

U N I T E D

Swallow Club



President's Message

by Bill Griebel

We had quite a scare with two of our USC members. Perry Mueller and Howard Angevine both were hospitalized with very serious, life threatening situations. At last report, both gentlemen are at home and doing fine. We wish both a speedy recovery. I'm sure that both could use some cheering up correspondence.

The year 1994 was a good one for USC. There were several good shows around the country. Participation was up and quality better than ever. Several people made great strides in their swallow programs and this was evidenced at our meets. We continue to work on projects that will be very important to us in the future. Our treasury is at an all-time high with all our bills paid. It is up to us to now roll into 1995 with the same enthusiasm.

Looking to the future, I see continued progress with what we are working on at present and some new things we might want to try. One of the things I've been approached with is a futurity. This is where a series of club bands is set aside, sold to the membership at an elevated cost per band, a specific show designated to judge these specially banded birds with a portion of collected monies going to perhaps the 1st, 2nd and 3rd best birds shown but also a portion of the monies collected to go to the club as a fund raiser. I think this deserves some consideration.

In January of 1998, the Los Angeles Pigeon Clubs plan to stage another National in LA. We plan to have a European swallow and color pigeon judge and will be shooting to host the largest swallow and color pigeon meet ever in the U.S. Last time we had the National here in LA, it was a huge success; just ask those out of area members who attended. There were also several top swallow breeders from Germany in attendance. We will talk more about this later.

Several of us USC members are planning to attend the German National Show in Nurnberg in December 1995. This show promises to be the largest pigeon show held in the history of pigeon shows in the world. Some 40,000+ birds. Some say

SPRING 1995

there could be 60,000 exhibits. I am attempting to get hotel information for those who would like attend. I should have this by the next bulletin.

Its time to start making nominations for our 1995 annual meet and judge. Remember to vote for a show site that a large number of members can attend. Unfortunately, last year, many people voted for the Oklahoma City National but very few people showed up. We spent good money to bring in a judge to handle 38 birds – not good. Something to think about. All you members should be making recommendations to your directors – the more shows the better. In the East for the last two years, their main show was held in conjunction with a major snow storm. Maybe an earlier date would work or maybe a little luck, who knows.

Finally, getting on the soap box again, district directors are urged to send in a message for *each* bulletin. I realize the difficulty of the collection of information for this task – its not my favorite thing either but it needs to get done. Lets all do what we can to make our bulletin better in 1995. Also, I look forward to seeing more participation by the membership in the bulletin. All your views are appreciated and needed. If you are a judging committee member or a standards committee member and you don't return material that your committee chairman has sent to you, don't expect your view to be expressed in the program. If you are going to be on the committee, you need to participate! Again, lets make 1995 a better year for USC.

Best wishes to all USC members for a wonderful breeding season.

THINGS TO DO ...

- ✓ Nominate a judge and show for our 1995 Annual Meet.
- ✓ This is an election year – start thinking about nominations to start in our next bulletin.
- ✓ Vaccinate your birds.
- ✓ Participate in your USC Bulletin.
- ✓ Make sure you spend plenty of time daily to ensure a quality breeding season.

SECRETARY'S MESSAGE

by Dave Harris

Dear USC Members,

I have really been busy since our last bulletin. I have recently returned from Tuscon, Arizona, after seven long weeks of refresher law enforcement training in preparation for my new position with the State. I have been home only three times since January 2. Needless to say, it was difficult being away from the family and my Swallows after our recent move to Arizona from Minnesota. Back home now and am preparing to get the birds in the breeding pens. Hope to make up for lost time this season.

As you can see, the club is in excellent financial shape. With \$1322.39 in the bank, I feel there was really an extra effort on everyone's part to get us in this shape. There are around 20 members that still need to pay dues for 1995. All in all, everyone has really put in the extra effort to keep things rolling over the show participation, dues, raffle, and auction. THANKS!

I have paid the first half of our 1996 band order to the NPA. We will have 3,000 bands available once again. The only change will be we increased the CL by 100 and decreased Muffed by 100. There will be 2600 Muffed and 400 Clean Leg bands for 1996.

I really must apologize to those that have written me and have not received an answer. I promise to write you soon.

I have spoken to Bill Griebel, he has his birds mated and looking forward to another fine season. Bill Jr. will also be in the hunt.

My congratulations to Nate Wayne with his win at the Annual meet in Oklahoma. (What does it take to get a couple pair of Silver Barless from Big Nate? Your first born?) Congratulations, ole buddy. Hope the weather isn't too cold there in Minnesota. It's been a bit cold here in Arizona, too, around 70°.

Sorry for getting off club business, I just had to tease my friends in Minnesota. I miss all of you, NOT the winter weather.

I would like some input from the membership if you would like the club to print up more club patches, hats and T-shirts. Of course, it will be a supply and demand on the hats and T-shirts and if it will be cost effective. Let me know and I will consult the officers for approval for the expenditure of funds if we can get the orders.

Thats about it for now, everyone. Congratulations to those of you on your winning Swallows this past season.

Hope everyone has a great '95 season also. I will be back in the competition this year.

God Bless and be safe.



Steve Ball, David Harris and Arnold Chaney at an early Pageant.

TREASURER'S REPORT

Submitted by Dave Harris

Balance on November 21, 1994		\$ 261.41
INCOME		
Dues	\$ 240.00	
Band Sales	393.00	
DesMoines Rebate	86.00	
Reading Rebate	52.50	
Des Moines Raffle	191.00	
DesMoines Auction	500.00	
Donations	<u>160.00</u>	<u>1,622.50</u>
		1883.91
EXPENSES		
Half '96 Band Order	180.00	
Winter Bulletin	72.18	
DesMoines Decorations	25.00	
Postage	48.98	
Pigeon Fancier Classified	25.00	
Pigeon Debut Classified	18.00	
Wordprocessor Repair (Harris)	98.25	
Office Supplies	12.41	
Photocopies	2.00	
Phone Bill (July-Jan)	<u>83.70</u>	<u>(561.52)</u>
Balance - February 21, 1995		\$1,322.39

Les Hirondelles, Les Hirondelles!

