

TYBEE

beachcomber

FEBRUARY 2018

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Island's Guide for fun!



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FROM THE STEAMER

with Slaw & Corn

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Shrimp, Fish, Scallops, Oysters, Crab Cake, Fries,
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Key Lime Pie	\$4.95
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14th Street at Butler Avenue • Tybee Island, GA 912-786-0209

Tybee

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912 Digits

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 Marine Science Center 786-5917

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TYBEE
beachcomber
Island's Guide for fun!

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SNOW MUCH FUN ON TYBEE

Check out what the locals did during the Bomb Cyclone





Ms...Alain...eous

From the EDITOR

Lots of stuff on my mind, so let me get to it: First and foremost to every single one of those 49 souls that showed up on the beach at 2pm on January 7th and froze your ass off - I owe you one. If you need a body carried, buried or burned call me. For those that had no clue what in hell was happening, but showed up anyway because it sounded like a super fun good time - same goes for you. If no bodies, how about a shot of Fireball? I love each and every single one of you!!! You definitely took one for the team!! Bless your heart!

Next up is **Gandalf the Grey** and that damn hideous beard! He finally shaved on Christmas Day at 1:45pm. Lawdy, was truly a Christmas miracle!!! It was a close call between Heike & Bruce Simpson, but **Nell Klein** won by a whopping 30 minutes (I swear this wasn't rigged)! Off to A-J's for you, Nell!

Now on to that damn dog contest! I swear I am going to choke Jimmy Prosser if he ever comes up with another idea like this! So many people were unhappy with me for not putting their doggo in the competition. People: There is only so much room in these pages. We are not *Horse & Hound* (although I totally like that idea). Jimmy will do this contest again and if you have a grievance about it, Jimmy's number is 912-755-0302 (and yes readers, he is single).

It's almost time to jump back into season and what better way than **Mardi Gras!!!** This year's event is February 10th, so unpack your beads, dust them off and get ready to shake your butt Mardi Gras style!! See you on the streets!

So back to the BC ... **Happy Anniversary!!! THREE YEARS!!!** Hot damn! Or cold damn if you were on the beach with me. Speaking for myself, Tybee has shown me, grown me and probably thought about disowning me! I love every single person on this island from their flip flops to their sun visors. Speaking on behalf of the Tybee Beachcomber, THANK YOU! THANK YOU! THANK YOU!! Without y'all, there is no us. Our advertisers are our life blood. Our subscribers are those folks that live as far away as Alaska that want to read us. The locals are the crazies that stop me on the street to complain about their dog not being included in Jimmy's damn article! The writers listen to me come completely uncorked when their stories aren't in on time (yes, Mr. Mayor, that includes you), Margie is our glue and Rick is Rick.
LOVE Y'ALL!!

Hopefully, February represents our last part of freezing our pink parts off, therefore to remind one and all that there are sunny skies ahead, the winner of the **Traveling BC** is **Torry Strickland Hayes** with a random native in Guam. Check out that picture perfect postcard! Soon, my pretties. Soon. Torry, I'm sure your sister, Tammy, will thoroughly enjoy going to A-J's on your behalf!

Alright y'all! Let's get to it...



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BIZZ BUZZ

By Alaina Loughridge Photo by Wen McNally

DANCING DOGS YOGA

Tybee now has an exciting new business addition: **Dancing Dogs Yoga**. Just opening late last year, Dancing Dogs, a Baptiste Affiliate Studio, has already become a hit. **Shelley Lowther** and **Jessie Gulliver** decided the time was right for Tybee to discover another kind of Zen. Both Shelley and Jessie have been practicing yoga for many years and have learned that every 'body' is different. There are many types of styles of yoga practice and there is definitely one for you.

For those of you that have never thought about trying yoga or have maybe pooh-poohed the thought of you bending your body into what you consider unnatural positions, let me let you in on not a secret: Yoga is awesome!!! Not only does it have little impact on your joints, knees and other important body parts, yoga opens up your muscles and makes your body more limber and toned than you ever thought possible. All through centuries old proved and practiced positions and strategic stretching maneuvers. It will also have you panting like a dog after five minutes – and that is just the beginning.

Dancing Dogs Yoga offers a variety of classes for all levels. From *Power*

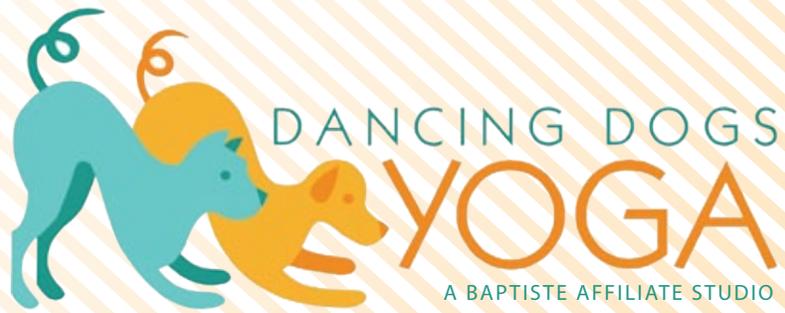
Hour on Tuesdays, Wednesdays and Thursdays to *Slow Flow*, *Funky Friday Flow*, and *Integral Yoga* throughout the week as well. Private lessons are available, which is great if you are just starting out. However, don't be embarrassed or reluctant to join a larger class. Every 'body' does what is comfortable for them and if you are slower or not quite able to get into the "Downward Facing Dog" position in seconds, no fear. No one is judging you. Yoga makes you focus on your body and lots of breathing. The last thing on your mind is what the person next to you is doing.

Not only does yoga have serious medical benefits, it really is for all ages. As we age, our bodies ain't what they used to be. Yoga will get your body into its happy place where getting out of bed isn't a roll and drop deal, but a sit up and let's get it on kind of mentality. Yoga clears your brain and makes your body fill with vitality and energy.

Dancing Dogs Yoga is located at 406 First Street (Butler Ave. - next to Agave). They are also on Facebook at *Dancing Dogs Yoga Tybee* and you can see their complete schedule of classes on their website *Dancingdogsyoga.com*. Dancing Dogs also has a Savannah location at 30 W. Broughton, #300. You can get your yoga on at either location and sign up in advance is easy through their website or the Dancing Dogs Yoga app.

Start 2018 right and take a class at Dancing Dogs. You will feel better physically and mentally. What's the hold up? Namaste my friends. See you in class!





#kickassfeelgoodyoga #ddytybee #ddytribe

LeeAnn Ritch Photography

Classes and Private Lessons Now Available

Go to dancingdogsyoga.com to see which class fits you or download the Dancing Dogs Yoga App

406 First Street, Tybee Island (behind High Tide Surf Shop)

912-499-4266 | tybee@dancingdogsyoga.com

Date	Day	High Tide		High Tide		Low Tide		Low Tide		Sunrise	Sunset	Moonrise	Moonset	Phase
1	Th	8:31a	8.5	8:58p	7.5	2:27a	-1.7	3:02p	-1.3	7:17a	5:58p	7:28p	8:07a	
2	Fr	9:21a	8.3	9:49p	7.4	3:18a	-1.7	3:49p	-1.3	7:16a	5:59p	8:34p	8:51a	
3	Sa	10:10a	7.9	10:41p	7.2	4:08a	-1.4	4:35p	-1.0	7:16a	5:59p	9:38p	9:30a	
4	Su	11:00a	7.4	11:33p	7.0	4:56a	-0.9	5:20p	-0.6	7:15a	6:00p	10:38p	10:07a	
5	Mo	11:50a	6.9			5:46a	-0.4	6:06p	-0.2	7:14a	6:01p	11:36p	10:43a	
6	Tu	12:26a	6.7	12:40p	6.5	6:38a	0.2	6:54p	0.2	7:14a	6:02p		11:18a	
7	We	1:18a	6.5	1:30p	6.2	7:35a	0.6	7:47p	0.5	7:13a	6:03p	12:33a	11:54a	3rd
8	Th	2:11a	6.4	2:22p	5.9	8:35a	0.9	8:43p	0.7	7:12a	6:04p	1:28a	12:31p	
9	Fr	3:04a	6.3	3:15p	5.8	9:35a	1.0	9:40p	0.7	7:11a	6:05p	2:22a	1:11p	
10	Sa	3:59a	6.4	4:09p	5.8	10:31a	0.9	10:34p	0.6	7:10a	6:06p	3:14a	1:54p	
11	Su	4:53a	6.5	5:02p	5.9	11:21a	0.7	11:23p	0.4	7:09a	6:07p	4:05a	2:39p	
12	Mo	5:44a	6.7	5:53p	6.1	12:07p	0.4			7:09a	6:07p	4:53a	3:28p	
13	Tu	6:31a	6.9	6:39p	6.3	12:10a	0.2	12:50p	0.2	7:08a	6:08p	5:38a	4:20p	
14	We	7:13a	7.1	7:21p	6.5	12:54a	0.0	1:31p	0.0	7:07a	6:09p	6:21a	5:14p	
15	Th	7:51a	7.1	7:59p	6.7	1:36a	-0.1	2:10p	-0.2	7:06a	6:10p	7:00a	6:09p	New
16	Fr	8:27a	7.2	8:35p	6.8	2:16a	-0.3	2:47p	-0.3	7:05a	6:11p	7:38a	7:05p	
17	Sa	9:01a	7.1	9:10p	6.8	2:55a	-0.3	3:24p	-0.4	7:04a	6:12p	8:13a	8:01p	
18	Su	9:35a	7.0	9:47p	6.9	3:34a	-0.3	4:02p	-0.4	7:03a	6:13p	8:47a	8:59p	
19	Mo	10:12a	6.9	10:29p	6.9	4:14a	-0.2	4:41p	-0.4	7:02a	6:13p	9:22a	9:57p	
20	Tu	10:55a	6.7	11:17p	7.0	4:57a	-0.1	5:23p	-0.3	7:01a	6:14p	9:57a	10:57p	
21	We	11:44a	6.5			5:44a	0.1	6:10p	-0.1	7:00a	6:15p	10:35a	11:58p	
22	Th	12:11a	7.0	12:41p	6.3	6:39a	0.4	7:05p	0.0	6:59a	6:16p	11:16a		
23	Fr	1:11a	7.0	1:42p	6.2	7:44a	0.5	8:09p	0.0	6:58a	6:17p	12:01p	1:01a	1st
24	Sa	2:15a	7.1	2:47p	6.2	8:56a	0.5	9:17p	-0.1	6:57a	6:17p	12:52p	2:05a	
25	Su	3:21a	7.3	3:54p	6.4	10:06a	0.3	10:24p	-0.4	6:55a	6:18p	1:50p	3:07a	
26	Mo	4:27a	7.5	5:00p	6.7	11:10a	-0.1	11:26p	-0.8	6:54a	6:19p	2:52p	4:07a	
27	Tu	5:31a	7.8	6:02p	7.0	12:08p	-0.5			6:53a	6:20p	3:58p	5:03a	
28	We	6:30a	8.1	6:59p	7.4	12:25a	-1.1	1:01p	-0.8	6:52a	6:21p	5:05p	5:54a	

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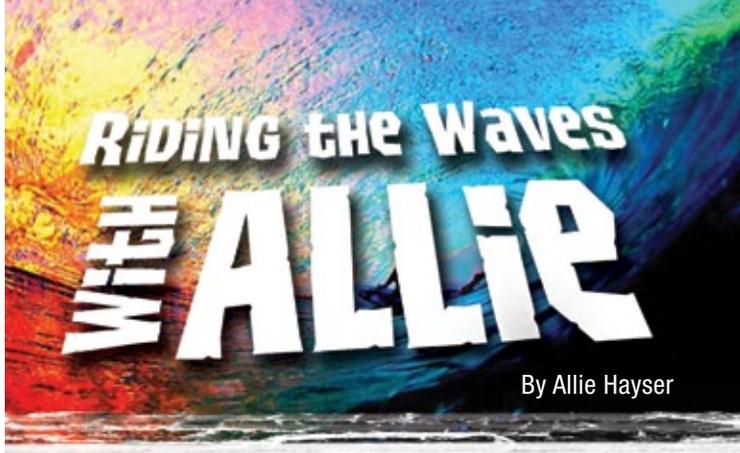
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Tybee Island Bucket List

- Read the Tybee Beachcomber
- Mardi Gras Tybee Style!
- 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)
- Rent a golf cart
- 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



Under the Wings of the Waterducks

Learning to surf ... learning and surfing ... you'll always be learning and working on something, whether it's willing those muscles to paddle against the current in a wetsuit, or popping up without the nose of your board pearling under the waves in less than a foot of water. The journey is full of plateaus, epiphanies, humbling conditions, magical rides, frustrating days, surprising long sessions, new pals in the lineup, meeting the OGs that have been ripping for years, dings, shadows in the water, and some injuries (hopefully something not tragic).

In time, I found my beginner-self "under the wings of the waterducks," and that's where it all started: an injury. I first met Joy in the water, where I had recognized her from a picture that my father sent from working the ER. It was a bloody cut on her forehead all the way down to her skull. It had been a week ago, and there she was back at it again as if she never took a fin to the head. Instantly we became friends. We were both starting out, learning things together, some fast, instantly, or struggling slow. This friendship became filled with saltwater, fiberglass dings, coconut oil, crumbly wax, sandy boogers, coffee, wipeouts, and neoprene. The journey really picked up some speed from there. Get yourself a pal that holds you accountable, a motivator, competitor, appreciator, or just an enthusiast that's out there and on it! My advice: If you want to be able to surf anything at all, you need to paddle out literally every day (or any chance you get). Muscle memory, balance, breathing techniques, and cross training are supplemental, but will only go so far, it's the adaptive work of surfing every condition and wave that you can find to become more consistent yourself.

