

# SOUTHERN CONNECTICUT MENSA CHRONICLE

If you or someone you know would like to be a speaker at our monthly dinner, please contact Jim Mizera at 203-522-1959 or [Jmizera@hotmail.com](mailto:Jmizera@hotmail.com). The dinner is held the third Saturday of the month.



## **ARCHIVED COPIES OF THE CHRONICLE**

going back to 2000 are available on the Internet at <http://scm66.org> (Note: this is a new URL). You can download the latest e-mail version of the Chronicle there, as well as previous issues. All issues are in read-only Adobe Acrobat format so there is no chance of viruses accompanying the files.

**MEMBERSHIP RENEWAL:** If you have an annual Mensa membership, your membership expired at the end of April. You should have received a renewal notice in the mail in January. You can return that form or visit [www.us.mensa.org](http://www.us.mensa.org) to renew.

## **TABLE OF CONTENTS**

- 2 Schedule of Southern Connecticut Mensa Events
- Schedule of Connecticut and Western Mass Mensa Events
- Happy Hours & Get Together's
- 5 Regional Gatherings
- 6 From the Vice Chair
- 7 June Dinner
- 10 Book Review
- 11 Good Wine Cheap
- 12 Ruminations
- 13 Kick Irrational
- 20 SCM Website News
- 21 Puzzles & Answers
- 22 Noted and Quoted
- 23 Poetry Corner
- 24 Mensa Mind Games
- 25 Chapter Notes
- Member Advertisements
- Change of Address Form
- 26 List of Officers



Southern CT Mensa is looking for an Activities Coordinator. If you would like to fill this position, please contact President Rick D'Amico at [usamarbiol@aol.com](mailto:usamarbiol@aol.com)

**SCHEDULE OF CHAPTER EVENTS - JULY**

Friday, July 13, 7:00

**Southern CT and Western MA Joint Dinner**

Monthly dinner at the Old Sorrento Restaurant, Newtown Road, DANBURY, CT. Interested Mensans should contact Ward Mazzucco at (203) 744-1929, ext. 25, wjm@danburylaw.com, or Rev. Bill Loring at (203) 794-1389, frbill@mags.net.



Saturday, July 21, 6:30

**Monthly Dinner at Tonelli's Restaurant**

41 Grassy Plain St, Bethel, CT 06801. The speaker for July will be our own Rick D'Amico, who will present "A History of Wrestling." Rick will discuss the sport's origins and development, as well as describe some of the different varieties of wrestling. Don't worry - Rick has promised NOT to demonstrate any holds or maneuvers on the audience! Come join us at our July meeting and bring a friend.

Directions FROM STAMFORD: Take I-95. Merge onto US-7 Connector NORTH via EXIT 15 toward Norwalk. Take US-7 Connector to Main Ave. / US-7. Continue to follow US-7 North about 2 miles. Turn LEFT onto US-7 / CT-33 / Westport Rd. & continue to follow US-7

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about 5.5 miles. Turn RIGHT onto School St. / CT-107 / CT-57. Follow CT-107 about 1.5 miles. Turn slight right onto Redding Rd / CT-107. Follow Redding Rd. 5.7 miles. Redding Rd becomes CT-53. Go about 3 miles to the Restaurant, on the left at 41 Grassy Plain St.

FROM BRIDGEPORT: Take CT-15 SOUTH / Merritt Pkwy Exit 44 toward CT-58 / Fairfield / Redding. Turn LEFT onto Congress St. Turn RIGHT onto Black Rock Tpke. / CT-58. Follow CT-58 about 15 miles. Turn LEFT onto CT-302 / Milwaukee Ave. Turn LEFT onto Greenwood Ave / CT-302 and go about 1.5 miles. Turn SLIGHT RIGHT onto Grassy Plain St. / CT-53. <0.1 miles Map Go about .1 miles to the Restaurant, at 41 Grassy Plain St.

FROM HARTFORD & I-84: Take I-84, EXIT 8 toward Newtown Rd. / Bethel. Turn SLIGHT RIGHT onto US-6 W. 0.1 miles Turn SLIGHT LEFT onto Newtown Rd. 1.2 miles Turn LEFT onto Old Shelter Rock Rd 0.5 miles Turn SLIGHT LEFT onto Cross St.. 0.1 miles Turn LEFT onto Shelter Rock Rd < 0.1 miles Stay STRAIGHT to go onto Shelter Rock Ln 0.4 miles 13: Turn RIGHT onto Great Pasture Rd. 0.2 mi. 14: Turn LEFT onto South St / CT-53 / Lower South St. Continue to follow CT-53. 0.7 mi.

Saturday, July 28, 8:00

**Theater Event: "Raisin in the Sun"**

Lorraine Hansberry's drama "Raisin in the Sun" will play at the Weatherstone Studio Theater, Darien Town Hall, 2 Renshaw Rd. (just off the Post Rd.), Darien, CT. Tickets \$20. Contact Jim Mizera at jmmizera@hotmail.com or (203) 522-1959.

If you wish to comment on articles or submit material, please write or e-mail Jim Mizera at PMB #181, 7365 Main St., Stratford, CT. 06614-1300, Jmmizera@hotmail.com. E-mail submissions are preferred. Please include your name, address, and e-mail address or telephone number. Anonymous material will be rejected, although names will be withheld on request. Items will be returned if accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelope. Currently, the deadline for postal submissions is the 15th of the month preceding publication, and the 20th of the month for e-mail submissions.

**TENTATIVE SCHEDULE OF EVENTS FOR AUGUST**

Friday, August 10, 7:00.

**Southern Connecticut and Connecticut/Western Massachusetts Joint Dinner**

See above listing for details.

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Saturday, August 18, 6:30.

**Monthly Dinner**

See above listing for details.

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**CONNECTICUT AND WESTERN MASSACHUSETTS  
CHAPTER UPCOMING EVENTS**

This is not a complete listing WE - Weekly Event, ME - Monthly Event, YE - Yearly Event CT & W. Mass Calendar Editor Gisela Rodriguez, (860) 872-3106, email: lilith@snet.net.

**Mensans on the Radio:**

C&WM Mensan Janine Bujalski is on the airwaves every 1st & 3rd Friday 6-10 a.m. on 89.5FM, WPKN in Bridgeport, CT. There is a limited internet broadcast - about 25 can listen simultaneously at [www.wpkn.org](http://www.wpkn.org). From 6-9 AM there's jazz, blues & music from Brazil and from 9-10 AM the music is from Louisiana, mostly Cajun & zydeco.

C&WM Mensan Will Mackey is hosting Friday evening Classics from 4:00 p.m. until 7:00 p.m. weekly on 91.3 FM, WWUH, in West Hartford. The name of the program is "What You Will" and its focus is chamber music.

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For event listings in the Media, leave a message for me by the 10th of the previous month at (860) 872-3106 or email Lilith@snet.net Subject: Calendar There's also the [CWM-Announce] upcoming events reminder email list, which I send out \*approximately\* weekly. Subscribe and unsubscribe options are located at <http://lists.us.mensa.org/mailman/listinfo/cwm-announce> for your convenience. And any Mensan who wants to notify their fellow Ms about any late-breaking event s/he wants to share with our delightful

chapter, please email me ASAP with the details and I'll get it out to the list. You may also check the website [www.cwm.us.mensa.org](http://www.cwm.us.mensa.org) for our calendar updates.

**JULY**

5, 12, 19, 26 Thursdays 7:00 pm

**Scrabble**

(ME) at Emmanuel Synagogue, 160 Mohegan Drive, West Hartford. Ellen Leonard, 860-667-1966 (Please call first to make sure this is happening today).

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6 Friday 5:30 pm

**Happy Hour**

in Wallingford (ME, 1st Fridays) Ann Polanski (contact her at 203-269-4565 or [ann.polanski@rfsworld.com](mailto:ann.polanski@rfsworld.com)) hosts us upstairs at George's II Restaurant, 950 Yale Avenue, Wallingford, CT 06492 Phone: 203-269-1059. Directions: Exit 66 off Wilbur Cross Parkway. Turn left (south) onto Rte 5. Take first left that's not a highway entrance onto Yale Avenue. George's II is in the Yale Plaza on the right.

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11 Wednesday 9:30 am

(rain date: Friday July 13, 2007)

**Lepidoptera and Letterboxing Hike**

in Guilford, CT. In honor of the latest Harry Potter movie and book, this hike will take place at Broomstick Ledges. Meet in the Bluff Head Trail parking area, on Route 77, just north of Lake Quonnipaug on the left (about 3 miles north of intersection with Route 80). We will think of something yellow to post as a marker! For those who are unsure of what we are talking about: lepidoptera n. "scale-winged ones" aka butterflies letterboxing n. "an intriguing 'treasure hunt' style outdoor activity.

Letterboxers hide small, weatherproof boxes in publicly-accessible places...and post clues to finding the box online..." For more, see [www.letterboxing.org](http://www.letterboxing.org) ! We will be seeking both leps and letterboxes. We will hike approximately 2 miles total, but expect to be out for around three

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hours as we will stop to look at many things! Wear: hiking boots, or shoes with soles appropriate for varying terrain (mud, rocks, and possible steep areas). Bring: sunscreen, insect repellent, water, a snack, letterboxing kit (rubber stamp to "stamp in" with, notebook to stamp, pen, optional inepad or markers). This is a family friendly event--there will be at least one 8-year-old child present who would LOVE other children to come along! For more info, please contact Diane Adams 860-526-1993 or ButterflyPR@comcast.net or Janine Bujalski janine.bujalski@att.net . If you're interested in joining us for similar hikes but can't make this date, please let us know and we'll put you on our contact list!