By Ross Dobson

1408 Boyd Street, Cornwall, Ontario
K6J 1S 1, Canada

Well, it l happened. After ten plus years of bragging to people that I won at all shows with my champion swallows, I have now been put in the position of actually having to compete against fellow Canadian swallow exhibitors! This unusual situation arose in the Fall of 1994 at Toronoto, Ontario and Montreal, Quebec. Here is how it happened . . .

NOVEMBER 12, 1994 – MONTREAL

This one day show, sponsored by the "Association de Pigeons et Volailles de la province de Quebec", was enjoyed by 46 exhibitors with about 416 pigeons of all breeds displayed. The highlight to me, of course, was the nice display of 11 Fairy swallows by two exhibitors – Clement Page (Pierrefonds, Quebec) and Ross Dobson (Cornwall, Ontario). The judge was Albert Dion. Champion swallow was a blue spangled old cock (R. Dobson). Les hirondelles, by the way, is French for swallows.

NOVEMBER 19-20, 1994 – TORONTO

This weekender, the "CPFA Classic" show, sponsored by the Canadian Pigeon Fanciers Associatitors with 56 breeds of pigeons on display; about 1800 birds in total. With this show were seven swallows – four clean-legged Thuringer Swallows exhibited by Bob Pilchar of Brandon, Manitoba, and three Saxon Fairy Swallows exhibited by Ross Dobson of Cornwall, Ontario. I was not there for the judging, but strongly believe that Bob Pilchar won Champion Thuringer Swallow (blue barless old hen) and Ross Dobson won Champion Fairy Swallow (silver spangled old cock). Ross drove to this show (4 hours) and Bob flew over the Great Lakes (3 hours).

CENTRAL DISTRICT REPORT

By Perry Mueller, District Director

Things went well in the Central District this past show season. Nate Wayne and I drove down to Kentucky for the National Young Bird Show. I got to talk to the usual bunch of guys again. Nate did the judging for us. Thanks again, Nate.

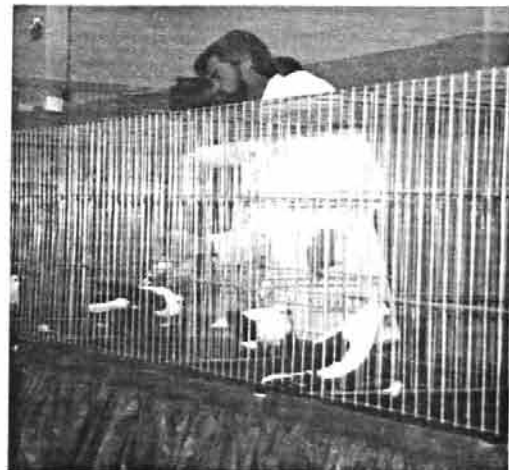
We had a little more action in Des Moines this year. Gloria Weisgram set the show up and handled all the preparations and, as usual, did a great job. We did something a little different at the show this year. The word was that we were going to have a large entry so rather than one of the exhibitors pulling their entry and judging, we decided to fly Bill Griebel in to judge – at our own expense. Bill did a great job. Thanks again, Bill. Those members who contributed were Cal Breadhoff, Howard Angevine, Norm House, Elliot Yeske, Nate Wayne, Gus Colletti, Gloria Weisgram and myself.

We also had a great raffle and auction, that was headed up by Elliot Yeske. The money made will help support the club and the annual meet in Oklahoma. Congratulations to Norm House for winning the show in Des Moines with a nice black white bar Fairy Swallow.

Best wishes to everyone this season!



Bob Benson, Perry Mueller, Nate Wayne, Gloria Weisgram and Cal Breadhoff keeping tabs on Des Moines judge.



Judge Bill Griebel at Des Moines show, judging black barless.

Central District Show Results – Des Moines, IA

SILVER BARLESS SILESIAN

Young Cock			
Perry Mueller	#1402	S	
Young Hen			
Perry Mueller	#1441	S	
Old Cock			
Perry Mueller	#280	S ⁴	
Perry Mueller	#436	S ¹	
Nate Wayne	#510	S ³	
Nate Wayne	#540	S ²	
Gloria Weisgram	#3	HS	
Cody Nitschke	#403	S ⁵	
Old Hen			
Perry Mueller	#664	S ³	
Perry Mueller	#449	HS	
<i>Best Silver Barless and Best Silesian</i>			
Nathan Wayne	#448	S ⁴	
Nathan Wayne	#454	S ²	
Nathan Wayne	#505	S ⁵	
Nathan Wayne	#508	S ¹	
Cody Nitschke	#412	S ⁶	
<i>Best Junior Bird</i>			

BLUE BARLESS SILESIAN

Young Cock			
Calvin Breadhoff	#300	HS ²	
Perry Mueller	#1433	HS ¹	
Perry Mueller	#1435	S ¹	
Gloria Weisgram	#1603	S ³	
Gloria Weisgram	#1609	S ²	
Young Hen			
Calvin Breadhoff	#379	S ²	
Nathan Wayne	#800	S ¹	
Old Cock			
Perry Mueller	#597	HS ²	
Perry Mueller	#241	HS ¹	
<i>Best Blue Barless</i>			
Gloria Weisgram	#9	S ¹	
Gloria Weisgram	#1	S ²	
Old Hen			
Perry Mueller	#337	S ³	
Perry Mueller	#499	HS	
Nathan Wayne	#500	S ²	
Gloria Weisgram	#23	S ¹	

SILVER CHECK SILESIAN

Young Cock			
Perry Mueller	#1419	HS ¹	
Perry Mueller	#1430		
Old Cock			
Perry Mueller	#348	S ²	
Nathan Wayne	#343	S ¹	
Old Hen			
Nathan Wayne	#506	HS ²	

BLACK WHITE BAR SILESIAN

Old Cock			
Harold Schroedl	#322	G ²	
Harold Schroedl	#323	G ¹	
Harold Schroedl	#340	S ²	
Harold Schroedl	#3429	S ¹	
Old Hen			
Harold Schroedl	#565	S ¹	
Harold Schroedl	#6772	S ²	