The Lineup: meet everyone you possibly can. Usually the older guys out there have been at it for quite some time and have a deeper perspective, try to see it, open your mind and forget about becoming a pro overnight. Joy and I were taken under the wing of Uncle Jimmy and Neil Hagan, both having been out there and on it for quite some time and were dropping tons of knowledge on us even when we didn't ask (but always appreciated and needed). Some things occur to you on their own with enough experience, and then there are tips that are so priceless and effective that you are awed of other's ability to relate them out loud.

Your Ride: You don't need the best board out there to surf. Pick up a yard sale oldie, learn how to fix it (the best you can, it only matters that you tried), or borrow one from an overly trusting friend. Learn to surf foam, epoxy, plastic, fiberglass, anything that floats! Put fins on, take em off, or scoot them around! Try all sizes, shapes, and types. Longboards aren't just for beginners, every movement made on a longboard is only more reactive and touchie on a shorter board. If you learn to ride, turn, cutback, or fall on a longboard, with some adjustments you'll find

more freedom and ease with less board to maneuver or you'll just keep grooving out on your log. Whatever floats your boat, really.

When? Everyday. Even surf the off-season. It'll be just you, a handful of committed peers, the fish, and the water ducks. You will have almost any wave to choose from, time to reflect and think, red cold-burnt faces, blue feet, sore muscles from wetsuit restrictions, and frozen nostrils ... but it'll be worth it. Maybe a coffee meeting at the Tybean, a warm common-house to keep all of the boards in a shared quiver, a packed and ready carpool, a post-freezing binge brunch meal, or just "call until they wake and answer" friend will make the cold not so cold. Wear a thick wetsuit, or be a Viking like Joy, wearing a bathing suit well into February. Just one winter of surfing consistently will change your entire game.

So there I was "under the wings of the waterducks," my surf family and all of nature included, learning and falling in love with surfing more than I ever thought I would. The months and years that followed were full of surf trips, coaching from Uncle and Neil, handmade boards from incredible local shapers, watching little groms growing up and ripping, contests, beach sweeps, sharing the waves with these Tybee surfers and their ocean-loving souls, and always feeling so grateful to have a home break like ours.

Thanks for letting me take a moment to share my beginning and immense love of surfing ... also to thank Joy Davis for passing this article along for me to write for a couple of months, I'm the stunt double y'all!

Get out there and on it!



Photo by Wen McNally

Happy Anniversary

Well, hot damn! I knew we would still be writing for y'all three years ago, but I had no idea that people would still be reading and wanting more! That is thanks to our great team of writers who continue month after month to churn out interesting and often times hilarious stories (that are all true, of course!). So, three years later here we are. We have lost some, gained some, but down to every single soul (except Dr. Joe), they all cringe away from their phone when I call. LOL!!! Love you guys!

All of the writers and the excellent staff of the BC were asked to give a blurb about what Tybee means to them. After having wrangled their stories out of them, some of them were not excited about this task and you will know who they are, as those that didn't answer this question in a timely fashion answered: *Tybee means Alaina lives here and I cannot live without her.* That will teach them. HaHa!

Also, a quick shout out to everyone who came out to get that cursed cover shot done on one of the coldest days in our recorded history. A huge thank you to BeeGee Herrington, our Logistical Goddess, and Billy Harrell, our Drone God. Without y'all, it would have been a very lonely, sad day on the beach. Now, go get your read on about all your favorite writers!

What Tybee Means to Me:



Alaina Loughridge (Publisher/Bizz Buzz/Bartender of the Month/Food Spy/Advertising & Sales/Intrepid Reporter): We live in a one of a kind village. I know literally every single person on this island and that is not a bad thing. We all know and protect each other in times of strife or hardship. I have never seen a heart like Tybee folks. I can't imagine living anywhere else.



Rick Flynn (Publisher/Layout & Design): Amazing scenery, people, and home of an adult beverage freedom. True southern hospitality!



Margie McLellan (Layout editor/Crossword/Word Search/Writer/Therapist): The moment I stepped foot on this island I knew I was home. I've never felt a connection to a place like I have here. I've also never known a more fun and loving group of people. Plus, Tybee means living on a permanent vacation!



Hollie Sessoms (Reflections): Tybee means home and family and stillness and being able to breathe out all the way and then back in again. And, of course, good times with adult beverages!



Dr. Joe Richardson (Beach Walks with Dr. Joe): As a marine biologist, Tybee is one of the most unique locations along the east coast for having a large variety and diversity of marine animals along its shore. And fortunately, the city and its citizens are very protective of its marine natural resources. Tybee also means my home surfing break!



Jimmy Prosser (Bad Advice from a Beach Bum): Tybee is family, support, perfect weather, the ability to be yourself, and be accepted by all. Tybee is community, and sharing, it's all about the love.



J. Beebs (Writer): They let me make random observations about stuff and write things for the Beachcomber.



Rem (Haus Frau): Someone's always got your back.



Nell Klein (Book Review): Having lived on Tybee for well over 20 years, I love the small town vibe and the fact that we all support each other in the worst and best of times.



Chantel Morton (Main Street Musings): True beach town, easier pace, quaint, authentic, peaceful, sunsets with friends, amazing food.



Tybee Beachcomber!

By Alaina Loughridge



Mike Manitta (Concert Calendar/Music Profile/Food Spy/Advertising & Sales): Tybee is a small community with a giant heart. When someone on Tybee is in need, I've never seen a place rally with support quite like Tybee. There's no place I would rather live!



Ron Goralczyk (Taxi Tales/Breezin' Around with Ron): Tybee is home. You have to live here to truly understand how tight the community is. I tell tourists if you love this island, it will love you back.



Allie Hayser (Riding the Waves with Allie): There are places you seek to find a groove, where you are not just located somewhere geographically, but you've entered a state of mind or being. Tybee Island has an east coast island life soul that can't be duplicated somewhere else. Growing up here has been a dream. So much southern-filled, original, homegrown, loving, supporting and coastal vibes live here. I'm in forever love with my Tybee family, the vast marshes, tricky tides, groovy island energy, and the belonging to somewhere state of mind.



Janine Manning aka Mom (Life's a Beach Events): Tybee is a one-of-a-kind place. The sense of community is the strongest I have ever seen. But, best of all, Tybee has a special person of my heart here ... my daughter.



Nick Shreves (The Fish Whisperer): Tybee is my home and my family. A simple island in which all can be themselves and we all thrive together.



Paul Cales (Tybee Island Zombies): Tybee is truly home. It's an amazing community and everywhere you go, it feels like family.



Richie Dascal (Behind the Tape): Tybee has been a tale of two cities. It's where I've celebrated my best days and



ran from my worst. I've made lifelong friends here and met people I never care to see again. It's been the kind of place nobody tells you you're going to need when you're becoming an adult.



George Walker (American Legion): Growing up in Savannah, Tybee was the closest escape for my family in the summer. For me, along with the sounds from the ocean, I always looked forward to fishing on the 'old' pier and shooting ducks at the arcade. Tybee is still a great escape and I love it!



Betsey Jenkins (Social Media): I call Tybee my heaven on earth! I have really enjoyed getting to meet so many awesome people here and exploring all the fun things to do!



Jenny Ellis (Writer): I love Tybee Island because of all the crazy-fun memories I have from there. From all the days having 1 too many "Call-a-Cabs" on the beach to enjoying the sea-breeze on a quiet night, I will always love Tybee Island and all its locals.



Wen McNally (Photography): Tybee means community to me, and has filled that hole in my life. Every morning I wake up here, I express gratitude and thankfulness for the friends I've made and the people that surround me.



Joey Goralczyk (Writer): Tybee means Alaina lives here and I cannot live without her.



Woody Hemphill (From the River's End/The Sports Page): Tybee means Alaina lives here and I cannot live without her.

Becca (Tybee Island Zombies): Tybee means Alaina lives here and I cannot live without her.



BAD ADVICE FROM A BEACH BUM

Stop the presses! Stop the presses! It snowed on Tybee!

Screw the advice I had most definitely 100% already written (and was ready to submit at a moment's notice) just as the first flake hit Tybee (*Fun Fact #1: That is all a lie, I never finish these things on time*). This month I'm writing while I'm on vacation in a frozen hell. I grew up in Michigan, and seeing as snow, ice and frigid cold are pretty normal here, that afforded me the expertise required to watch and critique how well you all handled snow on Tybee.

I want to say you all did really great, and I'm proud of you. It's just, well ... you were less than prepared. So I'm going to walk you through what to do the next time it snows, ices, or freezes:

- **Snowmen.** Everyone shared such cute photos playing outside, and if I had a fear of 10-inch-tall snowmen, well Tybee would be the last place I'd ever want to be. Y'all could have fear-factored my ass with those tiny little ice people.

- **Winter clothing.** I notice you don't have gloves, and frost bite is a serious threat. Next time it snows, use socks. They're like mittens, and if you cut the toes off your hand sock you can still text. Which, lets face it, is more important than children. Another thing, wool caps and beanies are NOT fashion statements. They're to keep your head and face warm. They also help protect your identity if you plan an armed robbery. Scarves, on the other hand, are purely a status symbol. I don't think anyone still makes scarves except Burberry. And if I see you sporting a Burberry scarf I will instantly befriend you because who wants to be cold and surrounded by poor people. Gross. You can survive without a winter coat - just wear plenty of those red Green Bay Packers sweatshirts you're all so proud of.

- **Preparing your house.** Up here we use a building material called fiberglass insulation. We put it in our walls, it helps to keep the cold out, and the heat in (vice versa in summer months). It also helps to insulate our pipes so they don't freeze. If you're afraid your pipes will freeze, I recommend taking them out of the wall, and microwaving them until they're red hot! That should keep the water from becoming sluggish (*Fun Fact #2: Like my sex life*). If you don't have a furnace, you can heat your home two ways. Crank the oven up and leave the door open (also put cookies in oven). Or, turn your window air conditioner around. The exhaust blows hot air when the AC is on. It also does not hurt to tape the door gaps and put plastic over the windows. (*Fun Fact #3: Use aluminum foil instead if you believe the government is broadcasting radio signals on your fillings – the foil should block said signals*).

- **Home Exterior.** Snow isn't harmful, unless you have a lot, and a flat roof. The tricky thing is ice. It's a bitch. There are three common remedies for ice. Salt is great, and most of us have it in our homes, the downside is its not pet safe, and it's damaging to wood surfaces. The second option is sand and if you live on Tybee I guarantee you have some in your home, just sweep and brush that dust pile outside. The downside to sand is it isn't smart for cities with inadequate sewer systems. The third option, and this is the best, is kitty litter. Some people would recommend using fresh kitty litter, but that cost money, and unless you own a Burberry scarf I doubt you can afford to buy fresh kitty litter whenever you want. It is more cost effective to use the litter already in your litter box. Just dump the shitter outside. "Won't that just litter the walk with cat turds?" you're wondering. Yes, yes it will. And that's exactly what we want to happen. When you step out into freezing temperatures, you will instantly become numb to all feeling, your eyes will water, and your breath will create a fog in front of you. At which point your other senses will kick in to over-drive. Follow the scent of fresh kitty dung to help you blindly

and numbly stay on the sidewalk. (*Fun Fact #4: Cat droppings make great manure, and great manure helps to make great salads*).

- **Your car.** You need to let your car run, usually two to three hours is preferred if it's a domestic car, but you can often get by with an hour and a half if it's an import. To scrape snow off the car use a metal rake. Or call Sean McNally and see if he'll let you borrow his nifty snow scraper. As for ice on the car, a frosted windshield if you will, use a CD case. No one buys CD's, we don't even know how to play them anymore. A spatula sounds like a great idea, but that's some West Coast ignorance right there. If you're in a hurry you can always douse your windshield in gasoline as gas is incapable of freezing (and love).

- **One final note.** It seemed to be a contest amongst you all, to see how stanky could you be. You need to shower, you need to change clothes. Six days in the same sweatpants is not ok. I understand its cold, but please bathe.

Alright, I'm done now. Love you all. Bye.



Update From Tybee's Mayor

By Mayor Jason Buelterman

There are two projects set to begin soon that will impact Tybee residents.

First, the Georgia Department of Transportation (GDOT) will be re-paving the causeway between the Bull and Lazaretto Creek bridges. This project is set to begin in the next few weeks. We requested and GDOT agreed to make it a condition of the bidding process that all work be conducted overnight so as to avoid impacts to Tybee's residents and stakeholders. Some have asked whether this project is needed in light of the relatively good condition of the existing road surface. GDOT has a re-paving schedule that they make every effort to stick to so as to avoid safety concerns, especially on heavily travelled, higher speed corridors. The GDOT also agreed to use this project to raise the roadway such that it will not flood during extreme high tides. In some areas, the road is set to be raised up to 8 inches. This project is a GDOT project and as such, the City cannot control much that happens in association with it, short of provide our input. Whether it is completed this winter/spring or not is out of our control. But we have been told several times by GDOT officials that it will start very soon. As we get more details, we will let everyone know.

It should be noted that this re-paving project is separate from the bridge replacement project and causeway improvements that we have been waiting for all these years. The planning, permitting, right-of-way acquisition and design of this project is moving forward. I have requested a detailed timeline from GDOT and will pass that along to our citizens on our website and social media once it is received. In the meantime, we put a very informative document about the project on our website. It is titled "GDOT Response to Public Input on Highway 80 Project." We are doing all we can to push this project forward and will continue to do so aggressively.

