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31<sup>ST</sup>

# beachcomber

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# Beach Bum Etiquette

By Margie McLellan

It's that time of year again – **The Tybee Island Beach Bum Parade!** It's the time that all of us Tybeeites once again give over our beloved island to the annual pilgrimage of tourists from parts unknown for the summer. And what better way to do it than with a parade (everyone knows how we love parades here on Tybee).

But this isn't just any parade. Although we do have a Grand Marshall, Big Kahuna and a Beach Bum Queen, there will be no marching bands, Shriners, Clydesdales, politicians (well, you might see our mayor in the parade), etc. This is a one-of-a-kind all out water gun fight that is fun for the entire family. Every float will be loaded down with an abundance of water and beach bums with one purpose - to get you wetter than they get. If you plan on being here, you **WILL** get wet, no ifs ands or buts.

**With that in mind, there are a few rules of etiquette that you may need to know:**

- 1. Do not, under any circumstance, spray water at our Police!!** They are here to keep you safe. They are also wearing very expensive equipment. This will cost you dearly – not only will you miss out on the rest of the parade, but this will land you in court with a hefty fine. So just don't do it.
- 2. Bring plenty of water.** The water in your water gun will last somewhere around 5-10 seconds. Some ideas are: put water in your coolers, load a wagon with containers of water, get there early enough to park your car or truck along the parade route and have it filled with containers of water. If all else fails, find someone smarter than you, that brought plenty of water, and become fast friends with them.
- 3. Keep your valuables safe.** A ziploc baggie or a sealed container works well to protect your phones, wallets, cameras, cigarettes, etc. Or better yet, leave them at home or in your car.
- 4. Do not use ice water in your water gun. Brrrr!!** The parade doesn't start until dusk, so it's already starting to cool down. It's just downright mean people!
- 5. Keep an eagle eye on your children.** There is a lot of traffic, tourists, drunk people, etc. Keep those little ones safe while they are having fun.
- 6. Bring towels and/or a change of clothes.** Believe me, you will be wet and cold when the parade is over. Come prepared.
- 7. Make sure your water guns are in good working order.** Nothing worse than getting to the parade and having your line of protection fail you. Might be a good idea to bring back ups.
- 8. No pressure washers or water balloons are allowed.** We are here to have fun, not endanger people.
- 9. Drink responsibly.** I'm sure this will fall on a lot of deaf ears, but try to wait until the parade is over to get your drinking on. Just don't want anyone getting in trouble! Yes, I'm talking to you ... you know who you are.
- 10. Have FUN and get wet!**

# Tybee

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 YMCA ..... 786-9622  
 American Legion Post #154 ..... 786-5356  
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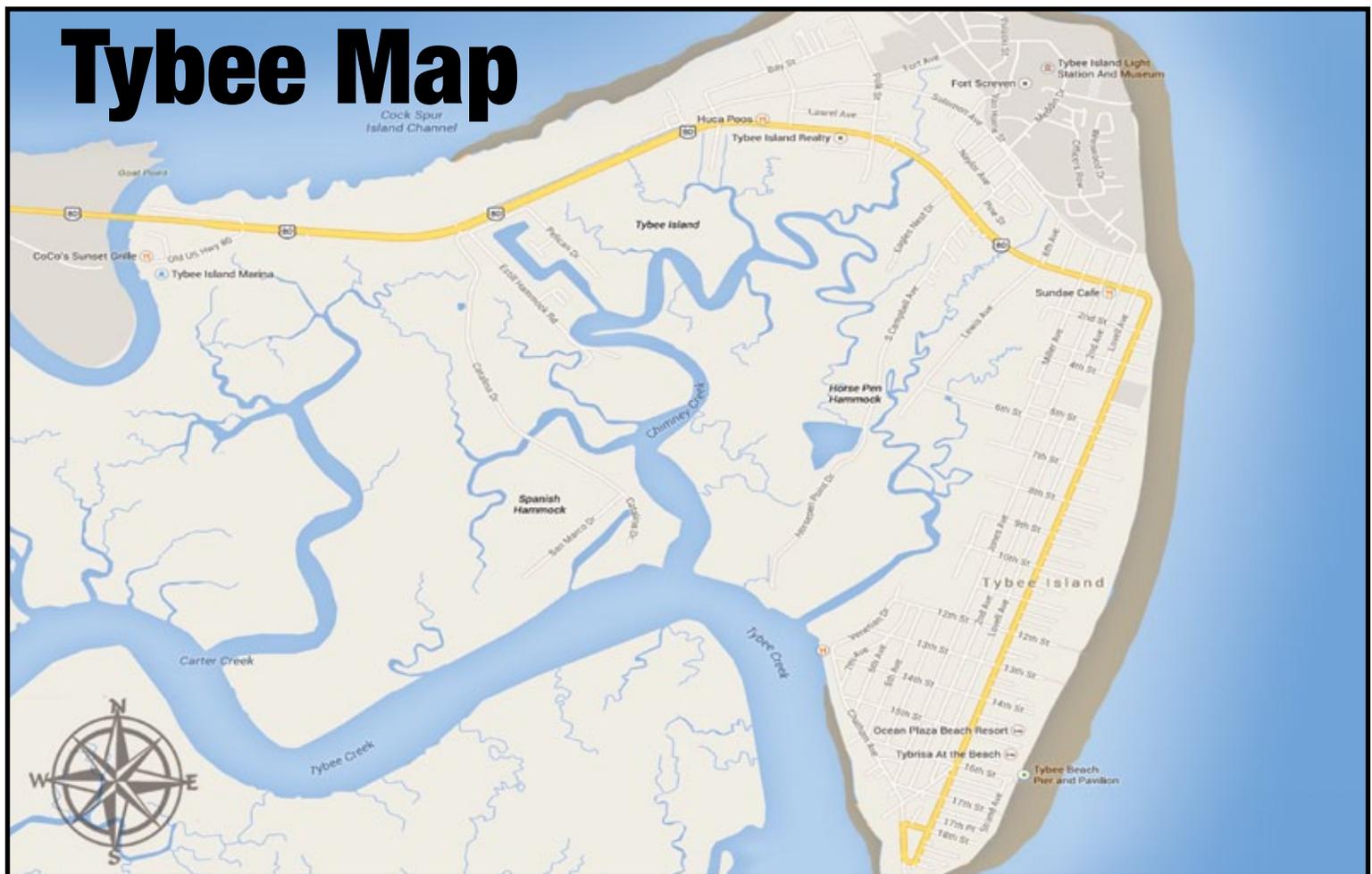
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Ms...Alain...eous

# From the EDITOR

HAPPY MAY  
Y'ALL!!!

We are busy busy everywhere, so let me get right to it!

I am going to start out with my favorite thing: Wildly inappropriate language and behavior. Here at the Beachcomber we all cuss like sailors and have dissolute lifestyles that some people may find slightly offensive. We can't help it; that's why we all came together and have such a great magazine! Y'all should know this by now! So on that note, I have to tell you that Margie and I just spent the last 45 minutes laughing hysterically over 174 ways to call a penis something other than what it is for the *Bartender Chronicles* on page 24. We do try to be proper and we Google it to make sure we are. Hey, this is a tough job and we get our chuckles in where we can!

Moving on ...

I am delighted to announce our **Easter Egg Hunt winner** is **Angela Caldwell!!!!** Angela you can thank Rudy Rudon for picking your number during the blind draw! You are going to Bernie's for some Stuffed Fried Shrimp. Oh, that's me. You are going to Bernie's for whatever you want, but think of me and Rudy when you go. I do want to give a special shout out to **Zoe Robinson** who plotted that Easter Egg Hunt Key like a General during battle. I was deeply impressed with your attention to detail. I am not even kidding. You should work for Google Maps.

On a more somber note, I would be remiss if I did not mention the loss of one of our own Tybee Police Officers, **Tron Lewis**. I did not know him, but many, many people have shared their stories and I would refer you to **Officer Dascall's Behind the Tape** story for a glimpse of the man that we have lost. Our thoughts and prayers go out to his family.

**The Traveling Beachcomber** has reached epic proportions! I had to LOL at this one! **Steve & Bethany Kellam** have finally taken us to **Africa!** The LOL part is that the Kellam's have won a gift certificate from A-J's, where Bethany works! Love that!! We are now three continents shy of conquering the planet! We still need Asia, Australia and Antarctica to be complete! Get to work people!!

Oh, I totally forgot to mention the **Beach Bum Parade!!** Best parade EVER and 31 years later! Be sure to read the feature story and get the scoop on the Big Kahuna, Grand Marshall and The Queen! I am going to steal a line from my boyfriend, Henry Schroder, "It's all about the love." (Don't tell Kim.)

# BIZZ BUZZ

By Alaina Loughridge - Photo by Wen McNally



## Spanky's

Spanky's has been around so long that all the old school Tybee folks have a tale to tell about when Spanky's was located at where Marlin's is now or at the current location on Strand Avenue. Spanky's has a long history of good times and good people! One of the reasons Spanky's Beachside is still around after such a long history is because of John Yarbrough. All the Spanky's sprinkled around the area belong to a rather convoluted family tree. I won't get into it detail, but here is the jist:

Born in Thomaston, Georgia, the Yarbrough family moved to Tybee in 1975. John graduated from BC before heading to Georgia Southern. Still trying to figure out what to be when he grew up, he decided that school just wasn't going to work out for him and came back to Savannah. Getting into the family business seemed like a good idea while trying to figure out what to do. John had been working for the family biz since the seventh grade as a dishwasher, then graduating up the ladder to bus boy and server. He started bartending at the Pooler location and history went from there. In 1994, Uncle Alban approached him about buying out the Spanky's Beachside location. John jumped at the opportunity and hit the ground running. As we all know, Tybee is different from any other normal location and things run differently here. John learned quickly and with his background in ... oh, everything, it was a smooth transition.

He has done everything from dishwashing, bussing tables, waiting tables, bartending, cooking, plumbing, electrical, and everything else in between.

In 2004, Brooke, the love of his life, walked into Spanky's and life became complete. With three kids - Ashley, now 20, Sophie 10, and Evan, eight, life is good.

John is very family oriented and you can see it in his staff. Steve has been there literally forever, Chrissy, Jeremy and Andrew have stood the test of time for over 15 years and Josh in the kitchen has been family for over 10. That dedication is hard to find in anyone these days.

John is very appreciative of the locals and shows his support for us in turn. That is how Tybee works. He started when 'season' was literally St. Patrick's Day, then Memorial Day Weekend to Labor Day Weekend. That makes for a lot of Ramen Noodles for supper in the winter (or in his case chicken fingers). We all help each other and Spanky's ideals are Tybee born and bred. So are the Yarbroughs. In the meantime, John is going to keep on slinging good drinks and good food!

Spanky's is located at 1605 Strand Ave. They are open Sunday-Thursday, 11am-10pm and Friday and Saturday, 11am-11pm.

On a personal note, have I mentioned that they have the best ranch sauce ever?

