



ISSUE 11

January 2017



Inside Your Magazine This Month:

Scott "Geezer" Grant

Part 5 of Keith Moors "Living the Dream"

Gary "Milky" Lowe

Simon Pomeroy

Keith Desmond

Plus Much more.....

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Happy New Year to each and every one of you. We hope your Christmas and New Year passed without incident and you all had a wonderful time. Now luckily for us Santa had a few bits left over so we are going to raffle them off on our Facebook page!! All monies raised will go to a very worthy charity so please please take part... buy a number. and hopefully one of our amazing gifts will be winging its way to you as soon as we have sold all the numbers and drawn the raffle.

A special thanks to **Mersey Bait and Tackle, Kudos, Natures Baits, Pallatrax, Sharp Tackle, Mooch Carp Clothing, Crafty Catcher Baits, Little Egret Press and Cheshire Particles** for passing their goodies to the fatman to leave behind!!

2016 was a great year for us as we witnessed the birth of this magazine and here we are... 1 year old. Gaining a fantastic readership and following on Facebook and Twitter and this year we look to become even more "reader friendly" as we continue to grow, become more interactive between the reader and the advertiser as the "click here" red buttons on the advertisers page give you instant access to their websites too!

We are also looking to go on the road a lot more this year and feature your favourite day ticket venues. So if YOU have a day ticket venue that you really enjoy fishing, and would like to write your very own feature then contact us here at the magazine. We have some more great pieces for you this month... and pay attention to Simon Pomeroy as he talks about the Method... he makes so much sense!

Anyway, that's enough from me, we hope you enjoy this month's issue, and please feel free to get in touch with us anytime.

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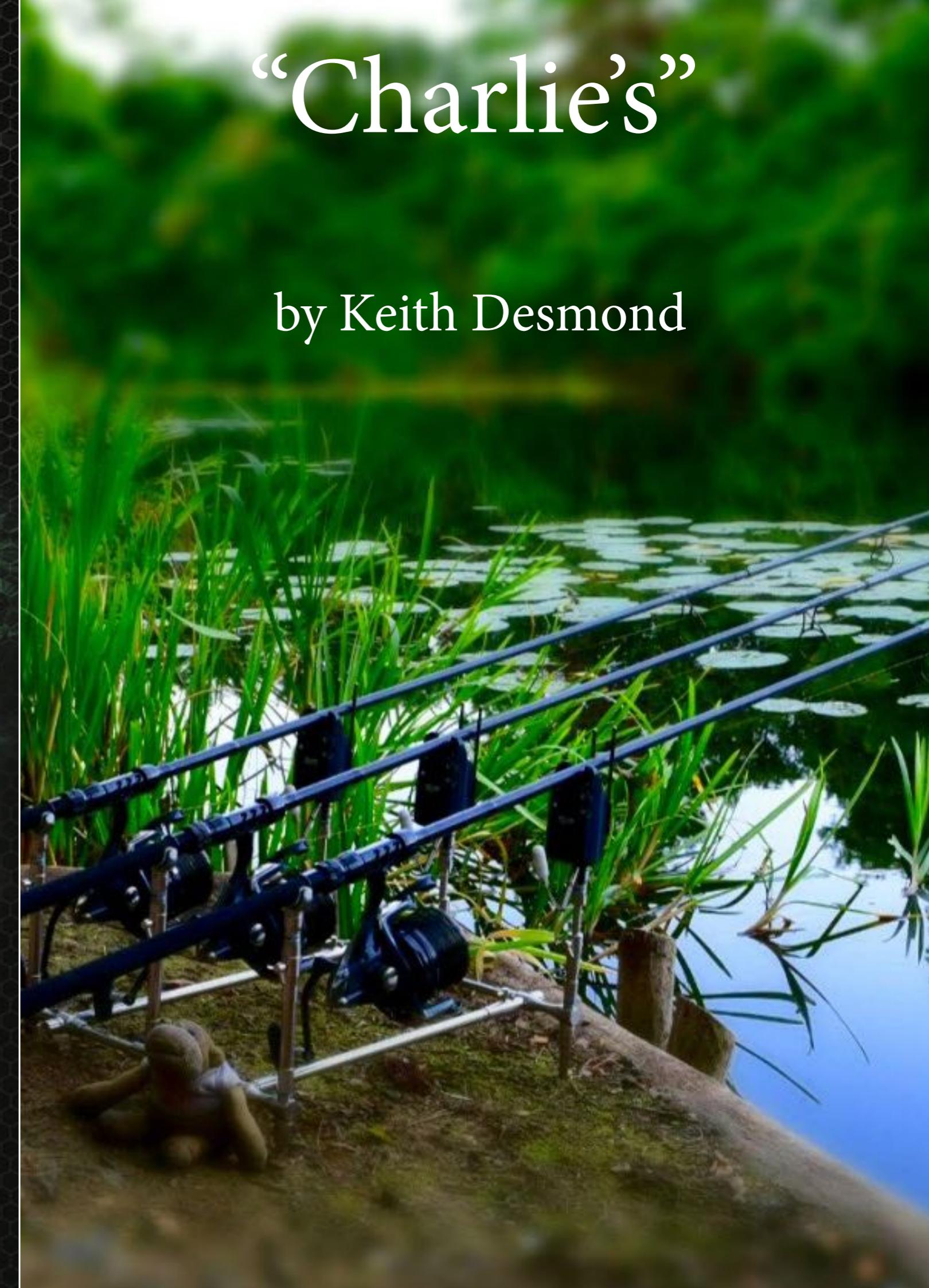


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“Charlie’s”

by Keith Desmond



“Charlie’s”

by Keith Desmond

I guess like most anglers when we’re out and about we tend to carry out our day to day business with one eye open, very much on the lookout for new places to fish. Generally broadening our horizons as well as new places to wet a line!! Towards the end of last year, I was starting to feel a little lost in my fishing, I had spent the season fishing a local lake, a little gem of only a couple of acres in size with a relatively low stock, I’d had some really good times and managed to get the best from it by the end of the year. I was still getting down there but every fish seemed to be a recapture, so it was time to move on however much I liked spending time sitting by the little gem.

So being on the prowl for something new, this little chapter is the first part about a lovely little place I’ve managed to stumble across; so, keep it quiet!!

One wintery afternoon I was in my van driving home from a job, the light was fading, the little lanes were tight and a bit slippery so I was driving a bit more cautious than normal. Then out of the corner of eye though a gap in the raindrops on the windscreen I spotted a little bit of water glistening through some bare bushes we have at this time of year, I slowed to a crawl and followed the road round it seemed to disappear but a bit further on I found a gate with a number stapled to it. Being a curious type of guy I jotted the number down, in case I wished to pursue it further at

a later date. Over the next few weeks I drove past quite often, just trying to gain a better look but it was well hidden and a glimpse at a time was all I was rewarded with.

A few weeks later I was at home one evening, the misses was watching her murder she wrote on TV, as she does every night.... just as I was about to slit my wrists or murder the dog I remembered about my little sighting of the lake; I soon popped it up on Google Earth as we do and what I found was very intriguing to say the least. After a little ponder to myself I decided to ring the number I had taken down and by the end of a very pleasant phone call I’d arranged to meet the owner down the lake the following Saturday. It soon rolled round and before long I found

myself walking the banks with lake owner, what I’d found was a seven acre pit dug to make the road which surrounded it, however over the years the lake has matured into what I would call a carp anglers dream; with poke holes here and there, big overhangs reaching out from the far margins, not to mention open water parts with Islands and coupled together with swims set out in such a way you’d never know anyone else was fishing there. Home to a healthy stock of good looking carp it didn’t take much persuasion for me to sign on the dotted line; my ticket started on the 1st of March, the water also was none publicity, I could still share photos if caught anything so I called it “Charlie’s” I couldn’t wait to get down and have a tinker about and the time waiting felt it had

almost stood still.... A few weeks’ passed and as luck would happen I had a job cancelled at work on the 1st, which meant I could go for a rare day session, with my little girl growing fast and pulling at my shorts; job commitments along with day to day life, the days of sitting by the water boring the fish out all weekend were long gone.

Nowadays my fishing time is mainly limited to one or two short nights in the week depending on what I have on at work, so a day session in the week is a bit of a rarity in my schedule, so I jumped at the chance to make it happen and took it with both hands. The 1st wasn’t the best of days for a bite, conditions were poor so the day was spent having a proper nosey and dragging a lead

round, there was no one on so I could really troth it up without upsetting anyone, by the end of the day I had a good idea of what most of the swims felt like and I had myself a plan sorted rattling around my head. I decided to start putting a bit a bait in an area that didn’t seem to get as much attention as the rest of the lake, I wasted no time and dispatched a fair amount of boilie to the far margin covering a decent spread of about 30 yards or so, with one last glance I was soon heading home thinking about when I would return.

