

At that time I had no 12 meter nets, only 14 9 meter and 3 5 meter nets on hand. The adjustment was made and I received the nets on September 22. On September 23 the last two cartons arrived; one was valued at \$100 with 38% tax (its correct value was \$50.) The other was rated at 38% with correct value of \$50 on the package. To have adjustment made on these two cartons, I had to supply an invoice and evidence that 30% is the usual duty. The rate was quickly adjusted and I accepted the packages on the 27th. The nets were then counted, placed in garbage cans ready to fill orders.

To find suitable containers for shipping, I hunt through the empty cartons in the local supermarket every Tuesday for small boxes. I salvage all I can from a local paint store. Any place I see a small box, I aim for it. The wrapping paper and tape is appropriated at our own newspaper. I make two trips a day to town; one to pick up the mail (your orders) and one to wrap and mail them.

Now you know what goes into filling your requests for nets, which I'm very happy to do because I believe more birds can be trapped with fewer casualties with nets.

I have bought 900 nets since January 1, 1960 and by the time you read this I will have ordered 200 more to try to build an inventory for the Spring migration. I always have an order in transit. By Spring we should have three lengths of nets and two mesh sizes in each length. ★ ★ ★

JEFF GILL NETS
BULLFINCH & 2
COWS ON L.I.

A new record was set during Operation Recovery when Jeff Gill, banding in Syosset, got one Angus bull, two cows and two calves in one net.

Jeff writes: "All cattle are curious but this particular herd of 12 penned up in a 63 acre field beat all records. I knew about the bull beforehand and was told it was gentle but that I shouldn't tease it. The calves are the ones. I had a yellow plastic pail with my pliers, bands and other stuff in it. This was almost a fatal attraction for the calves. I had robins in the nets squawking their heads off and it had started to rain. I had been soaking wet once before and come out again between down-pours. Found I had forgotten my glasses and then run into the above predicament. I did get the birds out but lost two nets in the melee. I was in boots, raincoat and the barb-wire fence in back of me was the flimsiest thing, maybe cattle-proof but not ideal to climb. I'm going back next weekend as this looks like a good spot if I can control the thundering herd!"

Huntington, L.I., N.Y.

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