BLACK BARLESS SILESIAN

Young Cock			
Chuck Ludenia	#1501	S ²	
Chuck Ludenia	#1528	S ¹	
Gloria Weisgram	#1612	HS	
Chuck Ludenia	#1529	S ³	
Young Hen			
Gloria Weisgram	#1606	S ¹	
Gloria Weisgram	#1619	HS	
Gloria Weisgram	#1631	G	
Chuck Ludenia	#1532	G	
Old Cock			
Gloria Weisgram.	#384	S	
Old Hen			
Gloria Weisgram	#26	S	
Gloria Weisgram	#811	HS	
<i>Best Black Barless</i>			

BLUE CHECK SILESIAN

Young Hen			
Perry Mueller	#1439	S ¹	
Old Cock			
Perry Mueller	#468	S	
Old Hen			
Perry Mueller	#343	S	

RED SPANGLE SILESIAN

Young Cock			
Chuck Ludenia	#1520	G	

BLUE SPANGLE SILESIAN

Old Hen			
Roy and Judy King	#893	G	

SILVER BAR SILESIAN

Young Cock			
Chuck Ludenia	#1507	S	
Young Hen			
Calvin Breadhoff	#308	S	
Chuck Ludenia	#1521	S ¹	

BLACK WHITE BAR FAIRY

Young Hen			
Norm House	#752	G	
Old Cock			
Norm House	#649	HS ¹	
<i>Best Fairy and Champion Swallow</i>			
Norm House	#756	S	
Norm House	#252	G	
Chuck Ludenia	#43	G	
Chuck Ludenia	#630	HS ²	
Old Hen			
Norm House	#757	G	
Norm House	#893	S	

BLACK SPANGLE FAIRY

Young Cock			
George de la Nuez	#172	HS	
Young Hen			
Harold Schroedl	#1218	G	
Old Hen			
Chuck Ludenia	#635	S	
Harold Schroedl	#3927	G	

DES MOINES RESULTS

continued from Page 4

RED SPANGLE FAIRY

Old Cock

Chuck Ludenia #583 S

BLUE WHITE BAR FAIRY

Young Cock

George de la Nuez #169 HS

Best Young Fairy and Best Young

Young Hen

George de la Nuez #170 S¹George de la Nuez #151 S²**BLACK BARLESS FAIRY**

Young Cock

Chuck Ludenia #1503 G

Gloria Weisgram #1602 HS

BLACK BARLESS FULLHEAD

Old Cock

Calvin Breadhoff #188 S

Best Fullhead

Old Hen

Calvin Breadhoff #1694 G

BLACK BARLESS THURINGER

Old Cock

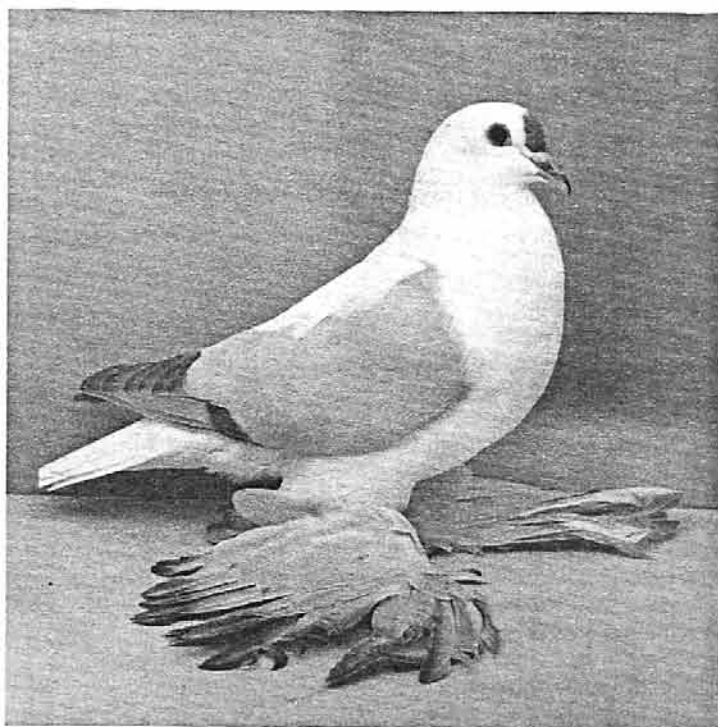
Chuck Ludenia #621 G



*Des Moines - Grand Champion Swallow
Black White Bar Fairy OC #649 - Norm House*



DES MOINES, IA – Judge Bill Griebel congratulates George de la Nuez on Best Young Swallow and Best Young Fairy.



*Des Moines – Best Silesian
Silver Barless OH #449 - Perry Mueller*

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F & S LOFT

[Fun & Show Since 1960]

By Norm House

1915 138th • (616) 681-0057
Dorr, MI 49323

In the early 60's, I had a friend that lived not too far from me who kept a wide variety of pigeons. There were so many different colors, sizes and shapes. I had no idea what kind of pigeons they were, but I had to have some!

I asked my father if I could have a pair of pigeons and to my surprise he said YES! I could have some "WHITE" ones. It was only a matter of days before I spent \$1.00 of my hard earned paper route money and became the proud owner of a pair of "WHITE ROLLERS".

Like so many of us, that was the beginning of a long relationship with these little friends. With a timeout to serve my country and start a family, I have had pigeons ever since.

Throughout the years, I have had many different breeds, both good and not so good. In 1986, I re-established an old friendship that turned my interest to "SWALLOWS". Specifically to the Black White/Barred "SAXON FAIRIES". They look like little birds dressed up to go to a party.

As many of you know, the man that turned me to these beautiful birds was Calvin Breadhoff. Cal had a very limited number of the blacks at the time, but told me of a gentleman by the name of Steve Ripper. I contacted Steve and made arrangements to purchase three pair of breeding stock. The first year, I raised several youngsters of good quality. Then Cal came through with a couple of good birds to add to my stock. The results were a little better the next year, so I started to attend a few shows, watch, listen and learn! The members of the UNITED SWALLOW CLUB were a great help. I then purchased an HS bird from David Harris to add to my stock and Cal once again came through with a loaner and things got even better.

