

# Hullbridge Pigeon Club



Jack Martin

Here I am, back from my cruise, all fresh and revitalised, ready for whatever lies ahead. Not really, after a week I am still jetlagged and there was only a two hour time difference. There you go, it's all down to old age. In truth there is quite a lot of different things to look forward to. Firstly it was nice to get back and have a look at my birds to see how they had fared in my absence. I have to say that Dave Lammin who looks after my birds in my absence did a sterling job as always with the birds in peak condition. The next thing on my agenda is to get down to the club on Sunday lunchtime for a couple of pints of the much missed Guinness and a catch up of what has been going on while I was sunning myself. Whilst in Turkey, on one of the ports of call, I saw a sign for pigeon island and felt impelled to take a look. Sure enough there was an island with a castle and there was an enormous aviary full of well cared for pigeons. It far exceeded my expectations. Before I bore you too much with my hols, I feel that I must relate a very embarrassing moment that happened at the wailing wall in Israel. My wife insisted on me posting a note in a crack in the wall. The only thing was that I had to wear a skull cap to enter the enclosure. This, much to my wife's

disappointment, was something I was not prepared to do. I said instead that she carried out the deed on the women's side of the wall. My wife insisted that I take her picture while she posted her prayer which as a dutiful husband I did. While calling for her to smile, I felt a tap on the shoulder from a security guard of seven feet something, gently explaining that I was in the ladies only side and to get out. Being the obedient sort, I was off like Brere Rabbit before being helped on my way, leaving my wife to find her own way out. Sorry if I bored you with all that but I felt that I had to share it.

It's that time of the year again when we have the annual prize-giving to look forward to. My understanding is that this year we are having a joint presentation with the whole of The Thames. With well over one 120 members it should be a great occasion. Nothing has been finalised yet so watch this space. We have had several big shows this year with the Blackpool Show still to come. These are shows where the Hullbridge members let their hair down and get stuck in to some real celebrating. Not that this gang need an excuse. The beauty of it is that many of the wives come along and join in. I must admit that I do get withdrawal symptoms in the closed season. There



J. B. flashing another of my livers.

is so much preparation ahead in getting the birds ready for early breeding ect but I miss the camaraderie of Friday and Saturday evenings during the racing season. Shouldn't wish our lives away, as the season will be here before we know it.

Once again, I hope not to bore you but I am once again going through my archives to find some amusing and serious photos so please bare with me.

Before I finish off, may I on behalf of all of the Hullbridge membership, wish one and all a very Merry Christmas and a Happy 'Hawk Free' New Year.

Best wishes and Regards to Paddy in Dublin.  
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Terry Bentham, no 1 trainer.



John & Theresa Gladwin.



Micky & Sally Watts.



The burger team.



What's Tony done?