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11 Wednesday 6:00 pm

### Happy Hour

in Madison (ME, 2nd Wed) This one is at the Dolly Madison Inn in south-central CT. The Dolly is located just off Route 1 at 73 West Wharf Road, Madison 06443, phone 203-245-7377. We'll meet around 6 PM. There is free lounge food for patrons, and there are burgers and salads to order if you like.

Directions: Take I-95 to exit 61 Rt. 79. Go south on Rt. 79 toward Rt. 1 and Madison center for 0.5 mi. Take a right (west) onto Rt. 1 and drive 0.4 mi. to West Wharf Road. Take a left (south) on W. Wharf and drive 0.3 mi. to the Dolly Madison Inn. Parking is available next to the Inn and across the road in the large lot. Questions? Contact Joe Wonowski at 203-785-2998 weekdays, and 203-457-9770 evenings. Hope to see you there!

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13 Friday 6:00 pm

### Diner Dinner

**Note new schedule Diner Dinner (semimonthly, 2nd and 4th Fridays)** at Olympia Diner, Rte 5,

Newington, just north of the Berlin town line and North East Utilities. Menu ranges from toasted cheese sandwich to steak and fish dinners. Basic bar menu available, no happy hour prices, but the food is good and very reasonable. Questions? For info, contact Howard Brender at 860-635-5673 or howiebren@aol.com

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15 Sunday 2:00 pm

### Rolling Card Party

at the home of Genevieve Goff, 2 Lincoln Avenue, 1st Floor, Branford, CT. Please let her know if you will be attending, contact gen-goff@hotmail.com or 203-208-1357. Directions: 2 Lincoln Avenue is at the corner of South Main Street. Two blocks west of Branford Library, one block east of Cherry Hill Road [Richelin's shopping center]. I-95 Exit 54 brings you to the Lib, exit 53 gets you to South Main.

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16 Monday 7:05 pm

### Mensa Goes to a Ballgame

Meet in New Britain Stadium, buy a \$5 General Admission ticket, go to Section 213, climb to about four rows from the top, join other Mensans for an evening of pro baseball, as the Rock Cats (Twins Double-A) host the Connecticut Defenders (S.F. Giants). More info at tom.thomas@the-spa.com or www.rockcats.com. Arrive a bit early as the parking lot is congested.

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19 Thursday 6:30 pm

### Pioneer Valley Dinner

(ME, 3rd Thurs) at the Thai Kitchen, on Bridge Street (just past the bridge from Main Street) in Northampton, MA. Join us. Conversations, friendship, solve the world's problems, drink and eat. Questions? MargotZalkind@aol.com

If you wish to comment on articles or submit material, please write or e-mail Jim Mizera at PMB #181, 7365 Main St., Stratford, CT. 06614-1300, Jmizera@hotmail.com. E-mail submissions are preferred. Please include your name, address, and e-mail address or telephone number. Anonymous material will be rejected, although names will be withheld on request. Items will be returned if accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

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25 Wednesday 12:00 noon

**Middlebury Lunch**

(ME, last Wednesday) at Maggie McFly's in Middlebury, visible on the right from Rte. 63 just south of the Rte 63 and Rte 64 intersection. This intersection is at the end of a long ramp at Exit 17 on Rte 84 west. From this exit, turn left at the 63/64 intersection. If you use Exit 17 on Rte. 84 east (heading toward Hartford), turn left off the exit ramp and see Maggie McFly's on your left. Contact Richard Fogg at 860-274-2370 for more info.

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27 Friday 5:00 pm

**Happy Hour**

(ME, 4th Friday) Colonial Tymes, 2389 Dixwell Ave, Hamden. Located about 1/2 mile north of Exit 60, Wilbur Cross Parkway. We are now reserving the middle tables on the left as you walk in the bar. Dinner is a possibility if enough people are interested. Come on down and join us this month, we'd love to see ya. Contact Gail Trowbridge (203) 877-4472 or Gail.Trowbridge@att.net.

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27 Friday 6:00 pm

**Diner Dinner**

**Note new schedule Diner Dinner (semimonthly, 2nd and 4th Fridays)** at Olympia Diner, Rte 5, Newington, just north of the Berlin town line and North East Utilities. Menu ranges from toast-ed cheese sandwich to steak and fish dinners. Basic bar menu available, no happy hour prices, but the food is good and very reasonable. Questions? For info, contact Barb Holstein at 860-632-7873 or 860-793-4410 or email BarbCPA@att.net , Subject: Diner Dinner

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27-29 Friday-Sunday

**Weekend at Wildwood**

in Tolland Massachusetts. See details in Media ad, call Pam Guinan now to let her know if you'll be coming as a camper or as a day visitor 860-563-5761 and help make this weekend fabulous! ("Toto! I don't think we're in Connecticut anymore")

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28 Saturday 12:00 noon

**Let's Do Lunch**

at New Boston Inn, 101 N Main St, Sandisfield, MA 01255, 413-258-4477, about 4 miles from the Weekend at Wildwood campsite, near the junction of Rte 57 with Rte 8. Menus, directions, and ambience can be viewed at <http://www.new-bostoninn.com/> Please Call Pam ahead of time to help her estimate the anticipated headcount for the restaurant.

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28 Saturday 2:00 pm

**Book Discussion (and kibitzing)**

at Blueberry Beach at the Weekend at Wildwood locale in Tolland MA. We'll be discussing The Singularity Is Near: When Humans Transcend Biology by Ray Kurzweil, check out [http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/The\\_Singularity\\_Is\\_Near](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/The_Singularity_Is_Near) for more info. Bring a beach chair, sunblock, insect repellent, and a small munchie to share if you like, BYOB. If it rains, there is an indoor area we can use.

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29 Sunday 2:00 pm

**Rolling Card Party**

at the Clubhouse at the Weekend at Wildwood locale in Tolland MA.

**LOOKING AHEAD:**

**The Book Discussion Group** has sketched out the next selections (more details to follow, all welcome to join in, contact Pam Guinan at 860-563-5761):

*A Painted House* by John Grisham (fiction) September 29, Wethersfield CT

**REGIONAL GATHERINGS**

July 4-8, 2007

**MENSA ANNUAL GATHERING (AG)**

Birmingham, Alabama. More than 1,000 Mensans will be on hand to enjoy educational, entertainment, and social events. Registration is only \$70.00 (for adults; less for children) until June 18. Amenities to make your travel easier and your stay more economical include free airport shuttle to and from hotel, free parking, and hotel rooms at a low \$89.25 per day. Register now, then reserve a room at the hotel before it fills. [www.ag2007.org](http://www.ag2007.org)

## WHAT'S COOKING IN REGION 1

Marghretta McBean

As this is my last RVC column, I would like to simply say "Good-bye". It has been a pleasure serving as your representative to Mensa's board of directors. I have met many wonderful people during my tenure and hope to see you at future events.

My last official act is to present Regional Service Awards and pins to three members whose volunteerism deserves special notice. Amy Harold (Southern Connecticut Mensa) instituted a weekly email reminder of her group's activities, which is not only an excellent way of keeping in touch with members, but also helps increase attendance. Mary Jo Kelleher (Mensa of the Southern Tier) served many years as our region's Regional Scholarship Chair, as well as her group's LocSec/President. Bill "Ziggy" Zigo's (Mid-Hudson Mensa) attention to detail and quiet behind-the-scenes help is a hallmark of an outstanding volunteer.

My last recipe is simplicity itself: mix a smile into your life often, stir in curiosity and serve with generosity and graciousness.

*Note by Amy Harold: Most of the credit for the weekly email reminders goes to Jim Mizera, who writes them and reminds me to send them out. Kudos to Jim.*

### Here are the winners of the American Mensa Election:

Chairman: Russ Bakke  
 Second Vice Chairman: Dan Burg  
 Secretary: Scott Rainey  
 Treasurer: Cyndi Kuyper  
 RVC1: Lori Norris  
 RVC2: Leah Kinder  
 RVC4: Ken Silver  
 RVC5: Nick Sanford  
 RVC6: Ralph Rudolph  
 RVC9: Clark Jones

## NOTE FROM THE NEW REGION 1

### VICE CHAIRMAN

Lori Norris

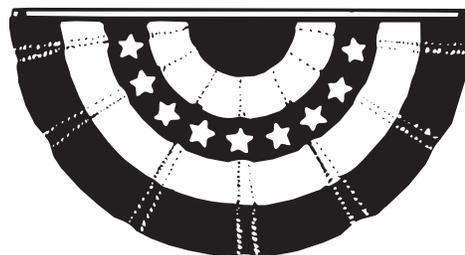
Thank you to all of you who voted for me in the election. Special thanks to my husband, Ron, for his past support and his future indulgence in the time this position will involve. I will do my best to serve Region 1 on the AMC. 8.6% of Region 1 Mensans voted in this year's election, the largest participation rate of all the regions. As I write this, I am looking forward to the Birmingham AG. This will be my third AG, but only my second in the US (I attended the Quebec City AG a few years ago). I hope to see many of you there. When I'm not at AMC meetings, trainings, etc. you will probably find me in hospitality or the games room.

For those of you who know me or have been following my campaign, you know that I have been very involved in several Region 1 local groups over the past 17 years and have held various elected and appointed positions locally.

