



SARASOTA BAY CLUB's **SCOOP**

November December 2025

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

Happy Holidays



*We
Did
It!**You
Did
It!*

Thank you! With your help, the SBC Striders exceeded our goal—with a total contribution of **\$57,321!** This let us continue in our tradition of being the #1 fundraising team in Sarasota/Manatee counties.

Your generous donations to the Alzheimer's Association will fund research and support programs for those affected and their caregivers. SBC, every resident and donor should be most proud to be a part of this annual effort. Congratulations & thanks again for your valued contribution!

A handwritten signature in black ink that reads "Burt Borgelt".

Co-Chair, Burt Borgelt

A handwritten signature in black ink that reads "Bob Clay".

Co-Chair Bob Clay



SBC Strider's on the day of Alzheimer's Walk 2025

Is



PLEDGE ALLEGIANCE

Bronze Sculpture by Glenna Goodacre

Glenna Maxey Goodacre (August 28, 1939—April 13, 2020) was an American sculptor, best known for having designed the obverse of the Sacagawea dollar that entered circulation in the US in 2000, and the Vietnam Women's Memorial in Washington, D.C.

Goodacre's art appears in public, private, municipal and museum collections throughout the U.S. Her bronze sculptures feature lively expression and texture. Her best-known work is the Vietnam Women's Memorial, installed in Washington, D.C., in 1993.

The first bronze sculpture titled 'Pledge Allegiance' belongs to George and Barbara Bush. This is the 15th and final piece and upon its completion the mold was broken.

The bronze sculpture now resides at Sarasota Bay Club thanks to the generosity of Bob and Diane Roskamp.



AS WE CHANGE

By: Helen Shaw, #307N

This will make the eighth year of my participating in the Alzheimer's Walk. In November, 2018, I eagerly took the bus to Benderson Park, looking forward to the Walk. This was no challenge, I was eighty five, but having hiked for many years I felt no apprehension about a mere three-mile walk. Indeed, I finished the walk in plenty of time to return to our SBC Striders tent to enjoy the goodies that had been set out for us.

The following year, I slowly walked down the hilly slope shortcutting my walk by about 1/2 a mile. The year after that, as I recall, COVID kept us from hiking. The next year after that, the Alzheimer's Association held their walk at the Ed Smith Stadium, and I walked the inside loop of the stadium twice. I was quite happy about that. Each year since, however, my walking distance has become shorter and shorter.

This year when I began the walk, I was sure of one thing, it would be a stroll perhaps across the bridge to the beginning of the path around Benderson Park, and very soon I would turn around and spend a lovely time sitting on a bench watching the younger walkers making the three-mile walk. In March, I had fallen and broken two bones in my neck. I wore a neck brace for two months, hoping that the bones would fuse together. Unfortunately, my neurologist told me that because of my age, the bones would not fuse completely and to be careful. In April, my husband died, a life-changing occurrence. So I knew that there was no way for me to attempt the full walk, but I was determined to participate. Imagine how gratified I was to find that I was able to walk a mile and a half.

We grow older, and I do not feel sad or regretful that I no longer can walk the distances I once did. I revel in the fact, that once upon a time, I was young and did things easily, and now I can still enjoy life, at a slower pace, but still with zest.



A Tall Story

By: Burt Herman, #809N

To discourage hoarding, curtail driving, set price limits, and ration scarce commodities, like gas and tires, the World War II Office of Price Administration, the OPA, issued ration books.

My father, a traveling salesman, certified he needed gas for his business and did not own more than five tires. He qualified for a “B” window sticker and ration stamps good for eight gallons of gas a week. Hardly enough to shlep his sample cases to his far-flung, New England clothing store customers, in his gas guzzling Chevrolet.

It wasn’t gasoline that was in short supply. It was rubber. The Japanese armies in the Far East cut us off from our rubber sources and the synthetic rubber industry was still in its infancy. Curtailing driving was a way to conserve rubber for the war effort. The alleys and backyards of our suburban Boston neighborhood became cluttered with useless cars, their rusting rims resting on cinder blocks.

