

(SHORT STORY NO. 4)

(THE ADVENTURE'S OF RACEY THE RACING PIGEON)

SEVERAL YEAR'S AGO I ACQUIRED A VERY SLEEK AND FAST RACING PIGEON. HIS FACE AND UNDERSIDE OF HIS BODY AN WING TIP'S WERE WHITE. HIS BACK, AN WING'S WERE A DARK BLUE. HE HAD A LIGHT BLUE CROWN OF FEATHER'S ON THE TOP OF HIS HEAD. AND HE HAD JUST A SMALL PATCH OF ORANGE UNDER EACH EYE, TO GO ALONG WITH HIS BRIGHT YELLOW EYE'S. THERE ARE OTHER TYPES OF PIGEON'S, LIKE TUMBLER'S HOMING, CARRIER, ROYAL KING, AND MANY MORE THAT I DO NOT KNOW THE NAME'S OF. (SMILE) BUT I NOW HAD A SLEEK RACING PIGEON TO KEEP MY HOMING & CARRIER PIGEON'S COMPANY. AS TIME WENT BY, I WAS TO FIND OUT THAT THIS BIRD, WAS VERY DIFFERENT INDEED.

RACEY LIKED RIDING IN CAR'S, AND ON MY MOTORCYCLE. I MADE HIM A LITTLE LEATHER HELMET WITH LIGHT PLASTIC GOGGLE'S. I WOULD TAKE HIM FOR LONG RIDE'S UP IN THE MOUNTAIN'S, AND WHEN WE WOULD COME TO A LONG STRETCH OF ROAD. RACEY WOULD FLY ALONG SIDE THE HIGHWAY, AN SOMETIME'S TO SHOW OFF HE WOULD DO BARREL ROLL'S, AN PUT ON A BURST OF SPEED AN EVEN PASS ME. WHEN I WAS GO - ING 70 MILE'S AN HOUR. WOW! A VERY FAST BIRD. OTHER TIME'S HE WOULD CLIMB WAY UP IN THE WILD BLUE YONDER, AN THEN DIVE LIKE A BULLET. THEN PULL UP JUST BEFORE HE WOULD HIT THE GROUND. WHEN HE DID THIS THE FIRST TIME AROUND ME, I ALMOST HAD A HEART ATTACK, AND HE SCARED ME ALMOST TO DEATH. I HAD THOUGHT FOR SURE, THAT COMING DOWN FROM A FEW THOUSAND FEET UP. AND AT THAT SPEED. THAT HE WOULD SURELY LOSE A FEW FEATHER'S, AND MAYBE PASS OUT. BUT HE NEVER DID.

SOMETIME'S I WOULD TAKE ALL THREE, HOMER, CARRIE AN RACEY FOR A RIDE ON THE MOTORCYCLE. BUT MOST OF THE TIME THEY WOULD JUST FLY ALONG SIDE OR ALL OVER THE PLACE, FREE IN THE WIND. THEN WHEN THEY GOT TIRED, I WOULD PUT THEM IN MY BIG TRAVEL TRUNK ON THE BACK OF THE BIKE, AND THEY WOULD ALL RIDE IN COMFORT, AND SOMETIME'S BE ASLEEP WHEN WE GOT HOME. ALL THREE BIRD'S WERE GOOD FLIER'S, AND GOOD AT ACT - TRO - BAT - TIC'S. THEY COULD ALL TUMBLE FAIRLY WELL, EVEN THOUGH THEY WERE NOT BUILT BODY OR FEATHER WISE TO DO THAT SORT OF THING. TUMBLING IS WHEN A BIRD IS FLYING STRAIGHT DOWN, THEN SLOW'S UP, AND THEN THROW'S IT'S HEAD AND BODY BACKWARD'S. IT IS REALLY FUN TO WATCH THEM DO THIS. WHEN THEY DO IT, IT LOOK'S LIKE THEY HAVE BEEN SHOT, AND WILL TUMBLE AN FLOP AROUND 3 OR 4 TIME'S IN A ROW.

