

WWFFG - NEWS ROUNDUP



OCTOBER 2022 to DECEMBER 2022

End of season news round-up

OCTOBER

These days, most anglers practice catch and release (C&R).



This has many benefits, chief amongst which include, there's more fish to go around, but also the average trout is larger now and of course, where wild fisheries are concerned it means a breeding stock exists for future generations.

Perhaps the biggest catalyst promoting C&R is the advent of digital cameras. These days, it seems (rightly) most anglers are happy taking a quick snap of their prize for their bragging rights, rather than

administering the priest!

And for those who somehow think every fish released simply sinks to the bottom and dies, several tagging schemes prove that trout happily continue feeding after being caught. In fact, in some cases the same fish has been released as many as eight times during one season. Naturally, if fish are not treated correctly there will be problems.

Perhaps the first thing is to play fish hard, the idea being to get them to your net quickly and returned with little fuss.

This prevents the build up of lactic acid in fish, which ultimately can be fatal though in fairness this usually only occurs where water temperatures are dangerously high by breaching to 20oC threshold.

NOVEMBER

Hamper Competition – Manningford Sunday 20th November

This is to confirm the arrangements for the day.

Ideally we needed 20 for exclusive use of Manor Lake (we have 15 confirmed) so their maybe other anglers fishing although they will try and steer them towards the smaller Squires Lake.

On their website the Lake is booked out for the day so I think we will have exclusive use.

Purchase your 4 fish ticket upon arrival at the discounted price of £32.50.

Fishing will commence at 9am and finish at 2pm followed by the weigh-in.

Fishing Manor Lake (main Lake) and singly fly only.

The Lake contains triploid rainbows and browns and both are counted owards the heaviest fish/bag.

After landing a fish anglers must move to another spot.

If you are lucky enough to catch your bag please offer help to other members who may not have been so lucky as the main aim for the day is for everyone to catch and enjoy themselves.

The presentation and lunch will take place in the Lodge. Apart from the Hamper

for the heaviest bag and wine for the heaviest fish (both can't be won by the same angler),
two Guild trophies could also be won for the heaviest Lake caught rainbow and brown.

Jon

OoOoOoOoOoO

You don't need expensive kit to catch trout.

I've kept this Trout Fisherman magazine cutting for several years and thought I'd share it because it shows this chap is doing very nicely without spending a load of cash!

'Trout Fisherman' magazine asked Stillwater anglers what tackle they used - rod, reel, line & their most productive fly.

Whilst the great majority listed the usual middle to top end expensive brand names there was one very noticeable exception...



A Shakespeare Odyssey 10ft 7/8wt rod (now superceded) but about £40 then and a Leeda LC reel - now around £30 on eBay. It doesn't get much cheaper!

Whilst the kit may be modest 'Bill's' knowledge of the water he fishes is probably far from modest - he knows where the fish are.

PS - If you want to try a Shakespeare Odyssey 10ft 7/8# ...

I have one!

Roger

Thanks Roger, a nice article.

PURE NOSTALGIA

I apologise up-front for the following possible boredom which is one of those 'Once upon a Time' ramblings. It is entirely indulgent by its nature, but I am not apologetic as to its subject which centres upon my early childhood memories of sunlit Sunday mornings fishing on 'Old Father Thames'. Without further ado:-

Once upon a time, we all went fishing for fun and relaxation. Hold on to this thought. For if you read at all about fishing, and indeed its myriad aspects, including advertising and in particular its absolute commercial needs for innumerable types of equipment and add-ons, it can drive you a bit crazy. I mean, in yacht sailing terms, yawing you really 'off-course', taking you away from its principal purpose and ultimate goal. Which is of course (and no latter pun intended) the hunt for self-fulfilment and the resulting pleasure that fishing brings. It is as simple as that.

