

WWFFG - ROUNDUP



JULY 2022 to OCTOBER 2022

You may already receive BART's newsletter, but if not - it's a good read because BART (Bristol Avon Rivers Trust) is doing a lot of work to improve the whole of The Avon catchment which, of course, includes The Somerset Frome.

For example - it is BART which has provided all the fly-monitoring training since 2015.

This week is BART's **WaterBlitz Week** across the catchment. There is an article below with links to the WaterBlitz website.

We will be contributing to this by testing for Nitrates and Phosphates at our three fly-monitoring sites at Tellisford and uploading the data onto BART's website.

If you would like to find out more BART staff will be in the centre of Trowbridge, Fore Street, this Saturday - 16th July between 10am and 2pm because The River Biss is included in the WaterBlitz

<https://bristolavonriverstrust.org/>



RESERVOIR DOGS AND BUCOLIC DAYS

A bucolic country scene. An idyllic little vignette perhaps of the moment:-

I just sensed something behind me -steadfastly watching my back. That sudden, tense eerie feeling. Not rabbits of course, but actual hairs (?) standing up on the back of my neck; that unmistakable sixth sensation I suppose of human defence. I turned round and was struck by the scene. High above me, 30 little rounded ears standing out from fifteen separate heads, markedly resembling Mickey Mouse against the skyline. One, noticeably, with little pointy horns [shades of how to stand out in a crowd]. Absolutely intent, staring fixedly down, focused upon the crazy, animated 'thing' below them - ie. me - (they are of limited intelligence; and don't carry 'I-Spy' [few will remember?] recognition books in their hip pocket). So the 'thing' below was of interest to them. Thrashing the water in truly demented fashion with a long stick and, in the breeze, thread-like flailing line resembling the aerial elegance of lettuce - and surely its associated structural rigidity. The fly-line sadly the shape of tangled spaghetti in the air - me fighting against the strong breeze of course! But I would definitely hold alibi-wise to that; my casting hand on the Bible, even if it weren't true - period.

I am talking about a small herd of quirky, mischievous cows, assembled and lined up along a wire, hill-side fence bordering the steep field overlooking a small still-water I fish. A little dog-like I thought, in their up-front manner - their questioning looks, and attitude of implied expectation. If you have a dog, you'll know what I mean when sometimes they look at you. Blackberry bushes framed either side of these cows' mud-splattered pitch.

If you have seen Disney's Mickey Mouse, particularly in the earlier cartoons, you'll know the head shapes I describe. And their quizzical looks? - maybe of concern, even rank astonishment? They couldn't play poker to save their lives. Transmitted messages written all over their cute, bovine faces. All this transpiring in a relative, marked silence - maybe a few shuffling hooves now and then. Occasional, (not snorts), but outburst of heavier breathing - (but enough about me....). Crumpling the long grass and divots underfoot fence-side, where they stood, theatrically, in, and along, the 'front circle'. For such was the shape of the fence where they stood..

So, there assembled, 'intently curious'; perhaps somewhat more than puzzled. Can cows laugh? Two younger hangers-on, behind the front row spectators, not far from being calves themselves, were having a head-pushing match. Not at all a violent push, but slow and determined. Exploratory and silent in its manner and purpose - examining dominance. Like kids kicking pebbles in the street out of boredom. A little restless perhaps, having both failed to get a prize-viewpoint front seat at the fence - for the show!

At that exact moment a fish came up a few yards only in front of me, from an apparently empty lake-bed. Its camouflage superb. So much so, that until this point, its silver flank was not to be seen even with the polarising lenses I was wearing. I can not explain adequately the absolute magic of all this. It has to be experienced 'live' to take it all in. In no more than a blink of an eye, the fish twists its length upward and adjusts slightly backward to intercept the fly and dives off from whence it came. In film camera photographic terms, a 'Lens-speed' like lightning. It is slightly unsettling, it catches your breath. It is exquisitely graceful - even a slightly violent thing. Along with your fly, you have a sense of being attacked. Ambushed even, within your un-anticipated part in the scene. You at the end of the rod, until then, calmly steering the path of the fly. Set to culminate as usual in a hang of the fly in the shallows - the actual timing of 5 'this attack' described.