WHEN WE GOT TO A GROVE OF TREE'S, ALL THREE PIGEON'S WOULD RACE IN AND OUT, OR ZIP PASS ED ME LIKE I WAS STANDING STILL. SOMETIME'S THEY WOULD COME ACROSS AN EAGLE, OR BUZZARD, OR A HAWK. WHEN THAT HAPPENED, THEY WOULD ALL HEAD STRAIGHT FOR MY MOTORCYCLE, AND STAY IN THE BOX UNTIL THERE NATURAL ENEMIES WHO ALL EAT OR KILL PIGEON'S HAD VACATED THE AREA, OR WE HAD MOVED TO ANOTHER AREA THAT WAS SAFE FOR THEM. THEN THEY WOULD WING OFF INTO THE WILD BLUE YONDER, AN CONTINUE WITH HAVING FUN.

AS TIME WENT BY, RACEY GREW A BIT LARGER THAN YOUR NORMAL SIZE RACING PIGEON. BUT HE RETAINED HIS SLEEK FORM, AND WAS ONE OF THE FASTEST BIRD'S AROUND. AND AFTER HOUR'S AND HOUR'S OF PRACTICE, HE COULD OUT FLY ALL OF HIS PREDITOR'S, LIKE SPARROW HAWK, HAWK'S, EAGLE'S, OWL'S AND BUZZARD'S. AT TIME'S I THINK RACEY WAS ASKING FOR TROUBLE, OR MAYBE JUST THE CHALLENGE OF IT ALL. HE WOULD FLY UP AND ALMOST KNOCK ONE OF HIS ENEMIES OFF THERE NEST, AND THEN THE CHASE WAS ON. RACEY WOULD LEAD THEM ON A WILD CHASE, OVER HILL AN DALE. AROUND AN THREW HIGH MOUNTAIN ROCK'S. BUT WOULD ALWAYS LOSE THEM IN THE TREE'S. BECAUSE HE COULD FOLD HIS WING'S CLOSER TO HIS BODY THAN THEY COULD, AND SHOOT THRU THE TREE'S LIKE A BULLET. SOMETIME'S IF THEY GOT TO CLOSE, HE WOULD EVEN DIVE RIGHT BETWEEN THE NARROW OPENING'S, BETWEEN THE TREE LIMB'S, AND OUT WIT THEM THAT WAY. THE BIGGER BIRD'S LIKE THE EAGLE'S OR THE BUZZARD'S WOULD ALMOST ALWAYS CRASH INTO THE TREE'S AND TUMBLE TO THE GROUND. NONE EVER REALLY GOT HURT, THAT I SAW OF ANY WAY. (BUT MAYBE THERE PRIDE OR EGO'S WERE TATTERED A BIT.) (SMILE FOLK'S)

ONE DAY I WAS KEEPING MY PET CHIPMUNK CHIPPER, COMPANY, AND IN FLEW RACEY WITH A PIECE OF NEWSPAPER IN HIS BEAK. AND HE WAS JUMPING UP AND DOWN ON THE FLOOR AND DOING BACK FLIP'S, AN POINTING WITH HIS WING TO THE NEWS CLIPPING HE HAD JUST BROUGHT INTO THE ROOM. SO I FINALLY TOOK A LOOK AT WHAT IT SAID. IT HAD SOMETHING TO DO WITH AIR RACE'S IN NEVADA, A FEW MONTH'S FROM THEN. NOW THE ARTICIAL IN THE PAPER SAID IT WAS FOR CERTAIN TYPE'S OF AIRPLANE'S, LIKE DRUMMON'S, BEAR CAT, OR BOB CAT'S, P - 51'S AND OTHER FAST PLANE'S. I TRIED TO TELL RACEY THAT BIRD'S OR PIGEON'S COULD NOT FLY IN A RACE WITH AIRPLANE'S. HE WAS NOT FAST ENOUGH FOR ONE THING. AND IF HE GOT HIT BY ONE OF THOSE PROPELLER'S, IT WOULD CHEW HIM TO PIECE'S. WELL RACEY TOLD ME IN HIS OWN SPECIAL WAY. THAT IF I WOULD NOT HELP HIM GET AN ENTRY FORM TO GET INTO THOSE OR THAT AIR RACE. HE WOULD NEVER SPEAK TO ME AGAIN.

