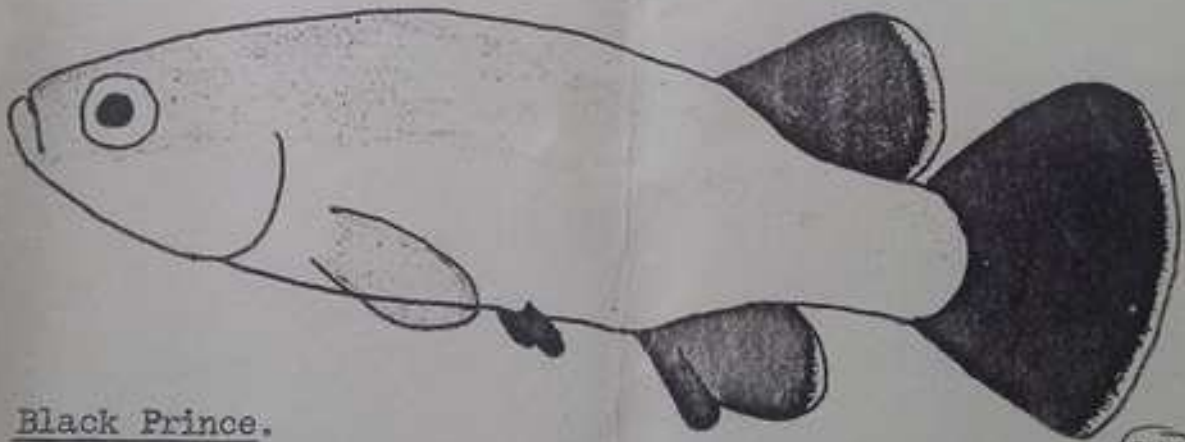


# THE LIVEBEARER WORLD



Black Prince.

SOUTHERN LIVEBEARER  
AQUATIC GROUP(U.K.)

JOURNAL 28

Editor's Page.

Several items contained in this journal made me think it is important at this time to look at the aims of the Group closely ,

"To promote the keeping, breeding and distribution of Viviparous fishes, to protect, maintain and identify species & strains of species already in the U.K. or which are subsequent introduced. To record information on species and strains of species, receipts and transfers of fishes and breeding detail and maintenance thereof."

Are we in truth setting our feet on the right track? Dennis in his Chairman's Page stresses the importance of information coming in from all members. When we pay our subs to join the group or renew our membership we also make a commitment. This is bound up in our constitution which states the aims of the group.

One of the main aims is to record information about the fish we keep and report breeding details and maintenance. Conservation is also very important—we must protect those species that are endangered and strive to improve the strains in our care.

We are all custodians of a fascinating group of fish. If we give our time and energy to fulfilling the aims of the group then we are indeed full members of S.L.A.G. (U.K.).

Pat Lambert.

Market Place.Species Available:-3. Ivan Dibble.

Phallychthys fairweatheri, Gambusia alverezi, Gambusia aurata,  
Black Prince, Xiphophorus maculatus-Vera Cruz, Poecilia petenensi  
Scolichthys greenwayi, Xiphophorus xiphidium-2 spot, Freshwater  
Crayfish.

103. Derek Lambert.

Phallychthys quadripunctatus, Gambusia melapleura, Xiphophorus  
cortezi, Cnesterodon carnegiei, Plus various Short Fin Guppy  
strains.

252. Peter Moore.

Scolichthys greenwayi, Normorhamphus liemi snerjdersi.

299. George Stamou.

Brachyraphis rhabdolphora, Brachyraphis terrabensis, Carlhubbsia  
stuarti, Heterandria bimaculata, Poecilia dominicensis, Poecilia  
nigrafasciata, Poecilia reticulata-endlers, Quintana atrizona,  
Xiphophorus maculatas-Red, Xiphophorus variatus, Xiphophorus  
xiphidium-2 spot, Poecilia butleri.

Items for inclusion in the market place should be sent to the journal editor and will be included in the journal following their receipt. Unless otherwise requested the advert will only appear in the one issue.



S.L.A.G.

(Or Scots Lads Adventure in Germany).

