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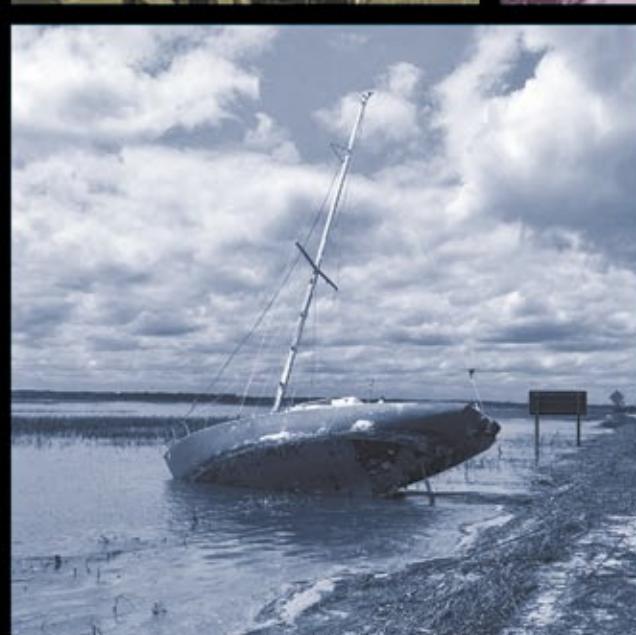
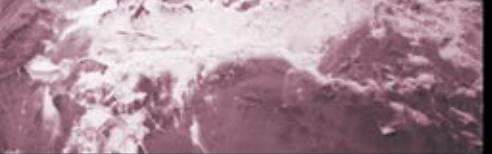
OCTOBER 2017

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Island's Guide for fun!



PINWHEEL



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BERNIE'S



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ALL SHOWS START APPROXIMATELY 10PM, 21+, NO COVER

Go to our Facebook for Band and Burlesque Listings for this Month

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Tybee

Area Code
912Digits

Emergency- Police, Fire, Medical.....	911
Police NON-Emergency	786-5600
Fire NON-Emergency	472-5062
Ocean Rescue	786-9873
City Hall	786-4573
Library	786-7733
Parking Services.....	472-5101
Post Office	786-9632
River's End Campground.....	786-5518
Visitor's Center/Chamber	786-5444
YMCA.....	786-9622
American Legion Post #154	786-5356
Tybee Island Lighthouse.....	786-4077
Marine Science Center.....	786-5917

Tybee Post Theater 472-4790
 Fishing License (Chu's on Campbell)..... 786-5904

Dizzy Dean's Liquor, Beer & Wine 786-4500
 XYZ Liquors..... 786-4822

Tybee Golf Carts 226-9676
 Fat Tire Bikes 786-4013 |

Tim's Bike & Beach Gear..... 786-8467
 Burke's Beach Rentals, Inc..... 547-8145
 Boogie Scooters Rentals 472-4266 |

Shuttle Services

Breezy Riders 665-9988 |

Island's Taxi..... 786-8688
 Tybee Turtle Transit..... 361-TURTLES

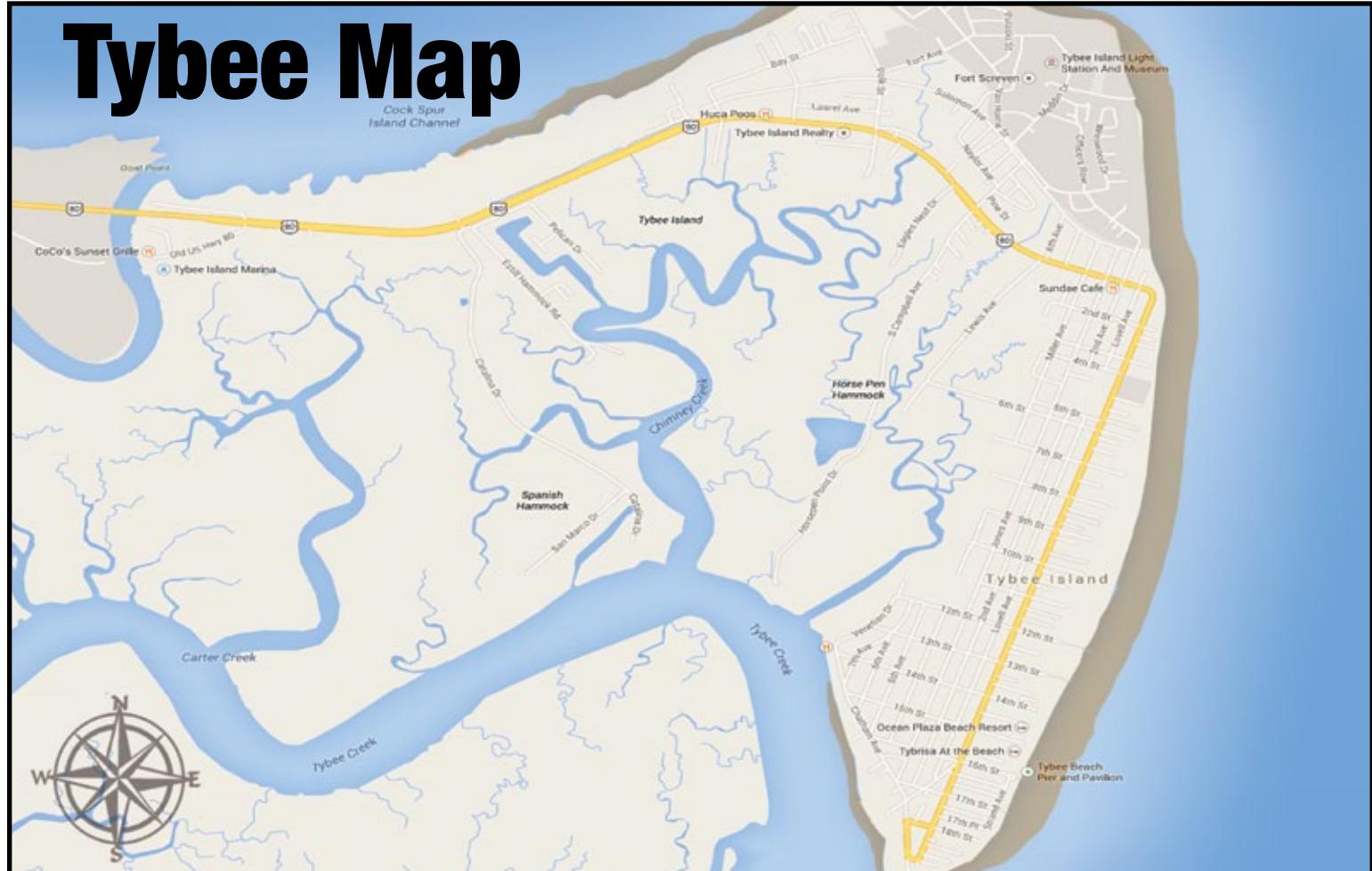
Investments

Mathew Cremeans (Edward Jones)..... 898-3691

Tours

Captain Mike's Dolphin Tours 786-5848 |

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THIS IS MY HAPPY PLACE



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Ms...Alain...eous

From the **EDITOR**

Well kids. Here we are. The other children and I running the Beachcomber Asylum have decided to half and half this issue -100% heartbreak matched with 200% humor, because we are **TYBEE STRONG!!** Let's get it on...

First off, I want to say **Thank You** to the following people:

- **Jason Buelterman:** Hat's off to you! You were spot on with updates on FB newscasts, and all over social media with up to date information that those of us off-island desperately needed to hear. Thank you for loving Tybee and the misfits that live here.
- **To the City of Tybee, EMS, Police and Fire,** thank you!
- To every **Tybee resident** who stepped up and just busted your asses to help, thank you!!! Never have I ever seen some neighbor throw-down action like Tybee!
- **To CALVIN RATTEREE, and ERIC & HEATHER THOMAS:** I honestly don't know how we would have survived without y'all. There ain't one person on Tybee that is going to die of starvation.
- **To Ron Goralczyk, Jeremy Riberdy, Steve Todd, Ben Cromer, Joey Spalding, Clint Troop, and Rudy Rudon:** You gentlemen are better than 1,000 Jim Cantore's! Thank you for the videos on FB. Whether the news was bad or worse, you made sure we knew.
- **To Mike Hosti and the IGA:** Publix and Kroger got nothing on the Tybee IGA when it comes to heart.
- Last, but hell not in last place, is **Georgia Power.** THANK YOU!!!!!!
- I am going to do my own personal shout-out (because I can) to **Matt & Jordan (McCullough) Hecht.** These people took me and my wretched cat, Sadie, in without a second thought. They also took Mac & Margie McLellan too (I think it might be an Irish thing). Best evacuation ever!!! If I am going out, I want to go out with these people! Martinis are on me for next go-round!!

The **Beachcomber FB** page has tried to be as up to date with any and all pertinent information. I would like for one and all to feel free to just do a "Shout Out" to someone(s) that has helped during this time. We want to take the time to recognize people's efforts. We all have our trials and tribulations. We were affected in a variety of ways. Take a minute to thank somebody!

So, Tybee, let's pull up our group britches and get it on.

Oh, we got **Pirate's Fest!!!!** I am absolutely delighted to announce the **King and Queen** for Pirate's Fest 2017 is **Steve and Bethany Kellam!!!** I had a chance to sit down for an in-depth interview with these two. Great read ahead in the feature story.

I'm going to start out our first chuckle with the **Traveling Beachcomber.** This picture horrifies me, but I can't stop laughing. **Rudy Rudon**, you are one of kind. I am going to choke you for this.

Go on ... get your giggles ...





Things we HATE about Hurricanes

By Margie, Mac, Jimmy and Alaina

1. Picking the right people to evacuate with. Nothing worse than being stuck with people that a.) You don't like, b.) Complain endlessly, and c.) Have no sense of humor. In a nutshell, your life will suck and you may end up wishing you had stayed to face the hurricane. Pick your evacuees with care; take only those you can handle being around for more than a day. It may end up feeling worse than a bad marriage.

2. HADD (Hurricane Attention Deficit Disorder). After realizing that you really do have to evacuate, HADD kicks in and you walk around your house endlessly, getting absolutely nothing accomplished. What should I take, when do I leave, where am I going? Hell, you can't even decide if you SHOULD evacuate! Should I stay or should I go...

3. Stocking your Evacuation Kit. Five days prior to evacuation, you start stocking up on the essentials – Wine, Vodka and Cigarettes (throw in a case of water just because that's what you are supposed to do). Day 1: Liquor store stop for 2 bottles of wine, bottle of vodka and two packs of smokes. Day 2: Return to Dizzy Dean's (because when you woke up you discovered that you drank all the wine, half of your bottle of vodka, and smoked all the cigarettes) and buy 2 more bottles of wine, another bottle of vodka, and four packs of cigarettes. Day 3: Three bottles of wine, another bottle of vodka, and a carton of cigarettes (just in case). Day 4: IGA for a case of water and a couple bags of chips. Day 5: Wake up, have coffee, followed by a glass of wine to calm the nerves, and half a pack of cigarettes. All ready to go! And where did we decide to go?

4. Photographing everything you plan to leave behind. Open drawers, crawl under your bed, and open your medicine cabinet, cupboards, and closets. Do this quickly to ensure all photos are taken out of focus. It helps if you try not to cry saying goodbye to your home. You'll probably never see it again. Do one final walkthrough. Do not notice all the important documents you NEED to take with you. Lock your door.

5. Boarding up. Don't measure any plywood, just start screwing boards anywhere they will fit. You use a board off your deck. It'll go back. Finish boarding the windows and front door. Then you walk around the property looking at all the crap you left in the yard. Tie that stuff together. Circle back, spray paint something sassy on your boarded up home. Be original. None of this "GO AWAY" crap. Start filling sand bags, triple up garbage bags or grocery bags. Make sure they will all spring a leak and leave sand everywhere.

6. Leaving the Island. Actually get in the car and drive down Butler. The adrenaline will start to kick in. Everything you know and love will DIE in the hurricane. Try being overly dramatic - you find that runny nose sobbing helps to calm you down. Find a gas station. If they only have Premium screw it, you are not paying an extra 50¢ a gallon. You drive a Honda. Leave the Island. Drive really fast like you're in a race to get to Wilmington.

7. Listening to the Weather Channel. After arriving at your evacuation destination, you immediately turn on the TV to The Weather Channel, which will remain on during your entire Hurricane. You pray to the Weather gods, while watching the hurricane approach your beloved island. You pray harder. Go left! Go left! The Weather Channel becomes your lifeline, and you hope that you do not see Jim Cantore reporting from Tybee Island, or all is lost.

8. Taking advantage of the kindness of strangers. You explain your refugee status to any person or place you venture into. Make them feel bad for you. If you can cry on command, do it. You will go to hell, but hey, you might get a free meal out of it.

9. Returning Home. Of course you lived on Facebook while on your Hurricane. You know your home is flooded. You saw the pics on FB. You return with a mixture of hopefulness and despair. You obey the speed limit, as much as you want to floor it down Butler at 90mph. Sure enough, it's as bad as you had imagined. But the worst is yet to come. When you finally leave your home to go out for a bite to eat (because you have no power), you hear everyone else's story. Story after story after story. But you know that your story is worse than anyone else's. The stories you hate the most are the ones who say the water came up to their door but never came in. Hate em.

10. Getting your life back together. This really isn't that hard if you have already lived through Hurricane Matthew. Not fun, but you know the drill. Clean, clean again, and then clean again. Call the insurance company once again (if you have insurance), get ready to go through the tedious process of filing two claims in one year. Throw out all the new stuff that you just bought from the last hurricane. Head to the store for more new stuff. Make sure to wear your Tybee Island t-shirt so people will stop you in the middle of the aisle and ask if you were in the hurricane. Say yes, get sympathy, and who knows, maybe you'll get something free. I doubt it, but it's worth a try.