As if on cue, the trout tore off for deeper water. Despite the proximity of contact (mere feet only, not yards), the fish wrenched line off my reel, steaming relentlessly all the way into my backing. Now was the violence! As it did so, the Dacron backing scorched my finger as I caught it awkwardly (and regretted doing so). Ouch! Searing, stinging heat. I could not help hearing how the cows shuffled noisily behind me in response to my ready expletive. The fish, a nice rainbow, a few meal-days I guess off 4lb, took ages to come to hand in the shallows. It was unhooked and released carefully back into its environment. Whereupon (I contend; correction know) it deliberately whacked the surface with its tail and soaked me to the skin. An act of retribution surely. Justified of course, no doubt - shades of 'you've dragged me unwillingly into your environment; let me welcome you, like-fashion to a piece of mine!'

Earlier, I had sighted surface movement in the shallows twenty yards up-wind. I moved as cautiously as excitement would allow. Once there, I glimpsed a fleeting shadow or three. These obscured more than a little by

the ripple and a fractious wind-speed which was gusting now and then. As I watched, the fish seemed to be foraging amongst the sparse weed on the bed of the lake. A chance of a single-movement cast dropped my fly near a closer shadow - and, as I watched, it shifted visibly and purposefully towards my fly. Cripes! The leader tightened, and it was on!

It had taken a favourite size 14 Mallard & Claret, presented to it and allowed to drop at will [assisted by a surface wind drift], as soon as I had it sighted. Later I realised it had been one of two trout there - which I've found is always a good thing. It increases the chances that one might take the fly - the competition element between the two reducing a natural caution. No monster this, but a lovely little brown trout of perhaps one and three quarter pounds which raced around a lot. As I said it was not large, did not put a set into my rod, but was oh! so welcome on a less than clement day. I carefully and gratefully set it free.

Now to set the scene, the lake water sits in a concrete bowl said in places to be forty or fifty feet deep (I have no present wish to prove it, or find out). Our fishing hut holds just one tatty and faded photo to substantiate this. Since it was constructed, it had to receive further work. The photo shows a JCB-type digging vehicle sitting way-down on the drained lake-bed which has the comparable dimensions of a Dinky toy! Have always wanted to get hold of one of these - to 'assist' any hero-photos of my catch (joke).

So it is gin-clear water clarity, and in general any fish activity (if they don't see you first) is where the weed and food is - in the shallower border regions, along the edges.

This day was so special. It had something about it; a communion of sorts with 'the wild' if you like, within the blustery elements and the actual insects' hatch itself across the lake. I felt it..... A transition of a sort - mindset-wise; miles away certainly from mundane everyday life. A step-change - *Alice Through the Looking Glass* stuff; entering a different world, or maybe more accurately a different consciousness, or awareness. You are alone out there, in it - feeling the sting of the rain, in fact unable to avoid it. The cold and wet embrace of wind against your skin and face. The touch, cold enough to force a sudden shiver as you snuggle back into your fleece and jacket, grateful for its cosy warmth. And at the same time aware that the fox, the resident deer, the birds down to the 'strident staccato' blackbird, lowly wren, and pernicious covies have no such luxuries. Out there, in it, just like you. Fishing is not always

comfortable - but as a dear friend says 'we're not made of sugar!' Along the lines of 'No Pain, No Gain' - almost certainly. You are there, and lucky to be so. Your presence has allowed a privileged insight, maybe interception, into the feeding cycle that we know to go on. It would otherwise not be witnessed or seen by human eye. In this fly-fishing sport of ours, we are always learning. With its remarkable clarity, this place allows further insight into some of the least-seen intricacies of fish behaviour.

A different aspect. From my recorded notes - I find myself sitting on the low concrete lip of a ledge that allows dam floodwater (no offence..) to be released to the outlet stream below in heavy weather. It is dry - I am very pleased to say. I am keeping a low profile (hopefully) to avoid the fish seeing me straight away. I am sitting on my bum with legs out in front of me - thinking of that Sweet Charity song "If they could see me now..." In all, of course feeling a tad ridiculous. Feeling a bit of a chump as we used to quaintly say. But it is the only way to get that bit closer to the fish. Casting also from that silly position of course. As mentioned, the water clarity is superb. In fact it can be gin-clear, but this of course does not help the chances of fooling the fish - staying off the radar. The fish are wary. Many of them are quite large - they don't get that way by not being wary. Over considerable time, they have wised-up to many lines, flies and lures thrown at them. I have watched them on some occasions approach along the shallows, and spotting a fly-line ahead of them across their path, swim up to the floating line and take a ninety degree turn to swim right around it - then continue their previous set course. If a fish were a dog, we would say that was clever, very 'knowing' in its intent. Equally, in its disdain!