I have been working with Rhode Island Mensa in the early planning stages of a Leadership Development Workshop ("LDW") to be held in spring 2008. I attended my first LDW in Connecticut in 2004. At the LDW's, I meet many energetic volunteers from other groups and many have become wonderful friends. To participate in the needs analysis survey, visit RIM's website ([www.rhodeisland.us.mensa.org](http://www.rhodeisland.us.mensa.org)).

Please feel free to communicate with me about your concerns, ideas and/or suggestions.

- Lori Norris



## THE JUNE DINNER

### Iwo Jima

One of the most famous photographs ever is the picture of the American Marines raising the flag on the Japanese island of Iwo Jima in World War II. The U.S. lost almost 7,000 lives in the brutal 5-week battle that began on February 19, 1945. It marked the first U.S. landing on Japanese soil in the war, part of the Pacific campaign that ultimately won World War II. This historic moment depicted in the photo is memorialized in the United States Marine Corps War Memorial outside Washington, D.C.

Our June speaker, Jerry Brooker, a writer and a member of our chapter, has a special connection with the battle. He grew up with stories of Iwo Jima because his brother Bob fought in the invasion and his friend Frank Rippl won a Purple Heart and a Bronze Star for his heroism there. In February, Jerry visited the island to see ceremonies marking the 62nd anniversary of the battle. Accompanied by 34 other people with the tour group Military Historical Tours, he visited the battle sites Guam, Saipan, and Tinian. 200 others joined the group for a one-day tour of Iwo Jima. There were 13 veterans in the tour, revisiting a site that has seared their memories.

Jerry is a veteran traveler, having visited about 70 countries, and frequently writes about his trips. He has published articles in this newsletter and has spoken at several of our dinners over the last 15 years, giving us special insights into Russia, Singapore, Cuba, New Orleans after Hurricane Katrina, and Iran. He has also read from his poetry books. At the most recent dinner, Dr. Brooker shared his

knowledge of the history and strategy of the war in the Pacific, conversations he has had with veterans, and his personal observations, and reflections. He gave us an evocative portrait of islands that serve as quiet memorials to the struggle, suffering, and sacrifice in the climactic battles of World War II.

Jerry brought more than 20 photos of the trip, and we watched them on a computer monitor which gave a vivid picture of the geography of the islands - the shores, cliffs, caves, and mountains, which played such a key part in the conflicts. We listened as our speaker explained how they shaped the defensive strategy of the Japanese and how the Americans contended with the difficult terrain.

Both sides considered Guam, Saipan, Tinian, and Iwo Jima strategically important. Jerry outlined the many advantages these outposts provided - harbors, airbases, and rescue and supply stations that could be used to defend or attack the Philippines, Taiwan, and the mainland of Japan.

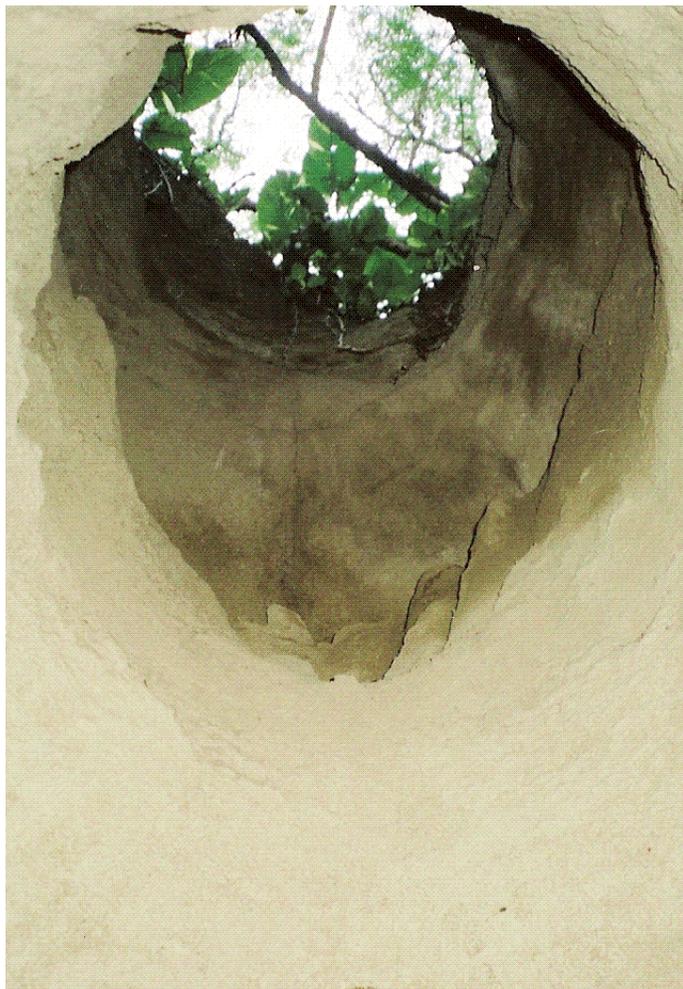
The first island Jerry's group visited was Guam, one of the Marianas Islands, a commonwealth territory of the U.S. that also includes Saipan and Tinian. Japan had seized Guam from the U.S. in 1941, and the U.S. began its battle to recapture the islands in July, 1944, ultimately regaining it after nearly three weeks of combat. Here Jerry



was pleasantly surprised by an honor he received from the Governor of Guam. The Governor was stirred by an essay Jerry wrote years ago about his brother's valor during the war. It moved him to name Jerry an honorary Governor of Guam, a moment which our speaker described as "most touching".

After a day visiting the battle sites in Guam, the group moved on to Saipan. One of Jerry's slides showed it's Suicide Cliffs, which peak at 800 feet above the water. He told us that after the Americans took the island, Japanese officials warned the residents that the Americans would rape and kill them so that it was better that they kill themselves. Hundreds of Japanese did just that, including mothers who threw their babies off the cliff. Some veterans told Jerry that American soldiers tried to stop them to no avail; both Japanese soldiers and civilians considered suicide the most honorable course.

Less well known than the other islands is Tinian. Just a few miles separate Tinian from Saipan. The



U.S. captured it in 1944, and quickly turned it into the busiest airbase in the world. Jerry noted that bombers taking off from Tinian obliterated 60 or more Japanese cities. But the most devastating weapons ever used in war, the atomic bombs Little Boy and Fat Man dropped on Hiroshima and Nagasaki, were launched from here. We saw some slides of the enormous pits where these weapons were loaded onto B-29's.

Iwo Jima, the climax of the trip, is about halfway from Saipan to Tokyo, approximately 650 miles from the city. The island has changed much since World War II. Indeed, some of the veterans in Jerry's group did not recognize the grounds on which they had fought. During the war, it was denuded by bombs, but now foliage has grown up over the terrain. Iwo Jima is actually larger now because volcanic material has washed in from other islands. The island has changed hands as well. The U.S. returned it to Japan in 1968. Jerry said that the island is now open to U.S. tourists only one day a year, February 23, the anniversary of the raising of the flag at Iwo Jima.

Despite the changes, Iwo Jima still has the earmarks of war and bloodshed. Jerry called it a "raw island", with bullets, bombshells, and bones still in the soil. About 20 Japanese men work the island, caring for the weather station and airport and still trying to find the bones of the Japanese soldiers, which are considered almost sacred. Most of the bodies have never been recovered.

The most awesome sight on Iwo Jima is Mount Suribachi, which you may recognize from the recent film *Letters from Iwo Jima*. Jerry had a picture of the mountain in all its majesty, rising 500 feet above sea level. As he explained, the U.S. planned to land Marines on the southern beach of the island and, aided by Air Force bombing, seize Suribachi and the Motoyama Airfield at its foot. However, he noted, the American intelligence misjudged several things. Japanese built much of their defense in the mountain and they were heavily fortified underground while the Marines had to advance through thick volcanic ash above ground. They couldn't build foxholes in this terrain, while the Japanese had hundreds of bunkers, trenches, and other refuges strong enough to survive bombardment. The Japanese fortifications withstood

the shelling and still mark the island.

For several reasons, the 22,000-man Japanese force on the island felt it had to adopt a tiered, purely defensive strategy. The American had wiped out the Japanese navy and inflicted heavy losses on their Air Force. Deprived of help, the Imperial Army built miles of tunnels around Suribachi, and hid there and in the island's many caves. They constructed camouflaged defensive posts closer to the frontlines as well. Jerry had a picture of one of the "spider holes"- the covered, small one-person foxholes, in which Japanese soldiers could hide standing up in and shoot at invading soldiers. Another photo showed the "pillboxes" - dug-in guard posts, often concealed, with holes through which defenders could fire their rifles.

The obstacles facing the Americans landing on the island were daunting. Footing was treacherous on the volcanic sands. The Japanese waited until the Marines filled the beaches and reached the first bunkers, and then began firing furiously from the spider holes, pillboxes, mountain, and caves. Jerry's friend John Esposito of Danbury said that it was "like trying not to be touched by a raindrop." With air, naval, and tank support, the Americans were eventually able to surround Mt. Suribachi. But they had to use flamethrowers and grenades to clear the Japanese out of their subterranean strongholds.

The Japanese fought nearly to the last man. 20,000 of them died, many of them committing suicide. They had vowed to kill ten Americans for every Japanese soldier, and although they failed in this, they exacted a heavy toll. They killed 6,782 U.S. soldiers and wounded 20,000. Even after the U.S. commanders declared the island

secured, they were surprised to find out that there were still nearly 3,000 Japanese soldiers hiding out in the caves and tunnels, staging ambushes at night. Most lived up to their severe code of honor, and continued to fight despite insurmountable odds, resisting to the end.

