



**ELECTRONIC EDITION**

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The late President Reagan, flanked by Allied Van Lines officials and backed up by the crew that packed and moved his belongings to the White House in January, 1981.

### *A Personal Reminiscence*

# Moving Day with Reagan

By Edgar F. Coudal

**IN JANUARY, 1981, Allied Van Lines commissioned me to cover** its move of Ronald Reagan's household goods from Pacific Palisades, Calif., to the White House. The PR benefit to Allied was in articles I was to write for trade publications like *Fleet Owner*, *Owner-Operator*, and *Transport Topics* and general circulation magazines like *Jet* (the Allied van driver was an African-American).

A trusted free-lance photographer in Los Angeles turned down my offer of the photo shoot, but suggested another photog. In a phone conversation, the guy sounded competent and his equipment more than adequate. I hired him to meet me at Reagan's hillside ranch on the day of the move. Despite the fact that he drove a flower-power VW van left over from the '60s and his assistant was a nubile 19-year-old wearing Daisy Mae cutoffs (he promised to keep her out of sight), Ted proved to be not only competent but as will be seen, thoughtful.

The Allied crew could have been recruited from United Nations Central Casting. They scurried about efficiently, packing underwear, pictures, trophies, and hair brushes, all the personal stuff a guy needs to feel at home in the White House.

Reagan was gracious, friendly, and folksy. At one point, he called the photographer and me into the kitchen to see his "personal packing." He opened a pantry door to reveal wine boxes, their covers cut off and stacked on their sides. All were modest California wines—Gallo, Beringer, Franzia, Glen Ellen. He selected

*(Continued on Page 11)*



**Villas Sol on Playa Hermosa nestles on a hillside overlooking the ocean.**

### *On the Road with a Manasota Mensan*

## **Pura Vida en Costa Rica**

*We welcome another new contributor to The 4M. Erica Rogers is a member from South County and is an educator. She tells of the “pure life” in Costa Rica..*

**By Erica Rogers**

**COSTA RICA has long been the choice spot for surfers, backpackers, birders and expatriates.** This Central American country boasts beautiful beaches, active volcanoes, cloud forests and rainforests. While it is inexpensive (two bedroom, two bath condos were being built for roughly 40,000 American dollars), the standard of living is higher than in surrounding countries or the Caribbean islands. The military was disbanded in 1949 and much of the budget is spent on education.

An international airport opened in the city of Liberia, in the northwestern region of Guanacaste. I flew directly into the Liberia airport where a very slow moving, but well meaning passport checker continuously directed me to the back of the longest line. The free shuttle from airport to resort allowed a glimpse of the mountainous landscape, dotted by small houses made of concrete block.



**MY DESTINATION was an all-inclusive resort, Villas Sol on Playa Hermosa.** The cost of the package was only \$850 which included airfare, lodging, three meals per day and unlimited alcoholic beverages. I love the internet special all-inclusive. I didn't have to pay for anything once I arrived.

Booked on the Internet through travelzoo.com, the resort was more impressive than I imagined. It was protected by gated access as well as 24-hour security on the premises. The two-bedroom villa was complete with kitchen, living room and satellite television. The villa was clean, modern and equipped with 120V. No adapters needed. I was assured that the tap water was potable through-

out Costa Rica. The resort's water system did fail at 10:30am every day, but after day two I learned to plan for it. Costa Rica had breathtaking views. Villas, restaurants, even the gift shop had a spectacular view of the mountains and coastline. Although the food at the resort was good, it was standard fare. Gary, an American manager who had signed on for five years in Costa Rica, threatened to "mug me for a chili dog". The coffee, however, was outstanding. Surprisingly, the servers did not speak fluent English. But the ticos (the Costa Ricans' nickname for themselves) were happy to help me stutter through my rusty high school Spanish.



**Ocean views everywhere**

**THERE WERE enough tours offered to fill every minute of vacation.** There were tours of cities, rainforests, cloud forests, active volcanoes and National Parks. There were "Canopy tours" which offered adventurous travelers a suspended cable ride through the forest (waiver required). Horseback riding, river rafting and scuba diving, Costa Rica had it all. I highly recommend the day trip to Nicaragua offered through a local tour company.

I spent several days lounging around the resort. It was located on the Pacific Ocean and the beaches were fantastic. They offered tennis courts, a workout room and several pools. One pool had a swim-up bar where rum was blended with fresh fruit, peeled right in front of you. There was also an Internet café right off the beach for those compelled to know the price of Krispy Kreme at every given moment. The nightlife in Guanacaste, however, was almost non-existent. The Monkey Bar, owned by a crazy Canadian who loved to play the blues, was a hot spot for revelers from our resort. It was a mere five-minute cab ride away, which is conveniently close to the new condo development. Hmm...maybe Mensa needs a chapter leader in Costa Rica.