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I would like to take this opportunity to thank our Mayor and all the members of our City Council for their leadership before, during and after Hurricane IRMA. I'd also like to extend a special thanks to our "first responders," the Tybee Island Police and Fire Departments; the Department of Public Works and all the rest of our marvelous City staff. Finally, thanks to Georgia Power, the US Coast Guard, Carroll & Carroll, the Salvation Army and everyone else who came to help those in need; and Huc-a-Poos and Nickie's for feeding those who stayed.

Our hearts go out to everyone who suffered damages as a result of the storm, especially those on Lewis Ave. There are many reasons why we choose to live here but the way we care for each other in times of need is one that we all embrace. Whenever we are dealt a devastating blow, we get to see Tybee Island at its best. Neighbor helping neighbor...there are no strangers.

We are all **TYBEE** and we are all **STRONG!**

John Branigin

BRANIGIN
4 TYBEE
City Council
branigin4tybee.org

Oct. 2017 Tide Chart

N 32° 02.0' / W 80° 54.1'

Date	Day	High Tide	High Tide	Low Tide	Low Tide	Sunrise	Sunset	Moonrise	Moonset	Phase
1	Su	5:03a	6.8	5:38p	7.4	11:20a	1.3		7:18a	7:08p
2	Mo	5:54a	7.1	6:27p	7.6	12:02a	1.1	12:13p	1.0	5:29p
3	Tu	6:42a	7.5	7:13p	7.9	12:49a	0.7	1:03p	0.6	4:01a
4	We	7:28a	7.9	7:57p	8.1	1:35a	0.3	1:52p	0.3	4:59a
5	Th	8:12a	8.3	8:40p	8.2	2:20a	0.0	2:41p	0.1	6:00a
6	Fr	8:56a	8.5	9:23p	8.1	3:05a	-0.3	3:29p	-0.1	8:05a
7	Sa	9:41a	8.7	10:08p	8.0	3:50a	-0.4	4:17p	-0.1	9:10a
8	Su	10:30a	8.7	10:57p	7.8	4:36a	-0.4	5:06p	0.0	10:16a
9	Mo	11:23a	8.6	11:53p	7.5	5:24a	-0.3	5:57p	0.2	11:22a
10	Tu	12:21p	8.4			6:14a	-0.1	6:52p	0.5	12:26p
11	We	12:54a	7.3	1:23p	8.2	7:10a	0.2	7:52p	0.8	1:27p
12	Th	1:58a	7.1	2:26p	8.1	8:11a	0.4	8:58p	0.9	2:23p
13	Fr	3:01a	7.1	3:28p	8.0	9:18a	0.6	10:04p	0.9	3:14p
14	Sa	4:04a	7.2	4:28p	8.0	10:25a	0.5	11:06p	0.7	4:00p
15	Su	5:05a	7.4	5:26p	8.0	11:27a	0.4		7:27a	3:16a
16	Mo	6:02a	7.7	6:21p	8.0	12:01a	0.4	12:24p	0.2	4:42p
17	Tu	6:55a	7.9	7:11p	8.0	12:51a	0.2	1:16p	0.1	5:56p
18	We	7:43a	8.1	7:56p	8.0	1:38a	0.1	2:05p	0.1	6:30p
19	Th	8:27a	8.2	8:39p	7.9	2:22a	0.1	2:51p	0.1	7:05p
20	Fr	9:08a	8.2	9:19p	7.7	3:03a	0.2	3:34p	0.2	New
21	Sa	9:47a	8.1	9:59p	7.4	3:41a	0.3	4:15p	0.5	8:17p
22	Su	10:26a	7.9	10:39p	7.1	4:18a	0.6	4:54p	0.7	8:56p
23	Mo	11:06a	7.6	11:21p	6.8	4:54a	0.8	5:33p	1.0	10:52a
24	Tu	11:49a	7.3			5:30a	1.1	6:13p	1.3	9:37p
25	We	12:06a	6.6	12:36p	7.1	6:08a	1.3	6:55p	1.5	10:22p
26	Th	12:55a	6.4	1:26p	6.9	6:50a	1.5	7:43p	1.7	11:09p
27	Fr	1:46a	6.3	2:18p	6.9	7:40a	1.7	8:36p	1.7	11:59p
28	Sa	2:39a	6.4	3:10p	6.9	8:38a	1.8	9:33p	1.6	1st
29	Su	3:31a	6.5	4:02p	7.0	9:41a	1.7	10:29p	1.3	2:45p
30	Mo	4:24a	6.9	4:55p	7.2	10:43a	1.4	11:22p	0.9	12:52a
31	Tu	5:16a	7.3	5:47p	7.4	11:41a	1.0		7:40a	4:39p

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Tybee Island Bucket List

- Tybee Island Pirate Fest
- 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

TYBEE ISLAND PIRATE FEST SCHEDULE OF EVENTS

ARRRGH! THAR BE PIRATES AMONGST US!

Ahoy mateys! It's time to get out yer pirate booty and join us for our **13th Annual Tybee Island Pirate Fest!** This year the pirates will be swarming our island from **October 5-8**, and as usual, we will have lots going on, including a *Buccaneer Ball*, *Pirate Victory Parade* (you know how we love parades!), *live music*, *Thieves Market*, *Little Matey's Cove*, *Costume Contest*, and *Carnival*. It's good family fun entertainment for all!

Schedule of Events

Thursday, Oct. 5

Buccaneer Ball 6-10 pm

The Crab Shack will kick off the Pirate Fest with the **Coronation of the King and Queen** and a host of buccaneers, scallywags and wenches carousin' and partyin'. Tickets can be purchased in advance or at the door.

Friday, Oct. 6

Strand Parking Lot 5-11pm

Ticket Price - \$12 (kids 12 & under free).

There will be a *Thieves Market*, *Little Matey's Cove*, *Carnival Rides*, *Live Music* and a *Bud Light Whatever Bar*.

Main Stage:

- Motley Tones - Roaming
- In for a Penny
- 7pm Midnight Riders Nashville Allman Brothers Tribute Band
- 8:30pm Big Engine

Little Matey's Cove:

- 5-till - Pirate Encampment by Tybee Arts Association
- 5-till - Carnival
- 5-till - Petting Zoo
- 5-till - Bouncy Houses

Saturday Oct. 7th

Strand Parking Lot 10am -11pm

Ticket Price – \$15 (kids 12 & under free)

Thieves Market, *Little Matey's Cove*, *Live Music*, *Petting Zoo*, *Carnival* and more

Main Stage:

- Motley Tones – Roaming
- 1-1:30pm Children's & Pets Costume Contest – at main stage
- 1:30-2:30 TBA
- 3-5pm PARADE
- 5:30-6pm Rouges, Wenches & Krewes Costume Contests
- In For a Penny
- Damon & the Shit Kickers
- 8:30-10:30 COLT FORD

Little Matey's Cove

- 10am-till - Pirate Encampment by Tybee Arts Association
- 10am-till - Carnival
- 10am-till - Petting Zoo
- 10am-till - Bouncy House

PIRATE VICTORY PARADE 3-5pm

Parade route will be down Butler Ave. to the Strand parking lot.

Sunday, Oct. 9

Strand Parking Lot 12-4pm TBA



2017 PIRATE FEST

By Alaina Loughridge

Arrgh y'all!!!! Welcome to the official 13th year of **Pirate Fest 2017**!! Thanks to certain acts of Mother Nature (that shall not be named), we are so excited that this year's Pirate Fest is full speed ahead. Not to mention we are due for some booty shaking down Tybrisa! So let's get our grog on!!

If this is your first year of being part of one of our island's major events, well then, grab your rum punch, lace up your corset till you can't breathe, and settle in for a treat and one hell of a ride! Tybee Island's Pirate Fest is great fun for all ages, young or old. There will be lots of activities for all, not to mention one of the best parades ever!

Tybee's Pirate Fest initially started in 2003 as a family-friendly event to entice visitors to our island in the fall. Over the years it has grown and expanded to include big name musical acts, costumes that are straight out of *Pirates of the Caribbean*, epic parties for kids and just an overall great time for natives and tourists alike!

This year's Pirate Fest will be held from **October 5-8**, to include a **Buccaneer Ball**, where we will crown this year's **King and Queen**, **a three day festival** (Friday thru Sunday), a **Pirate Victory Parade** (Saturday), **live bands**, a **carnival** and lots of activities for the kids.

Now on to the King and Queen! I am absolutely delighted to announce this year's winners of the coveted crowns of the Pirate Fest Royalty (Drum Roll please). The **King** is **Steve Kellam** and his lovely wife, **Bethany**, is the **Queen**. Congratulations you two!!! I had the opportunity to sit down and get the dirt on Tybee's latest royal couple.

Both Steve and Bethany have lived on Tybee for over 20 years. Even if you have been living under a sand dollar, you should know that the Kellams own **Tybee Time Daiquiris & Sports Bar**, as well as **Doc's Bar**. Both establishments are long time Tybee and represent the good will and good times that the Kellams are all about.

Steve and Bethany have been involved with Pirate Fest since nearly the beginning, back in 2003. Both agree that it is a great time and a fun, family-friendly event that brings much needed revenue to the island during our off season, not to mention that Tybee loves a party! They both have great memories of years past. Steve loves the parades, while Bethany is all about the music.

Naturally, I had to ask the Steve and Bethany the 4 Questions of Life:

Steve:

Tybee History: 20 years plus

Passion: Working hard, scuba diving, Nascar, music and watching people enjoy life

Grown up dream: Enjoying a peaceful happy retirement someday from my iPhone

Spirit Animal: A squirrel as they are full of energy, fight hard and store their nuts for winter

Bethany:

Tybee History: 20 years plus

Passion: Enjoying life while helping and serving others

Grown up dream: Happy with life

Spirit Animal: Worker Bee because I work all the time and if someone messes with me I will sting. Most of all I love "my honey." And I have a thing for flowers, I'm always taking pictures of them.

Steve and Bethany represent true Tybee. Throughout the years, they have both worked hard to contribute to our little piece of paradise and to help where needed. I can't think of a better couple to be crowned the King and Queen of Pirate Fest 2017!!





2017
KING & QUEEN



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Diving Into the Shallow End of the Dating Pool

A Series of Hope, Despair & Laughter

By Welsley Turner Franco

Having survived a rather dull marriage, followed by years of what I thought was cool, but in hindsight was stupid, I now find myself in my mid-forties with a screaming libido and living on an island that has really not produced any kind of suitable dating pool from which to hunt and gather. Granted, I love the natives! I just am not willing to hop in the sack with any of them. Except one ... well two, but it would be a bad idea.

My main problem is I have been alone for so long that I am firmly entrenched in my ways. It is going to have to be someone pretty spectacular to get me off the couch when *Game of Thrones* is on. What am I saying? Only Jon Snow could get me off the couch when GOT is on. Sigh. With all that being said, I have been out of the dating pool for so long I honestly have no clue what to do. In my day, there was no social media (thank you God from the very bottom of my soul) and you met at a bar or through friends and went from there. Now, it's all about online dating sites or Facebook. Then you have to Google people, check out the sex offender registry in that person's neighborhood and hire a private investigator to do a background check to make sure you aren't dating someone that wants to wear your skin (aka Ed Gein) or steal all of your savings. There is something to be said for jumping in the sack with a native!!

My first foray into making even an iota of contact came in the form of Facebook (natch) and it was a friendly 'hello' from this guy in Maryland. I can handle a 'hello' and it also helps that you are four states away from me (I loathe dropper-inners and I don't care if you are Jon Snow). Well, he took that 'hello' and ran with it. Before I knew what was going on, he was telling me his wife had died and he had two young girls and wanted a serious relationship with a marriage minded woman. YIKES!!! He also liked long walks in the forest and telling his special someone he loved her deeply. Long walks in the forest? Who the hell does that unless they are planning on walking out of there alone? Yep. Broke his heart in under 10 minutes.

Next up was my Nigerian Warlord. Unbeknownst to me at the time, this guy (who is probably eating a PB&J in his parents' basement in Idaho as I write) had created a fake profile on Facebook of this really good looking Marine. "Michael" was based in Nigeria protecting America, etc. He started out with that lovely word 'hello.' I was down with 'hello' at the time so off we went. I could tell after a few back and forths that this guy was not right. As expected, he asked me for my account information almost immediately to help him get his money to his child. The military apparently stopped sending checks the month of July and his child was going to starve. I was so disappointed. I would have happily dragged that out for another month just to giggle. I told him to be patient as I was trying to get the account together. He was having none of my lies and another Facebook 'hello' bit the dust.

Not even a week later a friend of mine knew this great guy he wanted to set me up with. Perfect match for me!! Lived at Hilton Head, single, employed, and owned a house and car. That was actually more than I was rooting for, so cool! I'm down. He friended me on FB and we started messaging. He sounded kind of ok and he wanted my telephone number so we could text instead of instant messaging. Ok.

Give me a second. I actually need to smoke a cigarette and pour a stiff drink before I finish this story ... and No I am not lying. Gimme a second.

Ok, so we started texting and all seemed normal. Then, out of the blue the sexting began. I can't even tell you what he said, but believe me it is unprintable. I told him that was presumptuous as hell. However, due to my lack of experience over the last 10 years, I will totally admit that I was wildly excited. Horrified. But excited. Ok. Two days later he once again sexted me at work. Now I know its 2017 and all the cool kids are

doing it, but I just can't. I would think being born in the 1970's didn't make me that out of touch. Man. I just can't. Alone is sounding super bad ass right now.

