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EDITORIAL

"Tell me, Curruthers," asked the trout fisherman of his ghillic, "what is that little excrescence doing?"

"Och, I wish ye woul' nae call me Curruthers. Ma name is McKay, Jock, and tha' mon is fishin for eels."

"Well," replied the trout fisherman, in his poney public school accent, "I wish he would try to fish for eels somewhere else. Besides, it is not allowed. It cannot be allowed. Anyway, he smells."

"Have ye ever met an eel man tha' did nae smell?"

"Fortunately, my circle of friends, although extensive and encompasses people from many walks of life - admittedly mostly poofs and ponces like myself - does not include any eels or eel fishermen. Unless that delightful beau with the delightful flies is a secret eel fisherman; but he doesn't smell. Well, at least not in a nasty way. He uses such camp after shave though. Do you think that could be to hide the disgusting smell of eels?"

"Have ye ever met an eel fisherman that uses after shave? I can nae recall sein one tha' shaves! I'm sure none a your rich poofy friends are eel fisherman."

"Do you honestly mean to tell me that there are no ... how shall I put it ... normal men that go eel fishing? I'm sure there must be at least one who does not go round looking like something that the sewage works refuses to accept."

"Ye'd be surprised at wha' makes an eel fisherman. Did ye know they have their own Club? Aye, the National - English national tha' be - Anguille Club."

"I suppose when they meet its something like a sanitary inspectors conference. Tell me, McKay, do you mean to tell me that two or more of this pieces of cows dung gather together now and then? I'm sure that contravenes all the laws of human decency. Even in a primitive, even if butch, country like this you don't allow health risks like that to wander the streets, let alone river and loch banks."

"Aye, we do. We Scots do nae discriminate."

"Highly commendable, I'm sure, but shouldn't you have them licensed or something? I mean to say, if I met that on a dark....Oh my blue eyed butch boy, it's coming this way. Ooo its making my poor flesh creep. It's not crept so much since I don't know when."

After two blank nights on the banks of a lonely Scottish Loch, the Eel fisherman was in the mood to speak to someone. Although trout fishermen were not really his cup of tea, he felt that the least he could do was enquire as to the well being of this fisherman and offer a cup of hot tea. Alas this fisherman was not ideal company: he obviously held some dislike for eel fishermen. Agreed, he ponged a bit; but don't all healthy fishermen pong after two days and nights? But to be accused of resembling a bit of wombat's do was too much.

"Were you ever a shepherd, Jock?" he asked of the ghillic.

"Aye."

"And I bet you're a Russian spy," he said addressing the trout man.

"What on earth makes you, a challenge to any bottle of Elsonol, that I'm a spy?"

"Oh," came the terse reply, "I've just remembered my folk lore. Red spy at night, Shepherd's delight!"

DAVID SMITH.

THE HEAVY SHOT AND LEAD SOCIETY. (HSALS)By A.J. Sutton.

The above named Society is well and truly under way, and may God bless all who sail in her. It was first formed when we learned of the formation of a so called Super League which is currently, it would see, having all its own way. Our Society is a mirror of that body, as our name would suggest. Now we do not like to think that any group of anglers have their own way and collectively we decided to tailor our activities towards bringing a few anglers down a peg or two.

How could we best achieve our objective ?. We could disguise ourselves as great hairy monsters, but dropped this idea for fear of being mistaken for Kevin Richmond or Clive Houghton. We could dress up as ancient and wizened little old men, as ugly as possible. For similar reason we discarded this idea so as not to upset Arthur Sutton, Ernie Orme or Arthur Smith.

We decided to unleash a huge joke on anglers at large and had made for us by a leading Physicist a quantity of one ounce leads. No ordinary leads, these for each one weighed $2\frac{1}{2}$ lbs exactly. These leads were supplied to selective tackle dealers who were sworn to secrecy. A few of the leads were, however, distributed along the banks of popular waters. Bala lake to name a few. This was done because we do know of anglers who never EVER buy fishing tackle. Instead, they walk around a venue for hours on end wearing Polaroid specs, pretending to be studying the water. We all know that they are, in fact, looking for leads.

How could we foresee that our little joke would bring fame and fortune to a few fortunates. For instance, a certain Dr Alan Hawkins claimed to have cast a one ounce lead some four hundred and fifty yards at Bala Lake. He would have cast his last fifty yards of line but for the greenhouse on the opposite bank. This greenhouse exerted a sort of Braking effect on Alans lead. Nothing could effect a brake on Alan, who hurriedly left the scene.

