

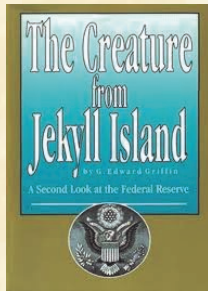
EBB TIDE MUSES

"Celebrate Life—Then, Now & Future Promises. Laugh, Inspire, Inform, Reflect"

Did You Know?

The saying "God willing and the Creek don't rise" was in reference to the Creek Indians and not a body of water? It was written by Benjamin Hawkins in the late 18th century. He was a politician and Indian diplomat. While in the south, Hawkins was requested by the President of the U.S. to return to Washington. In his response, he was said to write, "God willing and the Creek don't rise." Because he capitalized the word "Creek" it is deduced that he was referring to the Creek Indian tribe and not a body of water.

Common entertainment included playing cards. However, there was a tax levied when purchasing playing cards but only applicable to the 'Ace of Spades.' To avoid paying the tax, people would purchase 51 cards instead. Yet, since most games require 52 cards, these people were thought to be stupid or dumb because they weren't 'playing with a full deck.'



Warlock's Brew, Shadowy Moss & Dark Seas— The Federal Reserve System is Birthed!

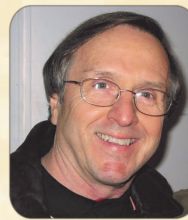
"Picture a party of the nation's greatest bankers stealing out of New York on a private railroad car under cover of darkness, stealthily riding hundred of miles South, embarking on a mysterious launch, sneaking onto an island deserted by all but a few servants, living there a full week under such rigid secrecy that the names of not one of them was once mentioned, lest the servants learn the identity and disclose to the world this strangest, most secret expedition in the history of American finance. I am not romancing; I am giving to the world, for the first time, the real story of how the famous Aldrich currency report, the foundation of our new currency system, was written... The utmost secrecy was enjoined upon all. The public must not glean a hint of what was to be done. Senator Aldrich notified each one to go quietly into a private car of which the railroad had received orders to draw up on an unrequented platform. Off the party set. New York's ubiquitous reporters had been foiled... Nelson (Aldrich) had confided to Henry, Frank, Paul and Piatt that he was to keep them locked up at Jekyll Island, out of the rest of the world, until they had evolved and compiled a scientific currency system for the United States, the real birth of the present Federal Reserve System, the plan done on Jekyll Island in the conference with Paul, Frank and Henry... Warburg is the link that binds the Aldrich system and the present system together. He more than any one man has made the system possible as a working reality." by [Bertie Charles Forbes](#)

Jekyll Remembered

by Linda Guglielmo Norby

I remember when the easiest way to get to Jekyll was by ferry from St. Simons Island. We kids felt something mysterious about Jekyll, but had no clue as to why. At the place where the ferry landed, there were clowns and vendors on the beach that I remember as being a whole lot of fun. Such exciting times and memories.

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Jekyll Island Aquarama

by Ron Scarborough

Yesterday I took a trip over to Jekyll Island for lunch with my family, and I decided to take a quick look at the entrance of the island, the area which used to be the home of the Shopping Center, the Convention Center and of course, the Aquarama, that iconic, futuristic glass and concrete building that had opened in 1960, when I was only 10 years old. I had not seen it since the night of The Last Dance, back in August, when I had stopped as I was leaving, and cast one last, backward glance at the ole girl.

As I looked out at that vast expanse of emptiness yesterday, I felt a wave of sadness roll over me at about the same time a "dust devil" swirled up out of the acres of empty sand and swept over my car. As I squinted, looking through the dust, I could not help but do a heavy sigh and mutter "gone with the wind". And all of it is, the buildings, the beautiful trees, the flowers and the shrubs,..... but not the memories.

And what memories they are: I thought of my first visit there shortly after The Aquarama had opened and my first peek at the Olympic sized pool that appeared to be almost as big as the Atlantic Ocean, with it's big ole high dive that had to be a half mile high, at least that was how it looked to my young eyes. And as I stopped the car and gazed out for those few seconds, a whole parade of memories of my youth came marching by: of the dances (oh my, the dances I attended there in my youth! With all the slipping and sliding we did on that glossy Terrazzo floor, with all those pretty girls, it made me break out in a grin so wide I could have eaten a banana sideways) and I recalled the bands that I heard while dancing: Wow!



