



SARASOTA BAY CLUB'S **SCOOP**

September October 2024

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

Fall Splendor Time to Give Thanks





“Purposeful New Days”

By: Burt Herman, Unit 809N



Thanksgiving eve 1975, two jumbo jets were racing toward each other 36,000 feet over Carleton, Michigan, when a glow lit up the cloud cover beyond Captain Eby’s windscreen and he knew what was out there.

A century earlier, poet Wil Carleton, the town’s favorite son and namesake wrote:

“Today is a pleasant day to live, a gloomy one to die.”

Thanks to Captain Eby’s evasive maneuver, American 182 and TWA 37 missed colliding by twenty feet, the blink of an eye. And Thanksgiving 1975 became a pleasant day to live for the Herman family and the hundreds of passengers and crew aboard the two jumbo jets.

During our steep, six second dive, unbelted American Airlines passenger, Art Farrell, floated out of his seat and drifted back a row.

When gravity was restored, he landed squarely on top of a woman he had never met.

“Sorry to drop in on you like this,” he told her.

Farrell’s quick wit belied the fear that he and the other passengers were feeling in that moment.

Forty-two years later, Art Farrell and his wife, Marilyn, dropped in on me.

I had just given my American flight 182 Thanksgiving Eve 1975 close encounter presentation at the Oak Brook, Illinois Public Library, and was unaware they were in the audience.

Lining up for an autographed copy of my book, Art took my breath away when he said,

“We were on that flight.”

We hugged each other, as the Farrells punctuated the moment, by showing me their flight 182 boarding passes and baggage claim checks.

Researching for my book, I looked everywhere for American flight 182 and TWA 37 passengers and there were the Farrells, who lived five minutes from me for forty years. Our paths must have crossed countless time...but we were like ships passing in the night.

Marilyn told me she was pregnant at the time and concerned about the deep descent and loss of gravity on the fetus. We met for coffee two weeks later when they introduced me to Kevin, their handsome, 42-year-old son.

On November 8, 2018, Marilyn and Art Farrell, my wife Elaine, and our three children, six other passengers and flight attendant, Sandra Olsaver, attended Captain Eby’s 100th birthday party in Daytona Beach. It was also my birthday. One of the evening’s highlights was the showing of the CBS, “Near Miss” documentary.

The emotion, the hugging, the tears of joy, meeting their hero for the first time, forty-three years after our close encounter, was a scene so unreal that even a Hollywood screenwriter would be hard pressed to recreate.

And I couldn’t help but wonder if there’s a cosmic meaning to the haphazard way our paths aligned, with the whole of ourselves poured into that moment, as we recognized and honored our hero.

Perhaps these words, from a reader of my book, “EBY, Master of the Moment,” best sums it up.

Purposeful New Day Continued

“The extraordinary power of this remarkable story is felt by all who read and hear it 42 years later. It resonates because with deep love of family comes the terrible fear of loss. Worse yet, loss in an instant. To know that there are heroes who can save us from this fate renews our fragile faith in a hopeful future.”

This was my toast to Captain Eby five years ago.

Emily Dickinson said, “We turn not older with years, but newer every day.”

“Guy, congratulations on the newest you...our beloved Centenarian, with thanks from the passengers and crew of American 182 and TWA 37 for the 15,648 days we’ve each been blessed with since Thanksgiving eve 1975. We wish you many more happy, healthy and purposeful new days.”

Guy Eby lived for another 985 purposeful new days.



What Does Love Mean? Answers When a Group of 4 to 8 year olds Were Asked

A group of professional people posed this question to a group of 4 to 8 year-olds, 'What does love mean?' The answers they got were broader, deeper, and more profound than anyone could have ever imagined!

'When my grandmother got arthritis, she couldn't bend over and paint her toenails anymore... So my grandfather does it for her all the time, even when his hands got arthritis too. That's love.' Rebecca - age 8

'When someone loves you, the way they say your name is different. You just know that your name is safe in their mouth.' Billy - age 4

'Love is when you go out to eat and give somebody most of your French fries without making them give you any of theirs.' Chrissy - age 6

'Love is what makes you smile when you're tired.' Terri - age 4

'Love is when my mommy makes coffee for my daddy and she takes a sip before giving it to him, to make sure the taste is OK.' Danny - age 8

'Love is what's in the room with you at Christmas if you stop opening presents and just listen.' Bobby - age 7 (Wow!)

'If you want to learn to love better, you should start with a friend who you hate.' Nikka - age 6 (we need a few million more Nikkas on this planet)

'Love is when you tell a guy you like his shirt, then he wears it every day.' Noelle - age 7

'Love is like a little old woman and a little old man who are still friends even after they know each other so well.' Tommy - age 6

'During my piano recital, I was on a stage and I was scared. I looked at all the people watching me and saw my daddy waving and smiling. He was the only one doing that. I wasn't scared anymore.' Cindy - age 8

'My mommy loves me more than anybody. You don't see anyone else kissing me to sleep at night.' Clare - age 6

'Love is when Mommy sees Daddy smelly and sweaty and still says he is handsomer than Robert Redford.' Chris - age 7

'Love is when your puppy licks your face even after you left him alone all day.' Mary Ann - age 4

And the final one: The winner was a four year old child whose next door neighbor was an elderly gentleman who had recently lost his wife. Upon seeing the man cry, the little boy went into the old gentleman's yard, climbed onto his lap, and just sat there. When his mother asked what he had said to the neighbor, the little boy said, 'Nothing, I just helped him cry.'