Our story starts in early 1985 when Bob MacIntosh, Jake Milligan, Harry Shields and myself decided that we would go to the D.G.L.Z. Show in Fechenheim in the Autumn. Our resolve to attend the show was strengthened when we met with Deiter George at the Kempton Park Show and with Manfred Meyer at Ivan Dibble's when we went down there for the S.L.A.G. International Show at Nailsea.

Being the person with most experience of these trips Bob was given the task of arranging accommodation. As it turned out all that was required was a letter and a phone call to Gerd and Lydia Haizmann with whom both Bob and Jake had stayed two years previously. They were delighted to have all four of us stay with them for the week-end, but what Bob did not tell Harry or myself was that the flat was about 100 steps up four flights of steps with our rooms being a further flight up- so you can imagine the state of us in just getting up from the street to our room.

As far as the travel arrangements were concerned, these were left to yours truly, and there are a few points to note. We managed to book from Glasgow to Frankfurt only with great difficulty as the flight we got was about a third of the price of the normal fare but only a very few seats were available at that price, something like about 10 seats on a 110 seat aeroplane. In addition we discovered that if you declare fish boxes at the time of booking the flights the weight goes in with your free baggage allowance. If you just turn up with the boxes, they

are weighed on their own and charged for as excess baggage, even though the total baggage is within your free allowance, so be warned.

And so the great day arrived. I had stayed at Bob's house overnight rather than have a 3.00 a.m. rise with Jake and Harry picking us up on route for the Airport. We breezed into the building with the Receptionist, being forewarned by the Chief Baggage Handler who had made all the arrangements for the fish boxes, to expect us, readily identifying us from our luggage (Oh, what it is to be famous). Once in Frankfurt it was simplicity itself. Off the plane, through Passport Control, picked up the luggage and through Customs without any problem, except for negotiating the escalators in the Airport with fully laden baggage trolleys. Then on into the public area where our host was waiting for us and it was just as well that he had a large estate car as I would hate to tackle Frankfurt on public transport with our luggage.

On arriving at the flat we were introduced to Lydia, son Sasha and daughter Patricia with the typical, traditional, large meal being ready and waiting. After that it was off to the Show. We were made very welcome and the organisers even offered to interrupt the Judging to let us enter fish in the Show if we wanted. With this being the first time I had been to one of these Shows the different style of presentation of exhibits was interesting. We were both impressed and disappointed by the entries. There was a large planted tank containing three large pairs of *Belonesox belizanus* which were just out of this world. On the other hand we were surprised that the quality of guppies was only about the same as we get here.

We made or renewed many acquaintances that afternoon and



evening over a few beers. As far as the fish we had taken over (other than those fish which had been taken over for specific people) the boxes were left open in the hall with people coming across asking the cost of the fish. They were told that all fish were free and that all other matters had to be referred through our Chief Negotiator, "Papa Bob". As a result by the time the Show was breaking up on the Sunday, people were even putting bags of fish in the boxes anonymously without even asking if we were interested in them. Thus we came back with a number of new species; species which were no longer kept by our Group; and fresh blood of species which we already had.

After a large breakfast on the Saturday morning the four of us set off on a sightseeing trip in Frankfurt. We went into a cafe for coffee only to be asked "What kind of English are you?" "You are too Asprin-like to be Australian English" Upon putting him right on the matter the chap started to talk about Scottish Football but to Bob's disgust about the only team that was not mentioned was his. After some more shopping and sightseeing it was on the tram and off to the show. Soon after we got there Bernard and Julia Heppingstall and Colin Vernon arrived by car and so it was back to the bar for some lengthy discussions over a few beers. After returning to the flat for a quick wash and change it was back to the show for the prizegiving and social evening. It was a memorable (we think) and hectic evening (and early morning) but we are blaming the salt pork and sauerkraut meal for giving us our thirst.

After another large breakfast it was back to the Show which was very quiet (some people cannot stand the pace). The rest of the day was spent deep in discussion on the hobby

and it was good to get so many different views being expressed. The Show over the British contingent mucked in and gave a hand to disassemble the Show stands and tanks. One of the biggest problems we had was finding space for all the fish we had been given.