You name 'em, and we heard them, The Drifters, The Tams, The Swingin' Medallions, Otis Redding, James Brown, Roy Orbison, Dionne Warwick, B. J. Thomas, Doug Clark and the Hot Nuts, and that is just a few, there were so many more. One night a bunch of my classmates tried to name them all and we were amazed at how long the list was.

The first dance that I can ever recall feeling like I had "missed out on" was when I was just a 9th Grader at Jane Macon. I had been hearing all of these reports about the great groups that were playing at The Aquarama ever since it opened, but I clearly can remember talking to some older friends who went to a Sorority dance on Thanksgiving Weekend of 1964 to see the sensational Shirelles. This was the night following what most believe to be the Greatest Game ever played on the hallowed turf of old Lanier Field,

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William T. (Tommy) Pace

(Chief Tomma Chichi)

Tommy passed away in his sleep on Wednesday, March 9, 2011, and as someone noted, "we miss his future."

I grew up with Tommy, but only got to really know him through an e-mail distribution group I called "flame throwers".

Tommy could throw a shoot a flame as good as he got it.

Tommy had many friends, and some of us really only knew him through an on-line medium. But we can all agree that Tommy was a very special person.

Following are bits of a Facebook thread about Tommy, as well as words from one of his closest friends, George Sievers.

—Linda

[.Bob Gibson](#) He was my lab partner in Chemistry. Helped me get through it. Will miss his emails. My prayers are with his family.

[Jim Hicks](#) He was a fellow Boy Scout and avid camper and hiker. I took a photo of him when we were young folks and had traveled to Ridgecrest, NC. While there, he and I decided to locate Catabah Falls. He went under the waterfall ledge where I captured him with a 120 roll film. Sent it to him about a year or two ago.

He and I and Sonny Dankel and someone else (Al Fain perhaps?) sang in a quartet when Preston Lawrence was music and education director at FBC, Brunswick.

[Wayne Floyd](#) SEMPER FI, my Brother. May you rest in peace, oh Warrior 5 hours ago · [Like](#)

[Jim Hicks](#) I remembered three things tonight:

- + In high school we had the school's first science fair when class of '60 were seniors. This was, of course, before the new science building was built. My project was "the constituents of coal tar." Each afternoon upstairs in the chemistry labs I was working on pure chemistry for my project. Thad Dankel did his project on probability, a passion which he took into adulthood and academia. Look up Thaddius George Dankel, Jr on the internet. I saw Tommy do an unusual thing for his project, something rather organic and aromatic. Every afternoon he would get his cat cadaver in a clear plastic bag out of refrigeration and tote it into, thankfully, the larger chemistry lab next to the library upstairs and do his dissection. Day after day. His project out stunk my coal tar.
- + In scouts we all look forward to camps with eagerness unknown to modern kids. It was our time to escape into the wilds and go wild. So Tommy and some of us went hog wallowing in the muck of probably the Satilla or Altamaha River and flushed out some pigglets. That night the sow came into the camp and went at us until she had gotten her brood back from Tommy Pace and the like. He was on that particular camp.
- + And there was the time one night when we scouts all turned into our 7X7 heavy canvas wall tents—these were part of the inventory of Troop 7 (later renamed 207)—to sleep with the mosquitoes and Tommy had his own large pup tent. And he burned a huge hole in the thing. Must have hooked his little red

kerosene lantern up on his ridge pole. I reminded him of that incident several years later. He was still embarrassed and had hoped no one had remembered.

When I first got a computer just after the class reunion prior to 9/11 I searched for Tommy Pace. Somehow I got his phone number and called him up and got him on the internet to his classmates!

Then he paid me back with something he had discovered useful: virus search and removal services. He said he had two going on his system, and I would be surprised what they found. I can imagine.

