



SARASOTA BAY CLUB'S SCOOP

July August 2024

News of the Residents - By the Residents - For the Residents

Up, Up and Installed!



Generator Statistics

Holds 8,600 Gallons of Diesel Fuel

Burns 80 Gallons of Diesel Fuel an hour

Once fully operational, the generator is capable of running everything in all towers for at least four days before needing a refuel.



Every Vote Matters.....



By: Burt Herman, Unit 809N

I was a high school teacher in Foxboro, Massachusetts in the late 1950's following a tour of duty with the U.S. Navy. When the Civics teacher position remained open, the principal asked me to fill in for the semester. Since my field was business, I had to become a quick-study in the structures of government, the Constitution, the Electoral College and most importantly how to convey the meaning and importance of democracy.

Sixty-six years ago, I emphasized to my students that democracy is not only a fundamental right, but also a responsibility that each of us has to safeguard.

Our duty is not just to vote, as important as that is. Our duty is to also preserve other's rights to do so.

Gail Chase's memo called attention to the importance of assuring our eligibility to vote in the August 20th primary and November general election.

So often we hear..... "What difference is my vote going to make?"

The answer is a great deal.

Like in 1800, Thomas Jefferson was elected President by one vote in the House of Representatives after a tie in the Electoral College.

In 1824, Andrew Jackson won the presidential popular vote but lost by one vote in the House of Representatives to John Quincy Adams, after an Electoral College dead-lock.

In 1876, Samuel Tilden won the presidential popular vote, but came up one electoral vote shy and lost to Rutherford B. Hayes.

In 1962, the governors of Maine, Rhode Island and North Dakota were elected by an average of one vote per precinct.

In 1994, one vote per precinct in Alaska elected Tony Knowles as governor.

And as we all recall, in 2000, the presidential election was decided in favor of George W. Bush by the Supreme Court's decision.....the most controversial in U.S. history.

The Court allowed the vote certification made by Florida Secretary of State, Katherine Harris, to stand, giving Bush Florida's 25 electoral votes, which he won by just 537 votes giving him 271 electoral votes, one more than the 270 required to win the Electoral College over Al Gore.

Close to 6 million people voted in Florida in the 2000 presidential election and while the outcome was not decided by one vote, certainly every vote counted.

As does yours. So be sure to vote on November 5th.





The Blue Heron

By: Mary McGrath, Unit 925S

After a couple of weeks recovering from a cold and cough caught after a recent trip, I was feeling a bit down. I'd missed many of my usual activities and social occasions because of the cold.

Then on a recent walk I spotted him. He allowed me to get close enough to take a photo. He brightened my day with his color. He appeared in his splendid feathered garb, a beautiful indigo blue, like deep denim, one of my favorite colors. He sat on the hedge in our grounds and although I'd seen him before, today he seemed to allow me to get closer than usual. Perhaps he sensed my appreciation of his beauty or maybe my need to connect with him.

Later, I read that seeing such a bird, a blue heron, was considered a lucky omen by native peoples. He lifted my spirits, he brightened my morning. A little later as I sat by my window, a rainbow appeared over the water. It seemed like I had been sent a message that morning.



Symbolism and Cultural Significance: Blue herons have long held symbolic significance in various cultures around the world. **In Native American traditions, these majestic birds are often associated with wisdom, patience, and good luck.** If a Native fisherman spots a heron it is a sign that he will have a successful fishing trip.

Somewhere over the rainbow...Bluebirds fly...Birds fly over the rainbow...

Why then, oh, why can't I?

Somewhere Over the Rainbow Sung by Judy Garland

A Different Kind of Word Game

By: Margo Howard, Unit 903N

Years ago, a friend in Cambridge told me a wonderful story. Her father was head of an ad agency—the one that handled Pepsi. One night Al Steele, President of the soft drink company, asked to see him. Of course, that meant at his NYC apartment. At that time, he was married to Joan Crawford, desperately trying to “act like a lady—”act” being the operative word, given her start as a pornographic model.

So...the two men are in the living room talking, and the phone rings. Mrs. Steel/Joan Crawford picks up the phone, listens a minute, then asks, “Whom is calling?” (Her idea of being a lady.) Then, of course, “Whom is calling?” became a tag line.

Another misunderstanding of words happened at a manicurist’s table in Los Angeles. I’d mentioned that I had finally been able to give up smoking. She responded that she, too, had to give it her best shot, because, she said, in her circle, smoking made one a piranha.

Do you remember any such instances of the wrong word being funny? Ask your friends.

And Still Talking!

By: Bib Grossman, Unit 324S

In the year of ‘26, no not 2026—1926, in a thunder and lightning storm, a cry was heard. The local delivery stork dropped a bundle at the Salk household on Early Street. A tiny baby girl they quickly named Rose—Baby Rose. She was the last of 4 and the only girl—not gladly welcomed by the others, three boys who were counting on another member for their roughhousing, etc. No, she would never fit in. What were they ever going to do with a GIRL! Paper dolls, tap dancing, elocution lessons! Eck!

Time went by and she learned to talk, and talk. And talk! Closed herself in her room with dolls and paper dolls—an dtalked. Then came the telephone, and she talked.

Years went by, life went by. Bar Mitzvahs, graduations, weddings, several wars, marriages, raising children of their own. Life took them in many different directions, but the bond between them remained strong. 98 years later, they are all gone—all but one...

Baby Rose is still here and still talking!

LIFE

Life is a game of checkers
 We hop from square to open square
 From Pawn to King
 My open square was the GI Bill
 From High School to graduate degree
 At no cost to me
 And on the ground
 Where the Center was Washington, D.C.
 I was trained as a contract negotiator
 Advance up the ladder
 With pay check ever fatter
 Until in 1958, the space race

They did initiate
 And once again I moved
 To the open square
 From Gemini to Apollo
 The astronauts flew
 I went to work for the U.S. Navy
 We helped them through
 And now I am at the final square
 The Bay Club North Tower
 Not crowned a King
 But lacking nothing.



