



## **The Strange Tale Of The Disappearing Tenner**



Welcome to the December & Christmas edition of your favourite angling club publication. As the joys, delights and merriment of the Yuletide season is now well and truly upon us, no Christmas would be complete without a spooky tale guaranteed to send shivers down the spine. This story is not based on some malicious or meddling rumour, but alas it is pure fact and not fiction, which does now follow in a manner somewhat strange in itself...

It was around the time of August in the year 2014, on the farm with the White House, when we found ourselves gathered for what is better known as a fishing contest. If memory serves me well I recall that there were 12 or 13 good men for whom the day held much promise and yet for some despair was indeed lurking in the shadows. It was a day on which the weather paid little heed and as for the most part it was non-descript. However, the angling part of the day was to prove troublesome and fish were noticeable by their absolute scarcity. Amongst the men around me were faces I knew well, for they too are members of the angling congregation known as the Kingswood and Hanham Legionnaires Society. One such man, whose face he deliberately shrouded by some style of peaked headwear, was within my sight and I witnessed him capture a large carp of almost 13 pounds but little else.

As the grueling contest welcomingly drew to a close I was vividly aware that I had captured a not unreasonable catch, and so much so that a blind man would indeed be very happy to see it. Then, as I lumbered up to the scalesman with my keeper net, it was confirmed that I had undeniably accumulated a catch of some 13 pounds and 12 ounces. I recall thinking to myself that such a catch on this day might truly result in a little fortune by way of coin, and even perhaps a win of the section. So with great expectations I did pack away my angling utensils and made haste to the parking area, from which the draw had taken place some 6 hours previous. Some banter between the contestants was heartily shared and a few words amounting to verbal intercourse did pass loudly, although almost unnoticed amongst those without refinement.

I began to feel an impatience take hold of me, as time lingered and still no coin had passed my palm and yet I was almost certain that such a reward was duly fitting for the efforts of my labour. Feeling totally bemused by the affair I enquired with my acquaintance, a trusty man by the name of William Croom Esquire, as to whether he possessed any knowledge of the outcome of the contest, to which he replied "I will go yonder and seek the information you desire sir". A little time later he returned with word of a despicable act, of which I am still haunted to this very day. It transpired that a person, as yet unknown, had impersonated me with the intention of relieving me of my just reward, which amounted to a note of some ten pounds in value. As you might imagine, an internal enquiry then ensued.

When further information from the contest organiser emerged, it became quite obvious that the person in question was indeed a member of my very own Legionnaires' Society. It was with some difficulty I had to believe that a scoundrel existed amongst us but sadly it soon became evident. The person in question was none other than the Legionnaires' Society's secretary. Although shocked with disbelief I did find the courage to approach this person and I put it to him that an injustice had indeed transpired. I stopped myself short of mentioning any act of dishonesty, although it had crossed my mind, briefly. When I did finally approach the man and put the charge forward, he spoke only to confirm his name, "Thomas Roderick Brian Llwyd". He spoke with a hint of Welshness,

his voice stuttering and mumbling something about it all being a big mistake. It was factual that he claimed there had indeed been a case of mistaken identity, a claim not yet fully corroborated or confirmed by anyone in attendance. With the evidence duly stacked against him, he had little and in fact no alternative but to admit his guilt in the matter and to make good some due recompense. I and others then witnessed in almost disbelief as he then proceeded to put his hand inside his pocket and bring out a purse of some years aging. It was evident that the tatty and bedraggled leather vessel had indeed been a victim of excessive handling over the years but I suspect from its smooth and impeccable interior it had seen very little by way of incoming action.

As Thomas Llywd reluctantly fumbled around inside his pouch he eventually produced a note of some 10 pounds in value and proceeded to slowly move it in the direction of my outstretched palm. His eyes were glazed as he muttered the words "Bloody Nora that's spoiled my day". And so it came to pass that justice was seen to be done and the mystery of the disappearing tenner had been resolved to my full satisfaction. The moral of the story is... Trust no man whose attire closely resembles your own and who speaks with an accent that is not of this place.

