



The National Anguilla Club

BULLETIN

Volume 20

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C O N T E N T S

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PRESIDENTS PIECE

It is about time I put pen to paper again, with some trepidation, for my previous two articles went astray. I hasten to add that the two pieces were posted in Tottenham, where hooliganism is rife and the use of the public post box very much a gamble. So I write this with fingers crossed and a vow to post it from home.

By the time you read this we will be well into another season. I have already made my usual slow start, in fact after two full weekend sessions I have yet to catch a bait! Still in the optimistic view that the slower the start the faster the finish, I will press on regardless. My son Michael has sworn to beat me this season so naturally I have something to protect if it's only 'My dad once caught an Eel!'

Much of my fishing during the last two summers has been a concentrated effort on the big lake at Stanstead Abbots, and I have always held the view that this water holds some huge Eels. I am pleased to think that I am correct, for that water has now produced a really fine looking Eel of exactly 8lbs. Not taken by a long suffering Eel angler, I hasten to add, but by a young lad fishing for Tench with two maggots! Apparently, the lad had been broken six times and gradually scaled up his tackle until he landed his Eel. The struggle lasted for 25 minutes and the capter was fortunate in that he was able to play the Eel in clear water - for the jungle like growth of weed has suddenly done the vanishing trick. The disappearance of the weed has caused concern, but I am sure that it is a natural process. The Lea has broken its banks and flooded into the lake, both colouring the water and substantially raising the level.

Early in the spring several members wrote expressing regret that I was withdrawing from the angling scene and contemplating leaving the Anguilla Club. I hate to disappoint anyone but nothing could be further from the truth. I am as active as ever and have more fishing planned this year than for a long time past. My general health is better now and I am really enjoying my Eel fishing and being involved in two anglers consultative associations has given me the sense of purpose that was for so long missing. So, you unfortunate people, old Sutton will still be among you for some years to come.

Looking back through past Bulletins, I cannot but admire the writings of Dave Holman. He has surely contributed more to this club than the rest of us put together. Long may his efforts continue, as an example to us all. In issue No 1 this year Dave wrote a fine article with the title 'My Season 82'. I find myself reading that through and through again and get a great deal of encouragement from it. To suffer from an illness such as he did only to bounce back to the sort of effort he always puts in can only be admired by all. Carry on Dave, we are watching you closely.

Many of you will recall that in the past I have advocated the transfer of small Eels as Elvers to selective waters to which we have access. This has met with no enthusiasm in the past, in the belief that it was such a long time before results could be realised that those taking part would reap no benefit. I never envisaged that we should and put forward the idea as a means of ensuring some Eel fishing for future Eel anglers. Yet what do we have here- from an initial stocking with Elvers in 1974 by myself and two other members, a three acre lake is now producing Eels regularly where none were caught previously. Not big Eels I admit but the sort of fish to excite many young anglers. And before I hang up my rods for the last time I will without doubt fish there myself with the hope of a few Eels in the 3lb class. With hindsight, if we act earlier there could have been a host of such places and I would earnestly suggest that we could and ought to carry out such stocking!

It does my heart good to see the Anguilla Club growing again in strength of members. This increased strength should be reflected in some increase in activity on our part but so far this has not happened. Of course one always hopes that it will and I feel quite confident. Maybe it will show itself by new 'Stars' emerging. Perhaps among the newcomers will be another Dave Holman or another Andy Lister. I could mention others but those two will suffice. We as a club, must ensure that we give every encouragement

to initiative and effort.

I come, as always, to the subject of the Bulletin itself (everybody heaves a sigh 'oh, not again'). The Bulletin is our life blood. Make no mistake, that is so. Where? would we be without it and to what purpose should we have to carry on, with no contact between members from one year's end to the next. Yet producing the Bulletin is one crisis after another, with both Editor and Secretary tearing out their hair through lack of contributions. Gone are those halcyon days when we used to produce a Bulletin every month on the dot. Economically that is not possible now remembering that I used to send out each copy for 2½ pence (old money). But we surely MUST do more than we are. Every member can write and that's illustrated by the fact that even the worst articles require a minimal amount of editing. It concerns me that almost all new members immediately burst into print only to fade into oblivion as writers. What happens is something I do not understand but maybe you can put me right. If you have any criticism for Pete's sake let me know of it. And if, as I hope, you have some constructive ideas for our own magazine don't keep them to yourself but let us know about them. In any case do please write for the Bulletin. Not just a one-off piece but a sustained effort. If Alan cannot quite cope then I can always do some typing and get the thing duplicated.

While on the subject of publications, I hope you all read your copy of the N.A.S.A magazine. This was a fine example of what a few anglers can achieve when they put their minds to it.

Well I've rambled on for long enough. I hope to meet some of you by the water now that my car has a new lease of life. I shall be on the Meres late in July and again late in September. May your efforts be rewarded with some fine Eels and may those captures lead to some fine articles for our Bulletin.

Arthur Sutton.