Then there was the angler at Loch Ness. This chap was casting one of our one ounce leads in one of the few rowing matches held on that water. With the aid of our one ounce lead, this angler weighed in a staggering one hundred and fifty tons, Twelve pounds and three and a quarter ounces to win the match. The Arabs stepped in and purchased the catch, for, it seems, they had always wanted to own the Loch Ness Monster, for it was that unfortunate creature which had been hit squarely on the cranium. By our one ounce lead ! Of course, the rod builders among us had a field day. Everyone was demanding new rods which were REALLY capable of casting one ounce. Dave Holman came up with a neat little weapon. A delightful little rod, this, and something of a departure, for it was only $\frac{3}{4}$ " diameter at the tip.

So far so good. Our second venture was to get the maker of a well known bite alarm to co-operate with us. The idea was that some special alarms, when operated, would emit a secret signal which was anathema to all but the very smallest eels. The other eels would hurriedly depart from the area. We were fortunate in getting quite a few eel anglers to purchase the rogue alarm. And it did the trick. Alas, I got the alarms mixed up and it now appears that I have been using one of the rogue devices all season !

Ah, but eel anglers are a stubborn lot, and we had to contrive a scheme whereby their activities would be curtailed, or dramatically reduced. We made contact with the Gynaecologist at the local hospital who, before leaving the country of origin, was also a Witch Doctor. Outlining our little problem to this deeply tanned gentleman he rubbed his hands with glee, and muttering "I'll fix dem" he prepared a liquid in a bottle labelled Best Pilchard Oil. " A drop of dis in de bad mans tea will fix im, Boss" We were further informed that the effect was not immediate and would take some nine months before becoming apparent. We administered the Elixir by means of adding it to the tea of three

Anguilla Club members. Namely, Dr Alan Hawkins, Tony Hollerbach and Dave Holman. We waited until the start of another season and then BINGO - the first result. Dave Holmans good lady gave birth to a child. A very young child. Then it was the turn of Tony Hollerbach and his missus. Latterly, the same fate has befallen Dr and Mrs Hawkins. Alas, due to Alans weakness for other peoples tea he got an extra dose and is now the Father of twins. No, dont laugh, for we have since administered the same treatment to lots of other cups of tea. So watch out !

We decided to lay low for a while and watch with great joy the results of our efforts. In the interim period we put out the story that eels do not breed in this country. They fell for it, and all and sundry were taking eels home for the pot thinking that they were not harming future stocks. Oh what joy, the eel stocks were decimated, This worked really well, and with Precious little effort on our part. All we had to do was to impart the idea to Dave Smith and he, poor misguided fellow, started preaching through the medium of his Editorial column as to how eels do not breed in this country. He even swallowed the tale of a mysterious place called the Sargasso Sea. He was not alone for, without even bothering to go there and find out for themselves anglers readily accepted that there were indeed such a place. Consequently, Dave Smiths Editorial became the medium through which we were able to start many a great hoax.

After some time, our members became impatient and wanted rather more action. We wanted to tackle the larger waters, those on which eel anglers were still reaping some return for their efforts. Thus it came to pass that we commisioned a well known match angler and arch enemy of the eel anglers - a certain Mr Marks - to go forth and catch four Giant Manta Rays. This he did, although he had to step up to size fourteen hooks and four pound line. These Manta Rays werereleased into Bala Lake. Almost immediately the eel catches fell away, with only one stubborn chap still trying to come to terms with the water. But then he, being a foreman, could see no further than the end of hos nose anyway.

There was a bonus effect. Anglers told of how rough the water at Bala could become, and stayed away. Little did they know that the rough water was caused by the Manta Rays on the move !