With being a little busy at work it was a week later when I managed to return, overnight conditions were said to be -1 and with no wind forecast it wasn’t ideally the best conditions but at least

it'd be a bit more bait in the area so wouldn't be a waste of time by any means. By morning I was proved right as my rods stayed motionless all night, I popped a little more bait out before I left and once again left them to get on with their free feed.



A few nights later I returned, the thought of them getting on the bait and polishing it off without me was a

bit too much for me to bear, so I soon found myself wandering round the banks in the dark via head torch once more. The rods were clipped up from the last session so all was quite painless for getting the rods out, I opted for a simple balanced hinged rig

there, so more so for anti-tangle reasons, I only wanted to be doing a single cast to each spot and I was confident they would be sitting pretty ready to ambush a passing carp!

The rigs were baited with washed out pinks, two nuggets of foam in toe squeezed on ever so lightly as a full on nugget lick and stick in cold water can be disastrous, especially with critically balanced set ups we all love, a tiny little piece of foam which has clung on can stand your rig upright all day and night if you're not very careful, as luck would have it all three rods

went out perfectly, I felt a nice drop on all three so happy they were doing their jazz; so with that I settled down for the night. Everything was quiet until around 10.30, I was on the phone to a friend when one of the rods burst into life; I jumped on it and soon enough after a little tussle my first carp from the water lay in my net spitting water at me. A small common of around 18 lb, certainly not one to grumble it was a great start and more importantly something to build on; after a few snaps and a general look over I slipped him back. I soon sorted a



ger to come at some point?? All was quiet for the rest of the session, the temperature dropped considerably after the little mirror had paid a visit, the cold air just seemed to kill the session and I soon found myself packing up once more in the early morning darkness. Even though I had to get back for my work commitments I was glowing inside, there's nothing like the first couple of captures on a new water! It was a great start to my campaign and couldn't have asked for more, with a little more bait

in the area I was soon on my way back to the real world. The next Sunday I was back down the lake, this time the rigs sorted at home before hand, I'm not one for fumbling about in the dark; any preparation beforehand helps on a short session. A little check in the margins first, and soon all three rigs were once again were blasted to their destinations; once they'd settled I packed my stuff up, something I do on my winter sessions, all my stuff is packed up ready for a quick getaway in the morning, not being



with a soft boom section; the lakebed was pretty clean to be fair with just a bit of fodder here and



a morning person at the best of times, this helps me as I'd only forget something at the last minute.

The next thing I knew one of my rods is screaming for mercy rattling in the alarm, I must have drifted off on the bed for a moment, I jumped down and grabbed the rod and without too much bother had my third carp from the water in the slammer. I peered into the net quickly giving it a lift and found a lovely mid twenty common resting in there, I remember thinking you'll do nicely my friend, after a few snaps etc etc I soon had him on his way

packing up under a head torch, a good helping of King Prawn on the spots and once again I was dusting up the track on my departure, but this time the grin was a little wider than the time before. The following Wednesday I had a choice, to sit there and watch my team bum out of Europe or go down the lake for the night, the latter won, the latter was always going to win really. I grabbed my gear, slammed it in the truck and soon enough I found myself wandering round in the dark to my destination, once in my

drifting off into the still cold water of the lake. All was quiet once again for the rest of the session and soon enough

I was

unfenced swim (well unfancied by everyone else anyway) the first rod was baited up (fluffy) with the usual washed out pink, semi stiff hinged armed with a sharpie, fired over to its destination and left to settle, I picked up the second rod (chilly), clipped on the rig, added a lead and casually walked back, I fired it over, as it hit the clip, fluffy was off flyer and was melting away like it had been fired out of a shotgun, I picked the rod up and it ploughed to my right, I couldn't see past my nose with the mist that had developed that evening, but with a bit of steady pressure I had it under control, I turned round to grab my net and grabbed the air a few times, I then realised it was still in two pieces up the bank, after a few benny hill moments I managed to gain

composure and the moment ended well with a brute of a common in the net for me to admire, as I gazed down I thought proper g-unit that one. With a few selfies taken she then pulled the scales round to 28.7 lb, a couple more admirational moments and I soon had her on her way, I was over the moon, I couldn't quite believe it, one of my quickest takes in 25 odd years carping that, I sorted another rig out and flew it over, popped the rod back tidy and popped the kettle on. I remember sitting there blowing steam out my mouth into the cold air thinking to myself that was just outrageous, that did happen right, as I looked back at the pics stored on my camera with a big smile about me!

All was quite again until midnight when I was awoken by

another melting run on the right hand rod, I slid down and grabbed it, it powered off to the right and took some short bursts of line, with steady pressure I managed to turn her and soon enough had her plodding around in front of me, as she showed me her nose I whipped the net under her, I looked down I thought to myself yeh that's tidy man; what resided in my net looked a lovely old mirror and once out she looked amazing, with her winter coat on she certainly didn't disappoint, with some more selfies snapped I popped her on the Reuben's which she pulled round to 28.15 lb....

I later found out that fish was a known fish called "the apple" a sought-after fish for the water and I

could see why. All was quiet for the rest of the session which to be fair was a godsend with work in the morning, but my plan had started to work and couldn't wait to get back down, I drove home with a smile resembling a Cheshire Cat that morning.

Over the next few weeks I couldn't get down to fish because of other commitments but still made the journey twice a week to put the bait in, king prawn with a generous spread across the far margin, I was itching to get down and a Wednesday night I



had my chance, by this time the days were drawing out a little, the clocks had changed and if I was quick I could get down with hour or so with the lake under some light. The truck was loaded that evening and I floored it to lake (keeping to the speed limits of course!) on arrival it was still light, it was only the second time I'd seen the lake in daylight since the 1st of March, as I rocked up to the swim I was greeted by a number of fish in the swim leisurely hanging out. I got the rigs sorted and waited for a little cover of darkness before arching Fluffy over, I didn't want to spook what was in the swim so left it 20 minutes or so before blasting Chilly and then the same again for Pinky, with a handful of chops lightly scattered over the top

of them all was set so I tidied the rods etc and once more settled in for the night ahead. Around 1 o'clock middle diddle sounded a single bleep, then again shortly after, I popped my boots on and jumped down to investigate, the bobbin had lifted slightly, I knelt down to reset it, as I reached for the bobbin it was taken from my grasp, it slammed into the rod before dropping off as the line started emptying from the spool, I grabbed the rod and pulled into a fish, she kited right for a bit and then everything went solid, I remember thinking I really don't need to be getting the boat out, I kept steady pressure for a bit and after a few minutes what ever she was in or stuck on let go and we were back in play and after a bit of hanging on she eventually slipped over

the cord.

I broke the net and gently wrapped her in it and popped her in the cradle, she was good as gold and let me unhook her and take a few snaps with ease, another stunning fish which sent the scales round to the mid twenty mark.

Over the next couple of sessions I kept things the same, just baiting generously and fishing over a handful of king prawn with a washed out pink sitting quietly next to them with a sharpy attached, unfortunately losing a fish on consecutive sessions due to hook pulls, by this time Anglers Premier League which I was participating in was well under way and the pressure was on the catch, the next submission date was drawing close and I

had one more session to have a result or it would be no points for me or my team. The session was the following Wednesday, it's soon rattled round and I found myself in the swim once more sorting the rigs out, dropping two on the bounce was on my mind so I made sure everything was spot on before blasting them over to the far side, I'd done all I could and crossed my fingers, it was up to carp now all I could do was wait and hope one fancied a nibble... It'd been a hard day at work that day and once again I must of drifted off early as the next thing I knew one of the rods had burst into life, I was on it so quick I'd left my boots behind, this had to count, I lifted into the rod and felt a good resistance, she powerfully kited to my left, I held the pressure as tightly as

I dared and then all went solid, my heart sank, "give me a break please" I muttered to myself, I kept the pressure on and eventually after a few minutes I managed to gain control again, once out the weed she can in quite easy, I piece of Canadian was wrapped over her face as she floated towards me on her side, that was my break and I took full advantage of the situation, in the net first time with no mistakes, a couple of grumpy lunges in the net but she was mine, a huge weight lifted and another stunning

old original carp from the water that tugged the springs to 26.10 lb.... A few points for me but more importantly for my team, the rest of the session was uneventful and soon I found myself packing up for work once more, but the job had been done and snapped the padlock shut with a smile on my face once more.

Over the next few months I found myself pulling off Charlie's, the current bun was out to play most days and the lake was filling up with other members



dropping in to test their wits, I was under a little pressure to catch so found myself concentrating on a variety of waters to keep the fish bending my rods....

I knew I'd be back at some point, I fancied a tight neglected swim which didn't hold much water, I was sure the carp would get down there when the water warmed and always popped a bit of bait in there on the way back to the truck without fail, but that would be another story I suppose, I guess I'd have to wait and see

Until next time...

be lucky.

