

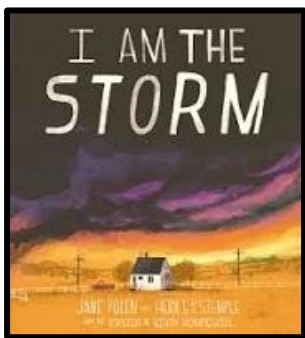
SOUNDSIDE LEARNING

THIS WEEK ON CORE SOUND

COMING UP AT CORE SOUND

➤ **October 28:** *Core Sound on Canvas: Davis Shore Halloween, Supper @ 5:30 PM & Class @ 6:30 PM (FREE to everyone from Davis; \$20 fee for all other folks)*

Sound Reading Material For You & Your Child



I Am the Storm

By Jane Yolen

This book addresses four weather emergencies (a tornado, a blizzard, a forest fire, and a hurricane) with warm family stories of finding the joy in preparedness and resilience. Honest reassurance leaves readers with the message that nature is powerful, but you are powerful, too. Illustrated in rich environmental tones and featuring additional information about storms in the back, this book educates, comforts, and empowers young readers in stormy or sunny weather, and all the weather in between.

Grade Level: PreK - K
Pages: 32

Inlets, Naturally Speaking

Inlets, defined as passageways that allow ocean waters to flow into the bay, result from a variety of environmental phenomenon including river action, storms and longshore drift. The most common cause of natural inlet formation along our coast is storm activity. Natural inlets typically form where islands are narrow and neighboring water depths are deep. Inlets created by storms are temporary and normally close over time.

Storms contain low pressure centers and winds that cause the water beneath the storm to swell; this is called a storm surge. This forces more water into the bay than is normally there. As a result, when it needs to get out, this water has no where to go except to spill over the barrier island, and an inlet is born.

Basically, there are two large islands that make up Core Banks, Portsmouth Island and South Core Banks. These islands have been separated since 1899 by one or more inlets. Some of the inlets which have appeared along Core Banks are Whalebone Inlet, Swash Inlet, Sand Island Inlet, Old Drum Inlet, New Drum Inlet, Ophelia Inlet, Cedar Inlet, and New Inlet.

Inlets are constantly opening, widening, shallowing, closing, and reopening. For example, Old Drum Inlet opened around 1899 and closed naturally in 1910 only to be reopened by storm surge from a hurricane in the fall of 1933. Old Drum Inlet was periodically dredged from 1939 until 1952 but closed again in January of 1971. Old Drum Inlet was reopened in 1999 by Hurricane Dennis. In 2005, Hurricane Ophelia deposited sand in Old Drum Inlet, which closed shortly afterwards, and opened another named Ophelia Inlet ... and so it goes and goes once again proving that the only thing constant along our beautiful coast is change!



Google Earth image of Drum Inlet

Excerpt from “An Education of an Island Boy”
No. 10 “Has there been a blow or something?” The Storm of ‘33
by Joel Hancock

“As told by my father, the winds began around sundown, and shortly after midnight abated enough that he took Mama and the children (Ralph, Ella Dee & June) across the path to the home of Cliff & Cottie (Carrie) Guthrie. Even though Cliff’s house was even closer to the shoreline, it was bigger and higher off the ground. When he got there, he found that several other families had the same idea, and a group of over twenty gathered on the chairs, around the table, and on the floors of Cliff & Cottie’s living room. Soon thereafter the winds returned and for another three hours the storm-weary group looked, listened and worried.

Finally, just before morning, the winds died out and left an eerie calm as the sun rose over Eastard Banks. The new day shed its light on the damage left by what would prove to be the biggest storm for more than half a century. What they saw when they stepped out on the south-facing back porch of Cliff’s house was as follows; trees including mighty oaks, had been uprooted, boats had been torn from their moorings and were lodged in the brush and thickets near the shore; livestock from the Banks, including horses, cows, and sheep had been drowned as they were washed across the channel such that their carcasses dotted the shoreline; porch posts & planks, shingles, and siding that been blown or washed off homes were strewn in piles on almost every sound-front yard. Yet amid all of this, what my father and the others recalled the best, and told about

most often, was what he observed standing on the back-door stoop of the home of Hinckley & Polly Guthrie. Their home was at the Landing, and between the shore and Cliff’s porch where the storm-weary group had gathered. Indeed, Cliff and Polly were among those who had assembled next door. But left behind in their home had been “Tom C”, Polly’s aged father who had gone to bed as usual the night before and no one had heard from since.

As he stepped out on his porch that early “morning after,” of the greatest storm most of them would ever experience, he paused for a moment to observe the desolation that surrounded him, including a silver maple tree that had fallen at the very foot of his porch steps.

With his thin white hair gathered in the middle from a long night on a pillow and wearing nothing but the faded burgundy union suit (long johns) that had been his night clothes, “Tom C” rubbed his eyes to wipe-away the sleep, and make sure that he really was seeing what had at first appeared to him. Then looking to the north and the group of family and friends that were staring in his direction from across his back yard, he asked, ‘Has there been a blow or something?’”