



## *There Will Be Blood*

We come into this world, each of us, with nothing. On our first breath outside the womb, there is nothing we've earned, and nothing we owe. No history, no mistakes. We are tiny little blank slates of humanity, with the potential to become absolutely anything. The sky above the maternity ward is the proverbial limit.

Our skin is a blank slate too, all smooth and pink. It's free of the wrinkles, calluses and age spots that will come in time, and - except for whatever horrors are going on around that belly button - it's entirely clear of scars. They say nobody's perfect. I say it's just that nobody's perfect for very long.

Parents hang on to this kind of "perfect" as best they can, coddling their little ones in everything soft and plush. Babies and children live for a time in a kind of bubble, their vulnerable new bodies shielded from the real world, which tends more toward the sharp and pointy.

Eventually of course, that real world seeps in through the pillow-soft cracks. Knees will be skinned, legs will be bruised, and yes, eventually, there will be blood.

Never having had a child of my own, I can't imagine how parents cope with this transition. Sooner or later though, they all manage to do it; to go from holding that precious little newborn in their arms, with unconditional love bursting from every fiber of their being, to allowing that same child to head out into the world to start making their own mistakes. Scars accumulate on the once-perfect skin, and moms and dads must accept that they're powerless to stop it.

It's easy to recognize those who've reached this level of parenting. They start saying things like, "Oh, it'll be better before you get married," or as my co-worker's Jeannie's grandmother once said, "Get back outside kid, you're bleeding all over my clean kitchen floor."

These are the same parents - bless their rational souls - who might eventually introduce their sons and daughters to the magic of owning a pocket knife.

My generation is probably one of the last for whom pocket knives were a staple of childhood existence. They were the go-to tool for nine year-old boys and girls alike. *Tool* is a

key concept here, the knives occupying a broad middle ground between being a weapon and a toy.

As kids, we never thought of pocket knives as weapons. Not once. If we were intent on hurting each other (and hurt each other, we did) it was most often with words, rarely with rocks or with fists.

But we knew the knives weren't toys either. Talk about a valuable life lesson! We began to understand that just because something's fun to use, doesn't mean it comes to you free of responsibility.

Seeing "fun" as privilege is perhaps even more important today. Think of all the kids forbidden from owning a pocket knife who're walking around instead with cell phones and facebook profiles. I shudder to think how much trouble a twelve year-old girl can get herself into today with an unsupervised Instagram account.

If you're the parent of a tween-ager and you don't know what Instagram is, you'd better start asking your kid some questions! That was part of the beauty of pocket knife ownership, too. Early on, it forced parents and children both into conversations about safety and responsibility.

There we were, children entrusted with an object that could harm not only ourselves but others as well. What we learned from the experience could only be reinforced later in life, with our first driver's license, on our first date, or in our first apartment away from home.

Pocket knives taught us something about preparedness and self-reliance, too. Looking back, I think this was something pivotal in my own childhood. When my dad gave me my first pocket knife at age nine (a Swiss Army job that had all the bells and whistles) he also gave me a feel for what it was like to take care of myself.



See *Blood*, page 9



## PUBLIC PROGRAM OFFERINGS

Please register for programs in advance, by phone at (570) 645-8597. You may leave a message if no one answers.

Many family programs are free for CCEEC members. Other programs require fees for supplies, or request a suggested donation.

### Creepy Crawlers

**Mondays, 10:00—11:30 am**

Open to all 2, 3 and 4 year-olds, each session focuses on some aspect of the natural world.

Children participate in age-appropriate games, crafts, stories and other activities. Programs are free for members, and a \$5 per-child donation is requested of non-members.

**October 19 – “What’s WILD?”**

**November 16 – “Fall!”**

**December 14 – “Oh, Deer!”**

### Ranger Rick Club

**Sundays, 1:00 pm**

Open to all students in grades K through 6, each meeting focuses on some aspect of the natural world.

Children enjoy age-appropriate games, crafts, hikes and other activities. Programs are free for members, and a \$5 per-child donation is requested of non-members.