Keith



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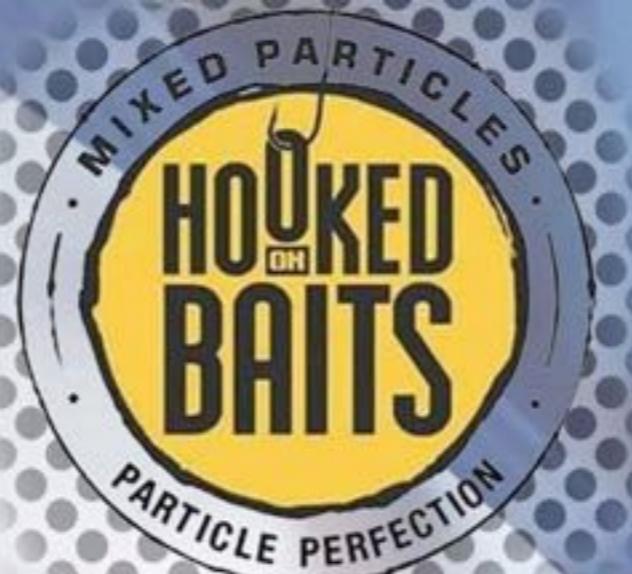
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La Brie

Part 2

by
Scott “Geezer” Grant

La Brie

Part 2

by Scott
“Geezer”
Grant

After my previous session at La Brie I saw myself returning there some 4 weeks later. A couple of days before I was due to leave I spoke to Mark Slade who runs the water amongst countless other top waters in France and asked him how it was fishing and had the fish spawned yet? He said the fish had spawned 2 weeks ago, and it was fishing well, that was great news I was just hoping the fish wouldn't spawn again whilst we were there.

Again, Mick my partner in crime picked me up in the early hours of Monday morning and

we made our way to Dover to catch the ferry. I love going to France and more so travelling in the van with good mates discussing tactics etc there's always a real buzz, and this is why I love fishing so much. Once across to Calais it was onto the motorway and off to our first stop Marks house. The journey took around 3 ½ hours then we had a well-deserved coffee from Marks lovely wife. As we looked out across Jonchery and seeing anglers casting out and playing fish I remember saying to Micky “We need to make a move La Brie is calling” he just laughed so did Mark, but I was buzzing to get to the lake and get the rods sorted and catch some of the lumps that reside in there.

When we did finally get to the lake it was late

afternoon and I found myself rushing to get the house up and the gear sorted before darkness set in. Plus, I had to cook dinner so time really was of the essence. It seemed to take an age but after an hour or so the rods were sorted the house was up and we both sat and watched the water with a cup of coffee in hand. We decided to fish from peg 2 as last time we fished peg 1. Mick fished from the left and I fished from the right. The bush that was the most productive in our last trip from peg 1 was to Micks left and for me that was the banker rod. Mick wasted no time getting a bait out to the bush of which I was sure would produce fish. The bait we chose for this trip was the awesome soon to be released Nut Job.

Out in front I had pads down the right margin and down the left margin and the far reeds were some 600 yards!!!

I fished a rod off the pads on both the right and left margin and the other in open water around 80 yards. I used my bait boat and put a few chopped baits as freebies along with some pellet.

The weather wasn't much cop with light rain and north/north east winds. The plan was to go out in the boat the next morning and find some areas I fancied fishing.

After a hearty meal cooked by yours truly an early night was in order as we were both knackered.

The next morning I was up early around 0600 watching the odd bubbles and taking in the glorious surroundings and an

hour later the right-hand rod was away, quite a fierce take and after a 10 minute dogged battle a chunky common came across the net cord. **On the scales the fish went 33lb 12oz** and was in great condition, with the photos complete the fish was treated and returned safely, then the rod was rebaited and bait boated out to the same area.

I was using a glug that matches the bait and was glugging my hook bait for a few minutes before sending the boat out. I have used bait dips/glugs for years even in winter. It's like a ritual for me and has caught me bonus fish as it puts flavours instantly in the area your fishing. Rig wise of which I should have covered earlier was your bog standard KD rig, a rig

I have used for years and nails them every time.

With the rod back out it was time for more coffee and a hearty breakfast. It's so nice cooking whilst on the bank knowing you can get a take at any time and the swim becomes chaotic!!

Just after breakfast and I mean Mick literally took his last mouthful and his middle rod was away.

This was the rod fishing the bush (hotspot) the fish fought hard and gave Mick a hell of a fight, which lasted for around 15 minutes

I slid the net under a huge common.

Whilst Mick was getting his breath back I jumped in the water and put the floatation sling underneath the net, then helped Mick

out with the fish and straight onto the unhooking mat. When Mick peeled the sling and net back a huge common appeared, it looked huge! The scales were zeroed the tripod was in place and after the fish was hoisted up I read a weight out of 43lb exactly. Mick was totally elated as this was his new PB French common.

I took a lot of photos and for me the best of the bunch was the water shots. With the photos done she was treated and returned safely.

Mick was grinning from ear to ear and it was only day 2!!!

Mick wasted no time in rebaiting the rod and boating it out to the bush, this time with around a kilo of whole and

chopped boilies. Whilst we sat there flicking through the pictures on my camera I said to Mick "That fish really looks like the fish I caught last month" to which Mick replied "well if it is that's mental there's over 400 fish in here". I said I would check the photos when I got home on my computer to be 100% sure.

After a coffee, I donned the life jacket and went for a mooch in the boat, there was a real snagged tree in the water down the left-hand margin and I

was sure fish would be holding up there. Low and behold as I approached the sunken tree at least half a dozen fish bolted out into open water. I carried on drifting until I reached the far reeds. I could see the reeds twitching from fish activity and wondered how far the reeds went back?

I stood up in the boat and couldn't believe my eyes the reeds went back some 50 yards or more. This is the safest place for a fish to be, somewhere



no one can catch them, a real haven. I had a little prod around with a bank stick to see if I could find any hard areas but the bottom was much of the same, clay with a covering of thin silt. As I went back up the right margin the pads were the obvious magnet for the carp and when I reached a set near the top which was just to the right of my swim, there was a curve in the bank with pads either side, like a little channel. This is where I had the fish from so I sprayed a few boilies around the area hoping the fish would keep feeding. I decided to fish the same areas as it was early days and to me it was the best areas in the swim.

Later that afternoon I had a lovely hard fighting 28lb mirror again from the right-hand margin and Mick duly obliged with



a 29lb 12oz common, this time it was off his rod he placed just to the right of the bush. With the photos out the way and the fish returned Mick went out in the boat and headed straight for the hotspot bush. He introduced a few kilos of mixed sized boilies all around the bush and to the area he had already taken a fish from 10 yards to the right of the bush tight against the reeds.

With the weather being overcast but not freezing cold like last month we just relaxed and had a laugh.

The fishing was slow

and to be honest I didn't see a great deal of carp boshing or jumping. No more fish graced our nets that evening but at 07:00 the next morning my right-hand rod was away again this time resulting in a 24lb mirror. Mick took two fish first on his left-hand rod fishing open water a lovely 29lb mirror then a 20lb 8oz common off his right-hand rod.



Micks areas were really starting to come to life and the activity along the far bank either side of the bush was definitely the area to be in. Sooner or later a big fish is going to come from there and Mick was going to be the lucky captor.

All the fish were coming in daylight hours which was good for us as it meant we could have a good nights kip.

The following day in the early hours of the morning I had a few beeps on my middle rod which was fished in open water. I got out the bag slipped on the crocs and once out the bivvy was met with a fog lifting and swirling across the lake, it looked absolutely beautiful. I knelt by my rods and watched the bobbin lift slightly and the tip knocked, I lifted the rod and was met with immediate resistance!!

Fish on and it was a pretty lively one at that going left right until I finally slid the net under a big bloody barbel!!! Well it was a grass carp of 32lb. Mick was laughing and taking the piss as usual and after a few snaps the fish was treated and returned. Grass carp are very fragile and I really like to get them back in the water as soon as possible. Mick again



chipped in later that day with a plump 36lb 2oz mirror taken from the bush. As the fishing was slow we decided to reel the rods in and go to the local supermarket and

get some food items and a bit of plonk. Once back from the supermarket the rods were rebaited and sent out to the same areas. That evening dinner was a chicken curry washed down with a few beers, we sat outside for the whole evening chatting and laughing which for me is why we do what we do. As we knew the fish were feeding in the daytime we

really didn't think there would be any action until the morning. Just as we were

about to retire to our pits Mick got a couple of bleeps on his middle rod, the hotspot area.

We both looked at each other and I said "**“that’s going to be a real unit”**

Mick just stayed silent and after a few minutes his alarm beeped again, as he walked towards the rod it just ignited!!! The fish started taking line like it was a Marlin! I said to Mick "I bet that's one of Marks babies" Mick said "I f***ing hope not" I was laughing as Mick was getting the fish under some sort of control. After 10 minutes the fish was still fighting hard and was not ready to visit the bank. After what seemed like an age I finally slid the net under a huge mirror. It was definitely a 50lber, once the fish was safely in the unhooking mat we both shone our head torches down only for the fish to have Micks hook stuck just under its back pelvic fin. Both our hearts sunk Mick wasted no time in unhooking the beast giving it plenty of

antiseptic and returning her, he was absolutely gutted we both were to be honest as this was definitely the biggest fish to fall to any of us. With the fish returned Mick rebaited and sent the rig out again to the same area, after which we both retired to our beds.

