



Longboat Key News

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Sarasota and Longboat spared Milton's wrath

The forecast by all appearance put Sarasota, Longboat Key and Siesta Key directly in the bullseye of a then Category 5 hurricane with storm surges of up to 15 feet fast approaching our living rooms.

STEVE REID
Editor & Publisher
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Hurricane Milton started as a cruel and improbable joke. On Sept. 26 Hurricane Helene performed exactly as the dreaded forecasts predicted. The storm filled island homes off of Sarasota with several feet of water. Furthermore, it left the region, once used to an almost divine luck in avoiding storms, worried that a new paradigm in an era of sea level rise and global warming was beginning to take shape. But within days of cutting soaked drywall and throwing contents away, we quickly became aware that Milton was forming off of the Yucatan peninsula and was taking aim directly at Sarasota. And the forecasts became more and more dire. By Monday last week, the forecast by all appearance put Sarasota, Longboat Key and Siesta Key directly in the bullseye of a then Category 5 hurricane with storm surges of up to 15 feet fast approaching our living rooms. And the forecasts and the spaghetti models continued to agree and it appeared inevitable that we were facing a storm that would disfigure and devastate our shoreline. Millions of Floridians fled Milton from Fort Myers north to the Tampa Bay region to get out of the way of what would likely be an epic storm surge and lethal winds. On Wednesday evening, Longboat Key Town Manager Howard Tipton and Fire Chief Paul Dezzi along with FEMA and County Emergency Personnel all watched the storm from the Emergency Headquarters on Cattlemen Road. The winds were too high for emergency personnel to perform last minute assistance and the manager as well as all the evacuated residents feared the worst. But soon, the first bit of good news arose when newscasters appeared perplexed when the eye of the storm was directly over Marina Jack and yet there was still no storm surge and the winds had yet to push cars around and tumble boats.

See Milton, page 2



More than one boat ended up displaced on Longboat Key. Below, Town first responders wait ready at Marina Jack before heading onto the island.

Milton, from page 1

Within hours it became clear that even though the storm directly hit Siesta Key, Sarasota was spared the storm surge that was felt to the south as well as the torrential rain that occurred throughout Tampa to the north. In short, we received gusts of wind topping 110 mph, which did damage fences, manufactured homes and foliage. But, with the exception of power outages and numerous trees that snapped, there was a collective sigh of relief from emergency officials, the Longboat Key Mayor as well as residents, who received word that their homes were intact and not flooded.

“It’s as good news as we could have hoped for, a lot less damage than we expected,” exclaimed a tired yet overjoyed Longboat Key Mayor Ken Schneider following the storm.

The initial reports told the News that the storm surge in our region was not as high as what was experienced less than two weeks prior with Hurricane Helene.

Longboat Key Town Manager Howard Tipton says that in the two years he has been Town Manager, he’s dealt with six named storms: Ian, Nicole, Adelia, Debby, Helene, and now Milton.

Tipton says that Debby was a rain event, Helene a surge event, and Milton was all wind. Tipton said the first sign that there was not tremendous flooding was that the lift stations were not suffering the same level of inflow as with Helene.

Tipton credits the luck for Longboat on the fact that the storm wobbled to the south slightly just before hitting, leaving Longboat on the dry side of the rotational axis.

Tipton said the north end of the island took a beating from the wind with some roofs damaged as well as some of the homes in the mid-key trailer park.

“The newest construction held up to both the surge and the wind,” said Tipton.

Tipton said more than 50 trucks were stationed near Spanish Main mid-key, attempting to splice a major electrical connector in order to restore power to the rest of the island.

Tipton was glad that residents listened to the danger that was forecast and that more than 98 percent of the residents evacuated.

“It could have been so much worse. At 5 o’clock before the storm hit, Fire Chief Paul Dezzi and I called the weather service and we were told that the storm was going to hit Longboat Key directly,” said Tipton.

“Reports started to emerge as early as 10 p.m. with an email from a resident who stayed on

the key saying that the surge was not worse than during Helene. At 4:30 a.m., the first rescue teams made it out to Siesta Key and reported back that the situation did not look as bad as feared. The Coon Key Bridge, which connects St. Armands and Bird Key had a problem on one lane, and St. Armands was flooded, but there was no 10 or 15 feet of storm surge.

“The storm broke up just when it needed to and the storm went south just as we needed,” said Tipton.

Tipton was impressed with the dedication of the Longboat Key staff who showed their dedication to the community and to their jobs.

“It was amazing to watch, these kind of events show the level of commitment our workers have for the island,” said Tipton.

Tipton said it will take about 90 to 120 days for the island to completely clean up and he warned that the salt water mainly from Helene has stressed much of the plants and foliage. Tipton said one positive is that the temperature is cooler and not sweltering with 105 degree heat index. But perhaps Tipton best sums up the collective feeling when he said, “There was a forecast where all we were going to be was a sandbar when this storm was done. We are in a much better place than we were meant to be.”

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Friends and Neighbors,

This past weekend’s storm was devastating, and its effects will be felt throughout our community for a long time. In the last few days, we’ve heard from many friends and past clients who have been seriously affected and are uncertain about their immediate next steps.

Historically, our Seaward Companies have focused primarily on new construction—both residential and commercial—as well as consulting services. However, in light of the many inquiries we’ve received, we are now prepared to extend our services to those in our community who have been most impacted by the storm. We are ready to meet with property owners to discuss the best options moving forward.

Whether you need assistance with substantial remodeling, building new, general construction consulting, or basic advice on finding the right general contractor for your specific repairs, we are here to help. We stand by our community today, just as our community has supported our Seaward family of Companies for nearly two decades.

Best regards,



Patrick DiPinto
Seaward Homes and Seaward Consulting

Please contact us to schedule a consultation:
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KeyOpinion

How a Sarasota County bus destroyed my Mercedes and fueled an aggressive ebay and BMW addiction

I never should have bought my BMW on EBay. Normal people see a car, research, drive it and make a financial decision. I bought it like a food addict ordering chocolate mousse at Pastry Art — “That looks good, I’ll figure out how to work it off later,” was my sentiment.

STEVE REID
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I told Jeanette at work of my plan and she asked me why on God’s earth would I buy a BMW sight-unseen on EBay and go to Chicago with a wad of cash to give to some guy who you cannot even pronounce his name.

“You know what,” I told Jeanette, “these are all really good questions and a more normal and measured person would defiantly take a different approach.”

“But you have to do things differently, because you are Steve Reid and that consigns you to turn everything into some over the top adventure.” Jeanette replied.

“Jeanette — there are not a lot of these cars around...”

Then I realized I had not sold a single person on my plan. And that made sense.



STEVE REID

The day my Benz died

It all started when the SCAT bus in Sarasota accidentally killed my Mercedes Benz S500 Coupe.

OK, it was my fault, but the SCAT bus was put on this earth to lose money and roll around like one big breadloaf of bad driving.