In similar fashion we paid a visit to the Tibetan Embassy in order to enlist their help. Suffice to say that the ABOMINABLE SNOWMAN was installed at Whitemere, giving rise to tales of Ghoulies and Ghosties, Monsters and things that went BUMP in the night. Only one chap remained undisturbed. Dave Holman by name, this fellow, being a one time match angler, stubbornly refused to believe that any thing larger than a three ounce Bleak ever existed. Our foreman, mentioned above, did fish there but would never venture further than the road side swim. Even then he chose to remain throughout the night in his car. He also took to drinking great quantities of Brandy, Which, he insisted, had fallen from the back of a ship. He also kept requesting extension leads for his bite alarms until it was discovered that his intention was to fish Whitemere from the safety of his humble abode. Thus saving on petrol too, although we do not claim that he is anything other than extremely generous, The poor chap, when he did venture out, resorted to taking his family with him. Which illustrates the low depths to which some eel anglers will sink. Fortunately his troubles may soon be over, for he has consumed great quantities of our Special tea!

And so, apart from having recently poisoned Westfield Lakes, our manual activities are again at a stanfstill - but not for long. I hope to bring you more news of our activities in the future. Currently, we are being more subtle and have sought the aid of the Water Authorities. Eel anglers will have less eel fishing - and will have to pay rather more for what there isn't,

RETURN TO CORNWALL '75

Following the July trip to Cornwall, attended by Dave Smith, Kevin Richmond and myself, described by Kevin in Bull. 12.8, it was agreed that we would return there for the Summer Bank Holiday. It was also hoped that Nigel Jeyes and Arthur Sutton would accompany us. Unfortunately, that was not to be and, due to his financial predicament, ie broke, Kevin was unable to make the return trip.

Dave (I read it in the Angling Times) Smith arrived at my place on the Thursday evening and, after getting our heads down for a few hours sleep, we set off for the land of pastics and clay mines at about 6am. Four hours later we were strolling around St Austell. We were to find, however, that there were no maggots to be had for use during bait snatching sessions, so an extra loaf was included in our purchase of grub. Dave also bought a new shirt! This immediately started me thinking: "Was Terry Thomas filming down here this weekend?"

In the afternoon, after we had had something to eat and a few pints of the local ale, we drove to the Electricity Pool where we hoped to be able to catch bait, moving on to Wheal Rashliegh once that had been accomplished. Dave did not feel very happy about not having any maggots but I, being an optimistic creature, thought that we would get by. So, leaving Dave in the car to have a kip - has anyone ever known him be awake for long? - I set off in search of bait. A couple of hours later I had managed the capture of one, yes one, rudd. Then Dave awoke and joined in, enabling us to increase our tally to four: but, someone up in the heavens has a soft spot for us eel angler!

It was at this stage that another car pulled up. From this car came another angler later to be known to us as Derck Minards, but at that time a complete stranger. He was a local angler and, not recognising us as same enquired as to our standing within Roche AC. He was soon satisfied on that score with the production of Club Cards. He was somewhat nonplussed to discover that although we were members of the Club, we were not locals and had, in fact, travelled down from as far afield as Sutton, Surrey. He was engaged in conversation by one Smith who, using his usual tact, charm and crawling methods, managed to secure a supply of maggots. No doubt, he used such charm as: "How about some maggots before I snap your swing tip off?" This meant that we were now able to catch sufficient bait fish on our own despite the donation of a few more by Derek.

By this time it was gradually getting darker, so we therefore decided to stay at the Electricity Pool for the night, moving on to Wheal Rashleigh the next day. It was a new experience for Derek to see two eel fishermen setting up their pitch for the night, and before leaving for home he came round to find out what we were up to. Plied with cups of tea and Dave's fags we soon learned that he was not as unaccustomed to the evil ways of eel fishermen as we had at first suspected. He had been, before his recent departure to Zambia, a close friend and angling companion of Paul Wiczorek and had accompanied Paul on his eel sessions whilst fishing himself for carp. His opinion of eels was pretty low, but gradually he came round a bit, agreed to accompany us the following night to Wheal Rashleigh and invited us round to his place in Newquay for Breakfast.

We had decided to fish exactly the same swims as we had fished in July, Dave placing his perch dead baits under the rocky ledge and me casting out to the wecbed where I had caught the 2:4 on our previous visit, using rudd. I had a run at 2am which, on striking, felt like something really promising, and was somewhat surprised to find that the resulting eel weighed only 1:11½: it certainly gave a good scrap for its size. Dave lost an eel in the rocks and this proved to be the only other activity of the night. Being rather

exhausted through the previous day's travelling, we did not awake until 11 O'clock in the morning and, after packing up, we set off to see Derek in Newquay.

