

THE DALLAS POST *Established 1889*
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Editorially Speaking:

GRANDMA MOSES

Grandma Moses' death does not come as a shock to her admirers, because it had been obvious for some weeks that she was about to slip away. But with her passing, an extremely interesting career is at an end.
Until she was over seventy years old, she never touched a paint brush. At a time of life when other people consider themselves beyond retirement age, Grandma Moses took up a line of work that brought her fame and fortune from small beginnings. The paintings that she used to sell for \$3, brought thousands at the peak of her production, their clear-cut and homely scenes recalling vanished childhood to people enmeshed in the exacting round of the social and the business world; a reminder of simpler times when they had leisure to go outdoors and breathe the deep of the frosty air, look up to the Great Dipper and the Milky Way without a thought of satellites streaking their way across the sky.
Grandma Moses' pictures will long endure.
She lighted a humble candle in the darkness, and by its small clear radiance we see ourselves as we used to be, envisage once again the wonder and the dream that was ours as children.

**From
Pillar To Post...**

by Hix

It was a creepy sensation, sitting there in the blue Austin, feeling its frontwheels slipping over the waterlogged bank and not being able to do a thing about it.
Nobody knows how vast that new parking area is at Dallas Senior High School until she tries to locate her car there after a school board meeting at something around midnight.
All those beautiful parking spaces going to waste now, when at eight o'clock they had been jammed with cars belonging to basketball enthusiasts, and night school students, and board members.
The parking lot stretched out endlessly, awash with mud from many tires.
And away at the far corner was a small blue car perched at the very edge of the lot, within an inch of the sloping bank, with no curb nor comforting bit of barrier between it and the soggy field below.
Miles away.
I hitched a ride to the car. "Wait until I get my own lights on, before you abandon me," I instructed.
Jonathan obliged. I climbed in, released the brake, and zoom, the front wheels were over the bank.
Jonathan's car was already leaving the parking lot, mission accomplished.
I felt smaller than I have felt in years. Usually I feel large and competent, but the few cars left on the parking lot seemed miles and miles away. Lights in the school went off, one by one. Headlights making a turn at the entrance.
I sounded the horn, not politely, but imperatively.
It tooted, "Come on and get me out of this, or I'll be down over that bank for sure, with no possible way of getting out."
The headlights approached cautiously.
"Drifted down?"
"I'm afraid to take off the brake again, and I can't get any traction. Too wet. Any suggestions?"
A large man got out of the car and opened his trunk. "Now you just sit right there and don't take off the brake. I've got a chain here. You wait until you feel the tug of the chain before you touch the brake."
Take off the brake? Perish the thought! I was frozen to the brake. One more inch and the center of gravity would be hauling me downhill, complete with car. It would probably land right side up, but it would certainly take a wrecker to haul it back up to the parking lot.
The car moved up behind the Austin, and there was a length of sustaining chain between the bumpers, good stout chain, with a good stout car ready to go into reverse.
The chain tightened. "Now take off your brake."
I released it and there was a gentle but increasing pull.
"Oh, Boy, it's coming."
Past tense, it had come, and it was now sitting on its four small wheels a safe distance back from the verge.
"Now watch it, spin your wheel hard. And the driveway's right out there. You OK?"
"Perfectly O.K. and thanks a million."
It was shattering, to think that that small blue insect could have been up to such tricks. Probably been planning it for a long time. Just lying in wait.

SAFETY VALVE . . .