**October 11 – “Spectacular Spiders”**

**November 8 – “Trees, Leaves, and the Scientific Method”**

**December 13 – “Bird’s the Word”**

### Pass the Energy, Please!

**Saturday, October 10th, 10:00 am**

A program for all ages on the basics of food chains and food webs. Participants will learn about producers, consumers, decomposers and more through puzzles, games and a food chain-centered snack! The program is free of charge. Please call to register.

### Star Party

**Wednesday, November 11, 6:00 pm**

**Rain/Cloud Date: Thursday, November 12**

The cool night air and dark, new moon should make for ideal viewing of the evening sky.

We’ll begin indoors with a short introduction to star-gazing, followed by a trek outside.

There are no striking planets visible this evening,

so we won’t be using a telescope. Bring your

binoculars or borrow some from us. Come dressed

in warm PJs, and enjoy some hot chocolate, too.

The program is led by star-gazing enthusiast and

PSU biology professor Dr. Carl Frankel.



### Knit & Sip

**Tuesday, November 17, 6:00 pm**

An evening devoted to learning new skills and to creating a one-of-a-kind gift just in time for the holidays.

New knitters will learn basic techniques, and take home their own needles and completed project. All materials will be supplied for a \$15 fee.

Experienced knitters are invited to come share their knowledge, and there is no fee for anyone bringing their own supplies or project.

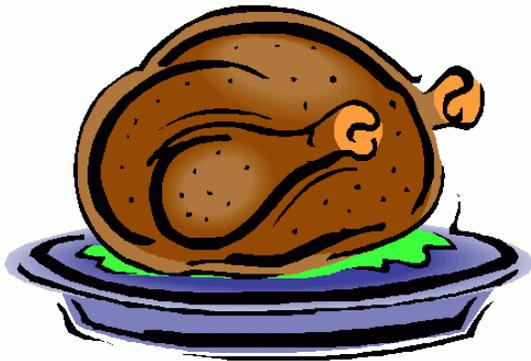
Non-alcoholic beverages and light refreshments will be served. Registration closes at 15 participants, or by November 6<sup>th</sup>.

## Leftovers

**Monday, November 30th, 6:00 pm**

Wait! Don't throw that turkey carcass in the trash – bring it to CCEEC for a lesson in avian anatomy. We'll examine the bones for a better understanding of bird skeletons. If you've saved the small bag of internal organs that comes with a frozen turkey, bring it along too!

We'll also defrost some small quail for dissection for anyone interested. All ages are welcome. The program is free for members, and a \$5 donation is requested of non-members.



## A Hiking We Will Go

**Saturday, December 5th, 10:00 am**

Before winter settles in, with the cold and dark keeping us inside, head out to find signs of wildlife still awake and on the move! The hike takes place over easy walking terrain, but sturdy shoes are recommended. Field guides and binoculars are available on loan. The program concludes with light refreshments and hot chocolate.

## Holiday Crafts

**Wednesday, December 9th, 6:00 pm**

Our annual nature-inspired craft program features grapevine wreaths, birch log decorations, jewelry projects and children's crafts. The relaxing evening includes holiday music and refreshments as well. A \$5 fee per person covers the cost of materials. Pre-registration is a must.

## From Trout Unlimited

The Western Pocono Chapter of TU usually meets monthly at CCEEC. Meetings are free to the public with no registration required.

Due to the scheduling of some special events, there are no meetings at CCEEC in the near future. Below, check out TU programs offered at other sites, and email Mike Gondell for more information, at [gondell@ptd.net](mailto:gondell@ptd.net)

## Meet the Conservation Districts

**Tuesday, October 20, 7:00 pm**

Another in the Western Pocono TU Speaker Series, the program takes place at Penn State Hazleton's Kostos building. Representatives from Luzerne, Monroe, Schuylkill, Lackawanna, and Carbon Counties have been invited to discuss the programs, projects and problems unique to each area. They'll explain how districts are involved in matters of soil erosion, mine drainage, wetland protection and more.

