

TYBEE



# beachcomber

SEPTEMBER 2017

TYBEEBEACHCOMBER.COM

*Island's Guide for fun!*

## The Tybee Island Marine Science Center

**CONFESSIONS** of A  
*Reformed Beer Snob*

**HURRICANE SEASON**  
*IT'S BAAACK!*

**The 48**  
**Hour Film Project**  
The Sweet One



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**TYBEE**  
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# THIS IS MY HAPPY PLACE



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Ms...Alain...eous

## From the EDITOR

I am not sure what happened to summer, but bye y'all! I don't think anyone is truly distraught over this turn of events (except for the kids), as anything to cool us down is a welcome diversion. Being from Oregon, I am used to the rain and am delighted about the cooler temperatures it brings with it. Well, I don't know what in hell is going on in Georgia, but these downpours are not improving my temperature! How can it be flooding in the streets with a humidity of 110? It is not right.

September has been a rough month for me to put together and I would like to share a special shout out to **Dizzy Dean's**. They provide my inspiration! They actually also provide my inspiration for getting out of bed every day, because nothing cooks up a good story like Cabernet Sauvignon.

Our feature story this month is all about the **Tybee Island Marine Science Center!!** **Joy Davis** aka Surfer Girl knocked this one out of the park!! Who knew that our little bit of paradise provides such an interesting and educational location to inform us about the environment we are invading and those that inhabited it long before we did. Definitely an article to check out! Thank you, Surfer Girl!!

This month's **Traveling Beachcomber winners** are **Robert and Anne Green!!** They traveled all the way to **China!!** YES!! We have conquered another continent in our worldly travels!! Thank you to the Greens!! We don't know where exactly you are in China due to some things lost in translation, but the point is you are there and we LOVE IT!!! Stop by and see me for your gift certificate to **A-J's!!** I am back on my conch fritter kick (not that I was ever off of it) and I am a terrific dinner guest (just in case you need a friend to go with you).

As usual, our Beachcomber team has come up with some great articles to entertain you and make you appreciate this spot of paradise we call ours. So, make me a margarita, kick up your feet and go read about the good times straight ahead!!



# BIZZ BUZZ

By Alaina Loughridge - Photo by Wen McNally

## PALM COAST TREE CARE / LANDSCAPE



As you know, every month The Beachcomber supplies our faithful readers with information on the latest business in town, as well as remind you of old and faithful businesses that have been around. This month is no different and I want to give you the scoop on Tybee's latest edition, **Palm Coast**. I had a chance to sit down with the owner of Palm Coast, **Sean Ryan**, and learn his story.

Sean was born and raised on Wilmington Island. After graduating from high school, Sean promptly started working in the data telecom field and has been dedicated to the business over 20 years. But when Hurricane Matthew hit, Sean found his hometown in need. After we were all allowed back on our island to see if our homes were still standing, Sean saw the opportunity to help his neighbors by giving top-notch quality service. Enter **Palm Coast - a tree cutting and landscaping service**. Palm Coast not only offers tree trimming, but also landscaping, including mowing and general lawn care.

Calling up a family member, **Chase Rudeseal**, the root really took hold and Palm Coast officially started in February of 2017. With the two guys' heart and soul invested, they are relying on their dependable and reliable reputation to help spread the word. They are here to help at both reasonable and fair prices and to give back to their community. Sean is branching out now from his home base to all of the islands: Skidaway, Dutch, Thunderbolt, and "anywhere there is salt water and palm trees." Sean and Chase believe in supporting our local businesses.

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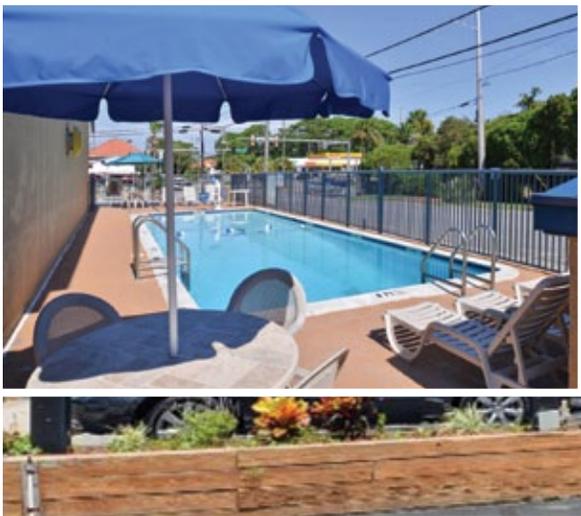
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**Ok, so this month, your questions were NOT interesting enough and you all left me feeling uninspired, so now I've had to go rogue. As summer comes to an end, it's time to start thinking about the elections, who should I vote for, should I even bother? It doesn't really matter to the article because I'm not allowed to get political, so here's September's topic - *Birthday Parties! More importantly MY birthday party.***

In writing this article I hope to stop another disaster like last year. Last year wasn't a complete disaster - I mean, it started out well enough. But when you finish the night bleeding in the back seat of a Breezy while your cousin tries to sop up your blood using his sweatshirt, things have, well, gotten Tybee.

When throwing a birthday party, the first thing is to remember the party is all about ME. Do I care if my guests have fun and enjoy their evening? No, I don't. This day is all about me. If it was also your birthday, then maybe I'd care. It is important to have a kickin' venue, usually Poos, Quarter, or Wind Rose. Then invite all the sexy people you know. This isn't a benefit for new text books people, this is my party, no uggos allowed. For my birthday, I expect all my guests to be dressed up, not as much as me (I am the star after all), but look good people. I want to be hated by the masses come the end of the evening.

Wait, I got ahead of myself. Before we pick a venue to move to, we should start at the house, beach party? How cliché. Do a pot luck, those are fun. Pot lucks are the only time of the year I can convince people to bring me Pigs in a Blanket (Fun Fact #1: I was going to open a Pigs in a Blanket stand this year, but I'm not an ambitious person). For any good pot luck there is one vital rule to follow. DO NOT bring fruit. Who wants to stand in a room with a bunch of nicely dressed beer drinking buffoons hanging around watching each other eating lightly browned apple slices? This is NOT party like. And I will not tolerate it.

Let's talk gifts. No one likes homemade gifts (Fun Fact #2: Unless said gifts are Pigs in a Blanket). What am I going to do with something you made? I mean really, you made me a card? How lovely, I'll be sure to stack them in the bathroom in case my charger won't reach the toilet and my phone is dead. Or possibly store them in a box under my bed, and leave it to my grief-stricken family in the unlikely event of my death. Oh and while we're on the topic of cards, don't buy one. You're getting me a \$9 bottle of wine from the gas station and a \$5 card. Screw the card, buy me a \$14 bottle of wine. I got class (Fun Fact #3: Cards are only acceptable if they are full of cash, nothing smaller than a 20).

Ok, so now that we're sure my gifts won't suck, the food criteria will be met, and of course you're going to stop wasting money on birthday cards, it's time to bar hop. Don't drink and drive, call Breezy (912-665-9988) and tell them to send their best dressed driver - usually Ron. He's so damn handsome. Once you get to the bar of your choice (no matter what you pick you always end up at Poos somehow), get hammered. Just totally black out. The goal of your birthday is to wake up in the morning with bruises and road rash (AKA Tybee Tattoos). Having no recollection of the night before you should turn to Facebook, Snapchat, and Instagram to try to piece together the night before. And nurse that hangover with whatever room temperature beverage is closest to you.

Now that you're on the same page as me, I cordially invite you all to my birthdays. It will be on the 30th, bring Pigs in a Blanket to ... probably Poos.

Date	Day	High Tide		High Tide		Low Tide		Low Tide		Sunrise	Sunset	Moonrise	Moonset	Phase
1	Fr	4:46a	6.4	5:27p	7.2	11:03a	1.2	11:53p	1.3	6:59a	7:47p	4:46p	2:37a	
2	Sa	5:38a	6.6	6:17p	7.4	11:55a	1.0			7:00a	7:46p	5:32p	3:27a	
3	Su	6:28a	6.8	7:04p	7.6	12:40a	1.0	12:44p	0.8	7:00a	7:45p	6:15p	4:21a	
4	Mo	7:15a	7.1	7:47p	7.8	1:25a	0.7	1:31p	0.5	7:01a	7:44p	6:55p	5:17a	
5	Tu	7:59a	7.3	8:28p	7.9	2:09a	0.4	2:18p	0.3	7:02a	7:42p	7:34p	6:15a	
6	We	8:40a	7.6	9:07p	8.0	2:52a	0.1	3:03p	0.2	7:02a	7:41p	8:11p	7:14a	Full
7	Th	9:21a	7.8	9:47p	7.9	3:34a	-0.1	3:49p	0.1	7:03a	7:40p	8:48p	8:14a	
8	Fr	10:04a	7.9	10:29p	7.8	4:17a	-0.2	4:34p	0.1	7:03a	7:38p	9:26p	9:16a	
9	Sa	10:50a	8.0	11:16p	7.6	5:00a	-0.2	5:21p	0.2	7:04a	7:37p	10:05p	10:18a	
10	Su	11:40a	8.0			5:45a	-0.2	6:10p	0.4	7:05a	7:36p	10:47p	11:22a	
11	Mo	12:08a	7.4	12:37p	8.0	6:33a	0.0	7:05p	0.7	7:05a	7:34p	11:33p	12:26p	
12	Tu	1:06a	7.2	1:37p	8.0	7:26a	0.1	8:06p	0.9	7:06a	7:33p		1:29p	
13	We	2:07a	7.1	2:39p	8.0	8:26a	0.3	9:13p	1.0	7:06a	7:32p	12:23a	2:32p	3rd
14	Th	3:09a	7.0	3:41p	8.1	9:32a	0.3	10:20p	0.9	7:07a	7:30p	1:18a	3:31p	
15	Fr	4:12a	7.1	4:43p	8.2	10:37a	0.2	11:23p	0.6	7:08a	7:29p	2:17a	4:26p	
16	Sa	5:15a	7.3	5:43p	8.3	11:40a	0.1			7:08a	7:28p	3:19a	5:16p	
17	Su	6:15a	7.5	6:40p	8.4	12:21a	0.4	12:38p	-0.1	7:09a	7:26p	4:22a	6:02p	
18	Mo	7:11a	7.8	7:33p	8.4	1:13a	0.1	1:32p	-0.2	7:10a	7:25p	5:25a	6:43p	
19	Tu	8:02a	8.0	8:21p	8.4	2:03a	0.0	2:23p	-0.3	7:10a	7:24p	6:27a	7:21p	
20	We	8:49a	8.1	9:05p	8.2	2:49a	-0.1	3:12p	-0.2	7:11a	7:23p	7:27a	7:57p	New
21	Th	9:34a	8.1	9:48p	8.0	3:33a	0.0	3:57p	0.0	7:11a	7:21p	8:26a	8:32p	
22	Fr	10:17a	7.9	10:30p	7.7	4:13a	0.2	4:41p	0.3	7:12a	7:20p	9:23a	9:07p	
23	Sa	11:00a	7.7	11:12p	7.3	4:52a	0.4	5:22p	0.7	7:13a	7:19p	10:19a	9:43p	
24	Su	11:44a	7.5	11:57p	7.0	5:29a	0.7	6:04p	1.0	7:13a	7:17p	11:14a	10:21p	
25	Mo	12:31p	7.3			6:07a	1.0	6:47p	1.4	7:14a	7:16p	12:08p	11:00p	
26	Tu	12:44a	6.7	1:20p	7.1	6:46a	1.3	7:33p	1.7	7:14a	7:15p	1:00p	11:43p	
27	We	1:34a	6.5	2:11p	7.0	7:31a	1.6	8:26p	1.9	7:15a	7:13p	1:51p		
28	Th	2:26a	6.4	3:03p	7.0	8:24a	1.7	9:23p	1.9	7:16a	7:12p	2:39p	12:29a	1st
29	Fr	3:18a	6.4	3:55p	7.0	9:23a	1.7	10:20p	1.7	7:16a	7:11p	3:25p	1:17a	
30	Sa	4:10a	6.6	4:47p	7.2	10:23a	1.6	11:13p	1.4	7:17a	7:09p	4:09p	2:09a	

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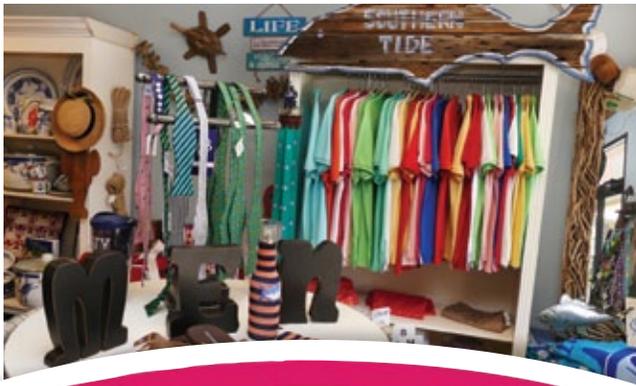
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## Tybee Island Bucket List

- Labor Day Beach Bash with Fireworks
- Walk the beach
- Collect seashells and shark teeth
- Visit the Tybee Island Lighthouse and Fort Screven
- Watch a sunrise and a sunset on the beach
- Go on a dolphin tour
- Visit Fort Pulaski
- Go Fishing! (deep sea fishing, surf fishing, pier fishing)
- Take a golf cart tour
- Visit the Marine Science Center
- Ride the bike path
- Go surfing, boogie boarding, paddle boarding
- Rent a kayak (and use it)
- Go shopping in our many unique shops
- Check out our great restaurants and bars
- Take in a live performance or movie at The Tybee Post Theater
- Go see a live theater production at the Black Box Theater
- Stroll through our Park of 7 Flags (at the end of Hwy. 80)
- Enjoy people watching (we have a lot of characters here)
- Relax!!
- Remember to leave only your footprints



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# The Tybee Island Marine Science Center

By Joy Davis - Photos by Wen McNally

They walk in and hear the doorbell jingle; a friendly voice from behind the counter greets them and says, “Welcome to the **Tybee Island Marine Science Center**, if you are interested in our gallery there are four rooms of live exhibits representing coastal Georgia and many of our local species. There are monitors above the tanks that tell you all about what are in the tanks and there are pictures of animals below the tanks that are too big to be in the tanks. It’s a \$5 admission and ages 4 and under are free. Please feel free to explore the gift shop. If you have any questions, there are marine science educators around that are available to answer.”