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# May 2017 Tide Chart

Date	Day	High Tide	High Tide	Low Tide	Low Tide	Sunrise	Sunset	Moonrise	Moonset	Phase
1	Mo	12:38a 8.1	1:18p 6.9	7:08a -0.2	7:25p -0.1	6:37a	8:04p	11:33a	12:44a	
2	Tu	1:39a 7.7	2:21p 6.8	8:08a 0.1	8:28p 0.3	6:36a	8:05p	12:34p	1:37a	
3	We	2:39a 7.4	3:22p 6.8	9:11a 0.3	9:35p 0.5	6:36a	8:06p	1:35p	2:24a	1st
4	Th	3:38a 7.2	4:20p 6.9	10:13a 0.3	10:40p 0.5	6:35a	8:06p	2:34p	3:06a	
5	Fr	4:34a 7.0	5:16p 7.0	11:10a 0.3	11:39p 0.4	6:34a	8:07p	3:32p	3:44a	
6	Sa	5:29a 7.0	6:09p 7.3	12:01p 0.2		6:33a	8:08p	4:28p	4:20a	
7	Su	6:20a 6.9	6:57p 7.5	12:31a 0.2	12:47p 0.1	6:32a	8:09p	5:23p	4:54a	
8	Mo	7:07a 6.9	7:40p 7.6	1:19a 0.1	1:29p 0.0	6:31a	8:09p	6:17p	5:27a	
9	Tu	7:50a 6.9	8:20p 7.7	2:04a 0.0	2:10p 0.0	6:30a	8:10p	7:11p	6:00a	
10	We	8:31a 6.9	8:58p 7.7	2:47a 0.0	2:48p 0.1	6:30a	8:11p	8:04p	6:35a	Full
11	Th	9:10a 6.8	9:35p 7.6	3:27a 0.0	3:25p 0.2	6:29a	8:11p	8:57p	7:12a	
12	Fr	9:49a 6.6	10:11p 7.4	4:05a 0.1	4:01p 0.3	6:28a	8:12p	9:49p	7:51a	
13	Sa	10:27a 6.4	10:47p 7.2	4:43a 0.3	4:36p 0.5	6:27a	8:13p	10:40p	8:33a	
14	Su	11:07a 6.2	11:25p 7.0	5:20a 0.4	5:12p 0.7	6:27a	8:14p	11:28p	9:19a	
15	Mo	11:49a 6.1		5:58a 0.6	5:51p 0.9	6:26a	8:14p		10:07a	
16	Tu	12:07a 6.8	12:35p 6.0	6:39a 0.7	6:34p 1.0	6:25a	8:15p	12:14a	10:59a	
17	We	12:54a 6.7	1:25p 6.0	7:24a 0.8	7:24p 1.1	6:25a	8:16p	12:58a	11:53a	
18	Th	1:45a 6.6	2:18p 6.2	8:15a 0.8	8:22p 1.2	6:24a	8:16p	1:39a	12:49p	
19	Fr	2:39a 6.7	3:11p 6.5	9:11a 0.6	9:27p 1.0	6:24a	8:17p	2:18a	1:47p	3rd
20	Sa	3:35a 6.7	4:06p 6.9	10:09a 0.4	10:33p 0.7	6:23a	8:18p	2:56a	2:46p	
21	Su	4:32a 6.9	5:02p 7.4	11:05a 0.0	11:35p 0.3	6:22a	8:18p	3:33a	3:48p	
22	Mo	5:30a 7.1	5:58p 7.9	12:00p -0.4		6:22a	8:19p	4:12a	4:53p	
23	Tu	6:27a 7.2	6:54p 8.4	12:34a -0.1	12:53p -0.8	6:21a	8:20p	4:52a	5:59p	
24	We	7:23a 7.4	7:47p 8.8	1:31a -0.5	1:47p -1.1	6:21a	8:20p	5:36a	7:08p	
25	Th	8:17a 7.5	8:40p 9.0	2:27a -0.8	2:39p -1.3	6:21a	8:21p	6:24a	8:18p	New
26	Fr	9:10a 7.5	9:33p 9.0	3:21a -1.0	3:32p -1.3	6:20a	8:21p	7:17a	9:26p	
27	Sa	10:05a 7.4	10:27p 8.8	4:14a -1.0	4:24p -1.2	6:20a	8:22p	8:15a	10:30p	
28	Su	11:02a 7.2	11:23p 8.5	5:06a -0.9	5:17p -1.0	6:19a	8:23p	9:17a	11:28p	
29	Mo	12:03p 7.0		5:58a -0.7	6:11p -0.6	6:19a	8:23p	10:21a		
30	Tu	12:22a 8.1	1:04p 6.9	6:51a -0.4	7:07p -0.1	6:19a	8:24p	11:25a	12:20a	
31	We	1:20a 7.7	2:04p 6.9	7:46a -0.1	8:08p 0.3	6:18a	8:24p	12:26p	1:05a	

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## Tybee Island Bucket List

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

# THE SportsPage

By Woody Hemphill

After the Super Bowl left me feeling like a used cadaver after an autopsy, and my March Madness bracket failed to renew my faith in performance, and/or prognostication, I resigned myself to watching the back nine holes of the Master's Tournament on Sunday. All I'd heard beforehand was how the azaleas had already peaked, which meant that this year our usual contribution to the colder locations of the world would not include vibrant pink azaleas and white dogwoods set against lush green comprising the finest golf course in the world. A lesser man may have blamed climate change, the liberal agenda, or that orange dude that won four years of government housing back in November... Undeterred despite these matters, there had to be a reason to tune-in other than the vegetation.

Now friends, this is where I have to clue you in on a little secret. You see, if anyone from anyplace else on Earth ever utters a derogatory syllable about the course conditions at the Augusta National, they automatically lose favor with the galleries (where locals find themselves less and less often these days). This is an act of treason, and the offender must be punished – severely. To a resident of Augusta, speaking ill of the course is blasphemy. The course is comprised of elements that are designed to be challenging. It's like going to Lambeau Field and complaining about the cold, or those baseball purists who don't allow the greatest baseball players to ever live in the Hall of Fame because they were assholes. Even when you have a point, the argument lacks perspective.

Nevertheless, what I witnessed was like watching Charlie Brown making contact with the football, despite Lucy Van Pelt's best efforts to deny him. I recalled the flickers of brilliance, coupled with epic meltdowns and years of unrealized potential that culminated within one golfer – Sergio Garcia. The passing of a generation consisted of years of countless choking in golf's biggest moments, each year followed by the next, as he never lived up to his potential. Prior to this year's event on golf's greatest stage, his accomplishments were more akin to 'The Boy Who Cried Wolf' than the man who would eventually be slipping on the green jacket on Sunday afternoon.

As I switched the television off at the end of the presentation, I began to contemplate what just took place. Sometimes, we all have to hear how we aren't good enough, or how we just don't measure up to the public perception of our aspirations. Sometimes, the spectacle of the moment is too bright. Each of us is surrounded by judgement, ours and others alike, that cause us to rise above the chatter – or give in to the noise around us.

As a man who's been burned by conventional wisdom from time to time, I'd be the first to attest to the virtues of blazing one's own path in life. After all, if the ending was obvious in all instances, then sports would be meaningless and Hollywood would have no purpose. Rather than make another tired sports analogy, it's nice to bear witness to a simple human interest story that reminds us the process of learning how to win can take an inordinate amount of time, and that being universally dismissed as a contender can lead to an incredible upswing in performance.

Then again, there's that whole line about "behind every great man is a great woman." Did you see his fiancé? Let's hope she has lots of sisters... Until next time, play nice - and may all your teams win!



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# It's Beach Bum Time!

By James Prosser

It's the most wonderful time of the year (if you happen to be on Tybee May 19th)! What came to be known as **The Beach Bum Parade** is celebrating its 31st Anniversary. A long and honestly quite humorous history led to what is the highlight of the year for tourists and locals alike.

This noble tradition started out like any as a drunken (that part has not changed) march from 16th St (now Tybrisa) to the former Desoto Hotel as a "homecoming pep rally" water fight for our lackluster softball team - the Beach Bums, a scraggly group of Tybee and Savannah locals who sought an extracurricular activity to bond over. With Jack Boylston's imagination and Jiggs Watson's go-getter attitude, a new era in Tybee history was born. With these two taking the lead, and knowing they were not the best of athletes, the Beach Bums focused their energy on having fun and making memories. While no one remembers the exact scores of the softball games (all games were lost except one, and rumor has it the Beach Bums got the other team drunk to give themselves the upper hand), a bond was formed and from that this wonderful tradition arose to an annual water fight parade.

In the beginning there was an appointed King, Queen and Grand Marshall, and later the Big Kahuna. These now coveted positions are honored awards that many locals hope to have bestowed upon themselves. While the roles are not really defined, the people who carry these titles are Tybee through and through. Many wonderful people who have helped to shape Tybee into what it has become have served on this court. A plaque commemorating those who held the titles in the past is displayed proudly at the Tybee Island City Hall. So without further ado, let's meet this year's Beach Bums!





Photo by Wen McNally

This year's **Big Kahuna** is **Chuck Bergeron**. Chuck came to be a resident of Tybee Island in 1985, just a few years before the first parade. Chuck has been there since the beginning, and when I questioned him how did this event come to be, or was it an excuse to drink, Chuck quickly responded with, "I've never known anybody to run out of an excuse to drink." As we chatted I learned one of his fondest Beach Bum

Parade memories came the second year. As Chuck recalls it, he dressed in a nurse's uniform down to the white stockings, with a Tina Turner wig, pushing Coach Jiggs Watson in a wheelchair with an upside down bottle of liquor being used as an IV down Butler. As the parade has grown and changed, Chuck says what really makes it special to this day is that "It's ours. No one else can take it, it belongs to Tybee." Chuck loves the tradition and he says the best part of it all is the people. Our locals and visitors are what still make the event so special to this day. When I asked Chuck how he feels about being awarded Big Kahuna he responded "Big time honor. I'm tickled and thrilled to do the Bums proud." He paused, then added, "You could trip and fall and do [the Bums] proud."

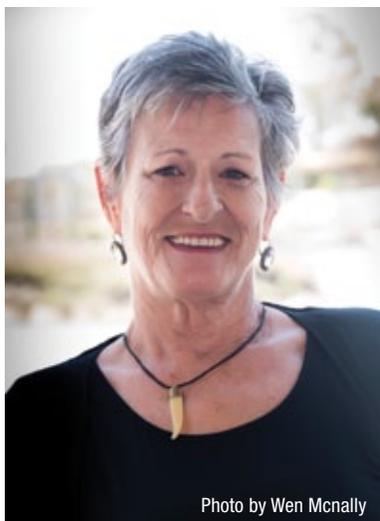


Photo by Wen McNally

Our **Queen** this year is an original Beach Bum, **Mary "Boo" Pezan**. Boo has been coming to Tybee all her life. She even played on the Beach Bums softball team the first year. Boo recalls someone would stand on first base and hold out a beer for you to drink after your hit. "If you knocked over the coach's beer you had to run a lap," she added. This feisty and wonderful lady now works at the Crab Shack. If you're

lucky enough to sit at her bar, you can hear the story of the year Dirty Dan dressed up as the Pope, sat in the back of a pick-up truck with an actual toilet, scooping out (clean) water, and blessing people as the parade went on. She said that was by far her favorite memory. When I asked her what the title of Queen meant to her, she told me she's "So excited, blessed, and honored." She added her favorite thing about Tybee is "meeting people, people from all over the world."

This year's **Grand Marshall** is being awarded to **Henry Schroder**. Henry told me he was "totally shocked, it brought tears to [his] eyes." He mentioned how honored he is, and how he could not

wait to share the news with his beautiful wife Kim. Henry spent much of his life here on Tybee, and says his one of his first memories takes place here in 1946. When asked about his favorite parade he ever attended, he said it was a few years back "when my kids came down from Seattle." He expressed being able to share such a fun event with people you care about makes it all the more special. "The people are my favorite, both those who live and pass through here." To Henry this is more than a tradition but a sense of community.

Whether this is your 1st Beach Bum, your 31st, or any number in between, the most important things to remember are get wet, have fun, don't fear the water and, as Henry told me, "It's all about the love."

Don't forget to bring the love to the **Beach Bum Coronation** on Wednesday, May 10th at 7pm at Marlin Monroe's! Food, booze, music and bums! What more could you ask for?



Photo by Wen McNally

# The American Legion

I never thought I would be writing the Food Spy on the **American Legion**, but I did not realize their Thursday night specials are available to everyone, regardless of military service! Well, hey now! I am all about food so Wen and I went to the Legion on their famous Chicken Dinner night! What a treat!

There is only the one meal every Thursday, so on this first Thursday, **Fried Chicken** it was. It consisted of a breast, thigh and a leg, a healthy helping of collards, potato salad and baked beans (wings are also an option if you prefer)! The meal is so huge that it is served in a go box, which saves the trouble to get one as you're rubbing your belly in sweet satisfaction and wondering who is going to drive you home and put you to bed!

The **chicken** is fried to golden, crispy perfection while still maintaining its juicy insides. The **collards** are seasoned with just the right amount of meat and fat that makes them true collards versus the northern kind (where they just pretend they know what they are doing). The **potato salad** is mayo based, but also seasoned so it's not too mayo ee and those that eat potato salad will know exactly what I am talking about. The **baked beans** are a perfect moppper upper with your roll and will have you smiling.

I had the privilege of meeting the volunteer chefs and they are something special. Working like a well-oiled machine, these boys crank that food out! It was hopping and that food was flying out of that kitchen faster than you could keep up with it. It was a pleasure to meet the entire crew: Ronnie Tatum, Mark Weaver, Ron Vollmer, Archie Lanier, Bill Dowell and Randy Winn are just one big family and you can tell by the general atmosphere of that kitchen. Homey and comfortable; good people cooking good food for their friends and Tybee family – which is everyone! Let's not forget Jim Boyle, the money collector! He meets and greets and takes the \$10 - \$12 for your massive meal with a smile and good humor.

The Legion started doing their Thursday night dinners in 2013. It was such a huge hit that they kept on keeping on every Thursday. Here is the deal: Dinner is from 5:30 to 7:30 and the First Thursday is Fried Chicken, the Second Thursday is a Country Meal, which is usually Pork Chop or Meat Loaf, the Third Thursday is Fish, the Fourth Thursday is Shrimp, and if we fall in a funky month with five Thursdays, it is International, which means something like Low Country Boil! All these dishes come with their various sides and are \$10 - \$12. Like I said: EVERYONE is welcome!! The food is excellent, the chefs are happy and the Health Inspector rated the Legion 100%. So, what are you waiting for? Thursday is right around the corner!!