There is no fee and no registration required.

## Pennsylvania's Gas Pipelines: Avoiding and Minimizing Impacts on Streams

**Thursday, November 19, 6:00 pm**

The Brodhead and Western Pocono Chapters of TU jointly sponsor a presentation on their work to make sure that impacts from major interstate pipelines on the commonwealth's coldwater streams are avoided or minimized.

The program will be held at the Clymer Library, 115 Firehouse Road, Pocono Pines, from 6:00-8:00pm, and features three members of TU's national staff. There is no fee and no registration required.



# Naturalist Notes

By Jeannie Carl

Every one of us has scraped just that little bit of ice and snow off the windshield without bothering with gloves. Our hands are “freezing” by the time we have finished and it’s painful! So as you can imagine, freezing for most animals isn’t an option when dealing with the bitter temperatures. Ice crystals damage cells, causing them to rupture and collapse. Toxins build up causing nervous systems to fail. Heart rates increase due to constricted blood vessels, which could lead to death.

So, what are the options for wildlife? The feathered take flight and head to warmer climates; not because they are cold but because food is more abundant in warmer locations. Some of the furred creatures begin to prepare for hibernation by packing on extra weight as a reserve to get through the lean times. Some become less active and begin to cache food.

Some frog species burrow into the mud at the bottom of a pond to protect themselves against freezing air temperatures. But there are a few frog species found here in Pennsylvania, such as the spring peepers, western chorus frogs and wood frogs that have evolved a different strategy.

They accept a frozen fate by digging down into a couple of inches of leaf litter. They are not the only ones with this amazing adaptation. There are other amphibians and some reptiles capable of this same strategy.

Once temperatures drop below freezing, water just inside the skin of the frog starts to freeze. The liver then rapidly changes a substance called glycogen into glucose (sugar), which serves as a natural sort of “antifreeze”.

Glucose levels can increase up to 200 times in freezing temperatures. As weather gets colder, the frogs willingly go through several freeze/thaw periods as practice runs. As frogs burrow into the ground or finds deep crevices in which to hibernate, glucose keeps the small amount of water inside the cells from freezing solid.

Freeze-tolerant frogs are able to reduce the water in their cells, expelling some, and pulling some deep into the body to surround internal organs. By reducing the amount of water in its body, a frog protects fragile cells from rupturing, maybe the same way you reduce the amount of liquid you put into a jar before putting it in the freezer.

Samuel Hearne (1745–1792) was an English author and naturalist journeying in 1769–1772, described it this way:

*“Frogs of various colors are numerous in these parts and I have frequently seen them dug up with the moss, frozen hard but by wrapping them in warm skins, and exposing them to a slow fire, they soon recover life.”*



When temperatures begin to warm up, frozen frogs slowly thaw. Their hearts start beating, their blood starts flowing, and they begin to breathe again. Sugary glucose gets converted back to glycogen, and they’re eventually able to hop away to the nearest pond or lake to start the mating process.

You can see for yourself how sugar helps keep water from freezing. This winter, set out containers of plain water, 50:50 water and sugar, and a higher, syrup-like concentration of sugar in water. Note that the water should be warm to allow sugar to dissolve.

Watch to see which of the liquids freezes first, or if any don’t freeze at all. You’ll have a good idea of how the “Cool Crowd” keeps from freezing.

## The Cool Crowd

These reptiles and amphibians are especially good at using glucose to prevent freezing:

Gray Tree Frog  
Spring Peeper  
Western Chorus Frog  
Spotted Turtle (immature)  
Eastern Box Turtle  
Eastern Garter Snake  
“Sliders” and “Cooters” (turtles)

# Wildlife Notes

By Bill Williams

A spattering of stars peeked through the partly cloudy night sky. Along a desolate country road and under the diffuse glow of an unseen moon, the *ping-ping-ping* of the door alarm sounded as I exited the state truck. The date, time, location, and moon phase for the early June survey was chosen well in advance to offer the best opportunity of hearing what I was desperately hoping to hear. I felt hopeful – but not what you would call optimistic – when my watch indicated it was time to proceed.

