

The Kingswood Legionnaires' Newsletter

Ye Olde Christmas Tale Is Once More Upon Us Gentleman!

Well, it's almost become as traditional as Christmas itself. No I don't mean the 'Muppet of the Match' award for the person who catches the least fish on the Christmas match. I wonder who will be wearing the silly hat this year. Anyway, I mean ye olde Yuletide story that I somehow manage to conjure up around this time of year. Last year's storyline, if your memory will stretch back that far, was mainly about finding a new pub venue for our xmas presentation and jolly dinner-dance. This time around, and without any major calamity or dilemma to focus on, I've had to, would you believe... partly make something up! Well, I know everyone's been waiting patiently for it so without further ado, here it is...

“Any Other Fishy Business Gentleman?”

'Twas a cold dark night and early in the month of December, when the Royal British Legion Angling Society did meet to discuss their usual piscatorial affairs. The evening began, as many a previous, with a jug of warm ale and some hearty banter amongst the merry old stalwarts. Upon the hour of eight and thirty, ye olde secretary did so announce, and in full voice, that everyone was now present and that it was indeed time to make haste to the meeting chamber in order to begin the assemblage. Those present were duly accounted for and those missing were marked AWOL, as is customary. Ye olde secretary began by reciting the events of the previous encounters and then the chairman asked for all those in agreement with the said record to say “aye”, “yeah” or “nay”.

With no matters arising from the proceedings, it was the turn of ye olde secretary to enlighten the delegates as to the month's events, proceedings and on-goings pertaining to the society's affairs of the month previous. Some unremarkable news and matters were then laid before the delegation for discussion followed by much saying of “aye”. 'Twas at this point in the proceedings that ye olde secretary did promptly announce that there would indeed be a matter of some seriousness, which to his expectation could

be amicably resolved under the section of “Any Other Business.” Needless to say, the delegation were captivated and intrigued by such a statement but would have to bide their time until the appropriate moment, when all would, to one and sundry, be revealed. As the meeting progressed onto competition affairs and then onto financial matters, the treasurer was as usual, embarrassed to announce he would once again be taking some leave in order to gallivant amongst the sand dunes of the Cornish coastline. Such was his passion but with the society's funds at his disposal, many a delegate did momentarily cast a cynical eye towards his direction. With a sense of foreboding, the meeting did progress onto the subject of the annual jolly Yuletide competition. There was, without doubt, some apprehension to the occasion as the previous annual event consisted of some confusion and muddle, not least where the sitting arrangements were concerned and also with that of the serving wench's attire. No matter, with trusted authority, the delegates were reassured that the said good lady of the Inn will indeed be dressed appropriately for the occasion and will be duly dishing out some deliciously, delectable delights on the day in question.

That is of course, providing she has arisen from her bedroom chamber in good stead. So it came to pass that the time now reached was pertaining to the long awaited Any Other Business portion of the

society's meeting and the unnerving revelation of the matter, which was deeply concerning ye olde secretary. He proceeded to speak. "Let it be known gentleman, that during some time before the commencement of our recent competition at the lake near the Whitehouse, I did, out of duty and loyalty, lend to the honourable chairman of our piscatorial society, some tree cutting apparatus, which he had duly requested." The chairman then spoke to confirm this matter. "Yes colleagues, this statement does bear truth. I did indeed go forth and request of ye olde secretary the use of his tree cutting apparatus, to which he had upon his person but is this of any relevance?" He enquired. Ye olde secretary did fashion a face of some seriousness and duly continued, "It is indeed of some consequence my good man. For is it not true that at the end of the said competition you did acknowledge that your good fortune was somewhat associated to the fact that you were able to remove a small tree branch, which impeded your presentation, thus allowing you to accumulate a winning weight consisting mainly of the species cyprinus carpio?"

The chairman was at a loss for further explanation and so reluctantly conceded that ye olde secretary did indeed have a valid point of order. However, the delegates were now eager to determine whether any injustice had been served upon ye olde secretary during this course of action. The chairman asked the delegation to deliberate and come to a conclusion be it that the chairman was either guilty of wanton malice or perhaps just a momentary lapse of recollection, which would account for his lacking of due acknowledgement and perhaps fair and due recompense. Delegates were also reminded that some years previous, ye olde secretary did try to hoodwink the chairman by assuming his identity in order to benefit financially from a minor windfall at the very same event. Ye olde secretary did then ask for all previous misdemeanors to be taken into consideration but however, to judge this particular heinous act as one that was considered unbecoming of a gentleman and member of the coveted piscatorial society, to which he has expressed his allegiance.

