SHOW DROPPINGS

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By the time this article appears, the '78 shows will be but sweet or bitter memories. Breeders are already hopefully hatching the top winners for '79. However few thoughts linger with me that I would like to share.

First: The best bird does not necessarily win. So that I do not automatically cause a sharp drop in future show entries, allow me to elaborate. The bird that displays itself best at the moment, on that day, wins! Case at point: I chose four Cockatiels as my show team — a Pearl hen, a Lutino hen, a Normal hen, and a Cinnamon cock. Knowing and observing these particular birds in their flights for 365 days a year, the above order is how I personally would place them. However, in three shows last fall, the Pearl won at first show, then Cinnamon next show, and the Normal hen in the third. Yet I completely agreed with the three separate judging. At the particular time, the winning bird did "show" best over my others.

With any show animal, despite all previous preparation, the final moment of truth is all that can be judged. For instance: you and your children are cordially invited to a dinner at your boss’ house. For two weeks you hold "dress rehearsal" dinners, complete with candlelight and varied offerings of difficult to eat menus (chicken, artichokes, bony fish, grapes with seeds) — a crash course to overcome too many years of homestyle manners! When the night of Judgment arrives your formerly dainty daughter spills her milk (served in an unfamiliar long stemmed wine glass), buttters her corn by twirling it across the whole stick of butter, and gags on the anchovies in the salad. Meanwhile, your 12 yr. old "All American" son (who has wrinkled fingers because you kept him soaking in the tub for three hours, chained to a cinder block) requests a second helping of liver, compliments the hostess on her attire, and helps his mother on with her coat when the ordeal concludes. Well, an exaggeration (my son has never won Best at Show), but you get the point. The judge sees only the performance at the moment.

But training is very important. Prepare your birds! It is costing you time and money to attend a show. If your bird has not been familiarized with the show cage he may spend his time on the show bench huddled on the bottom of the cage or racing from perch to floor and up the wire front.

I like to train my birds to their show cages starting 2-3 weeks prior to show date — alternating a few days in the cage, a few days back in their flights. But one problem I found was that they got so used to me confronting and manipulating them in the show cage, that they would appear well trained, yet the moment a new face appeared, they would go "bananas." Therefore I hit on the idea of disguise. I kid you not — this sounds silly — but my birds began to get used to anything! I appeared as Maurice Chevalier in a claret-red French beret, as Helen Keller without my glasses, as Priscilla Presley in myoid bee-hive wig, as Twiggy (braless), and Gordy Howe with my son’s hockey helmet. I must admit the last disguise threw the birds into such a complete panic that I had to discontinue it. But then I figured that we had not seen too many bird judges in hockey uniform, and therefore would take our chances.

And finally a word of praise and support for those "elite" on the front side of the show bench, namely the poor judges. This can be a very wonderful and terrible experience: one playing J.C. for a few moments only to be confronted after judging by 17 Pontius Pilates. It is unfortunately a job where it is impossible to please all the people all the time. It is best to win but much respect goes to the loser who accepts quietly the "agony of defeat".