The point does bear further analysis, for there are accompanying interests (photography comes to mind for one?) and individual flavours connected with the pursuit itself that, for some, run in parallel and enhance this outdoor activity. Perhaps I can use a straight-forward example of what I mean by that. I have a particular fad about collecting fishing reels. Now, I started off as a coarse fisherman, as a six year old youngster. Aaagh [nostalgia], I can nearly remember that? This involved roach and bream fishing on the River Thames with my grandfather who - I thank him still - introduced me to the river and its fishing. We were often out on glorious sun-lit Sunday mornings on the Berkshire/Oxfordshire border to try our luck (the river itself forms the boundary). Yes it must have rained on occasions, but I don't remember the one. This was in the days when people attended church, (quite rightly), both religiously and regularly. When not to do so was rather frowned upon

by 'the establishment' - whoever they were. So it all felt a bit naughty, edgy, a little daring perhaps - getting away with it, breaking the tethers I suppose if not exactly the rules.

I remember, vividly, the wonderful, unmistakeable peeling of bells across the river as we sat there float fishing in the steady, slightly languorous current downstream from our anchored punt. The wooden boat (which the two of us built ourselves one Winter - I 'helped'!) was nearly always anchored and positioned near lush bank-side beds of lily-pads. [Perhaps weird, but fittingly, we called the new-growth submerged ones 'cabbage patches' - cabbages for short]. This we found was where the fish congregated for food and cover. Some memorable and 'golden' sessions come back to me. This again, no more than a spit away from the wonderful 'rush' and background murmuring sound, the backcloth, of the wide and powerful Mapledurham weir. There is a working corn mill to one side of this which dates back to the Domesday Book, (commissioned by William I in 1085 to record land ownership and its use) and No, I don't still have a copy. New landlord in! It took some appreciable time to compile - the bud stage of blessed French bureaucracy I guess! It follows that there has been a dam or beautiful weir here since 1086. One of the earliest on the river. The outflow from its millwheel forms a backwater which re-joins the river close to where we loved to fish. A wild, rather soggy earth, untamed spot bordered by perpetually damp, moss-covered camp-sheathing; aside beds of yellow water-buttercup and overhanging willow fronds which sighed to us in the breeze. I just never knew all this guff at the time - nor would have cared a jot, to be honest. (Pearls before swine.) The fishing was the focus, the absolute thing.

All these repeated, resounding and joyful tones came rolling over the surface of the river as we sat there, contented, watching for any sudden dip of our fishing floats. I recall that the bright shellac colours and tips of the porcupine quills sparkled when wet, and cast into the dappled sunlight. Thereon, assuming a calm mystique as they initially bobbed on the surface, settled in the flow, and rode sedately along in their search. As a rule we trotted the floats down a controllable distance from the boat thwarts, and then re-cast. But sometimes we let them glide two or three rod-lengths away and deliberately halted their steady travel and waited for a rapid dip, or complete lightning-quick disappearance of the coloured quill-tip. For this last method we would ever so slightly 'over-depth' the gut length between the hook and float - '*stret-pegging*' I think my grandfather called it. If we then extended the depth a foot or so

more, float again held stationary, I was told this was 'laying-on' [the river-bed]. Mattered not to me, only in so much as it worked! This could be very successful - at times! And as we did so, came the clang of the mighty bronze bells - melodically but insistently calling - drifting to us in the breeze from nearby Purley Church, and, as if in reply and contest, those from Mapledurham Church a little further upstream. Each eagerly calling in their faithful to church service from opposite sides of the river. The occasional, early-morning, Thames launch chugged its way upstream - a deep, unmistakably soggy churning sound to the ear. Up to Mapledurham Lock; and thereon to pretty Pangbourne (where the Pang trout-stream eagerly enters the river) and nearby Whitchurch toll bridge some miles up-river. And there I sat, not ten years old, in a rather naughty, perceivably dreadful way, luxuriating in the embrace and outdoor experience of all this - well, the moment felt somehow magical and wholly delicious to me! Perhaps that momentary feeling of acceptable disobedience?

