



Island Moon on a Spoon B2



On the Rocks B1



Nature Notes A5



Three Chords and the Truth B8



Backwater Adventures B1

Issue 1128



The Island Moon

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By Miles Merwin.

Around The Island

DON'T FORGET ISLAND MOON RADIO ON THURSDAY'S FROM 7-9 ON 105.9 AND 103.3

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Island Moon Live

By Dale Rankin

You know the holiday season has arrived *Around The Island* when the PIE ladies hold their annual holiday pie sale. PIE is one of the oldest clubs on Padre Island and their annual pie sale is the unofficial kickoff of the Island Holiday Season. We love the PIE ladies here at the Island Moon...if they could just loosen up and have a little fun!

La Posada is here!

The La Posada celebration kicks off this week on Wednesday, December 3 with the tree lighting at Whitecap NPI and the Lighted Boat Parades are just two weeks away so it is time to sign up to get your boat registered. Hilda and the La Posada team have a full schedule of events (see the calendar in this issue) but as always the success of the event depends on the number of Islanders who get their boats in the parades. The Friday night parade will be televised live again this year on KRIS TV. If you are new to The Island this is the one annual event you don't want to miss.



Time to take off your party shoes!

The recent unveiling of the new logo for Barefoot Mardi Gras reminds us that it will soon be time to hit the beach for the annual beach parade at the Michael J. Ellis Seawall. The La Posada event is the longest running event on The Island calendar going back three decades but the Barefoot Mardi Gras event which kicked off in 2010 and the July 4 Island Blast Fireworks Show which came along in 2014 have now joined the galaxy of Island Stars and all three depend on island participants. Boats, carts, floats, and lawn chairs and of course koozies

Around cont. on A5

Time to light it up!

Register your boat for the La Posada Lighted Boat Parade

With the La Posada Lighted Boat Parade two weeks away organizers are encouraging boaters to register their boat for the parade.

Registration forms can be picked up at Ace Hardware or found online at www.lapaposadafoundation.org.



The Schedule

The La Posada Lighted Boat Parade events kick off with the second annual tree lighting at Whitecap NPI on Wednesday December 3.

Wednesday December 3 Whitecap NPI Tree Lighting

La Posada cont. on page A3



Jace Tunnell holding an entire dolphin vertebrae

Beachcombing Report

Dolphin Bones

Director of Community Engagement for the Harte Research Institute at Texas A&M University-Corpus Christi

This past week while riding my bike on the beach, I came across a few smooth, rounded vertebrae partially buried in the sand. At first glance, they looked like pieces of driftwood worn by the tide, but a closer look revealed their distinctive shape — unmistakably from a dolphin. Over the years, I've found many dolphin bones along the shoreline, and once even came

across an entire vertebral column — from neck to tail — stretched out like a fossilized blueprint of the animal's graceful form.

Dolphin bones are fascinating to examine. The vertebrae fit together like a flexible chain, designed for speed and agility as the dolphin slices through the water. The skull, with its long, narrow rostrum and conical teeth, tells the story of an intelligent predator perfectly adapted to catch fish

Beachcombing cont. on page A5

Race for Island Congressional Seat thrown into uncertainty by court ruling

Twelve candidates await decision by U.S. Supreme Court

By Dale Rankin

The race to represent Padre Island and Flour Bluff in the U.S. Congress after November, 2026 took a twist this week when a federal court in El Paso blocked Texas from using its newly approved congressional map for the 2026 election cycle just one week before the filing deadline and three months from the scheduled March 3, 2026 party primaries.

The case is now headed to the U.S. Supreme Court even as a total of twelve candidates have signed up for the race for the newly drawn Congressional District 34 which includes Padre Island and Flour Bluff. Under the newly drawn plan the district would swing from being made up primarily of Democrat

voters to about 53% Republican voters, according to recent polling. Political professionals across the political spectrum estimate the District 34 race could see as much as \$50 million in campaign funds spent in one of the five districts statewide which under the newly drawn lines could swing from Democrat to Republican.

Congress cont. on page A4

A little Island history

A Thanksgiving on the South Texas Plains in 1534

Of tunas and the Malo Cosa...

By Dale Rankin

In 1534 three Spaniards and a former slave who been shipwrecked near Galveston found themselves around the mouth of what was later named the Nueces River along with many of the native inhabitants who made an annual pilgrimage to the area to gorge on the ripe cactus apples (tunas) found in abundance in this area this time of year. For many of the hunters and gatherers who populated the Texas Coastal Plain



Cabeza de Vaca among the Indians

it was often the only time of the year their bellies were full. The reputation of the four wanderers had preceded them as they trekked westward and they were believed to be healers — shamans — by many of the natives. They arrived to the area just south of the Nueces River in late November, 1534

Álvar Núñez Cabeza de Vaca, Andrés Dorantes de Carranza, Alonso del Castillo Maldonado, and an black

History cont. on A6

German marksmen with bad aim, a dark cold Chicago night and my favorite holiday

How a family came together for Thanksgiving

Editor's note: For many years beginning in 1997 Islander Bruce Loeffler wrote a weekly column for the Island Moon called Thoughts While Sunburning. I also had been writing for the paper for several years when in 2003 a disgruntled reader wrote in to say that both of us, of all the scribes in these pages, should be summarily dismissed for reasons long forgotten but likely valid. Moon founder Mike Ellis wrote back to inform the writer that while his criticisms may have been well founded Bruce and I were the only members of the Moon staff who held degrees in journalism and offered to double our pay, which was nothing. A few years later Bruce moved back to his family home in Minnesota to take care of his ailing mother but over the years this heartfelt column has stuck in

Family cont. on A4

By the numbers

Padre Island Housing Report for October

The Corpus Christi Association of Realtors has released their housing report for Padre Island for the month of October.

\$451,500 Median price of a Padre Island home

18% drop from October 2024

26.7% of houses for sale are \$500,000-\$759,000

10% of houses for sale are \$750,000-\$999,999

6.7% of houses for sale are over \$1 million

385 active listings, a 21.8% increase over October 2024

3.2% drop in closed sales (30 total) from October 2024

14.2 months of inventory on the market in October 2024

11.3 months of inventory on the market in October 2025

170 average days on the market



Kazden Mansfield, will be shipped off to boot camp at Lackland AFB in San Antonio on Dec 2nd. Here he is kneeling next to the pictures of all of his predecessors. He's proud to be following in the footsteps of his paternal & maternal grandfathers, paternal & maternal great-grandfathers, and paternal step-grandfather. Photo by Shamay Mansfield.



Port Aransas Marina aerial by Augs

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Aplomado Falcon sporting sone fancy jewelry By Britt Thompson



Aplomado Falcon sporting sone fancy jewelry By Britt Thompson



Poetry in motion at Leonabelle Turnbull Birding Center By Lu Ann Kingsbury



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Letters to the Editor

I AM WHEEL. HEAR ME SQUEAK.



A very Boogie Thanksgiving

A 1-year-old dog ate 10 hearing aid batteries and could have suffered a burning shock in his throat.

But instead a veterinarian from North Houston Veterinary Specialists (NHVS) surgically removed the hearing aid batteries, making sure their positive and negative poles did not produce burns inside the 7-pound dog named Boogie.

Boogie is a Yorkipoo, or Yorkshire terrier-poodle mix. His owner, Cathy Barnard, describes him as “a bundle of energy and love.” But the inquisitive dog does have a habit of chewing on things he shouldn’t. He made a previous trip to NHVS after devouring too much candied popcorn.

The batteries presented a different challenge. Boogie had gotten into some packets of the batteries last Thursday, eating right through the packaging. After Barnard and her husband, Jim, saw what Boogie was doing, they counted 10 missing batteries and rushed him to the NHVS hospital in Willowbrook. The batteries showed up clearly on X-rays.

Sometimes veterinarians induce vomiting in animals to remove objects that have been swallowed. But at NHVS, Dr. Carissa Blair concluded that vomiting would have put Boogie in too much danger. The batteries could have left burns inside Boogie if their positive and negative poles had touched the skin of his esophagus at the same time while coming back up.

Another concern in cases like this is the fact that stomach fluids can actually break down the batteries, causing them to release harmful acids, said Dr. Natalie Windell, another NHVS veterinarian.

After Blair consulted with the Barnards, she surgically removed the batteries from Boogie’s stomach. He went back home on Sunday and is now resting comfortably.

“I can’t say enough great things about the veterinarians and staff, because Boogie is doing great now,” Barnard said.

Boogie Mom

La Posada cont. from A1

Thursday December 4 Kick-Off Party at Hardknocks Sports Grill. Doors open at 6:30pm Music by DLB DJ Entertainment

The lighted Boat Parades

Friday December 12 7:00 pm televised by KRIS 6 at Doc’s Waterline. Register your boat to participate at Laposadadfoundation.org

Saturday December 13 Parade begins at 6:00 at Caravel Boat Ramp



An alternative Thanksgiving story

How a rogue pirate, a gouty governor, and a burnt rope created the modern holiday

By Dale Rankin

We all grew up hearing the story of Thanks-giving. You know the one, the Pilgrims suffered through a tough winter with the help of their Native American friends and then threw a big party to celebrate and bang, we got Thanksgiving. Well, that makes for a warm and fuzzy story but there is an alternative history that comes to us from author Richard Zacks in his book “*The Pirate Hunter – The True Story of Captain Kidd*” which tells a slightly different version. It goes like this...

England 1695

The story begins in England in 1695 when some of the most powerful men in the British Empire put financial backing behind the voyage of ship captain William Kidd whose mission was to put to sea and raid the ships of England’s enemies for plunder and profit. Four-fifths of the cost for the venture was paid for by noble lords, including the Earl of Orford, the Baron of Romney, the Duke of Shrewsbury, Sir John Somers, and Lord Richard Bellomont a tall, gout-ridden, sixty-year old Irish aristocrat who was heir to a baronetcy in Ireland but broke. Bellomont managed to bring King William III of England into the project and Kidd was presented with a letter of marque, signed personally by the King which reserved 10% of Kidd’s captured loot for the Crown, and subsequent historical evidence suggests that the King may have even fronted some of the money for the voyage himself.

At the time, Bellomont had secured an appointment as Governor of Massachusetts Bay in the New World and was looking to add the governorships of New York and New Hampshire to his resume in hopes of garnering a combined salary of 1800 pounds a year and to reverse his falling fortunes, which he eventually did.

Scheming governor

Kidd did indeed put to sea but when he found the pickings of foreign vessels too slim for his likings he was accused, subsequent historical evidence also casts doubt on his guilt, of instead raiding ships belonging to the English East India Company which did not win him any friends in Jolly Old England. Kidd was subsequently arrested in New England where by this time Bellomont was in fact Governor. Charges of piracy were brought against Kidd and he was clapped in irons and Bellomont, while scheming to get his hands on part of Kidd’s loot, was also scheming to keep himself from being blamed for bringing King William into a pirating adventure which could have landed him in the Tower of London or worse. Battling fits of gout with visions of being drawn and quartered made for a chilly October in Boston town for the scheming governor.



Lord Richard Bellomont

October thanks

Boston at the time was under the staunch ecumenical spell of father and son ministers Increase and Cotton Mather whose beliefs were far enough on the staunchly hide-bound side that Bostonians didn’t celebrate Christmas based on the belief that it was a pagan holiday. Since the 1660s ministers and governors in New England had been singling out various fall days in October for a thanksgiving, usually based on the harvest season for the local crops. The day of thanksgiving varied by region according to the ripening of the local harvest and in the northeastern portion of the continent that was always in October.

But as Governor Bellomont wrung his hands and pondered his uncertain future in Boston he had little to be thankful for until the middle of October when a letter

arrived by ship from England. When he opened the letter he learned that Parliament had given orders to the Admiralty to send a ship to Boston to bring the jailed accused pirate Captain Kidd back to England to stand trial. Immediately, instead of facing trial for making the King a financier of a piratical cruise Bellomont now would be absolved of any guilt, which would now fall exclusively on the woebegotten Captain Kidd, and in fact the Right Honorable Governor Bellomont would be entitled to any of Kidd’s loot that he could find.

Oh Thanksgiving!

If ever there was a man with a reason for giving thanks it was Governor Bellomont. He decided that all his loyal subjects should share in his joy and in his jubilation on October 23, 1695 declared that then and forever more the last Thursday in November of each year would be the day of giving thanks for the good fortune that had befallen him; no Tower of London, no drawing and quartering. Thanksgiving for all!

A gouty Lord and a burnt rope

But alas his euphoria didn’t last long. The very next day the ship St. Antonio which Bellomont had dispatched to the island of Santa Catalina in what is now the Dominican Republic sailed into Boston Harbor and presented him with a burnt rope, called a “bass cable”, that had once been attached to the treasure Kidd had left there. The rope ended at the water’s edge and had been burned asunder by another pirate who knew of the treasure and sailed off with it. The gouty lord was left to sit in Boston and finger his burnt rope and think of the treasure that might have been.

