

## David Peutherer

*Glasgow*

### The Jammy Bastard Trophy

By nature I tend not to like being the centre of attention. But in September 2006 I was going to be spending my 60th birthday at The Angler's Retreat. I couldn't let it pass without doing something to mark the occasion. So I sent Billy an email along the lines of 'Will be 60 on the 26th. Can't think of anything I would rather do than spend it on East Bee with you, Hamish and anyone else who will be there and wants to come. Can you book boats if this is OK?' His reply was typically Billy, generous but not without taking the chance to have a wee dig. 'Yes of course, but you're always jammy on that loch.' Me jammy? Never!

Another thing about me is that I don't like fishing competitions. They bring out the worst in me, which some unkind souls might say is mainly because I never win. What I did decide to do, but didn't tell anyone about in advance, was give a trophy to the person who caught the biggest fish. A magnificent cup all of five inches high made of the highest quality tin and plastic decorated tastefully with badly applied blue and imitation gold paint. For days before I set off for South Uist I tried to think what I should call it. 'The David Peutherer 60th Birthday Celebration East Bee Biggest Fish Angling Competition Trophy 26th September 2006' didn't seem to be quite catchy enough. And anyway there wasn't nearly enough room to engrave it on the trophy, even if the tin had been thick enough to withstand the impact of the engraving tool, which it almost certainly wasn't.

On the day there were six of us in two boats: Billy, Hamish, Matthew, Chris, Mike and me (plus Fraser joining us for the morning). Now East Bee can be a superb loch to fish. It can also be dour, to say the least. I have had some of my best fishing days and caught some of my biggest fish on it. I have also had days when it would have been hard to convince someone fishing it for the first time that there were any fish there at all - and that they wouldn't have more fun spending the day reading the Gordon Brown

Bumper Book of Stealth Tax Jokes, Volumes One to Six, while sitting beside the loch being eaten alive by midges. My birthday was more dour than superb. I caught nothing, again. In fact the highlight for me, apart from the excellence of the company, was having lunch beside the loch, complete with Billy's famous kelly kettle.



*David's 60th birthday lunch by the Bee boat station.*

*Sometimes photos fail to convey the full jollity of such occasions.*

I was expecting a normal dinner in the evening. After so many years of being the recipient of Marion and Billy's friendship and hospitality I should have known better. Marion had laid on a buffet especially for my birthday and, happily for me, had invited Hamish and Katy to come too. Champagne was drunk, stories were told and, embarrassingly but with much gratitude, presents were received.

In due course the presentation had to be made. Only one good fish had been caught, by Mike. A lovely two and a half pound trout, a fine example of the quality of fish which East Bee contains and a fish caught, it must be said, by a good fisherman and deserving of any trophy. In the process of racking my brain for a suitable name for it, I had only the day before remembered Billy's email. It brought to mind a term of endearment well known to Glaswegians. And so as I handed Mike the trophy, I said with all the generosity of heart and soul that I could muster for someone who had caught a bigger fish than me on my birthday 'It gives me great pleasure Mike to give you this, the appropriately named Jammy Bastard Trophy.'