I'll Meet You There

By: Carol DeChant, Unit 1120S

Whenever we're heading into the World Series, I recall cities I've lived in whose teams I've supported. Starting in Kansas City with the then Athletics, at MLB's most modest field in the 1960s. We took off work on Opening Day, drove to that stadium, parked on the street (there was no parking lot), paid kids to "watch" our car (so they wouldn't slice tires), walked to Bryant's Barbecue for a packaged lunch to take to the game. Beer was sold at the stadium, but not food.

Talk of building a new stadium began in the late 1960s, and a sizable plot was for sale in the Greater KC area town of Peculiar, Mo. But Kansas City A's owners feared they'd then be known as the Peculiar Athletics, rather than becoming—as they planned—the Kansas City Royals.

The best newspaper headline involving this town occurred around that time, announcing the wedding of a couple who met at the teacher's college in Normal, Illinois. Teacher programs were called Normal study then, which became the town's name—leading to the headline: "Normal Man Weds Peculiar Woman."

For as long as anyone can remember, a sign announces you've entered this town: "Welcome To Peculiar, Where the Odds Are With You."

Just about every state has towns with goofy names, which must become ordinary to residents. Locals probably know how the weird names came about. Here are a few:

Arizona: Why

Nebraska: Whynot, Funk.

Kansas: Dry Wood, Hasty, Mayday, Good Intent, Ransom, Swamp Angel

Texas: Bacon, Grapevine, Noodle, Oatmeal, Turkey, Salty, Uncertain

W. Virginia: Monkey's Eyebrow, Looneyville

Minnesota: Embarrass

Maryland: Accident, Hideout

Mississippi: Chunky

Alaska: Eek

Wisconsin: Embarrass

Arkansas: Toad Suck

Oregon: Boring

Missouri also has Tightwad and Frankenstein.

Pennsylvania: Intercourse, Burnt Cabins, Hazard, Panic, Rough & Ready—and of course Punxsutawney, where a groundhog predicts the weather every February.

I Will Meet you There Continued

Iowa has Defiance, Last Chance; the town of Gravity's entrance sign says: "Welcome to Gravity. We're Down to Earth."

You can go to Hell in Michigan, where its ice cream shop is Crematory and its Dairy is Holy Cow. Which brings us home to Florida, which has Roach Branch, Dogtown, Festus, Fluffy Landing, Yeehaw Junction. Should we meet and perhaps dine in Lone Cabbage, just west of Cocoa, and not far from Spuds and Picnic?

Pictures of the Offshore Boat Races: "2024 Sarasota Powerboat Grand Prix" These photographs were taken on September 15, 2024. The races are run on a six mile course in the Gulf of Mexico off Lido Beach.

Images by Lou Newman, Sarasota, Florida, USA.



A HUG FOR MARLENE

By: Norma Cohen, Unit 310N

I met up with an old friend while visiting New York City.

We laughed and chatted, reconnected—time flew by so fast; a pity.

She had recently lost her husband after being married for 66 years.

Of course she missed him terribly but she was strong in the telling, didn't melt into tears.

One thing she said touched me deep in my soul, I wanted so much to be able to console.

"I miss being held," she simply exclaimed, wrapping her arms around herself to further explain.

And that touching gesture, so simple and real, explained the depth of how she did feel.

So give big hugs to friends alone in this life

Who will never again be a husband or wife

It does take some work to be a good friend

So, step out of your comfort zone to help someone mend

Give a big hug, a real caring embrace

And watch the recipient ascend to a happier place.



What are the benefits of hug?

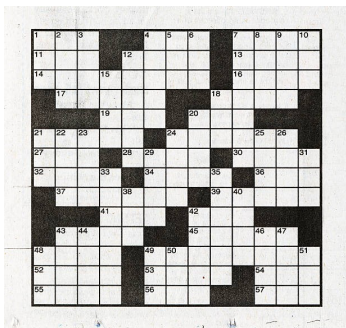
Hugs **lower your blood pressure and heart rate, while also improving cardiovascular function.** Hugs decrease the release of cortisol, making you less stressed and allowing for improved sleep. Hugs boost oxytocin in our bodies, which is associated with feeling happier.

What is the Disney Hug Rule?

The Hug Rule...is that **characters may never let go of a hug first.** The child may hug as long as they want. Why? Walt said "You never know how much that child may need that hug."

How many hugs do adults need a day?

Remember touch is essential and there is no substitution for a great big hug! As author and family therapist Virginia Satir once said, "We need four hugs a day for survival. We need eight hugs a day for maintenance. We need **12 hugs a day for growth**".



Crossword Puzzles

By: Gertrude Margolick, Unit 526S

I love to do Crossword Puzzles
They are challenging and fun
To complete one is most satisfying
Tho I can't relax until it's all done.

One can learn so much from the Crosswords
Did you know "pismire" is an ant?"
And feathered vertebrates are known as "birds"
Or "liturgical melody" is a "chant?"