After a rain filled night our last day was met with humid temperatures and mist across the whole of the lake.

My middle rod signalled a take at 06:30 just as I was leaving the bivvy and a lean 26lb 8oz mirror was landed. Twenty minutes later the right-hand rod was away and a 26lb common was in the net. What a manic 20 minutes all before the dreaded task of packing up!!!!

Mick chipped in with a double figure mirror

followed by a 22lb 2oz mirror all in the space of 10 minutes. Mick then like me started to pack up after a well-deserved coffee. Just as he got his bivvy down his middle rod was away and a 27lb 2oz common was banked. The best was yet to come with literally everything packed up except the rods and fish care equipment his left-hand rod literally got pulled off the rest, after a really good battle I slid the net under a colossal grass carp, the biggest grass carp I have ever witnessed. On the scales the needle swung round to 46lb 4oz, which was another PB for Mick. What a trip the boy was having and I think if we had of stayed a few more days he would have caught plenty more. To land two PBs on the same trip is awesome

especially two different species of carp, hats off to you mate. The journey home didn't seem all that bad we had a few fish had a right laugh along the way and created more memories. Just as a footnote I checked my photos when I got home and yes it was the same common I caught on our first trip. How mad is that two mates fish the same water a month apart and both catch the same fish from the same area on the same bait and a PB for both of us!! Now that's just mental.

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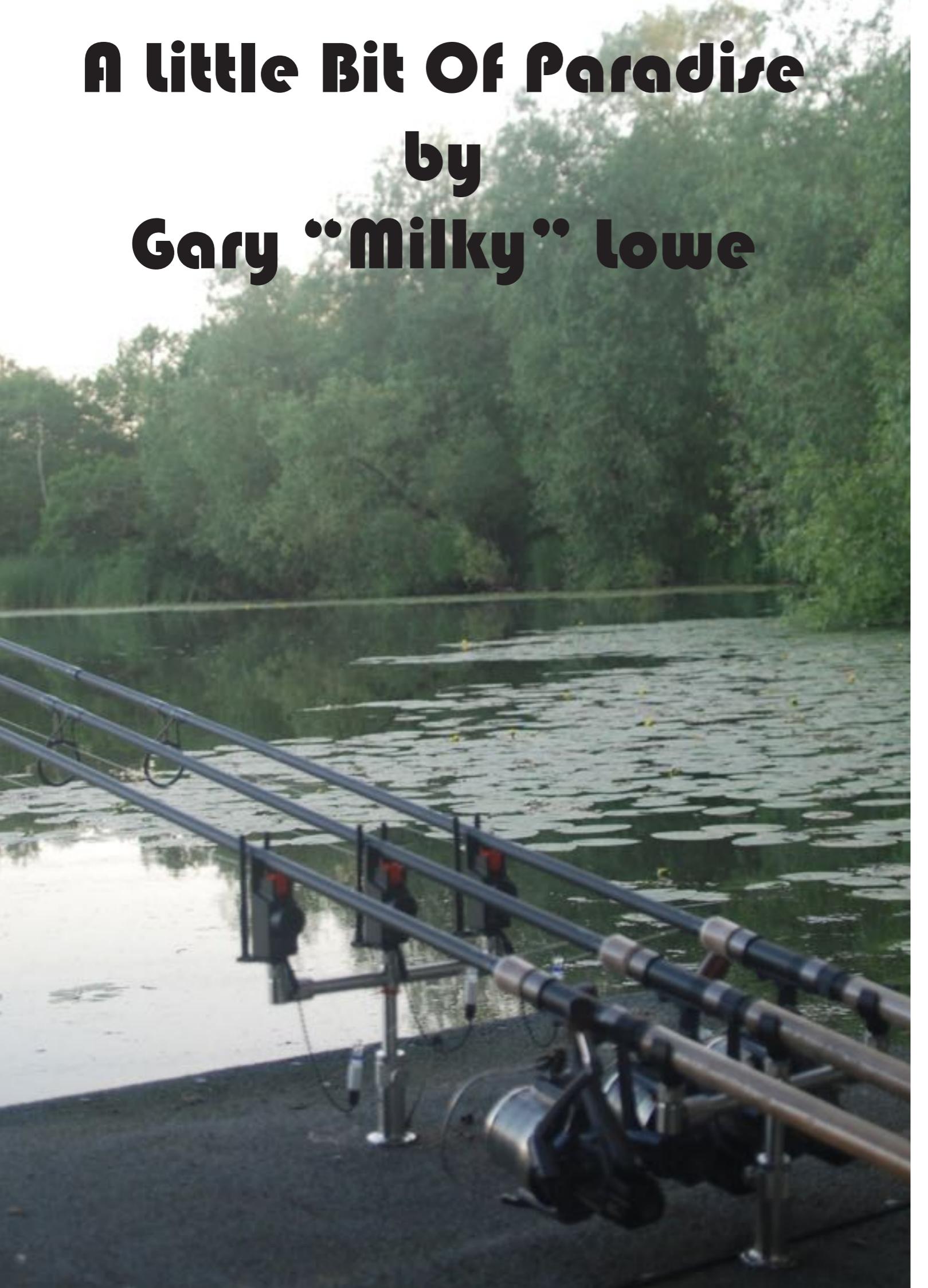
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A little Bit Of Paradise

by

Gary "milky" lowe



A Little Bit Of Paradise

In mid-May I had a phone call from a friend that fished a very small syndicate that is steeped in history and set in the Shropshire hills. I had heard of this lake for a good few years back but I never thought that I would get a ticket as not many people leave in fact.... it's dead man shoes, so I was surprised when I got the call. It didn't take long for me to write the cheque and it was on its way, I waited two weeks for the ticket to arrive, and as soon as it landed I was planning the first trip to the lake, I booked a few days of work too so I could get my teeth into the place as soon as I could.

I had set the alarm for 5 o'clock the following morning so I could be at the lake at first light to see if anything was moving, I couldn't sleep the night before as I was so excited as I always am when I am on a new lake, so I was up and ready before the alarm went off, so instead of waiting around I was on my way down the motorway. The lake was about one and half hours away, and I soon found myself driving down the small, dark muddy track to the lake. After closing the farmers gate I could make out the stunning small lake in-between the trees and I couldn't wait to get my gear down there but first I had to calm down and take a walk round the lake and not just jump in any swim! Well the lake was stunning. Even better in real life than the pictures I had seen.

I'll just tell you a little bit about the lake first, it's a small lake about 6 acres in size and surrounded by trees, the swims are all platforms as it's very boggy around that area, all the main swims were on one side of the lake. There are two other swims on the other two sides of the lake which you have to use a boat to get to, and the other bank is not fishable. This bank is covered in trees and bushes and all along that bank was reeds and lilies which made it a carp haven ,I sat on the first swim watching the sun rise and looking out towards the first lot of lilies and reeds, there was a little bay to my left that looked very shallow so if it was going to be warm I thought the fish might get in there ,I sat there for a good half hour and didn't see any signs of a fish but I had seen one jump on the far side where you had to get a boat to ,so that was going to be my first call.

I sat there for a little while longer then decided to get the gear out , and with all the gear loaded on the carp porter I was soon back to the first

swim ,that's were the boat is kept as well, as I was loading the boat I heard a fish crash round to my left so I stopped and walked out to the end of the swim to see where it was, and as I did there was another this time I saw it and it looked like a good common. Well I thought to myself I'll stay here on peg 1 I can just about get a rig to where I had seen the fish just now, if I went to the swim where I saw the one this morning I would have to row over the top of where I had seen the fish and they might do the off, so I unloaded the boat as I was doing this I saw 3 more shows in my swim so my confidence was high while I was setting up. Knowing a mate that fished here I knew that the lake bottom was very silty, up to 4ft in some places, its different to most lakes that I had fished, they were mainly gravel pits so I had to change the way I would normally fish.

I chose to set up 3 chod rigs, this way I knew that all three rigs would be fishing and I could cast them to where I had seen the fish jump this morning, my choice of hookbait was going to be a Mainline essential cell pop up with a few chopped baits scattered around them. Because all the swims were platforms I had to use stage stands which I have never used before so when I went to screw them into the platform I never had a screw driver, so I had to use a pair of scissors.... never make that mistake again!!

