

TYBEE BEACHCOMBER

AUG 2021

TYBEEBEACHCOMBER.COM

Island's Guide for fun!



The Dog Days of Summer

SHOPS AT TYBEE OAKS



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1 GRANNY FLOUNDERS

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2 INFERNO

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4 SHELL ART GIFT SHOP SEASHELLS, TRINKETS & TREASURES

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5 CASEY JONES PHOTOGRAPHY

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6 HUC-A-POOS BITES AND BOOZE

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7 TYBEAN ART & COFFEE BAR

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8 TIPPY MERMAID ART

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9 GLAZED AND CONFUSED

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10 THE MISTY MARSH SHOPPE

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11 RACHEL VOGEL DESIGNS

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Tybee

Area Code
912 Digits

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Parking Services.....	472-5101
Post Office	786-9632
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Visitor's Center/Chamber	786-5444
YMCA.....	786-9622
American Legion Post #154	786-5356
Tybee Island Lighthouse.....	786-4077

Marine Science Center.....	786-5917
Tybee Post Theater	472-4790
Fishing License (Chu's on Campbell).....	786-5904

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

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Fat Tire Bikes	786-4013
Tim's Bike & Beach Gear.....	786-8467
Burke's Beach Rentals, Inc.....	547-8145
North Beach Rentals	484-6535
Tybee Island Lost and Found.....	Facebook

Shuttle Services

Breezy Riders	665-9988
Tybee Turtle Transit.....	(361)887-8537

Tours

Captain Mike's Dolphin Tours	786-5848
------------------------------------	----------

THIS IS MY HAPPY PLACE

- Alley 3 Kayak Launch
- Back River Fishing Pier
- Bikes / Tybee Bike Trail
- Campground
- Cockspur Lighthouse
- Dog Parks
- Fort Screven Museum
- Jaycee Park Playground
- Lazaretto Creek Boat Ramp
- Lazaretto Creek Village
- Memorial Park Playground
- Pier / Pavilion
- Tybee Lighthouse
- Visitor Center

Tybee Island Map

TYBEE BEACHCOMBER

Island's Guide for fun!

Features...

10

FOOD SPY

Coco's Sunset Grille is better than ever!

8

YELP REVIEWS

Reviewing One Star Reviews on Tybee

25

BEACH WALKS WITH DR. JOE

It's Sea Wasp Season

28

TAXI TALES

See what Karen is up to now



From MS...ALAIN...EOUS

Dear Readers:

It has been a very (insert non-progressive adjective here) summer. I've seen things I wish I hadn't seen. I've been a part of things I cannot tell you about (although I totally will – just ask me on the street). I have run from things I kind of wish I would have hung out for, just to see the ending. I'm so happy its Novem ... er ... August that words simply escape me. I've met some people I truly wish I hadn't and I've met people that make me super happy. Whether they can say the same about me, it's doubtful, but hey, I do have some redeeming qualities. Anyhoo ... here's to y'all having the same good times as myself!

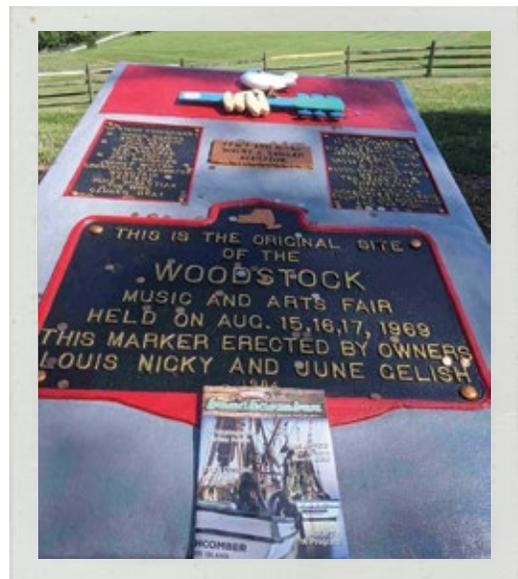
It looks like **Mr. Gomez** at **Agave** has been quite popular since my snafu about his name. Because we like stupid things here at the B.C., let's have a **Contest!** Every time you go into Agave, ask for Mr. Gomez. Agave will note the number of people that actually ask this silly question, and in September we can guess how many people actually participated in this silliness! If you don't know what I'm talking about, read your Beachcombers baby!

On a super side note, to the young man who stole my birthday present off my front porch, I've got another present for you. Stop by any time and pick it up. It's gonna be great. I promise. Oh, and I got your license plate number and I'm going to tell your mother. #porchpiratessuck.

On a super super side note: As duly noted in the following pages, it's always a great idea to maintain your right to silence. Always!! (dying of laughter now – when you see it, you'll get it).

The light of my heart is the **Traveling Beachcomber!!!** I am flat out beside myself to announce that this month's winner is our very own gone-but-not-forgotten **Mr. Fuzzy Mike Manitta**. He left us for New York that (insert noun here), but he's been doing good things there – like going to Woodstock! How fortuitous that it is also Woodstock's anniversary!!! Love Peace Love & Happiness and I love Fuzzy Mike Manitta. Come back home darling!!! A-J's Watermelon Margaritas are on YOU!!!

Alright, y'all!!! Grab your pink parts and let's get it on!



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Date	Day	High Tide	High Tide	Low Tide	Low Tide	Sunrise	Sunset	Moonrise	Moonset	Phase
1	Su	3:38a 7.3	4:04p 7.9	9:52a 0.8	10:35p 1.7	6:40a	8:21p	1:04a	2:51p	
2	Mo	4:25a 7.1	4:52p 8.0	10:43a 0.8	11:30p 1.7	6:40a	8:20p	1:37a	3:47p	
3	Tu	5:14a 7.1	5:41p 8.1	11:34a 0.8		6:41a	8:19p	2:13a	4:43p	
4	We	6:05a 7.0	6:32p 8.2	12:22a 1.5	12:24p 0.7	6:42a	8:19p	2:55a	5:39p	
5	Th	6:57a 7.1	7:21p 8.4	1:13a 1.3	1:13p 0.6	6:42a	8:18p	3:42a	6:32p	
6	Fr	7:47a 7.2	8:06p 8.6	2:01a 1.0	2:03p 0.4	6:43a	8:17p	4:35a	7:21p	
7	Sa	8:31a 7.4	8:47p 8.8	2:48a 0.7	2:51p 0.2	6:44a	8:16p	5:33a	8:06p	
8	Su	9:11a 7.6	9:25p 9.0	3:32a 0.4	3:38p 0.1	6:44a	8:15p	6:34a	8:47p	New
9	Mo	9:48a 7.8	10:02p 9.0	4:14a 0.2	4:23p -0.1	6:45a	8:14p	7:37a	9:23p	
10	Tu	10:25a 7.9	10:41p 9.0	4:54a 0.0	5:08p -0.1	6:46a	8:13p	8:40a	9:56p	
11	We	11:06a 8.1	11:24p 8.8	5:34a -0.1	5:53p -0.1	6:46a	8:12p	9:44a	10:28p	
12	Th	11:52a 8.2		6:14a -0.2	6:39p 0.1	6:47a	8:11p	10:47a	11:00p	
13	Fr	12:12a 8.6	12:47p 8.2	6:57a -0.1	7:31p 0.4	6:48a	8:10p	11:51a	11:32p	
14	Sa	1:06a 8.3	1:48p 8.3	7:44a 0.1	8:29p 0.7	6:48a	8:09p	12:57p		
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17	Tu	4:06a 7.6	5:01p 8.7	10:47a 0.4	11:47p 0.8	6:50a	8:06p	4:22p	1:34a	
18	We	5:09a 7.6	6:08p 8.8	11:53a 0.3		6:51a	8:05p	5:26p	2:28a	
19	Th	6:15a 7.6	7:13p 9.0	12:48a 0.5	12:55p 0.1	6:52a	8:04p	6:25p	3:29a	
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22	Su	9:09a 8.3	9:48p 9.2	3:30a -0.3	3:42p -0.2	6:54a	8:00p	8:35p	6:48a	Full
23	Mo	9:56a 8.4	10:30p 9.0	4:16a -0.4	4:30p -0.1	6:54a	7:59p	9:08p	7:52a	
24	Tu	10:39a 8.4	11:10p 8.7	4:59a -0.3	5:14p 0.1	6:55a	7:58p	9:38p	8:53a	
25	We	11:22a 8.3	11:50p 8.3	5:39a -0.2	5:55p 0.5	6:55a	7:57p	10:06p	9:52a	
26	Th	12:05p 8.2		6:16a 0.1	6:35p 0.9	6:56a	7:55p	10:34p	10:48a	
27	Fr	12:32a 7.9	12:50p 8.0	6:53a 0.5	7:15p 1.3	6:57a	7:54p	11:03p	11:45a	
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30	Mo	2:52a 7.1	3:16p 7.9	8:58a 1.3	9:44p 2.2	6:59a	7:51p	12:09a	2:33p	3rd
31	Tu	3:41a 7.0	4:06p 8.0	9:52a 1.4	10:44p 2.1	6:59a	7:49p	12:48a	3:29p	

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Tybee Island Bucket List

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



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YELP REVIEWS - REVIEWING 1 STAR REVIEWS

By Gage McKnight

After searching the internet far and wide and reading some hilarious reviews about places on Tybee, I decided why not share these hysterical reviews with all of you. The names of the restaurants and bars will remain slightly skewed because I'm not throwing anyone that owns a restaurant on Tybee under the bus. The fact that you are that brave and persistent is a thing! That and you work too hard to have some stupid idiot tell you what your alleged problems are.