There is not room enough here to explain every word that went down but I am gonna shut it down here. I said, "We are not going out on a date. I am not meeting you." I honestly did not know what to do; I just knew that I did not want to meet this person. I promptly blocked that one from my phone and my Facebook.

THAT WAS LAST WEEK!! Hold on for next month!!

PIRATES AHR COMING!

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TybeeTeeth.com



Writer's BLOCK

This month's featured writer is Tybee's own **Ron Goralczyk**. If you haven't met Ron, you seriously need to get out more. Ron owns and operates Breezy Riders, our premiere taxi service on Tybee. Ron (along with son Joey) writes our infamous Taxi Tales each month, along with Breezin' Around. We love your stories Ron. Thanks for your contributions.

Most Important Questions of Life:

Tybee Life: Six years

When I grow up I want to be: I want to be the lead singer of Nickelback (seriously)

My passion: Breezy Riders

My Spirit Animal: A raccoon because they are nocturnal and eat out of dumpsters

Breezin' AROUND WITH IRMA

By Ron Goralczyk



During Hurricane Irma more of us Tybee community decided not to evacuate. In comparison to Matthew the weather was very tame. A lot less sustained winds and rain fell. I haven't seen many downed trees, roofs ripped off and fences just disappearing. At first glance the island didn't look too worse for the wear. Let me say when you mix a King Tide and a hurricane with a 5 foot surge, shit gets real quick. My heart goes out to everyone who had so much damage from Matthew and now Irma has come and undone all our progress. We are **Tybee Strong** but you can reach your limit going through something so close in time.

1 You have to have a sense of humor. **Jimmy**, you do for sure. I wasn't going to say anything about this picture because it says it all.

2 Yes that's right - a **pelican** in the restroom. A huge effort was made to save this poor guy, but I must tell you *Chicken* is in a



better place.

3 This **swing** on 14th St. crossover was covered up before the storm, when we still had a beach and dunes. This was taken before high tide.

4 The **roof** of this condo on the **Strand** must have been just hanging on since Matthew. Again, taken before high tide and the wind bands from Irma.

5 Pictures never show how big the waves are. We saw some 25 footers during Irma. The **pier** has lost some railing and deck boards. It took 6 and a half months after Matthew to get our pier reopened. The actual work took about a week.

6 **Rudy** decided to stay on the south end for Irma. I may have told him how safe it was, but I never considered the King Tide and 25 foot waves. Ask him when you see him what it was like.



- 7 Compared to the oceanside of Tybee, the rivers looked calm at the **shrimp docks**. Looks are deceiving, the water was going anywhere it wanted to.
- 8 **Do Not Enter** is good advice. With the dunes taken away from a storm we had earlier this summer, **18th street** was flooded to Butler Ave.
- 9 Here at **2nd and Miller** they had a double whammy. Horse Pen Creek flooding its banks and the ocean pouring from 2nd Street from the beach - all converging.
- 10 **Alley 3** got much deeper than this. But I wasn't waiting around to see how deep it was going to get.
- 11 Looks like this guy waited too long or the **gnome** he was carrying was worth the risk.

- 12 I'm sure this **limo** is not amphibious, may be time to put it on craigslist. That car is located at the 100 block of **Lovell Ave**. You don't know how low your yard is until it floods. So many elevations are unnoticeable with the naked eye.
- 13 This is just one of two **sail boats** that made their own way to **Tybee Road**. I can report that the **Sea Pickle** has made it way home. It was briefly renamed The Flying Pickle while it was being lifted by a crane. I think they should rename it Pickle Back.
- 14 We pulled up to **Huc-a-Poos** to half the parking lot being under water. Eric said he had never seen flooding like that. He waded his way through to the generator to fire up the pizza ovens.
- 15 JC Park was flooded, but right across the street **Solomon Ave**. was not visible. We witnessed a guy kayaking through the trees.



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BAD ADVICE FROM A BEACH BUM

It's October. And October means Halloween and Halloween means scary. Things that go bump in the night, things that cause your heart to race, your hair to stand up. What scares you? What's your phobia? Well if you're like me (a well-rounded individual) I'm sure you have a couple fears. And as an island renowned advice columnist I'm here to talk you through some coming phobias.

Clowns. They're cute, they have big hair and red noses, often drunk. They're like sorority girls from the 1970s. But sometimes people freak out around them. My job today as a licensed psychologist (ok it's a fishing license) is to help you overcome this fear. And this one is simple. Hire a clown to break into your house late one night and tie you up. Once you have faced your fear you can move on with your life. (*Fun Fact #1: If you leave a window unlocked he can sneak in quieter.*) I guarantee you'll sleep easier knowing nothing worse can ever happen to you.

Heights. This one I understand, heights are scary. If God intended for me to be 14 feet in the air He wouldn't have stopped my growth at 5'9". Heights are all around us, from the shaky railing on your aunt's balcony (you know, the aunt with all the cats), to using a step stool to remove the battery in the smoke detector before you cook. Heights are unavoidable. To safely overcome this fear you need a ladder, a friend, and maybe a mattress. Climb to the top of the ladder, the very top. Stand on the DON'T YOU DARE STAND HERE step. (*Fun Fact #2: If that step was really so dangerous they wouldn't have put it on the ladder.*) Once you're up there have a friend violently shake the ladder. Like they are a gorilla. And you're a sexier gorilla trapped on top of a ladder. And they're trying to shake you free. Aim for the mattress as you fall.

Needles. Sharp pieces of metal "professionals" use to stab poor people with. I've never been a wealthy person, and I've never heard of wealthy people having to get shots or injections via needle. So this fear is only understood by the working class. My recommendation is to start big and work your way small. Have a friend throw lawn darts at you. Or ask someone to shoot an apple off your head with an arrow. Once you've built up a tolerance to stab wounds, you should be able to deflect smaller needles.

Dentists. The Dentist? Really? How dare you. HOW. DARE. YOU. Dr. JessAnna is a perfect gem! You should be ashamed of yourself. She is an angel and we are lucky to have her. (*Fun Fact #3: I need to schedule a cleaning.)*

Spiders. This is understandable. No one likes spiders, but it's not their fault. We live in a society that forces us to believe seven is good, and eight is bad. How many days in a week? Seven. How many Deadly Sins? Seven. Favorite film starring Brad Pitt and Morgan Freeman? That's right, *Seven*. But then comes Eight. How many legs do spiders have? Eight. Sides on an Octagon? Eight. Sets of brass knuckles an octopus would need? Eight. We're forced to hate spiders because they have too many legs. And we're simple. Eight legs are confusing. Credit Card chip readers are confusing. But we can save that for a rant.

Death. Death isn't really scary. It's just like taking a nap. Except people make a Facebook status about you and you never wake up. So, in reality it's better than a nap. To protect against death I recommend

being cryogenically frozen. Make sure they freeze you in a funny pose. If they won't allow it, leave. I guess the scariest part of death is all the unknowns. But realistically, tomorrow is a giant unknown as well. Like am I actually going to wake up a motivated and functioning member of society? Probably not, but you never know.

Snakes. I've saved this fear for last because it is the only rational one. Snakes are terrifying. All snakes are poisonous. They all have fangs. Snakes are said to "shed their skin" but in reality they're so creepy they shiver it right off their damn bodies when they think about what kind of monsters they are. Recently I had a snake in my yard. He was massive. Easily a foot, foot and a half long. I was forced to face my fear and protect myself. I squirted body wash at it. Now he smells like a douche bag. Turns out shouting at and lathering up a snake does not bother them. He wouldn't leave. So I did.

As a once trained professional [fork lift operator], I feel confident that all of these solutions will guarantee results or your money back.





American Legion

By George Walker - Commander American Legion Post 154

We at the Legion hope everyone survived Tropical Storm (Hurricane) IRMA with little damage and no personal injuries.

On Monday, September 11th, we were going to have our annual **911 Day of Remembrance** ceremony, which was canceled as a result of the storm.

On September 24th, we had a **Tybee Strong Gathering and Remembering Patriot's Day** get together at the post. We had a very good turnout, considering recent events. Mayor Buelterman spoke, as did Major Moseley from the police department and Chief Fields from the fire department. This was a chance for everyone to once again show the resilience of Tybee and its residents to outside events. The Legion Color Guard presented the colors and everyone pledged our allegiance to the Flag. We had an overall good time, with a chance to come together AND the food was great as always.

Legion Post 154 will be hosting an upcoming "**Tybee Strong**" fund raising event to support those Tybee residents significantly impacted by Hurricane Irma. Details will be posted on Facebook, posters and banners. We are Tybee Strong.

On October 19th, 20th & 26, beginning at 6pm, **Joe Jarka** will have interactive musical entertainment in the canteen. Everyone is welcome to listen and/or participate.

On Wednesday nights, Line Dancers will meet in the hall at 7pm. They welcome both new and experienced dancers.

Horseshoes are back. We start at 7pm every Saturday and everyone is invited to participate. Teams are selected at random to keep things as fair as possible.

We continue to look for WWII and Korean War veterans from Tybee so we can show our appreciation for their services. If you are a veteran or know a veteran of World War II or the Korean Conflict (WAR), actually veterans from any combat time period, please contact the Post (786-5356) so we can honor their service.

We are also looking for new members. There are quite a few activities at the post. If you're interested in the Legion, Ladies Auxiliary or Sons of the Legion, call the Post (786-5356) for information.

As always, Linda or Joseph will have the canteen open at 5pm every day except Sunday. The last Sunday of the month we have a covered dish dinner.

Bingo will be Friday nights at 8pm, we start selling cards at 7pm.

Our monthly Legion meetings are on the 2nd Monday of the month at 7pm with dinner served at 6 pm.

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Oct. Fishing Forecast

TYBEE PIER FISHING

As fall arrives the water temperature begins to drop and the fishing picks back up. All the fish are going to start migrating and they eat a lot. The biggest fish to be found on the pier this time of year is going to be the Bull Redfish. These fish are not picky, they are just hungry. Cut Mullet, Pogies, and Whiting are all great baits. Other fish that could be caught are Whiting, Sheepshead, Black Drum and, during the first part of the month, a Spanish Mackerel or two.



INSHORE

Trout, Redfish, and Flounder can all be caught in better numbers than the past few months. The Shrimp are in the creeks and with the cooler water the fish are starting to feed. As the month goes on the bite will only get better. For those fishing inshore fishing a cork rig with a live shrimp you should do pretty well. When you find the fish try throwing an artificial and save the live bait for the next spot. The Sheepshead bite should pick up inshore as well. Fiddler crabs are the bait of choice. Fishing oyster racks pilings and any type of structure is a good bet for these great eating fish.



NEAR SHORE

Fall is here and so are the Redfish. They are out in full force and eating everything they can find. You will be able to find them on every reef, all the way up to the surf. There are a few ways to fish for these fun fighting fish. Black Sea Bass are around and getting better every day. Plenty of other fish to catch while bottom fishing. This includes Snapper, Triggerfish, Porgies, Grouper and many other great eating species. The trolling bite is still here for a little while longer so those who want to catch those Spanish and King Mackerel, they are still around don't give up yet.

OFF SHORE

The bottom fishing is great out deep. Black Sea Bass, Triggerfish, Amberjack, Snapper, Grouper, Grunts and there are so many more. Make sure you have squid and cut fish for bait and you should have a great day. The top water bite has been slow and we are all hoping it will pick up soon.

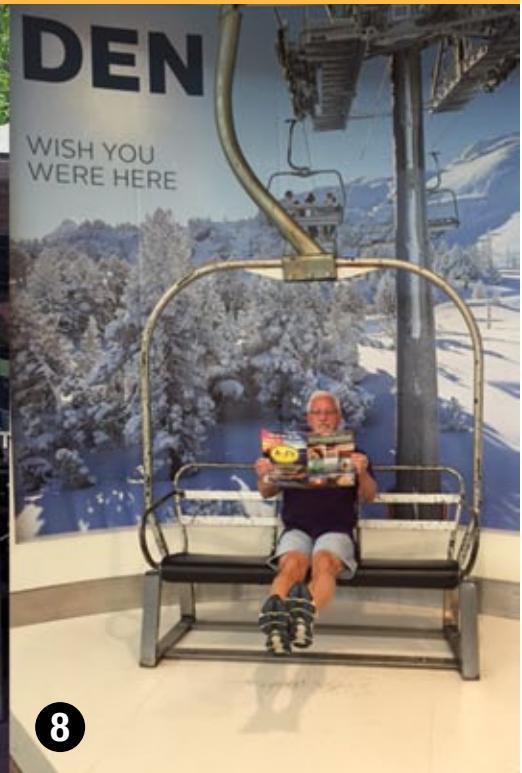
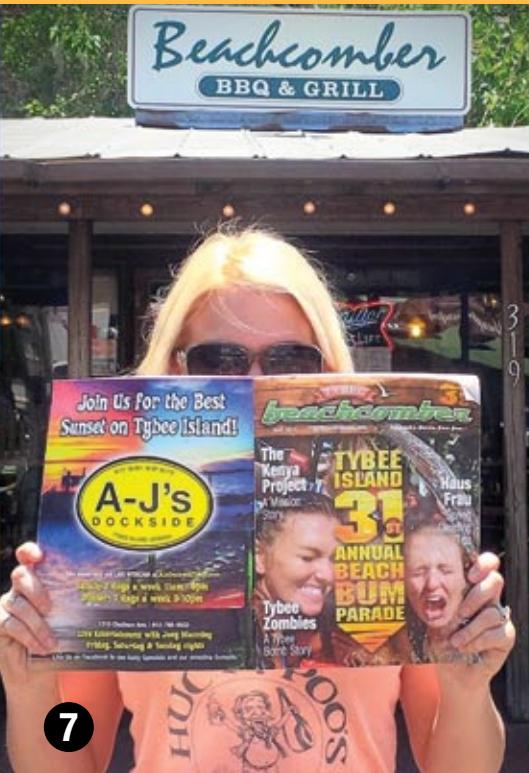
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1. **Mark & Nell Klein** Savannah
2. **Claire Owens & Linda Leake** Costa Rica
3. **Boys of Summer** Bubba Gumbo's
4. **Morgan Maple & Friends** San Francisco

5. **Dora Hancock** Yellowstone National Park
6. **Dan Hoying** Porto Segura, Brazil
7. **Sara Spicer** St. Simon's Island
8. **John Zopf** in Colorado



The Genie

By J. Beebs

Somewhere during the aging process, I surrendered to the idea of bargain shopping. As a youngster, I used to hate shopping the clearance racks, because they never had the coolest and latest stuff. But now, as a slightly older, mellow kind of guy, who has followed his wife to countless yard sales, clearance sales, thrift shops, outlet stores, antique stores and auction houses, I've come to the conclusion that there's only one thing better than finding something on sale. And that's finding it for free.