IT WAS A HAPPY TAIL
Dear Editor:
Because of the alertness of Mrs. Robert Moran, 217 Terrace Avenue, Trucksville, coupled with the power of the press, we were able to get our cocker spaniel home.
Mrs. Moran read the "Lost" ad in the morning paper, and when driving past O'Malia's Laundry, saw the dog sitting in front of the door. Having concern because of losing a dog of her own, she called our house as soon as she reached her home, and by good fortune I stopped at home shortly after she called. (I rarely get home through the day.)
I went directly to O'Malia's, keeping just within the speed limit, but no dog at the front door.
A young man working on the driveway at the side of the building said the dog had been around there the night before. I walked to the back of the lot and called a few times to no avail. Coming back to the front of the building I decided to inquire inside and found her there.
Mr. O'Malia had let Effie come in out of the bad weather.
So you see we have some wonderful people in the Back Mountain. Since John . . .
Classified
Get Quick

**LAKE-LEHMAN
SCHOOL NEWS**

BY MARY ANN LASKOWSKI

BRASS CHOIR:

As you read in this paper last week, the brass choir is quite popular this year. Students are very proud of this group of 30 from the band unit. When you hear the flowing tones you, too, will understand why everyone is talking about it. Hours of individual practice on the part of each member and the extra time that Mr. Milaskaus has given make the choir possible. Our school is earning quite the name in the music field.

Many have already seen the coin cards distributed by the Band Parents Association. These cards give a history of the contests entered and won along with the trips of the complete band. As a result of the Band's popularity the Association has decided to make a big effort to purchase new black and gold uniforms. If you wish to contribute, and we hope you will, be sure and get a coin card from any band member or band parent. The cards will be collected in February.

SENIORS:

Another step has been taken by the class of '62 to make the two buildings closer. A committee from each class met and picked a class motto which was in turn taken back to each class and voted upon. The motto decided upon is "Out of the life of school into the school of life."

PAID ASSEMBLY:

Wednesday, we had a very enjoyable assembly paid for by the Student Council. Mrs. Millard and Mrs. Hughes of Plymouth brought to us in music and song portions of many Broadway hits including "Sound of Music" and "Showboat".

When they asked the student body to join in, everyone cooperated.

They closed the program with many songs appropriate to the season.

All enjoyed the program and hope they can be invited back soon.

SPORTS:

League basketball games have not yet started. But so far, in pre-season competition our squad hasn't done so well. The boys appreciate the turn-outs and backing they have had so far and hope it will continue. When we return from Christmas vacation one of the biggest games and one of the first is with Dallas.

Last Thursday night our wrestling squad came through with a big victory over G.A.R. The score was 45-6. The win put a spark back in the student body.

We are sorry to report that Fred Schulta, a Senior weighing 103, was injured due to an illegal hold. Since an illegal hold was used, Fred was awarded six points for his effort.

SEASONS GREETINGS:

We will all soon be celebrating the birthday of One very important Person. It seems everyone prepares for this birthday by buying presents, decorating a Christmas tree and preparing a big dinner. When December 25 finally arrives, we arise early and open the gifts, eat a big dinner and enjoy the lovely tree. Sometime in between we might think why we are celebrating.
In the Christmas edition of our school newspaper, special emphasis on why we celebrate Christmas has been put in all the stories. We all know the reason, but we all need to be reminded. When Monday comes and all are gathered around the tree, I hope you will remember that if God hadn't given us his Son, there would be no day to celebrate. I wish you all a Merry Christmas!

Key Club News

BY ELMER LAMOREUX
On Monday, Dec. 11, the Dallas Key-Club was host to the Nanticoke Key Club for an inter-club meeting. Barry Slocum presided and both clubs enjoyed themselves. The main topic of discussion was the annual "Christmas for needy families" drive. Enough clothing has already been collected, but food and toys are still needed. Persons wishing to contribute may contact a member of the Key Club or leave the articles at the Senior High School. Also discussed at the meeting was the forming of Key Club basketball and bowling teams.

There is a basketball game scheduled in the near future with the Swoyerville club. On December 22, the Key Club will play a game, before the faculty takes on the WARM Sensational Seven. The plans for the bowling team will be mentioned at the district meeting, January 8, at West Pittston.

Our next inter club meeting will be held on a Monday, January 15, with G.A.R. High School.