As I tell this story, I make one disclaimer up front — I hate the SCAT bus and its entire operation.

Did I say hate? I hear my Father saying to me from 30 years ago, “You do not hate anything — hate is a strong word.”

So I went to grad school as an English major and cannot find some euphemism such as detest or abhor or disdain for the SCAT bus. Hate is my word and let me tell you why.

The many reasons to hate SCAT

SCAT drivers are the most aggressive New York cab school of driving jockeys I have ever witnessed. You would think St. Armands was a closed racetrack the way the SCAT bus races to its next empty spot with a sole lonely bicyclist aboard.

Add the fact that they can stop more randomly than any emergency vehicle or school bus anywhere on main roads such as Bee Ridge or Fruitville Road. They will suddenly slam on their brakes, passengers careen and literally fall off the bus — ADA compliant of course — and meanwhile, nearly three rear-end accidents happen because of these oversized yet empty breadboxes of recklessness.

Then add in the fact that it is a complete economic loss year after year. I would rather use tax dollars to buy everyone a bicycle or install a rail system — anything would be more interesting and more efficient than what we have in the SCAT bus operation.

The service may be valuable to those who use it, but it is an inefficient and subsidized operation. It would be cheaper to pay the passengers to not ride the bus.

And lastly, the name — why would lovely Sarasota use an acronym which clearly spells out bear excrement as its name and plaster that name on signs and buses throughout the community? There is a challenge for our Chamber! Why not just go all out and rename it — Sarasota Helping In Transport.

The real reason...

But the last reason is the final crowing event that sealed my dislike of the whole SCAT operation.

It all happened when after a long and harrowing day trying to sell ads and wrangling with Longboaters over undergrounding utilities or some similar issue. I picked up my daughter and was driving south on 301 when as I cut from 301 to Tuttle Avenue, I rear-ended an Isuzu Trooper when a SCAT bus slammed on its brakes in front of the Isuzu on 17th street.

It was all my fault — I was talking to my 16-year-old daughter and asked her if the hives she had developed on her left leg had cleared. She gave me that perfect teenage answer: “Well what do you think? I’m wearing shorts...”

And at that instant I looked to her left leg to see and was happy the hives were gone. Then crunch. I was just starting to move as the light had changed, but just before the light, the SCAT bus stopped and the ISUZU stopped and I did not.

My car was still running and the Isuzu in front pulled over to a small home on the side of the road. I pulled to the side. Then the passenger, a man with long dreadlocks, exits the car and runs several blocks up the street and returns minutes later and switches seats with the driver. My daughter looks at me. I thought she might be sad to see Dad’s nice Mercedes crunched in the front. She said, “Dad, can we just go? This is going to take forever and I don’t have time for this...”

I got out of the car and of course, the Isuzu had a tiny hairline scratch on the bumper and my coupe — and they sold more than 500,000 s500 four-door models and only 4,000 coupe models — looked like its teethe had been knocked out.

Snoop Dog comments

A tall guy who had hair exactly like Snoop Dog then walked out of the small house with his friend and is talking all loud and crazy.

“Wow man your car got messed up! Looks like Isuzu met Mercedes and Isuzu won!” he added as he high-fived his friend.

So after thanking him for the comments and after getting a ticket, I drove the car home.

Within a day, some guy in an insurance company vehicle showed up like the grim reaper

of automobiles and gave the vehicle a death sentence.

By the end of that day, I was driving a red charger from Enterprise and later watched from my home-office window as rain fell across the crinkled hood. I saw darkness descending and knew my budget for a replacement car was capped at this point in my life. After all, I have a wife and six kids. I need something practical, ideally reliable and that gets good mileage.



Nighttime adventure...

Later that night, when my wife and all the children were asleep, I took the red Charger and drove all along Clark Road and US 41 and looked at the cars and vehicles. I felt like a married man who suddenly found himself single. There were fast and sexy cars that I could not afford. There were practical cars like the Camry and Accord that are hard to drive after the S500. And realize I like to do almost all the work down to working on the engine block of most any vehicle I own.

So as I drove along Clark road, like a dark ghost in the night sat a green BMW with a front end so alluring I turned around in a U-turn and drive right up to the closed and silent car lot.



It was a BMW 840 CI. I wrote the model down and went to the great source of all — the Internet. I read reviews, specs, repair details. I learned about the weak aspects of the car and the strengths and decided that night I was going to by the BMW Supercoupe whatever it takes.

The next day the car on Clark Road was gone. Like a deflated balloon I went home and started poking around EBay. I had a very limited budget so I needed a deal and I needed to act aggressively I assured myself.

Within a day I was tracking a car being sold by an Ebayer named Husain from West Chicago area. It said “All original, 97,000 miles and very good condition in and out.” It had service records and it was a No Reserve auction.

Few were willing to bid because the seller was new, making him risky. I reasoned, “So what, all I am risking is the plane ticket.”

My Highway to Hell through the Midwest in a BMW

I never should have bought my BMW on EBay.

Normal people see a car, research, drive it and make a financial decision.

I bought it like a food addict ordering chocolate mousse at Pastry Art — “That looks good, I’ll figure out how to work it off later,” was my sentiment.

And I had what my wife calls that “glint” in my eye, which is a combination of manic desire and I-will-accomplish-this-whatever-it-takes mania as I headed out the door on that cold February morning to meet a man named Hussein who was the seller on EBay.

It seems celebrities and criminals go by single names — Sting, Oprah, Eminem, Jeter, and then of course presidents and Hitler and the like all end up branded by a single moniker which the culture adopts. And so the seller of the BMW insisted in three phone calls that he goes solely by Hussein and when I pushed the issue he capitulated to, “OK, Mr. Hussein.”

An awkward strategy

The plan was to fly into O’Hare to meet Hussein, who was to pick me up in the green 840ci BMW I had won on EBay in a single push of the Place Bid button 30 seconds before the auction closed like a sweaty-handed sniper watching his prey for days and then finally releasing the shot that takes his object down.

My children were not yet stirring, my was wife asleep and I felt the \$7,000 in cash curled in my front pocket as I gathered my belongings for the trip.

The cash in the front pocket was a special strategy. I reasoned I did not want to be up in Chicago and Wells Fargo for some reason will not give me the \$7,000 owed on the car. I was not going to pay the guy more than the minimum down payment if the car was not as

See Reid, page 8

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KeyHealth

How much booze is best?

People drink for myriad reasons; because they are depressed and anxious; to forget sorrows; to celebrate; to enjoy conversations with friends; to relax; to sexually uninhibit; to enjoy the infinite tastes of fine wine; to get plastered.

MATTHEW EDLUND, MD
Guest Writer
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Is moderate drinking good for you? Does consistent imbibing of a glass a day prevent Alzheimer’s? Heart disease and stroke? Or is drinking booze more akin to radiation, where there is not yet a clear “safe” dose?