On the positive side, Americans got the Thanksgiving Holiday followed by Black Friday which came later. Captain William Kidd was convicted in a show trial in London then hauled through the streets in a cart from Newgate Prison to the banks of the Thames River in Wapping to be hanged. Along the way he was informed of the death of Governor Bellomont and celebrated in a pub so that by the time he reached the Execution Dock was drunk as, well, as a drunken sailor. He proclaimed his innocence as the floor under him fell away but his bad luck was not over. The rope around Kidd’s neck broke leaving him dazed and sprawling to the ground as he looked up at his three companions on the gallows and saw his fate; he was lifted back up and ten minutes later told the clergyman present, one Paul Lorrain, to send his love to his wife and daughter back in New York, saying that his greatest regret “was the thought of his wife’s sorrow at his shameful death.” Nonetheless the clergyman Lorrain rushed to the printer where he published the “deathbed confession” of the notorious captain which immediately sold 5000 copies in London. Kidd’s body, as was the custom with famous pirates, was left hanging until the waters of Thames washed over it three times before it was removed and carried twenty-five miles down the river to Tilbury Point where the river meets the sea where it was hoisted in chains on an oak gibbet to be “plainly seen” by all the ship traffic going in and out of London.

For the luckless Kidd there was little to be thankful for, but today 330 years later we still celebrate the holiday that his exit from America engendered from a gouty governor with a burnt rope instead of a treasure. Or so the story goes...

Moon Monkeys

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Stuff I Heard on the Island



By Dale Rankin

Thanksgiving for me has always been a different kind of holiday. Christmas is warm and fuzzy and was always spent with my teetotaling relatives except for my Uncle Maurice who surreptitiously sipped red wine and didn’t say much. Of all my uncles and my father he was the only one who had seen active combat in World War II after spending 91 days under kamikaze attack off of Okinawa, part of the time as a diver on the Lexington. As a kid I noticed that at Thanksgiving gatherings my uncles who had served on supply ships talked readily about their part in the war while Uncle Maurice stayed silent. Later in life when they were shooting the Pearl Harbor film here I sent him video of the staging of the Doolittle Raid on the Lexington and he showed me where on the boat he tied his hammock to be above the waterline in case of a direct hit. That has always stuck with me.

Turkey and firearms but no gambling at this track

As a kid my Thanksgiving dinners in Oklahoma tended to end in the early afternoon and were usually followed by some activity involving firearms. But one year we spent Thanksgiving at my aunt and uncle’s horse ranch in the hills outside Kinta, not too far from Bug Tussle, and after dinner my uncle Austin announced that he had to leave to race his quarter horse *Bartender* at Blue Ribbon Downs in Sallisaw. My parents were not only teetotalers but as devoted Church of Christ members fervently against gambling. The only time I ever saw either of them enter a gambling establishment was when my mother went inside *Binion’s Horseshoe* in downtown Las Vegas to cash in \$30 dollars of chips they had handed out when we checked into our motel. Her mother wouldn’t allow a deck of cards in the house.

“Oh, there is no gambling at this track,” my Uncle Austin said with a straight face. “That’s illegal in this state. We have to go to New Mexico for that.” I had just turned fourteen and was old enough to know a whopper when I heard one but my dear mother was all in for the races – the races where there was no gambling.

So off to the track we went, me and my five cousins and no sooner had we arrived than my cousin Audie who was a year younger than myself and a horse groomer all his young life took me to *Barkeeper’s* paddock where much to my surprise I discovered that there was in fact gambling at Blue Ribbon Downs! I had a twenty dollar bill I had earned mowing yards and before long we found my Uncle Austin at the far end of the horse barns handing money to a man with a big belly and tiny hat and smoking a cigar with bills stuck between his chubby little fingers.

“I was paying him my barn fees,” my Uncle Austin said, and walked away leaving me and Audie who was studying a racing form.

“You bet the handicappers and the jockeys,” Audie said. “You look at how much weight the handicappers put on each horse, the more weight and the better the jockey the faster the horse. It has to do with how they fill up the races.” I had no idea if he knew what he was talking about but before I knew it my twenty-dollar bill was stuck between the chubby little fingers of the man with the tiny hat and in exchange I had a handwritten note given me by cousin Audie. It crossed my Church of Christ mind that the Almighty was somewhere up there over the second turn watching my every move and he probably wasn’t all that happy. I searched my Sunday school mind for a reasonable biblical rationale for my actions but the siege of Jericho kept coming up and when they blew the horn to start the races all I heard was the Horn of Jericho and wouldn’t have been surprised if Blue Ribbon Downs had collapsed into a heap of angle iron. After all, the horse’s name was *Bartender*. There was no getting around my racetrack sins and I suspected I was going to have to pay somehow.



Delta Downs in 1973. Dicey races and riots

I learned over the years that quarter horse races are dicey affairs where one slight, often imperceptible move by a jockey could alter a race that was over almost as soon as it started. I was once at Delta Downs in Vinton, Louisiana where a riot broke out after a jockey ran the entire race pulling back on the reins to slow his favored horse down to finish fourth – out of the money - and the crowd went wild. And keep in mind this was a quarter horse race in *Louisiana* so when I say *wild* it fits the definition. Me and my two friends escaped by jumping the rail and running across the dirt track into the infield. That was my scariest horse track moment until I attended the season opening day of Nuevo Laredo Downs in the early 80s and the same jockey won the first eight races causing bettors to pile on in the ninth when to everyone’s amazement he finished...wait for it...fourth and out of the money! The only thing wilder than a horse track riot in Louisiana is one south of the Rio Bravo.

But back there at Blue Ribbon Downs worrying about my salvation I knew none of that. All I knew is that my cousin Audie had turned my twenty dollar bill into a piece of paper with some chicken scratch from a man with chubby fingers and a tiny hat smoking a cigar. Before I knew it Audie snatched the paper from my hand and came back with my twenty dollar bill and two fives and three ones. The wages of sin. But still, not bad.

Over the course of the next few races my twenty dollar bill kept migrating from my hand to the hand of the man with the cigar and chubby fingers and at the end of the day I had it and a wad of ones and fives with a few tens rolled into a ball that smelled like cigar smoke which I shoved into my coat pocket for the ride home. It was like Poe’s Tell-Tale Heart except instead of beating it omitted a musky cigar-stained smell that in my imagination wafted through the air announcing my racetrack sins to all with olfactory functions. Fortunately for me my Uncle Austin was driving and a chain smoker who preferred to make the drive through the cool Oklahoma evening with all the windows rolled up overpowering the smell of my horse track bonanza. His decision to not open the windows may or may not have had something to do with the prayers going up from the kid in the back seat with a roll of the wages of sin in his pocket.

I took the money and bought a nice new skateboard which I took to Cole Park where my friend Michael Goldstein was riding down a steep sidewalk when a dog casually walked out in front of him. He jumped as the skateboard went under the dog’s legs and he went over then attempted what would have been a spectacular downhill landing but the skateboard shot out like a rocket leaving him skinned and bruised on the pavement. It turned out that in this case the wages of sin were not death but skinned knees and elbows in Cole Park. But all these years later I still remember that Thanksgiving in the cool Oklahoma air with a pocketful of the smelly wages of sin and that little fat man with a hat and chubby tobacco stained fingers.

And being thankful that my dear mother never found out.

Family cont. from A1

Editor’s note: For many years beginning in 1997 Islander Bruce Loeffler wrote a weekly column for the Island Moon called Thoughts While Sunburning. I also had been writing for the paper for several years when in 2003 a disgruntled reader wrote in to say that both of us, of all the scribes in these pages, should be summarily dismissed for reasons long forgotten but likely valid. Moon founder Mike Ellis wrote back to inform the writer that while his criticisms may have been well founded Bruce and I were the only members of the Moon staff who held degrees in journalism and offered to double our pay, which was nothing. A few years later Bruce moved back to his family home in Minnesota to take care of his ailing mother but over the years this heartfelt column has stuck in the collective Moon memory. Bruce is gone now, but
By Bruce Loeffler

Four score and seven years ago (that being 1919), my forefather (Grandpa Axel), brought forth a new concoction (brandy shots with beer chasers), dedicated to the proposition that it would help alleviate his loneliness on a wintery and dark Chicago night. He had just returned from fighting in Europe during World War I and, along with hundreds of thousands, was unemployed.

He had emigrated from Sweden in 1914, learned English (required in those days to become a citizen!), and in 1917 became an American with full rights, including the right to be drafted and sent back across the pond to hold a rifle in a trench for his new country. For a year, he took potshots at Germans who were taking potshots at him.

(As far as he could tell, the bullets whizzing around his young head had something to do with the fact that the King of England and the Czar of Russia no longer liked their cousin, the Kaiser Hun...or something like that.)

Now back in Chicago on that fateful night, the libations made him boisterous enough to be escorted from a watering hole on the South Side. Family tradition has it that he picked himself off the sidewalk, raised his fist in the air, and let loose a string of cuss words at the bouncer – all in Swedish.

As great fortune would have it, my grandmother-to-be (Alma) was walking by with her very lovely sister (imagine Ingrid Bergman, who supposedly is a distant relative of ours, even though she never owned up to it). They had just emigrated from Sweden and they also were lonely. They blushed at the Swedish cuss words, but took into their digs my young future grandpops, who immediately fell in love with my great-aunt.

Another hip-wiggle from Lady Luck brought the Great Influenza Epidemic to their parts, which killed the good-looking sister, broke the hearts of Alma and Axel, and they fell into each other’s arms for

Congress cont. from A1

So far nine Republicans, two Democrats, and one Green Party candidate have registered for the race to win the seat in the sprawling district that stretches from Nueces County through Kleberg, Willacy, Kenedy, and Cameron counties and a check of the metropolitan areas in the new district finds that about 280,000 of the residents in the new district outside Nueces County are distributed across the cities of the Rio Grande Valley with the majority of the voters coming from the Corpus Christi area.

The race could be decided by the turnout on Padre Island and in Flour Bluff in both the March primaries and the November General Election when turnout in both areas is traditionally higher than that of Nueces County as a whole. There are currently a total of 8251 registered voters on Padre Island and 14,096 in Flour Bluff. Given the turnout in the 2024 District 34 race those combined votes would constitute about 10% of the total votes in the District 34 race in the November 2026 General Election. The vote on Padre Island and in Flour Bluff could be

condolence. One thing led to another, and they married, just in time to produce my mother and her siblings.

So, over the years, whenever our now large family celebrated Thanksgiving, we tipped our collective hats to German riflemen with lousy aims, to that strong bouncer on the South Side, and to the Flu, because if the planets had not all aligned just right just then, none of us descendents would have made it to the Big Bunny.

As we celebrate (my favorite) holiday this week, let us look at all for which we have to be Thankful.

There is the Island kid from down the street on his second tour of duty in Iraq as a Marine. Thanks to him for his service, and thanks for his continuing safety over there. Maybe someday soon, like my grandfather (and my father and me, and maybe you, dear reader), he’ll be a returning warrior ready to meet the love of his life, and set forth a whole new rogue’s gallery of descendents.

Let us be Thankful that despite everything we hear negative, we live in a country that, for most of us, is free from fear and free from want, and that we really do endeavor to help the fearful and needy among us, especially if they are willing to help themselves.

Let’s be Thankful for our family...including those members who somehow make it more interesting, despite their ways. (My cousin Jill, for example, used to point a finger at me at the traditional dinner, and say, “I am thankful that I am not him!”)

Let us be Thankful for our dearest friends, who are there in our (or their) times of need: the guy across the canal who will lend you his wet-vac after the water heater blows, the shapely gal who brings hot chicken soup when your back is out of whack, the shoulder to cry on when your heart is broken, the poor fool who said the wrong thing at the wrong time to his better half and needs the guest room for the night, the grandchildren who roll their eyes at your jokes, the pals at the poker table who enrich you by bluffing either too much or too little.

This is the time of the year that is most sincere. No valentine to send from Hallmark, no shopping frenzy for gifts for those who expect them, no scary goblins and those who have beliefs that prohibit the fun for everyone else, not even fireworks...just a time to take a breather and be...da, dah!...thankful.

It helps us appreciate the people around us and our bounty...so that someday, with one foot in the grave, we can each look back and say, “Hey, the planets lined up just right and that wasn’t so bad.”

especially crucial in an expected Republican runoff election where nine candidates have filed and a 50% vote is required to avoid a runoff.

The candidates are

Democrats

Vicente Gonzales Jr. incumbent
Etienne Rosas

Republicans

Keith Allen
Luis Buentello
Eric Flores
Mayra Flores
Fred Hinojosa
Gregory Kunkle, Jr.
Scott Mandel
Bam Morales
Jay Nagy
Green
Eddie Espinoza (Green)



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Nature Notes

I Spy an Eyelid

By Caleb Clarkson



A Great Blue Heron blinking with its nictitating membrane. By Celeste Silling

When birds dip, dive, run, or fly in the natural world, things are bound to get messy, especially when it comes to securing a potential future meal. For many bird species, their greatest hunting weapon is their beak, which they use to grab prey and consume it as efficiently as possible. Unfortunately, as hunting usually goes, things can get chaotic. Catching prey often means getting their beak (and their very fragile face) right into the fray. But unlike us, birds don't have to worry as much about their eyes, all thanks to a third eyelid.

