

# EBB TIDE MUSES

*“Celebrate Life—Then, Now & Future Promises. Laugh, Inspire, Inform, Reflect”*

**You Know You're a Yankee When...**

You think barbecue is a verb meaning "to cook outside."

You don't have any problems pronouncing "Worcestershire sauce" correctly.

For breakfast, you would prefer potatoes au gratin to grits.

You don't know what a moon pie is.

You've never, ever, eaten Okra.

You eat fried chicken with a knife and fork.

You've never seen a live chicken, and the only cows you've seen are on road trips

You have no idea what a polecat is.

You don't see anything wrong with putting a sweater on a poodle. You don't have bangs.

**Inside This Issue**

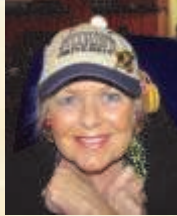
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## High Tide

by Peachy

The tides on the coast of Georgia rise about 6 1/2 feet on average, with two high and two low tides a day. Spring tides rise about 10 ft. This doesn't begin to compare with the Bay of Fundy's average rise of 43 ft., but in the United States, Georgia tide's are among the highest on the east coast.

The link below from the state of Georgia is brief, and an easy read, and excellent for learning about Georgia's seas and sea marshes. I think all who are from this area realize the importance and fragility of our ecosystems, and grew up with a deep respect for our beautiful shores and marsh.

Following is an excerpt from the link:



*“The marsh serves as a nursery ground for young fish, shellfish, and crustaceans, which in turn support larger fish and the cycle goes on and on. In addition, the stems and grass provide refuge for*

*many adult animals in estuaries where the salt and fresh water mixes.*

*The salt marsh serves as a primary nursery ground for many economically important fish and shellfish. Were it not for the marsh, juvenile populations of crabs, shrimp, and fish would be greatly reduced.”*

*(highly recommended reading)*

<http://crd.dnr.state.ga.us/content/displaycontent.asp?txtDocument=22>

For me, writing about the Georgia coast is a wonderful thing to do because so many of my emotions as a young girl are intertwined with the rise and fall of the tides, yet my factual knowledge is limited. So rather than any attempt at scientific events and causes, I will write from a personal perspective of having grown up here.

When I was young, and the tide was at its lowest, I would sit on the beach at St. Simons Island, and stare at the silent, calm, still body of water with Jekyll Island in sight across the water. I've heard and do not know how true it is, that people have swam across that space of water from St. Simons to Jekyll. I would think it's possible, but it is something I

would never attempt. Those early ponderings are what inspired the title of this newsletter, "Ebb Tide Muses."



High tide was exciting! During those tide events, I would also sit watching the high tide, and thinking. But because the tide came in so high, I usually sat on

the rocks right down the beach a bit. The thrill though of being in the water as the tide came in is something I'll never forget. We would "play" in the incoming surf, turning our backs to the waves, and praying we wouldn't be swallowed up. Of course, that never happened, and almost everyone knew how to body surf long before it became an extreme sport.

High tide was thrilling. My high school, Glynn Academy, named its year book "High Tide," and it remains titled thus to this day. There could not have been a more appropriate choice for the title of the book....I've often wondered who thought up that name.

We instinctively knew back then the importance of our environment, even if we didn't know the scientific data. We knew it was important to preserve our sea marshes, and oceans, but sadly some either did not know or did not care. The once magnificent St. Simons Beach at the village is no more. The water is up to the "Johnson" rocks. Some have told me this is a natural erosion process, others have said a hurricane caused it—I have my doubts about either for I believe the dredging of our beautiful marshes to make way for bridges and other structures is the main culprit.

Georgia's coast is one of the most beautiful areas I've ever seen.

