

ISSUE #3 / MARCH 2016

TALKING CARP

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INSIDE



*Scott Grant
Keith Moors
Lee England
Mark Faulkner
Richard Austin
Phil Bury*

**Julian
Cundiff**

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Welcome To Talking carp Magazine / Issue 3

Hello and welcome to issue 3!! Are we enjoying this or what? Firstly, let us thank you all for the fantastic support we are getting from you out there, and the very positive feedback we get daily. Remember you can contact us at any time if there is something in particular you'd like to see or would like to talk about. You can contact us via our Facebook page or via the email at the bottom of the page and we will answer you as quickly as we possibly can.

Now, March is upon us, and with the exception of one or two windy days and a slight flutter of snow I think it is fair to say we have had quite a mild winter which begs quite an interesting question.... How will the season truly kick off this year? I personally remember having some hard winters, lots of snow, lids on the lakes, unfishable conditions, but when it came to March, particularly the back end of March, we knew that most of the lakes around the country woke up in style!

Big hits of carp were springing up in news reports on a daily basis, and some of the more notorious fish got caught as lakes warm up, the carp wake up and the feeding spells hail in the new season. But what about this year? Will it be the same? Will we still get those initial big hits or will it creep in slowly as the amount of carp being caught increases on a slow steady rise. Answers on a postcard....

So, what have we got for you this month? Two more carp angling legends join us this month! We are having "A Chat With... Mr Julian Cundiff" as he gives us an insight into what keeps him going and how he keeps his passion alive.

We are also joined by Keith Moors this month and if we know Keith you can expect some "tasty" pieces from him in the near future so hold onto your hats. Trust me... as I get to know Keith... I'm not wrong!!

Joe Ashdown and Richard Austin also joins us, and we have our regular writers Scott Grant, Lee England, Ethan Carper and a whole host of guest pieces. We begin our "catch reports" section... a chance to show off your fish to the readers. Everyone is welcome. All ages, all levels of angler and all sizes of fish!! Let's see what's being caught out there.

Have you won one of our February competitions? Winners names announced in this issue.

****REMEMBER...** this is the last month of your 2015/2016 rod licence and they are due to run out on the 31st of March. Get your renewals sorted.

That's all for me right now, we hope you enjoy the magazine, and don't forget you can contact us at any time. Have a god month... and keep those catch reports coming in!

Many thanks
Team Talking Carp.

Email brian.dixon@talkingcarp.co.uk
(for catch reports make sure you type
"catch report" into the subject box.)



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Coming next month



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A Chat with Mr Julian Cundiff

This month we welcome an angler who is a household name, an angler known to us all, and a man who seemingly has the energy of a man half his age, yet the knowledge of a man twice his age!! Ladies and gentlemen we are extremely pleased and proud to bring you a chat with Julian Cundiff.

Q1. It would be fair to say that you seem to have been around the game a long time, and whilst others have come and gone you seem to have stood the test of time. What is it that continues to drive you to remain at the top of your game?

A1. Hi Brian and thanks for having me.... Crickey, that's an introduction and a half buddy. Energy of a man half his age...that's 26 and a half then (you do the maths.....)

...Looking back I guess I have been in the game a long time having started fishing in 1973 and started carp fishing in 1986 and as you say I have seen them come, and seen them go. In fact, when I do any research in my back copies of Carp-world, Carp Fisher and Big Carp many if not most of the writers then are not around today. It's a sad fact but plenty burn

out very very quickly which is daft considering what a great hobby it is...So what keeps me in it? You mention drive Brian and my ONLY drive is to keep enjoying what I do.

I have never been driven by big fish and when it comes to numbers or targets the last time I was driven by that was over twenty years ago when I wanted to catch forty-five twenties in a year to 'beat' the record of forty-three. I did it by late October but realised I was becoming a carp catching machine rather than simply enjoying it for what it is.

That October morning was a massive turning point for me in that thereafter numbers and size have not driven me on at all. What drives me is to give it my best shot each session, week, year etc. Sometimes I will have great success and sometimes it punishes me but the only thing I ask myself is did I give it my best shot? Bugger what other people have caught and what efforts they put in what did I do?

That way I can never really fail providing I am giving it my best shot. If I was having to catch more or bigger each year, it would be the law of ever decreasing returns in all honesty and that's not for me. So with the greatest of

respect to those that do that kind of thing fair play to you but I do it on my own terms and always will I hope....

I am simply at the top of MY game rather than the top of THE game...After all who is? Is Terry ahead of Dave? Is Jim ahead of Chilly? Does it chuffing matter? Not to me I can assure you Brian and I hope that I have always managed to get that point across to those I try to inspire....



A Chat with Mr Julian Cundiff

Q2. For those that are unaware of your early years, would you care to share how it all began for you? From your days of tench and pike fishing to winning a competition to fish with a star angler in a national publication?

A2. This is going to make me sound really old, and maybe I am compared to some of you but my early years go back to 1973 when I caught my first fish a perch at Drax Pond. I'd been push biking with my pals at the time round the local area and one route took us past a pond.

I saw an 'old man' fishing and as I got closer I could see him playing a fish. My friends carried on cycling whilst something made me stop and watch. Eventually the fish was landed Brian and from memory a lovely tench.

The man who looked like Mr Crabtree was Eric Hodson who unbeknown to me was a big name in specialist angling. He was big into his tench but also had formed the BCSG and Pike Society....boy had I fallen on my feet.

Not only did Eric not shoe me away but he explained things to me and seemed genuinely pleased that I was showing

an interest. My friends carried on but I spent the afternoon in his company and an angler was born....

From 1973 - 1982 I served my apprenticeship in fishing progressing from perch to roach, bream to rudd. I even had a dabble at match fishing but couldn't see the attraction at all. Competition never did it for me so although I did win a few matches I bowed out early and let Will Raison have a go instead.

The late seventies and early eighties was all about 'specimen hunting' and I managed to catch specimen eels, pike, bream and tench.

From Loch Lomond in Scotland to Johnsons in Kent I travelled far and wide for my fishing apprenticeship and you know what Brian I think I am all the better for it. In all honesty carp were never on my radar until 1983 when I first started to read the odd carp fishing article in Colin Dysons Coarse Angler and David Halls Coarse Fishing.

Trouble is the writers at the time made them sound uncatchable and with little in the way of 'known' carp waters round me I was happy with tench and bream in the summer and pike and girls in the winter.

Girlfriends were selected not only on looks but did they have a car to drive me to the pond in?

1983 and I started to hook and occasionally land the odd single figure carp from my tench ponds but the turning point came in 1984 when I went stalking what I believed to be double figure tench only to land a double figure carp, my first double!

Fishing would never be the same again and my specimen gear was cannibalised into carp gear and a carp angler was born. Carp Fever was my bible and the writings of Hutchinson, Paisley, Kevin Nash, Geoff Kemp, Andy Little and the mysterious Matthew Black inspired me to reach for the stars.

By 1986 I was a competent local carp angler and although a trip to Kent only produced tench at 8-08 it was a big old male tench and won me the fish of the month award in Coarse Fisherman sponsored by Crafty Catcher. The prize was either a pile of bait or a day's fishing with Andy Little....yeah right.

Keep the bait guys I am going fishing with one of my icons.... And the rest as they say Brian is history...



"I was hoping the carp would move in on the baits," explained Julian, 23, a magistrates clerk, who used King Prawn flavour boilie on a 4 hook to 11 lb line.

"The tench was caught on the fourth day of the session and was in immaculate condition without any spawn," said Andy who had grilled the bait so it just floated off the bottom.



A Chat with Mr Julian Cundiff

Q3. How did your carp angling progress as you learned your trade? You seemed to go from strength to strength without fault or failure? Is this really the case or do you have your own personal tales of woe?

A3. I guess that one thing I have always resisted is running before I can walk Brian. Ten years of coarse fishing gave me a massive edge as in all honesty if you can catch tench and bream you can catch carp. Location, bait application and determination....

Get those sorted and the rest is pretty straightforward. From sidehooking homemade trout pellet paste boilies to the original hair rig from 1.7 lb Bayer Perlon I made steady but impressive progress. Drax, Three Lakes, Tyram Hall, Cuttle Mill, Broadwater, Willow Park, Willowgarth and countless others were kind to me and by the late eighties I was pretty happy with where I was with my fishing. Personal tales of woe? Of course!!

My next book is going to be a hard hitting warts and all account of my life and believe me I have been there and worn that bloody tee-shirt Brian. Mad girlfriends, job worries, family deaths, losing my permits on waters, other

interests, work pressure.... and real life.

In the grand scheme of things compared to Syria, cancer and ISIS it's no big shakes but I promise you guys I have lived and felt your pain too. Fish falling off at the net, swims stitched up, bailiffs letting my tyres down, friends letting me down, losing sponsorships, baits not working, rigs failing, good ideas becoming bad ideas.... just the ups and downs of carp fishing Brian...

There have been times when I have really had to dig deep to keep my fire burning particularly when I lost my mum and split up with my long term girlfriend Julie. Luckily I was able to dig myself out of the hole and not once over thirty years have I packed in my fishing, sold my gear or anything like that.

The longest I have taken off fishing was December 1991 to July 1992 when I was writing Practical Carp Fishing and that drove me mad believe me....It always looks great from the outside looking in Brian but behind the smile there are tales of woe....just as there are for rock stars, golf players, footballers....anyone.....



Q4. Social media has pretty much opened up the whole world of angling, from finding venues to reading about the latest hints and tips, and has probably given us more access and insight than was ever possible before.... But what do you feel cannot be learnt from sitting at a laptop all day reading?

A4. I love social media Brian and I think it's a great tool when used sensibly. It's the modern world and if anyone thinks they can push the genie back into the bottle they are kidding themselves mate.


Either accept it for what it is or just leave it alone.... That said.....nothing and I mean nothing can compare to actually getting out on the bank and dealing with reality.

No two waters are the same, no two carp are the same and no amount of work on a computer or smartphone can make you an angler.

Being out there in the elements and feeling out of your depth at times is the only way to learn.

When I started carp fishing Tim Paisley gave me loads of advice on fishing the Tile-ry but that first session on the Tiles facing a huge wind made me realise how far out of my depth I was. I regrouped, I made sure I got the right tackle, I got my head out of my arse and got on with it. That lesson came in useful in later years and is the mantra I follow all the time...

I have met some of the greatest carp anglers on line and through letters (in their own minds) but the proof of the pudding is in the doing. Whether it's me, Terry, Laney, Jim or anyone else we did our apprenticeship on the bank not in our bedrooms.....Well not that kind of apprenticeship !!!!

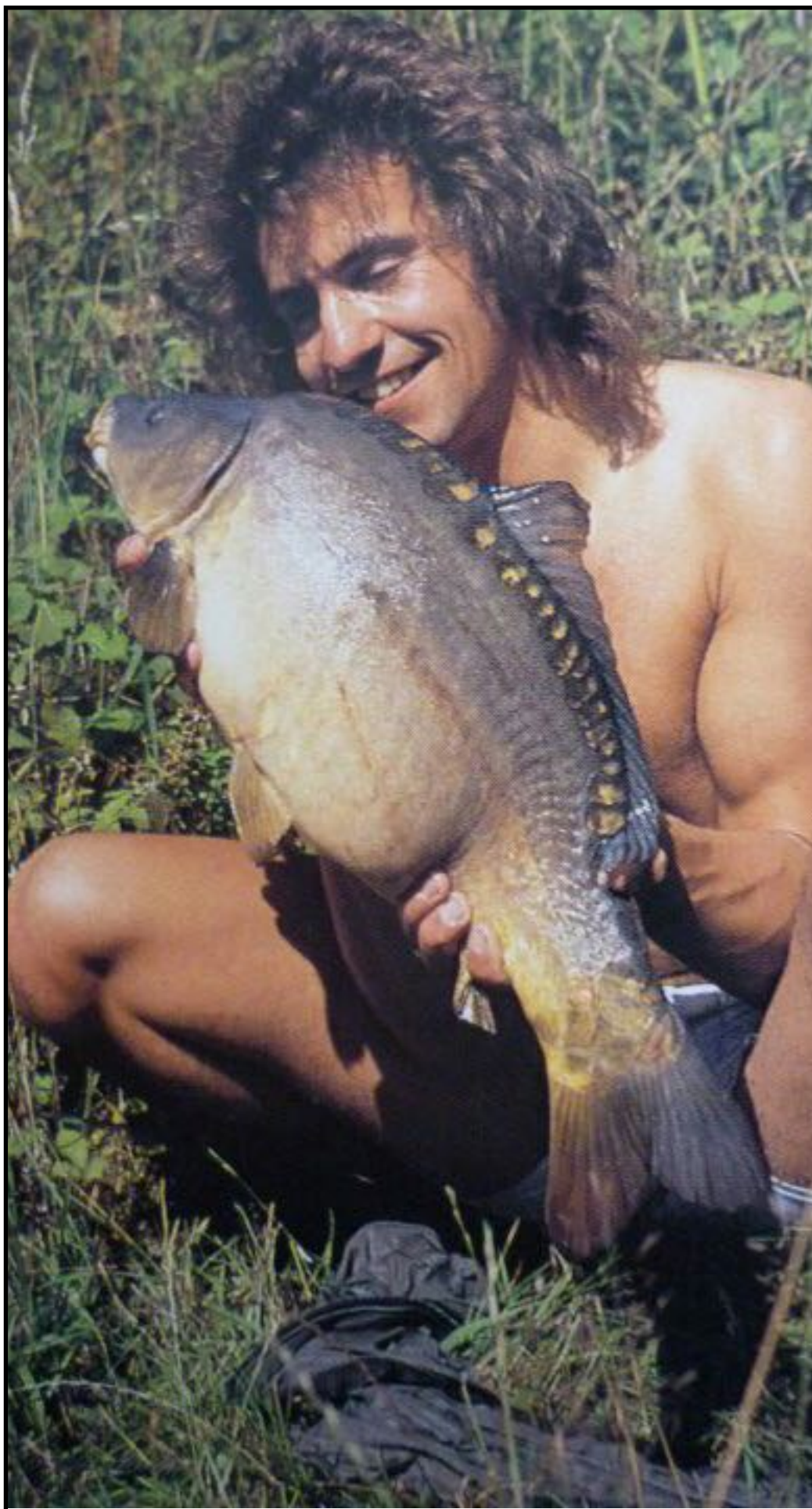


“My next book is going to be a hard hitting warts and all account of my life and believe me I have been there and worn that bloody tee-shirt”

A Chat with Mr Julian Cundiff

Q5. For your personal pleasure which do you prefer? Day ticket venues that gives you the added pressure and extra challenges of fishing against other anglers or quiet, out of the way, syndicates where it may be just yourself against the fish? Or do you have room in your life for both?

5. I pick waters nowadays purely and simply on what I enjoy. They have to be quiet, wanker free, hold carp from 15-35 lbs and scenic. The days of me choosing waters on fish size alone are long gone. Life is too short to waste it on waters I don't enjoy even if the carp are big. Wall to wall anglers, long journeys, traffic noise.....no thanks!!!!



Q6. As a born and bred Yorkshire man, and having fished some of the harder northern waters like Drax, Tilery, Motorway and Selby to a great degree of success, have you ever come across a water, that you just could not crack? A water that beat you to the point where you have walked away

knowing there are fish swimming round yet you just could not seem to catch?

A6. Most waters I have fished I have done well to very well on and to be honest I am struggling to think of any waters I have truly failed on Brian. That said I have never been that successful catching the waters biggest fish as

I tend to catch virtually everything other than the big one. My tactics tend to draw in lots of fish and get me bags of fish which often is the not the way to catch the big fish. I guess looking back I have caught them eventually but I am not good at selecting and catching one offs (and I don't care....)



A Chat with Mr Julian Cundiff

Q7. It would be fair to say that you are probably one of the most documented anglers out there with countless books, magazine articles, video series and one of the most popular Facebook pages I've seen. Do you have any plans for one more book or dvd series?

A7. Six books so far (Carp Waters, Practical Carp Fishing, Successful Carp Fishing, Beekay Guide To Starting Carping, Beekay Guide To Carp Rigs and Short Session Success) and one more biggy to come Brian.

That will be a one off, warts and all autobiography combining my life in and out of fishing with technical work. It will be a big old book and will be nothing like anything you have ever read in fishing terms before.

It will come with a free DVD of fishing from 1982 onwards that I

have never shared and hopefully be a nice freebie for those prepared to invest in my book. 2017 I hope but I will only be able to complete it when I finally finish work at court...

Q8. You've been around and worked alongside some of the biggest names in carp angling over the years, who still stands out in your mind as being influential to yourself and carp angling in general?

A8. I have been lucky enough to meet and fish with most of the well-known anglers of the eighties onwards and most have impressed me one way or the other.

I absolutely cannot name just one person as being influential to me as so many have contributed so much Brian.

Eric Hodson for giving me my start and forming both the BCSG and Pike Society and raising the awareness of specialist angling. Tim Paisley for giving me a chance with writing about carp fishing and his contribution to carp fishing through Carp Fisher, Carpworld, Crafty Carper, Carp Talk, Nutrabaits,

The Carp Society, The PAG, his numerous books and so much more. Kevin Maddocks, Kevin Nash and Rod Hutchinson for their pioneering work and Andy Little for giving me that chance way back in 1986 at Willow Park and still being a fine friend in 2016.

All great BUT as an angler Andys ability to catch was amazing.....

And then anglers like Ian Booker, Peter Springate, Rob Maylin and countless others all inspired me....

KE

CARP WATERS



Julian Cundiff



Q9. Is there a water anywhere in this country that you would still dearly love to fish but just can't seem to get there? A particular water that you really relish the thought of fishing but so far has eluded you?

A9. In all honesty Brian no... If I was driven by the desire to catch big fish or record fish then maybe so but the waters I want to fish I have. Savay, Church Lake, Longfield....all famous waters I have fished ...Nowadays I only fish waters I truly want to and with work as it is I am restricted somewhat in my geography. When I retire it will be different but the waters I want to fish I am sure I will be able to.... There are lots of lovely waters in this country and no one should feel too far from a good one. If you have the cash and the time and are prepared to travel the world

is your oyster guys.....

Q10. And now to end this session on something a little light hearted... I remember a certain carp angler getting voted "fishings sexiest angler and also became a Daily Star page 7 fella"

... superstar angler to carp angling stud overnight, tell us how this came about?

A10. Ooooh, ahhhh Daily Star indeed...Back in 1992 when I first started writing my Angling Times column the paper ran a light hearted feature on the lack of sexy anglers...It created a bit of interest in that kind of thing and they decided to run a competition to find the countrys sexiest anglers.

To be honest there was not that much competition and yours truly was awarded the title with a believe Des Taylor coming third? And as they have not run it again I

am still the reigning champion ha ha...The picture they used was picked up by a local paper (The Yorkshire Press) and then a national. The Daily Star, used it as their Page 5 Fella...

All in fun of course but it certainly raised my profile and got me an invite to be 'On The Bed' with Paula Yates on The Big Breakfast TV show...That was perhaps going to be a step too far for work so I had to decline that kind offer.

Mind you having seen what became of the guest (they used Michael Hutchence from INXS) and Paula Yates maybe it was a good move.... Crickey that's over twenty years ago Brian..... where does time go ???

Julian Cundiff



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GETTING IN TOUCH:

CATCH REPORTS



Andy Hyden

I decided to do a day session on my local club water. I ended up only doing 4 hrs. the weather turned nasty. I ended having 4 carp up to 19lb 11oz mirror and an 18 lb 3oz common. All caught on KD rig size 6 hook on Natures Baits Alpha range boilie.



Billyjo Barsby

A recent 24-hour trip to a local lake with his dad saw Billyjo Barsby have a 15-minute battle and go on to land this lovely 17lb 3oz mirror. Well done Billyjo.

Colin McGurk.

A windy 24hr session.

Turned up at Rush lyvers just after 15:00. I had all rods in by 15:15, by half past I had one on, no longer than five seconds later it was off, so set the rod back out another. Half hour later another one on, same again struck into it held tight for a couple of seconds again it was off. A change of rigs and all rods were back out, that was it for the action for the rest of the day. Next day and the middle rod goes this time she stayed on, a good ten-minute fight later and I end up with this beautiful specimen weighing in at 12kg just over 26lbs. She fell for 2MNT wafers from lake-side baits topped with 4 maggots and a stick of my mix of mixed nuts and pellets and maggots.