With the war in the Pacific nearing an end, and with gasoline more available, my father took my brother and me to New York to visit relatives and our long-awaited sightseeing trip.....especially to the Empire State Building ‘s 86th floor observation deck.

It’s July 28, 1945.

We were having breakfast on 34th Street, across from the world’s most famous skyscraper, the fog shrouded 1,248 foot-tall, modernist art deco Empire State Building. We were waiting for the fog to lift for our 86th floor observation deck visit when there was a tremendous explosion, followed by falling debris, sirens and mayhem.

Some diners speculated that World War II was far from over and the Japanese were bombing New York City. A police officer ordered us to move away from the plate glass windows and remain indoors until the all-clear. An hour later we exited the restaurant to a chaotic scene. Needless to say, our visit to the observation deck was put on hold.

So, what happened?

Due to the fog, Colonel William Smith, with a thousand hours of combat experience, was piloting a B-25 Mitchell Bomber from New Bedford, Massachusetts army airfield to Newark. Due to the fog, he was rerouted. The disoriented pilot made a right turn when he was supposed to turn left, narrowly missing the Chrysler Building and crashed into the north side of the 78th and 79th floors of the Empire State building.

The crash ignited fires and sent debris through the building, on roof tops of nearby buildings and onto the street. The pilot, two crew members and eleven people working in the building on that Saturday were killed, including employees of the National Catholic Welfare Conference. Twenty-four others were injured.

It was considered a “Miracle on 34th Street” that more people were not killed or injured.

Mayor LaGuardia arrived on the scene soon after, gesturing with his fist.....

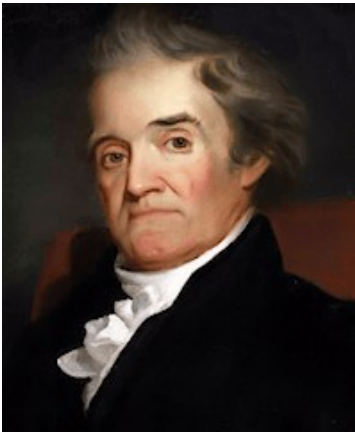
“I told them not to fly over the city.”

It was also a miracle that elevator operator Betty Lou Oliver survived an eighty-story plunge when her car cables snapped.

I guess you can say it was also a miracle that the Hermans were not in the Empire State Building at the time.

That fall, I had the subject for my 9th grade English class essay...

“A Tall Story”

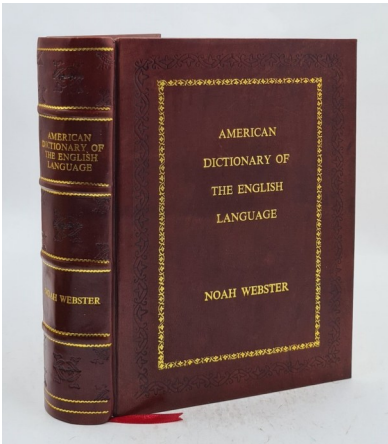


ONE LIFE LESSON LEARNED

By: Budee Jacobs, #404N

I have been in love and addicted to Noah for over 70 years. He is so familiar, like an old shoe and yet the sameness of his exterior and interior was getting a bit shop worn. True, I'm no Grace Kelly and never have been but I wanted, no deserved, a newer more modern version of what I'd had all these years. So, I said goodbye to old Noah and found a new and improved version or so I thought. What a colossal mistake, what a disappointment. The new guy was breathtakingly gorgeous on the outside but the interior left much to be desired.

Of course, I am referring to my brand new, hot off the press, 40,000 word Noah Webster Dictionary. Yes, the print is larger to accommodate my slowly deteriorating eyesight. But where are the pictures? If you look up the word forceps you get a great definition...but no picture. Look up hemstitch and the definition says "cross stitch" but again no photo. I dare you to look up the word lateen to discover it means "a triangular sail attached to a long yard suspended from a short mast." HUH? Again, no photo. No, I am not a sailor and the last time I was near a sailboat was when I gave a toy one to my grandson, who played with it in his back yard blow up swimming pool! For heaven's sake, Noah, you need to bring back a likeness of words we ordinary people have seldom read and certainly never seen. And that goes for you too, Mr. Google. If you deign to supply a likeness, it is a shoddy one at best.