HORSESHOE 4-H CLUB

Back Mountain Horseshoe 4-H Club met on Saturday morning at Lehman Fire Hall for a regular business meeting.

Present were: Tommy Estus; president, Lee Johnson, Marporie Waschek, Frances Wentzel, Connie Bogdon, Ann Lucy, Stuart Lucy, Hous-tan Day, Resia Carroll, Tim Carroll, Linda McKeel, Leslie Vivian, Erica Vivian, Nancy Crispell, Linda Day, Mrs. Tony Bogdon and E. V. Chadwick.

Friday evening there will be a Christmas party for members and guests. Each person is requested to bring a gift.

Rambling Around
By The Oldtimer—D. A. Waters

PUBLIC SQUARE, Wilkes-Barre, is not square. It is a rectangle. However the difference in dimensions is only one perch or rod. It was originally called "The Diamond" from the fact that it is inserted in the town plan with its sides oblique to the other street lines. It was more properly called "Center Square", being half way between the North and South Streets. Together with the River Common it was public lands of the Township of Wilkes-Barre under its Connecticut owners.
In 1776 Fort Wilkes-Barre was ordered erected on the southern half of the Diamond or Center Square. Since the Square is not set by compass direction, most of our thinking regarding it is not correct. The south side is that bordered by the Paramount Theatre. The East side is that faced by the Fort Durkee Hotel. The West side is where Isaac Long Store is located and the North side is from Pomeroy to the United Furniture. West Market Street runs nearly northwest, and so on. In the old Fort were included the town hall and jail. It also became the court house under the Connecticut administration for a little while.
When Pennsylvania took over and established the County of Luzerne, the first judges held court at home. In 1791 a court house for Luzerne County was built on the site of the old fort of hewn logs, to serve also as a jail. Soon a new one was wanted but there was an argument as to jurisdiction. At a Town Meeting June 13, 1801 the County Commissioners informed the meeting that it was proposed to build a new court house but they had some doubts about the propriety of doing so unless the use of the ground was ceded by the Town for that purpose. A committee was appointed to lease to the County Commissioners "so much of the south quarter as shall be thought sufficient," for so long a time as occupied by a court house. The second Luzerne County courthouse was then built of stone in the form of a cross, completed in 1804.

The old log courthouse was moved across covered with boards, and in 1807 seventeen proprietors there established the Wilkes-Barre Academy. About the same time Joseph Slocum, a brother of the girl Frances who had been stolen by Indians years before, built facing the south side a substantial brick house, the only house of any prominence on the Square for many years.

About 1802 there was built, in

what we would call the west corner, a union church called "Old Ship Zion", used up to about 1856. The original bell of the church is exhibited by the Wyoming Historical and Geological Society, and bears these inscriptions:
"August 6, 1811 George Hederly Founder Philadelphia" "Fili Dei Misereri * Gloria in Excelsis Dei"
"I will sound and Respond unto Thy People O Lord To Call Them To Thy Word."
There was a town pump near the Church and an old shed or building originally built as a market place, later used as a fire house. A separate jail and perhaps other county buildings were later built in the vacant corner.
Since the plot was public land of the entire Township, there was a question of jurisdiction when the Borough of Wilkes-Barre was established in 1806. The argument has flared up from time to time ever since.
In 1810 a local columnist, writing as a visitor, noting on the square the church, courthouse, academy, and jail, said that in the group it covered religion, justice, knowledge, and iniquity. For decades everyone referred to the mud, the land being flat, undrained, and unpaired. In Nov. 1838, a grand jury assembled in the muddy weather and officially declared the public square a public nuisance.
The Square was not then a mercantile district. About 1840 Lanning had a foundry on the South side and Lord Butler a grist mill on the east side with a hay scale facing the mill. As late as 1858 complaints about the mud and generally unkempt appearance of the Square appear.

In 1856 the courthouse still in use in our own time, the third for Luzerne County, was built and used until 1909, when the present one near the River was completed. The church and other building were removed, one by one, leaving the court house with some green lawn and some large trees.