A thick cream soup may translate as "bisque"
A life based on pleasure "hedonism"
A "high tech" item becomes "hard disk"
While "another-word-for" explains "euphemism."

A certain cut of beef is called a "brisket"
Another, cooked slightly, is known as "rare"
A small crisp cracker, we're informed, is a "biscuit"
And a puffy French pastry, voila!, an "éclair!"

40-Across requires a word for "prevailing"
24-Down is a popular herb
8-Across holds a clue for "retailing"
While 10-Down demands defining a verb.

Sometimes when I'm stymied or hopelessly stuck
And convinced I must leave the puzzle unfinished
That's when I push my luck let my brain run amok
Since I don't want my ego diminished!

Oh, the joy when the puzzle's completed!
Oh, such bliss to have mastered it all!
"Smugness" comes dangerously close to "conceited"
When I suddenly feel seven-feet tall!

The puzzle on Monday is easy
On Tuesday, it gets a bit tougher
By Wednesday, the going's more queasy
And Thursday, it's decidedly rougher
Friday is no day for sissies

And, Saturday, it's like struggling through "Ulysses!"
As for Sunday, I don't give the puzzle even a peek
Because to conquer it, I know, would take me all of next week!

Oh Yes, I Remember it Well

By Margo Howard, Unit 901N

Living at the Sarasota Bay Club, a place I consider to be a dormitory for oldsters, lends itself to recollections. A dinner party the other night reminded me of a doozy from long ago in Chicago.

If this particular dinner had a title, I guess it would have been: “A Thing of Beauty is a Joy for About a Minute and a half.” I refer to an elegantly set table. The hostess had created pure gorgeousness. The silver and crystal were collector’s items and the flowers were spectacular. The only thing that detracted from the visual splendor was, alas, the conversation of the guests. For reasons unknown to me, since all were bright and affable, the conversation was the most wiggled out I have ever heard – which is likely why it comes to mind decades later.

The man to my left, a judge, was bemoaning his lousy luck. He had dreamed for years, he said, of becoming a judge. And now that he was one he was in a terrible position to have an affair. (Say what?!) “I cannot travel for business,” he sighed, “because all my business is here. And my chambers are not any kind of executive suite. Plus, there are clerks and a secretary nearby, and lawyers coming in and out. It is just not possible in the judicial framework to take honeys to discos on an expense account, since the only reimbursements I’m allowed is to have my robes drycleaned.” I thought my heart would break for this poor, oppressed unfortunate. I frankly did not know how to make the poor fellow feel better, so I eased us both into the main conversation. This may have been a mistake.

The conversation was politics. Well ... kind of. Without the formal strictures of a game, the group was playing “Looks Like.” Somebody said Gerry Ford looked like Frankenstein’s monster. (Well, maybe the forehead ...) There was muted chuckling. Someone else said Liddy Dole looked like an elderly Ann Margaret. That got full-blown laughter. I said Jimmy Carter looked like Eleanor Roosevelt. Everyone turned on me and said what a wonderful woman she was and what was wrong with me, anyway? A nice woman, who I think was trying to take the heat off me, launched into a story about her son, the doctor, who, on his first day as a real doctor was summoned by his pager to the bed of a patient. Either because he was six feet four or because he was a *klutz*, he fell down the stairs on his way to offer assistance. The gentleman on her right piped up, “I think he took care of me once.”

Somehow the conversation moved to CB radios (!?) which never struck me as terribly classy, residing, as they do, mostly in trucks. I just knew that men of accomplishment like John D. Gray of Hart, Shaffner, and Marx, and Arthur Wirtz of everything, did not sit in their cars calling each other “good buddy,” warning everyone about the Smokeys. Well, anyway, someone told a story where, in Texas, one CBer was *murdered* by another one because his signal was too strong and he was hogging the airwaves.

Perhaps to maneuver the conversation to a more sophisticated level, a man mentioned an art show in London featuring dirty diapers. The artist supposedly had said, “They are art because I say so.” I am not kidding. The whole evening was like this. Of course, the inevitable happened: everyone began to gossip. I loved the euphemisms. Someone brought up a married doctor who had “lady friends.” This activity was called “making house calls.” As you can imagine, the judge was looking wistfully into space ... Then we were treated to the news that a solid citizen, pillar of the community, was contemplating asking his about-to-be ex-wife for alimony. This at least led to a discussion of women’s rights, the court structure, and whether a separated woman was entitled to keep her charge account at Saks.

Even the toniest topic of the evening degenerated into idiotic hilarity. I speak of Chicago’s Two Nobel Prize winners at the time – Milton Friedman and Saul Bellow. Of course, both men knew a lot of people in Chicago. When Friedman’s name came up, I expected a discussion of economic theory, econometrics, consumption, inflation, and indicators. Instead, one woman said he was “an adorable gnome” with whom she had once argued about Keynesian theory, and boy, was she embarrassed now that he had won the Nobel!

Oh Yes, I Remember It Well Continued

OK, it was agreed that Milton Friedman was a darling. No one, however, said the same about Saul Bellow. In fact, I had to restrain myself because Mrs. Bellow #3 was a good friend of mine and I thought it improper to pass on insider information. It was about this time I excused myself from the table to join the judge in looking for a change of venue.