KICK IRRATIONAL by Brian Lord

www.KickComics.com



# THE OBSERVER - By Edgar F. Coudal

## Your Retirement

Tho a great many Mensans are more or less self-employed, Social Security payments will eventually be a part of your thinking. In a recent issue of *Wired*, three futurists were asked, "In 20 years, what will be the retirement age?" They agreed, forget about 65.

The first guy said "67 to 70." He was sure about the 67 and thought it might go as high as 70, depending on how strapped the system becomes.

The second guy thought "70 to 72" and maybe higher depending on the health and productivity of the individual.

The third guy said, "75," noting that the current generation, the leading edge of Baby Boom, will live much longer because of medical and nutritional breakthroughs. He summed up, "In the future, life span will be measured in centuries. Retirement will be a thing of the past."

## Block That Metaphor!

A television news analyst said in a sappy report on how hard it is for young families with minimal incomes to live on Martha's Vineyard that some who try it "have to burn the candle at both ends to make ends meet." In the middle, I presume, and also hot.



## Baseball Wimps

Cubs Outfielder Sammy Sosa is on the disabled list after straining a back ligament while sneezing. He's not the only baseball wimp. Former Cub Jose Cardenal couldn't play one time because a cricket's noise kept him up all night. Another time, Jose couldn't play because his eyelids were stuck together.

AOL adds that Padres outfielder Ryan Klesko once pulled a muscle picking up a lunch tray. Diamondbacks catcher Brent Mayne went on the DL two years ago after straining his neck watching for traffic as he crossed the street. Former Marlins pitcher Ricky Bones strained his back flipping channels on the clubhouse TV set.

Former big-league pitcher and manager Roger Craig once cut his hand on a bra strap. And the amazing part was he admitted it instead of coming up with a legitimate excuse like, say, unzipping his fly.

Journeyman outfielder Marty Cordova once missed a game after dozing off in a tanning booth. Ex-big league pitcher Bryce Florie strained a rib-cage muscle while sleep walking. Outfielder Glenallen Hill fell out of bed, onto a glass table, while having a nightmare about spiders crawling on him.

## An Exception

The late and revered Alan King once noted, "You live only once, except for Shirley MacLaine."

# Eternal Sunshine . . . Sound Familiar?

**THERE IS** a current movie entitled “Eternal Sunshine of the Spotless Mind”. It is about a man who has had a painful love affair and will do anything to rid his mind of those pain thoughts of a former love. He sees an advertisement that offers just such a service. It seems his former lover has the exact thoughts and she goes through the same treatment. Guess what? They meet again, do not recognize each other, and fall in love again.

Does any of this sound familiar?

May I gently remind you of what happened to your stock portfolio in 2000 to 2003? Please. You fell in love with the stocks or mutual funds in your 401K and became wildly emotional about all the money your were making and how you thought about buying one of those islands in the Bahamas for early retirement. Then came the road crunching detour and you are left with a broken down portfolio by the side of the road.

Along came a shiny red tow truck and a mechanic who said he could fix everything. Slowly you began to forget the previous gut-wrenching journey and your car is now running (not as well as it used to) and seems to be getting better as this mechanic from Maul Street is working on it.

Hey, I think I'm in love again.



**IF YOU cannot remember what happened in the past you will those** same errors in the future. Every great statesman has been a student of history. Every great investor has studied the history of the stock market to try to determine what the future will bring. Cycles continue to repeat and repeat because people forget the past. Those who are smart enough do not fall into the repetitive trap and instead take advantage of it.

One of the most predictable cycles is the long cycle of the stock market. It usually runs about 16 to 18 years. There is the up cycle which is invariably followed by a down cycle of equal length. Within each long cycle are several short cycles of 6 month to 2 years with a resumption of the downward move until the cycle is completed.

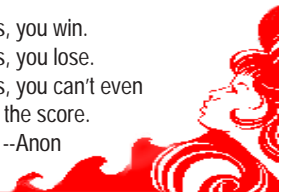
Do you realize we just completed an 18 year up cycle in 2000? Now the market is completing a one year advance within that cycle and may be getting ready to head down again. How is your spotless mind doing? Have you forgotten your lesson from 2000? Are you willing to make that same mistake again?

If you choose to forget, you are doomed to repeat your losses.

