

Kingswood Legionnaires

Newsletter

Dec. 1999



'We're One Year Old'

Welcome, to the 'Bumper Issue' of your most favourite publication on the planet – ever!

It's all here, Match results, Forthcoming events, Aggregate positions, Latest news, Views, Gossip, *Libel* and a very special seasonal treat. 'A Christmas Tale' A story not to be missed! "A real pantomime" – (Angling World), "A very sad story" (Fishing Times), "There's hope for me yet" (90 year old novice angler).

PLUS....Coming Soon! A new feature for the Year 2000. Just send in your story about your catch of a lifetime experience, together with supporting photographs and at least 10 sworn statements from sane, independent witnesses. I will pay £1000 for every one I print. So get inventing those stories, now!

.....Match Results.....Match Results.....Match Results.....Match Results.....Match Results.....

The 'Poppy' Match

The Kingswood Legion can be proud of organising and presenting one of the most prestigious annual fishing contests in the South West and this year is no exception. In fact, this year's event was probably the most successful, with all tickets sold, additional sponsorship, good weights and even good weather. More importantly though, is the day itself, Remembrance Sunday. A poignant reminder, of the ultimate price of freedom. A huge **Thank You** goes to the swim clearing team, all the sponsors and all that helped with the running and preparation.

Special thanks go to Bill Croom for his work in securing additional sponsorship and finally, Brian Lloyd, the man who can make all things possible. As a result of all your efforts the event raised £500 for the 'Poppy Appeal Fund'. Next year, Year 2000, marks the 20th anniversary of the Poppy match. Needs to be a bit special, don't you think? Watch this space! Winner on the day was Shaun Townsend with 37lb – 6oz of chub from the 'Blockhouse'.

Club Match – Monkton Coombe

For those that can remember, we had a club match on October 17th at Monkton. For those that don't want to remember, look away now! First place went to Garry 'Chubba' Takle with 10-2-8, from a 'crap swim' opposite the boathouse. Second was me with two fish for 6-14-8 (inc. 1 barbel 6-14-4). Alan Isles secured third position with 4-11-0. Mark Summerhayes knew he was in for a bad day after throwing his landing net in to the river, at the start.

Inter-club. Golden Valley

Unable to print the final results, due to overwhelming embarrassment.

Where are you? Aggregate positions. Pairs & Knockout.

Top 10 Individuals. G.Takle 111pts, B.Knight 109pts, M.Summerhayes 103pts, N.Farler 93pts, L.Bird 85pts, R.Watts 83pts, T.Brown 83pts, B.Croom 77pts, A.Iles 77pts, A.Gardiner 75pts. **Top 4 Pairs.** J.Davies & B.Knight 43-6-8, G.Takle & N.Kruk 31-2-8, T.Brown & N.Farler 23-8-8, B.Lloyd & R.Watts 21-5-8. For other individual & pairs positions, see R.Watts.

Forthcoming Events

For those that never look in their tabs, our next match is today, December 12th. Followed by Christian Malford upstream on January 9th. Draw 8.30. (Turkey sandwiches banned)

Jazz 2000. Don't forget January 15th! 'The Beachcombers International Jazz Band' will be performing at the Whitehall Rugby Club. Please make every effort to support this worthwhile fundraising event. You can put up posters in your place of work, send flyers with your Christmas cards, sell tickets, bring your wives, girlfriends, mothers-in-law and friends, if you have any. Contact Brian for information, tickets and posters. Tel. 0117 9676030.

Calendars!!!!!! Legionnaire Club Calendars are available and on sale now until the end of January. These magnificent Year 2000 calendars display a whole twelve months of dates, one of which could be your birthday! They make great Christmas presents, for people you don't like and cost only £1.50 each. On sale now. See me.



Ireland 2000. We will be holding a meeting early in the New Year to discuss progress and bring you all up to date with the latest information. Videos of previous visits are available for private viewing, free of charge.

Other News

Ted Brown was admitted to hospital for a delicate operation recently but was sent home, on medical grounds. This further delay means that Ted is still the number one ‘bag-up’ man. We hope all is running smoothly for you Ted. Bless you.

One of our new sets of scales have been missing since the Monkton Coombe match. Does anyone know of their whereabouts? Please check your car boots, holdalls and carryalls and let us know if you have them.

Thanks to all for the ‘Get Well’ card. Your sincere messages of sympathy were much appreciated.

Just heard that Ray Newton is currently ill with kidney stones. (Shouldn’t eat them then.) We all wish our fellow legionnaire a speedy recovery.

