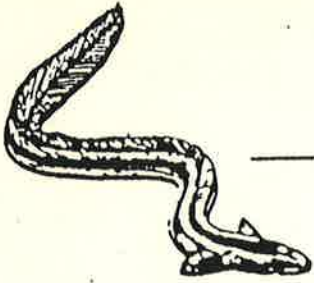


1989



The National Anguilla Club

EEL ANGLING SPECIALISTS

Established 1962

BULLETIN

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Well here it is my first attempt at a National Anguilla Club Bulletin. I will make absolutely no apology for the small content of this bulletin. I and many others have said you get back what you put into something. I would have thought some of the older members could have wrote, even if it was about old times, the new members must have a wealth of new ideas but dont seem to want to share them.

I sent a letter to every member of the club and recieved three letters back, two from a close friend Jerry Parkin, and one from John Sidley, "who I might add is very upset about the total apathy in the club at the monent". I then recieved a phone call from our member in Sweden, Mr. Per-ola-Johannasson, we talked for 10 mins about the fishing in Sweden and the Anguilla Club, he promised to write me an article for the next bulletin. He also asked if anyone was interested in a club trip to Sweden, expensive but a nice idea if anyone can afford it. Incidentally Per can only get Course Fisherman in his Country so I'm going to forward him some copies of The Angling Times and Anglers Mail for him and his friend to read, maybe could sent some old copies of your mags to him.

Getting back to the nitty gritty. I hope to have this bulletin to you in the week prior to our spring meeting at the Windsor Lodge Hotel, Daventry, on Sunday the 9th April. Its 9.30am start so lets get some of you new members there and maybe this time my wife wont have to be sworn in as a member for the day so the meeting could be legal.

There is also to be brought up at the meeting a venue for our spring trip. Now I have attended the last two trips and they became somewhat of a Farce. The 88 Spring trip was to the Grand Union Canal, Strictly illegal of couse, so we were setting up in the dark and sneaking away before daybreak, not very satisfactory. (Iactually caught two eels 14oz and 11b 9oz). But the one consolation was that I met some of the club members, (5members and 1 guest). 1 of which was to become a close friend and is a main contributor to this bulletin.

Now the venue was not perfect but the aim of a club trip is to meet your fellow members, and I might add there was no other venue suggested.

Compton Verney was a different matter al-together, a proven eel water it has produced big eels, (4's & 5's plus). I was expecting a good turn out. I met my new found friend Jerry Parkin at the gates of the estate. The Lord of the Manor took us to the water and showed us the 20 odd pegs he had reserved for us. There was one lone angler there, John Sidley and that was the lot for the rest of the weekend. The owner of the estate was a bit miffed at the loss of revenue and the trouble he had gone to to reserve our pegs,.

J.S. had a 3lb eel plus three others over 1½lb's, the three gave John the tankard for the biggest eel on a club trip in 88. The second night I had two eels at 2lbs and 1lb 12oz.

Now you might think these trips were not worth the bother but my new found friend later that year invited me down to a water by him for some winter pike fishing. It produced my first 20. for three years. at 21lbs 2oz, plus a 19lb 2oz, 13lb 14oz, 12lb 4oz al within 3 hours "not bad ay".

This was all down to meeting new people so try and attend the next trip if only to try and find out where that private water was. If you have any ideas about future venues please suggest them. You dont even have to attend the trip if you organise it, (Sorry Kevin and Phill its all down to the large bottle of home brew wine I have just drunk).

My own eel season was not good size wise but i caught plenty of eels to 3lb in lots of new waters. Never the less I have found a water that holds genuine eels into double figures, the trouble is its some distance away, so I'll be doing some travelling this year as for your fishing last year i dont know about that so maybe you could enlighten us in an article. I promise I will get it checked for spelling as mine is diabolicle as well.

Incidentally so as not to lose my two best contributors this season I am paying their subs for this year as a prize for the best articles in my first bulletin. (It was a close call with all the other work sent in, HA HA). Honest John & Jerry it's in the post now to Brian.