I will start with the first one I found that had me laughing so hard that it gave me the idea to do this in the first place! Let's get to it:

• **From Robert Teal – One Star – Two years ago.** *“Bartender refused to service me because I ‘could not walk straight.’ I feel like she may have confused me with someone else, because I walked straight to a different bar down the street. Left a bad taste in my mouth, which is impressive since I didn’t consume a single single drink from here. Probably won’t visit again.”*

First off, I would just like to applaud Robert Teal for his hilarious wit and smart assery. I literally was spitting out my tequila shot reading this. If you know me, then you know I refuse to waste tequila. Just knowing that he was sober enough to write this review makes it even more comical. Too bad he didn't get to experience a single single drink, but hopefully he found solace at the bar down the street.

This second story is either more hilarious or worse, depending on your sense of humor. To all of the locals reading this, you already know. To all of the tourists, just use your imagination. Hahahahahaha!! So, I have to acknowledge Heyhopie Atl for this review. Not only do they bring up some pretty valid concerns, but it was the way they expressed said concerns that had me spewing more of my precious tequila!! Every detail, down to the parking lot, details to the bug on the plastic utensils! It's about the attention to detail, y'all. This truly is one star review gold, even though it was technically two stars. I was thoroughly impressed! Seeing this literally lightened my heart! So much to dissect in this review, but the one thing I can say is if you know, then you know. I have never been more pleased with a one star review in my life and knowing the owners of this particular restaurant are more than likely laughing their asses off too!

• **From Heyhopie Atl – Two Stars – Three months ago,** *“Disgusting health and hygiene ... cool setup, and awesome food! However, I was shocked at the lack of basic hygiene and lack of concern for the pandemic. We sat outside and our server came to our table with no mask on, eating a pickle. When she got to the table she tossed what was left of the pickle over our head to an area behind us. Not one employee was wearing a mask or trying to practice any pandemic guidelines. When she brought us our plastic utensils, she flicked a bug off of one and then gave us the others. Pretty disappointed at how disgusting she was, regardless of the pandemic, she’s a walking biohazard.”*

So, to all the tourists reading this, we are reading your reviews and those of us who spend our days catering to you, we do not give one rat's ass what you have to say. At the end of the day, we are all family and enjoy reading about your unnecessary and often frankly dumb ass discomforts. We will still be thriving and you will be sitting back at home upset that a manager never came to the phone! Bye Karen!!!

Dolphin Fun on Tybee

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FOOD SPY

By Alaina Loughridge
Photography and Great One-Liners by Josh Stewart

COCO'S SUNSET GRILLE



I have been wanting to get to **Coco's Sunset Grille** forever! Imagine my joy and enthusiasm when one beautiful afternoon, the deal was made and Josh and I packed up my pen and his camera, and off we went in a blaze of glory!

First off, I love all the staff there. The servers are super cool and the cooks are equally awesome. Everyone is working their asses off and every one of them have a look of 'I really want to help you have a great experience.' Smokey, Manager Goddess, greeted us at the door and Chelsea, Server Goddess, was our server and off we went!

Now usually I start out writing about an appetizer. However, I'm going to start out with this entrée, a Specialty of **Seared Shrimp and Scallops**. This masterpiece is a pan seared shrimp and scallop situation, served over angel hair pasta with a lemon cream sauce, topped with fresh basil, tomatoes and parmesan cheese. This was the best meal I've ever had. The scallops, which I'm usually not a fan of, as they tend to turn out either undercooked and slimy or overcooked and tough as nails, were flat out perfection! The pasta was a buttery, basily, lemony happiness that all flowed together into a complex melting pot of pure, belly rubbing, flat out joy. Josh and I looked at each other simultaneously, knowing that we were going to fight over it. To the death by fork fight. A full meal all by itself, you literally have to eat like you're in prison with your arm scooped around the plate and protecting it from others. That damn good, y'all!!

Let's continue with the appetizers! The **Tuna Bites** were up first and it is a Sashimi grade tuna, blackened and served with a Thai Chili Sauce and another specific ingredient that Chelsea flat out refused to tell us about. Either way, it's a tonsil tickler that will have your taste buds tingling. It's a little butt kicker with that tang, but it's tender as a baby's behind and is the absolute perfect appetizer to get your taste buds started for what's to come. We paired that delish plate with a **Stella Artois** and prepped for part two.

Part two of appetizer town was the **Nachos**. Now, these bad boys are only available on Thursdays, and I don't know how we scored them on a Friday night, but My God! Yes! The chips were point on crispy and

the toppings were plenty enough to go around for each chip. Seriously plenty of goo for every chip and most assuredly not your copy and paste standard nachos let's get you in and out. They aren't shy with the queso either and if y'all are going to feed me like that, I will seriously be there every day with my fork in hand! We paired that huge happy mess of a plate with the **Coco Rita** and nothing could go wrong in life. That drink made me so happy and the fact that Josh doesn't drink, simply meant more for me!! Perfecto combo!

The next up dish was the **Salmon B.L.T.**, but prior to that was the **Red Sangria**. Now, close your eyes and imagine, if you will, Christmas in Connecticut in front of the fireplace with a big bear rug, lit candles, and some amazing person rubbing your feet as you slip into a coma of pure bliss. Now, I've never been to Christmas in Connecticut, but I have been to Coco's for their Sangria and I could literally die a happy person right here and now. That cocktail was pure sublime. Don't let me make it sound overly Christmassy because it's a dual weather cocktail. Makes you happy no matter what time of year it is.

Now, the **B.L.T.** Most assuredly not salmon shy. That beast was loaded with salmon, fresh tomato and lettuce, the crispiest bacon ever, a scooch of dill and slapped on a lightly toasted sourdough bread. Served up with crispy shoestring fries and another look was shared with my dinner partner about who was going to get the best to-go box in town. Maybe a duel in the parking lot...

At this point, I told Josh to slow down. This was his first rodeo. I've been through a few rodeos and I know better, however I rarely follow my own advice. This time, I knew my absolute ride and die was coming and I wanted belly space! The **Coco Marley!** Now, I've been eating this masterpiece since the good ol' days of Café Loco's (way back in the day). A five-star jerk chicken with just enough jerk to make you understand, wrapped in a flour tortilla with fresh lettuce, tomatoes, onion and spicy ranch, which perfectly complements the jerk land. To my delight, nothing has changed and this wrap will make your life complete. Served with pups that require no rémoulade or butter, what more could one ask for?

The **Turtle Cheese Cake** was right after that, and Josh and I literally looked at each other like 'I'm going to go smoke a cigarette and you go to the bathroom and no one will ever see us again.' That would have been ok, but both of us looked guilty as hell and we would have gotten caught. Well, that and not to mention I wasn't leaving chocolate anything behind, no matter how round I felt! That cheesecake was not your standard fresh out of the freezer. This was fluffy and perfectly accented with a caramel drizzle masterpiece that nearly finished us both off. However...

Chelsea apparently felt the need to fatten us (Josh) up and then came the piece de resistance! The big ass **Cookie Sandwich** with ice cream in the middle and whip cream scooped on top and on the plate as a decoration. Put a damn fork in us and call the paramedics. We both wept with happiness.

What a fantastic time! Not only does Coco's have a great food menu going, they also have a kick ass cocktail menu. I didn't even mention the **Parrot Head** (a combo of Cruzan Rums and tropical juices that had me feeling all sorties of sporty) and the **Funky Monkey** (a combo of banana rum mixed with a little nuttiness, which I took the liberty of changing to naughtiness, because yeah.) Who do you trust? You trust me.

Get yourself down to Coco's Sunset Grille. Just because the ownership has changed doesn't mean the people have. We are all Tybee. You are sitting on the marina, having a classic cocktail and eating amazing food. Why bother being anywhere else?

Open daily at 11am. Go get your eat on. Take a dolphin tour with Captain Mike while you're there and shop in the gift shop too. Questions, give them a jingle at (912) 786-7810. Just want to get there? Turn right off of Highway 80 after Lazaretto Creek Bridge. Follow the signs. Enjoy one of Tybee's finest!





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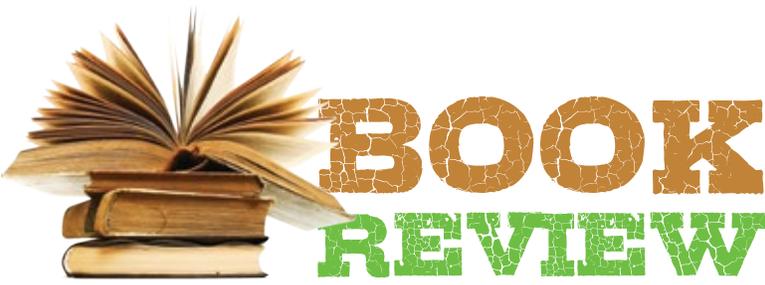
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By Nell Klein

THE PLOT

By Jean Hanff Korelitz

I've run across a good many books lately that I really want to share with you, but I had to narrow it down to one, so "The Plot" became my first and foremost choice. After all, a book that Stephen King says is "insanely readable" can't be that bad, right? Well, I can assure you that Mr. King was spot on with this one. For any writer or aspiring writers out there, you might even pick up a few pointers, but let's get down to the story.

Jacob Finch Bonner (Jake) was once a young, aspiring author in New York City with one bestselling novel under his belt. His second book was so-so, and the following two were, well, meh. When he felt he had reached a dead end in his writing career, he started teaching a third-rate MFA (master of fine arts) program at Ripley, a small school in Vermont, so that he could help other young aspiring writers.

Everything was going along as well as could be expected, when he acquired a real arrogant pain-in-the-butt student named Evan Parker. Evan thought he was the next great novelist and needed no help from Jake, and never hesitated to tell Jake that. So, one night when Jake was having a conference with Evan, he told Jake about a story that he was going to write that was going to be the next great novel. We're talking New York Times Best Seller and a screenplay for a movie directed by Stephen Spielberg. Wow, thought Jake, that's some pretty good stuff. Tell me more! Only Evan wasn't sharing. Eventually though, Jake convinced him to share a small amount of the story so that he could give him any pointers that could possibly help him in the long run. So, Evan did. He told Jake a condensed version of the story and Jake was blown away. He knew that with a story line like that, Evan was going to go far.