'FOUR TASTE' (a seasons report)

PART TWO

OF THIS, DREAMS ARE MADE

My conviction that I was going to catch a 4lb'er was as strong as ever when I climbed into my car on the afternoon of the 11th July 1982. The night before, I had fished the Hollow Ponds (see part 1) and had seen a four on the bank and was now determined to see one in my landing net.

I reached Cotton Farm at about 18.00 and proceeded to walk the path down to the water's edge. I don't know why I passed the entrance to the south bank but I just did. Finding myself halfway down the West Bank of the lake, I realised that I was being strongly drawn to the North West corner of the water where the overflow stream was trickling gently across the marshes towards the Thames. Trying to understand this I stopped and laid my tackle down, walked to the stream and then back to where my tools of pleasure lay unattended, somehow my tackle was laying in front of a swim. I hadn't noticed the swim when I passed it but I realised that maybe this was where I was meant to fish.

After about 30 minutes everything was set up and ready and all three rods were baited. This time I had some Bleak and Dace dead-baits as well as the indigenous Perch. The wind was fairly strong coming from the East, veering to North East and getting stronger all the time. Heavily piled clouds steadily moved across a threatening sky. I prayed it wouldn't rain. Fortunately it didn't. Two rods were positioned to fish straight out into the lake and the other was placed to the left of the swim to fish a bait very close in, between the bank and a weedbed only 15 feet out.

At 21.00 the close range bait was gently plopped into the trailing fronds of the bank of weed. As the Dace head bait settled the indicator was set and attention was turned

towards the other rods, the second one baited with a whole dead Bleak with it's belly slit open and rod three carried a Dace tail. A shelf some 40yds out where the depth fell from 9 feet to 13 feet was the target for the 1 oz leads and both fell fairly accurately first time. My intention to concentrate on the indicators was within $\frac{1}{2}$ hr foiled by some of the lakes Carp population, who seemed to be performing like circus acrobats, just beyond the weedbed to my left.

Interest in the leaping Carp lasted for about 2 hours until one fish heaved itself clear of the water and crashed back on it's side, making for all the world, the noise one might expect a Whale to make doing the same thing.

Everything fell silent, the wind still blew but didn't seem to make noise as it bent the tall grass above my head on the high bank. A glance at my watch revealed that the baits had lain untouched for $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours but a glance was all the time i got as a buzzer screamed it's angry cry from rod No 3. Steadily the plastic indicator rose and fell on the needle and line raced from the spool. The rod arched backwards but I felt no resistance and another chance had slipped away.

Cotton Farm, however seemed to have the habit of runs coming in groups and thus another bait was dipatched out towards the shelf in double quick time. I figured that an idigenous bait was likely to produce a run quicker if Eels were in the swim and only 30 minutes later at 00.00 exactly my Perch middle section found itself engulfed by a fast moving Eel, who in turn found out that neatly cut food has a distinct disadvantage over the real thing. From the thrashing about in the landing net I guessed that clever old me had liphooked this Eel and I was correct. 2lb 4oz was the weight and Perch certainly seemed to be the bait for good hittable runs.

A whole hour passed before another run came my way and again rod No 3 was where the action was. 01.00 was the time and if I hadn't leapt gracefully (laugh laugh) from my chair, by 01.01 my spool would have emptied as line blurred away into the darkness at a speed that would have done justice to a N.A.S.A rocket. Runs like this always pose problems for me as I never know wether to hit them straight away or wait for for them to slow down. This example of a 'pisser' of a run didn't give me much choice as it was so fast that only an immediate strike could be the answer. My technique for hitting these runs is to strike without closing the bale arm, using the palm of my hand to stop the line and then pinning the line with my finger on the rod hand, I close the bale arm, after the strike has hopefully set the hook.

This occasion was fast enough to use my strange technique and with the rod held back above my shoulder the bale arm snapped in and a pause of about 2 seconds before there came a slow build up of power which resulted in a savage lunge which nearly pulled the rod to water level. This set the pattern for the fight and as the minutes ticked away it dawned on me that here was a possible real biggie!

As is my normal ilk, I started to talk myself through the fight and some 3 or 4 mins into the conflict I said out loud "This is an altogether better class of Eel". My adversary confirmed my statment and renewed his attempts never to see the stars and my Ugly Mug. I had different ideas though and steady pressure from my 12 ft Carbons and 9 lb Platil was slowly, very slowly, shortening the length of the lunges out in the choppy water. At last I was gaining line, after every, still powerful surge and here I made a dicision to get my feet wet and wade out to net the Eel. As usual I had already tested how far I could wade out and a rod rest marked my limit for safe paddling. Waders hoisted, I grabbed my trusty landing net and stepped into the margins, edged forward to the rod rest and sank the net. Still my unseen quarry was not wishing to relinquish the comfort of its watery home but the battle was going steadily my way and surfacing only 60 feet out the final throws of conflict were now enacted. Forgotten about weed now entered the scene and my Eel crashed sideways into the green obstacle to my left, heaving and wrenching itself further and further into the twisted stems. To my amazement the Eel threading all the way through the weed and virtually marrooned itself between it's possible sanctuary and the bank.