A semi-translucent nictitating membrane closes across the bird's eye sideways. This membrane protects the eyes from many potential sources of discomfort, such as the brackish water when an egret accelerates its head into the water to catch a fish, the layer of twigs and leaves a hawk may have to punch through to catch a scurrying critter, or the extreme rush of air and spray of feathers as a falcon hunts on the wing.

The nictitating eyelid isn't reserved just for birds, however. Other animals have it as well, including reptiles, fish, amphibians, and mammals. The structure of the nictitating membrane dates back to a very early vertebrate ancestor, an animal that existed long before birds, reptiles, or mammals branched off on the evolutionary tree. Humans no longer have a functional nictitating membrane, but we still carry evidence that our distant ancestors once did. The small fold of pink tissue in the inside corner of your eye is the plica semilunaris, a remnant of a third eyelid that lingered long after our lineage evolved away from using it.

Those animals that do have a nictitating membrane use special muscles that can close or open it in a fraction of a second, far faster than a traditional eyelid. In some species, the membrane can sweep across the eye in as little as one one-hundredth of a second, which is quick enough to protect the eye even during high-speed dives or sudden lunges. The membrane often closes reflexively as animals move and hunt across the landscape. Ospreys deploy it before diving into the water to catch a fish, and sharks automatically close it as they open their mouths and bare their teeth for a bite.

The nictitating membrane isn't just useful for aggressive hunting. It has other extremely helpful uses too, such as keeping wind-blown sand out of a shorebird's eyes on a gusty day or helping keep a newborn bird's eyes clean and moist. With every sweep of the membrane, the eye is refreshed with a thin layer of moisture that helps remove any contaminants that might have gotten through. And because the membrane is semi-translucent, birds can still see through it the entire time.

On the Gulf Coast of Texas, you can see many species that rely on a nictitating membrane. Obvious users include the egrets mentioned earlier and birds of prey such as falcons, hawks, and ospreys, but plenty of less assuming birds use them too. Pelicans, Black Skimmers, and shorebirds close it when working close to the tempestuous Gulf and its wind, water, and sand. Even vultures on the side of the road use it before spelunking headfirst into the body of roadkill. It may not look like much, but the nictitating membrane is one of the many small adaptations that let birds handle whatever nature throws at them. In just the blink of an eye, they're ready to go wherever life takes them.



Jace Tunnell pointing to a dolphin skull found near Port Aransas

Beachcoming cont. from A1

and communicate through echolocation. These discoveries naturally spark curiosity, but they also come with an important reminder: it's illegal to keep any part of a dolphin, even if it washes ashore.

Under the Marine Mammal Protection Act of 1972, all marine mammals, including dolphins, whales, seals, and manatees, are protected. That means it's unlawful to collect, keep, or sell any part of these animals, whether it's a bone, tooth, or piece of tissue. The law exists to ensure these species, alive or deceased, remain part of our shared natural heritage and not personal collections.

Permits for handling marine mammal remains are limited to educational institutions, museums, and research facilities. These are issued by NOAA Fisheries (the public name for the National Marine Fisheries Service or NMFS) which man-

ages dolphins, whales, seals, and sea lions. The U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service handles other species such as manatees, sea otters, walruses, and polar bears. In both cases, the permits are intended for scientific or educational use only, not for private individuals.

So next time you're beachcombing and come across something extraordinary like dolphin bones, take a moment to marvel — but leave them where they lie. They tell the story of the sea better than any souvenir ever could.

Jace Tunnell is the Director of Community Engagement for the Harte Research Institute at Texas A&M University-Corpus Christi. His Beachcombing series appears on YouTube and you can follow Jace at harteresearch.org, or Facebook (facebook.com/harteresearch) and X ([@HarteResearch](https://twitter.com/HarteResearch)) (the platform formerly known as Twitter).



Dolphin vertebrae

Around cont. from A1

are the accruelements of Island celebrations for the three events that highlight the Island annual galaxy. Donations are needed by January 1 for the fireworks show and can be dropped off at the PIPOA office (no cash please). These events are just some of the many things we have to be thankful for here on our little sandbar as this week of celebration of Island Life rolls around.

Hornet High Fives

We want to send out congratulations to three teams from Flour Bluff High School as the football team winds up another

successful season this week on the heels of the tennis team winning their first-ever Regional Championship and making the state finals. It's been a good year for Flour Bluff athletics.

That's all for now everybody. We have a lot to be thankful for *Around The Island* including the end of the uneventful 2025 Hurricane Season with no hurricanes making landfall in the U.S. for the first time in a decade. That alone is a good reason to be thankful. Happy Thanksgiving everybody and say hello if you see us *Around The Island*.

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2025 Flour Bluff Tennis Team

The Art of Island Life



By Melissa Mitchell

Thanksgiving season on the Island seems to shift us all into a gentler rhythm. The breeze feels cooler, the evenings settle in a little earlier, and life slows down just enough for us to notice the good around us. It’s the season that nudges us to gather close, savor simple moments, and remember what truly matters.

The Things We Carry Forward

Like many of you, my Thanksgiving table is a patchwork of the old and the new. Some dishes never change—no matter how many Pinterest recipes tempt us. Others make an appearance for a few years and then quietly slip away.

But the heart of the holiday? That always stays the same.

In my family, Thanksgiving is practically synonymous with my grandmother’s Southern Chicken & Dressing. Not stuffing—dressing—the kind baked in a casserole dish, fragrant with sage and onions and love. I’ve watched it stop conversations, win hearts, and start a few debates about who gets the last spoonful.

It’s the recipe everyone asks for. And it brings me straight back to childhood every single time.

The truth is, Southern dressing is part recipe, part intuition. A little of this, a little of that, and enough broth until “it looks right.” If you know, you know.

But I’m sharing her version here—written exactly as a Southern grandmother would have written it: more guidance than rules, measured in memories instead of teaspoons.

My Grandmother’s Southern Chicken & Dressing

(warms hearts and tummies—if you try this recipe, I would love to hear about it!)
Cornbread Base

Mix one box of Jiffy cornbread mix and one bag of Martha White white cornbread mix with ½ cup water, ½ cup half-and-half, and 2 eggs. Stir gently.

Heat a large pie pan greased with 1–2 tsp bacon drippings. Pour in the batter and bake as directed on the box. Cornbread should be golden on top and browned at the edges. Cool and set aside to cool.

Chicken Options
Boil 3–4 boneless chicken breasts until fully cooked, then shred finely once cooled.
OR (my favorite) use a rotisserie chicken for extra flavor.

Broth Mixture
Heat 1 (32 oz) box of Swanson’s chicken stock with 3 tbsp minced onion. Add salt and pepper to taste. Remove from heat and stir in 1 (12 oz) can evaporated milk. Set aside.

Assembly
In a very large bowl, crumble the cornbread. Add the broth mixture slowly—stirring well. (It will look soupy at first.)
Add the shredded chicken.
Add about 4 tsp sage—taste mixture to get sage right. Stir well. Careful not to add too much but you want to be able to taste it.
Add 2 heaping tbsp minced onion.
Add 1 beaten egg.
Mix well.
Pour into a 13×9 pan greased with bacon drippings.
Bake at 350°F until set and lightly browned, and your kitchen smells like Thanksgiving itself. My favorite part is the browned edges... delicious!
This is a once-a-year recipe in our family—that’s what keeps it special. We look forward to it all year, and every bite carries memories of the last time we gathered around the table.

Gratitude: Thanksgiving on the Island

Our Island Traditions

On the Island, Thanksgiving looks a little different. Some families gather around big outdoor tables, coastal breezes ruffling the napkins. Some take long morning walks on the beach, toes in the sand, collecting shells before the feast begins. Some of us decorate for Christmas early, turning the house into a twinkling wonderland as soon as the leftovers are packed away. Others savor fall until the very last pumpkin-scented candle burns out.

And then there are all of the yummy recipes: pecan pies, sweet potato and corn casseroles, or that one dessert nobody wants to admit to eating for breakfast the next day—but I’ll admit it—no shame here.

Traditions aren’t about perfection. They’re about what we choose to carry forward—year after year, memory after memory.

Thankful for this place, These People

This Thanksgiving, I’m grateful for so much—family, friends, creativity, the chance to do what I love, and this Island community that continues to inspire me. I’m thankful for the small things that add up to a beautiful life: a calm walk on the beach in the morning, a recipe that’s been loved for generations, and the small moments that make us pause and smile.

This month also marks a little milestone for me. I’ve been writing *The Art of Island Life* for just over a year now, and I’m deeply grateful for every reader who follows along—whether you stop me in the grocery store, send a kind email, or share a memory of your own. These small connections are what make this community feel like home.

Wherever this holiday finds you—around a crowded table, with neighbors and friends, or soaking up a quiet moment of peace—I hope it fills your heart (and your plate) with more goodness than you can hold.

Happy Thanksgiving, friends.

The Art of Island Life will return next week with more stories and inspiration from our coastal community. Have a story to share or an upcoming event? Reach out to me at contact@melissamitchellart.com.



Thanksgiving Feast

History cont. from Al

Moroccan Berber slave named Esteban (later called Estevanico) who had made the Atlantic crossing in bondage, had fled the Karankawa bands along the coast during the harvest season of the tunas fruit from the prickly pear cactus, but the end of the tunas season was upon them and as they set out on their own they had no food, no way of knowing what lay ahead of them in the vast open territory of what is now South Texas. They were in the land of “indomitable savages” – that is to say, somewhere near present day Alice.

The tale of their journey comes to us from two primary sources; one, the most famous, called *Shipwrecks by Cabeza de Vaca*, and a second in an account later written by Dorantes. Their accounts vary chronologically but fundamentally agree in the experiences the men encountered. According to De Vaca, just as night fell, “we noticed smoke and we headed for it. Just before nightfall, we saw an Indian, but as soon as he saw that we were heading toward him, he ran off without waiting for us. We sent the black man after him.”

Esteban and the Children of the Sun

The “black man” was Estaban, a remarkable character in the history of South Texas who was largely ignored by historians until the last century when his contribution to the survival of the Spaniards and their ability to deliver to Spain the first accounts of the land that would become Texas was recognized. For a man who began his life in bondage, Estaban lived a trailblazing life that brought fame from the plains of what is now South Texas to the Spanish Court. His tales of wandering in South Texas and beyond would eventually be a large part of the motivation of Francisco Vasquez de Coronado to mount his quest for the Seven Cities of Gold which would eventually open the Southwestern portion of present day American to settlement.

He was the most accomplished of the Europeans in the languages of the Indians and the most physically imposing. It was he who would go ahead when the group encountered a new band of Indians, and it was through him that the Indians came to know the blonde-bearded Europeans as they came to be known by the Indians as the “Children of the Sun.”
The irony that the first foreigner, European or otherwise, who the Indians of the Texas Plains encountered was a black man has largely been ignored by historians, but as you will see of the four men who were the first outsiders to South Texas and the land beyond, Esteban’s story was the most unusual and interesting. The freedom he found in the wilderness after spending his life in bondage not only led him back into the wild but also granted him his freedom when he returned to the Spanish settlements in Mexico.

The Avavares

Estaban alone followed the frightened Indian they had encountered and as soon as the man saw that Estaban was alone in following him he stopped and stared in wide wonder.
“We are looking for the people making the smoke,” Estaban told him, in the local dialect.
“I will take you to some houses near here,” the Indian replied.
As they approached the village in the creeping darkness they found four Indians waiting for them beside the trail, ready to welcome them...as gods.
“In the language of the Mariames, we told them that we had come in search of them.” Their language was different from that of the Mariames but similar enough that they understood it. “They seemed happy to have us among them and took us to their dwellings.”
These Indians were known as the Avavares and with winter coming on the four survivors decided to spend the winter with them. During this winter, 1534-1535, the Europeans almost starved. The Avavares moved constantly in search of food and the bellies of the children “swelled up like toads” with malnutrition. They often awoke in the morning to find another of the Indians dead.

In the summer of 1535 Estaban set out with Cabeza de Vaca to make contact with a band of friendly Indians camped nearby. After traveling twenty miles they reached the camp. Three days later the other Spaniards caught up with them and they all set out cross country, surviving by eating some kind of pea or bean, the fruit of what might have been mesquite trees but is still the subject of speculation by scholars. They traded some of the animal pelts they had kept them warm over the winter for creatures described as dogs as they continued their journey. At night they dug out pit ovens which they filled with prickly pear cactus which after roasting overnight made their breakfast.