The scene of hell and horror, blood and carnage, now stands peaceful, the place of many memorials. "Iwo Jima is a very spiritual place for the Japanese", Jerry said. Many relatives of the Japanese soldiers who died there have built small shrines on the island, at which they place cups of water. Mourners pray for their loved ones who died there, entombed beneath the rubble.

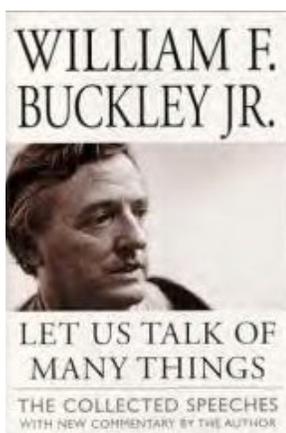
Jerry found his own quiet place on the beach near Mt. Suribachi to reflect on the young Marines who gave their lives. On the black sands, amidst the serenity, he could almost hear the echoes of battle, the American soldiers slogging through the volcanic ash, facing a fusillade from an enemy they couldn't see, seeing their brothers in arms falling, and still moving forward. Sitting silently, he contemplated the sacrifices these men had made.

After answering some questions from the audience, Jerry told us that he will continue his travels, as he plans to visit the Philippines, Israel and Egypt in the next year. He will also continue his writing. He is thinking about writing a novel about Iwo Jima, and one about the Middle East. You can obtain copies of his previous books - *Even Whispers Can Be Heard* (2004), *A Quiet Conversation* (2002), and *A Gathering of Doves* (2007) from [www.Amazon.com](http://www.Amazon.com). The first two are poetry collections and the latter is a novel.



**BOOK REVIEW**

By Rick D'Amico



**Let Us Talk of Many Things: The Collected Speeches with New Commentary**

by William F. Buckley, Jr.

William F. Buckley is one of the most influential American writers of the second half of the 20th century. Daring to challenge the liberal hierarchy that dominated American

thinking during the 1950s and 1960s, he breathed life into the American Conservative movement. Although he was unsuccessful in his bid to become Mayor of New York City in 1965, several years later his brother James became a U.S. Senator in New York, and much of James' success may be attributed to the work done by Bill in spearheading conservatism in America.

"Let Us Talk of Many Things" was written shortly after Mr. Buckley announced that he was giving up public speaking. The book contains 94 of his speeches from the 1950s through the 1990s. In many ways, they are commentaries of the times. He takes on many topics, including the history of American politics, the Cold War, and the conservative movement in the last half of the 20th century. He also pays tribute to persons such as Clare Boothe Luce, Walter Cronkite, Milton Friedman, and Jack Kemp. He even finds kind words for his nemesis, John Kenneth Galbraith.

Mr. Buckley's command of the English language is a pleasure to read. His descriptions are picturesque and classy. For example, in one speech he says of adversaries, "Some undisciplined folk are inclined to tell to go take a ride on Charon's ferry." (For those unfamiliar with Greek mythology, Charon was a boatman on the Styx River, who carried dead people to Hades.)

Despite its delights, this book is a relatively slow read, if only because the text of Mr. Buckley's

speeches does not do justice to his masterful delivery. The printed word simply doesn't capture Bill's humor, warmth, and sophistication, which were always a part of his oratory.

I recognize that many readers will disagree with Mr. Buckley on any number of issues, yet they should still find this book interesting. From his speeches, you can learn all the facets of excellent rhetoric. He effectively combines wit, logic, and a gentle nature, all of which are essential to the art of persuasion. Most of all, Buckley will encourage you to think.

[Author's Note: I realize that this book was published seven years ago, but it's still worth a look. I also promise that the next book that I review will be a more recent one, released in June 2007.]

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## GOOD WINE CHEAP (AND GOOD FOOD TO GO WITH IT)

By John Grover

This month's column will cover two of my favorite subjects. First, we'll discuss what all the fuss is about the Chardonnay grape. Then, we'll talk about grilling recipes that have fresh herbs.

Most less expensive new world Chardonnay wines are disappointing. Once again, we see marketing overwhelming good taste. Chardonnay is all too often turned into a cheap fruity wine masked with too much oak in order to hide its shortcomings. Then there is that never pleasing chemical taste that one friend compared to diesel fuel. There are certainly many refined and wonderful Chardonnays originating from France and, yes, California; but they come in at \$20 to \$30 a bottle (out of my price range).

Fortunately, I came across an absolutely delightful and affordable Chardonnay, the 2005 wine from Buehler Vineyards, located in the Russian River Valley of California. It starts with a supple but distinctive floral and citrus nose. The taste brings together a delicious but delicate combination of fruit including pear, apple and perhaps a hint of lime. This smooth, flavorful and crisp wine is perfect for a special occasion (or when the really, really rich aunt comes to dinner). It sells for about \$13 a bottle.



## NEW POTATOES AND GARLIC GRILLED IN FOIL

(adapted from the Great American Grilling cook book published by Weber Grills and Sunset Publishing, 1996)

Ingredients:

24 small new potatoes, scrubbed and cut in half  
24 large garlic cloves  
1/2-cup minced shallots  
6 small fresh rosemary sprigs  
6 tsp. each olive oil and lemon juice  
salt and pepper

On each of 6 pieces of heavy duty foil about 10 by 16 inches, lay potatoes, garlic, shallots and rosemary dividing equally. Evenly sprinkle with olive oil and lemon juice. Season to taste with salt and pepper. Bring foil edges up over the food and crimp well to seal.

Arrange foil bundles on cooking grate. Place lid down on grill. Cook at a medium indirect heat (about 350 to 400F) until potatoes are tender when pierced (about 30 minutes). This recipe makes 6 servings and is easy to adjust to accommodate a smaller or larger group. The garlic becomes mild but flavorful in the roasting. And, for me, the fresh rosemary ends up as the defining taste.

*I hope that you will contact me with your comments and favorite wines at [jgrover@berk.com](mailto:jgrover@berk.com). I will be happy to share them with the broader Mensa group.*

*John Grover is a member of Mensa of Northeastern New York. He lives with his wife Sharon in the Hudson Valley of New York.*

## RUMINATIONS

### KOKORO

#### JAPANESE INNER LIFE HINTS (1896)

Lafcadio Hearn (1850 - 1904)

#### Chapter II

#### THE GENIUS OF JAPANESE CIVILIZATION

#### RUMINATIONS

Kokoro Japanese Inner Life Hints (1896)

Lafcadio Hearn (1850 - 1904)

Chapter II THE GENIUS OF JAPANESE CIVILIZATION

I

Without losing a single ship or a single battle, Japan has broken down the power of China, made a new Korea, enlarged her own territory, and changed the whole political face of the East. Astonishing as this has seemed politically, it is much more astonishing psychologically; for it represents the result of a vast play of capacities with which the race had never been credited abroad, - capacities of a very high order. The psychologist knows that the so-called "adoption of Western civilization" within a time of thirty years cannot mean the addition to the Japanese brain of any organs or powers previously absent from it. He knows that it cannot mean any sudden change in the mental or moral character of the race. Such changes are not made in a generation. Transmitted civilization works much more slowly, requiring even hundreds of years to produce certain permanent psychological results.

It is in this light that Japan appears the most extraordinary country in the world; and the most wonderful thing in the whole episode of her "Occidentalization" is that the race brain could bear so heavy a shock. Nevertheless, though the fact be unique in human history, what does it really mean? Nothing more than rearrangement of a part of the pre-existing machinery of thought. Even that, for thousands of brave young minds, was death. The adoption of Western civilization was not nearly such an easy matter as un-thinking persons imagined. And it is quite evident that the mental readjustments,

effected at a cost which remains to be told, have given good results only along directions in which the race had always shown capacities of special kinds. Thus, the appliances of Western industrial invention have worked admirably in Japanese hands, - have produced excellent results in those crafts at which the nation had been skillful, in other and quainter ways, for ages. There has been no transformation, - nothing more than the turning of old abilities into new and larger channels. The scientific professions tell the same story. For certain forms of science, such as medicine, surgery (there are no better surgeons in the world than the Japanese), chemistry, microscopy, the Japanese genius is naturally adapted; and in all these it has done work already heard of round the world. In war and statecraft it has shown wonderful power; but throughout their history the Japanese have been characterized by great military and political capacity. Nothing remarkable has been done, however, in directions foreign to the national genius. In the study, for example, of Western music, Western art, Western literature, time would seem to have been simply wasted(1). These things make appeal extraordinary to emotional life with us; they make no such appeal to Japanese emotional life. Every serious thinker knows that emotional transformation of the individual through education is impossible. To imagine that the emotional character of an Oriental race could be transformed in the short space of thirty years, by the contact of Occidental ideas, is absurd. Emotional life, which is older than intellectual life, and deeper, can no more be altered suddenly by a change of milieu than the surface of a mirror can be changed by passing reflections. All that Japan has been able to do so miraculously well has been done without any self-transformation; and those who imagine her emotionally closer to us today than she may have been thirty years ago ignore facts of science which admit of no argument.

