

SEA ANGLERS HOOK MONSTERS

Hastings revives the oldest sea angling festival in England. Thronging the pier, rod and line experts from the North and Midlands compete with local clubs. Nothing short of a Loch Ness Monster will satisfy any of them. Bait is the secret of success...and here's where local knowledge counts.

Northern and Midland competitors prefer the open sea. For the local boatmen it's good business, or is it? It lets the side down, for out on the briny the fish aren't quite so fussy. The Northern Isaak Waltons are landing quite a catch.

There's something so romantic about fishing.....

Competition warms up. The pier anglers new hook them right and left. Two lovely dabs at one throw! Back at sea, the congers have begun to bite. Twenty to thirty pounders raise a wave of excitement.

The French competitors bring their politics along. It's too bad, for fish and politics don't mix, and the fish are just beginning to nibble.

Hi!...you're missing something! You've missed it! It's headed for the pier!!

According to eyewitnesses at the Jelly Fishermen it was a big fish! Nothing quite so big turns up in the weighing shed. A thirty-two-pound conger wins the day, caught by a Frenchman after all.

For the unsuccessful, there's a shop around the corner, where an understanding fishmonger backs up the tallest story.