The Real Meaning of Worry

By: Norma Cohen, Unit 310N

Many young people are marrying later now. They're not in any hurry.
They soon find out when they do "settle down" the real true meaning of worry.

No. 1, the wedding; takes so much planning. Will it go as you wish?

Or will some distant relative complain about his dish?

(There is nothing we can do, so we worry)

No. 2 they get pregnant; a baby is on the way

That really changes things; nausea every day.

The beautiful bride is bent over the bowl,

Loud retching noises do we hear.

But thank goodness, just a few months later

This misery will disappear.

(And what have we done during this time? We continue to worry.)

No 3, the birth: of course it's three in the morning

When they rush out to deliver

And the girl with the basketball tummy is starting to feel a strong quiver.

(This "Quiver" gives way to a hell of a pain...

Which she hopes she'll never feel again)

(And what does the rest of the family do? We worry)

So after two Days of pushing and grunting

The doctor decides a C-section is what she'll be confronting

(So worry some more, she's under the knife

And now our worry turns to panic for this beautiful young wife)

This story ends happily I'm so thrilled to say

And baby and parents are coming home this day

As the little guy grows up

(Give him time, don't you hurry)

You'll finally know the real meaning of worry!

**The pessimist complains about the wind. The optimist expects it to change.
The realist adjusts his sails.**



Kokanee

By: David Kotok, Unit 528S

Kokanee are a freshwater salmon, genetically similar to the migratory sockeye salmon. So they become a fisherman's surprise and delight when some salmon run is discovered a thousand miles from the Pacific Ocean. Such is the case in the Blue River in Colorado. There are other stretches of rivers in the western part of our country where Kokanee salmon are found as well.

How they got to be freshwater fish is an interesting question. Most historians believe that there was a very large melting of the ice sheet in North America 10 to 15 thousand years ago, and the sockeye salmon species got separated such that the freshwater version had no choice but to evolve on its own. Migration to the Pacific was cut off.

Whatever the history, Flyfishers are treated to an extraordinary adventure with a salmon run. Here's one story.

It was a beautiful fall day in Colorado. Yellow aspen, their golden leaves sometimes tinted with orange or red, dotted the landscape, framed by the blue Rocky Mountain sky. This is the best of fall in the Rockies.

The Blue River starts at the top of Hoosier Pass above 11,000 feet and makes its way down for about 100 miles until it empties into the Colorado River near Kremmling. Along that stretch it descends about 4000 ft. After Breckenridge, the river flows into Lake Dillon. The Kokanee cannot get around the dam, so the Kokanee adventure starts below the dam in Silverthorne, Colorado, where the fish migrate to various spawning locations. One of those is a half mile from our house.

So, we walked.

It was a gloriously bright sunny day, graced by a soft breeze. The flowing river and the scenery added to the excitement. There must have been 100 fish in the pool, and from above a bluff they looked like moving red rocks as they oscillated in currents of crystal clear water. We beheld a sight found only in this natural setting.

Our fishing guide, Luke, helped with the wading in the stream and with setting up the fly rod for this special type of fishing. To fish here, you must cast with great precision. Literally, you need to drift the fly right to the nose of the fish. A foot on either side and the Kokanee won't move for it.

Results are a marvel of fly-fishing fun. The salmon run and fight and jump. And if you can hold them and get them into the net and say thank you, you release them back into the river. But first, before the release, the picture.

Here's Christine, our guide Luke, and a male Kokanee. You can tell it's a male by the extended lip, which is called a kype and is used by the male when guarding the eggs or fighting with other males. Christine caught five fish that morning.

Some folks think that you can get salmon in a delicatessen. They are correct, of course. But it is a marvelous thing on a fall day to meet the Kokanee where they thrive in their mountain home and rise to snatch a well-placed fly.

Happy Autumn in the Rockies.

**Where is the pumpkin capital of the world?
Morton, Illinois**

Florida Has Banned More Books Than Any Other State

By: Linda Lee T. Jones, Unit 309N

PEN America, a free speech advocacy organization, found that book bans nearly tripled during the 2023-2024 academic year, with over 10,000 books banned in public schools. Of the more than 10,000 books banned, about 8,000 were documented in Florida and Iowa. Texas is also high on the list.

PEN's preliminary findings also found that bans during 2023-2024 targeted primarily books by or about persons of color, racism, sexuality or gender identity. About one in three books restricted by school districts featured LGBTQ themes or characters.

The dramatic increase in book bans seems to be largely a result of state laws which made it easier to remove books without due process or any formal process for review.

The American Library Association (ALA) indicated that challenges involved more than 2500 different books, by far the most since the ALA began keeping track 20 years ago. The actual numbers are likely much higher: some challenges are not reported, and books librarians pull off shelves out of worry about their jobs are not included.

What are the most banned books?