With stalemate now the position, I admit to being lost for ideas, indeed I felt a bit like an airline pilot with no wings. The Eel on the other hand had decided that his only way to freedom was to run along parallel to the bank and bury itself in the bankside, unfortunately my adversary's guidance system sent it straight towards my feet and into the landing nets meshes.

Heaving out the Eel onto the bank and removing it from the main line, I staggered to my broolly and beyond. The Eel strangely quiet and inactive within the folds of my net. Safely on the grass, I examined my prize and suddenly it dawned on me that maybe I had cracked 4 lb. The Eel still seemed quite and I feared it may be deep hooked and damaged. The trace was protruding from its mouth but the hook was nowhere to be seen and blood was seeping from the gills. Sadness tinged with elation is a strange emotion but bearable when the scales bump round to 4lb 10oz. I checked the weight at least six times and still it registered 4lb 10oz and I shouted it to the wind again and again. The grass nodded in agreement and rustled with pleasure as my leviathan slipped into the keepnet.

A hot cup of tea and several fags later and I was only now on cloud eight but sinking fast as my Eel was turning up and struggling for the life I was enjoying. For an hour or more I stood in the water, sleeves rolled up supporting her. My efforts were in vain and the most important fish I have ever caught expired at approximately 02.20 on July 12th 1982. Her weight of 4lb 10oz was exceptional for her length of 36 inches and girth of 9 inches. Her last meal had been a perch middle section on a size 2 stiletto to 7 lb wire trace. Her memory will last forever in my mind and pictures.

09.00 in the morning saw a fast run on a Bleak head that resulted in a spirited little fighter of 11lb 9oz. So ended my best session so far but soon to be bettered, I hope, we'll see what 1983 brings.

The following week I returned to ground level with a bump as I blanked over at Hollow Ponds. Nigel Perrin however managed a well deserved Eel of 21lb 10oz on deadbait. A gummy Eel with hardly a trace of any teeth which made me feel that perhaps a nylon trace, something very rare for me to use, could be used safely on this water. The following night saw me fishing in ideal weather in a swim that I had fancied since I first saw it. 'Bream point' is really a bulge out from the bank but it allows one to reach an area of the Hollows that is beyond casting range from anywhere else. It also gives access to the deepest water and some of the thickest weedbeds. At 04.30 I captured my smallest Eel of the season but it was my first Hollows Eel and at 11lb 10oz was quite welcome really.

Nearly a month passed before I again sought the Eel and again I returned to the Hollows. A wet and rainy August night saw me in the back bay fishing a shallow (2/3 ft) swim with thick margin weed. My rods were set up and cast out just after dark and only ten minutes before the first heavy shower. 45 minutes after starting I had a short sharp run on a sub-surface roach section fished over weed in only 12 inches of water. I had noticed a swirl on the surface about 2 minutes before and only a yard or so beyond my bait, this resulted in my crouching over the rod as the run came. A glance into the darkness as I stuck spied a massive swirl as a big powerful Eel turned and dived for the weed only 12 inches below. Unstoppable is not the word for this Anguilla Anguilla and I was powerless to stop it on such a short line. A snag was its destination and only 8 feet separated it from its sanctuary. Needless to say the Eel got there in about 2 seconds and with its goal reached it stuck solid. I eventually broke on this Leviathan after about 20 minutes of tug of war. This Eel I estimated at between 5½ and 6lb.

The rest of the night was a blank with only the rain for company. I believe I am correct in saying that Dave Ayres and Colin Sewell were fishing the Hollows that night and accounted for Eels of 11lb 10oz and 31lb 9oz to Colin, Dave blanked.

The next night I spent a lonely vigil on Cheshunt Reservoir and was only disturbed

by a Carp of 10lb 10oz with a liking for dead roach section. On this water I tend to sleep almost all night as any movement usually kills sport for good, only on this occasion my sweet dreams were prevented by 3 baby Tawny Owls who seemed to relish the big joke, of sitting in the tree above me and screeching all night long and I do mean all night long.

Still that's life, anyway dreams are made of 4lb Eels,-----or maybe that's now 5lb'ers!

Dave Walker.

Profile on Phil Smith.

As a newly accepted associate member it was suggested by Brian Crawford that I might write an introduction to assist those members, who do not know of me.

My interest in Eels goes back about 15yrs, at that time most of my fishing was done on the Oxford Canal. After a slow start on the Canal, a period when very few Eels were caught, the best being $2\frac{1}{2}$ lb. A section was found that seemed to have a lot more Eels with the bonus that the average weight was well over 3lb. During this period a great many Eels were banked, almost all falling to either Bleak or Gudgeon deadbaits worms just didn't seem to work. My best Eel from the Canal went 4lb 10oz and fell to a Gudgeon which I stamped on before casting it out under one of the many bridges.

Some time after this period, while looking for a big Bream water, we heard reports of 6lb Eels being electro fished from a large reservoir. After following this up, we did in fact get permission to fish during the close season. I've written both in the weeklies and the monthlies about these sessions but to summarise, over five years I took 5 Eels over 6lb, best 6lb 11oz, with a tremendous number over 4lb. Some of the better one day catches were 18 Eels best $4\frac{1}{4}$ and 6lb.