Sympathy is limited by comprehension. We may sympathize to the same degree that we understand. One may imagine that he sympathizes with a Japanese or a Chinese; but the sympathy can never be real to more than a small extent outside of the simplest phases of common emotional life, - those phases in which child and man are at one. The more complex feelings of the Oriental have been composed by combinations

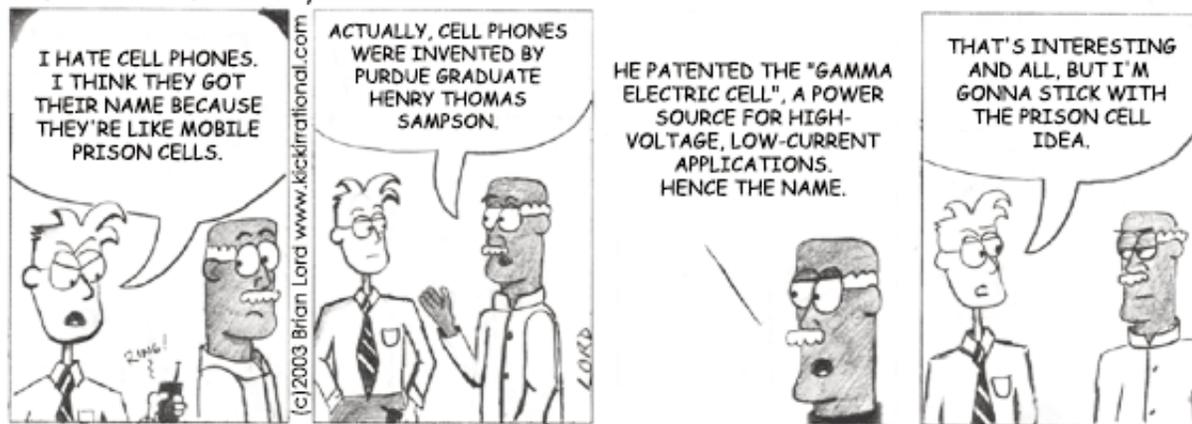
of experiences, ancestral and individual, which have had no really precise correspondence in Western life, and which we can therefore not fully know. For converse reasons, the Japanese cannot, even though they would, give Europeans their best sympathy.

But while it remains impossible for the man of the West to discern the true color of Japanese life, either intellectual or emotional (since the one is woven into the other), it is equally impossible for him to escape the conviction that, compared with his own, it is very small. It is dainty; it holds delicate potentialities of rarest interest and value; but it is otherwise so small that Western life, by contrast with it, seems almost supernatural. For we must judge visible and measurable manifestations. So judging, what a contrast between the emotional and intellectual worlds of

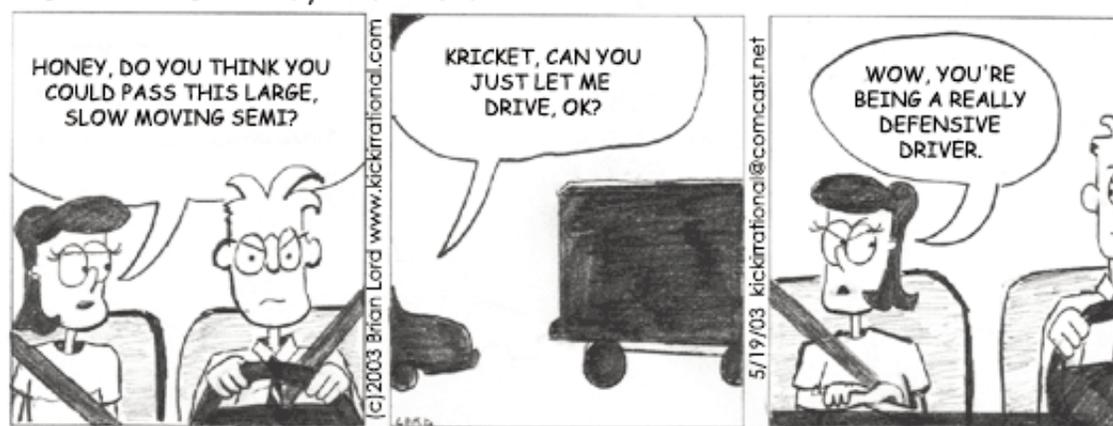
West and East! Far less striking that between the frail wooden streets of the Japanese capital and the tremendous solidity of a thoroughfare in Paris or London. When one compares the utterances which West and East have given to their dreams, their aspirations, their sensations, - a Gothic cathedral with a Shinto temple, an opera by Verdi or a trilogy by Wagner with a performance of geisha, a European epic with a Japanese poem, - how incalculable the difference in emotional volume, in imaginative power, in artistic synthesis! True, our music is an essentially modern art; but in looking back through all our past the difference in creative force is scarcely less marked, - not surely in the period of Roman magnificence, of marble amphitheatres and of aqueducts spanning provinces, nor in the Greek period of the divine in sculpture and of the supreme in literature.

Brian Lord is an internationally read cartoonist, writer, and member of Middle Tennessee Mensa (Nashville area). His cartoon Kick Irrational is read weekly by people in 192 cities, 46 states and 9 countries via the Internet. His work can be seen at [www.KickComics.com](http://www.KickComics.com)

KICK IRRATIONAL by Brian Lord



KICK IRRATIONAL by Brian Lord



And this leads to the subject of another wonderful fact in the sudden development of Japanese power. Where are the outward material signs of that immense new force she has been showing both in productivity and in war? Nowhere! That which we miss in her emotional and intellectual life is missing also from her industrial and commercial life, - largeness! The land remains what it was before; its face has scarcely been modified by all the changes of Meiji. The miniature railways and telegraph poles, the bridges and tunnels, might almost escape notice in the ancient green of the landscapes. In all the cities, with the exception of the open ports and their little foreign settlements, there exists hardly a street vista suggesting the teaching of Western ideas. You might journey two hundred miles through the interior of the country, looking in vain for large manifestations of the new civilization. In no place do you find commerce exhibiting its ambition in gigantic warehouses, or industry expanding its machinery under acres of roofing. A Japanese city is still, as it was ten centuries ago, little more than a wilderness of wooden sheds, - picturesque, indeed, as paper lanterns are, but scarcely less frail. And there is no great stir and noise anywhere, - no heavy traffic, no booming and rumbling, no furious haste. In Tokyo itself you may enjoy, if you wish, the peace of a country village. This want of visible or audible signs of the new-found force which is now menacing the markets of the West and changing the maps of the far East gives one a queer, I might even say a weird feeling. It is almost the sensation received when, after climbing through miles of silence to reach some Shinto shrine, you find voidness only and solitude, - an elfish, empty little wooden structure, mouldering in shadows a thousand years old. The strength of Japan, like the strength of her ancient faith, needs little material display: both exist where the deepest real power of any great people exists, - in the Race Ghost.

(1) In one limited sense, Western art has influenced Japanese literature and drama; but the character of the influence proves the racial difference to which I refer. European plays have been reshaped for the Japanese stage, and European novels rewritten for Japanese readers. But a literal version is rarely attempted; for the original incidents, thoughts, and emotions would be unintelligible to the average reader or playgoer. Plots

are adopted; sentiments and incidents are totally transformed. "The New Magdalen" becomes a Japanese girl who married an Eta. Victor Hugo's "Les Miserables" becomes a tale of the Japanese civil war; and Enjolras a Japanese student. There have been a few rare exceptions, including the marked success of a literal translation of the "Sorrows of Werther".

## II

As I muse, the remembrance of a great city comes back to me, - a city walled up to the sky and roaring like the sea. The memory of that roar returns first; then the vision defines: a chasm, which is a street, between mountains, which are houses. I am tired, because I have walked many miles between those precipices of masonry, and have trodden no earth, - only slabs of rock, - and have heard nothing but thunder of tumult. Deep below those huge pavements I know there is a cavernous world tremendous: systems underlying systems of ways contrived for water and steam and fire. On either hand tower facades pierced by scores of tiers of windows, - cliffs of architecture shutting out the sun. Above, the pale blue streak of sky is cut by a maze of spidery lines, - an infinite cobweb of electric wires. In that block on the right there dwell nine thousand souls; the tenants of the edifice facing it pay the annual rent of a million dollars. Seven millions scarcely covered the cost of those bulks overshadowing the square beyond, - and there are miles of such. Stairways of steel and cement, of brass and stone, with costliest balustrades, ascend through the decades and double-decades of stories; but no foot treads them. By water-power, by steam, by electricity, men go up and down; the heights are too dizzy, the distances too great, for the use of the limbs. My friend who pays rent of five thousand dollars for his rooms in the fourteenth story of a monstrosity not far off has never trodden his stairway. I am walking for curiosity alone; with a serious purpose I should not walk: the spaces are too broad, the time is too precious, for such slow exertion, - men travel from district to district, from house to office, by steam. Heights are too great for the voice to traverse; orders are given and obeyed by machinery. By electricity far-away doors are opened; with one touch a hundred rooms are lighted or heated.

And all this enormity is hard, grim, dumb; it is the enormity of mathematical power applied to utilitarian ends of solidity and durability. These leagues of palaces, of warehouses, of business structures, of buildings describable and indescribable, are not beautiful, but sinister. One feels depressed by the mere sensation of the enormous life which created them, life without sympathy; of their prodigious manifestation of power, power without pity. They are the architectural utterance of the new industrial age. And there is no halt in the thunder of wheels, in the storming of hoofs and of human feet. To ask a question, one must shout into the ear of the questioned; to see, to understand, to move in that high-pressure medium, needs experience. The unaccustomed feels the sensation of being in a panic, in a tempest, in a cyclone. Yet all this is order.

The monster streets leap rivers, span sea-ways, with bridges of stone, bridges of steel. Far as the eye can reach, a bewilderment of masts, a web-work of rigging, conceals the shores, which are cliffs of masonry. Trees in a forest stand less thickly, branches in a forest mingle less closely, than the masts and spars of that immeasurable maze. Yet all is order.