People either lean in and listen intently to the spiel or shift around distractedly, trying to soak everything in at once, usually after peeking into the gallery; they dish out 5 dollars and enter.

The first thing they encounter, walking into the coastal gallery, is a large plastic pillar filled with water, trash floating throughout its column, a marine debris display recognizing the deficit of the ocean’s health under the pressures of human practices. Hanging above that, an even more specific message, a clear plastic sphere filled with 30,000 cigarette butts, all from a day’s beach cleanup on the south end of Tybee. This is when it becomes clear that this pint-sized center is a voice for the ecosystems of coastal Georgia, it is small but mighty in its respect and stewardship for our local natural habitats.

Farther in, the intimate gallery is decked out with amazing facts, habitats, artifacts and images. One gets to explore and observe the diversity of animals that lie underneath our murky coastal waters. Some come in more acquainted with their species; others are entering into an alien world, seeing them for the first time.

This repurposed police station has been installed with 20+ tanks carrying over 2000 gallons of water that exhibit local fish species and other marine and maritime life. The local community plays an essential role at the science center. The animals and artifacts are collected from surrounding habitats and are donated from multiple sources, from local fisherman to concerned citizens. A collecting permit allows the science center to bring in local species and display them with the purpose of education. After a temporary stay at the center, the animals are released back into their natural habitats. Collection comes from the abundance of habitats interwoven around our small island; marsh, maritime forest, beach, tidal pools, jetties, ocean and some off shore excursions to represent the more biodiverse waters of Grays Reef. The clarity of the tanks really gives a better look into the individual marine communities and the relationships at play in these ecosystems.

The heart of the center is its role in education. I can’t tell you how many times an educator has had the opportunity to introduce a newcomer to a horseshoe crab as a primordial creature that pre-dates the dinosaurs or explained that a sand dollar is a flattened sea urchin very closely related to sea star, as well as how to tell if it is dead or alive. Jellyfish, whelk snails, plankton, gills, gonads... Marine life has the adaptability to take on multitudes of functions, shapes and forms. The importance of us making these connections with other systems of life is essential in enriching our lives and preserving our planet and health. Whether local or visiting, the Tybee Island Marine Science Center is at the forefront in passing on these imperative lessons, reaching over 50,000 people a year through the gallery alone.

This non-profit organization is supported mostly by gift shop sales

and program fees; the center is self-sustaining and staffed with a crew of passionate and patient marine biologists and coastal stewards. Most educators on staff come in as seasonal instructors to the center, many a bright eyed post-grad student, with the energy to engage groups of up to 30 elementary kids, bussing in from Chatham County schools for two hour long programs. The science center is a magnet for armadas of girl scouts, visiting family groups, field trippers, nature lovers, etc. Programs include beach walks, sand sifting, seine netting, public walks in the marsh, north beach and south beach. The conversation spans through the impact of industry, geographical character, the untapped brilliance of the golden isles, and the abundance of life in these habitats, its full web of interconnectedness. It is a naturalist nook and a great place for anyone seeking coastal knowledge. The undertaking and importance of the educator's work here is invaluable and gives the center its vitality.

The place, also, couldn't work without the blood, sweat and tears from the ladies in the office upstairs, booking the tours and giving clear directions to patrons. It may sound like a breeze but with the growing pains the center has been going through, it is no easy task keeping up with unrehearsed numbers flooding in. **Program director, Beth Palmer**, keeps the ship tight and makes sure all of the school programs and girl-scout programs are running their course. She is a patient and understanding director, one that will ease up an hour so you can catch a swell. There are also daily gallery programs that include events like sea turtle feedings, behind the scenes tours, and cart programs, all extra activities included in the gallery experience.

The center's greatest ambassador is a yearling loggerhead sea turtle. A special permit is required to house this endangered animal



and the science center is honored with the opportunity to get a new straggler every year. Our current loggerhead, **Ike Jr.**, is to be released in September. Keep your eye on the science center's Facebook for Ike's release date. The center is fortunate to have a sponsor for this sea turtle, IKEA, hence the name... The newest hatchling from this season will be **Ike the 3rd**. Super fresh, Ike tres, was brought in from one of the 24 nests laid on the island this nesting season. **The Tybee Sea Turtle Project**, yet another project conducted through the science center, had a record breaking year for sea turtle nesting. A straggler is a turtle that was unable to make it out of the nest along with its multitude of sea turtle sibs. This new sea turtle babe will be on display at the science center, an important ambassador and teacher for the health and awareness of its species and other stressed wildlife.

Tybee Island Marine Science Center prides itself in its catch and release methods and it is inspiring to see things come in and then released back out. The **curator, Chantal Audran**, wears many hats at the science center, keeping a close eye on the animals, mechanics, and water quality, making sure everything is happily humming and flowing smoothly in the gallery and behind the scenes. Her role in the science center is fundamental in husbandry and boils over into education, contributing, with great purpose, in creating a nurturing learning community there.

The next big plan for the center is to relocate and build a new facility on the north end of the island. New look, same great taste. This brand new center will be twice the square footage and more flexible with its displays, being that its first purpose is to be a science center. The **director** of the marine science center, **Maria Procopio**, along with the board members that oversee the whole institute, are hard at work. The plans and blueprints have been passed through the city and now it is time to get down and sandy to the ground breaking stages. This process will take no time at all, if you are running on Tybee time.

The growth is promising and one can only hope that places like the science center are becoming more prevalent in our culture and hot spots on our societies radar. One of the main goals of the science center is to connect the individual with the natural communities surrounding them. There is a current of people channeling through and they each get to experience, not only a clear look into Georgia coastal wildlife, but a person on standby happy to engage in a conversation about it. This center is run by a small crew with a big purpose: *to cultivate responsible stewardship of coastal Georgia's natural resources through education, conservation and research.* Carry on science center, you are an amazing community, the givers will eventually weed out the takers.

Check it out:

<http://www.tybeemarinescience.org>

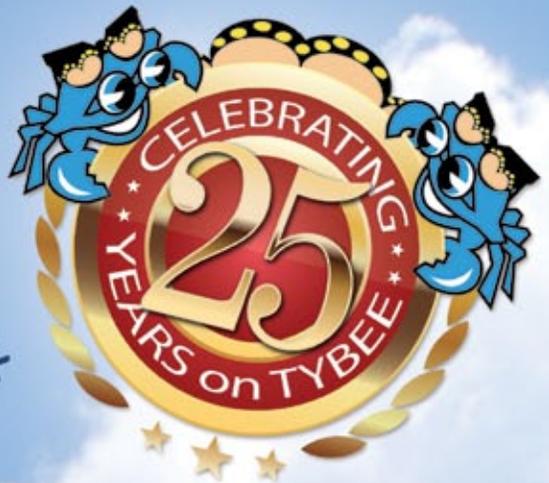
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## Feeling Bugged

I drunkenly agreed to write the rant, before having any idea what I wanted to rant about. In this industry that can be ok, because when you're a writer, sometimes you have to adapt, create situations, forge the truth, and make do with what you got. This, this, is NOT one of those situations.

I own a dehumidifier, since I live in one of the most humid places on the planet. This is necessary if one does not want to spend one's day writing REDRUM in the wall sweat opposite any mirror, electronic screen, or reflective surface. My dehumidifier is rated for a 2000sq ft. space, and my sprawling Tybee apartment is just under 230sq ft. (and NO, we didn't miss a digit, I live in a 12 foot by 18 foot home). Needless to say my dehumidifier can go a while without needing to be emptied, even with 194% Humidity in the air.

On this particular evening, the humidifier shrieked its horribly loud beep to let me know it's gallon tank was full and it needed to be emptied. I removed the basin and headed to the front door to dump the collected water off my front porch and make a mud puddle. I'm nearly 30, but boys will be boys - I see an opportunity to make mud, and I make it.

This was a typical ritual, as I've lived on this island for years, but this night, this night was the worst night of my Tybee life (and believe me, I don't know how I haven't been a Taxi Tale yet). I opened the front door to the blue glow of my porch light (I have a blue porch light because my home faces the beach and turtles hate white lights because they're racist, thus I have a blue light or they won't come lay eggs on our beach). Continuing on...

I stepped outside and first, I must say, I am a mouth breather. I never noticed this about myself but it's vital to the story to mention this. I walked outside, and I swallowed a bug. Straight up inhaled a bug into my throat, and this was NOT a little bug. I had a dry winged bastard the size of a dime stuck to my moist uvula. Now I was basking in the blue light of my front porch, trying to dry cough this SOB out of my damp throat. I was coughing, hacking, and dry heaving, while all his little bastard friends were hitting me in the face. I felt like a human bug zapper (now I'm writing a screen play called The Human Bug Zapper).

This son of a biatch was stuck. STUCK. I panicked, was I going to die, most certainly, though tonight it was unlikely. I ran inside. Water, water would save me, but the sink was too far away. Beer! Beer was the obvious choice. I grabbed my PBR and chugged it, washing this powdery ass insect down my throat.

I was standing in the kitchen staring at myself in the mirror. I just swallowed a bug. I just swallowed a live insect. In my kitchen. I voluntarily swallowed a bug. I could have cut my throat open, I mean that's why I have a knife drawer, or I could have died, and yet I chose to swallow him. I chugged all that was left in my beer can. One beer. I wasn't buzzed enough to process what had just happened. I grabbed my remaining beer and made my way to the bathroom, in the dark, I needed to be alone. I sat on the floor of my shower, under cold running water, drinking beer, processing what had happened.

I finished my shower, opened the door, and turned off the porch light - which I only leave on because the fat toad I live with - no, not my roommate - but in real life there lives, underneath my front porch, an actual fat toad that I call Jefferson. He comes out at night and sits next to the front door, he chills and eats bugs - except when I eat them. Tonight he looked sad as

I said my goodnight, turned off the light, and slowly closed the door. But in that moment, I saw a twinkle in his eye, from what was possibly the moon or a street lamp, and I knew he knew. We're brothers now.

I guess to sum this up my rant would be bug related. Or, ingesting them. Either way, I'll be using my strainer in the bathroom until I have physical evidence he has passed (I am kidding, well ... about the strainer).

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## Writer's BLOCK

Our featured writer this month is **Hollie Sessoms**. Hollie not only writes for the Beachcomber, but has also had short fiction published in other magazines as well and had a piece chosen as best fiction of the year for *Brawler Lit*. She is an avid writer and is currently working on her fifth novel. (Once, when she was young, she saw an orca breach in the sea off the Alaska coast.) Not only will you find her in our **Reflections** column, but she has also written some of our Feature Stories as well. Thank you Hollie for your contributions!