The American Legion Post 154 is located at 10 Veterans Drive. For any questions, call 912-786-5356 after 5pm.



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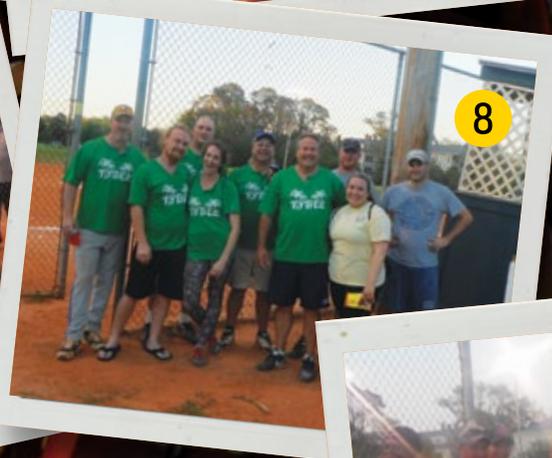
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# Breezin' AROUND WITH RON

By Ron Goralczyk



**1** I know its old news, but we definitely need to congratulate the **Poo Crew** for the **Olympic Gold Medal**. **Austin, Brett, Bryce, Danielle and Vinnie** definitely brought their A game. I noticed they have left the Carpenter Cup unattended. That's a story for another day.

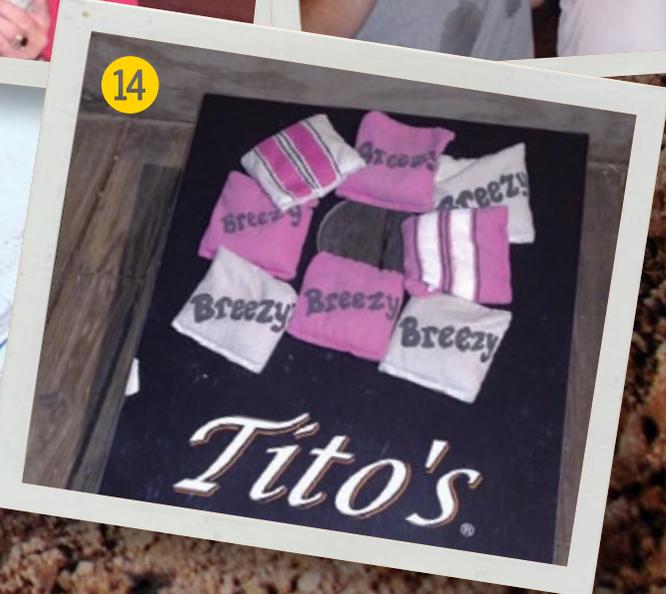
**2** Staying with the medalists, we have the **Silver Medal Team - Lili's**. **Charlotte, Cherie, Clint, Jeremy and Mir** were in it all day. I was very surprised to see Mir pick up the dummy we used to put in the Breezy. I'm sure he was outweighed by 20 pounds.

**3** **Team Breezy, the Bronze Medalists - Leigh, Martin, Paul, Rob and Ron**. I was dropping Martin off at like 5am the day of and he said, "We are going to be Team Exhausted." I told him, "Let's just go have fun and do our best." What an awesome day.

**4** Congratulations to **1 Shot 2 Many** for their first place in the **Tybee Darts League**. **Ginger** put a heck of a good team together. **Brian, Keith, Bruce, Steve, Rita and Mike** threw like their lives depended on it. Maybe I should threaten my team next time.

**5** Congratulations to **Darts and Roses Mike and Sarah**! They got married the day before the Championship game. **Gordon and Nick** went to Atlanta for the wedding and had to drive through some bad weather on the way back to Tybee. I told them they should have postponed the wedding. Championship was on the line ... priorities man!

**6** **Bob-O and T Bird** have been keeping score at **Tybee Softball** for a long time. If you really want to get a taste of true Tybee, come hang out at **JC Park** one Monday night.



**7** *Team Titan*, Zack and Shannon had Titan with them and I can guarantee this little one will be an excellent athlete.

**8** *Team Tybee Market*, aka *The Breakfast Club* crew. What a scrappy bunch this team is. I have seen them win the tournament a few times.

**9** *The Ocean Rescue Team* is a bunch of hard hitting rockem sockem ballers. Try to let them win every now and again; you never know if you're gonna need one of them to save your life.

**10** *The Flying Fish Team* - My old team. We were sponsored by Chu's my first year. We were more like The Bad News Bears. Win or lose we always had a fantastic time.

**11** Now that spring has sprung, we've started playing our *Tuesday Night Corn Hole Tournament*. Chris Hale, a BC Cadet, took all of us to school this night. He and his dad, Tim, make a great team.

**12** These guys need a shower after the epic two game battle. **Bubba and Craig** had them on the ropes for a minute, but **Paxton and Danny** came roaring back to take the money.

**13** **Mike and Jason** are undefeated as a team. I have told them we moved the tournament to Thursday nights. Please do not tell them it's on Tuesdays; trying to give the rest of us a chance at the cash.

**14** Check out these *Corn Hole Bags!* Tracey went the extra mile to customize them for me. You may check them out in person at the tournament.

# THE Fish Whisperer



Captain  
Nick Shreves

## May Fishing Forecast

### TYBEE PIER FISHING

The pier fishing is improving. The Whiting, Bluefish, Black drum, Redfish, Pompano, Sheepshead, and Spanish Mackerel should all be around. For most of these fish you can fish the bottom with Shrimp or cut Mullet and do pretty well. Shrimp is always the number one bait of choice. But if the Spanish are around, you will want a Gotcha Plug. Working this plug is not as easy as it seems, work it fast as you can while keeping it in the water with lots of short jerks. This triggers the natural instinct of a fish to attack. You can catch more than Spanish Mackerel on these as well, so make sure you have a few in your tackle box.

### INSHORE

Fishing season has started and most every species can be caught on a regular basis now, such as Redfish, Speckled Sea Trout and Flounder. For all three of these species I would still use a jig head and a Gulp bait. I like the Swimming Mullet in a 4 inch size. My favorite colors are white and smoke. Stewarts Bait and Tackle Shop has them. They also carry Vudu Shrimp, made by Egret, and they catch fish; plain and simple the best imitation shrimp I have ever seen. For live bait try Mud Minnows, Shrimp or Mullet.

### NEAR SHORE

Cobia season is here and they have to be one of our largest fish to target. Due to changes to regulations, all must be released. As far as a sports fish, these are right up top. These fish can get over 90 pounds and its pretty common to catch them in the 30 to 40 pound range. These fish can be found on the near shore wrecks and almost any large structure. Jigs, live Eels, live Manhaden and Squid are some choice bait. The Black Sea Bass are still fired up, as with many other bottom fish. Spanish Mackerel will be around the nearshore reefs, as well as shipping channels, and near the end of the month King Mackerel will be showing up. These fish can be caught free lining live bait or slow trolling.



### OFF SHORE

The offshore fishery is about as good as it gets. This time of year Mahi Mahi, Wahoo, Blackfin Tuna, Barracuda, Cobia, and Amberjack are just a start to what you can land while trolling offshore. The bottom fishing is great as well. Grouper season has opened and fishing ledges and wrecks can be a great way to start your day. Vermillion Snapper, Triggerfish, Black Sea Bass, Grunts, Porgies, and Amberjack will also be thick around the same areas. A day out here this time of year can fill your freezer for the whole year.

**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.**



# Does the Early Bird Get the Worm?

By J. Beeks

I was at lunch the other day with one of my friends, Bob. Bob's a real go-getter, Type-A, all business kind of guy. He's been in real estate development forever and is very hands on. So his days typically include everything from moving equipment between job sites, running permits, checking in with builders and even doing a little building himself. He's a busy guy. So naturally, I asked him the secret to his success. And the answer was a bit unexpected: He's an early riser. Always has been.

Hmm. I've spent most of my life being a late riser. And I'm not nearly as financially successful as Bob. Have I missed something here? Heck, as a teenager, I could sleep in well past noon. And the apple must not fall far from the tree because my teens can definitely snooze well past 10am every day. Of course, as an older dude, getting up before 5am is no problem. But I have never felt very brilliant or successful at 5am. Give me some coffee and we can talk about it.

I think history might be on Bob's side. Wasn't it Ben Franklin who said "early to bed and early to rise makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise?" And I'm giving Mr. Franklin the hat tip here – he was pretty successful. My personal rule of thumb: if you are on any currency for any nation, you've done something right. And Benny is sitting smartly on that crisp \$100 bill. Nice. So Benny was an early riser, and he did a few important things like - you know, lead a revolution, research this nifty thing called electricity, run a newspaper, sign a declaration. Early riser and clear winner here.

But on the flip side, I can think of a lot of people who probably don't get up very early and could be considered successful. I mean I have a hard time imagining major rock n roll stars punching an alarm at 5am. Mick Jagger? Robert Plant? Jim Morrison? They don't really strike me as first guy in the office kinda guys. I could be stereotyping here, but you get the point. And of course, Google tells me Mariah Carey needs at least 15 hours of sleep a day. Hmm. She sort of irritates me. But we don't discriminate against facts here at the Beachcomber. Mariah. 15 hours. Pretty dang successful. Book it. Google also tells me Leonardo DaVinci followed some hippy sleep schedule and just took a 20 minute nap every four hours. Why did I click on Google again? My extensive peer reviewed research is confusing me. Evidently, if you are a rock star you can sleep in, if you're a business guy or a scientist, you might plan on being more of an active morning guy.

With Google being is usually conflicting self, I decided to conduct my own focus group to get to the bottom of this sleep thing. I mean I had talked to Bob, so why not talk to the rest of the crew? Yes, beer was involved, after all it was a focus group and refreshments are expected. At least they are with my crowd. And although this may sound scary, it all ended quite pleasantly, and we came to a conclusive answer: it doesn't really matter.

You can be successful with any sleeping pattern. Sleep in if you want. Get up early. Take a nap. We don't care. But, as we explored sleep patterns more closely, we did come to one universal requirement for all early risers. If you are an early riser, go you! You are probably more successful than all of us. But we humbly demand that all early risers can never drive diesel trucks. Because you like to turn those damn things on at 4:30am in the morning and let them idle for twenty minutes while you do whatever the !@#!@# you do in the morning. Good grief, go buy a Prius and let us all sleep in!

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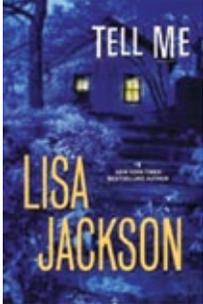
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# BOOK REVIEW

By Nell Klein



## TELL ME

By Lisa Jackson

I finally stumbled across a book that takes place in Savannah and thought it would make a good review for all you locals out there. It's also good enough for you snow birds from Ohio if you're still here!

Twenty years ago, beautiful Blondell O'Henry was convicted of killing her oldest daughter, Amity, and gravely injuring her other two children. She was convicted based on the testimony of her then 8 year old son. Now, her now grown son is recanting his testimony, saying that he was coerced by the police in his testimony. It's up to Detective Pierce Reed, of the Savannah Police Department, to find out the truth before Blondell is released from prison.

This all happens to be very personal for reporter Nikki Gillette of the Savannah Sentinel, who was a childhood friend of Amity O'Henry. In fact, Amity had wanted to meet with Nicki on the night she was killed to tell her something very personal, but Nikki couldn't get there. Now, Nicki is determined to get to the truth of what really happened the night that Amity was killed and only Blondell O'Henry seems to know the truth. And, to complicate matters even further, Nicki is engaged to marry Detective Pierce Reed who is equally anxious to get to the truth of the matter, only he wants to do it the legal way, not Nicki's way. So, as Nicki noses her way into the case and Pierce worries about her safety, we are left to try and sort out the situation! The ending was quite interesting and not altogether expected.

I give this book 4 roses. It has an awful lot of characters to keep straight, but if you forget someone along the way, he or she will probably pop up again, and not in a good way! I always enjoy reading about Savannah, but I wish Nicki had at least taken a day trip to Tybee! Oh well, maybe next time!