So you can imagine my complete surprise when I saw a classic rain lamp sitting next to the garbage bin by some new condos. What! Are you serious? I couldn't believe my eyes. You remember the rain lamps I'm talking about? Tall, cylinder looking light, with a semi-naked chick in the middle, surrounded by fish line wires? And there's a little pump that squirts oil down the lines/wires, so it looks like there's a partially naked goddess taking a shower in your sunken living room (remember we are talking late 70's, early 80's here; man caves didn't exist yet). Yes, the rain lamp was all the rage. And they still hold some value today, going for a couple hundred bucks if you can find one. And right in front of me, next to a huge garbage bin, there appeared to be a rain lamp.

I did what any of you would do. I picked it up and threw it in the back of the jeep. Looked ok to me. So I took it home, cleared the workbench, grabbed a beer, and evaluated my find. And oh, what a find! The lamp worked great! Cleaned the pump, replaced a couple wires, and bingo. My goddess was basking in all her rain glory. But it was a little grimy. So I grabbed the soap and started to scrub. And you can imagine my complete surprise when a cloud of smoke came billowing from under the goddess's robe. Poof!

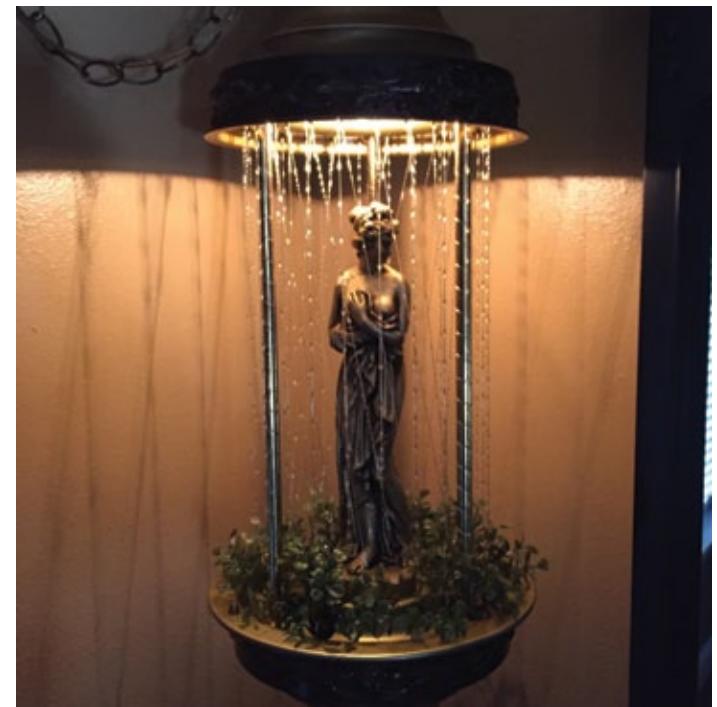
"Free, free at last!" boomed a large voice from the purple smoke! The smoke cleared slowly, and in front of me was a massive Genie, who was stretching and smiling. I took another swig of beer and stood there stupidly with a dishtowel in one hand and a near empty Modelo in the other.

"It's great to be out again! Allow me to grant you one wish as a token of my gratitude," boomed the genie, smoke swirling.

Surprisingly, I kept it together. Finished the last swig of beer. Opened the fridge and grabbed another. Took a cold drink. "You sure it's only one wish?" I asked quizzically, "because all the genie movies say you get three wishes?" As if having a genie appear in my garage was a daily occurrence.

The Genie nodded sagely. "Obviously, you've seen the movie Aladdin! Maybe you've read Arabian Nights?" He peered down at me, then floated back up a bit. "Yes, Hollywood says three wishes, but that's just Hollywood adding filler so they can make a 120 minute movie. Can you imagine how long the movie would be with one wish?" he chortled, and swirled about the lamp. My genie was animated! He expanded about the lamp, smoke twirling, and resumed talking. "But there is one thing Hollywood did get right, and that's the limits my boy!" Then he started talking rapidly, "First off, you can't wish for more wishes! That's cheating! And you can't wish for more Genies. That's cheating! No Cheating!" he bellowed, looking irritated. Then he paused, reflected a minute, and resumed talking, "And no, I can't make anyone fall in love or bring anyone back from the dead. Universal laws are tricky," the genie nodded sadly.

He stopped for a second and leaned closer. "And what am I forgetting?" He dove back in the lamp, and sprung back out with papers flying everywhere, including a few back issues of the Beachcomber. He held one stack of papers, waving them wildly. "Ah yes, here's the limitations..." He scanned the papers. "One wish, check. No cheating, No love, No death, check, check, check. Ah yes!" He smiled benevolently. "Here's the fine print. You only get one wish, non refundable, not exchangeable. No cash value. AND..." he paused, "You can't tell anyone what the wish is! Oh, and did I mention ...



you can't use your wish to benefit yourself." He paused, slightly panting. "So what will it be Bub?"

Perhaps it was the beer. Or maybe the smoke in the air. But I was amazingly calm. And it felt like I should make some introductions. "Well, Genie of the Lamp," I said, nodding slightly, "it's a pleasure to meet you. I'm J.Beebs. Do you have a name?"

The genie looked pleased. "Beebs! Love it!" he exclaimed, twirling somersaults. "It's been so long since I have had small talk!" He smiled broadly. "Just call me Genie, it's sort of what I am. I know they say to never let your work define you, but clearly..." he spread his arms apart, face enthusiastic, "I'm a Genie. So call me Genie!"

"Genie," I asked, "in Aladdin, the genie was captured, and Aladdin used his wish to free the Genie. Are you captured?" Genie recoiled at the thought. "Captured? Seriously?" He shook his head negatively. "You don't know where Genies come from?" he asked, amazement on his face.

"Sorry genie, don't have that info," I responded, a little amazed myself. "Well Beebs, let me assure you Genies are not captured." He smiled gently. "Genie is a job ... and if you're selected, you can volunteer for the job. Great knowledge! Good perks! Days off! WILD VACATIONS! Have you ever been to Tybee Beach?" Genie was babbling now, and I lost some of it.

Genie must have noticed, and he stopped babbling about Tybee Beach and Spring Break. "Alright, I'm on a schedule," Genie said. "One wish. Let's have it."

I pondered. It was a tough one. Something that couldn't benefit me. Would solving world hunger benefit me? Curing disease? I felt a little rushed, so many possibilities.

"Times up!" boomed the Genie! "What's your wish?"

I leaned close to him and whispered it in his ear. He swirled back, a large smile on his face. "GRANTED!" he boomed! With a giant thunder, he slowly swirled back in the lamp. With the smoke and genie all gone, the lamp sat there for a second and then blinked into nothingness.

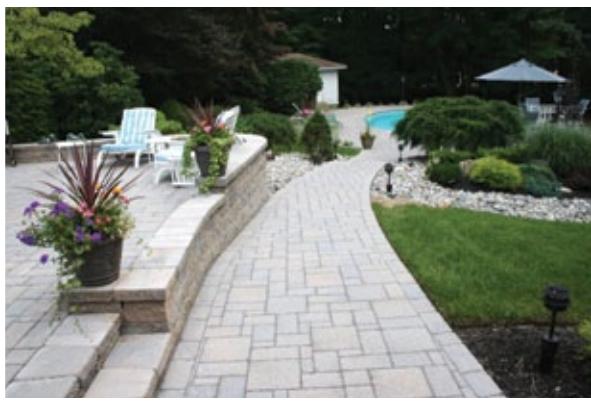
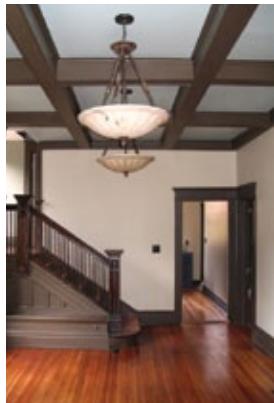
Of course, you want to know the wish. But I can't tell you. That would be violating the limitations and cause the wish to be canceled. But I will tell you this. Where ever you're at. Take a minute. Put down your Beachcomber and just reflect on Life. Things aren't so bad. Sure, the media's whipping everything into overdrive, but that's just noise. Think of the important stuff. Friends. Family. Think of your loved ones. Think about how that makes you feel. And then you'll know my wish.

Happy Halloween Beachcombers!



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Foodie Finds

By Nathan Frisby

Roasted Red Pepper & Tomato Soup



Ingredients:

12 red peppers, quartered
1 yellow onion, quartered
Garlic powder
1 cup fresh julienned cut basil
1 cup fresh garlic cloves
Spiced oregano
1 bunch fresh thyme
1 tsp. cayenne pepper
2 cups tomato paste
1 cup vegetable stock

1 cup chicken base
1 cup of roux
4 quarts of water
1/2 lb. cherry red tomatoes, halved
Salt and pepper
Oil blend of olive oil or oil
1 cup heavy cream
Garlic bread / mozzarella cheese
Purée food blender

1. Heat up a sautéed pan or pot, add oil and sauté peppers, onion and garlic cloves. If you're like me you just love the smell of fresh garlic and onions and peppers ... Mmm Mmm. Add salt and pepper and cook until the peppers are almost soft. Add basil and thyme and let sauté for about 5 more minutes. Put into an oven pan and add spiced oregano and cover and let roast for about 10 minutes.

2. While that is working its magic of great smell and taste, add the water to the sauté pot (it's ok to use the same pot, it has all the flavor). Once it starts to boil, return the pepper and onions to the water and let boil some more. Add tomato paste, chicken base and vegetable stock to start the flavor and taste you are looking for. Let all cook together for about 5 minutes, then add the roux. Get your purée food blender and start the fun blending and mixing and purée everything down. Add cream and more fresh basil and let simmer.

3. Put cherry tomatoes in a mixing bowl, add 3 tsp. oil and a blend of salt, pepper, oregano spice and a tsp. of garlic powder. Mix together and put in the oven to roast for about 5 min. While that's roasting, prepare the garlic bread and toast (add mozzarella cheese if you like). Once all melted and looking amaaaaazing, take out the tomatoes (they should be beautifully roasted) and let cool.

4. Add a couple of roasted tomatoes to your cup of soup, along with some basil and parsley for a beautiful look and enjoy!



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BAR CHRONICLES

By Ms. Placed

(From the Other Side)

So you've read the monthly Bar Chronicles, right? You're in tune with some of the unadulterated nonsense that takes place in our local establishments. Well, I'm here to tell you, it's nothing...chump change, diddy squat, cake walk. The real show starts when these morons leave the bars. And believe me, it's not easy living amongst said people - these people are our neighbors, our friends, our fellow churchgoers (well, in some cases). And I'll be the first to tell you, there is never a dull moment!

Remember the full moon back in January? No? I remember it because that was the night I lost my teeth. You read that right... my teeth. Never did fit right, always wanting to pop out at the worse possible moment. After a night of howling at the moon, I woke up the following day and my teeth were nowhere to be found. They were not on the dresser, not on the kitchen counter, I tore my place apart and they were not to be found! I knew the dogs didn't get them, they've had multiple chances before and they prefer meat. Oh flotch me, where did I leave them this time? Wasn't it only a week ago that I left them at Fannie's? (Thank you Mary). Time to call the bars, how utterly embarrassing. Better call Breezy first... I did, they couldn't find my teeth, but they certainly remembered me. I was the one who didn't know if I lived on 6th St. or 6th Ave. Just a minor setback, but Breezy figured it out. And no, they did not find my teeth in their back seat. Thankfully my friend Sue called me that afternoon... she found my teeth in her purse. Yippedoodledee! But to this day, neither one of us have remembered how they came to settle there.

What is the moral to this story? Don't go out drinking with your teeth? Nah... How about a GPS installation? Maybe I could discover a new app called "Find My Teeth." Would that be normal? Who is normal anymore? Are there any normal people on Tybee? Is it normal to scream at the golf carts traveling Jones Ave. at 9 mph, with not a clue or a care that there are 17 cars behind them? Is it normal to ride a bike on the bike path, but out in the middle of 2nd Ave, then give me the finger when I beep my horn for them to move over??? Did a toaster for your bathtub come with that bike or golf cart? No?? Allow me to give you one!

Normalcy might be a tad over rated. I can't be the only person that loses my teeth, surely. But at least I don't iron my tee shirts, and I don't make my dogs wear shoes every time we leave the house. What dog would put up with that? I know one! But that is another story for another day.

Have to cut this short...misplaced my teeth again.

MMM...SO GOOD!