Crossing a cultural divide

After three days they came across an Indian village of about fifty wigwams of a type which were different than those of the

Karankawas; they had crossed a cultural divide and entered the world of the Mexican Indians known as the Coahuiltecan. “It was there,” Oviedo wrote later, “that the Indians first began to fear these few Christians, holding them in great esteem and showing reverence for them. The Indians came up to them and began to rub themselves, gesturing to the Christians to rub and stroke them. They brought some sick people to be cured, which the Christians did, for all that they were more used to hardships then performing miracles.”
The desperate survivors had suddenly somehow morphed in medicine men, shamans who could perform miracles. That same night the Indians came to Castillo and explained they were suffering from terrible headaches. He made the sign of the cross over them and the headaches stopped, the Indians left and returned a short time later bearing tunas and venison. The next morning more Indians arrived with five comrades who were “paralyzed and very sick” who offered their bows and arrows. By the morning the sick men were recovered.

It was a pattern that was to repeat itself as the travelers made their way across the Southwest and formed a legend which preceded the men as they traveled from tribe to tribe; men who not only cured headaches but cured paralysis. As the four survivors moved on they were sought out by Indians who brought food and trade goods.
They were called to help a patient at a distant tribe and upon their arrival found his hut dismantled, a sign he was dead. In fact they found him with no pulse and with eyes rolled back in his head; but after prayers and blowing on the man’s face he miraculously was soon walking, eating and talking. This struck awe and terror into the Indians across the land as work of the feat spread.

Legend becomes fact

How much of the story is true and how much was later embellished by publishers in Spain to sell books is unknown. What is agreed upon by scholars is that the Indians held the Spaniard’s healing skills in such high esteem that the visitors were treated as semi-gods and this was the key to their survival.
The legend was supplemented by the tale of one of the Spaniards who was lost in the wilderness for five days in the winter cold. According to De Vaca’s writings the man survived when he found a burning tree and was able to warm himself without the tree being consumed; South Texas’ own Burning Bush story. The story gained some credence when many years later a Louisiana physician named John Sibley came upon such a strip of land ten miles long and five miles wide near the bay of Saint Bernard in which there was “a mountain of coal, which was on fire for many years.” Who knows, the Spaniards may have discovered Texas’ first oil field.

The Evil Thing

They were also asked by the Indians to protect them from the Malo Cosa the “Evil Thing,” which the Indians described to the Spaniards who recorded it thusly, “He was small of stature, wore a beard, and they could not see his face clearly.” He was said to terrorize the Indians, brandishing a burning torch, entering their homes, and stealing whatever took his fancy.
“He slashed three long cuts into a man’s side with a sharp flint” and thrust his hand inside, carefully drawing out the entrails. He would then “cut off a small slice of intestine and throw it into the coals of a fire.” Sometimes he appeared dressed as a woman; at other times he dressed as a man. He never ate the food the Indians offered him. He could pick up a wigwam and throw it high in the air – yet despite all the violence he did to the Indians, afterward he would heal their wounds - sort of an early day Chupacabra but with a benevolent side. At first the Spaniards believed the Malo Cosa was no more than a myth but were then shown the wounds on victims he had attacked. Whatever the source of the myth the Spaniards were grateful they were never called on to confront the Evil Thing but it added to the otherworldly tale they later took back to Spain from the New World of South Texas.

The wanderers spent the winter of 1535 with the Avavares in South Texas and their existence there was even harder than it had been with the Karankawas along the coast. “We were always treated well, but we had to dig for the food we ate and carry our own loads of drinking water and firewood.” They spent the day naked, like their hosts, and at night covered themselves with deerskins. The Avavares “had neither corn, nor acorns nor pecan nuts”

While the three Spaniards and the Moroccan Berber had achieved some degree of celebrity among the Avavares their biggest notoriety was still to come as they moved further into the uncharted southwest. Curiously, the further they ventured into the wilderness the more their fortunes would soar.

To be continued in future issues.



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Evelyn Pless-Schuberth traveled to Lawton, OK to attend ARMY Bootcamp Family and Graduation Day at Fort Sill. Exciting Experience!!!



Rare setup early Sunday Morning with a Sofa right in Front of Michael J Ellis Seawall.



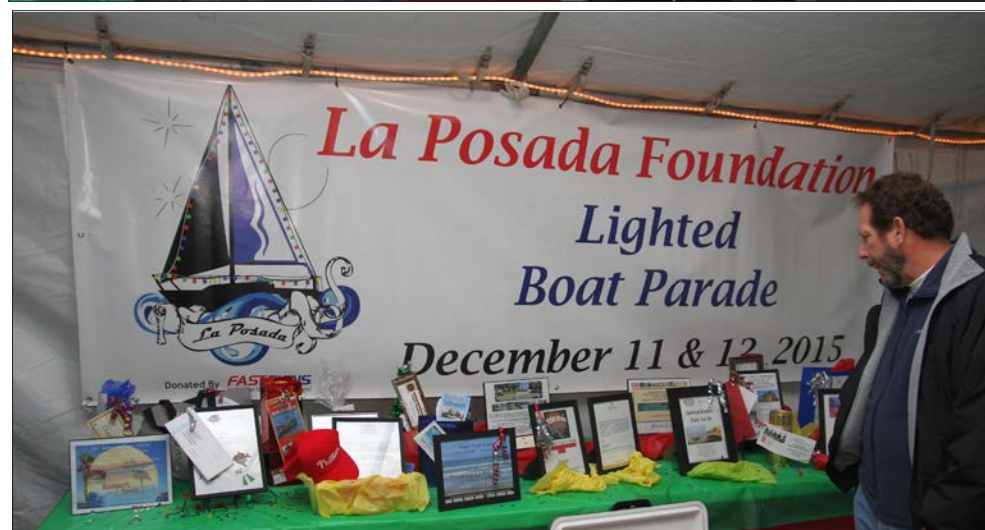
Visited my deceased Husband's Family Ancestor Quanah Parker.



Longtime Island resident Judy Harral won Low Net at the Intercity Tournament! Location was Corpus Christi Country Club. (BTW Intercity tournaments are played at Oso, CCCC, Rockport, River Hills, Lazano and the base. Judy is pictured here with the "traveling trophy." Congratulations!

Ten years ago in the Moon the First La Posada Kickoff Party was held at Scuttlebutts

by Debbie Noble



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Island Outdoors



On the Rocks

By Jay Gardner

Dad and I popped out to the south Packery jetty last Saturday to see what was going on, and it was pretty slow. The river of mullet has moved on with the weather, and I'm assuming are down the beach by now. These fronts will push a lot of fish out through the jetties on their way out to spawn and make millions more. This is a critical time in many fish's reproductive cycle. While a lot of people will take advantage of the redfish run, don't forget that all they have to do is go another few hundred yards to get to the spawn.

But the redfish run wasn't on this past Saturday, and it was very slow. Dad didn't feel like hitting the cabin as he was short on time, and he wanted to go see what was going on. Gabriel Mendoza was down from San Antonio giving it a try and caught a few skipjacks before finally tying into a large black drum on light gear. He fought it around the rocks and thankfully someone had a dipnet. We snapped a few pics, and he let go to swim another day. Dad and I wound up with goose eggs.

AI Predictive Models
Dr. Philippe Tissot and crew have restarted the Texas Marine Cold-Water Response Collaborative (TCRC) group again this season. Philippe's crew uses artificial intelligence (AI) with inputs from NOAA to model potential freezing events here along the coast that might affect sea turtles and the fisheries. They have been dialing in their models tighter and tighter every year with amazing accuracy. They have extended their models from just doing the JFK Causeway south through Baffin and into the Land cut, but also up north around Espiritu Santo Bay.

These models are important for both sea turtle responders to collect stunned turtles, but also for Texas Parks and Wildlife (TPWD) in planning fisheries closures to protect the populations. Everyone knows

when it gets below freezing for two nights that fish pile into the deep-water channels and become easy targets. The teams' models also show when there is danger to the fisheries in the Intracoastal Water Way (ICWW), and they have an agreement with most of the barge operators to stop running the barges through Landcut, when fish are especially vulnerable. You loyal readers know that I've been writing about this for years, and most barge operators have been compliant with the recommended closures, but not all of them do.

This group is comprised of TPWD, CCA, the National Science Foundation AI Institute, and Coastal Oceanography. Collaborations with the TPWD, National Park Service, Gulf Intracoastal Canal Association, The National Weather Service, The Weather Company, and as Philippe says, a very large team of other volunteers and organizations are gratefully acknowledged.

Eyes on the Horizon
Now for the forecast; we have experienced cold stunning events for the past 5 years (and frankly, I'm getting tired of it.) and while Philippe's models show a mild winter ahead, we have had cold stunning events in mild winters, so anything is possible. There will be a pretty good cold front that is supposed to come in towards the end of the weekend that is supposed to dip temperatures into the mid 40's. We're still in November! Why do I get the feeling that my plumeria are going to live in my kitchen again this season? Anyhoo, stay tuned and we'll try to keep you up to date.

Well folks, I can't believe that it's already Thanksgiving. This year has absolutely flown by yet again. There have been some good changes and advancement of Island projects that I am Thankful for. Drop me a line at jaygardner1032@gmail.com and we'll see you next week On the Rocks.



Backwater Adventures

By Joey Farah



After this Thanksgiving cold front look to the ICW canal to give up some excellent action for anglers throwing soft plastics south of the JFK.



Gabriel Mendoza with an oversized black drum(released)



Dad and I at the South Jetty



Three generations of anglers this Thanksgiving week! My friend Manford loves to take his family fishing and usually brings home the big one!



When the water temps are in the low 70's gamefish will ignite in a frenzy of activity! It's going to be a great few weeks of fishing. I have some 5star lunar fishing days open, just call!!!

Right: I was Thankful for this beautiful oversized trout that struck the DOWN SOUTH LURES plum color with a bright chartruse head. We are headed into some great fall fishing weather this week!

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Warhol’s Lament

By Chris Jordan

Andy Warhol famously called his New York studio “The Factory”, and we’re all in on the joke: it’s where assistants and machinery cranked out pallets of Brillo boxes and placards of soup cans. But Andy’s *œuvre d’art* was informed by literal factories: Pittsburgh’s steel industry — with its incessant noise and smoke — was the background for Warhol’s wartime coming-of-age.

People should see The Warhol Museum for themselves. There’s no call for dancing about *that* architecture. But the world should know the food scene in Pittsburgh is neither corporate nor cookie-cutter: it is diverse, artisanal, and stands in stark contrast to the city’s industrial past. And they’ve cleaned the place up real nice, too.

There is a long, narrow piece of land in Pittsburgh nestled between the Allegheny River and The Hill District called The Strip. Or The Strip District if one has need of drawing the distinction from Las Vegas Boulevard South. There are many things to see there — so many that perhaps it’s best not to tackle it the same day as a 30,000-step sashay through The Warhol Museum. At the turn of the century before last, the three Sunseri brothers emigrated from Italy to the US and set up shop in Pittsburgh making pasta. After a 1910 fire destroyed the pasta factory, the family moved their business to its present location on Penn Avenue and began importing Italian goods. A world war and a generation later, the family business rock n’ rolled into the 1950s as the thriving Italian market we now know.



Stepping into The Pennsylvania Macaroni Company — often shortened to Penn Mac — is arrival in paradise for italophiles and general epicures alike. Unless it’s around Thanksgiving or Christmas. Or any other holiday. Or Saturdays or Sundays. Trust me and just don’t do it. You might get in there, but getting out is another story.

But if one were to get stuck in Penn Mac, there are worse fates. The joint is packed floor to ceiling with culinary divinity. The cheese counter? Well, they have 68 different cheeses just from Italy! But wait, there’s more: the rest of the cheese selection

is from all over the world and just won’t stop. By comparison, the deli meat offerings are modest: only every kind of Italian charcuterie you can name including five different types of prosciutto. You can fill your own jug from a barrel of olive oil and pick yourself up a bottle of colatura. Of Penn Mac, one could say — as Prego did of their pasta sauce — it’s in there!

Down the street, Wholey’s Fish Market has a bit of a carnival atmosphere. The people slinging the fish do so with flair and showmanship. Customers get pointed to and hollered at in playfully serious ways. And shoppers might inadvertently wind up with a fish they didn’t know they wanted. It’s part sideshow and part auction. It’s best to mind one’s pints and quarts. There’s a back area with regular groceries and a meat market. There’s a little restaurant, too. Wholey’s colossal signature sandwich stacks two battered cod fillets on a soft toasted hero roll piled with lettuce, tomato, red onion, pickles, and a heavy smear of tartar sauce. Can it be eaten in one sitting? Yes. Yes, it can. Should it be? No. No, it should not. At least super-satiation can be easily mollified by more walking down The Strip.