The History of Webster's Dictionary

Noah Webster (1758 – 1843), was a lexicographer and a language reformer. He is often called *the Father of American Scholarship and Education*. In his lifetime he was also a lawyer, schoolmaster, author, newspaper editor and an outspoken politician.

In 1806, Noah Webster published his first dictionary, *A Compendious Dictionary of the English Language*. Then in 1807 he began working on an even more comprehensive edition, and in 1828 this was published as *An American Dictionary of the English Language*.

Noah Webster was a very learned and devout man, and his ideas about language in his long introduction to his dictionary make for interesting reading. The frontispiece gives us a wonderful portrait of Webster. He presents as a man of strong will and determination, qualities he would have needed to push his great project to a conclusion.

In total it took twenty-eight years to complete. To evaluate the etymology of words, Webster learned twenty-six languages, including Old English (Anglo-Saxon), Greek, Hebrew and Latin. Webster completed his dictionary during his year abroad in 1825 in Paris, France, and at the University of Cambridge. His book contained seventy thousand words, of which twelve thousand had never appeared in a published dictionary before. As a spelling reformer, Webster believed that English spelling rules were unnecessarily complex, so his dictionary introduced American English spellings, replacing *colour* with *color*, substituting *wagon* for *waggon*, and printing *center* instead of *centre*. He also added American words, like *skunk* and *squash*, that did not appear in British dictionaries. At the age of seventy, Webster published his dictionary in 1828, registering the copyright on April 14. Webster did all this in an effort to standardize the American language..

Although it now has an honored place in the history of American English, Webster's first dictionary only sold two and a half thousand copies. He was forced to mortgage his home to develop a second edition, and his life from then on was plagued with debt.

The History of Webster's Dictionary Continued

In 1840, the second edition was published in two volumes. On May 28, 1843, a few days after he had completed revising an appendix to the second edition, Noah Webster died.

Noah Webster was a Christian and famously said "Education is useless without the Bible." His dictionary contains seventy thousand words and over six thousand Bible references and remains one of the only mainstream dictionaries to use Bible references to demonstrate the meaning of words. His dictionary is an essential tool for anyone studying the Bible.

Christian readers will find it rewarding to compare his definitions of such words as "marriage", "education", "sin", "law", "faith", "prayer", etc., with those given in any modern dictionary. They will no doubt be surprised at the great differences, and may come away with a renewed respect for America.

Noah Webster also used quotes from many authors of classical literature in his dictionary. His work went on to inspire many other authors in their use of the language. As with Emily Dickinson, we know that she made frequent and extensive use of Noah Webster's 'Dictionary of the English Language' in writing her poems, paying attention not only to definitions but also to Webster's etymologies and his illustrative quotations.

The scholarly consensus is that she probably made use of an 1844 reprint of the 1841 edition, but since this is now rare, and since the 1828 edition was also in the Dickinson library, the present facsimile of the 1828 edition becomes an important resource for helping us to recover at least some of the senses in which she understood certain words.

This is a book that should be in everyone's library, as providing a fund of wisdom, knowledge, and information that few modern books can even begin to approach.

Taken from the Webster's Dictionary website.

CHRISTMAS TRIVIA

Answers on back page 13

1. **Question:** Which country started the tradition of putting up a Christmas tree?
2. **Question:** In the song "Winter Wonderland," what do we call the snowman?
3. **Question:** In the movie [Elf](#), what was the first rule of "The Code of Elves?"
4. **Question:** How many [gifts](#) in total were given in "The Twelve Days of Christmas" song?
5. **Question:** What is the name of the last ghost that visits Scrooge in *A Christmas Carol*?
6. **Question:** What is the best-selling Christmas song ever?
7. **Question:** In the 1964 movie *Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer*, what was the name of Rudolph's elf friend?
8. **Question:** What was the first company that used Santa Claus in advertising?



Christmas Reminds Me of Champagne

By: Margo Howard, #902N

December is the month of Christmas. It has always reminded me of champagne, for which I do not care. I thought you might enjoy a column I wrote decades ago...