I would also like to apologise to Mark Davies as I think he intended to try and produce another Bulletin. I was impatient. I will attempt to send out a Bulletin every two months, if only my editors page, that's all you will get. Sorry if this seems abrupt but its ment to encourage you to write. It cant be that hard I've just wrote two pages myself.

Hope to see you all on th 9th at Daventry.

Nick Rose.

A MESSAGE FROM JOHN SIDLEY

I'll start this article by saying I was a bit upset when Nick phoned me asking me to do a piece for our club, even more upset when Nick informed me that he had only recieved three letters from our members since our last club meeting, one of those letters was from yours truley, can anyone tell me why Nick has not recieved any articles, how can Nick and Dave Taylor ever get to publish a mag if nobody is sending any material. Its no good moaning at the next A.G.M. that you have recieved any paper work from the club. Looking through our past mags I feel there was plenty written down that needed other members comments or at least have a moan but nobody is bothering, once again can you explain why?

Whats the point with the N.A.C. carrying on if nobody but a few are bothering to try and get the club back to its former glory, believe me in the end members who are trying to get the club going will say enough is enough, so come on lads get pen to paper and get some stuff over to Nick, at least give him a chance to produce a mag.

Here is one member who is getting a little bit fed up of seeing the same names in the index of every mag that the N.A.C. sometimes publish. Talking to Nick on the phone I said I was not going to send any more material in.... I dont really want to write the enclosed article as I am fed up with reading my own stuff. With having to write for the B.E.A.C., The Monthly Mags, and AnglingWeeklys plus get out fishing, not forgetting the large amount of post I recieve each week, plus sex with the old gal, my time is very limited.

It looks like I shall have to bore the pants off you all by writing about the 6+ eel I took the last day of February, I only hope in our next magazine it will be full of new members names with new articles, if not I can foresee a few vacancies with in the N.A.C. club membership.

With such a mild winter it was no surprise to see this nutcase fishing at least one of his pike rods after eels, at my Birmingham lake most of the lads fishing there had encountered many dropped runs on their pike baits. On two occasions I had lost two very good eels on pike baits, one looked over the 4lb mark the other a very big 5 indeed, the 5 having a full herring stuck in its mouth, she rolled on the surface through my bait at me. On the 28th Feb both my rods were being fished for pike, apart from having some very cold weather come in, the odd night frost, a very cold North West wind blowing it had been quite a long time before any of our baits had been attacked by the snakes, my thoughts were that they had gone to ground. With my mates knocking out pike to 23-24lb I must admit to trying to hook and land one of these fish myself.

As Dawn broke over the pit, I fished a float ledgered sardine in 12 feet of water some 40 yards from the bank, my other rod was fished at long range a ledgered M/Tail I think or was it a 4lb+ chub, no it was a 2lb roach, for I only had small lives with me that day. Anyway my old mate Gerry was fishing a few yards away, with our baits all cast out we sat on the bank just talking, you know the type of thing, did you get your leg over last night, had I fixed the puncture in my new blow up doll ready for the eel season and all the other important things in life. It was whilst talking and kissing Gerry that my drop off bite alarm sounded that I had got a take on my float ledgered sardine, looking out to where my float was lying just half cocked, I saw the float skip across the surface a few yards then stop, jumping to my feet I rushed over to my rod and slowly wound down hoping to feel a big pike through my rods tip, but there was nothing. Winding in my bait I inspected the sardine where imprints of an eels mouth could be plainly seen, with a quick wink at Gerry and a smile back from him I was soon changing that pike rig to an eel rig, on went a J.S. eel rig a size 8 Z1 single Partridge hook (The best deadbait hook for snakes). The head section of a sand eel went flying through the air to the same spot where I had the dropped run.

