

## SAND IN YOUR SHOES ?

Probably the best description of it came from the late Damon Runyon in a letter he wrote to a movie producer in California. He was explaining why he wouldn't be out there to write a movie script he had been asked to do. Here are some excerpts from Runyon's letter.

The truth of the matter is, Bill, I've got sand in my shoes. It's pretty difficult to explain that to anyone who doesn't know what it means.

It means a land covered with sunlight - warm and soft. It means white and pink houses - with red, blue and green roofs - and purple bougainvillea, and scarlet hibiscus - roses - gardenias - and gladioli. It means palm trees whispering mysteriously - and tall melaleucas nodding their plumed heads to every breeze. It means big, fat porpoises playing in Biscayne Bay - and gaunt pelicans patrolling the sky at dusk - and folks fishing from bridges all day. Slim pale yachts

and bustling motor boats and hundreds of little sails fluttering like white butterflies over the water - big smug liners and freighters. Friendly faces - and never in too big a hurry - and the skyline of the city with twinkling lights embroidered against a velvety moon-glow.

It means stately avenues of giant palms - it means turquoise blue waters of the ocean lapping white beaches - and always the sun shining down in kindly warmth. Always the sun, Bill.

It means the nearby Keyes where the ghosts of bearded old buccaneers still guard their buried treasure. It means laughter in the sunlight - and romance under a big tropical moon.

Sand in your shoes? — well it means, sand in your shoes, Bill — that's what it means.

Credit to WTVJ, Miami