

A man with a beard, wearing a red beanie and an orange vest, is holding a large, silvery carp. The background is a blurred natural setting with trees and foliage.

# Talking Carp

Magazine

**Issue 35**  
**January 2019**

*Inside...*

**Scott 'Geezer' grant**  
**Clint Walker**  
**Gary 'Milky' Lowe**  
**plus much more**







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# ***Hello.... and welcome.***

And a Happy birthday to us!!! We are officially 3 years old....

Happy New Year to each and everyone of you, we hope you had a great time over Christmas and the New Year. We noticed quite a few of you out fishing over the holidays, and some of you were definitely taken care of by the fatman in red!! Some nice new shiny gear bankside!!

The good news is.... The shortest day is behind us now, and slowly we will see the days get longer and the nights get shorter... but remember, it may be a nice day during the day, but it is still very very cold at night so keep those layers handy to wrap up warm and keep that kettle on!! Now, as we progress and move forward, we would like to hear from YOU!!

If there is something you would like to see in our pages, feel free to get in touch via our email and put your suggestions across.

That's all for now, we are sneaking off for a piece of birthday cake and some jelly and ice cream to celebrate... Take care and we look forward to all your catch reports. As always email

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*Team Talking Carp*



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Taska Spider bait rocket

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Freezer Fresh  
for optimum  
quality

# ***GALAXY BAITS***

## **Atlantic Salmon & Japanese Spider Crab**



*This bait has a fantastic amino profile due to the different fishmeals and liquid foods used in its production. The Name suggests it to be a right stinker, but, has the quality, smell and taste, of a restaurant served dinner, so very acceptable to leave in the bivvy.*

We searched the globe for Japanese Spider Crab Extract for years and found just what we were looking for 3 years ago and began testing instantly, catching carp to 57.12lb. The bait contains many top attractors including a pure source of GLM, not the usually available product on the shelf, but sourced from a Dutch Animal pharmaceutical company. There is also Oyster shell added for a natural crunch (water snail imitation) and extra source of calcium, to help the fishes bone structure grow, to house the muscle increase gained quickly and healthily from our MC.

This bait, has come into its own in the last year, creating dream catches for some of our testing team, hence why we as a company, agreed to its release in 2018.

Its mainly designed for warmer water, but had shocking results with some stunning colder water captures, probably due to the inclusion of our exclusive Medi-Chlorian health booster, which is proving hard for big carp to ignore, on waters seeing regular application !



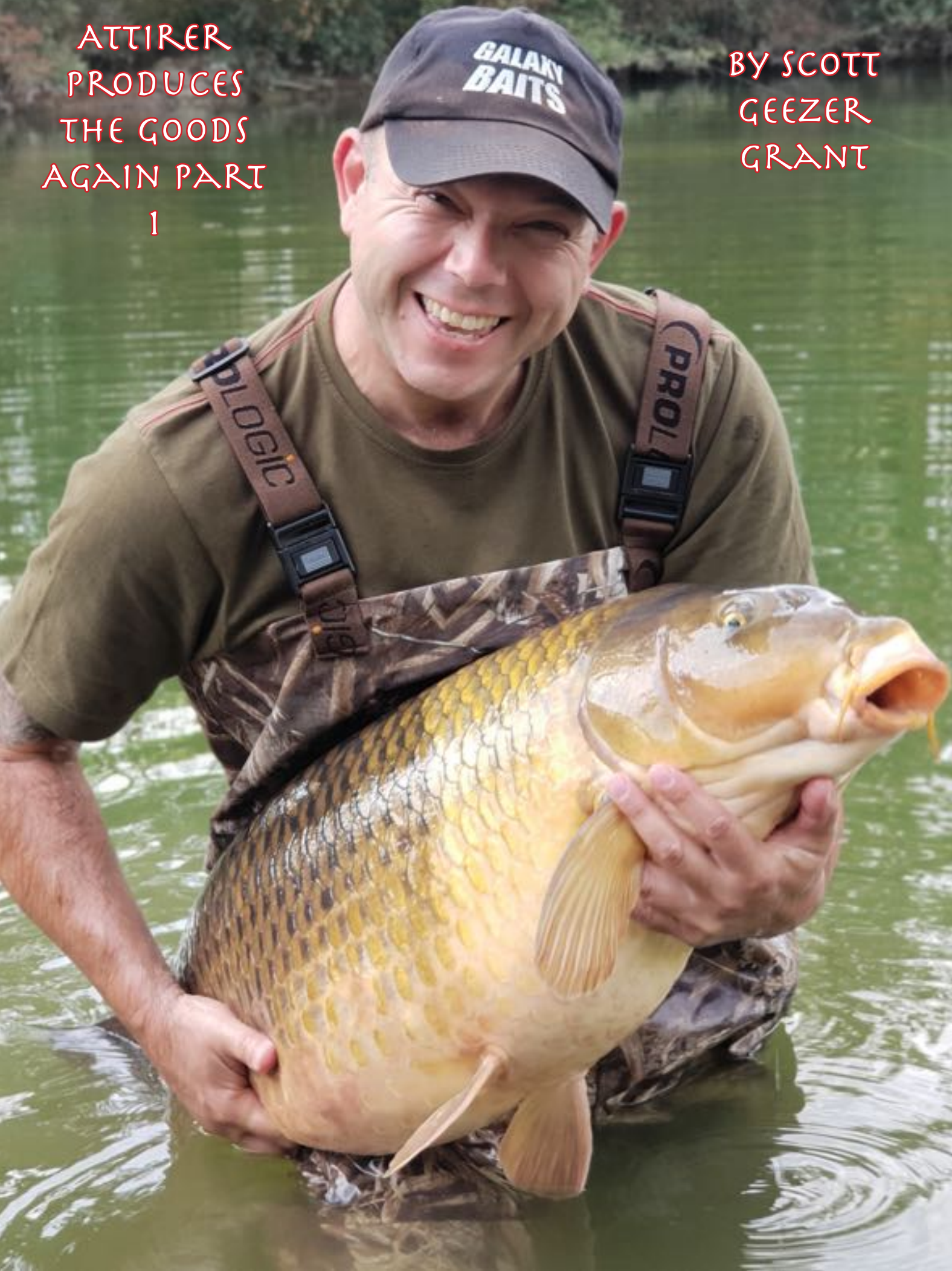
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ATTIRER  
PRODUCE  
THE GOODS  
AGAIN PART  
1

