

SOUNDSIDE LEARNING

THIS WEEK ON CORE SOUND

April 10, 2023

COMING UP AT CORE SOUND...

Join Us!

- **April 20-21:** *Earth Day @ Core Sound*, teachers register now!
- **April 21-22:** *"Crystal Coast Star Party"*

Sound Reading Material For You & Your Child



The Raven and the Loon

By Rachel Qitsualik-Tinsley

In the time before animals were as they are today, Raven and Loon were both white. Their feathers had no color at all. Raven spent his days swooping through the sky trying to fight off his incessant boredom, while Loon spent her days in her iglu working away on her sewing. One day, too bored to even fly, Raven visited Loon and suggested a sewing game that would give their feathers some much-needed color. The results - not at all what the two birds expected - led to Raven and Loon acquiring their now-familiar coats.

Grade Level: preK-K
Pages: 32

'Tis the Season, Or 'Tis It?

I'm sure you have heard of certain seafood being "in season" or "out of season." These seasons are times in which it is both legal and optimal to catch a certain type of fish or species of seafood and can also be marked by a special event or activity in the field of fishing.

For instance, fish thrive with rhythmic cycle periods of mating and spawning as well as phases of feeding. To fish while a fish is in season is to harvest fish usually during their most active feeding periods, when populations are highest, the fish are the most well-fed and more flavorful, and helps prevent a species from being overfished. Seasons and preventing overfishing make sure that future generations of this fish species will remain for generations to come.

Seafood seasons capture a specific type of seafood at its peak both in terms of harvest as well as taste. Fat is flavor, and a fish during feeding season will be at its healthiest and fattest and fish fat is one of the most important fats to consume in your diet. This is like when a fruit is in season as to when it is not. Most people don't like to eat an apple that hasn't ripened or a green strawberry that hasn't yet turned its delicious-looking red. For the tastiest seafood, you want to purchase and consume them while they are in season.

Local Catch: North Carolina Seafood Availability™

SPRING

Through generations, fishing gear has been refined to target specific species. The seafood industry continues to work with researchers and government agencies to adapt gear to reduce bycatch, protect endangered species and maintain viable habitats. The following list highlights species in seafood markets and restaurants in spring. Ask if these or other choices are "Local Catch."

- **Blue Crab (Soft):** Caught in rivers and sounds using wire pots and trawl nets. "Peeler" crabs are held in tanks until they shed their shells.
- **Bluefish:** Caught in the ocean and sounds with gill nets.
- **Clam:** Harvested from sounds, or farm-raised by shellfish growers.
- **Groupers:** Caught in the ocean using hook-and-line gear.
- **Kingfish:** Caught in gill nets and in trawls.
- **Mackerel, King:** Caught using hook-and-line gear and gill nets.
- **Mahi-Mahi (or Dolphinfish):** Caught using hook-and-line gear in offshore waters.
- **Oyster:** Farm-raised available year-round.
- **Sea Trout, Grey (Weakfish):** Caught in the ocean with gill nets.
- **Snapper:** Caught in offshore waters with rocky bottoms, using hook-and-line gear.
- **Striped Bass:** Caught with gill nets, seines and trawls in the ocean and sounds.
- **Tilefish:** Caught offshore using hook-and-line gear.
- **Tuna, Yellowfin:** Caught offshore using hook-and-line gear.

chart from <https://www.carteretcatch.com/whats-in-season>

Loons On the Move

excerpt by Joel Hancock's "No. 36 Loke & Lemmis"
from *Education of an Island Boy*

A migratory bird, the Common Loon winters in our area, arriving from the north in October, and heads back to its breeding grounds in the spring. So, to celebrate the loons that my dad saw flying north this past week, here's an excerpt about loons for you to enjoy.

When I was a boy, I learned that other folks down east, and especially people from "town," referred to people from the Island as "loon eaters." This came as no great surprise because I knew how that name got started... Before I even learned that shooting loons was illegal, I was aware that many people in our neighborhood enjoyed eating 'em.

Among those was my father. Because of the pungent smell, Mama usually cooked loon outside in a large pot and over an open fire. She preferred the younger birds, what she called "eel trikkers," because, she maintained, the meat was milder and more tender. But Daddy made no such distinction. All he cared about was that there also be dumplings and gravy in the pot.

Not everyone shared a fancy for this bird, especially my sisters who still grimace when asked to explain what eating it was like. But many folks considered it a delicacy, and some even demanded that it be served on special occasions. One of those was Mama's cousin, Bertie Clyde Willis (b. 1918), whom all of us called "Uncle Bert."

He had a long career in the Army that kept him away for more than two decades. After he retired he settled his family in Kinston, almost a hundred miles west of the Island on Hwy 70. But every time he returned for a visit his sisters made sure he had at least a portion of "stewed loon" to make him feel welcome. Once, while watching him savor a bowl of loon prepared in his honor, I mentioned to him that he "... loved loon more than anyone I'd ever heard of."

"I love it," he responded, "oh, I do love it, but not as much as Loke did!" He went on to tell about this same old-timer that I had heard my father mention so often, who loved it even more than he did. "How," I asked, "could anyone love it more than you?"

"Well," he explained, "Loke was partially blind and depended on his sense of touch and feel to compensate for what his eyes couldn't tell him. He wouldn't just eat the loon and dumplings. When that was gone, he would lift the pot to his mouth and drink the gravy. But even that wasn't all," Uncle Bert added. "Once he had drunk all the gravy, he would wipe his hands inside the pot and moisten them with what was left. *Then he would run his hands and fingers through his hair.*"

Hearing that, I agreed that, "Loke loved loon more than anybody I've ever hear of," including my Uncle Bert.



loon photo from
www.audubon.org