Recent research has begun moving against the consensus of decades.

Booze on the Brain

For example, take a recent study in the British Medical Journal following British civil servants over thirty years. As a group they may have a more consistent lifestyle than most. Coming out at an average age of 43, those who claimed to drink 5-8 drinks a week were three times as likely to show a shrunken hippocampus on MRI than those who didn’t. The more they drank, the smaller their hippocampi.

The hippocampus is critical to memory function.

Not just anatomy was changed, however. The measure “lexical fluency,” how many words you can come up with from a single letter, got worse the more people drank to drink, in a fine dose response fashion.

The study has been criticized for involving mainly males (women metabolize alcohol quite differently) and for not showing a direct link to Alzheimer’s. What it and other studies have shown is that cognition takes a hit with even very low dose alcohol.



MATTHEW EDLUND

Booze in the Body

Alcohol has long been recognized as increasing the risk of many cancers. The British (they are indeed interested in drink) Million Women Study tried to look at just how alcohol affected a very large cohort. In that group, average consumption was about 8 grams of alcohol a day, what you might get in a small glass of wine.

Alcohol appeared to decrease the risk of kidney and thyroid tumors. However, the increase in breast cancer, oral cancer and rectal cancer completely overwhelmed the small decreases seen

in the less common tumors. One drink a day increased the risk of combined breast, rectal, and oral about 13%, while drinking two drinks doubled the risk.

Alcohol’s effect was far less than what would be expected from tobacco. Yet people in general know tobacco causes tumors. They are far less aware of alcohol’s effect on cancer.

Booze for the Heart

For many years, physicians were taught that alcohol was a pan toxin. It killed muscle cells, heart cells, liver cells, brain cells. Drinking might be fun, but if alcohol appeared as a new drug, the FDA would ban it quickly.

And then in the mid-nineties Richard Peto’s and Richard Doll’s study of British doctors born early in the twentieth century appeared. It argued that ischemic heart disease, the sort that causes angina and heart attacks, might decline as much as a third when people drank “moderately.” Sir Richard Doll was then one of the most famous epidemiologists in the world. He had shown how tobacco caused lung cancer in the 1950s, and Richard Peto is now equally well known. Many other studies began coming out purporting to show low dose alcohol decreased ischemic heart disease, though not overall mortality. Longer term studies proved more equivocal.

So it was not a surprise when the NIH declared it would spend 100 million dollars to fund a study asking whether alcohol prevented heart disease.

The surprise came when it was recognized who was paying for it. Most of the money comes from distillers and drinks makers. The New York Times noted many of the people doing the study were formerly supported by the drinks industry. Further, the subjects to be looked at, folks of 50 and older who were or are at are high risk for heart disease, would set a rather low bar for determining whether alcohol “prevented” heart disease.

So we have to look at how this kind of research is funded. Would the NIH get \$100 million directly from Congress for such a study? Don’t bet on it. Is it probable alcohol researchers are sometimes supported by industry? Given lack of political support for epidemiologic research, it’s likely.

So this is an expected development, but not a welcome one. This kind of monetary support traditionally biases research, often in ways that the people doing the work at not conscious of. Plus it gets the imprimatur of the NIH. That industry wants to do this work makes sense – they have hundreds of billions at stake.



Alcohol and Health

Most people picking up a drink are not contemplating how it might decrease their risk of ischemic heart disease. People drink for myriad reasons; because they are depressed and anxious; to forget sorrows; to celebrate; to enjoy conversations with friends; to relax; to sexually uninhibit; to enjoy the infinite tastes of fine wine; to get plastered.

Yet recently alcohol has received a relatively good health related press. That it might cut back on heart disease, presently America’s number one killer, has been a great boon to industry. That it increases the risk of what may soon be the number one killer, cancer, particularly common cancers like colon and breast, is not something people want to hear. Nor do they like to know that alcohol may increase their risk of dementia, though it has been acknowledged for centuries that heavy drinking leads to a very specific form of alcoholic dementia. For Alzheimer’s scares people. A lot.

In the U.S., the average adult imbibes 1.6 drinks a day. In Europe, it’s more like 2 drinks a day. While moderate drinkers at risk of heart disease may benefit with less heart attacks and angina, there is little to suggest their overall mortality declines. If public health is the consideration, evidence is growing that alcohol, like radiation, may ultimately not have a “safe” dose. If the results of alcohol provoking dementia strengthen, the present public sense of safety may take another hit.

Is America ready for mass, voluntary teetotaling?

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Our focus is on supporting our community’s assistance.

We have partnered with the American Red Cross and our showrooms are now serving as donation drop-off points for essential supplies. We invite you to bring items from the donation list below or donate to [redcross.org](https://www.redcross.org). All donations will be collected and distributed to help those affected by the storm.

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KeyOpinion

Steve Reid, from page 4

described on EBay and yet the last thing I wanted was for the seller to know I was walking around with a wad of cash.

Realize the seller went only by the name of Hussein. He was a young guy who spoke of rebuilding BMWs and racing them on local tracks and had come across this 840ci, which after my research represented one of, if not the finest, coupe the company ever made — at least at my price point.

But of course my solution was to tell the guy I had to go to the bank and I thought I would go in and pretend to withdraw the money. That way he would think I was traveling without cash and yet I could go into a Chicago Wells Fargo and make a token small transaction all the while having the cash in my pocket. Kind of like a bad shell game. But as I headed out on the crisp morning with the cash bulge in my pants I thought it was a weird and silly strategy and felt awkward.

Razor edge drama

My plane left for Chicago from Tampa at 7:40 and for those who know me, I make getting somewhere on time one of those razor edge dramas.

We all have strange behaviors we spend our lifetime trying to tackle and that is but one of mine. If it is imperative I make an ATM deposit by 9 p.m., I find thing after thing to do at the office and race down Gulf of Mexico Drive scanning for police, pedestrians and viewing the road like my private Autobahn and obstacles are like moguls I pivot off of, accelerate and fly by.

I have hundreds of ATM receipts stamped 8:58 p.m. When we were in a financial juggling mode, I would not have the paper printed or money for the weekend if I did not make those deposits by 9 p.m.

Perhaps I should have followed my childhood dream of being an emergency room surgeon where that mania has real value. But the reality is I wanted to be like Hawkeye Pierce in Mash when I was 12 years old with the pretty nurses, the gin still in the tent and the funniest lines in the show. Funny how dreams and life do not converge. So heading out to the airport to buy the BMW I found on EBay was no different.

Sweaty and haggard

I left at 6:20 a.m. and was moving fast toward the Skyway Bridge when the old Mercedes diesel 300SD I was driving blew its passenger rear tire. I was in the left lane and pulled the bucking car over.

The tire had unraveled and careened across the road, across the rushing morning traffic. I stared the way one might stare at a friend getting shot in war — hopeless, helpless and watching the day and world unravel around me.