Every so often, in went the tacky balls of bread and bran groundbait from the bucket on the slatted boat-floor. With this steady milky-cloud attraction we would find our floats dipping or sliding away - and with luck another few fish were added to the catch. The breadpaste hookbait we prepared to a long-used formula and it was carefully floured, kneaded and prepared overnight at home. So we could get rowing on the river early of course. We seldom - perhaps never! - caught anything huge. A two pound bream was a veritable prize. A pound and a half roach of equal immense celebration and pride. Akin perhaps to the magic, and parallel odds, of discovering rocking-horse droppings in t'garden. But the quality of the fish and the fishing was superb. We were not on strong tackle, so if anything broke us up, summarily, we chalked it up as a really exceptional chub or monster barbel! Well we would, wouldn't we? And it did happen. And maybe it was... We were absolutely convinced in our own minds of course - which when you weigh it up, was all that really mattered.

To return to the point, I still have his simple wooden reel. An old, now much battered wooden centre-pin. Its intrinsic value next to nothing - but priceless to me. All those precious memories embodied in that one little special memento of a bygone age, and extremely happy time. Instantly recalling the modest-sized, silver-scaled roach and bream adorning the keep-net at the time, and the sight and visual pleasure of returning these at the end of the day. The obvious recall, that he of course had held and used that reel, many times on his own, but so often along with me on those

Sunday mornings. On the same basis, I still have my father's little brass fly-reel, and it has that same special effect on me. Pure sentimentality I suppose, but it is that touch; that physical connection which it still holds, that matters. It's a bit like Mr. Coin Collector (as a nuance) with his *Charles II silver Crown - circa 1660* in hand - who must feel he is touching actual history. And of course he is. The history embedded, locked within that very same object that since being minted has survived centuries; and God knows what adventures in between. To now immediately span and breach that time-travel, to rest there in his palm.

When I hold the reel, something of that ilk happens. I saw the reel then - and I see it now in front of me, half a century later, in my cabinet! Fond memories are triggered and come flooding back. Something that transcends reason; but transports me mentally across 'virtual' and actual decades. 'Beam me up Scottie' stuff. A hard-evidence connection; a catalyst perhaps of a type, - but I think you get what I mean. I love old photographs for the same reason. They allow a reunion with some of the best of the past. With that momentarily in mind - watch out; bear with me - call me a heretic or something, but when I see "Stormzy" and the ill-lyric 'rapping thing' elsewhere, being heralded as marvellous music by a younger generation - I despair. But then I just think, well, the old days and times weren't so bad as we thought were they? It's a different world we inhabit, so to hanker after some of the old values and decency is perhaps not so much an Old Fart thing, merely a cry for self-preservation and sanity? Amen - (the lectern is now vacated; please place your 20p on the pool-table edge).

But enough of all this. Each to their own. Forgive me - showing my age! With a conversion to fly-fishing in the '80s [19!!], I later extended my collection to some trout and salmon reels. These, in the main, allied with game-fishing, essentially of the fly-fishing category. But my favourite reels, because (in my mind) they are so 'pretty' that they evoke our waterside pursuit by mere sight alone, are trout reels. Now we often read that reels are just receptacles that 'store the fly-line alone'. I think they are so much more than that - figuring to me as symbolic little art-forms of engineering and design. Just my own nerdy take - cum - viewpoint perhaps. And ask a man who has just lost a big, fast-moving trout or salmon, through a reel jamming or other heart-breaking mal-function, whether they are just storage space for line. Reels have to work reliably, and well, as we absolutely depend on them for some essential sort of control when a hooked fish takes us unwillingly into the backing. I lost a

fine fish not so long back when the loose coils of fly-line streaming out from the ground tightened and caught in a loop around the reel handle! That was arguably too large.... Pinnggg!! - it's a sickening, hateful sound - it haunts me still. My fault as well (I fully accept) for not keeping it tidy and noticing this hitch quickly enough! But at the time it all happens so quickly. I saw the impressive dimensions of the fish clearly as it raced into the shallows and took my fly aggressively on the lift. I watched as it turned....was firmly hooked and..... ..