Returning to the plot, I sit there scanning the surface water for any movement. Suddenly, but some twenty yards out, I spot a rise. A hump in the surface, which hardly breaks the surface film. A feeding fish! Excitement mounts several fold. Perhaps the start of a more widespread hatch? Dark-winged pond olives have much earlier been noticed in the nearby shallows, sailing splendidly down-wind like tiny schooners, tilting elegantly under sail. Adrenalin and expectation mounts. Suddenly, no more than eight feet out from where I am sitting a fish rises and takes fly! I have never knowingly been so close to an actual take (gin-clear water of course). A fish rising in its natural state, normally unobserved, and completely unaware. And then came another - yards only away from the first. The indescribable 'Whhaaasssh' disturbance [told

you] of the surface and slurpy sound of the returning swirl as the fish moves is riveting. It grabs your instant and devoted attention.

A scurry on my part to tie on a suitable fly. All fingers and thumbs - Dratt! The Mallard & Claret is replaced by a wet Greenwell's Glory size12, maybe14. I cast as lightly as I am able. Holding my breath as I do so in fear that it may somehow be heard, resonated or sensed by the fish in its very proximity to me. It is no more than ten feet away, the length of my fly rod. I am sitting well back from the water so that all the rod length is low, over, and masked by the concrete margin I sit on. The fly vanishes - I lift! - get the timing badly wrong! and learn the acid meaning of 'perplexed' and 'utter disappointment' - and also 'forbearance of language'! I have learned from life that one can, with impunity, think exactly what you want, but just don't say it, ie. to 'Get away with it'. Something I learned from annual report time!

I rest the water whilst (silently) cursing my luck. Ditto my incompetence. But then become very surprised when another two fish break the surface no great distance out from me. I eagerly try again. Equally determined to try again near-in - so as not to 'line' fish that may be in between us on the cast. They have already amazed me how close in they have come, and are still visibly interested and feeding. I am so close, I can see the rare, nay, privileged sight of flies emerging through the surface film. It is fascinating.

This time it works! - my luck holds and a fit, heavy fighting fish is on. It takes me all over the place, running far out into my orange backing and then, very scarily, runs straight back at me. The line falls slack. I am convinced I have lost it, retrieving line as fast as I possibly can. Glory be! - time to thank the fishing gods - the line tightens again as I manage to retrieve the errant loop. It is still on! But then the fish shows some other devious purpose - it heads towards an obvious obstruction in the water intent on winding my line round it, or snagging free. I manage to turn it a little by walking some yards to my right to get a better avoiding angle from the rod. I escape the snag, but the fish runs this way, it runs that way. I have no control at all over its headlong flight. I start to get religious - you know, close to prayer - during several of its long runs and head-shaking bangs. The latter felt strongly down the line to the rod-tip. And all the while, the wind blows unabated, entirely ignorant of all this - my petty, unseen and tense emerging drama. Definitely unconcerned or moved by the predicament I am experiencing. The line and primarily the

leader, (when I see it), is making tinny noises as it sings ominously in the breeze. What does the North-East wind care? Not a jot.

After exhilarating and anxious minutes I sense that I may be getting some control over it. A dangerous assumption. Wrong! It runs again with a further gritty determination to rid itself of said hindrance. I panic when momentarily looking down, I find the recovered loops of line had somehow wrapped around my boot! These things happen, but 9 out of 10 times terminally so - the line now running out again at a rate of knots like an anaemic hawser! Well, I must have done something good recently. Presented with this, up came the legs, then fraught, frenetic untangling with arms going like a threshing machine! Just in time for the whole grounded line to disappear cleanly up and through the rod rings into the lake water. OK again! Had I filmed all this of course, I would be (selfishly) up for an Oscar! - Comedy section of course. Feeling a chump - but a very lucky one at that. 'Fear Olympics' of course coming in to it - I never knew I could get my legs that high from a sitting position! Big toothy grimace of course [destined to end up on editing room floor for sure]. Useful to know the height of lift though. Otis Elevators NY have already shown unhealthy interest.

Won't bore you any longer, the fish came a bit later to hand in the shallows and it was extraordinary. A beautiful picture of blue, silver and aquamarine hues, fin perfect in every detail. Glistening in the water there, a blue trout of course, which I was unaware of in the stocking earlier this year. Or last year for that matter. It was a fitting end to the day, a little over 3.3/4lb I guess. No astounding size, but what an impressive engine [with its bigger heart] and broad spade of a tail. Exquisite.

Had I lost it, I would have guessed its weight at 4.1/2 or 5lb+ (and probably bigger - at this stage they are known to 'grow' you know!). So lastly, I wish you all well, and as the Irish say, 'May the holes in your net be never bigger than the fish you catch'. I'll raise a glass to that and your good selves. Have a great season.