TRUE CAT STORIES THAT HAVE BEEN TURNED INTO BOOKS

By: Linda Lee T. Jones, Unit 309N

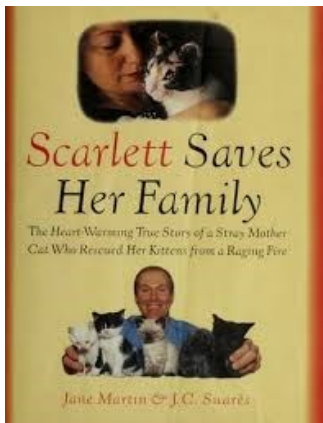
Nala's World: One Man, His Rescue Cat, and a Bike Ride Around the Globe
by Dean Nicholson and Garry Jenkins

When he was 30 years old, Dean Nicholson set off from Scotland to bicycle around the world to learn as much as he could about our troubled planet. A few months after leaving home, on a remote road between Montenegro and Bosnia, he came across an abandoned kitten. The bedraggled kitten plaintively meowed, and he knew if he left her there she might die. He put her on his bike and, with the help of local vets, nursed her back to health.

He named the cat Nala and they forged an unbreakable bond. The video of how they met had millions of views and followers. The book recounts the places they visited, even including refugee camps. People were kind and donated food and shelter along the way.

The book also has photographs. I recommended this book to several other people, and they liked it as well as I did. The book is easy to read, and you keep turning the pages to see what is going to happen next in this unusual and heart-warming adventure that became a national bestseller. Published in September 2020, 261 pages. The paperback includes a question-and-answer section.

The next books are older but were all popular and read by thousands of people.



Scarlett Saves Her Family by June Martin and J.C. Soares

The story of Scarlett was in the national news many years ago, but I remember it and you may too. The book is the touching true story of a stray mother cat in New York who rescued her kittens from a raging fire. On a cold March night, a devastating fire swept through an abandoned building. As firemen worked to put out the blaze, one of them saw a remarkable sight: a calico mother cat oblivious to the danger, kept returning to the building to rescue each of her five kittens. Her eyes were blistered shut and her paws were burned from walking through the fire five times. She then touched each of her kittens on the nose to see if they were all right. As she and her kittens struggled to regain their health, the family received national attention, and hundreds wanted to adopt the mother cat and kittens. The book includes first-hand accounts from the fireman who rescued her and North Shore Animal League where mother and kittens were nursed back to health by the veterinarians. News stories and many photographs of the kittens, each one a different color, plus text are included. The story is also a reminder of the many animals who need a home.

Dewey: The Small -Town Library Cat Who Touched the World by Vicki Myron with Bret Witter

The story of Dewey begins in a sad way. He was stuffed into the return book slot at the Spencer Public Library on the coldest night of the year. He was discovered the next morning by the library director Vicki Myron. Dewey captured her heart and the hearts of the staff by pulling himself up on his frostbitten feet to nudge each of them in a gesture of thanks. For the next nineteen years, he never stopped charming the people of Spencer, Iowa, with his enthusiasm and sense about who needed his attention the most. His fame grew world-wide and he became a source of pride for a Heartland farming town finding its way slowly back from a crisis. The book contains many pictures and stories

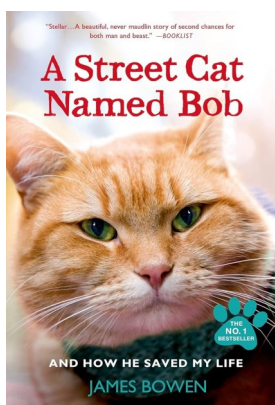
TRUE CAT STORIES CONTINUED

Dewey's Nine Lives. The legacy of the small-town library cat who inspired millions, a sequel written two years later that includes funny, inspiring, and heartwarming stories collected from people with special cats, by librarian Vicki Myron.

Homer's Odyssey by Gwen Cooper

The last thing Gwen Cooper wanted was another cat. She already had two and an underpaying job. Gwen's veterinarian called to tell her about a three-week old eyeless kitten who had been abandoned. Everyone told her that Homer wouldn't be as playful or independent as other cats. However, Homer made friends with every human he met and could scale seven-foot bookcases with ease. He even saved Gwen's life when he chased off an intruder who broke into their home in the middle of the night. But it was his loyalty, love, and joy in the face of obstacles that captured her heart. The book celebrates the refusal to accept limits on ability or hope against overwhelming odds. It's a memoir for anyone who has fallen completely in love with a pet.

A Street Cat Named Bob by James Bowen. How one homeless man and his cat eventually found hope. James found an injured street cat curled up in the hallway of his shelter. He had no idea how his life would change.



He was living on the streets of London and the last thing he needed was a pet. But he could not resist helping the strikingly intelligent tom cat he named Bob. He took him to a vet using his money for food and slowly nursed him back to health but instead of leaving, the cat stayed close. Soon the two were inseparable and their comic and occasionally dangerous adventures transformed both their lives.

The World According to Bob and **A Gift from Bob**. The further adventures of one man and his streetwise cat. The books were international bestsellers. Bowen admits the books were written with help. A film based on the first two books was released in 2016 and a sequel was released in 2020. Bowen now dedicates his time to charities that involve the homeless, literacy and animal welfare.

James Herriot's Cat Stories includes a collection of different warm and compassionate stories.