After a good two hours my sand eel head had not been touched, it was then I was thinking that the dropped run from the eel was just a one off. I once again winked at Gerry and told him I was going to change my end rig back to a pike rig, with the words just out of my mouth my bite alarm sounded a run, a firm strike met with sod all, had I missed the run or was the little devil swimming to wards me, or was it a perch that had picked up my sand eel's head for as I wound in, now and again I could feel a slight kick on the rod tip, a few feet from the bank my questions were answered as a snake of 1lb+ surfaced. On the Avons it went 1lb 10oz , so with more confidence than a dog with two dicks out went another and eel head, and another good hour passed before my Gerry Roders drop off bite alarm told me my bait was on the move again. As I got to my rod the main line from the spool was leaving the reel at an alarming rate of knots, I closed the bail arm and had no need to wind down, but past experience or just my instinct told me to wind, as I did my rod tip just bent double and within seconds the whole of my rod was well and truly bent (bit like Gerry and me) For a few seconds all I could do was just hold on, all I could feel through the rod was the very powerful thumps and head shakes of what was surely a very big and angry eel by the way my tackle was being abused. A few moments later the pressure eased off so I started to gain line very slowly, no way was I going to rush this eel to the net. some 5 feet from the bank she suddenly broke surface, as she did all hell let loose for as god is my witness this eel got up on her tail and leaped some good 18" from the water. Gerry and I looked at each other in disbelief and gave her 10 out of 10 for her efforts, if that was not enough she then kited to my left then to my right, I dont mind admitting I had quite a battle on my hands, I had never experienced such power from an eel before, god knows how long the fight went on and with Gerry at my side the landing net ready, without warning the bend in my rod disappeared, for a few seconds I thought she had slipped the hook, it was not until Gerry started to lift the landing net out of the water that I realized what had happened, the snake had swam towards me and straight into the net.

The hook removed from the corner of her jaw, she was placed onto my Avons and Gerry read off the weight at 6lb 2oz, she was a very

long snake but fat all the way down from her neck.

The pics were taken and we released her back into the lake alive and well, to end my stint that day I took another eel of 21b 14oz from the same swim with the same bait. No need to say I fished the same swim the following day, and for quite a few days after that, no more eel's showed just a 20lb pike which I think had fallen in love with me, for I took the fish 5 times in just four days, roll on the real eel season for the big snakes really do knock the spots off winter pike fishing.

I wish all the members of the N.A.C. a great eel season in 1989/90 and the snake of your dreams slides over your landing net, and Nick and Dave the very best in trying to get out a club bulletin once a month, remember lads its up to you.

Cheers.

John S.

A NOTE FROM J. PARKIN

At last something from the N.A.C. if only to give members a reminder that the club is still in existence.

This may or may not be an article as such but I thought I'd put my thoughts on paper so that I would not get misquoted at anytime.

I think that 90% of eel anglers are and have been getting it totally wrong for years "Myself Included". Baits, Tackle, Methods etc. Everyone seems to tackle up with rods and rigs more suitable for Conger rather than Anquillia, Anquillia. Eel angling has become more or less stereotyped. The image of a eel angler in everyones mind is of a complete and utter looney sitting behind motionless indicators, 3lb TC rods 11lb Sylcast and worms or fish as bait (floppy or woolly hat is an optional extra) "I prefer the woolly one".

O.K. so these methods have worked, but only to an extent, catching their share of 2, 3, 4 and 5lb's. But that's where it stops 5lb's. Whilst a 5lb is a decent fish the more pictures in the weekly comics of 2's and 3's the longer we will be regarded as moronic I mean 2's and 3's held in high esteem is as ridiculous as the BCSG publishing 8lb Carp, or the PAC 5lb Jacks. I'm grateful if a 2 of 3lb will save yet another blank, but if the water contains 6lb + and I only catch a 3lb then that p----'s me off (blank or not).

Match anglers seem to catch bigger eels than we do (although not a selective method I agree).

Talking of baits and methods there has been no revolution in eel fishing like boilies and the hair with Carp, or sunken float paternosters and smelts for Pike. Why are we standing still, where's the inventiveness?

Reading old bulletins and scientific papers about contents of eel stomachs why don't people experiment, (on a 3rd rod if the confidence is low and you can get away with it).

With things like Daphnia in gelatine, scalded watersnails, liquid baits etc. I'm sure eventually if enough people tried it a different pattern of 5lb + captures may emerge.

Talking of the snide (or 3rd rod) Severn Trent turned down the proposal because it was under supported. This to me means they will crack down even harder on 2 rods now.