BY SCOTT  
GEEZER  
GRANT





At the start of September, I had booked a week off work to go back to my mates lake Angels des Lac in France.

Since my last trip there earlier in the year it was surprising how quick it came around. As always I was excited as ever and since my last trip, I made sure I had a stock of the devastating Attirer.

I made sure I had plenty of food dip, along with flavoured pellet and mixed sized boilies. Micky had done me some more pineapple butyric pop ups and a couple of pots of mixed coloured Attirer ones too.

I love going to France everyone seems excited and that all starts from the moment you set off from home. Martin came to my house and loaded my gear into his van on

the Saturday morning as I had work later that afternoon and wouldn't be finishing until 2300. I managed to get a couple of hours sleep before the alarm went off at 05:00 o'clock, then it was a simple case of jumping in the shower and getting ready as I was being picked up at 06:00 o'clock as the train was booked with last check in at 07:51, The mrs was also up early doing a packed lunch for all of us... what a legend she is. Martin was at my house bright and early which gave us plenty of time to make the train.

Martin had invited another angler along named Steve who is a member on Martins syndicate lake Bush Farm front lake in Upminster.

So, with me in the driving seat

I said my goodbyes to my Mrs and we were off. You could feel the buzz in the van and that's the feeling I love when I'm going fishing, you just cant buy that. It was just over an hour later and we arrived at the Euro Tunnel, once checked in the first thing was to get a large Latte and before we knew it, we had to board the train.

It only takes 35 minutes and once off the train I had a 4-5hr journey in front of me. It was just after 10:00 o'clock so we were looking at arriving at the lake around 14:00-15:00 depending on the traffic.







As you do, we chatted about all things carpy on the journey and Steve said his goal was to catch a 40lber which he should achieve no problem.

Steve then mentioned about the big girl I caught back in May at a whopping 50lb 14oz, and believe it or not I was thoroughly disappointed in the photos Martin took all the photos were out of focus and this fish was my French PB. I stated then that if I manage to catch her again the weight will be irrelevant, but I would like some photos done and this time all in

focus.

I wasn't sure what Steve's camera skills were like and I said I will give him a crash course, not that I am an expert, but I've been doing it long enough.

With only one pitstop we arrived at the lake at 14:45, there was an angler fishing with his son and they were fishing until the next morning, so for us it was a simple case of chilling out and having a look about.

It was a friend of Martins and what a lovely bloke "Jag" was as was his son very polite and friendly. Between them they had caught a few fish along

with a couple of 40lbers and their tally was standing at 14 fish for the week.

I unloaded a few bits from the van and stuck them in the lodge then went about preparing my bait.

I got a couple of gorilla buckets unloaded... 5kilos of 14mm, 18mm and 22mm along with a couple of kilos of chops then poured a litre of food dip all over them and proceeded to move the bait from one bucket to the other until all the baits were covered. The smell is horrendous, but the fish seem to love it and that's what matters.







The looks I was getting from the others apart from Martin was like I was doing something completely abnormal. Martin then started to do the same with his bait and then Steve followed suit.

With the bait covered in food dip it would have at least 24 hrs to soak before I was going to use it which is a great edge.

I then set about re-rigging the rods ready for when Jag leaves in the morning.

When I fished here

last, I used the Ronnie rig with a butyric pop up, as there are crayfish still present so wrapping the baits was a must. So, I tied up 3 new rigs and wrapped a few baits up ready for tomorrow.

As for sleeping quarters we all put our bivvies up on the grassy area and all we needed was our bed chairs and sleeping bags as the bivvies will be moved tomorrow into our chosen swims.

That evening we settled for a lamb kebab from the local takeaway. I must admit I'm not a lover of kebabs, but

these are the nuts, not sure its lamb though horse most probably just hope I don't get the trots!!!!

Jag was great company and some of the stories he was coming out with had me in stitches.

I retired to bed quite early... around 23:00 and boy did I have a good nights kip, as my head hit the pillow I was out like a light only to be awoken by the birds chirping and busting for a pee!!

Everyone else was still asleep so I got dressed and went into the lodge





to make a morning coffee then I sat on my chair watching the water as this for me is the best time to see any signs of fish activity.

Just sitting there watching the early morning mist dance across the surface is magical and I'm sure there's plenty of anglers across the globe that share the same view.