I also like rods, modern and old; also split-cane? Vintage Priests?- but I won't venture any further into that. (Observing also the 'Never discuss politics or religion' adage). However, I do like sometimes to take old [vintage], newly acquired reels fishing again. This maybe after their former owners have passed on to higher fishing grounds. Remembering of course that the emblem of Christianity/Heaven is the fish? Often, maybe usually, obtained at auctions, there is no way of knowing these items identity or history. But I am oddly curious [be assured I can hear the retorts from here - and indeed recording them!] to see whether said reel is a 'lucky' one or not. Whether it retains some mystique of its own, or from association with its mileage in the hands of its earlier owner - an imagined maestro. Me trying to inherit some special embodied magic within its previous ownership I guess. But I bow out on the emphasis to want to see it used, and for it to 'fish again', as if it had some human take or quality (and entitlement to do so)?..... Before the little white van draws up outside, I will move on very quickly. But with this in mind ie. the subject matter - keep auctions, particularly our own, very much in focus please. It also helps the club funds!

That's it, - the engine on the 'escape limo' is ticking over and awaiting a depressing injection of gas. And I can't think of anything further of interest, or sense, to say (no seed change there then). But what I would say in going, hopefully of encouragement, is this - really, directly from a Hugh Hefner quote [with us until 2017]. He was once asked by an inquisitor, jealous of his lavish Playboy life-style, why he always wore the most expensive clothes, drank the finest champagnes, wines and liquor; smoked the absolutely most expensive Havana cigars and all etc. Did he not worry about conserving things a little in the event of the possibility of hard times and frugality ahead in old age? He merely drew the reporter in closer (possibly by the lapels, or his ears) and said - Are you not fully aware of things, Dumbo!.....Do you not appreciate this is the main event?

Something to bear in mind, or at least consider - if we all ever get a spare moment to do so. On that note, I'm thinking of taking up downhill skiing/eventing next winter myself. Or walking from Lands End to John O' Groats barefoot. Or both? Am I joking? Of course I am. I'm taking the above advice and focusing on fishing the four winds....

Courteney July 2022.

FRESHWATER SHRIMPS



Admittedly, we all get whimsical about the appearance of upwing flies as they often bring fish to the surface. That said, hatches are hard to predict and patchy at best.

Freshwater shrimps (*gammarus pulex*) on the other hand spend their whole life as aquatic creatures, potentially making them available to fish 365.

Better still, gammarus are tolerant of lots of water types, so tend to be extremely common.

As a crustacean, shrimps obviously thrive best in chalk or limestone based rivers. That said, they are prevalent too on the more unstable rain fed rivers. Come the winter months freshwater shrimps pretty much form the

staple diet of Grayling and Trout more the matter. As flyfishers, it makes sense then to have a handful of patterns in your fly box at all times.



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Photos (see below) of Andy Greatwood's tied flies.

Brief fishing tips from Andy

- 3 mini black lures & 3 mini orange lures: Ideal for rainbows in small fisheries - to fish: retrieve slowly in short twitches.
- 3 pale emergers: for Chew or Blagdon - fish them on a dropper.
- 3 Hares Ears: with Jungle Cock eyes (a key feature) - fish on the point. This pattern was developed by a Chew/ Blagdon regular and given to me 25 years ago. It is very effective.
- 3 Mallard & Clarets: In recognition of those Guild members who are revisiting some of the old patterns and finding the Mallard & Claret to be as effective as ever - e.g., Manningford on Sunday 20th Nov. when Robert caught his 11lb 2ozs Rainbow on one.

The second photo below shows the Hares Ear with Jungle Cock Eyes in sharp focus to see the detail.

The great news is that Andy has said he will lead our fly-tying sessions in Jan and Feb again so maybe these flies would be a good focus.