After I had set everything up it was time to cast all 3 rods out. The left had rod I was going to place in the far corner of the bay that was to my left, that's where one fish had shown ,the middle rod was cast to the entrance of the bay close to some pads ,and the third rod was cast to were I had seen the fish this morning that was close to some reeds on the far bank ,all three rods had a scattering of chopped essential cell boilies over them. I went in easy on the bait to begin with as I had seen fish in my area and I had a few days to build up the swim if I get any bites ,I was sitting there having my first brew of the morning and thinking what I could cook in my ridgemonkey ,when I heard a fish roll round to my left in the bay, I got up and walked round the tree that was at the entrance to the bay so I could see where the fish had jumped when I looked it was right at the back of the tree about 4ft of the bank, there was no way I could get to it or fish for it as fishing was from the swims only there was very strict rules on this

From where the fish rolled to my hookbait its about 30 yards, so I am not that far off them as I cannot cast round the tree as it hangs out to much, so I sat back down and was drinking my tea when I heard it again, now I was thinking how can I get near to where they keep jumping... so I sat there crushing up some baits, and after I had done this I scattered them around the tree with a trail leading to the outside edge. This is where I would be able to place a bait if I could get the fish feeding, I would know if they were there as the water was gin clear and I could watch them from climbing parts of the tree. Well, I kept checking and after half an hour I saw my first carp come and start picking of bits of the bait under the tree but they would not come out this side it, just kept turning around and going out the back so after a few hours I had seen about 8 fish all do the same, none of them would come within 5ft of this side of the tree. I had to have a rethink as they had eaten all the bait that was in the tree and not what was on the outside, I could not use a bait spoon and pole as it was too snaggy to get a fish in so it was back to open water. I made myself another cup of tea and sat there on the end of the platform watching and thinking of what I can do to get near the fish I had seen, I was looking over to where I had cast my third rod and I could see the reeds behind moving as a carp was coming through and the more I looked the more I could see! I could see the pads moving so now I felt confident that at least one of my rods was near some fish. The rest of the day was uneventful so I went into the night thinking that if they are not feeding in the day they are feeding at night?

Well I was wrong there as nothing happened during the night so as I made my first cup of tea and the sun was coming up I had a bleep on my right had rod that was over the far side, as I looked up the buzzer went into melt down, as I picked up the rod I saw the pads parting as it made for cover... well I eventually eased it out and it went on a run up the lake but I managed to finally get it to the net and when I looked down I could see a lovely chestnut looking mirror. I was well chuffed... only done 24hrs and I've got one in the net. On the scales she went 24lb and I was over the moon with that, photos done, and fish returned. I sat down to drink my tea which was cold so kettle back on and a nice hot brew to celebrate. After that I recast my rod and baited up with a

scattering of bait around the hook bait just as before. The rest of the day I had sat there watching fish coming in and out of the tree to my left but none had come out my side? They all stayed in the bay side of the tree, it was doing my head in as I could not work out how to get a bait near them and have a chance of landing them.

I had seen a few fish during the day in the pads by my left-hand rod the same as I had seen the day before on my right hand rod so in the morning they might venture out to feed. That rod did go about an hour before darkness and the bloody hook pulled after a few minutes!! Well I was gutted, I chucked the rod back out on the spot and sat down to drown my sorrows, I was sulking less than 5 minutes when the right hand rod was away and I was in again, this one was also doing its best to get in the bay to my left, I jumped into the margins and stuck my rod as far under the water as possible because this thing was taking line through the tree to my left, ripping off line and causing me some serious trouble. I slowly played the fish back and eventually got it to my side of the tree in open water, and after about another 5 minutes of the fish plodding about I could finally see what I was attached to... it was a fair sized common! Now my legs were like jelly as I now know how big it looks, and after one last gulp of air it finally came over the net cord and she was mine! I looked in the net and could see that it was a good 30, a very dark plump one and I was over the moon as on my first trip I have had 3 takes and landed two fish. On the scales she went 34lb, and with the camera equipment set up I set about doing some photos. After the photos, I slipped her back and watched her swim into the depths on the water.

I tied a new hook bait on and recast the rod back to the same area and spomed some more chopped essential cell over the top, and after all the commotion I sat down and fired up the cooker for a cup of tea, I was getting hungry by now and decided to do myself some chargrilled chicken in the ridgemonkey. After the tea had been drunk and the chicken eaten I sat there on the end of the platform listening for any fish movement and watching the bats swooping on all the little insects, the rest of the evening and night was uneventful and I never heard a carp jump until first light were I saw one fish in open water come right out but that was the only fish I saw that morning. I even looked in and around

the tree to my left but there was nothing in there and there was still some bait there from the night before. I did a slow pack down as I really had to be off, but all the time I was packing down I was thinking of my next trip to the lake so before I left I had about 4 kilos of essential cell left so I scattered it all along the pads and reeds and on the front of the trees in case some fish did come around there once I had gone. The car was packed and I was closing the gate but I had to turn around and take one last look of the lake before I went home. All the way home along the motorway I was thinking about the session and how I could improve on some of the things I did, and thinking of the cracking two fish I had landed. I was smiling all the way home and anyone that passed me must have thought I was a nutcase.

tight lines until next month.

Milky.



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'Living the Dream'

Part Five

Vidange



By
Keith Moors

Chapter Five - Vidange

As our first season neared its end we had all the necessary arrangements for the vidange in place. We knew that we needed to reduce the total biomass so the only way was to completely empty the lake and take out all the unwanted fish. Being our first season we had been far from full and our season ended in early October 2002.



On Sunday 7th I cracked open the sluice gate and gradually let the water begin to run out through the fish trap. By Sunday 13th the lake had been reduced to about one acre of shallow water and soft mud.

My daughter Sharon and her family had arrived on the Saturday and we all stood on the dam wall peering into the murky water and wondering how many and what size fish we would find once the remainder of the water was removed.

At 7.30 am on Monday 14th the local pisiculturist Monsieur Denderes and his motley crew arrived to oversee the final stage. His first act was to complain that there was far too much water left and to rectify this he fully opened the gate. Immediately a mini tidal wave gurgled through the gate and down the stream leading to the village.

To say that the lake emptied fast would be an understatement. It was pretty much akin to pulling the plug from a bath.

Within minutes there were huge numbers of carp and catfish spread across the mud and literally thousands of small fish of numerous species rammed against the grills of the fish traps. Purely by luck we were already in our chest waders and had positioned large bins around the lake edge to hold the fish.

As fast as we could, and armed with landing nets, we gently pulled fish off the mud and into the bins.

It rapidly became obvious that there were far more fish than I had ever dreamed possible. The bins, which were planned to only hold the carp which we wanted to keep, were totally inadequate. Our plan had been to weigh, check and photograph every fish to be kept to produce a full stock inventory.

That plan went out of the window within seconds of starting and we would have to concentrate solely on moving the fish. It was obvious that, to try With the help of a twenty five ton Poclain 360 digger we had dug the holding pools into the bed of the Eastern Arm of the lake.



I had dropped the water level of the main lake and then marked out the shape of the pool that I wanted dug. We then took out one metre of clay and used the spoil to raise the banks around the pool and this had also allowed us to get rid of areas of marsh.

The “design criteria” had also included the fact that, as the lake refilled, the fish would be able to swim back out without needing to be handled again. However the positioning of these pools did mean that the distance from the fish trap at the dam wall to the pools was about 600 metres. There was no possible way that we could carry individual fish that distance all day.

The fatalities would not have been just fish.

Within minutes I had the trailer on the back of my Isuzu Trooper and the trailer bed was fitted with one of the large fibre glass bins filled with water. The carp were wrapped into individual carp sacks and lowered into the bin which was then driven across the field and the fish gently lowered into their new temporary residence.

It took us twenty one journeys across the field as well as a full day of hard labour to move the estimated three and a half tons of carp plus the eight cats. Despite the best efforts of the French pisiculturists we only lost three carp, two doubles and a low twenty common.

Obviously I would far rather have not lost any but in the light of the fiasco that we encountered I felt that we did extremely well. In the heat of the battle we didn't actually manage to carry out the sorting of the stock that we had planned and we probably kept far too many double figure carp and a lot of these appeared to be male commons.

With thoughts of needing to provide food for the cats we also replaced some of the larger of the roach and rudd but other than these the lake would now be just carp.



Once the drain down was complete we felt that we had done everything possible to eradicate the unwanted fish. The sluice gates were closed and the main lake began to refill slowly. The main reason for the construction of the holding pools within the bed of the lake was that, once the level of water in the lake nears its normal level, the carp and cats can leave the pools and swim out into the main body of water without needing to be handled again.

This should reduce any losses due to stress. It also meant that the end of the eastern arm would contain a series of major underwater features which would include drop offs, deep holes and even shallow, reed covered plateaux.

During 2002 this area had remained rarely fished but it now offered many areas of sanctuary for the carp and should also be perfect for close up "eyeball to eyeball" stalking methods.

After a few days of refilling I decided to visit the eastern arm early one afternoon to check how the water levels were doing. From what I could see I estimated that the water over the shallows leading to the pools would be about six inches deep by the following morning.



I decide to get up early the following morning and take some time to watch the carp activity along the drop off. As the sun rose I stood in the shallows just beyond the drop off and watched several carp moving back and forth along the edge until a mid double lay over on its side and virtually "wriggled" over the shallow lip and then fired itself across the remainder of the shallows and back into the main lake.