### Most Important Questions of Life:

**Tybee Life:** On again, off again for 20 years.

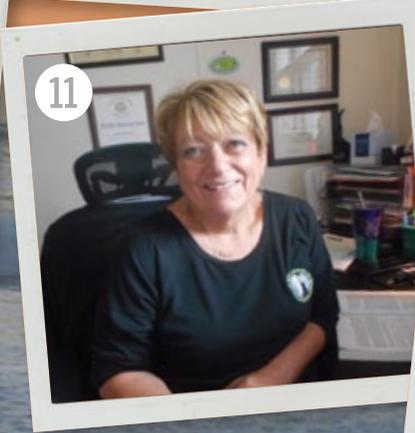
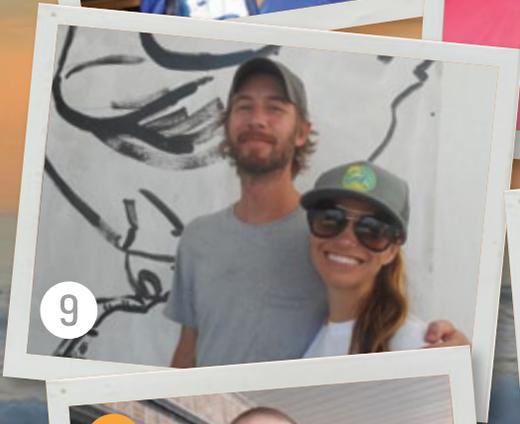
**When I grow up I want to be:** Healthy and wise, no need for the wealthy when you have those two!

**My passion:** Spaces in between, Sunday afternoons, and fall leaves that crunch underfoot.

**My Spirit Animal:** Dolphin. They always make time for fun and never forget to come up for air.

# COMBINING THE BEACH WITH HILARY

By Hilary Junewicz



September is my favorite month! They say it's your birthday. It's my birthday too, yeah! 39 again (or much younger in reverse dog years)! This issue I wanted to look at the last bit of summer. And, to honor Labor Day, I tried to catch Tybee Island at work! We're gonna have a good time!

**1** Funny, I was on the same flight recently with **Ms. California** from the **All Star United States Pageant** (the director is from Savannah). Yes, she flew dressed like that! Her cause is suicide prevention. And we gave her a ride to her hotel.

**2** Met lupus survivors **Corliss and Adwoa** with the **Lupus Foundation of America, Georgia Chapter**. Corliss asked Adwoa if she had ever heard of Tybee and Adwoa said, "You read my mind," so here they are!

**3** So good to see **Teresa** enjoying a late summer stroll down the **Tybee Island Pier & Pavilion**!

**4** One good thing about the end of summer means that football is right around the corner. I miss it! Grab your favorite college team's hot sauce at **Inferno**, located in **Tybee Oaks**. Great gift idea!

**5** **Chloe, Maddie and Kelly** are at **Essential Oil Experience**. It's their second year in business and everything is handmade! They carry soaps, inhalers, sleep sprays, and diffusers, among other things!

**6** We love our girl **Katie**, the newest addition to **The Quarter**.

**7** Retired Tybee City Manager, **Diane Schleicher** is now a champion cyclist! Here she is with her sponsor, **Jenny Orr** of **Fannie's on the Beach**! Follow her race information at <http://www.albi2017cycling.eu/en>.

**8** **Rosie and Bethany** (and **Peggy**, not pictured) have **LuLaRoe Clothing** available for sale most Sundays at **Doc's Bar**. Their pop-up boutique is called **The Squirrels Nest** and you can also find it on the **Pier** and at the **Farmers' Market**. Rosie also carries essential oils, diffusers and handmade jewelry.

**9** **Kurtis and Sarah** have opened **Schumm's Chicken & Shrimp Hut** on the south end of Butler. They offer veg fed, hormone free chicken and everything is made to order from scratch. They're open Wednesday thru Sunday.

**10** **Johnny** has one heck of a resume with the **Tybee Island Fire Department**! Years of experience! I'm impressed!

**11** **Jan** has been the **Clerk of Council** for the **City of Tybee** for six and a half years!



5



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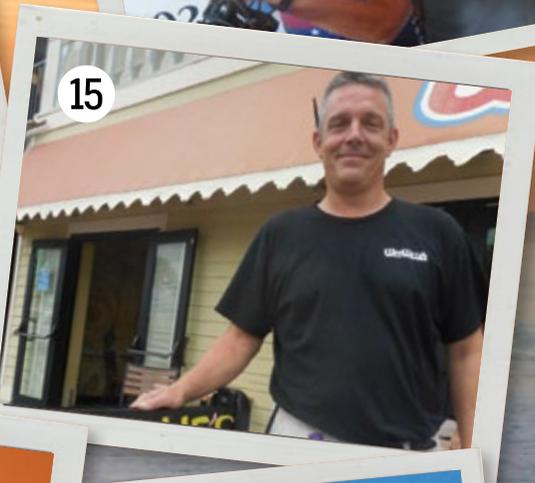
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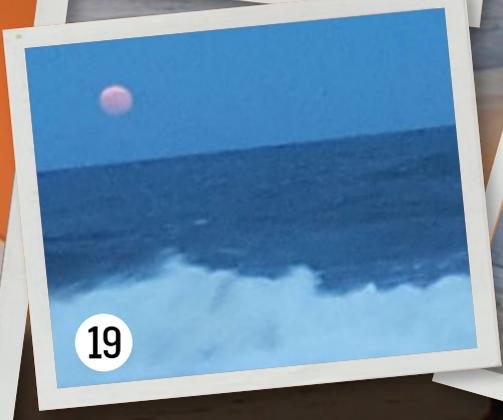
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**12** Nancy has been at the *Tybee Market IGA* for over 20 years! Everyone knows who she is!

**13** Yes! I finally made this shot happen! **Trenson, Jeff, Samantha and Daniel** are *Tybee Weed Wackers*. A small great crew that get things done and you see them everywhere! Thank you!

**14** Thank you to **Don and David** who have been at the *Tybee Island United States Postal Service* for over ten years. They say they truly appreciate their customers, they are second to none, and without them they wouldn't be here. They're glad that six weeks after Hurricane Matthew is over!

**15** Here's one of the hardest working guys I know, **Sean**. He's always at work, always, between *Wet Willie's* AND *Benny's Tybee Tavern!* I admire you for it! But I'm happy when you take a vacation or see you take a break!

**16** After the crazy summer storms we've had, **Jack** braved the flooded roads with his responsibilities at *Fannie's on the Beach*.

**17** Here's a nice helpful lady I see often. **Vicki** has been working at the middle *Chu's* for a year and a half. See you soon for a quick sandwich and a pack of smokes. Actually, I should quit for my birthday...

**18** I'm gonna close with these last two pictures.... **Kites** are one of my favorite parts of summer and the beach!

**19** This was the last **full moonrise** before the total eclipse and my next birthday, I had to go watch!

Much respect for a good work ethic. This summer is going by way too fast! I'd like to thank the lifeguards from Ocean Rescue that patrolled 17th St. beach. I'll be sad after THE Boys of Summer are gone.

# THE Fish Whisperer



Captain Nick Shreves



Slot sized Redfish

## Sept. Fishing Forecast

### TYBEE PIER FISHING

The pier should be getting pretty good as soon as the mullet start to get thicker. Spanish Mackerel, Jacks, Trout, and Redfish are going to be the main species to target. This is my favorite time of year to bring a top water plug out to the pier. I fish the schools of mullet and wait for the predators to attack.



Bull Redfish

### INSHORE

The water temps should be starting to fall soon and with it the fishing should begin to improve. The Redfish, Flounder and Speckled Sea Trout should all be feeding pretty heavy as fall begins. Shrimp are in the creeks, as are every type of bait fish you can think of. It's time to really get out there and try everything you've got. Go get your line wet and bring some fresh fish home for dinner.

### NEAR SHORE

This time of year I target two main species - Spanish Mackerel, and then at the end of the month, big Bull Redfish. Fall is on its way. The baitfish and small newborn fish will all be flushing out of the creeks and rivers during the outgoing tides. This is when the bite can go nuts. The Spanish Mackerel will be waiting along the rips for all these fish to come by, and when they do it's a feeding frenzy that will make anyone addicted to fishing. The Tarpon bite can be amazing during the Mullet run. This is all about timing and finding the large schools of Mullet. As the month goes on and the water continues to cool down, it will be time to catch those big old Bull Redfish. This has got to be one of my favorite to target. These fish can really pull some line and when you find the school it's not uncommon to have double digit days.

### OFF SHORE

The bottom fishing is picking up again as the water temp begins to drop and the baitfish return. Black Sea Bass, Triggerfish, Grouper, and many more will be putting on the feeding bags as the month passes and will only get better as time goes on. Amberjack are still thick and will hit almost any live bait you put in front of them. Kingfish, Mahi Mahi, Wahoo and Sailfish will all be out there. Some will be easier to find than others, but find the bait and you will find the fish.

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Spanish Mackerel

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## Life's a Beach Events

What's happening in Sept By Mom

**9-2 Billy Joel vs. Elton John—Face-to-Face Tribute** 8-10pm at Tybee Post Theater, 10 Van Horne Ave. **Bill Connors** (aka Elton) and **Hugh Tyner** (aka Billy) will perform this tribute for the iconic legends, Billy Joel and Elton John. For all events go to [www.tybeeposttheater.org](http://www.tybeeposttheater.org) or call for more info at 912- 472-4790.

**9-3 10th Annual Labor Day Beach Bash** 7-10:30pm at Tybee Pier & Pavilion. **Swingin' Medallions** will provide free live music that will be followed by a Fireworks Show.

**9-4, 9-11, 9-18, & 9-25 Tybee Island Farmer's Market** 4-7pm at Tybee Lighthouse grounds, 30 Meddin Dr. The Farmer's Market will be open every Monday through October. Everything from fresh veggies to art work. Support your local Farmers and Artists!

**9-9 Tybee Arts Association: OPEN HOUSE** 11am-2pm at Tybee Arts Association, 7 Cedarwood Ave.

**9-10 "Senior Moments"** 4pm at Tybee Post Theater, 10 Van Horne Ave. Musical variety show by **Paris Dancers** and **Second Act Performing Company**. For all events go to [www.tybeeposttheater.org](http://www.tybeeposttheater.org) or call for more info at 912- 472-4790.

**9-11 Patriot's Day** 6pm at the American Legion, 10 Veterans Dr. Everyone is invited to get together for a covered dish meal, some music, and to take the time to reflect and remember those lost on this tragically historic event.

**9-15 & 9-27 Sunset Tours** After hours tour of the Lighthouse, at 30 Meddin Dr. Call 912-786-5801 for reservations.

**9-16 6th Annual Coastal Empire Surfers for Autism Beach Fest** 9am-4pm at Tybee Pier & Pavilion. A special day for children with autism and their families. Surfing, music, catered lunch, and so much more. For more info go to [www.surfersforautism.org](http://www.surfersforautism.org).

**9-22 Abbey Road LIVE!** 8-10pm at Tybee Post Theater, 10 Van Horne Ave. Rock and roll with music of the Beatles and more. For all events go to [www.tybeeposttheater.org](http://www.tybeeposttheater.org) or call for more info at 912- 472-4790.

**9-23 Burton 4-H Center: Sea Turtle Release** 10am-12pm at South Beach, just south of the Pier, off the Tybrisa crossover. **Zoe**, a rescued Sea Turtle, will be released at 11am. She has been at the Burton 4-H Center for 5 years and will be returned to the ocean to begin the next journey of her life.

**9-25 TIPD VIP Luncheon-Neighbors Helping Neighbors** 11am to noon at Memorial Park. If you need some assistance or want to help, contact Richard Dascal at 912-484-8833.

**9-30 Ft. Pulaski: National Public Lands Day** 9am-4pm at Ft. Pulaski, Hwy 80. Free Entrance Day.

**9-30 3rd Annual Tybee's Got Talent** 8-10pm at Tybee Post Theater, 10 Van Horne Ave. A showcase of Tybee's own. You will see amazing talent from singers, dancers and more. For all events go to [www.tybeeposttheater.org](http://www.tybeeposttheater.org) or call for more info at 912- 472-4790.



# American Legion

By George Walker - Commander American Legion Post 154

September is here and once again we are planning for **Patriot's Day** at the Legion. On Monday, September 11th, at 6pm, we will get together for a "covered dish" meal and some music.

We will also take the time to reflect on the events that happened on that day in 2001, sixteen years ago. From around the country, Americans came together to assist all of those devastated by those terrorist acts. Today members of the Armed Forces are working to fight terrorism in places outside the United States in an effort to prevent similar acts from happening here again.

Everyone is invited to the Post, especially families with a member who is a public service worker or a member on active duty in the Armed Forces. As always, we look forward to giving a **"Blue Ribbon Banner"** to those families in honor of their father, mother, son or daughter.

We continue to look for new members. If you're interested in the Legion, Ladies Auxiliary or Sons of the Legion call the Post (786-5356) for information.

Bingo is on Fridays at 8pm. Cards go on sale at 7pm. Horseshoes are planned for Saturday evenings at 7pm with sign-in starting at 6:30. Both events are open to the public and everyone is invited to participate.

