

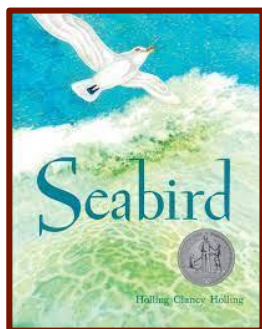
SOUNDSIDE LEARNING

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



Seabird

By Holling Clancy Holling

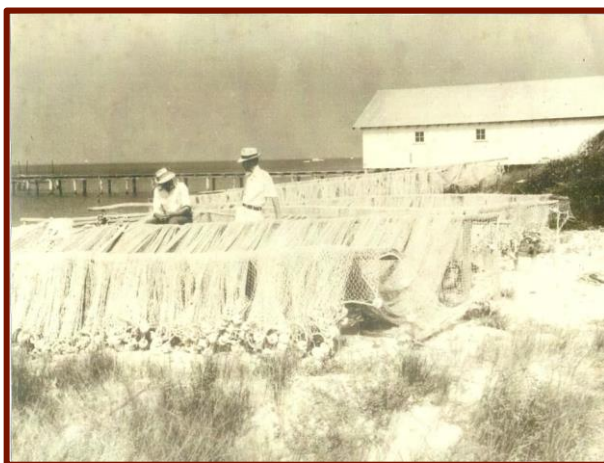
Ezra Brown, a fourteen-year-old ship's boy, was standing watch in the crow's nest during a snowstorm when he first saw the white seabird. Suddenly she flew straight upward, and Ezra quickly realized that his whaling ship was heading straight for an iceberg! The ship was saved, and later, from two Walrus tusks he'd traded with an Eskimo for, Ezra carved Seabird. He set her on a limber piece of baleen so the bird could hover in the air around him. Seabird became the mascot for four generations of seafarers: aboard a whaler, a clipper ship, a steamship, and finally an airplane. The story takes a unique look at America's seafaring history through the eyes of a carved bird and her special owners.

Grade Level: 5-7
Pages: 64

Net Spreads

Fishermen of daddy's youth fished our waters with white cotton nets that got the job done but not without requiring much care from tired, weathered hands. Nets were kept in net houses throughout the year and switched out as seasons changed. Once swell toads and sea mullets were caught, blue fish and mackerel followed. Then came long hauling and roe mullets and speckled trout and drum. Net houses stored the nets, weights, lines, and tools that were needed day in and day out.

Typically, when Friday runs were complete, the fishermen would drag their empty nets overboard one final time to wash out the blood and slime from the week's last haul. Then, as they did every time the net was pulled from the sea, a water and lime mixture was poured over the raised nets from a bucket that was kept aboard the boat. This was a crucial step to keep the cotton nets from rotting. Finally, the nets were pulled ashore and hung across wooden frames built to spread out the nets so they could thoroughly dry over the weekend. And even though mending of these nets was done each time they were pulled into the boats, if there was still mending to be done, the net spreads provided a great, raised layout for that to happen on Saturday.



Stacy Davis, my great-uncle, (left) and a reporter by his net spreads at the east end of the Island circa 1960

Net spreads were favorite spots for children, too, while fathers were away fishing the waters. They served as jungle gyms and anything else imaginations could conjure. Even when they were draped with nets, youthful minds enjoyed their "forts." Black rocks were scraped and served inside as tea or coffee. Naps were sometimes taken while salty winds blew through the nets' holes lulling the kids to sleep while also drying the nets that fed their families.

Blessing of the Fleet

This year the Blessing of the Fleet will take place on Sunday, October 2 at 10:00 AM. Many of our Down East families will join in as work boats parade along the Morehead City waterfront. There will be hymns sung and wreaths laid as prayers are offered for all who work in our beautiful and dangerous waters. Please, plan to join us this year. It will be an event that you will never forget.



photo from carolinacoastonline.com

The Net House

*a poem written by my daddy,
Wayne Davis, on March 6, 1976*

Seaweed laying at my feet,
Beach sand at my front door,
Tides swelling at its peak
Hear that surf, hear it roar.

Winds howling, it's a gale!
Cattails, they're laying down.
Too bad to hoist a sail,
Man, she's rough in Back Sound!

Weather-beaten and windblown
Never painted, naked wood,
Some men call me a second home
That is, the ones that understood.

Lonely, you think I'd be,
No, matey, no you're wrong.
Always excitement near the sea,
Always something going on.

Last night's revival or dirty jokes
Something that you were supposed to fix,
Always talk about building new boats,
Or maybe baseball or politics.

Someone mending, complaining about his back,
Someone whittling a toy for a child,
Chewing tobacco, trying to hit a crack,
Be back 'reckly, got to run home a while.

Spring coming, drawing near
Soon there'll be loons flying overhead,
Captains getting ready to check their gear,
Now that's something that I dread.

Going to the Cape, catch some toads
Mess 'a sea mullet wouldn't be bad.
Yea, won't be long there'll be boat loads
Then all fish dealers, they'll be glad.

It's about time for shrimping to start.
Summertime is almost here.
Youngens in the sound till almost dark;
Mommamas checking, always that fear.

Everybody gathering around,
Roasting oysters, man they smell alright.
Setting on old fish boxes that they found,
Mommamas, you better watch out tonight.

Long haulers breaking out their gear
Hope it's not another Fire Fall.
Been a good sign, spots north this year.
Wonder if hauling the hook'll be against the law.

Hurricane season is here again
I need another prop to hold my door.
I hope I'm strong enough to stand another wind
You can see through the roof, soon it will pour.

That north wind is getting colder
Wintertime is almost here,
Another year and I'm a little older
But strong enough to protect my Captain's gear.

I'm a net house, that's right
Full of anchors, oars and nets
Protector of tackle day and night
I have no regrets.

So, setting here on legs of cedar,
Never had a coat of paint or plaster;
A simple net house, never a leader
Protecting the livelihood of my master.



Telford Willis in front of his net house at the Landing