Special memories are made of this - Darren Greenfield

As this is the first time I've written a piece about my fishing I thought I would talk about my first 30lb carp on a day that will I will always remember and a memory I will always cherish. Me and my 5-year-old son decided to do just the day on my local club water and on arrival we did our usual walk of the lake looking for those little clues, seeing the odd fish roll on an area I've fished before. We soon set up putting all 3 rods out to a gravel bar at 80 yards, 1 on top and the other 2 was at the bottom and side.

I don't normally put all my eggs in one basket but as this was where I have seen the fish it had to be done, and within an hour I was playing my first carp of the day which turned out to be a nice low double, result! After putting the carp back and recasting the rod I said to my son "the next run is yours mate". we both sat there, wishing, willing and hoping for that next run.

A couple of hours passed with no sign so we decid-

ed to have lunch and you know it, as he was just drinking his cherry pop the middle rod ripped into life!!

I quickly picked the rod up and passed it over with the rod butt between his legs, he looked like he was playing a better... carp during the fight I noticed a carp roll to my right so I quickly recast the right hand rod to the area I saw the fish.

By this time the carp my son was playing was ready to be landed I slipped the net under what looked like a PB for him and the scales it confirmed it a 17lb 8oz mirror. The excitement in his face says it, and I was one very proud dad too! Good job son!!

All pics were taken and as we were putting it back out the blue my right rod was taking line but this run wasn't like runs I've had in the past? As soon as I picked the rod up I said to my son "this is a better fish"... a chap 3 swims down could see that my 3.5tc Freespirit

was bending to something a little bit more than the usual doubles so he came up to lend a hand as the banks are a bit steep, and as I have a false leg I didn't want to slip and lose this fish, it seemed like forever before it gave up and as soon as the head was up the net went under a big "GET IN!!" was shouted out with the chap picking the fish and bringing it to the mat.

I had no idea on the size as he was carrying it he said "it's a big twenty, mate" which I was well happy with, then I opened the sling and looked and thought "mate you need to change your glasses!" on the scales it went 33lb 10oz!! my first 30lb carp and PB mirror. I was buzzing and it was also the lake record. This day will always stay with me and to me it is what fishing is all about.

A day fishing with my boy, and a day when we both landed personal bests... can you possibly top that??? We will see, but I doubt it very much.
Darren



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Into the world of carp fishing - Robbie Wilberforce

I've always been fascinated by carp fishing, from being a youngster at the tender age of 5 or 6 seeing people catch these huge elusive creatures from the waters depths. I could never imagine myself catching one that big!!

Well fast forward a number of years, more than I care to admit and I still have a fascination with big carp, however they don't seem to be as elusive as years gone by. I still class myself as a young angler being the tender age of 17, and still not being able to drive limits oneself to where and how long I can fish for.

I live in rural north Yorkshire so I don't have an abundance of good carp waters I

can get to quickly. So most of the time I need mum or dad to give me a lift and pick me up. This means I can only fish my favourite venues when I'm free and when Mum or Dad can give me a lift.

I started carp fishing properly aged 13 and I have to say I learnt my trade from a very good angler and Drennan cup winner Julian Chidgey. I started my carp angling journey with sessions with him and I have never looked back. I caught some stunning fish with Julian and picked up things it would have taken years to develop myself. At this time most of my fishing was limited to holidays and I always loved going for my week at Anglers Paradise.

Since then my angling has progressed lots and I now find myself enduring wind, rain and big winds to catch carp of all sizes.

When people talk about carp fishing I hear words used like hobby, pastime or even obsession and I'm somewhere in-between. I love heading out for a long session but I rarely get time to so I'm normally limited to 24/48 hour sessions most of the year.

This year I had some very memorable sessions, none more so than my sessions on majestic pool this year. I really enjoyed my time there and caught some stunning fish and broke a few pb's along the way.



Into the world of carp fishing - Robbie Wilberforce

My first proper session on the lake came on the 19th of April for 48 hours. It was the warmest day of the year so far and all the fish were up in the layers. As I arrived somebody was in car park so I decided to plot up in Fletches. A swim with lots of features, including the island and the spit amongst others. I placed one rod on the spit and the other two rods on zigs, out to where I saw fish cruising.

After about an hour my middle rod raced off and I was in. It was a strange fight and to be honest I wasn't sure what it was. As it got closer I realized what I had, a

small little jack pike hooked right in the scissors. I don't know how it didn't cut me off. As the pike looked like they were spawning I quickly slipped it back as I didn't want to stress it out. As the day progressed it was clear the fish were not interested in feeding but more enjoying sunning themselves and feeling the sun on their backs.

As evening got closer I looked for a few spots, in open water and by the island. I found a nice open water spot which gave me a hard thump as I felt the lead down, after a few casts to make

sure it was clear I put a bit of bait out. I put around 50 baits out in around the area in hope they would come onto the feed later on as well as a few spombs.

I stuck out a squid and orange wafter from Tor Baits out which matched my freebies. At this stage I wasn't sure if they liked a bit of colour so I kept things safe on this rod. After this I flicked a lead out to the island, it was quite weedy all around the area but was clear if you got tight to the bush.



On this rod I put several mini spombs of chopped boilie, corn, and pellet as well as plenty of Chili Hemp from Hull particle, a real favourite. This was then giving a soaking of glug over the top. On this rod I had a simple little balanced corn stack on a blow-back style rig.

On my left hand rod placed to the spit to my left I put several handfals and whole and chopped boilie and chili hemp, with a matching wafter tipped with pink over the top.

As it began to get dark I put the stove on a heated up some left over roast dinner from the night previous and made myself a brew before slipping into my sleeping bag for the night. It was a cold one with clear skies and high pressure with my net and un-hooking mat icing over during the night.

On first light my bobbin pulled up tight on my middle rod, before the clutch started ticking and I was in. The fish stayed deep in open water before starting to head straight towards me, a couple of nervy minuets under the rod tip later and she was in the net.

After flicking my head torch on and looking at my prize I wasn't sure if it was my first 20lb fish from majestic pool or not. After getting my camera sorted and made sure my unhooking mat was wet and I had a bucket of water sorted and I lifted the fish out, I didn't want to put a number on it but it was close.

After I hoisted it up the Rueben's flickered before settling on 20lb 10oz. My first ever 20lb from Majestic pool and I was buzzing, but I wasn't to know what was going to happen a couple of hours later.

After bite time came and went and being the only person on the lake I reeled in and went to find the fish, I wondered up the no-fishing bank and saw the odd fish before making my way round to car park.

As I arrived it was clear the fish were here in numbers, so I rushed back and grabbed my rods, net, unhooking mat, and some bait and pva. I put the left hand rod over the island on a hinge stiff, put my middle rod out towards the middle on a zig with black and red foam and put my right hand rod in the margin to my right.

It was really clear on the margins so put stuck the baited rig with a little pva bag and some chops and some chili hemp and corn about a rod length off the reads as I thought they might feed with more confidence here. With all 3 rods sorted, I laid back on my unhooking mat and enjoyed the sun while I could.

After about an hour with no action I was a little bit despondent so I went and checked my margin spot and the area was all clouded up, so I rushed back to the rods and waited for the action. Several minutes later the rod started arching across the floor and I was in, it felt like a good fish charging all around the bay. To my surprise my middle rod on a zig ripped off a race of knots while I was still playing the first fish.

Luckily a fellow angler had arrived just as the second rod roared off, he picked up the rod and kindly played it until I had netted the first fish. With the first fish in the net he handed me the other rod and after a couple of minutes it went solid. I was gutted as I had lost the fish which looked much bigger. But I couldn't be too upset as I had a nice mirror

sulking in the net. Kindly co-owner Phil was working on the stock pond so he came over and saw me, he soon recognised the fish as the 'Brown fish'. We weighed it and it went 25lb 10oz a new pb for me and I was buzzing to say the least, I hopped into the water getting my feet all wet but I couldn't care as I saw the fish slip back into the lake. Just as I was getting the rod sorted I saw the rod which had been locked up starting to move so I picked up the rod and to my surprise it was still on.

It must have weeded me up but had come out after I gave it some slack. I soon netted the fish after a short second fight and I was almost positive I had a fish called the 'slate grey' by the size and shape. I soon shouted to Phil just as he had started work again and he came over and we weighed it, it was indeed a new pb as it went 27lb 2oz.

Two pb's in less than 20mins I couldn't complain. Having such a good angler like Phil meant he took some great pics for me as I forgot my camera (cheers Phil). After talking to Danny later he showed me some pics and the fish I caught wasn't the slate grey but indeed an un-named fish pushing through the ranks, a great sign for the fishery. I slipped her back and saw her drift away in the crystal clear water. I have read about anglers being buzzing after a capture but I had never really experienced one as much as a buzz as I did then.

The rest of the session went without any action but I couldn't have cared less after what had happened. It sure did make packing up a lot easier the next day.

Robbie



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Spring Is In The Air - Scott "Geezer" Grant

Following on from my last session it was business as usual. I arrived at my syndicate lake bright and early on a May Tuesday morning.

I had three nights ahead of me so my approach was going to be: if you don't see any fish go with your gut feeling/experience and bait heavily. From previous seasons there is an area of the lake that tends to hold the fish through winter and into spring.

I have previously fished the area but from another swim, but this time I was actually going to fish from the swim opposite the area.

For me line angles play a massive part and for whatever reason fishing a different angle can be the difference between blanking and catching.

At the start of every session I check the weather for pressure wind direction etc. We had thunderstorms expected and the wind was already a South Westerly at 18mph, pressure was 1005 but rising. For me this was all positive and I wasted no time in getting the gear from the car and to the swim.

The first thing to go up was the bivvy then everything else followed suit. I then sat and watched the water whilst

having a coffee for any signs of activity.

Just as I was about to start tending to the rods the heavens opened up, and my god did it come down. The rain only lasted for about 20 minutes or so but I was so glad I wasn't in the middle of setting up. As the rain passed I grabbed the marker rod and had a feel about in the swim. The lake was still weedy but I managed to find some clearer areas amongst it.

Due to the areas I was fishing I kept to the same rig that I have 100% confidence in and has never let me down. The rods were cast to the areas I was happy with and a couple of kilos of boilies were applied. With the two furthest rods I used my carbon throwing stick, gone of the days where the sticks were so heavy they gave you tennis elbow if you used them a lot, of which I have suffered. The flying rats as I like to call them were there mopping up what they could but I was hopeful I had got enough bait out.

I also had 5 kilos of Robertson's particles with me and I was going to wait until later in the afternoon and then top the areas up with something a little different.

Again for me it was the pink and white pop ups which are without a shadow of a doubt my favourite colours through winter months into spring. I spent the day just watching and listening for any signs of activity. As Dusk was approaching and the flying rats had left the lake, I topped the areas up with another kilo of boilies and a few spods of particles.

With the graft done it was sit back and wait for the carp to play ball. Dinner was prepared and what a lovely dinner it was, meatballs and pasta with a kick of chilli. A couple of anglers turned up in the darkness only for a night, one of them was my old mukka Steve.

He fished the far end of the lake on my previous session and kindly photographed the "Pretty One" for me. He stopped off for a quick chat as he was off down the far end where he has been baiting.

I did say to him as he was leaving "I hope you're not going to work too early as I'm going to have a lump in the morning"...

Steve just laughed.

Spring Is In The Air - Scott "Geezer" Grant

I laid on my bed with the radio on low and before I knew it I had fallen asleep!!! I woke up at 01:15 in the morning shivering, the temperature had dropped and I was laying on top of my sleeping bag.

I put the kettle on jumped out for a piss then tried to cuddle my stove to get warm. By the time I had drunk the coffee it was around 03:00 and I got into the bag this time and drifted off.

It only seemed like I had been asleep 10 minutes when my receiver let out a couple of bleeps. I sat bolt upright, head torch went on and I looked down at my rods. The left hand rod was the culprit. I sat up listening for a few minutes then laid back down and went to sleep.

The next thing I knew my receiver went into melt down! The left hand rod was away, I jumped out the bag, crocs on and down to the rods I went. I lifted the rod and the fish started fighting hard, taking line at every opportunity. After a dogged battle the big mirror hit the spreader block. I peered into the net and knew I had landed a good fish. When I laid her on the mat I estimated it was a fish around the 40lb mark. On the scales she went 39lb 4oz I was over the moon.

I secured the fish in my floatation sling whilst I sorted the camera etc.



But to be honest there was very little which surprised me given that the carp should be waking up.

I gave Steve a text and asked him if he would kindly do some photos, he said no problem he will be down in 10 minutes as he was leaving for work.

With Steve in the swim I retrieved the fish and Steve couldn't believe it as I said I had caught a stockie lol. He took some cracking photos of which I am very grateful. The fish was named "Diesel" after another member's dog. The fish was treated again with my care kit and returned to fight another day.

My confidence was now sky high and I knew there was more to come it was only a matter of time. I spent the morning watching the water for any signs of activity.





“I sat bolt upright, head torch went on and I looked down at my rods. The left hand rod was the culprit...”

Spring Is In The Air - Scott "Geezer" Grant

I spent the rest of the afternoon tying up some rigs and just generally chilling out. At around 17:00 I decided to put the rods out and again top up the areas with a little bit of bait.

I was feeling really confident and wasn't expecting anything to happen until the early hours when the fish seem to be feeding.

After a lovely dinner I perched myself on the bed stuck the tele on low, left the bivvy door open so I could hear or see anything. As the evening started drawing in another member and good friend Elliott arrived and was doing a couple of nights.

He stopped off for a brief chat and a cuppa; he decided to fish the swim two up from me to my right. A great choice and a swim I have caught a lot of fish from.

It was well into the evening around 22:30 and the fish started to make themselves known, I can only describe what I thought was a hippo leav-

ing the water somewhere out in front of me, my heart was thumping like a freight train, it's a feeling every angler gets an adrenalin rush if you like.

I stood by my rods and again a big old carp boshed out, I couldn't see exactly where but I could clearly see the waves lapping in front of my swim.

The atmosphere was electric I was sure one of the rods would go, I stood there listening for about an hour or so then the activity ceased.

I went back to my bivvy and got in my bag and laid there hoping the fish would jump again. I feel asleep but was woken by the sound every angler craves for not an alarm clock but my receiver going ten to the dozen.

Starry eyed I slipped my crocs on and run down to my rods nearly going arse over tit as my legs were going faster than my body could handle!

Again it was the left hand rod, as I lifted into the fish

I knew straight away it was a goodun.

The fish fought hard like most of the fish in here do and after a few hairy moments where the fish tried to do me in the marginal snags I managed to get the fish under control and slide the net under her.

By this time my back was aching like f**k!!

I composed myself and just like a kid at Christmas opening their presents I peered into the net.

Oh my god it's a fish known as the PB fish and she looked mahoesive!!

I secured the fish in my floatation sling, quickly got the rod back out on the spot then rang Elliott.

He was blown away when I told him just like I was. I knew she was big and I remember saying to him she's a good upper 40!



Spring Is In The Air - Scott "Geezer" Grant

Elliott was in my swim minutes later with a big grin on his face, I retrieved the fish and lifted her onto the tripod, when it was steadied Elliott called a weight out of 48lb 4oz. I was totally blown away this is the PBs biggest ever weight!!

With the adrenalin rushing through my body handling the fish was pretty straight forward it was only after that my back was crying out in pain. I must say a massive thanks to Elliott for taking cracking photos it makes such a difference when you know the person taking the photos is good with the camera.

With the photos done I cradled her in the water for a few minutes until she was ready to fight another day, there is no greater feeling then being in the water releasing the fish you've just captured magical moments for sure.



With my swim looking like a bomb had gone off I put the kettle on for a much needed coffee. As we were sat there talking about what just happened my middle rod burst into life.

I was on the rod like a flash and again the fish was giving me a good fight. With Elliott by my side it was a lot easier, he grabbed the net and after a few minutes done the honours. It was another good fish

which I was more than pleased with. As all the weighing equipment was out I weighed the fish straight away, 30lb 12oz of fighting mirror.

Elliott did make comment and said "If you think I'm here just to take photos of your fish you can think again" Well there were a few other words which I won't mention. I was absolutely buzzing two nights and three stonking fish banked you couldn't

write it. This was the last fish of the session, I did fish another night hoping the fish were still in front of me feeding but they had moved out.

Sessions like this don't happen often but I've always said every dog has his day and this was mine.

Until next time enjoy your fishing, stay warm and be positive Remember its only fishing...



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CATCH REPORTS

Gary May

A very windy trip out on the first day of February to a club lake in Witham in Essex surprisingly resulted in a nice haul of 5 carp ranging from 15lb up to 21lb including a gorgeous scaley mirror.

All were tempted by a snowman rig consisting of a 14mm purple haze boilie and a pop up, both of which are made to order for me by Carl and Linzi at Weights and Baits.



Keith Moors has been out on his own water when he knew the conditions looked spot on for a bite... and how right he was with this handful of upper 30s and lower 40s. Well done Keith... and the lesson here is folks? Always listen to the fishery owners, they know their water!!

Bad Session pt 3 - Ethan Carper



Bad Session pt 3 - Ethan Carper

Five hours on and the mid-double Mirror was becoming a distant memory.

The water had gone flat calm and I had not seen any signs of fish for at least an hour.

The new spot that my right hand rod was chucked to after seeing fish moving was dead with not a bleep, at least I was saving the battery life in the 'delk'...!

The only thing happening in my dad's swim was more tea. He drinks it by the gallon and I am sure he brings more tea bags than boilies. I reckon that if he went fishing and forgot his kettle, he would be more gutted than if he forgot his rods.

We were going to be packing up earlier than normal today so I had about four hours to try and put another few carp on the bank.

With everything looking and 'feeling' right this morning when we arrived, one fish on the bank was hard to take at the moment, even though it had saved a 'blank', not that there is any shame in that...it's just not what we go for.

The 'feeling' is something that you get after you have had a few sessions and I often wondered what people meant when I would speak to them and they would say things like "it feels right today" or "it didn't feel right this morning, but it does now" or the one I was close to using "it felt right but just didn't happen".

The 'feeling' is a personal thing I guess but for me it's about everything to do with the day.

The weather conditions, the bait, the presentation, the swim, even how many people are on the lake. These all add up to that 'feeling' and for me that 'feeling' was slipping away.

Something had changed, something was not the same as it was when we arrived so it was time for a rethink.

I know people say you should 'follow the fish' but as we could not see any signs of life, that was going to be difficult. For me, it was a change of tactics and end tackle.

I had some 'chod' rigs ready and although the bottom of the lake is not really 'choddy', I like the style of this rig when fishing a pop-up. I brought my left hand rod in first as this had been out on the same the longest and although it had produced a fish early on it had not had a knock since.



Bad Session pt 3 - Ethan Carper

Using an Ashima C820, Wide Gape in a size 8, with the barb 'crushed' and filed (this water does not allow barbed hooks), I tackled up using a metre of Ashima green rig tube with a small tungsten bead at the top end to make sure it lays flat. The line was thought to a size 8 swivel and a small 'quick link' to which I attached a 1.5oz flat pear lead.

Two rubber beads locked the hook link in place on the tubing. If I had the line break, the rig would simply slide off the tube and the fish would not be tethered to the lead or any length of line.

I was going to be casting back to the same spot as I already had bait out there and had taken a fish from the spot and as this was the only indication of where fish may be, it made sense to do it.

I attached a 16mm Beechwood Baits 'The Musselberry' pop-up and had the bait sit about 1cm above the curve of

the hook. I have an empty fish tank at home and use this to see how different size pop-ups and 'wafters' sit in the water when using different hook patterns and sizes. I then adjust the hair to suit what I think is the best presentation.

Again, it is about confidence, just because I have the hair at the length I prefer does not mean it is the perfect thing and that is why I have the tank, so I can look to see how it sits in the water.

As my dad says, it is not an exact science as there are so many variables and once you punch a lead through the air you don't have a lot of control of how it sits on the lake bed but you can try and lessen the chances of it just landing in a heap.



With the rod back out and the second sausage sandwich in my hand, it was time to sit down and try to chill out. I felt like I had been on my feet all day and they say that fishing is supposed to be relaxing.

My dad had changed one rod to a zig and after a couple of hours of nothing happening, he had done the same as me and gone with a pop-up but had used a 10mm topped with fake corn. Obviously, he had also made another cup of tea...!

The lad fishing round the corner from us came round with his dad to see how we were getting on and told us that they had just had a take but not connected with the fish. I'm not sure why this happens but it is annoying. You get a screaming run, hit the rod and...nothing, not a thing, not even a slight knock, just nothing...it is annoying.

Although unlucky for them, it was good to hear and was a sign that the fish were possibly feeding. So it was back to watching the water and waiting.

This is the part that junior anglers struggle with the most. Waiting for something to happen is hard work and you can get bored very quickly.