2 Eels 6lb 5oz and 6lb 11oz.

9 Eels over 3lb best 4lb 13oz and 4lb 15oz.

over this period many theories and ideas were developed and both talked about and written about, some of these, I'm pleased to say are now excepted as established fact.

I had ceased to Eel fish for a period but 3 years ago I got an idea of trying for a 6lb fish from a different water. One was selected and in line with my current policy I fished it during the close season. My first year saw me take 56 Eels in sixteen visits with 19 over 3lb, best 4lb 14oz. The following year, I blanked over several visits and this year I took 5 Eels with the best at 4lb 1oz.

That is briefly my Eel fishing, thousands of hours have been spent and still are being spent, though at a far slower rate. I've been fortunate to have had a fair share of large Eels and I've certainly enjoyed it.

In closing let me put my latest conclusion/question to you. "When we return the Eels how many survive?" At one time I assumed that as with most other fish a large percentage of the fish were there to be recaptured but now I believe the opposite - very few fish survive. Take the following facts:-

1. On three different waters I've seen a sharp decline in the Eels being caught.
2. A large number of the successful Eel anglers I've spoken to, have when asked to consider, also had the same decline.
3. It is generally accepted that on a small water you stand a greater chance of catching any large Eel in it within the first half dozen visits. This being the case, why when a large Eel is captured and returned it is rarely, if ever caught again and this is known to be the case on numerous occasions.

Have we a similar situation to Pike fishing, where the angler no matter how good his

intentions put the death curse on a Pike water. I think so and look forward to hearing your views and observations.

Phil Smith.

A NIGHT TO REMEMBER

I have not contributed much to the National Anguilla Club in terms of sessions fished as I expected to in this, my probatioal year. This was partly due to the fact that I had to sell my car for scrap two weeks before the season opened. However, the Bulletins I have read since joining have contained some of the most thought prevoking and information packed material I have come across in recent years and Dave Holmans excellent talk at last November's meeting was the most captivating show I can remember listening to.

This short piece is about my most eventful session yet and re-enforces my view that Alan Mitchell lives his life on a different plane to us mortals.

Alan, Pete Hyland and myself arrived at Nelsons Pit, a 60+ acre gravel pit in Southern Kent on Friday afternoon, 19th August, ready for a weekends fishing for Eels and Carp.

When fishing a water where baits may prove to be a problem to catch, I usually take a bucket of live Roach or Rudd along and use them fresh-dead. however I hadn't had time earlier in the week on this occasion, so all we had was frozen Rudd dead-baits, provided by Alan. I decided not to Eel fish Friday night because my experience of defrosted baits leads me to the conclusion that less runs result, and those that do tend to be very timid, twitchy affairs. I wonder what other members experiences are regarding frozen baits?

Alan and myself set up 60yds or so apart, fishing an area known as the west bank into a large bay..The bank is quite sheer and we were fishinf from three feet above the water line which made things difficult when a sharp southerly cross breeze appeared, predictably, as we attempted to set up our Bivvy's. Pete, who was to Carp fish all weekend, set up a further 60yds to my right.

I was fortunate enough to contact a 14-9 Mirror Carp during the night, while Alan missed several takes on the dead-baits and had two Eels of 1-12 and 2-0. He decided to stay put for the rest of our stay as he obviously had a lot of Eel activity in his swim. Pete blanked that first night and moved on to a known Carp swim early Saturday morning that had just been vacated. My plan had been to stay put during the day and move over to fish a channel 80-100yds wide, 200yds long, Saturday night. The Channel is seldom fished by Carp Anglers, though we had heard of a couple of four pound Eels taken earlier on by accident on Carp baits. Depth varies from 3ft to about 10ft relatively shallow on this pit.

Pete persuaded me to share his swim on Saturday and I took another two nice Carp. To be honest I was over the moon with the Carp, as I hadn't done much Carping before this season and certainly didn't expect (or deserve) such success on my third trip to the venue. During quiet spells in the afternoon I managed to knock out 30 or so small Perch on the float rod in readiness for the nights Eeling session.

At 6 oclock I moved all my gear over to the channel and put four Perch dead-baits out, one freelined along the shallow margins to my left, two ledgered half baits splayed out in front of me, against small weed beds about 60yds out and the other freelined Perch dropped into the margins to my right. By 9 oclock I had retired to the Bivvy,

happy with the positioning of the baits and tackle set up and made myself comfortable for the following session.

This season I have used "Monkey Climb" indicators between reel and butt ring, utilizing very short needles (usually extending only 4"-6" out of the ground), so that line can't spill from the spool until the run commences, but when this does occur the monkey climb falls from the line almost immediately, allowing a completely unhindered passage of line through the rings, with no chance of silver paper getting trapped in the butt ring during a fast run.

I have, almost exclusively used Dave Holmans instant strike rig (or a slight variation) when using whole dead baits this season, not so much because of the close proximity of snags, rather that I found the proportion of Eels which were deep-hooked when using conventional rigs unacceptable. I have also changed to a very thin, fairly supple wire from Trev Moss, green 15lb BS Pikestrand.