# Photos of the Month



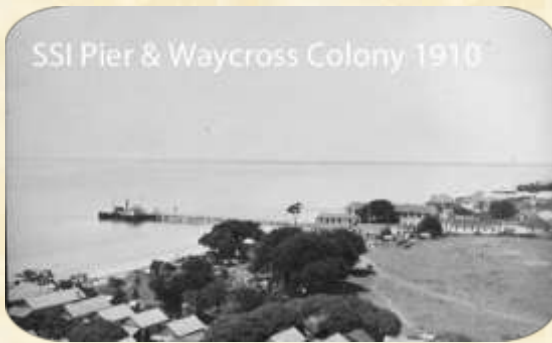
Original Lighthouse St. Simons Island, Georgia



Ocean View Hotel, St. Simons Island, Georgia 1938



Fire at King & Prince Hotel, St. Simons Island, Georgia-1939 or 1940



Shrimp Boat, Brunswick River, Date Unknown



St. Simons Beach, 1910

## Bob

by Mike Herring

When I was 5, we lived on 'T' Street, just off Norwich. My playmates were Mack, Linda, Janice, Bobby, Bobby, and Bob. Bob lived on Treville Ave and was different from the rest of us in one regard. "He's BLIND," Grandma said, sotto voce in reply to Momma's question, "Well, why shouldn't Mikie be playing with him?" Seems as though Grandma thought it was something you could catch. He came over to our house or I visited him and he played just about every game we all played, although we sometimes modified things to accommodate what we considered a minor inconvenience. Bob taught me how to play checkers. When the school year was about to begin, Momma told me that Bob would be moving so he could go to school. I didn't understand why he couldn't go to school with us. I'm sure Momma tried to explain, but it never made sense to me why my friend was leaving.

Years later when work took me to Savannah, I became involved in the Lions Club. Visitors sometimes were invited to speak to our group. One night a big man with a red and white cane was escorted in by one of our members and introduced as Bob. He sat across from me and we chatted. He was very entertaining and seemed somehow familiar. "Have we met somewhere before?", he asked, sensing the same thing I was feeling. Through a little conversation, turns out it was my childhood friend. He had gone to the Georgia Academy for the Blind in Macon, then went on to University of Alabama at Birmingham. Now he was in Savannah, directing the Georgia Area Radio Reading Service, a program that distributes special-channel radios to reading-impaired people and provided on-air live readings of the local papers, magazines and such. He talked me into doing an occasional Sunday reading of the Savannah Morning News. He also was a keyboardist (and a not-too-bad vocalist), so we formed a group with a bassist and a drummer and played a few local gigs, more for the fun than the funds.

Bob was married with two kids, and still had family and friends in Brunswick. He loved Willie's Wee-Nee Wagon, as much for the logo ("We Relish Your Buns") as for the pork chop sandwich that he always ordered when we went. I drove him there many times, since his wife worked weekends and I visited my folks every few weeks.

He had a great sense of humor and loved to catch people off guard ("Hey man, you seen my new Clavinova? No? Me neither.") We jabbed at each other ("Hey, Bob, wanta come over this weekend? We just rearranged the den and wanta see how long it takes you to find everything.") He shot back, "Okay, wanta go play golf tonight?" One night on the way to the Lions Club meeting, he was bragging about something he had learned on the keyboard. I retorted, "Hey, Bob, this is me. Want to impress me? Here, take the wheel." Sullen silence from the passenger side of the car, then, "You know, of all the stuff I've never done because I'm blind, driving is the one thing I've always wanted to do."

My then brother-in-law worked at FLETC (Federal Law En-



forcement Training Center). They used part of what had been blimp parking for driver training. An idea grew and I called B-I-L and asked what the chances were that I could get on that course, and told him what my plan was. I can imagine his scratching his chin, thinking what could go wrong. Finally, he set some limitations and a date. I called Bob and said, "Hey, man, let's go to Brunswick this Saturday." "Yeah, man! I'm Jonesin' for Willie's Wee-Nee Wagon!"

I picked him up Saturday morning in my small pickup truck, never telling him what my evil plan was. When we arrived at FLETC, I-L was there to greet us, and had us follow him.

