



SARASOTA BAY CLUB's SCOOP

May June 2025

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

Pennies from Herman

“Pennies from Herman” as in “Pennies from Heaven!”

This is a unique time in the monetary history of our country. As a cost saving measure, President Trump ordered the U.S. Treasury to stop minting pennies.

Burt Herman's June 4th Wednesday Social was all about penny history, lore and fondness for the penny of an earlier time.

It was also about “National Lucky Penny Day”, May 23rd. A holiday most were unfamiliar with. Each attendee was given a penny pouch with piggy bank coins and a 2025 uncirculated keepsake penny in a protective case...likely among the last from the Mint. In addition, eleven pouches contained a “lucky penny” entitling the lucky recipient to participate in a blind drawing. Prizes were dinners for two, gift shop items, wine, a “do” at the hair salon and dinners from local restaurants.

There was one lucky “penny day” winner, Bib Grossman, whose birthday falls on “Lucky Penny Day.” Bib received an SBC dinner for two gift certificate.

May 23rd is recognized, annually, as National Lucky Penny Day. It's always nice to discover a penny laying around. Finding a penny is often associated with good luck. On this day, everyone keeps an eye out in hopes of finding a lucky penny. Traditionally the “rules” for Lucky Penny day in American culture are if you find a penny on the ground with its “head” side facing up, you pick the penny up. If the “tail” side is facing up, you flip the penny over and leave it for somebody else to find for good luck.



History of Lucky Penny Day

Nobody really knows how Lucky Penny Day came to be about. Maybe that's exactly what makes the day so fun (and lucky)! However, the first pennies in the U.S. were minted from copper in 1793. The phrase “worth a penny” may sound ridiculous to us today but there was once a time when a penny held significant value. Over the years, the penny has lost its value due to inflation and it's practically worthless now. Nevertheless, it's always nice to find a penny when you aren't looking for it!

The Lucky Penny Day is also celebrated by those who believe that pennies are lucky charms. They always keep an eye on the ground to see if they will be fortunate enough to find a penny on this day. Pennies are believed to be harbingers of good things and celebrated as a lucky item in many cultures.

A penny is usually the smallest unit of currency in many countries. The present-day pennies were inspired by the ancient Roman Denarius and it wasn't until around 757 A.D. that pennies were introduced in England. The first settlers took it to America and, from 1793, America started minting its own pennies.

Pennies Trivia Continued. *Some of the common superstitions that people have regarding pennies...*

- Do not spend a penny that you find. Instead, save it for luck.
- If you place a penny in your shoe, it will bring good fortune.
- Carrying three pennies with you is going to bring you good luck.
- Throwing a penny coin over your left shoulder into a wishing well or water will grant your wish.
- Tossing a penny when you have a problem enables fate to take care of the issue for you.
- Coins with holes in them are considered especially lucky.
- If you put the first penny you get every day into your pocket, you are going to attract more as the day continues.
- If you find a penny, it means that there is more money coming your way.
- If you keep a coin in your baby's crib, the baby will grow up to be wise, wealthy, and healthy.
- To secure good luck, you should carry a penny that was minted in your birth year.
- Having a jar filled with pennies in your kitchen is good luck.

Growing Old is Mandatory

By: Bib Grossman, Condo 324S

As I approach my 99th birthday I often find myself in a reverie reviewing the past. I used to take great pride in the storehouse of memories of events way in the past as well as exquisite details of current events in my life. Now I find my long-term memory is easier to recall than my most recent or even daily stuff on my "to do" list.

Over the past several months, I've been asked by the Rhode Island Jewish Historical Society, some family members, and the children of long deceased friends to try to remember facts or incidences of interest to them. Of course it's difficult to condense 99 years of experiences into a 15-20 minute interview, but each time I do my best. Later, in retrospect or reviewing transcripts I castigate myself for not including this happening or that incident – and, perhaps some of what I recorded were better left unsaid.

But --- here we are today and I have to review my calendar numerous times so that I don't overlook – that is forget – some appointment or commitment I've made for dinner, theater, doctor appointment or just a walk in the park. Memory is a tricky thing and I've got to concede that mine is no longer improving with age.

One of my most unsolvable enigmas in my life has been "what happens to all those wonderful memories of the brilliant and creative people in the world who even at death have so much of value stored in their brains". It seems such a waste.

I, of course, am not among those but perhaps in this new AI world someone will figure out how to retrieve these nuggets of wisdom.

Meanwhile, each day I wrestle with what material things to save that will have lasting value and which to trash to make my transition easier for those I leave behind. It seems like such a waste of the little valuable time left; even these notebooks and scraps of paper with my thoughts written down or spoken.

Well, the day is almost done and I have not made a decision – which in its own way is a decision. So, sorry guys, I'm leaving it up to you to decide the value of it all. No regrets and no recriminations – just LOVE.

THE HORNS OF MY DILEMMA

By: Budee Jacobs, Condo 404N

My name is Marcia and I am married to Ben, a successful businessman. His company, Jackson and Sons, employs about thirty people. Though we have no sons and in fact, we have no children, Ben thought adding “and Sons” gave the impression of stability and longevity.