Penzey’s Spices is the go-to online source for home cooks and chefs across the country. If this fact were already known to a first-time visitor of The Strip, they may be surprised to learn there is a storefront. Proprietor Bill Penzey grew up with The Spice House, the business his parents founded in 1957. It’s still thriving. Bill’s been at it with his own enterprise since 1986. Shoppers needn’t concern themselves with the freshness or quality of the spices sold at Penzey’s because they aren’t messing around. And the variety? Oh, boy! To get the idea across, they sell eight different types of peppercorns. They’ve got purpose-specific blends too, if that’s your jam.

Penn Mac, Wholey’s Fish Market, and Penzey’s Spices all have great websites and can ship everything they sell. Not so much at The Warhol Museum, but if they’d take an order over the phone, someone in the gift shop could probably ship out a factory-made *Marilyn Diptych* refrigerator magnet.

The latter half of October is the best time to visit Pittsburgh. The weather is great and a short drive to the southeast showcases the autumnal majesty of orange-painted hillsides.

The Port Aransas Cookbook — an actual cookbook — will be published next year. In the meantime, it’s also the name of an outfit that provides excellent catering and private chef services.

ThePortAransasCookbook@gmail.com
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Island Moon on a Spoon Sweet Somethings...

This week is sure to be a busy week for all. Fall has finally arrived on the Island and it’s certainly feeling more like the holiday season. Just walking through the grocery store this weekend reminded me that Thanksgiving has arrived. Carts were filled with turkeys, hams and yams. Lots of apple and pecan pies. I’m sure, for many of you, the menu is set and your guests are invited. Soon your kitchens will smell wonderful—so many sweet and savory notes will fill the house.

I know I’m not alone, when I say that the best fall holiday scents to fill the kitchen are vanilla & cinnamon. There is something warm and comforting about baking pies and desserts that make the holiday meal complete.

This week I am sharing with you my favorite Carrot Cake recipe. It’s so fresh and moist, with a surprising crunchy element from slivered almonds. It’s my go-to cake this time of year because it encompasses everything November, everything fall holiday and most appropriately... everything Thanksgiving! It’s easy and it tastes like you had a chef make it in your kitchen! ;)

Island Chef’s Carrot Cake

For the Cake:

- ½ stick butter for pans, softened
- 2 C all-purpose flour (plus a little for coating pans)
- 2 C sugar
- 2 tsp. baking soda
- 2 tsp. ground cinnamon
- 1 tsp. salt
- 4 eggs
- 1 1/2 C vegetable oil
- 1 C crushed Pineapple (drained)
- 3 C shredded carrots
- 1 ½ slivered almonds
- 1 C shredded coconut

(this should fill 3 9”round pans)

For the Frosting:

- 2 8 oz. packages cream cheese (at room temperature)
- 1 stick salted butter (also at room temp)

- 16 oz. powdered sugar
- 1 tsp. vanilla extract
- 1-2 C shredded coconut (optionally, you can toast the coconut)

Preheat oven to 350 degrees F. Grease and flour 3 9” round pans. You can line the bottoms with parchment paper for easier removal and clean up. In a large bowl combine flour, sugar, soda, cinnamon and salt. Add eggs and vegetable oil. Blend with a mixer until combined. Fold in carrots, pineapple, coconut, and almonds. Pour into pans and bake for approximately 40 minutes.

Remove from the oven and let cool for 10 minutes, at least. Remove cakes from pans and place on waxed paper and allow to cool completely before frosting.

For the frosting, add all of the ingredients except the coconut in a medium bowl and beat until fluffy using a mixer. Spread frosting on top of each layer and stack the cakes. Continue frosting the outer layers and then sprinkle coconut on top and around the sides. The amount of coconut you use, and whether you toast it or not is a matter of preference.

Have Fun! Try new things... Happy Eats! Enjoy! (and have a tasty Thanksgiving!)

Tip of the week: If you want to use these as individual sized desserts for La Posada parties or any other holiday parties, you can make them into cupcakes. The baking time will be much shorter (almost half) so start checking them after 18-20 minutes.



Carrotcake

State News

Thanksgiving Season

State Representative Todd Hunter, District 32

Thanksgiving is a time when many of us come together to share a special meal with family and friends in celebration of the season. However, it is also important to remember that there are many who do not have this connection or who are in need of assistance. In our community, there are several local resources available to help those less fortunate during the holiday season – many of which rely on the support of community volunteers and donations. In this week’s article, I would like to share with you some information about these community programs, as well as outline how you can join me in helping to ensure that all residents of District 32 have a safe and happy holiday season.

One way to help this season is by supporting a local organization dedicated to helping those living with hunger or food insecurity in the Coastal Bend. One of these organizations is the Coastal Bend Food Bank (CBFB), which helps to reduce hunger throughout 11 counties in South Texas by collaborating with various nonprofits, food pantries, churches and nutrition programs across South Texas. To service this large region CBFB relies on food donations from wholesalers, manufacturers and retailers, but also relies on the support of the community as a whole. Organizations or individuals can help ensure the CBFB has the resources it needs is by hosting or sponsoring a food drive. To learn more about sponsoring a food drive, please visit the CBFB’s website here: <https://coastalbend-foodbank.org/>

There are many ways that you can help feed the hungry, not just this Holiday Season, but year round. Food banks are always in need of non-perishable foods such as: meals in a can (stew, chili, soup), tuna / canned meat, peanut butter, canned foods with pop-top lids, low sugar cereals, 100% fruit juices in single serving boxes, canned fruit packed in juice, and canned vegetables (low salt). The



CBFB is also always looking for volunteers. Volunteers are needed Monday-Friday from 9 AM-4 PM to help inspect, sort, and box donated food products at their warehouse located at 5442 Bear Lane, Corpus Christi, TX.

During this year’s holiday season, I hope you will join me in finding ways to help those less fortunate than us have a safe and happy Thanksgiving. No matter how you choose to help, it is important to remember that whether it is through donating food or other items, giving financially or volunteering your time, even the smallest contribution can make a large impact to someone in need.

If you have questions regarding any of the information mentioned in this week’s article, please do not hesitate to call my Capitol or District Office. Please always feel free to contact my office if you have any questions or issues regarding a Texas state agency, or if you would like to contact my office regarding constituent services. My offices are available at any time to assist with questions, concerns or comments (Capitol Office, 512-463-0672; District Office, 361-949-4603).

- State Representative Todd Hunter, District 32

Rep. Hunter represents Aransas County and part of Nueces County. He can be contacted at todd.hunter@house.texas.gov or at 512-463-0672.

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State News

Turkey Trotting for a Cause

By: U.S Senator John Cornyn. , R-Texas
When Texans think of Turkey Trots, we often think of early risers who get up on Thanksgiving morning to run a couple of miles before the day’s main event: the big meal, which serves as an expression of our gratitude for all of God’s many blessings. But the pilgrims’ story isn’t the only tale to be told on Thanksgiving day. Turkey Trots have their own lore, and it’s one worth examining.

The first-ever Turkey Trot race took place in Buffalo, New York, in 1896. However, around the same time that Turkey Trot races were gaining popularity across the country, a different kind of Turkey Trot was beginning to grip the nation: a dance. It wasn’t a hit with everyone, which could be why the Turkey Trot race took a few decades to waddle its way into the Texas lexicon.

During the early 1900s, there was a rise in animal-inspired dances, including the Grizzly Bear and the Bunny Hug. These were very popular at the time but were not approved of by religious and government officials. The Turkey Trot was a specific dance that originated in 1909 on the West Coast and was known for being one of the most scandalous of its time by early 20th century standards. In 1910, there were bans on the dance across the U.S. because many people viewed it as inappropriate.

The Turkey Trot dance was frowned upon by so many that even President-elect Woodrow Wilson refused to have an inaugural ball in 1913, fearing that his guests would do the Turkey Trot, and instead threw a public reception at the Capitol. The Vatican even condemned the dance.

The controversy surrounding the dance didn’t stop the parallel rise in popularity of the Turkey Trot race, but it took a while for Turkey Trots in Texas to adopt the moniker and to be run by people instead of actual turkeys. In 1912, a South Texas town created a novel tradition: the running of the turkeys in Cuero. On November 25, 1912, Cuero held its first Turkey Trot with more than 20,000 turkeys running down the town’s streets to market. Turkey drivers – like cattle drivers, but for poultry – would come from all corners of the state to parade and sell their birds. The race drew in many spectators, including the then-Governor Oscar Branch Colquitt.

For years, Texans would flock to Cuero to view the parade of turkeys. Towns all over Texas tried to replicate Cuero’s event beginning in the 1920s, including Sherman

and Brady. Sherman created its own version of the parade that included a banquet of turkeys, geese, and ducks. Brady started its own Turkey Trot festival, complete with floats, entertainment, and a feast to honor the King and Queen of Turkeydom.

In 1967, Dallas held the kind of Turkey Trot you and I are familiar with that was more focused on people doing the running than the fowl. The first-ever Texas Turkey Trot race was hosted by the Dallas YMCA 58 years ago with only 107 runners participating in a three-mile course. The following year, the race was held around White Rock Lake in East Dallas and was eight miles long. Just ten years later, the race was moved downtown due to its rise in popularity and space constraints. The number of participants has grown steadily over the years, with 2011’s trot having a record-setting total of 36,820 entries. This year’s proceeds will go to the YMCA of Metropolitan Dallas to promote youth programs, wellness, and efforts to strengthen the North Texas community.

Dallas is not the only city in Texas that has a large Turkey Trot on Thanksgiving morning. Houston, Austin, Plano, Irving, Fort Worth, and many more cities big and small throughout the Lone Star State host their own races as well. Many cities work with their local YMCAs, and others partner with charities to put on their Thanksgiving events.

It is important to remember that Turkey Trot races are not just about burning a few hundred calories before packing on the pounds at Thanksgiving dinner; they are about joining with others to better your community while having a little fun along the way. I’ve had the pleasure of participating in multiple races that have ranged from a half marathon to shorter courses benefitting great causes like children’s health, local parks, and financial literacy education. During these races, I’ve learned that the distance you run doesn’t matter. It’s the act of raising awareness and resources for others that counts.

Whether you are racing in a Turkey Trot this year or cheering on family and friends from the sidelines, may we all do so remembering the greater cause we are serving and the impact each race has on our neighbors here in Texas. Turkey Trots are not just about getting some exercise before our Thanksgiving meal or about which family member had the fastest time – they are about making a difference and giving back to our community.

Senator John Cornyn, a Republican from Texas, is a member of the Senate Finance, Judiciary, Intelligence, Foreign Relations, and Budget Committees.



Thoughts from Reverend Ken

By Rev. Dr. Ken

Jesus told his followers not to worry about their life. I have found, when I am told not to worry, I worry. I worry about the things that keep me up all night.

There is a preacher story about two men shipwrecked on an island. One screamed that they were going to die. They had no food, no water. They were going to die! The other man just relaxed and lounged, seemingly unaffected by the circumstances.

The first man was dumbfounded by the second man’s nonchalance. He screamed louder that they were going to die.

The second man calmly indicated that he earns \$500,000 annually. The first man didn’t understand what difference that made on a deserted island with no food or water. The second man continued, “I make \$500,000 annually and I tithe 10% to the church. My pastor will find me!”

What about worry?

Obviously, our world seems to have gone over the cliff of insanity. Greed, power, and the lack of empathy appears undeniable. Every week we begin by noting the craziness of the prior week.

Worry is often heightened as we begin the holiday season. Yesterday we worried about navigating family dynamics on Thanksgiving Day without law enforcement being called. Today the heavy bombardment continues telling us everything we lack, we need, will change our life, and just happens to be on sale. Even A.I. wants to get in on the action, making all kinds of suggestions based on our browsing and purchasing history, and that discussion we had at the table.

Jesus told his followers to not worry about what we will eat, what we will drink, or what we will wear. He referenced the birds of the air and the lilies of the field. If God takes care of these, then God will take care of us. Sounds great until we hear stories of hail killing birds and people struggling with food and housing insecurity.

Jesus didn’t point to the birds and lilies to indicate how nothing bad happens to them. He pointed to them as examples because they unselfconsciously participate in the life of God. To worry is to block that participation. Worry is related to a shortage of hope. Worry allows doubt to fester which breeds despair and anxiety.

Human life is not easy, and not without struggle and suffering. Solutions and direction are not always readily available. Regret and guilt are real. Death is ever-present.

Jesus wants to refocus us from ourselves to the love of God that brings hope. We are part of a much bigger whole. Richard Rohr talked about recognizing that life is not about us. We are connected to something bigger. We gradually recognize that the myriad forms of life in the universe, including ourselves, are operative parts of the One Life, God. We can be grateful to be

part, and only a part. We do not have to figure it all out, straighten it all out, or even do it perfectly by ourselves. We can refuse the mindset of worrying about what we don’t have. We can have gratitude for what we do have. We do not need to be God. All we do is participate by pursuing the things of God – love, mercy, kindness, compassion, peace, justice. Inclusion, reconciliation, diversity.