Who is Francois d'Aulan and why is he plying me with champagne?

He's the president of and heir to Piper-Heidsieck, that's who...and that's why.

He is traveling in America to check on business and tells me in charming broken English with a thick French accent that he also comes for "the good will".

With him is his young and very beautiful wife, Sonia. She is so striking that one imagines she is the European equivalent of a chorus girl who, like Cinderella, was swept off her feet by the aristocratic and rich "prince".

My fantasy is way off. Sonia is, in fact, an Austrian countess whose grandfather was the last prime minister of the Austro-Hungarian Empire. Coming from a long line of diplomats, she says it's a new experience to be married to a man who's "in business".

Sonia's idea of a treat is—are you ready? - diet cola. She is very warm and open and tries to put people at ease by explaining that rich and titled Frenchmen are just like you and me.

"We're simple people," she says, "with simple interests". Their home is in the champagne district, in Reims. It's nothing out of the ordinary," she says. "Fifteen rooms".

"Twenty", her husband corrects her.

Another home is their weekend place... "A small castle in Deauville". The small castle is also a national monument, having been built for a minister of Louis XIV. Their only other place is a flat in Paris. Sonia says she doesn't have a lot of help "Just a couple—cook and valet, another valet, a cleaning woman and a nurse for Patrick (now a year old)."

Francois, at 42, is the youngest head of a major French champagne house. He mentions that the company belongs to his mother. I ask if he's an only child.

He has two sisters and says it's mere coincidence that one of them is married to the head of Taittinger—a champagne equally as respected, and expensive, as Piper-Heidsieck. And then there's his brother. "But", he says, "he's not interesting in business". I think he means to say "interested", although after he talks about the brother a little while, I see that he may, in fact, have used the right word.

"My brother is, uh, a Zen Buddhist. He lives in a commune outside Paris and is quite concerned with food. He eats cereal and no meat. My mother is not very enthusiastic about this kind of living," he sighs. But he brightens a little and adds, "He likes champagne, though."

While the d'Aulans were visiting Chicago, there was a kind of party given for them which would also promote Piper-Heidsieck. A French restaurant had invited the public—at \$18.50 per person—to dine with the Marquis and Marquise d'Aulan. Francois was more than a little embarrassed about this and said such a thing had never happened before.

I think it's rather strange to pay to meet people," he mused. "We are very curious to see what kind of people will do this."



Meet Lou Newman

Lou is the local wildlife photographer who has generously shared his wildlife photos with us in Scoop. Lou was recently honored by an article in the Observer about his life and photography.

Observer Article written by Eric Snider

He's been swiped at by a polar bear in the Arctic, charged by a bull elephant in Tanzania, brushed by a brown bear in Alaska, and had a cheetah jump on the hood of a safari vehicle just a few feet away from him. And each time he kept on snapping pictures. He spent an afternoon in Kenya following a leopard on the hunt and saw it finally make a kill, and he photographed it along the way. He trudged up and down mountains for hours in Uganda searching for gorillas, only to find them way up in the trees and all but impossible to capture with his camera.

Lou Newman had all these adventures — and many others far less perilous — after the age of 70. It bears repeating: after the age of 70.

That's when he could devote himself to wildlife photography in what he calls a "career in retirement." Newman is 94 now, and lives comfortably in Plymouth Harbor, his residence for the last 20 years. He has slowed down, as you'd expect, but still heads out a few mornings a week to snap pics — focusing on birds in flight but also coming away with other avian images.

Newman occasionally takes photography excursions farther afield, but only to places he can reach by car. His days as a globe-trotting wildlife photographer have passed. And he's OK with it. Newman says he's been to every state, 72 countries and all seven continents.

"My favorite thing to do these days is to go out to Lido Beach before sunrise and shoot for about two to three hours," Newman says. "I shoot during the golden hour, the first part of the morning when the sun is at an angle." He also takes excursions to Celery Fields, Myakka River State Park, Venice Rookery and other spots. He brings binoculars, a light foldable chair and his trusty Canon outfitted with a 100–500-millimeter lens.

