

Youngstown, O., to Vancouver, B. C.

As the author of this article is so well known to the American and Canadian Pigeon Fanciers, it will not be necessary to introduce myself, but I feel that a few remarks concerning my trip will make good reading for a few of the older heads, and possibly a novice or two.

I left Youngstown, Ohio, on April 26th, arriving at Chicago, Ill., next a. m., visited two lofts there and left for Rockford, Ill., where I was met by George Smith, President of the Rockford Flying Club, and an old friend of mine. We went to his home for lunch and an inspection of the birds, of which George has some very choice ones that will be heard from later on. He is strong for the old N. Barker blood, of which he has quite a few. It is needless to say that we talked all pigeons for the balance of the evening, then to roost for the night.

Saturday morning up at 6 and motored out with a bunch of birds for single tossing, this taking us possibly a couple of hours to accomplish. The birds made fine time home from the 15m. toss, George's boy checking them as they arrived. After breakfast we visited several of the other lofts, and I left Rockford for St. Paul at 8.48 p. m.

Arriving at St. Paul, Minn., at 7 a. m. Sunday, Al. Vowles met me with the "Lizzy", and then to his home for breakfast, to which I surely did justice, as it was one of those old-fashioned ham-egg-and-coffee kind, something that no respectable pigeon flying traveler could possibly resist, and that ruined my appetite for several hours.

Breakfast over, I had to see the birds, and although I knew that Al. has the real goods, I did not know he was such a crank (apologies, Al.) on type, feather, etc., but take it from me he is. He has a loft of beautiful birds all selected by himself while in England last year, containing the choicest of blood from the lofts of Col. Osman, Oliver Dix, Sam Moss, Gits, Barker, Bryant's Grooters, Soffles, and Dr. Morris' "Snowflight", very carefully selected and mated to produce the best results, and which should be heard from as time goes on. They are a wonderfully balanced loft of pigeons and should prove a big asset in the future.

Mr. Vowles has won numerous prizes, challenge cups, shields, medals, etc., besides other valuable prizes too numerous to mention, and of which he is justly proud. Anyone can readily understand why for the birds are there to do it, and with such a man behind the gun, the results are easy to figure. I also had the opportunity to handle another grand lot of racers that had been shipped from Texas by the San Antonio Pigeon Club for liberation. Every one of the 23 or 25 birds was in the pink of condition, snappy, racy looking birds, but all were fine looking specimens and a credit to their owners, the following birds were admired most: b. c. AU17B6812, a beauty, heavy shouldered, with a strong broad back and fine feather; b. h. AU21SATp31, a wonderful hen to

look at, the kind that we all fall for. These birds were race marked in the presence of the secretary of the St. Paul Flying Club, Mr. Zeigler, and myself, which gave us a chance to judge them and pass opinions as to condition, etc., and they were surely in fine condition, due to the good care and careful feeding received in the loft of Mr. Vowles. The birds had a good bath and plenty of good feed and water. Mr. Vowles removed his young birds from their loft purposely to make the Texans comfortable during their few days stay in his loft, which apparently suited the birds, for they all seemed merry as crickets.

Several of the St. Paul boys came over to view the birds, and all complimented Mr. Vowles upon his treatment of the birds, and I want to mention right here that this is a great thing for our birds. It is through such generous and thoughtful fanciers as Mr. Vowles that our races are a success and too much praise cannot be accorded liberators of this type, and if every club flying pigeons could secure the services of such fanciers for liberators, our birds would give a better account of themselves and there would be fewer losses, instead of being tossed thoughtlessly by some express agent or other disinterested party. I have since heard that the birds arrived in Texas in good time, having made the trip of 1000 miles in about 30 hours' actual flying time, which proves that good care, feed and water and a good man to liberate will produce results. Study this a little and then talk it over at the next club meeting and see if we cannot get good liberators..

Well, after lunch on Sunday we motored out to White Bear Lake to a little old cottage owned by Al, which is one of the daintiest ever and where he intends to sit on Sunday afternoons and tease the fish with a worm. Oh, yes, Al. likes to fish when they are biting, but as they never bite when he is around he thought he had better get this little cottage and camp right there so that he can walk in his sleep occasionally. After a cold bottle of Root Beer we started around the lake, which must be 'steen miles around, and then out to see Mr. Ziegler's birds. He is a fancier of the old school who dropped out of the game for awhile, but like all other real fanciers cannot stay out very long, so just dropped in again owing to a severe attack of rejuvenation, and now he has one of the most dangerous attacks of pigeonitis coupled with it.

After a shot of root beer we started around back to the Vowles loft for dinner, where we managed after great effort to satisfy the inner man, then devoted the rest of the evening to pigeons, then to roost once more, and, speaking for myself, I can safely say I had "put in" one of the most strenuous and most enjoyable days I have experienced for some time.