A second project that may be of interest is a proposed beach renourishment project. The US Army Corps is managing and designing the project. The bid opening was originally scheduled for January 9

but was postponed due to some unforeseen circumstances. We have not been given a new date for the bid opening as of January 12. We requested \$1,700,000 from Chatham County to fund the local portion of the cost of the project. The County approved this request. These funds are being allocated out of the voter-approved Special Purpose Local Option Sales Tax (SPLOST) proceeds. The check for \$1.7 million was sent to the Corps several weeks ago and the ball is now in the Corps' court to move this project forward. It is our hope to buy extra sand from the chosen contractor with state funds to build our dune system. We will find out if the State allocated funds in the coming weeks as the legislative session progresses.

The new bathrooms at Memorial Park are finally complete. We had some issues with several of the sub-contractors that delayed the project. We wanted to obviously make certain that what was being built was what was promised by the contractor at the time the bid was awarded. The project has now been completed. The restrooms are very similar to those built in the north beach area a few years ago. The project was funded with SPLOST funds. Our hope is to replicate this design at the south beach area in the coming years. As we continue to invest in these facilities, we continue to avoid dipping into our reserve funds or borrowing money.

The Hazard Mitigation Grant Program is progressing. This is the Grant that we hope will assist homeowners raise their homes out of the flood zone. Our City Manager is providing an update at every City Council meeting.

If you have any suggestions for improvement or questions, please don't hesitate to contact me at jbuelterman@cityoftybee.org or on my cell at 844.8427.

Rita Hughes Benefit



We all know and love Ms. Rita Belle! She is in a spot of trouble and we need to gather the forces and help her out! On **Saturday, February 3rd**, **Benny's** is hosting a benefit for Rita to get her back on her feet. There will be a Luck of the Draw Dart Tournament, a Pool Tournament, as well as a 50/50 raffle and Baskets of Cheer to auction off! In addition to all of that, BBQ plates will be sold for \$8 with all the fixins included! Sign-ups for the tournaments starts the day of at 3pm and then the good times are gonna roll at 4pm. See you there, Tybee!!

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Breezin' AROUND WITH RON

By Ron Goralczyk



1 What a great year the **Georgia Bulldogs** had this year. I moved to Georgia the year they won a National Championship and was confident this was our year. I knew something was up when I saw these **referees**.

2 This is a picture of **14th and Strand** from 1976. The movie is **Gator** with Burt Reynolds. I was half way through the movie when I realized they were in Savannah. Seeing this beautiful little island from that decade is definitely worth watching.

3 **Leigh** and I were waiting on a ride to North Beach, and I asked the officer that was driving if we could get a ride. Leigh had never been in the back seat of a patrol car before. It was also my first ride ... not hand-cuffed.

4 **Breezy** has had the **Party Bus** for a year now. She wasn't the prettiest thing when we got her. It's been a definite game changer for us.

5 Our goal is to have two of these for this year. We had to turn down a lot of business, and I would like to say **Thanks** to everyone who promoted us to all the tourists that visit.

6 You gotta be careful picking up large groups. I had picked up **Matt, Beth, Myra, Greg, Rob, and Stephanie**. When we got to our destination, the guy sitting by himself thought he was on a guided tour. **Stranger danger**.

7 **John Pomeroy** makes an excellent co-pilot. We were coming back from a Cafe' from somewhere off of Skidaway.



8



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8 Joe Jarka was hanging out with **Joey** from *Breezy* one night and they came up with the idea to have live music on the bus. If you have been on it during a live act you already know how much fun it is.

9 Ironically, the first night we tried the live music, our very first ride was a **group of ladies** going to Savannah Smiles. **Joe** had them so jacked up by the time we arrived, they just wanted to stay on the bus.

10 If you haven't tried **Tybee's Teen Cuisine**, you don't know what you're missing. The crew that is teaching these fine young people are doing a fantastic job.

11 This is our dog **Tallulah**, she likes dressing up like Olivia Newton John. Her hobbies are sleeping, eating, and barking at every dog that passes by the house.

12 This is our dog **Cash** and his cat, **Goose**. That is right, his cat. Goose was a sickly kitten dropped off at TIPD. I told Cash that he needed to take care of Goose and they have been BFFs ever since.

13 So yes, we had **Snow** this winter on Tybee. First time in 25 years. I find snow to be a huge pain in the you-know-what. But leave it to **Casey Jones** to make it look beautiful.

14 You know you are a true fan of your team after they go Owen 16. **Aaron's sister** sent him this shirt last year shortly before they won one game. Aaron you are a true fan!



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THE HATER'S GUIDE

By J. Beebs

I've had this idea swimming around in my head for a few months about writing an article (or two!) that would rate really annoying things. I'd call it *The Hater's Guide*, and as a reader, you would get two immediate benefits from it. First, you could all read it and feel less guilty for hating random things, secure in the knowledge that you are not the only person on the planet who hates random things like brussel sprouts, hurricanes, hair that grows in the wrong place(s), and bad referees. And second, you'd know that out of a list of random hated things, which one is the worst item on the list. Perhaps this information could come in useful if you ever found yourself on Jeopardy and the category was Most Hated Items.

I considered writing *The Hater's Guide* to Kit Kat Flavors, Crappy Drivers and Senior Citizens. But I don't have all the Kit Kat Flavors, and I pride myself on doing complete quality research before I write. And then, sadly, my wife correctly pointed out that 1.) I am very close to a Senior Citizen myself, and 2.) I am a crappy driver. I can't hate myself, so I went in a different direction this month.

This month, I proudly present to you the ***Hater's Guide to the Most Irritating Noises on the Planet***. So without further delay, here we go:

Coming in at #5 and half is The Unknown Car Noise. You're cruising down the road with your stereo blasting a classic rock song at near sonic boom levels, when you think you hear the tiniest squeak from the back door. Or the center console. Alarmed, you turn the stereo all the way off (which is a complete fail as an American) and listen to your car. There's some damn noise, and I don't know what it is. Is it loose change in the drink holder? No, that's not it. It is a waterbottle banging in the passenger door – I can't see it and I'll have to pull over! Dammit! Or did the kids leave a basketball in the trunk. WHAT IS THAT NOISE?!! The only solution is to turn the stereo back up – even louder, and drive until it's time to get gas. Highly irritating.

#5. The Known Car Noise. Clear winners in this category: squeaky brakes, grinding gears and window wipers on dry windows. Why does it always rain just enough to get the glass wet, but not wet enough for the blades to go smoothly across the glass? It's even worse when you're a passenger in the car, and the driver is completely oblivious to the noise. The wipers go back and forth on a timer so YOU ACTUALLY KNOW WHEN THE DREADED NOISE IS COMING AND THERE'S NO WAY TO ESCAPE IT. Pure torture.

#4. Unknown Body Noises. Any unknown noise coming from your body is generally a deal breaker, particularly if it is accompanied by a smell. If you're by yourself and the offending noise occurs, you sort of grimace and bear through it. If that same noise occurs in a crowd, you find yourself highly embarrassed and running out the door. Also, any unwanted dog noises count in this category. At least twice a year I can count on my dog throwing up in the middle of the night. Great.

#3. Known Body Noises aka Snoring. I am qualified to comment on this. During boot camp, I slept in an open barracks with 100 other airmen. We had one guy snore so damn loud, he woke up the drill sergeant in the next room. He walked into the barracks, flipped on the lights at 4am and told us to get our asses out of bed because if he couldn't sleep neither could we. Let's go for a run! Good times! Also on the list of known body noises are the knuckle-and-neck-cracker types. My kids crack every damn digit on their fingers, and then roll their necks around and sound like little mini fireworks going off at the dinner table.

#2. Fingernails on the chalkboard. This is a complete deal breaker. If my son brought home a smart girl who didn't like dogs and cursed every other word, I'd still try to see the positive side of it. But if he told me she liked the sound of fingernails on the chalkboard, I'd immediately throw a garage sale and talk to all my neighbors about arranging a marriage for my confused son. Fingernails should never be placed on the chalkboard.

And the #1 most hated noise.... is not a noise. It's the damn Maccha Milk Kit Kat. There's over 100 flavors of Kit Kats out there, but this one stands alone. This thing taste so bad that you will hallucinate sounds in your head as your taste buds shrivel in agony. You'll lose five pounds spitting saliva trying to get the taste out of your mouth. I finally removed most of the taste by chewing on a raw habanero pepper, followed by three quick shots of whiskey. My mouth is now an epic burned wasteland, but I feel it's a fair trade for getting that taste out of my mouth.

So there you have it dear readers - this month's *Hater's Guide*. You're a little smarter after reading it (honestly!) and fully qualified for Jeopardy. Yes, Alex, the answer to most hated noises is "*What is the Maccha Milk Kit Kat.*"

Be sure to send me my cut of the winnings.



American Legion

By George Walker - Commander American Legion Post 154

Our Flag, the stars and stripes, is revered as the heart and soul of our great country, The United States of America. In respect, most of us stand and put our hand over our heart when the flag is officially presented.

The flag is a symbol of our right as citizens to express our thoughts and feelings about events or circumstances we feel are wrong.

As veterans, we and our families have fought to preserve these rights.

Over the years some have chosen to disrespect our flag, using it as a means to express those thoughts and feelings. Some have burned it and some have chosen to ignore it and it is their right to do so.

In past years American Legion Post 154 has celebrated the first Sunday of February as one of the premier fundraising days of our year. This year we have chosen to not have a fundraiser.

We wish to express "our right" to disagree with those who disrespect the flag. We do not disagree with their reason, but we do disagree with the method chosen to express their feelings.

As always, Bingo is on Fridays at 8pm. Cards go on sale at 7pm and the public is welcome. The "Big Game" is for \$500.00.

Saturday night horseshoes will start back the middle of March. Keep in touch for the time and date.

We continue to look for new members. If you're interested in the Legion, Ladies Auxiliary or Sons of the Legion call the Post (912-786-5356) for information.

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

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.



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- Guacamole
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- Pico De Gallo
- Bean Dip
- Chorizo Queso Dip
- Spinach Dip
- Queso Con Carne
- Table Side Guacamole

SOUP & SALADS

- Mexican Salad**
 Lettuce, cheese, guacamole, sour cream and pico.
- Grilled Shrimp or Chicken Salad**
 Choice of meat, tomatoes, peppers, onions, lettuce, spinach, shredded cheese, pico and avocado.
- Guacamole Salad**
 Served in fried tortilla bowl, lettuce, tomato, guacamole and cheese.
- Fajita Taco Salad**
 Served in fried tortilla bowl, choice of chicken, shrimp, steak, Peppers, onions, tomatoes, topped with mexican salad.
- Taco Salad**
 Served in fried tortilla bowl. Shredded chicken or ground beef. Served with refried beans and guacamole salad.
- Chicken Soup**
 Shredded chicken broth filled with rice, pico de gallo, a sliced avocado. Mexican salad and tortilla bits.

SEAFOOD

- Seafood Molcajete**
 Grilled shrimp, fish & scallops smothered in rancho sauce on a steaming molcajete. Served with rice and mexican salad.
- Camarones Tosinos**
 Jumbo grilled shrimp wrapped in bacon with jalapeño peppers and grilled onions. Served with choice of rice or beans and mexican salad.
- Shrimp Chimichanga**
 Stuffed with grilled shrimp and onions. Served with rice, beans and mexican salad. Smothered in queso sauce.
- Shrimp Cocktail**
 Steamed shrimp mixed with pico de gallo, slice of avocado and special cocktail sauce.
- Camarones A La Diabla**
 Grilled shrimp mixed with onions and smothered in spicy tomatillo sauce. Served with rice, mexican salad, and tortillas.

STEAK

- Carne Asada**
 Steak served with rice and mexican salad and tortillas.
- Chile Colorado**
 Thin slices of steak smothered in tomatillo sauce. Choice of rice or beans with mexican salad and tortillas.
- Bistec A La Mexicana**
 Thin slices of sneaked served with rice, beans, and tortillas. Includes tomatoes, jalapeño and onion.

CHICKEN

- Pollo Loco**
 Grilled chicken breast, served with rice, mexican salad and tortillas.
- Chicken & Shrimp**
 Grilled chicken and shrimp served with rice mexican salad, and tortillas.
- Mole Poblano**
 Grilled chicken breast smothered in mole sauce and topped with sesame. Served with rice and beans.

VEGETARIAN

- Veggie Fajitas**
 Peppers, tomatoes, onions, mushrooms and zucchini. Served with rice and mexican salad.
- Black Bean Burrito**
 Lettuce, black beans, sliced avocado, pico. Topped with queso.
- Veggie #4**
 Veggie fajita quesadilla served with rice and mexican salad.

Children's Menu Available

FAJITAS

- Fajitas Agave**
 Grilled chicken, shrimp, chorizo, smothered with queso oaxaca and mixed with peppers, tomatoes and onions. Served with rice, beans, mexican salad and tortillas.
- Molcajete**
 Grilled steak, chicken and shrimp smothered in rancho sauce on a steaming molcajete. Served with rice and beans, mexican salad and tortillas.
- La Parillada**
 Fajitas for 2, grilled steak, chicken and shrimp, carnitas and chorizo. Served with rice, beans, mexican salad and tortillas.

QUESADILLAS

- Shrimp Fajita Quesadilla**
 Flour tortilla with grilled shrimp, tomatoes, peppers, and onions. Served with rice and mexican salad.
- Quesadilla Texana**
 Flour tortilla with steak, chicken, shrimp, peppers, tomatoes and onions. Served with rice and beans.
- Quesadilla Supreme**
 Flour tortilla with shredded chicken or beef and refried beans. Served with rice and mexican salad.