A couple of years later, when Jake was muddling through life, he thought about Evan one day and wondered why he had never seen the book published. He did a little research and found out that Evan had died only a few months after taking the MFA course at Ripley. Ah, that's too bad, thought Jake. What was keeping Jake from writing the novel and seeing where it would go? After all, Jake was at one time a bestselling author, so he shouldn't have any problem getting a publisher.

Needless to say, the book that Jake called "Crib" was a hit. It became a number one best seller and Jake could finally get back to New York and enjoy all of his new found notoriety. He did many book readings, and when invited on a small pod-cast in Seattle, things really changed for Jake. He met a girl! Things were going along nicely until one day he received an email which said "you are a thief." The messages soon started being delivered to his publishers and they wanted some answers. He assured everyone that the story was his to tell, and he stole it from no one! But how he was going to prove it was another story.

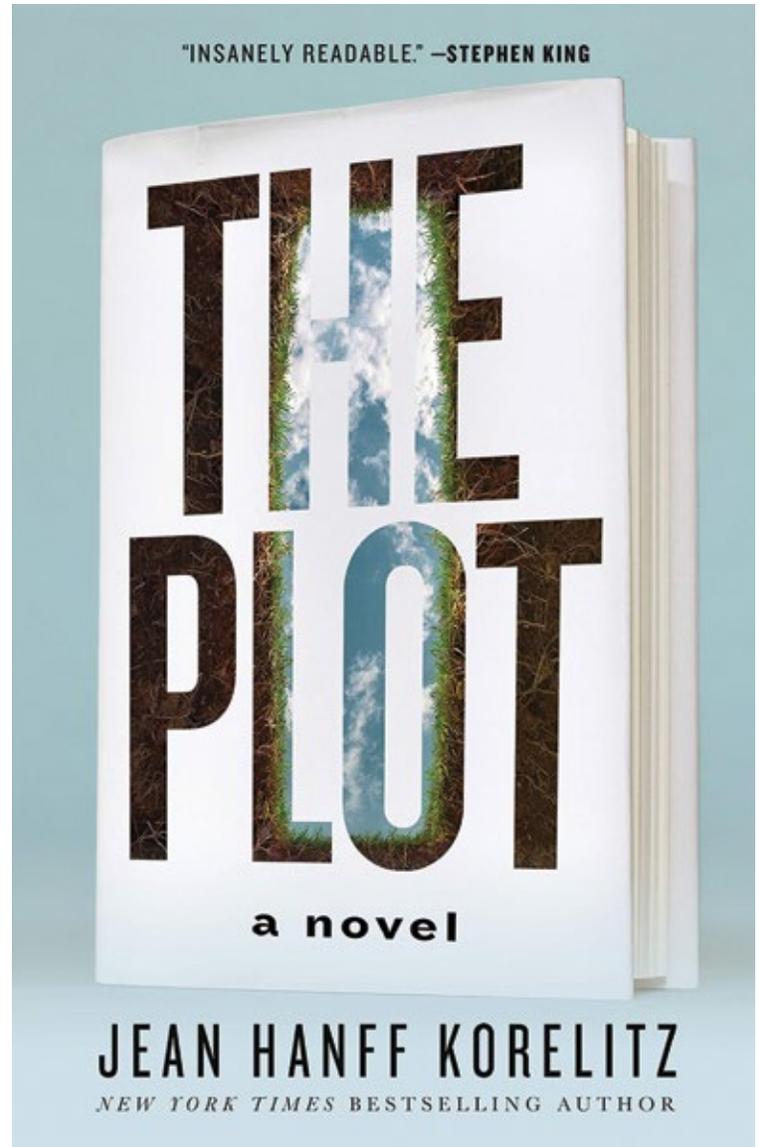
Jake then set off to a small town in Vermont that Evan Parker was from to try and find out who was doing this to him, why, and how he could make it stop.

This book is like two books in one. Not only is it the story of Jake and Evan Parker and how they became entangled in this mess, it's also the story that Evan Parker told Jake that night long ago at Ripley.

I give this book 5 roses. I could not put it down! I had to know what the

"Crib" was about and I had to know how Jake was going to get out of this mess without being called a phony. I really liked Jake and I didn't want him to lose. If you want to read a really killer book with a really killer ending, don't miss "The Plot." You won't be sorry! So, drop this book in your beach bag and head on down to the beach and enjoy your day. Happy reading!

In the meantime, read a book. If it's a good read, pass it on!



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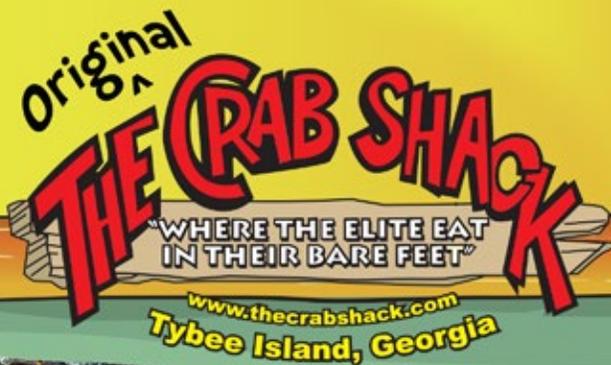
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Aug Fishing Forecast

PIER

This is my favorite time of year to target Spanish Mackerel off the pier with live Finger Mullet or using Gotcha plugs. The key to finding these fish is to watch for the schools of Mullet to be running along the beach. Jacks, Bluefish, Ladyfish, Whiting, Pompano, Trout and some Redfish should also be found around the pier. Live Shrimp can be great bait this time of year for these species. Some that get real lucky will have a chance at hooking a Tarpon as well.

INSHORE

Welcome to the dog days of summer. We are in the hottest month of the year, and our water temperatures prove it. With the water being well above 80 degrees, there are a few things for you to know. Sharks are going to be everywhere. Tarpon will be inshore and they will be finding their way up creeks and into areas to spawn. Fish early if you want Redfish, Speckled Sea Trout and Flounder. Once that sun is overhead, the bite will become tough.



NEARSHORE

So, you have a few options when you head out to the nearshore reefs. King and Spanish Mackerel will be around, just look for the pods of bait for the best chances. Barracuda are plentiful and will hit just about anything big and moving fast. These fish put on a great fight and love to go airborne, so beware, they are known for jumping into boats. My favorite fish this time of year is the Spadefish. These fish are often overlooked, but these fish will fight harder than any of the other fish in the nearshore fishery this time of year. Couple of tips for them are use live Shrimp or Jellyfish, a light leader and small hooks, but you better have some good tackle, cause they will take you into the wreck fast.

OFFSHORE

The fishing out here can be real tough this time of year for the pelagic species. It is tough to find any temperature breaks, so watch for weed lines and birds working bait for the best results. The ledges are always a good place to look as well. The bottom fish are still biting well and pound for pound, the Amberjack are out there waiting to break your back.

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- 8/6 (Fri) - Matt Eckstine
- 8/7 (Sat) - The Ripleys
- 8/10 (Tues) - Greg Bell
- 8/13 (Fri) - Danny Moon
- 8/14 (Sat) - "Turtle" & Joe
- 8/17 (Tues) - Austin Williams
- 8/20 (Fri) - Redman
- 8/21 (Sat) - Kyle Dyer
- 8/24 (Tues) - Josephine Johnson
- 8/27 (Fri) - Jason Bible
- 8/28 (Sat) - Anders Thomson Trio
- 8/31 (Tues) - Drauker Duo

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Technology Gone Awry

I'm not cool, well, I am a little, and I don't have anything in my home that the regular Joe (or Jimmy) doesn't have, but I would like to discuss the problem with some modern day technology.

I'm sweating my ass off currently. The humidity is about 45,000° and it's a sweltering 90° outside. My thermostat texted me and said: Recalibrating - Temperature Controls Unavailable. That's fine, I mean everything in the house updates at some point in time. A few minutes later it texted me and said humidity in the house 85%, please turn on air conditioner. Excuse me? You texted me not two minutes ago and said I can't turn on the air conditioner because you're recalibrating. I know you're blowing up my phone like I do all the guys I have ever dated/stalked, and are demanding I lower the humidity level. WE'RE IN FLORIDA, I CAN'T YOU FOOL.

When I leave my house in the morning, I usually have the windows down when I back out of the garage so I can hear the ducks/cats/geese/armadillos/foxes in my front yard, since they like to run up to me for food. Every once in a while, while quietly backing out, when loud enough to wake the dead, my car screams: THIS VEHICLE IS EQUIPPED WITH LIMITED SERVICES FROM ONSTAR. AHHHHHHH ONSTAR! AHHHH! AHHHHHHHHHHH! AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH! Completely unnecessary, and now I'm screaming at a prerecorded message screaming at me. This vehicle does not know subtlety. Why do you do that to me OnStar? So mean. You scared my ducks.

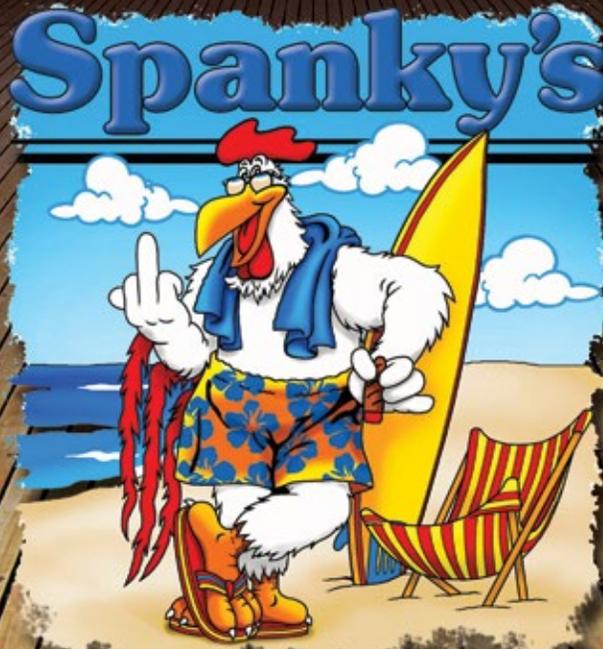
Who doesn't love their home girl Alexa? I rely on her heavily more than I should. I don't appreciate her enough. Alexa controls all the lights in my humble abode, thus allowing me to turn on and off lamps, with the sound of my own voice. Fascinating! One morning I said, "Alexa, home on... Alexa, home on... ALEXA, please turn HOME ON... ALEXA HOME ON. HOME ON. HOME ON. HOME ON... Alexa, you stupid bitch!" Alexa answers with, "Thank you James, your feedback has been recorded and sent to Amazon. Goodbye." At this point she was unplugged and crammed in a drawer (just like when having sex).