This is the reason I used to only fish one carp rod and

float fish with another. When the fishing is slow, like it was on this session, you are always learning so it can't be boring can it...?

I feel that I learn something every time I go fishing even if it just to have patience. Try to see what others are doing and even ask. Most carp anglers are friendly people and willing to help and are happy to share their knowledge and experiences. After all, they had to start somewhere too.

Time was passing by and it is strange how the last two hours seem to fly by. My dad had already put the kettle away so I knew we had less than an hour left...!

I flicked out a few more baits to each spot and started to sort my gear out, I hate packing up, it seems to take forever and is even worse in the rain. Today, the weather had been good and it "felt right" but it just never happened. No blank but not the result I was expecting, especially after having a fish so early in the session.

My dad had already got both his rods in and was loading the barrow with his gear. I got my first rod in and packed away and then it was time for the second. Walking to the rod I was 'willing' it to go and just as I got to it... nothing, nothing at all...!!

We loaded everything on to

the barrow and walked back to the car. Another session over and although disappointed with the result, the day was still better than not going fishing.

I love carp fishing and everything about it (except packing away) and that is why I do it. One fish for ten hours fishing doesn't seem like fun but the ten hours goes so fast when you work hard at it and that's the bit I enjoy. Trying different approaches and tactics to get that take.

When you hear the alarm scream and see the spool of the reel spinning as a fish that could be your new Personal Best rips off the line, then the bend in the rod when you hit the take and the instant resistance you feel when you make contact, and then the fight, this is the best part, this is why I go carp fishing and why I keep going back.

This session may have been bad but it's never really bad because at least I am fishing and the next session is a new start and I do it all over again...getting my 'Backside Bankside' is what it is all about.

Ethan Carper

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How it all began - Keith Moors



I have received many requests from friends and customers for me to write about my earlier angling career. Quite frankly I don't feel that my early escapades into carp

angling produced anything of real interest. Yes, I caught my first carp in 1960, my first twenty in the seventies and my first thirty not too long after that but I was learning my

trade from some very good and well known carp anglers so my successes were simply by copying their actions.

How it all began - Keith Moors

That, for me, doesn't prove anybody to be good at their hobby. In order to "stand out from the crowd" you need to have, 1) recognized the problem, 2) thought through the possible solutions and, 3) tried and tested these solutions until one has been shown to really solve the problem. Once you have achieved that, then you have earned some experience and then you can feel proud enough to tell the world about your successes.

With that in mind, I feel more inclined to concentrate on the part of my carp angling life which contains those successes which I can honestly enjoy because they were/are achieved following my own decisions on, where, how and when to fish.

This, and future, articles will concentrate on the period from the early nineties on. However, it may be of interest, to some, to hear a brief detail of Keith Moors, the man rather than just the angler.

Right, let me give you a brief rundown of my history:-

Born 25th November 1948 in the bedroom of my paternal grandparents house at 79 Gladstone Road, Deal, Kent.

At 4 years old my parents, Harold, George, Edward and Dawn Ellen Moors were granted, and moved us to a new, ground floor council flat, 10 Mounts Close, Deal, Kent.

This was to remain my home until I married Jan, the love of my life, in November 1967, at 18 years old. Mounts Close was on "The Birdwood Avenue" estate and this wasn't the prettiest surroundings and has probably helped to develop my character over those fourteen years.

My early schooling was at Warden House Primary School and I managed (God knows how) to pass my "eleven plus" exam. My selection of my secondary school, Sir Roger Manwood's Grammar School, Sandwich, gives

a brief insight into my lack of street awareness. Let me explain; as mentioned above,

I lived on a council estate, my dad was a jobbing builder who was often out of work and I chose to go to a school which had a straw boater (hat) as part of the uniform, and where most of the other pupils were sons of doctors or airline pilots etc.

I was the archetypical square peg in a round hole, mad or what? Dad often used to say that, because of my straw boater, my "after school excursions" with other estate kids left me looking more like "Flanagan and Allen" LOL.

Anyway, I'm getting ahead of myself. During my early years (1952ish) my parents took me for a picnic to the local marshes. The land between Deal and Sandwich was laced with narrow drainage ditches, many of which held small fish, and this is where we would be having our picnic.

We didn't own (couldn't afford) a car so it was a walk through the estate and out into this wonderland. I was probably about 6 at the time and dad had taken a long garden cane, some line, floats and hooks. I don't know what bait he used but he caught a couple of small roach and, you can imagine just how desperate this six-year-old was to have a go.

Again, I'm not sure how many "casts" were made but eventually my dad's shout of "STRIKE!!" Led to the biggest rudd I had ever seen flying over my head and out into the field. That was it, an angler was born. I was transfixed by the fish and lay for ages watching it swim round and round in a bucket. As I got a little older I would disappear for hours with my trusty cane in an attempt to repeat the occasion.

Most trips were unsuccessful but I must have caught enough to keep me interested.

During one of my trips I was "captured" by one of the less well liked families on the estate and was tied to their gate while they fired arrows at me in an attempt to see which one of them could get the arrow to stick into the gate closest to me. That curbed my solo angling trips for a while.

A bow and arrow also caused another near tragedy when, at the age of about 10, I almost shot my mum (ask me to tell you all about it sometime) and, being grounded but allowed to use my dad's air-rifle, in turn led to me shooting a crow which perched on our neighbours tv aerial. I shot the crow with my dad's .22 and it cleaned Mrs. Renoldson's chimney on the way down. My dad's choking laughter when he recalled the scene of soot everywhere will live with me forever.

Once at grammar school, the walk home occasionally proved interesting/testing. On one occasion the Alsatian from the Magnet pub decided to attack me by launching itself, from their raised garden, through the hedge. In a reflex action, I swung my briefcase in defense and caught the dog with an upper cut that left it unconscious and twitching. The owners weren't too pleased LOL.

Another occasion resulted in me feeling a stinging pain to my right arm just as I reached our gate.

Inspecting my blazer revealed an air rifle pellet embedded into the fabric and, looking up the cul de sac I saw the "sniper" dive back behind his barricade of cardboard boxes. "Right!!!"

I dived indoors, grabbed my dad's .22 air rifle, loaded it with one of his target darts (steel points with red wool flights). I took aim at the boxes, calmly exhaled and squeezed the trigger. I heard the pellet hit the boxes, followed by a squeal and the "sniper" running for his mum with the dart in his forehead. For some reason I never heard anything more about this?

There were also some events which are best not put in print but the one from which I suffered most was during another walk home after catching the train from school. I was probably about fifteen now and believed that, my earlier experiences had taught me that I could look after myself, so as I started the last part of my walk along the narrow alleyway, that led past the drill hall, to our cul de sac, the three lads leaning against the chain-link fence didn't concern me too much.

How it all began - Keith Moors

I can remember switching my briefcase to my left hand so that my right fist was free “just in case” but other than that, just kept walking. I must have got a few paces past the lads, just at the point where you begin to relax, when I felt three impacts, together with searing pain, to my back.

I had been chosen as a walking dart board but didn't, immediately, know it as I turned to confront my attackers. They were already running flat out and I decided that, rather than chasing after them, I needed to find out what was causing the pain.

My dad managed to pull out one of the darts and another fell out but a brief trip to Deal hospital was necessary to have the last one taken out as it had embedded itself into a bone.

I will just add that I did bump into the three lads again. Each time they were on their own and didn't have any darts with them. Enough said.



My fishing included beach casting from Deal beach and the pier, as well as general coarse fishing and I truly enjoyed my time catching whatever came along and these varied from Cod and Conger to Bream, Perch and Tench. However, circa 1946, my dad also took me to London Zoo to see Clarissa,

Dick Walker's 44lb British record carp from 1952. Even now I can remember standing in front of that huge tank, watching her swim back and forth, and that ignited a fire in me which has never died.



How it all began - Keith Moors

My personal foray into “proper” carp angling started on 16th June 1967 with an “opening weekend” at Fordwich lakes, (Canterbury & District A. A.) using Gerry Savage’s Kit-e-Kat paste, and I caught a few small carp.

It then took turns on numerous lakes across the south as Jan and I moved with work. Some of the better known ones are Stonar, Darenth (through the seventies), most of the Leisure Sport venues at one stage or another, Wraysbury 1, Linear Oxford, where I was lucky enough to catch Oxfordshire’s first forty, and Acton Burnell where I managed another forty before the challenge of owning our own lake began.

During all of this I had the total support of and encouragement from my wonderful wife Jan. She stood by me while I worked long hours during the week and then, selfishly, spent parts of most weekends chasing myths. We had both been pressured into going on a blind date on 17th October 1966 and it would be a date that changed my life entirely and forever.

We spent the evening at The Griffin’s Head pub and in a line from a song that I wrote for Jan “Two kids of seventeen, on a blind date that night, Took part in the miracle, That is love at first sight.”

Our marriage has had its share of highs and lows with one of

the first lows being when Jan lost twin boys. However, that hurt has been more than made up for with the birth of our three beautiful daughters, Teresa, Michelle and Sharon. In turn we also now have seven grandchildren, Sheree, Matthew, Bethany, Paige, Lewis, Jessica and Emma plus a great granddaughter in Evie.

That leads us, more or less, up to date and onto the development of our own fishery. It has taken time, money and determination and is now our home and is beginning to be successful. It will continue to be an ongoing challenge and will probably alternate from success to failure and elation to frustration but it will certainly continue to be an immense learning curve for all of us. The one thing that I have learned so far is that there is no alternative to experience on your own lake.

You can read everything that you can find but a lot of it is just general information and doesn’t necessarily apply to the water quality, pH value, weather conditions, stock levels and many other items which are specific to your individual fishery.

My future articles will be about rigs, watercraft, successes, failures and will include attempts at producing a first class fishery which, I hope, may last for many years to come, and may continue to be developed by my family, long after my time is done. It is now a fact that my

enjoyment is coming more and more from fishery development and watching the carp growing as well as seeing others living the dream of big personal bests when they catch these beautiful creatures that we have managed to grow.

My own angling is focused on fishing my own lake so each blog will include some details of weather, wind direction and other anglers and I hope that you will be able to relate them to your own fishing situation. They will be most easily compared to estate lake fishing but should be helpful in all types of water. Let me underline that the carp in our lake are heavily pressurised by 200+ anglers each year, fishing 24/7 from mid-March through to the beginning of November. Our carp are certainly not pets, though we try to look after them as well as we can, and, on occasions, they can be difficult to tempt.

Before I continue I must add that I consider myself to be the luckiest man alive. I have a home that we cherish and which I share with the best wife that any man could wish for plus a clutch of healthy children and grandchildren. Add to that that our home is on the banks of our own fourteen-acre lake in the most peaceful, tranquil area of beautiful French countryside. What more could I wish?

Be lucky.
Keith Moors.





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**>> JANUARY WINNER NIK
WITH HIS NEW RIDGE MONKEY
TOASTER & RIG TAG SLEEVE**







A Sport? A Hobby? Or PASSION - Mark Faulkner

A Sport? A Hobby? Or PASSION - Mark Faulkner

**Fishing? How boring.....
couldn't think of anything
worse,**

sitting by a lakeside on a cold morning. Why would you want to catch a fish to just put it back then?

Some of the things people say when I tell them that I am a carp fisherman. And do you know what? I cannot tell them the answers; I much prefer to show them instead.

I cannot explain to people the anticipation of waiting for my bite alarms to scream off with a

single toner, picking up my rod and pulling into a fish. The 10 or so minutes of heart stopping fear whilst bringing the fish towards the bank, the sheer panic when the fish rolls and you think the hook has pulled, to the joy when you realize it is still on.

The total relief when you slip the net under the fish, all the time thinking this could be my biggest yet. Then after unhooking and taking a picture of my reward I finally see the beauty swim away to fight another day. So when I do get comments

like that, I ask them to come with me for a day.

My days of going fishing for 3-4 days have long gone and now nearly all of my fishing consists of short day sessions, which I find a lot more challenging. It means I have had to learn watercraft, searching for the fish and constantly watching for sign as to where they are moving.





A Sport? A Hobby? Or PASSION - Mark Faulkner

I started fishing when I was 4 years old, and like most anglers my dad took me with him. I loved spending time with my dad

whilst I was little, on the bank of the local canal, watching the float go under. He taught me how to fish, casting, baiting and most importantly patience. He still has a picture of the first fish I ever caught, a Roach about ¼ pound, but I looked so happy. My love of fishing has got stronger and stronger.

When I was around 12 years old I remember sitting at a local lake fishing with my float and maggots when a lad opposite hooked a carp. Back in those days (1985) I thought you had to be a magician to manage to catch a carp. I saw the fish which weighed double figures and immediately wanted to catch one. I spoke to my dad and told him I needed a carp, but he told me that had no idea how to catch one.

I was working at newsagents at the time delivering papers and one of the staff told me that her husband would take me carp fishing to a pool called Cuttle Mill. I had no idea what to expect so turned up with my coarse tackle.

The day that followed was amazing. Martin Dyball was the name of the person that I

have to thank for introducing me to the world of carp fishing, he told me to put away my NODDY TACKLE and set me up with a carp rod and reel. We were fishing on the long pool not the specimen lake but at the time I didn't really know the difference. I cast my rod with a big chunk of bread floating on the top towards a big set of lily pads.

I remember thinking, nothing will take that. To my utter amazement there was a huge slurp followed by a swirl and what I can only remember as total panic as the fish actually pulled my rod, this was the first time a fish had ever fought back. Even now after all these years I can remember the fish weighed 4lb4oz. I was over the moon.

I had my picture taken and even sent it to my nan because I was so proud of it. That record stood for the next few months. Cuttle Mill was where

I cut my teeth, and became one of my most favorite waters. For the next 7 years I fished the Mill pool and caught absolutely nothing. Martin had introduced me to boilies and how to make rigs myself. We both spent hours making and rolling strawberry boilies at the time I thought that all boilies were the same, I learnt later in life that I was totally wrong.

In 1990 I went on holiday with my family to Devon and found when we arrived that the place we were stopping in had a carp lake. I hadn't taken any tackle with me so my dad went to a local tackle shop and bought me a 6-foot rod and reel set, some hooks a net and set of scales. I walked to the lake and threw in some bread. To my amazement fish started feeding right in front of me. I hooked my bread and cast it out free line. It was out for a matter of 3-4 minutes when that beautiful slurping noise came. I struck into the fish and felt total and utter horror as the fish pulled line from my reel. The small rod was bending from the handle; I had NEVER felt anything like it before.

The line held and my dad netted the fish. I remember when he lifted it out thinking My God, that's a monster. I weighed the fish and the scales tipped around past the 20lb mark. I was shaking, totally and utterly ecstatic, I put the fish back and packed up. I had to go and tell my family what I had just caught. I went back to that pool at first light every morning of the holiday and caught every time I went.

I didn't manage another 20lb but every fish was over 15lb.... all on a 6-foot cheap setup. Goes to show you don't need thousands of pounds worth of tackle to catch fish. It had taken me 5 years to catch a 20lb fish.



Fast forward to 1994 and Cuttle Mill again. I had now been on the mill pool 30 times with nothing out. I was becoming quite frustrated as it had a bit of a rotation as being an easy water, I certainly didn't find it easy. I met a couple of the regulars on there who had tried to help me out, but to no avail. On my 33rd visit I met a regular called Malcolm. He looked at my rig and said straight away, "forget all these new fandangled rigs, go back to basics." He told me to make a rig from 8lb mono and put a small piece

of rubber over my hair and round the hook bend (Now known as a blow back rig). To my amazement an hour later my alarm kicked into life. My first Cuttle Mill Specimen fish. 8lb....8lb Gutted, but also sort of happy I had caught. I was on the following day too. I then met the legendary Paul Walker who was known to everybody that fished the Mill. He gave me a kg of his bait and told me where to cast. I was on peg 16. That afternoon I had my first 20 out of there 22lb 2oz common, followed by a

24lb4oz mirror. After that day I never looked back. I managed 13 30lb+ out of there over the next few years, the biggest 33lb9oz. All Mirrors. To this day I still use a simple rig although now I use a hook link made by suffix in siltolor. I have had amazing results with this.



“Even now after all these years I can remember the fish weighed 4lb4oz. I was over the moon.”

A Sport? A Hobby? Or PASSION - Mark Faulkner

5 hours later I hit into a fish, again it felt huge but this time it fought differently, it was a carp. The bailiff stood on the bank high above me and said what is your PB again. I told him 33lb9oz.

He said you better get this in then. I said to him "is it bigger?" he said "Oh yes Its bigger, It's not only a thirty..... in fact it's not only forty either..... it's definitely a fifty.... I thanked him very much for the extra pressure. 25 heart stopping minutes to land the fish. Slipped it into my weigh sling and BOOOOOOOM 58lb2oz.

I felt like crying. I finished the week with 14 fish. 3 x 40's, the 50 and numerous 30's . I returned to Dream lakes the following year and this time caught 22 fish up to 50lb, and three over the 50lb mark.

Back home, I was then very lucky to obtain permission to fish on a local mariner. I took my son down with me to see what I could catch. I crept up to the edge of the bank and to my utter disbelief 3 feet away 2 carp lay there basking in the sun,

They were huge. I thought to myself this could be my PB UK carp. I quickly set up my stalking rod and put a piece of bread on.

I flicked it out past the 2 fish and slowly pulled it towards where they were sat. One was a common but the bigger fish was a mirror. My heart was in my mouth as I watched both fish swim together towards my bread. Then Bang!! the common took the bread in one silent gulp.

I struck the rod and it was as if for a split second the fish didn't realize it was hooked. It just rolled and swam off. Then all off a sudden it woke up.

Took me under 3 barges and away across the mariner. After a great battle I landed the fish and yes, it was easily my UK PB. 44lb 8oz of UK common off the top, out of a canal. This is still my UK PB to date. I have tried my hardest to catch the mirror that looked even bigger but have never seen it since.

The following year I managed to join a syndicate local to me which has unknown fish in it. On the first visit I managed 4 fish, the smallest was 28lb and the biggest 32lb.

2014 I joined Natures Baits, a company I had heard great reviews about from a number of people. I spoke to Lee Whittaker who offered me a place on the team.

I used Natures Bloodworm X for the following year and managed to catch numerous fish to way over 30lb + from both my syndicate and out of the mariner. The quality of the bait was outstanding and my catch rates hit the roof.

I finished the year with 20 x 30lb+ and lost count of the 20lb+ers. I went with Natures Baits to the Northern Carp Show in Manchester where I was introduced to David Crookes, owner of Castaway PVA.

After a short discussion with him and team manager Paul Heseltine I was offered a place on their team too. I had been using PVA string and mesh for the past few years and I can safely say that Castaway was the best product I had ever used. I was now part of two amazing teams' in Natures baits and Castaway PVA. I have everything I would ever need. I was now fishing with two friends that I had introduced to carp fishing.

They have the same passion as me and what is most important is that we can have a laugh whilst we are fishing. There are too many carp anglers that think they are better than everybody and won't even speak to people, hiding their bait as if it's a huge secret to what they are using.

I am not one of those people. If I am catching fish, I will tell anybody how I am catching and what I am using. The three of us decided to try France again in 2014. We found a small private lake where only the 3 of us could fish it for the week.

I went with the hope of breaking my mirror PB. The fishing was extremely hard as we found out that the fish had just spawned. We still took 13 fish between us and all of us had a thirty but we couldn't help but feel let down. The lake was lovely with nice accommodation;

it was called Etang St Pierremont. We all decided to book the lake again for the following September. I was desperate for my mates to catch a 40 for myself to break my mirror record that had stood for over 17 years.



2015 Cuttle Mill had recently closed down due to HS2 purchasing it. It was very sad for everyone to see. After a couple of years the government decided to lease the lakes out whilst the plans for HS2 still went through. Carp fishers UK took on the lakes. The website that was selling the fishery said that they had netted the pool and the biggest fish in there was 27lb. This caused a lot of bad press on the internet with people calling the place a waste of money etc.

I booked onto the mill pool on the 4th day of it reopening. I chose to fish peg 9. My mate went in peg 8. We caught 4 fish between us 3 which were over 20lb. Then as the light dropped my right rod ripped away. After a short fight I landed a

lump. I thought to myself that's got to be bigger than 27lb. I was right. 30lb4oz, the first 30 out of Cuttle Mill in the new era. I told the new owners who advertised the fact that the fish were still there. The nasty comments soon stopped.

September 2015 we returned to France. My mate took bait from a well-known company with a squid and orange flavor. I used a new bait that had been produced by Natures Baits that was not available to the general public yet called SCUD. After the first 4 days we had caught 20 fish between us. My mate had nicked my bait as it was producing so many runs. Day 5 and eventually I had achieved my goal. 42lb9oz mirror. Game set and match.