TYBEE ART & COFFEE BAR

HOURS

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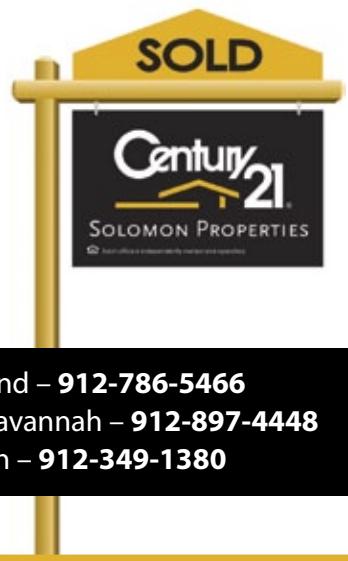
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SOCIAL MEDIA ETIQUATION

By Jenny Ellis

My Web Search Followed Me to Atlanta

There's always a new gadget or product that has people always saying, "Have you seen this, or heard of that, or you MUST try this!" But before you go and purchase another dust collecting item, you do what we all do now. Google it! Amazon It! Research the shit out of it. We are truly consumer researchers.

So here I am, having a casual conversation with a girlfriend who has recently informed me that there is a new fun, partner friendly device on the market. Use your Imagination. Hmmm ... I mean, that sounds interesting and fun. So I did what anyone would do and checked them out on Amazon. First of all, who knew there were so many options of this device and that they could cost up to \$329! Anyway, after an hour(s) of research, review reading and confirmation from my partner that this would be, in fact, fun, I buy. I'm done, I've got my new fun toy and I'm moving on to whatever new thing I must have, right?

Wrong. Fast forward to a month later. I'm at my parent's house in ATL and I am helping my Mom set up an Instagram account. Here I am lecturing her on online safety (because MANY scams are targeted towards baby boomers and older!). She would like to know why I have been researching these devices. OMG...How could she know that??? Turns out, I had used my amazon account at their house last time I was home and did not sign out and ads were popping up everywhere, even though I did not research from their computer.

So regardless of how I handled THAT conversation, the point is that your searches follow you! Everybody has experienced looking at something to buy online and then seeing an ad for it on Facebook or another site minutes later! Or as Amazon so famously does, recommend items for you based on your orders and searches. Although there is really nothing you can do to hide from the eye in the sky, there are some tips to avoid the embarrassing situation of your searches following you:

1. Clear your history! "Retargeting" is what happens when you see products you've just searched for on a totally different page. It's a big, long, boring process to explain why this happens but you can decrease it by clearing your cookies. Easy. Open your browser's history and clear everything. You can also block 3rd party cookies in the settings of your browser, but some websites need it to run properly, so clearing them will do just as good. The unfortunate side effect is that you will be logged off from every username and password that you are logged into.

P.S. You can also clear your Amazon search history through your account settings. Oops. Now I know.

2. Search in private or incognito modes! This is good for when you just have one tab or window open because you will have to remember to add that mode each time you open a new window. Ads or searches will not follow you or show up in history. The unfortunate side effect here is the suspicion of anyone in your household noticing you are searching in incognito mode. Then you have to have that device conversation, but at least the picture won't pop up when you're showing off pics of the kids... Ugh

3. Adjust your ad settings. Both Facebook and Amazon have ad settings that you can change. Most people signing up for accounts on social media and e-com shopping do not spend the time setting up their privacy and ad settings correctly. By not adjusting to your needs, your account will be default and public. Simply go into your Amazon account settings and click "Advertising preferences." You will have the opportunity to pick which option you'd prefer. Same for Facebook and Google accounts!

Happy Searching Beachcombers!



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A Japanese Typhoon Story: Starring Diamond Dave & The Apple Club

By J. Beebs

I grew up with one ambition: to be the best fishermen ever. I spent my days fishing. If I wasn't in a river or a stream, I was headed to one. I read up on what baits to use, the best times to fish, basically all the tricks of the trade. And I realized one inescapable truth about all serious fishermen. If they ain't fishing, they are telling stories about fishing.

And here's another truth. After a hurricane, if you ain't dealing with the hurricane, you're telling hurricane stories. So here's mine:

I was a young Airman, fresh out of boot camp, with orders to report to Kadena Air Base, JA. Sadly, I found out, the JA did not stand for Jamaica, where I had visions of smoking big bowls of ganja, but instead, the JA stood for Japan. As in Kadena Air Base, Okinawa, **Japan**. And I knew nothing of Okinawa, Japan, except that Mr. Miyagi from Karate Kid had grown up there.

Okinawa turned out to be a great thing, and I have many fond memories of Okinawa, the people and their culture. Okinawa taught me a lot of things. And one of the most important things I learned in Okinawa is that when you travel, travel with the Natives. Don't be a tourist or just stay on the base. That's boring. Go Native.

In Okinawa, they don't have hurricanes, they have typhoons. Which I think is the same thing, but remember, we are going native here. And here's what I learned after my first typhoon: Airmen are restricted to base, and as I have pointed out earlier, this is a boring place to be. I'm guessing it's worse for those of us with one tiny stripe on their shoulder, because there is always a lot of work to do on a military base, and when you only have one stripe on your arm, practically everyone on the base can tell you to go do it. So after spending three days bored out of my mind during my first typhoon, I knew exactly what to do when the next typhoon was coming. I did not report to the barracks and instead ran off base as fast as I could ("Sir, I never heard any orders to report to the barracks").

It was on the outside of the base I made another amazing discovery. During a typhoon, they lock the gates of the Air Base. In other words, I was locked off base. So during Typhoon Number Two, my buddy John and I found ourselves locked off base ("Honest mistake Sir"), and with things starting to get a little windy, we sought protection from the elements at The Apple Club ("Secure structure, Sir"), which was located in Naha, Okinawa, which is a pretty big city with a lot of universities and very attractive college females ("Safety in numbers, Sir").

Normally The Apple Club is a swanky disco-tech bar, with loud lights and music over a very busy dance floor, with a few rows of tables and booths on the edge of the floor. It's a known hot spot that blends rich businessmen, hot island women, and a few Air Force guys who know the doorman and aren't afraid to tip their way into the club. So when John and I ducked out of the growing winds and rain of Typhoon #2, it wasn't my first visit. But it was my first visit where I didn't have to tip the doorman, because there was no doorman. He was inside, sitting at a table with a few friends. John and I entered the bar, and he nodded, raised a shot glass and waved us in.

This time there wasn't blaring music, strobe lights or sweaty dancing people. But there were a lot of people, and they sat huddled in groups at tables and sitting in groups on the dance floor. Everyone was casually drinking, so we sort of blended in as best as two Americans can in a room full of Japanese, making our way through the people, high-fiving and saying Hello and Kon'nichiwa. There was sort of a low buzz over the whole place, with the exception of one group of girls and guys who were drinking hard and yelling loud at a round booth in the corner. They were doing multiple rounds, and each taking turns running to the bar to get the next group of shots, beers, and mixed drinks. They were all smoking cigarettes and having a good time. It was a live scene, with lots of yelling and hollering things in Japanese, followed by more whiskey shots and drinking. The ring leader of the group was an older gentleman, probably mid 50's. In a suit. During a typhoon. Sharp dresser. Dapper guy. He was talking a lot, and the group

was laughing and screaming. I don't speak Japanese, so I had no idea what it was all about. But it looked fun and so naturally, we headed to that group.

Oddly, the group went silent as we approached. I wondered what our next move was, but my buddy John smiled, looked at the older gentlemen, and pulled out a pack of Marlboros. "Wanna smoke?" he asked with a big smile.

That was it.

The entire table erupted as if we were rock stars performing on stage. They laughed and hollered, and the girls pushed the guys farther into the booth so there was room for us. They say that smoking is not a good habit, but honestly, I was pretty impressed by the response.

Any rate, we joined our new friends, and spent an hour or so trying to talk to each other in a mix of alcohol, broken English and very very little Japanese. But from what I could gather, most of the group were students at the local university. And the dapper gentleman that kept our glasses full was some sort of speaker or something from the mainland and went by the name of Dave.

Things were going very lovely, when the group started chanting at Dave. John and I joined in and I had no idea what we were yelling, but it was fun, and I was numb, so we yelled. And after a minute or two of yelling, Dave, with no warning at all, stood up on the table, dropped his pants and displayed an enormous tally whacker.

I have to say ... it was amazing. Not because of the size, which was impressive. But the jewelry. This older gentlemen, who will forever be known as **Diamond Dave**, had a giant diamond implanted on his tally and a row of diamonds on his whacker. The girls screamed. The guys screamed. We all toasted Diamond Dave and laughed. Diamond Dave took a bow, asserted his will across the room, and then zipped his junk up and had a seat. We immediately high-fived him and everyone else. In hindsight I have no idea what we were thinking. But it was good fun.

I woke up later the next afternoon and the storm had blown itself out. John and I limped back to base with headaches and a few more stories to tell our friends.

So here's to embracing your hurricane stories. And remember: the Go Native lesson still holds true to any travel you do. Beachcombers, when you travel, Go Native!

Janeen Berger Borders

Tybee has lost a wonderful soul far too soon. Janeen Berger Borders passed away on September 5, 2017. Janeen was a sweetheart with a beautiful smile and infectious laughter. She will be missed dearly by a large circle of friends that she loved and enjoyed spending time with, especially if it involved listening to live music at one of her favorite Tybee spots. Janeen loved the Baltimore Ravens, Orioles, and Clemson football, and she would often have parties at her home during games. She was an excellent hostess and she loved to cook, which she was extremely talented at. Her cakes were epic. Seriously... Like "Cake Boss" epic. She loved her friends with all her heart, and that love was awesome. First and foremost in her heart and mind were her family, especially her son Ty, and her fur-babies Jeter and Brinkley. You will live on in our hearts and we'll see you on the other side!





Beach Walks with Dr. Joe

Breezy Days and Sea Foam

By Dr. Joe Richardson

As we move into fall on Tybee, we will see an increase in breezy days when the wind is blowing onto the beach from offshore. On these days, we are likely to notice sea foam accumulating on the beach. When it happens, I'll often get asked about all that foam, where does it come from, and what causes it. Since it is something a Tybee beachcomber is likely to see during this time of the year, I thought I'd write about it this month.

First though, what it isn't. Too often people assume that sea foam is the result of poor water quality in the inshore zone. Sea foam, like we see it, is not due to pollution. You might see pictures of polluted waters where detergents or other foam-producing substances have spilled into an area



and caused suds, bubbles and foam. But that is not the case or cause of our beach sea foam.

Our shoreline sea foam is due to oil in the seawater. But hold on! It's not petroleum or pollution-type oil. Instead it is more like vegetable oil. Lots of the microscopic algae, or phytoplankton that live in the inshore water, produce oil as their food and energy reserve inside their cells. There are benefits to this. Oil can store lots of chemical energy in a small space, so tiny oil droplets are a great way to store the excess energy the algal cells make when doing photosynthesis. Secondly, the tiny oil droplets inside help the algal cells to float or keep from sinking. And if you are a water-dwelling organism that depends on sunlight to make your own energy for survival, you need to be able to stay near the surface. So anything that helps you from sinking is a beneficial adaptation.

Our coastal water has lots of phytoplankton in it. And with all these algal cells, there are also lots of microscopic animals, zooplankton, that eat the algae. In fact, the main reason our water is green and slightly cloudy, rather than crystal clear, is because we have so much plankton in it. These tiny, live particles make the water cloudy, but they also provide the basis of the food chain that so many of our bigger animals depend on.

As the phytoplankton manufacture oil, they also leak it. When they die, they leak it. When they are eaten and their consumers die, they also leak it into the water. So this sort of "vegetable" oil is a natural component of sea water, especially in places like ours where the water is rich with these tiny algae.

On days when the wind is blowing, stirring up the ocean and the waves are white-capping, the oils get worked toward the surface. If the wind is blowing from offshore toward the beach, this imperceptible film of oil gets constantly blown onto shore. As the film catches the blowing air, that oily film forms bubbles. And as the wind continues to blow, all those bubbles result in piles of foam that accumulates on the shoreline.

So, on days when the wind is right, you might see sea foam. But remember, it's not due to pollution, but rather is due to our plankton-rich, healthy sea water.

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) and frequently posts pictures of what they are finding on his Tybee Beach Ecology Trips Facebook page.

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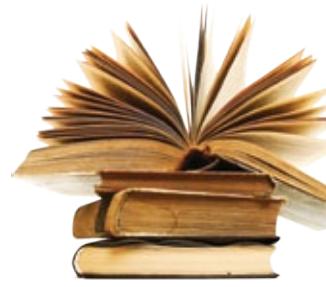


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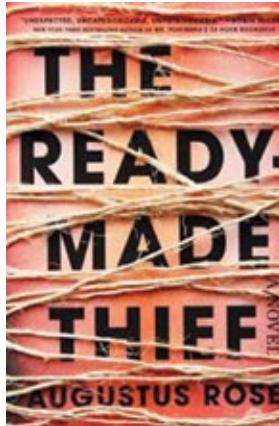
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BOOK REVIEW

By Nell Klein



THE READY- MADE THIEF

By Augustus Rose

My childhood best friend, Jill, who lives in Atlanta is a huge book reader. She recently sent me a list of books by first time authors with great promise. I read three of them and decided to review the one I liked best. *The Readymade Thief* was the one I thought best to pass along.

Lee Cuddy is a 17-year-old girl who has a penchant for stealing. She becomes quite popular with the "in crowd" by being the go-to person to shoplift anything for anyone to make extra money (saving for college, she says). Eventually, Lee takes the fall for one of the popular girls who has befriended her, and ends up deserted by her family and in juvenile detention for 18 months. Shortly thereafter, Lee escapes and attempts to join a community of runaways, but soon finds out the group is more of a secret society obsessed with the works of artist Marcel Duchamp.

The group believes that Lee is the missing piece of a puzzle hidden within Duchamp's works. She escapes again and becomes involved with Tomi, a computer hacker. Together they hide out in abandoned buildings and homes of vacationing families. When Lee realizes that she can't escape from the society, she is forced to confront them about why they are after her and what they want from her. We also know from the beginning that she is pregnant (who's the baby daddy?) and we have to worry about that throughout all of her ordeal.

