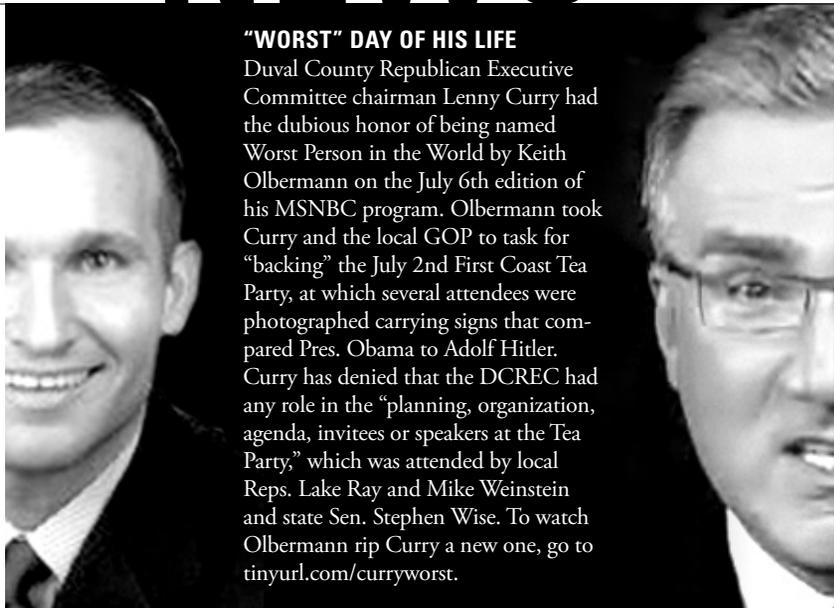


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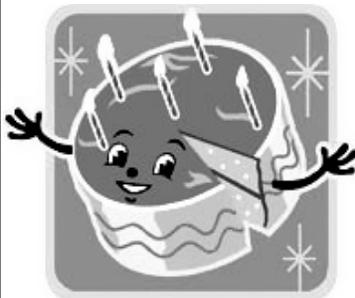


"WORST" DAY OF HIS LIFE

Duval County Republican Executive Committee chairman Lenny Curry had the dubious honor of being named Worst Person in the World by Keith Olbermann on the July 6th edition of his MSNBC program. Olbermann took Curry and the local GOP to task for "backing" the July 2nd First Coast Tea Party, at which several attendees were photographed carrying signs that compared Pres. Obama to Adolf Hitler. Curry has denied that the DCREC had any role in the "planning, organization, agenda, invitees or speakers at the Tea Party," which was attended by local Reps. Lake Ray and Mike Weinstein and state Sen. Stephen Wise. To watch Olbermann rip Curry a new one, go to tinyurl.com/curryworst.

BUZZ

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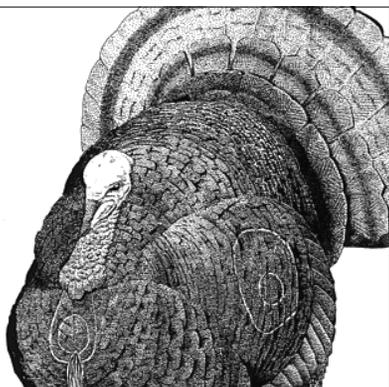
BLAME IT ON BARRY

"I was shocked and disappointed that The Times-Union did not wish our country a happy birthday or even mention Independence Day on the front page of Saturday morning's paper. The new president promised us change. I hope the country survives it."
— A "rant" in the Times-Union on July 7. Sure, he's the leader of the free world, but maybe you're giving him a *leetle* too much credit.

DOUBLE GOBBLE

"Turkey Country"

— Sportsman Channel program on which Jacksonville resident and turkey-hunting enthusiast Brad Parker will appear on July 14, 17 and 19. According to a press release, "'Turkey Country' brings viewers the joy of turkey hunting all year long. The show provides the NWTFF [National Wild Turkey Federation] an opportunity to show the best in turkey hunting while promoting conservation."