If you wish to petition against their decision write to:

Severn Trent Regional Controller.,
Mrs. K. Bryan,
Sapphire East,
550 Streets Brook Road,
Solihull,
West Midlands.
B91 1QT.

Lastley a date for the diary Saturday 20th May 1989.

Some of you may know that I ran a competition to change the name of my tackle shop from Essex Tackle and had entry forms printed in Eel Run, Carp World, Carp Fisher, Specialist Angler and Pike Lines.

Well the Re-Naming and prize presentation is on the above date at 12.00pm.

Hope to see some of you at least.

Regards.

Jerry Parkin.

9lb 3oz... "F... me" What a Whopper or What a Way To End a Season

Saturday 4th March 1989. 6.33am 9lb 3ozs. The date and time will remain etched on my mind forever.

I've never been one for setting upper target weights, I'm usually content to beat a minimum one. I suppose everyone dreams of a double but in their heart they know that realistically 6lb - 8lb is the best they'll do.

9lb 3oz though F... Me, what a whopper. For nigh on a year I'd known there was a solitary large one in there some where. I'd spent hours just watching the surface sometimes seeing nothing.... some times a slight disturbance under the surface would set my heart racing, Knowing one day soon "SHE" would be smelling for my camera.

Months of careful planning and preparation had gone into the downfall of this one, I can tell you.

The sleepless nights wondering just how big and when, were beginning to take their toll. I was becoming a mental wreck. Call it an anglers 6th sense, premonition or what ever you like, but something started nagging at the back of my mind during the night of Wednesday the 1st March.

By Friday the 3rd the feeling was so strong I could'nt take it no longer, as trade had been slow that week, "people dont seem to like fishing the lower Severn when its in flood". I shut up shop at about 5.00pm, put the weekends bait in the car and drove home.

My wife Yvette seemed quite calm under the circumstances, as I walked through the door she said quite calmly and casually " To-nights the night". Isnt it....

She prepared a thermos and some sandwiches while I bundled the gear we'd need for a long nighs wait into the back of the motor. "Syrinx" the dog sat there and stared in the hope of coming with us as he had on numerous trips before, but he seemed to suss that dogs weren't allowed at this venue.

So after patting him on the head and saying "see ya 'in the morning boy". he slunk off to his bed with the ump.

The worst part of the drive there, was a bloody great traffic jam and although it took about $\frac{1}{2}$ hour to get there it seemed an eternity.

It only took 10 minutes from the time we arrived to get set up and into a comfortable arrangement. Me on the chair, her on the bed and then began the long wait. We went through the motions as you do on long night stints, drinking coffee, having a few smokes, cracking jokes etc. Although at no time did our voices rise above a whisper, you could sense the excitement and anticipation in both our voices.

Then about 2.00am the first twitch, only a short one, but we both knew that this was it, the start of it all. These short twitches continued fairly regular until about 4.00am. When whack the 1st decent pull, That one had us both shaking with anticipation the power behind it was incredible. (6.5 on the richter scale I reckon). We both knew that although it would be getting light soon we would have this one out before long. It never seemed to tire, the pulls just became stronger and stronger several times I thought I saw the top of its head, but it always seemed to slip back into the depths that had been its home for so long, before you could clearly make it out.

Nearly 2 hours had passed by now since that 1st pull. It still seemed no nearer to being taken from its world into ours.

Its strength was incredible, unwavering all the time. Finally after $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours I could clearly see its head all 56cms of it followed quickly, gleaming in the half light.

It was soon wrapped in a towel, as we all know how slippery they can be, and that was it. Finally she was in my arms. The waiting now seemed insignificant. She was mine... at last..... Yvette and I were both over the moon, we just stared at each other in amazement and awe.

There she lay.... in my arms..... our daughter Roxanne-Louise
9lb 3oz..... F.....Me

"What a Whopper" (Maybe I'll crack a double with a son)

THANKS YVETTE.....I Love You

Jerry.

EDITORS WIFE'S REMARKS

What a lot of bloody old moaners.....