I was just beginning to feel pleased that I had seen probably the first carp to return to its former home when two low twenties used exactly the same system to cross the lip.....but these were heading back into the pools. I couldn't help but wonder just how shallow that water had been when those two had moved out and also how many fish could be lost from a lake in even the shallowest of flood conditions.

As the lake filled we felt fortunate to have been in the situation that allowed us to decide on the type of fish stocked. We had virtually been able to start with a blank canvas after emptying the lake. Most of the "experts" suggest that the best kind of lake is one with a diversity of species. My own "gut feeling" was to stick with just cats and carp but with just a small number of silver fish in order that the cats didn't starve.

Whilst I could see the pleasure in occasionally sitting on the dam wall fishing for roach etc I didn't believe that general coarse anglers would be prepared to travel through France to fish for similar sized fish that they could find in almost any English lake. It also seemed obvious to me that the carp should grow larger and faster without the competition from small fish, but I would be continually learning about this "fishery management" business. My reasons for this belief were based on examples of English lakes which held big carp. Such examples are Elstow 2 which holds just big carp and some rudd, Acton Burnell which holds a lot of very big carp and only a few



rudd and tench and even then the syndicate members work very hard to remove these unwanted species at every opportunity. On top of these two lakes, the other obvious example is Redmire which produced two consecutive British carp records without any of the "benefits" of the, more recent, high nutritional value carp foods. As far as I'm aware the pool is only 3 acres in size and only holds carp and Gudgeon. Now I do also have a theory about the gudgeon but more of that in a later chapter. All of these examples suggest to me that it is possible to produce conditions to suit a carp only lake which can then produce the best possible growth rates for big carp.

With all of these thoughts flying around in my head I was heading for the new season with the plans to monitor spawning successes and hoping that the current resident catfish would be adequate to mop up and further control the fry.

It was my firm belief that we would rapidly see a well controlled population of young fast growing carp. At this point in our lives my entire knowledge of fishery management came from constructing garden ponds for myself and small fisheries for the customers of my previous landscaping company as well as thirty years of keeping goldfish and koi carp.

I had also spent the nineties as a bailiff for the Oxfordshire complex of lakes belonging to Linear Fisheries. I had discovered very early on in life that garden ponds would clear very quickly as the zooplankton (otherwise known as daphnia) developed and ate the algae that originally coloured the water. Normally, just as we managed to get the water crystal clear, we would add fish and within days the water would turn green again as the fish ate the zooplankton and left the algae to multiply again. I was hoping that the carp in our lake would not be so dependant on single cell creatures and that at some time we would see the water clear.

We already knew that the lake contained numerous other items of natural food including pea and swan mussels, bloodworms, shrimps and slaters and we would be adding boilies to this list.

During our examination of the lake bed and its inhabitants we had discovered literally thousands of swan mussels and these were the reason that the mud did not smell like normal silt because they are filter feeders which continuously sort through the detritus from the fish and purify it. We also noted that the ends of the two arms held some very shallow and reed fringed water which made perfect nursery areas for the zooplankton to get established before spreading out into the lake.



Swan Mussel

In fact these shallow areas could be seen to have a coloured "sheen" from the daphnia themselves. Yet another reason for not keeping small silver fish as these would have been able to visit the shallow areas where the large carp could not reach.

The following year would give us some indication of how accurate my thoughts had been.

As we went into the winter of 2002/3 we found ourselves wishing our lives away, waiting to see what carp captures the spring would reveal.

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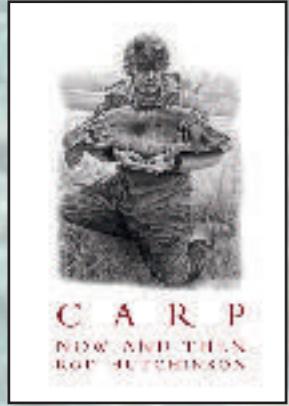
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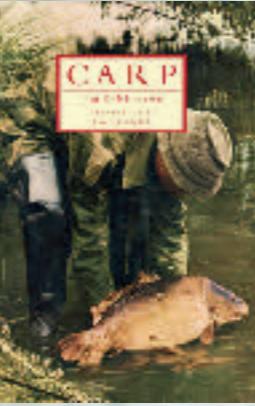
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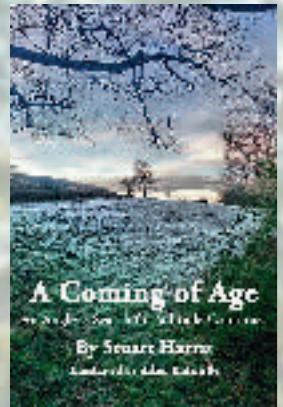
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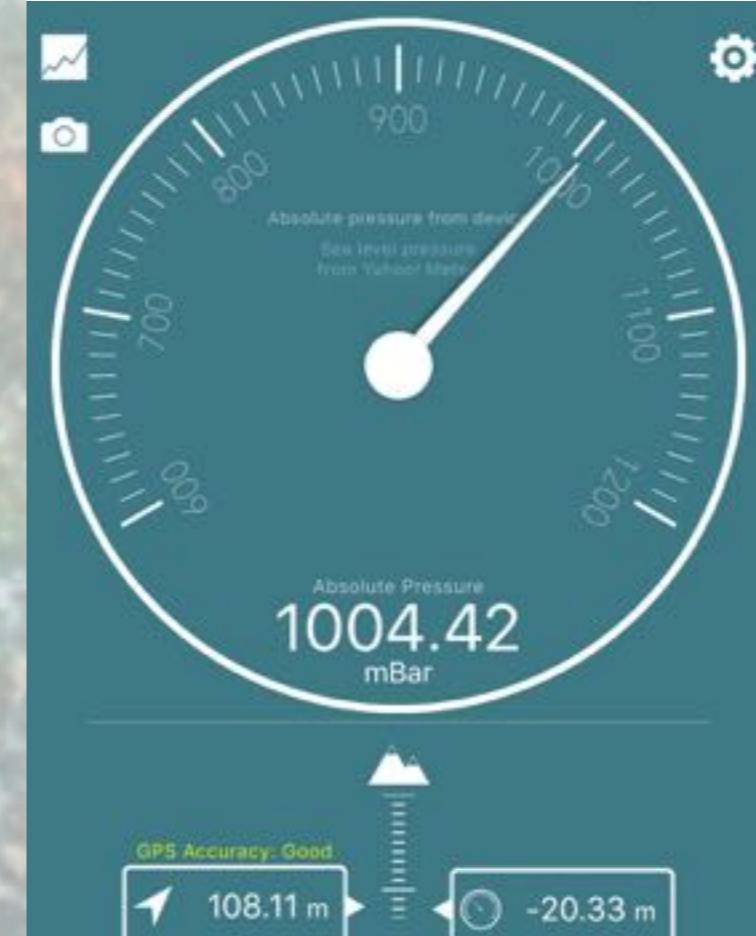
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Choose Your Waters Well by Michael Lack



Choose Your Waters Well

Moving house is never easy and for lots of different reasons and one that easily gets lost with the commotion is your fishing! simply moving 15 miles down the road in the same county is a horrendous task and things seldom change!

However, I found that nearby choices were few and far between and with my work load ever increasing I had little window of opportunity to fish locally, But on the other hand I had been blessed with miles and miles of the cut to choose from!

I looked at waters within reach.... a pack up and get home within an hour type was the top of my agenda! Having 6 kids, it's nice to know that

should the worse happen I can pack up and fly home.

I found a lake close to home and within my "happy zone" and although my first impressions were bleak! I wandered from swim to swim,

picturing in my mind, my set up and how I would approach each one!

I came to the decision that I would indeed buy a day only ticket and spend some more time here...try an establish a bait and build my picture further.

The first few outings I simply went to the lake with 2 lead/markers set ups! A compass (app), My little note book and my climbing trainers, oh and a couple of different choices of polarized glasses! I found various obvious features which would provide a "safe zone"

like me and my happy zone! trees, bays, reeds, lilies and over hanging bushes. Literally anywhere visual which could buy me a quick bite or where I could find a fish or two during the season.

From the trees, I managed to work out several things like the holes in the dense weed and features which only became obvious from an advantageous point. Be sure you find a descent tree to climb though! I know many people that have had to drive home soaked or worse ;)

The easiest thing came last, after all of my observations and that was mapping out the deepest parts along with the shallowest etc by using a marker and a lead! Working my way from the southerly tip of the



lake to the opposite point. This can simply be achieved by using your compass app whilst there!

As the majority of my time was days only and with the sun high in the sky I was mostly looking for areas which are shallow! Or areas that the sun could warm quickly during the day!