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

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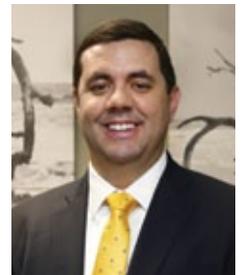
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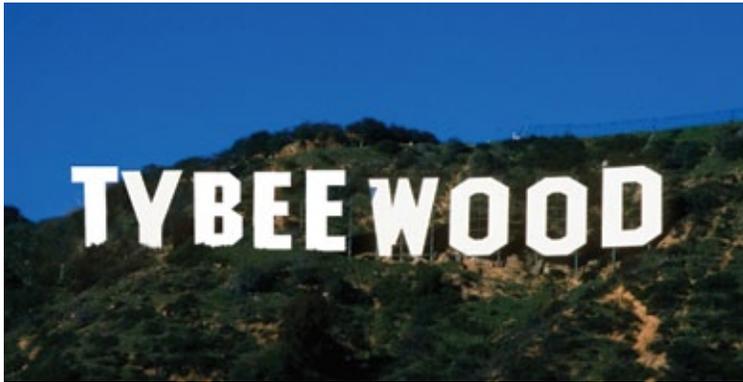
# TAXITALES

By Ron Goralczyk



## Gifted and Feeling Blessed

Tybee Island has become “Tybeewood” in the last few years. I’m guessing we have had 8 or 9 movies filmed here since *Last Song’s* Miley Cyrus lost her innocence. I mean think about it, she sang the song “The Climb,” a very sweet song, and then a couple months after leaving Tybee she was on an award show twercking and doing her best to take advantage of Robin Thicke.



Back in late summer of 2015, Joey was on his way home in *Old Floyd*, Breezy’s pink car, and was followed by a lady that was working on the movie *Gifted*. She asked Joey if we would be willing to let them use our car in the movie. We were told that they would be in touch in a few days so the director could check out the car for the thumbs up.

Joey and I went to meet with them one afternoon; they were filming at the time so we hung out with the production crew, waiting on the director to check out Floyd. Christen asked if the eyelashes were removable. I told her they were but why? She said that Marc was very particular about some things. I felt pretty sure he had seen the lashes and they would be staying right where they were. Sure enough, he liked the car and loved the lashes, so Game On! Floyd was going to be on the set of a real life Tybeewood movie! Our spirits were very high. A week or two went by and we were informed they would be shooting the scene that Floyd would be in and did any of us have any interest in being the driver? Joey said he was sure we could find someone to do that. He had first choice. He didn’t want to do it. “Yes Joey, I will do it!”

I showed up on filming day and everyone was very nice and very appreciative. I was told to take Floyd over to 6th and Lovell and production would meet me there. Sure enough, the guy was waiting when I got to Lovell. He had a Florida license plate for Floyd and decals to put over the phone numbers. I was impressed that the

color of his decals were on point with the existing decals. Only thing was the decals said “Take a Breezy.” I informed the guy that was not our motto. I told him our motto and he was like “Really?” He said great motto but this film was PG. I was told to sit in Floyd and that the lighting, sound and camera guys would be setting up their equipment. So as each one of the production people were setting up they would ask, “Is that really your motto?” They all got it. Anyway, after everything was set up, Marc came over to give direction on the scene. I was also given directions on what he needed from me. He asked what the motto was.

They first filmed the car from the driver’s side. We did about five takes from each camera direction they filmed. Each direction required moving the lighting, sound, and video. Each time body doubles stood in for the actors and actresses. Jenny Slate was the star in the car. The body double and I were in the car for a while. Very quiet and uncomfortable. I don’t like quiet or uncomfortable, so I figured I would break the ice. I turned to her and said, “Hey, I’m Ron.” Jokingly I said, “I think I got my motivation. I actually drive a cab here on Tybee Island.” She very sarcastically replied, “Oh, you’re a cab driver.” Without skipping a beat I replied, “Yes, and I’m going to be in the movie, are you?” Really, a body double WOULD be the one to be snobby!

The first time Jenny Slate went to open the rear door from the inside, I told her it was an old cop car so you had to open from the outside handle. She reached out the window and opened the door like a boss. I said, “So you have done that before.” She smiled and laughed. I haven’t seen the movie yet but I have been told it is a tear jerker and a really good film. “Take a Breezy” and go see *Gifted* or go, you know.

As I sat here and wrote these words down, Susan Bartoletti was on my mind the whole time. Filming this scene was the day after we lost our sweet angel. It was also the Friday to start off Pirate Fest. I know a lot of us who loved her had to work through the weekend. A lot of the production crew that hung out at Huc-A-Poos all knew who she was. We all held back our pained hearts and did what we do as well as we could.

Now we have lost Officer Tron Lewis of the Tybee Island Police force. I am reminded of what we all felt and I see the pain his fellow officers are dealing with. Our hearts go out to his family and friends.

It is times like this that make the service industry a pain in the butt.

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# Foodie Finds

By Joy Baker

## Smokin "Hot" Dip in 5 Easy Steps



### Ingredients:

- 1 8 oz. package of cream cheese
- 1 stick of salted butter
- 2 (bone in) chicken breasts
- Hot sauce (to taste) Pete's or other
- 1 8 oz. package of Mozzarella cheese

### Instructions:

- Step 1:** Prepare your cocktail of choice and have your smokes ready.
- Step 2:** Boil chicken for 10 minutes then turn down to a simmer until it falls off the bone. Let it cool then cover and refrigerate for at least 2 hours.
- Step 2 ½:** Time to indulge in Step 1.
- Step 3:** Remove from fridge and cut into cube size chunks then put back in the fridge.
- Step 4:** Melt softened cream cheese and butter together with a whisk on low heat until creamy.
- Step 4 ½:** Repeat Step 2 ½.
- Step 5:** Whisk "Hot" sauce into the creamy mixture. If it is not "hot" enough after tasting add more "hots" then have a sip of Step 1 and taste again ... Okay! Perfect!!
- Step 6:** Stir in chicken and spoon into a casserole dish.
- Step 6 ½:** Repeat Step 2 ½.
- Step 7:** Load on the Mozzarella (if you are not too loaded by now – LOL).
- Step 8:** Bake at 375 degrees for 20 minutes or until golden brown and bubbly ... I mean bubbling.
- Step 8 ½:** Your choice: Drink or smoke at this stage while dip is cooling. Do both!
- Step 9:** Serve with tortilla chips (multi grain, round, scoops, strips, etc.) or celery if you are on Atkins!
- Step 10:** Bon Appetit!! And yes I had to Google the spelling

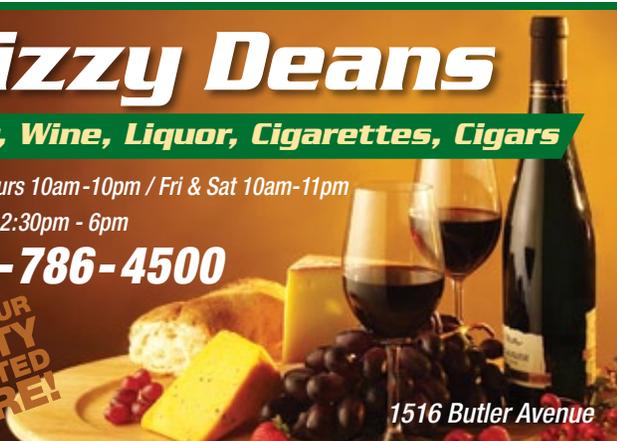
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# Main Street Musings

Chantel Morton, Program Staff Director

## Happy Preservation Month!

Although preservation is celebrated every day around here, the month of May officially holds the title of Preservation Month since the National Trust for Historic Preservation designated it so decades ago.

Preservation Month has been celebrated in a variety of ways over the years on Tybee and this year is no different. Last year, panels were placed at the Old School breezeway, highlighting the history of the school. This year, panels highlighting the Girl Scouts Headquarters on Tybee will be placed in Jaycee Park. The pictures below are from a couple of past years recognitions:



There are so many ways you can celebrate your appreciation for Tybee Island's history this month. Few ideas are: by sharing photos – with a heart cutout makes an even bigger statement – and sharing memories of your beloved historic Tybee spots on social media with #presmonth and #ThisPlaceMatters, and partaking in activities that are happening throughout the month. A few of the activities planned this month that highlight preservation are:

- *The Tour of Homes* on May 6 where many homes on the tour are original Tybee cottages / historic homes that have been restored to showcase the timeless, classic Tybee look
- An *"I Remember Tybee"* event at the Tybee Post Theater on May 7 @ 4pm where residents will be sharing their memories about Tybee (i.e. @ the Post, restoring cottages, etc.). Check out all of the details on the Historic Tybee Island FB page and on the city's web calendar soon.

This place does matter! That's one reason we use *"Preserving Community, Commerce & Culture on the Coast."* This phrase encompasses many aspects of what makes Tybee special for those

that live, work, and visit year-round. The work we all do today to continue the efforts of those before us helps ensure that Tybee's authenticity remains is appreciated!

As always, feel free to contact members of the *Development Authority/Main Street Board of Directors* or me with suggestions and/or concerns re:



economic vitality and preservation. Plus, if you are a business owner that's interested in being more involved with the Program, there is an ex-officio position to be filled on the board.

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# Bartender of the MONTH



By Alaina Loughridge - Photo by Wen McNally



I am delighted to throw a twist into this monthly column by featuring a trio of terrific women that do it all! **MacElwee's** is the place to find **Ms. Mike Rackley (not pictured), Ms. Celeste Provence and Ms. Kim Youmans**. These lovely ladies bartend, manage, serve, run food, and leap tall buildings in a single bound!

Let's start with **Celeste**: This gal has known Lynn Zeigler, the owner of MacElwee's, forever. Well at least since the days of Pearl's Elegant Pelican in the early 80's. Celeste had a great teacher in her 20's - Mr. Thomas of Malone's. She met him while working at Fat Cats and he taught her how to make all the awesome drinks of an era gone by - Manhattans, Old Fashions, Gimlets and killer Martinis! Celeste works as a first grade teacher at Garrison School for the Arts during the off season and does her killer retro drinks at Mac's during the summer. Celeste's go to drink is the *Jose Pedro Shark Bite*. This awesome summer cocktail includes yummy tequila and coffee based liquor over ice. Perfect drink to wake you up and give you that happy buzz!

**Kim** is our next wonder woman and she has been bartending on and off for the last 15 years. She was born and raised in Savannah, but went to Charleston to obtain her Pastry Chef Degree at the Art Institute of Charleston. Returning home, Kim went to work as a chef, but realized she needed a change of pace. Having earned her bartender creds by literally being thrown into it, Kim decided to go back to it. Jumping into MacElwee's, Kim is front of the house go to girl. Her specialty drink is *Peach on the Beach* and is guaranteed to have you feeling absolutely zero pain. You in a bad mood? Not anymore! Problems at work or home? Not anymore! You on vacation and want to get the party started? Yes please!

**Mike Rackley** completes our trio. Her real name is Kathy, but I don't think she will even turn her head to acknowledge you if you yell it out as she has been Mike for so long. This lady has been at MacElwee's forever and everyone knows her. She has people that visit once a year or less, but are willing to wait an hour for a table in her section! Now, I don't know about you, but you have to be pretty damn spectacular for that! Everybody loves Mike. She is a mom, friend, aunt to everyone. It is impossible to leave unhappy when you have been talking to Mike!

Go to MacElwee's and check out these fabulous ladies. A family friendly oriented restaurant where everyone chips in to make your dining experience fun and memorable! Don't forget to order the specialty drinks and get a hug from Mike.



## Stronger Together

By Sarah Chambers

This past month, our tiny island endured yet another great loss. It was a loss of a wonderful individual who made an instant positive impact on everyone who crossed his path. The Tybee Island YMCA & Recreation had the privilege of getting to know him as **Coach Tron**. Coach Tron worked with our U8 soccer team at practices and games - selflessly pouring into the lives of future generations.

It is when a loss like this occurs, that 'time' becomes so very apparent. Time is an unrelenting force that cannot be reckoned with. Every moment could be our last, or a wonderful opportunity to embrace what is happening right in front of us. The majority of us will spend many years here on this earth, while others may be called away sooner. Regardless of the exact number of minutes and hours that we are given, we must hold ourselves accountable to making them count.

We were not created to only exist, but to thrive! Our unique talents, passions and personalities are vital to the world in which we live. The time we are given is meant to be used to make an impact. We cannot make an impact on the world, or in the lives of others, if we are not taking care of ourselves. It is important to be healthy in spirit, mind, and body. In deciding to embrace who we are in every moment, becoming lifelong learners, and prioritizing our body's health, we are able to be the best version of ourselves.

Soak up every moment. Appreciate those who are in your life. Find ways to make an impact. Take care of your body so it can keep up with you! Time slows down for no one. Be present. Be strong. This community - this Y - is definitely stronger when we are spending our time together.