About forty years ago the Square was in its prime. Stores then had lined the four sides, together with several banks and other establishments. Street cars stopped on every side. The concrete walks swarmed with people. In the center was placed a fountain with a statue, allegedly supposed to resemble an Indian named Kankakee. Beautiful flower beds were maintained, and the trees and grass were in much better shape than in recent years.

This column is No. 200 in this series.

**Dallas Senior High
School News**

Faculty Game!
Who? WARM Sensational Seven vs. Dallas Faculty.
Where? Dallas Senior High School Gymnasium.
When? Wednesday, December 27, 1961 at 8:15 p.m.
Why? To help Athletic Fund.
Come On! Come All! See our faculty in action!
Holiday activities — During our Christmas vacation there will be two basketball games. The first game with Plymouth is away December 22, the second with Coughlin is at home December 29; there will also be another on January 2, 1962 with Kingston—away.
"Sleigh Ride" — The Christmas Prom, this year entitled "Sleigh Ride", will be held tonight at the Junior High Auditorium. All Senior High students and their dates are cordially invited. It is sponsored by the Student Council as a reward for the fine job the students did in the magazine drive.

The decorations are silver and blue and refreshments will be punch and Christmas cookies.

Holiday Greetings— On behalf of the entire faculty and student body, Sally and I would like to wish each and every one of you a Merry Christmas and a prosperous New Year. Let us remember the true significance of Christmas and join together with our friends and families in attending church and praying for universal peace. Merry Christmas!

Constable Louis Banta broke his wrist helping get a motorist out of a ditch. Charles Metzger, carrying the load since Banta's injury, crashed into a pole, breaking several ribs.
Harveys Lake was frozen over December 19.
Pfc. Franklin Malkemes, formerly of Shavertown, was killed in action in Korea, where he was serving with the United States Marines.
Bob Grose was drafted by West Palm Beach Club, Class B International League of Florida.
Lt. Guthrie Conyngham, seriously injured in Korea, was home from the hospital on leave, expected to return to the Naval Hospital.
Frank Jackson was inventing new bird feeders, some for peanut butter, some for sunflower seed.
Mr. and Mrs. George Wilson of Ruggles observed their Golden Wedding.



**HAPPY NEW YEAR
American Legion
Daddow - Isaacs
Post 672**

**Only
Yesterday**
Ten, Twenty and Thirty Years
Ago In The Dallas Post

IT HAPPENED 30 YEARS AGO:

Ferman Wilson, 47, of East Dallas, was seriously burned when his car, figuring in a triple crash on the Luzerne Highway, was apparently sprayed by gasoline from a wrecked tank truck. Dazed by the shock and unable to help himself, Mr. Wilson was pulled from his blazing car by the driver of the gasoline truck, Edward Button. James Hutchinson, County Agent, cut the clothing from Wilson's burned body, and helped take the victim to Nesbitt Hospital.

Dr. Henry M. Laing Fire Company distributed \$700 worth of Christmas cheer to needy families.

Harveys Lake Fire Company discussed plans for erection of a combined fire house and community building. Fire equipment was housed in a barn on the Otis Allen property.

Mrs. Sarah Jacobs, nearing 95, and looking forward to her birthday on New Years Day, died at the home of her daughter Mr. H. B. Hale of Dallas.

Another old-timer, Mrs. Lucinda Church Wolfe, 86, died. The Carverton native was daughter of the pioneers.

Department of Motor Vehicles said inspection stations would be established in rural communities.
Isaac Loveland, from the Whipp farm, brought a bouquet of budded trailing arbutus to the Dallas Post.
The government turned thumbs down on labelling canned rabbit Canned Chicken a la King. Said rabbit, as rabbit, is OK. Labelled chicken, it's out.