The reason for this being, whilst I'm at home I could map out what is going on at the lake. In the comfort of my armchair and by pin pointing each end and drawing a rough

map I could work out which way the wind direction is, as constant wind directions play a big part in my fishing, as do the air pressure and constant weather. After making a few choices of where I would introduce bait,



I then started to look into my baiting approach for the swims I chose to fish! The middle of the lake is an average depth of 10ft and is thick in weed! The introduction of particles over this area would hopefully save me some blushes later on in the season as I've found the smaller fish tend to clean these area's nicely. My other two spots are made up of gravel and silty deposits and are both marginal areas, for this I like to bait with whole boilies in different sizes and chopped

boilies. Baiting these with 1 kg each spot per week for at least several weeks before I placed a rig!

On my return to pre-bait, I would check these spots for signs of feeding. Surely enough, two of the spots have the tell tail signs of feeding and the other has been cleaned almost clear of weed. What I mean by this, one of the areas, had a very thin layer of settlement on top of a light spread of gravel. When I returned not only was the bait mopped up but the chod had made way and the gravel was visible.

On my first night, a warm SW wind was pushing into the most northerly tip of the lake! However, the shallows have been sun baked all day and after a good wander, It was clear to see that

they were holding in this area. Which was against my impulsive reaction of sitting in the face of the warm wind!

I placed two rods on one of my margin spots keeping everything nice and simple. With a tight scattering of baits desperately hoping I would get a visitor! The darkness arrived quickly and as it was my first (guest) night I tried my best to avoid snoozing off! 10pm quickly turned 11,12.....

The margin started to slowly come to life after darkness had set in, a few bubbles showed, followed by a few more. Under the moon light It's hard not to be excited by this....

10 or so more minutes passed and I thought that my chance had gone! Surely enough it wasn't long before,

I was winding into my first carp from the place I was growing to love!

Just a week passed by between trips and in fairness after a couple of visits between to apply a bit more bait. I simply couldn't wait to be here again! For sure the efforts in late winter/spring are definitely paying off now. With at least a run per visit. Landing 9 in 10 chances.

When winter comes around again I'm sure I will have to start again. Well at least I may have some understanding of the water and hopefully plenty of pictures to browse upon arrival of those long nights! Fingers crossed they will return through winter for an easy meal.

But until then I will leave it here
Micky.



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There's No
Madness in the
Method
by
Simon Pomeroy



There's No Madness in the Method

Undervalued, overlooked, ridiculed, mocked, derided or is it a case of just foolishly ignored? For me it must be the latter when you take an overview of one of the most consistent tactics that so many carp anglers just won't appreciate – The Method! There are some real shockers within modern carp fishing from products here today and then gone tomorrow or flawed tactics that hinder rather than help but as bad is a distinct lack of understanding within certain carping circles of proven tactics they naively fail to appreciate as they continue to follow the well - trodden path of using the same old, and in many cases ineffective, approaches that have been all too quickly accepted as the best – why?

With no arrogance, I must look at myself as a professional angler: I write features, fish for the cameras and my whole working life revolves around fishing hence the 'professional' tag. Within this life, I have been in a position to overview the modern scene and prove that so many successful and historic practices have been pushed to the side. Again, why?

I could, and perhaps should, view with an air of cynicism as the industry now dictates what the carp angler must use, but who are they to be the Prophets of truth? Why is it that so much that is written about or filmed is dismissive of age old tactics that work whilst factoring on modern trends which are simply based on flawed assumptions? You tell me! After all these years, I look at the modern scene and admit to being both dismayed and sad that years, even centuries, of successful angling practices are now overlooked in favour of current fashions, when in reality they should be at the forefront. Don't get me wrong as I certainly do not proclaim to be the font of all wisdom on carping, but in my defence, I have been somewhat around the 'carping block' which has given me both a unique insight and more than enough evidence to question everything and assume nothing. And without doubt I believe that one of the most successful tactics to be part of the carp angler's armoury is fishing the Method – but so many either won't or don't!

With my professional hat on, my fishing time is very limited and this alone makes me factor on the most consistent of approaches. In the summer when the carp are feeding on Daphnia soup in the upper layers I surface fish (I love fly fishing for carp – another tactic, another story) but outside of that I tend to employ the Method approach when fishing on the deck. Why? Simply, you cannot beat the amount of fish I've caught on a tactic that is but common sense.

Of course, it is only correct that you question my conclusions, but I write this imploring you to open your eyes to a fantastic tactic which, if employed correctly on the right day, can bag you a net full of carp and blow more accepted and trendy tactics out of the water.

I suffer the same problem with carp anglers in the UK who just won't accept an approach that they view as something that is employed within the match scene and, therefore, to be treated with disdain – but here lies the first element of evidence. Fishing the Method on many of our commercial match venues is either limited or banned because it catches too many fish and is, therefore, classed as too great an advantage! A tactic that is so successful but the carp scene, especially some of those who view themselves as at the top of their game, ignores. Perhaps a damning indictment of my sport and industry, but I find it a crying shame that this efficient and effective tactic isn't given the time of day, especially when other more obscure and unproven approaches saturate the media and, therefore, the sport. But enough said on the mysteries that shroud that part of the subject and let's dive into the many benefits that will result in those edges that we need to stack the odds in our favour, whilst in essence we seek to trap a wild animal.

Firstly though, a word of caution: the most consistent mistake is not taking full advantage of the Method mix right at the beginning, i.e. the actual ingredients which make up the core of the base mix. Years ago, I introduced a good friend to the Method and as a class angler he quickly got his head around the fact that he should at least research and, in doing so, actually fish the tactic. Digressing slightly but it beggars belief the number of anglers who quickly rubbish the tactic but when

questioned are found to have never actually fished it! They are that percentage who have made the mistake of falling head first into the trap of believing something with no factual foundation.

Back to the story – my friend, to my horror, then produced every bit of old and scabby bait from the back of his car and proceeded to mix this into a mess that smelled the same as it looked – of sick! When I pointed out that he had produced a concoction of untried and unproven slop he quickly retorted that it was all bait, albeit from different manufacturers and in different formats. I was quick to respond: would you go into your fridge, chuck all the contents into a bucket, mix together and serve as a healthy balanced meal just because it was food?! The moral behind this tale is to ensure that the mix you use is of only the best ingredients not some cheap bulked out rubbish or a mad mixture prepared on a whim. Think that every time you use this approach you deposit a couple of ounces into your swim – ensure that it benefits the swim and, therefore, your results and not the opposite. Again, refer to the top match anglers, who now target large carp as the match scene has evolved away from silvers, and who spend time, money and passion to devise blends that work successfully time and time again - so to do the opposite is

somewhat naïve at best.

No other tactic will allow you to introduce a lump of dissolving free bait accurately and immediately adjacent to your hook bait time

and time again. Though PVA certainly has its place, why take the time, energy and cost of fishing with bags whilst the Method does the same job only far better?

Fishing the method is beautifully easy and, therefore, can be successfully employed by new-comers to the sport through to old-timers



and have to admit to having had the odd wry smile whilst they haul, but the seniors with all the flash gear blank on the standard tactics they are transfixed by.

Though a Method angler of old, in the early days we looked to use the most unobtrusive of coil feeders but over the last two decades the modern Method feeder now resembles a small spacecraft and is undeniably the most obtrusive piece of terminal tackle on the carp scene! I have a saying, “If I can see it, the carp can sense it”, and if that is the case then there was every reason to find an alternative, hence why I use Stonze fishing weights: a genuinely natural weight that's contours and pitted surface permits a mix to adhere firmly to and allows the angler to cast long distances if necessary. Obviously boating out or working at close range works on the same principle and all benefit from the fact that when your mix breaks down all you have is a stone instead of something off the last episode of Star Wars! If I can see it, the carp can sense it now never factors as I no longer worry about that great big lump of plastic and lead that the industry assures me is safe to use just because it's camouflaged (to the human eye and psyche) and it has miraculously become invisible, Absolute drivel! Again, we should learn from the match anglers who have refined and proven that unobtrusive terminal tackle catches more fish as they are less aware and therefore less likely to spook.

Using a Stonze as a feeder also dismisses any concerns that I have in trying to get my hookbait away from the horrible modern feeder. This then allows me to fish with a shorter and more efficient rig, which results in better bite detection as well as great presentation. On the presentation front it also negates any concern for the dreaded tangle that can frustrate us all – simply put: you would have to be very unlucky to tangle.

In essence you now have cast out a researched supplementary bait in which sits your hookbait. Your rig is well presented and tangle free with a hook link that allows for quick bite detection – all good so far if you have followed the plan and not deviated from the proven path. Last but not least, and one of the main reasons why this tactic can be so devastating, is what I have christened the ‘flare’ effect. In short you can manipulate your mix to break down at a rate that you, and the conditions on any given day, allow for. Breaking down sends particles through the levels especially via the undertow attracting both substrate life and your quarry quickly to the area and this in itself can cause that competition feeding that produces those red-letter days we all seek.

Gimmick tactic and over-rated? Well, all I can add is that from a personal view point within fishing, a good angler questions and catches consistently and for me this approach has accounted for thousands of fish in the back of my net over the last two decades. Further evidence would be from my last two carping trips where in the first instance I had fourteen pickups whilst the only other angler on the lake had none (he was on PVA bags, long Hooklinks etc) and secondly, a recent filming for the Mr. Crabtree Sky Sports programme saw me land a 50lb plus common for the cameras. Try it, watch it break down in the margins and, whatever you do, never dismiss the method approach out of hand for if you do you will miss out BIG TIME!