Steve was next up then Jag and his boy made an appearance. I stuck the kettle on and made

everyone a brew and delivered Martins to his bivvy as he was still asleep!!!! Jag started the dreaded packing up and come midday he was all packed up said his goodbyes and left for the Tunnel. Martin as always held the draw for swims Steve drew first then Martin then me, and guess what I picked



the number 3 ball which meant I had last pick, Steve got the number 1 ball and chose to go front left swim (which is my favourite) Martin chose the back left and I went into front right next to Steve.

The next few hours we were all setting our gear up, moving the bivvies into position, getting the rods sorted and with everything sorted the rods went out. The left rod was fished at 40 yards straight out to an area







I have caught from previously I catapulted around 2 kilos of boilies over the area and sent a couple of spombs of pellet. The middle rod was fished a rod length to the right of the left rod again the same bait application was applied.

The right hand rod was boated out to the edge of the far snags with a generous helping of bait. It was now time to relax sit back and let the alarms sing.

Both Martin and Steve got their rods out to the areas they fancied fishing and it was now up to the fish to do their bit.

Monday evening soon came around and with the rods still motionless

the talk was about who would get the first take? Steve was still excited and to be honest I couldn't wait for him to get a take, as I'm 99% sure it will be his new PB.

Martin mustered up a hearty meal as usual then we all kicked back until it was time for bed.

Tuesday morning was glorious it was going to be another warm day, the mist danced across the water and it felt bang on for a take.

It wasn't until the afternoon that the first take came, and it fell to Martin who banked a pristine common of just over 30lb.

That's was all the action for the rest of the day, mine and Steves rods stayed motionless. I had a look up in the

snags but there were no fish present, which does nothing for the confidence I can tell you. Where were the fish holding up?

That was the question. I just lazed around for the rest of the day watching the water and sorting rig bits out. I started to question myself if I should change things about? But when your using what you know works why change, but I think all anglers tend to go through this at some point. There was no other action for the rest of the day and come Wednesday morning it was still the same.





I sat watching the water on the side fishing and in the vacant swim just off the tree line a large fish poked its head out, this gave me a bit of confidence and the next thing I was moving my gear into the vacant swim, was it a good move or not? Well we shall have to wait and see.

An hour or so later my gear was all set up in the new swim and the rods were boated out one of them in the area I saw the fish.

Attirer was used yet again and with the rods sorted it was time to sit back and relax.

Not for long though as an hour later the

rod on the money spot was away and after a proper battle a huge common lay in the net. It was a fish I had caught previously, the "Two Tone" common at a whopping 40lb 12oz. I was made up with this fish my first take and it's a known fish at over 40lb can't ask for more then that. Martin took some photos on my







phone and this time all the photos were in focus!!!

With the fish returned the rod was put back out and I was hopeful of more action.

Later that afternoon Martin was in again this time with a cracking 39lb 4oz mirror, it seems all the action is coming from the back lake, but I've been here before

when this happens but then all of a sudden the other side ignites and everyone is catching so hopefully it was only a matter of time before Steve was into a lump.

Late afternoon and Steve was into a fish after a 10 minute battle I slid the net under a large mirror and recognised the fish as "The Warrior" which turned out to be Steves PB at 43lb 8oz he was proper made up and I must admit with me behind the camera he had no fear they were going to be crap photos.





The fish was returned, and Steve got the rod back out and when I saw him cast I was surprised as he was fishing on the area out in front I was fishing and baited!

This was a good thing as I knew the fish were starting to get on the bait, and an hour later it was confirmed

when Steve landed his second fish and yes it was another new PB of 44lb 8oz... a huge framed mirror.

He was now on cloud 9 and smiling from ear to ear and why not, we were all really happy for him there's nothing more satisfying then seeing another angler catching their PB.

Steve finished his flurry off with a chunky 36lb common that was taken from the snags... another area that was baited with Attirer.

Find out what happens in Part 2 and believe me there's so much more to come.

I hope you all had a great New Year and let's hope 2019 is a







banger.

If you would like to try the ready made "Ronnie rigs" from sharp tackle visit their website for a pack of 4 hooks its £2:99 which isn't expensive at all.

I would like to thank the following companies for their products of which I use in my fishing.

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[Www.hookedonbaits.co.uk](http://Www.hookedonbaits.co.uk)

If you're out on the bank stay safe, wrap

up warm as winter is truly here and

remember its only fishing.

All the best

*Geezer*





# #PARTICLEPERFECTION



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# Deeper... A Friend From the Future?

By Clint Walker





Perhaps I can change the way you think? Or maybe you've already seen the future?

Many years ago, I used to enjoy photography, rattling through film after film in pursuit of usable images for a variety of magazine articles and prints. It was time consuming, waiting for the finished shots to be developed, then picking out those that were suitable for enlarging and sale, and above it cost me a great deal of wasted money and wasted hours. Having said that, when the digital era arrived, and everyone was raving about the speed and ease of the new media, I wasn't having it, the old way was best, I was sticking to film... As a result, I lost out on months of opportunity until I begrudgingly made the switch, and instantly, a whole new world was unveiled right before my eyes! It was amazing! Faster, cheaper, and better; I could discard images without wasting time or money, and select those that were good enough for features, social media and more, and I saved something which is very precious, more precious than money...time.