### III

Generally speaking, we construct for endurance, the Japanese for impermanency. Few things for common use are made in Japan with a view to durability. The straw sandals worn out and replaced at each stage of a journey, the robe consisting of a few simple widths loosely stitched together for wearing, and unstitched again for washing, the fresh chopsticks served to each new guest at a hotel, the light shoji frames serving at once for windows and walls, and repapered twice a year; the mattings renewed every autumn, - all these are but random examples of countless small things in daily life that illustrate the national contentment with impermanency.

What is the story of a common Japanese dwelling? Leaving my home in the morning, I observe, as I pass the corner of the next street crossing mine, some men setting up bamboo poles on a vacant lot there. Returning after five hours' absence, I find on the same lot the skeleton of a two-story house. Next forenoon I see

that the walls are nearly finished already, - mud and wattles. By sundown the roof has been completely tiled. On the following morning I observe that the mattings have been put down, and the inside plastering has been finished. In five days the house is completed. This, of course, is a cheap building; a fine one would take much longer to put up and finish. But Japanese cities are for the most part composed of such common buildings. They are as cheap as they are simple.

I cannot now remember where I first met with the observation that the curve of the Chinese roof might preserve the memory of the nomad tent. The idea haunted me long after I had ungratefully forgotten the book in which I found it; and when I first saw, in Izumo, the singular structure of the old Shinto temples, with queer cross-projections at their gable-ends and upon their roof-ridges, the suggestion of the forgotten essayist about the possible origin of much less ancient forms returned to me with great force. But there is much in Japan besides primitive architectural traditions to indicate a nomadic ancestry for the race. Always and everywhere there is a total absence of what we would call solidity; and the characteristics of impermanence seem to mark almost everything in the exterior life of the people, except, indeed, the immemorial costume of the peasant and the shape of the implements of his toil. Not to dwell upon the fact that even during the comparatively brief period of her written history Japan has had more than sixty capitals, of which the greater number have completely disappeared, it may be broadly stated that every Japanese city is rebuilt within the time of a generation. Some temples and a few colossal fortresses offer exceptions; but, as a general rule, the Japanese city changes its substance, if not its form, in the lifetime of a man. Fires, earth-quakes, and many other causes partly account for this; the chief reason, however, is that houses are not built to last. The common people have no ancestral homes. The dearest spot to all is, not the place of birth, but the place of burial; and there is little that is permanent save the resting-places of the dead and the sites of the ancient shrines.

The land itself is a land of impermanence. Rivers shift their courses, coasts their outline, plains their level; volcanic peaks heighten or crumble; valleys are blocked by lava-floods or landslides;

lakes appear and disappear. Even the matchless shape of Fuji, that snowy miracle which has been the inspiration of artists for centuries, is said to have been slightly changed since my advent to the country; and not a few other mountains have in the same short time taken totally new forms. Only the general lines of the land, the general aspects of its nature, the general character of the seasons, remain fixed. Even the very beauty of the landscapes is largely illusive, - a beauty of shifting colors and moving mists. Only he to whom those landscapes are familiar can know how their mountain vapors make mockery of real changes which have been, and ghostly predictions of other changes yet to be, in the history of the archipelago.

The gods, indeed, remain, - haunt their homes upon the hills, diffuse a soft religious awe through the twilight of their groves, perhaps because they are without form and substance. Their shrines seldom pass utterly into oblivion, like the dwellings of men. But every Shinto temple is necessarily rebuilt at more or less brief intervals; and the holiest, - the shrine of Ise, - in obedience to immemorial custom, must be demolished every twenty years, and its timbers cut into thousands of tiny charms, which are distributed to pilgrims.

From Aryan India, through China, came Buddhism, with its vast doctrine of impermanency. The builders of the first Buddhist temples in Japan - architects of another race - built well: witness the Chinese structures at Kamakura that have survived so many centuries, while of the great city which once surrounded them not a trace remains. But the psychical influence of Buddhism could in no land impel minds to the love of material stability. The teaching that the universe is an illusion; that life is but one momentary halt upon an infinite journey; that all attachment to persons, to places, or to things must be fraught with sorrow; that only through suppression of every desire - even the desire of Nirvana itself - can humanity reach the eternal peace, certainly harmonized with the older racial feeling. Though the people never much occupied themselves with the profounder philosophy of the foreign faith, its doctrine of impermanency must, in course of time, have profoundly influenced national character. It explained and con-

soled; it imparted new capacity to bear all things bravely; it strengthened that patience which is a trait of the race. Even in Japanese art - developed, if not actually created, under Buddhist influence - the doctrine of impermanency has left its traces. Buddhism taught that nature was a dream, an illusion, a phantasmagoria; but it also taught men how to seize the fleeting impressions of that dream, and how to interpret them in relation to the highest truth. And they learned well. In the flushed splendor of the blossom-bursts of spring, in the coming and the going of the cicada, in the dying crimson of autumn foliage, in the ghostly beauty of snow, in the delusive motion of wave or cloud, they saw old parables of perpetual meaning. Even their calamities - fire, flood, earthquake, pestilence - interpreted to them unceasingly the doctrine of the eternal Vanishing.

"All things which exist in Time must perish. The forests, the mountains, - all things thus exist. In Time are born all things having desire."

"The Sun and Moon, Sakra himself with all the multitude of his attendants, will all, without exception, perish; there is not one that will endure."

"In the beginning things were fixed; in the end again they separate: different combinations cause other substance; for in nature there is no uniform and constant principle."

"All component things must grow old; impermanent are all component things. Even unto a grain of sesamum seed there is no such thing as a compound which is permanent. All are transient; all have the inherent quality of dissolution."

"All component things, without exception, are impermanent, unstable, despicable, sure to depart, disintegrating; all are temporary as a mirage, as a phantom, or as foam.... Even as all earthen vessels made by the potter end in being broken, so end the lives of men."

"And a belief in matter itself is unmentionable and inexpressible, - it is neither a thing nor nothing: and this is known even by children and ignorant persons."

## IV

Now it is worth while to inquire if there be not some compensatory value attaching to this impermanency and this smallness in the national life.

Nothing is more characteristic of that life than its extreme fluidity. The Japanese population represents a medium whose particles are in perpetual circulation. The motion is in itself peculiar. It is larger and more eccentric than the motion of Occidental populations, though feebler between points. It is also much more natural, - so natural that it could not exist in Western civilization. The relative mobility of a European population and the Japanese population might be expressed by a comparison between certain high velocities of vibration and certain low ones. But the high velocities would represent, in such a comparison, the consequence of artificial force applied; the slower vibrations would not. And this difference of kind would mean more than surface indications could announce. In one sense, Americans may be right in thinking themselves great travelers. In another, they are certainly wrong; the man of the people in America cannot compare, as a traveler, with the man of the people in Japan. And of course, in considering relative mobility of populations, one must consider chiefly the great masses, the workers, - not merely the small class of wealth. In their own country, the Japanese are the greatest travelers of any civilized people. They are the greatest travelers because, even in a land composed mainly of mountain chains, they recognize no obstacles to travel. The Japanese who travels most is not the man who needs railways or steamers to carry him.

Now, with us, the common worker is incomparably less free than the common worker in Japan. He is less free because of the more complicated mechanism of Occidental societies, whose forces tend to agglomeration and solid integration. He is less free because the social and industrial machinery on which he must depend reshapes him to its own particular requirements, and always so as to evolve some special and artificial capacity at the cost of other inherent capacity. He is less free because he must live at a standard making it impossible for him to win financial independence by mere thrift. To achieve any

such independence, he must possess exceptional character and exceptional faculties greater than those of thousands of exceptional competitors equally eager to escape from the same thrall-dom. In brief, then, he is less independent because the special character of his civilization numbs his natural power to live without the help of machinery or large capital. To live thus artificially means to lose, sooner or later, the power of independent movement. Before a Western man can move he has many things to consider. Before a Japanese moves he has nothing to consider. He simply leaves the place he dislikes, and goes to the place he wishes, without any trouble. There is nothing to prevent him. Poverty is not an obstacle, but a stimulus. Impedimenta he has none, or only such as he can dispose of in a few minutes. Distances have no significance for him. Nature has given him perfect feet that can spring him over fifty miles a day without pain; a stomach whose chemistry can extract ample nourishment from food on which no European could live; and a constitution that scorns heat, cold, and damp alike, because still unimpaired by unhealthy clothing, by superfluous comforts, by the habit of seeking warmth from grates and stoves, and by the habit of wearing leather shoes.

It seems to me that the character of our footgear signifies more than is commonly supposed. The footgear represents in itself a check upon individual freedom. It signifies this even in costliness; but in form it signifies infinitely more. It has distorted the Western foot out of the original shape, and rendered it incapable of the work for which it was evolved. The physical results are not limited to the foot. Whatever acts as a check, directly or indirectly, upon the organs of locomotion must extend its effects to the whole physical constitution. Does the evil stop even there? Perhaps we submit to conventions the most absurd of any existing in any civilization because we have too long submitted to the tyranny of shoemakers. There may be defects in our politics, in our social ethics, in our religious system, more or less related to the habit of wearing leather shoes. Submission to the cramping of the body must certainly aid in developing submission to the cramping of the mind.