Cats are one of the most popular pets in the U.S. and around the world. They are also the oldest known pets, according to scientists who found that people kept them as early as 9500 years ago. Some SBC residents have cat companions. Many notables, past and present, love cats. I like the story of Winston Churchill who had other animals but loved his cat "Jock" who curled up on his desk while he worked. After Churchill died, the family fondly remembered Jock by insuring there would always be a marmalade cat with a white bib and four white paws that would continue to live at Chartwell, which is part of the National Trust. The most recent, Jock VII, is a rescue cat who now explores Chartwell, bringing smiles to visitors.

No wonder so many people love cats. They are incredible creatures and unique in many ways. There are over 100 cat facts on the internet. They can run up to 30 miles per hour, have more bones than humans, fall from great heights and land on their feet, and most surprising, only meow for humans. Plus, many of them love to sit on your lap.

I found some of the books I included at the Friends of Selby Library bookstore which has hundreds of books on a wide range of topics, including dogs too.

“The memories and pawprint of a beloved cat remains in our heart and soul forever.”

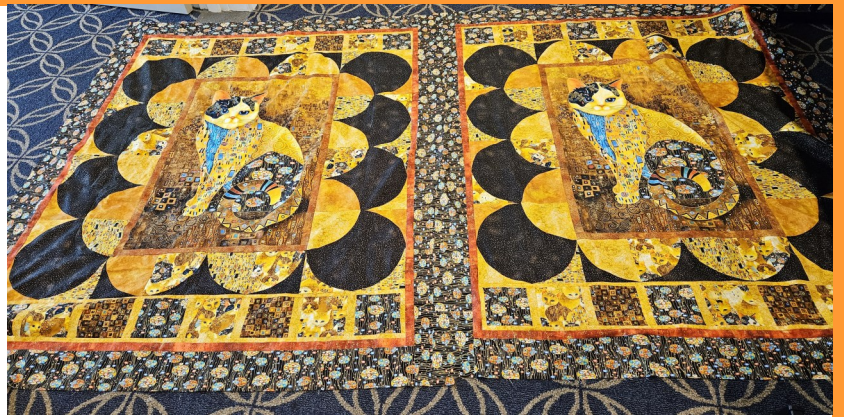
Unknown

The Cat's Meow

By: Lynne Minguez, Admin. Coordinator

All this cat talk, gave me the perfect opportunity to share my latest quilts with you.

These twin quilts are called Cleo Golden Bejeweled Cat. They were completed simultaneously at a quilt retreat I attended this August. One is for my granddaughter Kacey, and one is for a cat lover...ME!!



The Mouse that Roared

By: Shirley Fein, Unit 402N

The Mouse That Roared was a 1959 successful movie that starred the actor Peter Sellers, but truthfully it all happened years ago in our kitchen on the family farm when I was about 10 years old.

My Mother was a 4'11" whirling-dervish, who was in constant motion tending to her family, her activities, and her many interests, that included reading and her beautiful needlework.

One clear and sunny morning, I was making beds upstairs when I heard a bloodcurdling scream. I ran downstairs and found my Mother shaking from head to toe as she tried to balance herself on top of the kitchen table.

I asked her what happened. She could not speak. I ran out to the cow barn and told my Father and brothers that Momma was in trouble. They all bolted out of the barn and were in the kitchen in just a few minutes.

They found Momma shaking and still standing on the kitchen table. Dad told her that if she didn't tell him what happened, he would have to call the doctor. She finally blurted out, "Mouse." We realized then, that she had been frightened by a small gray mouse that sometimes frequented our kitchen and our pantry.

Dad lifted Mom off the table and put her on the sofa in the next room. We gave her a drink of water and after a half-hour, she was her self again.

How strange that she was afraid of the mouse when she was comfortable in the cow barn, helped feed Nellie and Prince, our two old horses. No animal ever upset her, except the little grey mouse. This episode repeated itself many times when I lived at home, and we could never convince Momma that she was much larger than the Mouse that Roared.

But then again, don't we all have situations that scare us? Like the time I was an infant lying in a beautiful straw baby carriage that was on the front lawn. Along came my Father's prize bull with his great big ivory horns that he hooked into the carriage and twirled me around and around.

Luckily, I was covered with many blankets, and as I fell out of the carriage, I was not harmed in any way. However, when my three brothers heard the story, they always teased me that I had something wrong with me, but it was the bull's fault. Grandma told me that my Mother could not speak for about three weeks after the episode with the bull.

Life was exciting on the farm. Momma used to say, "Never a Dull Moment."

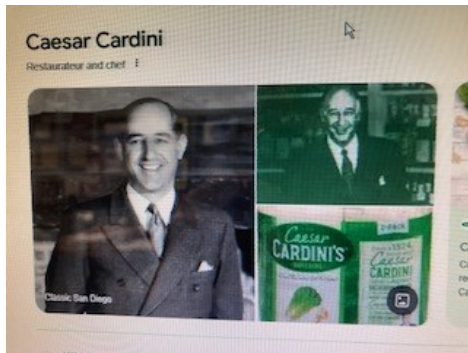
Hail to Caesar

By: Burt Herman, Unit 809N

Hail to Caesar.....The Caesar Salad, that is.

The salad that is often believed to have been created by Julius Caesar.

NOT SO!



As the story goes, the salad was first improvised on July 4, 1924 at Caesar's Restaurant in Tijuana, Mexico on a day when the kitchen was overwhelmed and short on ingredients. The creator was Italian immigrant Caesar Cardini.

It was a steamy night and Cardini was struggling to feed an influx of Californians who had crossed the border to escape prohibition. For a main course, Cardini fashioned a salad of romaine lettuce, olive oil, parmesan cheese, raw egg yolk, Worcestershire sauce, Dijon mustard, lemon juice and breadcrumbs. Some say the anchovies and croutons came later.