Monday morning at 11.15 I took my leave for Great Falls, Mont. Arriving at Great Falls Union Depot I was met by Mr. Lee M. Ford, the Monsieur Gurnay of the West, who escorted me to one of the tip-top lofts of the city, where I met Mr. Louis Coppens, a Bel-

gian of the old school, who is a youngster at the racing game, being actively engaged in pigeon racing for upwards of 30 years, a fancier who loves his birds because they are racers. He has a beautiful loft and the quality is there, too, principally Gurnay and Gurnay crosses. I here handled some choice birds of all ages. After securing my room at the Park Hotel, we visited the Ford lofts, where the most wonderful sight I ever gazed upon met me. The loft is about 50 feet long and partitioned off into five apartments. The stock birds have a regular picnic; an aviary the full length of the entire loft to exercise in, with about half in grass and half in dirt, a feed room in one end just stocked with the choicest of grains of all kinds. After handling about 25 mated pairs of the very choicest of the Gurnay blood in its purity, it is some job for me to tell which I liked best. First choice is the great "La Teche" without doubt the most beautiful pigeon I ever looked at or handled. A nice sized bird with a wonderful agate eye (very rare), thick skull, rather short and thick neck, broad back and shoulders, medium heavy legs and feet, medium length beak, eyes that sparkle, quiet as can be, a beautiful medium blue checker—my ideal of a racer. Next in line is another cock, "Noyon", a magnificent bronze, scoring just about the same as "La Teche", only slightly heavier. Third is the great "Vierzon" cock, another of the excellent bronzes, also known as "Young Bossu", winner of 1st St. Denis, also 1st Grand National Race Vierzon as yearling, winning about \$6500 for M. Gurnay. The mates of these cocks are wonderful hens, being carefully selected by M. Gurnay and shipped to Mr. Ford direct. Money has not been spared, and every bird is a pure Gurnay. Mr. Ford will not tolerate any other strain, and fanciers who are fortunate enough to get any of Mr. Ford's birds will get the real goods. This is not meant for cheap advertising for Mr. Ford, but I feel it my duty to say exactly what I saw and handled in Mr. Ford's loft. They are right, and I can safely say without fear of contradiction that they are the finest lot of birds I ever saw in one collection and a credit to their owner. I hope Mr. Ford will pardon my remarks, but he is too modest with his birds, a big-hearted fellow, ready to help the under dog at all times. Needless to say that he is proud of his birds.

After a good night's sleep at the hotel, Mr. Van de Putte, the proprietor, who took me to his loft on top of the hotel, an ideal place to fly pigeons to, nothing to bother them at all. His loft is about 24 feet long, divided into three compartments, each having its own aviary 8 feet wide and 20 feet long. Very easy to settle birds at this loft. Mr. Van de Putte is a top-notch, a fine fancier, and a gentleman. His birds are chiefly Wegges, with a dash of Hansenne, Gurnay, Soffle, and Ford. I handled about every bird he has, some 60 in all, and must say they were a grand lot, all in the very best of shape and ready for anything; snappy, good looking birds that will be heard from later on. He is as enthusiastic as a boy, loves

his birds and loves to race them. I enjoyed my visit to Great Falls immensely.

After leaving the Van de Putte loft, we went over to the Ford loft and had the opportunity of seeing the Gurnays in daylight and flying. Fly they did, over an hour without forcing. Then Mr. Ford took me into the house and I looked over a lot of correspondence and photos. of birds from M. Gurnay, taking up the rest of the afternoon. Left Great Falls at 7.10 that evening for Vancouver, arriving at the border at 2.20 p. m. Friday, was held there for investigation until almost ten o'clock that night, arriving at Vancouver at midnight. My cousin met me, and it was pigeons until the "wee sma' hours", then to roost until 6 a. m. Saturday, then up and looked the birds over, picked out a few for the race to be flown on Sunday, helped to countermark for the 200m. race that afternoon, then looked the city over, which is to be possibly my future home, thus ending my trip from Youngstown to Vancouver.—M. H. Paget.

Worcester, Mass.

Worcester Flying Club.

100m. o. b. race, Albany, N. Y., May 13th, 1923. 8 lofts competed. Result:

H Shepherd	1452.62	Gailey	1349.00
Chase	1435.55	R Shepherd	1338.00
Rodwell	1425.00		

Dallastown, Pa.

Dallastown Homing Club.

100m. o. b. race, Manassas, Va., April 29th, 1923. Result:

Barnhart	1187.03	R Grim	1182.39
K Orwig	1186.87	T Grim	1179.00
CI Orwig	1186.23	CF Orwig	1175.33

The 150m. race was flown on May 6th. The result:

CF Orwig	995.46	CI Orwig	970.16
R Grim	995.45	K Orwig	970.16
Barnhart	975.23	T Grim	967.16

200m. race, May 12th, proved the fastest ever flown in this section. Result

R Grim	1834.13	T Grim	1813.41
CI Orwig	1833.74	CF Orwig	1801.62
Barnhart	1812.90	K Orwig	1758.00

Camp Curtin Racing Pigeon Club of Harrisburg, Pa., are flying on the following schedule: May 12, Martinsburg, W. Va., 80 miles; May 19, Hyndman, Pa., 100 miles; May 26, Clarksburg, W. Va., 200 miles; June 2, Lancaster, O., 300 miles; June 9, Cincinnati, O., 400 miles; June 16, Louisville, Ky., 500 miles. The club members have also decided to hold a City Championship Race from Louisville, Ky., our 500 mile station, on July 4th, 1923 any club or fancier of this district wishing to compete should write to R. Smith, Sec'y, 623 Radna St., Harrisburg, Pa.

EA66193 is a visitor at the Radio Homing Loft, 413 N. 8th Street, Allentown, Pa.