Newman lived an extraordinary life before traveling the world and clicking pictures of alligators, anteaters, gazelles, elephants, lions, zebras, hyenas, hippos, pandas, iguanas, capybaras, wildebeests, sea lions, hump-back whales and more bird species than one can count, including penguins in Antarctica.

Mr. Snider says: "To chronicle his life in any depth would be impossible to do in the space allotted, so a highly abridged summary will have to do."

If you would like to read the rest of the article on Lou's life use the link below:

<https://www.youobserver.com/news/2025/oct/30/photography-keep-lou-newman-busy-young/>



Pinky's Up, It's Tea Time!

By: Fern Jaffe, #705N



To honor the final chapter of the celebrated PBS series, *Downton Abbey*, SBC hosted a special afternoon tea. Neighbors arrived, beautifully dressed for the occasion and savored tea, and wonderful tea cakes, while reminiscing about favorite moments from the show. It was a warm festive gathering that captured the spirit of *Downton* perfectly.



Top: Kathleen Rhem and Burt Herman, Bottom: Left to Right: Esta Grocer, Helen Shaw and Mary Jo Decro

Best Fiction Books of 2025

By: Linda T. Jones, #309N

Several newspapers and other individuals and groups have published their selection of 2025 best books. Some lists, such as the New York Times Book Review, are separated into categories such as fiction, memoirs, mysteries, poetry, etc. The Amazon list does not separate them into categories. However, when you look at fiction favorites on different lists, they don't agree! I've also noticed in the past that critics/reviewers and readers often have different opinions of the same book. What makes the most sense to me is looking at reader reviews. This short list is made up of those most favored by readers. For more description and reader comments to help decide if you might like to read the book, you can look it up on Goodreads (GR).

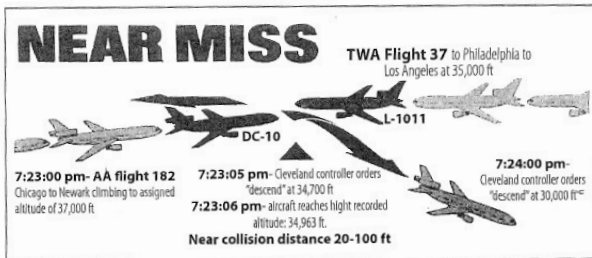
1. **Buckeye** by Patrick Ryan. In this sweeping postwar family drama, two small town Ohio families become entangled after a secret ripples through generations. Everyone can find something in the book... "the characters are good, but messy and complex...most importantly they feel real." (GR 4.23)
2. **The Correspondent** by Virginia Evans. A grandmother, lawyer, and divorcee make sense of the world through letters, including one mystery recipient she can't seem to send her letter to. (GR, 4.57, a very popular book)
3. **Atmosphere** by Taylor Jenkins Reid. An astronomer and physics professor finds passion, success, and love when she becomes one of the first women scientists accepted to NASA's space program. Engrossing book (GR 4.34)
4. **Broken Country** by Claire Leslie Hall. Unforgettable story of love, loss, and the choices that shape our lives, but it is also a mystery that will keep you guessing until the end. (GR 4.31)
5. **Heart the Lover** by Lily King. A deeply moving story that celebrates love and the transformative nature of forgiveness. (GR 4.39)
6. **My Friends** by Fredrik Backman. An unforgettably funny, deeply moving tale of four teenagers whose friendship creates a bond so powerful that it changes a complete stranger's life twenty-five years later. **Winner of Goodreads 2025 Award for Fiction.** (GR 4.40)

New York Times 10 Best Books of 2025

1. **Angel Down:** by Daniel Kraus. National Bestseller.
2. **The Director:** A Novel by Daniel Kehlmann.
3. **The Loneliness of Sonia and Sunny:** A Novel by Kiran Desai.
4. **The Sisters:** A Novel by Jonas Hassen Khemiri.
5. **Stone Yard Devotional:** A Novel by Charlotte Wood.
6. **A Marriage at Sea:** A True Story of Love, Obsession, and Shipwreck by Sophie Elmhirst **Named Best Book of 2025 by NPR, Vogue, Time Magazine, the New Yorker and More.**
7. **Mother Emanuel:** Two Centuries of Race, Resistance, and Forgiveness in One Charleston Church by Kevin Sack.
8. **Mother Mary Comes to Me:** by Arundhati Roy, Finalist for the Kirkus Prize.
9. **There is No Place for Us: Working and Homeless in America** by Brian Goldstone.
10. **Wild Thing:** A life of Paul Gauguin by Sue Prideaux.