My sister Ann and I are very close and she and her husband Mel and son Larry live just down the block from us. Ann thinks Larry walks on water, is brilliant even though his teachers disagree. Truth be told, Larry is not the brightest bulb in the pack. No matter, we all get along well and even celebrate all occasions together. Just one small and happy family. A month ago Ann called in a tizzy. It seems brilliant Larry is having trouble holding on to a job for more than a few weeks. Would I please ask Ben to hire him? Of course, I said, Ben will be happy to help. After I hung up the phone, doubts began to appear. What if Ben says no? What will I say to Ann? In my mind’s eye, the horns on my dilemma are beginning to move toward each other in a little slow dance. When Ben came home that evening, I asked him. Of course he said yes, called Larry and gave him the news with the caveat that the work day begins at 8:30. a.m. “Don’t you think that’s a bit early, Uncle Ben, what about 10:00?” Ben assured him it was 8:30 a.m., not 9:00 a.m., not 10:00 a.m., 8:30 a.m. and Larry agreed. When Ben came home from work the next day I asked how everything went with Larry. The answer I got was “not great, the kid showed up at 9:30 a.m. complete with tee shirt and jeans and sandals. I repeated the dress code and the hours of operation, so you better call Ann and make sure she reminds him.” The mood in our kitchen was turning very grey. I immediately called Ann, told her Larry was close to losing this job and Larry better do better tomorrow.

By this time I am beginning to hyperventilate and the dancing horns are really getting on my nerves. I awakened the next morning after a fitful night and realized tonight we are all having dinner together to celebrate Ann’s birthday. Is it my fertile imagination or are there two horns aimed right at my heart ready to make my body look like a block of Swiss cheese? If Larry doesn’t step up to the plate, this is going to be some night to remember. Before leaving this morning Ben informed me he will fire Larry tonight if he doesn’t see a big change in his work. Ben arrived home after work. No need to ask what happened today - it is written all over Ben’s red face as he slams his briefcase down on the hall table. “That’s it, Marcia, I’m through with him. He sauntered in at 9:30 a.m. and within an hour had alienated most of the office staff with, “I don’t have to, I’m the boss’s nephew” and then tells my biggest client that he, Larry, doesn’t like his tone of voice and Jackson and Sons can do without their business! It took me the rest of the day to grovel and beg in order to get them back. YOUR nephew is now TOAST, and I will tell him that tonight”.

What do I do now? I’m losing my husband whom I adore over this. I may very well lose my sister, whom I adore over this, and it’s all my fault. Those darn horns are now dancing a jig right into my throat, I can’t breathe, I don’t know what’s to become of this family. I want to call Ann and tell her I am sick and cannot go out tonight, but Ben tells me, “No you don’t, you got us into this and you are going to stand at my side while I get us out of this mess”. So, off we go.

Ann and family have arrived before us. There is not one happy face at the table. As we sit, Larry stands. “Uncle Ben, I have bad news for you. Sorry, I am quitting as of right now. I decided an 8:30 a.m.to 4:30 p.m. job sitting at a desk is not for me, so tomorrow some friends and I are driving up to Alaska and getting jobs on a fishing boat. You can work whenever you want and for however many hours you want; that’s the life for me.” I see the slightest trickle of a smile on Ben’s face, he kicks me under the table and without missing a beat he says, “I wish you well, Larry, we at Jackson and Sons will try to get along without you.” And in that instant, I knew my marriage was saved, my relationship with Ann was saved and miraculously, the horns of my latest dilemma were back where they belonged, firmly fixed to my dilemma and hopefully, never to loosen again.



OUR NEW SBC ROOF

By: Christine Schlesinger, Condo 528S

Watching the enormous roofing task has been a fascinating experience. I see men tethered with safety ropes, working in heat and humidity with a precise and orchestrated effort that will end up protecting each of us in our SBC residences. In our unit, we experienced hurricane Milton with two broken windows, one in each of two different rooms. These were two of nearly 50 windows at SBC, shattered by terra cotta roof tiles which had become projectiles in the 100+ hour wind. Many roof tiles were severely damaged and so management found a sturdier, more resilient “new” type of roof tile.

So, what are these new tiles? Some personal research seemed warranted.

The tiles recently affixed to the roofs of Sarasota Bay Club can trace their history back to 1939 in war torn Britain. Initial bombings of the countryside by the Luftwaffe destroyed many buildings in England. In their haste to repair the strategic buildings, locals slapped corrugated metal on many of the buildings. Alas, the shiny reflective roofs became easy targets when illuminated by the flairs dropped by the Germans prior to air raids. Something had to be done to reduce the reflectivity of these roofs.



Wartime supply shortages made using oil-based camouflage paint, which was usually used for such needs, unavailable. The solution came from the chemists at Decraspray company. They developed an emulsion using a type of pitch which would adhere to the metal and render it non reflective and protect the metal roofs. It worked!

After the war it was noted that the Decrasprayed roofs were in pristine condition. That was the “aha” moment! A new type of roofing material had been identified.

It took a New Zealand entrepreneur visting England, in 1954, to see for himself if the ads for this new roofing product were true. He registered the name of the product as “Decramastic” and continued to develop it making it into the shape of shake, asphalt or terra cotta tiles. In 1980, the tarry emulsion was replaced by an acrylic coating.

The product’s popularity in the U.S. surged in the 1980s when, due to wildfires, California banned the use of shake roofs. Today, the Decra-roofing tiles are made in a state-of-the-art plant in Corona, California. It is a laminated product starting with a base of structural quality steel sheets. Next, a zinc-aluminum alloy coating is applied in a “hot dip process”. That makes it more corrosion resistant. This is followed by a layer of silicon and then acrylic resin coatings to make it resistant to scuff marks and fingerprints. And finally stone coated granules in a variety of colors are applied.

The final product mimics the outdated shake, clay, and asphalt shingle tiles. In addition to being resistant to hail, winds, hurricanes, tornadoes and fire, Decra roofs can reduce energy costs by up to 40%. Here, at home in SBC, we now have a more secure roof “over our heads” which looks just like the traditional terra cotta tiles apropos to our Tuscan-style buildings.