I loved this book, but some parts towards the end became confusing to me and I almost felt stupid for not being able to follow what was happening. For that reason, I give it 3 roses, but don't let that stop you from reading this really great read. The book reminded me of Dan Brown's *Inferno* with all of its hidden clues within works of art. You will be googling Duchamp's works of art (they really exist) to follow what the author is talking about, but I really enjoyed that part of it. The author did such a great job of mixing fact and fiction that you really believe you know what Duchamp intended in his artwork. This book is really a must read for anyone who likes that kind of suspense.

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

On Going Happenings

A-J's Dockside - Happy Hour 4-7pm, Live music Friday thru Sunday, Lunch 7 days a week 11am-5pm, Dinner 7 days a week 5-10pm. 1315 Chatham Ave.

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! 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.

A Tribute to Gloria Bennett, aka The Bird Lady

By J. R. Roseberry

She was the "Bird Lady," not like old John James Audubon or local ornithologist Diana Churchill, but like "raising a middle finger and giving you the bird."

That was Gloria Bennett, for many years one of the most familiar and popular senior citizens on Tybee Island.

Giving one the bird, either in disgust or insider friendship, is how she earned that nickname. She was known throughout the area for it.

Matter of fact, Tybee's city council once presented her a proclamation and a golden hand sculpture, its center finger extended.

To those who knew her she was a joy. They bellied up to be near her whenever she was out and about, which was often.

Those who didn't miss a real treat ... a rare genuine human being who had a firm opinion about almost everything and was never shy about voicing it, often for an entire room to hear. She simply had no patience for fools or hypocrites, disdained anyone overly concerned with material things, and preferred the company of the less fortunate.

Gloria, generally wearing farmer's overalls with straps across her shoulders, was an omnipresent fixture for years at every Tybee City Council meeting and at other gatherings of island government and social leaders.

She also held forth in her own circle of friends Tuesday evenings, treating folks to drinks, a meal and raucous conversation at Fannie's on the Beach restaurant overlooking the ocean on the island's south end.

Some were startled when they first heard the colorful vocabulary being spouted by such a diminutive, bespectacled, white haired octogenarian, but most quickly became accustomed to it and just as quickly learned to love this little lady.

Beneath all that bluster there beat the proverbial heart of gold.

She often went to extraordinary lengths to help islanders in need, most secretly since she never wanted or took credit for her numerous acts of kindness. She often worked with victims of substance abuse and was instrumental in getting the YMCA to come to Tybee, later serving as a member of its board. She also volunteered as a stalwart supporter of the Tybee Lighthouse and the island Historical Society.

Gloria lived alone in a townhouse on Tybee's north end, just up the street from the lighthouse, after first visiting in 1987 and falling in love with the place. After that visit, she returned to her home in Chicago, packed up and, with her husband Douglas in tow, moved to Tybee where she remained for the next 25 years. She called those years the best in her life.

Douglas was enamored of the island as well and spent hours swimming offshore, often with dolphins. He claimed he once ventured out too far, became exhausted, and was escorted back to shallow water by his dolphin friends.

After Douglas died a dozen years ago, Gloria was convinced that one of her favorite cats, the one that sat beside a window in her bedroom overlooking the ocean, was really the spirit of Douglas, watching for his dolphin friends.

She developed a number of debilitating physical problems several years ago and was forced to leave her cherished island and the numerous friendships she formed, moving into a nursing home in Duluth, GA, just outside Atlanta, to be near her sons, Rick and Scott. A third son, Jeff, lives in South Carolina.

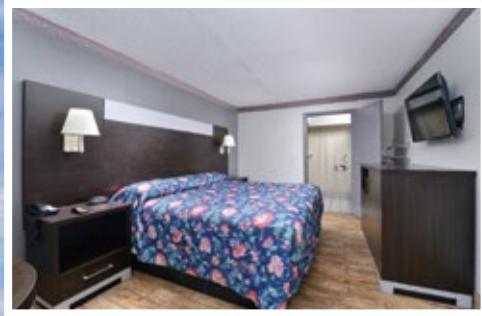
Late this summer she took a turn for the worse and was placed under Hospice Care which, according to Rick, proved a blessing by making her final days peaceful and pain free.

She passed away on Sept. 7. My guess is that she might have observed shortly thereafter: "I finally flew the damned coop!" That would be like the Bird Lady. Gloria was 92 years young.

The family plans to hold a private ceremony at her birthplace in Minneapolis, Minn.



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THE SportsPage

By Woody Hemphill



'It's like déjà vu, all over again' . . . and 'when you get to the fork in the road, take it' are two sports quotes given by Yankee great Yogi Berra that have stood the test of time. One of the attributes of historical icons are how relatable they are with later generations of fans, consumers, and folks like you & me. Leave it to me to think about this type of stuff during a hurricane evacuation, but the sport of baseball world finds itself into a race of media darlings this season with the metro-DC based "Nationals" and the "Dodgers" from the largest media market in the country having playoff seasons, joined by the Astros & Indians.

The Indians can't catch a break with the at-large fan. Now, all the seeding has not been done, but it would appear that a year removed from the Cubs' capturing the most casual of fans, they will be facing the team hailing from the site of the latest natural disaster, Houston, in the ALCS. Lost among the W flags, and the Harry Carey clips of last year's World Series was the city of Cleveland's last winning the Series, in FDR's first-term.

Speaking of bummer wraps and performance droughts, the season for which we all live through the other three, has finally arrived – football. The Dogs have won their first two, the Jackets split, and GSU has a team on the field, but no one knows or cares to speak on the record pertaining to on-the-field performance. The Falcons looked sloppy in their opener at Soldier Field, in Chicago, yet fans recognize not to assess our team's seasonal outlook against the backdrop of a single Bears game. Every time I see a reference to last year's Super Bowl, I lose minutes of precious life. . .

Don't look now, and it may be a bit premature, but the Jaguars have quietly assembled a defense over the last few drafts and via free-agency. Their Week One victory over the Colts, sans Andrew Luck, may have been an anomaly, but they looked vastly improved from last year. In keeping with that trend, the Rams also won their first game of the year on the first week of the year, as well. Last year saw their season erode after week one, so we'll see how their season unfold.

Last month, Venus Williams proceeded to outlast her way to the semi-finals before losing to someone else. . . This was noteworthy, as her last Finals appearance in a slam event was 19 years ago! Also, after the summer of televised Little League games, Japan waxed the US once again in the championship game.

Until next month, be dry, safe, and may all of your teams win!



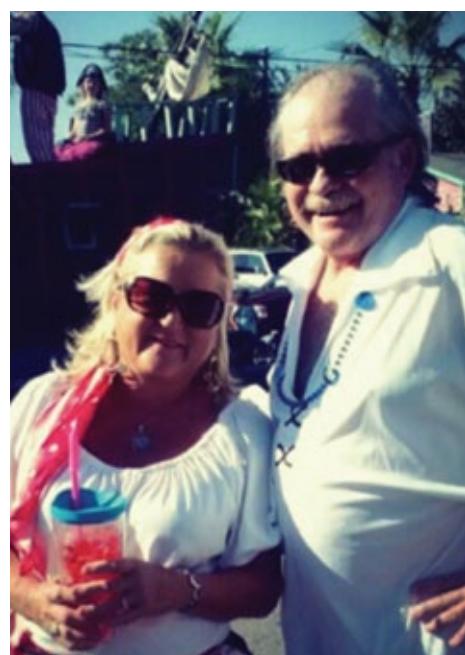
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The Beachcomber bids Farewell to a Pirate

Jim was known to friends, family and Breezy drivers as just "Bagley." Bagley and Lori made Tybee their home in 2012 and quickly became staples on



Tybee's social scene. Bagley was a talented blues guitar player and history buff. Watching the freighter ships come and go out to sea was among Bagley's favorite Tybee pastimes.

Bagley is survived by his wife Lori and three daughters, Eryn, Amanda and Taylor, as well as his loyal sidekick, Pepper the Parrot. A memorial will be held on a yet to be determined date in Spring 2018 and will incorporate music and raise funds for Esophageal Cancer Research.

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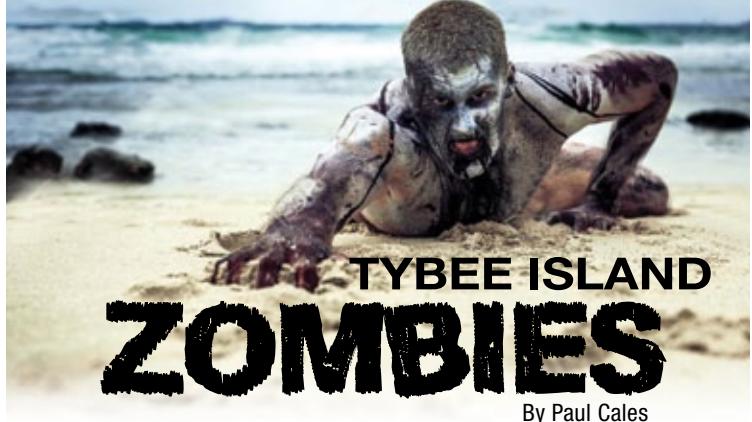


Directions from Tybee Island: Go west on HWY 80, turn left at the last road before Lazaretto Creek Bridge (at the "Capt. Mike's Dolphin Adventure" Billboard). Go until the dead end & turn right.

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TYBEE ISLAND ZOMBIES

By Paul Cales

Continued from the August 2017 Beachcomber.
Catch up @ <http://tybeebeachcomber.com/magazine>

Chapter Four - Prepping Pays Off Day 2.5

"Okay, we need to sit down, drink some water, and try to rationalize what the hell just happened," Tony says.

"To hell with that. Hand me that bottle of rum," replies Nate.

"You may want to rethink that, Nate. First of all, we need clear minds, and second ... I have a bad feeling that rum is going to be an extremely limited commodity."

"What? Are you serious? You really think it's that bad?" asks Becky.

"Let's review folks. Marissa gets really sick from a small wound on her arm. The ambulance she got in is still there, blood everywhere, and Marissa is gone. There was no answer on the Breezy phone or the hospital. Everyone we ran into on Tybee was some sort of stark raving mad cannibal..."

"Zombie," Nate chimes in.

"Those things..." Tony continues.

"Zombies," Nate interrupts.

"Okay, we can call them zombies if you like. Those zombies were everywhere. We didn't see a single normal person and its spring break."

"Ha! Zombie frat boys. Sounds like a really good movie... or really bad. Your choice. I don't make the rules," says Nate.

"Stop saying that Nate," says Becky.

"What?" Nate asks.

"The zed word. It's freaking me out."

"Okay. Plan time then," says Nate. "We need to go to our house Tony. It's only two blocks off the Back River. You and I have enough guns and ammo to fend off a small army."

"And you have enough freeze-dried food to feed an army. I guess that prepping thing is going to pay off after all."

"Damn right it is."

"So," Tony continues, "we tie the boat off at George's dock, sneak across Venetian, through Helen's back yard, and into the back of our house on 6th. My jeep is parked in the back yard with the boat trailer attached. We've got to unhook it and throw the supplies in the jeep to bring to the boat. There's no way we can carry all the guns and ammo, let alone the food."

"Do you think we need ALL the guns and ammo?" asks Becky

"Unfortunately, Becky, I think we do," says Nate.

"We're not going to be able to get to George's dock until the tide is high again," Becky says.

"That'll be around 7:30pm. The sun sets at 8:00. We need to get back quickly," says Nate. "I'm not planning on chilling with the zeds on Tybee tonight. I'm pretty sure they can't make it to Little Tybee ... the currents

are way too strong, even for a good swimmer to make it over."

"Aren't you guys worried about everyone?" asks Becky.

"I am. I'm more worried about us at the moment though. Making ourselves safe is what they would want. We'll figure out what to do next once we have a way to defend ourselves against those things," says Tony.

The three of them head out and make it to George's dock right at 7:30. Brian's boat is tied to the dock as well. "They must have seen the carnage at Alley 3 and decided to sneak onto the island over here so they weren't seen."

"Sounds like a good plan to me," says Nate.

"Let's not count our chickens just yet Nate. Do you see any of those things?"

"No," says Becky. "But Helen is laying in her yard. She's not moving."

"Let's get a move on, and remember, be quiet." They run across Venetian, past Helen's bloody corpse, across 6th Ave, and into the back door of Nate and Tony's place. "Okay, let's make short work of this. I'll put the rifles and the shot gun in the duffle bag. Becky, you grab the food boxes from Nate's closet and stack them by the back door. There should be three large plastic totes. Nate, pile the ammo boxes by the back door. I don't want to have this door open for too long while we're putting the gear in the Jeep. Before we head out this door, everyone needs to shoulder holster one of these Berettas. Make sure it's loaded and be ready in case we need to use them."

"I don't know how to use that," says Becky.

"This is the magazine release. Yup, this one is full. Slide the magazine back in, pull back on the slide until it doesn't go any further. Release it and you've chambered a round. You have fifteen rounds ready to go. Now, slide the little lever up on the left side of the pistol and you'll see a red dot. That means if you squeeze the trigger, a bullet will fly. Semi-auto pistol 101 is complete. I'll teach you more when we get back to camp. Put the safety back on and remember to flip it back up, point, and shoot... but only if you absolutely need to. Got it?"

"Yeah... got it..." answers Becky.

"Think we need anything else?" Nate asks.

"Of course, but this is all we can get right now if we want to make this quick. Remember its getting dark out there," replies Tony. Once all the gear is stacked up by the back door Tony runs out and unhooks the trailer while the others throw the gear in the Jeep. They jump in and speed around to George's dock. "I think we're still in the clear."