Of course, there are many versions of the salad. As we all know, the basic salad is a daily menu option here at SBC.

Meanwhile, Caesar's Place in Tijuana makes as many as 300 Caesar salads a day.

The Caesar Salad remains a perennial favorite, as about 35% of U.S. restaurants have Caesar Salad on their menus.

The July 6, 2024 Chicago Tribune article about the 100th anniversary of the Caesar Salad, mentions that 4.3 million bottles of Caesar salad dressing, amounting to \$150 million worth, is sold in the U.S. each year.

The Caesar Salad has been dubbed by the International Society of Epicures in Paris, as the greatest recipe to originate from the Americas in over 50 years. Not sure what fifty-year period they're referring to. Whatever, it's quite the kudos.

Beth Forrest of the Culinary Institute of America says, "The Caesar Salad is ideal for the Western palate because it contains our two preferred textures: crispy and creamy, and the egg yolks and parmesan cheese, rich in glutamate acids, also give the salad its rich taste."

Business in Tijuana declined after Prohibition ended, so Cardini moved his family to Los Angeles in 1935. They bottled their Caesar dressing at home before eventually founding Caesar Cardini Foods, Inc.

Rosa Cardini took over the company in 1956, eventually adding 17 other dressings. T. Marzetti, a maker of dressings and dips acquired Cardini Foods in 1996 and still sells Cardini's brand dressings, Caesar being the most popular. It's available at most supermarkets and Amazon.

Tijuana recently commemorated Caesar Salad's 100th anniversary with the unveiling of a statue of Cardini.

Why not order one tonight!

Celebrate!

Happy 100th Birthday, Caesar Salad.

Tropical Storm/Hurricane Deb- by Aftermath



The Black Skimmer nesting colony on Lido Beach is no more. Rain, storm surge, surf and sand resulted in massive overwash and sand accretion. Adult skimmers are on the beach in small groups, perhaps 400 total (of 1160). Only six feathered chicks remain (of 260 fledged chicks, 120 downy and feathered chicks and 13 scrapes/nests). Those that could not fly were washed out to sea or buried by sand. Many of the adult skimmers and fledglings flew inland during the storm. Instead of returning to Lido Beach they have started their journey to winter sites.

The Least Terns on South Lido Beach seem to have fared somewhat better than the skimmers, even though there was severe storm surge, flooding and sand accretion. Several of the tepee-like chick shelters, which are two feet high were completely buried by sand. None of the 80 non-flight-capable feathered and downy chicks survived. Many adult terns and fledglings are present on the beach and I did see many adults and fledglings returning to normal behaviors such as diving to catch fish and bathing.

I should mention that the many Royal Terns, Sandwich Terns and Laughing Gulls that are on these beaches with their fledglings appear to have successfully weathered the storm.

Images by Lou Newman, Sarasota, Florida, USA, 08/08/2024.



*This Photograph
by Emily Briner
Sarasota Shorebird Steward Coordinator*

People Watching

By: Margo Howard, Unit 901N

“People watching” is a time-honored activity. I have friends who do this in restaurants. Many actors do it to pick up ideas. Paul Newman, for example, observed people to hone his craft until he couldn’t any longer because those people had started looking at *him*.

When regular people (“civilians,” as they are called in the movie business) actually meet a celebrity something happens to them. My best guess is that their brains go on sabbatical. Cogent, educated people can become gibbering idiots. I find it quite an odd phenomenon. They want to say something ... but they don’t know what. The result is usually an unfortunate combination of flattery and nonsense. I remember a party in Washington, D.C. which was a dream setting for watching the spectacle of Regular Person meets Star. To beef up their coffers, the Vietnam Moratorium Committee gave a fund-raising party. For \$25 a head (this was 1969, remember, should the price seem like *bubkes*) they were offered drinks, chips, and Shirley MacLaine ... who brought her brother, Warren Beatty, who brought his girlfriend, Julie Christie. And Ben Gazzarra brought his wife, Janis Rule. Then there were the bonus people – guests who doubled as celebrities: Ted Kennedy, his (then) wife, Joan, NBC’s Sander Vanocur, and Chicago Congressman Abner Mikva.

The gentle art of eavesdropping revealed that people who corner a star inevitably wind up paying tribute to the apostle of cocktail party chatter, Saint Cliché. Some of the conversations, if you choose to call them that, make you want to stop breathing. A woman approached Ben Gazzarra and announced, “I know you weren’t “The Fugitive,” and I don’t think you were Ben Casey. Give me a hint.” I cannot tell you how he bailed out of that one, because I wandered away thinking, “Jeez, Lady, get a grip.” Another lulu, from which I could not walk away, happened when I was with my Broadway/TV star spouse leaving a deli in Lake Placid. A man approached and said, “You know, you look like Ken Howard!” “Well,” he said, “I am.” The man’s response was, “No ... but you really look like him!”

So many guests at the fundraiser informed the movie stars that “they looked smaller in person than on the screen.” Certainly this was to state the obvious, considering that movie screens could be 30 – 90 feet wide by 20-30 feet tall. The death-rattle of people-to-star conversations becomes apparent when the trapped luminary directs his gaze beyond the fan to begin searching for someone. *Anyone*. It can be just as fascinating to watch Star meet Star – but for this they need to be in different fields.