Apart from learning about the roofing product itself, I’ve been concerned about the safety and well-being of the roofers. Over the Memorial Day Saturday (yes, Saturday) I had an opportunity to speak with a supervisor who assured me that all are tethered, (we could see that), that they are used to such work and that there is a cooling room on the roof where they can get respite from the heat and drink iced Gatorade to replenish lost fluids while working in the hot sun. Its been a remarkable experience watching our roof being replaced. I hope that these brave workers are well compensated for their efforts.

The Luddite's Encounter

By: David Kotok, Unit 528S

On a moonless night, deep in the countryside, Thomas, a self-proclaimed Luddite, walked home from his friend's house. He enjoyed the quiet, the chirping of crickets, and the rustling of leaves. Technology was something he avoided; he preferred the simplicity of life without screens and gadgets.

As he walked, he noticed a faint glow coming from the old barn at the edge of his property. Curious, he approached cautiously. The barn had been abandoned for years, and he couldn't imagine what could be causing the light.

Inside, he found an old computer, its screen flickering in the darkness. It was an odd sight, surrounded by hay bales and dusty tools. Thomas hesitated, his heart pounding. He had always resisted technology. He feared it would disrupt the peace and calm that he cherished dearly.

But tonight, something drew him closer. He stepped inside. The wooden floor creaked under his weight. The computer hummed softly, its screen displaying a simple message: "Hello."

Thomas stared at the screen, unsure of what to do. He had never used a computer before, and the idea of interacting with one felt daunting and intimidating. Yet, the message seemed friendly enough, almost inviting.

He reached out. His fingers trembled. He paused. He pressed a key.

The screen changed, showing a picture of a serene landscape, much like the one outside the barn. Below the image, another message appeared: "Do you want to explore?"

Thomas felt a strange mix of fear and curiosity. He had always believed that technology would take away the beauty of the world, but this computer seemed to offer a different perspective. He pressed another key, and the screen transformed into a virtual tour of the countryside, complete with birdsong and gentle breezes.

For the first time, Thomas saw technology not as an enemy, but as a tool that could enhance his appreciation of nature. He spent hours exploring the virtual world, discovering new places and learning about the environment he loved.

As dawn approached, Thomas turned off the computer and stepped outside. The real world greeted him with the soft light of morning. He felt a newfound connection to both the natural and digital realms. He realized that technology, when used thoughtfully, could coexist with his simple life.

From that night on, Thomas embraced a balanced approach. He used technology to enrich his understanding of the world while maintaining the peace he cherished.

LUDDITE—Definition from Oxford Dictionary:

1. a person opposed to new technology or ways of working.
2. a member of any of the bands of English workers who destroyed machinery, especially in cotton and [woolen](#) mills, that they believed was threatening their jobs (1811–16).

Children's Logic: "Give me a sentence about a public servant," said a teacher. The small boy wrote: "The fireman came down the ladder pregnant." The teacher took the lad aside to correct him. "Don't you know what pregnant means?" she asked. "Sure," said the young boy confidently. "It means carrying a child."



Live Well, Work Well The Power of Protein

Protein is having a moment, and it's for good reason. While some focus on it for muscle-building, others view it from a weight-loss perspective. Regardless of personal goals, protein is a macronutrient essential for body function. It is made up of many building blocks called amino acids and is fundamental for good health.

The Dietary Guidelines for Americans 2020-2025 recommend that adults consume 10%-35% of their total calories from protein. Depending on their activity level, age and weight, some people might need more.

Some people like to calculate their protein needs in grams instead of percentages. For example, if their daily needs are 2,000 calories, protein would make up 200-700 calories, which is 50-175 grams.

Healthy protein sources include eggs, fish, lean meats and low-fat dairy. Good plant sources include nuts, seeds, beans and lentils. Health experts recommend spreading out your protein consumption throughout the day. Eating more protein at breakfast could also help decrease hunger and cravings later in the day. Keep in mind that protein shouldn't make up your entire meal; it should accompany fruits, vegetables and whole grains. Most people get enough protein from whole foods, but protein supplements are popular alternatives, especially for vegans and lactose-intolerant individuals.

Benefits of Protein

Protein is a vital part of one's diet. As such, there are several benefits of protein, including the following:

Builds muscle mass and strength

Strengthens bones

Aids in injury recovery

Reduces hunger by keeping you full for long periods'.

Forms essential enzymes, hormones and vitamins.

Recognizing the multifaceted importance of protein underscores the need to incorporate protein sources into your diet to maintain optimal health.

Talk to your doctor if you have any questions about your diet or how to develop a balanced eating plan.

5 Myths About Protein to Stop Believing Now

From Prevention.com, published 2021

Your body needs protein—that's a fact. The macronutrient performs [many critical roles](#) in the body, including helping to enable your cells, tissues, and organs to function. So yes, you need to eat foods that contain it, because while the body synthesizes many [amino acids](#) that make up protein chains, there are some the body can't produce.

After that, there's a lot of back and forth about how much your body needs, in what form (animal, vegetable or vanilla-flavored white powder poured in a giant plastic container to be sold at ye olde supplement shoppe) and whether the macronutrient itself can help you lose more weight or build more muscle. "The National Academy of Medicine also sets a wide range for acceptable protein intake—anywhere from 10% to 35% of calories each day," Harvard's T.H. Chan School of Public Health [Nutrition Source](#) says. "Beyond that, there's relatively little solid information on the ideal amount of protein in the diet or the healthiest target for calories contributed by protein."

That leaves a lot of room for misconceptions to bloom. To help clear up some of the confusion, we went to the experts.