I have security cameras all around the exterior of my home. They are able to identify persons/animals/vehicles in motion. They alert me in real time when they pick up on one of those four categories. My cameras also hate me because I will wake up at six in the morning with five notifications of a person on my front porch. Terrified, I roll back the footage and watch a leaf blow across the porch, back and forth. I pay \$9.99 a month for this monitoring service. I should get a discount for all the years of my life it's taken, making me think there is a strange man with a hatchet on my front porch. Please don't label leafs as murderers. We don't know that that is their motive. Just label them as motion.

The moral of this story is something about technology. I completely forgot my deadline for this was in April, since this was for the May Edition... Oops.

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Photo by Wen McNally

THANKS Y'ALL!

From Richard Speegle

From the bottom of my heart, I love Tybee and her people!!! I've lived on this little land for a long time, but I never realized how much it meant until y'all reached out and supported me and my family. My extreme heartfelt thanks go out to everyone that donated to my cause and came out to support me, and a huge shout-out specifically to **Pam Hessler** and **Jen Knox** of *The Sand Bar* and **Amanda Rice Northrup** – you ladies are awesome!! Another special shout-out to **James Cannon** and *The Dead See Prophets!* I've never felt so loved!!!



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Quality clothing and accessories, including hats for both adults and kids, polos for men and women, hoodies, sweatshirts, short and long sleeve t-shirts for both adults and kids as well as a variety of baby and toddler items.

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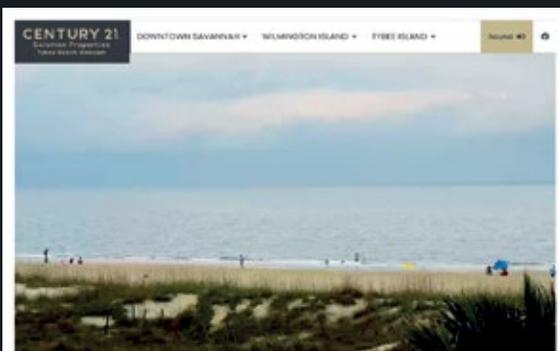
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LOUNGING WITH LOUGHRIDGE

By Alaina Loughridge



1 I swear every time I saunter into *Sundae Cafe*, I catch this kid drinking behind the bar. Well, bless his heart! He makes the best martini in all of the land and he can do whatever he likes in my book! Love me some **Doug**!!

2 Take a looky loo at this unicorn!!!! An open parking space!! I was so gob smacked I had to take a picture as we won't be seeing that until at least November!!!

3 So, I was hanging out at *Agave* one day and saw a flying octopus. Yes, I may have had a margarita or four but still... Do you see it too?

4 I KNOW!!!! I totally did a triple take too and as far as putting it in Lounging, well, I do what I want, so ask me where it's at. We can go day tripping. I'll tell you all about it.

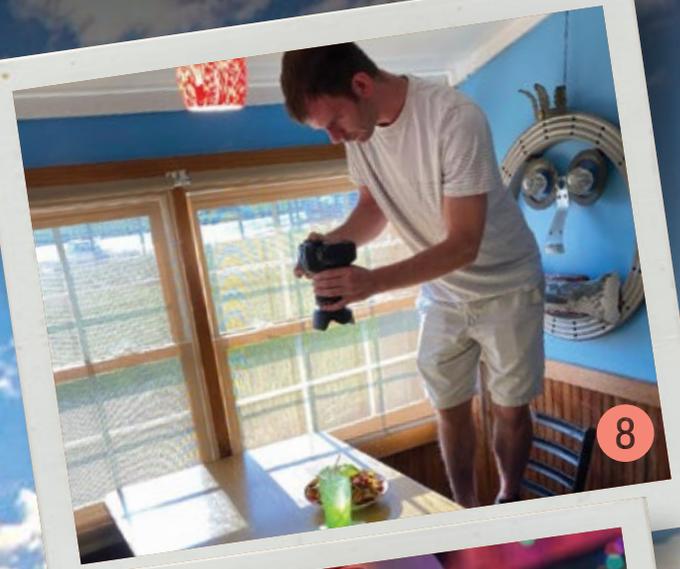
5 I have seriously got to stop drinking.

6 So it was **Sarah Z's** Dirty Thirty birthday party and one thing lead to another and **Mel** was there. Fill in the blanks y'all. A clown was involved. Words escape me.

7 I met **Kook the Clown** at the *Wind Rose* and there were balloons and bad decisions, combined with alcohol and hey! What can I say?



7



8



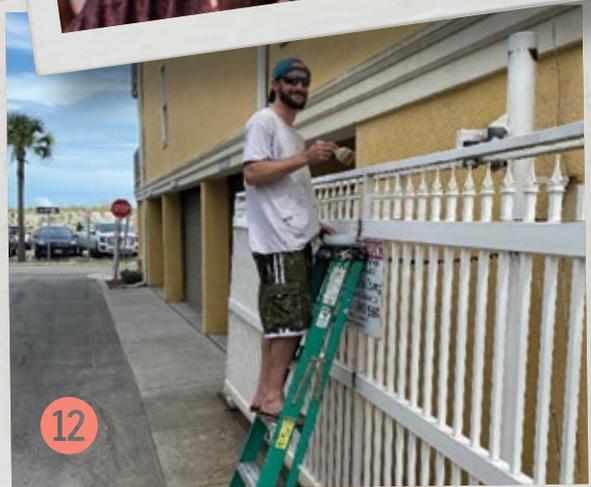
9



10



11



12

8 We take our **Food Spy pictures** extremely seriously here at the **BC**. As you can see, **Josh** is getting right up in there for the best shot! We had the BEST time at **Coco's!!!**

9 Stopped by **Nickie's** for their Phoenix Rolls (OMG!!! Yummy Town) and caught **Lindsay** and **Ray** behaving badly. I'm not sure what Ray is looking at, but it's not the camera and Lindsay looks super not guilty. Which just means she is and hasn't gotten caught yet! LOL!!!

10 **Richard Speagle's** fundraising shindig at the **Sand Bar** was a total epic event!!! Love this man and his entire family! Thanks to **Wen McNally** for the great pic!!

11 Once again we have ourselves a shoe mystery. What happened to this child? Was the parent just so over it they yanked the kid right out of their flip flops? Was the kid intoxicated? I did find these in front of Kenny's house, so really it's anybody's guess. The kid is probably running a tiki bar in the Bahamas.

12 I saw **Jacob Jackson** working!!! It's usually the other way around, so I am delighted! Love this guy!!!



Campground Chronicles

By The Wandering Winnebago

As I stepped out into the thick air of a pending Holiday Weekend, there was a bit of anticipation lingering in the atmosphere. The wistful sounds of big trucks, carrying campers of all shapes and sizes, buzzed in my ear, and I couldn't help but smile. I knew that soon the "Tybee Campground," or for those not local, "Rivers End Campground," would be bustling with a collection of America bracing for a weekend full of sun, sand, traffic and tequila.

I often find myself meandering through the campground, looking at the various license plates - Virginia, Montana, Ohio, Tennessee and Florida, just to name a few. The campers come from all walks of life and I often meet the most interesting people, like the one time I met this surgeon from Michigan and his wife. Now I have learned, especially on Tybee, don't judge a book by its cover. Part of Tybee's charm is that it's not pretentious and you could easily be sitting at a bar next to someone worth \$50.00 or \$50 Million and never know the difference!

So, as I was walking through, I noticed this man and his wife sitting outside their camper with a Michigan tag on it. The Camper was of modest sorts and a little weathered, much like the couple, if I do say so myself. Being the sociable guy that I am, I asked them, in my best short time Georgia accent, "Where in Michigan y'all from?" "Grand Rapids," they said, with a little bit of trepidation in their voice, probably wondering what this goofball wandering around the campground was doing invading their vacation time.

"Well, Hey," I said, "I know that place," and proceeded with small talk about Michigan, how I came to live on Tybee etc. etc... Well, trying to gauge who this guy was, thinking he worked for General Motors or something of that sort, with his shoulder length salt and pepper hair, a few weathered tattoos, and scruffy beard, I simply asked, "So what do you do, GM or something?" I was confident in my assessment, at least to some degree. He looked at his wife with a wry smirk and said with a laugh, "No, I work for Spectrum Health. I'm a semi-retired Orthopedic Surgeon."

Well, color me stupid I thought, and said as cool as I could, "Oh that's cool. You need any suggestions for hanging on Tybee?" I proceeded to give them some places to visit and ended it by saying, "You have to go to the best dive bar on the island, the Wind Rose. They have really loose wrists." He looked at me perplexed, not knowing if I meant it was a bar for the alternative lifestyle, or what. I said my goodbyes and promised to check in when I saw them again.

The next day I was out and about doing my usual thing, when from a distance I saw the good doctor. He was moving slow, trying to navigate a low lying beach chair with a hot cup of coffee in his right hand. He slumbered down into it and let out a groan, as if to say 'what the hell did I do last night?' Based on my powers of observation, he had a good night and the wife was still sawing logs in the camper.

