

cow with horns walk right through my nets once and she did it two years in a row.

(Chuckle chuckle) But that was a real hazard!

One of the more interesting, or what would have been interesting to somebody else, was a warm night I was sleeping in a little tent and I heard a peculiar noise outside. I looked out, I had the nets up, we kept them up all night. The cows were in the campground, and the noise I heard was a cow grabbing a tuft of grass and ripping it as they fed. So I put my boots on; I just had my undershorts and boots on, and crawled out and it was bright moon light, I chased the cows out of the campground.

The first really big day, which may have been one of the biggest of all time, I think came in 1968, but I would have to look back. It came the year they modernized the camp ground and I came down on Friday night and there was nobody else here. I started to put up the nets by light of my Coleman lantern and I got South 1, 2, 3, and 4 up, and I was starting to work [North] and I had what we called North 6 which is up there where there isn't any net now. I think I'd got that in place and I was working on North 1 and 2 (what is now North 1 and 2) when I tripped and fell and smashed the Coleman lantern (chuckle) so I didn't get that net up. Okay, I've got those nets in. I don't remember if I didn't get out early in the morning. By this time, we had abandoned the camp ground. I got out there and there were a tremendous number of birds and they kept coming all day. I had one of our banding buckets and I wanted to get the nets closed. I had birds in South 4, South 1 and halfway down in South 2. In those days South 2 caught birds in only the first half of it and South 3 hardly caught anything. Well I got the birds out of South 2 as fast as I could so I could close that net. South 1 was loaded, I counted 60 birds in South 1 and there was nothing to do but take a bird out and put in the bucket unless it was a vireo which I banded. I finally got the net cleared and closed, and all this time I had an Oriole that kept hollering at me in South 4. I got there, got it out and in the meantime, the birds kept coming into the net while I was working. My standing there didn't bother them

at all. I went back to where we were banding down in the cave then and when I banded out that bucket, I had 80 birds in that bucket. Well I thought two things; I thought that bucket would take off with so much flutter and surely would have some dead birds, but didn't have any. Every bird flew when I turned it loose. When I looked to see how many birds I banded, I'd taken 80 birds out of that net. Well I suspect that that day, I had 250 to 300 birds, but if we'd had the nets spread we have now and I hadn't closed the nets when I did, there's no telling what we would have had that day. It's surely one of the 2 or 3 really biggest days in history. Another big day that I wasn't here when Ann Shreave had --she just quit! Ha ha ha

Question: When did you first find the rock overhang--"The Cave".

I don't remember when we first went down in there. Pretty early on.. We still maintained the work in the campground. In 1963, we worked both places . And I don't remember if it was 1963 or 1964, I came down and there was an outing club from Morgantown camped in the campground including their tents pitched in our net lanes. So from then on we didn't work in the camp grounds, I think that was 1964. I don't remember for sure when--it was very early--that we went down in there (The Cave). Of course, we enhanced it. We had those wavy roofing metals propped up so it had more cover it than it does now.