Flies tied by Andy Greatwood.



'They are too good to fish!'

A report from John De Cesare on fishery problems at Fullingbridge Lake

SERIOUS CONCERNS THAT THE POLLUTANT PROBLEM MAY BE
HARMFUL TO HUMAN HEALTH

Further to attending this morning's works party - I was really pleased to see so many members attending in what was pretty awful weather.

Apart from me lending a hand by supporting those with implements with clearing of cut vegetation, my main aim for attending was to have a word with Richard Cripps in order to float out my concerns with regards to possible serious "to human" health pollutants that may be an underlying cause to the fish deaths and distress issues that we have had reported this season. We have a policy of taking the first two fish which is generally an excellent policy, as it ensures that we have a constant turnover of fish and helps to provide good sport for the members.

My concerns are around the now well known very toxic chemicals used as anti-parasitic treatments that are almost certainly washing off the dogs that swim in our lake.

I was really pleased to hear both Richard Cripps and Paul's (our Treasurer) immediate reaction and agreement with my concerns.

They both asked if I could write to the committee raising our concerns as someone who is qualified.

Richard immediately said this was a really good point of concern to raise with the committee and Paul's reaction was also particularly pleasing in that Paul had told me that he had himself (for some time) been worried about toxic chemicals - once the email of the 10th October advising dog owners not to let their dogs swim in the lake.

From a Clinical Scientific viewpoint - The concern (as a clinical scientist with a background in Toxicology) is that the chemicals used as anti-parasite treatments are:

A. Very toxic - even in minute trace quantities

B. They are, by their very nature - CUMULATIVE - which means that once ingested or absorbed through the skin, they end up in Brain and or Nerve tissues and of course in the Liver (the liver being the body's main centre for detoxifying poisons). The cumulative issue is that the body is not equipped to get rid of the toxic substances (e.g. via the urine) and so gradually build up in the tissues.

Dogs and cats do not live as long as humans - so the LONG TERM effects of these poisons are not easily detected where the poison might not show up as an issue for many years - e.g. as is the case with asbestos that can take more than 30 years to show up as a very serious problem to human health.

The effects of this type of poisoning almost certainly are a cause for both a range of cancers and for neurological disorders - both of which have become far more prevalent.

One of our members (I didn't ask his name - but he is French - seemed very nice member (North West France I believe) and an ex bee keeper - he told Paul and myself that there are two separate pesticides he knows of that are legally used by farmers which, each on its own, does not seem to effect the bees BUT when used in combination are absolutely lethal to bees. He told us of his personal experience of losing some 30,000 bees as a result these pesticides.

Its clear from the EA reports the committee has received, that water dissolved oxygen levels were low at the height of this summers' heatwave period and that the very heavy algae bloom (that came with the heat) will have been a contributory factor (together with low water levels which we must assume were to do with a marked slow down of the natural water flow and lower water table) to causing our fish to be under such stress and causing fish deaths.

The email the committee sent out on the 10th October 2022, where I have highlighted the sentence **(We have asked the landlord to request dog owners refrain from letting dogs swim due to risk of contamination from flea treatments etc.)** is what, for me personally,

rang BIG alarm bells - my concern being that these very toxic chemicals that are used as anti-parasitic treatments (particularly those applied topically to the backs of dogs (between shoulders and close to the anal areas of dogs) will be contaminating the lake water. AND if our members are taking fish home and eating them - COULD BE poisoning our members. Even dogs given anti-parasitic treatment orally will potentially be risky as they will doubtless urinate in to the lake and hence cause contamination that way.

Thanks John for this alarming insight into pesticides on dogs which is seriously affecting fishing not only at Fullingbridge but waters throughout the countryside.

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Earlier this
yea

PRESS Cutting ...

Cocaine in Glastonbury river 'harming wildlife'

ILLEGAL drugs taken at Glastonbury festival are leaking into a nearby river and poisoning wildlife, a study has found.

Substances are at levels high enough to harm European eels, a critically endangered species.