The biggest thrill of my pigeon career came last fall at the Des Moines show. (If you don't believe

me, just ask Sharon.) I had the HONOR of winning the SWALLOW competition.

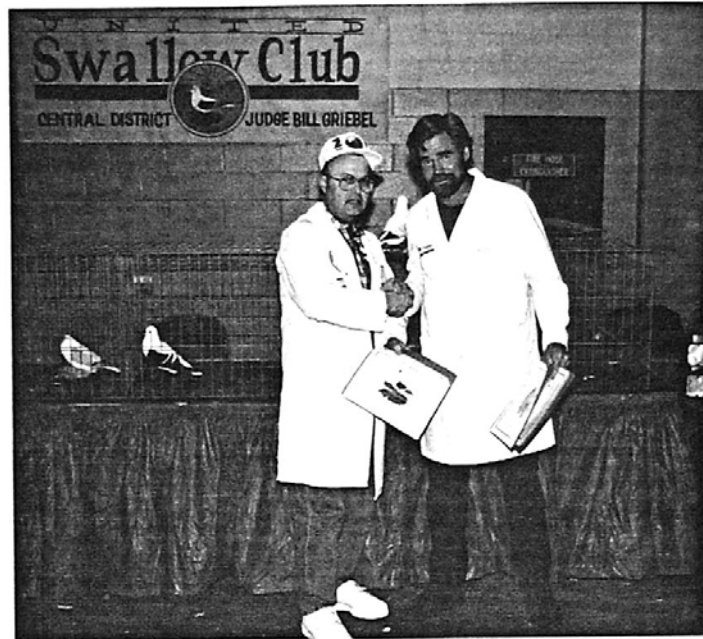
Throughout the last few years, I have been able to acquire birds from the best lofts in the country. Guys like: Cal Breadhoff, Steve Ripper, Steve Ball, Bill Griebel, David Harris and other members of the USC. Without the help of these people, I would still be scratching my head and trying to figure out where to go next. THANKS for sharing your knowledge, and keep spreading the wealth of information that you all have.

I am now trying to expand the colors in my loft. I have started with Blue, Red and Yellow, and hope to be able to compete in these colors eventually.

Once again, THANK YOU to the members of the USC!

Editors Note . . .

Norm House breeds Performance Rollers and Swallows. He is a member of NBRC, NPA and the USC.



USC President Bill Griebel congratulates Norm House on his Champion Swallow at the Central District Meet held in Des Moines, IA.

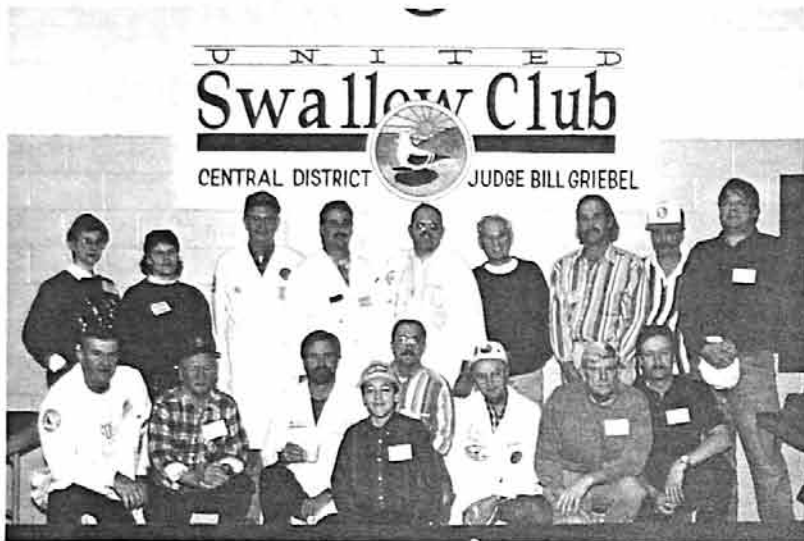
FOR SALE –

20 pair Red White Bar Fullhead Swallows, Blue Bar and Check Silesians, Field Pigeons, Dresden Trumpeters. REASONABLE.

Special discount to new USC members.

Contact Jesse Espinosa,
(904) 291-1326
171 Aster Avenue
Middleberg, FL 32068

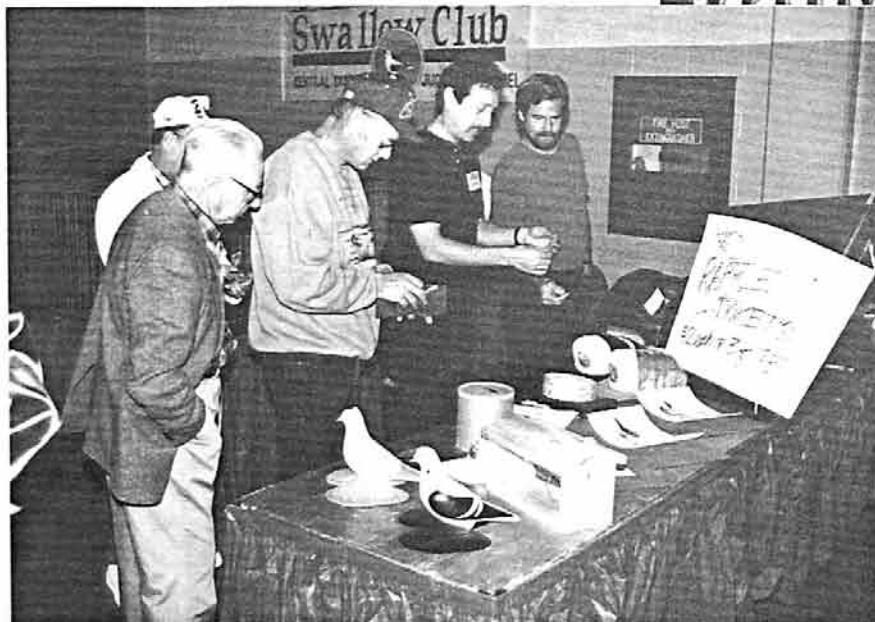
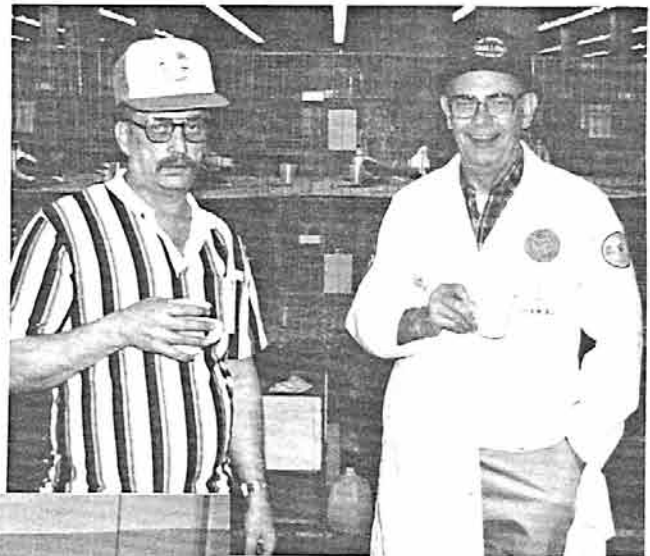
Remember . . .
your nomination card for annual show site and judge is enclosed in this bulletin. Make your nominations and return to Jesse Espinosa.



