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SAVANNAH, GA TO BEAUFORT, GA

From the Logs of the Knotty Dog 2013

SAVANNA - APRIL 2013

Larry turned the rental car in. We left Morningstar Marina in Thunderbolt/Savanna about 9:00 AM at slack tide and no wind. Bugs were out in full force. Everything was wet and drippy. I was glad it was slack tide because the current runs through here like crazy. I wonder if Thunderbolt Marina, just down the way, was as buggy as we were. They are across from the marshes too and the buggy tidal mud which is exposed at low tide but Thunderbolt has more concrete. Larry said the Enterprise car rental guy said "the only thing that works when the bugs are out is Deep Woods Deet." The guy in the Hinckley sailboat across the dock from us said the bugs are bad for 2-3 weeks, then it gets really hot, and then you wish the dam bugs were back. I don't think I could ever get used to these bugs. Our arms and legs are covered in welts and are itching like crazy.

This stop wasn't as we imagined; to enjoy the city of Savanna. Larry strained a muscle in his back and we spent half of our first day at the Candler Hospital Emergency Room to see what the severe pain was and then spent the next two days pretty much sitting on the boat trying to let his strain heal.



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He was completely out of it for two days because the muscle relaxant pills made him drowsy. The result of the strain is that he was not allowed to lift anything heavier than 10 pounds. So now I'm officially in charge of lifting even though I have a bad back. Now I'm lifting almost hourly 30 pounds of dog in and out of the boat, in and out of the car, lifting the buggy and groceries and well, whatever. To tell you the truth I never had any idea how much Larry was lifting up until now. So far my back is holding up pretty good so hopefully it will give Larry's back time to heal.

We always love coming to Savanna so were disappointed that we couldn't enjoy the city as much as we would've liked to.

We had quite a back up of laundry to do so I got busy on that. The laundry room at Morningstar is on the very tall second floor area. After hauling it all up the stairs, in the rain, including Ziggy and the buggy, I discovered it was going to be next to impossible to get it all done in a reasonable amount of time because the marina only has ONE washer and ONE dryer and both were busy with piles of clothes already lined up for the next free load! So, I lined mine up too and checked back. All day long the machines were tied up. I finally gave up and lugged it all back down the stairs and into the rental car and off we went in search of a laundromat.

We found one several blocks away in a not very nice neighborhood but the place looked clean so... lugged the stuff again, and again lugged in Ziggy and the buggy. Larry came along to help and keep me company. We were the only caucasions in the place. We got a few stares probably

from Larry pushing around a silly dog in a buggy but pretty soon the black ladies in the laundry took a liking to Larry.



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They began telling him which machines were the hottest and cheapest since they had all different sizes of machines and different prices. I was surprised how well Larry fit right in with these ladies making them laugh and getting them to share their information.

A Chinaman ran the place and surprisingly couldn't speak a word of English but that didn't keep him from coming over to try to tell you how to work the machines. He also decided to show me where and when to put the chlorine in to one of my loads. He grabbed my bottle of chlorine and I gasped when he poured HALF the bottle of chlorine in one of the loads! I quickly grabbed the bottle back and made it clear that that was way too much and that I could do the rest of my loads myself "thank you very much!"

There was an old TV hanging from the ceiling stuck on a steamy soap opera station and at the opposite side of the laundromat was an old tattered pool table. A guy that looked like he hadn't taken a bath since 2011 came in and started to play pool by himself. No one lifted an eyebrow so I concluded this must be his hang out.

Then, while we waited for the washing machines

another woman came in and tried to hit us up for money.

It was quite a mix of people, a little Cannery Row-ish, but everything was clean and seemed to be working pretty well, well that is until we put the clothes in the dryers.

That's when the "scam" began. The dryers sucked up quarters like crazy and never seemed to get the clothes dry or hot. After dumping way more quarters than you would expect, I started to complain to the mumbling China man. Though he

couldn't speak a word of English he understood what I was saying obviously because he went in the back room and suddenly our dryers got hot and soon the clothes were dry. I felt bad though as the ladies that were in there before us were still there when we left, still waiting and feeding those dryers. Sadly I guess the squeaky



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wheel won out.

During our stay, I fell down the ramp one wet early morning with Ziggy in the buggy. The ramps are metal and slippery when wet. Also the rail were slick so couldn't get a good grasp. No one was around to help. I managed to get up finally without letting go of the buggy. Poor Ziggy

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It was a great feeling to be on our way heading out and away from the bugs. We passed the Bonaventure Cemetery on our left and slipped under the Sam Varnedoe Bridge, then scooted by two very slow catamarans that we think were hanging back waiting for the current to slow down before trying to cross the Savanna River.

A blue and white fishing boat named "Reilly Morgan" is docked at a wooden pier. The boat has a blue hull and a white superstructure. It features a large white life preserver on the side, a red life preserver, and several white fenders. The name "Reilly Morgan" is written in cursive on the side, and the number "637035" is displayed on a blue background. The boat is set against a backdrop of dense green trees and foliage. The text "COPYRIGHTED BY" is visible at the bottom right of the image.

A photograph of a green door with a small window and a vine climbing over it. The door is green with a small window and a handle. A vine with green leaves and small white flowers is climbing over the door and the wall above it. The wall is white and has a decorative molding. The door is slightly ajar. The scene is outdoors and appears to be a residential entrance.

It's odd to see the remains of trees scattered across the grassy shore as there are none growing nearby. Somehow they've been washed into this unlikely area by storms.

Soon we are arriving at Beafort and perfectly timed for slack tide for an easy docking. Let's hope



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