The week ended with 33 fish out. 27 to the SCUD and 6 for the other bait. I had 3 x 40's and both of my mates beat their PB's with a forty each one being 47 ½ lb. totally successful week for everyone.

I look back through fishing and can't help but feel that I have done things right. I started with small fish and gradually got bigger and bigger. Fingers crossed they will get even bigger. My next target is the Ebro along with fishing in the British Carp Cup.

Remember, if you see me on the bank, stop and say hello.

Tight Lines
Mark Faulkner.

#gamechanger

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CATCH REPORTS



Mick Smith NEB consultant

30lb Mirror Venue: Butterley reservoir,
Ripley Bait: North east baits Chopped
and whole Read Reaper, Maggots and
14mm White Reaper pop up topped with
fake maggot. Rig: Soft hinged rig
Length of session: 8 hours Tactics:
Fished at 100yds on a gravel bar, 10
spods of bait over the top.



33lb Mirror, Venue: Farlows lake 1
Bait: North east baits Chopped and
whole Read Reaper, Maggots and 14mm
Pink Berry tang pop up - Rig: Soft
hinged rig - Length of session: 72hours
Other fish: 21 common, 18 common
Tactics: Fishing at 80yds on a mussel
bed, Spodding a good 4kg of maggot
and chops on the spot, regularly top-
ping up.



Phil Belton NEB Promo member

20lb Mirror, Venue: Suffolk water park,
24 acre big lake - Bait: North east baits
Chopped and whole Irish nut and 14mm
berry tang waffer - Rig: Blow back rig
Length of session: 48 hours - Tactics:
Fished at 135 yards on a sand Plato.
One of a 4 fish hit



Simon Gailier NEB Field Tester

20lb12oz Common - Venue: Local
18-acre gravel pit - Bait: single North
east baits washed out pink 14mm pop
up - Rig: Stiff hinge rig -Length of ses-
sion: 8 hours - Tactics: Fished at 60
yards on a showing fish

A Close Call - Mark Hoedemakers

It was in the beginning of 2010 when I went back to The Cup, after a ten months' break.

The water had been extremely hard to its carp angling visitors. Only Ronny had succeeded to catch Black Spot right after the spawn, but hasn't returned there since then. Unfortunately, Robby saw all his attempts to feel the scales of a Cup carp turn into a blank. It's a tough nut to crack that damn 'low-stock-gravel pit'.

I went through my acknowledged experience of that year and decided to join forces with my unfortunate friend. After a few hours of investigating the water, we found a dozen of spots. With a broad variety of depths and characteristics.

Every spot was baited up with a few boilies every other day. The percentage of fishmeal in the bait decreased at the same rate as the temperature of the water. Just one session and 3 mid-thirties later, our approach seemed to be working. Unlike the dropping water temperature, our confidence was sky-high.

In the following weeks I was able to seduce carp on a regular base and again I was

rewarded with 2 fish that almost never look an angler in the eyes. Heart-tail came visiting me twice in one week, while he only had been caught six times since 1992. And the Kaarsvet mirror came out for the tenth time in nearly 20 years. With Robby catching the full scaley, the end of the season came way too early. The mighty Maas judged that it was time to spread its wet wings over the surrounding meadows, but not before it scared the living daylight out of me during my last session.

That specific November night I put up camp, as so many times before, at the end of the peninsula. The weather conditions didn't leave much to the imagination. A heavy cloud base divided heaven from earth. Pushed forward by a fierce southwestern wind, it unleashed large amounts of water from time to time. As I had heard before, these were the ideal circumstances to get my hands on our precious prey. Full of expectations I found comfort in my sleeping bag.

It was about an hour past midnight when the bite alarm symphony shook me out of my sleep. The bivvy changed color faster than my awakening brain could comprehend,

green, red, blue, ... I did realise that the light and sound spectacle was not good news. The first malediction came out of my mouth even before I had a firm grip on the zipper of the bivvy. Once suited-up and firmly on my feet, I oversaw the bankside battlefield. The pod laying on its side and the alarms drowning. Two rods piled up, one went AWOL. And along with the rod, so went the boat...

And so I stood there, pitch dark, heavy rain and fierce wind.

The first feeling of despondency fluently evolved in cursing and swearing. Soon after the outburst, the reason came back to me. The stormy wind that was supposed to bring me all the fish, brought me nothing but misery. Pulling the boat, and the bankstick that held it ashore, my ship broke loose.

During its escape it picked up my lines and dragged the whole setup along. Involuntary I was forced to stop fishing, and there was no other option but to go on a search for my boat in the morning.



A Close Call - Mark Hoedemakers

At first light, I saw that a search would not be necessary. My boat with the third rod acting like an anchor, was floating about 80metres off-shore. I had no other option but to call Robby. I explained the whole situation and asked for his help, which he happily offered. A quick wash, breakfast and he would be on his way.

While waiting I decided to take a walk on the banks of the Maas to take a look. With the first sight, I realised it had reached its maximum throughput and was already spilling the excessive water into The Cup. As quickly as I could I rang up Robby again to make sure he would hurry up. Time was ticking, it was ticking very fast...

Previous years had taught me that there isn't much time between the first spilling and the real flooding. If we would not hurry up, I would not be able to leave the peninsula dry and safely...

And the fact of keeping dry was not my biggest concern.

Luckily Robby showed up just in time. With his boat, we were able to recover mine and my rod safely. Once everything was loaded in the trunk, we drove off to safer havens. An hour later, the water was

rushing over the peninsula and mother nature decided it was the end of my season there...

But where am I going with this anecdote? Let me tell you...

Although I am a loner behind the rods, I realise that without my fishing buddies, I would not be half the angler that I am today. What would have been the outcome of the previous story, if Robby hadn't been there for me? What would we be without our friends and their support?

The same applies to something else... What would an association be without board members, active members or volunteers? She would not exist. Even worse, she would not have a right to exist. The word has been said. Volunteer. The representative of a society that is long gone, a child of ancient times.

Fact is: volunteers are a dying race in a sour society. Football clubs, neighborhoods, party committees. All of them are facing the fact that the workload is supported by less and less shoulders. The big consummation has changed our lives and our collective mind.

"Let someone else do it." "I do not have time for that." "I don't feel like doing that." As

ostriches we put our heads in the sand. We are lucky that the BCAA (Belgian Carp Anglers Association) can still count on enthusiastic members.

They organize initiations for young anglers, prepare the request for new fish stockings, put together member evenings in different regions, work together to keep our association rising. They invest an enormous amount of time doing all that. And most importantly, they do it with a smile...

Regardless of changing family situations, in some cases they have been doing it for over ten years. Managing a BCAA-water or the daily administration of our association. Hail to their sacrifice and to their shoulders. Shoulders who not only can carry but also want to carry. These volunteers are not just a phalanx or a rib.

They are the spine that keeps the association erect. These anglers truly believe in their association. Together with likeminded people they realise what they can mean for our sport and its future. A past is something to cherish, but a future is something to be built. Real progress doesn't fly in with a fierce southwestern wind.



**“What would an association
be without board members,
active members or
volunteers?”**

A Close Call - Mark Hoedemakers

Despite the happiness of having so many BCAA-friends, we have to keep our eyes open for possible traps in front of us.

Compared to a healthy population of carp in a lake, there always has to be succession in our association. Step by step we need people to come and stay, and in this society that

is not easy. Hopefully the people who have the capabilities to organise or to manage different branches within any angling association/federation/club realise that there is more in the carp scene than fishing itself and an agreement with a sponsor. Hopefully that angler acknowledges the need for structure and organisation in the sport, and

contributes to the future (nearby or far off). That way the present group can leave the heritage to the youngsters without worries or remorse. Because next to continuity, fresh blood is of big interest to keep us going...

Mark Hoedemakers



CATCH REPORTS



Scott Grant (STOP PRESS)

Scott Grant fished a 3-night session on Churchwood Fisheries and banked 5 fish: 16lb 8oz, 19lb 8oz, 22lb 27lb 14oz and ended the session with The Long Common at 29lb. All fish caught on Banoffee pop ups fished over a new test bait from Galaxy Baits, all baits were dipped in matching Winter dip, rig was a simple chod tied with 25lb chod filament, size 6 curve hook, all end tackle used was from Sharp Tackle.



Competition!

20lb12oz Common - Venue: Local 18-acre gravel pit - Bait: single North east baits washed out pink 14mm pop up - Rig: Stiff hinge rig -Length of session: 8 hours - Tactics: Fished at 60 yards on a showing fish.. We have teamed up with Galaxy Baits to bring you a chance to win a wonderful bait package!! Galaxy Baits are giving you a chance to win 5 kilo of their very successful Blackcurrant boilies, with matching pop ups and a dip!!

To win this great bait package here's what you do.... it's easy and will take just 2 minutes...

- 1) Visit the Galaxy Baits Facebook page and give it a "like"!
- 2) Head over to our Talking Carp Facebook page and answer the following question... "I want to win the Galaxy Baits bait package because...."

As always the winner will be picked totally at random from the list of entrants and announced in our very next issue. (and I will be checking you've done both parts to this ;))
Good luck everybody!!



email brian.dixon@talkingcarp.co.uk

Wyreside Lakes Fishery

Sunnyside Farm, Bay Horse, Lancaster, LA2 9DG. Tel: 01524 792093 email wyresidelakes@btconnect.com

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Wyreside Lakes is a family run business, situated in over 120 acres of farmland at the foot of the Bowland Fells in Dolphinhorne -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 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 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 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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TYPE-R

RAPID RESPONSE



The Secret Winter Pool - Lee England

It's during the winter months when our syndicates start to slow up, the hours of daylight that we are graced with shorten and the temperatures drop, that many anglers shut there fishing gear away until the weather warms up. I on the other hand, look forward to the reduced angling pressure that winter brings, and this year I decided to find myself a little project to concentrate on from the end of November through to the end of February.

Somewhere close to home that I could bait regularly without anyone seeing, that had a few decent fish to target and somewhere that the angling pressure was as minimal as possible. After scouring google maps I managed to come across a few waters close to home and decided to do some investigating and some of the places I found were indeed lakes that could be fished but stock levels where shall we say, at a bare minimum. Others access was a nightmare, not the sort of place you could even walk to with some fishing gear let alone get to the water's edge. One evening I came across a small pool that was close to one of my friends' houses, I didn't hesitate in picking up the phone and picking his brain.

He informed me that the lake

was once a fishery but was abandoned by the owners several years ago and just left to break down, most of the stock had been taken or moved and it was more of a playground for the school kids in the summer months who wanted to try their hand at fishing.

This wasn't what I wanted to hear having got my hopes up, but he did eventually mention that there were some fish still in there and it might just be worth a go. Not entirely convinced, I started to speak to a few of the local lads that I knew who would be aware of the lake and what I found out sealed the deal for me and gave me the enthusiasm I needed to start my campaign. With a rumoured 30lb mirror, a handful of 20 plus fish and some very old mid doubles and singles to go after I decided to take a couple of kilos of a new test bait from North East Baits down to the lake after work on the Monday evening.

I finished work at 4pm the next day and rushed down to the lake, being the end of November I knew it wasn't long before I lost the light so I had to get a move on. After parking the van and making the 10-minute walk through the woods I came across the lake for the first time and I was pleasantly surprised

considering the information I was giving with regards to the lake being taken over by the school kids during the summer. If I was to describe the pool, it must be just short of an acre in a stretched rectangle shape.

Dense reed beds at the wider end with a few channels of clear water round the back of them, a few small groups of lily pads in the reed lined margin with a sparse scattering of reeds at the other end and some large overhanging trees on the opposite bank, some of which were completely laying in the water.

On my first walk round, there was definitely evidence that people had been fishing the lake. There were a few tins of sweetcorn thrown in the bushes, reeds bashed down to make swims, and even some stairs roughly cut into the bank down to the waters edge along with a few sleeper swims obviously from back when the pool was a fishery.



After my first lap of the pool roughly keeping tab of a few places I could fish, I then started my second lap baiting as I went, scattering a couple of handfuls of boilie on the spots along with some high attract pellet. With the water gin clear, it was easy to distinguish a clear spot among the silt and weed which lie in the margins. As I came round to the large reed bed at the wider end of the lake, I caught sight of a carp patrolling round the channel that meandered round the back of the reeds. I snuck up to the fish hiding behind a large tree and sprinkled a few half boilies in the area and the fish spooked off the

bait immediately, the fish continued to hold up against the reeds at the start of the channel. I sat watching the fish for a good ten minutes before I caught sight of a second carp passing through the same area and I knew this was going to be an area I could concentrate on.

The spot itself wasn't reachable from the nearest 'swim', so to fish it I would have to be prepared to slide down a steep slope to the water's edge, avoiding trees and large rocks on my way down to where the rod would be. But never the less this was the only sighting of fish I had managed to catch a glimpse

of during 2 laps of the lake so I decided to put the remainder of the bait I had with me on this spot and then left just as the last bit of light faded.

I revisited the lake every night that week continuing to feed the spot with a kilo of boilie where I had caught sight of the fish. On the second visit I saw two fish around nine, maybe ten pound just hovering over the bait, they had their dorsal fins up and looked stiff and unsure of the boilies.

The Secret Winter Pool - Lee England

The third visit I had three fish in the swim all around the same size, one fish would come in, take a boilie then shoot off into the reeds whilst the other two would hold back, they would regroup and then do the same again. On the Thursday evening was when I had a break through, when I arrived at the same time as I had been doing all week.

As I walked up to the spot there must have been five or six fish circling the area awaiting the bait and I saw a couple of high single commons, two low double mirrors and another mirror which must have been at least 16lb. I applied the bait and no sooner had the boilies hit the water, the fish were down hard on the bait stirring up the bottom feeding with confidence.

At this point it was hard not going back to the van and grabbing a rod, but I knew I had to stick to my original plan. I continued to feed the same kilo of bait on the same spot from Friday right through till the following Friday.

Every night I returned to the lake I had fish in the swim waiting for their evening feed, their confidence had grown tremendously compared to when I first introduced the

bait and I knew the time was right. I went home that evening and set up a small 9 foot stalking rod with some fluorocarbon line, collated a small tin of terminal tackle and grabbed an unhooking mat and spare net from the garage and loaded up the van and decided to hit the lake at first light on the Saturday morning.

Arriving at the lake under the cover of darkness I walked round to the spot and started to set up the rod. I opted to fish a 3 inch supple braided hooklink with a size 8 kurv shank knotless knot style, a simple lead clip system and a short piece of silicon tubing around 2 inches long. With the mainline being fluoro, I could get away with just a small blob of putty about 7 inches up from the tubing to pin the mainline down. I chopped down a 15mm maple dream boilie to about 12mm and carefully lowered the bait into place, I baited around the hook bait with half baits and response pellet and sat back in anticipation.

For the next 3 hours I sat watching the carp come in and out the spot hovering up the freebies and at times pick up and eject my hook bait. Once they had completely cleared the spot of free offerings I reeled in and decided to lengthen the

hooklink from 3 to 7 inches, maybe they were feeling the lead too quickly and this was causing them to eject. I replaced the rig and again baited with another handful of half baits and it wasn't long before the carp were back in the area with their heads down.

It was almost mesmerising watching these carp under the rod tip feeding away, knowing full well that my rig was placed in the centre of them and any second now they could be attached to my hooklink. It didn't take long with 4 fish competing for the bait before the bobbin slammed against the rod blank and the tip whipped round, fishing slack but locked, the fish only managed to get half way down the channel before I had slid down the bank and hit into it. After a hair-raising battle I had my first fish from the secret pool safely in the net. Not the biggest of fish at most a high single, but certainly one of the most rewarding carp I had caught in a long time. The fact that I had managed to get these abandoned fish to feed on the boilies was an achievement in its own right considering that they probably haven't seen a boilie for a good few years, let alone to have one in the net on my first attempt down the pool.

After the snaps it was apparent the commotion of the take and battle had spooked the remaining fish out of the area so I took the opportunity to replace a freshly baited rig on the spot and feed some more free offerings. It was a good hour before I even saw another fish come anywhere near the area, but what I did see confirmed the rumours that I had been told before I started the campaign.

The first fish that did swim through was easily a twenty plus mirror with a distinctive

scar behind its gill plate. After a morning of watching high singles and low doubles it gave me that extra buzz to continue but with no further sign of action I chose to leave the lake but not before feeding the remainder of bait I had with me.

I continued to feed the spot from Sunday through to Christmas Eve as I had done for the previous two weeks with the same results. Every evening around 4pm I would creep up to the swim to find several carp circling the

baited area. Towards the end of the week the size of the fish increased to the point of there being at least 3 high doubles bullying the smaller fish away from the bait. After Christmas was out of the way, I waited for the misses to have a few glasses of wine during our Boxing Day celebrations before slipping in the famous question of 'Can I pop down the lake for a few hours tomorrow?' surprisingly the plan worked and I was giving the nod.



The Secret Winter Pool - Lee England

I couldn't wait for Sunday to come around having not visited the pool for two days and at 6am in morning I found myself blurry eyed and creeping up to the baited area once again.

To my surprise almost immediately I spotted several high doubles in the area patrolling up and down the reeds visiting the empty spot to check if there was bait there. I had obviously established an area where these carp were keen to feed and without hesitation I placed the rig down and again fed a handful of half baits and some pellet.

Almost instantly the spot was crawling with fish confidently

feeding away. The rig must have been in the water for around ten minutes before I saw one of the bigger mirrors slowly move across the top of the rig and then gulp down the boilie.

I instantly knew she was nailed from the way it started to shake its head, sliding down the bank to the rod I bent into the fish and she started to strip line heading down the channel. I managed to eventually turn the fishes head and guide her over the net cord. Matching her up to some of the photos that I had been sent by a few mates, it turned out that she was one of the biggest in the pool at a few pound short of the 20lb mark, a right result

on what was only the second time I had fished the spot.

As usual after nailing the fish the swim died and the fish didn't return but I will continue the process and hopefully nail a few more before the season starts. Not all of us are privileged enough to find an 'untapped freebie' but it's always worth doing your research on your local area as you never know, you could be 5 minutes away from a little gem yourself.

Tight lines

Lee England





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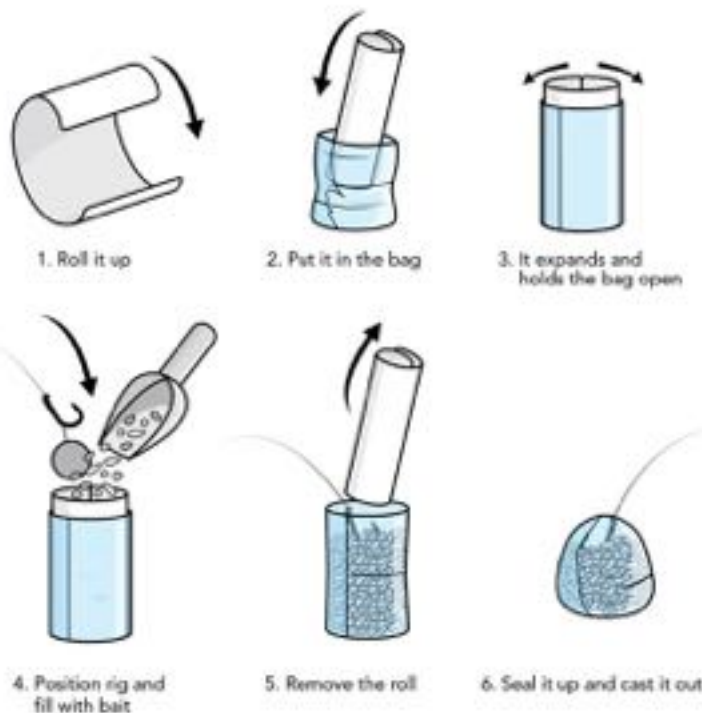
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Ups and downs of park life fishing - Joe Ashdown

Hello, my name is Joe Ashdown, and I am so lucky as I live two minutes away from a little park lake which holds about 65 fish.

Many of these are doubles but there are also a handful of 20's with the largest being around 25lb. The water is around 6 acres with a small island and depths of 3 to 9 feet with no snags or weed but there are two small bays where the lake is at its shallowest.

The first few weeks wasn't going to plan as, although it's nice and local, being a park lake meant I had to cope with dogs swimming in the lake, people throwing stones, paper boats and logs floating around.

There were times when I wondered why I was on there but being so close to where I live meant I could spend all my spare time down the lake, even when I was not able to fish. This made sure I kept in touch by watching the fish to see what they were up to and also keep bit of bait going in on a few spots.

Over time I came to realise there were some cracking looking fish present in this water.