Please note, our next club meeting will be on Monday January 3rd. Usual time and place.

‘A Christmas Tale’- Part 1 *(All names have been changed, to protect the identities of the innocent. Any similarities to those either living or dead is purely coincidental)*

It was Sunday, December 10th. A cold, damp and dreary dawn reluctantly threw her sparse light over the City of Briftol. The peaceful morning air began to stir to the sound of buzzers, bells and flushing lavatories. A car door slams, quietly. A gasping car engine fires to life, and away he goes. A man on a mission, a Fisherman.

Today is the day, that the ‘Legionnaires’ Angling Club members, gather for a momentous occasion. The Christmas fishing contest (*held annually*). The River Beevon (*real name changed, to protect the identity of a first class river*) looked tantalising, as she wriggled and twined her misty way. Her steep muddy chasm flanked, by sleeping Alders who, unaware of their litter waving lower regions, bow gracefully in adoration.

“Let’s ‘ave your money, c’mon you buggers you can’t hide from me” came a loud deep voice. It was Ted White, sporting a red Santa hat and waving his arms frantically. “Ted, there ain’t no raffle today you dipstick”. “It’s the Christmas match, dodo”. “We don’t have a raffle at Christmas, remember?” came the barrage of replies. Brian Floyd, the club secretary, was sat in the back of his old, beaten-up van, wondering where he had left his fishing rods. While Rich Blotts, the club match secretary was shouting to everyone to gather round for the draw. The twenty happy little faces, each in turn, looked to the heavens as they delved into the lucky dip bag, all hoping for a real ‘prize’ draw. “Number one is just here by the fence and number fifty is at Pigford” informed Rich Blotts. “Don’t forget, its all back to the Midland Weaver pub afterwards, for skittles and prizes,” shouts Brian Floyd.

The jolly troupe make small talk, as each waits in turn to clamber over the first hurdle fence. Then, one by one, like fleeing refugees, they briskly walk the few thousand yards across the slurry-patched field, to their destinations. Almost an hour goes by when suddenly, a whistle signals the start. “All in!” shouts Bill Purfick, the club’s chairman. “All in!” echoes Bill Broom. “All out!” demands Paul Twain.

With only an hour gone by, Ray Newman, the trusty treasurer, decides to visit everyone and wish them a nice day. But everyone is wary of his charming manner and suspect ulterior motives. His first victim is Bob Mole. “Any good Bob?” he enquires. “Not a bite” comes the cagey reply. On to Neil Farmer. “Anything yet, Neil?” same answer. The next man to succumb to his interrogation is Andy Gaffner. “Hi Andy – anything?” “Yeah, I got a little perch” replied Andy. “What bait are you using?” enquires Ray. “Well I don’t use bait, I use a line loop. It’s a kind of under-water lasso.” Ray discreetly slips away, unnoticed by Andy, who was still trying to explain the concept behind his unconventional method.

Meanwhile, a little further upstream, it was all happening. Bill Purfick had fallen in again and was drifting off into suspended animation. Brian Floyd was tangled in the trees behind him while Bill Broom could only watch in disbelief, as his beloved tackle box slowly disappeared into the deep murky water. Len Nerd, an elderly ex sound technician, had yet to wet a line, as he hadn’t heard the ‘all in’ whistle. And ‘Shrieking Squeals’ (*Good title for a new TV fishing programme*) wailed out above the air space on the next peg as Gary Tickle subdued yet another seven pound Mallard. In contrast, an eerie silence bestowed the end peg, well apart from the snoring that is, of ‘Big Johnny’ Mavis, who had found all the excitement just a tad tiresome. (*Yawn!*)

At Last! They all thought out loud, as the final whistle echoed around the hills and valleys - of the neighbouring county. Now the moment of truth would reveal the winner, a champion amongst men, a leader of mere mortals, taker of the spoils. Just one of these hardy heroes was going home today with a hamper of festive fare, a wad of coins and his fifteen minutes of fame, all used up.....

“So who is it then, who’s won?” demands Mark Winterhaze. “Yeah, c’mon tell us” yells Tony Restroom. *Sorry lads I can’t tell you* (Editor) “Oh, come on Editor” pleads Les Galliant. *I just haven’t got enough room here chaps, sorry*”(Editor) “PLEASE!” begs Alan Smiles. *No can do, you’ll all have to wait ‘till the next millennium to read the thrilling final conclusion* (Editor).*Have a nice one!*

N.B Normal reporting will resume next issue.

It just remains for me to wish you all a very Happy Crimbo and I hope to see you all fit and well, in the next Century.

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