As we were not leaving Frankfurt until late on Monday afternoon Horst Hinz asked if we wanted to go to Heiko Blehr's Aquarium Rio, an invitation which we gratefully accepted. After saying a sad farewell to Lydia it was off to Aquarium Rio and the Airport. We were very surprised at the compactness of the set-up, expecting a much larger place. The variety and quality of the fish being unbelievable with hardly a 'bread and butter' fish in sight and many species which I for one have only seen in books. There appeared to be only three employees, a woman who catches fish and two Morroccans who only feed fish and change tank water. Jake being Jake and trying to enter into conversation with them asked them their names only to get the obvious answer 'Mohammed'. The establishment is not open to the public but due to the arrangements made by Horst we were able to purchase anything we wanted without having to buy in bulk. Unfortunately from the time of view but fortunately from a financial point of view we could only spend about 90 minutes in the place as we could easily have spent the whole day there and still have found something new.

Then on to the Airport which was a journey of about five minutes. Due to the gifts we had been given we were more than a little concerned about what it was going to cost us for excess baggage. Once in the Airport we found our flight desk with the Receptionist knowing all about our baggage. While we waited for the porter she explained that the porter had







At 3.00a.m. we began to descend as we approached the airport. Seatbelts were fastened and soon the landing lights of Mexico airport could be seen—a great feeling. Then we were down and minutes later we were off to the airport buildings for the usual checks.

Everything was going smoothly, then it was Dennis' turn. Whether it was nerves or excitement when he took his suitcase to be checked he could not remember the combination numbers to open it. Lots of different numbers were tried plus banging, pulling, tugging and thumping and still nothing happened. So he was told to clear off and it was John's turn to have a laugh.

Outside we managed to get a bus organised to take us to the hotel where we were to stay for two nights. 'Hotel Galleria Plaza' owned by British Airways is in the 'Pink Zone' the posh bit of Mexico City. After a drink and a shower it was off to bed for it had been a long day.

Sunday morning we went out to do some sight-seeing and to hire a car for the next twelve days. We finished up catching a cab and spending two hours or so looking round a market. After the market we decided to walk back to the hotel, but we didn't realize how far it was. Some of the sights we passed were quite breath-taking or was it the high altitude that caused it?

All the traffic islands have monuments or statues on them in Mexico City. The one outside the hotel was 'The Angel' a statue to mark the Mexico's independence in 1821. We sat on this island watching the traffic and trying to pick up a few hints on how to drive for the next part of the holiday.

On Monday morning we checked out of the hotel after paying the phone bill (3mins. £38.00) and went to collect the car.

Maybe it's the thin air, but to drive in Mexico City it's every man for himself. Forget giving way and courtesy and drive like maniacs and do everything crazy. Dennis got the job as driver as it was the only seat left after John and I got in.

loaded with the three of us and all our clobber it must have looked like a five barred gate but still it tried valiently to clear it--and failed. Result--a buckled wheel. We had to empty the car to reach the jack and a smooth spare wh wheel. Miles from anywhere and getting dark we had to try and straighten the buckled wheel with the wheel brace and jack handle. Suddenly from no-where a Mexican and some kids turned up to watch the performance.

We stayed at the first town we came to that night, Acambro. It looked a bit wild in places and having a walk round at night we were pleased there were three of us.

Early away again the next morning, calling in at Patzcuaro, the scenery was great on the way. At Patzcuaro there is a massive lake and in the centre is an island with a town built on it. During the Mexican civil war the island remained independent. From here we went to Uruapan to the 'Eduardo Ruiz National Park' Nice place with lots of flowers and waterfalls. Everything looked bigger than usual.....even the spiders.

The streets are full of people selling odd things. Little old Indian women sit on the pavement slapping pancakes made of cornmeal from one hand to the other, stuffing lumps of meat and cheese into them adding green peppers.....the Mexicans love them. Not much sleep was had by any of us that night the peppers and spices set our backsides on fire.

We were crossing the state border from Hidalgo to Michoacan. As we turned a corner border guards were emptying cars and buses for searching. What a queer feeling it was, all sorts of things flashed through our minds for the next few seconds. Guards were walking about with rifles over their shoulders and behind us a machine gun post with two soldiers ready for anyone who tried to make a break for it.

(What will happen now? Read about it in the next journal)