I quickly learnt that I needed to adapt my fishing to park

life as I realised the fish didn't like to stay in one area for too long as there was no cover such as weed and snags to hide up in for a bit of peace. The fish seemed to always be on the move due to the lake always being busy with members of the public and other anglers.

I used to watch the other day ticket anglers turn up and camp, and maybe nick a bite early morning or late evening, but I decided I would move with the fish and my approach became simply if the fish moved, I would move with them.

Location wasn't usually a problem as observation revealed the fish liked to spend a lot of the time in the margins or the shallow bays. If I failed to find them in the edge or the bays I knew they would be out in the middle of the lake so then I would look for signs such as bubbles or fish showing.

Once I had found the fish I would use a small hooklength of around 3 inch of Ashima hog braid and a heavy Ashima heavy carp hook with mega maize as my hookbait dropped into a solid bag filled with carp particles. I had got myself a set of century ADV-1 stealth rods which now made it easier to fish the middle of the lake and would

then slacken off my lines ready for the fish to do their bit. When I found the fish in the edge I would adapt a different approach and still use the same Ashima ground hog braid with Ashima heavy carp hook but I would use a longer hooklength of about 7 to 8 inches with two maples as my hook bait.

I didn't put out big beds of bait when fishing in the edge for two reasons, the first reason is if the fish move off I didn't want a big bed of bait sitting there doing nothing and the other reason is that I am only trying to nick a bite not to have a big hit. The bait I use is either Carp Particles Ltd Ultimate Spod Mix, their Hemp and Snail or The Dark Mix and all these baits are great when the fish are in the edge they really get the fish going and it's amazing to see their response.

These tactics worked really well for me as I went on to catch most of fish in couple of seasons and fishing this way really worked for me as I fished different to all the other anglers. Remaining static and fishing boilies gave other anglers their fair share when the fish turned up on them but location was the key point on there at times.



I must admit it was hard at times as, with it being a park lake open to the public 24/7, my Dad understandably didn't want me to night fish as there would be all sorts of people wandering around there in the middle of the night.

In the summer months it meant setting the alarm for 3:45am to be down the lake by 4.30am and most of the time I would get on them as the fish always had a morning show. Whilst I was fishing the park lake I had some really good times landing some of the cracking fish out of there but I also had some bad times putting up with fish getting moved out of your swim by people throwing stones in the lake and dogs jumping in the water.

I remember one autumn standing there looking out to the lake watching the water when a man walked past with a Rottweiler and the dog jumped at me and bit me on leg!

My mate took his name and number and I rang my dad, telling him about the dog so he obviously came down to see if I was okay. He said had to go to the hospital because it had punctured my skin and bruised the area around it but I begged him to let me stay as I only had a few hours before dark and that was prime take time.

My Mum and Dad agreed to this and, just as it was getting dark they took me to the hospital where the nurse gave me a course of antibiotics and a telling off because I didn't

come straight to the hospital. To make matters worse the only bite I had that day was from the dog.

I have now decided to move on to a club water run by Medway Valley Fisheries and the first time I stepped on to the lake I knew it was going to be totally different to park lake fishing.

It was weedy with a few sets of pads and a few features and very quiet with no public and dogs and stone throwing. As far as my fishing goes, it was my next step up the ladder with bigger fish up to 35 lb.

Most of them was old dark looking commons with a handful of mirrors and a lot trickier to catch.



Ups and downs of park life fishing - Joe Ashdown

My first few session was a lot of leading about finding clear areas looking for spots to present a bait as this lake was more about finding your spots and getting a good drop on your lead.

Once I had good drops on the lead I would still spod Carp Particles Hemp and Snail with a few broken boilies but location was different to the park lake as the fish mostly showed after dark and bang on first light. An early event

on my new water was when I was woken by fish crashing over my area in the early hours of the morning. It was only an hour before first light so I decide to stick the kettle on and wait for first light and once it got light knew why I love fishing as it isn't always about catching fish every time you go. Watching fish showing and fizzing over your baited spots is one of the best feelings a carp angler can have and out of the blue my ATT screams into life and that morning I went on to catch

two 20LB + commons.

Even though I had some ups and downs on the park lake it taught me that location was a big part of my fishing and it still is to this day. Over last few years every lake I fish I always remember three things in the form of location, finding spots and placing your rig on the spot will help you put more fish in the net.

Many thanks, Joe.



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How and why I started making boilies - "Hookpull"

This article is done from memory so I apologise in advance if I am a bit out on the dates. I am not a bait producer and I don't sell my bait, though I have been asked to.

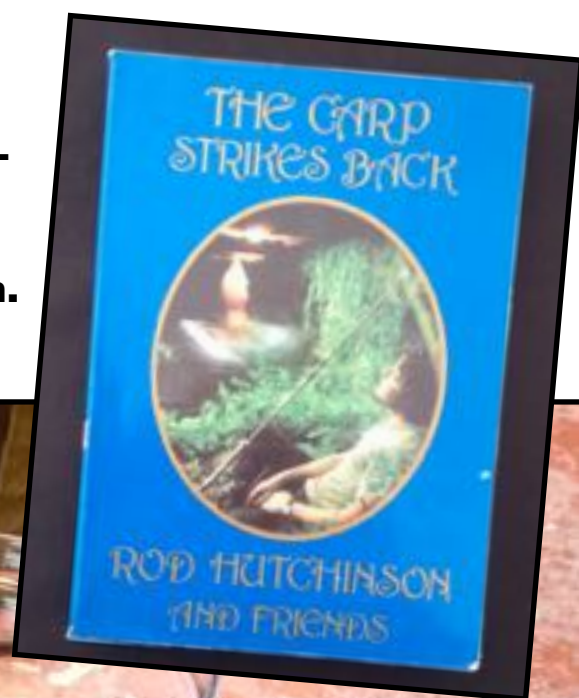
Like most of you out there reading this I have and have always had a full time job and limited time to spend on the bank. The majority of what I have picked up over the years I have learned through trial and error and through the enjoyment of experimenting making boilies. What can be better than designing and producing bait that only you in the world is using and catching fish on it? Even better when someone sees you doing well and asks what bait you are using and

you can smile and reply "my own". Early to mid-eighties I started making boilies and I enjoyed it. These bags of powder started to appear in my local fishing tackle shop, I think the brand was a man I have much respect for though have never met, Rod Hutchinson. It was I guess around the early eighties. Talk about confused!!!! I had never heard of the stuff in these bags and it was named with words I did not know existed.

Calcium Caseinate, Sodium Caseinate, lactalbumin, Whey protein????????????? That was just a few of them.

There were dozens. How did it all start? And where do I start?

So it was time to read, and read and then a bit more reading and may I say that I still read the same book now, that book is not far short of 35 years old. Anyone thinking of making boilies should have a peek. Even after so many years with a little thought and adaptation the bait recipes will work now as they did then.



Boilie making in the early eighties was hard time consuming work, no bait guns, no rolling machines, ingredients were not so readily available and a lot of guess work, well,,,,, it was for me. But it was so much fun.

Think I started with HNV baits, can't remember why? Together with Kevin and Rods books I had probably heard somewhere about Fred Wilton. He was a well-known angling genius light years in front of most anglers at the time in terms of his thoughts on bait.

To put it in layman's terms Fred worked out that Carp may be a bit fed up of bread paste with cheese and cat meat mixed in, oh yeah, and the ever faithful lunch-eon meat. What about the vegetarian carp??

So Fred started using HNV (High Nutritional Value) bait containing high protein milk products and a few other bits and bobs. His idea being that a balanced diet of protein, carbohydrates, vitamins and

minerals and oils would get the carp salivating over his bait?

It worked for Fred but he had a problem, he wanted to catch carp not bream and tench. Fred had a eureka moment and the water used to mix the paste was replaced with eggs then the bait was boiled and the boilie was born. I am guessing that would be around the mid to late seventies. I expect it was far more difficult a problem to solve than I have just made it look.

When I started in the early eighties I bought a few ingredients, copied the recipes from the books, gave a little tweak here and there of my own and through luck rather than judgement started to catch a few.

I remember using baby milk and strawberry flavoured Complan together with a few other things. It smelt gorgeous! I think Complan was a drink for if you were ill or dieting, not too sure? It worked, carp loved it.

The "hair" rig was common knowledge by then and rigs were another experimental part of the equation. Now we all had the "perfect" bait, the boilie, and with the "hair" the perfect rig the carp didn't stand a chance!!!

The problem I soon found out is that you cannot just choose a few powders and mix with eggs and catch carp. Some ingredients will not roll very well when mixed together, a mix may not bind together if too gritty, too soluble and it turns to mush in no time and if you have too many light ingredients the boilie will float.

That's okay if you want them to float, if not you have just made duck and seagull food. Believe me, there were some very healthy ducks and gulls at the venues I fished at the time. I soon found out, again the hard way, that Sodium Caseinate is a very light ingredient to be used in small quantities.



How and why I started making boilies - "Hookpull"

As I mentioned it was a very time consuming operation producing even a couple of kilos of bait, it took me literally hours of mixing the powders, I think I put them in a plastic bag and gave them a good shake.

Then the eggs were broken into a bowl together with a few other smelly liquids that I was convinced would have carp fighting to get at my bait. I remember Richworth boilies being around then and I am pretty sure they had flavours out also. The powder was added to the

eggs to make the paste then we would roll a few hundred balls by hand whilst watching TV with my mum and dad moaning because the house stinks of fish food. I moved to fish flavours at some stage and it really did smell!!! I remember a Rod Hutchinson flavour called Pukka Salmon actually making me heave, and I couldn't use it I had to throw it away.

I said "we" in the previous paragraph as I must remember to mention I was helped by my girlfriend at the time, that over 30 years later is

now my wife, poor woman! It is laughable to look back at how I did it really compared to how I do it now. It takes me about 4 to 5 hours start to finish producing about 25 kilos now. I am not a professional by any means but rolling bait has been made so much easier and less time consuming with the introduction of electric rolling tables and pneumatic boilie guns hooked up to compressors and my trusty cement mixer for mixing the powders together.

Until next time....

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'A New Season' - Richard Austin

For the last few seasons I have been a roaming carp angler, by that I mean I've not just fished one water, I've fished a great selection. I'm very lucky to live in the Colne Valley and am blessed with a wide range of lakes to choose from all having their own characteristics. We are catered for very well, hard waters

to runs waters. Some of the waters I frequent are Thorney Weir, Mets, Farlows and Orchid all holding stunning old fish. I'm not too fussed about weights of fish, I'm more interested in the character fish, the old warrior, the fish with wisdom. We all like to have a bend in the rod and if I'm having a lean spell ill trot off for a day

session at a 'runs' water, or if I want to try some new bait from Five Star or even some major rig changes.





'A New Season' - Richard Austin

The season previous saw a lot of weed, I mean it was all over the place and it was a challenge for any angler, not only the weed but also the large number of naturals that inhabited it.

On top of that, feature in the snags and it becomes a testing water, every session needed thinking about rather than just 'chucking' the rods out.

This season though I was very lucky, weed comes in cycles and although I'm comfortable fishing in it, the weed failed to materialize on mass. Tactics were changed to suit and I had a couple of fish on my first session, only stockies but pretty little things none the less.

The next couple of trips were not so fruitful and reports in between my visits were not encouraging.

The lake had 'switched off' which I'd been told was not uncommon. As far as I was aware nobody used chods down there so I rigged up both rods (2 rod water) and put the chod set ups on a couple of spots I found. I put out a good kilo spread of 5* The Nutz boilies over both areas and it didn't take long for the first rod to melt off, culminating in a very welcome old dark mirror.

That session I banked 5 fish including my first 'A' Team member going by the name of the 'Half Lin' I was over the moon to say the least.

The next few months saw a few changes of swims familiarizing myself with the lake and its contours. I had a few baron sessions and in between made a couple of trips to a local 'runs' water just to protect my sanity and regain

that much needed confidence boost.

During the summer it was obvious that the closed season stocking of extra 'silvers' was proving a challenge to all who managed to grace the bank, they had come alive and getting through them to get to my intended quarry was becoming frustrating, I was having to feed them off, and even caught a huge Roach on a 20 miller! The most frustrating session I had was during a summer 48hr, I had 9 Bream to 10lb not a bad lid granted, but when you are almost in to double figures and no sleep it becomes a bit taxing on the brain.





I had some nice fish throughout the pleasant summer weather, bagging some lovely old warriors which is what my angling is all about, but still no 'Gertie' this fish is a battle scarred mirror of 40+ years of age and sits low to mid 30's nowadays she can't have long left I'm desperate to catch her.

As Summer moved in

to Autumn the lake was changing, the smaller fish didn't seem so active, and the constant plaguing of nuisance fish had subsided somewhat. I had changed my rigs up a little as there was debris now on the lake bed so I switched up to stiff hinge rigs, which proved a good move for me as I was having some success with White Luna Barrels tipped with Corn

over a spread of Fish Mix Boilies.



'A New Season' - Richard Austin

I even managed the 'Half Lin' again, putting a wide smile upon my face.

I was pretty consistent throughout Autumn and the prolonged warm weather helped continue my good results bagging my fair share of the lakes back up fish, the winter fell upon us quite late and we had to wait a while for that first frost, but when it came the lake switched off like somebody had just turned out the light.

Nobody was catching, 3 weeks it was like that, not one fish graced the bank... there's one of those famous 'switch offs' I did 4 blanks in a row, well I say blanks I had bream on every session but no carp. It was dire.

I had a couple of weeks off over the Christmas period and re-grouped and changed tactics again for the next 2 visits, I was using pop up rigs with White Luna's with half a

dozen live maggots whipped to the hair.

I used the same tactic for both rods and fished them over 1 pint per rod to start, first action came after a couple of hours resulting in the 'Scar Tail' mirror. Chuffed was an understatement!

Confidence was back up, a great winter catch in hard conditions it was such a morale booster I followed it up with 3 more lovely fish to end my session. I left the lake fulfilled and proud, it had been a trying season and one for thoughts and reflections,

I didn't have 'Gertie' but! I will renew my ticket and try again in 'a new season'

This years season is an exciting one for me as I am competing in the Erics Carp Championships with the first round being held at Farlows Lake, and also I'm honoured to get a place in the British

Carp Angling Championships of which the first round we head off to Willow Park. A little later in the year I'll be excitingly heading off to Carpe D'or Lac Lesmont in France, a cracking venue although 'moody' but holds some brutish carp where I hope to land my first 50 or even 60!

My goals for this season are to continue my quest for 'Gertie' and some of the other resident old timers. To carry on with my bankside photography, which is an important part of my angling, I love the wildlife that graces me with its presence, the amazing skies and sunsets, as well as the moody ones that remind us of all natures elements.

Thanks for reading and until next time - Booooooom





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Day Ticket Success - Scott Plover.

The day started at 6:30am, and my old man, Ian Plover and my fishing partner Matt Nuttall, arrived at my house to begin a 36hour session at Bradshaw Hall Fisheries. Lake 2.

Once we arrived, unloaded the gear, and the old man had gone, we scoped out the lake for the best swim. After choosing the pegs and set up we settled in for the long haul. I made my decisions on how to fish...

Rigs :- Rod 1 - This was a standard knotless knot

hair rig using 20lb Korda silt coated hook link using a size 6 curve shank hook.

Rod 2 - Using a blowback rig, with the same 20lb korda silt coated hook link on a pop up.

Bait - I decided to go with the monster tigernut and the tigernut red amino pop ups as I have had many results using this bait.

Once the rods were set, I gradually baited up the two areas with a handful of scattered boilies each through the morning, gradually build-

ing a swim but making sure I don't over feed as carp slow down the feeding process in winter. During that time, the fish were showing interest which ended up in a few mocks, blanking for the time being.

This confirmed that we were on the fish were they were congregating, so I tried a different tactic by introducing a couple of balls of crushed koi pellet ground bait to see if this would liven things up.





Day Ticket Success - Scott Plover.

At around 2pm the fish were starting to show on the surface, which continued to approximately 3:30pm and resulted in rod one taking off, and after a 5-10 minute fight, I landed my first of four fish weighing 13.5lb mirror carp.

After that it quietened down, but the fish were still in the swim. Although I was getting attention on the rods nothing was really taking until 11:30pm when rod 2, using the blowback pop up rig, using tigernut red amino pop up took off and landed myself a nice 17.2lb mirror.

During the night the temperature really dropped, my swim went quiet. The fish had moved down a couple of pegs into the deeper water, however, Matts started to come alive, and he managed to land himself a 15lb mirror at 4:30am.

Around 5:30 - 6am I pulled my rods in and re-baited them. I baited both my swims up with half a kilo of boilies scattered around the area each and re-casted for the morning.

At 7:30am, I was in again, and this time it was a 22lb mirror which was caught on the pop up.

After re-thinking strategy, at lunch I changed over to the pop up on rod one, knowing the bigger fish were responding the tigernut red amino.


Within 15-20 minutes of rod one being back out, this resulted in my 4th fish, being a 19lb common, which put up a hell of a fight by trying to run for cover.

Matt being Matt, he was not to be outdone by me, so it became a fish for fish battle, in hard conditions, and landed himself a 19lb common and a 19lb mirror. And after that both swims went quiet leaving us blanking for the rest of the day.

As an antidote to the cold and sometimes long lasting wait, I thought I would test out my new sleeping bag before getting some shut eye for the night.

I found myself wrestling with the zip to get it to the top, I made it, but, no sooner had I done this, the second rod alarm started screaming, could I get the zip back down, not a chance, it locked up and I had to swing my legs of the bed and bunny hop out of my bivvy, worming my way out of the sleeping bag to get to the rod, which resulted in landing the 17lb mirror, all the while, Matt was in hysterics, thanks mate, the joys of fishing. Bradshaw Hall Fisheries is located in Bolton, which has 9 lakes, spread over 50 acres. It holds coarse, carp and match fishing and has recently opened as a 24hour venue.

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A Suitable Case For Treatment pt 2 - Phil Bury

Arriving home that night it was straight in the garage to sift through my abysmal tackle collection, trying to turn it into some sort of carp fishing kit.

After watching the "Ian Heaps wannabe" that afternoon on Sale, I was desperate to catch some of these elusive carp of which I'd read so much about. Unbeknown to me, Sale was going to be easy compared with the big carp from the tales I'd read.

I had a 45' brolly (storm poles caps weren't invented yet, so I had to bend myself around the central pole) which I could sleep under, a 4 rod roll out hold all would be my sleeping mat, shit Wythenshawe market bright blue flowery sleeping bag, and a massive pump action flask! Food for the trip was supplied by Dad, (he was subbing for Cadburys in Birmingham at the time, and was bringing home all sorts of shite), this session's grub would be 4 boxes of Mr. Kiplings Viennese slices!

I hate to say it but I also made sure I had twenty fags and two lighters, what a young idiot! To keep warm I had the old blue snorkel jacket with orange lining. I then started on the tackle. One bright orange 9ft swing tip rod, which bent tip to tip. One 13ft float rod (which I would use for ledgering)!

Two Mitchell 300 reels, which I had loaded with massive 4lb line! Two bendy one-piece rod rests which didn't allow line through under the rod, for the front, and real tree (I mean a piece of real tree) for the butt rests.

Ubiquitous extending green ex-

tending handle landing net pole, complete with triangle head. Pieces of silver paper for indicators.

Mustad size 8 hooks (mostly second hand, blunt and used). 3 x half ounce leads.

There was more stuff I either didn't have or which just wasn't available to most kids at the time. No bivvy, bed chair, groundsheet, specialist clothing, torch, cooking kit etc. all the luxuries these days most campers (including me) wouldn't be without. I looked a right plonker with my set up, but it didn't seem to matter in those days, nobody was there to judge your gear, there was no competition, there weren't the tackle twats around like now, standing in your peg, chatting about how big their bivvy is, and how warm their bag is, how expensive their rods and reels were. People, especially young kids, just didn't have the money like they do nowadays, so made do with what they had given or scrounged. I'll say one thing though, the cost for both Chorlton and Sale (both on one ticket) was £6 for a year for kids including nights, even then it was cheap! Sorry, digressed a bit there, now I sound like a right moaning old twat!

That night I went to bed with a fishing encyclopedia, which was given to me by my Grandad Joe. It was basically a large bound collection of "Fishing" magazines from 1963, and contained within each weekly magazine were articles on carp fishing from Dick Walker (God of carp in that era), Trevor Housby, Pat Russell and the like. I sifted through the well-thumbed pages until the early

hours, re-reading by torchlight anything I could about carp baits and tactics.