Bob: "Hey, man, where we goin'?" "You're going to drive, Bob." I explained that he would be in the driver's seat, I would be his guide in the passenger side. I'd show him where the brake and gas pedal were and since it was automatic, no confusing clutch. If he started out slow this could be fun. He expressed his misgivings, but the prospect of driving was more powerful than his doubt. Tentative at first, he caught on quickly and we spent the next three hours driving around the apron where the old landing field was. He laughed, cackled, chortled, guffawed. Every expression of having a good time a forty-something-year-old-kid can manage erupted from Bob that morning. I probably was drained of color at first, but I began to enjoy it nearly as much as he. Finally, he stopped the truck and said, "Hey, man, we still got any gas left?" "I dunno. What's the fuel gauge say?" I jabbed at him. He laughed and said, "Can't read it. They don't make 'em in Braille. You tell me." It was about a quarter of a tank, enough to get us to Willie's and then back to Savannah. For the next few years, he told and retold the story at the Lions Club meetings of the day his crazy friend let him drive, always leaving out the part of exactly where it had taken place.

About the same time I moved from Savannah, Bob got divorced and moved to Cocoa, FL to live with his brother. We kept in touch, albeit spottily, for a few years, then just sort of lost contact. This past Tuesday his brother called to let me know Bob was gone. Bob wanted no service, just let friends know he had "left the building." "Did you really let him drive your truck?" his brother asked. "Yeah." "Gee, he was right; you must be crazy." Yeah.

*(Mike is from Georgia, currently living in Florida. He served in the Viet Nam war and used his G.I. benefits, to study bridge building, and became a Telecommunications Engineer instead. Never built a single bridge. Mike joined Toastmasters, eventually winning the Golden Gavel. He is member of the American Society of Trainers and Developers, and also taught a variety of subjects at Armstrong State College now Atlantic State University that included public speaking, and "business law?" And he's an engineer?)*



B-



That Woman in Overalls

by Carolyn Simmons Anderson

I neither a farmer nor a gardener be,  
Nor a character penned by Runyon.....  
*(Damon, that is.)*

Instead, that woman in overalls, me,  
Is now known by the name Bunyan.....  
*(Paula, that is.)*

This is a new section of ETM and I will try to include a different state **each month, starting with ones I've lived in. If anyone would like a highlight of their state, please let me know**



State of the Month—West Virginia

by Peachy

West Virginia, after rejecting the constitution of Virginia, became the 35<sup>th</sup> state on June 20,

1863 by proclamation of President Abraham Lincoln, making it the only state to be admitted to the Union by presidential proclamation. West Virginia is also the only state to have seceded from the Confederate States. During the Civil War, West Virginia contributed about 32,000 men to the Union and 10,000 to the Confederacy. This

partially explains why there seems to be a sort of identity crisis in the state.

When we moved to Charles Town, WV from northern Virginia, it didn't seem like we had moved to another state. It felt like we were still in Virginia because folks in Charles Town seemed to be aligned with their neighbor. Eventually, after some research, I learned that West Virginians really do have two states of mind.

The Mountaineers of western West Virginia wanted separation from the elite of Richmond, while the folks in the Eastern Panhandle thought Richmond was just fine. The Mountaineers were able to declare the western part of Virginia, from the mountains on, as the new state of Kanawah, later changed to West Virginia. However, not all were given a chance to cast a vote, particularly in the **Eastern Panhandle., and I don't think the Panhandle** folks ever ideologically left Virginia.

There was much ado about this because many in the **Eastern Panhandle didn't really want to succeed from** Virginia. A court finally deemed that the territory did rightfully belong to West Virginia, however. And that was the end of that. Or was it?

West Virginia is but one state, of course. Whether it is, even now in 2010, ideologically one state is questionable. As an outsider looking in, I was, maybe still am, **confused about where the state's political and ideological** sympathies lie at the state level.

I also wonder if the Mountaineers would now think it was a good idea to leave the foothills and most of the Shenandoah Valley to Virginia while laying claim only to the mountains—was there a choice?



Ocean Waves by Peachy

The thrill of it all  
racing toward you at mach speed  
Surging soaring wave