Myth #1: There's no such thing as too much protein.

The truth: There are multiple reasons not to overdo it. While a high-protein diet may seem like a no-brainer, digesting protein [raises blood levels](#) of the waste product uric acid, which your [kidneys help flush](#) out of your body. Eat way more than you need (about 46 g per day for a 130-lb woman) and you can

5 Myths of Protein Continued

overtax the kidneys, leading to damage and conditions like gout, says [Steven Gundry, M.D.](#), director of the International Heart & Lung Institute for Restorative Medicine.

For most people, though, the issue is that keto- and Atkins-type diets consist of a lot of meat and eggs, which tend to be high in saturated fat and cholesterol, says [Ruby Lathon, Ph.D.](#), a nutritionist in Washington, DC, and those [may up risk](#) of [heart disease](#) and [cancer](#). Plants are the best way to get protein—a [2020 study in BMJ](#) found that replacing some red meat with protein from high-quality plant sources like beans, nuts, and soy might reduce risk of coronary heart disease. As for protein as a magic bullet for weight loss, whether excess calories come from beef or brownies, they “get converted to sugar, which gets stored as fat,” Dr. Gundry says.

Myth #2: You can't get enough complete protein just from plants.

The truth: You can. Experts used to think you had to pair certain plant proteins to get a complete protein—that is, one containing all nine of the essential amino acids your body can't make on its own. Now we know that you don't have to combine plant proteins perfectly within one meal as long as you eat from a variety of food groups during the day. In fact, a [2019 review](#) found that vegetarians who ate enough protein-rich food got more than enough protein and amino acids. Beans, nuts, and seeds can satisfy your daily requirements just as well as animal products (a cup of [cooked black beans has 16 g](#), about 35% of your daily needs; a cup of [edamame has 18 g](#), compared with [29 g in a 4-oz beef burger](#)). Veggies contain less protein but do have some—especially broccoli, bean sprouts, green peas, and spinach.

Myth #3: Eating cheese is a great way to get protein.

The truth: If only. Listen, Brie babes: While cheese is high in protein (just [1.5 oz of Cheddar](#) has 10 g), it has lots of sodium, calories, and [cholesterol-raising saturated fat](#). The American Heart Association [recommends](#) limiting saturated fat to about 13 g a day (on a 2,000-calorie-per-day diet) and sodium to 2,300 mg a day, so having just 1.5 oz of Cheddar (an amount about the size of three dice) would give you more than half your saturated fat and use up more than 10% of your sodium budget for the day. Your best bet is to pick lower-fat options (think feta, mozzarella, and

cottage cheese), says [Ginger Hultin](#), a registered dietitian nutritionist at Champagne Nutrition, or keep portion sizes of the richer stuff petite. Either way, cheese shouldn't be your main protein source.

Myth #4: Animal protein causes cancer.

The truth: It's not that simple, and the good news for meat-eaters is that not all meats are created equal. When doctors talk about the connection between meat and cancer, they're mostly referring to red meat and processed meats such as bacon, sausage, ham, and jerky. The World Health Organization considers processed meat a [Group 1 carcinogen](#), which means there's evidence to show that it can cause colon cancer in humans. Red meats like beef, pork, veal, and lamb are labeled as [Group 2 carcinogens](#), with some evidence suggesting that they can up cancer risk. If you eat animal protein, Dr. Gundry recommends focusing on wild fish and shellfish, some chicken and duck, and eggs—foods that don't have the Neu5Gc sugar molecule, which [has been linked](#) with cancer—rather than beef, pork, and lamb. Eating a diet rich in fruits, veggies, and fish, meanwhile, can actually reduce your risk of colorectal cancer by 43%, a *JAMA Internal Medicine* [study](#) found.

Myth #5: Protein powders and bars are a great way to up your protein intake.

The truth: Not so much. Many protein bars and powders are highly processed, with added sugars or other sweeteners, colors, and preservatives, Hultin says. And the more processed they are, the more sluggish they can make you feel, because processed foods can clog the [mitochondria](#), the tiny organelles that turn food into energy for the body's cells, says Dr. Gundry. Plus, it's optimal to get protein from whole food sources so that you'll also get other nutrients, like calcium and fiber, Lathon says.

Still, the occasional bar or powder can be convenient, says Hultin. Look for bars with at least 3 g of fiber and short, simple ingredient lists featuring items like fruits and nuts along with natural sweeteners like monk fruit and dates. Whatever name sugar is listed under (even if it's honey or maple syrup), “be sure sugar isn't the first ingredient,” Lathon says. “If it is, you're pretty much eating a candy bar.”

Never Enough Money

By: Margo Howard, Condo 901N

It is said, for some people, there is never enough money. And for others we need to build that out to say, "There is never enough money to buy good taste."

You need to know the background for this story, however.

Ray Kroc, after two divorces, was dining at the Eau Claire Hotel. By coincidence, we lived in Eau Claire when I was a little girl.

(Just FYI, I had nothing to do with this story -- at that time.)

So ... the very pretty blonde organist in the Eau Claire Hotel dining room caught Ray's eye. Then she caught the rest of him.

She was the third wife, and the one who was the widow. Draw your own conclusions.

Fast forward to my marriage to the actor Ken Howard. The company was working out a Neil Simon play, "Rumors," at The Old Globe Theatre in La Jolla getting it ready for Broadway. My mother happened to be a friend of Ms. Kroc's, and told her I was parked there for six weeks.

She very graciously invited me to her first dinner party in the new house! It was 50,000 square feet - not including the guard house and the guest house by the pool.

I feel free to write about this because Joan Kroc is gone, as is my mother, so no harm, no foul.