Dad had fished before I was born and once landed a 13lb common on floating crust, (he actually brought this fish home on the back of his motorbike and put it in the bath overnight to show mum)! So, after reading numerous articles on crust, I deduced crust must be the best bait as it was summer then, and this would be my tactic. The reality was, when these articles were written people only fished for carp in the summer months, so crust was popular.



Still going strong in 2016, and regardless of the missing big carp pictures I'd cut out as a kid and sellotaped to my bedroom walls, (one was a 70lb common from Racecourse Lake in Calcutta)! I still use it for reference occasionally. For all you in the know who think you're cutting edge and have been using maggots for carp for the last few years, there's a fantastic article on maggots for big carp. It was written in 1963! Unbelievably it was poo-pooed by Dick Walker in a letter!!

A Suitable Case For Treatment pt 2 - Phil Bury

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The plan was for Dad to drop me at Sale marina the next day when he had finished work. When I think back now, although he never protested or complained, I can't help feeling a right bastard! He'd been in Birmingham since the early hours working all day, driven home, then had to drive me to wherever I was fishing before his tea! Not just one occasion, but loads over the years, and now it's too late to say thanks. I'm sure he didn't mind; I think he rather liked the fact that I wasn't on the street like all the other local kids!

I spent the day going through my tackle time and again, picked up a crusty cob from the bakers, smuggled my mums best bread knife into my seat box and then wore a hole in the garage floor pacing up and down waiting for dad. He knew how excited I was and so arrived an hour earlier than he said he would, and soon we were on the way.

I went near to the previous trips peg around the side of an island and Dad stayed whilst I set up. I don't think he wanted to leave me there, it had a bit of a rep' even then, and obviously I was only 12 or 13 and isolated. I was as hap-

py as an oblivious as a pig in shit though.

I set up my rods as I had seen in the books, and baited them both by literally sewing the 1" square of bread on with the hook. I didn't have a clue what I was doing, and had no faith in the bread staying on for the cast or once it was in the water under the watchful eye of the scores of roach in there.

I cast my rods out with anchored crusts, (zigs to you newbies lol), the small Arlesey bomb anchor being stopped by a split shot 18" or so from the hook. In those days the hair rig and assorted bolt rigs were just coming known, and everyone believed if a carp felt any resistance it would drop the rig and you'd never catch anything, so it was important not to have any friction on your rig and always use a running lead. You then had to make sure there was no friction on your Knitting needle where the foil was placed.

I can't remember any bites or fights to be honest, but I do remember not sleeping all night, I had never experienced anything like it. There were big fish crashing everywhere all night, rats running all over the place, local bell ends chucking beer cans in my swim and at my brolly, and standing around for ages asking stupid questions. But most of all I was getting bites! I couldn't believe it, after everything I had read about how difficult carp were to catch; I was here, targeting carp and actually getting bites! I had about ten runs, but only landed three. I was woefully under gunned tackle wise, and my 4lb line was pretty useless with the amount of weed. When the rods went with a fish

on they bent almost double, and I had no control! All the carp were about 3lb or so, the biggest fish I'd caught up to then, and I was most excited about showing them Dad in the morning when he collected me before work!



First night success, and the beginning of a journey that's still continuing today. I forgot to mention my blue and white lace up wellies!!

I had loads of fantastic times on Sale, one-night catching about 15 fish on float fished luncheon meat about ten yards out! Two blokes next to me casting about 70 yards had bivvies, alarms, lights, cookers, the lot, and they blanked! I was so pleased out fishing them, because they were a bit arsey anyway.

I was just putting one of the fish back when one of the carpers came and asked what I was doing and if I wanted it weighing, I said no because it's only about 7lb. He weighed it at 13.08. I couldn't believe it; I had been chucking doubles back like pasties! Oddly enough, we never took cameras; I suppose it was a cost thing in those days, cameras, film and developing wasn't cheap.

A Suitable Case For Treatment pt 2 - Phil Bury

One thing was sure; with somewhere as big as Sale and with as many carp as it had, North West carp angling was becoming more and more popular, and carp tackle and specialist bait was becoming readily available to everyone.

Sale was a busy old place in summer with plenty of young kids swimming, getting drunk, littering and loitering, hundreds of wind surfers and boats and canoes, it was a madhouse!

Sale was one of the first runs waters in the UK with thousands of carp stocked. Anglers were coming out with more and more bizarre ways to catch, some through ingenuity, and some through complete ignorance, or sheer boredom! One of the most popular methods on Sale was surface fishing. The old Jiff bottle and monkey nut rig was done to death on there, as was the pike float fished 3ft deep and with up to ten boilies on a hair, absolutely incredible any of us caught anything really! But the fact was, boilies were beginning to arrive in the shops, along with far superior, but more expensive tackle, and carp fashion was being born. Ironically, I think all the purists who these days complain about the just add water carp brigade were the ones who started it all, with their tales of monster carp, and staying out all night, the intrigue of it all was a big draw for people.

I went back to Chorlton marina where I met an angler called Barry Middleton, who taught me loads about modern day carp fishing and techniques. He knew all the local carp anglers and we fished many nights for some of the big carp Chorlton was known to hold.

Already I was unconsciously being sucked into the world of "Chorlton fish are better than Sale fish because" world. Even now I just can't

be bothered with it all really, a carp is a carp, and if provides its captor with enjoyment, it's all that counts. Bizarrely, even though I was shown all sorts of tricks and edges, the only two carp I caught from Chorlton were both on anchored crust!

I still fished through my teenage years, just less so than I had earlier, due to discovering girls and drinking! They were bad times for teenagers like me, leaving school under-educated, with plenty of common sense but no direction. Jobs were scarce, Maggie was in full privatization mode, there were strikes and riots and even less money and higher unemployment than ever before. I used to cycle the 4 miles or so to the Job Center in Wilmslow daily where I got to know all the girls, then occasionally ride on to have a look around Capesthorpe and Redesmere.

One day I was called into the back of the Job Center. One of the girls had saved a card because of limited places. "Would you be interested in working on a fish farm in Zeals, Wiltshire?" I creamed my pants and had packed and gone within three weeks. I spent a few months on the farm and a month or so at Hampshire College of Agriculture, (now Sparsholt college), (I believe the course tutor, Pat Haughton, is now one of the most successful koi breeders in the UK), I loved the work, messing with eggs, fry, trout, koi, ghosties and such, but it was just too isolated for me in Zeals, it was miles just to a streetlight. My only savior was fishing on my day off at a local club water in Gillingham. That was where I discovered just how devastating the free trout pellets I scrounged at the fish farm really were! I absolutely battered the place!

Around Christmas I came home for a week and arranged to meet one

of the other lads on the course at Sale Marina for a night session. Dad dropped me off, and I was fishing on an empty bank opposite the ski ramp. My gear was pretty much the same as ever, just slightly improved, but still under the shit brolly on a folding deck chair in a pants sleeping bag.

I can't remember the lads name; he was really pleasant, as opposed to the other "coarse" types doing the fishery course, (the gamekeepers were all stuck up twats lol)! He was a slim lad with glasses, and as he approached I could see he was FULLY loaded. It transpired his dad was a mad keen carper and obviously had made sure over the years his son had all the right gear. He set up his bivvy, cast out his proper matching carp rods before setting them on buzzers, then came over for a brew. As we sat there about an hour into the session, one of my foils slammed against the rod and I landed a small carp, quickly followed by another. He was impressed with my trouty boilies and showed me his pineapple hookbaits with a polystyrene ball inside, the first pop up I had ever seen. I was super impressed with the idea, but it was obviously lacking something, as I had about ten runs and he hadn't had a bite! It got so embarrassing I let him reel some carp in on my rods!!

I fished when I got the chance in my teenage years. My best mate at the time, Col Williams was as mad as me for fishing, although he always went for pike. His parents were quite well off, and they even had TWO cars!!!! His mum would drop us at Chorlton or Sale and we would while away many hours talking bollocks and fishing, not a care in the world!

A Suitable Case For Treatment pt 2 - Phil Bury



What about that in the background for transport?! If you asked a kid these days to ride it you'd probably get reported to social bloody services, but it was my only means of getting anywhere I wanted to fish. Including being fully loaded with tackle up Princess Parkway (the main route to Manchester center) at night to Chorlton!

Looking through my old pics, there are loads of times I can remember trips but didn't get any photos for prosperity, and far too many tales to bore people with, some good ones, like the time we had a carp match between school mates and me and Col wiped the floor with them, and some bad, like the time I got a proper hiding and a bent and bloody nose at Chorlton for shouting at a Jack Russell after it jumped straight on my line! (the owner thumped me, not the dog lol).

A few years on, 1985, and I'd acquired my first car (Mini), and met a girl at work who lived in Bolton, this meant driving past Sale marina and craning my neck to see it every time I went to her house. It was too much to resist, and before long, as I was on early shifts, I was stopping to fish three or four times a week for the afternoons. I carried on fishing then whenever I got chance, the bug was most definitely back, and full strength

too!

Three years to the day after our first date, we got married (24th September 1988, some of you may know the significance), and went house hunting. My only stipulation was it had to be near a carp lake. We found one with a balcony overlooking a small day ticket carp pool in Barrow Bridge, Bolton.

Once we were moved in I spent many hours walking the newly acquired dog, baiting up, and occasionally fishing short sessions, and pretty soon had caught most of the stock, including the big one three times, all 16lb of her! Anything twenty plus was a bit of a rarity in Lancashire in those days! I had a chat with the two odd characters that ran Bolton Specialist Tackle (one called Geoff?), and they pointed me in the direction of Smiths near Farnworth, which was available on a Bolton card for about £18. It had good fish in they said, but was difficult, and not overly stocked.

I had a drive down the next morning on the way to work. There was only one angler on, and he was on the far side, so I trooped round through the muddy woods to say hello and quiz him. He was messing about under his brolly as I approached, then he turned around, and bugger me, it was Barry Middleton! Half asleep at the end of a 3-day session! We said hello and reminisced about the old days, it had been about five years since I'd seen him!

He told me all the often-repeated tales about Smiths, and the difficult residents in there, they had history and names, and they had seen it all. It was the first circuit water I had come across, and

clueless as I was, I was desperate to get on there!

It was February 1990 when I first cast a line in. I only ever fished early morning, or evening sessions (the hours you were allowed to fish were strictly 4am to 11pm then). I had done twenty-seven sessions before I eventually had a run, and it was a bloody bream on peanuts!

The time constraints were bad enough for those who pursued the Smiths carp, but coupled with the limited number of swims, the amount of anglers, and the amount of cover for the fish, it was a nightmare. This just made most anglers more determined, and there were strokes being pulled left, right and center! There weren't many waters with twenty's in at the time, and people wanted to catch a Smiths fish because of the credibility they held. If you could catch here, you could petty much catch anywhere!

My first run came one evening just into dark, around 9pm. I was chewing the fat with Paul Bacon who was fishing next to me. My rods, which were cast to open water, were baited with bog standard stuff that's used even these days, anti-tangle tube, lead clip, 3oz lead, Kryston Super braid, and topped off with a Fishmeal boilie. Suddenly, one of the rods absolutely, melted. I jumped up and struck my rod, and wound as fast as I could, thinking the fish was coming towards me.

A Suitable Case For Treatment pt 2 - Phil Bury

I can't remember what Paul shouted, but it was something derogatory, and I felt such a prick when I realized in panic I had struck the wrong rod! I grabbed the other rod and made contact with the still hooked fish, and played it to the net. It didn't matter that I had landed probably the smallest fish in the lake, it was a Smiths fish, and I had opened my account! There was no stopping me now..... or so I stupidly thought. For the first time of many, Smiths was about to kick me right in the guts!!!



The size doesn't really matter with circuit water fish. Wherever you fished in the UK, they're all hard earned for various reasons. First blood common, 10.02. I think it was Dave Williams looking on?



The Little Leather at 20.03. This fish has been caught by loads of people over the years, one of Smiths true characters. I'm not sure this fish is still going, but if it is, it must be nearly fifty years old now!

Next month I'll spill the beans on my Smiths fishing, and introduce some of the

colourful characters that used to fish there, some of whom are still going strong in the carp world today, and a few who unfortunately have fallen by the wayside. There'll be plenty of pics, which might jog a memory or two.
Phil

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An Anglers Journey - TeeKay

A few years have passed slowly by since I tied the knot and embarked on the rickety rollercoaster that is called married life, that funny feeling in the pit of your stomach when you travel slowly over the first hurdle and career downwards into uncertainty is not fully realised when you say "I do" on that fateful day! My house had been transformed from a run-down shell into a nice little humble abode, also I had been informed by the beloved one that parenthood was imminent, how that occurred is on par with the mystery of the Immaculate Conception and the birth of Christ, but worryingly, coming from a rough part of Manchester I didn't know three wise men nor any virgins! I could probably name a Donkey though!

I was drudging through my working week doing a job I hated slightly more than the situation I had willingly entered into not that long ago; my only salvation was to go fishing as much as I could, my favourite waters at the time were Capesthorne Hall lake and the nearby stock pool with the odd foray onto Redesmere to fish for Pike.

Being on the estate at first light on a warm misty morning takes a lot of beating, the heady atmosphere of sitting by an historic mere as the night sky slowly gives way to the breaking dawn is priceless, the sounds and the smells of nature waking makes me glad I am a fisherman, non anglers who mock us and our sport haven't got a clue as to what they are missing so let's keep it that way. I used to try and go for a few hours fishing after work a couple of times a week; I travelled light in those days and fished with just the one rod, being married and having a poorly paid job prevented me from upgrading my tackle and as a result my fishing kit slipped into disrepair as other household expenses took precedence. I was going through yet another brief period of targeting Tench and Bream, mainly because they were fairly easy to catch on my short day trips, but

in doing so I had stumbled upon a method that caught Carp on a fairly regular basis, not large by today's standards but big enough to keep me happy. I had really been struggling to get to grips with any size of Carp and had once again taken the easier option by fishing for Bream and Tench. I usually managed to claim one of the swims near to the multi arched bridge on the main lake at Capesthorne, my favourite was the peg nearest to the first arch which always seemed to produce a Bream or two and on one memorable occasion I managed to catch seven of the slimy slabs, which ranged in weight from four to five pounds, I also had couple of Tench, each weighing almost four pounds.

Capesthorne was a lovely atmospheric estate lake of about eight acres, the water was in the main fairly shallow, especially towards the Top pool end where the overflow poured into the lake, it had some areas that were very silty and I avoided them as a rule because when I retrieved my baits they were usually tainted and needed replacing, in the peg where I usually fished, there seemed to be a deeper channel that went through the first arch of the bridge, I always aimed for that area and felt confident I would get a bite or two.

The water also had several areas that contained some nice beds of water lilies which were a safe haven for the wily Carp population who knew just where to head in the event of one of them making a mistake and ending up being hooked. If you stealthily crept up to the pads and remained motionless you would nearly always see a fish gently sipping small insects trapped in the water surface, on other occasions the Carp would make their presence known by barging into the subsurface Lily stems causing the upper leaves and flowers to swill about slowly in a tantalising way, sometimes an oily vortex would betray their whereabouts as they upended and troughed through the sediment looking for bloodworm and other tasty morsels.

I don't recall there being much weed growth in the main lake but I did find a couple of small areas in the water on the other side of the bridge which had very small strips of weed out towards the centre, if you gently pulled your maggot baited hook along the bottom until you felt the slight resistance of the thin weed growth you would usually get a bite pretty quickly.

My Bream/Tench tackle consisted of 4lb Maxima line which was tied direct to a size ten Mustad barbed hook, a ten inch paternoster link was tied to the mainline, to the end of which was tied a half or three quarter ounce Arsley bomb, my hook bait was usually a bunch of three bronze maggots but recently I had decided to try some bread flake for a change.

At the time, I had a job working at RHM bakeries which was located near All Saints, Manchester, I started work at 6am which meant that I usually finished work at about 2pm, which gave me the opportunity to go fishing in the afternoon if I wanted to, my mate Graham who didn't have a job at the time used to call me a Master Baker because I got up so early, well that's what it sounded like anyway!

One of the few benefits of working in a bakery was that I had access to unlimited fresh unsliced bread which was usually still warm when I took it fishing with me! Also available to me was the crumb from the bread slicing machine, crumb was waste product and I could take as much as I wanted in order to mix up and use as groundbait.

I had access to various industrial strength flavours, like bun spice and an assortment of fruit flavours as well as strong smelling concentrated cheese powder and other potent concoctions that were used in the confectionary sections of the bakehouse but it was mainly the cheese powder that found its way into my groundbait mixes.

An Anglers Journey - TeeKay

I first used bread flake seriously on Capesthorpe to try and tempt the large Bream and Tench which grew to a respectable size, I usually pinched a small piece of flake from the centre of the loaf and squeezed it gently around the hook shank leaving the rest to fluff out around the bend of the hook effectively hiding the sharp business end. The fresher the bread the better, even day old bread wouldn't do as it becomes dry pretty quickly and doesn't stay on the hook very well. A little trick to rejuvenate a stale unsliced loaf is to get your oven very hot, run the cold tap over the uncut stale loaf and then put it in the oven for ten minutes and hey presto perfect fluffy bread flake!

I used an underarm cast to flick out my lead and baited hook to a distance of no more than couple of rod lengths, then I would gently take up the slack and sit back and patiently wait for my fairy liquid bottle top indicator to signal a bite, on one particular hot sunny day, the Bream and Tench were conspicuous by their absence and I began to get restless and slightly bored by my lack of fishy action so I started to cast out further and further towards the centre of the lake in an effort to tempt a bite or two.

Casting bread flake out into the centre of the lake and beyond took some courage because I would immediately start listening to the annoying little Imps on my shoulders, one would say "it's come off, your bread has definitely come off" the Imp on the other shoulder would say "no, leave it, it's fine it's still on" this would go on for ages until I gave in to my doubts and reeled in, sometimes there would be no bread on the hook and I would smile and be glad I had listened to the doubtful Imp, other times when I reeled in, there would still be some bread left on the shank of the hook, if I'm honest I knew that it was only because I had moved my baited rig that the bread had come off. After a couple of hours of constant reeling in and casting out again I had

had enough and put on a heavier one ounce lead and then cast out a large chunk of bread flake, right across the lake it sailed, heading towards the far bank bushes.

I was determined that it was going to stay where it was until I got a bite, I actually sat on my hands for a while but then felt stupid for doing so. Time ticked slowly by!

The Imps were having a right old time arguing between themselves, but I stuck to my guns and held out for a bite, I almost gave in a couple of times but my perseverance paid off and I was rewarded by the bottle top indicator swiftly rising upwards, it then held rigid just under the rod blank on a very tight line, I heard the clutch tick once before I struck firmly upwards, the rod halted in mid strike and I saw the line cut through the water travelling rapidly from left to right, I could actually hear it fizz as it cut through the waters calm surface, it was like a dramatic scene from the film Jaws.

There was no doubting that this was a large Carp and it looked as though it was heading towards the archway not too far from where I was sat, I had absolutely no control over the fish and it took mere seconds to reach its destination but instead of travelling through the arch, it buried itself in the pads that grew along my bank and up to the brickwork of the bridge.

I naively thought that I might extract the beast from the thick rooted pads but after walking the short distance to where my line entered the thick aquatic vegetation it quickly became apparent that my quarry had skilfully transferred the hook from its mouth to a sinuous frond of water Lily, I was gutted!

After much tugging and more than a little swearing under my breath, I finally managed to retrieve the lead, minus my hook link.

I quickly tackled up again, eager to get a bait out to my perceived Carpy hot spot, I was smiling in the knowledge that my patience and perseverance had paid off, I couldn't wait to

get another run, gone were thoughts of large Bream and Tench I was now back in the Carp zone.

By the time I was ready to pack up and head home I had caught two small mirror carp, both just about scraping double figures but I didn't care, I loved the fact that I had found a method that not only worked but seemed to work well, I had used bread to catch Bream there before but the secret seemed to be, to cast away from the normal Bream and Tench hot spots that I knew about and fish out into uncharted (for me anyway) territories.

I became relatively successful on my short after work trips, usually catching a Carp or two if I was lucky, sometimes I would hook and lose a much bigger fish which I looked upon as an occupational hazard. I was always very confident that I would catch and on the odd occasion that I didn't I would plan my revenge for the return trip.

I started to have a dabble on the stock pond which was situated near to the main entrance to the estate, mainly because I had heard a rumour that it held some nice fish weighing up to 18lb, a fish much bigger than my personal best. The pond was tiny and had plenty of lily pads and a few clusters of ornamental reed dotted around the margins, there was also a snag in the form of a short length of fencing that jutted out into the water just in front of the first peg, the one nearest the car park.