AGAVE SPECIALS

- Carnitas Tips**
 Carnitas served with rice, beans, mexican salad, and tortillas.
- Enchiladas Poblanas**
 3 grilled chicken enchiladas topped with mole sauce. Topped with queso and chopped onions. Served with rice.
- La Texicana**
 Grilled steak, chicken and shrimp with bell peppers and onions. Covered in 2 flour tortillas and smothered in queso sauce.
- Special Chile Relleno**
 2 chiles rellenos. Your choice of chicken or beef. Topped with queso and pico. Served with rice and beans.
- Burrito Grande**
 Flour burrito with chicken, or steak and served with black beans and rice, jalapeños, pico, slice of avocado with french fries.
- Arroz Texano**
 Grilled steak, chicken, shrimp with peppers, tomatoes, and onions. Served over rice and covered in queso.
- Agave Special**
 Chile relleno, one tamale, one burrito and one enchilada, and one taco. Served with rice and beans.
- Enchiladas Verde**
 4 grilled chicken enchiladas topped with queso and served with avocado.

Menu subject to change.



LIFE LESSONS

REASONS I HATE WINTER:

- **It's Cold. Brrr!** Let's face it, one of the top reasons we live here on Tybee is our warm sunny climate. I didn't move here to be cold. I try very hard in the summer not to complain about the heat, but I never stop complaining about the cold. Granted, winter doesn't last long here, but you will hear me complaining when the temp dips below 70.
- **Shoes.** I own around 10 pair of shoes. Eight of those are flip flops. I have them in every color. I love my flip flops. I also have a pair of tennis shoes and a pair of dress shoes. No boots. And I really don't like not being able to wear my flip flops.
- **Clothes.** My wardrobe consists mainly of shorts, t shirts and a light jacket. I own two pair of pants, which have been pushed to the back of my closet. It pisses me off to wear pants. Or to have to layer my clothes. Or to have to put on my jacket. Or not get to wear my flip flops. Did I mention I love my flip flops?
- **Rain vs. Snow.** Going out on a limb here. As much as I hate cold, I really hate freezing rain. It's 33 degrees out, and we don't get snow (unless there is a bomb cyclone), just freezing rain. At least snow is pretty. And when it's cold and rainy, I can't wear my flip flops.
- **Daylight Savings Time is gone.** You wake up, it's dark. You get home from work, it's dark. Some days I wonder why I even get dressed, because by 5 o'clock, I'm back in my pjs and ready to go to bed. I need some sun! I think Tybee should pass a resolution to have DST year round.
- **Hibernation.** Living on Tybee means spending a lot of time outside. When it gets cold here, the streets become deserted. You don't see your friends. You don't go to the beach. You don't go to the bars. You hibernate in your home with the heat turned up full blast and binge watch the shows on tv that you didn't get to watch in the summer because you were outside doing fun things with your friends.
- **Gossip.** Since all the tourists are gone (apparently they like summer too), we can't complain about parking, long lines, and people everywhere, so what do we do? We turn on each other. The Coconut Telegraph is in full swing in the winter, and gossip runs rampant. Maybe it's from our lack of Vitamin D.

So, on that note, I'm going to go fix myself a Pina Colada, put on my flip flops, turn on some Jimmy Buffet music and listen to *Boat Drinks*. I gotta go where it's warm...

Sometimes we get a lot of life lessons in a short period of time. This has been one of those periods of time for ol' Haus Frau. Here is a list of what I've learned whether I like it or not:

- If you're going to mail baklava across the United States, it takes more than a little cling wrap and a cookie tin to wrangle that buttery beast. Apparently, what it looks like when you put it in the package is not what it looks like when it arrives at its far off destination. I would imagine it left its mark on every package it came in contact with during its travels, as well. Sorry to anyone with dairy or nut allergies, oh well. Although I was sternly told to never send baklava again, if I decide to rebel I will seal it up like it is a biohazard! Lesson learned...maybe?
- Don't wear the same jacket every time you feed the deer and deer are not color blind. For the longest time, every day I would put on the same red jacket and scarf, fill up the bucket with pellets and wander down to feed the deer. Every day they would come a little closer and a little closer which was getting a little sketchy. I'm looking for an arm's length friendship, not up in my space starving Morlocks. It took me a bit to figure out it was more than the pellets, it was the red jacket! I switched jackets and they were like who the hell are you? So problem solved...maybe?
- Don't open mail from your car manufacturer unless you are ready for a can of worms. I opened it. It was an airbag recall. It says in bold letters, do not let anyone ride in the front passenger seat unless you want to kill them. I blinked and read it again as I flashed through all the people that I've let ride in the death seat. Therefore, from 2011 until I opened that piece of mail it's been a crapshoot. I call and make the appointment and luck strikes again as I am informed I also have a seatbelt recall. So problem solved...maybe?
- Just because you don't blatantly see evidence of rats does not mean you don't have rats. This lesson was not one of my faves. I was sprucing up my car to take it in for the recall repair appointment and discovered my windshield had a crack on the driver's side that was eventually going to spread right across my line of sight which is highly questionable without a crack. I got an appointment to replace it right away, thinking this is good, the car will be all set. Oh no. Not all set. They called to let me know I had extensive rat damage under the hood. Wires, hoses and the fire liner were all chewed up and who knows how long I had before being stranded on the side of the road. Fortunately, the windshield repair shop was also able to repair all the rat damage. So problem solved...maybe?
- Surprisingly shocking, not all rat exterminators charge similar prices and the stuff you can buy at the store is not nearly as effective as what the exterminators are privy to. The rats-in-the-car problem was not my first rat war but it was the most expensive. To be exact, \$650 and no guarantee. I'm definitely never using that rat guy again. I quickly made an appointment for rat extermination and had the 'good stuff' put in my basement and garage. \$170 with a 3-month guarantee. So problem solved and lesson learned...maybe?



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I'M Too Busy to Write this Article

By Jenny Ellis

Although my editor, I'm sure you all know her (she's a real peach), and I agreed upon a different title of the article, I think the content will be the same. In April of 2017, I quit my corporate job in fashion. I could literally not take it anymore. Everything you have heard about the fashion industry is true. There is a "Devil Wears Prada" in EVERY single meeting and we met all day, every day about nothing. And truthfully, it was unnecessary to withstand the amount of bullshit I was dealing with for the money I was making, so it didn't really make my decision so hard. The circus act lost its humor.

So here I am, too busy to write this article? I'm sleeping like a freakin baby every night. The dark circles under my eyes have almost vanished (except when I get impromptu shitfaced with my neighbors because who cares why and who needs a reason), my relationships have improved because I actually see the daylight and can call my friends and family during normal hours, and I'm not crying to my boyfriend ever, and the list goes on and on. For the record, I am NOT advocating anyone to quit their job, there are plenty of amazing corporations doing really well at keeping their employees fed & bathed. I'm merely trying to explain to my friend Alaina why I'm too busy to write this article in hopes that a.) She continues to let me write for this magazine, and b.) I can make her laugh.

I'm just too busy. For instance, I currently manage 3 Instagram accounts and 2 Facebook accounts. Of the 3 Instagram accounts, one belongs to my very handsome, over-excited about everything, cute as anything, yellow-lab "Marlin." He needed an Instagram page because well, I thought I could make him locally famous, and then maybe regionally famous, and then he'd end up on a dog food bag and I wouldn't have to worry about making money. He only has 100 followers so ... baby steps. If you want to follow him, here is my shameless plug: @Marlin.The.Naples.Dog. Truth be told, he gets WAY more "likes" than I do. But that takes up some time. I'm constantly trying to get the right image of the day, and if you are a pet owner, you know how difficult it is to get them to understand English. They are such divas! He also doesn't poop in one place. Oh no, he is a "poop-walker." It's a very rare condition in dogs in where the dog thinks it's funny and inconvenient to spread his poop around someone else's yard as they watch you try to pick up all the large turdlets he's just dropped. I'm literally jealous of the amount of poop my dog lets go of every day. No wonder he's always in a good mood.

I'm also a coffee snob, so on top of catering to my overflowing pooping doggie, I enjoy the perfect cup of coffee. And it takes time to load the Nespresso machine and press the green button. Ugh, why doesn't she understand how busy I am?

I also work 3 days a week for an interior design firm and when I'm not managing their projects, I'm trying to lift a one-of-a-kind & custom pillow company off the ground. Which, if you are like the rest of the world, doesn't give a shit and would rather check out pics of my dog swimming in the Gulf of Mexico. I mean, it's not a hard choice.

I also really enjoy The People's Court. Yes, I've become addicted to daytime court shows. But to my defense, I record them on my DVR to get through the commercials and not feel like a loser watching them mid-day. I mean, I am too busy to watch them mid-day anyway.

The overall sarcastic and yet truthful tone of this article is to remind everyone to take time for the things that matter to you and to stop saying how busy you are. Because we all know that there is ALWAYS time for the people and things that matter in your life. And if you are struggling to be a good friend, mother, father, or spouse, just take the time today to tell all those people that you are thinking about them and you love them. No one is too busy for a text. You will make someone's day. Guaranteed. And clean up after your dog, you're not too busy for that either.



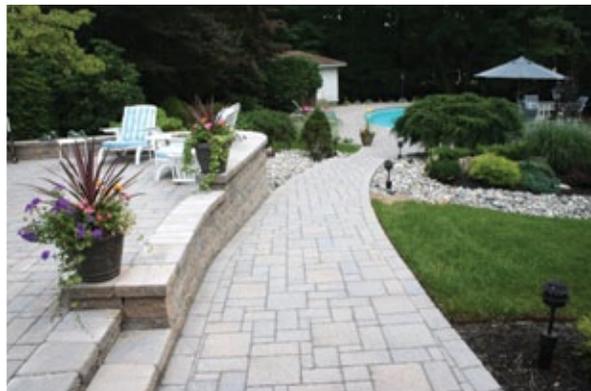
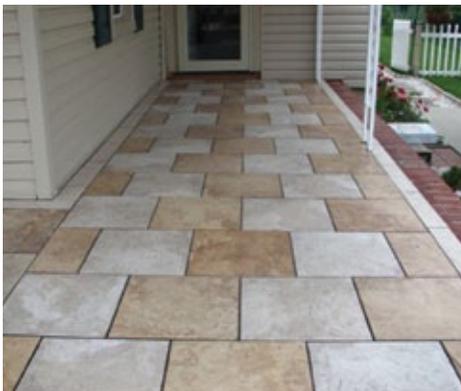
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CONCERT CALENDAR

By Mike Manitta

- **2/3 Billie on Tybee – Tybee Post Theater**
- **2/7 Willie Nelson, Los Lonely Boys – Macon City Auditorium – Macon**
- **2/9 Lyn Avenue EP Release Party – Tybee Post Theater**
- **2/9 Mac Arnold – The Stage on Bay – Savannah**
- **2/10 Chris Chandler – Tybee Post Theater**
- **2/10 Little River Band, Pablo Cruise – Florida Theatre – Jacksonville, FL**
- **2/13 Blues Traveler – The Stage on Bay – Savannah**
- **2/17 “Close to You” The Music of The Carpenters” - Tybee Post Theater**
- **2/17 Sir Charles Jones – The Stage on Bay - Savannah**
- **2/18 Gordon Lightfoot – Florida Theatre – Jacksonville, FL**
- **2/22 Saving Abel w/guest - The Stage on Bay – Savannah**
- **2/23 Blue Oyster Cult w/guest - The Stage on Bay –Savannah**
- **3/1 Here Comes The Mummies – The Stage on Bay**
- **3/2 Adina Howard – The Stage on Bay**
- **3/3 The John Denver Story – Tybee Post Theater**
- **3/8 Little Tybee/Reign of Kindo – Tybee Post Theater**
- **3/8 Savannah Stopover – Various Venues – Savannah**
- **3/11 Chloe Agnew – Tybee Post Theater**
- **3/16 Corey Smith – The Stage on Bay - Savannah**
- **3/23 Mike & The Mechanics – The Stage on Bay – Savannah**
- **3/29 - 4/14 Savannah Music Festival – Various venues**
- **4/4 Bret Michaels – The Stage on Bay**
- **4/7 Dylan Scott – The Stage on Bay**
- **4/17 Dark Star Orchestra – The Stage on Bay**
- **5/13 Steely Dan w/Doobie Brothers – Dolly’s Place – Jacksonville, FL**

SHOPS AT TYBEE OAKS



1



2



3



4



SPACE AVAILABLE NOW 5



6



7



8



9



10

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THE Fish Whisperer



Captain
Nick Shreves

Feb. Fishing Forecast

INSHORE

Inshore fishing is going to be tough this February as water temperatures are below average and we have had a few fish die due to the cold weather. DNR is also asking for voluntary release of all Speckled Sea Trout over 18 inches. The larger fish release more eggs and produce more fish for you to catch in the future. Sheepshead are still around munching on Fiddler crabs, Barnacles and Oysters. These fish love to be around structures; if its low tide you will see the white marks from them feeding along the pilings. Pay attention to this and you will find the bigger schools. Speckled Sea Trout are hanging out in the deeper holes waiting for food to come to them. The Red Drum can be found in the shallow mud flats sunning themselves on those warm afternoons.



NEAR SHORE

Nearshore the Black Sea Bass should be heading to deeper waters with the colder water that has set up in our region. Sheepsheads have moved out to the reefs and are ready to eat every Fiddler Crab you offer them. For Sheepshead, use a rod with a fast action tip so you can see their light bite. A Carolina style rig with an ultra-sharp live bait hook gives you the best chance at putting these bait stealers in the fish box. I tend to take at least 100 crabs per person, as these fish will steal your bait very often.