I had that “I am Steve Reid and do not give up” inner pep rally and pulled the jack and spare out.

Of course the median was narrow and I had to jack the car up with cars whirring by to my

back and I felt the wind lifting my shirt every time an 18-wheeler went by. I kept fantasizing I would be plowed off the road and into eternity as I stupidly changed the tire.

With my love of deadlines and the inherent pressure of a plane leaving in about 40 minutes, I looked at my watch and said, “You have seven minutes to change the tire.”

An 18-wheeler whizzed by and the flannel shirt whisked up and over my back. As I crouched

*It felt like a psychotic arranged marriage
where my bride was being dropped off
and I was going to assume all
responsibility going forward.*

over the \$7,000 in cash kept pressing against my thigh and stomach as if saying — “you are clowning.”

Then I had that inner Joseph Campbell voice that started saying all these Jungian pop psychoanalytic sentiments such as, “In life when obstacles keep presenting themselves it is your unconscious saying, ‘You are on a wrong path.’”

None of this was of any help. I threw the tire on and accelerated off with the diesel spewing its black smoke as I raced to my finish line.

Then in the airport, with blackened hands from changing the tire and with the \$7,000 bulging like a gun in my right pocket and sweaty and haggard I ran toward security holding only my silver aluminum briefcase which had a couple of books, my laptop and a change of clothes.

Of course I had to take my shoes off and open the computer case and make chit chat so I would not get pulled into some room and interrogated as I should have been given my horrible morning demeanor next to the crisply dressed businessmen and woman and upscale vacationers.

Prairie Home Companion Hell

I made it. The plane was full and I was the last one on and found my seat and relaxed as we careened toward Chicago.

Like all people, I have so many prejudices and preconceived notions and ideas. It is said labels and a priori assumptions create an efficiency as we go through life. Sort of like police profiling. But the problem is one must stay open to the exception, the contradiction or the fact that a preconceived notion can be flatly wrong.

See Steve Reid, page 12



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3500BayouLouise.com



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WaterClub105.com

Extraordinary Views
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OnPatrol

The following are actual police reports as written by Longboat Key Police Officers. They are edited for length, punctuation and to protect privacy.

Oct. 4 Incident

9:00 a.m.
Officer Van Dyke responded to the 3700 block of Gulf of Mexico Drive in reference to a verbal dispute. Upon arrival, Officer Van Dyke met with the complainant who advised that while walking the beach across from her community, she encountered a man removing chairs from the sand. According to the complainant she thanked the man for removing the chairs from the sand, but he was rude in response. Afterward, the complainant witnessed the man fall on the ground. Therefore she asked if he was okay, but he responded rudely again. A third party on scene, advised Officer Van Dyke that the individual is well known for his behavior, and acknowledged that the individual resided somewhere in the community. Responding officers canvassed the area for the individual, yielding negative results. Case clear.



some passerby started yelling profanity at them stating he was calling the police. Officer Miklos observed no criminal activity and left without further incident. Case clear.

Oct. 7 Sailboat

2:11 p.m.
Officer Troyer responded to Hideaway Bay for a welfare check on four younger adults living on sailboats in a canal. Upon arrival, Officer Troyer met with the complainant who reported there were younger adults living on a sailboat in the canal off of Hideaway Bay and she was concerned for their wellbeing during Hurricane Milton. Officer Troyer met with the individuals and they confirmed they were indeed going to ride out the storm and understood the consequences of staying through a mandatory evacuation. They told the officer they had plenty of food and water and were just fine being on their boats. Officer Troyer informed them it would be safer to be near the mainland, however they wished to stay. Case clear.

Electricity

4:22 p.m.
Officer Troyer responded to Linley Street for a citizen assist. Officer Troyer spoke with the complainant who requested the officer turn the breaker off at her residence. While en-route, Officer Troyer spoke with the complainant by phone to which she gave verbal permission to enter her residence and turn off the breaker. Upon arrival, Officer Troyer entered into the owner's residence and turned off the breaker without any issues. Case clear.

Oct. 8 Public service

3:30 a.m.
Officer Ramsaier was dispatched to the 6700 block of Gulf of Mexico Drive for a public service call. The complainant requested an officer to double check that the deadbolt to his condominium unit was locked. Upon arrival, Officer Ramsaier was on the phone with complainant and was directed to where the spare keys were and locked the deadbolt for him. Case clear.

Citizen assist

5:52 a.m.
Officer Troyer responded to Bayou Road to a manhole cover that was uncovered. Upon arrival, Officer Troyer met with the complainant who had said she contacted Public Works Department and Comcast for the past five days to fix the issue, but no one had responded. The complainant said she was not strong enough to move the cover herself and earlier her dog fell inside the hole. Officer Troyer placed the cover over the hole and cleared the call. Case clear.

Suspicious persons

10:53 a.m.
Officer Troyer responded to Laguna Drive for a report of a suspicious person. The complainant reported seeing three suspicious younger adults in the area. The complainant felt they were suspicious. Upon arrival, Officer Troyer spoke with the complainant who reported seeing three younger adults described as a woman and two men. The complainant felt the young adults were 'casing' houses to loot. The complainant also observed a white paneled van driving behind the younger adults and felt this was suspicious as well. Officer Troyer observed the younger adults in the area, to which they were just walking down the sidewalk carrying coconuts. Officer Troyer observed they were younger adults and made contact with them in reference to a welfare check, where they were living on sailboats in a canal. Officer Troyer also observed the white van and the sole occupant was filling sandbags on the side of the roadway. Officer Troyer contacted the complainant and provided his observations to her and informed her no criminal activity was observed. Officer Troyer contacted the persons and spoke with them about evacuating and their plans. They continued to refuse to evacuate, but in relation to this call they were not engaged in any criminal activity. Case clear.

Jetski

10:30 a.m.
Officer Nazareno was dispatched to the Moorings for a citizen assist call regarding a jet ski found by an employee and secured at one of the slips. Upon arrival, Officer Nazareno ran the registration number which showed the owner lives at Neptune Avenue. Officer Nazareno then responded to Neptune and was advised by the next door neighbor at Triton Bend that the owner was not home and provided the officer with the owner's phone number. Officer Nazareno spoke with the owner about his jet ski and he advised that he will make arrangements to pick up his jet ski at the Moorings. The caller was advised and given the contact information. Case clear.

Oct. 5 Driver's license

9:55 a.m.
Officer Butler while on patrol received a camera alert in regard to an expired driver's license. The alert was from the Bay Isles Parkway camera. An NCIC/FCIC check was performed and confirmed. Officer Butler then located the vehicle traveling northbound and conducted a traffic stop at the 3500 block of Gulf of Mexico Drive. The registered owner was the driver. Officer Butler asked for her driver's license, registration and proof of insurance. The driver stated she knew the driver's license was expired and that she was going to work. She was unable to provide proof of insurance. Case clear.