### May events:

**Healthy Kid's Day** | May 6 | 11am -1 pm Free family event!

- Bounce houses
- Healthy living vendors
- Fun for entire family

**All-You-Can-Eat Pancake Breakfast** | May 20 | 8-11am

- Held at the American Legion
- \$10 adults | \$8 kids
- Full breakfast served
- Supports the YMCA Annual Campaign

**Summer Camps Begin!!** | May 22

- Sign up today!!
- Day, Surf, SUP, and Waterman Camps

**Skate Night** | May 26 | 6-8 pm

- \$4/skater

# On Going Happenings

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

**Nickie's 1971 Bar and Grill** - Happy Hour Monday thru Friday 4-7pm, Texas Hold Em Sunday 7pm, Monday thru Wednesday 8pm, Tuesday Open Mike Night 8pm, 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, May 6 Kentucky Derby - Mint Julep Party at 4pm. 1311 Butler Ave.

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

**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.



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**A Tybee Tradition**

**Thank You**

**from Lil' Mary**

As most of you Tybee folks know already, my Irish luck ran out this year. On St. Patrick's Day, while some of you were drinking green beer in celebration, April and I were watching a crew of firefighters trying their best not to let our house burn down to the ground. After the flames were long gone, we were allowed to walk through the remnants of our material life. The optimist in me thought I could save everything. The reality is that I could not. Either way, one thing stood true. I never worried too much because I am a Tybee Girl. And for as long as I've been living, we've always taken care of our own; it's just what we do.

With that being said, next came a river of kindness, generosity, and positivity. Money, furniture, and even a benefit were given to my family and me without ever having to ask. Words cannot express the gratitude that we owe to each and every one of you. That's why I'm saying it here, for the whole world to see. THANK YOU, TYBEE!!! FROM APRIL and ME, CARRIE, and MY FAMILY!!

P.S. Check your dryer vent. I thought mine was clean before I almost lost everything.

# SHOPS AT TYBEE OAKS



1



2



3



4



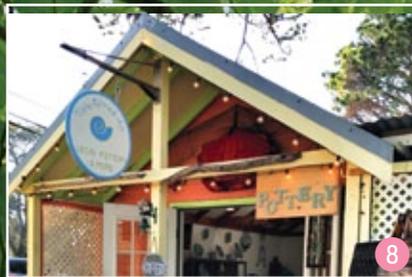
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10

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Tybee island is located at exactly 32 degrees north latitude, the actual 32 degree line runs right through Tybee and crosses the USA all the way to San Diego!

## 4 SHELL ART GIFT SHOP

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## 7 TYBEAN ART & COFFEE BAR

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## 8 TIPSY MERMAID ART

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## 9 SUGAR MAGNOLIA CANDY SHOPPE

Sweet Candy Store and Arcade Games.

## 10 THE MISTY MARSH SHOPPE

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Monday Night. It was dart night, just like any other, when in walked what appeared to be two “ladies of the night.” I could smell the 99 cent gallon of perfume before they even walked in the door. It didn’t take but three minutes before one of them had their skirt around their waist. Thank God she was at least wearing panties. After 20 minutes of them harassing customers for free drinks, the ‘ladies’ took off out the door in the hunt for more profitable game when none of my customers fell for it. The disinfectant to clean their chairs cost more than their perfume. We all had a good giggle and I continued to shuck and jive, slinging drinks and thinking I was all in the clear for the evening. HaHaHa! Not even close!!

While the “ladies” had been occupying my time, it turned out there was a hot mess in the alley trying to sell drugs. When she couldn’t find any takers, she became so persistent that an unknown individual threw

something at her that hit her in the face. Granted, my sympathy level was fairly low, but I gave her a towel and told her to get the hell off Tybee. I thought I was rather pleasant about it, all things considered.

As I was coming back inside from the fiasco outside, the guy that had been taking a very peaceful nap on the bar for the last hour and half decided to wake up. During his entire nappy time, most of the bar patrons had been throwing napkins and spit wads at him trying to rouse him out of his drunken stupor. One had even snapped a wet towel in his face, which hurts like a sum bitch when it actually makes contact with skin. As he finally came to and stood up, we all cheered and clapped excitedly for him as though we had all won Keno (hey, we take our cheap thrills were we can).

The thrill was very short lived. He made it about 10 feet before he stopped by the bathroom (and I say BY the bathroom NOT IN the bathroom), where he must have thought to himself “now and here is a good time to take a piss” ... out comes his twig and berries and my nappy time drunk proceeds to piss all over the floor! The recoils of horror, in retrospect, my own included, were hilarious! At the time, however, it was not amusing and I wanted to hurt him with his own tan banana! I was saved the trouble, as at the exact moment of nappy drunk dropping trou, the boss walked in. The timing was so superb I could not help but laugh, as I wouldn’t have to clean it all up by myself! The boss frog marched nappy out the door and I have not seen him since and I sincerely hope I never do. After all that, the rest of the evening was a cake walk!

If this is seriously any indication of the upcoming season, then Tybee bartenders - y’all better buckle up and hold on to your asses!

**Love Betty Jane**



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# Beach Walks with Dr. Joe

## Lettered Olive Snails

By Dr. Joe Richardson



Possibly the most attractive shells that you'll find beachcombing on Tybee are those produced by **Lettered Olive Snails**. The torpedo-shaped Lettered Olive shells have a polished, glossy surface that makes them particularly desirable beachcombing treasures. Examine the shiny brown shell closer and you'll notice the tiny triangular arrangements of darker and lighter lines that appear to make "letters" like M's, V's, and W's. No two Lettered Olive shells have the same patterns, so each shell is unique.

Although you can find Lettered Olive shells year-round on Tybee, I'm choosing to discuss them now during the late spring because this is when we are most likely to come across live ones on our beach (or maybe I

should say "in" our beach). Some days you might not see any; but there will be other days when they are there by the dozens. You will find them in the wet intertidal zone sand, usually from about mid-tide level down to the water line at low tide. Some of them might be lying on top of the sand, but most of them will be burrowing just below the surface, so you might walk right over them unless you know what to look for.

Lettered Olive Snails are predators, and they are hunting for small animals living just below the surface of the sand. With their torpedo-shaped streamlined shell, Lettered Olives dig and plow through the sand using their muscular foot. They also produce lots of slime that helps when digging through the sand. When a Lettered Olive snail encounters its prey, it surrounds it with its foot and essentially suffocates it and then eats it. Perhaps you have seen pretty, empty Coquina clam shells that look like tiny colored angel wings. Most likely, it was a Lettered Olive Snail that captured and ate the animal from inside those colorful shells.

Sometimes the trails of burrowing Lettered Olive Snails are easy to spot. They look like somebody dragged their finger or a stick across the wet sand creating a shallow narrow trench. If you see a hump of sand at one end, that is probably the digging snail. Other times the snail might have just started digging so there isn't much of a trench but more of just a small disturbance where the sand is slightly lifted up. If you see that, check under that bump and you might find the glossy-shelled snail.

You can tell if you've found a live Lettered Olive Snail by looking inside the shell opening. If it's alive, you'll be able to see a portion of the beige-colored muscular foot just inside. You don't want to keep a live one. It's just going to die and stink. Besides, Tybee protects its shore life and doesn't allow removal of live animals from the beach. Instead, dig a little trough with your finger, put it in there, and cover it up. Or carry it down to the really wet sand, set it there, and it will probably start digging.

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

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

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# Kiah Polk

would like to thank the following people for their donations and assistance in his time of need:

Patti Hanson, Chad Fair, DeSoto Hotel, Tybee Times, Doc's Bar, Spanky's, Chrissy Frye, Dizzy Dean's, Burke's Beach Chair Rentals, Knife & Dagger, Joy Baker, Mark Weaver, Ann Currington, Catie's Confections, Jennifer Ensign, Toni Voight, Pam Bebon, Jennifer Pentreath, Claire Strauss, Jennifer Fortner, Tammy with Georgia Crown, Andrea with National Distributors, Brandon Ussery with Savannah Distributors, Jay Burke with Empire, Murray with United, River's End Campground, Sting Ray's, Joy Davis, Nell Klein and The Wind Rose Café and The Band: Brandon Coleman, Sam Adams, Dane Pentreath and Gordon Hill!!

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# Life's a Beach Events

What's happening in May By Mom

**5-1, 5-8, 5-15, 5-22, 5-31 Tybee Island Farmer's Market** 4-7pm at Tybee Lighthouse grounds, 30 Meddin Dr. The Farmer's Market will be open every Monday through October. Everything from fresh veggies to art work. Support your local Farmers and Artists!

**5-4 thru 5-6 Tybee Wine Festival** On 5-4 is the *Art of Pairing*, 7pm at Tybee Island Social Club, 1311 Butler Ave. On 5-5 is *Viva l'Italia!* from 7-10 pm at Tybee Post Theater, 10 Van Horn Ave., with wine tasting and a concert by *Popperazzi*. On 5-6 is *Grand Wine Tasting*, 3-6pm at Tybee Island Light Station, 30 Meddin Drive. Enjoy live music, silent auction, food, and of course, wine. Also on 5-6 is a *Popperazzi* Encore. All proceeds benefit the non-profit Tybee Post Theater. Go to [www.tybeeposttheater.org](http://www.tybeeposttheater.org) or call for further info at 912- 472-4790.

**5-5 thru 5-7 Tybee Rainbow Fest** On 5-5 *Meet and Greet* at Coco's from 5-7pm, then a *Kick-off Celebration* at Social Club from 7pm-1am. On 5-6 *Tybee Rainbow Fest Parade* at 3pm, starting at City Hall, *Party* at the Sand Bar from 6:30-10pm, and *Sweet Tease Burlesque Show* at Bernie's from 10pm-3am. Check out *Tybee Rainbow Fest* on Facebook for more info.

**5-6 20th Annual Tybee Island Tour of Homes** 10am-4pm at various locations. Proceeds will benefit the Maritime Academy at 714 Lovell Ave. For details of tickets, locations, and lunch, go to [www.tybeetourofhomes.com](http://www.tybeetourofhomes.com) or contact the Academy at 912-395-4060.

**5-10 Beach Bum Coronation** 6:30pm at Marlin Monroe's. Come watch the crowning of the Grand Marshall, Queen and Big Kahuna. There will be food, booze, music and bums!

**5-13 thru 5-14 Annual Beach Bum Open Volleyball Tournament** 9am-6pm at Pier & Pavilion on the 13th. Spectators can root for their favorite pros and participate in contests and promotions. 10am-4pm on the 14th. Go to [www.evptour.com](http://www.evptour.com) for details.

**5-12 & 5-26 Sunset Tours 2017** After-hours tours of the Tybee Island Lighthouse at 30 Meddin Ave. Call 912-786-5801 for reservations.

**5-12 SCAD Sand Arts Festival** 10am at South Beach of Tybee by the pier. Come watch the students and Alumni of SCAD create their stunning designs in the sand. For more info email Chris Williams at [chwillia@scad.edu](mailto:chwillia@scad.edu).

**5-12 & 5-13 Pride and Prejudice** 7pm at Tybee Post Theater, 10 Van Horne Ave. This performance is being done by the FEFC Youth Theatre Ensemble. For all events go to [www.tybeeposttheater.org](http://www.tybeeposttheater.org) or call for further info at 912- 472-4790.

**5-14 Happy Mother's Day!** Don't forget to call your Mom!

**5-15 Songs from The Silver Screen** 5-7pm at Tybee Post Theater, 10 Van Horne Ave. The Wilde School of Music presents *"Let's Go to the Movies! Songs from the Silver Screen."* For all events go to [www.tybeeposttheater.org](http://www.tybeeposttheater.org) or call for further info at 912- 472-4790.

**5-19 31st Annual Tybee Island Beach Bum Parade** 6:30-8pm on Butler Ave. Prepare yourselves for a good soaking! Have a great time and be safe too!

**5-27 and 28 Tybee Arts Memorial Day Art Show** Tybee Arts Association will be hosting an Art Show on Saturday 11am-6pm and Sunday 11am-5pm at #7 Cedarwood Ave.

**5-29 TIPD VIP Luncheon** – Neighbors Helping Neighbors 11am to noon at Memorial Park. If you need some assistance or want to help, contact Richard Dascall at 912-484-8833 for further info.



## Reasons NOT to go to the Doctor

Recently I decided all by my adult self - and not after three months of my mother nagging me - to go in to the doctor for a checkup. Seemingly simple. Find a doctor, make an appointment, and of course, *Lie* about diet, exercise, and alcohol consumption. Typical adult stuff.