Central District Meet Des Moines, IA

L to R – (kneeling) Gus Colletti, Harold Schroedl, Bill Griebel, Cody Nitschke, Perry Mueller, Norm House, Bob Benson, Elliot Yeske. Back Row: Judy King, Gloria Weisgram, Cal Breadhoff, George de la Nuez, Greg Volzke, Bill Lawson, Chuck Ludenia, Merle Starr, Nate Wayne.

Right – Merle Starr and Cal Breadhoff sharing coffee and conversation.



Left – Sales were brisk at the raffle table as Elliot Yeske, Raffle Chairman, counts out tickets for Bill Griebel.

1994 Oklahoma City National

Judge – Leon Stephens
No. of Birds – 38

Champion – Silesian Silver Barless
OH # 449, Nate Wayne

Best Fairy – Black White Bar
YH #277, Bill Griebel, Sr.

Best Fullhead – Blue Check
OH #790, Steve Ball

Best Clean Leg – Blue Check
OC #9, Ed Conlin

BLUE CHECK SILESIAN

Old Cock
Bill Griebel, Jr. #263 S

Young Cock
Bill Griebel, Jr. #279 G

SILVER BARLESS SILESIAN

Old Cock
Bill Griebel, Jr. #252 G

SILVER BAR SILESIAN

Old Hen
Bill Griebel, Jr. #818 G

Young Cock
Greg Volzke #577 G

SILVER CHECK SILESIAN

Old Cock
Nate Wayne #900 G

Old Hen
Nate Wayne #959 S

BLACK BARLESS SILESIAN

Old Cock
Steve Ball #250 G

BLUE WHITE BAR FAIRY

Old Cock
George de la Nuez #169 G

Old Hen
Bill Griebel, Sr. #215 G
Bill Griebel, Sr. #34 G

BLACK WHITE BAR FAIRY

Old Cock
Steve Ball #135 S

Greg Volzke #44 G
Bill Griebel, Sr. #46 G

Old Hen
George de la Nuez #1037 G

Greg Volzke #237 G
Bill Griebel, Sr. #25 G

Young Hen
Bill Griebel Sr. #277 S

BLACK SPANGLE FAIRY

Old Cock
George de la Nuez #33 G

BLUE CHECK CLEAN LEG

Young Hen
Ed Conlon #186 S

Old Cock
Ed Conlon #9 S

BLUE BAR CLEAN LEG

Old Cock
Ed Conlon #18 G

Old Hen
Ed Conlon #3 G

RED CHECK CLEAN LEG

Old Cock
Ed Conlon #2 G

BLUE BARLESS CLEAN LEG

Old Hen
Ed Conlon #57 G

BLUE CHECK FULLHEAD

Old Cock
Steve Ball #235 G

Old Hen
Steve Ball #790 G

SILVER BARLESS SILESIAN

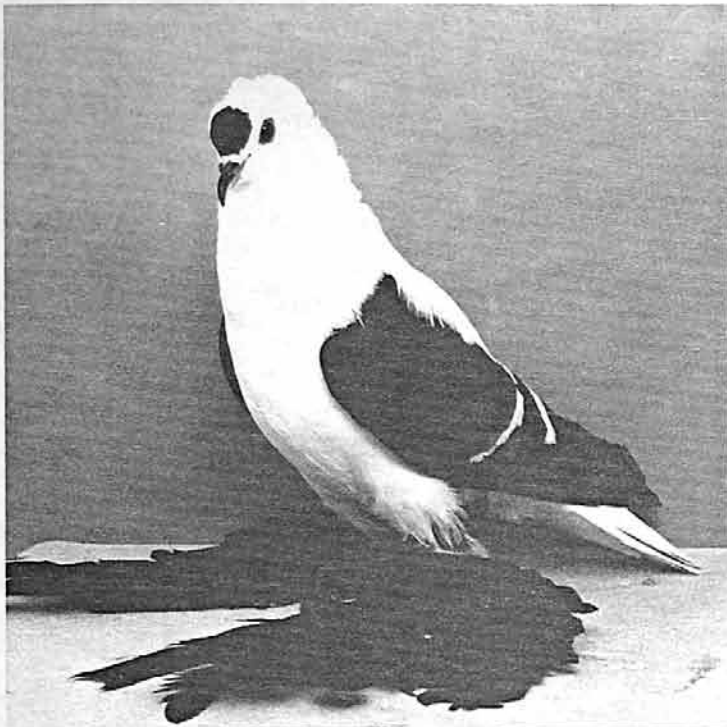
Old Cock
Nate Wayne #949 S

Old Hen
Nate Wayne #449 S¹
Nate Wayne #505 S²

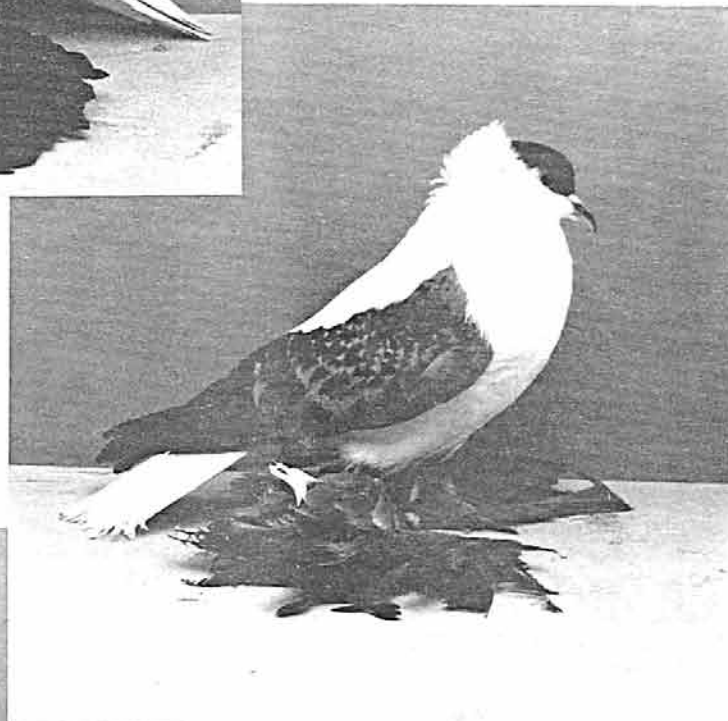


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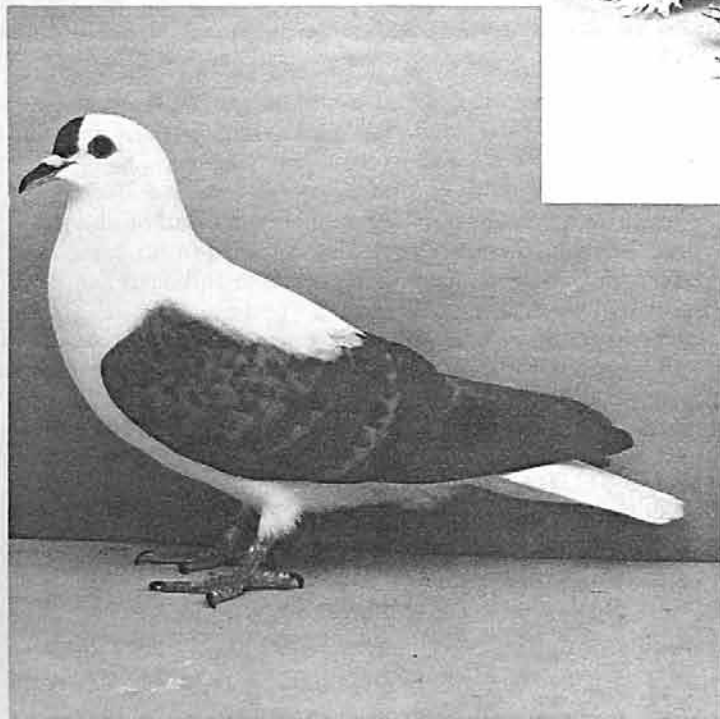
Grand Champion Swallow, USC Annual Meet



NPA National, Oklahoma City –
*Best Fairy Swallow, Black White
Bar Young Hen #277, Bill
Griebel, Sr., El Monte, CA*



NPA National, Oklahoma City –
*Best Fullhead, Blue Check Old
Cock, #790, Steve Ball, Reseda,
CA*



NPA National, Oklahoma City –
*Best Clean Leg, Blue Check Old
Cock #9, Ed Conlon, Chandler,
AZ*

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Pigeon Brotherhood

By John Wayne

(USC member Nate Wayne's dad)