As I approached to give him a cheery good morning, he looked up from his low seated position, shot me a halfhearted GM and a halfhearted FU glare! I kinda snickered and asked, "Rough night?"

The good doctor feigned a laugh and said, "Those bartenders at that place you recommended are no joke." I said, "Let me guess, was Miss Patty working?" He thought that was her name and said, "She almost killed me."

I took full responsibility and said, "I should have warned you about her, the heaviest pour on the Island, hands down." He loosened up and we had a great laugh!

Two lessons to learn, never judge a book by its cover, especially on Tybee and beware of Miss Patty at the Rose!!!

PHOTO OF THE MONTH

My son loves skateboarding on Tybee!

Submitted by Tanya Floyd



**MONDAYS
4 to 7pm**

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LIGHTHOUSE**

FARMERS' MARKET

On Going Happenings

A-J's Dockside - Happy Hour 4-7pm, live music Friday thru Sunday with Joey Manning. Lunch is from 11-5pm, Dinner is from 5-10pm. Closed on Tuesdays and Wednesdays. Docks are Now Open!! For Reservations 912-786-5434. For To Go Orders 912-786-9533. 1315 Chatham Ave.

American Legion - Canteen open Monday-Saturday 5pm, Bar Games Tuesday and Thursday 6-9pm, Friday Bingo at the Bar. Dinners as advertised on Thursday, along with Pizza on Mondays. Last Sunday of the Month Birthday Party for everyone that had a birthday! 6pm. No present required. 10 Veterans Dr.

Beachview B & B/Java & Juice - Serving breakfast with a full-service coffee bar and organic juices 7 days a week. Outdoor seating available. Corner of 17th St. and Butler Ave.

Bubba Gumbo's - Freshest seafood in town. Amazing water views. Open 7 days a week. 1 Old Highway 80.

Cockspur Grill - Happy Hour Tuesday through Friday 4-7pm and Sunday 9-11pm. \$1 off ALL adult beverages (except PBR), Appetizer Specials, live music Tuesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday 7-10pm and Sunday 2-5pm. Trivia on Wednesday 8-10pm. 725 First St. (Next to Chu's on Campbell.)

Doc's Bar - Happy Hour Monday thru Friday 4-7pm, Live Music Friday & Saturday 9pm. Kitchen now open with daily lunch specials. 10 Tybrisa St.

Fannie's on the Beach - Open every day at 11am, serving Lunch and Dinner. Award winning Sunday Brunch (seasonal) too! Oceanfront indoor and sidewalk seating year-round. Ocean view Dining & Bars on 2nd Floor and 3rd Floor Open Air Decks (seasonal). 1613 Strand Ave.

Nickie's 1971 Bar & Grill - Happy Hour Monday thru Friday 4-7pm, Live music with Ray Tomasino Monday & Wednesday 7pm, Roy Swindelle Band Sundays and Tuesdays 7pm, 8 Ball Pool Tournament Thursday 9pm, Karaoke Thursday and Friday 9pm, Sunday Rib Eye Steak and Shrimp Dinner for \$14.95. 1513 Butler Ave.

Riptide Pier Bar - Best View on Tybee!!!! Swinging Medallions on Labor Day!! Drink Specials All Day Every Day!!

Sea Wolf Tybee - Now open 7 nights a week! Join us on Saturdays and Sundays for Captain's Brunch starting at 11 am. Fine oysters, gourmet hot dogs and vegan fare. Come enjoy a fancy cocktail at the bar or split a bottle of bubbly on the patio. 105 S. Campbell (next to the Post Office)

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Tybee Time - Happy Hour Monday thru Friday 4-7pm. 1603 Strand Ave.

Wind Rose Café - Happy Hour Monday thru Friday 4-7pm, Daily Lunch Specials, Live Music with Tony Abruzzio every Drunk Bitch Wednesday 4-7pm. Bingo Wednesdays 8pm with Sydney. 19 Tybrisa St.

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Toppings Gluten Free

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Ranch or blue cheese base, mozzarella, cheddar, buffalo sauce, chicken

BBQ CHICKEN:

BBQ sauce base, mozzarella, cheddar, chicken

MEATS: Pepperoni, sausage, bacon, & ham

DELUXE: Pepperoni, sausage, mushroom, onion, & bell pepper

PARTY: Everything from the above two plus black olives

HAWAIIAN: Mounds of bacon, ham, and pineapple

PESTO: Spinach, goat cheese, & chicken

VEGGIE: Mushroom, bell pepper, onion, spinach, & sundried tomatoes

WHITE: Olive oil, ricotta, parmesan, garlic, & mozzarella

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Beach Walks with Dr. Joe

By Dr. Joe Richardson

SEA WASP SEASON

Like it or not (and I don't, and I don't know anyone who does), August is the time we have to consider jellyfish on Tybee's beach. Although we see a handful of different kinds of jellyfish throughout the year, most of them don't sting much at all. But from my experience, early and mid-August are the peak times for jellyfish stings around here.

The problem is the Sea Wasp jellyfish. This species peaks in abundance at this time in the inshore waters up and down the southeast Atlantic coast. So don't blame it on Tybee! Sea Wasps are a type of cube jelly, or box jelly, that are known for painful stings. With a Sea Wasp, there is no guessing if you've contacted a tentacle. It's not just an irritation like some jellyfish cause. It's a real sting. And it's going to hurt for a few minutes. And it's going to leave a mark. And for me, it's then going to itch for a few days.

Sea Wasp jellies are clear, so you don't see them in the water. The main body has 4 hand-like extensions at the bottom of its bell, and from those "fingers" extend long, thin, hair-like tentacles. So when it is drifting in the water, those tentacles spread out, and its "sphere of influence" can extend out a couple of feet or more. And even the tentacles of dead ones washed up on the beach can still fire off, so you don't want to handle them either.

How best to treat a sting? There are lots of suggestions, and I can't offer a better answer. A while back, a pediatrician contacted me and asked for help as he was preparing a presentation for a medical convention regarding summertime stings and bites, and he needed information about our southeastern jellyfish. In turn, I was hoping to find out from a medical professional what really are the best ways for treating jellyfish stings. I'm afraid his conclusion was the same as mine. There are a lot of suggestions, but nothing conclusive. Treatments include vinegar, seawater, ammonia, meat tenderizer, and other substances. My son claims cold Coca-Cola is as good as anything! But probably as good



as anything is baking soda paste and then something like Benadryl or hydrocortisone cream. No matter what, the stinging will last for a while (20-30 minutes for me anyway).

I will mention that I've had some success with a product called Safe Sea. It's a lotion that you apply before getting in the water. According to the manufacturer, it contains a substance derived from Clown Fish that keeps them from being stung by Sea Anemones. From my experience, it doesn't keep me from getting stung, but the sting doesn't seem to be as intense.

Again, I'm sorry to spend this month's article discussing an unpleasant animal, but when it's August, it's Sea Wasp time. Hopefully, your only encounter with them will be seeing one washed up on the sand while you are beachcombing and finding more pleasant treasures.

Dr. Joe Richardson (Ph.D. Marine Sciences) is a retired marine science professor with 40 years of research and teaching experience along GA, the southeastern coast and Bahamas. Besides research, he conducts Tybee Beach Ecology Trips (www.TybeeBeachEcology.com) and frequently posts pictures of their findings on his Tybee Beach Ecology Trips Facebook page.



Behind the Tape...

By Sgt. Richie Dascal



Happy August everybody. The finish line is in sight and the summer is almost over with. I'm not going to spend a lot of time setting up this month's story for you. But believe me when I say that I knew this was what I was writing about when it was happening.

So not too long ago we got a call to the beach for a female acting indecently. Now I immediately thought this was going to be related to a type of bathing suit she was wearing or that maybe she took her top off to tan, but no, that was not the case. I was told this woman was sitting by the water with a sex toy, using it on herself. This was a new one for me. When we got there we talked to the witnesses, who were very understandably upset this happened pretty close to where their children were playing. Then we talked to the suspect.

I personally would have maintained my right to silence, but the suspect openly told us that it had happened and said that's how she deals with stress. Needless to say, she was taken to jail over this.

So, what's the lesson this month? Besides the obvious list of things you shouldn't do in public, I'm not really sure. It was just an unusual situation and I thought that all of you should hear about it.

As always, I hope all of you have a great month and feel free to reach out if we can help. We'll also be starting a citizen's police academy soon, so keep an eye on our social media for dates and sign-up details.



SPORTS TEASER

By George Hassell

Welcome to the August Sports Teaser fans! We have reached the dog days of summer and man, has it been a busy one. It seems like it hasn't let up since March on Tybee, with the beaches full, the roads jammed and restaurants and bars overflowing and overwhelmed. It certainly appears that we have returned to as close to normal as we can get, and hopefully that continues down the road. And we even have some sports to talk about, so let's get to it.

Speaking of the dog days of summer, we are right smack in the middle of that in Major League Baseball. Our Atlanta Braves have finally reached .500 as of this writing, but at an extremely high price. All Star and future Hall of Fame outfielder, Ronald Acuna, went down with a torn ACL and will miss the remainder of the season. That is a huge blow to an already struggling Braves offense. Other than him and Freddie Freeman of late, and maybe a little Austin Riley sprinkled in there every now and then, the Braves haven't been able to score runs on a consistent basis. Things have been a little off for this 2021 squad, as their normally strong bullpen has faltered and starting pitching has endured injuries. With 60 plus games left in the season, maybe they'll have a chance to win the NL East, but I just don't see them getting as far as they did last year. Quite frankly, after being up 3-1 on the Dodgers last year with a chance to go to the World Series and not making it, it may be quite a while before we see that opportunity again in Atlanta. I hope I'm wrong but that may be the negative Georgia native sports fan coming out in me. Hard to argue with though. (See Falcons and Bulldogs).