The song of the elusive bird was something I had not heard since childhood. This nighttime serenade was relegated to serving as a musical score for increasingly distant memories of lazy summer evenings sitting on an uncle's back porch near a patch of woods, with relatives long since passed, listening to a small bird hauntingly repeat its name over, and over again.

One minute elapsed. The road behind the truck wrapped around the base of Hickory Nut Hill, just outside the little village of Waller, in northern Columbia County. From that direction, not too far away, an unmistakable rhythmic, plaintive call pierced the silence and filled me with nostalgia: *Whip-poor-will, whip-poor-will, whip-poor-will*. A smile crossed my face. After only a few repetitions, the calling abruptly stopped and would not resume.

Only other nighttime denizens greeted me at each successive listening location. The last of the spring peepers peeped, American toads trilled, a great horned owl hooted. The air temperature steadily dropped as the sky transitioned to mostly cloudy, then completely overcast. Conditions for optimal whip-poor-will calling gradually worsened and, by the time the route was completed just before midnight, a drizzling rain fell. "Did you hear any?" my wife later asked as I wearily crawled into bed. "One," I replied and drifted off to sleep. She had no idea how much it meant to me to hear that single bird.

The eastern whip-poor-will belongs to a group of nocturnal insect-eating birds known as "nightjars" because of their nocturnal habits and the jarring aspect of their vocalizations. Other nightjars found in Pennsylvania are the common nighthawk and the rarely documented chuck-will's-widow.

Nightjars also are called "goatsuckers," stemming from a false notion that the birds would fly into barns at night and use their expansive maws to suckle milk from goats

and other livestock. In folklore, the call of the whip-poor-will was considered an omen of death and substantial calling of the birds indicated an impending storm. The Mohegan tribe of Native Americans held the belief that makiwasug (magic little people) traveled through the forest at night in the shape of whip-poor-wills.

The squat and diminutive adult bird weighs around 2 ounces with a wingspan of 19 inches. A whip-poor-will has a gaping mouth and sports two vertical rows of bristles flared toward the front of the bill to funnel insect prey captured in flight. Its plumage is a mix of camouflaging browns and grays. Both sexes have a white neck band, the male with white outer tail feathers. Soft plumage enables them to fly as silently as an owl and their large eyes provide excellent night vision. A gleam of red or bright orange eyes in the glare of automobile headlights may reveal a whip-or-will's position as it sits along the road waiting for a meal to pass overhead.

Whip-poor-wills perch on branches or sit on the ground where they fly up to catch beetles, mosquitoes, gnats, and a variety of moths. The birds are most active on moonlit nights when moths and other nocturnal insects are backlit against the bright night sky.

The whip-poor-will is named for the male's repeated springtime nocturnal calling. The *whip* is sharp, the *poor* falls away, and the *will* is the highest note. The amorous bachelors call mainly at dusk and dawn to attract females. In Pennsylvania, whip-poor-wills start calling in late April or early May, when migrating males arrive from the southeastern United States, Mexico, and Central America. The calling continues through June and fades away in July.

Eastern whip-poor-wills require large tracts of forests with sparse understory and inhabit deciduous and mixed deciduous-coniferous stands with scattered open areas for foraging. They prefer young forests with clearings and are also found in the scrub oak barrens habitat of the Poconos.

Their courtship display is rarely seen, but has been documented. The male quietly approaches the female on the ground while circling her and purring as she bobs and sways. It is believed that the reproductive behavior of whip-poor-wills correlates with the lunar cycle. Males sing longer on moonlit nights, and hatching usually occurs when the moon is waxing so that the increased light makes foraging easier for the adults, which must now feed nestlings as well as themselves.

The female lays one to two eggs directly on the ground in dry open woods. The cream-colored eggs have brown spots and are perfectly camouflaged in pine needles or leaf litter. The female incubates the eggs during the day, and

# Wildlife Pages



Above—Birds aren't the only things that make themselves at home in our flight pens!  
A giant leopard moth was “spotted” on the wall of our eagle enclosure this summer.