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SO I FINALLY AGREED TO SEND FOR AN ENTRY FORM. AND I'LL BE DAMN, THAT IN TWO WEEK'S I RECEIVED AN ENTRY FORM, FROM THE RACING COMMITTEE THEMSELVES. AND THEY STATED, THAT THEY WEL COMED ALL COMER'S. BUT THEY DID NOT SAY HOW BIG THE FUSSALAGE HAD TO BE, OR HOW MUCH IT HAD TO WEIGH, OR HOW BIG OR SMALL THE PILOT HAD TO BE.

WELL I HAD KNOW IDEA, HOW I WAS GOING TO TRAIN A RACEING PIGEON, TO FLY AGAINST REAL AIRPLANE'S. AND EVEN IF BY A VERY SMALL CHANCE THEY WOULD REALLY LET HIM, AND CHIPPER FLY IN THE FIRST PLACE. HE WOULD NEVER HAVE A CHANCE TO WIN. WELL I COULD NOT TALK HIM OUT OF TRAIN ING FOR THAT RACE, WHICH WAS NOW ONLY 8 WEEK'S AWAY. SO THE FOLLOWING WEEKEND WE STARTED TRAINING. I TOOK RACEY OUT TO THE LOCAL AIRPORT WHERE THERE WAS A LOT OF OPEN FIELD'S TO PRACTICE ON. DURING THE WEEK, AFTER WORK. I HAD MADE 4 TRIANGLE OR CONE SHAPED PIE. LON'S CR PILON'S. I HAD ALSO BOUGHT ME A STOP WATCH TO CHECK HIS SPEED.

I SET UP THE PILON'S ON 4 CORNER'S ONE QUARTER MILE APART TO START. I TRIED TO EXPL AIN TO RACEY, THAT THERE WAS NO CUTTING CORNER'S. THAT HE HAD TO STAY ON THE OUTSIDE OF THE CONE'S, OR HE WOULD BE CHEATING. I ALSO USED HOMER AN CARRIE AS PACER'S. AND ALSO TO KEEP RACEY ON COURSE. HE LEARNED FAST. AND AFTER ONLY ONE WEEK OF PRACTICE, HE WAS REACHING SPEED'S OF 88 MILE'S AN HOUR, ON THE STRAIGHTAWAY'S. AND AVERAGEING ABOUT 70 MILE'S AN HOUR FOR THE WHOLE ONE MILE COURSE. NOT BAD FOR A LITTLE OLD PIGEON. HUH! HE WAS SOME FAST BIRD.

