

GFIA 2014 Conference

Guinea Fowl International invites you to our Ninth Annual Guinea Fowl Conference

PLACE: Tallmadge, OH, USA

Summit County Fairgrounds

DATE: September 20 – 21, 2014

SPEAKERS: To Be Announced

This year's conference will be held in conjunction with the Eastern Ohio Poultry Association's Poultry and Pigeon Show. You can find details about the show at GFIA's website (www.guineafowl.international) or go to Eastern Ohio Poultry Association's site (www.easternohiopoultryassociation.com) for general information.

This will be a slightly different format than conferences in the past, and we are very excited to have the opportunity to do something a little different.



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Guinea Poem *by Buckwheatkeet*

I'm glad we have 10 acres
and a cozy little pen.
I'm glad we have two guinea roos
and three guinea hen.
I'm glad we have this forum
to which we can come.
I'm glad we have our friends on here
to help us out some.
I'm glad we can write in
if we don't know what to do.
I'm glad for the friendships formed
with every one of you!



— Buckwheatkeet

Thorn by Ellena Hope

When answering a craigslist ad for Guinea Fowl I had no idea what lay ahead of me. "Chicken Watchdogs" they were advertised as. Bug-eaters is what I kept reading about, why not get a few?

Being new to keeping Chicken, we figured they would be similar enough that we could just "wing" it. Boy, were we wrong.

Enter
Thorn.



While letting my flock out one morning, Thorn ran to me, and fell over at my feet. I remember yelling to my husband for help, something was very wrong. We brought him indoors and set him up in a small wire crate and started to piece together what was wrong.

He was wobbly, unable to stand without falling over on his right side. Still talkative and alert, I was able to get him to eat and drink without issue... but he still could not stand. Thankfully, Thorn and I had the members of GFIA to walk us through what possibly happened. At first it was thought possible poisoning, botulism, maybe even a vitamin B deficiency. I was terrified he was dying and without the support of the members, I don't know how we would have made it though.

Upon physical examination it was found that he had a wound on his developing helmet as he was only 5 months old at the time. The wound was thought to be from a possible Night Fright episode that caused him to bash his head on one of the roosts. Poor Thorn! We fed him activated charcoal and B Vitamins just in

case the head injury was not the cause of his behavior change and from there on out it was a long, long wait.



During his healing period indoors, I got to know Guinea Fowl on a level I didn't know I would. Did you know that they are even more comical indoors than out? Did you know that they will talk to their reflection in pretty much anything? i.e. stove fronts and dishwashers, windows and even iphones. My silly Guinea would spend days in my lap chatting away or roosting on top of baby gates harassing the dogs. He would come down the hallway looking for me if I went missing too long and would demand treats at bedtime. Thorn even made friends with our two indoor rescue crows, Morgan and Korbie, and started spending time roosting with them on top of their cage.

As the days went on, Thorn's strength started to come back. Less and less would you see him lean to the right, hardly ever would he fall over anymore. We eventually started small outings outside with his flock, learning that when excited, his head injury became more apparent. Gradually we got closer and closer to the day that I knew he would return to them and my house would be quiet once more. While my husband and children were anticipatory of the impending quiet home, I found myself already missing my Guinea friend.

(Continued on page 3)

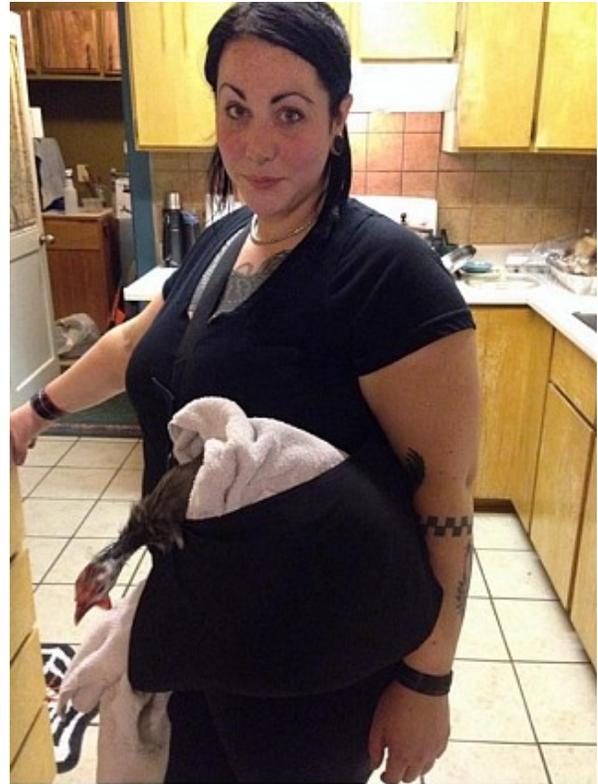
Thorn (continued)

Thorn did return to his flock where he leads 3 Lavender Guinea hens and co-exists with our mixed flock of



Silkies, Sex-Links and Russian Orloff. He's happier outdoors, that much I know, but secretly I sometimes wish he wasn't. Thorn taught me a lot about Guinea Fowl and I now see them much more than just "chicken watchdogs" and bug eaters. They are comic relief with their little helmeted heads and big wattles. Big personalities and even bigger hearts, those silly Guinea. Thorn allowed himself to be carried around in a makeshift sling and wouldn't step on a white towel that I placed outside his cage. Who knew they could be that friendly and that a white towel could represent snow? He always had me laughing.