OFF SHORE

Offshore fishing has remained really good for those willing to make the run out deep. All you have to do is to wait for a day with nice weather and go - the fish are hungry. Triggerfish, Red Porgies, Vermilion Snapper and lots of grunts are all feeding heavy. Squid and Boston Mackerel are great baits for all these fish. Amberjack and Barracuda can be found near the towers and are best caught on live bait jigs or trolling large lures. Then for those with the gear, high speed trolling is producing plenty of Wahoo as well. These fish can be found along the big temperature breaks found near the stream. Check out your sea surface charts and watch your temp readings and you have a great chance at catching one of the fastest fish in the ocean.

Thank you all for the support and hope you all have tight lines and full fish boxes. To join me on a fishing trip call me at Big Fish Charters (912) 230-4625.

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THE SportsPage

By Woody Hemphill

Sometimes, there just aren't words. The process of starting to heal can include even more pain and suffering, like an indirect kick to an area that rhymes with 'malls.' Few things in life are more frustrating than having victory in your grasp, and losing. I won't subject our dear readers to the last year in sports. For some of us, the last year has been like walking in on our parents with our regional sports teams. It may take us years to overcome bookend collapses.

There was our initial funk of the first step in our classic 5 step program of overcoming gridiron grief: denial and isolation. We stayed on our phones, posting our rantings about officiating and cursing the gods for such an outcome. Clearly, we felt that we were fighting for good over evil; the will of the world versus the dark forces as we faced Osama bin Saban and Alabama. Another brick in the wall of two legendary teams and an industry that systematically rewards itself with the excesses of its spoils.

Has any other fan base in sports history experienced this level of emotional trauma as a result of coming up just shy of champion? It would be hard to find two identically resulting outcomes such as the Super Bowl and National Championship, certainly in such rapid-fire succession. Let's hope therapy in bulk is covered this week. Some of us remember the years when the highlight of our Georgia sports' fan year was to listen to older fans recall how Atlanta could invent ways not to win. You aren't a legitimate fan of sports in Georgia if not once you've never openly questioned how Bobby Cox kept it going while drinking, or having some other unknown vice. Each time October rolled around we watched Atlanta lose - and couldn't get enough. These days, I wonder if our desensitization to losing in crucial moments will have a long-lasting effect on our fan base's psyche. For those of us who still remember the course of the UGA program after losing to Penn State in '82 - it was not a very glossy couple of decades.

To add insult to injury, the Falcons reminded us they were still in town by 'crapping the bed' in Philadelphia. The same opponent who started a back-up quarterback, the formidable Nick Foles (not the guy who sang "Brick"). Suffice to say, Tybee's DPW Department could rattle this guy's cage - (those guys are actually swole) - but that is precisely what it means to be a sports fan. It makes no sense, it's like trying to play the lottery with a magic 8 ball and an iron ball & a feather duster. It's random, even just short of a gimmick, but every year we all have a chance. At the end of the season, it's still a game. We'll get them next year. To non-sports fans, we may come across as oddities of humanity; irregular society - but I once broke up with a girl because I didn't think I could cheer for her alumni. So, I may not be the best social critic with the most impeccable of standards. I'm just a guy that remembers when sports were ingrained in our life, I'm not sure who came up with the term sports entertainment, but a true fan wants to kick that guy's ass.

Its irony on a base level, and this may be up there with the geriatric, stereotypical-football fan telling you how defense wins championships? Yet, the game of late has been affected by technology to such a point that most fans are not comfortable. The optimally monetized cable packages for repeats of replays as we watch deferrals to New York for rulings on the field in 'real time' - the fact becomes more readily apparent that, fundamentally - this game is comprised of regular people.

Onward & upward, with our heads hung low, we prepare for another season of Cobb County mediocrity on the baseball field and recall the days of yore. (See, if I really was old - I'd referred to it as a 'diamond'). Until next time, y'all play nice - and may all your teams win!



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Beach Walks with Dr. Joe

Big Sponges

By Dr. Joe Richardson

Winter-time beachcombing on Tybee Island can sometimes be the most productive season of the year, especially for finding some of the larger specimens. During winter, I'll look up and down the beach along the high tide line searching for large "clumps." They are easier to spot during winter because there are fewer chairs, umbrellas and bodies out there. These "clumps" might be large pieces of driftwood; or tumbleweed-like mats of tangled Sea Whips, old rope, seaweed, and marsh grass; or they might be large Sponges that have washed ashore. I think it is because the rougher seas during winter rip these larger animals off the deep hard-bottom reefs where they grow attached.

A few years ago, I met a fellow who watches most every sunrise from the beach during the winter. Joe and his wife come from Indiana each year to spend the winter on Tybee, and he is good at finding those large sponges. So I'm always excited to get a text message from "Indiana Joe" because I know it will include a picture of a big sponge that has washed up.

I've seen a variety of big sponges washed up on Tybee's beach over the years. **Basket** or **Vase Sponges** can be as large as a bucket, and if they are fairly fresh they might be golden or slightly crimson colored. Highly branched **Finger Sponges** can be close to two feet tall, and may be golden or orange.



Hollow **Tubular Sponges** with large holes scattered along the sides are usually brown, but if they have recently washed ashore, you might find small brittle stars (like skinny starfish) still living inside the tubes. Usually not as large, but certainly the brightest colored sponge, is the highly branched **Red Beard Sponge** that can be bright red or orange.

While alive, many sponges have bright colors, but those pigments tend to be unstable chemicals, so when a sponge dies, the color soon disappears. More often than not, by the time it washes ashore and sits on the beach a few days, the sponge will be brown or beige. Sponges tend to produce a wide variety of strange chemicals that make them taste and smell bad, and these noxious chemicals serve as a means of chemical defense to deter other animals from eating them. As with many other poisonous or noxious animals and plants relying on chemical defense, they tend to also produce bright colors as a means of advertising or warning potential predators that they will be sorry if they take a bite out of them. So you might also notice that these large sponges cast up on the beach can be pretty stinky!

Sponges are an ancient group of animals. Because of their structural simplicity, some zoologists prefer to place them in their own group somewhere between single-celled protozoans and true multi-celled members of the animal kingdom.

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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Foodie Finds

By Janine Manning

One Pan Italian Sausage & Veggies



Ingredients:

- 2 cups thinly sliced carrots
- 2 cups very small chunks of red potatoes
- 2 cups chopped red peppers
- 2 1/3 cups zucchini that is cut in half and then into thick slices
- 1 head of chopped broccoli
- 1 lb. smoked Italian or chicken sausage cut in thick chunks

Instructions:

Place the veggies and meat onto a foil-lined sheet pan. Put aside.

Take the following items and place into small bowl:

- 4 1/2 tbsp of olive oil
- 1/2 tsp each of the following: dried basil, dried oregano, dried parsley and garlic powder
- 1/2 tsp each of the following: onion powder, salt, and dried thyme
- 1/8 tsp each of the following: red pepper flakes and black pepper

Preheat oven to 400. Stir the seasonings to combine, then pour over the veggies and meat and toss until well coated. Level out in the pan.

Place pan in oven for 15 minutes. Then remove the pan and toss the veggies and meat again, replacing in oven for another 10 to 20 minutes until veggies are crisp and tender.

Remove from oven. You might want to top with a 1/3 cup of freshly grated Parmesan cheese or put over rice or quinoa. ENJOY!!!



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 Sunday 12:30-Midnight. 1517 Butler Ave.

Bernie's Oyster House - Home of the World Famous Mason Jar Bloody Mary, Draft Beer on Tap, Only Place in Town for "Pop Rock Jello Shots," Drink Specials, oysters on the half shell or by the bucket, you shuck the bucket, Outdoor Patio with 65" HD TV. 13 Tybrisa St.

Bubba Gumbo's - Open Monday, Wednesday and Thursday 3:30-9pm, Friday and Saturday 12-10pm and Sunday 12-9pm. Happy Hour 4-7pm with \$1 off beers and \$9.95 Shrimp Dinner. Brunch every Saturday 12-4, 50 cent wings on Saturday and \$1 oysters 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.

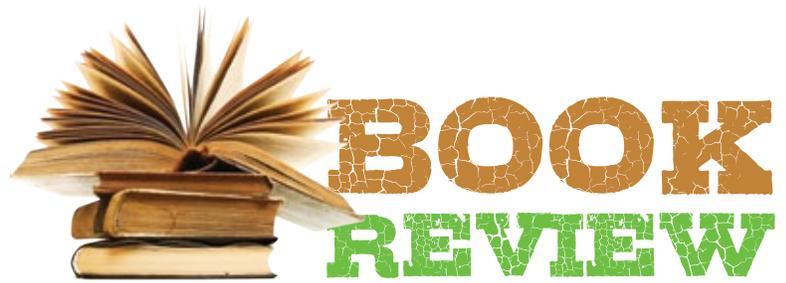
Nickie's 1971 Bar and Grill - Happy Hour Monday thru Friday 4-7pm, Texas Hold Em Sunday 7pm, Monday thru Wednesday 8pm, Tuesday Open Mike Night 8pm, Sips and Scenes every Wednesday 7pm, 8 Ball Pool Tournament and Karaoke Thursday 7pm, Live Band Friday and Saturday 9pm-?? 1513 Butler Ave.

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

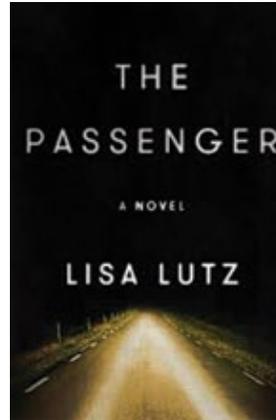
Spanky's - Daily cocktail and beer specials. Home of the Original Chicken Finger! 1605 Strand Ave.

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

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



By Nell Klein



THE PASSENGER

By Lisa Lutz

If you've ever done something really bad, like murdered someone, and you need to get away and change your identity, then this book is for you. You'll learn all the ends and outs of becoming a different person. I'm not spoiling the book by saying that's what happened to this girl, but for her own reasons, she had to become someone else to survive.

When Tanya Dubois finds her husband dead at the foot of the stairs, she knows he's either fallen to his death or had a heart attack. Either way, she can't be around when the cops come calling, so she has to hit the road. Again. So, Tanya hightails it across country with a new name, Amelia Keen this time. Along the way Amelia meets a bartender named "Blue" whose real name is Debra Maze. Blue sees through "Amelia's" disguise and since Blue is running from a violent husband herself, they devise a plan to switch identities. So, off the new Debra Maze (a.k.a. Tanya/Amelia) goes to her next new life!

On her way to her new destination, she runs into Domenic, a cop that she can't figure out, but thinks she needs to stay away from. So, she runs from him and ends up with a school teacher's job in none other than, Recluse, Wyoming. Everything is fine for a while, until things start unraveling again and Debra starts running again. Finally, though, Debra/Amelia/Tanya decides she's had enough and doesn't want to run anymore. She goes back to her past life and confronts what made her leave in the first place. That's when we finally find out who "the passenger" really was and who Tanya/Amelia/Debra really is.

I give this book 4 roses. It's a good solid read, and it's definitely worth reading as it has a lot of little surprises that jump out at unexpected times to keep you guessing right up until the end. I really liked Tanya/Amelia/Debra and couldn't wait to find out where she was going to end up. So, you really don't need to run from the law (or a jealous spouse) to enjoy the book, even though it will help you if you ever need to get away in a hurry.

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



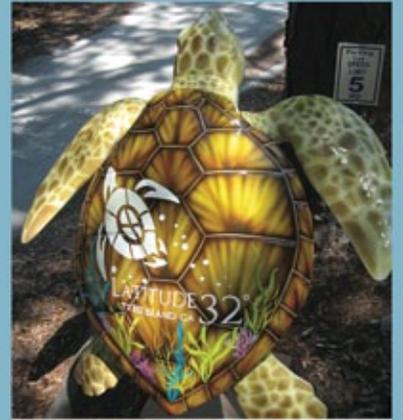
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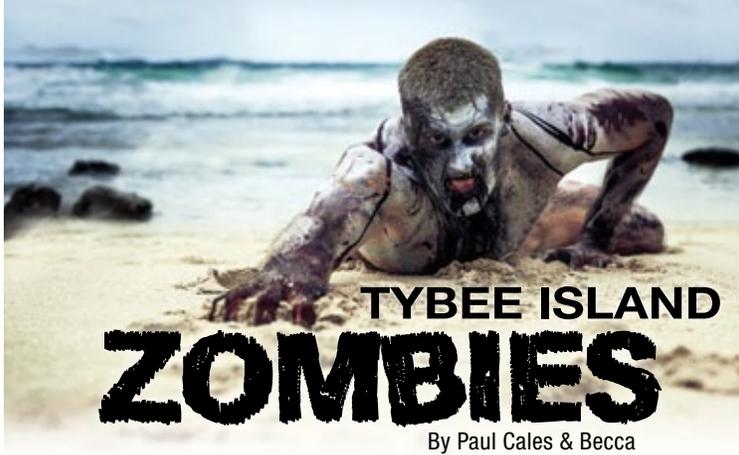
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Continued from the January 2018 Beachcomber.
 Catch up @ <http://tybeebeachcomber.com/magazine>

Chapter 7 - Ironic Day 3.5

"Do you think Howard and Jay made it to the boat yet?" Rudy asks Tony as they attempt to keep the back door of the Windrose closed against the hungry geeks.

"I sure hope so. I'm not going to be able to hold this much longer."

"You said it man. You ready to make a run for Doug's house?"

"Yeah, man. On the count of three."