In basketball, the Atlanta Hawks took us on a great ride this season, getting to the NBA Eastern Conference finals for only the second time in franchise history. I know we are often tired of hearing about young teams, but they really are, and they will remain a force to be reckoned with for many years to come. Trae Young has grown into a superstar and those who questioned taking him over Luca Dončić may be questioning themselves. To go from 6 games under .500 midway through the season to the Eastern Conference finals was incredible and a lot of fun to watch. Coming from someone who doesn't watch much of the NBA, I watched more Hawks games than I think I have in 20 years. I think some of you did too.

Thankfully, we are less than 30 days away from (yes, you guessed it) football season! The gods of sports have teased us long enough and here it is folks. College football kicks off the end of August and the pros start the second week of September and I, for one, cannot wait (no surprise there). It should be a great season, specially with pretty much all teams having 100% capacity for fans this year. I'll cover more in the September issue with some previews and predictions, but I really do feel that my/our Georgia Bulldogs will feature an extremely high-powered offense this year and hopefully can outscore their opponents on the way to a SEC championship game appearance in Atlanta. It's time to beat Alabama; it's well past due and it's time. Expectations are higher for the Falcons and the Jaguars this year after dismal performances last season for sure. More of them as well in the next issue.

As always, thanks for taking the time to read this rambling sports column and have a great rest of your summer! Remember, kick-off is near! See you in September.

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TAXI TALES
 By Joey Goralczyk



Karen Tales

The summer of 2021 is in full swing and it's been rough going thus far. I can't remember Tybee ever being this busy. Even the weekdays are more insane than ever. That says nothing to express the stupidity level of the tourists that are gracing us with their presence this year. I'd be lying if I said I've never been homicidal in the summer before, but not usually this early on. I think the quarantine really got to some of these people last year and they forgot how to behave in public, as well as how to treat their fellow humans. It definitely has affected my attitude. I usually try to maintain a level of professionalism this time of year, but that's out the window so far. In short, the Karens and the Darrens have broken me! If I need to explain what those are, you need to stop reading this right now, because you probably are one, and I'm about to insult you.

I've heard some really funny tourisms this year. That's why I've just about worn out the 'block number' button on my phone. It's such a wonderful option to have. It's like being able to ban someone with a click of a button.

One of the best ones has to be when I politely told a lady she would have to wait 15-20 minutes for a ride. While to a normal human mind that doesn't seem unreasonable for late June at 8pm on Tybee in a rain storm, Karen minds don't think like that. Karen minds are special cases of narcissism and self-importance. She told me that was ridiculous. Losing my patience and in need to get to call-waitings that were destroying my phone, I tersely informed her that it was not, and that she was not, in fact, the only person on Tybee in need of a ride on this stormy night. Hold your horses and I'll get there. Click. I go about my business, methodically working my way to her. After exactly 17 minutes (times are obviously logged in the phone), our dear Karen called me back, smugly demanding to know my whereabouts. In all honesty, I was a block away, actually ahead of my ETA when she rang. Then she showed her true colors. "I think I might be better off walking than waiting on you. This is unacceptable."

Never being one to take that kind of abuse, I replied, "With that attitude you are absolutely right. EFF you! Enjoy your walk in the rain!" I hung up as I waved at her, then pressed that precious 'Block' button and moved on to my next riders, because trust me, there are ALWAYS next riders. No Karen was going to run any of us. I went about my night and never would have given this routine experience with idiocy another thought... unless I hadn't run into one of Tybee's finest later that evening.

I was parked on the south end, waiting for a group of sane and patient customers, when one of our officers walked up to me with a smile on his face. He then proceeded to ask me how the night was going. I replied, "Stupid." Then I was asked if I'd been rude to anyone that night. I said, "Oh yeah! Quite a few. It's the best part of this gig." The officer laughed and let me know he had heard, because it had been REPORTED to him.

Yes, Karen had walked down the street and reported me to the POLICE. I balked a bit and he laughed more. She had wanted me to get at least a ticket because I was rude to her. This cop said he told her, "Ma'am, nothing illegal has happened here. I'm sorry." Then she stormed off in the rain.

We both laughed and I knew that at least I had an article written for his month. At least there is a bright side to the hell we are enduring. Taxi Tales are easy!

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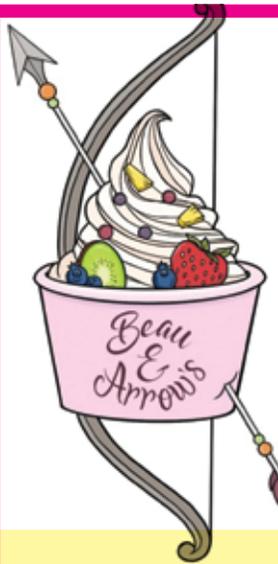
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By Paul Cales & Becca

Continued from the July 2021 Beachcomber.

Catch up @ <http://tybeebeachcomber.com/magazine>

CHAPTER 48 – HERE’S TO YOU MRS. ROBINSON DAY ZERO

Jimmy gets out of his car and walks toward his front door. Sitting on the steps is a package. “What’s this?” Jimmy says out loud to himself. “Not addressed to me. Yet another package sent to my house by mistake. When will UPS get it right?” He swoops the package up and goes inside. “More free stuff for me!”

He puts the package on the counter and engages the deadbolt, securing himself into his little sanctuary overlooking the Atlantic Ocean on one side and the corner of Butler and 1st Street on the other. “Duncan, I’m home!” he sings out.

Jimmy kicks off his shoes and places his keys on one of the hooks hanging on the wall next to an empty coat rack. “Duncan, you here babe? You better not have gotten into my bottle of wine. I’m going to need that after the day I’ve had.”

He opens the cabinet and grabs a wine glass and continues to talk out loud to Duncan. “It was soooo hot at work today. They gave me the outside upstairs tables, and let me tell you, nobody wants to walk their hungover ass up and down stairs all day in this heat, to serve a bunch of non-tipping, stuck up, pretentious ass, drunk, over-privileged frat boys during spring break.”

Jimmy opens a bottle of wine and pours himself a glass. He takes a sip while staring blankly at the package on the counter. After a few sips, he snaps out of it and begins talking to Duncan again. “Good thing I grabbed three bottles from Francesco yesterday, I might need more than one tonight.” He takes another sip of his wine and wanders into the living room to see if Duncan is in there.

“It should not take until one in the morning to close the damn restaurant. . . but nobody wants to do their side work, and nobody wants to stock the bar, and nobody wants to clean the bathrooms.” He turns around when he says that. He needs a shower and the bathroom is the only place in his small apartment he hasn’t looked for Duncan.

“You in here, buddy? Nope?” He assumes Duncan is curled up on some dirty clothes, or in the pillows on his bed. He sits his glass of wine down, lights a candle, and starts the shower. “Ugh! I smell like a hobo who’s been rummaging through the dumpster at a seafood restaurant.”

Jimmy lathers himself up with the body wash he treated himself to, that costs more than his bottle of wine, then continues his one-sided conversation with his inattentive cat. “I couldn’t even stop at Hucapoos for

a night cap Duncan. The parking lot was full of cops and fire trucks and stuff. Everyone was yelling and shouting. No way was I wading into that mess. I have to work the lunch shift tomorrow. Besides, I’d much rather be here with you.” He pauses a beat and convinces himself that that statement is true. He briefly looks at his razor and contemplates shaving his face, then decides he’ll do it when he gets up in the morning. He turns the shower off, gets out, and slips into a matching set of pajamas.

“Duuunnncaaaaannnn,” Jimmy sings out again. “Where are you? You’re going to miss opening the mystery package with me!” He gets to the kitchen, takes the last swig of his glass of wine, and pours himself a second.

“Ahhh. That’s the stuff. Hey Duncan, do you think I should shoot a video of me opening this package for all three of my fans on Facebook?” He waits a beat and cocks his head, waiting for a response he knows he won’t get.

“I guess not. . .” he says, then just tears the package open without an audience. Inside is an oversized, super soft, white cardigan with black stripes.

“Oh. My. God.” he says, holding it aloft in front of him. “I freaking love it! Duncan, come feel how soft this is!” He slides into his new cardigan and smiles. “I think my horrible day just got better. I’m going to sleep in this.”

He picks the package back up and looks at the label. “Thank you Ms. Robinson for having such amazing taste in sweaters.” He lifts his glass toward the sky and sings, “And here’s to you Mrs. Robinson!” then snorts a laugh out of his nose. “I crack myself up. Duncan, you’re missing out on all the. . .”

A loud screech from outside interrupts Jimmy mid-sentence. “What the hell was that Duncan? Did you hear that? It sounded like Julie Andrews from the Sound of Music, but possessed by Satan with laryngitis.”

He runs to the front window and brushes the curtains aside. He opens the window and looks down on the street. He sees a police officer slamming the rear passenger door to his cruiser and what appears to be someone flailing about in the back seat.

“Richie!” he shouts out his window. “Is that you?”

“Stay in your house! Don’t come outside! The island has lost its mind!”

“Are you feeling okay Richie?”

“No. Just stay inside. Close your windows. Don’t come out. People are attacking people.”

Jimmy just stares at him for a minute and takes in the sounds of chaos that he doesn’t normally hear, tucked away at his house.

“Close your window and lock yourself inside. Now!” Richie shouts at him before driving north back toward the police station.

Jimmy closes and locks his window, then tops off his glass of wine. “Duncan? You hear what Officer Richie said? Must be a bunch of stupid college kids being drunk assholes. Happens every year. Really, who are these kids’ parents? They must be soooo proud. Running around, drunk off their asses, using daddy’s credit card, smoking the drugs, and taking the pot.”

He looks at the bottle of wine, shrugs, grabs it and walks over to the couch in the living room. “Duncan, want to watch Tiny House Living with me? There’s a new episode out.” He waits a beat. “YOU’RE GONNA MISS OUT!” he shouts.

He turns the television on, presses the Netflix button, and puts his feet up on the ottoman. “Finally, time to relax.”

BANG. BANG. BANG. BANG.

“What the hell? Who’s banging on my door at this hour? Whoever you are, you better be smoking hot, like drinking merlot, and be okay with Duncan watching us.”