When Ted Kennedy was introduced to Julie Christie he came up with the following: “I’m one of your biggest fans. I still have *TIME* Magazine with your picture on the cover.” Beyond “Thank you,” there’s pretty much nowhere to go with that one. Which is where that encounter went ... as she smiled and ambled away. The fantasy of some of the paying party-goers is that they’re going to charm the sox (at the very least) off a celebrity guest. I saw a young thing over-interpret Warren Beatty’s Hollywood handshake – a kiss on the cheek – or had not been paying enough attention to notice that he greeted *all* the women that way. Anyway, this babe sank roots at his side and said (more than once) that she’d soon be going to California. Her pleasure was obvious when he said, “You really must call me and we’ll have dinner. I live at the Bel Air Hotel.” (He actually lived at the Beverly Wilshire, and I had heard him pull this stunt before. I knew him from Democratic politics, and thought that was kind of mean.)

Honesty demands that I confess to my own nutty-fan behavior. It happened only once ... but it was terrible. Just because of the cards I was dealt, I was not impressed by celebrity or famous faces. I had socialized with many of the swoon-worthy Hollywood actors of my generation: Beatty, Newman, Redford, Nicholson, and always had normal, adult conversations. Until, however, leaving my table at the Bistro Gardens In Beverly Hills one day I spied Peter O’Toole and a male friend. I came to a dead stop in front of his table and blurted, “Oh, my. It’s *YOU*.” Once out of my mouth I could not believe I had said that. He was most gracious ... considering ... and introduced me to his friend, then asked who I was. Truly, this was the only man from the stage or screen who could have turned me momentarily into a fawning headcase. I really was mortified and later mentioned the incident to Christina Pickles, a British actress friend. She replied, “If he could do that to you now, you should have seen him when we were at RADA before he climbed into a bottle of Scotch.”

“No,” I thought, “I’m good.”

HOPE

By: Linda Albert, Apartment 209N

My husband Jim had no intention of retiring. He was never a man who longed to replace his office for the golf course – who pictured himself leaving his native Michigan for warmer climates. He was a man who considered it a worthy challenge to maneuver his car without mishap in the kind of lake-effect snow and ice for which we were famous, and who never looked out the window during our very long winters and fretted over the gloom and absence of sun for which we were also well known.

For the first seven years after his diagnosis of Parkinson's disease at the age of 59, Jim barely turned a hair. He had climbed to a successful enough place in life to satisfy himself; found a comfortable plateau in his profession managing the small stable of real estate holdings he had developed, and was content to stay there for the rest of his life. Then one day, things changed. He felt stiff and lethargic in a way he had not previously experienced. His optimism was suddenly no longer in evidence. His belief in his ability to make good decisions disappeared. Trips to his neurologist did nothing to reassure him, even though the doctor was convinced there was no particular change for the worse in the progression of his disease. We were bewildered, and Jim was beginning to be frightened.

Fortunately, our son-in-law Andy, a clinical social worker, took it upon himself to undertake a search on the internet. According to what he found, 50 % of Parkinson's patients will be fated to experience clinical depression at some point in the course of their lives, with the symptoms imitating the Parkinson's symptoms themselves, so that a diagnosis is very difficult to ascertain. No fault or failing on the part of the person suffering through this was to blame, we discovered – not even the pain and disappointment of having to deal with a progressive physical disease – but rather, the compromised brain chemistry itself was both the cause and the potential remedy.

Neither my husband's internist nor neurologist had alerted us to this possibility, but once armed with information we were ultimately able to find a neuro-psychiatrist who aided us in understanding what my husband was going through and reassured us that he could be helped. He prescribed an antidepressant, to give my husband what he called “a floor” on which to stand emotionally, and encouraged him to get back into living his life as fully as possible. Luckily that medication was effective.

But there were challenges ahead. Jim had retired abruptly from his work, leaving me more and more to handle our personal affairs in order to save him from stress, and his longtime trusted assistant to carry on his behalf until we could figure out how to sell our investments and close down the business. He no longer went to the office. With no retirement plans in place, life appeared to be over as far as he was concerned. He spent long days sitting around the house in his bathrobe. I would try to perk him up by encouraging him to think of what still lay ahead for us - some of our children yet to marry – weddings to plan or attend - grandchildren to look forward to – new places to explore. But this only appeared to make him feel worse. He felt hopeless, and was ashamed of his inability to improve his spirits.

Then I learned from a nun who was teaching a course for Spiritual Directors, which I was taking at the time, that in Catholic tradition, hope is not considered something you can force into being through your own will power, but rather, is a gift from God that comes through Grace. I was amazed to hear this.

Having grown up with the understanding that “God helps those who help themselves,” I was a strong believer in action, in the idea we have to pull ourselves up by our own bootstraps in order for anything worthwhile to happen. But life was challenging at home, and though this was coming from a different faith tradition, I was willing, as I usually am, to consider any idea that might be helpful. Sometimes the best gifts come when our backs are against the wall, or from different worlds than our own.

If it was true that we humans cannot actually *will* hope, then my efforts to persuade Jim to feel more hopeful were clearly failing for good reason. Not only that, they were undoubtedly exacerbating the pressure he was under to find his way when the path he had planned to be on had clearly closed down on him. I returned home and told him about what I had learned that day in class and apologized.

HOPE CONTINUED

If hope could only come as a gift, then there was nothing one could *do* force oneself to be hopeful when hope disappeared. There was no point in feeling guilty and wasting energy about one's lack of success in trying to do the impossible. It was hard enough to be without hope. But what my husband could do instead we reasoned, was to open himself to *hope for hope*. It was a gentle recognition, and a doable one.

It was something, in fact, the two of us could do together, and was the beginning of a turning point in our lives; the start of a remarkable journey that led us to Florida, to a place we never expected to be – to a beautiful condominium overlooking a beautiful bay, to warmth and sunlight, and years of improved health and energy for my husband, to all kinds of amazing synchronicities and new possibilities for both of us.

What challenges the future would bring, we did not know. Nor could we control that future, much as we might have wanted to. But it was a gift to know that good things can often come out of bad, that surprises and adventures of the best sort may be around a dark and frightening corner, and that even when things seem hopeless, we can always hope for hope.