The Japanese man of the people - the skilled laborer able to underbid without effort any

Western artisan in the same line of industry - remains happily independent of both shoemakers and tailors. His feet are good to look at, his body is healthy, and his heart is free. If he desire to travel a thousand miles, he can get ready for his journey in five minutes. His whole outfit need not cost seventy-five cents; and all his baggage can be put into a handkerchief. On ten dollars he can travel for a year without work, or he can travel simply on his ability to work, or he can travel as a pilgrim. You may reply that any savage can do the same thing. Yes, but any civilized man cannot; and the Japanese has been a highly civilized man for at least a thousand years. Hence his present capacity to threaten Western manufacturers.

We have been too much accustomed to associate this kind of independent mobility with the life of our own beggars and tramps, to have any just conception of its intrinsic meaning. We have thought of it also in connection with unpleasant things, - uncleanliness and bad smells. But, as Professor Chamberlain has well said, "a Japanese crowd is the sweetest in the world" Your Japanese tramp takes his hot bath daily, if he has a fraction of a cent to pay for it, or his cold bath, if he has not. In his little bundle there are combs, toothpicks, razors, toothbrushes. He never allows himself to become unpleasant Reaching his destination, he can transform himself into a visitor of very nice manners, and faultless though simple attire.

Ability to live without furniture, without impedimenta, with the least possible amount of neat clothing, shows more than the advantage held by this Japanese race in the struggle of life; it shows also the real character of some weaknesses in our own civilization. It forces reflection upon the useless multiplicity of our daily wants. We must have meat and bread and butter; glass windows and fire; hats, white shirts, and woolen underwear; boots and shoes; trunks, bags, and boxes; bedsteads, mattresses, sheets, and blankets: all of which a Japanese can do without, and is really better off without. Think for a moment how important an article of Occidental attire is the single costly item of white shirts! Yet even the linen shirt, the so-called "badge of a gentleman," is in itself a useless garment. It gives neither warmth nor comfort. It represents in our fashions the survival of something once a luxuri-

ous class distinction, but today meaningless and useless as the buttons sewn on the outside of coat-sleeves.

V

The absence of any huge signs of the really huge things that Japan has done bears witness to the very peculiar way in which her civilization has been working. It cannot forever so work; but it has so worked thus far with amazing success. Japan is producing without capital, in our large sense of the word. She has become industrial without becoming essentially mechanical and artificial The vast rice crop is raised upon millions of tiny, tiny farms; the silk crop, in millions of small poor homes, the tea crop, on countless little patches of soil. If you visit Kyoto to order something from one of the greatest porcelain makers in the world, one whose products are known better in London and in Paris than even in Japan, you will find the factory to be a wooden cottage in which no American farmer would live. The greatest maker of cloisonne vases, who may ask you two hundred dollars for something five inches high, produces his miracles behind a two-story frame dwelling containing perhaps six small rooms. The best girdles of silk made in Japan, and famous throughout the Empire, are woven in a house that cost scarcely five hundred dollars to build. The work is, of course, hand-woven. But the factories weaving by machinery - and weaving so well as to ruin foreign industries of far vaster capacity - are hardly more imposing, with very few exceptions. Long, light, low one-story or two-story sheds they are, about as costly to erect as a row of wooden stables with us. Yet sheds like these turn out silks that sell all round the world. Sometimes only by inquiry, or by the humming of the machinery, can you distinguish a factory from an old yashiki, or an old-fashioned Japanese school building, - unless indeed you can read the Chinese characters over the garden gate. Some big brick factories and breweries exist; but they are very few, and even when close to the foreign settlements they seem incongruities in the landscape.

Our own architectural monstrosities and our Babels of machinery have been brought into existence by vast integrations of industrial capital. But such integrations do not exist in the Far East; indeed, the capital to make them does not

exist. And supposing that in the course of a few generations there should form in Japan corresponding combinations of money power, it is not easy to suppose correspondences in architectural construction. Even two-story edifices of brick have given bad results in the leading commercial centre; and earthquakes seem to condemn Japan to perpetual simplicity in building. The very land revolts against the imposition of Western architecture, and occasionally even opposes the new course of traffic by pushing railroad lines out of level and out of shape.

Not industry alone still remains thus unintegrated; government itself exhibits a like condition. Nothing is fixed except the Throne. Perpetual change is identical with state policy. Ministers, governors, superintendents, inspectors, all high civil and military officials, are shifted at irregular and surprisingly short intervals, and hosts of smaller officials scatter each time with the whirl. The province in which I passed the first twelve-month of my residence in Japan has had four different governors in five years. During my stay at Kumamoto, and before the war had begun, the military command of that important post was three times changed. The government college had in three years three directors. In educational circles, especially, the rapidity of such changes has been phenomenal. There have been five different ministers of education in my own time, and more than five different educational policies. The twenty-six thousand public schools are so related in their management to the local assemblies that, even were no other influences at work, constant change would be inevitable because of the changes in the assemblies. Directors and teachers keep circling from post to post; there are men little more than thirty years old who have taught in almost every province of the country. That any educational system could have produced any great results under these conditions seems nothing short of miraculous.

We are accustomed to think that some degree of stability is necessary to all real progress, all great development. But Japan has given proof irrefutable that enormous development is possible without any stability at all. The explanation is in the race character, - a race character in more ways than one the very opposite of our own. Uniformly mobile, and thus uniformly impressionable, the nation has moved unitedly in the

direction of great ends, submitting the whole volume of its forty millions to be moulded by the ideas of its rulers, even as sand or as water is shaped by wind. And this submissiveness to reshaping belongs to the old conditions of its soul life, - old conditions of rare unselfishness and perfect faith. The relative absence from the national character of egotistical individualism has been the saving of an empire; has enabled a great people to preserve its independence against prodigious odds. Wherefore Japan may well be grateful to her two great religions, the creators and the preservers of her moral power to Shinto, which taught the individual to think of his Emperor and of his country before thinking either of his own family or of himself; and to Buddhism, which trained him to master regret, to endure pain, and to accept as eternal law the vanishing of things loved and the tyranny of things hated.

Today there is visible a tendency to hardening, - a danger of changes leading to the integration of just such an officialism as that which has proved the curse and the weakness of China. The moral results of the new education have not been worthy of the material results. The charge of want of "individuality," in the accepted sense of pure selfishness, will scarcely be made against the Japanese of the next century. Even the compositions of students already reflect the new conception of intellectual strength only as a weapon of offense, and the new sentiment of aggressive egotism. "Impermanency," writes one, with a fading memory of Buddhism in his mind, "is the nature of our life. We see often persons who were rich yesterday, and are poor today. This is the result of human competition, according to the law of evolution. We are exposed to that competition. We must fight each other, even if we are not inclined to do so. With what sword shall we fight? With the sword of knowledge, forged by education."

Well, there are two forms of the cultivation of Self. One leads to the exceptional development of the qualities which are noble, and the other signifies something about which the less said the better. But it is not the former which the New Japan is now beginning to study. I confess to being one of those who believe that the human heart, even in the history of a race, may be worth infinitely more than the human intellect,

and that it will sooner or later prove itself infinitely better able to answer all the cruel enigmas of the Sphinx of Life. I still believe that the old Japanese were nearer to the solution of those enigmas than are we, just because they recognized moral beauty as greater than intellectual beauty. And, by way of conclusion, I may venture to quote from an article on education by Ferdinand Brunetiere: -

"All our educational measures will prove vain, if there be no effort to force into the mind, and to deeply impress upon it, the sense of those fine words of Lamennais: "Human society is based upon mutual giving, or upon the sacrifice of man for man, or of each man for all other men; and sacrifice is the very essence of all true society." It

is this that we have been unlearning for nearly a century; and if we have to put ourselves to school afresh, it will be in order that we may learn it again. Without such knowledge there can be no society and no education, - not, at least, if the object of education be to form man for society. Individualism is today the enemy of education, as it is also the enemy of social order. It has not been so always; but it has so become. It will not be so forever; but it is so now. And without striving to destroy it-which would mean to fall from one extreme into another - we must recognize that, no matter what we wish to do for the family, for society, for education, and for the country, it is against individualism that the work will have to be done."

#### PLEASE NOTE:

In order to address privacy concerns regarding members' personal information appearing in the Chronicle, which is currently available to the general public through the Newsletter archive on the Southern Connecticut Mensa website (<http://scm66.org>), we are about to implement a "Members Only" area. When this feature of the website is activated, the Newsletter Archive will no longer be available to the general public - it will only be available to current SCM members.

During the next few weeks, SCM members who receive the Chronicle via email will receive an email message from Tom O'Neill, the SCM Webmaster. This will include instructions for accessing the "Members Only" area.

If you receive our newsletter via regular mail, we do not have your email address (or were asked not to use it). To gain access to the Members Only area of the site, you will need to contact Tom through the "SCM66 Webmaster" contact link on the homepage of the site.

Once the "Members Only" portion of the website is in place, there are plans to create an online hub, through which SCM members can communicate and exchange ideas and information with one another. Because this area of the site will not be available to the general public, members' privacy will be secured.

**PUZZLES & QUESTIONS**

(Answers may be in next month's Chronicle.)

1. What is the difference between a comic and a humorist?
2. How much does the average U.S. smoker spend on cigarettes in a year?
3. What are the most common lawn ornaments?
4. How many golf courses are there in the world?
5. Which novel do you think is "the Great American Novel?"
6. What percentage of their shots did the following great basketball pros make during their NBA careers: Michael Jordan, Magic Johnson, Larry Bird, Kareem Abdul-Jaabar, Wilt Chamberlain, Oscar Robertson, and Jerry West?
7. Rank these game shows by quality: Concentration, The Price is Right, Name that Tune, What's My Line, Hollywood Squares, and Let's Make a Deal.
8. Estimate the population of these cities: Austin, Texas; Burbank, CA.; Pasadena, CA; El Paso, TX; Indianapolis, IN; Memphis, TN; Pueblo, Colorado; Tucson, Arizona; Worcester, Mass.; Yonkers, NY.
9. Name some clock towers in Connecticut.
10. What percentage of housing units in the U.S. are mobile homes?