So I paid him back for that helpful information by reminding him when we were children back when we were with some kids playing in the back porch of the home of Beverly Brooks. I remember that night, because as I was leaving I saw on their wall inside their living room a clock. I was just beginning to understand clock and time and clock hands. In the back porch was a big wooden box for their firewood. Tommy told us all back there that he was a direct descendent of Chief Tomma Chichi. I, of course, knew immediately who that Chief was, but I was not believing a word of it, because I could spell a little bit.

Tommy, in our phone conversation, was a little amazed I remembered and wished I had forgotten that. He did give a little chuckle.

Last time I talked to Tommy face to face was on St Simons at the last reunion when he was wondering if there was any place open where he might get a cigar. He emailed that he did find a place. I bet it was better than smoking dried grape vines.



Tom aka Tommy

by George Sievers

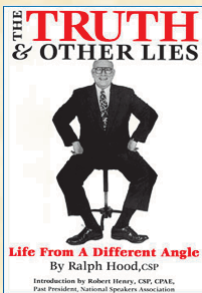
Tom was a big lumbering nerd - I was a small lumbering nerd. I think we both joined the Army to help get rid of our nerdiness and get some hands-on experience with life.

I was wild and left the Army before I got into too much trouble, never getting to Viet Nam. But Tom stuck with it. Not sure how many tours he did but he had to extend to do one tour so he went there because he wanted to. That experience stuck with him all his life and it was, I think, something about which he was extremely proud and something he considered as being the most important thing he had ever done.

I lost track of Tom for many years and during that time he became an oil worker, truck driver and, finally, a teacher of both gifted and troubled children. Most likely teaching gave him great pleasure also and a sense of fulfillment. Just before he retired he "found" me again and we hooked up for an abortive trip on the Appalachian trail where his diabetes kept him from continuing onward. Afterwards we traveled up and down the east coast and around Florida visiting his kids and my family and friends. He paid for the whole trip himself as he said he would do.

Tom and I didn't agree much on politics but, in person, he never let that get him all riled up (his WRITTEN word was, however, somewhat more excitable).

**One of Tommy's favorite quotes:
Remember, the world is your oyster ... eat, drink, and prosper!!**



Zorro and the Water Tower

by Ralph Hood

(excerpt from *The Truth & Other Lies*)

"Out of the night, when the full moon is bright, comes the horseman known as ZORRO."

If you remember television in the fifties, you remember that song, sung with two syllables on the word *bright*, as in *bright*. ZORRO was a hero of the first order. He swashed his share of buckles and fought entire armies with but a sword. He wore the obligatory mask and cape and appeared from nowhere to right wrong and mete out justice to those who needed justice meted out upon 'em. He arrived with a leap and departed amidst the thunder of pounding hooves. After each feat of derring-do, with a single stroke of his terrible swift sword, he carved his name—with a lovely swoop-de-do beneath—on the nearest suitable surface.

Oh, he was dashing, and we loved him. *Everybody* watched ZORRO, back then, and many still watch his reruns today.

I was a high school senior during ZORRO's heyday, and Stafford Burney was a year younger. The two of us, for important reasons long since forgotten, decided to climb the water tower in front of Dixie Paint and Varnish Company. Our decision had a lot to do with the simple fact that it was by far the tallest water tower in town.

But we had a problem. How would we get credit for this heroic deed? How would anyone even know we had been to the top?

Stafford, who was a sign painter's assistant after school, came up with the perfect solution. We should, he said, paint something on the side of the water tank.

But what? Obviously, it would be less than wise to paint our own

names. Again, Stafford had the solution.

We would paint ZORRO on the water tank, complete with the swoop-de-do!

By golly, we did it, and it was a huge success. We did it at night, while our classmates cruised back and forth on Highway 17, watching the letters Z-O-R-R-O (complete with swoop-de-do) appear slowly across the water tank. Thanks to Stafford's skilled touch, it was a beautiful sign. ZORRO himself couldn't have done a better job.

For awhile there, Stafford and I shared a degree of fame—perhaps notoriety is a better word—beyond our wildest imaginations. The sign was reported in detail by all of the local media and was even picked up by Associated Press. We were delighted.

Then it backfired on us.