Upon entering, one sees a Utrillo hung across from what is considered an original Declaration of Independence. (Sidebar: There are 26 of 200 remaining "originals." They are called Dunlap Broadside, after the printing company.) The living room reminded me of a hotel lobby in, say, Hawaii. Everything was white - including the grand piano. I imagined this was a gift from Liberace, but that was totally made up. There were no single chairs -- just loveseats and sofas. And of course a brown Yamaha -- the very one whose tones seduced Ray Kroc. There was only one thing in the living room I would have killed for: a Diego Giacometti bronze side table, with the trademark bird. Not a lot of people are aware of this, but the less famous brother was the creator of coveted furniture -- mostly tables.

I said, "Joan! That table is gorgeous. It's a Giacometti!" "I don't know," she said. "The decorator and I went to Europe to buy things." No comment.

Then we had a tour of her closets. The blouses, suits, etc. were arranged by color. Like a store. The last closet to be viewed was the fur closet. My dears, it could have been a meat locker, it was that cold. (Cold storage?)

We sat down to dinner. Present were Joan, her dear friend, Mercedes ("Mercy") McCambridge, three priests, two people I forget, and me. (Mr. Howard was rehearsing.) The chef showed his face, and the courses began. That was the time of nouvelle cuisine, but I was not thinking. I left a little of each course and, you guessed it, when dessert came I was hungry.

The highlight of the Widow Kroc's kickoff dinner was, for me, after one or two classical pieces coming through the speakers I heard "Shop at Sam's for discount drugs. We have sundries, too." The dear girl had an FM station on for her musical selections. They say money can't buy you happiness, and there's something else it can't buy, but I'll leave it at that.

A little girl was diligently pounding away on her grandfather's word processor. She told him she was writing a story. "What's it about?" he asked. "I don't know," she replied. "I can't read."



Sandhill Cranes engage in a unique and elaborate courtship dance to find mates and strengthen their pair bonds. This dance, which can occur year-round, but is more prominent during the breeding season, involves synchronized movements like wing-flapping, bowing, jumping, and sometimes tossing objects.

The dance is a key part of their social behavior and bonding process.



Left: A Sandhill Crane that was feeding too near the nest is dive-bombed by a Black-necked Stilt.

Lou Newman, local wildlife photographer, has for several years now generously allowed us to enjoy his work in Scoop. If you like Lou's work, note cards are now available in the Gift Shop for purchase.

Who is Government? The Untold Story of Public Service

By Dr. Linda T. Jones, Condo 309N

Michael Lewis, well-known writer and editor, invited his favorite authors to find a person doing an interesting job for the government and to interview and write an essay about them. The essays were first published in The Washington Post beginning in September 2024. Despite being long, they were the most read opinion pieces in 2024. Lewis then decided to put them in a book and added another essay he had written. I saw his book on the best seller non-fiction list in the New York Times Book Review. The true stories were appealing, and I ordered it. The book didn't disappoint.

Lewis explains in the book that each spring the most interesting organization that no one's ever heard of collects nominations for awards that most people never know are handed out. The organization, called the Partnership for Public Service, was created in 2002 to call out extraordinary deeds inside the federal government. The purpose was to try to attract people to the federal workforce. One reason talented people did not gravitate to the government was that it could become miserable when civil servants were dragged before Congress and into the news. The awards were meant to correct that problem and to create a culture of recognition. That was more difficult than initially thought because no one came forward on their own, so cabinet secretaries had to be called on to see if any of their employees had done anything worth mentioning. Nominations trickled in; some awards were handed out. Examples included a pair of FBI agents who cracked the cold case of the 1963 bombing of the 16th Street Baptist Church in Birmingham, a doctor who delivered a billion vaccinations to eradicate polio in India, and another one to a man inside the energy department sent to clean up the massive nuclear waste dump northwest of Denver, which was done under budget and ahead of schedule. When the Partnership called the Colorado man to see if he wanted to explain the miracle, all he said was "I just managed the project." That's it, end of story.

I found the eight essays in the book, each about people working for different agencies, to be well-written, memorable and inspiring. The essays are each about 30 pages long. A few brief examples of some of the "unsung heroes" follow.

In the first essay, "The Canary," Cristopher Mark, Labor Department, spent many years trying to reduce coal miner deaths and injuries. "At the height of the Vietnam War, a coal miner was nearly as likely to be killed on the job as an American soldier in uniform was to die in combat, and far more likely to be injured." Christopher, who had a degree, worked as a coal miner himself. After decades of persistent research, he introduced statistical analysis to develop industry-wide standards to prevent roof collapse in long-walled, underground mines, saving many lives.

In "The Cyber Sleuth," Jarod Koopman, Internal Revenue Service, has, among other things, led to the rescue of 23 children from rape and assault, the seizure of a quarter million child abuse videos, and the arrest of several hundred pedophiles. His work has also resulted in the largest-ever seizure of cryptocurrency headed to Hamas and al-Queda. This agency is unpopular, but most people probably don't know 3 percent of the IRS personnel are involved in criminal investigation, which is what Jarod Koopman and his agents do. A number of cases are described. In November 2021, a stash of bitcoin that had been stolen was found on a circuit board in a popcorn tin stored in a bedroom closet of a house in Georgia. Because of the increased value of bitcoin that find delivered \$3.36 billion to U.S. taxpayers. In the past 10 years, his small cyber team has recovered more than \$12 billion to victims of crime and the U.S. treasury. Although billion-dollar seizures are impressive, Koopman cites a different case as the team's most consequential. The case involved selling videos of child abuse which resulted in 370 suspects arrested. Because of the irrefutable evidence, most pleaded guilty and went to prison. The essay describes much more of Jarod Koopman's work.