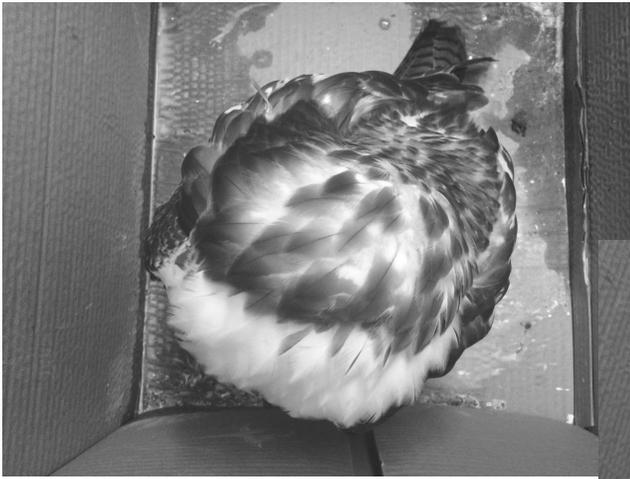
At left—A baby robin's first flight cut short, by trash.  
This guy was lucky to be found and rescued. The threads cut from his left leg looked like bits from a decayed plastic bag or tarp—a solemn reminder not to litter.



Above—An injured veery sleeps off a concussion under a soft baby blanket.  
The whisper-like song of the veery is often described as “ethereal”. The birds produce separate notes in each lung, and harmonize with themselves.



At left—Camouflage in action!  
An orphaned fawn blends in to the backdrop of our hospital room curtains.  
The cloudy eye isn't out of focus; it's what often happens when young animals become dehydrated.



Aaaaahh! A headless red-tail hawk!  
 No, silly, this is how they sleep. The young red-tail was admitted like most raptors this time of year, weak, dehydrated and dangerously thin. Migration is hard on these guys. Like this bird, many head out on a long journey when only a few months old.



See! Here I am!



Above—Starlings arrive in a cardboard box. We were recently asked by an environmental group to refrain from releasing this non-native species. We refused for several reasons, and suspect our members and supporters would be upset with a blanket policy of euthanizing non-natives

Below—”Poppy” our resident ferret enjoys his vitamin paste. *Nom nom nom nom!*



Above—American Toad + Weedwhacker = Ouch!  
 If some kind soul goes to the trouble of bringing us an animal, we do what we can to help, no matter the species.



Below—We see plenty of chipmunks, but can't always share pictures. They're just too fast! We caught this guy off-guard at his food dish, fattening up for hibernation after release.





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## **Lions Clubs International, District 14-U, Region II and Franklin Township Lions**

Thank you, Lions, for your continued generosity to CCEEC. District 14-U, Region II once again sponsored our annual Envirothon, a learning competition for nearly 700 local students.

Franklin Township Lions contributed funds that allowed us to upgrade our outdoor amphitheater.

Recently the Fische sisters, Kylee, Haylee and Emilee pictured above, stopped at the amphitheater for a visit and a snack before heading to the lake with their parents for some eagle watching.

The heavy duty tables and other improvements were made possible thanks to the Lions!

## **CONSERVATION CAMP SPONSORS**

**Pocono Whitewater**

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Jim Thorpe Pet Center \* Jim Thorpe Rotary \* R.F. Ohl Fuel Oil  
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Blue Ridge Pressure Casting \* Blue Ridge Real Estate  
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DeSousa Oil & Service, Palmerton

As a grown woman, I know I'll never fully comprehend the workings of an internal combustion engine the way most men do, nor will I have the strength to open every pickle jar, every time. But being able to solve my own problems with my own tool was remarkably empowering back then, and it still is today.

Maybe most important of all, pocket knives taught us about consequences. Mishandle the tool, forget or disregard what you've been taught, and there will be consequences. There will be blood. There's a deep, forty year-old scar on my left thumb from where I cut myself with that first Swiss Army knife, and a better reminder of consequences, I could not imagine.