I had been reading about mysterious "special" baits in Coarse Fisherman magazine, and I had decided that the time had come to try and make a special bait of my own. It was a simple concoction comprising of Kitekat tinned cat food, brown groundbait, and custard powder to stiffen the mix up, a half a tub of Tetramin fish food and some dried bloodworm which you could buy in small cubes from the pet shop. The mixture was made in an ad hoc way with no accurate measuring of ingredients, when it looked right it was right!

An Anglers Journey - TeeKay

I had by now altered my method of fishing in a sort of evolutionary Carp fishing process, I had upped my line strength to 12lb breaking strain in order to cope with the hard fighting Carp that inhabited the estates lakes, the higher line strength would also offer me a better chance of dealing with the Lily pads that thrived in the stock pond at that time.

I was now using a running lead method, the lead was stopped from sliding down to the hook by a small bead which had been placed behind a swivel a foot from the size 6 hook, I had been suffering the frustrating problem of hooks opening out when I attempted to stop fish reaching the sanctuary of the thick Lily pads so had dispensed with the feeble size tens and gone for the thicker wired sized sixes in the hope that this would solve the problem. I sometimes felt like a Shark fisherman using such big hooks but once the paste bait had been moulded around the hook it didn't look so bad.

A small ball of the "special" bait about the size of a walnut was moulded around the hook and swung out with an underarm flick to the edge of the Lily pads, I placed my line around the antenna of my BJ bite alarm before clipping on my trusty Fairly liquid bottle top and sat back to see what would happen.

When I first started fishing the stock pond there was no fencing around it and the estates cattle used to wander over and drink their fill from the waters shallow margins, usually depositing gallons of urine along the bank in an effort to make room for their thirst quenching liquid refreshment, later on a fence was erected around the stock pond to prevent the cattle having access and fouling the water.

Does anyone remember the old bailiff who used to live in the lodge near to the main entrance? I think his name was Arthur, he used to wear a deer-stalker hat and country tweeds with plus fours and brogues he looked the

archetypal gamekeeper. Arthur would collect the day ticket money and quite often he would stop and chat for half an hour or so, updating you on the fish that had been caught from the estate lakes over the past week. He was a lovely bloke! Unfortunately I suspect that he is no longer with us as he was quite old back then.

I remember on one occasion there were two Carp anglers fishing side by side on the stock pond, both had matching Matt black rods sitting on top of very tall rod rests, the rod tips were almost in the water and the butts were probably three feet off the ground.

I saw something that day that I hadn't seen before, instead of using Fairy liquid bottle tops for indicators they had pushed knitting needles into the ground at an angle pointing slightly towards the lake, on their lines they had placed some two inch long silver foil tubes, the foil tubes had been slipped over the angled knitting needles to stop them swinging in the breeze, on getting a bite the tubes would slide along and then off the needles.

I could clearly see the advantages behind this "ultra cult" bit of kit and made a mental note to make some for myself as the idea was brilliant, cutting edge even; these were the forerunners of the 1980's Monkey climber indicators which were very popular at the time.

I quietly approached the 30 something long haired duo, both were dressed like tramps with matching facial hair and floppy bush hats, one was wearing dark blue mechanic type one piece overalls, on top of which he sported a baggy, army surplus camouflaged jacket, he had on a pair of black rubber waders turned down at the knees, the other guy also wore waders in a similar fashion to his mate, he had dark blue slime stained jeans and a green army jumper similar to one that Kevin Mad-

docks would have worn, he also had a green army type jacket slung over the back of his chair.

As I drew nearer, one of them looked in my direction so I nodded at him but he looked away, I thought that he had missed my friendly nod and naively walked over to them both being careful not to make any noise with my fishing gear which looked amateurish compared to what they were fishing with.

When I was about six feet away from them I quietly said "morning" but I got no reply, thinking that they hadn't heard me because they had their backs to me I said "Morning, caught anything" but yet again they didn't reply, so like a Thicker I walked around to the side of them so that they could see me, both looked in my direction but appeared not to see me and didn't make any effort to communicate or even acknowledge that I existed. I smiled at them and said "caught anything" both were now staring at me in a very unfriendly way and still they didn't utter a word in response, I could detect some animosity vibes!

I was by this time thinking that I had spoken to them in a foreign tongue and without realising; I had actually asked them if I could I could take photos of their girlfriends, naked and smeared liberally in baby oil. A few seconds passed by which actually felt more like an hour but no words were spoken between us, the atmosphere wasn't cool it was decidedly Arctic; I had by now deduced that they didn't want me there, No Shit Sherlock!

An Anglers Journey - TeeKay

I thought to myself "best not set up here" and slowly backed away from the intimidating pair, I had intended to fish the stock pond but the main lake now seemed like a good option in the circumstances.

As I walked away from the pond I could feel their evil eyes staring at me, I don't know if the gruesome two-some caught anything that day but I never saw them again on the estate, maybe I had scared them off. I had a fair bit of success with my home made cat food paste, but there were a couple of slight problems using it, if it was left in the water for more than an hour it dissolved off the hook, and because the paste was so water soluble, small fish could easily leave me fishing with a bare hook.

Nevertheless I caught medium sized Carp on a fairly regular basis. I once bought a small tub of SLYME paste which I think was marketed by Duncan Kaye, I recall that it was yeast based and hyped as a wonder bait but I never caught anything with it despite feeling confident when I moulded it around my hook, from memory it was more like a putty than anything else, I also remember reading about something called SCAPRO which sounded very scientific, I think its name was an acronym for self contained animal protein or something similar, I never bought any to try out but I had started to develop an interest in different types of baits and thought the theories around them were very interesting but a bit pseudo scientific for me.

It was on a rare midweek visit to my old stomping ground at Roman Lakes, that I was taught a lesson in how to catch Carp. When I arrived there after work I saw that unusually there was only a couple of anglers fishing, one guy was Carp fishing from the first peg in front of the Cafe, he had a dozen rowing boats moored up in a line to his left and along the flower beds, he was casting towards the boat that was furthest away from him almost clipping the stern, after handing over my day ticket money

to Mr Happy at the Cafe, I slipped into the empty peg to the right of the angler near the boats. This was quite a popular peg in those days and it was usually occupied by professional looking Carpers, it was the first time I had managed to claim it.

As I put down my kit and scanned the lake to see if there was any fishy signs that would give me a clue as to where to cast (and in the process look as though I knew what I was doing) I glanced in the direction of the angler to my left to see that he was into a fish, and he had only just cast out. A quick battle ensued and soon the fish was in the net, a nice double, he carried the fish the short distance to the Cafe where it was weighed. This was a regular occurrence in those days and it was commonplace to see people carry Carp and other fish all around the lake to be weighed, they then walked back to where the angler had caught his fish and only then put it back into the water, most stopped along the way for people to admire their prize! I think that they would be lynched if they did that sort of thing now, thank god for Carp care.

Anyway the angler to my left caught about four or five more fish that day whilst I remained biteless, I eventually swallowed my pride and walked the short distance over to him to congratulate him on his angling prowess and to secretly try and find out what he was doing to be so successful. I can't remember his name but he was the friendliest bloke that I had met whilst fishing at Roman Lakes, usually all you got was a grunt, if you were lucky! The guy actually reeled in his rod and showed me his set up which was basically the same as mine, a running lead and a big hook but he was using a cube of luncheon meat as bait, I had used cubes of meat years ago on the Levenshulme club water but had stopped using it for some unknown reason, but there was a major difference to what I used to use, his luncheon meat cubes had been fried in curry powder, they were

a rusty brown colour and smelt really nice and the Carp obviously loved the taste, I have to admit I fancied tasting them myself!.

The hook was fed through the inch square cube of meat and then pushed out through the top of the cube before being turned 90 degrees, the point was then pushed back down into an unbroken section of the cube; and then a short piece of grass was placed through the bend to stop the hook pulling through the meat on the cast.

I noticed that he didn't have a bite indicator; after casting out, he wound down to his lead and kept the line tight, he then positioned his rod at a slight angle with the tip pulled slightly round, in effect he was quiver tipping. I sat with him a while and watched as his rod tip twitched and knocked incessantly, on one occasion the tip flicked back before bending around in a nice curve, he struck but missed the bite. I was amazed by the amount of indications he was having, he told me that he would have struck when the rod tip flicked back as a fish might be coming towards him but in the event it had decided to change its mind and headed away from him.

An Anglers Journey - TeeKay

I hadn't heard of anyone using flavoured luncheon meat cubes before and boy did they work a treat! This would be the answer to my dissolving paste problem. In time I took my new found curry flavoured baits back to the stock pool at Capesthorne and it was an immediate success which resulted in me not blanking for at least the next half dozen trips, a couple of times I caught up to three Carp in a day. I sometimes think that if I hadn't decided to have that afternoon trip to Roman lakes, I wouldn't have met that friendly guy who showed me his successful method.

At this point I will jump forward a couple of years and a couple of jobs, I had been made redundant from my latest job when my daughter was very young which was a pain in the butt, my beloved, Lisa (you remember Mona?) her father and brother were both firemen, her brother Brian had transferred to York and we were regular visitors to his brand new house in Haxby, I loved York and dreamt of living there but couldn't ever see me getting the opportunity nor the money to move to such a nice area.

One day not long after I had lost my job, a light bulb suddenly flicked on in my head and I thought I've got nothing to lose why not sell up and move to York, Brian was instrumental in helping me put my plans into action, he put me up free of charge at his house so I could look for a job whilst Lisa stayed at home to try and sell our house, I came home at weekends for a rest, I mean to see my family. I forgot to mention that Brian had recently split up from his missus, as had his mate Frogger (Don't ask!) who was also a fireman, Frogger had also moved into Brian's house which could now only be described as a bachelor pad! The resulting parties were legendary and what happened in the house stayed in the house! Quickly moving on, in my absence Lisa managed to sell our terraced house in my Manchester, I blagged

my way into a fairly well paid job assembling kitchen units at a firm in Wetherby and shortly afterwards we bought a lovely little house in Dringhouses which wasn't too far from York racecourse, but more importantly we lived near to a large lake called Moor Lane Pond, or more commonly known as Oggies Pond, I seem to remember the owner was a gnarly old ex boxer in his sixties with a bad temper! It's now the home of York Lakeside Lodges.

I later found out the lake held Carp over 25lb and Tench to 9lb, Happy Days!

I initially spent a lot of time Carp fishing Oggies, but just couldn't get to grips with its moody nature, I could catch large Tench weighing up to six pounds plus but the only time I got a proper Carp take was the very first time that I fished with an open bail arm.

I got talking to a couple of anglers who were a fair bit older than me and they pointed out a couple of areas where I might have a better chance of latching into one of the resident Carp, I had seen them fishing with open bail arms with a bit of sponge plugged into the Butt ring (sounds painful) I hadn't seen anyone fish like this before and I thought that I would try it one day, but at the time didn't appreciate the reason for the foam being there.

I cast out towards one of the areas that had been pointed out to me, tightened up my line but left the bail arm open; I used a tiny piece of electrical tape and stuck the line to the rod blank just above the reel, in effect stopping the line from spilling off the spool.

I sat back on my stripy aluminium garden chair and waited for something to pick up my Luncheon meat hookbait; I was happy with my presentation and catapulted a few cubes of meat over to the area where I was fishing, the hours flew by until the

peace was disturbed by an angler who had come to see how I was getting on, I had seen him fishing a few times but didn't really know him, but he seemed friendly enough and was keen to impress me with his knowledge of the lake and its inhabitants, I wasn't going to interrupt him in mid flow and sat there soaking up his knowledge like a sponge uttering the odd "really" or "wow" just to keep him parting with more information.

About an hour later the guy had slowed down a bit with his angling anecdotes and was just stood next to where I was sat, both just looking out onto the lake, all of a sudden my line just ripped off my spool at an amazing rate of knots, it was an absolutely savage take! I leant forward in my chair, grabbed my rod and struck hard.

The next bit even now, makes me feel embarrassed, as my rod reached the point where it should have set the hook it just kept going, my momentum was such that I literally threw myself backwards with tremendous force which caused my chair to tip over and partially fold with me in it. In an attempt to stop myself from falling I had thrown my arms out and dropped my rod which lay lifeless on the ground.

An Anglers Journey - TeeKay

I disentangled myself from the mess and picked up my rod in the hope that something would still be attached to it but there wasn't, I knew what had happened and felt such a fool, I hadn't even thought about closing the bail arm before I struck, I then realised that the guy I had been talking to was still there and I sheepishly looked into his eyes which were damp with tears, he couldn't contain himself any longer and burst out laughing, he tried to say something but only managed to splurt out the odd word before he doubled up with uncontrollable laughter.

I looked around for something hard to hit him with, but I suddenly saw the funny side of my embarrassing moment and couldn't help but laugh at what had happened to me, after we had both calmed down we ran through the reason why I had taken a backwards tumble and finally came to the conclusion that the open bail arm was definitely to blame. That was the last time I ever used the open bail arm method!

My new found friend, it turned out worked at the same kitchen manufacturing company as me, only he was in management, I worked on the shop floor, an unlikely friendship I would agree but Tony had a wicked and irreverent sense of humour much the same as me, so we got on like a house on fire.

Tony introduced me to another lake a few miles away from Oggies, not too far from the banks of the Yorkshire Ouse, it was called Acaster Malbis boatyard pond and was a part of the Acaster Malbis dry dock where boats were stored or repaired.

At a guess the lake was about five acres in size and slightly diamond shaped, if you walked along the main path on the left hand side of the lake, the pegs were mainly situated between small trees and bushes, if you kept on going along the path to the narrowest part of the lake you came to a small arm or spit from which you

could fish to two separate parts of the lake.

Tony informed me that it was a day ticket water and full of decent Carp to over 20lb and Tench to 7lb but it was very weedy. On our first fishing trip there, I fell in love with the place, Tony had been right it was weed city but there were loads of clear channels and large areas that were weed free, well almost weed free. I couldn't wait to get started.

I noticed that there were a few Carp anglers present, who unusually for Carp anglers seemed friendly, but the thing that I noticed most was their smart looking kit, matching matt black rods and tasty looking reels which I later found out were Cardinal 55s, they had plastic indicators that slid up and down thin aluminium rods, and electronic bite alarms, a lot of them fished the foam in butt ring method. I had found out that when fishing with open bail arms the foam plug kept the mainline under constant tension when a Carp took the bait and screamed off; apparently this helped to set the hook firmly.

I had seen some of the kit they used advertised in one of the fishing magazines that I bought now and again, in those days apart from the Angling Times you had a limited choice of bi monthly or quarterly fishing magazines to choose from but these were general coarse fishing magazines and if you were lucky may contain an article on Specimen Hunting which could include anything from Roach to Carp and everything in between. The two I remember buying were Coarse Fisherman and Coarse Angler magazines; I can't remember which of the two magazines contained articles by Tim Paisley under the pseudonym of Matt Black,

I think that it may have been Coarse Fisherman. I used to look forward to Matt's humorous tales from around the North West which often held hidden little clues as to the rigs and baits he used at the time, these little

titbits tantalised my thought buds and kept my brain active until the next edition came out.

Anyway back to fishing gear, the tackle shop I used to visit before I moved to York was mainly match orientated and didn't stock Carp tackle, but I had recently been given the names of two local tackle shops that did, one was in the centre of York the other was near Acomb I would visit both shops in due course. After that first visit to the boatyard I rarely went anywhere else, I caught loads of Tench and the odd Carp. I kept bumping into a couple of lads on there who obviously knew what they were doing and on occasions I offered to be their ghillie and became very adept at landing their hard fighting Commons and Mirrors.

An Anglers Journey - TeeKay

In return they showed me their rigs which at first I couldn't get my head around, you have to remember it was around 1983-84 at this time, I was essentially a novice Carp angler and had no idea really, I stumbled about in the dark trying simple methods that would catch other species and the odd Carp if I was lucky.

The jump to using curry flavoured luncheon meat as a bait was a massive leap for me which luckily worked and helped me catch a few but I had reached my learning plateau and was going nowhere fast. Before moving to York I had no mates that were interested in fishing except Graham who sometimes came fishing with me to Roman Lakes where we caught loads of silver fish. Carp angling information in the early 80's was almost nonexistent and at best rare; there were no single species magazines on the news shelves, no internet, no forums, nearly everything was a secret, the people who knew all the Carp fishing tricks and methods wouldn't let others outside their small circle of friends in, so in effect I had been in a Carp information wilderness but I was now slowly being let into the fold.

I learnt quickly and was shown homemade boilies which were so strong smelling that they made my eyes water, I was shown the hair rig which consisted of a two inch piece of light 11lb line tied to the bend of a hook after it had been threaded through the bait, the bait was held in position with a small piece of cocktail stick which was used as a hair stop. The rig I was shown, would now be classed as a death rig, basically an ounce and a half or a two ounce lead was placed on the line in a running rig style but there was a fixed backstop placed about six inches behind the lead to cause a bolt effect, the backstop was in the form of a swivel and a bead, the idea being the bolt effect would set the hook which caused the Carp toeerr Bolt!

I was also let into the secret of particle baits which included Hemp, Tares, Corn and assorted Pigeon feed which you had to soak for a day or so then boil up, in fact I only saw my new found friends fish with boilies, a lot of the other anglers seemed to be fishing with particles and appeared to catch more fish than them if that was possible, I think Tares were the most popular particle hookbait used on the lake, they were double mounted on the hair. I saw one guy who was "Top Rod" on the lake catch several fish within a few hours, and when he packed up I moved into his swim having already mentally marked where he had been fishing, I didn't catch anything but did discover something very interesting, the margins where he had been fishing was strewn with Peanuts, I scooped some of them up and noticed that they were plump and it was obvious that they had been soaked and cooked, they also smelt nice and creamy, despite them having just been fished from the muddy margins. Most of the above information and more was passed on or gathered over several weeks, maybe even months and I could see the reasoning behind some of the theories that were discussed between me and my new mates and slowly but surely I began to think and fish like a proper Carp angler.

Because my job was relatively well paid in comparison to any other job I had ever had, I slowly and secretly began to upgrade my tackle, the intention was to somehow try and cobble together a matching set up so I too could look like a professional Carper and not the Noddy I felt like. I bought a Mitchell 410 reel from a second hand shop in York which was so cheap I couldn't pass up on it, a pair of new fangled Monkey Climber indicators were secreted into my rod bag, I even managed to buy a pair of Delareed Optonics which were my pride and joy, they came with two tiny orange ball shaped indicators which had a little plastic V to clip onto your line and also tiny tag with a hole in

it which you tied some string and tethered the bobbin to a bank stick so it wouldn't fly off and be lost on the strike.

Optonics were at the time cutting edge technology, they were good but very quiet so I set about trying to make them louder, I managed to get hold of a small domestic battery operated intercom system and spent several evenings in frustration trying to make the sound come out of one of the units speakers, I tried everything and to this day don't know how I managed it but on one of my attempts I nearly had a heart attack! I had connected one of my alarms with some bell wire to the intercom unit and then run a piece of paper along the sensor wheel when it suddenly gave out a deafening sound, YESSS I had done it! Within half an hour both Optonics were connected up and screeching out loud and clear much to the annoyance of the beloved one, who was busy stirring her cauldron in the kitchen.

My next trip to the boatyard was a midweek affair having booked a day's leave off work, I was keen to try out my new Optonics and Monkeys as well as my secret bait the Peanut! I had soaked about a pound of them earlier in the week before simmering them for half an hour, I then left them to stew in a sealed plastic tub for a few days, I was very impressed with my baits as they smelt really creamy and sweet.

On arrival at the lake I found that I was the only person there so picked an almost weed free peg which had a very large branch sticking out of the water about halfway across. I set up my rig the same way as my friends had shown me and then carefully placed a Peanut on the hair; I was very excited at the prospect of trying out my new bait.

An Anglers Journey - TeeKay

I lobbed my bait out and set my indicator and bite alarm before catapulting a pouch full of free offerings around my hookbait. My only Carp rod at the time was a ten foot glass pike rod which was old but did the job but didn't exactly look the part, but beggars can't be choosers.

When I had cast out, I tested the Monkey Climber by gently pulling the line to make it climb up the aluminium needle I discovered that it wasn't as free running as I thought it would be and it stopped and started in fits and starts as it made its way up the needle, not ideal but it looked cool and I felt confident that it would work OK.

My first bite came within half an hour and my reservations about the Monkey were banished as it flew to the top of the needle, I had a short battle with a nice Mirror which weighed 13lb and was hooked firmly in the bottom lip, I was over the moon, everything had worked perfectly!

I repositioned my bait and catapulted out some more free offerings, five minutes later I was battling with another Carp of a similar size, the next three fish were Tench which had me cursing the little red eyed darlings for disturbing my swim.