Courteney
June 2022



*A lovely wild brown trout caught by Simon on dry mayfly
in May on our Kingfisher beat*

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Traditionally, those wielding fly rods were only interested in game fish like salmon, trout, sea trout and grayling. However, the last decade or so has seen the focus shift towards coarse fish when those prepared to make subtle alterations to their tackle set-up have come to terms with the likes of pike, carp, chub and rudd on fly. What's best now is that coarse fish species are more comfortable in warm weather, making them the ideal quarry come the blistering days of July and August

END OF JULY AND EARLY AUGUST...
HEAT WAVES in the high 30's

Carp Takes Your Biscuit!

A heat wave in summer often sends trout into the doldrums when we're restricted to one hour of frantic sport at last knocking, which is fine if you live close to a fishery, but no so good if a long drive is endured...

On the other hand, Carp thrive in hot weather and will actively feed at the surface even through the hottest of days, especially in undisturbed areas.

With that, it's worth searching out a Carp fishery near you and investing those sweltering days to staking them out using a fly rod.



Deer hair flies clipped into the shape of a dog biscuit work best

However, Carp do have a reputation for surface feeding when they can be coaxed to the top using bread, dog biscuits and other free offerings that float.

Granted, you're not presenting them with a natural looking fly now, though a pattern fashioned in the shape of a floating biscuit will give you memorable sport with a fly rod.

The first thing to do is arm yourself with a pattern. These are best tied using deer hair then clipped to shape.

I visited my local coarse fishery recently after finding the trout quite stressed by the heat wave and hot weather at the reservoir. As you know, Rainbows do not like these warm water conditions and tend to go deep and sulk on the bottom of the lake.

I decided to give carp fishing a go, not with the fly which can be quite effective but with a floating bread crust fished close to the bank,. You must not take your eyes off the bread as carp can appear from nowhere. (In a way similar to dry fly fishing) Before you know it a huge whiteish coloured mouth appears on the surface taking in the bread. You must keep very still, the slightest movement and the carp will have sCARPered! As soon as you strike the fish is off like a train, such power but must steer him away from the weed beds. Here's a common one (no, the fish not me) I caught on floating crust weighing about 8lbs. Well you know 6 or 8lbs!



A SHORT NOTE FROM COLIN on CARP FISHING

A quick accolade to how secretive these creatures are ie. the big ones. Had we not seen them, quietly emerging and taking the floating crusts, you would just not know such sizeable specimens were there. At times mere feet away from the rod top.

Its exciting stuff for sure. Relaxing also, but with a high level of anticipation and fervent hope! Tenterhooks come to mind. But I love it.

Adopting a John DC attitude/play-back, the leather carp I had was 10lb + - but this a very conservative estimate! Whatever it was, it was in magnificent condition; huge fins. Considering taking the salmon net we used in Ireland next time - seriously.

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Polluting the River Frome, Frome, Somerset.

From: [Environment Agency](#) Published 30 June



Some of the dead fish in Frome town centre

The case was heard at North Somerset Magistrates Court on 28 June 2022. Cross Keys Farms Ltd pleaded guilty to causing an unpermitted discharge of slurry. This polluted the Somerset Frome river in Frome, turning it brown and smelly in August 2020. The slurry pollution killed more than 120 adult fish, including many large pike, roach and chub.

He was fined £12,000 and ordered to pay costs of £13,631.08.

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AUGUST

E-Mail from Roger.....

We are stocking with a small number of Rainbows on Monday 22nd August.

As usual it will be around midday.

If you can help please let me know and I will let you know the more precise timing as soon as I get confirmation.

I was down there last week and the river was running briskly in the riffles and the deeper pools are still deep.

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OBITUARY

Alan Kerr

It was with great sadness that we learned in August that Alan had died after a short battle with cancer.

Alan was a member from 2013 until 2020 and Committee Membership Secretary from 2015 when, with his knowledge of IT he transformed the membership process and created a new website which he managed for the Guild until he reluctantly left to spend more time on his main passion - golf.

Before coming to Wiltshire, in his retirement, Alan had fly-fished for many years in his home county of Berkshire and counted fishing legend Bob Church among his social fishing friends. He met Bob when they were both bank-fishing near Slough but only Alan was catching! Bob went up to Alan asked him what he was using, and Alan replied, "Wonder Loaf"! From then on, they frequently fished together and remained in-touch when Alan & Janet moved to Melksham.