Anyway back to saturday night. Some interest was shown in the left hand freelined bait at about ten o'clock, though nothing developed. I dropped off to sleep a short while afterwards, only to be woken sharply at 10.55 by the buzzer to the righthand rod with the margin fished bait. I immediately jumped out of the sleeping bag, gathered my senses and struck into what turned out to be a hard fighting Eel of 3.8. As I played the fish, Alan turned up behind me, asking if I was feeling O.K, which seemed a little odd at the time. He netted the the fish which we could tell was in excellent condition until, that is, we felt to see if it was lip hooked. The top jaw was a good half inch shorter than the lower, although the Eel could still manage a vice like grip with the remains.

During the weighing procedure the buzzer sounded on the rod fishing the other free-lined perch. I had to leave Alan to finish weighing the first fish, and struck into Eel which eventually was dragged up the gently sloping sand because the landing net was behind me, where Alan was kindly sorting everything out. There was not time to weigh this fish as another buzzer was sounding, this time to the left hand ledgered half bait, so I did the business with this fish which, this time was netted. You can imagine the state of the swim now, with three rods scattered around and the assorted weighing and retaining paraphenalia, I was almost glad that the remaining buzzer didn't sound. I looked at my watch - 11 o'clock! The most frantic five minutes of my fishing career, though the rest of the night was unproductive for myself and Alan, who missed a run. Pete took a lovely looking mirror carp of 20.6. I was shaking and completely numbed. Alan could have done anything to me in the state I was in, but fortunately there are no four-poster beds or hanks of rope laying around at Nelsons Pit.

Editors note I thought Steve has been looking at me a little strangely this season, his social life must be quite enlightening!

The second and third Eels, we eventually established, weighed 2.8 and 3.11 respectively which meant the largest was a new personal best, and my sixth Eel over 3lb. This largest fish was also disfigured and had a complete side of its top jaw missing including the eye. The wounds on both disfigured Eels looked to be completely healed and were obviously not preventing the fish from feeding but nevertheless, the sight of these deformities turned my stomach. Alan suggested that the cause was anglers, who's method of retrieving hooks from Eels was to trim off the hunk of flesh with the hook in, then kick the poor Eel back to survive or otherwise. We have mentioned these fish to other anglers fishing the pit but of course, who would own up to dishing out that kind of treatment.

Alan explained that the reason he came over to see me just as the first run took place was because he was overcome with a 'feeling' that I was feeling ill and might want to be taken home. This, I admit, made me feel apprehensive until daylight arrived,

especially as I remembered reading his 'Ghosty Ghoulies' piece in the May Bulletin. I wouldn't be at all surprised to see him leaning over a crystal ball in his Bivvy next season, so you have been warned.

Steve Hollobone.

"ACE" Natural Worm Extract.

It is known that all fish use chemical senses in locating their prey and in subsequent feeding. Chemical senses operate via the following 5 different chemosensory structures.

1. Olfactory system (External & Internal Nares).
2. Taste buds located on mouth and specialised bodies, e.g. barbules.
3. Single taste cells located on specialised bodies e.g. barbules.
4. Free nerve endings.
5. Lateral line/system.

It's known that fish respond to extremely low concentrations even single molecules, of low molecular weights. Simple molecules only can excite the various chemosensory structures, and are the molecules most likely to be transported long distances.

Commonly known by fish physiologists and marine biochemists that amino acids and other similar low molecular weight nitrogen carrying compounds can trigger fish into food searching. Such chemicals are found in free form in the blood systems of all animals. They are the building bricks of proteins, which are really huge heavyweight complexes of amino acids, but basically undetectable by fish.

However work done by Pawson indicated that single artificial amino acids, in concentration, were several factors of 10 less effective in stimulating the fish studied than the natural amino acid concentration from marine worm extract.

It seems that a naturally derived combination of amino acids are arranged in just the right proportions, mimicking the protein composition of the natural food of the fish, from which they are obtained.

Fish have, through millions of evolutionary years, developed specific receptors to recognise particular specific chemical patterns belonging to their food.

It goes without saying that earthworms are a first rate bait, "ACE" is a natural worm extract process giving 10 times more free natural amino acid combinations than occur in live worms from which they are extracted. The 16 amino acids are listed below.

PROCESSED WORM LIQUID

Details of protein content and free amino acid content.

Processed worm liquid consists of frozen *Eisenia foetida* worms which have been treated to a final stable liquid which keeps indefinitely. The storage container should be shaken before use, since the contents tend to settle out over a period of time.

It can be seen from the following tables that the worm liquid contains ten times the concentration of free amino acids found in fresh homogenised worms.

	<u>A</u>	<u>B</u>
Aspartic acid	0.34	39.6
Threonine	0.25	23.1
Hydroxyproline	0.15	-
Serine	0.25	22.0
Glutamic acid	0.65	51.6
Proline	0.28	21.7
Glycine	0.30	23.6
Alanine	1.25	44.2
Valine	0.35	27.4
Methionine	0.18	5.3
Isoleucine	0.20	19.4
Leucine	0.52	33.6
Tyrosine	0.14	1.9
Phenylalanine	0.24	12.2
Histidine	0.14	4.8
Lysine	0.46	32.1
Arginine	0.27	7.6
	<hr/>	<hr/>
	5.	370.