"Let's get this shit on the boat. Being out here makes me nervous," says Nate.

As they're making their last trip to the boat with supplies, Becky sees three shadows running down Venetian and brings it to the boy's attention. "Is it those things?"

"No," says Nate. "That's Brian, Jay, and Carrie!"

"Let's hurry," says Tony. "They don't look like they're on a Sunday jog."

Brian's group is in full sprint heading towards their boat and he shouts, "Get out of here! There's a ton of those geeks coming!" Carrie and Jay jump in their boat while Brian is struggling to untie the stern line.

"Hurry, Brian. They're getting closer," says Becky. Tony's boat starts to pull away from the dock slowly. The group is staring in awe at the number of infected running towards the dock. Brian finally gets into his boat and pulls away from the dock. As they head down the creek towards the Back River, about two hundred infected follow them on the shoreline, stalking the two boats but seemingly not interested in taking a swim. As the boats head back to Little Tybee the sun dips below the horizon. The beach at Alley 3 seems deserted. All that's left there is a hundred drag marks heading into the Back River.

To be continued...

TAXI TALES

By Ron Goralczyk



Memories of Matthew

So here we are September 2017, watching the Weather Channel predict our impending doom. I was thinking the whole time there is no way, we just had Hurricane Matthew last October, and so we should be good for a hundred years. Right?

I remember Matthew like it was yesterday. Same coverage, Weather Channel on all day every day for weeks. As far as I knew, all of 14th St. beachside residents were staying. Thursday night we visited some of the south end bars, and a lot of the Tybee residents had already evacuated. My Thursday night drivers, Stephen and Kelly, were taking care of Breezy that night because they had decided to stay as well. I had a few adult beverages that night and most of the evening was a blur.

I woke up Friday around noon to find out that 80% of the island, who said they were staying, had bounced before I had even gotten out of bed. I got it, when you have a police officer stop by and ask, "*Who is staying? The chief wants me to get a body count,*" this question can be taken the wrong way.

I got a text from Stephen and Kelly that they too had decided to leave. It was a Mandatory Evacuation so I couldn't tell them no. I said, "*Don't worry, we are shutting Breezy down for the day anyway. You know there is a hurricane coming?*" Then I got word that the Mayor was trying to get in touch with us, so we just turned the Breezy phone off. Problem solved.

Joey and Leigh had been out driving around the island and had seen the convoy of Tybee Island Police Force leaving the island with a big U-Haul in tow. When they got home we took two of our vehicles to Beachside Colony parking deck, seeking higher ground. After that we all took a tour of the island (I will confess I did 90 mph down Butler, it was awesome). As we were driving north, I saw that a friend of ours had parked his cars at the post office. With those huge pine trees over there I thought they may be in harm's way. I called my friend and suggested he move them to the parking deck. He said, "*Ron we have been drinking already.*" I told him, "*If you're ever going to drink and drive, today is the day.*" We all remember what happened to the post office. But his cars ended up being fine.

The tide was supposed to be at low tide during the time we were riding around. We went to Breezy Point to look at the pontoon boat that sits in the mud during low tide. It wasn't sitting in mud, it was riding high. We went by 2nd St. to the beach access and the waves were pushing the ocean onto the road. Again it was low tide. We went by Alley 3 and the water was as high as the road and the tide was coming in fast. Not good.

We all returned back to our little 2nd story apartment. I'm going to confess that I was as nervous as a cat on a hot tin roof. My original plan was to evacuate, however Leigh and Joey said they were not. I told them, "*Well I guess the dogs and I will go to my mom's.*" They told me that long trip wouldn't be good for our elderly dogs. I don't know, made sense at the time.

Anyway, I was pacing across the front porch into the living room, through the kitchen, back to the porch. I was pretty much on my toes. After about 10 minutes of that Joey told me, "*Like dude, you need to take a shot. You are freaking out!*" I replied that I didn't think this was the time to get drunk, we all needed to be as alert as possible. "*Take a half a shot to calm your nerves,*" Joey insisted. I have to admit that half shot of Irish whiskey did make me feel better.

We had power so we still had the TV and internet. The coverage of Matthew was making me feel better about our decision. I recall a reporter saying that the palm fronds were falling down and the Spanish moss was being blown.

You can breathe on Spanish moss and it will blow. It's an air plant, it has no weight, and it just hangs there. We started getting reports that the storm would definitely weaken and start making its way east before it got to Tybee. That half gallon of Irish whiskey was calling my name. As good as a half shot was, a full shot was twice as good. Imagine that.

Then I went Facebook Live. "*This is Ron Goralczyk reporting live from Tybee Island.*" I was giving updates from 14th Street, keeping my eye on the parking lot, looking for any type of storm surge. I also had my eye on the pool canopy at Hotel Tybee. That canopy was dancing around. I was sure it would be smashed into the Brass Rail condos before the storm ended. I was getting feedback from my live coverage that the north end of Tybee had been without power since early in the evening and that Wilmington Island had lost power before that. So I felt it my duty to show reports from the Weather Channel during my live coverage. I grabbed my wooden spoon because I didn't have a microphone; you should look professional when reporting the news.

The wind gusts had been blowing south during the storm. Watching it blow the rain as it hit the ground reminded me of a jet dryer like they use in Nascar. Our porch faces south so we could stay out there without getting wet. It was probably around midnight when we saw the first roofing shingle fall from the sky. The gusts were getting stronger, but I was still convinced by the Weather Channel that this was a bad as it should get. Forecast said it would start going east out to sea anytime now.

However, the storm went on for hours. Around 2:25am we lost power. By 3:30am no one on the island had power. Hurricanes are a lot easier to deal with when you have power. It was completely black and very loud. I was still on the porch with a mag light with fresh batteries, so I could still see the parking lot and I was still watching the canopy. Little did I know Leigh and Joey were in the kitchen with the bottle of Jamison, doing shots out of milk glasses. They had enough of the storm and decided to euthanize themselves. It worked. When I came in the house they were passed out in the living room. I was thinking the dogs must have taken a shot as well, because they were passed out too.

I was on the porch watching the parking lot when I heard a loud boom in front of Hotel Tybee. It was the canopy coming through the fence right for our building! It busted through the fence, hit 14th Street and the hurricane force winds took it ... off to the beach. Thank God! The canopy wedged itself under the 14th Street crossover. I ran into the living room screaming, "*You guys are missing everything!*" No response from my crew.

I got a text from my friend who had left his cars at the post office asking "*When is this going to end?*" I told him I didn't know. It looked like my radar was locked up. The eye had been sitting there and had not moved. Wtf? I decided to take a big shot myself and have a seat in the living room. I was waiting on the winds to settle down. I wanted to put my phone in the car to charge it, but with all that flying debris I figured it was best to just wait.

At 8am my neighbors, Debra and Clint, returned from 18th and Butler where they had decided to ride the storm out. They were standing on the porch and I heard, "*Good morning! You guys all right?*" The rest of the story we all shared.

The year has flown by and not every home has been repaired. We are Tybee Strong and we take it day by day.

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PRESERVING COMMUNITY, COMMERCE & CULTURE YEAR-ROUND.

Main Street Musings

Chantel Morton, Program Staff Director

Ah, October on Tybee! Fall is in the air, getting around by vehicle, bike, and on foot is easier, and the bike path and your fav restaurant has just the right amount of space for you. From art shows and live performances to Pirate Fest and Halloween activities, there is constantly a lot of fun to be had on Tybee!

As the temp cools and a semblance of “Back to Normal” returns, the nostalgic feeling of island living returns. This time of year is marked by spending even more time outdoors with neighbors as fall plans are made, gardens are prepped with fall colors, biking around the island to an appointment, for groceries, and/or experiencing art at the Post and Arts Center and local galleries. Plus, relaxing at one of Tybee’s parks brings a renewed sense of calm.

The list from above highlights a few attributes of being on Tybee. The tagline that the Program uses, *Preserving Community, Commerce & Culture*, represents the essence of why Tybee is a Main Street Community. A lot is covered with these four words and one ampersand!

1) Preserving...

The City of Tybee Island became Georgia's 88th Certified Local Government (CLG) in 2014 due in part to the overall commitment to preserving Tybee's authentic look and feel by city officials and hard work of the Historical Society and Historic Preservation Commission. This designation made it possible to apply for and be awarded two grants by the Historic Preservation Division of Georgia Department of Natural Resources. The grants provided funding to complete a comprehensive Historic Resources Survey of the island. The survey was completed in two phases that identified 835 resources as being 40+ years of age that maintain a moderate-to-high degree of integrity. Each of these buildings represent Tybee's unique architectural importance on the coast. The reports are available online, at city hall and the public library for everyone to view. City Officials, staff, the HPC, and preservationists will utilize the info for planning purposes, future local and national historic districts, design guidelines, and assisting property owners with information for preserving the Tybee's coastal architecture in commercial and residential areas.

2) Community...

This word encompasses the people, activities, and organizations that make a difference through the works by their volunteers! One example of celebrating community is Community Day where local groups showcase themselves while residents enjoy music, food and fun throughout the day. This year Community Day was postponed until next year. Our Promotions Committee and board liaison are planning on making a few changes to make it even more special for everyone involved! The sense of community is part of what makes Tybee Island so fabulous! The Local Lives videos produced last year with the help of expert videographers and many residents showcase why living on Tybee

is preferable to other towns. Preserving community is an important aspect as Tybee continues to evolve.

2) Commerce...

There are over 120 locations for you to stop in for shopping, dining, personal services, and recreational needs on the island. 99% of these are unique to Tybee and help maintain the authenticity of small town living.

The Buy Local Tybee logo and Locals Appreciation Card program are just two ways the Program, with partners, work with you and merchants to support the local economy and provide what you need and want to make living here convenient and enjoyable year-round. Many of these businesses are owned and operated by your neighbors. Preserving this aspect is important for the livelihood of Tybee as a thriving city year-round.

3) Culture...

Culture in this phrase refers to heritage and arts that compliment community and history. From Ft. Pulaski to the Tybee Light Station to the Marine Science Center, people are exposed to the history of Tybee and the abundance of natural resources. From the Arts Center to the Post Theater to the plethora of galleries, people are exposed to the craft of live performances, painting techniques, and more. The culture of Tybee has been important to maintaining that bohemian, quirky character for generations. Preserving these aspects that distinguish Tybee from any other town is important.

For more information about the Tybee Island Development Authority / Main Street Program, upcoming city approved special events, “Door-to-Door News,” Business / Community Matters, and Historic Preservation Spotlights, sign up for the monthly Main Street E-News by visiting www.tybeelandmainstreet.com or the Tybee Island Main Street FB page.

As always, feel free to contact members of the Development Authority/Main Street Board of Directors (pictured below: Sarah Bernzott, Marianne Bramble, Angela Caldwell, Vicki Hammons, Diane Kaufman, Steve Kellam, Julie Livingston, Ted Lynch, Melissa Memory, Kelly Swope, Melissa Turner) or me with suggestions and/or concerns re: economic vitality and preservation. Take time to enjoy “Tybee time” and remember why those of us who live and work here are “lucky enough” and those who visit love returning.

See you around town!



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CONCERT CALENDAR

- 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
10/16 Mushroomhead – The Stage on Bay - Savannah
10/17 Foo Fighters – Colonial Life Arena – Columbia, SC
10/20 Seth Walker Trio – Tybee Post Theater
10/20 Willie Nelson & Family – Savannah Civic Center
10/20- 21 The Eagles – Phillips Arena – Atlanta, GA
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

- 11/4 Unplugged with Katie Deal – Tybee Post Theater
11/7 ZZ Top – Savannah Civic Center
11/9 Hinder – The Stage on Bay - Savannah
11/10 The Petty Hearts – Tybee Post Theater
11/11 Ringo's All Starr Band – Fox Theatre – Atlanta
11/16 Granger Smith – The Stage on Bay - Savannah
11/17 Mother's Finest w/guest - The Stage on Bay
11/18 Bobby Randall & Melissa Lee – Tybee Post Theater
11/18 Lonestar w/guest - The Stage on Bay - Savannah
12/2 Ron White – Savannah Civic Center
1/19 P.O.D./Alien Ant Farm/guests - The Stage on Bay – Savannah
2/22 Saving Abel w/guest - The Stage on Bay – Savannah
2/23 Blue Oyster Cult w/guest - The Stage on Bay – Savannah
3/23 Mike & The Mechanics – The Stage on Bay - Savannah

From the RIVER'S END...

By Woody Hemphill



Something about experiencing hurricane season on Tybee tends to remind me of the movie *Forrest Gump*. This may be due to the fact that portions were filmed locally, or the possibility of reenacting the internal, existential crisis that unfolded as Lt. Dan took his wild ride through a hurricane on the mast of a shrimp boat. After viewing the movie countless times, and living through several hurricanes, I've determined that the inspiration for this scene was not due to the loss of life under his leadership in Vietnam, or the loss of his legs, but probably due to the loss of electricity for prolonged periods of time. In fact, the more I think about it, the more I'm convinced humanity is taking an evolutionary turn, back into the water.

As a former flatlander, and even that 'weird mountain phase' of my youth, it's a safe assumption that my exhibition of proficiency as a suave, debonair gentleman of leisure has never correlated with elevation. As a young professional, I once considered myself a 'rising star' in parks & recreation circles, yet experience and wisdom later proved my initial rise to be based more upon ambition than awareness. The first hurricane I experienced, firsthand, was back in 2004 – followed by three more storms, in weekly succession. The fabled hurricane season of 2004 saw four consecutive hurricanes make landfall on either side of Florida - my residence, in those days. Oddly enough, it's funny what you recall years

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later, but I seem to recall each storm making landfall on a Friday evening. . . You cannot imagine the frustration level of our area high school football coaches! Later, it was determined that several of our local athletes also excelled in swimming, as a result of growing gills that football season.