IN THE INSTRUCTION'S WE RECEIVED WHEN WE GOT THE ENTRY FORM'S. IT STATED THAT ALL ENTRIES HAD TO HAVE A QUALAFIED PILOT. WELL THE ONLY THING OR ANIMAL I HAD AROUND HERE THAT WAS EVEN SMALL ENOUGH WAS CHIPPER MY PET CHIPMONK. NOW THIS LITTLE FELLOW WAS SOMETHING VERY SPECIAL INDEED. AND A VERY TALENTED ANIMAL, FOR BEING ONE OF (GOD'S) CREATURE'S. OVER THE PAST SEVERAL YEAR'S SINCE I HAVE HAD HIM IN MY CARE. HE HAS DONE A LOT OF AMAZING AND DIFFER ENT THING'S. HE HAS HIS OWN SAILBOAT. THAT HE SAIL'S IN THE BIG POND IN OUR BACK YARD. HE LOVE'S TO RIDE ALONG WITH ME, WHEN I TAKE A TRIP ON MY MOTORCYCLE. HE USED TO RIDE ON MISS CROCK, MY PET CROCK. A DIAL'S BACK, WHEN SHE SWAM IN HER POND. AND WHEN SHE WOULD TAKE LONG WALK'S WITH ME IN THE PARK. CHIPPER HAS HIS OWN SCUBA DIVING OUTFIT, AND HE DIVE'S FOR HIS OWN AB BA LONE KNEE. HE ALSO LOVE'S TO RIDE ON HOOPER THE HOOPING CRANE'S BACK, WHEN HE IS FLYING OR WALKING. SO I ASKED HIM IF HE WOULD LIKE TO, MORE OR LESS TRAIN TO RIDE ON RACEY'S BACK AND BECOME A PILOT. WELL HE TOLD ME IN HIS OWN WAY, THAT HE WOULD DO IT, IF I MADE HIM AN ALL LEATHER FLYING SUIT. SO I WENT OUT AND GOT A PATTERN AND A YARD OF LEATHER. ALSO SOME GOOD MILON THREAD. THEN I CAME HOME AN MADE HIM A PAIR OF PANT'S, AND A JACKET, GLOVE'S, BOOTIES AND A LITTLE LEATHER HEAD GEAR, WITH REAL GOOGLE'S.

THE NEXT WEEKEND, RACEY, CHIPPER, CARRIE, HOMER, AND I HEADED FOR THE AIRPORT. THIS TIME I SET THE PILON'S ONE HALF MILE'S APART FROM NORTH TO SOUTH, AND ONE QUARTER MILE FROM EAST TO WEST. RACEY TOOK A PRACTICE LAP OR TWO WITH HOMER AN CARRIE. THEN CHIPPER WHO WAS ALL DECKED OUT IN HIS FLYING SUIT, CLIMB ABOARD, SETTING BEHIND RACEY'S NECK, AND BETWEEN HIS STRONG WING'S ON HIS UPPER BACK. I HAD TIED A SMALL FLAT LEATHER BELT AROUND RACEY'S NECK FOR CHIPPER TO HANG ONTO. WELL WITH CARRIE AN HOMER LEADING THE WAY. RACEY WITH CHIPPER HANGING ON FOR DEAR LIFE, THEY WERE OFF AND FLYING INTO THE WILD BLUE YONDER, AND RACING. ABOUT THE SECOND TIME AROUND, AN RACEY FLEW BY, I COULD NOT SEE CHIPPER. SO I WHISTLED FOR RACEY TO COME IN. AND WHEN HE WAS ABOUT TO LAND, I COULD SEE CHIPPER HANGING ON WITH ALL THE STRENGTH HE COULD MUSTER. SO HE WOULD NOT FALL OFF. ON A TURN, THE BELT SLIPPED, CHIPPER LOST HIS BALANCE AND WENT WITH IT.

I COULD SEE THIS WAS NOT GOING TO WORK. (SO IT WAS BACK TO THE DRAWING BOARD.) (SMILE) AFTER WE ALL GOT HOME, I GOT A HOLD OF A FRIEND OF MINE THAT MAKE'S REGULAR SIZE SADDLE'S FOR HORSE'S. AND ASKED HIM IF HE COULD MAKE ME A MINI SADDLE TO FIT MY RACING PIGEON. SO I TOOK RACEY AN CHIPPER OVER TO HIS HOUSE, SO HE COULD TAKE SOME MEASUREMENT'S. THEN WE ALL WENT BACK OUT TOO THE AIRPORT TO PRACTICE AWHILE LONGGER. BUT ALL CHIPPER DID WAS SIT IN THE TRUCK AND POUT A LOT. RACEY WAS REALLY DOING GOOD, ON THE ONE AND ONE HALF MILE COURSE. SEEM'S HE WAS GETTING FASTER AN FASTER EACH WEEK. AND BY NOW, HE WAS FLYING ALMOST 2 LAP'S FASTER THAN EITHER HOMER AN CARRIE. OF COURSE THERE BODY'S WERE A LITTLE ON THE PLUMPER SIDE, AND WERE NOT MADE FOR RACING. BUT IT WAS GOOD EX SER SIZE FOR THEM AND THEY HELD THERE OWN, FOR WHAT THEY HAD TO WORK WITH.