Prior to my first scheduled visit, I received a phone call from the doctor's office, wanting me to find out from my insurance company where my new doctor could send blood work and any other tests going into the future. First things first, I went to my health insurer's website, and since I had only three options, I made a highly uneducated guess that this very common question would be somewhere on their web site.

Now Ambetter (yeah you hoe, I'm throwing you under the bus) has an awful to use website. Your option(s) are: Pay your premium. That's it. So now I had to call them. I had a few minutes so I gave their 800 number a jingle, went ALL the way through the prompts, *why are you calling, what do you want from us, who are you, robot after robot*. Then *"Your call is very important to us, and will be answered in the order in which it was received."* Typical, well, ten minutes went by, then 20, before I realized I'd been on hold for 38 minutes!

I needed to run in to Savannah (yuck), so I put the phone on speaker, put it on the charger in the car, and off I went. I was driving around midtown when I realized I had been on hold for 120 minutes - that's TWO HOURS! TWO HOURS!! And do you think the hold music was light rock from the early 90s? No. It was sounds of nature, wind rustling leaves, and a babbling brook. At this point I was livid. LIVID! I hung up. And promptly called again. I continued my errands - on hold - on speaker phone, with the sounds of ducks quacking and reindeer playing reindeer games. I was becoming irate. I was paying way too much money to be ignored like this.

I found myself returning from my shopping - at 100 minutes on hold for the second time. I was peaking the Lazzaretto Bridge and when I hit the top I was getting ready to hurl the phone out the window into the water. But then! *"Thank you for calling Ambetter from -" "WHAT LAB DO I SEND MY TESTS TO?"* - I cut him off before he could finish. He told me and I abruptly ended the call. Not even a colorful response from my otherwise sarcastic personality.

Ok, so I went to my doctor's appointment. I'm healthy, I had been practicing all my lies in the waiting room about how well I treat my body. Everything checked out (I should be a lawyer). Only issue was my blood pressure. It was high, and not like "Oh, we should monitor that" but more like "You will be dead within the hour." We revisited the diet and exercise discussion, and I stuck with my lies. Then she asked about stress. Really? Stress, you mean like spending four flippin' hours on hold with my insurance company so I could come here and be told I'm otherwise healthy - except for stress. WHICH I DID NOT HAVE PRIOR TO THIS VISIT??

So as punishment for being healthy, and having medical insurance, I'm now on a strict diet of tasteless, bland, and a little orange pill to lower my blood pressure.

The moral of this story is: If you're healthy, don't go to the doctor. They will force you to take on additional stress so they can sell you pills.

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# Reflections

By Hollie Sessoms

There's something magical about winter at the beach. The streets are quiet, the shoreline is bare. You can walk entire stretches of sand and not say good morning to one soul. You let the ocean pulse through everything inside of you. This is yours—this expanse of sand, this water lapping the shore, kissing your feet. Your toes go numb in the chilly Atlantic, you arch your back and drink the salt in the air. The wind bites against your cheek and you let it, because moments like those are precious and fragile and slip through your fingers if you're not careful, if you don't hold onto them with everything you have.

There's also something magical about the hint of summer coming again. The weather warms, clothes are shed, and before you know it there are more footprints in the sand than there were before. Tourists with hunched backs comb through the beach, searching for the perfect seashell. Hair becomes sticky with sweat, the wind refreshes instead of bites. Soon you're dodging children chasing after seagulls, horizontal bodies begging to be kissed by the sun. The smell of coconut oil is thick in the air, music thumps from a too loud speaker, and this too, is beautiful.

There's something magical about living in a place that others long to come to. Just think, you live in that place that someone has saved money and taken vacation days and dreamed about visiting. To them it's a whirlwind week of glory they will post about on social media so all their friends can comment: "Jealous!" Your impulse is to guard this land as a secret, not share it with anyone, but you know there is enough for everyone. There's always enough love to go around. There's no reason not to spread the joy that this island brings you.

Like the ocean ebbs and flows, your life has a rhythm to it. It must or else it would stagnate, grow stale and moldy. You accept this flow— isolation, then slowly, masses of people—knowing what is on the other side of it. Your secret solitary few months.

You keep those chill, winter months inside of yourself—a little gift—and go enjoy your hot, pulsing, still beautiful island with the others, the others who love it too.



*We were wondering if it's possible to camp on the beach at Tybee Island, do you have any advice?*

For starters, no. And why would you want to? Camping is the very last thing anyone should ever be caught doing.

If you really insist on sleeping miserably outside while "roughing" it, here are some pointers, NAY! A walk through! Continuing on, I would

recommend heading over to Little Tybee to camp. This barren island is not equipped for human life. There is nothing there. Comcast has not bothered to wire Little Tybee for internet, and there is no chance of being able to charge my cellphone.

Here's what I do:

To get to Little Tybee I must first acquire a sailing vessel. While most Tybians are too drunk to own boats, usually someone's parents have one. I am usually able to convince them it's worth their while to use their time and gas to get me off this liveable island to the uninhabited and undesirable Little Tybee. I am confident this achievement stems from being extremely persuasive (or whiny).

Now before I head out, it's vital to check the tide. While most locals would tell one to go at high tide, that is less than sound advice. I've always found there's no thrill in leaving at high tide. It's not in true islander fashion until I'm stuck in a cockeyed boat on the sand bar cursing and googling Sea Tow's number. Once the tide returns and I'm back in the water, I press on!

When I arrive at Little Tybee it is imperative to set up a base, usually adjacent to my crapping hole. While I live my life day in and day out ignoring the fact that other people poop, and hoping they ignore this same bit of trivia about me, camping seems to embrace this bodily function. There's no hiding one's own BM as I shuffle through camp with toilet paper and a shovel over my arm. There's no thrill in guessing what I'm doing just beyond those trees. Everyone knows, and they're all talking about it. Am I proud? I shouldn't be. Once I've left my deposit, it is important to remember there is no running water. So I wipe my hands on my shorts and rejoin the group.

There are some people that recommend setting up a tent, but since I lack in the hand-eye coordination department, this usually does not happen. If you're engineeringly challenged like I am, try sleeping under the stars. For those unable to capture this concept in their minds, picture the last time you drunkenly passed out on your porch. Ok, that's what camping under the stars is like. The best part of sleeping without a tent is insects. While I pay an exterminator a small fortune to come spray my home once a month, I choose to make a vacation of living with the same bugs I have put hits on all year long.

Another issue with camping is food. While many people become aroused at the thought of catching, killing, and cooking one's own meals, I generally become aggravated at my inability to hunt a wild corndog, or pack of wild corn dogs. Pair this with the interesting tidbit that cheesy breadsticks and ranch dressing do not grow under rocks. So I'm left to stare in anger up at the trees, wondering if that's where Doritos come from - all while never being able to climb said tree to find out. This because I have the physique and stamina of a modern day John Goodman. After walking around looking up at trees, fantasizing about giant soft pretzels with just a dab of mustard, it is vital to twist my ankle in the hole where my camp fire should be, but is not.

Making a fire, although a great concept, is something you will not find on my resume under special talents. Unfortunately, I was a special child and I was not permitted near fire. Now in my adult years I struggle to conjure it up whether from a match, a lighter, or by sensually rubbing two rocks together. Unless it's a stove fire I just can't figure out how it works (unfortunately I have an electric stove so most fires are unintentional). Factoring in my short temper, and even shorter attention span, there's a lot of wind on Little Tybee, which prohibits fire from being born. After much thought I think this wind could be corrected with the precise placement of some Billboards. I am coming to terms with the fact that fire was not meant to happen outdoors.

The final reason to avoid camping is sheer and utter boredom. What do people do for fun? My imagination is dead, and trying to relax in a hostile environment takes too much energy. I don't have time for that. The thought of hiking sounds as thrilling as driving to Staples. It's more tedious than exciting. I could fish, but it is highly unlikely I will catch anything. And if Mother Nature did present me with a fish, I wouldn't exactly know what to do with it. Also, when I wade in tidal pools, really big, mean, nasty ugly crabs bite my toes and the pain can only be described in medical terminology as hurting like a son of a bitch.

So now I ask myself. I am cold, hungry, with no shelter, or entertainment, I've just made a bowel movement within talking distance from my friends. I'm stranded since I have no boat and the insects are starting to carry off the smallest member of my group. And as much as I'd like to pursue the hostage I can't, because I hurt my ankle and a crab bit my good foot. Now be honest, is this really, really worth the "camping experience?"

No. No it is not.

## Behind the Tape...

By Cpl. Richard Dascal



The past month has been a very rough one for our family at the Tybee Island Police Department. As I'm sure everyone knows at this point, we lost one of our own. Officer Tron Lewis was killed on April 8, 2017, as the result of a motorcycle accident while he was off duty. He had only been with our department for about six months and as such I know most of you never had the pleasure of meeting him, so I'm going to do my best to tell you about the person he was.

I first met Tron in 2013 while attending the police academy in Garden City. Everyone could tell right away he was a leader. Easily the biggest guy there, he also was the softest spoken and most upbeat. He was quickly named president of Class 267. Even when things got tough throughout the training, Tron pulled everyone together and kept us motivated, whether it was a cadence while we were running or a kind word in private. I personally remember that while I was attending, I had a lot of trouble with the running. On one of our daily group runs, I was left behind by the group and had to make my way back on my own. As I was coming down the last straight away, trying to make it back to the academy where the rest of the class had already been dismissed to go shower, I saw Tron running back out to come meet me. He caught up to me then immediately turned around to finish the run with me. He let me know there he wouldn't let anyone get left behind.

Several more weeks went by then graduation came along. Tron left to go to the Ware County Sheriff's Office and I to the Tybee Island PD. For the next several years I didn't have any contact with Tron. It wasn't until about a year ago I was told by Chief Bryson that he was going to be hiring someone I went to the academy with. When he told me it was Tron Lewis I was immediately excited because I knew the sort of person Tron was and knew what an asset he would be to Tybee.

Sometime later Tron was finally able to start working with us. He came in at a tough time. His first days were during Hurricane Matthew. I was gone from the island during the hurricane, but when I returned I wasn't the least bit surprised to find out that he had already made an impression on everyone in the department. He had become an immediate friend to all. I was recently told after his passing that he made it a point to facetime with the son of another one of our officers, who he had befriended in the early days of his time with us.

As he began to work the streets it was clear that he was an instant favorite with the public. From reading with the 2nd grade class at the Maritime Academy to coaching a soccer team at the YMCA on his off time, he went out of his way to positively impact our community. So much so that he was quickly given the position of Tybee Police Public Information Officer. He was scheduled to speak to students at Savannah State University this week.

Away from work Tron was a strong family man leaving behind a wife, Natasha, three brothers, Joshua, Alonza, and Mister, as well as his mother and father who he was very close with.

His passing has left a void in our department and our community that will be difficult to fill. As tough as it currently is, our department is working hard to move forward and honor Tron's memory as best we can. We would like to sincerely thank the Tybee Island community for all the support you have shown to us in this tough time. It is a great reminder that we do in fact work in the best place in the world. Please continue to keep the Lewis family in your prayers and may Tron rest in the peace he so rightly deserves.

Sincerely and with a heavy heart, Cpl. Richard Dascal

# CONCERT CALENDAR

5/4 All That Remains – The Stage on Bay – Savannah

5/5 Phil Vassar – The Stage on Bay - Savannah

5/6 St. Paul & the Broken Bones – Lucas Theatre – Savannah

5/20 Edwin McCain – The Stage on Bay - Savannah

5/20 - 5/21 Southern Ground Music & Food Festival – MUSC Health Stadium – Charleston

5/26 Molly Hatchet – The Stage on Bay - Savannah

6/2 Red, White & Blues – Tybee Post Theater

6/2 - 6/4 The Purple Hatter's Ball – Spirit of The Suwannee – Live Oak, FL

6/3 Miles Davis Tribute – Tybee Post Theater

6/9 Dangermuffin CD Release Concert – Tybee Post Theater

6/10 Tybee City Limits – Tybee Post Theater

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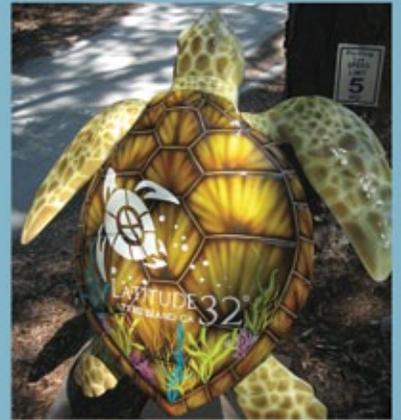
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[TybeeTourofHomes.com](http://TybeeTourofHomes.com)



There are unique factors to Barrier Island surfing like extreme tides and shape shifting sands. Many people ask about the surf on Tybee Island, but don't know where to begin in finding it. When I first started checking out the forecast, I was flabbergasted by all the elements involved in the creation of these illusive waves. I still refer to experts that are far more cultivated from years of fluctuating with the sand and surf spots up and down the beach. Curious new-comers, you need not worry no mo', for this is a guide to finding waves on Tybee Island. Once familiar with reading into the Tybee surf forecast, you are in the game to find some great rides.