ENDANGERED SPECIES IN FLORIDA

by Linda Lee T. Jones, 309N

Florida is home to many unique and diverse species, but unfortunately many are endangered or threatened. To protect them, the Endangered Species Act plays a vital role. This federal law helps prevent extinction and promotes species recovery across the United States mostly by protecting critical habitats. I was surprised to learn that there are about 125 threatened and endangered species in Florida, but changes in the list are made each year. For more detailed information, you can refer to the official list provided by the Florida Fish and Wildlife Conservation Commission.

Florida Panther. During the 1970s, only about 20-30 Florida panthers remained in the wild. Today, there are just over 200 left in the wild. They are found in south Florida in pine forests, hardwood upland hammocks and saw palmetto flatwoods. This species is so critically endangered that it is vulnerable to just about every major threat. Because the population is so small, low genetic diversity is a concern. In addition, human encroachment has caused habitat loss, and roads and highways pose a danger to panthers attempting to cross. The panthers are also faced with mercury pollution and diseases. However, many efforts are being made to protect them, such as building underpasses under highways and purchasing conservation land north of the Caloosahatchee River.

Key Deer. A petite subspecies of the white-tailed deer, key deer are a unique inhabitant of South Florida. Once a food source for sailors and settlers, they teetered on the brink of extinction due to poaching and habitat destruction. Today, with hunting banned since 1939, the endangered Key Deer represents an ongoing struggle for survival against the encroaching human development in their exclusive habitat, the charming yet fragile ecosystem of the Florida Keys. Most of the Key Deer population can be found on Big Pine Key and No Name Key. The Keys located further south do not have a permanent source of fresh water, which is essential for the survival of the Key Deer.

Sea Turtles. A combination of heavy beach tourism, pollution, and climate change has frequently threatened the well-being of all five of Florida's species of sea turtles and put all of them on the endangered species list. Four of the species (green, Kemp's ridley, leatherback, and hawksbill) are considered "endangered" under federal law, while the loggerhead has been downgraded to "threatened." Conservation efforts throughout Florida have worked to rehabilitate injured loggerhead, green and kemp's ridley turtles and release them back into the wild. In Sarasota, we are aware of the importance of turning off lights that are visible on the beach, and how the nests need to be protected until the baby turtles have emerged and made it to safely to the water.



WILDLIFE RESCUE AT SBC

Top Left: Anhinga in distress plastic wrapped around his beak and he can't get it off.

Top Right: Don Bunch and Tim from Save our Seabirds (SOS), a volunteer organization, come to the rescue by subduing the bird for his safety and theirs while they worked to remove the plastic.

Bottom Left: Anhinga once again free and proud.

Pictures provided by Anita Bosworth, Dining.

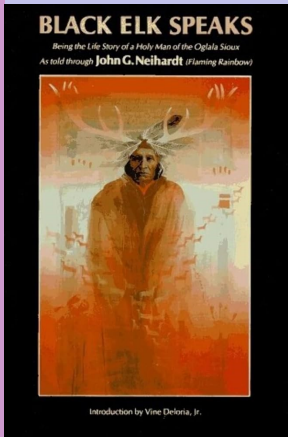
Thank you to Save Our Seabirds, a volunteer organization that is a wild bird learning center, a non-profit conservation and education organization located on the former Pelican Man's Bird location.

SOS is committed to the three R's...Rescue...Rehabilitation...and Release!

Save Our Seabirds operates on 90% contributions from individuals and foundations and could not rescue rehabilitate and release birds without that help. If you would like to visit them, there is no admission fee and they have a bird museum which houses over 100 birds that could not be returned to their natural habitat due to injuries. SOS uses their stories to educate the public about avian conservation. You can visit their website www.saveourseabirds.org/planned-giving if you would like to make a donation.

A Good Read

Book Review by: Carol Green, Unit 321S



“The Legend of the White Buffalo”

Submitted by Carol Green, Unit 321S

A white bison was recently born in Yellowstone Park. TV news showed Native Americans performing ceremonial dances in honor of the birth. I decided to ask a number of people who I know if they understood the significance and none did. I knew of the importance of the birth of the calf to the Native American communities and decided to put something together.

I learned about the legend from having read “Black Elk Speaks.” Black Elk was a Holy Man, a member of the Oglala Sioux tribe. A poet, John G. Neihardt, knew the Sioux language and thus was able to interview Black Elk. Black Elk fully cooperated as he wanted the stories of the Sioux to be preserved for future generations. The book was published in 1932. It is a classic guide to the religious beliefs of the plains Indians. For more than 2,000 years, Lakota (Sioux) elders have been passing the legend of the White Buffalo Calf Woman to younger generations.

This is the story of the origination of the peace pipe. The story goes that scouts were sent out to kill buffalo. In the distance a figure approached. They identified it as a woman. One had bad thoughts about her but the other instructed him to discard all bad thoughts as she was a Sacred Woman. She ultimately killed the man who harbored bad thoughts. She sent the good man back to the encampment with instructions to announce that she was coming. She gave the chief a pipe and blessed it that good things would come of it. The pipe was handed down within the tribe. The legend goes that they were ultimately to discover that the sacred woman was really a white buffalo. When she exited the tent, she became a white buffalo. It is said that she rolled on the earth four times, and each time she appeared as a buffalo of a different color (red and brown, then yellow, then black), finishing this display as a white buffalo calf. Today, the Sioux, Cherokee, Comanche and Navajo celebrate the birth of a white buffalo as a sacred omen indicating that their prayers had been heard and portending much better times. It is these tribes, and possibly others that celebrated the significance of the recent birth of the white buffalo (bison) in Yellowstone Park.