Duncan runs out of the bedroom, jumps onto the end table next to the couch, and then onto Jimmy’s lap. “There you are, you gorgeous kitty. Did

the banging scare you?" He gives Duncan a little scratch behind his ears. BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG!

Jimmy grabs his phone and opens his video doorbell app to find out who's at the front door without getting up off the couch.

"What. The. Hell. Duncan, I think we may have a problem. A really big problem."

To be continued...

Now, go back and read the rest of the damn story will ya! You can read the previous 47 installments of the serial drama known as "Tybee Island Zombies" and all the other wonderful articles that you've missed FOR FREE @ <http://tybeebeachcomber.com/magazine>.



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Restaurant Remembrances

By Nancy Swain

Have you ever worked in the restaurant business? I think everyone should have to, at least once in their life. It makes you appreciate what workers go through 'on the other side of the table.'

I started my illustrious career as a bus girl (yes, I will be politically incorrect with job titles). I was 15. It was at a well-known Italian/seafood restaurant on the west side of the Barnegat Bay Bridge (NJ). Come summer, it was frequented by tons of tourists. My best friend, Barbs, also 15, was a hostess. That in itself was trouble. Here are a couple of incidents I remember.

I was walking through the restaurant with a large tray full of dirty dishes on my shoulder, and a butter knife slid off... right between a customer and the back of his chair! Luckily, I could get by with a smile and apology back then.

Another time, tray on shoulder, I walked through the narrow doorway to the kitchen. I made it through, the tray didn't. Talk about a tremendous noise of plates breaking, glass shattering and silverware clanging! Oops!

Then there was the time when we had red glass candles on the table... you know the ones. Barbs decided to put a paper reserved sign on top of a lit one. It caught fire. Who knew?

But, to us, the funniest was when a busboy was carrying a sack of dirty linen down the back steps outside. He lost his footing and he slid down the stairs on his butt, his Santa sack bouncing behind him. We laughed until we cried. Drinking age was 18 back then. That didn't deter us from a Tequila Sunrise or two in the downstairs "grotto" after our shift.

The following summer, and a few more after, I worked at a joint on the Seaside Heights Boardwalk. Yes, THAT boardwalk, as in "Jersey Shore." Snookie wasn't even a twinkle in her parents' eyes yet. That show was a total misrepresentation of what growing up on "the boards" was like. Do you know the majority of the cast was actually from NY? Only 2 were from NJ. Anyway... don't get me started on that.

I worked at a place called "Fran's." Fran was actually the owner. It was a sausage/cheesesteak place with the grill facing the boards. Her mother, RL, made the best, tallest layer cakes. Every one was whisked by hand, always exactly 200 strokes. We had a small counter to the left of the entrance and about 20 tables. It was busy as all get-out in season. By Labor Day, we were all burned out and praying the tourists would go home and give us our beach back. I think I was paid \$1.16 per hour plus tips. It was a great place to cut your teeth on being subservient. The worst was when The Bus Ladies would come in. They were old (to us) women who would be dropped off by bus, act like they were entitled to have their asses kissed, then leave a DIME, yes 10 whole cents as a tip! We hated them.

At night, after around 10pm, The Creepers would come out. You know, the ones just cruisin' for a bruise. They would crowd around the grill, trying to swipe a piece of meat. One night, our very large grill guy literally jumped over the grill to pummel some punk. I didn't know he could move that fast!

There are good memories too. There were fireworks every Wednesday night. We would all go out on the boards and "ooh" and "ahh" with the tourists. I still feel like a little kid when I see fireworks.

The other owners and workers... hawkers... would come eat and over-tip us. We had our own language and developed lifelong bonds. And there is nothing like the boards on a cold winter's day, well at the end of the season... or just at the beginning when Easter fell in March. Pretty much deserted. A respite from the craziness that had been or was yet to come. The opening to Bruce Springsteen's "Santa Claus is Coming to Town" takes me back there every time!

After a few short stints, my best gig started in the fall of 1979. The Ground Round, similar to a T.G.I.F., opened. I was part of the original crew. I worked there on and off for 10 years. Even when I had a "real" full-time job, I kept a night or two. And when the bottom fell out of my high-paying real job, I again donned my waitress uniform full-time.

I am still good friends, 42 years later, with many of my co-workers. We shared a lot of experiences together. Not only did we work together, we also played together. I think there was always alcohol involved! We went white-water rafting, canoeing, snow skiing, water skiing, horseback riding, played softball, basketball and tennis. We took plastic trays from the walk-in refrigerator and used them as sleds when the golf course was covered in snow. We played Trivial Pursuit until the sun came up. We took a hair-raising boat ride with a drunken bartender (we were lucky we survived). That was the first and last time THAT happened! We listened to a lot of music, went to concerts and developed friendships with the bar bands. We even went to New York City and sat on Santa's lap! It was a magical time in our lives. We worked our butts off, slept fast, went to the beach for a few hours, showered and did it all again... day in and day out.

Then, there were those times you wished you had never put on an apron. Those local customers who stuffed fried fish from the "All you can eat" special into their purses. The ones who just had to sit for an hour with their muddled old fashions before they ordered. You knew damn well you could have turned that table at least twice. The ones who ALWAYS sent their food back, even though it was perfectly cooked. And the ones who were always trying to fix you up with their son.

The upside was the regulars we absolutely loved! Always made us laugh, became close friends, always over-tipped. We watched them have children and watched those kids grow up. Many of us are still friends with several of those folks. We could always count on them to break the stress we were under.

What stress? Hordes of obnoxious tourists, "Bennies" as we call them in NJ. Those people who lose all sense of social graces because they're on vacation. Rude, impatient, sloppy and oblivious that the world does not revolve around them. Oh! Let's not forget they think they don't have to tip, since



they are never going to see you again.

Here are a few stories that seem funny now, but certainly didn't at the time. One night, at closing, a drunk at the bar made a comment when Donna Summer's song, "She works hard for the money" played. He loudly said we were all whores! He barely got the last word out and was quickly thrown out the door by the bartender. He was lucky... things would have been a lot worse had "the girls" gotten a hold of him first.

It was a late winter night, with a dusting of snow on the ground. My friend, Diane, had a group "walk out," (skip out on the check). She ran after them and literally hung onto their back bumper, sliding on the snow, trying to get them to stop! At least she got the license plate and got even.

I had a group of eight young guys one night and asked them for I.D. For some reason, I wrote down one of the kids' name and address on the check. That wasn't usual for me. They walked out on the check while I was in the kitchen. When we closed, around 1am, I looked in the phone book. Yes, some of you remember those big, thick, paper things. I matched the last name and address and dialed the phone. I woke up the father and he was not at all happy to hear about the situation. The check was paid the next day.

That crap occurred because our Manager was a drunk. Bro-in-law to the owner and didn't give a damn about anything that was happening with the staff. On the other hand, the owner (one of three) was the best boss you could EVER wish to work for. He was fair, level-headed, genuinely concerned about the staff, didn't yell or scream... just very diplomatic. And fun to be around! Many a time we tossed back a cocktail or two off-premises. Not only was he our boss, he was our friend. Thank you, VJA.

And, to wrap up my restaurant career (pretty much), my husband and I ran a kitchen at a campground in Crystal River, FL for 7 months, starting

in the fall of 2000. My husband is a retired chef. Those people didn't know what hit them! We served breakfast on the weekends to around 75-100 people each day. Yep, just the two of us. My husband makes the best omelets! He pan-cooked every one, with only a 2-burner stove. Some mornings, folks would wait up to 45 minutes to get their order. They were worth the wait!

We also served buffet dinners once or twice a month. Nothing was ever frozen or out of a can. We cooked from scratch. I have snapped more green beans in my life than I care to remember! It was hard work, especially since the kitchen barely fit the two of us. It's a good thing we had a working rhythm.

All was well, until management hired a young man who had a background in blueberry farming! He didn't have a clue what he was doing. His head would spin when my husband discussed food costs. I was a retired event planner at that time and stunned him with my ability to plan parties in detail and book appropriate talent for the occasion. He asked me after Memorial Day what I planned to be doing on July 4th. I told him I would be fishing in a cool trout stream in Cherokee, NC, without a single thought about his campground! Blueberry Boy didn't last long in his job.

So, yes, I've done my time on 'the other side of the table.' An old boyfriend of mine used to call me the Patron Saint of Waitresses because I tipped so generously. I still do... as does my husband. My advice to you impatient customers... give it a whirl. Suit up, show up and let's see if you can do better. Especially given the massive shortage of hospitality workers due to the pandemic.

Bon Appetit!



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Life's a Beach Events

What's happening in Aug By Mom

8-2, 8-9, 8-16, 8-23, & 8-30 Tybee Island's Farmers and Artisan Market 4-7pm every Monday through October at 30 Meddin Dr. Fresh veggies and artistic treasures will be available. Don't forget to shop local!

8-4 & 8-25 Free Admission Days at Fort Pulaski 9am-5pm at Fort Pulaski, Hwy. 80. 8-4 is Great American Outdoors Act Day and 8-25 is National Park Service Anniversary Day! Check it out for free!

8-6 The Charlie Fog Band – Music of Grateful Dead 7pm at the Tybee Post Theater, 10 Van Horne Ave. Charlie Fog Band is celebrating their 10 year anniversary. All about music of the Grateful Dead. For all events go to www.tybeeposttheater.org or call for further info at 912-472-4790.

8-6, 8-13, 8-20, & 8-27 Zoom Coffee & Conversation with the City Manager 9-10am at <http://bit.ly/3ockqi>. Meeting Id-971-7986 1615. Passcode-856832.

8-7 Family Concert with Jennifer Daniels 10:30am at the Tybee Post Theater, 10 Van Horne Ave. Great time for kids with interactive songs, stories, and more. All about music of the Grateful Dead. For all events go to www.tybeeposttheater.org or call for further info at 912-472-4790.