My father came to America as an immigrant and came through customs at Port Huron, Michigan, on the first day of his 19th year, April 2, 1893. He had borrowed \$50 from a neighbor and had 50 cents left when he arrived at his brother's home in Geneva, MN. He had come during one of the worst financial crises in the history of our country. To illustrate, his brother had bought an 80 acre farm with house, barn and granary for \$1,100. He later sold it to my father and, when it sold recently to a grandson, it was appraised for \$151,000.

My father went to work on a farm for \$6 per month. He immediately resumed a hobby he started in Denmark; he bought some pigeons and was never without them until he died 50 years later. My father was a good business man, holding public office and was a leader in his church and community. When people came to visit and probably saw different breeds, they would ask, "Is there any money in it?" Dad would reply, "Everyone should, at all times, be involved in something in which there is no hope of a profit – just to keep his sense of values in balance."

He never showed his birds; he kept them for the sheer pleasure of looking at them and for the friendship of other breeders. When Mother and Dad went on a trip, Mother always took her knitting along because Dad could always think of some "pigeon friend" he wanted to stop and see "for a couple of minutes."

My first memory of pigeons is that Dad had them up under the roof in the machine shed. I was very interested and I remember violating the rule that I was not supposed to climb up there unless he was there, too. My next memory was Dad giving me three dollars to buy a pair of white fantails. It seems like yesterday that Dad and I went to our nearest Express station to get that wooden apple box with two of the most



beautiful birds I ever saw. I wish I had taken a picture of them. They weren't much, but not too bad for their day. I'm sure I didn't pay more than they were worth.

In my younger days, up to 7-8 years, we had all our pigeons in a smaller building on which my Dad built a fly-pen. I helped. I remember I was supposed to cut some 14 foot 2x4's into seven footers. I got two or three cut before he realized I was cutting them into 6's and 8's. So much for my carpenter career. Dad also built a new poultry house that had a Gambrel roof (commonly known as a hip roof if used on farm buildings) so he built it diving the second story in the middle and using the south half for pigeons and the north half held bedding for the chickens on first floor. This allowed for fancy birds in the loft with the fly and his utility and performing in the new loft where he free-flew them.