It is thought MDMA, the chemical name for ecstasy, and cocaine are entering the river Whitelake as they run off the land from public urination. The results in the journal Envi-

By **Colin Fernandez**
Environment Correspondent

ronmental Research found ecstasy present in the water all year, suggesting it has built up in the soil, but during the festival levels quadruple.

Bangor University scientists took samples before, during and after the last event in 2019. Glastonbury said it will continue to strongly discourage urinating on the land.

Let's hope those at Glastonbury 2022 don't leave more than their litter behind !

Or at Glastonbury 2023, 24, 25 etc

Manningford Fishery



Manningford's Fishing Lodge



Trevor warming up by the log fire

THE 'CHRISTMAS HAMPER' COMPETITION

Sunday 20th November

Manningford kindly closed the fishery for the day and the weather was kind to us for most of the day.

We started promptly at 9am and although it was quiet i.e. no surface activity it wasn't long before some fish were being landed along the tree lined bank to a wide selection of flies from damselfly and variations of buzzers and pheasant tails. Some anglers who had caught three were trying to spot a big fish but when the sun broke through visibility was still difficult and it wasn't a day for spotting a whopper.

Most of the fish landed were in the 2lbs to 3lbs range with the occasional 4lbs which included some browns.

As with all competitions rumours started to circulate that Robin had landed a monster (on a fly just given to him by Roger - home tied with black marabou, lime green body, blue flash and red hot tungsten bead) quickly followed by another big fish landed by Robert Eadie on a Mallard & Claret. It started raining around 1:30pm but the competition finished on time at 2pm. All the fish were individually weighed for the fishery with 44 fish caught in total averaging 3 per angler which was a great result for the club especially as everyone caught.

Robin Sewell won the hamper with four fish of 18lbs 2oz with the biggest a rainbow of 9lbs 10oz.

Robert Eadie won the bottle of wine for the heaviest fish, a rainbow of 10lbs 2oz with a total weight of 16lbs 14oz. There was a big gap to the third angler Gerry Barnes with 12lbs.

Four browns were landed with the biggest 3lbs 14oz by Gerry Barnes followed by a 3lbs 10oz by Bryan Hussey.

The weigh in was followed by lunch in the warm comfort of the lodge which was a splendid way to finish the day.
Many thanks to David Edwards for organising the day with Manningford and for putting together the excellent Hamper.

Jon Jonik



Robin's 9lbs.10ozs. whopper



Robert's 10lbs.2ozs. Rainbow

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WWFFG Annual DINNER Friday 25th November

Our Dinner last Friday was a superb evening - Leigh Park Hotel put on a splendid dinner and had transformed our usual room with festive decorations. As ever, Robert & Mary's 'table quiz' provided the perfect ice-breaker and plenty of opportunities for banter.

We have written to thank the hotel for how well they looked after us.

Results of The Big Raffle:

1st Prize - £100 Gary Evans tackle shop voucher won by - **Gerry Barnes**

2nd Prize - £50 Gary Evans tackle shop voucher won by - **Robin Sewell**

3rd Prize - £25 Gary Evans tackle shop voucher won by - **Tim Pullen**

4th Prize - A selection of flies tied by Andy Greatwood won by - **Jon Jonik.**

Results of our Photo Competition

(see our website for all the entries - the password is Fish):



1st 'Webmaster' - by **Peter Stone**
Peter wins The Ron Long Photography Trophy



2nd 'Last Sun at Mill Farm' - by Gerry Barnes.



3rd 'Sundown over Worms Head', Gower - by Robert Eadie

Congratulations to those because there was a fascinating selection of worthy entries - well worth looking at on our website.

We will next meet on Wednesday 11th January - starting the year, as usual, with some fly-tying (plenty of Christmas present opportunities there!).

I will be sending out the skeleton 2023 Programme but at our January meeting we will be asking members to say where we should go and when for our social fishing days - we would like to have more in 2023.