It was willed that the pipe may only stay in the hands of the good and that the bad would not see it. The sacred woman said she would return to establish peace, balance and harmony. That is why the appearance of the white buffalo is important. White bison (buffalo) are rare; they were likely albino (white hair, pink eyes), which occur at a frequency of about 1 in 10 million.

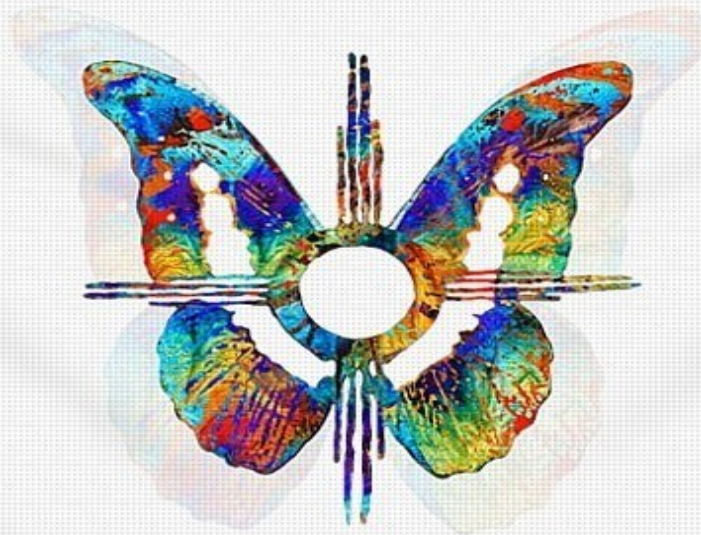
As an aside, the introduction to the edition of the book I own is written by author Vine Deloria. I met him and interviewed him on a radio show I hosted in Denver. He was a fascinating individual. He was Sioux American, and headed the National Congress of American Indians. He wrote over 20 books including “Custer Died for Your Sins.”

Buffalo Trivia

“Great white buffalo” is a term for someone's “first love” or “the one that got away.”

White buffalo are born only 1 in 1 million.

Yellowstone National Park had the birth of its first white buffalo on June 4th.



Great Mystery,
Teach me how to trust
My heart,
My mind,
My intuition,
My inner knowing,
The senses of my body,
The blessings of my spirit.
Teach me to trust these things
So that I may enter my
Sacred Space
And love beyond my fear,
And thus Walk in Balance
With the passing of each
glorious Sun.

Lakota Prayer

According to certain traditions, the Sacred Space is the space between exhalation and inhalation. To Walk in Balance is to have Heaven (spirituality) and Earth (physically) in harmony.

At the core of this timeless wisdom is the word “trust”. When did we stop trusting ourselves? When did we start giving that trust, that power, away?

In many ways the healing path is a process of reestablishing that trust with the infinite that resides within us, just waiting to be activated.

Submitted by Patricia Tunnell, Unit 822S

POETRY

Poem

By: Caring Santos, Unit 1104N

Each day is a new beginning
Of hope and trust
That our Lord may guide us
Above the clouds and storms
To the path to heaven

Please remember:
Life is short
Help those you can
Comfort the suffering
With kindness
Improve the health of the sick
Do not wait
Every moment counts.

True Love is Forever

By: Mario Sparagana, Unit 801N

I once loved a damsel
Whose life is no more
She once did me dazzle
This woman that I still adore.
Her untimely death I failed to foresee
My tears flowed, I was distraught
After she was taken from me
I miss the joy she brought.
She still lives in my head
Though her spirit has gone to another place.
I mourn that she is dead,
But it's as if she still holds me in her embrace.
My heart sobs that she is gone.
I will pursue her shade after I die.
Our love will live on when I see her anon.
For a love such as ours I can never deny.

My Skin

By: Norma Cohen, Unit 310N

I woke up one morning and my skin didn't fit
Looking at this jiggling skin made me want to quit
What happened to my body while I was fast asleep?
Maybe I'll just jump out of the window with
one gigantic leap
No, that's a little drastic even though I was in shock
I just hadn't paid attention to the revolutions
of the clock

I've been so busy just living life
Working, growing my family, being Al Cohen's wife
I won't let my flapping skin cause me to be down
I'll just put long sleeves on my new evening gown
And being more positive, I'll always give thanks
To the innovative woman who invented Spanx!

Jeremiah and the Fly

By: Helen Shaw and Herb Snyder

Jeremiah & his wife Jane were having dinner one night
With friends sitting on their left and on their right
A fly came buzzing by and would not leave, Oh my
Certainly something Jeremiah did not wish
Waving his hand back and forth
Only made the fly continue from south to north
Suddenly into a glass of water it fell
Jeremiah thought this was swell
But the fly did not drown
It kept swimming round and round.
Jane, Jeremiah's wife
Decided to save the fly's life.
She took the water glass and left the table
Went out the patio doors as quickly as she was able
Returning with a smile on her face
She said the fly was in a good place
She had poured the water, fly and all
Into the flowers on the patio wall.
This story should be in Scoop they agreed
So Helen and Herb wrote a poem
And here it is for you to read.

The Kype

By: David Kotok

The winter snows around Hidden Valley Ranch pond start their melt and runoff in March when seasonal warming from the longer sunny days replaces the short, dark, cold days of winter. March is when female rainbow trout find gravelly shallow spots and build their "nests" to hold hundreds and even thousands of eggs. When the male deposits sperm over the eggs and they are fertilized, the female uses her tail to move the displaced gravel back over the nest and cover the eggs. In four to seven weeks, hatchlings emerge. They consume their yolks for about two weeks, and then the rest of their life cycle begins.