Alan enjoyed bank fishing - spotting fish moving along the margins or further out and he was often the first to catch. He rarely changed his fly during a session, instead relying on technique and his knowledge of trout behaviour to intercept them and induce a 'take'. He said his biggest problem was always "shaking off the small ones". Modestly though he said he was in admiration of river fly-fishers.

He joined in Guild social events whenever he could, because being a very capable golfer who could out-drive the professionals, he was sometimes playing two or even three golf tournaments a week. This was especially so when he was organising events as a club captain.

Alan won two Guild trophies during his time and the Christmas Hamper Competition in 2018 at Manningford Fishery. In 2016 he was presented with The Chairman's Award for his outstanding contribution to the Guild. In 2019 he organised the Guild Christmas Hamper Competition at Manningford with Janet compiling 'The Hamper'. He and Janet were regulars at our Annual Dinner.



Alan's Blue Trout March 2017 at Holbury Fishery

In his youth Alan was a Head Chorister and later formed a school rock band which is how he met Janet. He excelled at Maths and was offered a scholarship by Eton College, Windsor, but instead pursued a career in engineering via a City & Guilds course. He was a keen motor-biker in his youth and he told tales of meeting 'Mods' on Brighton beach in the 1960's!

He joined Mars the chocolate company in Slough where he became Head of apprentice training and then Head of technical trouble shooting in Mars factories throughout Europe using his incredible engineering problem solving skills to their best.

He joked he'd "put the shine on *Maltesers*" by improving the production process! He liked seeing people eat Mars chocolates etc because that boosted his pension. He was a natural engineer and was never defeated by a technical challenge; in fact he relished them.

Alan retired early to 'enjoy life', but he needed more to do and after trying various unfulfilling jobs he joined the staff at St. Augustine's College in Trowbridge in the early 2000s working with our Guild Secretary Roger to make the most of the state-of-the-art 3D Printing & CNC laser cutting facilities. Alan was in his element using his engineering skills and experience as Head of Apprentice Training at Mars to show students from age 11 to 18 how to use the equipment. He was held in the

highest regard by students & staff. Alan said that it was the only job he had ever 'loved'. When he retired he was irreplaceable.

He continued to follow his passion for engineering throughout his retirement by making working scale models in the engineering workshop he had setup in his garage at home. His first project was an exact scale working replica of a Thames steam launch that he tested on The Thames. Then he made a wall-mounted 'grandmother' clock, followed by a 48" flying replica MK1 Spitfire. His final project was a second clock, this time standing about 18" tall under a glass dome, all made from basic stock brass bar & plate - every cog and piece of scrollwork made by Alan in his garage at home. He said, "a clock is 'the' test of an engineers' skill". He completed it this year - it keeps perfect time.

The service was held at West Wilts Crematorium on Friday 21st August and was attended by Guild members. Alan planned the service which included a poem with the following passage:

Those of you who liked me, I sincerely thank you all
And those of you who loved me, I thank you most of all.

For the music at the end of the service Alan had chosen Monty Python's -
'Always Look On The Bright Side Of Life'

Alan will be greatly missed.

As one member has remarked - 'may his line rest quietly on the water'.

Alan Kerr - 21st April 1948 - 20th August 2022 RIP

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SEPTEMBER

In case you were wondering - today's **Chew boat day**, the 7th September was cancelled by Bristol Water because winds up to 30mph were forecast.

A few reminders:

- Do you have items for the Tackle Auction at our October meeting?
- Please send in entries for our annual **photo competition** - the theme is 'The Countryside' so very broad.
- **Contributions for our News-Roundup** always appreciated - photos of catches, write-ups on venues, fishy tales, anecdotes, etc

glo daddy barbless



It's the "Daddy" Season!

Craneflies, better known as Daddy Long Legs to anglers tend to peak throughout September and early Oct.

Being a terrestrial, they actually pupate and emerge on land. The gardeners amongst us will instantly recognize the pupae as leatherjackets, which regularly appear when digging up vegetables

daddyhog



Daddies (as us anglers refer to them) are ungainly and weak fliers. Given an appreciable breeze then, they are quickly blown onto water.

Their gangly legs initially prevent them from being drowned as they are often seen tripping across the surface almost like tumbleweed rolls over land. Of course, sooner or later they become swamped and are easy pickings for trout.

The Guild Chew Boat Competition and Social Event **Rescheduled to Wednesday 21 September**

Ten members took part - Jon Jonik, Colin Burbedge, Roger Henderson, Andy Greatwood, Richard Arney, David Edwards, Peter Marshall-B, Maurice Dyer, Stan Jonik, Gerry Barnes,

By tradition we started with a full English breakfast sat outside on the veranda over-looking the water.