THE FOLLOWING WEEKEND, MY FRIEND HAD THE MINI SADDLE DONE. AND HE REALLY DID A NICE JOB ON IT TOO. IT LOOKED MAR VA LIOUS. HE EVEN MADE A SMALL SADDLE BLANKET, AND A CENCH ROPE. I THANKED MY FRIEND AND PAID HIM FOR HIS GOOD WORK. THEN WE ALL HEADED BACK OUT TO THE AIRPORT TO TRY AGAIN.

(PLEASE GO TO NEXT PAGE)

(I'AM PICKING UP THE PACE FOLK'S) (PAGE 3) (I MAY GET THIS DONE BY THE 4th OF JULY)

WE ONLY HAD FOUR WEEK'S LEFT TO GET OUR ACT TOGETHER. RACEY SAT VERY QUIET WHILE I PUT THE SADDLE ON. THEN CHIPPER CLIMBED ABOARD. NOW FINALLY THEY WERE SET, AND RACEY SET HIMSELF FOR TAKEOFF. THEN THEY WERE OFF IN A CLOUD OF DUST, WITH CHIPPER HANGING ON TO THE SADDLE HORN AND LEANING INTO THE WIND. WELL AS RACEY CAME AROUND THE LAST PILON, HE HEADED STRAIGHT FOR ME AND LANDED A FEW FEET AWAY. HE WAS POINTING WITH HIS LEFT WING OVER BY THE THIRD PILON. SO I RAN OVER THERE AS FAST AS MY FAT CHUBBY BODY WOULD GO. THERE WAS CHIPPER JUMPING UP AND DOWN, AN MAKING ALL KIND'S OF NOISE. CHIPPER KEPT POINTING TO THE SADDLE AND THEN TO HIS WAIST AN BACK. APARENTLY RACEY WAS MOVING ALONG PRETTY GOOD, WHEN HE DECIDED TO GIVE CHIPPER A TRILL. RACEY WITHOUT WARNING DID A ROLL, AN CHIPPER LOST HIS GRIP ON THE SADDLE HORN AN FELL ABOUT 30 FEET TO THE GROUND. I'AM SURE GLAD HE DID NOT GET HURT. (WELL FOLK'S IT WAS BACK TO THE DRAWING BOARD.) (AND IF YOU HAVE BEEN READING THIS STORY RIGHT ALONG, THEN YOU CAN PROBLEY GUESS WHAT I HAD TO DO NEXT.??) (YOU ARE RIGHT!??) I HAD TO PUT A SEAT BELT ON THE SADDLE. PLUS MAKE A MINI OR SMALL PARACHUTE FOR CHIPPER. (SMILE FOLK'S)

NOW FINALLY AFTER 7 WEEK'S OF TRIAL AN TRIBULATION'S. WE WERE ABLE TO PRACTICE, AND DO SOMETHING RIGHT. EVERYBODY WAS HAPPY THAT THING'S WERE GOING WELL. THE WEEKEND FOR THE NATIONAL AIR RACE'S WAS FINALLY HERE. AND WE HOPED ALL OUR WORK WOULD PAY OFF.