Here are just a few of most challenged books of 2022, according to the ALA:

Gender Queer by Maia Kobabe

All Boys Aren't Blue by George M. Johnson

The Bluest Eye by Toni Morrison

Flamer by Mike Curato

Looking for Alaska by John Green

The Perks of Being a Wallflower by Stephen Chbosky

Lawn Boy by Jonathan Evison

The Absolutely True Diary of a Part-Time Indian by Sherman Alexie

Out of Darkness by Ashley Hope Perez

A Court of Mist and Fury by Sarah J. Maas

Crank by Ellen Hopkins

Me and Earl and the Dying Girl by Jesse Andrews

This Book is Gay by Juno Dawson

Many books that were historically banned ended up becoming literary classics that are still being read or taught in today's classrooms. According to the ALA frequently banned classics include:

To Kill a Mockingbird by Harper Lee

The Catcher in the Rye by J.D. Salinger

The Grapes of Wrath by John Steinbeck

The Color Purple by Alice Walker

1984 by George Orwell

Brave New World by Aldous Huxley

Native Son by Richard Wright

Slaughterhouse-Five by Kurt Vonnegut

Banned Books Continued

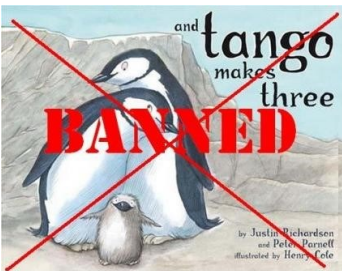
A Separate Peace by John Knowles

Lord of the Flies by William Golding

Florida Parental Rights in Education Act

House Bill 1557, Parental Rights in Education, commonly referred to as the “Don’t Say Gay” Bill, was signed into law by Governor DeSantis and went into effect on July 1, 2022. The law bans classroom instruction or discussion on gender identity and sexual orientation from kindergarten to third grade. From fourth to twelfth grade, the law restricts such discussion to what is age or developmentally appropriate. In May 2023, Florida passed HB 1069, which expanded the complete ban in statute to pre-kindergarten through eighth grade.

These laws have led school districts across Florida to remove books. For example, Lake County School District restricted access to 40 books, most dealing with LGBTQ themes. Books restricted included A Day in the Life of Marlon Bundo by Jill Twiss, And Tango Makes Three by Peter Parnell and Justin Richardson, and In Our Mothers’ House by Patricia Polacco.



Parnell and Richardson sued Lake County School District in June 2023 for banning And Tango Makes Three for “no legitimate pedagogical reason.” Richardson said that although the book had been the target of restrictions since 2005, it had never been permanently restricted in a public school library until December 2022 in Lake County.

And Tango Makes Three is the true story of two male penguins who create a family by hatching an egg with the help of their zookeeper at the Central Park Zoo. Scientists have reported same-sex behavior throughout the animal kingdom.

There are 28 school districts (out of 82) in Florida that provided an online list of books that have been challenged. Some districts had long lists and others shorter lists. The district reports showed which books were removed and which were not along with some books that were restricted to older high school students. In looking through the lists, there were hundreds of different titles. Sarasota County had a short list and very few removed. Manatee County had a longer list. It was reported that Manatee County School district officials directed teachers to remove or cover books in their classroom libraries until they could be vetted. Don Falls, a teacher at Manatee High School, said that in his 38 years of teaching he had never seen anything like this, and showed a photo of his covered bookcases.

Florida District Returns Banned Books to Shelves Following Lawsuit

The Nassau County School District, facing charges of censorship, agreed in an out-of-court settlement to place 36 books back on the library shelves. They range from classics like Beloved by Toni Morrison, The Kite Runner by Khaled Hosseini, and the children’s book And Tango Makes Three. As part of the agreement, the school board said there was no obscene material in And Tango Makes Three and that it had pedagogical value. There are 12 books which will be restricted to adult students which makes sense. The books will also go through a review process instead of being banned behind closed doors. (Condensed from report by USA Today Network-Florida First Amendment reporter Douglas Soule, September 13, 2024)

Major Publishers Sue Florida Officials Over Banned School Library Books

Penguin Random House, along with other publishers, recently sued Florida education officials over the state law that prohibits sexual content in school libraries. They argue that the law has ignited a wave of book removals that violate the first amendment. The suit is the latest dispute over whether schools should let students read books that touch on themes of race, gender or sexual orientation. Conflicts over what reading material is appro-

Banned Books Continued

appropriate have emerged in a number of states, but Florida has become the epicenter for these fights under the current state leadership.

The lawsuit makes the case that timeless classics and best-selling novels are being tossed from library shelves. These books include [I Know Why the Caged Bird Sings](#) by Maya Angelou, [Their Eyes Were Watching God](#) by Nora Neale Hurston and [Slaughterhouse-Five](#) by Kurt Vonnegut.

Sydney Booker, a spokeswoman for the State Education Department, said there were no banned books in Florida and that “sexually explicit material and instruction are not suitable in schools.” The governor, who has not been named in the suit, has argued that pornographic and inappropriate material has been “snuck into our classrooms and libraries to sexualize our students.”

The lawsuit said that some educators have thrown out all the books in their classroom libraries to avoid controversy or penalties, which could include losing their teaching licenses.

Education officials have broad discretion over the books in school libraries, but the Supreme Court has said their judgement “may not be exercised in a narrowly partisan or political manner.”