IT HAPPENED 20 YEARS AGO:

The front page of the Dallas Post was adorned with a Christmas wreath in green, with red accessories. Not an atom of news on the page. Just the beautiful scripture according to St. Matthew and St. Luke. "And it came to pass in those days . . ."

And flanking the message of Peace on Earth, a grim editorial, "We Are At War."

Mr. and Mrs. Alan Kistler had their three soldier sons home for the holidays, Jimmie and Bill and Alan.

Catherine Scott became the bride of Donald Wilson.

Lillian Ward married Sgt. Richard Huddy.

Charles Bigelow, 77, of Noxen, had his first airplane ride, and was delighted.

Granville Brace sent greetings from Iceland, where he was stationed with the armed forces.

Mentioned by the Borough Council to replace James Ayre, who took a defense job, were Harry Ohlman, Nicholas Cave, and James Franklin. Sheldon MacAvoy, 9 years old, was accepted as soprano soloist of the boys' choir at St. Stephens. His uncles, William, Sheldon, Donald and Daniel Evans, were all soloists in the St. Stephens Choir.

IT HAPPENED 10 YEARS AGO:

John E. Vavrek, missing for a year in Korea, was listed as Prisoner of War. His mother, Mrs. Anna Vavrek of Demunds, had hoped that he had been taken prisoner instead of killed in battle. The news came as a Christmas present.

Holiday mail set a record in the Back Mountain.

Trucksville Fire Company accepted delivery of a new fire truck, Vought Long receiving the keys.

It took Mrs. Boyd Dodson three hours to drive from Huntsville to Hillside. The storm made roads all but impassable. Eighteen inches of snow following two nights of zero weather.

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Alice Rundell was wed to Herbert Gardner.

Beaumont Ski Lift was in operation.

Dallas Township Supervisors were authorized to purchase land for a by-pass leading from 309 to Fernbrook, thus eliminating hazardous driving conditions on sharp curves.

Zel Garinger was still in search of ancient gadgets to add to his collection. What he needed in 1951 was a frow. What for? To split shingles with, of course.

Col. Raymond Portillo, resembling Clark Gable to a startling degree, was expected to spend the holidays with his wife's family in Dallas. Mrs. Portillo was the former Lucille Stark.

T'was The Week Before Christmas
by MARJORIE HOLDSWORTH CULVER

T'was the week before Christmas, when mother arose
Stuffed little fur slippers on cold little toes
Stood up by her bedside and breathed a deep sigh
Her day had begun and she'd never say die
Her thoughts quickly turned to her loved ones asleep
And — from five little besides she heard not a peep
Her mind became clearer as she tip toed down the stair
One false move would be like setting off a fire alarm on times Square

Her thoughts turned again to her family asleep
She longed for their laughter-but this time of day was hers
to keep
For this time of day she was at her best
Her strength renewed, she hoped to pass the test.

The special test today was Christmas planning it seemed
Besides, all the other daily obstacles — unforseen
However, this year, that last week before Christmas would be well spent
So that Christmas Day wouldn't find mother's spirits all tattered and bent

Well organized planning, would end her problem—she thought
I'll just budget my time, and with paper and pencil she proceeded to jot

Just what had to be done and how much time she'd allot,
She began her list with the daily routine
Such as making the beds — minutes — fifteen
Then washing the dishes three times a day
At twenty minutes apiece shall we say?
One hour to washing and handling the clothes
For ironing one hour is equal, she'd suppose
Time out for lunches—thirty minutes she'd take
Plus one hour preparing the evening meal for her family's sake
For dusting, she'd allow twenty minutes every other day
And running the sweeper the same would pay

She'd have to allow time for those things unforseen
For when she got busy, she was sure the door bell would ring
And then there's that Pixie, the phone, just when it will Ring
no one knows
But that would give her time to practice the — "Debbie Drake pose"