Time is precious for any angler

too, not just the actual time to go fishing, but once there, time spent on the bank with a bait in the water; after all, if your offering isn't in the water, you won't catch anything. Anglers don't want to waste their treasured time either, fishing in the wrong place, presenting baits in an area where it won't be seen, plunged into silt or weed, or even at the wrong depth. They don't want to mess about, they just want to relax, unwind, and hopefully catch something, and this is where change, technology and foresight can help you ensure that those valued hours aren't squandered... My Deeper journey started about five years ago. The newest piece of kit on the market, the very first model of sonar, which I believe was known as the 3.0 was eagerly purchased, and I set off to unlock







the secrets of my local waters.

After a few hours of smugly casting the Deeper about, I hadn't had a great deal of success; I struggled to connect to the device, and with any distance between the sonar and my phone it was a constant battle to maintain any signal at all, especially if the water was anything other than flat calm. I made a couple more attempts to master the thing, then it was left to expire quietly in a 'man' draw, alongside my used batteries, cufflinks, paperclips, drawing pins and novelty bottle opener. No, technology wasn't going to help, so it was back to the trusted marker float and lead...

I'd also seen the furore on social media too. "It's cheating" was the war cry, "What happened to watercraft?" said others, and it

put me off. I don't cheat, I do have watercraft, but I genuinely just wanted my time on the bank to be maximised, and I thought that with improvements, Deeper could achieve that. So, imagine my delight then when Deeper was upgraded, and eventually the Pro+ arrived on the scene! Yay! The trouble is, I'm married, and I quite enjoy it (one of us has too!)

so I wasn't keen to spend a good wedge of money on something which (the wife reminded me) I hadn't been able to make work that well previously; the only thing I could do was keep an eye out for feedback, look at what customers were saying, and make a decision at Christmas when I could perhaps justify it... that was my intention anyway. The reality was that I pestered. I kept on at Mrs. W. showing her how much positivity was going on around the new Deeper, how it was improving catch rates, opening up underwater maps like never before, giving anglers a brand new tool in their armoury, and generally leaving users with a knowing smile on their face; this time Deeper had got it right, it worked, it worked consistently, and



those who used it knew it! The constant harassment paid off, and a Deeper Pro+ was finally, firmly on the Christmas list...

A chance conversation with one of the team staff, 'Deeper Hero' Russ Guise, who I trust implicitly to give an honest opinion, also cemented my intention to obtain the new Pro+ after he waxed lyrical about its qualities, and I made mention of my forthcoming purchase in my online writings. Behind the scenes however, Russ had mentioned my name to the management at Deeper, and after some (easy) negotiation, I agreed to help represent the brand both on the bank, and elsewhere, **but on condition that the kit really was as good as the hype said, and that I wasn't going to be**

**shovelling treacle uphill!** My Deeper Pro+ arrived in the post a few days later, and I spent the next hour excitedly reading the instructions... Not really; I'm a bloke, so even before I'd unboxed it, I knew exactly how it worked, and quickly uploaded the free Deeper app to get started! I spent the next half an hour frustratedly trying to get the sonar to connect with my smartphone to no avail, before realising that reading the instructions might not be a bad idea. In fact, it was a great idea, as just a page or so in, it explained that the Deeper battery is water activated, and needs to be immersed for it to function otherwise it would never connect; I knew that...honest!



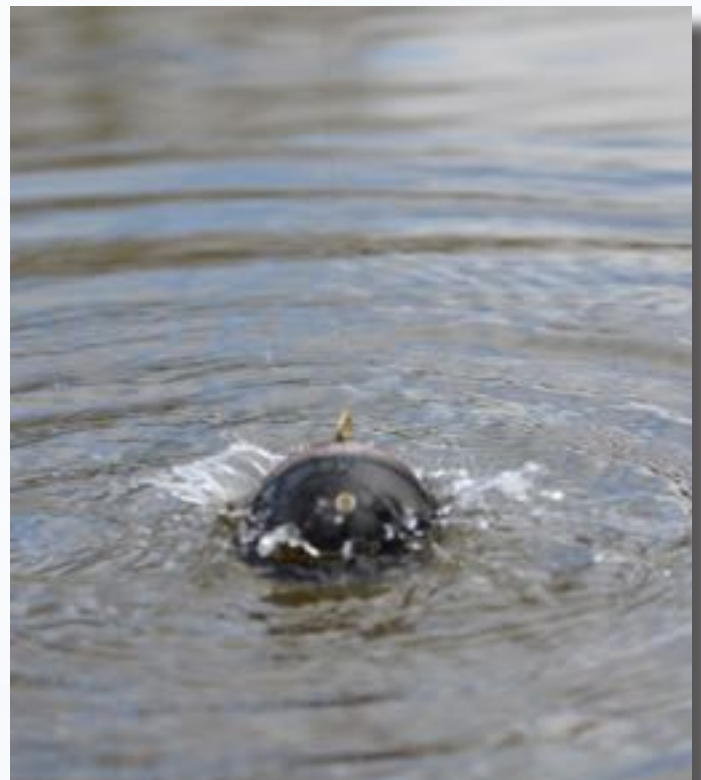




wave was reflected by a target, giving me both visual and audible confirmation. I spent the next hour casting the Deeper further and further away until it was at about eighty yards, the limit of my rod, and it was still connected, without any break in signal, illustrating both the relevant features, and regularly squealing to show fish.