The Legion and Auxiliary meet on the second Monday of the month, with social hour (and food) starting at 6pm and the meeting at 7pm. The Sons of the Legion meet on the third Monday at 7pm.

As always, Linda or Joseph will have the canteen open at 5pm every day except Sunday. We are closed on Sunday unless there is a special event.

## Jay Ransom



**Blessed Earth: 07/03/41**  
**Blessed Heaven: 07/24/17**

Our dear friend, Jay, has left us to be with his wife, Molly, who passed away in May, 2014. Jay was awesome! He had this laugh that was just so contagious and his smile was an ear to ear legitimate face splitter! After speaking with those that remember him best, Jay was all about his wife, Molly, and his daughter, Susan aka Ransom. He loved to play pool and whenever he walked into Benny's (his bar) everyone stood up to give him their chair. He was a true mathematical genius, along with many other talents. Jay had the biggest heart, and after one intense conversation with Tess about dying and the hereafter, he said, *"Y'all do what you want to. I am going straight to Molly."* So, cheers to you Jay!! Tell Molly we said, *"Love you girl"* and we will all see you when our time is due.



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# It's Here Again ... Hurricane Season

By Margie McLellan

Well fellow readers, it looks like we are moving into the dreaded hurricane season once again. I don't know about you, but the thought of another visit from Mother Nature in the form of a hurricane scares the hell out of me.

I was one of the nonbelievers who just assumed that our little island was somehow immune to the storms that batter the east coast. I mean, how many times has a hurricane skirted up the coast of Florida, then gotten to our area and somehow skipped us, then continued on up the coast to South Carolina, North Carolina, then right up to New England? I felt safe here, and just thought that Tybee Island was tucked away in a little corner of Georgia and wouldn't get hit. God had somehow blessed our little spot of Paradise.

Well, that all changed last October. When Hurricane Matthew was knocking on Tybee's door, we waited until the last minute to leave and didn't do much preparation in our house, thinking (1.) It really wasn't going to hit us, and (2.) If it did hit there probably wouldn't be much left, and (3.) Our flood insurance was paid, so why worry. We packed a few clothes and off we went.

I was so in denial of a hurricane hitting us.

When we returned a few days later, sure enough, our little house was still standing. But, as we opened the door, a horrible stench permeated through our home and we realized that about 15 inches of water had come through and everything we owned was wet and already molding. I won't bore you with the details of the next few months, but suffice it to say our house underwent a complete makeover, from the walls to the kitchen and bathrooms, etc. We had to move every single thing in our house either to the dumpster or into a storage container. We had lived in our little house for 20 years, so yeah, we had a lot of ... er, stuff.

Then there was the fun part of dealing with the insurance company. They gave us a little money up front, but the rest had to wait on estimates, inventory, the bank, inspections, etc. We ended up having to come up with most of the money ourselves. Believe me, we were pulling money out of our a\$\$ before it was all over. We eventually got the insurance money, the house was put back together and brand new on the inside, and all was right with the world again.

Now here we are again people, right in the midst of hurricane season. And I've heard that this hurricane season is going to be a strong one. Let's hope that the Weather Channel has this one wrong. They say lightning doesn't strike the same place twice, let's hope that also applies to hurricanes. At this point I get nervous when the wind starts blowing, not to mention the rain...

**I've put together a list of what we all need to do ... just in case:**

**1. If there is a Mandatory Evacuation you need to LEAVE.** No IFS, ANDS or BUTS about it. I'm sure everyone has heard the stories of the ones who stayed for Matthew. They are all downright frightening and I surely hope everyone who stayed has learned their lesson and will leave next time. Everything can be replaced people ...except your lives.

**2. Take all important documents with you.** This includes insurance policies, property records, marriage and birth certificates, passports, wills, health records and insurance cards, prescriptions, and last but not least, personal items that cannot be replaced, such as photos and letters.

**3. Secure your home.** Lock doors and windows, unplug all electrical devices except for freezers and refrigerators, and secure lawn items. Things that you will not be taking, but are still important (I mean, you can't take everything!) need to be off the floor, in case of flooding. I learned this the hard way.

**4. Have a plan of where you are going.** Nothing worse than driving for hours looking for a hotel. Call ahead and make arrangements with friends or get reservations for a room. If you don't have a car, you better make friends fast with someone that does. Also, please check with your neighbors who may need your help.

**5. Things to pack.** Cash is very important, as electricity may be out and your debit card may be no good. Take enough cash to last several days. Also, don't forget your prescriptions, cell phones and charger, clothes for a few days, blankets, nonperishable food, water, and for goodness sake, don't forget your beer or vodka (you're going to need it, believe me!)

**6. For your car.** Keep a full tank of gas. Also, maps or GPS, car tools, jumper cables, and a flashlight (extra batteries too).

**7. Your pets.** I'm sure no one will leave their beloved pet behind, but be aware that most hotels and shelters may only permit service animals. Plan ahead. Don't be like Alaina – she took her cat but forgot the cat food.

**8. Keep in touch with family and close friends.** During Hurricane Matthew, Facebook was truly a Godsend. Make sure the people you love know that you are safe.



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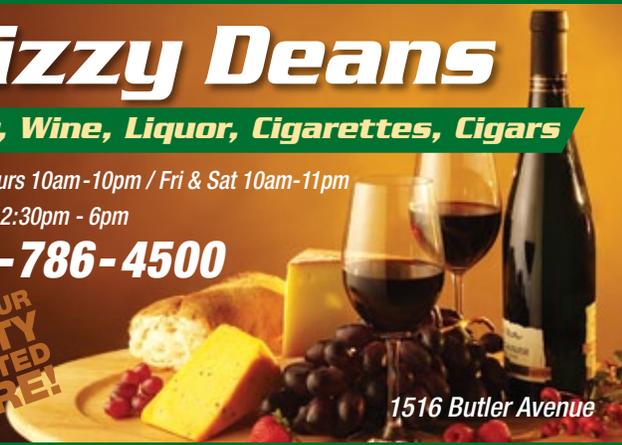
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# Foodie Finds

By Loli

## Albondigas (Meatball Soup)



September is here. That means it's almost soup season! This is a simple traditional Mexican dish. There are various ways of making it, but this recipe is simple and gets the job done!

### Ingredients:

- 1 lb. ground beef
- 1/4 c. long grain white rice
- 1 egg
- 1 tbsp. masa or flour
- 4 to 5 cups water
- 2 tsp. vegetable oil
- 1/4 white onion
- 2 carrots
- 1 potato
- 1 or 2 zucchini and/or yellow squash
- Tomato sauce (about 2 tbsp.)
- El Pato brand spicy tomato sauce (2 tbsp.)
- Salt/ ground pepper/ garlic powder
- 1 cube beef bouillon
- Fresh mint sprigs



Hand mix the first 4 ingredients well. Form into meat balls about 2 inches in diameter. Bring water to a boil with one bouillon cube, oil, and tomato sauce. If you don't like any spice, just use more regular tomato sauce and omit the El Pato sauce. Add salt and pepper to taste, and a sprinkle of garlic powder. Once boiling, add veggies, chopped into one to two inch chunks. Add the meatballs and place 2 or 3 sprigs of mint on top. Bring back to a boil, reduce heat and simmer for about 40 minutes.

Enjoy with a squeeze of fresh lemon. So tasty!!



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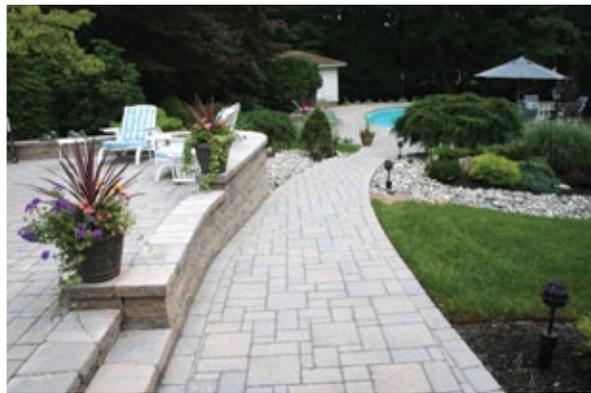
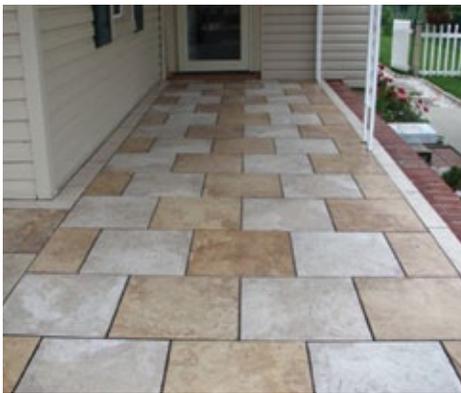
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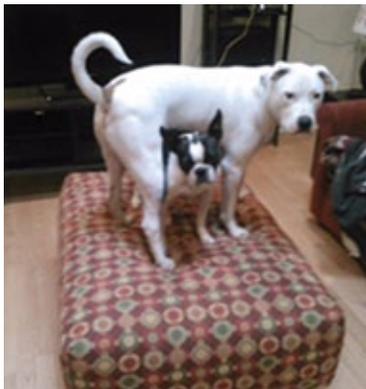
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# Bartender of the MONTH

By Alaina Loughridge



September's Bartender of the Month is **Chrissy Frye nee Merriman**, at **Spanky's Beachside**!! I have always wanted her to be one of the first, but I also didn't want her to know how much I enjoy her wit, sarcasm and rolling of the eyes, thereby inflating her ego to impossible (nah, just kidding). She is my twin, she just happens to be older and shorter! Love me some Chrissy! Let me tell you her story...

Born and bred a Savannah girl, Chrissy went to St. Vincent for her formative years before heading off to Savannah Tech, where she earned her Associates in Accounting. Doing her thing, she began working in the dialysis unit at Candler Hospital, while still continuing her education. All the while it felt like something was missing. Like there had to be something else out there that was just out of reach. On a whim, Chrissy applied for a job as a Hostess at Spanky's Beachside. Well, that was going to either be her undoing or the best decision of all time. That was February, 2003!

Now, almost 15 years later, this girl has done everything at Spanky's. She has cooked, served, plumbed, managed, served, called the police, cried, bled and sweated a million hours. She also married her co-worker, the handsome and dashing Mr. Jeremy Frye!! Did I mention she also bartends? This girl can do it all and I have always been impressed by her dedication and willingness to get in there to just get the job done and make people happy.

So over three absolutely amazing martinis... Here is what I know:

**Tybee Life:** Forever technically

**Passion:** "Work hard to Play hard"

**Grown Up:** An infamous tabloid scandal (Heads up, Jeremy)

**Spirit Animal:** A squirrel - they prepare for winter and are independent (Dire Wolf is how I secretly read that).

Chrissy's **go to drink** is a shot of **Cuervo!** LOL!! She ain't got no secrets! You want to know her special? Tequila it is.

I have known Chrissy for a very long time and I have to say this - she is hilarious! Fun! Witty! Crazy! A Lush! Serious! A terrible liar! Detailed! But of all things, she hides nothing. If you are in front of her either getting a drink or getting life advice, she will treat you right and steer you in the right direction. Go see Chrissy at Spanky's. She is throwing a party and everyone is invited! Get your Cuervo on. Ask about her fur babies: Monroe and Boggs. Best fur babies ever. Best bartender ever.

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It was the end of my shift, around 4pm on a Friday afternoon in late spring. I was the only server there at the time, so it was all on me. It was that last half hour when you just wanna get outta work with no drama. You know, no 14 tops and no drunken angry families. Just nice and quiet so you can ease out the door and go home. It was not to be for me this day.

It started with a group of 9, rather buzzed from day drinking, walking in and ordering shots. I usually detest anything over a 5 top, just because it gets confusing. Splitting up checks is a huge pain with drunk people. However, to my delight, these guys were super cool and easy to deal with. They put a few tables together on our patio and things went smoothly. Then, after I took their order and put it in, I got another table. My second table started with a nice young couple. I brought them menus and they informed me they had 3 more on the way. Cool, I'll make some money on my way out today! The rest of them showed up a few minutes later. An older couple I assessed to be the parents, and last but not least, the VERY intoxicated Grandma.

She jumped right in, let me tell you. They all ordered beers and Granny "danced" to me behind the bar, informing me in no uncertain terms that "Her 62-year old boobs were still firm!" While privately I disagreed, I politely told her that regardless of their firmness, she couldn't be behind the bar. As she shuffled back to her family, my relief server walked in. She looked perplexed at the situation, and a bit amused. I dropped off the drinks and took their order.