In those days, I served as the Parks & Recreation Director for the Town of Lady Lake, a tiny town along the Highways 441/301 corridor, in central Florida. Lady Lake is contiguous to The Villages, and a portion of the commercial development district (or CDD) is actually within the city limits. If you aren't familiar with The Villages, just imagine Senior Disney, or a slice of Americana - if the sixties had never occurred – the 1860s or 1960s. Since that time, when reconnecting with my colleagues from that era, one of the first fond memories is usually a shared experience when we were bunkered together, side-by-side, awaiting the winds to subside.

So many lessons learned about people, interpersonal dynamics, and coming to terms with the importance of relationships have come during actual, proverbial, and metaphorical storms of physical, mental, & emotional anguish. Simply stated, hurricane season places people in situations they would never willingly place themselves through the necessity of living through it. For those working through the storm, the concept of self-preservation while having to act on behalf of another can be overwhelming. As you can imagine, not everyone is suited for this type of work.

At this point, all I'm certain about is the longer you live at the coast, the more hurricanes become the social equivalent of tree rings.



Behind the Tape...

By Cpl. Richard Dascall

Hey Everyone!

First let me start by saying I hope everyone made it through the storm in good health. And to all of those who suffered catastrophic water damage to your homes, you have our deepest sympathy and willingness to help you recover from this in any way possible. In my eight years working for the police department and twenty four years spending time on this island, I can never once remember water coming up that high. The closest thing I remember to that was about twenty years ago when St. Michaels school used to flood.

But as we all know, Tybee continues. We made it through Labor Day and have Pirates Fest on the horizon. Labor Day brought about one of the better capers of my career. As some of you know I am permanently assigned to beach patrol. As such, the majority of my work involves glass bottles, dogs on the beach, and public intoxication. But Labor Day brought with it a different sort of incident.

Later in the evening before the fireworks, we received a walk up complaint about a male walking up and down the beach trying to sell marijuana out of his backpack. Not too much later we received that complaint again from our dispatch center. So while we were making our ride down the beach, standing at the 14th St. crossover, we saw a subject matching the description to a T, including the black and brown backpack. So we asked the guy if we could talk to him. He could have said no, but he was nice enough to have a conversation with us. We then asked if we could see the inside of his backpack. Again he could have said no, but was nice enough to open it for us. Inside we saw a plastic jar full of marijuana. After a closer look we found six more of those jars, as well as a scale and a large amount of cash. This gentleman swore up and down that the marijuana was for personal use. It weighed out at 3.5 ounces. More than enough for a felony charge.

Looking forward to Pirates Fest. I hope everyone gets their parrots and peg legs in order. And as always, if the police department can help you in any way please feel free to contact us.

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Life's a Beach Events

What's happening in Oct.

By Mom

10-2, 10-9, 10-16, & 10-30 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!

10-5 Red Cross Community Blood Drive 2-7 pm at the Old School Cafeteria by the YMCA on Tybee Island. Visit www.redcrossblood.org for more info. You will need to schedule appointment.

10-5 Buccaneer Ball 6-10pm at The Crab Shack, 40 Estill Hammock Rd. Kick off to Tybee's famous Pirate Fest. Dancing, frivolity, food, costume contest, and so much more. For more info, go online to www.BuccaneerBall.com.

10-5 thru 8th 13th Annual Tybee Island Pirate Fest South Beach parking lot. Live music, pirate performers, pirate parade and lots more. For further info, go online to www.BuccaneerBall.com.

10-7 Pirate Victory Parade 3-5pm on Butler Ave. to the Strand. This parade is a must for families! Parade participants will pass out treasure along the route.

10-12 thru 15th, & 19th thru 22nd "Academia Nuts" 7:30pm at the Jim Ingham Black Box Theater, Tybee Arts Association, 7 Cedarwood Ave. Contact Tybee Arts Association at 912-786-5920 for further info.

10-12 thru 15th, & 19th thru 22nd Art Show & Sell Tybee Arts Association, 7 Cedarwood Ave. Details of days and times are 12th & 13th, 19th & 20th: 6:30-8:30pm. 14th and 21st: 11am to 6pm. 15th & 22nd: 11am to 5pm. Contact Tybee Arts Association at 912-786-5920 for further info.

10-14 Charlie Fog Band presents Grateful Dead! 7-10pm at Tybee Post Theater, 10 Van Horne Ave. The Charlie Fog Band pays tribute to one of the most famous rock & roll bands, the Grateful Dead. For all events go to www.tybeeposttheater.org or call for further info at 912- 472-4790.

10-14 8th Annual 2017 I.C.E. Run 9am-3pm at Hotel Tybee, 1401 Strand Ave. Check out the Charity Hot Rod and Classic cars. This year's ICE run is presented by Commando Racing of Savannah, benefitting the Special Operations Warrior Foundation. For more info go to www.icecarclub.org.

10-15 Ft. Pulaski 9am-5pm at Ft. Pulaski, Hwy 80. Free entrance day.

10-19, 20th & 26th Joe Jarka 6pm at the American Legion. Spend some time with the Tybee Piano Man. The piano is just the beginning...

10-20 Seth Walker Trio 8-10pm at Tybee Post Theater, 10 Van Horne Ave. Modern roots artist with a blend of blues, gospel, pop and more. For all events go to www.tybeeposttheater.org or call for further info at 912- 472-4790.

10-21 "Tybee Trail of Terror" – A Haunted 5K! 7-9pm at Memorial Park. All proceeds from this 5K Haunted night run will benefit the YMCA.

10-21 Tybee Strong Charity Event 3-7pm at the American Legion, 10 Veterans Dr. There will be food, silent auction and raffles to raise money for people in need after Hurricane Irma. To receive funds, there is an application process. For more info, contact the Legion at 786-5356.

10-27 Music of Miles Davis 8-10pm at Tybee Post Theater, 10 Van Horne Ave. **Eric Jones**, jazz pianist, leads a quintet through the music of Miles Davis. For all events go to www.tybeeposttheater.org or call for further info at 912- 472-4790.

10-28 Graveface Fright Fest Film Festival 1-11pm at Tybee Post Theater, 10 Van Horne Ave. The Tybee Post Theater will be transformed to a Halloween-themed show place. For all events go to www.tybeeposttheater.org or call for further info at 912- 472-4790.

10-30 TIPD VIP Luncheon-Neighbors Helping Neighbors 11am to noon at Memorial Park. If you need assistance or want to help, contact Richard Dascall at 912-484-8833 for further info.

10-31 Halloween Trick or Treat!!??

Coming in November:

The 27th Annual Savannah Toy Run is already starting to collect sponsorship donations. The deadline to sponsor is **November 1st**. This is a terrific program that provides toys and gift cards from grocery stores to help needy families during the holiday season. This toy run is extra special as there are over 1,000 motorcycles that have their own parade on December 2nd. It's a sight to behold!! Call Christopher "Radar" Shelnutt at 912-398-0169 for additional details.

Johnny & Cheryl Kerby have decided to host the best/worst pub crawl ever! I'm still on the fence, but here are the details: **Flock of Fools** will have an initial meeting at Tybee Time on Saturday, November 4th, at 8pm. At the time you will be assigned a partner. You will get your partner's sizes and go shopping at Goodwill. On Saturday, November 18th at 8pm, you shall present your partner's clothes to them and they to you. Let the games and bar-hopping begin!!! Whoever wins the dubious delight of being my partner is going to be wearing a wedding dress! Drinks are not free, but the bar hop is. Let's just go shake our asses and take a break.

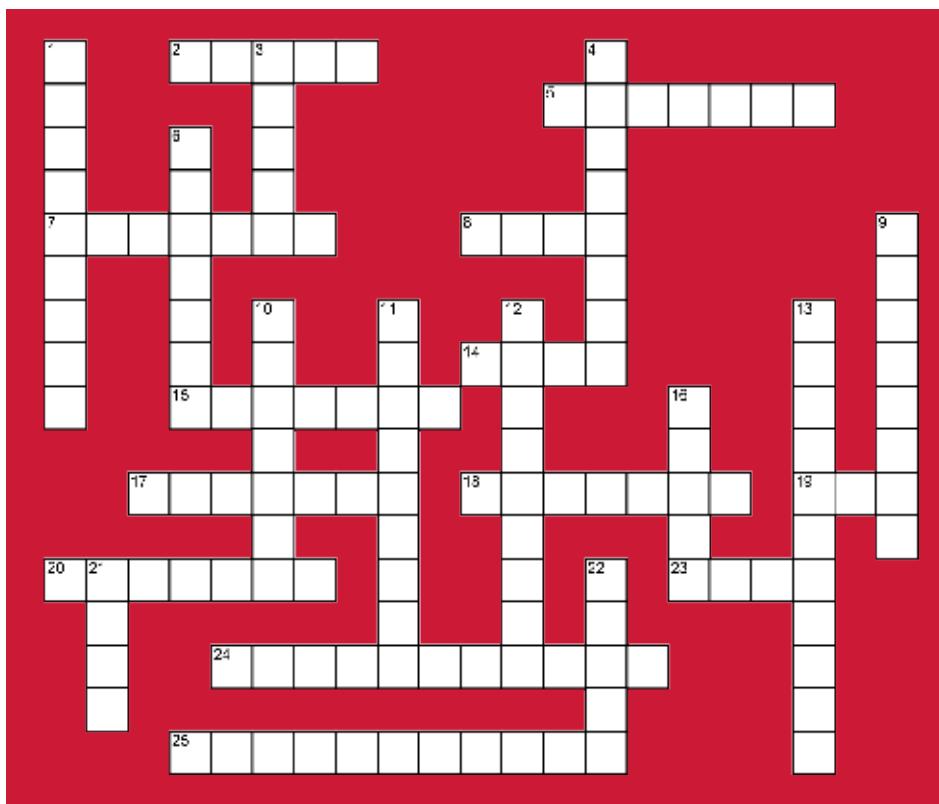
ACROSS

- 2 Tybee's beloved mayor
 5 They will converge on Tybee this month
 7 10th month
 8 Season
 14 Traveling Beachcomber winner
 15 Dr. Joe explains why we notice this on the beach (2 wds.)
 17 Pirate Queen
 18 Taxi Tales has memories of this hurricane
 19 Our featured writer this month
 20 Pirate _____ Parade
 23 Disorder that sets in when you have to evacuate
 24 Our new motto (2 wds.)
 25 He starred in the Japanese Typhoon story (2 wds.)

DOWN

- 1 October holiday for kids (and grown -ups too)
 3 Pirate King
 4 Gloria Bennett's nickname (2wds.)
 6 Bad Advice talks you through these
 9 This pays off in Tybee Island Zombies
 10 Channel we listen to when a hurricane approaches Tybee
 11 The _____ Thief (Book Review)
 12 Ball that will be held at Crab Shack
 13 Biggest fish to be caught on the pier this month (2 wds.)
 16 These were lost in Bar Chronicles
 21 She wreaked havoc on Tybee
 22 He gave J. Beebs a wish

BETHANY	IRMA	RUDY
BIRD LADY	JASON	SEA FOAM
BUCCANEER	MATTHEW	STEVE
BULL REDFISH	OCTOBER	TEETH
DIAMOND DAVE	PHOBIAS	TYBEE STRONG
FALL	PIRATES	VICTORY
GENIE	PREPPING	WEATHER
HADD	READYMADE	
HALLOWEEN	RON	

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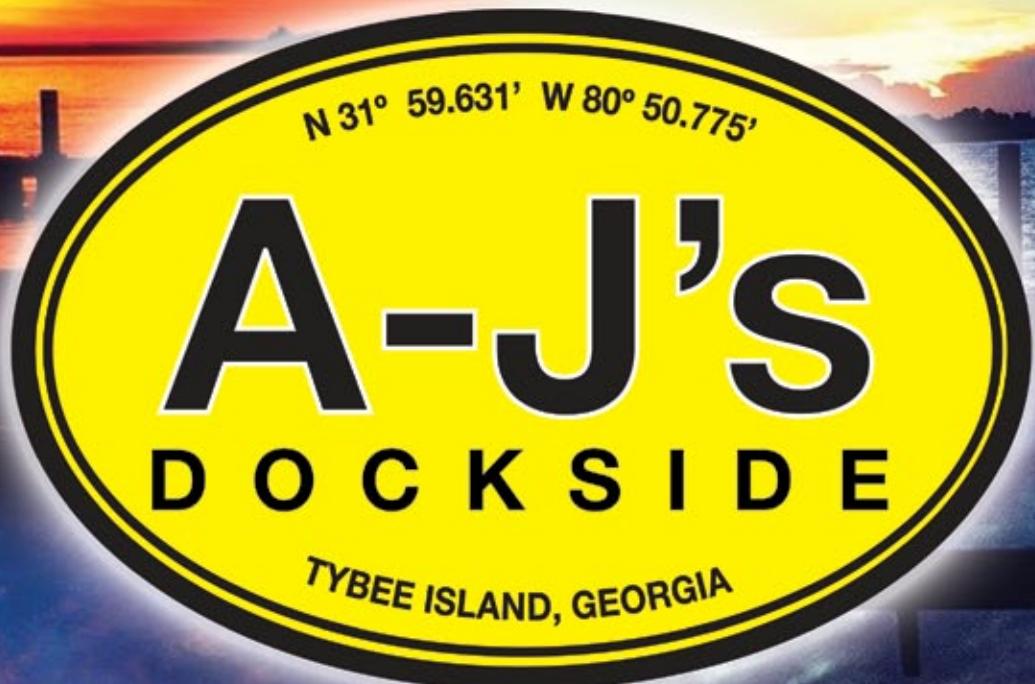


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