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Nearly thirty years ago, boys and girls at CCEEC's annual summer camp program were asked to bring, along with swimsuits and flashlights and sleeping bags, their own pocket knives. We collected the tools when not in use and passed them out after dinner for the kids to whittle away at walking sticks. We started each night with a lesson on opening, handling and closing the blade.

Somewhere along the way, pocket knives fell off the list of things each child should bring. I don't know who made the decision or why, and I never questioned it. At least until now.

At this year's camp, one little boy showed up with his mom and his aunt in tow. Both sisters had come to see him off, and both had been campers themselves back in the early 90s. They seemed excited to pass the whole camp experience on to another generation, but mom Sarah had one concern, one very serious question.

"Isaiah wanted to know why he couldn't bring his pocket knife."

I didn't know what to say. I ran through a series of answers in my head, all having to do with things like lawsuits, liability insurance and life in a post 9/11 world. Every one sounded like a lame excuse, and made me think I'd become part of the problem. Maybe I was denying these kids the chance to experience an important rite of passage.

Aunt Deb smiled and proudly held up one hand, pointing to a rosy scar running through the webbing of her forefinger and thumb. "Remember me?" she asked. "When I cut myself working on my walking stick?"

I did remember her – and the blood, and her mother

having to come whisk her off to the emergency room for stitches. Mom had barely raised an eyebrow, and had brought Deb back to camp that same day. Lesson learned.

I looked at Deb's thumb scar, showed her my own and shared a laugh. We marveled at how we'd ever managed to survive childhood, and I promised to re-examine the pocket knife rule for next year's camp. Then I told Deb and Sarah what another of my co-workers liked to say, that scars were just tattoos with better stories.

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There's a popular play zone at my local shopping mall, just outside Bath & Body Works. It's got foam padded walls to delineate the space and to contain the tiny perfect people it invites. The carpet is one giant nature mural, depicting stepping stones, flowers, lily pads and a bright, meandering stream.

There are oversized logs, bees and mushrooms to climb on, all made of shiny molded plastic without a sharp edge to be found. The place reminds me of a prison cell, where the guards take your belt and your shoelaces before they lock you up; a hardened criminal couldn't hurt himself in there if he tried.

Let 'em play, I figure. Soon enough they'll find out that in the real world, bees sting, rocks hurt when you fall on them and water chokes up your nose if you're not careful. Soon enough they'll leave this little fantasyland and start to explore the rest of the mall, as shoppers.

They'll have a thousand sale items from which to choose, the majority of which will fall into that broad space somewhere between weapons and toys. They'll be able to buy things that come with consequences, fun things that command a certain level of responsibility: a hunting license, a prom dress, a kayak, an engagement ring.

For some, one other purchase will be made first. It'll happen when a parent or grandparent marches on into the sporting goods store, just like Isaiah's parents did, like Deb and Sarah's parents, and like my parents did before that.

Someone will lay down a few bucks on the counter and buy their child that magical first pocket knife, chock full of blades and screwdrivers and life lessons.

Sometime later, maybe even later that same day, there will be blood. And after that, a scar, maybe on the thumb, of one very lucky kid.

*-Susan Gallagher*

*Whip-poor-will*, from page 5

both parents share incubation duties at night. The eggs hatch in 19 to 21 days. The hatchlings are covered in down and soon capable of short-distance movements to help them elude predators. The chicks are fed a steady diet of regurgitated insects until they fledge at around 21 days.

In recent years, conservationists and the general public have come to share a general sense that populations of nightjars have been declining. However, there was no empirical data to help describe the changes or to help plot a strategy to reverse population losses.

In 2007, the Center for Conservation Biology – a cooperative of the College of William and Mary and Virginia Commonwealth University - formed the National Nightjar Survey to collect current nightjar distribution and population data. The Pennsylvania Game Commission is a partner in this effort.