About this time the food for my other table started coming up and I started running it outside. Granny was intrigued. She followed me outside and quickly decided she would have much more fun with this 9 top of strangers than she was with her own family. "Bring my food out here honey! Its dead in there, I'm hanging out with this party outside! Bring me another beer!" Oh dear God...

I was pretty much lost at this point. Granny's family didn't seem to mind the sudden peacefulness of their table, and actually said, "Well, it is her vacation." On the other hand, my big table was very amused with Granny, taking pictures with her and twirling her around their table. Cool, maybe everything will work out. Then right before her food came up, I was taking her 3rd beer to her in the 20 minutes she had been there.

I walked outside to see her aforementioned 62-year old boobs bare and covering this table full of her cackling new friends. I was mortified, but really, what could I do? I got her to cover up and ran inside to get her food, thinking maybe it would sober her up a bit. In the meantime, my newly arrived colleagues were behind the bar, laughing hysterically. I delivered the food, ran inside, and put my face in my hands, just to breathe for a second.

Then I heard a disgusted scream from the patio. Filled with dread, I went to check on it. Granny was puking. Granny was puking everywhere. Not on her table, mind you, but on the 9 perfect strangers' table, WHILE THEY WERE EATING! Glorious! I'm gonna get a great tip now!

This was the straw that finally got Granny's family's attention ... and they came to get her. TOO little, TOO late. I just resigned myself to defeat at that point and went inside to start splitting up this poor big table's check. I was completely shocked by their reaction. I expected them to demand a discount, but no. They loved every minute of it! Every one of them tipped me at least \$10. They were all in awe of how well I handled it. Awesome, I guess?

Cherry on top: Granny was reunited with her family inside. My co-workers were rolling on the floor in laughter. I was closing out my checks from the 9 top. I had given her a cup of water and a wet rag to clean up with. Then she ordered another beer. I laughed out loud. Are you serious? "Ma'am, you just stripped and vomited on a table of strangers. You are not getting another beer from this restaurant today." I dropped off their bill and washed my hands of it. She was openly cursing my name and weeping, but hey, I was happy to get any tip at all from outside and just wanted to get out of there. They paid and her grandson asked me for a word on the vomit-stained patio. Not knowing if I was gonna get punched or yelled at, I walked out there with him. He thanked me for being the bad guy, said no one can say no to Granny, and they appreciated it, and then he handed me \$30 as a tip.

I made \$120 on those last two tables. Serving...



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# THE DECK

## Beach Bar & Kitchen

It's always exciting to hear that there is a new restaurant on the island. Some new food choices are always a welcomed event to me, and lately the buzz I've been hearing has been about **The Deck Beach Bar and Kitchen**. Located inside Beachside Colony, the restaurant sits perched, practically right in the dunes, providing a breathtaking view. So, Alaina, Jimmy, Wen and I went by eagerly to sample some dishes. We feasted on aloha! Tuna, Salmon Smash, Buffalo Shrimp Street Tacos, Mexican Street Dog, The Great Crustacean, Seafood Cobb Salad and even Triple Chocolate Cake.

First up was the **Salmon Smash**, 3 seed artisan bread, sour cream dill-cheese spread, tomato, onion, house smoked salmon, grilled lemon, side salad and crispy capers. The thick slab of smoked salmon was delicious, served over that hearty slice of three seed bread, complemented by that cheesy sour cream spread and I loved that it came with a healthy side salad. Would make for a great brunch dish in my opinion.

Next, was the **aloha! Tuna**, Hawaiian Style poke red tuna, avocado, seaweed, black sea salt, topped with crispy wontons. This tuna is literally flown in from Hilo, Hawaii! I love me some rare tuna. It had a great Asian-inspired flavor and was super tender. I liked the pairing with the crispy wontons, made for an interesting combo and was even served with chopsticks.

Then the Entrees arrived. In comes the **Buffalo Shrimp Street Tacos**, ruby red tempura shrimp, house buffalo wing sauce, thousand island slaw, blue cheese crema, stuffed in flour tortillas. These were tasty! I'm not into super spicy food and I could handle these. The buffalo sauce had a nice kick soaked into the giant tempura shrimp and went great with the slaw and blue cheese flavors.

Next up was the **Mexican Street Dog**, chorizo-bacon stuffed hotdog, grilled onions and peppers, cream cheese, pretzel bun, served with grilled corn w/chili lime mayo, cortija cheese and cilantro. The hotdog was slit and grilled with a thick slice of bacon sandwiched between it and had a great chorizo flavor, it was really tasty. The ear of corn was like nothing I had ever had. There was some salty sweet yumminess going on with the crispy corn, encrusted with that cheese, really different, really delicious.

Then came **The Great Crustacean**, shrimp scampi, heirloom tomato confit, garlic, olive oil, fresh basil, pasta noodles and a touch of cream. I do love me some shrimp scampi and this was pretty scrumptious, topped with giant shrimp and served with some delicious crusty grilled bread, total comfort food.

Finally, the **Seafood Cobb Salad**, a twist on the Brown Derby classic, chopped greens, tomato, feta, onion, crispy bacon, smokey salmon, grilled shrimp, lemon vinaigrette and blue cheese dressing. This salad was super delish, served with piles of seafood so you can mix it up to your liking, super fresh and tasty.

Somehow we made room to share a slice of the **Triple Chocolate Cake**, super moist and chocolatey, it was the perfect ending to a great meal.

So if you're in the mood for some fresh eats, make sure to stop by and check out The Deck Beach Bar and Kitchen and enjoy their original menu accompanied by that fantastic view and laid-back atmosphere.





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# The Tybee Island Optimist Club

By Alaina Loughridge

In my never ending quest to supply Tybee Beachcomber readers with ongoing happenings here in our happy land, I have stumbled across a real treasure - **The Tybee Island Optimist Club!** For years I have seen their billboard by the water tower and wondered if they actually existed or if there was just a super happy person out there wanting to put a smile on faces with their optimism. So, making a call to my person in the know, I got the scoop on this club. Read on ...



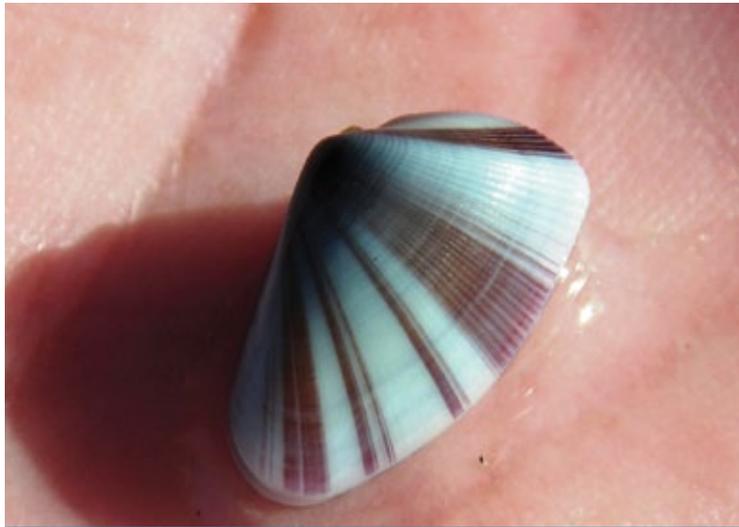
The Optimist Club is the real deal! They are an international club with chapters worldwide. Their club motto is *"Bringing out the Best in Kids"* and they do their part through community service programs. Each club is autonomous and run by members in their community, which allows them to have the unique flexibility to serve the youth of their area in any way they see fit. They were originally formed here on Tybee in 1950 for men only. The rules have since changed, thankfully.

The Tybee Club has met at the Sunrise Restaurant since way back, when it was called the Dragon Palace, and continues that tradition meeting there on the first Thursday of every month at 6:30pm. Currently the Club has 20 active members: CaRita Connor is the President; Bernie Goode is the Vice President; Marty Barrington is the Secretary and Jane Patnode is the Treasurer.

Over the years, the Optimists have supported a variety of children's events via fundraisers, such as a weekly spaghetti dinner and yard sales, with their biggest yearly event being the Bike Sale. Bill Brown would collect and repair broken down bicycles and the Club would sell them. It was the Club's main event until Bill's passing. Bill Brown left money to the Club and the funds were promptly donated to our local Maritime Academy for the benefit of our kids there. The Club also donates to the Children's Christmas Party Parade, Vacation Bible School, church youth groups, Fresh Air Home, Burton's 4-H Center, as well as to the Tybee Post Theater.

The Optimist Club is still going strong and benefitting our little community after all of these years! However, they need new blood (young-up-and-comers) to take over and bring in new ideas and pizzazz. It truly is a wonderful organization and I encourage one and all to go to a meeting and get to know more about this club and what you can do to help. Mark your calendars for the first Thursday of the month!





# Beach Walks with Dr. Joe

## Life in the Swash Zone By Dr. Joe Richardson

Believe it or not, there is a section of the beach known as the “*swash zone*.” It is right there where very shallow water washes in, due to the waves, but then immediately washes back out. I still remember one of my first experiences at the ocean was standing in the swash zone and feeling that weird sensation as the sand washed from around and under my bare feet. I still like to do that!

With the constantly moving sand and water, the swash zone would seem to be a rather unstable habitat for any animal to live in. And it is. Also, consider

this: as the tide comes in, the swash zone moves up higher on the beach; and as the tide goes out, the swash zone moves out with it. So this is a really dynamic, ever-changing habitat. Why would anything choose to live here? I'll give you my guess later.

As unstable as it is, there is a very small clam that actually prefers the swash zone. It is called a **Coquina** (*Donax variabilis*). The “*variabilis*” refers to the fact that their shells come in a variety of colors. On Tybee you can find them with white, yellow, orange, blue, lavender and purple shells. They are small, less than an inch, and somewhat triangle shaped. To find Coquinas in the swash zone, just stir the sand with your hands. They will be just under the surface, probably less than an inch. This summer, I've seen more Coquinas than I ever remember seeing on Tybee.

When you find one, lay it back down on the wet sand and watch. Often it will dig itself right back down into the sand. It won't go very deep, and once it is back in place, the Coquina will extend two tiny tubes out the top. Through one of these tubes it pulls water in, for oxygen and plankton (food). After passing through the clam, the water goes back out the other tube.

So the Coquina needs to be underwater, but because it is so small with short tubes, it can't be very far below the sand surface. And I think this is part of the answer to why it prefers the swash zone. If it lived out deeper where it is always under water, it would be easy prey for bottom feeding fish like Whiting and Pompano and for shallow crabs like Speckled Crabs. But in the swash zone, it has a refuge from these predators. So even though the Coquinas have to re-position themselves as the tides rise and fall and do a bit of digging every few minutes, they may have found a safer place to live.

So the next time you are standing in the swash zone, stir up a few Coquinas and watch them dig back in. I think it is pretty impressive for a tiny little clam.

*Dr. Joe Richardson is a retired marine science professor with 35+ years of research and teaching experience along GA and the southeastern coast and Bahamas. Besides research, he conducts Tybee Beach Ecology Trips year round ([www.TybeeBeachEcology.com](http://www.TybeeBeachEcology.com)) and frequently posts pictures of what they are finding on his Tybee Beach Ecology Trips Facebook page.*



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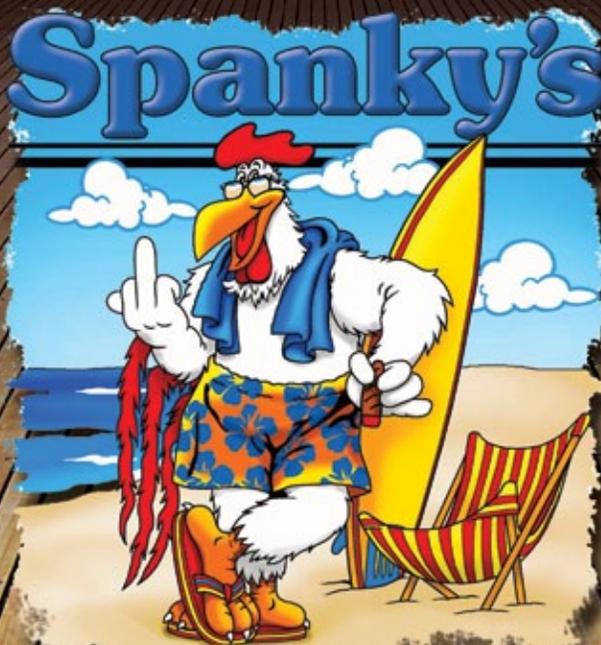
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**American Legion Post 154** - Canteen open 5pm Monday-Saturday, First Mondays Pizza Night 5-7pm, Bar Games Tuesday and Thursday 6-9pm, Line Dancing Wednesday 7pm, Thursday Dinners 5:30-7:30pm, Bingo (come early!) and Karaoke Friday 8-10pm. 10 Veterans Dr.