BOUQUETS & BRICKBATS



Bouquets to Jaxpolitics.wordpress.com blogger Abel Harding for breaking a story that wound up bringing national attention to the radical message of Jacksonville Tea Party participants. Harding posted photographs from the Duval County Republican Party's Facebook page taken at the July 2nd protest at The Jacksonville Landing, including images of Pres. Obama as Adolf Hitler. Harding's story promoted national outcry and forced the local GOP to publicly distance itself from such extremist viewpoints.



Bouquets to new mother Zawadi and the entire Animal Health staff of the Jacksonville Zoo for the 28th successful giraffe birth at the facility. The yet-unnamed 128-pound newborn arrived on July 7 and, according to Director of Animal Programs Delfi Messinger, appeared to be in good health. Video footage of the birth of the reticulated giraffe is available at jacksonvillezoo.org



Brickbats to the Jacksonville Aviation Authority for proving once again that, in Jacksonville, connections mean more than qualifications. JAA awarded a \$72,156 contract for an evaluation of JIA's police force to a company founded two weeks after requests for qualifications were published, over a company founded in 1974. They chose a company headed by former JSO undersheriff Joseph Henry because he's local, even though that plus wasn't mentioned in the RFQ and the other competitor had a former head of an airport police force on staff.

LORE

GWYNEDD STUART gstuart@folioweekly.com

Foot traffic: At the corner of College and King in Riverside.



WALTER COKER

Barefoot & Perambulant

HOW "JIFFY FEET" BECAME A BELOVED PART OF NORTHEAST FLORIDA'S VERNACULAR

Where I did the majority of my growing up — about 50 miles south of Jacksonville in Flagler County — there were three Jiffy Food Stores. The iconic and charmingly low-rent convenience chain with the yellow-and-blue sign is now defunct, but for a while was ubiquitous. And at any given location, it wasn't unusual to spot beach bums or red-necks, the odor of stale beer hovering about them, shuffling around barefoot on the begrimed linoleum floors. They likely owned shoes, and certainly didn't have anything important enough to do that haste would have prevented them from slipping on a pair. They just couldn't be bothered.

The result of their devil-may-care behavior was a grimy pad of black filth on the sole of the foot, one that — depending on the length of exposure — might or might not be remedied by a shower or, more likely, a dip in the ocean or a pond. The term everyone used to describe the phenomenon was "Jiffy feet." And just as the Jiffy brand became a generic term for any convenience store, "Jiffy feet" would eventually describe any and all filthy feet, regardless of how they were acquired.

The term remains specific to this region — the Orange Park-based convenience store chain, which was sold by the Hartley family in 1990, operated 342 stores just in Florida and Southeast Georgia — and has become as iconic and nostalgic as the store from which its name was taken. Urban New Jersey has "Fuggedaboutit" and guidos, Portland has precipitation and junkies, and North Florida has rednecks and "Jiffy feet."

I was distressed to discover that few in Folio Weekly's editorial department had ever heard the term, so I decided to poll friends on Facebook, requesting that they comment if they did (or did not) know its meaning. One friend, a 25-year-old native Floridian, wondered, "Who the f*ck doesn't know about Jiffy feet?" Another commented, "But of course! I grew up on the Northside." The 30-some responses — only one person hadn't heard the term — prove locals feel strongly about it and in some weird way cherish ownership of it, despite its repugnance. In fact, "Jiffy feet" is experiencing something of a cultural resurgence.

A few months ago, installation pieces by Atlanta-based artist and former Jacksonville Ronnie Land began popping up on telephone poles around Riverside. The dirty, dismembered feet are carved from wood, with the word "Jiffy" scrawled down the calf. Also, around the end of last year, a collective of locals started posting on their website, jiffyfeet.com, honoring the bit of local lore and the redneck associations attached to it.

"Man, I love Jiffy feet," Land says with unbridled enthusiasm from his home in Atlanta. In fact, Land loves them so much he actually remembers the first time he heard the phrase. It was sometime during the late '80s, and he was waiting in line at a grimy Westside convenience store (which, to his recollection, wasn't actually a Jiffy). In walked a standard lower-class Jacksonville of the era — mullet, too-tight jean shorts, no shirt. But what struck Land the most was the man's unique choice of footwear: No shoes, just