Heather Stone, Food and Drug Administration, "The Free-Living Bureaucrat," set up a CURE-ID registry of 10,000 rare diseases and more than 2,000 drugs that might be useful. As a child, Heather had contracted a rare, pediatric autoimmune disorder. Heather's mother had been an infectious disease specialist who modeled

THE UNTOLD STORY OF PUBLIC SERVICE CONTINUED

for her daughter a love of science and patient care. A four-year old child, Alaina Smith, in a hospital in Dallas, contracted a rare disease, Balamuthia, a brain-eating amoeba that had stumped her pediatricians and would have likely been fatal. Heather's work led to recognition that nitroxoline might be useful for Balamuthia. The FDA gave emergency permission to use it. Communication with the Chinese manufacturer of the drug led to it being provided for Elaina's treatment for free and she recovered. However, it was sad to find out that another child in northern California died of the disease because her doctors didn't know anything about the drug.

Michael Lewis says every year the Partnership flushes out more nominees than the year before. He reads through them to remind himself of how many unusual problems the government deals with at any one time. A recent one he mentioned was a special agent at the Drug Administration that led a team that seized 919,088 capsules of especially lethal fentanyl—and prosecuted the people peddling them. There are many others mentioned in the book. I think Lewis's goal in *Who is Government?* was to change the perception of government workers, which the book helps to do.



THE INDISPENSABLES THE PEOPLE WHO MAKE SBC SPECIAL

By Albert H. Cohen, Condo 310N

AUTHOR'S NOTE: Since my interview with Don Bunch in early May, he has decided to retire. He gave me no inkling when we talked. However, I think this article about him is still worth your attention.

40,000 dinners a year. Plus tens of thousands of lunches. Don't forget the Continental breakfast six days a week. And then there's Sunday Brunch. One man is in charge of all this, Don Bunch, who has been with SBC for 16 years. We have all seen him ambling through the dining room. Here's a little information about him.

He grew up in Tampa, the youngest of five children. He started in the hospitality business right out of school, working for a Holiday Inn in Tampa. "I was trained by the company: worked in the dining room, and the front desk," Bunch said. "I wound up as food service director for years, then moved to Bradenton to become manager of a Denny's." He still lives there with his wife and four children.

In 2002, he decided to go on his own and opened Brad's Family Diner. "I ran the place for six years," he said. "It was really hard. A short week would be 84 hours. Then 2008 hit and the economy went bad. I couldn't keep the doors open." Closing the diner was a financial disaster for Bunch, so he decided to look for a job.

A contact put him in touch with SBC and he got the job of morning cook at the Inn. Within a year he was director of the kitchen there; a job he kept for three years.

At the time, there were problems in the purchasing and food administration and he was asked to take over. As he had done before in his career, he quickly got things under control. He stayed in that job for six years. The food director at SBC left and "I volunteered." Then COVID hit.

He came up with protocols to get through that period, when the dining room was closed but everyone still needed to be fed. But the workload really took a toll on him.

"I was burned out. So I decided to retire," Bunch said. "I was going to travel. I did all the usual things, but I got bored."

Gail and he stayed in touch from time to time and he was asked to come back and agreed. For how long? "I will retire again; I have a limited shelf life," he added.

THE INDISPENSABLES CONTINUED

The meal service at SBC is different than other, similar organizations, or any other restaurant. The dining room is not a profit center. It operates on an annual budget, which he prepares.

"We provide the 'wow' factor. We are the cruise ship that never docks."



BACK WHEN EVERYONE SMOKED

By: Carol DeChant, Condo 1120S

I started smoking in Girl Scout camp in Wild Rose, Wisconsin. I was a counselor at age 19, sharing a tent & bunk beds at night with a middle aged schoolteacher who smoked. It was so cold at night that her smoking in her bed seemed like a good (warm) idea. So I started doing it in my bed. Lighting up offered the only possible warmth.

I had to hide this habit when I returned home to Des Moines. None of the women in our family smoked, though all of the men did. My paternal Irish grandfather smoked a pipe. My dad, a doctor, smoked eight El Producto cigars a day. Everyone at the hospital smoked—doctors, nurses, patients. Even patients on oxygen could go to a special corner of their hallway's floor, and unhook from their breathing devices to smoke.

My maternal grandparents had been raised Seven Day Adventists, which were health oriented. By the time I knew them they'd become Presbyterians, after objecting to something their SDA pastor had said in sermon. Their daughter—my mom—married a Catholic, a controversial move in their day. But Grandma said she didn't object because her daughter wasn't going to their church, having objected to something the Presbyterian pastor said in a sermon. That grandpa smoked cigars.

I never knew my mom to go to church, as before I was born the Catholic priest also said something she objected to. Through all this, the one thing my mom—and all the good women we knew - firmly believed was that women should NOT smoke.

The part of town we lived in had a large Scandinavian population, so was known as "Snusville." (If you don't know what snus is, consider yourself fortunate). Our public high school did not give kids homework on Wednesday night, assuming students were at Luther League. Everyone seemed to agree on how to raise kids. The frequent mantra in those days was "A girl who smokes will drink. And a girl who drinks will do *anything*." (Yes, even—specifically—*dancing*!)

Once home from camp I was a hidden smoker, only doing it when I borrowed the family car to go out. I threw smoked cigarettes out the window, leaving no trace in the ash tray—which often had Dad's cigar butts.