The publishing companies said in the lawsuit that they “do not seek to prevent Florida school districts from ensuring the school libraries do not contain obscene books and are not asking for the entire law to be overturned.” However, they argued that books that get removed from libraries are often described as “pornographic,” while in practice, they “are not remotely obscene.” (Condensed from [New York Times](#) article by Tony Closson, August 29, 2024)

Students, Books, and Effects on Reading Development and Achievement

Students choose the books they want to read in the school library, or they may be helped by the librarian to find a book that appeals to them. Younger students like a wide variety of books, such as illustrated books that are funny or about animals. Classroom libraries are often for students who finish their work early, so removing them deprives students of the opportunity to read. Some students may not have books at home so access to books at school is important to developing their interests and a love of reading. Brain development in young children can be hampered by living in poverty, but until measures are taken to reduce inequality, one low-cost activity that may at least counter some of the negative effects of poverty on the brain: reading for pleasure (study published in [Psychological Medicine](#)). A study of high school juniors found that those who read for pleasure had higher grades in the core subjects. The educators agreed that pleasure reading is beneficial, even essential to student development and achievement.

Why Concern About Books? What About the Prevalence of On-Line Pornography?

The internet is filled with pornography that is easy to view. Three quarters of teenagers have viewed pornography online by age 17, with the average age of first exposure at age 12, according to a report by Common Sense Media, a nonprofit child advocacy group. Teenagers are seeing the photos and videos on their smartphones, school devices and social media sites. The report emphasized how ubiquitous pornography has become. Much of the exposure was by accident, with 58 percent saying they did not seek out the material. Is the legislature giving this any attention? (Shortened from article by Cecilia Kang, [New York Times](#), January 10, 2023).

What bug flies south to Mexico for the winter during the fall months? Butterflies

Prologue By: Budee Jacobs, 404N

For greater understanding of this narrative I include a few facts before proceeding. My Name is Janet Klein. I am closer in age to triple figures than I ever dreamt I would be. I have three grown daughters and 6 granddaughters, two of whom chose to be members of this family because they fell in love with my two perfect grandsons.

Though Noah Webster and I generally agree on the definitions of his collection of words in my dictionary, for this story the words “perfectly good” mean not frayed, scratched, chipped or obsolete.

My Day That Shall Live in Infamy

For over 50 years, I have lived in a happy life in a large two story home. Now alone with no family nearby and friends long gone, I was beginning to feel lonely. “Mom”, the eldest and most outspoken one of my girls said while visiting with her two sisters, “we girls feel it is time for you to leave and move to an independent living community.” I knew they were right. I had already given up driving when I realized curbs were more than inclines in the street and my Macular Degeneration was to the point where green and red lights were indistinguishable. “None of us live close by and we worry about you. We sisters have found the perfect place for you,” she said as a myriad of folders descended on my lap. Without looking at them, I asked “Just where is this fantastic place?” “It is called Bougainvillea Vistas in the lovely city of Sunnybrook, FL. Its airport services all our cities and the fares are relatively cheap” and then came the hook...so we can visit more often that we do now.” It didn’t take a rocket scientist to know this was already a done deal. I looked at the folders and by golly they were filled with gorgeous shots of Bougainvillea in many shades of red, what looked like a small body of water complete with fountain (or was it a retention pond?) and a clubhouse with photos of bright-looking seniors playing pool, which I do not, some at cardtables playing chess, which I do not and others sitting at a bar drinking umbrellaed drinks from frosty glasses, which I never drink, but otherwise it looked to be a nice place to spend my remaining years provided I learned to play pool and chess and drink frozen beverages from umbrellaed glasses. Of course, I said “I’ll go.”

Departure day minus 1 arrived along with 8 mostly estrogen driven women to assist in packing. “Mom,” now in charge daughter #2, the peace maker of the family, gentle soul that she is, said, “just sit in this chair and watch. We gals will take care of it all.” Wall hangings were removed and holes repaired, drawers were emptied and shelves cleared. What could go wrong? From the corner of the room, I noted 3 cartons that were unfamiliar to me. I went to look. One had a sticky that said GOODWILL, one had a sticky that said SAVE and the third said TRASH. Trash! Janice Klein does not have trash. My children’s mother does not have trash, My grandchildren’s Grammy Jan does not have Trash! “Time Out Girls,” I croaked. “Just what is in this carton?” I referred to the one marked TRASH.

From the box I pulled out a perfectly good telephone. Yes, it has a long curly cord that comes in handy when talking on the phone and one to move from room to room and it comes with its own jack and no it does not have Caller ID but it is perfectly good. “Thanks but no thanks, Mom.” That was uttered from the mouth of daughter #3, the realist. Well, what about this? From the box I extracted a rubber bag combination enema bag slash hot water bottle container and it is perfectly good. “No thanks, Grammy,” number 2 granddaughter said. I have a bag with some sort of seed in it that you put in the microwave to warm and it is great for sore muscles. “Thanks but no thanks.” Aha! Here is something no one can scoff at. A brand new sales tag still on address book. Everyone can use an address book right? WRONG. Granddaughter #4, the know it all who married one of my perfect grandsons answered. “All our contacts are on our smart phones now,” She always did have a smart mouth, don’t know what Adam ever saw in her except for her artificial boobs! And then I spied it or rather them. This I knew in my heart of hearts was the crème de la crème. The Klein family tradition will live on! Can’t wait to watch them all fight over this treasure—my

My Day That Shall Live in Infamy Continued

collection of elephants. I have large ones and small ones, I have elephants with trunks up and trunks down, I have clay ones, pottery ones, glass ones, China ones and colors? You cannot believe all the colored ones I have. I removed them with all the fanfare I could muster which was “Look what I have for you!” If rolled eyes could speak there would be words that would put a sailor to shame. The middle daughter spoke, “we never could understand why you collected those things in the first place” followed by granddaughter #3 saying, “we all thought they were creepy!”