The meeting did run into the night and on into the small hours as each delegate pondered the affair and relevantly reflected on the circumstances, to which the matter pertained. With much too-ing and fro-ing, the argument did reach a fever pitch until finally, a decision was

unanimously reached and agreed upon by all. It was so decided that the chairman was to be taken from this place to a site of former intoxication, in other terms best known as a public house, and in this place he would duly purchase for the pure enjoyment of ye olde secretary a pint of the establishment's finest ale, by way of recompense for the usage of ye olde secretary's vintage tool. The said Inn was to be that of the Hungerford Arms and to be directly afterwards of the seasonal 'fur 'n' feather' contest, where upon much joyous merriment could surely be expected. All those in favour said "aye", at which stage the meeting was called to a closing.

On the day of the much anticipated event, the piscatorial society's delegates together with the common underlings of the society, did gather within the meadow of Stowford, near the hamlet of Farliegh. It was a cold wet and windy morn and although the respective competitors did raise some banter and merry cheer, it was telling that they would much relish the opportunity to be back within the bosom of their warm bedroom chambers. Nevertheless, the contest was duly bound to go ahead as much forthright planning had been invested. As ye olde secretary did collect from each man some coin, the youthful pegger confirmed that all casting places were duly noted and available to the assemblage. The society chairman was also, during the course of proceedings, reminded of his duty bound commitment to ye olde secretary, to which he passed some blasphemous comment by way of reluctant acknowledgement.

And so at the tenth hour the event got under way without further ado. It was duly noted by passers-by however, that some lurid language and foul-mouthedness did arise within earshot, and to all intents and purposes did emanate from the direction of the river bank, to which the participants were competing. It was wondered by some of the local inhabitants whether a constable should be summoned to bid fair warning to the contenders but alas it was after all the Yuletide, when over merriment and high spirits were only to be expected. As the time of day did fast approach the fifteenth hour, a ghostly fog descended over the meadow and each and every man became shrouded in some mistiness. A haste was now in progress as all challengers were to pack away their angling utensils, register their catches, and scurry to the Inn for ale, sustenance and the Yuletide festivities.

As the hour crept towards the sixteenth, almost all had now congregated within the confines of the Inn. However, as time marched forever onwards it

came to the men's notice that one of their contingent was not amongst them. A roll call did indeed reveal a confirmation that ye olde secretary was not present and after much questioning every man was none the wiser of his whereabouts. However, the festive proceedings got underway with hog, tubers and haricots being duly served by the wenchling and her subordinate underlings. Much merriment was to follow and banter did flow as equally as the ale. However, the atmosphere was soon to turn to despondency as it became clear that ye olde secretary had most probably passed and withered on the banks of the river. There was just one question that played heavily on the minds of the piscatorial associates and so t'was to cast an overwhelming suspicion upon one upstanding member. Did in fact the chairman have a hand in some gruesome act so unspeakable, that no one has spoken of it since hence? Was the chairman in some way responsible for the untimely disappearance of ye olde secretary? Would this man really have gone to such lengths in order to avoid the meeting of his commitment? Did he under cover of the fog carry out some ghastly deed, to which we will never know the sordid details?

However, with no testaments or evidence excepting circumstantial to consider, there was not a shred of proof in the suggestion that the chairman would dispose of ye olde secretary ensuring his person was never to be discovered. It seems a mystery has indeed developed and would yet to be unraveled amidst the growing restlessness of the delegation. Alas, ye olde secretary was never to be seen again upon the meadow or indeed anywhere else. It is said that on any foggy Sunday aft, a strange noise can be heard emanating from the reeds and grasses of the meadow. Local villagers have taken to naming the distinct sound as the "Welchman's Cry" And so it came to pass that a song with the same name was created in memory of ye olde secretary. The first verse is recited thus: "A welchman went to Stow, went to Stowford meadow, a welchman in the fog, fell into a bog somewhere in the meadow." 'Tis a strange story indeed!