A huge thank you from Thorn and myself to everyone who supported us through this journey, he wouldn't be here if it weren't for the members of GFIA.



Guinea Agenda by Buckwheatkeet

Wake up early. Scratch in the straw. Make lots of noise when servant comes to let us out. Make sure to chase each other and pull at each other's feathers so servant runs around yelling. Laugh at servant. (chi chi chi chi chi!) Take long dust bath. Scratch around in the grass and eat bugs. Squawk at anything and everything. Chase the U.P.S. man. Hey- he had a cup....thought there were some treats in it.....don't know why he threw it at us and ran away. Didn't like what was in the cup so shouted insults at him as he sped away.

Take another dust bath. Eat more bugs. Walk over to servant's house. Make the dogs bark with repeated calls of "buckwheat! buckwheat!" Here comes the servant on the gator! Chase gator. Run in front of it making servant jam on brakes. Scream and

buckwheat and fly wildly around. Repeat several times. It's getting dark. Refuse to go in coop.

Play tag with servant. Lead servant on a wild goose...I mean a wild guinea chase. Round and round the coop. Refuse to go in the door despite bribes of mealworms. Fly up onto the roof. Fly back down. Hide in the sticker bushes. Darn! They caught me. Back in the coop. Eat mealworms even though I was told I wouldn't get any. Insist servant hand feed me. Make sure to grab skin with each handful. Preen and make sweet little happy sounds. Go to bed. Buckwheat loudly in the middle of the night for no rhyme or reason. Pretend to be asleep when servant comes out to check. Dog barks at 4am. Servant must be outside with it – make sure to yell hello! (buckwheat, buckwheat, buckwheat!) Go back to sleep. Repeat.



How to Make a Million with Guinea Fowl *by Willie Makkit, Esq.*

The following article is intended as humor only and in no way reflects the actual way to be successful with raising guinea fowl.

Have things in order before you begin. Guineas require a shelter with at least 4 square feet per bird. This should be a protected from rain type shelter and also should be a lockable one to ward off night time predators. Having electricity and water in the shelter is a plus, making care much easier, but not absolutely necessary.

Decide if you want to start out with grown birds or keets. There are benefits to both. With older or grown birds you have the insect machines ready and they only need to imprint to know where home is. Keets require a lot of time and in fact, if you get keets, you will become obsessed with their care and nurturing. In most cases it will be the following year before they do much good in insect control or laying of eggs.

Be prepared to put up with lots of noise and don't think for a minute the guineas will stay where you intend for them to unless enclosed inside of a run with wire on top.

Rule #1 if you are gonna eat your birds or animals, don't bother to name them unless it is Stew Pot or Chuck. The good taste of cooked guinea is beyond words, a culinary experience in many ways. I prefer guinea and dumplings, but the dishes are superb any way that fowl can be prepared. The meat is splendid and very moist, lighter than dark meat from a chicken but darker than the white meat of a breast or wing. Dressing a guinea is very simple and uses the same procedures as making a chicken ready to cook. Chop the head off, let it bleed out, gut, skin, cut up, and rinse. Guinea is served in some upscale restaurants in New York City, or so I have been told. I don't make it up there to eat very often. Matter of fact I was last there in 1976 and if I never go back it might be to dang soon. Anyhow I had rather process what I'm eating myself just so I know how it has been handled and not exposed to bacteria. So far as I know guinea fowl is not commercially available in my area.

This bring me to the jest of the matter and time for a little pencil to paper. If you can create a market for a

thousand keets a year selling for \$5 a pop you will be taking in the sum of \$5,000. Taking in is not making. By the way, I made more money before I started keeping records. At this rate, you will need to be a direct descendent of Methuselah or have some strong genes to ever approach the million dollar mark. This leads into my next saga.

The second best shot at making a million with guineas. Create a false inflated market, anyone remember the Ostrich or Emu deal from some years past. You will have to sell keets to get everyone started in the business of raising guineas to sell grown guineas back to you. Build a network of places serving guinea fowl meat in restaurants. Set up a franchise to sell to the restaurants with you as the only prescribed seller or others may sell if they become a franchiser. Lock the restaurants in at a fair price of say \$20 a bird for ready to serve frozen birds. Something like a Colonel Sanders or MickeyD's franchise. The next step is to learn to impersonate my former business partner Bernard Lawrence Madoff. Soak all your friends, their friends and others who have plenty of expendable cash. If you use this method, be advised a quick exit plan to a country who does not extradite is a must. Don't get greedy just get a million and cut out to live the life of Riley in a foreign country.

The very best, easiest, sure fired safe way to make a million with guineas is to start out with two million. Be advised some of the names have been changed to protect the innocent and in some of the above mentioned cases I was simply a guilty bystander.

Check out some of my other self help booklets:

- Half Way to the Outhouse by Willie Makkit
- Don't Look a Gift Alligator in the Mouth
- Nowhere to Go and All Day Long to Get There
- I'm So Far Behind I think I'm Ahead
- If Being Wrong is Wrong, I've Been Right All Along
- Call Me Anything You Want, but Don't Call Me Collect