### Match News... Match News... Match News...



#### Warks Avon, 17<sup>th</sup> August

It was pointed out to me that I had not written a report for this match (Hmm... I wonder why?) in my last newsletter, so here it is...

Early start, long journey, long day, few fish but thanks to Brian for his swim clearing efforts, which I'm sure were very much appreciated by all who attended. And thanks to Eddy for the amusement factor concerning whether he had enough petrol to get to the venue just as we were about to embark onto the approaching motorway.



#### K&A canal, Semington, 26<sup>th</sup> October

Most of us finished this match saying "never again" for several reasons. Firstly there was just too many boats moored up so pegging had to start a long way down the canal, leaving many exhausted before the start. Then the narrow canal towpath made pole fishing difficult and even more so with walkers and cyclists ambling by. Then the boat traffic was relentless throughout the day, churning up the mud and keeping the fish from feeding confidently. The most unfortunate man on the day was probably Bob Hole who drew nearest the lock gate and had to endure a lot more mud churning and diesel fumes as boats waited to move through the gate. The Golden Valley boys cleaned up on the day from the early pegs with large perch and weights in excess of 12 lbs, whilst the rest of us struggled to put a decent weight together. Our top rod was former male model, Bill Knight with 4lb -8oz, which wasn't even enough to take a section win. So goodbye to canal fishing... for now at least.

#### Whitehouse Farm Poppy Match, 2<sup>nd</sup> November



I know it's not Legion match news but 4 Legion members are also Alcove members and 3 of us fished this annual fund-raising event. Luckily for me I won with over 32 lbs, a disgruntled Steve Sewell was second with I think 26lbs and Tony Welsby was third with around 23lbs.

#### RBL Poppy Match, all waters, 9<sup>th</sup> November



The main event of the fund-raising season was a little downbeat due to news of the death of Bill Milton. Bill had been an ardent supporter, sponsor and organiser of this special event for many years. He was also a life member of

the K&H RBL AC. He will be sorely missed by all. All the usual faces were there but an out-of-sorts river produced few surprises. Best weights came from the Crane stretch.

#### Kelston Invitation, 23<sup>th</sup> October



This was a kind of inter-club contest between us and Golden Valley in which GV easily won. Our top rod on the day was Johnny Mack with 6lb plus of roach. Apart from the long hike across soggy fields it was not a particularly bad day as roach put in an appearance on every peg. The river was pushing through a bit so if conditions had been just right then it could have been a very good day for all. Looking forward to doing it all again next year.



#### Aggregate Update!

Time to whet your appetite for some competitive angling over the next few remaining matches and bring you up to date with who's who and what's what with the points aggregate scores. 1<sup>st</sup>. Bill Knight - 23 points, 2<sup>nd</sup>. Bob Hole - 20 points, 3<sup>rd</sup>. Clive Purshouse - 15 points, 4<sup>th</sup>. John McMahon - 13 points, 5<sup>th</sup>. John Thompson - 12 points, joint 6<sup>th</sup>. Bill Croom & Brian Lloyd - 11 points, 8<sup>th</sup>. Ed Davis - 9 points and 9<sup>th</sup> but not leathed Alan Maggs - 8 points.

#### Pairs Aggregate

1<sup>st</sup>. Bill Knight & Clive Purshouse - 19-11-0, 2<sup>nd</sup>. Bill Croom & John Thompson - 15-08-8, 3<sup>rd</sup>. Brian Lloyd & Ed Davis - 08-03-8.

#### This Year's Colour Calendars!



Well I have to say that this year's full colour calendars are absolutely FAB. And a snip at just £34 each. Luckily your calendar will only cost you £2 as the club is paying for half the printing costs and I've waived my fee for creating them. Thanks to Bill Croom for some excellent photography. Now hang on to your calendar because this will be a "one off". It's unlikely we will be producing one like this ever again so you have in your possession a valuable collector's item. Now that doesn't mean you can sell it on ebay!

#### Electric Trolley For Sale?



Soon to be for sale. Electric trolley, goes one way only and works when it feels like it. Good condition and one careful and frustrated owner. Contact Bill Croom.

\* A Happy Christmas and New Year to ALL Readers