A. + diluted by $\frac{290}{28.4}$ 60 mM 0.7%
B. Diluted by 2 74 mM 8.9%

Free Amino acid analysis of (A) fresh Eisenia foetida worms frozen, and then thawed, and (B) Processed worm liquid.

Tests by the Institute of marine biochemistry have proven beyond doubt that "ACE" is highly attractive to Eels. R H M Britains biggest Eel growers have chosen to use "ACE" with protein to feed their Elvers. I have performed tests in my own tank and the effect is truly amazing. I am testing it emulsified on deadbaits and have had mixed results it didn't work at all for Dave Walker, but Barry had his personal best from Hatfield Forest using it.(3.12) I have just produced a solid form so it can be used like a Boily the Carp men use. So far it hasn't had much success but the Bream and Tench love it, even on size 1s and 20lb wire. As I have stated I have caught Eels using "ACE" and believe in the right circumstances it will produce the bonus fish.

There are a lot more tests being carried out and as I find out the results I will pass on the information to our members. One interesting fact is that the German Eel growers swear by and only feed mixed with the proteins liquidised SQUID?

If anyone has difficulty getting "ACE" a phone call or letter to David Hallows will get the desired results.

BRITISH GROUNDRAITS
Four Elms Mills,
Bardfield Saling,
Nr, Braintree,
Essex, CM7 5EJ.

TELE. Great Dunmow 850247 (code 0371)

Tony Mills.

FRUSTRATION by Brian Crawford

Reading the article by Mark Davies in the No2, Vol 20 issue of the Bulletin, called 'The 1982 Season Or How Not to set a Good Example,' brought similar memories back to me of poor seasons past. For too many years now I have hammered waters during the close season, just to be out eel fishing. Probably more in hope of an eel of any size than expectation of a good one. I have to admit that I have a compulsion to go eel fishing as often as I can, although this is usually only once per week. Back to Mark's article and one of his concluding statements that 'The moral is perhaps not to put ones main eeling effort in very early on in the season as enthusiasm and effort and enjoyment falls as the season progresses.' This is what often has happened to me. I start eeling as soon as I stop piking and suffer numerous blanks or small eels from my local waters. I know I have had 4lb plus eels during the close season but my personal results do not justify further effort - on the waters I have fished so far at least. I must attempt to try new waters next close season.

So far this season, I have attempted to change. Due to pressure of work etc., I was unable to start eeling until very late in the year for me, a night session on the 6-7th May at the far side of Bra Lake where Dan had his size 1 hook straightened out by an eel. Using 4 rods, additives and deadbait sections I managed a 1:7 eel. I returned on the 13-14th May with Peter and Dave but we all blanked.

My next trip was the Whit Trip at Chase Water with Peter and Dave. This water has so much potential and does produce very big eels regularly. However we all blanked over the weekend.

Session 5 saw we three returning to Bra Lake on 11-12th June where I managed an eel of 1:0. Just two small eels from 5 sessions during the latter part of the close season - not a good start to my year. Dave and Peter were doing no better.

Things were to improve however. Just before the start of the season, we found out that all the brick pits would be unavailable for further fishing from Xmas - no more close season eeling at Bra or LB1 or the other pits - this was grim news - but was it??? I had already decided to try new waters during the 1984 close season so I was not too upset. However what of the new season.

By chance visiting my local tackle shop I saw a poster advertising a new group of gravel pits, 30 years old and being opened to the public for the first time this year. These were about 15 miles from me and sounded promising. I asked Robin Harris, the tackle dealer about the waters. He told me that a few 'privileged' anglers had been fishing the waters including the match secretary of my local angling association who caught a bream of 11:8 a few weeks ago. The lakes were well stocked but the owner also added about £8.000 worth of carp and tench.

I was very interested and wrote to the owner asking for more details and about the eel potential. He gave me a ring and invited me to visit the waters to chat to his head warden. There were still a couple of weeks to go to the new season.

Peter and Dave came with me to the waters - they were excellent to look at, 5 lakes from about 2 - 10 acres of assorted shapes, with islands, peninsulars, sunken trees and masses of weeds. We saw many signs of fish, especially carp spawning in the reeds.

The sixth lake was 50 acres, rectangular with a small island in the middle. Boats were available for this water and it was designated a pike lake. Many double figure pike had been put in and had been reported up to 29lbs, although the water had hardly been fished.

This was the situation then, six new waters to try. The warden told us of many eels in the 3-4lb range being caught during the day on a variety of baits by the few anglers fishing, plus one of 6lb plus caught the previous season. We WERE VERY interested.

Goodbye brick pits - hello gravel pits. They were far more attractive to look at also. The Wardens had prepared 200 swims on the 5 small lakes but left the large water virgin.

The crunch was the cost of the fishing, bearing in mind the brick pits cost £5.00 per season to fish, these new waters cost £2.00 per day, £1.00 per evening and £35.00 per season with night fishing only by season permit.