I TOOK A COUPLE EXTRA DAY'S OFF, SO WE COULD LEAVE EARLY ON THURSDAY, TO GET A PLACE TO STAY THAT WAS AS CLOSE AS POSSIBLE TOO THE AIRPORT. WE WERE ABLE TO GET A NICE PLACE JUST A COUPLE OF MILE'S AWAY AT A (KOA CAMPGROUND). IN OUR GROUP WAS, RACEY, HOMER, CARRIE, CHIPPER AND HOOPER THE HOOPING CRANE. HOOPER HAD NEVER BEEN TO NEVADA BEFORE. NOT ON THE GROUND ANYWAY. A FEW YEAR'S BACK HE HAD TAKEN A WRONG TURN WHEN HE AND HIS FELLOW HOOPING CRANE'S WERE MIGRATING SOUTH FROM CANADA TO THE MIDWEST. AND HE ENDED UP IN THE RICE LAND'S OF NORTHERN CALIFORNIA, WHERE I FOUND HIM SHOT, AND NURSED HIM BACK TO HEALTH. AND I HAVE HAD HIM EVER SINCE.

I MSST SAY, WE ATTRACTED A LOT OF ATTENTION FROM ALL KIND'S OF PEOPLE AT THE KOA CAMP - GROUND'S. AND THE BOY'S EVEN EARNED ME A FULL POCKET FULL OF MONEY, BY GIVING THE FOLK'S A SHOW. HOMER, CARRIE, AN HOOPER, SHOWED OFF THERE TALENT FOR DOING BARREL ROLL'S AND TUMBLING A LOT BACKWARD'S. AND EVEN PERFORMED A DOG FIGHT IN THE AIR, BY BUZZING EACH OTHER IN THE AIR, OR TRYING TO SEE WHO COULD DIVE THE LONGEST DISTANCE BEFORE PULLING OUT BEFORE HITTING THE GROUND. HOMER WON HAND'S OR WING'S DOWN AT THAT GO AROUND. RACEY AN CHIPPER PUT ON A GOOD SHOW ALSO BY RACING IN BETWEEN THE DIFFERENT MOTOR HOME'S AND TRAVEL TRAILER'S. FLYING LOW TO THE GROUND, THEN PULLING UP FAST AND DOING, BARREL ROLL'S, LOOP THEE LOOP. FLYING UPSIDE DOWN, WHILE CHIPPER'S FACE TURNED RED FROM ALL HIS BLOOD RUSHING TO IT. CHIPPER EVEN BAILED OUT A COUPLE OF TIME'S. TO SHOW HIS TALENT OF USEING HIS PARACHUTE, AND LANDING ON A SMALL (X) LAIDED OUT ON THE CAMPGROUND'S BIG GRASS LAWN, TO SHOW OFF ANOTHER OF HIS AMAZING SKILL'S. THE GROUND REALLY THOUGHT I HAD AN UNUSUAL TROUP FOR SURE. AND REALLY ENJOYED WHAT MY ANIMAL AN BIRD PET'S CAN AND COULD DO. THE FOUR DAY'S WE WERE THERE, WE WAS THE MAIN ATTRACTION, MOSTLY FOR THE KID'S. BUT THE ADULT'S MADE US FEEL AT HOME AS WELL.