Have you heard about the light bulb that has been burning since 1901? It is in a Livermore, California firehouse. Its longevity is because of its low wattage. It does not get turned off or on. It was manufactured with a perfect seal, so the filament has not disintegrated. It has its own generator and backup generator. Don’t worry, the city says, the light is still burning.

Life divorced from thankfulness simply limps along in darkness. It is devoid of love, hope, and joy. Jesus and his teachings are the light that is still burning. Jesus has found us and gives hope. This gives us the strength and courage to love, to trust, rather than worry.

Each Sunday a bunch of humans gather to worship God in community at Island Presbyterian Church, giving thanks for grace, love, healing, and hope, working for peace, justice, and reconciliation. There is always room at the table for you! Join us on Sundays at 10 a.m., 14030 Fortuna Bay Drive, or on our Facebook page.

Choose kindness, compassion, and love; do justice and make peace; welcome the stranger. pastor@islandpresby.com

Gene’s Corner



Local Citizens Join Swat Team!

By Gene Saegert

So on an interesting note, many of the citizens in Port A and the Bluff are joining the SWAT team. Not employing tactical assault weapons and other assault gear, but swatting at the hordes of mosquitos that have inundated the area since the last rains. It does seem as though the mosquitos regroup very quickly. As you drive through the neighborhoods you see what looks as though locals may be practicing for “You think you can dance.” On further investigation it is merely those who are swatting at the pesky mosquitos. My personal favorites are the swats that look like the Chicken Dance or the Flamenco. But the Flamenco is my first choice of the two because you clap your hands around the area of your head.

The other day I told my family that I was going out to water the plants and if I put on a Flamenco costume maybe slapping at the mosquitos might not look quite so silly and the neighbors might not think that I am crazy. I am not exactly sure what they meant when they once again said that the window of opportunity for that had long passed. They also nixed the great idea I had of buying a medieval suit of armor, even though I tried to convince them that it would also be awesome to wear it to the upcoming Renaissance Faire in December , no dice. Not to be discouraged I thought maybe actual SWAT armor would work and I could replace the pepper spray holster with an aerosol insect spray holster. Nope once again. A hazardous material handler’s

suit also seemed to be a great idea, but that could have even further implications with the neighbor thing.

Oh well on a slightly different note, some enterprising youngsters have told me that they have incorporated mosquito swatting into the virtual reality game with the number of mosquitos swatted. One point for each kill and one half point for wounding only.

Good luck with that. One note to PETA. I am sorry to inform you that many mosquitos were slapped, wounded, squished, maimed, bludgeoned, killed, water boarded and just generally treated meanly during the writing of this article. One good thing though, some of the ones that were water boarded did reveal their breeding ground locations. Enough about the pesky mosquitos my conclusion, just use Off.

I leave you with this thought for the week. Why is there only one word for Thesaurus?



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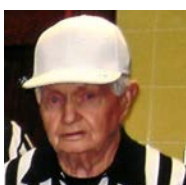


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Sports Talk Special to the Island Moon



By Dotson Lewis

Top quarterbacks of all time-
Part 2

Dotson's Note: Who is the greatest quarterback of all time? It's a question that has been posed countless times. You might have a good idea on who is No. 1. But what about Nos. 2-25? Now those are the spots in the football universe where the QB debate gets pretty interesting. Makes for good conversation, too. I thought it would be a good time to discuss the game's most exalted position, and to contrast the most celebrated players that played it. It's always best when composing a list like this to allow some time to have passed since the most recent triumphs and victories. Otherwise, those achievements may seem greater than they will be after the passage of time. Therefore, we are going to only going to look at the quarterbacks who were playing through 2019. We're not considering anything that has happened in the 2020s. Patrick Mahomes won his first Super Bowl in 2019 so he, and all the newest "crop" of quarterbacks, can't enter the conversation at this point. Thanks to the late Bill Morgan and to Elliot Harrison for many of the facts contained in this report and to the late Bill Morgan for the photos.

Here We Go, Part 2

19- Ben Roethlisberger-Maybe the most difficult guy on this list to rate. Roethlisberger had, at times, played brilliantly. He led the NFL in passing yards in 2018 (5,129), his 15th season. He posted a passer rating of 98.1 and went 14-1 as a starter during his first season (including the playoffs). He's won two Super Bowls, and started a third. On those merits alone, he should probably go higher than 19th here. Then again, has Roethlisberger ever been the best or second-best player at his position? Another question: How often has he been at the center of a distraction to the team? Roethlisberger was once a shoo-in for the Hall of Fame but how high he climbs on the list of all-time great quarterbacks may depend on his last few seasons, on and off the field.

18-Russell Wilson—Wilson is another one tough to rate. He wouldn't have had any problems the first several years of his career. Wilson's first seven seasons as a starter rate just as well as that of almost any QB in league history. He had already started two Super Bowls, and only missed the postseason once. Wilson had proven that as the team around him had decayed and lost many a key part, he could carry his squad to victory. Sure, early during his career, Wilson could trot out there and say, "We score 17 points today we might win." For years, the entire Seattle fan base looked to him to pull a rabbit out of a hat when a game looked like a lost cause. He was the most effective player in the NFL, by far, at knowing when to use his legs and when to throw the ball away. **Stat you need to know:** NFL Research maven Jack Andrade found that since Next Gen Stats began tracking comprehensive passing stats in 2016, Russell Wilson led all QBs in passing yards outside of the tackle box (2,122) and passing yards while on the run (2,087). He also lead the league in touchdown passes on tight-window throws (22) and deep completions (32), which are categorized as throws that travel 20 air yards or more. But once the 2020s started, Wilson was no longer the same player. He's been traded to the Broncos, Steelers, and Giants. As a man, he is well respected, but will he

even be on this list the next time we compile it?

17- Terry Bradshaw-There are those, particularly the afore mentioned NFL Research guru Jack Andrade, who think Bradshaw was an average NFL quarterback. If you consider the body of his regular season career alone, you wouldn't be as far off the mark as many of Bradshaw's passes were from 1970-1974. Yet, from 1977 until 1982, he was quite effective, shrugging off injuries and a coach who was not the easiest for QBs to play for in Chuck Noll. So why is Bradshaw here? Because when it came to big games, particularly the Super Bowl, he was often masterful (more on this below). His heave to Lynn Swann in Super Bowl X might be the greatest throw in Super Bowl history. His second-half work in Super Bowl XIII and XIV put him in Canton. It's one thing to be above average and win a Super Bowl or two. To win four rings, and play at a high level in those title contests, is a whole 'nother ballgame. **Stat you need to know:** While Bradshaw has been maligned by some for his regular season stats (a general misunderstanding of what NFL offenses were like in the 1970s might be a culprit there), there's no questioning the man's Super Bowl efficiency. Of the 29 QBs who've attempted at least 40 passes in the Super Bowl, Bradshaw is No. 1 in yards per attempt with 11.1 (no one else is over 10). Similarly, Bradshaw produced a gaudy 10.7 touchdown percentage. What does that mean? That 10.7 percent of his passes went for TDs. Don't give me any of this "but the Pittsburgh defense gave him the ball at the one" crap. Most of his TD throws were vertical.

16- Sid Luckman-*Severly* underrated. *Vastly* underrated. Whatever other adjective you can come up with that applies here, please do. There's a reason why some of the Bears' passing records still belong to Luckman. He was the second-best quarterback of his era -- the Peyton Manning to Sammy Baugh's Tom Brady, if you will. Although, Luckman was a little like the latter, in that he won four NFL titles (and lost another) in 12 years for Chicago. Those Bears teams led by Luckman might have won more if so many of their players (including Luckman) had not served in World War II. Still, he led the NFL in passing yards three times, touchdown passes three times, and passer rating three times. His 8.4 yards per attempt still ranks second all time, higher than Manning or Brady or any player whose name doesn't rhyme with Grotto Ham. Chicago's record while Luckman was there was 98-32-3. Remember when Manning threw seven touchdowns in a game? So cool, right? Perhaps this is an appropriate time to mention that Luckman did that back in 1943. **Stat you need to know:** Luckman led the NFL in yards per pass attempt seven different times in his career, which is a record. But it was his 1943 season that was unbelievably special. He averaged 10.9 yards per throw (still the all-time record), and a record 19.9 yards per completion. *Wow.* His passing touchdown percentage that year was also the highest in history, a whopping 13.9 percent. Just for good measure, he tossed five more touchdowns in the Bears' championship win that December. What a stud.

Home for the Holidays



By Mindy J. Niles

Thanksgiving. Ok, ok, ok, I suppose I should begin to categorize all that I am thankful for which, I might mention, is no slight undertaking. Having exactly nine days to complete the task I better get started.

Not wishing to bore the Reader anymore than usual I am not going to list either alphabetically or chronologically all the blessings bestowed on me in the past year or worse, in my life. Instead, a single momentous memory.

While pondering a subject suitable to write about, something that might include at the least an insinuation of thanksgiving, a vivid memory popped into my cavernous cranium that just won't let go.

It was green, slick, and gelatinous, like moss on a Kansas farm pond in August. That would have been an excellent alternative locale; however I found this less than delightful vision on the dining table. On Thanksgiving, at a friend's grandparents home. Folk's kind enough, generous enough to include me in their celebration of the season. I guess it was a celebration.

Gross. That was the only word to describe it, and at the time, that was the expletive of choice of the "in crowd". I wasn't even sure what it was, but I was soon to discover it was dressing (stuffing) AND it was supposed to look like that.

At first thinking that someone made a major faux pas', it didn't cross my mind that I would be forced to mind my manners and EAT some of it.

It did come to pass, and what appeared to be awful sludge from the bottom of some old witch's cauldron found its way onto my plate. (I should turn Fear Factor onto that stuff, it would rank right up there with live slugs or blood worms.)

Worse, I had thought it so "cool" to go somewhere besides my own family's home for the feast. Nobody got out of that command performance, and I don't know how I pulled it off that time. Never asked again.

I admit it was the boyfriend of the week whose family I enjoyed that year. The house was about 110 degrees inside, as they were older and their body thermostats were most likely broken. That's what I deduced at the age of 19. Now, my house is about 100 degrees, and I know my thermostat is assuredly deteriorating just as theirs was those many years ago.

The green sludge tasted just as bad as it looked, but it slid down like an oyster on the half shell. No chewing, didn't dare. The green I discovered was sage, which I also discovered, I don't like.

There was ham and a small turkey, and some mashed up orange mush which I had never experienced. Sweet potatoes, but mashed, and no marshmallows on top. At my house they were having marshmallows. There were no bread plates, and no salad forks, no centerpiece and no flowers, and no real whipped cream either.

After the family ate, the men retired to a den that was lighted by lamps, while the windows were covered with air raid curtains. They read the paper and drank coffee in the hot, close room, and spoke no word to each other.

Women folk retired to the kitchen where they argued over which Tupperware to use for leftovers, each speaking over the other using volume for leverage. It was a tiny room with metal cabinets and a small aluminum breakfast set with a bright red top. It was a trip, as they say.

My Mother always believed that "travel was the best education"..... better than school even, which often resulted in exciting adventures in other cities, and exposure to other cultures. This trip however, was within 30 miles of home and was one of the most educational experiences of my youth.

How I missed my Grandparent's home that day, and the family that gathered round the beautiful Duncan Phyfe table set for fourteen. There would be silver candlesticks with long white tapers, flowers and linen napkins and sometimes individual salt servers. A gorgeous turkey brimming with dressing (that I recognized as such) along with Waldorf salad and too many pies to count.

How I had taken for granted the wonderful environment I had been fortunate enough to enjoy all of my life. It wasn't the ornamentation that made the difference. (Although I must admit it added to the ambience.) I think it was in the genes.

The heredity factor. People like me. Family. Folks around our table chatted and laughed, told jokes and planned summer family trips, swapped fishing stories, pulled pranks and practical jokes, and just flat enjoyed one another's company.

I have no doubt that some of you are thinking I must be a real spoiled brat, and some would probably agree with you. (There is no age limit to being a brat!) BUT, I will tell you that I just didn't realize how well I had it.

The fact that my family didn't argue, there was no fighting and that we laughed, a lot, had way more to do with the enjoyment of the day than the accoutrements. Well, and the dressing.

I was and still am so VERY thankful for the family I have been given (which now consists of as many friends as it does those genetically associated.) This year I wouldn't care if I ate on the front porch, as long as I had the company of my friends and family. Well, at least as long as they don't serve green sludge.

Gobble Gobble,
Mindy

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Sudoku

Sudoku answers are not available.
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Going Easy On You...

