

SOUNDSIDE LEARNING

THIS WEEK ON CORE SOUND

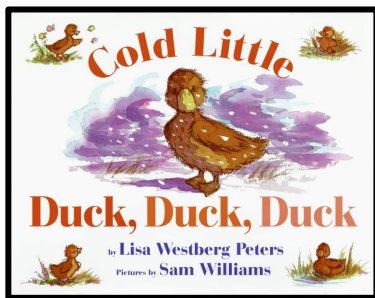


January 8, 2024

COMING UP AT CORE SOUND...

- **Currently – Mid January:** Gallery of Trees
- **January 26:** Volunteer Dinner ... *New volunteers are welcome!*

Sound Reading Material For You and Your Child



Cold Little Duck, Duck, Duck

By Lisa Westberg Peters

What's a cold little duck to do when she races the spring thaw to her home pond and wins? She could shiver, slip, slide, and shake—or think lovely, warm thoughts until nature comes through and brings the pond splashing and quacking to life once again.

This is a precious story that's also a wonderful read-aloud with enchanting rhyme, repetition, and winsome illustrations of the cold (but brave!) little duck.

Pages: 32

Grades: K – 3rd

Excerpt from "The Education of an Island Boy"

No. 34 "Why don't you fly somewhere before somebody shoots you?"

by Joel Hancock

Cletus Rose was a "renaissance man." He could do almost anything, and some of those things he did exceptionally well. He was a carpenter, painter, plumber, electrician, roofer, cabinet maker, . . . engineer, and boat builder...

My own personal favorite story of Brother Cletus' personality, and one that combines his talents, his attention to detail, and especially his gentle nature, is of the time he tried his hand at duck hunting. Having heard his friends extol the joys of stalking and bagging waterfowl in the marshes off the Banks, he determined one summer to be ready that fall to become a hunter with the best of them. He built himself a "duck blind" on the edge of a marsh that, according to those who saw it, was more like a home than a blind. He acquired different shotguns that could be used for the various types of shooting that he planned. He carved and painted several bags of working decoys, of many different species of birds, to make sure he had the right ones when the time approached. He acquired the necessary licenses and permits, and outfitted a skiff so that he could transport his equipment to and from the Banks.

Eventually, all that was left was for the season to open and the hunting to begin. On the very first day, as the sun rose over Core Banks, Brother Cletus was sitting alertly in his decked-out duck blind, shotgun on his shoulder, decoys on the water, and with his skiff hidden in the marshes. On the break of day, a "paddywack," one of the smallest of the duck species, landed at the very foot of his blind and began to swim among his decoys. Very gently Cletus steadied his gun on his shoulder and looked down the barrel at what was going to be the first prize of his career as a hunter. But, according to the man whose hand was on the trigger, the small bird turned and looked him squarely in the eye, and then even tilted his head ever so slightly to the side. As the hunter gazed into the miniature eyes that were staring into his own, the finger he had on the trigger began to go limp. Within another moment he had dropped the gun from his shoulder and just stood up and stared back at the bird for a few seconds. Finally, his inner self having overcome his desire for the sport, he started waving his arms and hands and shouted, "Why don't you fly somewhere before somebody shoots you?"

Within a couple of hours, the decoys had been gathered, the blind had been dismantled, and along with his guns and equipment, all that he had was loaded on his skiff and headed back to the shore at the landing not far from his home. He never again ventured to hunt for birds. More importantly, he never lost the caring compassion that made him a failure as hunter, but a "Prince of a Man."

Duck Polar Plunging

While it's miserable for humans, ducks don't seem to be bothered at all by our cold, winter waters. How is it they can hang out in an ice-cold pond and their thin, bare feet don't sustain irreparable damage from exposure to the cold? The answer is all in how their blood circulates through their feet!

Ducks' feet are not equipped with insulating layers of feathers or blubber, so they minimize how much heat their feet lose through blood circulation. [Quarks, Quirks and Quips](#) explains: "To maintain healthy tissue, and prevent frostbite, you need to provide nutrients to the tissue and keep it warm enough so that it doesn't freeze. In ducks (and other cold-weather birds), this is done by a physiological set up called "countercurrent." Think of venous blood, cold from exposure to the air, flowing back into the body from the feet. Too much cold blood will bring the core body temperature down, leading to hypothermia. Then think of warm, arterial blood rushing from the heart. In animals adapted to the cold, the veins and arteries run very close together. As cold blood runs up the leg from the foot and passes by the artery, it picks up most of the heat from the artery. Thus, by the time arterial blood reaches the foot, it is very cool, so does not lose too much heat in transfer with cold water. Blood flow is carefully regulated to maintain the delicate balance of providing blood but maintaining core body temperature."

Through this crafty heat exchange system higher up in the leg, there is not a reduced blood flow to the feet and not much of a risk of frostbite. In fact, the system is so effective, researchers have found that mallards in freezing temperatures lose only about 5 percent of their body heat through their feet, which also points out that the system works just as effectively for keeping a duck cool when it is in water warmer than its body temperature.



photo from
<https://www.goodhousekeeping.com>)



Creating Icy Ravines

1. Fill several varying-sized bowls with water and freeze overnight.
2. Lay a towel down on a table and place a cookie sheet on top.
3. Run the frozen bowls under warm water from your sink for a few seconds and turn them upside down on the cookie sheet to release the ice.
4. Sprinkle salt over the ice to start the melting process.
5. Drop food coloring onto the ice to highlight the grooves and cracks.