Chew reservoir was exceptionally low as can be seen in the photos of False Island below. The latest information from a recent evening competition, suggested the fishing was going to be very difficult and that boats should try the cage areas and the aerators. It was indeed difficult with only the occasional fish showing.

The weather was brighter than forecast which didn't help but we didn't get wet which is always a bonus at Chew.

Small black buzzers seemed to do the job, but they weren't visible on the water, in fact, there was no real fly life throughout the whole day.

Only 12 fish were caught.

The fish that were caught weren't in shoals and if you caught one on the day it was a clean strong fish of 3lbs plus which you did well to net.

Weigh-in was at 7pm.

The timing of the 'hang' at the end of the retrieve could make a critical difference between success & failure; several broken lines were reported by members indicating some very big fish. Some were lost - seen swimming off when the fly was not left to 'hang' long enough.

Congratulations to:

Stan and Jon Jonik who both had three fish with total weight of 10lbs 8oz each, so they share the Chew Cup.

Richard Arney won the bottle of wine for the heaviest fish - a rainbow of 4lbs 8oz.

It was a great day out for the club despite the fishing being hard, though a day's fishing is always better than not fishing at all.

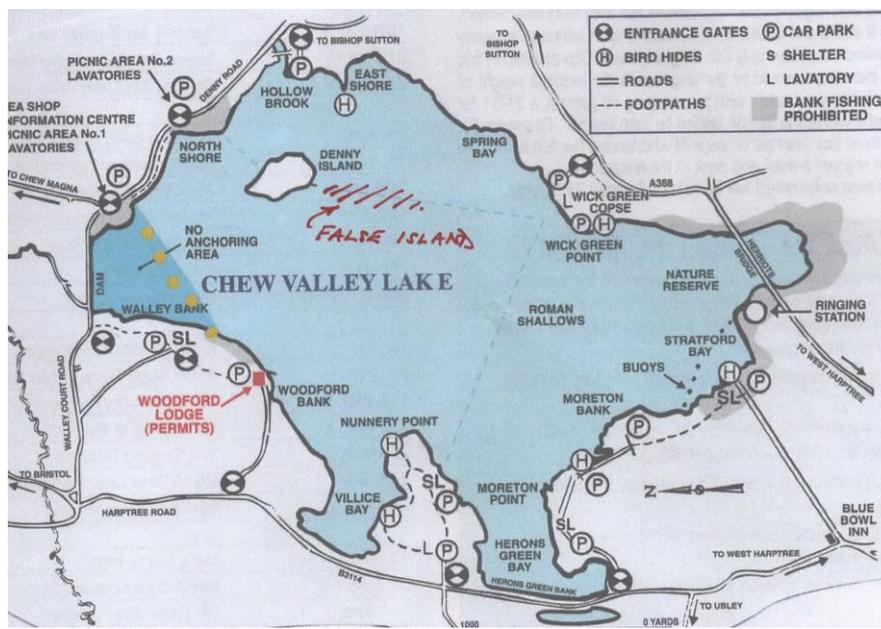


From left Stan Peter Gerry David Jon Richard Colin, Andy Roger Maurice

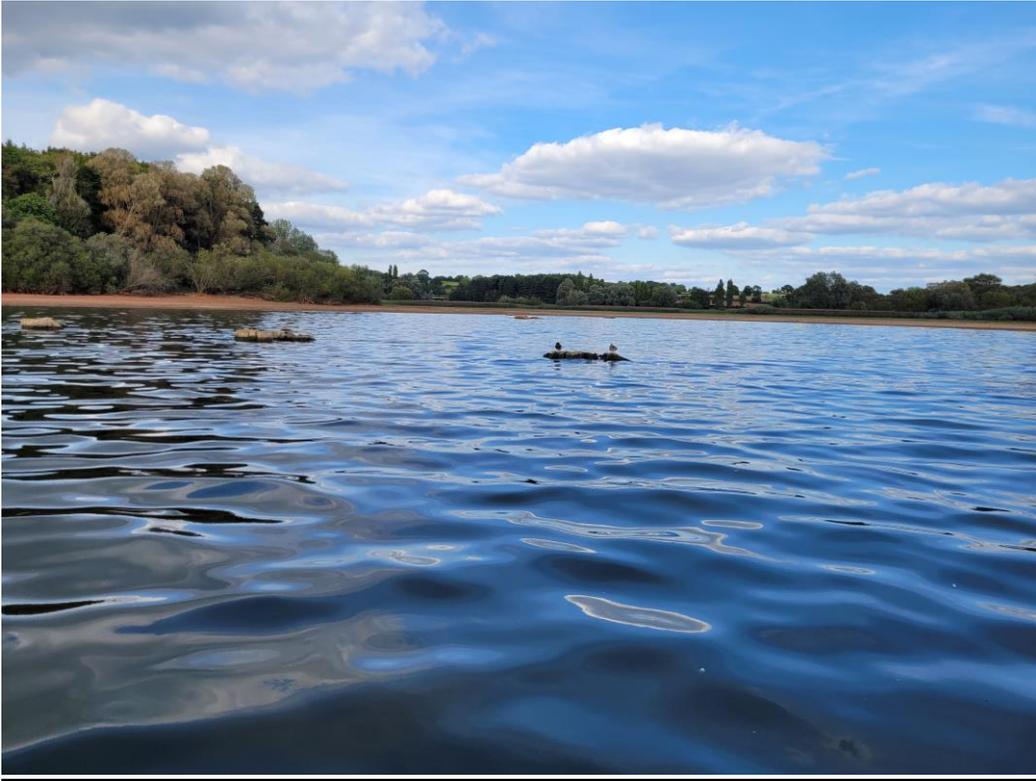
Although Chew didn't give up her fish easily she did give up some of her long held secrets ! The position of False Island has been disputed among anglers so we thought you'd be interested to see the photos of it exposed for the first time in many years. The photo captions will help you locate it next time you are out. The weed grows well here even though it is far from shore, so it is a favourite feeding spot for the rainbows. False Island was showing only as a thin strip from even close-up.



Looking over False Island toward East Shore. Denny Island is on the left



The red shaded area shows where we now know False Island lies



Dry land between Denny Island and East Shore. Note tree stumps!



*Looking across False Island from east shore area towards the Sailing Club.
NB - Denny Island is, of course, to the right in this view.*