7		2		8		4	6
		5	6				
1				9		2	5
	1			7		6	2
			4	3	6		
4	6	9		1			3
	5	7		8			2
					7	8	
2	8		3	9			5

Knuckle-Cracker

	3	2	9		6			4
				8		7	2	
	5							9
6		5		1				2
		9	4		8	6		
3				2		8		1
7							4	
	9	3		4				
4			3		7	9	1	

Mind-Numbing Frustration

				6			4	
					3			8
2	3			8		1		
	9	3	7				2	
7	2						5	1
	1				3	8	9	
		9		4			1	8
	7			9				
		8			2			

Brain-Buster

		9	5					
				9			7	6
			5	6				4
	4			7				
	5	1				8	4	
				3			1	
2					8	7		
9	3			5				
					6	9		

Island Crossword

Crossword Solution on classifieds page

Across

1. Old VHS rival
5. "The final frontier"
10. Unruly child
14. Certain golf club
15. Clunker
16. Autobahn cruiser
17. STOMACH
19. Fit of bad temper
20. Regard highly
21. Medicinal brew
23. Funny Foxx
25. Time of note
26. Follower of Attila
27. Suburban chauffeurs
30. Lord's Prayer opener
32. "When all ___ fails, read the directions"
34. Alias indicator
35. Woolen fabric
37. Bouquet receivers?
40. EYE
43. Cowardly carnivore
44. Chief of the fallen angels
45. Feedbag morsel
46. They're good for a quick buck
48. ___ Paese cheese
49. A type of clover
50. Sure-footed animal
52. What's put before the carte?
54. Type of check
56. Thirties gin mixers?
59. Had aspirations
63. Kyrgyzstan mountain range
64. BACK
66. Large amounts
67. Globular yellow fruit
68. Hard or soft add-on
69. Outer limits
70. Rose oil variation
71. "Deephaven" author
Sarah ___ Jewett

1	2	3	4		5	6	7	8	9		10	11	12	13
14					15						16			
17					18						19			
20							21				22			
				23			24		25			26		
27	28	29			30		31		32		33			
34				35				36		37			38	39
40				41						42				
43							44						45	
				46			47		48			49		
50	51				52		53		54		55			
56				57				58		59			60	61
63							64			65				
66							67					68		
69							70						71	

Down

1. Take the bait
2. Greek god of love
3. Make much of
4. Gets in one's hair
5. One way to tighten one's belt
6. Stroke gently
7. "Famous" cookie maker
8. Detroit body style
9. Intact
10. Kind of metal
11. HEAD
12. It's usually bid
13. Largest moon of Saturn
18. Half a laugh
22. Hobbes' partner
24. Twosomes
27. Calculating course
28. Not exactly a world-beater
29. FACE
31. Post-op regimen
33. Sink in the middle
35. Semitic deity
36. Dissuade
38. Inclusive abbr.
39. Grounded
41. Tolkien tree being
42. Buffet staple
47. Nancy's buddy
49. "___, buckle my shoe . . ."
50. Wane
51. Art gallery
53. Up's partner
55. Part of a portfolio
57. Greet the villain
58. OR command
60. From where some worship
61. Forenoon
62. Leaves home?
65. Reproductive cells

Holiday Favorites

Greens

- Ingredients** 2 lb. fresh green beans, trimmed, cut crosswise in half
1 pkg. (8 oz.) PHILADELPHIA Cream Cheese, softened Philadelphia Cream Cheese Original, Two 8 oz Packs
1/2 cup milk
1/4 tsp. black pepper
2 cloves garlic, minced, divided
1/2 cup PLANTERS Sliced Almonds
1/4 cup panko bread crumbs
2 Tbsp. butter, melted
Heat oven to 350°F.
Cook beans in boiling water 3 min. Meanwhile, whisk cream cheese, milk, pepper and half the garlic in large bowl until blended.
Drain beans. Add to cream cheese mixture; mix lightly. Spoon into 2-qt. casserole sprayed with cooking spray.
Combine remaining garlic with all remaining ingredients; sprinkle over bean mixture.
Bake 30 min. or until beans are tender and crumb topping is golden brown.



Classic Sweet Potato Casserole

- Ingredients**
4 1/2 pounds sweet potatoes
1 cup granulated sugar
1/2 cup butter, softened
1/4 cup milk
2 large eggs
1 teaspoon vanilla extract
1/4 teaspoon salt
1 1/4 cups cornflakes cereal, crushed
1/4 cup chopped pecans
1 tablespoon brown sugar
1 tablespoon butter, melted
1 1/2 cups miniature marshmallows
- Preparation**
1. Preheat oven to 400°. Bake sweet potatoes at 400° for 1 hour or until tender. Let stand until cool to touch (about 20 minutes); peel and mash sweet potatoes. Reduce oven temperature to 350°.
2. Beat mashed sweet potatoes, granulated sugar, and next 5 ingredients at medium speed with an electric mixer until smooth. Spoon potato mixture into a greased 11- x 7-inch baking dish.
3. Combine cornflakes cereal and next 3 ingredients in a small bowl. Sprinkle over casserole in diagonal rows 2 inches apart.
4. Bake at 350° for 30 minutes. Remove from oven; let stand 10 minutes. Sprinkle marshmallows in alternate rows between cornflake mixture; bake 10 minutes. Let stand 10 minutes before serving.

Pumpkin Cheesecake

- Ingredients**
CRUST
3/4 cup cinnamon-flavored graham cracker crumbs
3/4 cup chocolate graham cracker crumbs \$
1/2 cup finely chopped toasted pecans \$
5 tablespoons butter, melted \$
3 tablespoons granulated sugar \$
Vegetable cooking spray
FILLING
4 (8-oz.) packages cream cheese, softened at room temperature \$
1 cup firmly packed light brown sugar
1 teaspoon pumpkin pie spice
1 teaspoon vanilla extract
4 large eggs \$
1 (15-oz.) can pumpkin \$\$
1 tablespoon fresh lemon juice
TOPPING
1 (16-oz.) container sour cream \$\$
3 tablespoons granulated sugar \$
Pinch of pumpkin pie spice
Preparation
1. Prepare Crust: Preheat oven to 325°. Stir together first 5 ingredients in a medium bowl until well blended. Press mixture onto bottom and 1 inch up sides of a lightly greased (with cooking spray) 9-inch spring-form pan. Bake 10 minutes. Let stand at room temperature until ready to use.
2. Prepare Filling: Beat cream cheese and next 3 ingredients at medium-low speed with an electric mixer in a large bowl just until smooth. Add eggs, 1 at a time, beating at low speed just until yellow disappears after each addition.
3. Process pumpkin in a food processor 1 to

- 2 minutes or until very smooth. Stir together lemon juice and 1 1/2 cups pumpkin puree; reserve remaining pumpkin puree. Add pumpkin-lemon juice mixture to cream cheese mixture, and beat at low speed just until blended; pour into prepared crust.
4. Bake at 325° for 50 minutes to 1 hour or until center of cheesecake jiggles. (Prepare Topping during last 10 minutes of bake time.)
5. Prepare Topping: Stir together sour cream and 3 Tbsp. granulated sugar; reserve 1/3 cup sour cream-sugar mixture. Stir together remaining sour cream mixture, pinch of pumpkin pie spice, and reserved pumpkin puree.
6. Remove cheesecake from oven. Gently spread sour cream-pumpkin mixture over cheesecake. Dollop with reserved 1/3 cup sour cream-sugar mixture; gently swirl with a knife.
7. Return cheesecake to oven, and bake at 325° for 5 more minutes. Turn oven off. Let cheesecake stand in oven, with door closed, 15 minutes. Remove cheesecake from oven, and gently run a knife around outer edge of cheesecake to loosen from sides of pan. (Do not remove sides of pan.) Cool completely on a wire rack (about 2 hours). Cover and chill 8 to 12 hours.
How to Make a Leaf Garnish: Cut refrigerated piecrusts into decorative shapes using seasonal cookie cutters. Arrange cutouts in a single layer on a baking sheet; score dough with the tip of a paring knife to create designs, if desired. Bake dough according to package directions until golden and done. Remove cutouts to a wire rack; cool and decorate as desired.

Thanking the heroes of the Greatest Generation

The last gathering of Doolittle's Raiders

A dozen years ago this month a group of true American heroes gathered for the last time as age did what flak guns could not. On April 18, 1942, 80 men achieved the unimaginable when they took off from an aircraft carrier on a top secret mission to bomb Japan. These men, led by Lt. Col. James H. "Jimmy" Doolittle, came to be known as the Doolittle Tokyo Raiders. In November, 2013 the Air Force hosted the final toast of the surviving members of the Raiders at Wright-Patterson Air Force Base to their fallen comrades during an invitation-only ceremony at the National Museum of the U.S. Air Force. Three of the only four surviving Raiders attended and now all are gone.

"Tonight is a night of conflicting emotions: pride in our Doolittle Tokyo Raiders, sorrow at the end of a mission and a myriad of other emotions," retired Maj. Lloyd Bryant, the Master of Ceremonies, said as he opened the ceremony.

The ceremony was attended by three of the four living Doolittle Tokyo Raiders: retired Lt. Col. Richard "Dick" E. Cole, the copilot of Aircraft No. 1; Lt. Col. Edward J. Saylor, the engineer-gunner of Aircraft No. 7; and Staff Sgt. David J. Thatcher, the engineer-gunner of Aircraft No. 7. The fourth living Doolittle Raider, retired Lt. Col. Robert L. Hite, the copilot of Aircraft No. 16, could not attend the ceremony due to health issues.

"The Doolittle Raiders are the epitome of this innovation spirit of Airmanship. We owe these 80 men as well as their army and navy teammates a debt of gratitude," said Acting Secretary of the Air Force Eric Fanning. "Gentlemen, once again, thank you for what you did for your country. Thank you for representing all those you served with and thank you for inspiring all of us everyday since then. Godspeed."

Chief of Staff of the Air Force Gen. Mark A. Welsh III followed Fanning.

"As far as I'm concerned, this is the greatest professional honor I've ever had to speak here with this crowd at this event," Welsh said. "The very first book I read as a young guy was Thirty Seconds over Tokyo. It was given to me by my father, also a World War II vet, with the words that I should read it closely because this is this what America is all about. I've never forgotten those words.

"The Doolittle raiders have been celebrated in book and in journals ... in magazines ... in various papers. They've had buildings named after them ... had streets named after them. People play them in movies.

"They hate to hear this, but Jimmy Doolittle and his Raiders are truly lasting American heroes, but they are also Air Force heroes. They pioneered the concept of global strike ... the idea that no target on earth is safe from American air power.

"In the last two weeks gentlemen, I've received emails from a number of today's bomber crew members. They asked me to assure you and your families this evening that your legacy is strong and safe with them. Welsh ended his speech by thanking the Raiders for their service to the nation.

"Sir (Cole), for you and the brothers beside you ... your service was a gift to a nation at war ... the family and friends who stood proudly beside you since and to hundreds of thousands of American Airmen who continue to stand on your shoulders and hope to live to your example. Airpower ... the raiders showed us the way," he said.

Fanning and Welsh presented the Doolittle Raiders with an Eagle as a token of their appreciation and gratitude. Cole was then asked to open the 1896 Cognac and give a toast. The year of the bottle of cognac is Doolittle's birth year. "Gentlemen, I propose a toast," Cole said. "To the gentlemen we lost on the mission and those who have passed away since. "Thank you very much and may they rest in peace," he ended.

The 80 silver goblets in the ceremony were presented to the Raiders in 1959 by the city of Tucson, Ariz. The Raiders' names are engraved twice, the second upside-down.

During the ceremony, white-gloved cadets poured cognac into the participants' goblets. Those of the deceased were turned upside-down.

The Doolittle Raiders received a standing ovation from the crowd, but before closing the ceremony retired Col. Carroll "C.V" Glines, the historian for the Doolittle Raiders and a distinguished author, said, "This concludes the ceremony and also completes a mission."

A little history

After Japan's sneak attack on Pearl Harbor, with the United States reeling and wounded, something dramatic was needed to turn the war effort around. Even though there were no friendly airfields close enough to Japan for the United States to launch a retaliation, a daring plan was devised. Sixteen B-25s were modified so that they could take off from the deck of the aircraft carrier USS Hornet. This had never before been tried -- sending such big, heavy bombers from a carrier. The 16 five-man crews, under the command of Lt. Col. James Doolittle, who himself flew the lead plane off the USS Hornet, knew that they would not be able to return to the carrier. They would have to hit Japan and then hope to make it to China for a safe landing.

But on the day of the raid, the Japanese military caught wind of the plan. The Raiders were told that they would have to take off from much farther out in the Pacific Ocean than they had counted on. They were told that because of this they would not have enough fuel to make it to safety. And those men went anyway. They bombed Tokyo, and then flew as far as they could. Four planes crash-landed; 11 more crews bailed out, and three of the Raiders died. Eight more were captured; three were executed. Another died of starvation in a Japanese prison camp. One crew made it to Russia.