Floodwater

1:25 p.m.
Officer Nazareno was dispatched to the 6500 block of Gulf of Mexico Drive for a citizen assist call regarding the flooding at the area of Gulfside Drive. Due to the flood in the area, Officer Nazareno contacted the caller to advise her of the delayed response. The caller said that the water was starting to reach her backyard. The homeowner didn't require any emergency services. Case clear.

Oct. 6 Incident

5:08 p.m.
Officer Miklos and Officer Ericsson were dispatched to Dream Island Road and Gulf of Mexico Drive for a verbal argument between two men. Sarasota Sheriff's dispatch advised they were not sure if the caller was involved, however, stated the subjects were in a black truck towing a boat possibly dumpster diving. Upon arrival, Sarasota Sheriff's Office advised that the caller was no longer landline or wanted to meet. Officer Miklos observed the truck and trailer in the road near Dream Island Rd. At the time, Officer Miklos saw an extension cord coming from the house hooked up to an air compressor which was actively filling the trailer's tires up. Officer Miklos made contact with two men who said they lived at the address and

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TeeTime

Prolonged music, news on course is against rules

You cannot listen to music or news, etc., for prolonged periods during a round, but it is all right if you briefly listen

Both the USGA and the R&A saw it fit to agree to a change of one of golf’s most infamous hard luck rules. Now, if you address a ball and a wind gust causes it to move, you are not penalized. All you need do is play from the ball’s new position.

Previously, you would have incurred a one-stroke penalty when this happened and had to replace the ball to its original position. Nevertheless, if it moved because of gravity, you would still be penalized and the ball replaced.

Another rule change involved altering conditions. Changing the area of the course will not be a penalty unless it creates a potential advantage for you. Two examples: Repairing a pitch mark on your line of play five yards in front of your ball; accidentally knocking a leaf loose with a practice swing. Either would be all right provided no advantage was gained from doing so (Decision 13-2/0.5).

Another change involves moving your ball accidentally while searching for it when it is covered with sand; there is no penalty. However, from now on, if your ball moves in a hazard when it is covered by loose impediments, it is a one-stroke penalty.

Also, with regard to smoothing sand. You can smooth sand before your first shot in a bunker, provided it is for the purpose of tidying and you are not testing the conditions or improving your stance, lie, intended swing or line of play. If you move a loose impediment as a result of tidying the bunker, there is no penalty, so long as you didn’t gain an advantage (Rule 13-4, Decision 13-4/9.5).

Unless you commit a serious breach of the rules, if you accidentally play from the wrong place, the maximum penalty is two strokes. That, too, is a change in the rules (Rule 20-7c).

If you make a stroke at an oscillating ball, there is no pen-

alty because the ball hasn’t moved (Decision 14-5/2).

Here’s an interesting change: You cannot listen to music or news, etc., for prolonged periods during a round, but it is all right if you briefly listen. For example: checking sports scores.

If you tee off within five minutes of a designated tee time, before or after, it’s a two-stroke penalty instead of disqualification (Rule 6-3a).

There are also two major changes to the USGA Handicap System that take effect now. All clubs and associations will follow the same National Revision Schedule and revise Handicap indexes every two weeks, year round. All golf club handicap committees must have a member who is trained and certified in the USGA Handicap System procedures.

...

A reader writes:

During my recent trip to Florida, I pulled my drive into a row of orange trees. After a lengthy search, we finally found the ball firmly embedded instead a rotting orange on the ground. My playing partner said I had to play the ball as it lay, but I thought I could take a free drop. What is the ruling?

If your ball had been lying next to the orange, the orange would have been considered a loose impediment. However, since it actually became embedded in the fruit, you are not entitled to a free drop. Instead (according to Decision 23/10), you had the option of playing the ball/fruit as it lay, or deeming your ball unplayable and dropping with a one-stroke penalty.



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KeyOpinion

Steve Reid, from page 8

My preconceived notion is that I dreaded driving from Chicago to Sarasota through the Midwest. I thought it nothing more than an area malnourished of culture and the extremes that imbue the coasts. I thought of the industrial legacy and the endless expanses of farms. I thought it would be like one endless *Prairie Home Companion* episode.

And on top of that I was worried that Hussein might roll me and take my money or the car would be an absolute junker that might make it to some God forsaken place like Indiana and then die and I would be standing on the side of some Midwestern highway like a 45 year old Bob Dylan but without the musical talent.

A shot of confidence

As I stood in the concourse, I watched cars arrive. I was to meet Hussein at 11 a.m. and I watched the cars as they swept up and pulled off. Every time a Beamer approached I would get excited and then it would pick up passengers and drive away.

Hussein was obviously late and I started to get that feeling like David Byrne of the Talking Heads “This is not my life; what am I doing here?” kept going through my head. That feeling married people get or people when they work years for some company or in a career and then say, “What happened to my life and my soul and all the dreams and hopes and passions I had? They have been diminished to a desk and table

and the complicated tasks of picking up milk, toilet paper and soap on the way home.”

I thought, “Why am I in Chicago buying a car that if anything breaks will cost more than the car itself?”

I then realized that with my laptop I really could be a German auto mechanic. There is nothing I cannot learn from a YouTube video on how to fix this car I reasoned.

Then I surveyed O’Hare. It was cold and cement filled and people were rushing. I liked the frenetic energy. I got a shot of confidence as if my testosterone was starting to surge. “I am going to control this situation, flag Hussein down and he will drive to Wells Fargo, I will make my mock cash withdrawal after I survey the scene and try the car out and I will drive that Green Machine 100 mph all the way home,” I thought.

Then like Walter Mitty, this idea started to blend with reality and a man in a black leather jacket about 30 years old pulled up in my future car. It felt like a psychotic arranged marriage where my bride was being dropped off and I was going to assume all responsibility going forward.

“I am Mr. Husain, You must be Steffen...” Hussein said through a rolled down window. “You ready?” He asked.

Profiles in discouragement

Concrete. Steel. Impersonal. Shivering souls being whisked away one by one by one.

That was my vision and take of the O’Hare Airport concourse I stood on waiting for Hussein to show up in the car I

bought on eBay.

And he was late and I had no idea what he looked like. And I’ll confess I was full of all the stereotypes — I was looking for a swarthy Muslim man in his 40s. I felt like some profiling airport security agent peering into the windshield of every BMW that arrived looking for a Muslim male — Hussein. The minutes ticked by. Was I in the right location? I tried to call him and his phone gave that dying at the end of the ring that told me he was talking. I knew he saw my call.

A white haired woman in a red pea coat drove up in a 740iL. A slick leather jacketed business guy with driving gloves in a 5 series. Every time a dark colored beamer arrived, I clenched my aluminum briefcase and walked precipitously close to the road only to watch them gun it and whiz past.