As they say, nothing ventured - nothing gained and all I had to lose was money as my best eels during the past few years only just beat 3lb, although Dave had caught one of 4:2 and Peter's best was 3:14. Things could not get worse.

June 16th evening saw me fishing these pits. I was on a lake called Park Lake. I started at 2000 and at 2230 caught my first eel from here at 2:2. I understood the rules only allowed one rod so I complied with this for my first few sessions (in daytime) anyway, but gradually realised many other anglers used two so I followed suit. During my 1st session I chatted to one of the wardens and a couple of other anglers who visited the water that first day. The following fish had been caught. An eel of about 4lb on sweetcorn, 3 x 3lb plus eels on worm, 8lb plus bream, a 3:3 rudd and many carp to 10lb and tench to 4lb. It sounded reasonable although I had caught the smallest eel....

My next session saw me on a different lake called Pine Lake. In an all night session with two rods I caught a perch of 1:12 and an eel of 2:8, both from the margin where I had been groundbaiting.

I tried another lake, Long Lake, about 10 acres, with an island running down its centre almost splitting it in two. This session produced an eel of 3:2, they were gradually getting bigger. I also heard of many other eels being caught from 3 - 5lb plus during the day on all kinds of baits.

A session on 26-27th July saw me back on Park lake and shortly after starting at 2203 I caught my best eel yet from the lakes at 3:8, again from a groundbaited area. I was also very sad to be told by one of the wardens that an eel of 6lb plus had been caught a few days ago but killed and eaten...

My 11th session was in the same swim and resulted in an eel of 2:14. For the next two sessions I tried another lake but blanked both times although catching small carp and tench. I did see some very big bream and tench rolling. I also heard of another couple of 5lb plus eels being caught.

It is now early August and I must have a break from fishing while I take my family to North Devon for a couple of weeks. I hope to return fresh and eager to have more sessions at these pits. In 8 sessions, they produced 3 x 2lb plus eels and 2 x 3lb plus eels, including my best for several seasons.

Brian Crawford

CHAIRMANS' PAGE.

Now that the 1983 Eel fishing season is almost over, I hope that all of you are reading this after having completed a successful season with plenty of good fish. For one reason or another I never seem to be able to do everything that I intended when the season opened in March, and I can now look forward to the 1984 season. It is like wishing the years away, but no sooner does one begin fishing in June than the nights are drawing in and becoming colder, and the season is over. There are a few hardy souls who continue to fish for eels after the first frosts, but I am not one of them, and feel that my time is far better spent in pursuit of pike and chub. For me October heralds the start of a concentrated effort by me to catch some good chub from the upper Severn & Vyrnwy, and although it is a fair distance from my home to the Welsh Borders I never fail to enjoy the surroundings and the fishing, so I have certainly got something to look forward to.

I am sorry that the Club Whit. and Summer trips turned out to be poorly supported and I stand to be criticized in this capacity as well as others. I think the time has come for the Club to have a re-think about the Club trips, as during the past few years, they have on the whole been poorly supported, although thoroughly enjoyed by those who have attended. It may well be time to change the format of at least one of the trips, and perhaps members will put on their thinking caps and either pass any suggestions through to me, or raise them at the A.G.M. in November. It must be accepted by all members that each of us contribute in different ways to the success /failure of the National Anguilla Club, and as I have stressed myself, many times before, the contribution a member makes to the Club can never ever be numbered in terms of hours fishing and eels caught, because I for one, on that basis, could not justify membership, let alone Chairmanship.

You will all recollect that it was agreed at the 1982 A.G.M. it was a condition of membership that every full member of the Club contribute an article for the Bulletin on his eel fishing season. A number of members complied with this condition, for those who didn't, could I urge them to put pen to paper and get down their thoughts on the 1983 season. The Bulletin has always been an important part of Club life, and at the moment there is not sufficient material for one to be sent out. No doubt you are all thinking "why haven't we had a newsletter or Bulletin during the Summer", if you are asking yourself that question, then I would ask you what literature you have contributed for publication in the Bulletin, or news for the newsletter. Alan Mitchell is not able to prepare a newsletter without news from you, so please send him material if possible before the A.G.M. in November. It doesn't matter if you went fishing for eels once or a hundred times, what you have to say will be of interest to members, and will encourage those who are a little reticent about forwarding material to do so.

Recently I was contacted by a representative of the North West Water Authority asking for the advice, guidance and comments of the National Anguilla Club concerning certain Bye-laws that the Authority proposed to lay before Parliament concerning the size of fyke nets used for eel fishing in the region. Apparently some 6 licences are granted annually in the North West Region for persons fishing with these nets, and the new regulations are to control the size of such nets to prevent otters accidentally caught in them. I felt that I was able to make some useful comments, although as I have never seen a fyke net or an otter in my ramblings around the North West, the need for such regulations seemed some-what obscure. However, the reason why I mention this is that it indicates the standing of the National Anguilla Club, and is not an isolated incident, as I have been consulted by the North West Authority, and other water authorities over a number of matters. By being a well organised and responsible body, we can together with the N.A.S.A. carry the flag for angling in general, and specimen hunting in particular.