A day later, and I was at the waterside ready for the big reveal. Attached to 50lb braid so I didn't lose it, the Deeper was dropped in the edge as I tried to establish a Wi-Fi pairing; within seconds, "Deeper AC135-ABU is connected", and my smartphone started to configure a picture as the sonar began pinging. "You're kidding? Just like that?" I was somewhat surprised by the ease of connection, I hadn't had to sign in, turn anything on or off, simply open the Deeper app, and drop the gadget into the water...it was that easy. As it floated in fifteen feet of water by the edge of the jetty upon which I stood, it transmitted a steady flow of information into the palm of my hand, and I could see the contours of the lake bed beneath me start to parade across my smartphone screen; brilliant! Better still, I could see fish indicated by the simple icons, and a sharp ping was emitted every time a sonar

"Oi mate, is that one of those cheat machines? That's not fishing, it's cheating, use your watercraft!" A nearby angler sniggered as I read off the depth and water temperature, and I tried to ignore him as I continued, working the water quickly in a fan shaped pattern to cover the whole swim.





“Can you see fish then?” I replied that I could, and there were plenty about. “Bring it over here then, chuck it in front of me to see what’s there”. I suggested that as he had previously said, it could be construed as cheating if I showed him exactly what was in front of him, and that surely, he didn’t want to stand accused? “Well, I won’t tell my mate if you don’t, he’s just nipped to the loo. Go on, let’s have a look”. I wandered over and asked him about his bait presentation and he confirmed that both of his deadbaits were on the bottom. The Deeper sailed through the air into his swim, and immediately gave readings off prospective targets and exactly where they were. He was unimpressed, confirming his suspicions that it was likely to be unreliable, and also an unfair advantage, and he wouldn’t ever use such a Satanic implement. I moved away down the bank to investigate some of my favoured spots, and surreptitiously kept an eye on the angler. The instant he thought I wasn’t looking, he retrieved his bait and added pop up poly balls to the bait and quickly returned it. The

Deeper had indicated fish laying a couple of feet off the bottom, and he obviously wanted to confirm it!

I spent an hour or so longer exploring, getting to grips with the multitude of features, before winding in and making my way back to the car park, and as I walked past the previously unconvinced angler, I asked if he had caught; “Yeah, had two, both after you went, one was a good fish too” He made no mention of the Deeper, preferring to allow me to think he had outwitted both me and the technology! Cheeky, but I guessed the truth... During my time at the lake, I’d managed to extensively map large areas, and in record time with minimal disturbance; had I tried to achieve the same with a marker







float and note book, it would have taken me a week to cover the same ground, and would it have been comparable? I'm not sure, so there was only one way to find out; return the day after with the Deeper and a marker float set up...

I'm the first to admit that I'm not too hot with a marker float set up, mainly because I just can't be bothered to spend hours chucking it in and retrieving it during my day session. Having said that, I know many anglers who claim to be experts with the same tool,

despite obviously having little idea, and I bet you know one too, so sometimes, the marker isn't the answer to everything. I did want to use it to confirm a few things I'd found though, so I returned to the venue with Deeper, found the very same spots within minutes, and having marked them, gently lobbed out the marker to reaffirm my findings. The Deeper had indicated a patch of silt amongst a generally rocky lake bed, so my lead was attached to a doubled length of white wool, and the marker was cast to the spot. The depth tallied as I teased off line until the float popped up and after a couple of recasts to check, I confirmed the depth obtained with the float matched the readings of the Deeper. I also noted that my pristine white wool was now a murky black, as a result of the lead plugging into the silt; that seemed to match up too. The Deeper also measures water temperature, so whilst I'd been casting around, my 'proper' thermometer has settled on about five degrees as it sat in the edge, and my technology had given a fraction over the same... three good results. My findings gave me the confidence to agree that the Deeper was accurate, and that I could use it in good faith to identify





the things that anglers need to find, and if I really needed confirmation after finding a likely spot, I could do so quickly with just a couple of splashes of the marker float. I rarely do though, as after extensive use, I know that what it tells me is what lies beneath, and I can trust it, but if you wanted too, then obviously you could... So, now I'm completely happy with it, all I have to do is chuck it in, find the fish, and catch them, right? There is so much more to Deeper than that; how about you map your swim in three dimensions

bathymetrically, then save it to your smartphone or tablet to view at a later date, during a subsequent session, or at home when comparing with your marker float notes? Yes, you can do that, simply select 'boat' mode, then your swim can be easily mapped and even the exact track of your Deeper is displayed as a white line alongside colourful curves to indicate depth. The inbuilt GPS means you can also do the same from the shore, the map located by utilising the Deeper's receiver, not your phone, to ensure complete geographical accuracy and stunningly detailed maps.

It can be attached to your baitboat, has oodles of handy accessories too, and with the Deeper boffins constantly working hard, there is plenty more to come!

Once your swim has been illustrated and saved to your device, you may also note other options. How about adding a photo of your exact swim? Easy, the camera function allows the user to even add notes directly to the image without



leaving the application, and saved images will appear in your notes for perusal. The weather and conditions can also be automatically recorded, as is the exact time and date of use at any location; can you see now the quality and variety of information that Deeper gives, and how it can be used? You can even scroll through your histories to compare maps of the same swim taken at different times as the seasons change! There are plenty of other options too; adjust your sonar to either wide or narrow beam scanning for increased detail, change the sensitivity to avoid false readings, and with three sizes of fish icon, you can even get a rough idea of exactly how big any fish in the swim are! The Deeper application is compatible with almost ten thousand smart devices and is currently the most popular fish-finding download in the world! It's feature packed, and with new updates, it's only going to get even better!