Comments to:  
[info@mutualfundmagic.com](mailto:info@mutualfundmagic.com)

Some days, you win.  
Some days, you lose.  
Some days, you can't even  
find out the score.

--Anon



## **BOOKED FOR PLEASURE** By Chris Angermann **The Adventure of a Glorious Swim**

### **Swimming to Antarctica, by Lynne Cox**

**IT'S HARD to put down a book that begins, "It is August 7, 1987, and I am swimming across the Bering Sea."** That's the 2.7 mile passage between Alaska and Russia, where summer temperatures hover around 42 degrees, just 10 degrees above ice cubes. The cold is so severe that your arms and legs go numb as soon as you hit the water. Any normal swimmer would last about 10 minutes and die of hypothermia. Lynne Cox took 2 hours and 6 minutes to cross the strait. When she emerged from the ocean, she looked like a zombie out of "The Night of the Living Dead" – her hands were purple gray, her shoulders the color of blueberries, and her arms, legs and trunk splotchy white.



Welcome to the world of extreme long-distance swimming, where covering marathon distances in the open sea is all in a day's work. A world where Cox is a phenom. By the time she was 15, she had set a world record for crossing the 21-mile English Channel in 9 hours and 57 minutes. As she got older, Cox added more firsts to her aquatic resume – swimming around the Cape of Good Hope in South Africa, crossing Lake Titicaca high in the Andes. But what really excited her were places where the water is so cold that it literally takes your breath away.

**IT TURNS OUT, Cox has a unique physical gift. While the rest of us mortals lose heat rapidly in ice-cold waters as our bodies try to keep organs and brain warm, Cox's inner core actually heats up during a long swim, allowing her to endure extreme cold longer than others.** Still, swimming a mile in Antarctic waters is hardly a walk in the park, and the recovery is no picnic either. It takes unusual courage and fortitude.

Which is the gift of this wonderful book: Cox's achievements against overwhelming odds expand our sense of what is possible. By marveling at her uniqueness we also celebrate our own. Plus, since Cox is as good a writer as she is a swimmer, she allows us to share her experiences. She puts us right next to her in the water. We feel the freezing cold along with the joy of cutting through the waves. We're exhilarated as we push beyond ordinary limits and transcend personal and national barriers on the world's high seas.

*Swimming to Antarctica* is a testament to the human spirit! What an amazing adventure! What a glorious ride!

**Check out our web site: [www.manasota.us.mensa.org](http://www.manasota.us.mensa.org)**

## The Lazy Gardener's Survival Guide

# If It's Green, Love it and Tend It!

*Bobbye Sikes Wicke is the editor of Pensa Mensa, Northwest Florida (Pensacola) Mensa. While her gardening problems are a bit different than ours here in sub-tropical Manasota, our resident horticulturist, Local Secretary Kip Alexander, says many of the weeds mentioned here also plague Manasota gardeners.*

### By Bobbye Sykes Wicke

**GARDENING IS a noble excuse for postponing the boring stuff you're** supposed to be doing. It is supposed to provide exercise, fresh air, catharsis, and fun (but Mother Nature can be a bitch). Forget Master Gardeners and Martha Stewart; they're out of your league. I can help you survive, on the cheap.

**Weeds:** Mowing does not kill weeds; it creates shorter, stronger weeds. Gene cloners take note: weeds and Bermuda grass are immortal.

Pulling a weed just before it goes to seed is the sweetest kind of justifiable homicide. It is also the only time a weed relinquishes its iron grip on Mother Earth.

Not all weeds are bad. Wood sorrel, often confused with clover, is a wildflower named Oxalis (from the Greek word meaning sharp or sour), and it's used in salads and soups in some countries. It's attractive, doesn't choke out grass, and goes away in the winter.



**Wood Sorrel**

Clover is not a weed! It's good for our sorry soil, and God will get you if you hurt clover. Spiderwort is a lovely, almost indestructible



**Spiderwort**

wildflower that prefers poor soil. Dollar weed is used as ground cover in some parts of the country, and will even climb walls for you - if you can't beat it, why not join it?

A lawn composed only of weeds *is* green, requires no water or fertilizer, and has no natural enemies except you.

**Grass:** A status symbol that makes gardening supply merchants rich, homeowners poor, and is bad for the environment and your back. It's good for horses, cows, sheep and goats (goats prefer to destroy your trees and shrubs and then commit suicide by eating your day lilies). We make grass grow with fertilizer and water; then we cut it too short, which lets the sun get to its roots so bugs and diseases and weeds thrive; then we kill the bugs and diseases and weeds; and then we water and fertilize to make it grow so we can start all over again. If you would allow your grass to stay at two to four inches high, and quit pestering it, you'd be surprised at how healthy it can be.