Volunteers conduct standardized roadside counts on scheduled moonlit nights, by driving and stopping at 10 points along a predetermined route. At each point, observers count nightjars seen or heard during a six-minute period. Gathering this information over time will point to changes in nightjar distribution and population size while experts simultaneously analyze changes in habitat composition.

A dramatic decline of the whip-poor-wills in Pennsylvania can be seen when comparing numbers of these birds noted during the first Pennsylvania Breeding Bird Atlas survey conducted from 1983 to 1989, and the second survey conducted from 2004 to 2009. Nightjars, as a group, were found to be experiencing the steepest decline of all insectivorous birds and overall whip-poor-will detection declined 42 percent.

The bird nearly disappeared from previously occupied parts of western Pennsylvania and had drastic losses in the northeast portions of the Ridge and Valley Province. This drop prompted the Ornithological Technical Committee of the Pennsylvania Biological Survey to list the eastern whip-poor-will as “vulnerable” in Pennsylvania.

The whip-poor-will’s decline is a complex issue that likely stems from a combination of several factors. A decline in aerial insects, especially moths, could be contributing. Dependence on aerial insects is something all nightjars have in common. Some scientists believe agricultural pesticides might be playing a role, as well.

Habitat loss and composition changes might also be key factors. Whip-poor-wills are an edge species that needs a mix of young-forest areas for nesting and open areas for foraging. Locations meeting these specific habitat requirements have dwindled in the northeastern United States and Canada through a combination of development and forest maturation, resulting in fewer prime spots for whip-poor-wills.

The problem also could originate in the whip-poor-will’s wintering grounds, which stretch from the Gulf states to Honduras. Little is known of changing habitat conditions and human encroachment in these areas.

On state game lands, the Game Commission uses land-management practices such as timber-stand improvement and prescribed-fire operations that could benefit whip-poor-wills. Efforts to create and enhance young-forest habitat for species such as the golden-winged warbler and American woodcock, could help the eastern whip-poor-will, as well.

It happened only a few days after that nightjar survey. Chores at the barn were completed just as the sun slipped over the horizon and I was walking back toward the house. Swallows swooped and darted in the buggy twilight, their crops full of insects, ready to return to dried-mud nests crowded with young. Bats queued in the barn rafters like fuzzy fighter jets preparing for an aircraft-carrier launch. A bird began calling and I ran the remaining distance to the house.

My wife and I stood on the front porch. “Listen,” I said. For a few moments, only silence. Then, from atop a nearby ridge, we heard a lone nightjar calling out its name.

“I am here” it proclaimed, over and over again.

*Bill Williams is the Information and Education Supervisor for the Pennsylvania Game Commission’s Northeast Regional Office in Dallas.  
Photo credit—PA Game Commission*



CCEEC members who choose to share an email address receive monthly updates, notifying them of special programs and other happenings.

Our facebook followers get even more frequent notices of what's going on.

As has always been our policy, CCEEC does not share any of your information with other organizations.



### CCEEC MEMBER BENEFITS

- A subscription to our newsletter, Reflections from the Lake
- Free or discounted admission to many public programs
- Email updates on programs & other activities
- A discount on our already low-priced summer rafting trip
- Free dermestid beetle skull cleaning for our members who are sportsmen
- As available, free owl pellets for educators
- Discounted admission & gift shop purchases at dozens of other centers, through a reciprocal benefits program
- A discount on children's swim lessons at Mauch Chunk Lake Park

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“Reflections from the Lake” is published three times annually by the Carbon County Environmental Education Center. It is mailed free to all members of CCEEC and Mauch Chunk Lake Park.

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Mauch Chunk Lake is administered by the Carbon County Parks and Recreation Commission. CCEEC is administered by the Carbon Conservation District. Funding is provided in part by the Carbon County Commissioners.

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Address Service Requested

**CONSERVATION THROUGH EDUCATION**

**Carbon County  
Environmental Education Center  
151 E. White Bear Dr.  
Summit Hill, PA 18250**

Presorted Standard