"One... Two... Three..." Rudy counts out loud. They let go of the door and dash towards the fence. As soon as they let go it bursts open and six zombies crash through, stumbling over one another. Their

clumsiness gives Tony and Rudy just enough time to get through the fence. Once they are through, they run up Izlar and over to the back of Doug's house. The fire escape is down and they make their ascent to the third floor. "Do you think those things can climb a ladder?" Rudy asks.

"I don't want to take any chances," Tony replies as he pulls up the ladder and locks it into its storage position before climbing through Doug's bedroom window. They head through the bedroom door to the stairs. As they turn the corner, Rudy runs straight into the barrel of a rifle.

"Say something, asshole!" Doug shouts from the other end of the gun.

"Don't shoot, man!" Rudy shouts back.

"Don't worry, it's only a pellet gun. I saw you guys sneaking up the back. Hell, I've been watching you guys hold that door at the Rose for the last half hour. What the hell were you doing?"

"Giving Howard and Jay time to get to our boat," Tony answers.

"We're staying on Little Tybee. There doesn't seem to be any geeks over there."

"What the hell are you doing with a pellet gun, man?" Rudy asks.

"All my hunting rifles are in Macon. Never figured I'd need them on Tybee."

"What happens when you shoot a geek with a pellet gun?"

"Nothing, really. I mean, they spin around looking for what hit them. If I get them in the eye they get pretty pissed, flailing about and swatting at the air. If I get both eyes it blinds them and that really makes them go off into a fit of rage."

"So," Tony says. "They can see, feel, and possibly smell."

"I guess so," Doug replies. "It's getting late. You guys wanna crash here tonight? No electricity, but I do have beer and Ramen noodles."

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"That would be awesome, man. Thanks."

"Any time, brother."

"We're supposed to meet the boat at Inlet tomorrow morning at high tide," Rudy starts. "Wanna join us?"

"Nah man. I'm gonna wait this thing out here. I've got plenty of food and those things can't get up to my apartment. The front stairs are blocked off and I stay pretty quiet so those things don't bother me."

"Wait until when Doug?" Tony asks. "I seriously doubt that anyone is going to rescue us. I'm thinking this thing is happening everywhere."

"Have you tried getting to Wilmington Island or Savannah yet?"

"Not yet. But it's on the to-do list."

"Fort Stewart is only 45 minutes from here. I'm sure there are people fighting this thing there."

"I don't know, man. It happened so fast."

"I'll tell you what," Doug says. "If things get bad over here I'll kayak over to Little Tybee and join you guys."

"I wish cell phones still worked," Rudy sighs. "Then we could check in on each other."

"Kiah may have some hand-held radios from work in his room."

"Where is Kiah, anyway?" Rudy asks.

"Ha! Get this. He's in Atlanta doing costume design for a zombie movie."

"Isn't that ironic," Tony says.

"Don't you think?" Doug laughs.

"A little too ironic."

"Yeah I really do think," Rudy chimes in.

"Too far?" Doug asks.

"Alanta wouldn't think so," replies Rudy as Doug leads them to Kiah's

room. They dig through his boxes until they find the hand-held radios. Doug grabs a box of batteries and hands them to Tony.

"At sunset each night put batteries into the hand held and we'll be able to update each other on our situations. Don't leave the batteries in the radio when you're not using it. It will drain the batteries."

"What if there's an emergency?" Tony asks.

"Well, you have a flare gun on the boat right?"

"Yes."

"I have one in my emergency kit for the kayak."

"I suppose that's the best we can do. Are you absolutely sure you won't reconsider and come back to Little Tybee with us?"

"Nah man, I can't bring Nomi. She howls at ever zombie she sees. That's why I have to keep her inside and out of sight."

"Ok man. I can understand that. Beer and Ramen then?"

"Coming right up!"

Carrie and Jay make it back to Little Tybee and meet back up with Becky, Nate, and Brian. As Jay tells them what happened, the mood shifts from worry to sorrow.

"I can't believe you assholes got Howard killed!" Brian shouts.

"That's a bit harsh," Becky says. "We're all upset. The bigger question is, with those things in the water, will they show up over here?"

"And can we get back to Inlet to pick up Tony and Rudy," Nate adds.

"The tide moves so fast it should sweep them away," Carrie answers.

"I don't think they can make it over."

"If we go back at high tide we shouldn't have a problem," Jay says.

"What was there today won't be there tomorrow."

To be continued...

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The Café on 80 Deli & Bakery

I finally got a chance to head down to Tybee's latest offering in the food department and was so excited! Partners **A.J. Baker** and **Erin Flannigan** just opened **The Café on 80 Deli & Bakery** and although lots of things are in the works, I have to say they are kicking ass within a month of being open! So, with our intrepid photographer, Wen McNally, behind the wheel, off we went!

Just to let you know right out of the gate, do not expect to go in and sit down for a leisurely cup of coffee and a sandwich. There is no seating. You go in and you get out with your deliciousness in hand. Chloe and Zoe were our counter ladies and couldn't have been more helpful. Very knowledgeable about the menu items and extraordinarily good milkshake concoction makers, the girls were great! As we were waiting for our sandwiches and eyeballing the donut scene, we saw a chocolate donut with bacon on it! Bacon and chocolate on one round perfect pastry. I tore my gaze away as the first sandwich hit the deck.

The Pig N' Chick: This big, fat sandwich was stuffed between a croissant that was so perfectly fluffy, I wiped my tears away from thinking about the aforementioned donut. Fat full of Sundae chicken salad, crispy bacon (and not chintzy on the bacon either), red onion, provolone, sliced apples (which sounds weird but it isn't at all), and alfalfa sprouts, it was a perfect combination of flavors. I reluctantly put it down to move on to the next sandwich.

The Low Country Cuban was just as delicious as it sounds! Served on French bread, this bad boy is loaded with smoked pork, ham, pimento cheese, mayo, mustard and pickles! It's weird, but the pickles really brought everything together for me. I'm sure it's equally delish without the pickles, but don't do it. The bread was perfectly toasted and it was just a warm yummy.

Next up was the **Sausage, Egg & Cheese Bagel (Poppy seed)**. I went to go take a bite out of it and literally could not put my chompers around it! I had to squish it down with my hand just so I could get all the bits in one bite and not miss anything. McDonald's ain't even in the same stratosphere at this breakfast bagel.

The next sandwich was my personal favorite and I could not put it down. Wen had to fight me off with her milkshake to make me put it down: **The Avocado Melt**. Oh my! It was made on sourdough and just was flat out everything Alaina loves on a sandwich: cream cheese, basil sprouts, tomato, spinach, goat cheese, and of course Avocado. If you don't ever do anything in your life that I tell you, do this sandwich. I'm still thinking about it and that sandwich was yesterday. I need to get another one ... soon.

I unenthusiastically put the Avocado Melt down and in walked **The Cowboy!** WHAT? Roast beef and horseradish? I'm pretty sure those two items are my favorite ever! Throw that on toasted wheat bread, with roasted red peppers, white cheddar and honey horse mustard and I'm thinking Avocado who?

That wasn't all of the sandwiches that Café on 80 has going on (also



an Italian and a Deli Club) on their usual board, but they also run a daily sandwich special. That day was Italian Beef on French bread. Le sigh (as Betsey would say). Next time Italian Beef. Next time.

Don't think you have to have everything exactly as we did. You can swap breads and ingredients. You can make endless decisions or none at all. They offer breakfast all day and coffee. Donuts too, along with ice cream and milkshakes. Our delicious milkshake was strawberry flavored with whip cream and sprinkles and they shoved a cookie on top of it. I don't know what that cookie was made of, but I'm thinking it was made from heaven!

They also have different soups of the day. When we were there it was Broccoli Cheddar and Tomato Basil. Not to diminish the soups, but let's get back to desserts: Cinnamon rolls, strudels, Danish, eclairs, cannoli's, cream horns, biscuits, cookies, bagels, key lime pie, pecan pie, cupcakes, oh my!!! I want 12 of everything please!!! Oh, and eight different flavors of ice cream that you can scoop or milkshake it up! Plus, stuff to go on top of said ice cream: Chocolate, gummy bears, sprinkles and more.

Everything is fresh fresh fresh!!!

The Café on 80 Deli & Bakery is open six days a week (no Mondays) from 8am to 5pm. Located on the corner of Jones and Butler (the old pharmacy for the locals), you can stop in, order everything you need and be walking out the door in minutes. They are still learning as they go, but lots of new stuff is coming and I can't wait. Call 912-472-4538 to get your own delicious on. In the meantime, I gotta go. I see an Avocado Cowboy in my future sandwiched around a chocolate donut with bacon on it.





TAXITALES

By Ron Goralczyk



Whoever would have thought Breezy would have to shut down its services due to a winter storm? I definitely did not believe the weather forecast when they predicted a wet wintry mix. I told Mike to use his best judgement if the roads became too slippery. He is from Syracuse, NY so he has experience with this type of winter hell.



He called me after some accumulation and said it was getting slick on the roads and I reminded him I had said to use your best judgement. I also added, *"I will fire your ass if you wreck the car, so that should help with your decision."* He came by HQ shortly after our conversation and I drove him home. I will admit that I was getting all kinds of sideways, intentionally, on the short two block drive to his house. He put on his seat belt and I said, *"Good choice, as I have spun into things with this kind of behavior."* That is why I don't drive in the stuff, I can't help myself.

What a difference we are experiencing from last year's winter. Besides the cold temperatures, business has been extremely slow compared to last winter. If I had to guess how many tree roofers and tree service crews that were helping us get through Matthew last winter, I would bet maybe one out of ten had a driver's license.

Last year, when the TIPD would call us for an off-island run, we were usually too busy to handle it so we would turn them down. Truthfully it is a good source for Taxi Tales. However, some of the folks we pick up can get a bit unruly. Once I went to pick up a couple on the south end, these geniuses locked their keys in the car, so they broke the window out. TIPD was called by some witnesses, not knowing it was the couples own vehicle. I showed up, the officer told them that I was their ride OFF ISLAND. They grabbed their belongings, got in the cab, and as I started to drive off, the guy yelled, *"FAWK the police."* I stopped, put Breezy in reverse, and asked the officer, *"Do you want them back?"* She said no, just get them off Tybee. I dropped them off somewhere on Henry St. It only took about an hour and a half because they couldn't remember their address.

Recently we got a call to take a guy from the Lighthouse to Savannah.

Leigh said we were not very busy, so I went to check it out. When I rolled up on the scene, I noticed the guy I was picking up had a nice Corvette. I called Leigh and told her I was going to take him because he had a nice car, so it shouldn't be a shit show. What I should have noticed was the fact that somehow, he had taken up four parking spots with that Corvette. The officer told me that the man and his girlfriend had an argument in the parking lot and she was arrested and he needed to go back to his hotel in Savannah.

He got in the cab with a bloody nose and his right eye was a little puffy from the punches he had endured from his beloved girlfriend. My first question was the location of his hotel. It was closer to Richmond Hill than Savannah. I told him how much, he agreed, and we started our journey. My second question was what set your girl off? He said she was upset because she caught him looking at some porn. Third question was why were you looking at porn while at the lighthouse? He answered, *"Man she was talking about three weeks ago! I kept telling her, Lynn I ain't looked at no porn since you caught me. I swear I haven't looked at any. I kept telling her that and she became violent. I kept telling her to stop or the law was going to come, please stop. Well she didn't stop, the law did come, now she is in jail."* He then asked me, *"Do you think they will set bail for her?"* I told him, *"If they keep her on Tybee yes, if they send her to Chatham County, I don't know. It is Christmas and most government agencies are closed."* For the next 45 minutes he must have repeated himself a thousand times, *"Oh, I don't want Lynn to have to spend Christmas in jail."*

Of course, later I checked the 24 Hour Chatham County arrest page and poor Lynn got to spend Christmas in Jail ... no bail. The other thing I learned from this ride was that he had purchased the Corvette from his neighbor for a thousand dollars. Seems the guy needed some cash for a different kind of speed.

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Reflections

By Hollie Sessoms



TAKING BACK VALENTINE'S DAY

As I get older and, dare I say it, wiser, the less Valentine's Day means to me. Sure, I used to be that girl. I used to be the little girl carefully picking out just the right cartoon cards for my classmates—not too silly, not too serious, no hint of actual love anywhere. I used to be the weepy single teenager praying that I would get a bouquet of flowers from a secret admirer (spoiler alert: that never happened). I used to be the anxious twenty-something-year-old hoping my boyfriend didn't forget, please just tell me he made reservations, got me some chocolate, a stuffed heart that played a song when you squeezed it, anything for chrissakes! Just don't forget and make me look bad in front of my friends when they ask me what I got for V-day!!!

Luckily for all the people who know and love me, I grew up. After a few years of marriage and three kids, I started to find it was harder and harder to get excited about Valentine's Day anymore. But really, it wasn't the marriage and the kids that led me to lose my excitement about Valentine's Day. It was actually the slow pressing of time upon me and the building realization that all the "things" in my life that I thought meant so much, really meant very little and it was the things that I barely noticed, the things that I took for granted, that were really to be cherished, that were really the things to get excited about. That were really the cause for celebration.

But now, I feel as though I've come full circle and I don't necessarily want to throw Valentine's Day out with the bath water. We need this time, this day as a reminder to love and be loved. Sure, it's commercial as hell and cheesy and sure most people (ahem, men) only celebrate because they are forced to. But sometimes doing something we're forced to do is good for us, is healthy. Think of the gluttonous lives we would all live if we only did what we wanted. We need to make space for kindness. We need to make space for love. We need this Valentine's Day.