**Growing stuff:** No amount of sweet-talking or threatening will make a seed or bulb sprout before its time. Four-for-a-dollar seed packets often have a better germination rate than \$2-\$3 packets. Bulbs from the "world's largest retailer" have a dismally low

sprouting rate.

Don't thin lettuce seedlings! As the largest reach 3" high, pull them up to make a salad, the others will play catch-up, and you'll have delicious baby green salads for a long time.

Broccoli that's beginning to flower is still tasty, and looks pretty in a salad.

Those gorgeous flowering plants available at the beginning of the growing season have been pushed to perfection - as if they'd had jolts of amphetamines and steroids. They've peaked, so pick those with a few tight buds and little or no pruning, be patient, and you'll have healthier plants that bloom longer.

**Composting** is a great idea if you have tons of stuff to compost and plan to live long enough for that stuff to decompose. Cow manure at about \$1 for 40 pounds and is a fine fast substitute.

**OCCURRENCES of expensive diseases are directly proportional to** the cost of the plant; the diseases are contagious and the treatments are poisonous, so it's a lose-lose situation. Remove diseased leaves and stems, then give the plant and its neighbors *one* thorough appropriate treatment. If it doesn't recover, dig it up, and either discard it or prune it and plant it in a distant part of your yard preferably out of sight! Removal and isolation often rejuvenates sick plants (like time-out for kids).

Decades ago, fire ants crawled up from South America to make chemical manufacturers richer than Croesus. That sludgy water where you parked your paintbrushes really kills 'em. Clue 2: For real entertainment, pour a kettle of boiling water slowly on the mound and watch the ensuing chaos.

## *The Tenth Story (RVC column for Region 10)*

# Really Early WG Registration: \$60

The 2006 World Gathering in Orlando now has its own web page. It's at <http://wg06.us.mensa.org>. While still a bare bones version since much is yet to be determined, you are invited to offer suggestions and make comments—we like constructive criticism too, but not as much as creative ideas. (*Editor Note: The web site indicates that one can register already for the 2006 event for just \$60, which is undoubtedly going to be a bargain.*)

Check the web site frequently because items will change. There will be additions constantly, and I see a slow build of excitement for this event. It's not just an AG, not just a WG, and it's not just a "diamond" anniversary of our organization. Perhaps it is an opportunity for Mensa to help bring about global unity. Sounds like a lofty goal, but why not take the opportunity to see if Mensa's original *raison d'être* can work now, 60 years later, when technology has provided avenues of communication non-existent in 1946. This Web site will be linked to elists where we can discuss all this. The theme I'd like to see running through all the programming is, roughly: "Visualizing a Global Community."

*Elissa Rudolph, RVC10@us.mensa.org*

# Bid a Lot with a Little!

South deals  
Both Vul

North  
♠ -  
♥ 4  
♦ K Q 8 6 5 2  
♣ Q 10 9 7 6 5

West  
♠ A Q 9 6 3  
♥ K 10 3 2  
♦ J 10 9  
♣ K

East  
♠ K J 5 2  
♥ A Q J 9 7  
♦ A 4  
♣ A 4

South  
♠ 10 8 7 4  
♥ 8 6 5  
♦ 7 3  
♣ J 8 3 2

<b>Bidding:</b>	South	West	North	East
	pass	1 ♠	4 NT	6 ♠
	7 ♣	DBL	pass	pass
	pass			

**Lead:** 2 of hearts

**IN BRIDGE** columns, South usually holds the good cards. This time the South hand looks like the junk I usually pick up. Nevertheless, South earns a medal in the bidding this time. Would you bid a vulnerable grand slam holding just a jack?

You win if you do! North's leap to 4 notrump shows about a dozen cards in the minor suits, along with negligible strength. Put your worthless cards together with any realistic holding in the North, and you will not come close to taking a trick against a contract in notrump or a major suit. Your seven club sacrifice will save you a lot of points.



The cusp of the bidding sequence comes immediately after your bid. West lacks first round control of clubs, and must therefore double your sacrifice bid. East must decide whether to jeopardize a sure profit in the hope of securing a grand slam bonus, and most Easts will settle for defending against your sacrifice.

Despite Shakespeare's words, the play is not the thing here. The defense takes two red aces and two trump tricks, defeating you four tricks for eleven hun-

dred points. This is certainly a substantial loss for you and your partner, but it's several hundred points less than you would have lost by defending six spades, and it's less than half the score that East and West can earn for a grand slam in spades or notrump.