The anti Buddha

I am not a patient person. Like all frenetic and selfish people, I am late most everywhere. Not because I am arrogant and want to make people wait and think my world is superior, but because if I see a window of time I shove seven tasks and all kinds of optimism into a time window that has no basis in reality. If I have to be at the airport at seven a.m., I am the person paying bills at 6:10 at the house, walking the dog, kissing the kids goodbye and deciding to pack the perfect books for the trip.

My mind thrives on open windows of time like some anti Buddha who fills the void with all sorts of nonsense.

Is this guy going to show? I had that feeling that buying the car on eBay and flying up was essentially a waste of a hotel room and an airplane ticket and I would be going home defeated. I tried to view it like a perfect convergence of all the fates and it would work, but between the cold February wind in Chicago, the manner of Chicagoans who make no eye contact and the fact that I did not know a single soul and absent my cell phone I might have well have arrived at Ellis Island. I waited and waited.

My phone rang after 40 minutes.

“I am 2 minutes from you,” Hussein said matter of factly. “I am in the car.”

“Well I am here,” I answered and while I was relieved he arrived, I tried to conjure up the persona of toughness and total control of the situation. The emphasis was on persona.

“You smoke?” said Hussein as I entered the car. I looked around as I fell into the BMW.

I remember the last time someone named Hussein gave me a ride in a car. It was in a blue 300SD from Rhonda, Spain to Algeciras in 1988. I was hitchhiking — 18 years old and my girlfriend was 19 — and he drove 90 mph all the way. We sat in the back seat and when we were a few miles out of Algeciras he kicked us out and told us we must exit the vehicle. We protested, “Could we get a ride to the boarder?”

He was adamant and looked at me and said, “I drive Hashish — Morocco to France to Morocco— you must go.”

Into the 5 a.m. Spanish morning we hopped out with our backpacks. This memory flitted through my mind as he drove off serpentine through the morning traffic.

See Steve Reid, page 13

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KeyOpinion

Steve Reid, from page 12



No choice but faith

I fell in love with the BMW coupe. I was used to my last car — a Mercedes S500 coupe — but this car felt muscular, powerful and fast. Its seats were comfortable, supple leather and the roar of the engine could be felt and heard.

Then Hussein got on the cell phone. He made back-to-back calls with deals flowing off his lips — “No! 12k is too much; we can go to Pretoria and get that one for 9. Hold on I have another call. Then he would turn a corner and another call. This went on as we headed to a Wells Fargo.

I had seven thousand dollars in my pocket — the balance owed from the eBay purchase. This Wells Fargo trip was my ruse — I had the money but went in as if I had to withdraw the wad of cash. I took \$20 out of my account as he waited in the car.

I worried that we would drive off with the money and I would end up slit throat in some shed and only a link via an eBay account and a grainy photo by airport security as my legacy. I thought of my wife and six children. I walked out with that fake faith in humanity we conjure when there is really no other alternative but to go forward with a plan.

I was relieved when he said the DMV was two blocks away and we drove there and transferred the ownership.

The car was perfect — no dents or dings, the leather flawless and it had 97,000 miles.

This was the 8 series Supercoupe BMW produced in the 1990s. It was built for fast and long cross-country trips and all I wanted was to hit Indiana, drive strategically far over the speed limit pretending to myself that I could figure out where the police were hiding as I careened across the Midwest.

Careening across the Midwest took quite a while to accomplish. My inner images of cornfields like some 1980s John Mellencamp video backdrop never really came to fruition. I learned the soul of southern Illinois had as much in common with Cortez Road and Shirley-Medford, New York and every other endless string of lights and shopping centers and strip malls. But eventually the road opened up and evening started to come.

It was about 4:30 and I noticed the radio would not play music and there was no upgrade, no iPod connector, nothing.

I pulled over and googled BMW radios and found out that it was security protected by some code. Online forums suggested I call a dealer and offer up the VIN and radio number and they could provide the code to unlock the 1990s radio so I could listen to music. I dreaded driving all the way to Sarasota with only my thoughts and the sound of wind sheer.

I called Sarasota BMW and they sounded suspicious and circumspect about offering such coveted information over the phone. They said I had to be there in person in case the radio was stolen. I told them it was a \$50 radio and the days of anyone stealing radios with tape players had passed. They would not offer any help.

I went online searching for codes. After reading all these hopelessly long and intricate forums of techie BMW fanatics I did what all of Middle America does — I tracked down a Wal-Mart and bought a replacement. And in the parking lot I installed a new stereo with an iPod ready connection and that changed the entire journey.

From Axl to Ziggy and Bach

An iPod full of music is jukebox of the soul especially driving through a long night alone. Everybody’s iPod is different and each song a tangle of memories and associations.

By 7p.m. I was mesmerized by the guitar riffs of The Rolling Stones in Sister Morphine. Soon I got tired and depressed by the Rolling Stones and switched to Van Morrison and then Chopin. I played the opening rushing notes of Winter’s Wind by Chopin over and over — an avalanche of dissonance.

Who can drive through the Midwest without listening to Bob Dylan? Most every woman I have ever known.

So I took advantage of my solitary hours — all the music everyone turns down when they hop in my car I turned up — the opening notes to Suicide Solution, Pavarotti and let’s not forget about Nina Simone, Sinatra and yes, even some Eminem.

Sadly enough, I get influenced by music. If I listen to Chopin over and over I will want to live alone as an artist refining my craft far away from the silliness of Longboat Key and journalism and family. It is like reading Nietzsche over and over — it isolates the soul. Then Bach brings back the harmony of the universe and for me Beethoven’s 9th symphony must be listened to at least once a week in its entirety to remain halfway balanced and restore faith in life and humanity.

And then there is Guns N Roses, Zeppelin and the Rolling Stones. They bring out the wild teenager angst rebellious gene. If I listen to more than an hour, I become this mock testosterone-laden Rock God of partying, womanizing and late night nuttiness — at least in my mind. As a remedy I will often quickly put on some Simon and Garfunkle and like popping a tire it releases all the testosterone from the system. Another calming and depressive set of music to play when I feel irresponsible and ready to drink Coronas all night are some old Harry Chapin songs. Harry Chapin is like putting a wet sweater on at the top of a ski slope

when it comes to fun.

I want to live with a Cinnamon Girl...
Destroyed your notion of circular time...
Welcome to the Jungle...
Quanto e Bella...
Me and Julio down by the schoolyard...
All my life’s a circle...
I met her in a club down in Old Soho
Ziggy played guitar...
Sad eyed lady of the lowlands...
Instant karma’s going to get you...
Gonna give you my love...

I shut the music off.

It was a funny feeling being alone in the car with my thoughts for so many hours. I went from feeling this liberating maverick feeling — a high octane Jack Kerouac or Henry Miller or Ulysses — to moments later little more than a lonely and depressed cross-country truck driver.

Longboat was always on my mind...

Sometimes when we are alone in a car over a dark landscape our lives come into reflection. How did I end up putting out newspapers and writing for a living?

