



# FIELD NOTES

## Tale of the Tape

Having moved from Chambersburg to the Altoona area, my wife and I had a lot of boxes to unpack. As we did so, I stacked the flattened empty boxes in my garage. As the pile got larger, I would wrap them into bundles with packing tape. With the humidity being high the tape wouldn't always hold, so I tied a few bundles with string. When it came time to put them in the trash, I noticed something on one of the pieces of loose tape. Closer inspection revealed a foot-long garter snake that had become stuck on the tape. Still alive, but unable to free itself, all that moved was its tongue. After a couple of minutes of careful tugging and gently pulling, my wife and I were able to free it from the tape and return it to the wild. I wonder if the packing tape company is interested in adding snake capture to its advertised uses for its product?

—SC I&E SUPERVISOR BARRY LEONARD,  
HUNTINGDON

## Lucky Day

SUSQUEHANNA — I was helping WCO Mike Webb with a deer in a swimming pool, when we walked under a large oak tree and heard what we thought was a limb crack. We looked up, noticed nothing peculiar, then went back to business and forgot about the noise. About 30 seconds after we had walked away from the tree, a large limb broke free and swung down. We just looked at each other and smiled. Sometimes even WCOs catch a break.

—WCO RICHARD BRIGGS, UNIONDALE

## Saves Miles On the Wings

BUTLER — I was getting my oil changed in my state vehicle last spring when the mechanic found a robin's nest that had been built on the undercarriage of the vehicle. Apparently, the bird felt secure on a "game warden's" truck.

—WCO CHIP BRUNST, WEST SUNBURY



Nick Rosato

## Unnerving

McKEAN — I was walking through a field loaded with wildflowers, and bees were buzzing all around me. My cell phone, set on vibrate, went off in my shirt pocket, and I jumped and swatted, thinking bees were in my shirt. I felt a little silly when I realized it was my phone. So when game lands management supervisor Steve Peterson told me about his vibrating phone experience, I had some sympathy. He had just turned his back on a coiled rattlesnake, of which he had been taking close-up photographs, and the phone was in his pants pocket. He said he squealed like a little girl.

—WCO LEN GROSHEK, SMETHPORT