Is it for you though? I appreciate that some anglers just enjoy fishing for what it is, that they are happy to return to spots that they have fished for years, and fish the same way that has caught them

thousands of fish during that period. It may not be for the angler who is keen to pits his wits against the fish by stealthy, methodical means, relying on years of experience, and is happy to spend his time on the bank enjoying his or her time, but for the angler who likes to embrace new technology, is time short, or just wants to know more, then yes, Deeper is definitely for you. I'm certainly not going to criticise anyone who chooses not to use a Deeper for whatever reason, but I will argue the case against those who flatly deny it as cheating. It isn't, it's just another 'tool in the box' for any angler who like me, is time short, and enjoys technology. Yes, you can use it to find fish, yes it can give you an advantage, but you can also use it purely to map swims, find depths, read temperatures, and record sessions as I do. I rarely, if ever use it with the fish finder on,





unless I'm not intending to fish, in which case I'll use it to locate winter holding spots and make note for future reference, and nor do I take it with me every time I fish. Does it remove the need for watercraft? No, of course not, you still require some knowledge of the water to use it properly, it will not identify hydrodynamics on a river for instance, you still need to watch for that, and from there, work out where to cast it. It may even enhance your watercraft as a result of being able to tie visual clues to digital confirmation!

I also realise that Deeper will also have its detractors regardless, the kind of angler who voices an opinion on social media without ever having seen or used a product, and thinks that to criticise anything new makes them appear 'carpy' and I can't change that either, but what I will say is that EVERYONE I've shown it to is interested, and that's all I ask, have a look, make a decision based on the evidence. Having said that, I've used it and confirmed its accuracy, why on earth would I now want to spend hours at a new water, thrashing the water to a foam with a lead

and marker, when I can do the same job in minutes, with far less disturbance? It's old school, old methods, and technology is now part of fishing whether you enjoy it or not. I certainly wouldn't go back to film cameras, and I bet you wouldn't either?

Fancy a look at Deeper? I've got one of the superb new Christmas packs up for grabs, containing all you need to find out exactly what lies beneath, and it even includes the extremely handy Gerber multi-tool too! All you'll have to do is enter the competition, then upload the free app! Good luck!

Clint.

Check out the web page at

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deeper

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THE SUN SHINES  
ON THE RIGHTEOUS  
BY GARY MILKY LOWE.



Well after the result in the last session I was keen to get back down the lake and next week I had three days on the bank so was fired up and hoping that the weather would not take a turn for the worse, the temperature was just in to double figures so still not that cold to knock the carp off feeding as this lake very rarely does a fish after December or really bad weather, so I really had to make the most of the next month, so during the week I decided to go and bait up the swim I had the result in last week and just hope no one is fishing the swim when I bait up or when I start my session. I was going to bait up with a mixture of Munch Baits citrus range and the Cream Seed and a few jars

of the dead reds, the maggots in this should keep them grubbing around when all the boilies have gone. I was going to do this every other night before my session. I was going to leave early on the Monday morning to beat the traffic and get there for sunrise if i left late then the motorway would be a nightmare. I was up early before the alarm had gone off. A quick wash then got dressed and then packed the car then all I had to do was to make a nice brew for the journey. The drive was fine, and the traffic was nonexistent, and I pulled into the layby and opened the gate then drove down the road alongside the lake. It was just getting light as I looked

across the lake to see if there was anyone in the swim I've been baiting, and it was free, no one there which i was chuffed about. I passed a couple of other bivvies on the way round in the normal winter spots. I parked the car in the second car park and loaded the barrow and done the walk through the wooded area to the woods swim and parked the barrow and sat there on the front of the swim just watching the sun come up and the mist roll of the water just looking for signs of fish. I sat there for a good hour and I didn't see anything so I decided to get my house up and have a brew, the wind had started to get up and blow down the lake away from me which meant I would



be fishing on the end of the wind, and with the sun coming up it should make the water warmer on the back of the wind.

Once my house was up, I fired up the cooker and made myself a nice warm brew. After I had drunk that I would sort my rods out. I was only going to put singles out as I had put bait out the night before and some might still be there, if nothing happened tonight then I would put bait out, the rigs on all three rods were going to be the same and they were my favourite long range rig.... the Ronnie rig with a size 4 Mugga and a yellow Munch Baits citrus pop up hookbait, for the boom section I use Taska Evolve coated hooklink as this is very stiff and its coated with fluorocarbon so sinks like a stone. I use this for all my boom sections. The first rod

was cast into the gully on the right hand side of the sunken island, the middle rod was cast to the left hand side of the sunken island then the third rod was going to go straight out as a roving rod which I would use to cast at showing fish if I see any in open water, all three rigs were cast out with small pva mesh bags from Castaway pva... I found these are the best on the market. Once all three rods were cast out I put the kettle on for

another brew as I do love my brews , the weather was good for this time of year, the sun was out but there was a few clouds about and the wind was blowing from the south and I was sitting here in a T shirt which is mad for November. When I arrived, there was only two other people on, but this lake is known as busy there if there is 9 people on but there still is loads of space to move if you want to, but I am staying put as I've baited up and i no they will turn up in these weather condition.