Once I was driving while smoking, and noticed that the car's lighter was missing! I'd used it a few seconds ago. HAD I THROWN IT OUT THE WINDOW? As if it were a matchbook? *Surely not*, I thought, as I patted the floor trying to find it. While driving. I ran into the car in front of me. You're always guilty when you hit the car in front of you.

How was I going to explain this mess? The accident? the missing lighter? My mom figured it out and told me she'd never think as much of me if I continued to smoke. Dad never mentioned it.

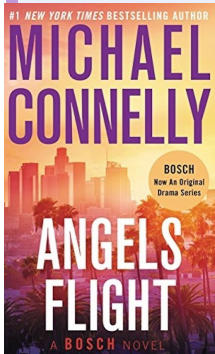


I continued to smoke in college and didn't quit until 1965, when I was married, with a child with allergies. The first question the pediatric doctor asked was, "Does anyone in the house smoke?"

Some years later the anti-Smoking movement started. I doubted its success. I knew how hard it was to quit, and everyone smoked then, everywhere. I was wrong. My dad, a "senior citizen" then, even quit. He lived to be 94.

A Good Read

Book Review by: Carol Green, Condo 321S



Angel's Flight, by Michael Connelly

Many of you have been avid fans of the Harry Bosch police stories or have been a follower by watching the series on Amazon Prime. The tremendous and loyal following of this series demonstrates how easy it is to become involved with his entourage of interesting characters, both in books and on television. This particular book is filled with so many shifts in direction and with new potential solutions that you will stay fully involved. In fact, you may feel like you are spinning round steep curves as various solutions and characters present themselves. Not a good idea to think you have the crimes solved, only to find new issues to take you in another direction.

Angel's Flight is the name of a people mover in Los Angeles. The job of this people-mover is to move people up and down a steep incline in the city. At the end of a shift, as the driver is finishing the day, he finds 2 people were murdered on an Angel's Flight car. One is a prominent, but greatly disliked, lawyer, Elias, and the other is a Hispanic cleaning woman. The murdered lawyer specialized in suing police officers on cases involving civil rights. He is hated by members of the LA police. The Black community of LA immediately believes Elias was killed by a police officer. They are firm in their belief. members of the black community want justice. The police department is concerned with riots if a policeman is not found to be the killer.

Harry Bosch is the police officer assigned to lead the case. Like the Chief, he is greatly concerned that if someone other than a policeman is found guilty, it will result in a riot in LA. As part of the investigation, Bosch finds that secret clues were sent to Elias, the attorney, by an anonymous source. Elias is keeping this very close to the vest. He is greatly concerned that information will be leaked and his case will be destroyed.

Complexity continues when an 11-year-old girl from a wealthy home is sexually abused and murdered. Initially it appears there is no relationship in the cases, however, they evolve to eventually have a relationship. This adds to the pressure to solve these murders and to do it quickly. Various police officers are involved in the cases, and they have an impact on the outcome and resolution.

Additionally, a factor that emerges is that the Assistant LA Chief of Police appears more interested in preventing riots than divulging the truth.

The various cases are complicated. The book is among the best Bosch crime stories. You will likely find yourself riveted to the story line until the very end.

As you would suspect, justice is ultimately served, but perhaps not as you would suspect.

Oprah's Book of the Month. Since 1996, Oprah's Book Club has [selected books](#) that engender conversation, spark enlightenment, help launch emerging authors, and re-acquaint us with the already prominent. The goal? To connect readers around a community of fellow bibliophiles. Some selections follow:

- 115: The River is Waiting by Wally Lamb
- 114: The Emperor of Gladness by Ocean Vuong
- 113: Matriarch by Tina Knowles
- 112: The Tell by Amy Griffin
- 111: Dream State by Eric Puchner

POETRY

The Pleasures of France

By: Mario Sparagana, Condo 801N

Oh to be in Paris now that summer's there.
Camus preferred the South of France, he was a man
of the sun.

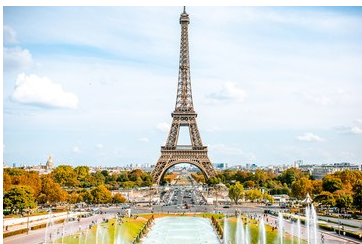
But my love for art is so great that I will seek the
northern air.

Most of the large art museums are in the North, the
South was made for fun.

In the Paris of the North art museums abound.
There are also Michelin-rated restaurants all about.
In Paris fine dining can be found everywhere around.
You will find fine restaurants and art galleries, I have
no doubt.

The French are a nationalistic people,
They will speak to you only in their native tongue.
The Paris Cathedral, Notre Dame, stares down at you
from a towering steeple.
If the weather heats up, there are cool water sites
where one can plunge.

The French are justly proud of their history.
They formed a unified nation in early times.
Their recent failure on the battlefield is truly a mys-
tery.
Perhaps they shunned wars in order to sample their
fine wines.



Considering a Marriage Proposal or Are you Really Real?

By: Gertrude Margolick, Condo 526S

Are you sincere each time you flash your grin
Are you all sugar or just saccharine?
Are you just ordinary or unique?
Are you a bargain basement or boutique?

Are you a perfect pitch or monotone?
Are you bone china or plain ironstone?
Are you sparkling champagne or lager beer?
Are you mahogany or just veneer?

Are you a skylight or a dark trap door?
Are you Linoleum or parquet floor?
Are you fine sterling silver or just stainless steel?
Or, darling, are you really real?

Are you pure butter or just margarine?
Are you all wool or merely acrylyn?
Are you Brooks Brothers or is your dress mod?
Is your self-confidence just a façade?

You seem so charming, but are you aloof?
Are you the cellar or a penthouse roof?
Are you consistent or a flash in the pan?
Is your head in the clouds or in the sand?