Time to dial into how, when and where to discover the best waves on Tybee, including some tricky traits to each spot, in other words, beginner booby-traps that can be easily avoided...

The two most popular surf spots on Tybee are known, island wide, as the north end and the south end. Our Poles.

The North End spot, sometimes called Mini Malibu, because of its Malibu reminiscent break of long peeling rights, is located on the north end of the island, north of the first jetties (a wall of stacked rocks) over by North Beach Grille. North. This end will form a wave a couple hours after the incoming tide. A good south or southwest wind that wraps itself around those rock jetties with adequate strength will pump up the wave potential, surfs up with a 3 plus foot swell reading from the Fort Pulaski buoy, all easy numbers to access online. So we enter the Goldilocks zone of surfing. That's the location, tide time, wind direction and swell height. A recipe for waves, check it out!

North end is such a fun surf spot, easy going and gratifying, long rides, an Awesome wave for long boarding. Every once in a while N end will pop off and crafty short boarders get to draw their spazztastic lines up and down the waves, an unforgettable time to fire up anyone's surf-skillet.

Only a few snags to look out for in these northern Tybee waters; some long lines, hooked and baited, zinging overhead, with great potential to become invisible clothesline, as well as a patch of shady rebar lodged in the sand from some old jetties. I usually check out of the wave when I get close to that second jetty, not interested in finding the hidden metal under the water. There is no denying that the sunset sessions rock the most on the north end and the vibe is usually as calm as a gliding pelican.

South end is a different story, located on the south end ... in between the south of the pier and 18th street. Checking two to three hours before high tide and hoping for any wind direction besides northeast. The most ideal winds for the south end are offshore west winds or southwest. It is a greater task to decipher some of these waves, but the challenge will pay off, and ridable they will become. Sets roll in a little spotty and unpredictable, but upbeat, quick and fun to ride. No time to spare, it is a fast pop-up and shooting ride, even with a foot of swell. South end is more crowded with swimmers and more hectic. The current can really pick up down there and when pushing north the pier will loom up on you fast. We call it pier pressure—ba-dum-chchah. This end is all about getting covered, another Awesome ride for all types of boarders.

North or south, whatever your pleasure, the best time to pick up surfing is in the warm summertime season. Yeah, there are more people and yeah, there are more jellies and maybe you have limited time with the ocean, but Tybee provides such fun breaks for any beginner and advancer and it ends up becoming a summer romance that never ends; also a perfect warm up for hurricane season just around the corner in the fall. If you can surf Tybee, you can surf anywhere. Keep your eye on the forecast; I'll see you in the water.



## TYBEE ISLAND ZOMBIES

By Paul Cales

The Tybee Island Zombie story starts with a 1958 incident that will forever scar this small beach community with lore and tales of the Tybee Island Zombie.

On February 5th 1958, during a practice exercise with the United States Air Force, an F-86 fighter plane collided in midair with a B-47 bomber that was carrying a 7,600-pound (3,400 kg) Mark 15 hydrogen bomb. To prevent a detonation in the event of a crash, and to save the aircrew, the bomb was jettisoned. Following several unsuccessful searches, the bomb was presumed lost in the waters of Wassaw Sound off the coast of Tybee Island, Georgia.

There is no mistake that the bomb was loaded with radioactive material. This fact has not been disputed by anyone, not scientists, not journalists, not even our government or its military. The true question is ... what happened to the iron case that was holding all that radioactive material after absorbing the impact of the fall and being submerged in saltwater? You don't have to be a rocket scientist to figure out that iron and saltwater don't mix. Just ask anyone who owns anything made from iron or steel that lives near the coast.

Where am I going with this? Well ... the radioactive material that WAS in that bomb started leaking a few years after it was deposited near Tybee Island and Wassaw Sound.

In the waning months of the summer of 1965 a fisherman was bitten by a small shark that was caught in his nets off the shores of Tybee. This shark wasn't the typical shark one would encounter in these waters. In fact, this shark wasn't the typical shark one would encounter in ANY waters. It was obviously mutated, clearly affected by some foreign or invasive element.



This story doesn't end with the discovery of this hideous fish or its victim ... it begins with it!!!



# The Kenya Project

By Alaina Loughridge



You often hear of people going off to third world countries to help those less fortunate than us. I have always wanted to do this myself, as I hear the return tales of how rewarding the experience is, not to mention life-changing for the people who went and returned with an acquired knowledge of just how lucky we are. Yes, we have our day to day trials and tribulations of fighting traffic, fighting with a spouse, or problems with the kids. There are people in this world whose daily trials and tribulations include finding a decent meal, drinking water, and a safe place to stay. Makes our problems trivial in comparison, doesn't it?

I had the opportunity to sit down with **Steve and Bethany Kellam** who recently returned from such a trip to **Kenya, Africa**. Both the Kellam's were looking for an opportunity to make a change in their

lives, and when Bethany's sister, Autumn Davis, told them about **Joey Potter's** mission trips for the **Fellowship Christian Athletes** group, the Kellam's were excited to become a part of this. There is a lot of planning into going on such a mission and with 30 people signed up, including nine students from North Carolina State, five of which are players on the football team - preparation is key! All participants were broken up into groups in charge of collecting a variety of different items to donate to the school they were headed, **Mountain Park Academy**.

The Kellam's decided to collect dental care items and were hugely successful. A giant shout out to **Dr. Jessanna Smith** at **Tybee Teeth**, as well as **Dr. William Trout** and his wife **Brandy** at **Dental Wellness Center** and the **Effingham Dental Association** for donating an enormous amount of toothbrushes and accoutrements. Along with those donations, Tybee locals were key in donating funds by way of purchasing handmade bracelets from Bethany, and **Bahama Joe's** went above and beyond with their donation as well.

All told, 30 people flying to Africa hauled in their luggage and on their backs and carry-on's with 4,000 POUNDS of stuff. WOW!!! Steve said the only thing they packed for themselves was literally the clothes on their backs and one change up. Amazing! This is for a seven day trip!

When the group arrived in Kenya, they traveled to the Mountain Park Academy where they would be staying for the week. Meeting the teachers and staff was great, but meeting the children was emotionally overwhelming!! Swahili is the primary language, but everyone spoke English and it was love at first sight for everyone that visited. Hugs and stories were exchanged immediately. Friendships were formed and forever bonds were made instantly.

The group spent \$420 on 500 loaves of bread and 42 cases of soda. It was Thanksgiving and Christmas all together!! What a special treat for children that have this on a typical day: School is six days a week at 10 hours a day. Breakfast is 1/3 of a tiny cup of porridge, lunch is a donut sized biscuit with a small side of beans. Water is from the faucet in the yard. Both orphans and children with parents attend the school. Approximately 450 orphans live on the grounds, where there are four houses with 16 people to each house. The

overflow is assigned to barracks-style living. Each space has a House Mother to care for the children. The school is trying to build additional housing to accommodate the influx of children, but as always, money is a factor.

The Kellam's each had a special child that they were drawn to, but loved and admired all of the children at the school. *"They are well mannered and sweet. You can tell the education is excellent quality."* It was tough to leave after a week of bonding on such a level; especially with children, because they are so innocent. Unfortunately, these kids probably know more about life than they should, due to the hardships they endure just trying to afford to stay in school.

The Mountain Park Academy, via the Fellowship Christian Athletes/ The Kenya Project, continues to work towards helping these children stay in school, get an education and grow up to be able to contribute back to their community and society. Another trip is planned next year and the Kellam's are already planning and looking forward to it. They are asking for donations from the general public to start collecting now for their journey. Shoes of any size or sex and socks. The girls are desperate for bras and underwear. Again, what us ladies sigh in relief when we take off at night is something someone else needs. The kids are small people so keep that in mind if you are going to donate something. Please drop off any items that you have collected to either Tybee Time or Doc's. If you are interested in more information or adopting your own child, please visit their website at [TheKenyaProject.org](http://TheKenyaProject.org).

What an experience for us to be able to hear the Kellam's story and take a minute to review our own scene. Life is not about going to work and paying the bills. Life is about making a difference by helping - whether that is through creating something or lending a hand. Take this opportunity to make a difference. You never know what life-changing event will occur to make you be a better person and help create a better person.





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There is probably not an American out there that doesn't know who Pat Sajak and Vanna White are. These two have been on TV for 30 years as the hosts of Wheel of Fortune, one of America's favorite game shows.

What you may not know is that there is a group of us beach bums here on Tybee who REALLY love this game and meet every evening at one of our iconic bars (Doc's Bar) to get together, have a beer or two (or three) and match our wits to outdo, not only our friends, but the contestants on the show. I won't name any names (Mark, George, Ricky, Pete, Art, Heike, Bruce, Mac and Margie), but trust me, these bums mean business. I don't go every night (too old) but when I do show up, I have to say it's one of the highlights of my week.

An important thing to remember is to get there early enough to secure a seat at the bar. This is key, not only to have a bird's eye view of the TV, but to catch up on gossip with your friends and have a few drinks to get your mind working before "puzzles" begin.

At 7pm the music goes off and the TV comes on. Each contestant on the show is given the once over by the bums to decide who their favorite contestant is, talk about what they are wearing, poke a little fun at them (actually we are jealous because we think we're smart enough to be on the show), decide if they are pregnant (yes, I know), and pick out who we think will win. Of course we all

want to see what Vanna is wearing too. Did you know that Pat wears a tie each night that matches Vanna's gown (a little Trivia fact there)?

Then it's every man (or woman) for themselves. Game on!!

It's very important to be the one to get the first answer. It gives you a little momentum and makes you think you're going to kick ass over your friends. But if you get the next answer right too, you start getting the evil eye. And if you're having a really good night, we all insist it must be a re-run! There is a lot of jumping off your bar stool to shout out your answer, and believe me, you have to be quick-witted (and loud) to beat these guys. There is also a lot of fighting (good natured) about who called the answer out first! It's a rare moment when no one guesses the answer before the contestants on TV do. But if it happens (not often) that we completely miss the answer, we make up our own – and then it's who can make up the craziest answer. I've heard some doozies.

Then comes the final category, the last puzzle. As the contestant pulls the envelope, one of the bums (Mark) will call out what he thinks is in the envelope – the coveted prize of the night. Not to be outdone, all of us other bums will throw a dollar on the bar. If he is right the bartender gets our dollar. If he's wrong, he pays the bartender for all of us.

If it happens that one of the bums (George) can't be there, believe me, they are watching this game from somewhere. They will even text the answers to one of us during the game! And I've even had to throw in a dollar for them (that they have to pay back with interest – usually a jello shot).

If the unsuspecting tourist walks in, they are usually in for a surprise to see what is going on between us bums. A lot of them will get in on the action too, but it pisses us off if they start getting the answer first. It's a fine line they have to walk.

So, if you're not busy and looking for something fun to do, stop by and play puzzles with us. As one of our bums (Ricky) say, "I can be having the worst day ever, but when I get here I forget all about it."

And ... can I buy a vowel? Please!!

# Haûs Frau

By Rem

## Blow it, Torch it, Dump it!!

As if we don't already have enough to do, spring time and daylight savings sneak up on us and suddenly there are more hours of sunshine to highlight the dust and cobwebs we've been cave dwelling in. Taxes and spring cleaning, who could ask for more? It's that time of year again to stare down the winter's hoard. So fling open the doors, open the windows and let the games begin!

I always start out with an ambitious plan that involves a lot of list making,



sorting and recycling, and donating things I'm over. Then I realize spring cleaning isn't nearly as enjoyable as getting rid of some stuff and doing a little reorganization, its hell. Pure hell. I loathe cleaning window blinds and fan blades. I despise dusting off lampshades and upper cabinets. I cringe at the thought of carefully wiping each leaf of each houseplant. I don't want to remove window screens, wash them, clean windows and replace screens. These are tedious, torturous tasks that no one should have to endure.

I live far enough from my neighbors they are hardly considered neighbors. This can create somewhat of a moral and ethical environmental conundrum when making 'dump it' and 'burn it' decisions. These decisions shall remain a mystery to all. So here's a little peek into how it's gonna go this year ... if it can't be cleaned with a hose, a shop vac, a power washer, a leaf blower or a match, it's not getting cleaned.