Roger

Trophy Winners for the 2022 season

Nyeford Trophy for the Heaviest Brown Trout

- **Gerry Barnes** (3lb 14oz)

Bill Avon Shield for the Heaviest Rainbow Trout

- **Robert Eadie** (10lb 2oz)

River Brown Trophy

- **Simon Steel**

The Tam Pearce Chew Boat Cup

- Jointly by **Stan Jonik & Jon Jonik** (both with total weight of 10lb 8oz)

Sleightholme Tellisford Shield - Largest total catch on fly

- **Roger Henderson**

Ron Long Trophy Annual Photographic Competition

- **Peter Stone**

Vic Willcox Memorial Trophy - awarded by the Chairman to the Guild member who has done most in the past year to benefit The Guild - **Roger Henderson**

Congratulations to everyone.

Trophies to be presented at our AGM on Wednesday 8th February 2023

WEST WILTS FLYFISHERS GUILD

2023 Programme

December 2022

<u>MONTH</u>	<u>CLUB EVENINGS</u> <u>2nd Wednesday of Month</u>	<u>FISHING & SOCIAL</u>
<u>JANUARY</u>	11th Guild Meeting - Fly-tying Part 1 With Andy Greatwood C	
<u>FEBRUARY</u>	8th Guild AGM. 7:00 for 7.30pm Fly-tying Part 2 With Andy Greatwood C	River Frome Bank Management - Sunday 21st Meet 9:00am at Tellisford Packhorse Bridge
<u>MARCH</u>	8th Guest speaker:	
<u>APRIL</u>	12th Guest speaker:	Chew Boat Day ? Blagdon Boat Day ?
<u>MAY</u>	10th Guest Speaker	Chew Boat Day? Blagdon Boat Day ?
<u>JUNE</u>	14 th Guest Speaker:	Hawkridge or Manningford Day ?
<u>JULY</u>	No Formal Meeting	Coarse Fishing Week: Wednesday 26 th Intro session at Tellisford
<u>AUGUST</u>	No Formal Meeting	Coarse Fishing Week ?
<u>SEPTEMBER</u>	13 th Guest Speaker:	
<u>OCTOBER</u>	11 th Guest Speaker:	
<u>NOVEMBER</u>	8th Guild Meeting 'River Frome Annual Report & Review'	Christmas Hamper Comp. - Sunday 18th Nov TBC at Manningford Fishery, Nr Pewsey Guild Dinner - Friday 24th November TBC
<u>DECEMBER</u>	No Meeting	

TBA = To be announced. TBC = To be confirmed. C = Confirmed

HAPPY CHRISTMAS

THESE ARE CRACKERS!

What is the most popular wine at Christmas?

'I don't like Brussels sprouts!'

On which side do chickens have most feathers?...On the outside.

Why did the chewing gum cross the road?

It got stuck on the chickens foot.

Why doesn't Santa suffer from claustrophobia when he climbs down the chimney?

Because he has had his flue jab.

Good King Wenceslas phoned Dominoes for a pizza.

The salesgirl asked him:-

Do you want your usual? 'Deep pan, crisp and even?'

How do you know Santa has to be a man?

No woman is going to wear the same outfit year after year.

Q. What happened when John ate the Christmas decorations?

A. He went down with tinsel-it is.

Colin walks into a bar with a newt on his shoulder.

The barmaid looks at the creature and asks the man what he calls it. Tiny answers Colin.

'Why's that?' enquires the barmaid.

'Because he's my newt' concludes Colin.

Why did Rudolph the red-nosed reindeer cross the road?

Because he was tied to a chicken!

Why do reindeers wear fur coats?

Because they look silly in snowsuits!

What ties do pigs wear?.....Pigstys!

MOSQUITO: An insect that makes you like flies better!

*Wishing you a Very Happy Christmas from
The Committee and hoping you can make it to
our first meeting of 2023 -
Wed 11th January – Fly-Tying Part 1*