The following breeds I remember he had, and I may have forgotten some. Free fliers: Homers, Rollers, Muffed

Pigeon Brotherhood

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Pigeon Brotherhood

continued from page 10

Tumblers (and they tumbled), Starlings (I don't know why he flew the Starlings; maybe he didn't like them as much). Fancies: Turbits (they were mine), Fantails (also mine), Jacobins, English Pouters, Maltest Hens, Utility Kings, Barbs, English Trumpeters (they trumpeted), African Owls. There may have been others I have forgotten. I forgot to say that I bought my fantails from Frank Foy in about 1923. After I graduated from high school, I didn't have pigeons until I joined the Southern Minnesota Pigeon Club in the early 50's. I bought a pair of Lahores which I bred for several years during which I "flirted" with a few other breeds until 1964 when I mortgaged the farm and bought out Monroe Green. That is not true because he gave me a real bargain, and I appreciate that. Don't say anything bad about Mr. Green to me. I haven't bred any other than Imperial Swiss Mondaines for over 30 years.

In the early years, we didn't have as many diseases with which to contend. The biggest worry we had was Canker. We treated that by sawabbing out their throats with Iodine. I don't know if we cured many, but I do remember that many died. The next worst was mites. We had two good sources for them - chickens and English sparrows. My dad loved all birds except the afore mentioned sparrows and hawks and barn owls. We were encouraged to kill sparrows at any time, but the other two were protected until it came to defending his pigeons. It just occurred to me, Dad did hunt prairie chickens and pheasants when they first were hunted in the mid-twenties. We never saw paratyphoid or any of the new diseases. I don't remember the

birds having any trouble with worms but I may have forgotten. We fed corn and grit in the winter and wheat and grit in summer. I started with pellets in the 50's. I don't know how long they were available before that.

We ate alot of squabs, mostly Homers and Kings. I can still hear my father say to my mother, "I think there is a mess ready." That meant eight birds as there were eight at the table when we were all home. Dad brought a skill from Denmark; he killed them without bleeding them. I know this is repulsive to some; he said the taste was spoiled by bleeding. Whatever, I have never found anyone who able to prepare squab like my mother. Dad was particular; they had to be feathered out under the wings and they had to be taken before they had been out of the nest three or four days.

There are incidents that come back to me. One time, in the late twenties, Dad ordered some birds from a man in Mason City, IA. Dad expected him to ship them collect. But he arrived one cold, rainy day in early Spring. He was driving a van, the first one I ever saw, and I was fascinated. He opened the back door to reveal two crates of pigeons - a small one in the back and a larger one immediately in front of it. He lifted the smaller crate out and said, "Here are the birds you ordered." Dad said, "What are those in the other crate?" He replied in one word, "Teasers." When he left and they had drunk several cups of coffee, his crates were empty. He gave me a red English Carrier cock. The only one of that breed I ever owned. I couldn't find a mate for him.

When I was a boy, Dad corresponded with a Jewish man in South Dakota. I never met the man but I was always glad to read his letters. His vocabulary was different. He called his birds Hemales and Shemales. One

time, he ordered several birds from Dad and among them were two birds. One was a white Homer with a black tail feather. The other was a Homer that Dad tried to give away twice and in both cases, the recipient brought him back. Dad had named him Charlie Eustrom because both Charlies had the same trouble. Our neighbor, Charlie, had a lot of trouble remembering who his wife was unless she was along to remind him. The pigeon, Charlie, had the same problem when his mate was setting. He looked terrible from the beatings he got when he was "on the prowl". Several weeks later, Dad got a letter which expressed satisfaction for the birds and then he said "A word of advice. When you have a white bird with a black feather, don't pull it out because it will grow right back again; cut it out and it won't show up until he moults. I had to get rid of the Homer you sent as a gift, he was a bad influence in my loft." Mother never let him forget that deal.

About six miles from our home lived a friend of my Dad's who had come from Denmark with his wife and raised 14 children. Living in a Danish settlement, he had not learned any English. Maybe he was too busy raising kids. He also raised pigeons. He would come periodically to visit and trade pigeons. He seemed always to have a box of pigeons in the back of his buggy (he never learned to drive a car). There was much talk about Denmark and I suppose some of the Danish I know was learned on those long afternoons and evenings. He never left until long after dark and he had no lights. There wasn't much rural traffic in those days. He and Dad had two things in common - their memories of Denmark and their love of pigeons.

Pigeon Brotherhood
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Membership
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Membership

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Pigeon Antecedotes . . . Down Through the Years

By Cal Breadhoff

Alot of things that take place within the pigeon fancy are unspeakable, more or less. So I just came up with some that I think are comical.

As I remember it, this was several years ago, there was three young kids that were accumulating pigeons like crazy. I mean, they were buying birds from anybody and everybody that would sell them. They came over here to see me and I got kinda interested in them so I went over to their loft and saw what they had. Boy! I'm telling you, all the local dealers around loaded those kids up with junk birds. But anyway, the oldest of the three came from Indiana and apparently lived out in a real small town, and like most of us, he always used to catch pigeons out of barns. One night, he was catching birds out of a farmer's barn and didn't have anything with him so he just stuck them in his shirt. He was riding home on his bicycle and somehow or another a car hit him. So, he was laying out there on the ground and the people that hit him noticed that there was blood all over him and his shirt. They made him lay still. While he was laying there, he thought, "Well, I'm going to go along with this." So, he was laying there - still, with his eyes closed. When the E-Unit came, the first person to attend him was a young lady. She ripped open his shirt and all of a sudden two live pigeons flew out. All this guy could remember was that woman screaming and seeing all the blood and feathers under that shirt . . . it was just too much for her!

There was another thing that I thought was funny that happened when I was a kid. I used to catch piegons out of barns. We lived way out in the country and during the Depression days that was a good

source of food for us. I'd go out in these barns and catch these commies. One night, I figured out a way to get into an old abandoned church steeple and, by gosh, I must have had three or four dozen birds there! I took them home and the next morning, before I went to school, I killed them all off and put them in a bag and left them on the back porch. I told my mother, "If you want to clean out some birds for supper, they're laying out in the bag there." I meant that she'd probably take four or five of them, you know; it's a job to pluck those old, tough commies anyway. Got home from school and did my chores and I came into the house and said, "Well, did you get any of those birds?" The first thing my mother said was, "Calvin! There was so many of them!" She had went through and cleaned out at least 30 or 40 birds there. We were eating tough old pigeons for weeks!