I was very pleased to read that further honours had been bestowed upon the Club when our Treasurer, Brian Crawford, was elected Chairman of the National Association of Specialist Anglers. Brian, I know, always carries the Clubs' flag in N.A.S.A. circles, and he and the rest of the Committee of that organisation should be strongly

applauded for rescuing it from oblivion, and building it up to its present day very healthy state. I trust that Brian will find his Chairmanship very rewarding, and that the N.A.S.A. will grow from strength to strength. We as a Club support the N.A.S.A. in that all members of the N.A.C. have to belong to that organisation, and I would like to encourage members to send material to the Editor of the N.A.S.A.'s magazine The Specialist Angler.

Ernie Orme and I have at last managed a few sessions together. However, we didn't go out fishing, but had a few pints in a local hostelry. Ernie is in regular contact with Arthur Smith, who I understand is doing plenty of fishing and generally enjoying himself. It is difficult to think of the N.A.C. without Arthur in it, especially at the twice yearly Club meetings, and I hope that he will accept my invitation to attend the A.G.M. So Arthur if you are reading this, please attend, but don't forget to bring a fruit-cake, or we will not let you in.

Could I finish this short piece, by reminding members that the A.G.M. is their opportunity to have their say concerning the Club's affairs. If you are not happy about something or other, or wish to make some suggestion, then please speak up. The Committee and officers of the Club greatly appreciate the feed-back from the membership, and if they don't get it, they cannot really be criticized for their actions. If you have any suggestions i.e. proposals for new officers of the Club, then please let us have them, no-one will criticize you as that is part of your right as a member of the N.A.C. It seems likely that there will be a vacancy on the Committee, so if you feel that you can make a contribution, perhaps you would like to let me know.

I hope there is a good turn-out at the A.G.M., and that you will all make the effort to attend. It never fails to be an enjoyable day out, and is something that I look forward to every year. So until then.

Mark Davis.

Hollywoods Anguilla Club MK II.

Chariots of Fire.....Second surfacing of Ernies Wallet near a Bar.

The Blue Lagoon.....Everyones perfect Eel water.

First Blood.....Cutting the first deadbait of the season and slashing your hand

20.000 Leagues under the sea.....Alan Mitchell falls in one of his swimming pools.

The Monster from the Black Lagoon.....Alan climbs out of the above pool.

The Meaning of Life.....Another of Tony Hollerbachs fantastic but sadly infrequent articles.

The Shrinking Man.....Tony Mills diet!!!! or Golly's diet!!!!

Rocky I,II,III.....Trying to pitch a bivvy on Bala's shore line

Return of the Jedi.....Welcome back to "Bomber" holliman.

Stir Crazy.....Me trying to emulsify pilchard oil, eh Tony
The Hounds of the Baskervilles.....Ever seen Tony Mills Bivvy when his Hounds
go as well.
The Rock and Roll Singer.....Mark Davies and his accordian. (ear muff-
lers are supplied free of charge).
Chitty Chitty Bang Bang.....Dan takes his jallopoy for a run.
The Magnificent Seven.....Dave Holmans life story.
Mission Impossible.....The secretary searching for Bulletin
articles.
The Invisible Man.....Nigel Perrin.

The Muppet Movie.....Dan, Golly and Bob go on a weeks stint.

The following are as yet unreleased films from SLIMY HANDS PRODUCTIONS.

Tactor Love.....Dan meets a Massey Fergusson at a barn
Dance,
Dogman & Bobbin(get it,eh!).....Mills and Habberland go to the rescue?
of yet undisturbed waters.
Life Sentence.....The X rated vidio of Bob Laylands wedding.
Low Numbers.....A very short film showing attendance at
Club trips.
Strong Stuff or Revenge of the Gorganzola....Golly washes his fishing socks.
Teacher Taught.....Dave Taylor thrashes Brian AGAIN...
Devil Women.....Steve (Woody)Hollobones female conquests
(BOTH OF THEM!!!)
Total Frustration (or) the Reason for Women
in Fishing.....Dave Walker fishing Whitemere (includes
great close-ups of steak dinners).
Great Depths of Nothing.....A 20hr Sonar scanning of Whitemere for Eels.
(a lost cause).
Noddy Massacre.....Stuart McGowan meets the "Hog Friers"
(A very messy film).
Daddy don't hit me.....Mills jr, catches a 10lb Eel on his own.
Overkill.....Dear old John Sidley's Eel list from 2lb
upwards.(a very long film, lucky sod).
The Lost Member.....Where is Perrin????

SEE THEM AT YOUR LOCAL BIVVY SOON! Admission 3 tea bags or a Bacon Sarny.

Dave (the mouth of the south) Walker.

Editors note. I couldn't resist that!

A comment from the Editor.

Due to the lack of articles required to make even a thin edition, many pieces included here are now out of date. I have published them as to leave them out would be unfair to those members who do contribute towards our Bulletin. Try to get as much to me as possible and you will be reading upto date and rellevant pieces.

Tony Mills has produced in this edition an article which is very informative, surely other members have, if not as scientific, other items of equall interest. So come on let us all benefit from your findings. Well done Tony!

Alan Mitchell.