**Benny's Tavern** - Happy Hour Monday thru Friday 10am-7pm, Open Pool Tuesday all day, Pool Tournament Wednesday 8pm, Karaoke Friday and Saturday 9pm. Kitchen open Thursday thru Saturday from 4pm-?? and all day Sunday. 1517 Butler Ave.

**Bernie's Oyster House** - Bernie's Mason Jar Bloody Mary, 7 Draft Taps to choose from, Home of the "Pop Rock Jello Shots," Drink Specials, Outdoor patio with 65" HD TV. Check us out! 13 Tybrisa St.

**Bubba Gumbo's** - Open Monday thru Thursday 3-9pm, Friday thru Sunday 12-9pm. Happy Hour 4-7pm with \$1 off beers and \$9.95 Shrimp Dinner. 50 cent oysters and wings on Sunday. Hi Life and Jameson Shot specials on Monday. 3 Old Highway 80.

**Doc's Bar** - Happy Hour Monday thru Friday 4-7pm, Jam Night Tuesday 7pm, Karaoke Thursday 8pm, Live music Friday and Saturday 9pm. 10 Tybrisa St.

**Fannie's on the Beach** - Live music on weekends. Saturday and Sunday Brunch Specials. 1613 Strand Ave.

**Nickie's 1971 Bar and Grill** - Happy Hour Monday thru Friday 4-7pm, Texas Hold Em Sunday 7pm, Monday thru Wednesday 8pm, Tuesday Open Mike Night 8pm, Paint Party every Wednesday 6:30pm, 8 Ball Pool Tournament and Karaoke Thursday 7pm, Live Band Friday and Saturday 9pm-?? 1513 Butler Ave.

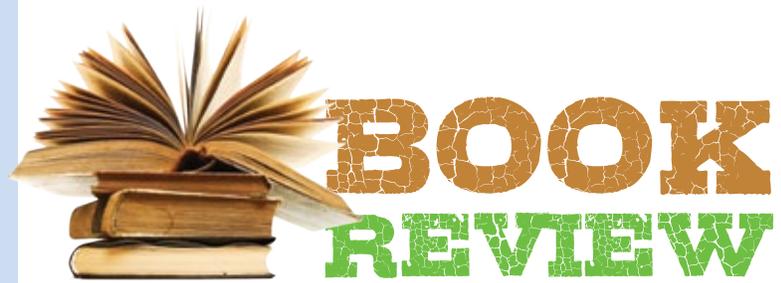
**Social Club** - 2 for 1 Sangria's Monday-Thursday, Live Music Friday thru Sunday, Bluegrass Brunch Sunday at 11am. 1311 Butler Ave.

**Spanky's** - Daily cocktail and beer specials. Home of the Original Chicken Finger! May 20 from 5 - 7 Southbound Brewery Happy Hour. 1605 Strand Ave.

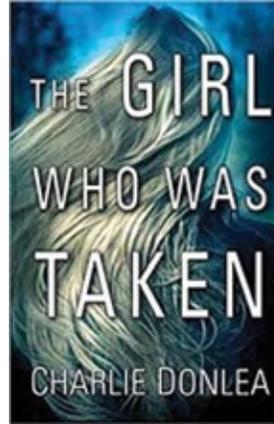
**The Deck** - Live Music Thursday - Sunday 6 - 9 pm. 404 Butler Ave.

**Tybee Time** - Happy Hour Monday thru Friday 4-7pm, DJ Marty Thursday-Saturday. 1603 Strand Ave.

**Wind Rose Café** - Happy Hour Monday thru Friday 4-7pm. Daily Lunch Specials. 19 Tybrisa St.



By Nell Klein



## THE GIRL WHO WAS TAKEN

By Charlie Donlea

Two abducted girls, one returns, one doesn't. That was enough of a tease to get me to read this really suspenseful book.

Nicole Cutty and Megan McDonald are high school seniors who are seemingly abducted from an end-of-the-summer beach party in Emerald Key, NC. Two weeks later, Megan escapes from a bunker deep in the woods to tell her story and to eventually write a book about her ordeal. Nicole has not been seen since.

A year later, enter Nicole's sister, Dr. Livia Cutter, a forensic pathologist on her way to becoming a medical examiner. She lives with the guilt that Nicole tried to call her on the night that she disappeared, but Livia ignored the call because her sister was always involved in some kind of drama and Livia didn't have time for it. Later, the body of a young man has ended up in Livia's morgue for her to autopsy. She's told that he jumped to his death from a nearby bridge and was found floating in the river. Livia questions these facts only to discover that the body is a year old, which means he died about the same time as Nicole's disappearance. Then Livia hears from an old classmate of Nicole's that the dead man was Nicole's mysterious boyfriend at the time of Nicole's disappearance. Livia contacts Megan McDonald to get some more background on the night that the two girls were abducted and together they find startling clues that may connect Nicole, Megan and several other missing girls over the last couple of years. Livia and Megan pair up to find out who is behind the abductions and hopefully find out the fate of Nicole.

The book alternates between months prior to the abductions and a year after, but it's not confusing at all. This is really well written by a new author and I'd like to read more by him. I was pretty sure I knew who the abductor was pretty early, but no. Another possibility emerged later, but no again! I was truly surprised in the end!

I give this book 4 roses. Some of Livia's autopsies are pretty creepy and are vividly described, so some parts are not for the faint of heart. Other than that, this was a really great read and you won't be disappointed.

*Until next time, read a book. If it's a good read, pass it on!*

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# CONCERT CALENDAR

By Mike Manitta

- 9/2 Billy Joel/Elton John Tribute – Tybee Post Theater
- 9/8 Saving Abel w/ guest – The Stage on Bay – Savannah
- 9/13 P.O.D. with guests – The Stage on Bay
- 9/14 Marshall Tucker Band – Florida Theatre - Jacksonville
- 9/15 Lonestar w/guest - The Stage on Bay
- 9/22 Abbey Road Live – Tybee Post Theater
- 9/22 Jackyl w/guest - The Stage on Bay
- 9/28 Hall & Oates – Jacksonville Veteran's Memorial Arena - Jacksonville
- 9/30 Tybee's Got Talent – Tybee Post Theater
- 9/30 The Weight Band – The Stage on Bay
- 10/7 Outlaws w/Scooter Brown Band – The Stage on Bay – Savannah
- 10/8 Harry Stiles – Coca Cola Roxy Theater – Atlanta
- 10/14 Charlie Fog Band – Tybee Post Theater
- 10/14 The LACS – The Stage on Bay – Savannah
- 10/20 Willie Nelson & Family – Savannah Civic Center
- 10/21 Big Bad Voodoo Daddy w/guest - The Stage on Bay
- 10/27 Corey Smith w/guest - The Stage on Bay
- 11/4 Fitz & The Tantrums – Rock N Roll Marathon - Savannah
- 11/11 Ringo's All Star Band – Fox Theatre – Atlanta
- 11/17 Mother's Finest w/guest - The Stage on Bay



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# THE SportsPage

By Woody Hemphill

**Welcome back, sports fans!** It's now official ... after an offseason awaiting football season - like island residents awaiting an evacuation order - training camp is underway in preparation for the upcoming NFL football season. If I live to be a hundred, I will never understand how a league that prides itself on 'parity' continues to pat itself on the back for the dynastic nature of the Patriots, despite continuous efforts to limit #12 and coach. Rumors abound that this season the officials will tie one arm behind Brady's back ... perhaps the league will charge corporate sponsorship advertising fees during the other team's practices since they are certain to be taped? (Okay, that last sentence was for humor, not journalistic integrity, because if you are reading the Beachcomber to keep up-to-date on your sporting news, well then that's just sad - but I'd like to invite you to be in my fantasy league ...)

All non-sports fan readers have probably already surmised this is the season for the obligatory and insufferable office know-it-all co-workers. We all know the type who for 13 weeks annually shelve their default persona - one deep breath away from drooling down the front of their shirt, yet capable of droning on for hours regarding their fantasy football rosters, content to live in the moment comprised of hours of research & strategy development each week over three months for bragging rights. For those of you keeping score at home, these are also the same people who make the same as, or more than you, despite not being able to recite their company's mission statement from whence their livelihoods are derived, and their league dues paid...

Now don't get me wrong, I am one of these guys, too. Each year, as the final autumnal season rolls onto the calendar, I promise myself that I will not become that guy. Like most resolutions that aren't reinforced with another habit, practice, etc., this season consists of a consummate struggle to not annoy those around me - and those who know me can attest that I usually fail - miserably. I suspect that this is probably why people feel compelled to win their league at all costs? The prize money is the consolation prize for societal alienation, and the inter-personal ostracizing of our own creation. It may be of little significance at this juncture, but fantasy football has been a microcosm of a much larger issue for many of my generation. The issue is quite simple, yet made exponentially more difficult. Ironically, a game comprised of extraneous variables for enjoyment eventually culminates in a Holy Grail-like search for online meaning comprised of lines of code & twenty-something millennial athletes whose peers we spend the remainder of our year trying to understand.

Yet, I digress.

As I mentioned a few months back, few things in life remind a man of his lot in life, his station in life, and even his own mortality, if you will, than witnessing folk half your age accomplishing amazing feats of skill, strength, or 'otherworldly accomplishment.' This has been the case of late as the sports world has been treated to a season of retirement, reserved for only its upper echelon of marketable stars, like Dale Earnhardt, Jr., and soon enough another largely ineffective, diva quarterback from near the town of Pittsburgh. In other words, if you have a daughter preparing to go away to college, this may be the best time to contact the folks at the Chamber of Commerce in Milledgeville to see if Big Ben sold his house there after the last incident. Few things in life are scarier than the thought of Big Ben with more free time on his hands...

With 'that said' I'm wringing my hands of all responsibilities (at least until next month), and delving back into the miasma of mediocrity. Until next month, play nice, and may all your teams win!

# VOTE BRANIGIN

## 4 TYBEE City Council



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- ★ *A Vow to Enforce Fiscal Discipline*
- ★ *A Promise to Listen*
- ★ *A Willingness to Learn*
- ★ *An Independent Voice*

I am John Branigin and I am running for City Council in this November's election.

As a retired executive, I have extensive experience in strategic planning, critical decision making and financial management. I firmly believe that the best decisions are reached through compromise and consensus.

If elected, I pledge to listen to **ALL** residents, property owners and business owners; to let **YOUR** input form my opinions; to put **YOUR** interests first and to work to restore "common sense" to **OUR** City government.

### *Below are just a few of your Tybee friends and neighbors who support my candidacy:*

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 Jack & Nancy Boylston  
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 Jay Burke  
 Alan & Jackie Burn  
 Don Doyle  
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*Jim & Lee Ann Marsh  
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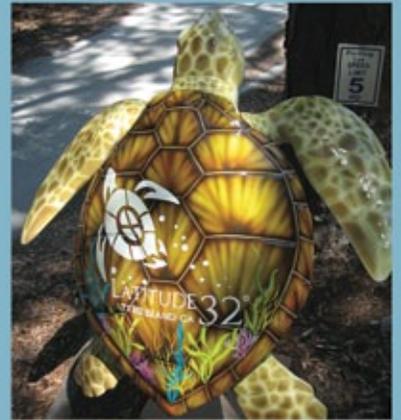
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Continued from the August 2017 Beachcomber. Catch up @ <http://tybeeachcomber.com/magazine>

## Chapter 3 Sometimes Things Bite - Part 2

### Little Tybee, Day 2

The sun has just peeked over the horizon and Becky can't sleep anymore. She's worried about Marissa. She walks over to Tony's tent and starts kicking it. "Wake up!" she shouts.

"What do you want? The sun isn't even in the sky yet and I have one hell of a hangover."

"My phone is dead. See if you can text Marissa and see how she's doing. I can't stand not knowing if she's alright."

"It was only a small bite from a baby shark. She's fine, I'm sure."

"Brian said she went into convulsions."

"Oh yeah. Last night is kind of a blur. I'll text her."

"Your turn to make coffee?"

"No. It's Nate's turn. Go wake him up. If I have to be up this early he does too."

Becky walks over and wakes Nate up in about the same way she woke Tony up. When she is sure he is awake and making coffee, she walks back over to Tony and asks if he's heard anything back from Marissa.

"Not yet. I tried calling her phone but it just went to voicemail. It's probably dead."

"Well, call the hospital and check on her. Better yet, call Breezy Riders Taxi. Those guys know everything that's going on."

"I'm sure Ron and the crew aren't up yet."

"Nate, give them a call, will you? Shit, we're going to need some ice today. We should head over at noon when the tide is up and grab a couple more bags, unless you want warm beer all day."