Eventually, of course, our parents found out. That was back in the days before kids had "rights," and we were in deep trouble.

We were no longer heroes. We were grounded. We no longer strutted, we slunk around with heads hung low. It wasn't fun.

But we did survive, and to this day I am known as ZORRO in the old home town. I spoke to their chamber of commerce a few years back, and the ZORRO story figured prominently in my introduction. In 1994, I spoke at my thirty-fifth class reunion, and they still called me ZORRO.

Frankly, the older I get, the more I enjoy it. It's nice to remember that I could once climb a water tower.

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A Remembrance

by Carolyn Simmons Anderson

In last month's issue of 'EBB TIDE MUSES' I had a poem called "I Found." In that poem I referenced a couple of things I had written in my

youth, this mini-essay included. The reference was "her remembrance of a lost hero. @ I was certain then, as I am certain now, that people my age who read those lines guessed who I was talking about, President John F. Kennedy.

When I heard about the death of someone who went to Glynn Academy, albeit a few years ahead of me, I couldn't help but reflect on my own years there. I knew Tommy Pace when he was a high school teacher in Darien, the one year I worked as a teacher myself (as the county-wide Music Teacher, on an emergency certification, to replace the one who resigned a few weeks before the school year began). As a teacher, and a very educated man, I thought he might have appreciated this historical reference.

"On Our Thoughts" was written by me for the 1964 Glynn Academy literary magazine called 'Driftwood' when I was 16. I wrote it in response to the first truly significant and traumatic event in my young life, the assassination of our president, the first president I thought of as my own. I find it interesting to read what I was thinking back then. I don't know if I could be so forgiving now. I do hope that the same thoughts written now would be better expressed. At that time, though, I was only 16, truly saddened by the events, and not very interested in form or

format.

I remember where I was, that day, when I heard he had died: in Mr. O'Looney's History class, rather ironically. We had already heard in a school assembly that he had been shot, but the news of his death came later over the PA system. We were actually talking about the shooting as a class, all of us hoping for but not expecting good news, when our principal made the announcement. I could tell from his voice that he was shaken, and even though we expected the worst, the news of it shook us as well. Some sat in stunned silence, others quietly wept, and I'll never forget the sight of one of our football players hiding his face in his arms on his desk, visibly crying. I cried as well, in confusion and anger as well as sadness. My throat thickens now, and my eyes burn with remembering.

ON OUR THOUGHTS

by Carol Simmons
1964

The loss of our president is a great one and one which has thrown the entire world into a state of bewilderment. Our nation is greatly saddened by the assassination of such a man and is frightened at the aspect of our government without such a leader. However, it is our duty to stand behind the man who is presently at the helm to support him in everything he does.

Our prayers are plentiful; we pray for our country, our lost president, and the family he has left behind. Still, we should also pray for the soul and family of the person who has caused grief to so many. He is a man and worthy of mercy, no matter how great his sin.



when Glynn Academy met Columbus High for the South Georgia Championship. The Red Terrors won that game 14-7, scoring on an 82 yard pass and run from QB Tash Van Dora to Johnny Tullos with only 45 seconds remaining in the game. Everyone was still celebrating the victory the next night when The Shirelles took the stage. I have talked to players who were on that Columbus team, and after losing that game in the most agonizing way possible, they related how they then had to stand outside that wall of glass at the Aquarama the next night, watching Glynn Academy players and students celebrate by dancing the night away while The Shirelles sang "Will you still love me tomorrow?" It must have been gut-wrenching for them.

Even though I was just a freshmen at the time, it got me to think about how great it would be when I would be old enough to attend a dance there myself, so the next year, my Sophomore year at good ole Glynn Academy, I had to bide my time until I turned 16 years old and could drive a car for myself. But, as fate would have it, in early April the Sad Boys (a Glynn Academy Fraternity who were very aptly named) had their Spring Formal just days after my birthday and getting that treasured driver's license. After finding someone to go with, I was one excited youngster anticipating this dance which would feature 3 show stopping acts, headlined by The Drifters and Maurice Williams and the Zodiacs.