A Thanksgiving like None Other.....

By: Burt Herman , #809N



Time Magazine- the Chartmaker's Inc

aviation.

Based on my book, "EBY, Master of the Moment," CBS made a documentary. Many of you attended my presentation this past year. And now I have many passenger e-mails to share.....e-mails I received this Thanksgiving expressing gratitude for our good fortune a half century ago.

E-mails:

"Actually it will be 50 years to the day on Wednesday for this epic adventure. Thanks again for the reminder. Passenger, Art Farrell."

"Thank you, Burt, for bringing us together, honoring our brilliant pilot and reminding us of the good luck we have been fortunate to have been able to enjoy. Best to you and your family. Passenger Andrea Schliefer, Judge Circuit Court of Cook County Ret'd."

"50 years! Wow! Thank you for the reminder. Happy Thanksgiving to all. Passenger Kathy Staff and the rest of the Brady Family."

"We all have Guy to thank for all the Thanksgivings we have been able to share all these years. Happy Thanksgiving to all of you. And thanks to Burt for bringing us all together for Guy's 100th birthday. RIP Guy." Passenger Dongoschy.

"Special thanks to you Burt. You are certainly the bond that holds us all together. Will be thinking of you, your family and all our pals from 50 years ago, especially at 6:45 p.m. east coast time tomorrow night. Best and a very blessed Thanksgiving to all, our flight crew, all the girls and heavenly wishes to Cpt. Guy." Passenger Hal Savage



"We all have Guy to thank for al the Thanksgivings we've been able to share all these years. Happy Thanksgiving to all of you. And thanks to Burt for bringing us all together for Guy's 100th birthday. RIP Guy.," Passenger Kathleen Staff

Yes! I am ever grateful for Guy's expertise in saving our lives! He is certainly an Angel in Heaven. A very blessed Thanksgiving to all." Flight attendant, Mardi Swisshelm.

Burt Herman hugging Captain Guy Eby at his 100th birthday party.

The Great Turkey Meltdown

By: David Kotok, #528S

Thanksgiving at Grandma Edna's was a sacred tradition. It had three equal parts: food, family, and a series of passive-aggressive casserole critiques. This year, however, the universe had other plans.

At precisely 9:00 a.m., Uncle Bob, the self-appointed turkey maestro, slid a 20-pound bird into Grandma's ancient oven. Bob then stood erect and declared, "This baby'll be golden by 3."

He then retreated to the living room to argue with Cousin Tina about whether canned cranberry sauce was a crime against nature.

By noon, the house smelled like...well...nothing. There was no buttery aroma. There was no sizzling skin. The only aroma was Edna's lavender scented perfume. Anticipation was morphing into disappointment. It was oven inspection time.

"Why does the turkey look like it's still in the witness protection program?" Aunt Carol asked as she peered into the oven.

Bob opened the door. The turkey just sat there. It was pale. And it seemed smug, like it knew it was ruining everything.

Grandma Edna poked the bird and felt the oven. "It's colder than my ex-husband's heart." She said.

Panic spread faster than a gravy spill on a white linen tablecloth. The oven was stone cold dead. The turkey was raw. And now 17 hungry relatives were circling like vultures around the cheese plate.

Meanwhile, the 5 p.m. cranberry sauce debate had escalated to DEFCON 2. Tina had brought homemade cranberry-orange relish, which she described as "zesty and artisanal." Bob, a staunch canned-sauce loyalist, held up his jiggling cylinder like a trophy. "This," he said, "is the only sauce with structural integrity."

Kyle chimed in, "I like the kind with whole berries. It's like a fruit salad that never gives up."

"Fruit salad doesn't come out shaped like a tin can," Tina snapped.

"Exactly. That's why it's superior."