The lesson is this: when you have wild distribution, bid very high very fast. When you can support your partner's advance sacrifice, bid very much higher at once.

## Reagan Reminisce

*(Continued from Page 3)*

a bottle or two from each carton and plopped them into a waiting case. When he got to 12, he said, "That's it. I'm through packing."

He then gathered all the Allied packers and said, "I bet you'd all like a photo with me." He personally rearranged what furniture was left—a piano bench, some folding chairs, a couple of two-rung ladders—directed all to be seated, then plumped himself down in the middle of the group with a big grin while Ted snapped away.

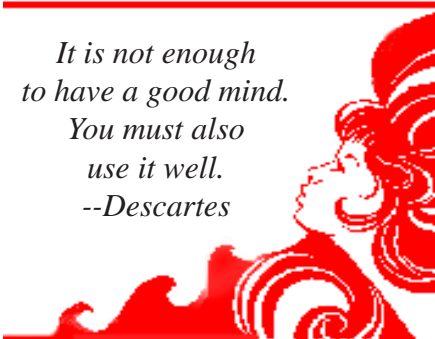
**AT MID-MORNING, Nancy Reagan stumbled out of the bedroom** wing to check progress. She was wearing a ratty terry robe of his, tripping on its hem and trailing it behind her, hair flying every which way, no makeup. She came face to face with my photographer who had a motor-driven Nikon in hand. She looked at him. He looked at her. Without a word, he set the camera down on an end table and walked away.

Twenty minutes later, Nancy Reagan reappeared, looking like she had just come off a week at a spa interrupted by a day at Saks. She sought out Ted and asked, "Would you like some photos of me?"

We ended up with a wonderful series of Nancy Reagan photos that got more play than all my carefully orchestrated and planned shots.

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*It is not enough  
to have a good mind.  
You must also  
use it well.  
--Descartes*



### Electronic Delivery of *The 4M* Available

Local Mensans can receive an electronic version of *The 4M* virtually identical to the print version, but delivered to members' computers as an Adobe Acrobat attachment to an email. The idea is to reduce print and mailing costs. To access the electronic version, you will need Acrobat Reader, which is a free download. Most computers already have it. To get *The 4M* electronically, send an email to [edgarc@aol.com](mailto:edgarc@aol.com)

# Puzzlements

To gain mention here as worthy of your M wallet card, SEND your answers to the puzzles by the 15th of the month to edgarc@aol.com or POSTAL mail to Edgar Coudal, 5452 Azure Way, Sarasota, 34242 or phone to (941) 349-9329.

## *Minimum Moves Metamorphose Maker*

Last month, we asked you to get from SHIRT to PANTS in eight or fewer intermediate steps. Getting it in seven moves was **Dwight Gill** with SHIRE, SHINE, WHINE, WHITE, WHITS, WAITS, WANTS. Since “WHITS” is iffy, the 8-word answer replaces it with two words: SHIRE SHINE WHINE WHITE WRITE WRITS WAITS WANTS. Getting it in eight or more were **Claudia Fuller, Carl Hammen, Barbara Horton, Rhon Marlette, Sam Perkins, Elizabeth Van Loan.**

Every veteran Cryptogram solver knows that only two common four-letter words in the English language--“that” and “else”--start and end with the same letter and provide powerful letter clues. This month, get us from ELSE to THAT in six or fewer intermediate steps.

## *Anagram Angst*

The three local destinations you were asked to unscramble last month were: TOWLES COURT • SIESTA PUBLIC BEACH • OPERA HOUSE  
Getting them were **Walt Brustlin, Fuller, Gill, Hammen, Horton, Jim Kitchell, Marlette, Perkins.**

This month, identify these three recognized BREEDS OF DOG:  
MAKE ALUMNA ATLAS • OUSTS BAD HEN • DANCER JUGS LIQUOR

## *Cryptological Crazyness*

Last month’s Cryptogram answer: Mensans are original enough to want to reinvent the wheel, and creative enough not to make it round this time. Unknown.

Getting it were **Barbie Arbour, Dave Beal, Brustlin, Reni Cohen, Fuller, Gill, Hammen, Horton, Demetra McBride, Pat Murkland, Marlette, Perkins.**

Now, try this one:

CU “UZZTCAB BGGM” FOD YKZ MZHCMCAB  
UOHYGX, MXNAPZAAZDD FGNTM WZ YKZ  
DNRXZIZTS QOTCM KNIOA ZERZXCZAHZ.  
FCTTCOI LOIZD.