I thought of all the issues on Longboat Key I could grapple with — the Colony, beaches, Town Centers, Bayfront park, peacocks, police dispatch changes, trailer parking and candidates.

I thought of all the people I knew and had met and all the friends and people I upset with opinions or coverage they found offensive or distasteful.

I thought how my habit of poking fun of people and positions had created a small but vigilant group of adversaries and that made me uncomfortable. I then criticized myself for wanting people to like me.

I lowered the windows and let the cool night air in, which was moist and damp through the car.

I pictured Murf Klauber at the former Colony. I thought how his entire life was spent building and operating a resort that only ended in ruins. And no matter what assertions he made in court or how he lamented over drinks at Pattigeorge’s, a world he lived in each and every day for 40 years slipped beyond his grasp. And he had to accept that before he died.

I thought of the intimacy of the events. The Colony had a life and vibrancy epitomized by Klauber’s crazy pastiche of crazy-color shirts and his Axl Rose-like white shorts and his boat shoes — a veritable uniform I saw him in for about 15 years.

Then I thought of my daughter who is approaching 18 years old and is a senior and will be leaving our home soon. I thought of how she was born the very first day I started work at the on my own paper 18 years ago. I thought of all the errors and parenting mistakes and times I worked when I should have been at home and times I wish I could re-create and live over but were already too late. I thought of how easy and selfish it was as a man to bury myself in work under the proviso of providing and while that necessity has a distinguishing honor, I now find myself like a hoarder at 55 trying to spend every second with my children and my wife.

The night sure got long and depressing. Perhaps it was the Midwest. Then suddenly as if a ghost attacked the car, the windows went up on their own and sealed me inside. I hit the brakes and lowered the windows again. Soon, they did the same trick. I pulled over and on another BMW forum I learned at 100 mph the windows automatically rise in the 840ci to create a sealed driving compartment.

Deep thoughts fizzle away

I realized at 55 I was not on an adventure, I was not seeking a wild experience. I was not on some freewheeling Kerouac or Henry Miller adventure. I was speeding to get home. To get back to my life. It was a strange feeling.

Like the fall of the life that was known as the Colony, I realized my wildest and craziest days were already over.

But driving as fast as I could to get back to my home was not feeling whimpy. It actually felt like a thrill of sorts. I had created a world and was no longer trying to chaotically and aimlessly seek experiences. My days of paddling through Central American jungles and cruising for months around Mexico were over. The idea that I was living in my own 100 years of Solitude of Magical Realism was over. The driving a van to the Yukon and canoeing the Yukon River was over. And hitchhiking through Spain and Morocco was over. Building houses and playing contractor and landlord was over.

I wanted to get home. I wanted to write books and tell stories and grow increasingly reflective. I thought of how I care more about my daughter’s progress in piano than about any guitar playing I could ever hope to accomplish — and I have been playing 30 years.

And as for the newspaper, I thought how a paper could at its best help touch lives and bring meaning and soul to a community.

I knew as I drove into Kentucky that I was lucky to have spent the last 18-year working on Longboat Key and in Sarasota. I had found an epicenter. I started to think about the Lakota Indian, Black Elk, who said the mountain he stood upon in his vision was Harney Peak in the Black Hills and it was the center of the universe. Then he added, “But anywhere is the center of the world.”

Longboat Key is our Harney Peak. the St. Regis, the Commission, the visitors and the residents and the many faces on Longboat Key have a mythological dimension. They all start to center their lives on this 10-mile strip of land and play out their final year and extinguish their final energies on our island.

After thinking of all these seemingly deep thoughts I opened a bottle of seltzer and stupidly did not release the pressure. The cherry seltzer sprayed the windshield, the dash and my lap and continued to fizzle.

“How could I be so goddamn unaware and stupid?” I said as if anyone was listening. I cursed violently for a minute more and then laughed as I sopped up the mess and decided to pull over for the night.

I watched the shadows of the bushes through the window as I sank my head into the motel pillow. All of the world turned silent except for a soft breeze nudging at the windowpane. A streetlamp in the corner of the parking lot painted a glow across the green hood of the BMW. My hectic day, like the dream of Vishnu, was complete.

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BreakPoints

How can I raise my overall game level?

What, and in which strokes, are the main differences between a 3.5 and 4.5 level club player? What should a 3.5 player focus on to improve?

JACKIE BOHANNON
Guest Columnist
tennis@lbknews.com

For those unfamiliar with ratings the NTRP classifies players by their tennis playing abilities. A 1.5-2.0 is a beginner, and a 7.0 is a touring pro. Therefore a 3.5 is your average tennis player, a strong intermediate, who can for the most part play and fit in with anyone at the club. A 4.5 is an advanced recreational player. They are usually your best players at the club. Typically teaching pros start at 5.0 and higher, so your 4.5 players are usually your top echelon of recreational players.



BOHANNON

As you improve up the ratings it increasingly becomes more difficult to get to the next level. That is because the details of the game start to become more minute. To answer your question, the difference between a 3.5 and a 4.5 is everything. The 4.5 is more well-rounded. The 3.5 may have one or two aspects of their game that are perhaps stronger than the 4.5 but the 4.5 has fewer weaknesses, more diversity, more match tough experience, etc.

If a player rated 3.5 has a goal of reaching 4.5 there are many areas to focus on to improve, so I will focus on the following: footwork, stances, anticipation, reaction, consistency, control, placement, and power.

Footwork. Generally, the better the player the better the footwork. Many 3.5's will split step for their volleys, but not at the baseline. Better players are always on their toes. Try split stepping anytime your opponent hits the ball.

Stance. Work on diversifying your stances. Many 3.5 players still hit with a mainly closed, or semi-closed stance. I highly recommend hitting open stance. Generally, more advanced players (like a 4.5 or higher) hit more balls with an open stance. You need a variety of footwork and stances, but the open stance disguises your shots more, gives you more topspin, and makes your recovery more efficient.

Anticipation. Beginners tend to start moving for the ball once it is already on their side. Intermediates usually start moving when the ball has already been hit by the opponent and is close to clearing the net. However advanced players tend to watch the ball come off their opponent's racquet, so they are able to start reading where the ball might go, and anticipate where they need to move. That is why when you watch advanced players it can look more effortless. A 4.5 will look at their opponent and recognize when they are in trouble and move in to look for a short ball. A 4.5 will recognize when their opponent is going to drop shot them. A 4.5 will see their opponent is going to hit a topspin or slice backhand.

Reaction. A 4.5 has better hands and quicker reaction times. A 3.5 should work on volley volley drills back and forth working on consistency first and then speed. A 3.5 might be able to volley back and forth at the net with a friend 30 times in a row. A 4.5 can do it 100 times and the speed will increase. Also a 3.5 tends to watch their shots, but a 4.5 hits and recovers immediately. A 3.5 gets surprised by their great shots, but a 4.5 expects them. A 3.5 remembers their good shots after a match, a 4.5 dwells on their bad ones.