SATURDAY MORNING FINALLY CAME. AND WE ALL WENT OVER TO SIGN IN. WHEN WE SHOWED UP WE GOT A LOT OF STRANGE LOOK'S, FROM THE OFFICIAL'S AS WELL FROM THE PILOT'S OF THE BIG P-51'S, BEAR CAT'S, MUSTANG'S, AN OTHER AIRPLANE OWNER'S. AND THEY POINTED AND LAUGHT A LOT. THIS DID NOT MAKE MY BOY'S FEEL TO GOOD. THE OFFICIAL'S SAID NO WAY THAT RACEY AN CHIPPER COULD COMPETE AGAINST THE OTHER BIG PLANE'S THERE. AND THEY THOUGHT THAT I AND MY PET'S HAD A LOT OF GUTT'S FOR TRYING. BUT THEY STAYED FAST TO THERE WAY'S. AND WOULD NOT LET BOY'S FLY IN THE AIR RACES. BUT I FINALLY TALKED THEM INTO LETTING RACEY AND CHIPPER TAKE A COUPLE OF PASSES AROUND THE COURSE BY THEMSELVES, TO SHOW WHAT THEY COULD DO. BECAUSE THEY HAD TRAINED SO HARD AND HAD COME A LONG WAY TO GET THERE. RACEY AND CHIPPER TOOK OFF AND MADE 10 PASSES OR ROUND TRIP'S. AND I TOOK A LOT OF PICTURE'S. SO I COULD PROVE TO OTHER PEOPLE AN MY OTHER ANIMAL'S. THAT AT LEAST THEY GOT TO FLY AROUND THE SAME COURSE THAT THE BIG BOY'S USE. EVEN THOUGH THE BOY'S WERE DIS-APPOINTED AND EVEN HEART BROKEN, BECAUSE THEY HAD TRAINED SO HARD, AND DID NOT GET A CHANCE TO FLY AGAINST THE PLANES. WE OR THEY DID EARN A LOT OF MONEY, BY PERFORMING IN FRONT OF THE BIG GRANDSTAND'S, AND IN FRONT OF THOUSAND'S OF VERY NICE CHILDREN! AND OTHER ADULT'S.

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(HEY! HEY! HAY! I AM ALMOST DONE) (PAGE 4) (KEEP SMILING AND STAY HAPPY, FOLK'S)

ON SUNDAY WE SAID GOODBYE TO NEVADA, AND HEADED HOME. THE BOY'S WERE STILL A LITTLE UNHAPPY. BUT WAS GLAD THEY MADE A LOT OF OTHER PEOPLE HAPPY. AND WAS ABLE TO EARN THERE OWN WAY. THAT MONEY WILL BUY A LOT OF BIRD SEED AS WELL AS OTHER THING'S THEY LIKE EATING. LIKE CHOCALTE COVERED ANT'S, LOCUS, WORM'S AND GRASSHOPPER'S. (SMACK! SMACK! MMMMMMMMM! GOODIE!) AND CHIPPER WOULD BE ABLE TO BUY HIS FAVOTE NUT'S, LIKE CHOCALTE COVERED WALNUT'S, BRAZILNO NUT'S AN CASHEW'S. (SMACK! SMACK! GOODIE! GOODIE! MMMMMMMMM!) (AND I COULD PAY OFF MY FEED BILL'S. HURRAH! HURRAH!)

WELL FOLK'S WHEN THE WORD GOT AROUND, THAT I HAD ALL THESE UNUSUAL BIRD'S AN ANIMAL'S. I NEVER HAD ANY TROUBLE EARNING A GOOD LIVING ON WEEKEND'S. WE WOULD PERFORM AT FOOTBALL GAME'S. BASEBALL GAME'S. DIFFERENT COUNTY FAIR'S. EVEN THE STATE FAIR. AND ONCE IN AWHILE AT A WEDDING.

I HAD A GOOD GROUP HERE. AND I WOULD NOT TRADE AWAY ANY OF MY PET'S. THEY RETURNED THERE LOVE TO ME MANY TIME'S OVER. AND THEY NEVER REALLY ASKED FOR MUCH. JUST THAT I LOVED THEM BACK, AND KEPTED THEM WELL FEAD.

WELL THIS CONCLUDE'S OR BRING'S TO A CLOSE THIS STORY OF. RACEY THE RACING PIGEON AND CHIPPER HIS PILOT.

HOPED YOU HAVE ENJOYED READING IT, AS MUCH AS I INJOYED WRITING AND TYPING IT.

(KEEP DREAMING, IT MAY COME TRUE!)

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(BY ALAN W. PADGETT)

OR

(ALWAYS'S LOOKING AT NOTHING)

(NOW N6RNP 5/9/80)