We don't have to do it like Hallmark wants us to do it. We can do it in our own special ways. Make a meal together with your lover, give each other back rubs, take a walk and just share what is happening in your life—the deep and the mundane. Or just take a moment and look at whoever you have in your life and let yourself feel the love you have for that person. After nearly 16 years of marriage I'm more likely to snap my husband's bare leg with a wet towel than tell him I love him, but on Valentine's Day, I can stop and remember and truly feel it deep in my heart—Dude, I love this guy!

And if you're single this Valentine's Day...well, that's why God made chocolate.

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Doggin' Around with Jimmy Results

Another exciting contest has ended and I am delighted to say that **Sandy Hackney** won the prize of knowing all the doggo's owners! Congratulations Sandy! We are going to A-J's!!! Well, you are going to A-J's, but let me know if you need company. So now is the big reveal of what pups belong to what owners:

Cleo belongs to **Martin Crespo**

Titan belongs to **Danny & Danielle Rapposelli**

Nomi belongs to **Doug White**

Lulu and **Buffy** belong to **Tony & Sherry Abruzzio**

Jake belongs to **Steve & MaryAnn Smith** – Jake recently passed on to doggy heaven. So sad.

Blanco and **Kona** belong to **Sean & Jennifer Ensign**

Teddy and **Fergie** belong to **Natalie Alexander & Will Mitchell**

Blue belongs to **Jennifer Knox**

Zoe belongs to **Paul Cales**

Elvis belongs to **Dillon Patel**

Dilli Dalli belongs to **Betsey Jenkins**

Nikki belongs to **Renee Mason**

Emily belongs to **Kurtis & Sarah Schumm**

Jett belongs to **Joey Spalding**

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Behind the Tape...

By Cpl. Richard Dascal



Hopefully this finds everybody doing well and adjusting to the new year with no real problems. I know I've been having trouble remembering to write 2018 instead of 2017. I know we had a big surprise with the snow this year, hopefully nobody had any problems related to it.

As it starts to warm up, the crazies are starting to come out again. And luckily, this month I have a good story for you guys. Sorry for being vague but I can't release all the details yet. One night a couple of people decided it would be a good idea to break into a business and steal some stuff. If you ever find yourself doing this, try to make sure there aren't security cameras. And if there are, don't park right under one. As you can guess, this is what these people did, and they did that in their very distinct, easy to identify, vehicle.

Another officer and I responded to this incident and watched the video. Given what was stolen, we already had a few ideas of where to start looking. Well, lo and behold, we didn't have to look far. Not an hour later we saw this vehicle leaving the business that was broken into. We managed to stop the vehicle and arrests were made from there. Lesson Number Two everybody: If you've recently committed a burglary and there's a chance the police are looking for you, don't keep your meth in your car. So as you can imagine, the people involved found themselves in all sorts of trouble from this whole debacle. But if all criminals were geniuses I don't imagine we'd catch as many as we do.

I hope you're all getting ready for summer. Hot weather is just around the corner and I personally couldn't be more excited. As always, if any of us at the police department can do anything to help, don't hesitate to give us a call.



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From the RIVER'S END...

By Woody Hemphill

Welcome back to the month of February, Tybee Nation. This month holds the public observance of Black History Month, honoring contributions made by people of color throughout our nation. When I was an up-and-coming beach bum growing up in Thomson, GA, my essay on the life work of Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr was chosen to be read in front of the entire school. That day, my writing got me out of class to read my offering to the rest of the school in our assemblies. Suffice to say, my life had direction when I heard the siren song of applause, and the special treatment provided a strange validation. Years after receiving a scholarship after branching into theater and performance arts, it wasn't lost on me how a 60's civil rights advocate of color, who died six years before I was born, contributed to my path to a college education. Let's hear it for nonviolent protest!

Speaking of nonviolent protests, the shortest month of our calendar year also promises a diabetic coma worth of hearts and declarations of love. A byproduct of this holiday is that those among the single demographic of the population just want to puke. This year, I'm among this tribe, and a bit bummed. It's not that I necessarily need a girlfriend, but self-preservation tends to take over after nearly freezing my ass off during Snowmageddon '18. That week, I strongly considered a Star Wars reenactment in the tent sites at the campground by gutting a taun-taun and climbing inside for warmth. It turns out they are not indigenous to Tybee, which is unfortunate because nothing sets the mood with a special lady friend like a gently-used carcass. Am I right, ladies? What happened to a girl's appreciation for rugged individualism? Now that our resolutions of January have rolled into the explicitly-implied social mores of February, the expectation of a required love connection for every living person is entirely too much pressure for most of us. I'm pretty sure the word *February*, when translated from Latin, means *the dudes that designed our calendar were obvious sadists*. The cultural implication of mandatory emotional connection is an obvious tactic employed by fascists, and I will have no part of it.

Then again, if it snows again? We should not be held responsible for decisions made below room temperature.

This month also brings us Groundhog Day, or as I like to call it the most lame and awkward date on our calendar. It also reminds me of one of my most weird and awkward dates of late, except it was ferrets, and not groundhogs. Close enough. Turns out, I'm highly allergic, so the option to annually relive one of the more uncomfortable experiences of my adult life just doesn't really hold appeal. Those folks in Pennsylvania certainly have different ideas to validate a holiday. Then again, I almost gutted a mythical creature on the front lawn, recently. So my assessment of strange, winter holiday customs may be suspect?

February also holds Mardi Gras for those who prefer to enjoy their events and festivals in close proximity to 'the libation experience.' Folks on Tybee, like The Big Easy, love a parade! As far as the parade goes, let's hope that the island experiences a prolonged warming trend as I confront the reality that my following in Steve Irwin's footsteps will not be a viable

career option. Besides, frost on my beads is not a good look for me - and I'm nothing if not a man of principle. In a cultural world defined by flying the colors of our favorite sports teams, the refreshing change to green, purple and yellow offers a chance to expand our wardrobe and keep our accessory game strong. Several years ago, I invested in a hundred dollar bill jacket with gold lame' and came across a set of beads featuring crawdads - a nod to the Cajun influence. Each year, I enjoy wearing these duds down Butler in my Tybee version of a makeshift trip to The Big Easy. Something tells me that this year will not disappoint, either. So many of us have bunkered down for hurricanes only to dig out and rebuild in time for the first snow since 1989. We stand ready for a party - and Tybee never disappoints! Les bon temps roulez, y'all!

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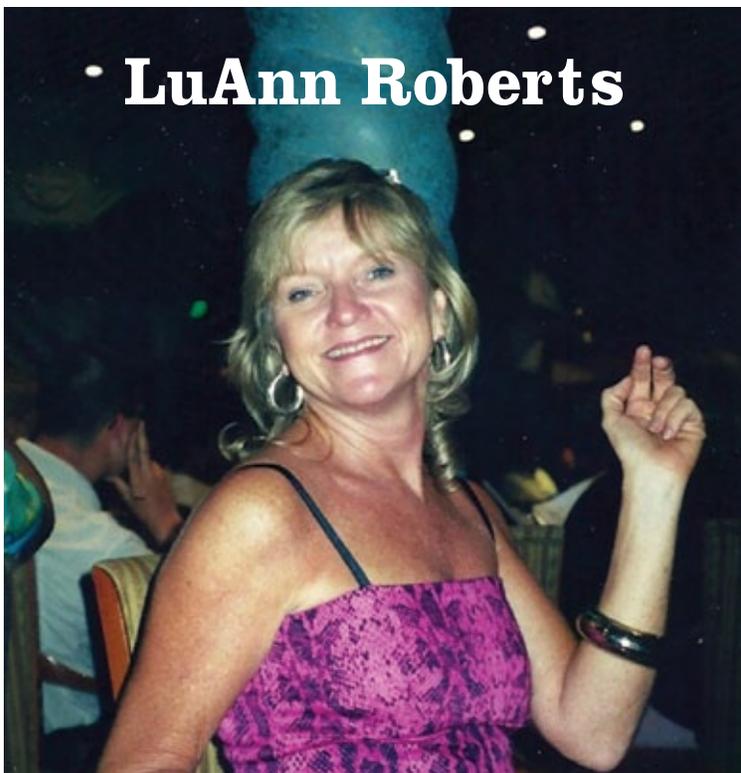
Back in May, 2017, the Tybee Beachcomber wrote a feature story about **Steve and Bethany Kellam's** mission to the **Mountain Park Academy in Kenya, Africa**. The Kellams were instrumental in providing donations, love and support to the children at the Academy. This March, they and a number of people are headed back to Kenya. We can help! Between now and March 1st, the Kellams are collecting a variety of items to take with them.

They are in dire need of the following items:

Tennis shoes and flip flops, all sizes. Boys and girls underwear (age ranging from four years to 16), socks, sports bras for the girls, plain note pads and fun stuff like jump ropes, frisbees, soccer and footballs, chalk, jacks, and hackey sacks.

Any donations will be gratefully accepted. **Please drop off any items to either Docs and/or Tybee Time on or before March 1st.** The little things we take for granted mean a huge amount to someone else.

LuAnn Roberts



You are sitting at the bar minding your own business when in walks this southern lady: Pretty and charming, dressed up for court in her business suit finest, with a handsome man at her side, named Tom Hudson, and with a southern accent that drawls out to the entire bar (all of whom she knows), *"So, what's the scoop?" "Fix me a vodka, soda with a twist of lime and tell me everything you know."* That said with a wink and a smile! LuAnn Roberts was the epitome of southern charm and class. Breaks the heart that she is gone. Unexpectedly departing Tybee for a higher calling, LuAnn has left all of us at a loss.

LuAnn met the love of her life, Tom Hudson, in court on opposite sides of a custody battle. Tom knew he lost (his heart) when he saw her in action. All of the people she worked with and knew admired her and one of Savannah's judges said, *"That woman gives me heartburn."* YASSS!!!! LOVE YOU LUANN!!

For the last 20 years, Tom and LuAnn called Tybee home and Tybee called them every time one of us went to jail or got a divorce. LuAnn was a tough cookie. And Smart!!! Not only did she have a doctorate in law, but also a Master's Degree in History. She taught for many years at Armstrong, before she went into Law.

LuAnn loved her husband, Tom, her daughter, Louise, her grandbabies, Myia and Garrett, her four step grandchildren, her assistant and dear friend, Suzanne, and her animals! Cujo, Beemer and Cally are her cats and Meme is her seven-pound Chihuahua with a 50-pound mouth! Just like LuAnn!

Tybee will go on, but with a heavy heart. LuAnn, keep on smiling classy lady and we will see you when we see you.



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Life's a Beach Events

What's happening in Feb. By Mom

2-2 Tybee Island Feud 8pm at Tybee Post Theater, 10 Van Horne Ave. Family Feud is back and the reigning champions, Fannie's On the Beach is taking on Sting Ray's. Go root for your favorite team. For all events go to www.tybeeposttheater.org or call 912-472-4790 for more info.

2-2 & 2-3 Critz Tybee Run Fest - 10th Anniversary 6pm starting at the Lighthouse, 30 Meddin Ave. Various runs to choose from. The proceeds benefit numerous local organizations. Call 912-629-7031 or go to the website www.critztybeerun.com for details.

2-3 Billie on Tybee 8pm at Tybee Post Theater, 10 Van Horne Ave. Jazz legends series with Jane Ogle performing music of Billie Holliday. For all events go to www.tybeeposttheater.org or call 912-474-4790 for more information.

2-3 & 2-4 Art Show & Sale 11am-5pm at Tybee Arts Association, 7 Cedarwood Ave. Enjoy browsing and finding your perfect treasure by supporting your local artists.

2-9 Lyn Avenue's "Never Been to Nashville" EP Release Party 8pm at Tybee Post Theater, 10 Van Horne Ave. Iconic country music. For all events go to www.tybeeposttheater.org or call 912-474-4790 for more info.

2-10 Chris Chandler Presents "Songs for Lovers" 8pm at Tybee Post Theater, 10 Van Horne Ave. It's all about "Songs for Lovers." For all events go to www.tybeeposttheater.org or call 912-474-4790 for more info.

2-10 Mardi Gras Tybee No need to go to New Orleans to be in this Mardi Gras event! Stay on the island for this island-wide party of festive colors and costumes, parade, a street party that features free live entertainment, and more.

2-11 Georgia History Festival's Super Museum Sunday--Free Pass Day 9am-5pm at Fort Pulaski, US Hwy 80. What better place to go to see a piece of Georgia History and for free? Don't miss it.

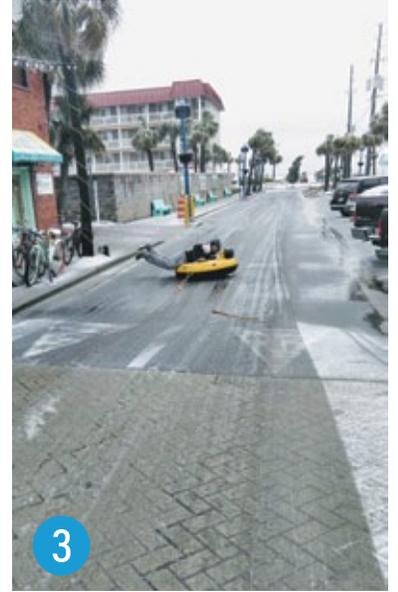
2-17 "Close to You" - Music of The Carpenter's 8pm at Tybee Post Theater, 10 Van Horne Ave. Chicago singer, Lisa Rock, will take you down memory lane of the sweet love songs of the Carpenter's and back. For all events go to www.tybeeposttheater.org or call 912-472-4790 for more info.