"No answer on the Breezy phone or the hospital," says Nate.

The three of them clean up their campsite and lounge around while waiting for the tide to rise enough to head back to Tybee. A few hours later the tide is up and the boat is floating again.

"Let's just go to AJ's and grab some ice and lunch. I'm dying for some crab stew. It's a small island. We should be able to find out about Marissa from someone there too. This is the first shark bite in decades on Tybee."

"Yeah. We've never had that kind of trouble in these waters," says Tony as they all load into the boat and head over to Tybee. They dock at AJ's and walk up the ramp to the Back River seating area.

"Where the hell is everyone?"

"I have no idea. It's noon and there's no dock girl around," answers Nate.

"Alright, let's go into the restaurant and see what's up," says Tony.

They go inside. The restaurant is deserted. Not a soul in sight. The silence is deafening.

"Where the f%\$ is everyone?" asks Becky.

"I have no clue, but this is freaky. I guess I'm not getting any crab stew

today," says Tony. "Let's go out front and see if they're having some sort of 'to do' in the parking lot."

They make their way into the parking lot. They see who they think is Angela, Nate and Tony's next door neighbor.

"Hey Angela!" Nate shouts. She turns toward him and he can see her face. Her eyes are yellow and red. She's got blood coming out of her nose, ears and eyes. Her mouth is bloody like she's been eating raw meat. She begins to sprint towards the group. "What the f\*&\$!!!" She attacks Nate. He pushes her to the ground and she springs up, screeching a loud, ear piercing roar. In an instant five more of these things are heading in their direction. "Let's get the hell out of here!"

"Watch out Nate!" Tony yells. Angela lunges at Nate again. He steps aside and she falls to the ground. He kicks her with everything he's got. "Move now... back to the boat!"

They quickly run through AJ's and on to the dock. Everyone jumps in the boat and Tony starts the engine immediately. He pushes the throttle forward and nothing happens. "The damned bow line people!" Six creatures, including Angela, burst through the back door of AJ's at full sprint. Becky grabs the bow line and pulls. The rope slips from its knot and as the boat pulls away from the dock, all six creatures plunge into the water just behind the back of the boat.

"What the hell was that?" asks Becky.

"You and I both know what this looks like," Nate says as he looks back at Tony. "Ride around to Alley 3. Maybe there will be someone there." They ride around to Alley 3 and all they see is carnage. The ambulance is still sitting there with the back doors open with blood everywhere. No one says a word, they just stare in disbelief.

"Can you make it around front to the pier area, Tony?"

"Sure thing. And guys, we should be quiet. When Angela screamed a bunch more of those things instantly showed up. I think they're attracted to noise," says Tony as he cruises the boat around front of Tybee by the popular beach and pier. What they see is something from a George A. Romero film. Those things were everywhere. They make their way back to their camp on Little Tybee and meet up with Carrie, Jesus Jay, and Crabber Brian. They explain what they saw in all its gory detail.

"Bullshit! I saw her get into that ambulance!" shouts Crabber Brian.

"If you don't believe us go see for yourself," Nate says in disgust.

"No. You guys can't go. Those things will get you," Becky says.

"You guys are full of it. Making jokes after what happened last night. Come on!" Jay, Carrie, and Brian head off towards Tybee in their boat.

"I hope they make it back," says Becky.

"Well, knowing them, they'll make it back," says Tony.

The three of them watch the boat fade into a small dot from the beach on Little Tybee.

To be continued...



# The 48 Hour Film Project

## And the Oscar Goes To... The Sweet One

By Alaina Loughridge

I am always on the search for ideas that can kick start an article to entertain and educate my devoted followers (all one of them - thanks, Mom) and I am always willing to do something outside of my comfort zone to further my endeavors towards the fur covered shackle on my ankle called the Tybee Beachcomber. This adventure is one that I am absolutely delighted to write about and am so grateful that I answered the call. So,



here is what happened:  
**Tony and Kerry Marchetti-Knarr** (TMK and KMK), also known as **Dapper Dog Films**, put out a casting call to any willing participants to sign up for the movie they were making for **The 48 Hour Film Project**, a yearly international event. I had no clue who they were or

what the film project was. Naturally, I had to sign up. On a dark and stormy night, I went to the MK's house (I left a notarized Last Will and Testament for Margie and directions for where I was going and as to what time I expected to leave). I walked in knowing nothing. I am so glad I did!! 15 people showed up. I knew two - Renee DeRossett and Kim Trammell from the Tybee Art's Association! Yeah for friends I know and love! Here was the deal...

All participants met at McDonough's (love love already), where we were assigned a genre, a prop, a line of dialogue, and a character that must be included. Our genre was "horror or a period piece," our prop was a *measuring cup*, our line of dialogue was "Who died and made you king?" and our character was a traveling salesman named *Luke Beardsley*.

With that information in hand, TMK ran home to write the script. The film schedule was this - write the script Friday night, shoot the movie Saturday and edit Sunday, with the entire film due (with editing, music and entirely wrapped up) on Sunday night at McDonough's by 7:30pm. No late entries accepted.

We met at the MK's house Saturday morning. All players were on board so off we went to Inferno (thank you Donnie Gordon) at Tybee Oaks, for our first scene of the day (thank God for the Tybean! Espresso baby!!) I had signed up to be a Production Assistant. That meant I would get coffee and run errands for the crew and actors. I was just kind of hanging out when the Director came up to me and said, "Hey, I know you signed up to be a P.A., but would you mind being an assistant to the Continuity Director?" I do love bossing people around so this sounded like something I could handle. "Sure," I said, as nonchalantly as my espresso raddled brain could handle. Now I got to get coffee and tell people what to do (via someone else ... sweet).

It happened to be the hottest day of the year - 95 degrees with a heat index of a billion. Ugh. I put on my bossy face and started taking pics. The



movie was not shot in sequence so I had to keep track of what the actors were wearing in each scene and their makeup, etc. It turned out to be harder than I thought. Kim Trammell was doing the make-up and she told all the actors not to rub their

face or sweat. Ha-ha!

We left Inferno and moved to Frannie Galloway's house on Lewis Ave. for the next scene, a flashback of two young girls, *Hannah Kimball*, the young Angelica, and *Brittany Matthews*, the young Izzy. Those girls, 13 and 15 years old respectively, were total pros. *Sally Cameron* was the deranged mother, Doris, and I do not believe she was acting when she attacked her daughter, Izzy (I think the heat was the catalyst for that raging moment). Throughout the hurry up and wait motions of a motion picture, everyone maintained their sense of humor. I was expecting some bitch slapping, some drama, a little bit of high maintenance. Nope. All of these people were set on making a great picture.

Five hours later we moved back to the MK's house (and air conditioned interior scenes - yeah!!). We had 14 scenes left to shoot and KMK was running around like a firecracker, shouting commands like a drill sergeant, and cracking his whip. It was time to film the older versions of Angelica, *Kim Trammell*, and of Izzy, *Valerie Hartz*. We all just stood in awe of these two ladies. It was epic to watch.

It was past 10pm when the scary, horror scenes began. While most of the cast and crew were in the living room shooting the ax murder scene, Doug MacKay (also our medic), went downstairs and started digging a grave...

We filmed screams, blood and a door to door salesman (*Thomas Paris*).



It was time for the dragging of the carcass. We went outside where Doug had a shallow grave prepped. The crew grabbed the end of the sheet "Angelica" was on and began to drag her head first into the shallows ... deep breath ... then ... Breezy Riders Bus pulled up!! I didn't see who was driving, but they opened the door, took one look at what was going on, shut the door, backed up quietly, and left. We all lost it. Scene 14 Take 20!!

There were still three scenes left, but they would have to wait until 7am ...

4.5 hours away. The main peeps showed up the next morning and banged out those three scenes in two hours. Now it was time to edit and add the music score. Only seven hours left for an epic four to seven minute Cannes Award winning masterpiece.

With literally no time to spare, *The Sweet One* film was dropped at McDonough's and became a contender. One group missed it by four minutes. FOUR MINUTES! I am telling you these people were serious and

the timing was brutal. Out of the 26 entries, 20 made it in time and had all of the necessary paperwork and scenes included in their film.

The first weekend of August the movies were all reviewed and shown at the Children's Theater on Victory Drive. I went to the final showing with the awards ceremony afterwards. I didn't see everything, but the movies I did see were impressive. There are a lot of hard working crazy people out there willing to lose 48 hours of sleep to dive off the deep end. It was a true eye opening experience!

Unfortunately, *The Sweet One* did not win any awards. However, for our first venture out of the gate, we were all impressed with our group effort. We had some tough competition. Some of these people were nine or more years in; some were SCAD students and some were professionals that have been doing this for years.

What I learned from this experience will last a lifetime: Do something you normally would not do. Sign up for something that is interesting. Meet people you might never meet if you didn't just take that step. I have made lifelong friends with not only everyone on our project, but people I met at the awards ceremony. I have sweated, bled and cried for something I would not have cared about a month ago, but would now cheer to the rafters to support along with all my new friends! So to all the cast and crew of *The Sweet One* and to everyone we met throughout this process: *Next year we are all in and we are going to kick ass!! GAME ON!!!*



I have no idea how many phones we have recovered since we started Breezy. I do, however, remember the first phone I found. Funny thing is that it wasn't left in a Breezy. I was on Jenny, our original golf cart, crossing over Butler on Jones and there was a light rain coming down. I noticed what looked like a smart phone on the center line on Butler. I pulled over and retrieved the phone. Wow! It was an iPhone 4 with no protective case, and much to my surprise, no damage. It was unlocked so I called the last number that had called it. It was the husband of the owner's phone, and they were in Savannah eating at a restaurant. I told them I would be cruising around the island all night and to just call me when they got close and I would meet them. We met up at middle Chu's and I told them where I had found their phone. The husband then asked me where their camera bag and camera were. I told them that I had only found their phone. He didn't believe me. I believe that was the first time I used our motto without saying Go Breezy.

Now I am far from perfect, but when it comes to taking my phone to go drinking with me, I am batting a thousand. It is always lying next to my empty wallet somewhere in my home. But I have lost a phone on a Breezy shift. I had a terrible habit of leaving my phone on top of the cab and driving away. One night I was dispatching from the car, so I had my phone and the Breezy phone stacked on top of each other rolling down Butler. It is always sheer panic until you find them still on top of a vehicle.

One evening I was taking a group of five to a house party on Whitemarsh - four adults and one teenager. The teen was whining about being in such tight quarters in the back seat. I told him I would put him in the trunk but it was already occupied by some bodies I had forgotten about the night before. I said I was surprised we couldn't smell them yet.

I turned right onto 80 from Polk St and accelerated. We all heard a

banging sound coming from the trunk area. The teen asked, "What was that?" I replied, "It must be the occupants in the trunk I told you about." As we neared the Lazaretto Bridge, I realized my phone was not on my lap. Crap! That banging sound was my phone rolling off the car. I had one of the passengers call it. It rang, which was a good sign. I had hope because it was in a protective case. Leigh went on the computer to locate it and told me where it was showing on 80. We pulled to the shoulder and I could hear it ringing. Come to find out if your phone gets run over by a car, no protective case will help. It was crushed, still ringing and pinging, but crushed.

Joey is a different story when it comes to phones. He has already admitted destroying the Breezy phone in last month's Beachcomber. For the record, he has lost or destroyed a Galaxy 6, 7 and the brand new, just released, Galaxy 8 in the last 12 months. But that's a story for another day.

Joey's story started at a music fest in New Orleans. He and his crew were coming out of the French Quarter where he found a Galaxy 6 lying in the street. When they returned to the house they were staying at, he put the found phone in his suitcase and that was the last time he had given it any thought.

Two weeks went by and I was moving the suitcase when the phone fell out. It was dead so I plugged it into a charger and turned it on. It was locked, but the picture on the screen saver was an unmarked white Crown Vic sitting in a driveway that appeared to be on Tybee. A couple days went by when I heard it ring. I answered, "Hello, this is Ron with Breezy and I found your phone." No reply and then the call was disconnected. About an hour or so later I saw some TIPD cars at my next store neighbor's house - the house next to the beach, not to my west (the TIPD are at my west side neighbor's house often, but again that's another story). Anyway, they were at the house next door for 15 minutes or so, then they went to the house right behind mine. I had a pool tournament to get to so I went on about my own business.

The next afternoon I saw my neighbor and asked what was up with the police activity. He explained to me that a phone had been stolen from New Orleans that belonged to a detective and it was being traced to 14th St. Really, you don't say? I delivered the phone to the police station and explained the rest of the story.