Well, I guess we've all been to shows and so on or run shows where we couldn't find anybody to help put the shows together. Let alone try to get somebody to clean up afterwards. This story just does me good because there's a little vengence in it. We had a lawn show at my house here out in the yard and a friend of mine, who has passed away now, Vic Truax, used to have one of the best studs of nuns in the United States. He was one of the members of our club and, of course, he would never put the shows together and I didn't expect him to, but he would never, never, NEVER help to clean it up at all. So, this show was no exception but getting back to the start of this thing. Truax had a stud of nuns that was quite inbred and I kept telling him, "Go out and get some other blood." Well, he didn't like that

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Swallow fanciers at Annual Meet held in Oklahoma City.
 (l. to r.) Greg Volzke, Elliot Yeske, Bob Benson, Ed Conlon, Layne Gardner,
 Bill Griebel, Steve Ball, Leon Stephens, Nate Wayne, and Bill Lawson.

Pigeon Antecedotes

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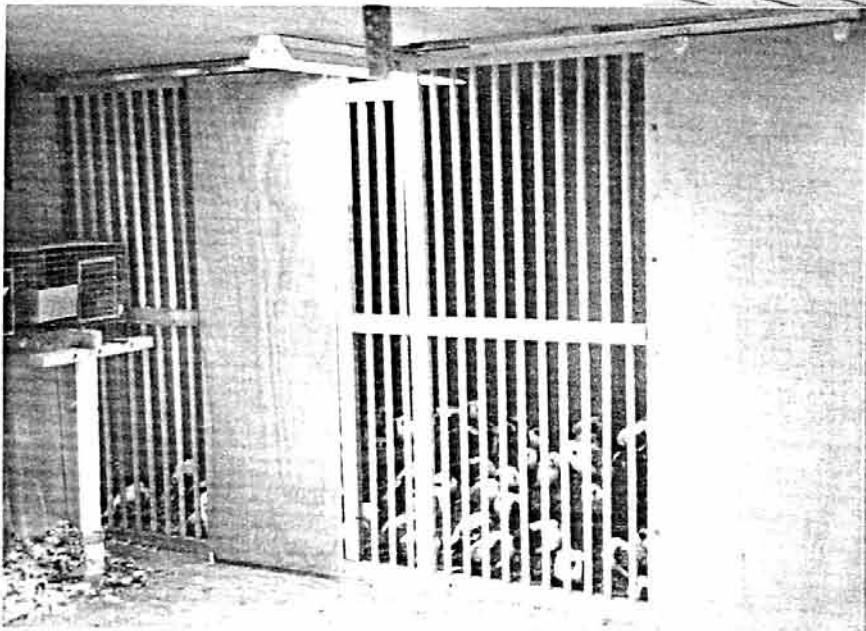
because the birds were smaller but they were tightered feathered and I convinced him that that was what he needed. So, he did buy a beautiful little young hen from someone in the East and that bird was a dream! Anyway, he showed it at the show and, sure enough, it won Best Nun and I guess there was a trophy put up for it or something. When the show was over or even before it was over, he grabbed his birds and took off for home. And, of course, the way he told it, he put the birds away and about two or three weeks later he looked around the coop and couldn't find that young hen that he'd bought. Then, about the same time, he got to smelling something in the storage room in his basement and, sure enough, he had taken all the birds out of the box except that prize young hen of his. He had stuffed that thing in the storage room and, of course, the bird had died. That's revenge!

It comes to mind another another story that was kinda funny. Back in the early 70s, this Vic Truax and myself judged a show in Kankakee, IL, along

with a judge from York, PA, by the name of Clarence Rafensberger. Clarence was an old man and kind of a unique character to know, alot of fun to be around. Anyway, we stayed at a motel down there and we had breakfast together at the restaurant in the motel, a nice little restaurant there. Before we headed for the showroom, Clarence excused himself and said he had to go to the bathroom and he went back up to his room. And so we sat there, had another cup of coffee waiting for him, and we waited and waited and waited! Finally, he came down and he was all flushed and red faced and huffing and puffing. So we said, "Hey, Clarence, what happened?" "Ya know," he said, "I really panicked.

I got upstairs there and into my room and I just couldn't go to the bathroom. I just couldn't find that thing. I panicked. I ended up putting my long johns on backwards." Truax liked to split a gut. I told Clarence, "Next time, get the kind with the flap in the back and you'll never have any more trouble!"

*Photos of
Fred Merklinger
Loft in
Paradise, PA*



Pigeon Brotherhood
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When I think of my Dad and all his friends in the "Pigeon Brotherhood," I think of the host of friendships I have that were generated in my involvement in the pigeon activities.

Now Dad has been gone for over 50 years. I am the only one in my immediate family that caught the "fever," but I have two sons who did and also one grandson. One son is out of them at present because of where he lives and my grandson is in college. There may come a day.

Editor's Note:

*As received from John Wayne . . .
"I submit this with my poor syntax and my typing. I plead my case by telling you I never touched a typewriter until I was 75 years old. You have my blessing to throw it all or any part in the garbage can."*

MARCH 11, 1995

HHEY BILL,
YOU KNOW HOW IMPOSSIBLE IT IS TO
BREED A DECENT YELLOW SWALLOW. IF THE
CRESTS OK, IT LACKS A SPOT, IF THE SPOT IS
THERE, THE MUFFS ARE MIS-MARKED, ETC.,
ETC.!! WELL, I'VE FIGURED OUT HOW TO
GET A PERFECT SPECIMAN. I'LL DO IT THE
SCIENTIFIC WAY.... THAT IS, SURGICALLY....
SOMEWHERE AMONG MY BIRDS, I'VE
GOT ALL THE FACTORS. THE TRICK
IS, TO COMBINE
THEM,
GET IT?



I'M GETTING CLOSE TO
WORKING IT OUT, IF I CAN
JUST KEEP THE BIRDS FROM
KONKING OUT ON ME WHILE I'M
GETTING THE DETAILS IRONED OUT.
BUT **I'LL GET IT** — IF I CAN JUST GET
THESE STUPID ANIMAL RIGHTS PEOPLE TO
LEAVE ME ALONE! YOUR PIGEON PARTNER —

Johnny Otis