I saw the Caponizing set out in the barn the other day. It must have been in the spoil Cabinet that Pat took at Christmas time. I guess I never did tell you about the time I got the tools.

I suppose it was about the summer I was seventeen. We still lived on the farm north of town. I had read about Caponizing young cockerels and decided I wanted to try it.

Mom had some Barred Plymouth Rock chicks and when they were the right age, I set up a place out in the orchard south of the house. I got everything ready, just as the instructions said to do. It was an entirely one-man (one-boy) operation, no one else had been asked to help.

The bird was secured in place by tieing its wings and legs. Then when I made the incision between the specified ribs, I was almost overwhelmed with the feeling I had started something I couldn't finish. But the little chicken was helpless so I took the proper tool, poked into the cavity and hooked out the gland. What a relief when that was over. I was ready to turn the bird loose when I realized I was only half through.

The instructions gave a choice of two ways to do the operation, after taking out one gland, turn the bird over and do the other side, or pierce the center membrane in the cavity and reach the other gland from the same incision. I stood into the abdomen and my faint heart told me I had done enough damage, so I turned the bird over, pulled out the necessary feathers and made another incision.

It did better, and faster on the second side and was

soon ready to release my patient. I had almost forgotten, the instructions said to always mark the bird for later identification and that a good way to do it was to clip off the middle toenail of one foot. I had made preparations for this by placing a pair of wire cutters handy. It was a simple, quick operation, but again I was ready to give up. There had been practically no bleeding at what I had done before, now there was blood all over the table top and the tools. It took me by surprise.

I did go ahead and capture three more. One of them was a sly and grew cunt and would crow sometimes. One was saved as a pet. It would take care of baby chicks, of any age or size, all at the same time. It would even fight off anything that threatened to gobble them. It would even mother little ducklings right along with the chicks. We called his name Job, he was so patient.

P. S. - you may have the tools if you want them.