Denny Island southern shore facing Spring Bay showing tree stumps!

When enjoying a day out on Chew little did we know about the hidden dangers that lurk below the surface (apart from Pike and huge trout!) Incidentally, there are also tree stumps along Morton and particularly around the point.

Thanks Roger for the photos, so we have no excuses now of pinpointing False Island! A good place to fish earlier in the year.

THE GUILD'S PHOTO COMPETITION

Please send your photos to Roger that have been taken this year, the theme being
'The Countryside'

We can accept entries until mid-November and autumn colours offer lots of photo opportunities.

The winning photo(s) will be decided at the Guild Dinner night in November. A Guild Trophy will be presented to the winner at the AGM.

Here are a few cracking photos to start us off.....

These first two were taken by one of our members.
while out walking the coastal path near Woolacombe



Great shot in mid-flight!



*Could it be a Fox Moth caterpillar?
Anyway, nice shoes!*



The sinking sun over Worms Head, Rhosilli



*Talking about caterpillars, how about this one. The Elephant Hawk Moth?
Huge caterpillar, it frightened me*

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Guild Annual Dinner Fri. 25th November - Leigh Park Hotel, B-on-A

Below is the menu. The Guild is subsidising the dinner £10 per person, so the cost will be £29.50 per person. Please email Jon Jonik - jfjonik@gmail.com as soon as possible To book a place + your menu choices.


Leigh Park Country House
Hotel & Vineyard

Christmas Party Night MENU

Starters

Butternut Squash Soup with Crusty Roll (GF, DF, V, VE)
Smoked Salmon Terrine, Horseradish Cream and Toast (GF, DF, V)
Beetroot and Gorgonzola Tart and Pea Shoot Salad (GF, DF, V, VE, V)
Pork and Black Pudding Terrine, Quince Jam and Sprouts Salad (GF, DF, V)

☆☆☆

Main Course

Turkey Parcel, Chipolata Wrapped in Bacon, Duck Fat Roasted Potatoes,
Brussel Sprouts with Chestnuts (DF, DF, V)
Confit Pork Belly, Sprouting Broccoli and Apple Sauce (GF, DF)
Salmon Fishcake, Wilted Greens and Hollandaise Sauce
Squash, Chestnut and Mushroom Pie and Tomato Sauce (V, VE, DF, GF)

☆☆☆

Desserts

Sticky Toffee Pudding, Toffee Sauce and Fig Ice Cream (GF)
Pistachio and Raspberry Bakewell Tart and Crispy Raspberries
Chocolate Marquise, Chocolate Soil and Mango Salad
Traditional Christmas Pudding Served with Brandy Sauce