We were very grateful to Derek and his wife who cooked us a big meal and let us have the use of the bathroom. Have you ever noticed the funny places that fish scales can get into? As Derek was somewhat intrigued by the - dare I say it - sheer madness displayed by the two of us - especially Dave! - he was really looking forward to spending a session with us. If two loonies had travelled all that way just to catch eels, they couldn't be all bad.- the eels, that is, not the loonies!

So, after a brief visit to the Electricity Pool to catch bait, we set off for the water where Dave landed his eel of 3:9 on our previous trip. We all decided to fish the shallow end of this big water: besides, it was nearest to the car for a quick getaway in the event of some hairy, seven-legged fiend with one eye impersonating Ernie Orme should emerge from the trees and make a grab for our sensors. Being grabbed by the sensors, by the way, tends to bring tears to the eyes and make one deaf. Being sociable, we all piled into Dave's swim and considering that we had three pogs and six rods in the space of a few feet things didn't seem too bad. Indeed, Derek, who had never fished seriously for eels before, had two in the dustbin before you could say: "Ivan Marks is a gort lummux."

It was whilst in the process of helping Derek to land one of his eels that I had a run. The time was 05.00. The run was on the rod which had been cast to the far bank, baited with a large rudd. By the time I reached my rod and struck, the eel had run some 25 yards from where I had originally cast. Another superb scrap ended in the landing of an eel of 3:5 ($36\frac{1}{4}$ x $7\frac{1}{2}$) which is the best I've had this year. It was even better to see it swim away the following morning.

Derek left us to our own devices the next day with his head full of eel knowledge kindly donated by Dave Smith - the knowledge, not the head. Our last night at Wheal Rashleigh, despite being very still, produced not a single run for either of us. A little disheartened, we packed up early and set off for Weston. I felt sorry for Dave who did not manage to land a single eel, missing the only run he had on the trip. But I know that the incredible scenery enjoyed by both Dave and myself is of some consolation.

It is hoped that more members will be able to sample the Cornish eeling around St Austell next year. There is a lot more to be learned, and I believe that more rods will produce good results. In view of the fact that Cornwall enjoys a good climate all year round, there are good possibilities of winter eel fishing prospects.

Finally, I would like to add that the remarks made towards Dave in this article are only made in fun, as I am sure most members will agree that Dave is a great companion and I am very grateful for the advice he has given me whilst in pursuit of our favourite quarry.

ANGUILLA CLUB 1999

By Tony Hollerbach.

(Despite the occurrence of more Economic Crises, rapid inflation and continual discussions with Chrysler about the future of their UK car division, the Anguilla Club still goes on. And why not? So, here is recollections of 1999.)

Well, what a season it's been. Come to that, what a year! Man has certainly made some remarkable achievements this year: the first men to set foot on Mars and also men walking on the floor of the Pacific Ocean. But despite all these scientific advances, the Anguilla Club still goes on, and we still see the same old faces. Of course, this marvellous new rejuvenating process has had a lot to do with it. Who would have thought twenty years ago that old man Ernie Orme would still be bashing away at Bala reservoir? And to have young Arthur Sutton still bashing away at the newsletter is really great.

This year's Club trip must go down in history as being one of the most entertaining. Naturally, everyone indulged in the usual occupation of nipping off to the local pub to get stoned. Unfortunately, the past twenty years has seen no increase in honesty, so it was still necessary for one of us to remain behind to look after the gear.

Do you remember that night when I was left in charge of the gear? You had all set up your tackle - that's changed none over the past years - and cast out your baits. What with these new bite alarms with a transmitting range of ten miles we can easily detect bites while slowly (or quickly) getting tanked up. Personally, though, I'm not too keen on the system since it attracts bats by interfering with their own radar. I've got so fed up with the little so and so's colliding with my force field that I'm now back on to the old system. Arthur's new force field, by the way, is an excellent item of tackle. It does away with all that unnecessary clothing of the old days as well as broly tents etc. What's more important, with built in air filters, it cuts out all the pollutants. Anyway, I'm straying from the point. That night when I was left alone. Yes. If my memory serves me right, you all crawled back from the pub to find the lake shrouded in fog from the industrial estate at about nine o'clock. I could hear Brian Crawford complaining about the high cost of Uranium to power his new car, and was regretting the fact that the permanent fog prevented his solar-celled battery operated fishing trolley from working. Tell me Brian, why don't you use quartz crystals?