Before leaving Colorado in October, we met two of those former hatchlings who started their journey about four and a half years ago.

This pond is about 15 miles from Kremmling, CO. It is on private land, accommodates only one fishing boat at a time, and offers "catch and release" fishing in a protected and well-cared-for environment. Jared Hawn, an experienced guide and quintessential Coloradan, arranged the trip.

Rainbow trout hatchlings are eaten mostly by larger fish, and few make it through the first year. They start out eating zooplankton and graduate to consuming other small fish, fish eggs, insect larvae, some crustaceans, and a variety of insects. Trout love insects.

As they grow larger, rainbow trout need to learn about eagles and other birds of prey, raccoons, herons, and fishermen. The last on that list are the unnatural predators. Trout don't have instincts for them but do become aware of an unnatural yellow dry-fly fishing line that lands on the surface of the pond. The shadow of a boat can also spook them. Trout know what insects are naturally present at any given time, which is why a fly fisher tries to "match the hatch."

It was the end of summer and my third trip to the pond. The drive had taken about an hour. July's midday 70s had given way to brisk 60s and early morning 40s, so lots of layers were needed.

Jared rigged a "hopper and double dropper" combination. In this configuration the imitation grasshopper serves as a floating dry fly and also as a strike indicator. It is unusual to have a fish actually take the hopper because it is late in the season and there aren't many grasshoppers still around. That is changing, though. Global warming is extending the summer in Colorado. Aspen yellow is coming later to the trees, as you will see in one of the photos. So a few hoppers were still kicked up as we walked through the grass at the edge of the pond.

Below the hopper by about three feet, we tied on a leech imitation with a gold bead head. Rainbow trout like the leeches in this pond and are fooled by the small gold-colored covering on the "head" of the fly. This leech imitation is a sinking, or "wet," fly. We tied it on with a special knot and attached the end of the tippet (small line) to the hook of the hopper. We then added a third and very small nymph imitation using the same technique. The rig now had three flies, two wet, in a sequence from larger to smaller, and the hopper.

A word is needed about tippets. There are various sizes, which are numbered - the bigger the number, the smaller the size. A smaller tippet is needed for two reasons. First, when the wet flies are tiny, the eye of the hook can accommodate only a very thin line. Second, it is harder for a trout to see a tiny line. So, we used a 3x leader size to tie on the hopper and a 4x (smaller) to tie the leech to the hopper and a 6x (tiny) to tie the nymph to the leech.

The Kype Continued

Now the trick was to cast this rig, not get tangled, and have the line "lay out" or unfold so as to look natural and not spook the trout. Remember the warning about trout and their reaction to shadows like the one from the boat. A cast of about 40 to 50 feet would be long enough to clear the shadows. Jared deftly parked the boat over a weed bed and anchored. The target for the cast was beyond the weed bed in the deeper water but in the direction of the shoreline. That location would make the hopper appear more natural, since a grasshopper is not normally found in the middle of a lake but can be kicked up from the grass along the pond's edge.

It was a magnificent day. The sun got warm enough. The wind was down. The pond was magical. The Colorado scenery was simply splendiferous. And I was about to meet two survivors of that Rainbow spawn four years earlier.



Here's the female, with Jared holding her (left picture); David pointing at male's kype (middle picture) and blowup of kype (far right picture).

As male rainbows mature, their front tooth space grows into a hardened extension of the lip. That is the fighting tool they use to keep other males away while they are defending the nest of eggs over which they are trying to deposit their sperm.

On this remarkable late-season day, two mature rainbows took a nymph or a leech and allowed me the experience of handling one with a kype and one without. Will they be a pair that produces hatchlings in the feed-stream next March or April?

Rainbows and most of the entire salmon family return to spawn at the place of their birth. This pond is no different.

With luck, I hope to return and greet them again.

In closing we offer a photo of a trout about to eat a mayfly. Note that the water tension hasn't broken yet, and this extraordinary photo captured the exact moment before it did.



(See photo here: <https://www.facebook.com/perandersnilssonphotography/photos/pb.100063493990716.-2207520000./511881349196763/>) (See photo here: <https://www.facebook.com/perandersnilssonphotography/photos/pb.100063493990716.-2207520000./511881349196763/>)



July August 2024

<u>Name</u>	<u>Apartment</u>
Immerman, Agnus	421S
Koffman, Ruthanne	411N
Mangel, Joel & Carolyn	903N
McHugh, Michael & Janet	401N
McKinney, Rochelle	125S



LUCIA BLINN, POET EXTRAORDINAIR

By: Shirley Fein, Unit 402N

Resident Lucia Blinn is a very talented writer that has written and published 7 books of poetry that have met with great public acclaim including *Sonoma*, *Passing for Normal*, and *Navigating the Night*.

Lucia is known for her wry wit, wisdom and poignant narratives. On Wednesday, August 7, 2024, an outstanding program of Lucia's work was presented to an overflowing SBC audience at the Resident Social. This individual production featuring the poetry of Lucia Blinn was adapted by our own Linda Albert.

SBC residents experienced Lucia's remarkable storytelling through the voices of our talented SBC readers: Sue Bralow, Esta Grocer Audrey Sharp, and Judy Hoerr. Thank you Readers—Excellent job.

Special thanks to Kathy Osborne, who as understudy, learned all four roles and provided valuable feedback to the readers, and to Terry Fleming for her invaluable support in helping Linda to get this special poetry reading off the ground.

This reading of Lucia's work was certainly a gigantic success.



We also welcome your contributions to future issues of SCOOP at any time! Please place your articles in Lynne's mailbox located in the North or South Tower Mail Room.

Scoop Editorial Staff: **Lynne Miguez, Production**
Linda Albert, Shirley Fein, Audrey Sharp and Janice Ellison