So much for thinking my treasures would be their treasures.

And so, off I went to Bougainvillea Vista to begin a new chapter in my life, taking with me only fond memories and a few relics of a former life. I made some nice friends, joined the Singing Sharps and Flats Chorus and have learned I can get by with just precious memories and without hot water bottles and elephants.

My Favorite Picture of My Younger Self

There are some people you can look at and visualize what they looked like when they were younger. This is not true for everyone, of course. Don't you love seeing old photos of friends? It's like getting into the “way-back-when machine” with people you only met as seniors.

So join me and let's reminisce and have some fun. Find your favorite picture of yourself when you were younger and give to Lynne Minguez for inclusion in the next Scoop.

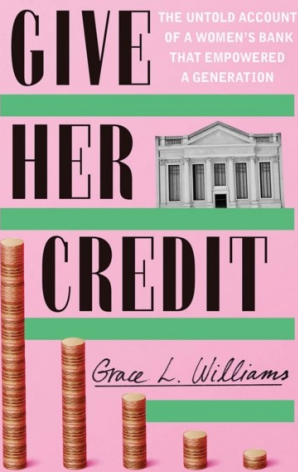
Can you identify the residents below:



*See answers on last page.

A Good Read

Book Review by: Carol Green, Unit 321S



“Give Her Credit” by Grace L. Williams

I must share that I have a personal interest in this amazing book. In April of 1975, I invited the most successful women in banking in greater Denver to my home for a meeting. All agreed to attend. Around that time, I had heard about the formation of a women’s bank in New York City, and I wondered if these women thought it would be possible to form such a bank in Denver, Colorado. Little did I know that we were taking on a near impossible task. It was one thing to consider such an undertaking in a major American city, but quite another to consider it in Denver with a population at that time of 500,000.

I invested a year speaking with bank CEOs and determining just how one does undertake such a challenge. Almost all were discouraging. My reasoning was pretty basic. Why were the bankers falling all over themselves to open new banks throughout this growing state? Additionally, I was personally dealing with credit challenges. This is in spite of running a successful company in 4 states.

I had been turned down for credit cards in my own name by BankAmericard (predecessor to Visa) and Montgomery Ward. When my husband and I applied for a mortgage, the banker was quite blunt. My income could not count as I was still at childbearing age (31 years of age).

I shared the story with many friends and business associates. Then, other committed women, and a few men, joined onto the project. Without them, the bank would not have materialized.

The story was brought to life by Grace L. Williams, a financial media professional, insider trading expert and self-described as an accidental feminism and economics scholar. Her writings have been featured in the Wall Street Journal, Barron’s, Harvard Business Review, Financial Advisor IQ and RIA Intel among many others. She assumed the challenge of detailing the story of the birth of The Women’s Bank N.A. The N.A. stands for National Association as opposed to a state-chartered bank.

In 1975, most banks were started by a few successful businessmen with deep pockets. In the entire state of Colorado there were 5 women on boards of directors. Four were there because of their family ties. Only one woman had achieved board status based on her accomplishments. This was repeated throughout the country. So how did a small group of women organize, fight the system and successfully open a bank? The sub title of the book is “The Untold Story of a women’s bank that empowered a generation.” I promise you that you will find the book worth reading. Additionally, you will then want to see that daughters and granddaughters get to read it too.

Fall Trivia

In colonial times, what were apples called?

What happens when hay bales get too wet?

Who was the first group of people in history to use scarecrows?

How many pies can a bushel of apples make?

Winter bananas or a melt-in-the-mouths

They can spontaneously combust.

The Egyptians

Approximately 21 pies



Last year I spent some time in Asheville, NC. The “Autumn Flight” was written after the flight into Asheville.

Autumn Flight

By: Mary McGrath, Unit 925S

Soaring high above the earth
 Observing the terrain below
 Verdant background, abstract patterns,
 Shapes and shades of green and circles
 Intersect a land where crops will grow.
 Crisscrossed by unbroken paths
 And water with its glints of light,
 Reflections of an azure sky and sun so bright.
 Slowly like a folded quilt the hills arise
 New patterns and designs emerge
 Autumn colors grace the slopes
 Decorated with crimson, russet, gold
 Amid ancient bluffs and ridge of stone
 We descent into this glorious scene
 As the mountain landscapes unfold
 To enjoy a brief respite
 New experiences and sights to behold.

This week, “Remembering Asheville” was written after the devastation.

Remembering Asheville

By: Mary McGrath, Unit 925S

Last year some time was spent
 Viewing mountain vistas
 And colorful autumn scenes
 Foliage reflected on lakes and rivers
 Bringing rocky mountain streams
 Wandering through lovely shops
 And artists' galleries
 A glass of wine outside
 Around a fire pit
 With pleasant company
 A time remembered, a place enjoyed,
 Now we mourn to see it destroyed.