But it was the very first group that came on stage that early spring night that I will never forget. Those great groups from back in those days would have a warm-up band that came on first and got everybodyyep! Warmed Up!! It seemed that most of the groups that played for those dances back then were all-black, and were so very talented! They could all dance and sing, even at the same time, and they were all just incredible showmen and very professional. To compare groups of today with those of yesterday would be like comparing Halle Barry to Moms Mabley. Like night and day my friend!

So when the lights went dim and the spotlight came down on that little stage, my date and I positioned ourselves by one of those "signature" arches that swept down out of the ceiling of the Aquarama and got ready to check out that first group. It was an all girl group by the name of The Dixie Cups, made up of 2 sisters, Barbara Ann and Rosa Lee Hawkins, along with their cousin, Joan Marie Johnson and they were from New Orleans, Louisiana. If I live to be 100, I will never forget the way they looked when they came strutting onto that stage that night. White Blouses with big black polka-dots, and the tightest black slacks I had ever seen, in fact, to this day I have never seen any slacks that tight or that looked so dad-gummed good. And with very high black stiletto heels. They were smokin' hot! To say they "be lookin' good" is like saying Aretha Franklin knows how to carry a tune. In other words, it just wouldn't convey the entire message.



They started snapping their fingers and movin' and a groovin' with such a rhythm that I was afraid to blink my eyes I was so completely mesmerized by them. And then they started moving their hips and pelvic regions in such a way that I did not know was possible! But I did after that night. What had evidently happened, is that those girls had some how or another figured out a way to not only move those body parts like that, but also do it together in unison! And at great speeds too! It was if they did not have hip sockets, but instead possessed ball bearings where the hip sockets should have been. Well lubricated ball bearings, that showed no signs of wear and tear. At one point my eyeballs popped right out of their own sockets and I had to manually reinsert them, which I did very quickly. Then I noticed my heart was racing right along with the torrid beat of the music. And about that time, I

realized I was drenched with sweat and it also occurred to me that I had not taken a breath since they had went on stage. In other words, I was having me the time of my little ole life!!! I thought to myself "I hope this never ends!"

They swept through their vast repertoire of hits taking all of us high school kids to a higher realm than we had ever thought possible with their melodious sonnets of love and lust. Then, just when we thought it could not get any better.....IT DID! Those Dixie Cups launched into their big show-stopper number, which was something about a Horny little Rooster, and as they were singing, those hips and pelvic regions of theirs went into Warp Drive and literally became a blur! I had a real good buddy named Larry standing to my left, and I leaned over to him in utter amazement and said "Gaaaaa Gaaaaaa leeeeeeee Larry! can you believe that???" I can still see him like it was yesterday, smiling the biggest smile with eye balls so wide I could see white all around, and he looked at me real quick, not wanting to take his eyes off of those Dixie Cups, and shook his head as if to say "you danged right I see it!!! " Faster and faster those hips and pelvic regions moved, while in complete synchronization, until they built the song into an incredible crescendo!

When they finished and bowed and left the stage, I realized I was finished too. I limped over to a table and collapsed like a wet noodle into a chair. I knew that I would not be dancing when the other groups came out. I was Ka Put. Drained, and exhausted but ecstatic, and smiling like I had won the lottery. One of the Sad Boys came walking by me and I grabbed his arm and looked up with pleading eyes and said "will they come back?", and he said "no man, we have other groups coming on now, don't you know?" I quickly asked "how bout next year?" and he shook his head in derision and said "no.....they probably will never be back here again". I cried all the way home.

(Continued from page 1)

When I got older I became fascinated with the "cottages," on Millionaire's (Jekyll) Island. There was Rockefeller, J. P. Morgan, Gould plus others who built mansions they called cottages for a place to go to escape the north's brutally cold winters.

Jekyll sand dunes were something else. They were tall and plentiful...as teenagers we would have beach parties with roaring fires in the valleys between the dunes—nothing more to say on that!

Those days are gone forever. But the Federal Reserve is still with us—or is it?

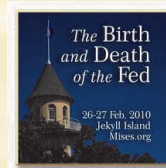


Photo of the Month—Indian Mound, Rockefeller Cottage on Jekyll Island