Having arrived back at camp, Dave Smith conned me into brewing a cup of synthetic tea. And you know what Dave's like after he's had a few wines and a cup of synthy-T. Though, let's give him his due, he does say that in the old days when we used to be able to real tea, my tea used to effect him badly then. It's remarkable that the fellows spent so long conning me into making tea and then complaining about the fact that it keeps him awake all night!

After you had all had a cup of hot Synthy-T, you departed to your fishing spots. The International Government banned the word "pog", despite the fact that we still tend to use it, because, according to official sources in Kampala, it is offensive to Prime Minister/Chancellor/President/Field Marshall/Air Vice-Marshal/Admiral Idi. Once we were settled, there was complete and utter silence. An hour passed: no activity. Suddenly a loud scream rent the fog. It was Henry Hansen who had never really recovered from his experience with Quasimodo many years ago. He came tearing through the undergrowth babbling about something. Well, naturally I thought he was having another of his nightmares. But he was not sleep running and was wide awake and babbling on incoherently about a giant eel. The rumpus he was causing brought many more of you out to investigate the row. Others came from the same direction as Henry and were also talking about "bloody enormous eels". Well, I naturally thought this was some sort of joke you had dreamed up in the pub, but the alarmed look on your faces and the absence of any tell-tale smile made me think otherwise.

We discussed the incident and decided that it must be just a quirk of fate and the monstrous creature that Henry had caught was a mutation. But everyone felt a little reluctant to return alone through the fog to their pitches, so we spent the night at my pitch where we were safe in numbers. Of course, our imaginations started to run away: could the eel, which had remained unchanged

for millions of years, suddenly have evolved into a super being as a result of all the chemical pollution? Had they assumed their rightful place in nature? Were they now the masters of the Earth?

By golly, we were all pleased to pack up the following morning and get the hell out of it! Back in the safety of the pub, we were all able to laugh it off. But, tell me, would you fish there, alone, again? I knew I wouldn't!

Anyway, apart from the fright of that final night of the trip, I'm sure everyone will agree that the trip was another highly successful social event. I'm sure that everyone will be looking forward to the spring trip.

The only blot on an otherwise good year, was the decision by the International Water Authority to increase the cost of the World licence to fifty million quid. Fishermen have always been a tight mob - times don't change, do they? - and, in my opinion, we've got to pay for our fishing and fifty millions is damn good value for money.

Whilst on the subject of money, the time has come for the renewal of membership and, as treasurer, it is my sad duty to ask you to send in your subs as soon as possible. As was agreed at the AGM, the subs will stay the same again this year at £45.50 - cheap at half the price. We also have plenty of goodies for sale:

1. Club notepaper at £1.50 per sheet.
2. Quicksilver weights at £10 per doz.
3. Club badges (genuine steel) £5 each.
4. Radioactive free trace leads at £5 each.
5. Force field brolley's at £50 each

Support your Club by buying these items: and remember, they are the cheapest on the market. Arthur Sutton tells me that we have a rare stuffed pike - a fish that was made extinct in the eighties. This wonderful beast is being offered as the prize in the new century raffle. Tickets £25 each from yours truly.

Finally, may I wish all of my readers from 1975 a very happy Christmas.

* * * * *

Note From Gen Secretary.

Forgive me for the erratic typing. Firstly, the typing machine which the CLUB purchased back in the early '70s is just about clapped out and at times I have to call on the robot to do the typing for me as the keys are mighty stiff now.

Secondly, after serving the Club faithfully since it was first started way back in the middle of the century I DO feel it is time that someone else had a go. After all, I am now turned seventy years young and feel like resting for my next fifty years. Even those tablets which they gave us during the second World war to take our minds off sex are beginning to work!

Looking through the annals of the Club, I came across an item which I thought I might mention here as being of interest to our younger members. The several items referred to are related to MOONLIGHT and ITS EFFECT on EEL FISHING. Before you laugh your heads off I must tell you that I vaguely remember the concern at the time, and the measures adopted to cancel the effects of moonlight.

However, since the moon was blown apart by the Chinese in 1988 it no longer causes us any concern.

Some concern must however be caused to us by the latest communique from the Icelandic Government. This states that NO FISHING of any kind will be allowed within 800 miles of the Icelandic shoreline. So I must warn our members that they can no longer fish for eels in the British Isles and must resort to using the car dumping ground some few miles South of the Isle of Wight.

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