I had to wait for a couple of hours before my next Carp came to the net, this one was the baby of the bunch at 6lb, but I didn't care I was on a roll, an hour later I had a scraper double Common which was in pristine condition.

The swim went quiet for a while so I moved my bait about in an effort to attract a bite or two and ended up casting a bit too near the thick branch that was sticking out of the water, but as it was a couple of feet away from my hookbait I wasn't too bothered that it would cause me any problems.

Mid afternoon I was joined by an angler who had come for a look around as he intended to fish over the weekend, he was mainly a river fisherman, a matchman I think and

he was looking forward to catching some Tench which were abundant in the lake, we were chatting away for about half an hour when my alarm without warning screeched out in anger making me jump, the monkey climber was almost pulled out of the ground such was the force of the take. I grabbed the rod which was immediately pulled around into a frightening curve, the severity of which I had not seen before, the rod was bent all the way down to the cork handle, it was creaking and groaning in my hands, the clutch which was screwed down tight didn't give an inch and I hoped that this would turn the fish from its intended sanctuary, the submerged branch.

What happened next absolutely shocked me to the core, I was by now stood up leaning into the fish, and the rod was in full battle curve and beyond, I heard a very loud bang, my rod then folded in two! I couldn't believe what had happened, my only Carp rod had exploded and I had lost a monster, just when everything was falling into place I was dealt this unexpected death blow.

I tried to retrieve my tackle which after a fair bit of tugging came out of the snag obviously minus the fish, I inspected the irreparable damage to my rod with the other angler and we came to the conclusion that the leg of one of the rod rings had penetrated the blank wall causing it to collapse due to the immense pressure it had been under. I decided that the only option was to pack up, go home and lick my wounds; the broken rod was consigned to the rubbish bin. I didn't go fishing for the rest of the summer; mainly because I didn't have a suitable replacement rod but I also needed to save up for my latest project which was to build a couple of proper Carp rods.

One of the local tackle shops not too far from Acomb stocked rod building gear and they had North Western SS5 and SS6 blanks in

stock, I hadn't heard of these before I entered the shop, but after I asked for their advice on rod building they suggested that these blanks were the way forward and they would tame any Carp I was lucky enough to hook.

I was shown a made up rod with an abbreviated foam handle, these handles were starting to become very fashionable and I was well impressed with its looks, in my mind's eye, I could see myself sat on the bank next to a pair.

I spent from the end of July (when I had my last traumatic fishing trip to the boatyard) up until the beginning of December buying and preparing all the materials that I needed to build my rods, and by the end of January the following year I had two newly built SS5 rods complete with Fuji rod rings and abbreviated foam handles, the handles looked nice but if I'm completely honest they looked too big, the North Western blanks were glass and the handle end was much, much thicker than today's slim versions. With no covering the handles were fine but the size of the abbreviated foam sections that were slid over the blank made the whole handle section very thick.

I had never undertaken a project as big as this before and planned everything with precision, if something wasn't exactly right I stopped, stripped it back and started again, the worst job was whipping on the Fuji rings and making sure that they were straight and ensuring that the whipping threads were perfectly aligned. I built one complete rod before starting the other as I didn't want to rush and make a mess of them both.

An Anglers Journey - TeeKay

When I was finished, I was so proud of myself and couldn't wait to try them out once the weather warmed up a bit, I was so pleased that one day I set up my rods in the front garden just to see how they looked and boy did they look the Bogs Dollocks! In Yorkshire as well as most other areas in England the old close season was still in operation,

Yorkshires open season started on the 1st June rather than the 16th of June like the rest of the country. In my absence Acaster Boatyard had turned into a syndicate, which on enquiring I was told it was now £50 a year for membership, that wasn't good news for me, I had recently bought a nice looking Mk11 Ford Escort Estate and after using all my spare cash funding my new rods, I was skint!

I was gutted, new rods and nowhere to cast them I could have gone to Oggies but that was my bogie water and didn't feel confident there, I needed to get back on the Boatyard ASAP to lay some demons and I only had two weeks before the season started to come up with a solution. The solution came in the form of some small print in my mortgage agreement, you could miss a monthly payment without incurring any charges, a stupid thing to do but needs must. I rang up my local branch and told them a heart rending sob story which they swallowed hook, line and sinker, they were very sympathetic and agreed that I could miss a payment.

All I had to do now was keep quiet and not let beloved in on my dirty little secret. The mortgage payments went out of my bank account so as long as beloved didn't inspect my bank statement I would pull this one off and after paying my £50 membership fee I would still have a bit of free cash available from the remainder of my missed mortgage payment. Game On!

On the second day of the season

I found myself alone on the Boatyard, I was a bit confused as I was convinced it would be packed, I then had a moment of dread, had the season been changed to the 16th to match the rest of the country and was I fishing illegally? I thought that I would wing it and act daft if I was in the wrong but as it happened one of the boatyard owners came and had a chat to see if I had caught anything, after that I felt much better.

My first fish of the season came to a trusty Peanut hookbait, it put up a hell of a fight but eventually it succumbed and was soon gulping air before sliding into my awaiting "Specimen" landing net, which was another new acquisition thanks to my building society. As I lifted the net out of the water I thought "bloody hell this looks f***ing massive" I first weighed my wet landing net head and then weighed my large Mirror in it as I didn't have a weigh sling, in fact I can't remember if they were available then.

The fish and net weighed just under 22lb so I deducted the weight of the landing net and settled on a weight of 20lb 2oz my first twenty pound fish and new personal best! I caught another Mirror Carp that day which weighed 19lb 1oz it weeded me up soon after I hooked it, I had to coax it through a couple of weed beds before managing to get it into open water where the protracted battle lasted about twenty minutes, eventually it tired and I managed to net it, Job Done! I sat there until dusk with a massive grin on my face before heading home.

I had a three or four good months on the Boatyard catching consistently and was more than pleased with my tackle and tactics, I was on par with my two mates and we shared the joy of each other's catches, we also kept each other informed on what was being caught and where, we had developed as a little three man team and this gave us an advantage over

the other members.

One day whilst fishing alone I caught a very large Common which looked bigger than my personal best Mirror, It was one of the hardest fishing fish I had ever landed, It made me run after run and ploughed through several weed beds, every time I got it to the net it looked me in the eyes and powered away from me,

I was getting tired, my arm was killing me and I knew that if I didn't net it soon I would lose it, ten minutes later I was still battling with it and the pain in my arm was agonising, as the fish neared the net yet again I thought to myself "do or die" and hauled the surprised fish into the awaiting net, I remember thinking "Thank God For That" It was a beautiful creature, scale perfect and muscular, when I went to weigh it I discovered that I didn't have my scales, I suddenly realised that I had put them on a shelf intending to WD40 them but had forgotten all about them until now. I could only guess at her weight, but it didn't really matter what she weighed, I was honoured to have caught such a wild creature.

I admired the fish for a few moments and then let her glide back into her watery home; little did I know that that would be the last time I would ever fish the Boatyard.

I don't know if anyone reading between the lines has picked up that me and the beloved one were probably not compatible, well not too long after my capture of the un-weighed Common we parted company, I moved back to sunny Manchester and a new chapter in my life in my life began.

Teekay.

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All products contain Medi-Chlorian "Health Booster" exclusively created by Galaxy Baits

When the carp aren't having it - Russell McDonald

So many times I get asked, "where should I go" Have you fished here" have you fished there" "Is here any good". I can answer these questions to a degree. However, they differ so much, that many techniques catch fish and more bonus fish. Some waters will seem void of Pike when using sea baits. Some will only respond or should I say fish much better to Roach than other bait. Live bait may be the key to undoing another water, whilst on some waters, big dead baits like Jack Pike or full mackerel will catch the big Girls.

A certain water I used to fish regularly could be taken apart on big spoons, yet actual lures (artificial fish) were quite useless. This subject can go on and on. Big pike following the Bream shoals, fish a 1lb+ Bream! popped up dead, dead hard on the bottom. A lot of my live baiting is done via a pop up rig whilst still ledgering, on alarms. Yet a water I fished recently only produced 1 double figure fish. A change to a sunken float live bait saw fish up to 20lbs banked. I will use the Pater-noster rig for bigger live baits but only in the right situation. Unlocking the right situation can produce the goods. In short. Try and try again. Always fish open minded. Like carp angling, barbel or chub, it pays to think.

So my answer may be to the asker. Yes, it is a good double water, yet it may only produce Jacks or even nothing depending on how the said person fishes the water.

The majority of waters will respond to standard dead baiting (start off with this practise) and normal live baiting, lures, spinners and wobbling but work that little bit harder to find what produces on a regular basis and pulls the better stamp of fish. I guess again, just like carp fishing..

Here is a list of waters which I have taken double figure pike. From Ponds, lodges, lakes, Reservoirs, Pits, Canals, Rivers and Lochs. (From Local to distance, they could be near to you!).

Lancashire.
Kirklees.
Carcus.
Little Carcus
Wire Netting.
Elton Res,
Little Elton,
Cromptons
whiteheads,
Jumbles Res,
Wayo Res,
Pilsworth Res,
Rakes Brook Res,
Roddlesworth Res,
Debdale Res,
Smiths Res,
Ogden Res,
Hollingworth Lake,
Green booth Res,
Cloughbridge Res,
Pendle View Fisheries,
Wyreside Fisheries,

YORKSHIRE.
River Ouse,
River Aire,
River Derwent,
River Ure,
River Swale,
River Nidd,
Semer Water,
Ladybower Res,
Winterset Res,
CUMBRIA
Windermere,
Coniston,
Grassmere,
Rydal water
Bassenthwaite,
Derwent water,
Esthwaite water,
Thirlmere Res,
Killington Lake,
NORTHANTS
Ringstead Trout fishery,
Sywell Res,
OXFORDSHIRE
Linear Fisheries.
Orchid Lakes.
HERTFORDSHIRE
Wilstone Res, (Tring)
South DEVON
Slapton Ley,
WALES ,
Lake Bala,
River Wye
River Severn,
SCOTLAND.
Loch Maben (Castle Loch)
Mill Loch
Hightae
River Annan
River Dee
Loch Ken
Loch Strone
Clatteringshaws Loch
Loch Woodall
Loch Ronald
Loch Maberry
Loch Foot
Loch Lomond
Loch Awe

When the carp aren't having it - Russell McDonald

The list above may help you to catch pike without too much leg work as to where to start. It isn't very often that anglers give up their secrets about particular waters. However, I feel that naming just a few to get the ball rolling will do nobody any harm.

Lately a lot has been written about Jig fishing, bottom bouncing etc for perch. This method has been around for many a year but just reinvented with a few delicate changes.

Especially in the use of canals, where a short cast to the other bank with a dead bait, which is then twitched at certain depths. However, a very simple way to catch pike in quite the same manner in canals, rivers and even still waters can be employed. This is especially effective for the roaming angler who doesn't like to be sat in one place.

Using a light rod and test curve, tackle up with a small pilot bung, a small lead to keep the bait down, set it mid depth with a wire trace and single treble. Lip hook the dead bait through both lips, keeping the mouth shut (this lets the fish move easier through the water). Then walk! A reed lined water can be very productive, however on a canal or drain this will produce many fish. Basically you are swimming the dead bait along the wall, tucked under the bank side. It is a form of wobbling a free

line dead bait, however you have much more control of the fish in the marginal area.

As a casted dead bait will often get snagged and also not hit the required depth in time. Open the bail arm, and hold the line under one finger. You will feel the take or the bung will stop and you will release the line, the pike feeling no resistance at all. Basically it is the same as trolling from a boat. Try it.... Pike to 20lb plus have been caught by myself and friends using this method and it may appeal that bit more exciting than a more standard approach.

When fishing a bigger water in winter, always seek out the deeper water. It is a safe bet that you won't be too far away from the pike. Pike in winter are obviously more active than other fish. Basically they need to work harder for their food. They will reserve their energy till the time comes to feed. This incidentally can be within minutes of each other on different days, so always note down on each water you fish what the feeding times are.

When I was more active and younger! I could actually fish 3 different waters in one day, trebling my catch rate. One lake would feed at 9.30 am till 10.00 am. The next (a drive of 4 miles) would feed at 11.00am, almost on the dot! Then another short drive would see me settle on my last water for the feeding time between 1.00 pm and 2.00 pm. This isn't to say that the odd fish wasn't caught out of these times but it sure did help to have this information. Once repeat captures

started, then a move in pegs was needed. Once you're in the deeper water, have a plumb about. Pike love features either to hold up in while waiting or a place to ambush prey. We all know that gravel bars, channels and sunken objects are good for all feeding fish. If there are feeding fish, then predators aren't too far away. Scan the water for movement. Look for fry dimpling the surface. This can be a massive give away to their whereabouts of pike.

Whilst bivvied up on a Lowland Scottish Loch, we were having no luck. It was the third day of a very unproductive session and the last day of the trip. We had boat fished the 2 previous days. Flogging lures and trolling dead baits, as well as sitting up wind and drifter float fishing (something I will touch on later). Nothing had happened, stirred or moved, just a couple of jacks.

The regular features, holding areas and hotspots had produced nothing. One of these being a sunken stone wall/pier, which runs out for some 100 yards in the loch then plateaus off with drops of up to 6 feet on either side! (quite a number of lochs have these features built many many years ago for ghillie and angler), This is usually a dead cert for a good fish or a least a hat full of average fish. I stepped out of my bivvy on a chilled morning, light was just breaking through on a beautiful scene, the floor was white with a sprinkling of frost,,,,



The loch was flat calm as the mist danced upon the water, rising slowly to kiss the cold air, there was a deadly silence. I stood for minutes taking in this wonderful place. The only thing that moved on the bank was my breath as it was clearly visible. Now this felt like pike land! I was going to catch today! As I looked out on to the vast piece of water which looked like a mirror,

I noticed little rings appearing around 20 to 30 yards out from the bank. The bank we were on, is the deepest water on the loch, dropping away almost straight away at the first drop off to around 12 to 15 feet, then again at the second drop off. As the light broke through and everything became visible, I realised that I had a massive shoal of fry in front of me! (so much so that when I cast

lures there was 2 or 3 fry on the trebles!). Then my heart missed a beat as a very big fish rolled not 20 feet from the bank! Then another, the water heaved as its full length went through the shoals.

There was going to be no boat fishing today! Had this been where the Pike had been, following this mass shoal, feeding up on it. The rolls became more aggressive, smashing into thousands of little roach fry, sending 100's at a time flying through the air, scattering to avoid the immediate end. The water started to get thrashed with lures. Then thrashed again and again... Then wobbled dead baits. We had no live baits. which I think still would have made no difference. They were feeding on fry! After such a long time of throwing everything at the pike, frustration was kicking in!

Big time. Enter a small perch/ pike spinner, with a rotary blade on it. A fish of around 8lb was taken straight away, then a few smaller fish. The rolling had almost stopped now and my thoughts going crazy, had they simply moved away, had they dropped deeper in the water, or were they simply full up and we had missed our chance. We weren't out of luck as it happens and we went on to take around 7 doubles and three 20 lb plus fish to 27 lbs taken by my friend on the only dead bait action of the weekend... Luckily for us we had choose to bivvy and fish when not on the boat in the deep water pegs. Had we not, we would most definitely have not caught or even seen this amazing act of nature.

Until next time....
Russell



VENUE SPOTLIGHT

Broadlands Lakes

The famous Broadlands Lake Fishery in Hampshire will play host to not just the Southern Qualifier but also the Final of the Ashima Carp Championships

Peter & Debbie Beale have really got the venue setup a treat, there is a onsite club house which has a great food menu, toilets and on site shop should visitors need any bait or tackle. The venue has played host to the final of the BCAC on numerous occasions.

There are some special fish to be caught in the main lake with the biggest aptly named Henry Cooper at 38lb 8oz

Just off the M27 nr Romsey, known as the most beautiful coarse fishery the south has to offer, with over 30 acres of water set on an 82 acre estate with breath taking wildlife surrounding you in this peaceful location.

Broadlands lake is fed from the chalk stream rivers of the famous river Test and is now a well established fishery, in one year alone over 4000 double figure carp were caught including more than 500 over 20lb's.

Carp up to 38lb+, Grass Carp to 25lb+, Pike to 30lb+, Tench to 8lb+, Roach to 3lb+, Bream to 14lb+ & Eels to 10lb+ have been recorded. There are special features for the disabled angler including lakeside fishing secure platforms & lakeside carpark.

Anglers can have food & drink delivered to their swims, a shower is also available in the clubhouse. The Clubhouse is also licensed.

if you are looking for a venue with it all then give them a ring and visit.

The Southern Event SOLD OUT within a week and takes place on April 22nd, the lakes are fishing well so now is the time to get down and have a go!

Full details available on www.broadlands-lake.co.uk or give the Lake a Call on 02380 869881

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Take a look at Myerscough College's exciting range of **Fish Management** and **Fish Husbandry** courses. There are Level 2 and Level 3 (A Level equivalent) courses available for either one or two years, ideal for progression to University or employment within the industry.

ADVICE MORNINGS

Saturday 6th February
and 12th March 2016
9.45am-12.30pm

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Myerscough College Fisheries – March 2016

It's been an exciting month for developments here at Myerscough College. We are incredibly pleased to announce that we have received authorisation from the Fish Health Inspectorate (FHI) to operate as an Aquaculture Production Business (APB). This authorisation means that we can now operate as an approved fish farm.

Our fish production for the time being will mainly be focused on C1 (one summer old) carp (*Cyprinus Carpio*) perfect for cost effective restocking and growing on. We do hope to diversify our range of species in the future, hopefully developing facilities for the production of crucian carp (*Carassius Carassius*) and Tench (*Tinca tinca*).

Details of fish prices and availability will be posted on our 'Myerscough Fisheries & Countryside' Facebook page so please do ensure that you give us a 'like'. At this moment in time sales are carried out on an arranged collection basis only. All of our customers so far have been really impressed with the quality and appearance of our fish. If you are interested in buying any fish, then please get in touch. If you intend to stock the fish into a fishery, then you will need to send us a copy of your Envi-

ronment Agency site permit. I can provide advice with regards to this requirement.

As part of their curriculum, our fisheries students are responsible for the rearing and wellbeing of the carp on a day to day basis, the APB development provides further credibility for the students' work experience portfolios and ultimately develops their readiness for employment within the industry.

Running a fish farm can be a complex operation, daily duties include tank and filter maintenance, feeding, and water quality monitoring. These duties are undertaken by our students and they record all procedures in a biosecurity logbook in line with the Fish Health Inspectorate standards. All APBs are regularly inspected by the skilled and helpful Fish Health Inspectorate team. These inspections will focus on our ability to adhere to strict biosecurity protocols with the aim of preventing the transmission of significant diseases such as Koi Herpes Virus (KHV). This virus can result in 100% mortality and can spread rapidly, particularly once water temperatures rise above 17 °C.

Unfortunately, many aquatic diseases are spread as a result of the illegal movement

of fish from one water to another and by anglers 'wet' equipment such as nets, slings and unhooking mats. One of the main culprits is the net 'stink sleeve'. These sleeves are often constructed of fully waterproof materials and can retain water inside them for a considerable length of time.

You may take your net out of the sleeve to dry it but once you put it back into the sleeve it gets wet again! Upon your next fishing trip, perhaps at a different venue to your previous angling session, you use your net with the severe potential to infect that site.

It's really important that as anglers we all take responsibility to safeguard the future of our sport.

Simple tasks such as ensuring you fully dry ALL equipment after a fishing session and ensuring that we ALL follow site rules regarding equipment disinfection will really assist in our fight to prevent disease transmission, I politely urge you all to play your part.

Many thanks for reading this month's update and I look forward to discussing our ongoing Myerscough Fisheries activities in next month's issue. Dan Hulme.



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Coming NEXT MONTH

Have we got a treat for you!!

We are joined by none other than **Lee Merrit** himself...

Part 2 of "A Chat With Mr **Julian Cundiff**" and we talk rigs, bait and what gets his grey matter ticking

Our regular writers continue to treat us to their styles and stories of catching carp as Scott Grant hauls in Essex, **Lee England** hauls from wherever he likes and Ross Hunter returns from a very productive session in France.

"Hookpull" and "TeeKay" continue to enthral us with their tales from back in the day.

Our new "catch reports" continues to grow as more anglers dust off their carbon, hit the banks and start landing those hungry carp... keep those pics coming in guys!!

Competition winners announced and a brand new competition or two for the month of April (our biggest yet!)...in it to win it !!

We review some brand new reels from **MAD Carp** as they look to make a serious assault on the carp market in 2016!! These will surprise you!!

All this and much more....



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