Now we have the bus and there are a lot more chances of things being left behind. I was dropping a group off on the south end and Carter, one of the passengers, said, "Ron if I am ever in one of those Taxi Tales... I'll frame it!" An hour or so went by and I was nonstop running from one end of the island to the other. Dispatch called and said, "Carter thinks she left her phone on the bus." I told Leigh I would look for it as soon as I got everyone off the bus. I went to the rear, calling the phone, looking under and around all the seats. No phone. Then it hit me that while we were waiting for the rest of the passengers, Carter had popped her head out of the sun roof. Did she leave it on top? I mean, what were the chances that her phone rode up there for an hour? Let's just finish with she got her iPhone7 and I got a story!

Rest assured that if you leave anything behind, other than your dignity or pride, we will do our very best to return it to you.

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# Reflections

By Hollie Sessoms

## FOREVER YOUNG

Recent glimpses of my own mortality have got me wondering, how long do I really want to live? Forever? As Prince tells us: That's a mighty long time. How about 150? Hmm, I'm not sure how well this body will feel (and more importantly, look) after that amount of time. A cool, clean 100 sounds about right. Maybe 100 and some change if I'm still feeling sprightly.

But how does one accomplish such a feat? It turns out science isn't as much help in this field as one might hope. In interviews with centenarians, the beliefs on how to live to 100 are as varied as there are stars in the skies. Some credit a good diet, others an active lifestyle, some swear to living by the sea, and others to a strong community.

My favorite are the rogues. The centenarians who drink whiskey and eat bacon while lighting their sixth cigar of the day off the smoldering end of their fifth cigar of the day. Science has tried to make much of the rogues too. Maybe it's the brand of whiskey or the type of tobacco in the cigar. Maybe these things have health benefits after all that we should isolate and encapsulate and fit into our "healthy" sterile lives.

I think science may be missing the mark. Maybe it's not the diet or the activity level or the drinking or the not drinking (if it is the not drinking, I'm screwed anyway). I like to think in my unscientific but still totally legit

opinion that it's all about intention. If you eat nothing but lettuce and run like you're being chased with a mindset that this is what you absolutely **MUST DO** in order to live a long life, then you're working against yourself. Similarly, if you drink and smoke because you're trying to hide from yourself or escape a thought or feeling in your head, you might as well dig your grave with those cocktail straws.

Maybe we should take a step back, take a deep breath and do things that we enjoy doing, simply because we enjoy doing them. Have a salad because the tomatoes looked really good at the store today. Have a drink because we're hanging out with friends and it sounds like something fun to do. Go for a run because the weather just turned cool and the air smells good and you can't stand the thought of not being outside. Do something nice for someone else with no thought of them doing something nice for you in return. Smile. Breathe. Be.

Maybe we'll make it to 100, but even if we don't, we'll enjoy the journey.

## Catie's Confections

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# From the RIVER'S END...

By Woody Hemphill

There's been vast amounts of rhetoric of late regarding the divisiveness of our nation and the moral and social responsibility we share as a people to make our democracy work. It turns out that the social network can be a down right lonely joint on occasion, even for presidents. Many may express sentiments pertaining to the level of dysfunction, others may plead that things could be better, but aren't too bad... Ultimately, the shared value of the understanding to commit to open dialogue in a free exchange of ideas is what determines our progress from this point – as a community, a people, as we let the societal outcome 'chips' fall where they may. It's interesting that as society becomes more transparent, a byproduct is to retreat within, which can be a limiting dynamic for a healthy republic, and a bummer for an extrovert with limited tech-savvy.

History tells us that numerous aspects of successful negotiation formalities throughout history – or so we've been told – were successfully reached while gathered around a campfire. For what it's worth, I can't think of a better way for people to work things out between them than to sit around a campfire and work through a shared task. When I think about the movies I watched growing up as a kid and the decision making of native peoples, military generals, and the dudes on the Busch beer ads, an epiphany ensues.

Let's consider the feasibility of taking Congress to a campfire on a chilly autumn evening in the Beltway and facilitate the discussion by announcing that winter is coming, and reminding them that it would be much easier for them to get re-elected if the electorate could not be affected negatively by their actions. Thankfully, being a voter is not a preexisting condition. Necessity is the mother of invention, and the fear of dying of exposure (literally, politically, metaphorically...) is an effective motivator.

We can even start a movement, a la 'Alice's Restaurant' style, if you want to join. The next time you have something to discuss with someone, or have a 'dust up' at work with a particular boss or coworker – you just march right up to that insensitive ass and invite them to a campfire! Throw in some S'more's, and/or other refreshments of choice, and you'll be hard-pressed to not come away with a solution, a better understanding of the other person – unless you're one of those who can't get along with anyone. In that case, you're either going to run out of firewood, or get diabetes. The struggle is real, what can I tell you?

It just so happens, if you are on Tybee and find yourself in such a predicament, or just discover that you're in the mood for a campfire, I know just the place ... after all, we're starting a social movement folks. Let the healing begin, y'all!

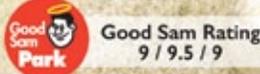
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## Behind the Tape...

By Cpl. Richard Dascal



And here we are again. Another month in the books and winter quickly approaching. Kids are back in school, the weather is cooling off, and the island is becoming just a little less crowded. As we come into this part of the year, our concerns begin to change.

As the rentals become vacant and businesses change over to winter hours, unfortunately criminals see the opportunity to prey on our citizens. While the police department is committed to the preservation of both life and property, we're not everywhere at all at once. Some precautions you can take to protect your valuables are: leave your porch light on when you go out of town, have a neighbor pick up your paper, and as always, LOCK YOUR DOORS! The majority of the thefts we see are from unsecured vehicles and homes. Just taking the time to lock your door can be enough to deter a criminal.

Several years ago we had a vehicle filled with four people come to Tybee late in the evening in the middle of winter. When they came here they were stopped by an officer for a minor infraction that resulted in a warning. But when this car was stopped, the officer noticed that there were four people and not much else in the car. Several hours later, the same officer saw the same car. This time it was to the roof with all sorts of lawn equipment. When the officer stopped the car, several of the occupants ran away on foot. They were all eventually caught that same night. The subjects in that vehicle had been breaking into cars and garages for several hours, taking anything of value they could carry. The common thread is that none of the cars were locked and none of the garages were secure.

As everyone is most certainly aware of by now, repaving has begun on Highway 80 and Butler Ave. I'm sure everyone is ready for that construction to be done with, I know I certainly am. But while it's going on, please be cautious while driving in the construction area. In certain parts it can seem like the lanes are narrower, causing cars to bunch up. Further than that, there are people in the roadways doing work every day, all of whom want to go home when they're finished. While I certainly understand the aggravation that comes with this construction, I urge you not to let it affect your driving. Our officers are patrolling the roads and will be writing tickets inside of the construction zone. So please take your time to watch your speed and be aware of the other vehicles around you.

As always, I hope this finds everyone in great health and great spirits. Enjoy the rest of your summer and have a wonderful Labor Day!

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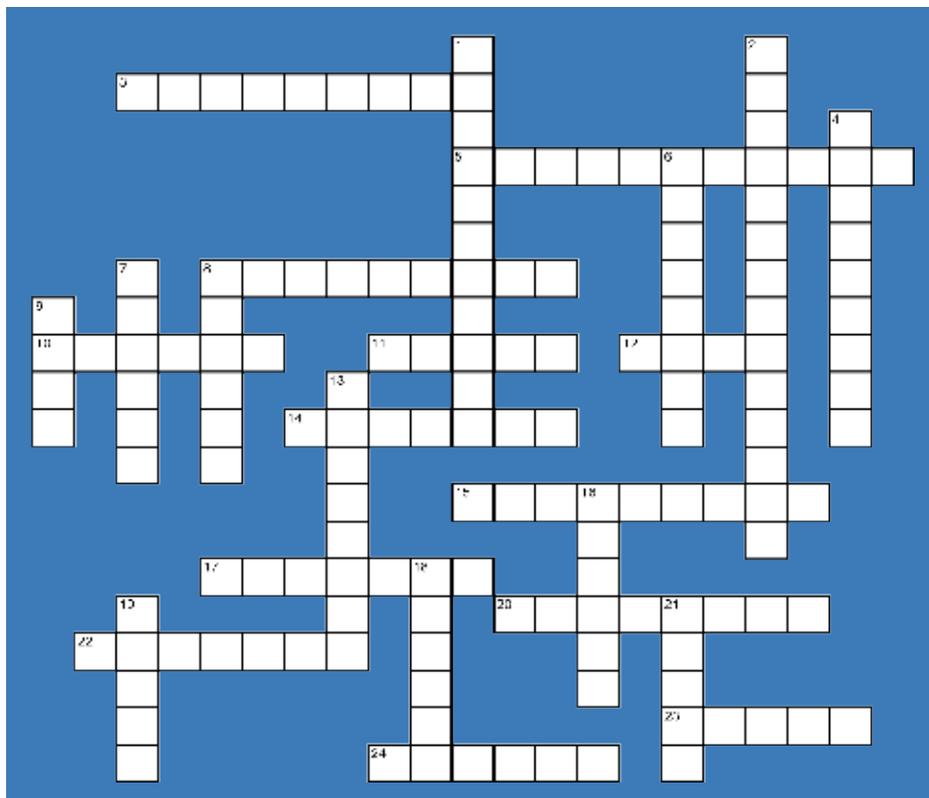
# Cross Word

## ACROSS

- 3 This project is conducted through the Science Center (2 wds.)
- 5 The Legion is planning this event in September (2 wds.)
- 8 Storm that is dreaded here on Tybee
- 10 Zombie that tries to attack Nate at AJ's
- 11 Forever \_\_\_\_\_ (Reflections topic)
- 12 The \_\_\_\_\_ Who Was Taken (Book Review)
- 14 Market at the Lighthouse
- 15 9th month
- 17 Food Spy locale (2 wds.)
- 20 J. Beebs is a reformed \_\_\_\_\_ (2 wds.)
- 22 Bartender of the Month
- 23 The \_\_\_\_\_ One (48 Hour Film Project)
- 24 Joey had to deal with her in Bar Chronicles

## DOWN

- 1 When this falls, the fishing should improve
- 2 Bad Advice wants this for his birthday (4 wds.)
- 4 Bizz Buzz (2 wds.)
- 6 The Tybee Island \_\_\_\_\_ Club
- 7 Monthly Rant is feeling this way
- 8 Writer's Block featured writer for September
- 9 Season
- 13 Holiday in September (2 wds.)
- 16 Tybee's Got \_\_\_\_\_
- 18 She not only got her name in Taxi Tales, but also in the crossword and word search
- 19 Traveling Beachcomber winners went here
- 21 Dr. Joe tells us about this zone



Created by Margie McLellan

# Word Search

N W Z X T S A O C M L A P Z T Y R  
 X L J M N Y S E A T U R T L E A M  
 M Z M Z B U G G E D R F T G M D N  
 D S K T H R L G N U O Y T W P S T  
 T R R P A U F Y F L K R D J E T E  
 M E H E C L R N W R R L C L R O K  
 C B H S M A E R Z I K Y Z A A I N  
 H M G R A R R N I G N X N B T R A  
 I E C T Y W A T T C K Y O O U T L  
 N T T B N V S F E O A N Y R R A B  
 A P V M T Z T C P R S N D D E P A  
 V E R E Z H H T N R N P E A A K N  
 C S E H E R I T E A R K B Y L C I  
 W W L D I M M E R L L A F Y E Y S  
 S H E S I T B G W C K W J K G R G  
 R C S S J H B W L Z L T W K N Q I  
 K Y T K M Z V T H O L L I E A F P

Created by Margie McLellan

- |           |                   |             |
|-----------|-------------------|-------------|
| ANGELA    | GRANNY            | SEPTEMBER   |
| BEER SNOB | HOLLIE            | SWASH       |
| BUGGED    | HURRICANE         | SWEET       |
| CARTER    | LABOR DAY         | TALENT      |
| CHINA     | OPTIMIST          | TEMPERATURE |
| CHRISSY   | PALM COAST        | THE DECK    |
| FALL      | PATRIOTS DAY      | YOUNG       |
| FARMERS   | PIGS IN A BLANKET |             |
| GIRL      | SEA TURTLE        |             |

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Headlights, Turn Signals, Seat Belts, Brake Lights**

**801 1st Street  
TybeeGolfCarts.com**

**912-226-9676**

# Join Us for the Best Sunset on Tybee Island!



See Menu and our LIVE WEBCAM at [AJsDocksideTybee.com](http://AJsDocksideTybee.com)

**Lunch: 7 days a week 11am - 5pm**

**Dinner: 7 days a week 5-10pm**

1315 Chatham Ave. | 912-786-9533

**Live Entertainment with Joey Manning  
Friday, Saturday & Sunday nights**

Like Us on Facebook to see Daily Specials and our amazing Sunsets.