**ANSWERS TO LAST MONTH'S PUZZLES:**

2. How many mutual funds are on the U.S. market?  
A: As of 2006, there were 8,606 mutual funds in the United States, with assets of over \$9 trillion. At the end of the 1960s, there were 270.
3. Define these words: gusto, grit, and vim.  
A: Gusto - enthusiasm, vigorous enjoyment, zest. Grit - 1. abrasive particles or granules as 2. firmness of character; indomitable spirit; pluck. 3. to cause to grind or grate together. Vim - pep, energy, lively or energetic spirit, enthusiasm, vitality.
4. How many miles per gallon did the Model T get?  
A: The Model T got 13, mpg city and 21 mpg, highway. The car weighed 1,300 lbs., reached a top speed of 45 mph, and had a 20 horsepower 4-cylinder engine, and a 9-gallon tank. You needed to change the oil every 300 miles. Originally, it sold for a price of \$850 but later came down to \$250.
6. Estimate the population of these cities: Akron, Ohio; Anaheim, Calif.; Bridgeport, CT; Fairfield, Calif.; Fresno, Calif.; Green Bay, Wisconsin; Honolulu, Hawaii; Little Rock, Arkansas; Norwalk, Calif.; Salt Lake City, Utah.  
A: Akron, 212,000; Anaheim, 332,000; Bridgeport, CT, 140,000; Fairfield, CA, 103,000; Fresno, CA, 451,000; Green Bay, 101,000; Honolulu, 380,000; Little Rock, 184,000; Norwalk, CA, 107,000; Salt Lake City, 180,000.
8. Based on U.S. Census data, what is the biggest Indian tribe in the United States?  
A: As of 2000, the Census reported that there were 4.19 million Indians in the United States. The largest tribe was the Cherokees with 730,000 people, followed by the Navajo, 298,000; Latin American Indians, 180,000; Choctaw, 159,000; Sioux, 153,000; the Chippewa, 150,000; and the Apache, 97,000. The largest Indian population on a reservation is on the Navajo Nation reservation in Arizona, New Mexico, and Utah, with 174,000 Indians.
10. Give the legal definition of slander.  
A: Slander is the making of an oral statement that is malicious and false, claims to be factual or implies so, and damages the reputation of someone.

**NOTED AND QUOTED**

All passions exaggerate: it is only because they exaggerate that they are passions.

- Nicolas Chamfort, (1741 - 1794), French epigrammist

At least half the mystery novels published violate the law that the solution, once revealed, must seem to be inevitable.

- Raymond Chandler, (1888 - 1959), U.S. detective novelist

Saint Laurent has excellent taste. The more he copies me, the better taste he displays.

- Coco (Gabrielle) Chanel, (1883 - 1971), French fashion designer

Forgiveness does not change the past, but it does enlarge the future.

- Paul Boese, Dutch scientist

I'm nearly always mistaken if I think that a man has only a single character.

- Stendhal, (1783 - 1842), French novelist

When our vices desert us, we pretend we are deserting our vices.

- Francois duc de la Rochefoucauld, (1613 - 1680), French epigrammatist.

We thought, because we had power, we had wisdom.

- Stephan Vincent Benet, (1898 - 1943), U.S. writer

There's no present. There's only the immediate future and the recent past.

- George Carlin, (1937 - ), U.S. comedian

We see the future but not vividly.

- Anonymous

Pride is over-estimation of oneself by reason of self-love.

- Benedict Spinoza, (1632 - 1677)

We look into mirrors but we only see the effects of our times on us - not our effects on others.

- Pearl Bailey, (1918 - 1990), U.S. singer, actress, and author

Parents are not quite interested in justice, they are interested in quiet.

- Bill Cosby, (1937- )

I am always with myself, and it is I who am my tormentor.

- Leo Tolstoy, (1828 - 1910)

Sharing is sometimes more demanding than giving.

- Mary Catherine Bateson, (1939 - ), U.S. anthropologist, author

I don't know, I don't care, and it doesn't make any difference.

- Jack Kerouac, (1923 - 1969)

The universe does not jest with us, but is in earnest.

- Ralph Waldo Emerson, (1803 - 1882)

While not exactly disgruntled, he was far from feeling grunted.

- P.G. Wodehouse, (1881 - 1975), English novelist, humorist

Who speaks the sound of an echo?

- Tantric Buddhist saying

Opinion is ultimately determined by the feelings, and not by the intellect.

- Herbert Spencer, (1820 - 1903), Social Statics, 1850

Civilization consists in the multiplication and refinement of human wants.

- Robert A. Millikan, (1868 - 1953), U.S. Nobel Prize laureate Physics, 1960

No man ever quite believes in any other man.

- H.L. Mencken, (1880 - 1956), Prejudices, Third Series

Every grown-up man consists wholly of habits, although he is often unaware of it and even denies having any habits at all.

- Georges Gurdjieff, (1872 - 1949), U.S. mystic

You've got to think about big things while you're doing small things, so that all the small things go in the right direction.

- Alvin Toffler, (1928 - ), U.S. futurist

Because the results are expressed in numbers, it is easy to make the mistake of thinking that the intelligence test is a measure like a foot ruler or a pair of scales. It is, of course, a quite different sort of measure. Intelligence is not an abstraction like length and weight; it is an exceedingly complicated notion - which nobody has yet succeeded in defining.

- Walter Lippmann, (1889 - 1974)

**POETRY CORNER****IN THE MOUNTAINS ON A SUMMER DAY**

Li Po (701-762)

GENTLY I stir a white feather fan,  
 With open shirt sitting in a green wood.  
 I take off my cap and hang it on a jutting atone;  
 A wind from the pine-trees trickles on my bare  
 head.

**STARS**

From Flame and Shadow (1920)

Sara Teasdale, (1884 - 1933)

ALONE in the night  
 On a dark hill  
 With pines around me  
 Spicy and still,

And a heaven full of stars  
 Over my head,  
 White and topaz  
 And misty red;

Myriads with beating  
 Hearts of fire  
 That aeons  
 Cannot vex or tire;

Up the dome of heaven  
 Like a great hill,  
 I watch them marching  
 Stately and still,

And I know that I  
 Am honored to be  
 Witness  
 Of so much majesty.

**ON THE GARDEN WALL**

Vachel Lindsay (1879 - 1931)

OH, once I walked a garden  
 In dreams. 'Twas yellow grass.  
 And many orange-trees grew there  
 In sand as white as glass.  
 The curving, wide wall-border  
 Was marble, like the snow.  
 I walked that wall a fairy-prince  
 And, pacing quaint and slow,  
 Beside me were my pages,  
 Two giant, friendly birds.  
 Half swan they were, half peacock.  
 They spake in courtier-words.  
 Their inner wings a charriot,  
 Their outer wings for flight,  
 They lifted me from dreamland.  
 We bade those trees good-night.  
 Swiftly above the stars we rode.  
 I looked below me soon.  
 The white-walled garden I had ruled  
 Was one lone flower - the moon.

**GOOD NIGHT**

Carl Sandburg (1878 -1967)

MANY ways to say good night.

F ireworks at a pier on the Fourth of July  
 spell it with red wheels and yellow spokes.  
 They fizz in the air, touch the water and quit.  
 Rockets make a trajectory of gold-and-blue  
 and then go out.

Fireworks  
 Railroad trains at night spell with a smokestack  
 mushrooming a white pillar.

Steamboats turn a curve in the Mississippi crying a  
 baritone that crosses lowland  
 cottonfields to razorback hill.

It is easy to spell good night.  
 Many ways to spell good night.

**MENSA MIND GAMES 2007 RESULTS**

More than 200 Mensans gathered in Pittsburgh in April for Mensa Mind Games 2007. During the three-day event, members played and rated 59 board and card games. The top five games have earned Mensa Select distinction and may use the Mensa Select seal on their games.

**MIND GAMES 2008 will be held April 11-13 in Phoenix.**

To register, visit  
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The company reports that the average person reads at a speed of between 200-300 words a minute but that people who enjoy reading can read more than 400 words per minute, and that some people can even read well at more than 800 words a minute.

The Reading Edge also offers books, tapes, tele-classes, and personal lessons to help people read faster and more efficiently. For more information, visit their website at [www.the-reading-edge.com](http://www.the-reading-edge.com) or contact them at [info@the-reading-edge.com](mailto:info@the-reading-edge.com)

**CHAPTER NOTES**

**Southern CT Mensa is looking for an Activities Coordinator. If you would like to fill this position, please contact President Rick D’Amico at [usamar-biol@aol.com](mailto:usamar-biol@aol.com)**

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 Please allow four weeks for the change in MENSA Bulletin (the National Magazine) delivery, and eight weeks for the Chronicle. Remember to give your membership number to facilitate this process (This number appears on your membership card and labels affixed to the Chronicle and MENSA Bulletin.)

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If you or someone you know would like to be a speaker at our monthly dinner, please contact Jim Mizera at 203-522-1959 or [Jmizera@hotmail.com](mailto:Jmizera@hotmail.com). The dinner is held the third Saturday of the month.

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