

# THE TIMES THEY ARE A CHANGING

From Duncan MacGregor

All right luv I'm off, don't forget we've got the meeting tonight after basketing. I shouldn't be too late but don't wait up just in case they want to argue the toss about a few things. What? Yeh, yeh I know, don't get excited and don't drink too much. Bye.

Nice lot of birds tonight, weren't they Lim. I just wish they'd get a move along with the meeting so I can get home. What do you mean I don't look flash? Mate I'll have you know I'm as tough as my mother in laws backside. Here we go mate we're under way, shouldn't take too long maybe an hour or so and we'll be out of here. Pass me another can of beer will you please, mate.

Hang on, hang on, Mr. President. What do you mean your declaring the meeting closed? We both know that you've got a notice there for discussion on whether the birds should be basketed on Thursdays instead of Fridays for the two hundred and fifty mile races. What do'ya mean the executive decided on the change in order to teach the birds to drink? I've always taught my birds in the tossing unit, and if a bird can't drink before two hundred and fifty miles, one night extra in the unit won't help. Changes like this have to go to the delegates to vote on, this just can't happen....it, it whoa, hang on a minute, I'm not feelin so good. Lim, give us hand mate I'm feelin a bit groggy.

What the hell are they all doing, standing over me like that? Wow, what the hell am I doing watching them from up here? Could someone get that light out of my eyes, it's hard to see. What are all those steps? What's that in front of them, whatever it is, it's got a great step in the wing. Hang on, I'm starting to get the idea and I'm not so sure I like it. I new I shouldn't have had that last beer.

Crikey, that's got to be the biggest loft I've ever seen, must be a mob flyer. Who are you? St. Peter, and I'm in heaven, rubbish, where's the pearly gates? What do you mean it's a fly-in? If you'r St. Peter, how come your dressed your like that. Oh, you've been scraping out, fair enough. Hang on, if this is heaven where do all the non-pigeon people go? What???? Heavens like life.... IT'S WHAT YOU MAKE OF IT!

All right I'll accept that I'm here, but what do you mean I can't come in until your system up-dates. This is heaven everything is supposed to work. What do you mean time doesn't matter, it mightn't to you but I've got a different point of view. What say I give you an up-date myself.

I'm the first to admit that in the past I tended to look at things a bit narrowly, think of only my own needs and ego but over the last two years I managed to embrace the new innovations such as electronic clocking. I've helped a young bloke get into the sport, without even making a quid out of him I might add. I've got rid of the boundaries in the club which has helped to revitalise the our membership, we went from three to twelve in

less than two years, you know. I've even been raising money for charity at the one loft race, but I suppose you know all about charity and one-loft races, and lately I've been fighting to get rid of sections in the Combine.

What? Your going to send me down below until you can verify what I'm saying. How long is that going to take? Yeh, yeh, I know, time doesn't matter.....Crikey you took your time. That place is hell. Full of bloody greenies and falcons, all they feed is peas and you never get a bloody pigeon home. What's that, the computers up dated, good.

Ok, ok, I'll admit that my wife had the idea about the boundaries, but I did all the work., I'm the one who argued with the others and convinced them that pigeon racing wasn't just about what's best for them. and that if we didn't change there wouldn't be anyone to race against.

Why, why did I want to get rid of the sections? Well I'll tell you. Remember that kid I was telling you about, well, there was two Chinese blokes, well alright if you insist, Non Caucasian blokes having a sale, best birds you could buy. Anyway he decided that he needed to improve his stock. I still don't know what was the matter with the ones I gave him, but anyway, his parents loaned him two thousand dollars to buy some birds. He ended up buying a pair, not bad either if you like Janssen's. Anyway the next year, blow me down, he won the combine. You know what he got? Bugger all. The way things are there will soon be as many sections as flyers. They'd be a damn sight better to increase the club monies and fly the Combine as a one in all in, and make it worth while instead of worrying about who gets what advantage with the wind and location.

It wasn't so long ago that I was reminded of the reasons I entered the sport and if they, the powers to be, that is, can recapture that sense of adventure and fun, then pigeon flying can't help but go ahead. What? I'm allowed in. Great I couldn't stand that lot down below, the way they were whinging and complaining about everyone and sundry I almost thought I was back at the club.

Nice loft, St. Pete, but jeez, sorry, crikey, these are all Janssens. Oh, well... I suppose ...,

IT'S NEVER TOO LATE TO CHANGE