Take the houseplants out on the porch and hose them off. While they are out of the way and drip-drying, take the shop vac and move the hose from suck to blow, open the windows and doors and blow out the house. Take a break and let the dust settle. Now flip that blower back to sucker and vacuum up what's left. The shop vac pretty much handles all undesired indoor maintenance. Whatever doesn't survive the shop vac cleaning, you really didn't need it and can be placed in the 'dump it' or 'burn it' pile.

Return the houseplants (I'm all about my houseplants) to their safe positions and bust out the power washer. Whatever doesn't survive the power washer can also be placed in either the 'dump it' or 'burn it' pile. Almost spick and span, just use the trusty leaf blower for the finishing touch. It's the glory job of outside cleaning, minimal effort with maximum visual difference.

Lastly, get some lawn chairs, invite some of your friends that own trucks over for an environmentally questionable 'burn it' pile bonfire and make sure someone drinks enough 'water' to agree to take your 'dump it' pile the next day. Why do today what someone else can do tomorrow.

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# From the RIVER'S END...

By Woody Hemphill

It seems everywhere we look, we are surrounded by mysteries in life, and there is an inordinate amount of the mysterious to be found in this region – Tybee Island is no exception. The folks over in Savannah have long paraded their shrouds of unknowns within lucrative business models for tourism, and questionably scripted 'reality' shows. These often leave the viewer questioning the validity more and more upon viewing, hearing, or otherwise 'witnessing' the unexplained. The concept of bearing witness to the mysterious means that there are some aspects that haven't been realized, or understood. Recently, I learned, firsthand, that there are many unexplained phenomena on Tybee Island, as well.

One day, as I lounged on my couch after a particularly hectic work week I noticed a dancing of crystal-like formations on my ceilings that was particularly unfamiliar. Now, I'm a miracle of modern science in that I've been prescribed more pharmaceuticals than any one person should probably be allowed, but this was a vision that even with the rose-colored chemical induction, made this perspective one that was truly unique. Nevertheless, attending college with a name like mine meant that I was particularly popular in science labs. So, after working alongside colleagues that have familiarized themselves with, let's just say, an 'extensive drug regimen,' a recurring theme when coming into contact with the supernatural - its best to have a 'current inventory.' Sensing that I'd not attended any Grateful Dead shows recently, and possessing no hallucinogens that may have made their way into my system through an interesting cocktail comprised of blood pressure & statin reducing medication (for cholesterol), I shook my head in amazement. Laughingly, I understood that in this moment, like those rednecks that get abducted by aliens in exotic locations such as Alabama, I was alone at this time – without anyone else around to verify what I was witnessing.

From time to time, I've heard stories of people facing extremely adverse scenarios tunneling their perspectives in order to perform at optimal levels in situations, such as athletic pursuits, sporting games, or the battlefield, to name a few. At this moment, though, I was taken aback to determine just what in the world I was coming into contact with. Not to be 'that guy,' I was unnerved, so my sudden, spontaneous application of the scientific method resembled the obnoxious guy at the magic show obnoxiously trying to announce how magic tricks are done during the performance of illusions rather than the calm, cool, collected types you see in white lab coats on television. For a brief moment, my initial response was to imagine one of my 'friends' may be playing a prank on me by placing prisms on my ceiling to either make me think I was having some type of flashback, or coming into contact with a supernatural being... Yet, speaking of inventories, I quickly dismissed this notion because I really don't have that many real friends, especially smart enough to provide an optical illusion of this caliber that would result in my descent into madness. Not that all my friends are dumb, but I'd imagine even Hunter S. Thompson would question the validity of a friend that would pull such a stunt as this...

Undeterred, I began applying a method of closing doors and windows to restrict, or refract the light that was entering my house on such a gorgeous spring afternoon. I immediately felt myself to be at a disadvantage without the fancy meters, decibel readers, and handy devices that supposedly exist to communicate with the 'other side.' Having none of these seen commonly on 'Ghost Hunters,' or 'Paranormal Activity,' I hoped that after my years of refereeing for vacationers, and studying social sciences for the majority of my classes, that I'd be able recall some type of scientific-concept that didn't involve me retreating to a padded cell, a straightjacket, and hearing voices and seeing pixies...

Undaunted by social paradigms and limited scientific acumen, I noticed that as I closed the front door to my house, and closed the mini-blinds in my living room window, the dancing shapes that gleamed and glowed in a glaring haze would go away. As I closed the door on what seemed like the fifteenth consecutive hour of Marco Polo being played by the campground children in the pool – the culprit presented itself. It was the sunlight reflecting off of the pool, reflecting through the screens along my front porch, and presenting itself in an amazing spectacle along my ceiling. As I returned back to my couch to resume my afternoon of leisure, I mumbled something to myself about the 9-step journey to my front door that may have saved all of mankind by not perceiving this as a religious sign that would negatively impact people in Alabama and other locations where aliens choose to abduct their subjects.

Then again, there may be a dismayed alien hovering over Tybee Island, scratching his enlarged head and asking his fellow alien colleagues just what refractory light, and the scientific method are – and why that island dwelling dude didn't receive 'the sign'...

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# Things for KIDS to DO

By Bun E. Rabbit



Welcome to May kids! You are so close to Summer Vacation that you must be drooling in anticipation of heading to the beach and hanging out with your besties (or whatever you are calling each other these days). The beach is fun and hanging out at the Pier people watching is super entertaining too! What to do when the sun goes down though? Unless you have an excellent fake i.d., you are going to be at a loss for good times. Well, I got your back ... kind of. Well - your back and your kid brother/sisters back too.



- The MAIN EVENT for May is the **Beach Bum Parade!** Do not make any other plans for Friday, May 19th! The biggest water fight in the southeast is scheduled and you do not want to miss it! It's not the best parade for toddlers, but anyone over the age of 8 is going to have a blast!



- **The Marine Science Center** is holding their annual **Sea Camp** starting May 29th. This is for kids from six to 11 years old. The Camp teaches kids about marine life and includes a variety of activities that are both fun and educational. There are several different sessions that continue throughout the summer, so call them at 912-786-5917 or send an email to [Brenda@tybeemarinescience.org](mailto:Brenda@tybeemarinescience.org) for additional information.



- **Tybee Beach Ecology Trips with Dr. Joe** is a must see! Dr. Joe will take you and your family on a fascinating trip down the beach and teach you about sea life and the creatures that live both in the sand and in the water. Dr. Joe writes an article included in this magazine called Beach Walks with Dr. Joe. Make sure to read his article and give him a call for a beach tour. Fun for all ages.



- **Our local library also offers fun stuff for all ages.** **Story time** is at 11am every Tuesday. This is strictly for toddlers under the age of 6. **Family Game Night** is May 2nd at 6pm and is a great opportunity for quality family time. On May 9th at 5:30 there will be a **Beginners Chess Class**. This is geared toward anyone 12 years and older. Another really cool thing coming up is on May 16th at 5:30, a **Dungeons & Dragons Class** will be held to teach 12 years or older how to play this interactive role playing game. D & D!! Good times there!



- The **YMCA** is also a terrific opportunity to get your basketball on and they have a variety of activities throughout the summer. Check out their current schedule of events at [www.ymcaofcoastalgeorgia.com](http://www.ymcaofcoastalgeorgia.com).

**Until next time, go have fun!! Summer vacation is right around the corner!!**

**ACROSS**

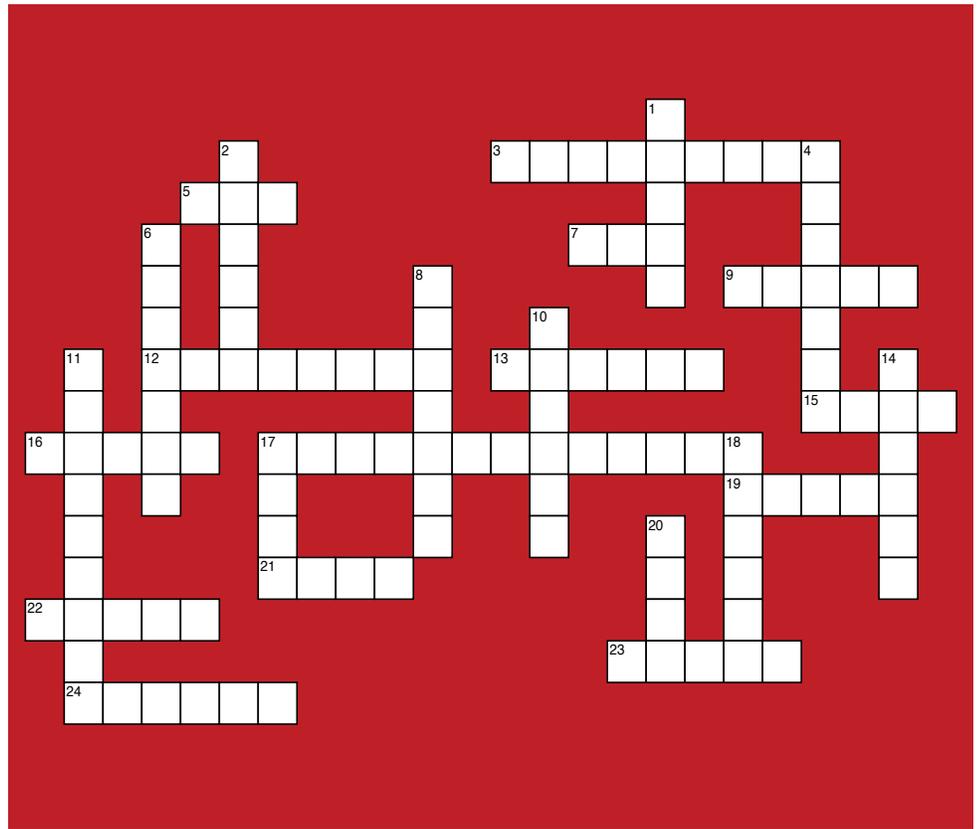
- 3 Site of The Bartenders of the Month
- 5 Beach Bum Queen
- 7 5th month
- 9 The \_\_\_\_\_ Project
- 12 Our favorite parade (2wds.)
- 13 Master's victor
- 15 SCAD will be making art with this
- 16 Can I buy a \_\_\_\_\_?
- 17 Surfer Girl discusses this type of surfing (2 wds.)
- 19 Lettered shell
- 21 Does the early bird get this?
- 22 Big Kahuna
- 23 Grand Marshall
- 24 Book Review (2 wds.)

**DOWN**

- 1 Breezy car in the movie "Gifted"
- 2 Use this plug while fishing for Spanish Mackerel
- 4 Bizz Buzz locale
- 6 You may find them on Tybee, not just on Walking Dead
- 8 Bad Advice subject
- 10 Food Spy went here
- 11 Foodie Finds dip is this (2 wds.)
- 14 Easter Egg Hunt winner
- 17 \_\_\_\_\_ it, Torch it, Dump it
- 18 Reasons NOT to go to the \_\_\_\_\_
- 20 Drink this at this festival

- |                |           |            |
|----------------|-----------|------------|
| ANGELA         | GOTCHA    | SMOKIN HOT |
| BARRIER ISLAND | HENRY     | SPANKYS    |
| BEACH BUM      | KENYA     | TELL ME    |
| BLOW           | LEGION    | VOWEL      |
| BOO            | MACELWEES | WINE       |
| CAMPING        | MAY       | WORM       |
| CHUCK          | OLIVE     | ZOMBIES    |
| DOCTOR         | SAND      |            |
| FLOYD          | SERGIO    |            |

# Cross Word



Created by Margie McLellan

# Word Search



Created by Margie McLellan



..... WELCOME TO .....

# TYBEE CORNER

802 1ST STREET

***Tybee Corner is something to check out! A pocket of paradise where you can check off your To Do List and enjoy yourself immensely at the same time!***

- **The Pinky Nail** - Manicures and Pedicures are not just for women anymore. Book your appointment online today at [ThePinkyNailByMaranda.net](http://ThePinkyNailByMaranda.net).
- **Coastal Fitness & Wellness** - Ms. Edie Mercado, LMT NMT CPT focuses on Holistic Wellness. Offering Healing Therapeutic Massage, Pilates on a Reformer and customized nutritional counseling. Go [online@www.MassageOnTybee.com](mailto:online@www.MassageOnTybee.com) or call for appointment.
- **The Tourist Trap Gallery & Gifts** - Specializing in local art, gifts and apparel. Commission art and custom reclaimed wood furniture available.
- **Century 21 Solomon Properties** - Check out a potential new house or let us sell yours. Stop by our office for a free Tybee Property List.
- **Caldwell's Cottage Boutique** - Specializing in personalized monogrammed gifts and apparel. We also offer Embroidery for your custom business logos and designs.

***With so many unique shops and things to do, why are you still reading this? Get down to Tybee Corner!***

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