Eventually, the cranberry sauces were lined up like contestants in a beauty pageant: Canned, Relish, Whole Berry, and one rogue jar labeled "Spicy Cranberry Chutney" that no one admitted to bringing.

At 4:00 p.m., the family gathered around the table, plates piled high with pepperoni pizza, breadsticks, and a suspiciously festive salad from Tina's emergency stash. Bob raised his soda can. "To the turkey that never was—and to canned cranberry sauce, the only one you can slice like deli meat."

Everyone cheered, except Grandma Edna, who glared at the oven like it owed her money.

But things were about to change.

Later that night, the oven mysteriously turned back on. The turkey which had been left in to thaw and then salvage, began to roast. It was 10 p.m. the aromas wafted throughout the house.

By midnight, the family was back at the table in pajamas, carving a bird that tasted like mystical redemption and oregano.

Just as everyone began to waddle toward their beds, Edna gasped. "The pie!"

From the depths of the fridge emerged a pristine pumpkin pie, untouched and forgotten during the Great Pizza Panic. Behind it, a tub of vanilla ice cream, slightly frosty and ready for glory.

The Great Turkey Meltdown Continued

At 1 a.m., the family reconvened for one final feast. Slices of pie were passed like sacred relics, topped with scoops of ice cream that melted into sweet puddles of triumph.

“This,” Bob said, mouth full, “is what Thanksgiving is all about.”

“Pumpkin pie at 1 a.m.?” Tina asked.

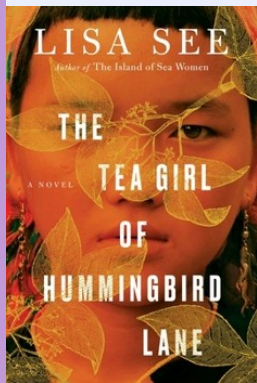
“No. Chaos, carbs, and cranberry sauce that doubles as a building material.”

They laughed, clinked spoons, and agreed: next year, they’d skip the turkey entirely and just start with dessert.

Edna smiled, finally satisfied. “And someone please unplug that oven before it gets any ideas.”

A Good Read

Book Review by: Carol Green, #321S



The Tea Girl of Hummingbird Lane, by Lisa See

This is a very special novel. Besides being an interesting story, it gives insight into the plight of ethnic minorities in China. The people belonging to the Han ethnic group make up 91-92% of China’s total population. The remainder of the population is composed of ethnic minorities. This is the story of Li Yan, a member of an isolated mountain-dwelling ethnic minority. She is the daughter of the most senior woman, who is an expert on the tea grown in the area and the midwife for the community. Li Yan is expected to follow in her mother’s traditions. Instead, through circumstance, she becomes the most educated member of the community, a role rarely held by a woman. This book points to the peculiar cultural mores and superstitions that become imbedded in isolated populations.

The tea grown in this mountainous area is Pu ehr. The community has no idea that it was considered the best and most valuable tea for its unique qualities, many of which are medicinal. Once the tea is considered the best among all of the types of tea grown in China, speculation sets in. It causes the Pu ehr tea to be a desired commodity in much the same way that tulips became in Holland. Prices rise with no relation to the value of the item.

A key element to the story is that Li Yan gives birth to a daughter born out of wedlock. Under ordinary circumstances, the baby will be killed as a reject according to the tradition of her community. In order to save her baby girl’s life, Li Yan manages to get her baby to an orphanage in a nearby village. The baby is adopted by a couple from California. There is much more to this story. The child named Haley and Li Yan both exhibit the desire to find one another. Haley would like to know her birth month. Li Yan yearns for her child.

It is a well written book and certainly catches the reader up in the unfolding story.



November - December 2025 Move-ins

<u>Name</u>	<u>Apartment</u>
Nessa & Richard Levine	111N
Betsy Palmieri	912N
John & Priscilla Schlegel	920S
Patricia Franklin & Stephen Shanklin	726S
Herbert Silverstein	226S

Answers to Christmas Trivia on Page 2

1. Germany
2. Parson Brown
3. Treat every day like Christmas
4. 364
5. The Ghost of Christmas Yet to Come
6. "White Christmas" by Bing Crosby
7. Hermey
8. Coca-Cola



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**
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