Are you a 2-no Trump or will you pass?
Are you grilled cheese or pressed duck under glass?
I know I'll answer "yes" and let wedding bells peal,
You can't be anything but real!

POETRY

Thought for Today

By: Caring I. Santos, Condo 1104N

Each day is a new beginning
 Forget the past
 Live each moment to the fullest
 Look forward to the future
 Your love and kindness to all
 Will return to you a thousandfold.

June is National Rose Month.



What a perfect time to celebrate our National Floral Emblem! Roses have a long and colorful history. Through the years they have been symbols of love, beauty, war and politics.

June was chosen because **it is when roses are in peak bloom** and are a popular choice for weddings.

Each year on June 12, people in the U.S. recognize **National Red Rose Day**. This beautiful National Day honors the flower that is a symbol of love and romance and the June birth flower, the red rose.

Botox Day at SBC

By: Norma Cohen, Condo 310N

At SBC one day at noon,
 There's quite the buzz—it's coming soon!
 No trivial pursuit or bingo prize,
 But something sure to lift our eyes!

A nurse with needle, cool and sly,
 Is dropping by—no need to cry.
 For those who'd like a little tweak,
 She's got the goods to smooth your cheek.

Forget the creams that cost a ton,
 This magic shot gets the job done!
 Wrinkles run and frown lines flee,
 (At least for a month, or maybe three).

So sign right up—don't be a bore,
 You'll look surprised forevermore!
 Your brows may rise, your lips may pout,
 You'll look quite young without a doubt.

We may be silver, wise, and proud,
 But darn it—we can still wow a crowd!
 So raise a toast (with steady grip),
 To Botox Day—our beauty trip!

Her Forte: placing specialized employables

By: Margo Howard, Condo 901N

In a burst of nostalgia, or maybe bourbon and ginger ale, a friend of mine was reminiscing about the time she worked in an employment agency.

HER FORTE CONTINUED

“It was the perfect job for me,” she mused. “I had all the qualifications. I played the piano extremely well and knew all of Winnie-the-Pooh by heart.” (Well look, peculiar friends are better than no friends at all.)

In case no one ever told you, it is the custom for those working in employment agencies to use phony names. My friend picked “Vickie Detroit.” “It was an excellent choice, she explained, “because whenever I mentioned my nom-de-employment agency, people would invariably say, “you’ve got to be kidding,” and from there the conversation would just flow.”

“Vickie” explained that the goal of employment agencies is “to place the maximum number of bodies with companies who’ll pay fees.” Vickie saw her mission, however, a little differently. “I wanted to place the difficult ones—the ones everybody else in the office gave up on.” This involved a certain amount of self-sacrifice (not to mention commissions) because in order to place the “difficult ones,” Vickie often had to call companies that had never asked for people in the first place.

Vickie devoted her energies to people like a 47-year old lady insurance adjuster. “She wanted to work for a large company even though I told her her age would be a stumbling block. ‘You don’t understand, my dear,’ she told me, ‘I’m an Aquarian and we bloom in middle and older age. You could tell anyone I’m an Aquarian and they’d hire me.’”

The first insurance company Vickie called wanted to know one thing: How old was the woman? “Oh, fortyish,” she answered. “What is the ‘ish’?” the man wanted to know.

“Well, 40 and some months.”

“How many months?”

“About 84. But she’s an Aquarian and you should really talk to her.”

The personnel man at the insurance company was apparently so charmed by the lunacy of the conversation that he did talk to the woman—and hired her. After a while she was even promoted and the company called Vickie’s boss to say how pleased they were. “And my boss told me how dumb I was,” Vickie sighed, “because I should have sold her for more money.”

“Miss Detroit” had other victories. “I remember the sweet and scrubbed little girl who wanted to be a file clerk. Unfortunately, she wasn’t awfully smart and didn’t know the alphabet too well between K and R. Now this is not an impediment for living your life....but it is a hindrance when you’re filing.” What Vickie finally did was unearth a company where they filed by number.” And how many mistakes,” she asked, “can you make between one and ten?”

Placing a deaf mute was perhaps Vickie’s finest hour. “Everybody I talked to said, ‘Nothing doing.’ Finally, I used a little psychology, I asked one employer where else could he find someone who would neither make nor receive personal phone calls at work? He hired her.”

Vickie says that while she didn’t do too well financially, the lady who owned the employment agency did. The business became such a gold mine that the owner set about classing up her home by buying quite a valuable ancestor painting. Vickie remembers that people would admire the portrait and the lady would say, “Oh, yes, he’s a relative on my mother’s side.”

One night a guest remarked on the painting and the lady went into her routine. “Why, you never told us you were related to Millard Fillmore,” the guest said with amazement. The painting, it seems, was rather well known among people who knew art—or history.

“I felt sorry for her when that happened,” Vickie sighed. “She was so embarrassed she took the painting down. I never did find out if she bought another one because she fired me...and for the queerest reason. ‘We are a service business’ she said, ‘but you are doing too much of a service.’”

My young grandson called the other day to wish me Happy Birthday. He asked me how old I was, and I told him, 68. My grandson was quiet for a moment, and then he asked, “Did you start at 1?”



GATOR GROWLS...Male alligators can be noisy creatures. They hiss, grunt, cough, growl and bellow. Alligator courtships, which begin in April, feature bellowing choruses and include snout—touching, back-rubbing, circling and swimming together.



Left to Right: Moms In Action - Yellow Crowned Night Heron; Sandhill Mama and Colt; White Tailed Deer; Images by Lou Newman, Sarasota, Florida, USA



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