8-7 Jennifer Daniels 8pm at the Tybee Post Theater, 10 Van Horne Ave. Jennifer Daniels is an award winning songwriter and performer. She, with her husband, Jeff Neal, with bring you alt-country to folk/rock. For all events go to www.tybeeposttheater.org or call for further info at 912-472-4790.

8-12 & 8-13 Hitchcock Birthday Celebration 2021 3pm at the Tybee Post Theater, 10 Van Horne Ave. on 8-12-for North by Northwest and 7pm for The Birds. On 8-13 at 3pm is Rear Window and 7pm for Psycho. The best of Hitchcock films. For all events go to www.tybeeposttheater.org or call for further info at 912-472-4790.

8-14 Harry O'Donahue - An Evening of Song and Story 8pm at the Tybee Post Theater, 10 Van Horne Ave. For an evening of Irish songs and storytelling, this is the place to be. Harry O'Donahue will be introducing Molly Elizabeth Gibson. For all events go to www.tybeeposttheater.org or call for further info at 912-472-4790.

8-20 Sail On: The Beach Boys Tribute 8pm at the Tybee Post Theater, 10 Van Horne Ave. There is some Good Vibrations at this show. For all events go to www.tybeeposttheater.org or call for further info at 912-472-4790.

8-22 Victor Wainwright & The Train 8pm at the Tybee Post Theater, 10 Van Horne Ave. If you haven't heard Victor Wainwright & The Train, here is your opportunity for a great blues evening! For all events go to www.tybeeposttheater.org or call for further info at 912-472-4790.

8-27 Winter, Spring, Summer, or Fall – Carole King Cabaret The Leading Ladies of the Savannah Stage Company bring us Carole King. You Have a Friend indeed! For all events go to www.tybeeposttheater.org or call for further info at 912-472-4790.

8-28 1969 A new tribute show from the Florida Band, Peace of Woodstock. Time to get Groovy! For all events go to www.tybeeposttheater.org or call for further info at 912-472-4790.



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Sleeping Over with Renee Cantonwine

By Alaina Loughridge

With our little small community, it is always devastating when one of us leaves the rest behind forever. This one is really tough to get through. Renee was one of us. You saw her every day behind the bar at Doc's or Tybee Time. She served your drinks, she listened about your bad day and she listened about your good day. She brought soup to people that weren't feeling well and she loved Tybee. She loved us. Her leaving is a heart wrenching, tear jerker for sure.

So, let me tell you about the time Renee locked herself into Tybee Time and had to spend the night in that little room with the round table! It's a classic, and a story that Renee had asked me to share! And, just like Renee, this story is sure to put a smile on your face and make you lol!

Picture this: Super Bowl. A cool February weekend. Alcohol was imbibed by all. Wait! Let me set the background background! So, Tybee Time is just like every other bar. When you close at 3am, you lock the front door, go count your money and do the side work. The office door in Tybee Time is set to lock once it shuts, either behind you going in or behind you going out. Well, Renee had locked the front door of the bar and went into the office to count her money. Somewhere during the course of said money counting, Renee's bladder reached out and Renee, not thinking of a thing, left the office and went to the bathroom ... locking the office door behind her with her keys inside of the office. There she was. Front door locked. Office door locked. Girl locked in. It was funny until...

Because it was Super Bowl Sunday and now 3ish in the morning, you can imagine that trying to call anyone to come save the day was a set up for absolute failure. Even if anyone with a key answered their phones, there was no way they were in any shape to come down front and unlock the door! Not that anyone answered their phones. What's a girl to do? Well, you lay down a pallet of empty beer boxes in the little nook by the restrooms and you go to sleep!

The first question out of everyone's mouths the next sober morning was, 'did you get drunk?' You're locked in a bar. What do you do? We all know what we would have done, but Renee just curled into a ball and went to sleep. That is an excellent employee!

So, if you can imagine Renee getting locked into Tybee Time, you can only imagine the shenanigans she's getting into upstairs! That lady will truly be missed. See you when we get there, sweet lady.

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PERVY PET OF THE MONTH

Submitted by Sara Cromer

Viper

Viper was a gift from my cousin. He was born in Newport, TN. My birthday is 1.1.21. He made it to his new home on Tybee on Sunday, February, 28. Viper has 2 older siblings, Goose and Aspen.

He doesn't like long walks, yet he has made the lap from Brass Rail down Tybrisa and back to Brass Rail.

He enjoys his toys and fetch, but his favorite is going to the Dog Park. He has a twin in RIP Goralczyk, owned by Ron and Leigh Goralczyk. Rip plays so good with him being so young. He likes meeting new friends at the dog park, but Rip is his favorite.

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Main Street Matters

By Michelle Owens - Executive Director, Tybee Island Development Authority/Main Street

Sustainability is in the Bag for an Island Paradise

For one amazing week last month, I sailed the emerald green waters of Aruba, explored ancient caves and snorkeled a shipwreck with tropical fish. Yet some of the most exciting sights I witnessed on my vacation were a bag and a drinking straw! No, I didn't overdo it on the mojitos. I seriously was ecstatic to see Aruba restaurants, resorts and retail shops employing sustainable practices in every facet of their businesses.

Like Tybee Island, Aruba is a small island that hosts just over one million visitors per year. But unlike Tybee, Aruba has sustainability in the bag.

This tiny island in the Dutch Caribbean has been phasing out single use plastics since 2017, when it banned single use plastic bags. Then in 2019, the Aruban Parliament unanimously voted to ban additional single-use items like plastic cups, plates, utensils, straws, stirrers and to-go containers. Businesses were given several months to use up their existing plastic supplies.

When we ordered take-out food on Aruba, the restaurants served it in compostable containers with bamboo utensils and compostable drinkware. Food ordered beachside was served in bamboo baskets which wait staff diligently recollected, whether we were dining under a shady Palapa in the sand, or in an outdoor cafe.

At one retail store, we were not offered bags for our purchases. Instead, the shopkeeper offered us a choice of reusable bags for sale in a variety of price points from \$1 to \$5. I chose a \$3 backpack emblazoned with the words "Bibi Dushi." This is a phrase in the local Papiamentu language that translates to "living a sweet life."

While I did have to buy a bag for my merchandise, I was not upset in the least. It was a great opportunity to buy an affordable souvenir. At another store, we received a bio-degradable and reusable bag with our purchase.

In addition to outlawing single use plastics, Aruba also strongly discourages use of bottled water, due to difficulty recycling the bottles on their small island. If you insist on bottled water, you will pay dearly, as in \$6.50 for a 24 ounce bottle.

The good news is that you don't need to buy bottled water on Aruba. Thanks to state of the art desalination techniques, Aruba has some of the cleanest, safest tap water in the world. You don't have to take my word for it. It has been designated as such by the World Health Organization.

Continuing its impressive track record for environmentally friendly practices, Aruba's Parliament has also banned sunscreens that contain Oxybenzone, a chemical ingredient known to cause coral bleaching and kill entire reef systems.

They also take renewable and clean energy seriously. Modern windmills dot the landscape, providing 17 percent of the island's electricity, according to the Aruba tourism agency. Aruba is home to Bucati & Tara Beach Resort, which Green Globe International named one of the world's most sustainable hotels. Green Globe sets international certification standards for sustainable tourism.

In my opinion, a tiny island paradise can balance sustainability and tourism with eco-friendly practices, like banning single-use plastics.

The sky won't fall. People won't run screaming for the exit. Visitors will keep coming, keep spending money and keep having fun. Aruba is proof.



Photo by Denise Magee

Even small food stands like Eduardo's Beach Shack in Aruba embrace sustainable dinnerware.

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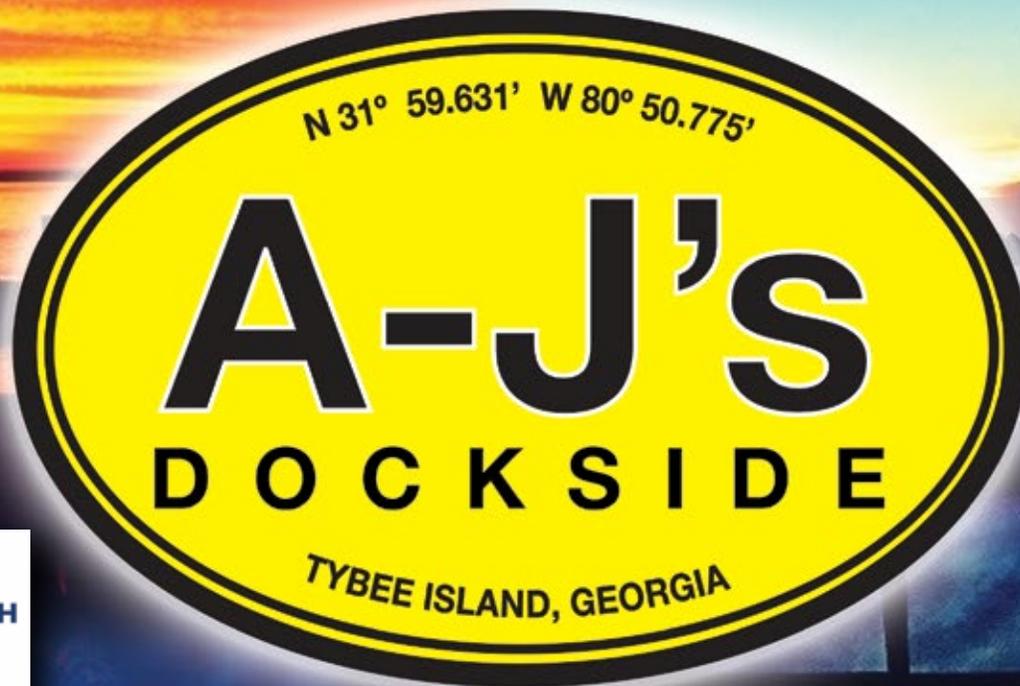


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