I was making a few fresh rigs just in case I needed them if and when I get a fish. I made myself a fresh brew and sat down at the front of the swim just watching the water when I heard a fish crash in the snag tree to my right where I had a fish from the week before, so I walked over to it and







then climbed along it to the end of it were you can normally see them as they don't always come out to feed, and after a while I saw two fish swim in and under the tree I had baited up just of the edge of the tree incase I wanted to put a rod there. I didn't put one there straight away when I turned up as it's a funny old swim, they are there all the time but they don't always come out of the snag. I was on the tree for a good few hours and I must have seen about 10 fish swim in then swim back out in to open water right over were I had baited so I climbed back to the

bank and got a bucket of bait and climbed back along the tree and then baited up with a few jars of dead reds and a kilo of mixed cream seed and citrus bottom baits on the clear spot on the edge of the tree on the route they were feeding. Once I had done this I stayed there for at least an hour to see if any fish came back to the spot but they wouldn't come out this side of the tree, they stayed in amongst the snags and out the other side to were you couldn't fish, but I still thought it was worth a go by putting a rod on the spot. Iclimbed back along the tree and back

to my swim, I rebaited the rod and walked up to the snag tree and cast it as close to the tree as possible. After a few casts I hit the spot and the rod went down with a real hard crack, then walked back and placed the rod on the rest tightened the clutch up so if I get a bite it can't take too much line then the bobbin was hooked on and I sat back and put the kettle on.

Sitting on the front of the swim drinking my tea and watching the water for signs of fish when I heard someone coming down the path, it was one of the lads from the other side just having walk round and have a chat so I fired up the kettle for him to have a brew and we sat back down at the front of the swim chatting about everything, and what had been out, he didn't know that I had one last week so I told him where I had it from and he was surprised as nothing really comes off





the snag tree now as it was hammered years ago so it's been left alone that's why I think I had one from there and I was hoping to have one this time. A few fish had come out while I was away but that had come out of the normal winter spots and amongst them one of the A team had been out.... a fish called Dickies fish at 49lb. The others were twenties. We had a good old chat and he was on his way around the lake, by now the time was getting on and I was getting hungry, so I decided to do some dinner. The wife had cooked me a nice chicken curry and poppadums. By the time I had finished my dinner it was getting

dark so a quick wash up of everything and it was dark so I fired up the kettle for a nice hot brew as the temperature was dropping fast and the air had that cold feel about it but i was ok as I had nice warm clothing to put on.

Well about an hour or so into darkness I was sitting on the front of the swim drinking tea and listening for fish I heard one and it was to my left down by the snag tree so I knew there was fish there still, it was just a case of will they feed? Just as I looked away, I heard another, so I decided to walk up the bank and just sit there to see if I could see where they were. I sat there for a while, but nothing

happened, so I walked back to my pit and laid down on the bed, well that was it I must have dozed off. As I woke up and needed to have a call of nature, and looked at the clock and it was gone midnight and the temperature had really dropped so I made myself a brew and got back in the bag, I was lying there thinking where the fish might be and if they are still by the snag tree when I had a few bleeps on the rod that was out by the sunken island so I was up and sitting by the rod to see if anything happened. You can get quite a lot of stretch at the distance I was fishing so I was keeping an eye on the line with my headtorch to see if the line was moving in any direction, but it wasn't, so I just put it down to birds or a liner. I climbed back into bed and drifted back off to sleep, I was woken up several times during the rest of the night by liners but finally I pulled myself



I pulled myself out my pit as it was getting light and there was a mist coming off the lake which made it look spooky. I made myself another brew and sat at the front of the swim just thinking, I had done nearly 24 hours and had nothing. I knew that there was fish by the snag tree it was a case of trying to get them to feed there as they were very spooky there, and I had liners on the rods that were out by the sunken island. Now do I bring one rod off the island and put it in closer on one of the bars between me and the island just to see if that's where the fish are.

I decided to bring in the right hand rod of the island and put it at the back of the bar that was about 60 yards out, a fresh bait was tied on then it was cast just past the bar and pulled back till I felt the silt at the bottom and left it there, then I used my Spider Spod the put out a few kilos of Cream Seed and citrus bottom baits and some Munch Baits dead reds just to get them grubbing around if they came into feed. I am sure this is where the fish was coming through to give me the liners in the night. Once this was done, I now felt confident on all three rods as I had

all areas covered. I had a few phone calls to make about work as we were waiting for pictures of the new products to come through. After about an hour I had finished what I had to do, and I was back in fishing mode. I made myself some scrambled egg for breakfast and a nice hot brew and just as I had finished, I had a few visitors which was ok as I hadn't seen them for a few weeks, so it was good to catch up, and chat about what was going on at the lake, and others we fish. We swapped stories about each lake and what we caught on them and a good laugh about other things which passed a few hours. By the time they had gone it was lunch time and I thought I would go and have a look at the snag tree and see if anything had happened and to see if the bait had been touched. I climbed up and walked along the tree and come to the spot. I looked down to see all the bait had gone and





there was my hookbait sitting there on its own, now I was gutted I had been done so I went back to the swim reeled in the rod and I was going to change the rig. I made the hooklink a lot shorter, to 4 inches in length and put on a 4oz lead that I thought would sort the fish out if I hooked one. I took 5 cast to get it back under the tree onto the spot then I was back out onto the tree and baited up the spot again ready to see if they came back, I stood on that tree looking all around it, but I see no signs of carp. I must have spooked them of or they weren't there and came back at night and feed.