Until next time....

Simon.

To learn more about this devastating method visit the website

www.pallatrax.co.uk



TalkingCarp

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CLICK HERE

Wyreside Lakes is a family run business, situated in over 120 acres of farmland at the foot of the Bowland Fells in Dolphholme -Lancashire. On the estate there are 7 fishing lakes - with a superb stocking of carp, mixed coarse and pike. The Birkin family have continually used the same British stockists over the last 23yrs and the experienced to novice angler alike has an opportunity to catch a wide selection of beautiful two tone mirrors, immaculate scaly commons and the occasional leather carp.



The 7 lakes consist of 3 day / night waters, Sunnyside 1, Sunnyside 2 and River lakes. These lakes have carp up to 33lbs with an overall average of around 19lbs – there are also mixed coarse prevalent in these waters. There are also two membership waters Wyre and Bantons which boast carp currently up to 39lbs however the largest recorded weight was the mighty Paw Print at 42lbs 1oz. Non-members can fish these waters but there are strict times and rules that apply. There is also a mixed coarse water Fox’s lake – this is an excellent runs water that produces carp up to 18lbs, Roach to 3lbs, Bream up to 10lbs & Perch up to 8lbs.



The Lakes were created from former poor agricultural land after extraction of sand and gravel by Tarmac Road stone Ltd. The first fish were introduced in 1984 (Mirror carp weighing up to 1.5 lbs) and they have thrived in the lakes, growing and breeding in a spectacular manner. The lakes are stocked annually in October/November with 3-5lbs mirrors and commons – then they are grown throughout the different lakes until they reach maturity. However, this November we introduced 70 new mirrors and commons into S2 between 12lbs &15lbs so we are hoping for great results



The estate also boasts a 4 star Campsite as well as a recreational centre with bar, restaurant and function room. This year a large on site tackle shop was completed offering bait and terminal tackle. On site there is also a laundry room and a modern toilet & shower block. The Fisherman's Restaurant serves food and there is also a takeaway service with food delivered to your swim! The bar & function room is the perfect for match meets and presentations and an excellent location for any type of event from weddings to birthday celebrations. All throughout the year there are various events held each week, from Karaoke /discos to themed nights and live entertainment. The estate is open 7 days a week and is closed on Christmas Day and Boxing Day annually. Restaurant / café opening times may vary.

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24 - 26 March 2017

THE START OF THE WINTER
CAMPAIGN
BY
ASHLEY COX



The start of the winter campaign

After a busy year of work and family life it was time to get my head back into fishing. I've fished during the warmer months but haven't had much luck. I haven't been happy with how I have approached my angling this year and never been happy when I have had the chance to sit beside the rods. Always rushing around, never having bait and rigs prepared and always with work running through my head. Being self-employed in the building game you have to take the work while it's there. With the colder weather now coming in along with the dark mornings and nights I decided to stick with my local club water in west Somerset. I've fished this lake for a good few years now. It's not

a 'pretty' lake or in lush picturesque surroundings. It's about 5 acres in size with maybe between 60-100 carp. It's based in the middle of a housing estate but is hardly fished apart from a few locals. There is only fishing from dusk till dawn and with some more lakes on the club ticket offering nights this lake seems to get left alone by the majority. In the past, I've had varied success with a the best being a 24lb mirror and plenty of mid to upper doubles. With Natures Baits Alpha range the winter campaign started. I fished a swim called the willow. One rod down the margin and two in open water fished tight together. I managed four evening sessions in consecutive weeks, sticking to the same swim and baiting approach. The

margin rod on a chod with an Alpha pop-up, the open water rods snowman with a good scattering of bait over the top. Results were slow and the only fish was a 16lb leather. I was happy but thought I could be doing more. This prompted me into a change of swim. I moved to the other side of the lake where I thought I could get all three rods fishing at their best. In between fishing I was now popping down the lake to prebait some margin spots, in particular the one where my left hand rod would be fished besides a fallen free. I'm still only managing one evening a week so baiting a mix of 14/18mm Alpha boilies and chops I was hoping this would bring the carp into the areas. For late November, the weather has still been

mild so full of hope I thought try my luck.

resulted in a mint 22lb 10oz common slipping into the net. I was over the moon! 10 o'clock came and it was time to pack up, but this wetted the appetite and I couldn't wait to get out the following week. The next two sessions rewarded me again with some stunning carp. I had kept the bait trickling into three or four times a week on all three spots, but it was the left-hand rod off the fallen tree that was producing the goods. The second fish was another 22lb common, the third fish



was an absolute stunner. It was a fish I had netted for natures bait consultant Phil Budd a couple years ago, Again falling to the alpha pop-up, a stunning 23lb 6oz fully scaled mirror. The hard work and getting my head back into it was paying off. I finally felt like I'm fishing back to my best again. This now brings you up to my latest outing. The freezing temperature and hard frosts have set in but with confidence high I thought I'm still in with a chance. This time I got to the lake midday and the rods all went out first time. It was flat calm and lifeless until early evening when again the left rod came to life. This time the culprit was a tench though. Ten minutes after slipping it back though the middle rod absolutely melted off.



After what seemed like an age the fish was finally wallowing around in front of me. My head was spinning with the thought of another 20lb+ fish but after it dropped in the net I could see it was a little smaller. Still overjoyed a 16lb common graced the bank. With my change of tactics and armed with the superb alpha boilies and the full range baits they have available I'm sure the great results will carry on through 2016 and into the new year.
Ashley.



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Back To Basics
by Malcolm Withnall

Back To Basics

Back in the day when I was a lot younger my Dad started to take me fishing. He didn't fish himself but it was still a magical time and something I will never forget. We spent many an hour down the canal and even now I can still remember the first fish I ever caught, all be it a gudgeon.

Unfortunately, I lost my Dad in an accident before my 18th birthday so I was left to teach myself the Art of Fishing and in the early days I probably caught more tree perch than anyone else but eventually I got the knack of casting without losing the float and hook.

As the years went by I grew more confident with my fishing and I moved onto river fishing where I spent hours with my friend and his father in law to be wandering up and down the bank in search of those illusive river fish. I was still catching gudgeon but they were a lot bigger from the river.

Time moves on and sadly we lose touch with friends. Other interests take over and fishing takes a back seat, but after going through the motorbike and car phase I found myself again learning the skills I needed to go fishing. This went on for a few years and ten years ago I decided to have ago at carp fishing, so again began a long learning curve too teach myself how to carp fish. I spent many an hour watching T.V, Videos and reading carpy magazines and would like to thank the likes of Matt Hayes, Mick (Steptoe) Brown, Kevin Nash the Korda team and many more who between them have accumulated many years of experience which gave me the inspiration and knowledge I needed in learning these skills.

Unfortunately these days people don't want to learn the basic skills they need and all they want to do is cast a lead a 100 yards or so (if they can) and sit behind the rods and alarms, I once read an article in a fishing magazine where a 17 year old wanted to know how to float fish for carp as all he has ever been told was to chuck a lead out with 2 kilo of bait and wait which is nice if you don't pay £12 to £14 a kilo. Funnily some people think after 3 or 4 years of fishing they are experts but even now after over 30 years of fishing I wouldn't dream of calling myself an expert (**a Tackle Tart Yes**) but an expert never and I bet Matt Hayes and the

like would feel the same way.

To date I can say that I have had some reasonable success since carp fishing with a **P.B of a 49lb 3oz Cat P.B 28lb Common P.B 27lb 5oz Mirror Along with numerous 20's and mid doubles**

The only other thing to say is I know everyone would like to catch the biggest carp in the lake but wouldn't it be more sensible to learn the basics first like fishing with the float, feeder, trotting and ledgering and then when you have learnt the basics move them skills on to carp fishing.

Learn to use a marker rod because it always amazes me when people count a lead down to check the depth and say, Oh it took 10 seconds so must be 10' deep what lead is that based on? 1oz, 2oz 4oz. can someone tell me because that's one skill I would like to learn. My castings improved a bit now so I don't catch so many tree perch. And hasn't technology moved on with the use of underwater cameras, depth sonar, fish finders and bait boats with some saying it's taken the skills out of fishing well in a way yes it has but if you have learnt the skills first what's wrong playing with technology, I just love it.

My name's Malcolm Withnall and I'm a self-confessed Tackle Tart.



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The background of the advertisement features a dark grey textured surface. Two orange fishing floats are positioned in the center. A black hook is attached to one float by a coiled wire, and a small black weight is attached to the other. The words "Sharp Tackle" are written in a white, cursive, hand-drawn style font, spanning across the top of the floats.

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Thankyou For Reading

Keep sending your articles and catch reports to -

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‘The Talking Carp Team’

Brian Dixon
Mark Faulkner
Danny Walsh

