison Roadhouse
720 E Michigan Ave, East Lansing. Good selection of burgers, sandwiches, salads, and drinks. Specialties of the house include Crab Rangoon and Chicken Pierre. We will ask for outdoor seating if the weather permits.

Friday June 24: TGIF - Bravo Italian Kitchen
2970 Towne Centre Blvd, Lansing, in Eastwood Towne Center. Upscale-casual Italian restaurant with a Roman-ruins ambiance serving pasta, grilled dishes, and pizza. No outdoor seating.

Generally, if you need information, call 517-676-3369 or visit midmichigan.us.mensa.org for updates.

TGIFs are on Fridays. We meet at about 5:30 PM and order about 5:30 PM but you're welcome at any time. Come and get acquainted. All members and friends are welcome at the events above. Any member may schedule an event. Please remember: **Who**, **What**, **Where**, **When**, and **Why**. The deadline to schedule an event is the **15th of the month before the event**. Contact Ginny Brunke Henderson, Calendar Coord. at: gbrunkh@peoplepc.com or 517-676-3369
Calendar event information can also be found on the Mid-Michigan Mensa website at http://midmichigan.us.mensa.org/calendar.html