The Doolittle Raid sent a message from the United States to its enemies, and to the rest of the world: We will fight. And, no matter what it takes, we will win. Of the 80 Raiders, 62 survived the war. They were celebrated as national heroes, models of bravery. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer produced a motion picture based on the raid; "Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo," starring Spencer Tracy and Van Johnson

Beginning in 1946, the surviving Raiders have held a reunion each April, to commemorate the mission. The reunion is in a different city each year. In 1959, the city of Tucson, Arizona, as a gesture of respect and gratitude, presented the Doolittle Raiders

with a set of 80 silver goblets. Each goblet was engraved with the name of a Raider. Every year, a wooden display case bearing all 80 goblets is transported to the reunion city. Each time a Raider passed away, his goblet was turned upside down in the case at the next reunion, as his old friends bear solemn witness. Included in that wooden case was the bottle of 1896 Hennessy Very Special cognac. There had always been a plan: When there are only two surviving Raiders, they would open the bottle, at last drink from it, and toast their comrades who preceded them in death. Thirteen years ago this month they decided not to wait and the three surviving raiders opened the bottle.

Salute to them on this Thanksgiving.



Listening to the Wild Talking Turkey



By Ed Proffitt

It's Turkey Time, so let's talk turkey! That's a phrase we've all heard but its origins are not clear. One school of thought suggests that the term 'talking turkey' came from early interactions between European colonizers and Native Americans. The story goes something like this. An Indian and a pilgrim walked into a bar... wait, no that's another story. In this story, a colonist and an Indian went hunting together and managed to bag one turkey and one vulture (or buzzard, or crow, or goose depending on who reported the story). The colonist said something like 'I'll take the turkey and you can have the vulture.' To which the Indian replied 'you talk turkey for you, but not for me' --- more or less cutting to the heart of the matter and perhaps previewing many future interactions between European colonizers and Native Americans. Another hypothesis is that the phrase first stemmed from pleasant dinner conversations during Thanksgiving get-togethers. Nevertheless, over the centuries talking turkey evolved into any conversation of frank and straight-forward discussions we know it as today.

The turkey (Meleagris gallopavo) is a wild native of Central and North America. The wild turkey has been selectively bred for a couple of thousand years first for feather production for various ceremonies and later for larger breasts to grace our dinner tables. Early explorers introduced the turkey into Europe and later Asia where it underwent further selective breeding and morphological changes. Today, adult turkeys are so large in terms of desirable meat selections that walking any distance can be an issue and flying is out of the realm of possibility for many. Some males, reportedly, require human assistance to breed --- conjuring up images I don't want to think about and a job I definitely don't want.

However, wild native turkeys were more motile and independent. Since they were native to North America and did not 'steal food' from other birds as eagles have been said to do, the myth was born that Dr. Ben Franklin suggested the turkey instead of the eagle as the national symbol on the U.S. seal. That myth came from a letter Franklin wrote his daughter in which he lampooned the symbol of the Society of the Cincinnati (a heredity organization of revolutionary war officers that had an eagle that looked to some like a turkey as its symbol). For more on Franklin and a reproduction of the text of his letter see: <https://founders.archives.gov/documents/Franklin/01-41-02-0327>. Actually, soon after the Declaration of Independence was signed July 4, 1776, Franklin, Thomas Jefferson, and John Adams were tasked with developing a symbol for the new nation. They didn't reach a consensus that Congress would approve, and two other later committees similarly failed. Finally, all proposed designs were handed over to Charles Thomson, the Secretary of Congress who developed the final design using elements of the previous ones. Despite gaining notoriety, eagles didn't fare as well as turkeys and nearly went extinct due to excess hunting, habitat destruction,

and especially use of DDT (producing the thin-shelled eggs made famous by Rachel Carson's Silent Spring). Congress forestalled extinction in 1940 with the Bald Eagle Protection Act and later the Endangered Species Act. But, that decline, and recovery is a tale for another day.

Nowadays, turkey breeding and raising for food has reached epic proportions. In some cases, mass production is less humane than others, but that's also not the focus of today's column. Instead, let's talk a bit about the earlier years before refrigerated train cars when turkeys were driven to market. And, by driven, I don't mean in a breeder's truck, I mean as in an old fashioned trail drive. In both the U.S. and elsewhere, turkeys walked sometimes for hundreds of miles across terrain including mountains and deserts. One interesting story (see: <https://www.americanheritage.com/when-turkeys-walked>) concerned Henry Hooker a well-known cattle rancher in Arizona. Hooker got his start ranching after his hardware store in Hangtown, California burned down. He took the small proceeds he'd saved from the fire and bought turkeys. Hooker ignored warnings of local farmers that raised the turkeys and began driving his flock toward Carson City, Arizona. There, he imagined that they'd be a popular substitute for the pork most everybody ate every day. With a couple of dogs, one helper and a wagon he marched turkeys down roads and later trails toward Arizona. Things went well at first, the turkeys didn't even balk at snow in the mountains. However, eventually they reached a summit with a steep drop-off and the turkeys couldn't be encouraged to walk further. The birds eventually took flight after substantial prompting by barking dogs and quickly disappeared from view. Hooker was distraught because he thought he'd never see his flock again. After making his way down the slope he discovered nearly the entire flock roosting in trees and was able to eventually coax them down and continue the march of the turkeys. From the profits he made, Hooker bought cattle from Texas and New Mexico and started his ranch in Arizona.

Texas has its own Turkey trot history of course. The town of Cuero started Turkey trots in 1912 as the signature event of a city festival. Some 30,000 spectators watched 18,000 turkeys parade down main street. Wranglers spread corn along the route to keep the birds moving. The event morphed over the next decades into a true festival in which a sultan (based on the country of Turkey) names Yekrut (that's turkey backwards) and sultanness (Oreuc --- you guessed it) were named. There were dances, races with a neighboring town, etc in addition to the turkey drive through town. Unfortunately, modern transport methodologies signaled the end of times for turkey trots, ending a unique show.

Sometimes Listening to the Wild can show how our domestication of various animals for food can lead from simple catching of wild birds to turkey trots involving a sultan! Have a happy Thanksgiving weekend!

Technical note: I wish to correct two errors in my previous column pointed out by my dear wife who obviously knows native plants better than I do! The milkweed in our yard is Asclepias oenotheroides, or commonly called Zizotes and the milkweed vine has been placed in a different genus entirely.

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Three Chords and the Truth

By Ronnie Narmour
ronnienarmour@gmail.com

From the archives...

Note from RN: Happy Thanksgiving everybody. Turkey Day is upon us which means it's time to hit the archives. Here is something I wrote 16 years ago, in fact it's the very first article I wrote for the Island Moon when I was an aspiring beach bum from the big city and lived in my van on the beach. My address was the "No Dogs off Leashes" sign behind the Beach Lodge. Dale Rankin aka: Rockin', had a tiny room next door at the Beach Gate. This piece was the beginning of a whole lot of stuff. Enjoy and gobble, gobble!

I could be a beach bum...



My home on the Beach 2009

Something kept telling me to go for it...chuck it all, load up the van with all things survival and try my hand at being a real live, beer chugging, sand in my wrinkles beach bum from the big city. The chain of events leading



Boudreaux and Pousson will play the Gaff on Friday.

up to my grand exodus from San Antonio actually dictated that I really didn't have any other choice. It was a prime example of the tail wagging the dog. I've always considered myself directionally challenged in the spiritual sense and thus could use that as my excuse to lead with my chin. So hey, my old buddy Rockin' Dale Rankin says I can live on the beach for twelve bucks a year and they have showers....on the beach. Twelve bucks a year. Did he really say twelve bucks a year? My God, could that be right? And they really do have showers? There must be an entire population of middle aged romantics lined up in their bath robes with bottles of shampoo and the New York Post in hand. In my mind, there was a big golden plaque in front of the shower building dedicating this glorious temple of hygiene to Jack Karouac, John Steinbeck and Woody Guthrie. Maybe, I'm on to something. It could happen. I could be a beach bum.

Goodbye SA, hello PA...

I had just celebrated my 56th birthday two weeks earlier by getting fired for imbibing a bit too much on my job at Casbeers...on my birthday. As a bartender, I thought such a time honored tradition would not only be condoned, but encouraged. Nope. As it turns out, unless said birthday is one of numerical significance (21, 30, 40, 50, etc) getting curly as a pretzel while on the clock is about as socially acceptable as, say, a flatulence attack in church. That settled the debate. Goodbye S.A. hello P.A. So, I tied up the pitifully few loose ends I had and with no hesitation, blew that pop stand. On the drive down I wondered if Rockin' had notified the Welcome Wagon that upon my arrival, a small but enthusiastic marching band and maybe a little confetti would probably suffice. I do enjoy parades more than most folks.

Leading with my chin...

So, as I sat in my van, on the ferry ride on to the island, the reality of what I was doing started to set in. Let's review...I'm a middle aged, homeless, jobless man with no viable skills driving a 1994 Ford Econoline van with 167,433 miles on it and I know all of

two people in the town that I am moving to. Yikes. Did I mention that I'm famous for leading with my chin? So I did what anyone in my shoes would do the first ten minutes into my new habitation...I hit the first bar I could I find (*The Wild Horse*) and found a seat with my back to the wall and decided to regroup. Three rum and cokes later and I'm thinking, "I want my mama". Where's Rockin? Honestly, all I really needed was one of his famous pep talks. "It's all gonna be just fine, Ronyea. You gonna be just fine." And, like clockwork, he waltzes through the door like John Wayne and buys me a drink, pops a couple of C notes on me, gives me a job writing for the *Moon* and the key to his tiny hotel room, then leaves town. Now, that's the pep talk I was waiting for. My job was to be his eyes and ears in Port Aransas and to write about it from the gonzo prospective of a middle aged, homeless, jobless man with no viable skills....who lives in his van on the beach. I can do that. I never said I was a writer but I can type pretty good. It was time to celebrate! So I did what anyone in my position would do at the time...I headed for the showers.



Jerry Ward will play Shorty's on Friday.
Photo by Debbie Noble

Coming this weekend...



Justin Gallegos will play the Sip Yard on Saturday.

Briefly on Turkey Day we have pot luck dinners at the Gaff and Red's and the All Starz are playing Shorty's. On Friday it's Jerry Ward at Shorty's and Boo & Poo at the Gaff. On Saturday it's Justin Gallegos at the Sip Yard, Dugan at the Gaff and Todd Dorn at Shorty's. And on Sunday it's the TURKEY BOWL at the Gaff.

♪♪♪ And, that's the truth ♪♪♪



Todd Dorn will play Shorty's this Saturday.



Ronyea LaMour dancing on the beach 2009.



The Gaff's annual Turkey Bowl is this Sunday.

LIVE MUSIC TONIGHT

Thanksgiving.

Nov. 27

All Starz @ Shortys
THANKSGIVING
POT LUCK @ Gaff
THANKSGIVING
POT LUCK @ Red's



Wednesday.

December 3

Open Mic w/ Brad Ethridge @ Gaff

Thursday.

December 4

All Starz @ Shortys

Friday.

December 5

Boudreaux & Pousson @ Gaff
Boone Holding @ Shorty's
Dreaming in Color @ Executive Surf Club

Saturday.

December 6

The Drive @ Shorty's
Rich Lockhart @ Sip Yard
Bob Livingston @ Harbor Listening Room RP
Diamond's Edge @ South TX Icehouse
Boudreaux & Pousson @ Bay Area Brew

Sunday.

December 7

Jim Dugan, Ty Dietz @ Shorty's
Punk Rock Karaoke @ House of Rock
Chainlinks @ Executive Surf Club
Riptide Cowboy Open Mic @ Mikel May's Too

Monday.

December 8

Tuesday.

December 9

Brad Ethridge @ VFW
Tina Turner Musical @ Selena Auditorium
Carl Hayes Open Mic @ Salty Dolphin
Rich Lockhart @ Packery Bar
Los Locals @ Palm Republic

Wednesday.

December 10

Open Mic w/ Brad Ethridge @ Gaff



CLOSED FOR PRIVATE PARTY
JUSTIN GALLEGOS
RICH LOCKHART
ADYSEN MALEK
CRUISE CONTROL

NOV 28
NOV 29
DEC 6
DEC 12
DEC 13



BELTSANDER RACES EVERY 2ND & 4TH SAT
OPEN MIC EVERY WED WITH BRAD E.
THANKSGIVING POT LUCK
BOO & POO
JIM DUGAN
TURKEY BOWL
BRAD ETHRIDGE

NOV 27
NOV 28 & DEC 5
NOV 29
NOV 30
NOV 30



JIM DUGAN & TY DIETZ EVERY SUN
THE ALL STARS EVERY THUR 8-12
JERRY WARD
TODD DORN
BOONE HOLDING
THE DRIVE
BRAD ETHRIDGE

NOV 28
NOV 29
DEC 5
DEC 6
DEC 12



Busted Bicycle
Craft Cocktails
Tues- Sunday
Open at 5:00



GOLF CARTS
FOR RENT



BELT SANDER RACES
EVERY 2ND & 4TH SATURDAY

COLD BEER

THE GAFF

OPEN DAILY AT 11 AM

LIVE MUSIC

HOT PIZZA