

Hullbridge Pigeon Club



Jack Martin

Here we are, another week nearer to the start of the season. Are you ready? Can we all share a thought for our fellow fanciers stretching from Wales in the west to The Midlands and beyond with this awful weather. I just cannot imagine the pain of waking up and finding your beloved pigeons flooded out. Worse still, having your loft washed away. I'm sure that you will join me in hoping that things will improve and I'm sure that fanciers everywhere will rally around and give much needed support where needed.

On a much brighter note, it was decided to have a surprise birthday party for one of the Club's hard workers to thank him for his hard work throughout the season. The best thing is that this man goes to the Club every Friday through the season and prepares the crates ready for the transportation of the birds. So what? I hear you say, but the main thing is that this man is not even a member, yet week in and week out without fail the crates are done. These Gerald crates are not the smallest on the market but you can guarantee that they will

be spick and span and ready for the birds. The party is being organised by his daughter-in-law, Debbie Cowlin, wife of John Cowlin. There is the promise of a curry and chilli amongst other goodies for the gannets amongst us. Now for the man himself, Rob Cowlin. As I've already said, Rob makes a fantastic contribution to the Club and is liked and appreciated by all. So it's wishing Rob a very happy birthday and have a great evening from all of the Hullbridge members in appreciation of your hard work.

Of course, Rob's party is not the end of it all, Tony Buckfield has got the much anticipated Tyson Fury Deontay Wilder fight on. What a night that is going to be, especially when you consider that the fight isn't aired until around five in the morning. I can imagine the dart board and pool table taking a hiding while waiting for the fight to start, not



Birthday boy Rob Cowlin.

forgetting of course the hard work the bar staff will be putting in. On that note I would just like to add 'Come on Tyson' please don't leave me with egg on my face Mr Tyson, we are all rooting for you.

Well, what a result! Now I know this is a pigeon paper but who amongst us wasn't hoping for a win from Tyson and what a win, seventh round and Wilder's corner threw the towel in. That's all I will say on the matter.

Now back to the party. Rob Cowlin was told that there was to be a pigeon club meeting at around 7:30. The Club was decked out with the usual



John flashing the cash.



Ladies table.



The Gladwins.



Having a good time.



Rachael & Michael.

balloons and bunting and the guests started arriving at around 6.30 to secure a place at the bar. Come 7.30 and John Cowlin escorted dad Rob into the club to be greeted with cheers applause and a rendition of Happy Birthday. To say that he was surprised is the understatement of the year. Unfortunately, because of driving, I usually make two pints last for about a four hour session. However, Tony Buckfield said for me to have a few more beers and he would pay for a taxi home. A really generous offer but I gratefully refused. A little later after a few games of darts I was cornered by John Cowlin and Luke Skywalker who also told me to have another couple of beers and they would organise a taxi home for me. Before I knew it, another pint of Guinness was sitting on the bar looking at me with a grinning Tony B behind it. What could I do? I reluctantly succumbed to another couple of pints while trying to catch Luke



Hogging the bar.

up who was by now on his tenth pint. Not a snowball's chance in hell of matching his prowess as a drinker. Anyway, Luke and John stuffed £40 in my pocket for my taxi ride home and irrespective of my protest, refused to take the money back. They stated that it was a thank you for keeping the Hullbridge in the news. My turn to say thankyou to you.

As I stated previously, the dartboard was the main attraction (apart from the bar) and a lot of fun was had by everybody no matter how good or bad, with a chance to win the kitty in a game of killer. Well, Debbie Cowlin, who couldn't hit a barn door walked away with the first kitty of £20. After that things warmed up and the kitties began to grow.

The king of the kitties was won by John Cowlin who as you can see from the photo, had a grin a mile wide as he flashed the cash.

I am going to finish off now with a mention about a fellow press officer by the name of Toastmaster. He had read my article where I said that I was giving the press officer's job up because I was finding it harder and harder out of season to find things to write about. He had found it the same as me, harder and harder. However, in my case, I was overwhelmed by the positive response that I got from the Hullbridge membership that I was given no other option but to carry on and here I am. Regards to Paddy in Dublin.

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