Slim win for the RBL at BOA

It was a close call for the Legionnaires at the inter-club match against Golden Valley at Barton Farm. The match, which was held on Sunday October 22nd, produced a total turnout of 15 anglers. The river looked spot on for bream as the previous rain

had put a nice tinge of colour in the water and added some welcome pace to the flow. With that in mind everyone wanted a high draw, so as to be in with a chance of a bream. I drew peg one ☺ However as the match proceeded it became obvious that the fish were going to be a little harder to tempt than at first expected, and the bream decided not to put in an appearance on this occasion. On the all-out, peg 6 coughed up the winner with a total of 10lb-14oz of mainly chub for Golden Valley member Nigel Shens. However, I was very close behind with 10lb-12oz, taking second place and some welcome beer tokens. My catch consisted of mainly roach and skimmers. I



also landed a double figure pike after playing it for 20 minutes. Time wasted, which could have otherwise given me the edge. On the tally up, the Legion won with a total weight of 25lb-3.5oz to the Valley's 25lb-0.5oz. A very close 3oz margin is all that separated us in the end. Well done lads!

Legionnaires Shine at Alcove Poppy Match

At least 7 Legionnaires attended the Alcove Poppy match held at Whitehouse Farm on November 5th with just about everyone wanting a draw on



Margaret's Lake. As expected, not only did the winner come from Margaret's, she threw up the top 3 weights. Right out in front was stormin' Norman

Ferris of Alcove with 28lb-3oz from M8, second was yours truly with 16lb-10oz off peg M7 and third was John Treasure with 12lb-14oz from M6. Bob Hole collected a section win for his 8lb-3oz net off M14. The match raised £110 for the Poppy Appeal.

Poppy Appeal Open November 12th

Brian and I represented the Kingswood Legionnaires in this prestigious annual event, in which around 86 quality anglers took part. We were both drawn on the Newbridge stretch, one at each end. Unfortunately for us, all the big bream weights came from the middle section. The eventual winner was Kevin Boltz with 59lb of bream up to 7lb. 37lb was needed for second and 32lb was third. Despite some confusion at the start of the event, when the 2-minutes silence became around 4 minutes, everything went smoothly and over £1800 was raised for the Poppy Appeal. As always, the organisers did an excellent job.

Grim returns on the glorious Gloucester

An arranged meet up at Michael Wood Services on the M5 heralded the start of a new adventure and this time we had the Gloucester canal in our sights. Most everyone turned up on time and we eventually set off for the short journey to the canal at Netheridge. Hempstead bend was the section we had booked and with reports of 50lb of bream winning a match just 2 weeks previous, we were all full of great expectations. However, with a hard frost during the night and frost still evident on the ground by the time we got going, it was always going to be a bit difficult to get fish to feed. Local knowledge paid off though as Glos canal regular Nigel Vigus laid into the skimmers, catching 14lb-13oz of them on a short pole line. The man who will only ever admit to 4lb, Adrian Dennis, was second with 6lb-8.5oz and Johnny Mack's only fish of the day was enough to secure third position with 3lb-1.5oz. Despite the weather and the disappointing results, everyone enjoyed the day, which is great because we're going back again next year. With an October date booked it is hoped we should do much better and hopefully avoid the frosts next time.

Christmas cheer with plenty of beer for Legion chairman at Alcove Xmas match

The Alcove Christmas match attracted a total of 18 anglers to Whitehouse Farm on December 3rd, and as always, everyone wanted a deep peg on

Margaret's Lake. However, with only 6 pegs on Margaret's there was going to be many disappointments. I was lucky, drawing M17, with a clear chuck to the island and empty pegs either side. It was thought the chub would dominate but even they were not willing to come out and play due to the exceptionally cold water. On my second cast to the island with a small maggot feeder the rod tip pulled round and I was into a double figure carp. Assuming correctly that it might be the only carp I would latch onto during the match I played it to a standstill. After 25 heart stopping minutes I netted the beast after the third attempt. It went 12lb-11oz and was enough to win the match on its own. After 2 more fruitless hours on the maggot feeder I gave up and stayed on the pole, fishing close in. I picked up a couple of tiny perch and then hooked into a lovely specimen roach which went 11lb-7oz. That gave me a total weight of 14lb-5oz and a clear win over Steve Dawson's 9lb second place. However the day got even better. I was also on the golden peg. So I picked up £50 for the win and a further £100 for winning on the golden peg, plus a hamper worth around £35. Happy days and happy Christmas everyone!

Get your 2018 calendars why you still can!



These 2018 club calendars are the best yet and I don't expect them to last long. Once again the club is taking a hit on the price so that you only have to pay £3 each for them, and they are a real bargain at that price. If you haven't got yours already then give Brian a call and reserve one. If your ugly mugshot is on the cover then at least 1 purchase is mandatory!

Just a reminder!

I will be taking orders for new club clothing in the New Year, putting an order in before the start of the new season. If you want to look good guys, talk to me your friendly local tailor.

Well, **Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year river warriors.** Stay safe!