2-23 Parent's Night Out 6-9pm at YMCA, 204 5th St. A good time for parents to take a break for themselves. Movies, games, and more for kids 4 to 12 years of age. Call 912-786-9622 for more info.

2-26 TIPD VIP Luncheon - Neighbors Helping Neighbors 11am-noon at Memorial Park. If you need some assistance or want to help, contact Richard Dascall at 912-484-8833 for further info.

Snow Much Fun!!!

WOW!!! What a way to enter the New Year! January 3, 2018 brought an epic event that hasn't happened since anytime in recent memory. Called a Bomb Cyclone, this winter storm hit the entire East Coast. What a treat/nightmare for Tybee depending on how you look at it. Check out just a few of the great pics of Tybee's winter wonderland!



1 - Angela Clayton (photo by Chip Clayton). 2 - Huc A Poo's Luge (photo by Alaina Loughridge). 3 - Michael Flores (photo by Rachel Parham). 4 - (photo by Amanda Schuelka). 5 - Lannie Eichstadt (photo by Alaina Loughridge). 6 - Morgan, Brett, Rachel, Stephen, Joy, and Kiah (photo by Mike Manitta). 7 - photo by Drex Whiddon. 8 - photo by Anita Serrato Dourron.



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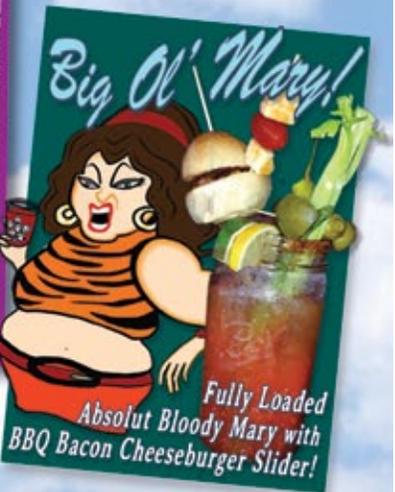
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By Alaina Loughridge - Photo by Wen McNally



January tends to be a super dull month around here. No tourists, hideous weather and a general laissez faire creeps upon us all. Well, kids, I have good news for you! January's Bartender of the Month will cheer you right up and make you all sorts of happy! You can find our girl, **Laurie Greene** at **A-J's** slinging good times and good weather (mental good weather)! Laurie has a terrific, cheery disposition that will get anyone out of their funk.

Born in middle Georgia, Laurie had nomadic parents that loved to travel. Her parents took her and her brother and sister all over the East Coast. Graduating from high school in Alexandria, AL, Laurie wanted to go back to the Peach State. Settling in Atlanta, Laurie went to work for a real estate developer. 20 years later, Laurie had earned her real estate license long before and was multi-tasking whilst still working for the developer.

She thought she had it all - until the day she walked into a bar in Henry County...

Laurie met Casey Greene in 2011 at a bar in Macon and he swept her off her feet! They were married instantly and blended their two families together (which now happily boasts six kids and three grandchildren!!). Moving to Macon, the Greene's settled into life. Macon provided a crossroads for them and they decided they wanted something different. Something beachy! Well, one thing lead to another and in 2013, the Greene's moved their clan to Tybee and have never looked back.

Naturally, I had to ask Laurie the main Questions of Life:

Tybee Life: Almost five years

Passion: Beach days and anything involving being in or on the water
When She Grows Up: A beach bum and a part time bartender (looks like she's grown up, y'all)

Spirit Animal: A dolphin as they are friendly and hang out with their pod community forever.

Laurie's go to drink is the **LoLo GoGo**, which is similar to a pineapple upside-down-cake-tini, but has a secret ingredient that makes it absolutely perfectly delish! Order one of these while you gaze out at the back river and life is just perfect!

So, in the doldrums or need a pick me up? Happy, but want to be happier? Go see Laurie at A-J's and get your LoLo on! Good times right there!

Mardi Gras Schedule of Events:

Saturday February 10, 2018 - Noon-6pm



Official Mardi Gras Tybee T-shirts for sale. Yummy Gumbo too!

- Noon - 2pm Street Party & DJ
- 2pm Parade (City Hall to Tybrisa Roundabout)
- 3pm Street Dance with The Christy Alan Band
- 4pm Costume Contest 4 categories: Pets, Prince, Princess, King, Queen
- 4:30-6pm Dance Music Continued



Mardi Gras Tybee Style!

By Joey Goralczyk

As I type this, it's early January. I just watched The Bulldogs give up a 41-yard touchdown and lose a National title, when all they had to do was NOT give up the 41-yard touchdown and they would win a national title. On top of that, I seem to have developed some form of plague, or pneumonia, or flu maybe? Maybe all 3? Either way, as I drift in-between various forms of consciousness, and remember how trippy fever dreams can be, it occurred to me that Mardi Gras is upon us. While this fact alone is not enough to cure me, it has at least made me stop praying for sweet death in my rare moments of lucidity.

We may not exactly be Bourbon Street, but Mardi Gras is our first good warm weather action of the year. It's a return to spring, or at least a dress rehearsal for it. I will get to work more than 3 days a week again, assuming my obituary didn't precede this article. Best of all, it's a reason for new blood to come back to the Island and whoop it up a little. I love my local friends, but I'm sick of All your faces, and one of you bastards gave me tuberculosis! The Parade may not be the biggest of the year, but it is the only one where it's appropriate to OFFER beads. I say offer because beads should never be given away. Beads must be earned. My great-grandmother told me a quarter-century ago, "Joey, if a wench wants beads, she's gotta bare thy breast to thee. It's in the Bible, and is God's law." It's the reason for the season!

My memory is a little fuzzy. Looking back, it's possible that wasn't my dear Nanny that told me that. I know I was in church when I heard that bit of gospel though. Maybe it was that priest who introduced me to another Mardi Gras tradition. Binge Drinking!!! Ahh yes, what would a Christian festival be without some alcohol in our system. I can't say I remember any bible verses about this one. But I don't remember anything about a baby being pulled from a cake either, so there!

Enough kidding around. I love Mardi Gras because we are due to breathe some Life into the Island. It's been a long, slow winter. Hell, it even snowed. On Tybee. Really snowed. Bring the kids, bring the Grandparents. Ill behave, I promise. Until around 10pm. Then all bets are off. I'll be on Balcony OFFERING beads. Not just handing them out willy-nilly.

Bourbon Street may get the glory, and it should, I've been under age there for Fat Tuesday. But Tybee will not disappoint. If there's one thing we do well, it's a party. All joking aside, that's what Mardi Gras is. It's a big welcome back to spring time party. So get out there, have a few drinks and some red beans and rice. Wear the silly hats and bring out the fancy beads. This year Mardi Gras Tybee will take place on Saturday, Feb. 10. There will be a street party with live entertainment and a parade.

I do feel compelled to mention the perils of a tradition I nearly forgot. If, at any time during the festivities, you encounter a King cake, chew excessively, and for god's sake, eat with someone who knows the Heimlich maneuver! I don't want anyone choking on a tiny baby. It's an embarrassing way to die. If it does happen though, I call dibs on writing the obit!

Happy Mardi Gras everyone!

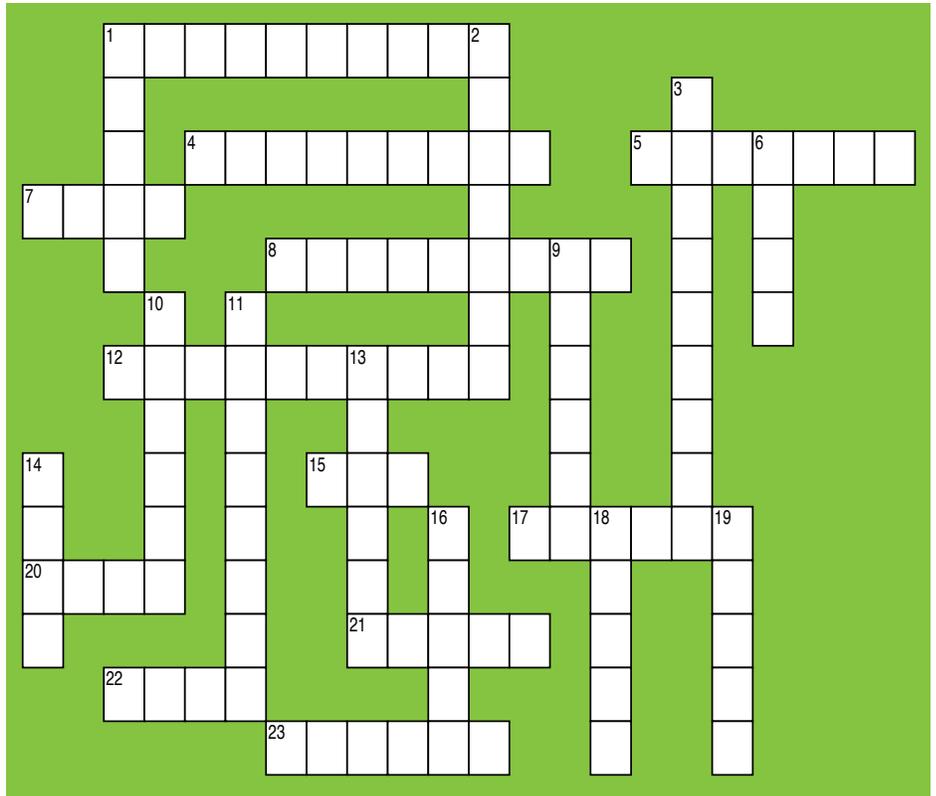
ACROSS

- 1 Under the Wings of the _____
- 4 Woody says this day is the most lame and awkward date on the calendar
- 5 _____ Dogs Yoga (Bizz Buzz)
- 7 Bad Advice walks us through what we need to do next time we have this
- 8 Wear your beads to this event (2 wds.)
- 12 Day for lovers
- 15 He plays music on Breezy's party bus
- 17 J. Beebs writes The _____ Guide
- 20 Haus Frau's _____ Lessons
- 21 _____ Tybee Run Fest
- 22 You might find this in a King cake
- 23 Monthly Rant subject

DOWN

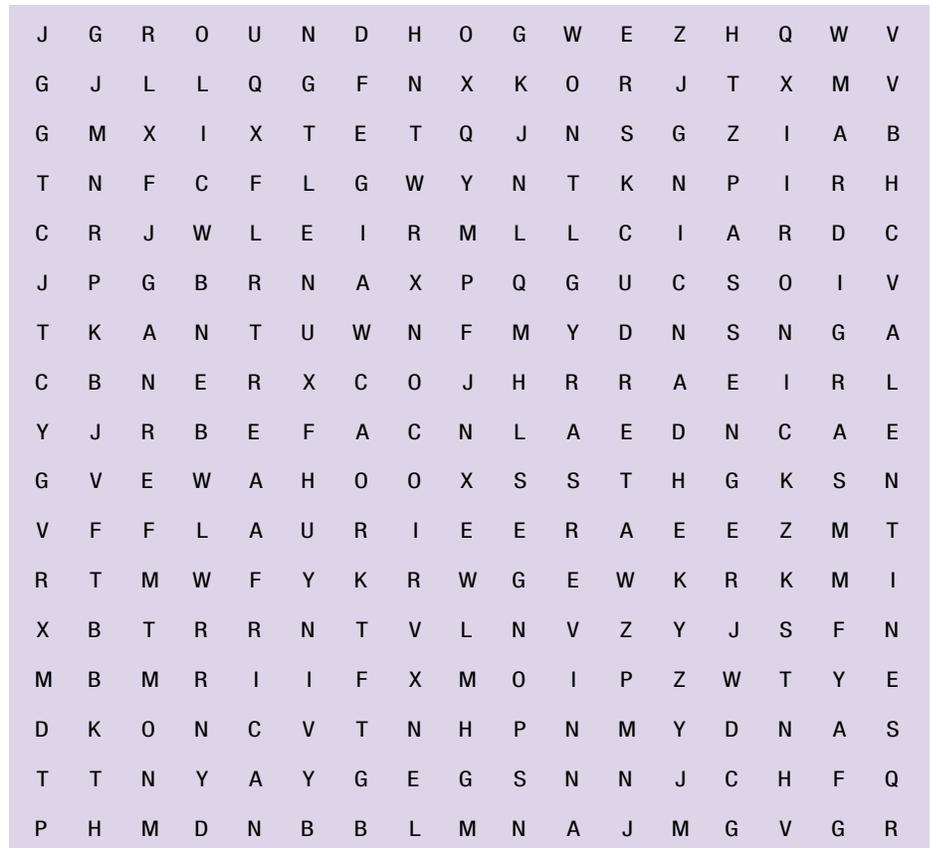
- 1 Fish Whisperer says high speed trolling is producing plenty of these
- 2 Dr. Joe's beach walks subject
- 3 Book Review THE _____
- 6 _____ on 80 Deli & Bakery
- 9 The Kellams are going back here
- 10 Bartender of the Month
- 11 Second month
- 13 Zombie's Chapter 7
- 14 Gandalf the Grey contest winner
- 16 Jenny is too busy to do this
- 18 Traveling Beachcomber winner
- 19 Winner of Doggin Around with Jimmy contest

Cross Word



Created by Margie McLellan

Word Search



Created by Margie McLellan

AFRICA	IRONIC	SPONGES
ANNIVERSARY	JOE	TORRY
BABY	LAURIE	VALENTINES
CAFE	LIFE	WAHOO
CRITZ	MARDI GRAS	WATERDUCKS
DANCING	NELL	WINTER
FEBRUARY	PASSENGER	WRITE
GROUNDHOG	SANDY	
HATERS	SNOW	

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