Can you really mix beauty and house work, that remains to be seen
Well now, that's the end of the daily routine
And now — for the real Christmas things that have to be done
At least two more days of shopping before Santa can come
And that's just buying presents and home decor
It will take at least one day for buying groceries galore
Plus a stop at the cleaners, the shoe makers too
A stop at the tailors, and pick up our train that was made new
Allow thirty minutes at least to select this year cards for
friends who'll surprise you never fear

She'd set two evenings aside for baking Christmas treats
She mustn't forget to add to her list Christmas candy and nut-meats
Her menu for the holidays she had pretty well planned
And in her mind's eye, down her list, she scanned
The big dinner would be on Christmas Eve, this year
And by the looks of her schedule it was getting near
The main course was Souer brauten, prepared forty eight
hours in advance

There were fresh vegetables to scrub, and choice fruits to enhance
A huge bowl of potato salad to make for those hurried up meals
Plus cold cuts and baked beans to help with ordeals
A refill of potato chips and corn to pop
She must get out the punch bowl — oh dear, for new cups she
had to shop

She'd keep a huge pot of coffee made at all times
Make extra ice cubes, have plenty of oranges and lemons
Heads to shampoo and the trimming of toes
Instead of breakfast she would plan a brunch
And she must watch the children there would be too much
candy to munch
She planned on wrapping presents when the children were in
bed

So she'd leave three nights open — let it be said
Oh yes, the children, program — little heart
For the Christmas program — each one has a part
Each of the children has a poem to speak
So it will take ten minutes apiece to rehearse each night of
the week

There must be time for last minute adjustment of party clothes
There's hair to be cut and there's hair to be waved
She must watch her timing, one minute lost or one minute
saved.

The children themselves have some shopping to do
And if mother didn't supervise, they might take a week or two
They shared the money they earned from doing chores
It's been counted and hidden from the ceiling to the floors
Their Christmas list includes favorite people and pets
The teachers, policeman, busdriver, milkman, not one forgets
They're rewarded, of course, on that one, special night
When they go to see Santa — Oh what a delight!

Well, that's one evening more checked from mothers list
Now, she'd better review and see what she's missed,
The time she's allotted, for her daily routine
Let's see three times twenty plus fifteen
Then there's two times sixty, plus thirty for lunch
And sixty for supper, which will be late she had a hunch
Five times six for the phone — five times six for the door
Three days out shopping and no more!

Add her time in the kitchen preparing food
Now her time wrapping gifts — that will be good — plus the
time with the children, add it all
How much easier for mother this Christmas will be
Now they've all been added, the sum is 288
Now divide that by twenty four, you answer is twelve — why
she's five days late!

If mother could make just one Christmas wish, I know it
wouldn't be for beauty or wealth
But in adding her time if she could have found just one minute
to herself.

T'was the week before Christmas when mother arose
Kicked little fur slippers off tired little toes and nestled back
down for another sweet doze
P.S. "The most amazing fact is that the American housewife
actually does accomplish twelve days of work in the six
days before Christmas."

M. H. C.

**Christmas Bird
Count Tuesday**

**Audubon Group Hopes
To List 50 Species.**

The annual Bird Count for this area, in collaboration with the National Audubon Society, will take place the day after Christmas.

Edwin Johnson, field director for Back Mountain Bird Club, outlines the plans:
It is a twenty-four hour project, starting and ending in the darkness with owls, and taking in day birds from dawn to dusk over a fifteen-mile diameter centered at Huntsville

Dam. The area extends to the Susquehanna in Kingston and Plymouth, touches Pikes Creek, Center Moreland, and Beaumont.

Taking part in the count, which usually nets forty varieties but is hoped to reach fifty this year, will be Mr. Johnson, Mrs. Arnott Jones, Dallas, William Reid, Carverton; and Frank Jackson, Harveys Lake Bird, Man.

Bouquet To CTC

A bouquet to Commonwealth Telephone Company for enclosing in its December bills a record of long distance toll calls that can be read without figuring out what Set means, or Hind or Mtv. The notation "Collect" has always been all too legible.

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