

ANGLING FESTIVAL.

For the fifty-first time Hastings holds its annual sea angling festival - so fishermen from all over the country push the boat out ready to bring back the big 'uns that usually get away. This year, more than forty of the 460 competitors are visitors from France, who've specially come over for the contest. So for once there shouldn't be any Angle-French upsets about fishing in one another's territories.

On Hastings pier, the landlubbers join in the festival. Many of these anglers - men and women alike - have a theory that fishing takes years off their age. Bill Williams is seventy-one.

Time's nearly up, so catch-in-hand, back come the boats. A four mile limit was set for the contest. You'd think there'd be plenty of fish in an area like that, but the catches aren't too good. Old salts blame the fine weather, the East wind and oil patches on the water.

The weigh-in begins. Gold medals, fishing rods, table lamps even a bottle of Scotch, await the winners. And here's the biggest catch of the day, a giant conger eel. Not a bad sport fishing. You can eat everything you catch - even if it only makes a snack.