POETRY

Musings on the Natural Flow

By: Helen Shaw, Unit 307N

The most splendid is nature's drama
 I watch the tropical storm
 Or perhaps a hurricane will form
 Waves whipping fiercely in the Bay
 The palms in their frenzied dance
 Roots hold firmly, their trunks sway.
 In another place, another time
 Nineteen fifty three, is the year
 Anchorage Alaska, a frontier town
 High mountain ranges surround
 Small stores facing quiet streets
 The air is cold and sharp
 Caught into mounds of snow
 White flakes fall from above
 A brief sunrise, then down goes the sun
 Replaced by curtains of darkness
 We settle into long winter nights.
 Seemingly without end. Time slowly passes
 Then with the spring equinox,
 Daylight is king, and dusk a brief shadow
 The moon is quickly banished.
 Horizon filled with the midnight sun.

Now in another place, another time
 In exchange for winter's bitter winds
 The three flurries of the tropics come
 Hurricanes, tornados and heavy rains
 Nature does not indulge they say
 For every extreme there is a cost to pay.

A Reflection

By: Caring I. Santos, Unit 1104N

Reflect on the gift of a new day
 Have peaceful thoughts.
 May our Lord guide us as we travel life,
 Comforted by the warmth of his love.

Ode to NASA

By: Herb Snyder, Unit 307N

We are proud of our achievement
 Of missions beyond believment
 Of Gemini, Apollo and Mercury
 Of aeronautics and space technology
 Of Saturn rockets roaring
 Of NASA spirits soaring
 Deep outer space has now expanded
 Webb replaces Hubble
 Mars' Rover explores the rubble
 The universe no longer such a mystery
 Thanks to Webb, we begin to know its history.
 Now there is commercial Space X
 Will this be a blessing or a hex?

Rain Whispers

By: Mario Sparagana, Unit 801N

The sky opens and lets the shower fall.
 Listen to the rain, water in the air.
 The pitter-patter of the drizzle as day dawns.
 Time passes and the rain speaks.
 "Listen to me, I have secrets to tell.
 Hear what I say, you with your eyes turned inward."
 The music of the rain whispers its song,
 Words with no weight, air and water.
 Its music opens the day and looks at me,
 In the night sleeping in my bed.
 I let your fingers open my eyes, bring back memories
 From the past.
 Hear the footsteps as time passes by.
 It speaks not here or there, but everywhere.
 Hear the rustle of rain on the glass.
 It opens remembrance of the past.
 Memories return, unlocked by the rain,

My Wish for a Perfect Day!

By: Shirley Fein, Unit 402N

On my perfect day, the sun would be shining ,and I would wake up feeling great and ready to tackle whatever would confront me.

My perfect day would be pain free, and only errands of pleasure would be on my agenda. No doctors' appointments, no household chores to tackle, and hearing only good news from my family and friends would delight me.

On my perfect day, the weather would be wonderful and I would take a long walk and enjoy the scenery and smile at all the dog-walkers and their furry little friends.

On my perfect day, my desk would be clear of unnecessary papers and filing. I would be neat and make all the phone calls that have been lingering around for many days on my to-do list and in my head.

On my perfect day, I would make one new friend, and enjoy the moment. I would be thankful for my good fortune and try to spread cheer wherever I go. Won't you join me in my passion to seek happiness and contentment?



Elie Saad and Jeffrey Smith, Maintenance Supervisor

Employee of the Year 2024

SBC “Walk the Talk” Employee of the Year Award. Each year employees nominate a fellow employee who they believe goes above and beyond to demonstrate SBC’s values of attitude, integrity and teamwork. This year Elie Saad was the recipient of the 2024 award.

Elie has worked for SBC for almost fifteen months and during that time has shown up daily with passion, integrity, a serving heart and hustle! As a member of the Maintenance team at the Inn, he models what it looks like to *live our values* of ‘Attitude, Integrity and Teamwork’. Elie’s interactions with residents, their guests and team members is always “seasoned” with kindness. During Hurricane Milton, he stayed before, during and after the Hurricane. He demonstrated strong leadership during a very challenging

time and worked countless hours to make sure our residents still had a positive experience during a Category 3 Hurricane!

We thank Elie for ‘walking the talk’ so consistently in his work. Elie received \$250 in cash, a parking space with sign identifying he is the Employee of the Year Winner and received a paid day off (8 hours). He also received an engraved commemorative trophy.

Please join us in congratulating Elie on a well-earned award.



Please join us in congratulating Jorge Benitez Pinzon who received his U.S. Citizenship on Thursday, October 17th. Jorge works in Dining and makes all our wonderful soups.



September October 2024

<u>Name</u>	<u>Apartment</u>
Cohn, Sol	211N
Hawley, George & Charlotte	107N
Israeloff, Bob and Bonny	214N
Jennings, Heloisa & Charles	1101N



A penny for your thoughts?

Rock Doves (Feral Pigeons) are frequently seen waddling around on the beach.

Images by Lou Newman, Sarasota, Florida, USA.

*Answers for My Younger Self: Margo Howard (at about 30) on the left and Lucia Blinn on the right.



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 Minguez, Production**
Linda Albert , Shirley Fein, Audrey Sharp and Janice Ellison