

# ADVICE FOR AN ASPIRING FLYER

By Duncan MacGregor

So you want to fly pigeons do you? That's good news. The young kids of today just don't bother. They don't know what they're missing, it's a great pastime, and I've been flying for 30 years. I'm currently president and a founding member of our club, bet you didn't know that, eh. I'll also bet you didn't know that I've also won every race distance over the years. You've shown a lot of nous for a young fella, by going right to the top. If I can't set you right no one can.

The birds here are bred to my old line, true champions, don't worry about the imported stuff, they just don't have the guts for our hard conditions. Stick with the old stuff son they'll never let you down. Never finished out of a place the last three years with the old line. Finished either first, second or third in the aggregate as well. Pretty hard to beat a performance like that you know. Stick with me son, you'll be winning races before you can say 'Bobs me aunty'.

Now, we'll have a look at the birds in a minute but before we do, I'll better pass on some of the experience that's taken me years to master. First, don't listen to those new boys with all their funny ideas, they mean well, but they just don't know. Stick with the peas, son, that's the way to feed. All these fancy mixes, just a fad, seventy-five per cent peas, boy, that's the way to feed. Don't let anyone tell you otherwise.

What's that you say, cost? Well it's not as cheap as it used to be. You need a clock. I might have an old one somewhere, they're not cheap you know, but I could let you have it for a couple of hundred, rings are getting dearer, you've got transport and straw costs, entry fees both for the club and federation not to mention the club and fed affiliation fees. But don't worry son it's all worth it, and with my advice, as I said earlier, you'll be collecting a few bob in prize money before you know it. We used to have junior memberships, but the committee voted to abolish it last year, but don't worry son, you'll manage.

What was that, how many birds do you need? You'll need some quality stock birds, I just might have a couple of pair that I can give you, they're pretty old, but don't worry son, they filled nearly all their eggs last year and I suppose there will be a couple of other pairs I could sell cheap. Don't like to part with them, you know, but because I like you I spose I'll make an exception.

Race birds, now there's a different story. You'll need to breed extras just to feed those bloody falcons. Bloody greenies, first they stop us getting rid of the menace from the sky. The old rabbit trap son, them was the days, sorted the bastards out straight away. Hey, what? No, not the greenies, the bloody falcons. Now they want

to fine you or lock you up. This world is going to pot. Where was I? That's right, the greenies, now they're trying to limit the number of birds we can breed. See that shed down the back son. No, not the brick one, the little tin one. Used to fit sixty birds in there once. Ah, those were the days.

Oh, one last thing before we go down the back. When you come down the club watch out for Stewie and Les, you just can't trust them, they're only interested in themselves, you know? Stick with me son.

What's that son? Speak-up, you'll never do if you can't speak up. What, how many members in the club? Well it's been a bit quiet the last three years. What's that you say, how many? Just the three of us, I just can't understand the youth of today, you'd think they would get of their arses, but no, not them. Ah well it's their loss. What's that? You don't want to look at the birds. WHY NOT?