Sunday - Thursday £37.50 Per Person* **Friday & Saturday £39.50 Per Person***

V-Vegetarian / VL-Vegan / GF-Gluten Free / DF-Dairy Free / GFO-Gluten Free Option / DFO-Dairy Free Option
If you are ordering for someone who has a food allergy or intolerance, please let us know.
Allergies: We want to be sure there is something for everyone on our menu, whatever your dietary requirements. Please let your server know your requirements when ordering.
Despite our significant efforts we cannot eliminate the risk of cross-contamination and therefore cannot guarantee any of our dishes are 100% free of allergens.
*Price may vary, please ask for further details.

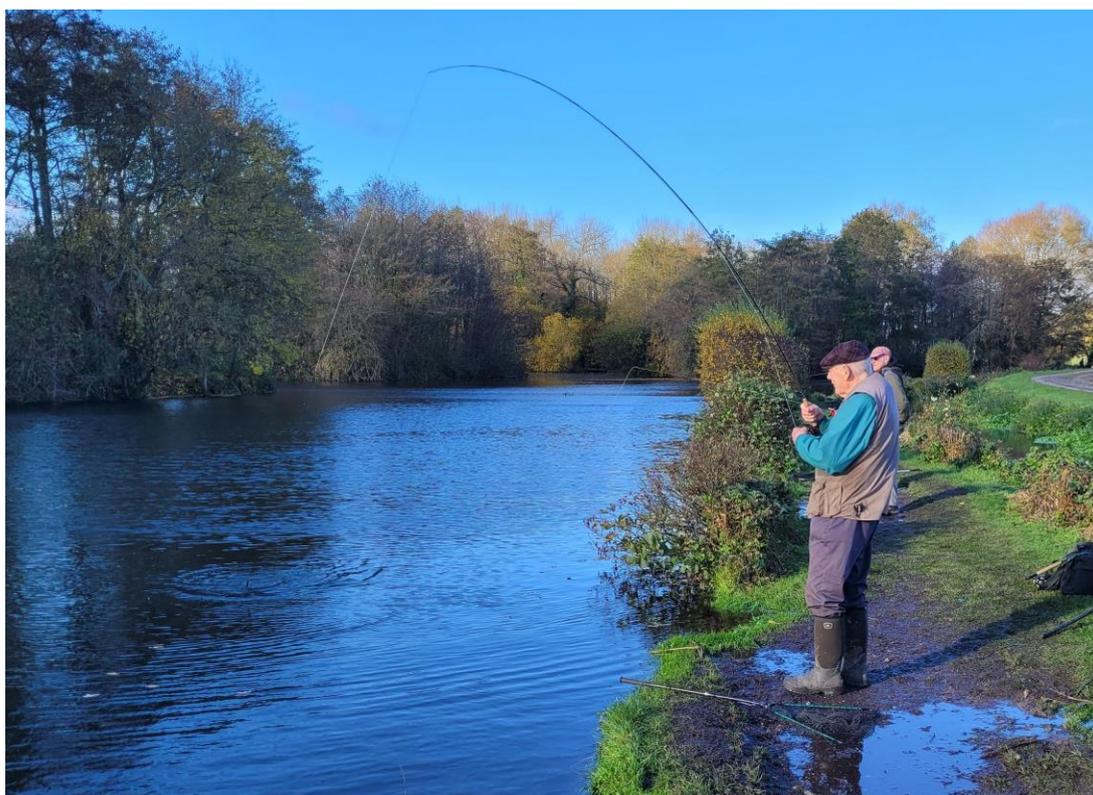
A few end of season reminders:

- The season for Brown Trout on The Frome ends on Saturday 15th October but we can still fish for and take the stocked Rainbows.
- Please send in Angler Returns for The Frome (form attached also available on website)
- Send claims with some form of verification (photo with object for scale, witness etc) for Guild trophies:
- heaviest Rainbow Trout
- heaviest stillwater Brown Trout
- heaviest wild river Brown Trout
- Please send in photos for our annual photo competition. The theme is 'The Countryside'.

Reminder of our last social fishing day of 2022:-

**Christmas Hamper Competition Sunday 20th November
at Manningford Fishery near Pewsey SN9 6NR.**

Email Jon Jonik - jfjonik@gmail.com to book a place



**Charles Fremantle at our Hamper competition November last year.
Very sadly Charles died in January. He will be greatly missed.**