Consistency. Generally, a 4.5 is more consistent than a 3.5. One of my favorite drills is the 100 Ball Club. Try rallying with a friend or a pro and your goal is to get 100 balls consecutively baseline to baseline. Work on getting a higher first serve percentage. 3.5's still make more mistakes than winners. A 4.5 generally doesn't beat themselves. They make their opponent work for each and every point.

Control. A 3.5 needs to develop many speeds. Every ball can not be hit at the exact same pace. You need to have your consistent rally ball and your put away shot. Work on being able to hit at 25, 50, 75, and 100 percent power levels. You want to be able to hit angles, drop shots, lobs, as well as flat, topspin, and slice.

Placement. Work on hitting targets. Instead of focusing on a general area like hitting your forehand cross court, put targets out and aim for the target. Make the target smaller and smaller. At Bird Key we have a circle target where players can focus on hitting through the circle. This develops excellent placement and control. Always practice and hit with a purpose. Often I find players are thinking about just getting it in. A 4.5 really knows how to develop a point, and place the ball. They always have a plan.

Power. Not only does a 4.5 usually hit harder, but they know when to hit harder. Sometimes you'll have a 3.5 that can hit hard, but they are not consistent. A 4.5 attacks all short balls, and generally puts the ball away everytime they get a short, weak, or soft ball. If a 4.5 gets an overhead the point is done. If in doubles the 4.5 gets a shot at the net the point is done. A 4.5 knows when to pull the trigger and be more aggressive. Oftentimes a 3.5 doesn't put the ball away when they get the chance, or it takes 2 or 3 times to finish the point. Focus on finishing the point and putting the ball away the first time you get the opportunity.

In conclusion, advancing from a 3.5 to a 4.5 brings to mind one of my favorite philosophies called marginal gains. Marginal gains is the process in which small incremental improvements add up to significant improvement when they are all added together. This is a perfect mentality and work ethic for a tennis player looking to improve. Hopefully my few suggestions today will help you reach your goals.

Jackie Bohannon is the Director of Tennis at the Bird Key Yacht Club.

Serve Jackie your best shot!



Long-time tennis pro and recently-named America's Top Coach Jackie Bohannon will answer any question on tennis.

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KeyCrossword

So Passe

ACROSS

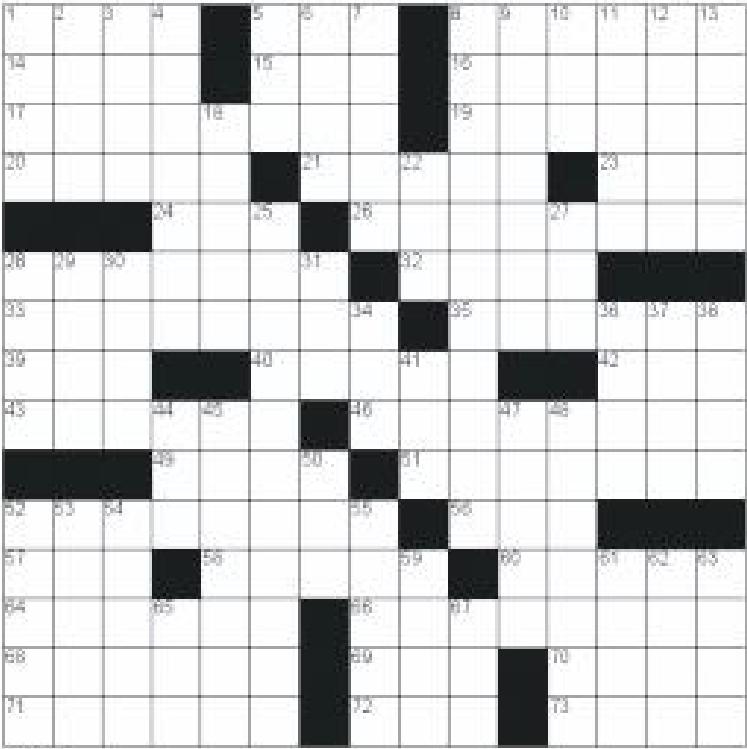
- 1. "Ray, if someone asks if you are ____ you say, 'yes!'" (Ghostbusters)
- 5. Roald Dahl character
- 8. Senegal locale
- 14. Blanchett who played Dylan
- 15. NPR's Flatow
- 16. "You ____ watching the throne" (Kanye lyric)
- 17. Traitor*
- 19. Edit
- 20. Like many scenes portraying a character's death
- 21. Footfaraws
- 23. "Holey moly!"
- 24. Hot tub sound
- 26. End game strategy in some sports*
- 28. Less abundant
- 32. "Is You ____ Is You Ain't My Baby?"
- 33. 2007 John C. Reilly film subtitled The Dewey Cox Story*
- 35. Newsman Charles
- 39. Six-pack contents
- 40. Melancholia director Lars von ____
- 42. Dr. of "The Chronic"
- 43. Scratch
- 46. Raise to 100C*
- 49. Free speech org.
- 51. Tessellation arrangements
- 52. Trophy for a cruel hunter*
- 56. Pince-____
- 57. Snug-bug connector
- 58. Brainstorming products
- 60. Explorer de Gama
- 64. Connecticut spice
- 66. Stiff with the green*
- 68. Knight's legwear

- 69. Feathered neckwear
- 70. Underground dance party
- 71. Website host
- 72. Classic Gibson guitars
- 73. Little on The Wire

DOWN

- 1. Book ascribed to Luke
- 2. France, once
- 3. Other in Oaxaca
- 4. 'Rotten' state
- 5. Program blurb
- 6. Brothers' keeper?
- 7. Tim Tebow, once
- 8. Sports Night showrunner
- 9. Michelangelo works
- 10. Jeremiah Wright's title: Abbr.
- 11. Mandy's "The Princess Bride" role
- 12. Trig. function

Graham Rosby



- 13. "Eight Days ____"
- 18. One way to fly
- 22. Potential employer's concern, perhaps
- 25. He was posthumously awarded an Oscar in 2009
- 27. Partner of sm. and med.
- 28. Crossed the English Channel, e.g.
- 29. Spring Break destination
- 30. "What's more,"
- 31. Initial school subjects?
- 34. Not brilliant
- 36. Get too high from
- 37. What a copy stems from: Abbr.
- 38. Improviser Close and others
- 41. Chow down on
- 44. Nerdy party
- 45. Make something of yourself
- 47. Parisian student
- 48. Superman villain
- 50. Abu Dhabi's fed.
- 52. "True Blood" makeup props
- 53. "It's ____ bet!"
- 54. David Foster Wallace speech "This Is ____"
- 55. Slaps on
- 59. Make out in England?
- 61. Staple of Hawaiian street food
- 62. Spanish bubbly
- 63. Certain court hearing
- 65. Dallas dribbler, briefly
- 67. Brooklyn rappers ____ Racist

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