It was getting on a bit on the second day and I hadn't seen a fish today, but I was still confident that they would turn up. I was sitting there just chilling and thinking about stuff when I had a text from one of the lads over the other side saying he had one that afternoon



not big a scraper 20 but said that the arm of the lake was live with fish. Now what do I do? I was confident where I was but there was loads of fish on the other side in the wind. I knew from the past that if you are on loads of fish its mainly the small ones, the bigger fish stick to smaller groups so I said to myself stay put and stick it out, if you mess it up then that's fishing, well now I was staying put I started to make myself dinner. I had steak and chips tonight which the lovely wife had sorted out, she sorts all the food out or I would

be living on pot noodles. Half an hour later I was tucking into a nice meal and I must admit it was nice. At that stage the moon was up, and the clouds had gone looks like it was going to be a cold clear night on the pond tonight, the wind had gone and the water was like a mirror and flat calm. I was into my second night and I was still yet to bank a fish but there was still time. I had tonight and tomorrow night to try and sort it. As time was getting on, I got into my bag to get warm as it was quite chilly, and I soon drifted off to sleep,



and I couldn't believe it when I woke up and it was getting light. I had slept all night, that meant one thing really, I hadn't caught anything, and the liners had stopped so I must be this side of the fish if they were still here. I was watching the mist roll over the lake when I see one fish then another and then another well in the space of half an hour. I saw 6 fish all show just behind where I had moved the rod to, the one just behind the bar at 60 yards, so I had made the right choice on moving the rod. I was thinking shall i move the other rod to that distance but further down the bank towards the bar that goes out to the sunken island for the last night. I wasn't sure if I should do this, but I thought I would take a look out on the snag tree spot. I walked out then looked down into the water over the hard spot and yes you guessed it all the bait was gone and just

my hooklink was there now. I didn't know what to do. I need to change something, so I thought I know what I would try. I would use a bottom bait rig and a nice supple hooklink, so a short while later new rig and bait tied on and a small pva bag tied on to stop tangles and the first cast I hit the spot and again the same mixture of free bait was put on the spot, bobbin on tight and clutch tightened up ready. Now do I move the other rod?

10 minutes later I was winding in the other rod to move it towards the bar, a new hooklink and bait and it was cast over the bar and into the silt with the same free bait around it, now it was a game of waiting to see if what I had done would work. I had moved two rods from when I started to what I

thought would be the best areas for a bite on what I had seen, all I had to do now was wait and see if the gamble pays off. I was sitting there tying up a few new rigs that I might need when I looked up and just as I did, I see a big black shape come out the water on the middle rod over the bar and then again. I see 4 shows in 15 minutes now, my confidence was sky high and I carried on doing my rigs when I had two bleeps on the middle rod then 3 more. I was up and standing by the rod just watching when I see the line moving to the left. I lifted up the rod and it took on that curve that everyone likes to see then it took off at a rate of knots to the left, I had to





try and keep the rod high so I can keep the line out the way of the bar just so I don't get cut off, the fish came over the bar easy and now I just have to worry about the snag tree to my left and stop it going in. After about 10 minutes of the fish twisting and turning I managed to keep it away from the tree and it was going up and down in front of the swim, I still hadn't seen it yet it was staying deep and out of

sight but I soon had it up and taking air and I see it was a big fish, a good 30+ now all I could think of is please stay on and another 5 minutes she was in the net and I was staring down into the mesh at a fish that could go 40lb. I made sure the net was safe then sorted out the net, sling etc, once this was sorted, I carefully lifted the fish out onto the mat then into the sling and up onto the scales. I watched the needle

swing round to 40lb 9 oz. I was chuffed with that two fish in two weeks and both 40lb fish. I was well chuffed with that, so I put the fish back into the retainer for a short while. I sorted out the camera then I took a few pictures... well loads of pictures on the self-take camera. I then watched her swim back to her home. I was well chuffed with that!! Another 40! I couldn't ask for much





more than that, it was getting dark by the time I had sorted everything out and I just managed to get the rod out and bait up before it got to dark. I was sitting there in the dark with a big grin on my face thinking about what's happened now and last week, and when

I looked at the watch it was 9 o'clock and I felt knackered, so I climbed into the sack and drifted off to sleep. I woke up as

the sun was coming up, I hadn't even had a bleep on all three rods, but I can't complain as I had caught on both trips. I had to pack up soon and make my way home I knew that if I kept this quiet, I would have a chance of getting back in the swim next week, so I packed up and drove home.

I passed several anglers on the way round the lake, but I kept quite just

in case they went into the swim. Once home I couldn't wait to get back down there the following week, so in those few days I got my bait sorted and rigs tied so everything was ready.

You will have to wait until next month to see if that trips goes as good as the last two.

Tight lines,

Milky.











Let's Talk About Bait  
by Andrew Murray



In my last article I covered off my various trips and some of the carp caught during my last year's carp fishing. Some of the main things I see anglers struggling with is both bait choice, bait application and presentation, which are all very closely linked. Having fished for most of my life, I think I have a reasonable overall understanding of what is needed to catch different species of fish. When I was younger, we would target one species at a time. We would decide to fish for big perch and spend the summer evening after dark with a torch picking massive lobworms off our local cricket pitch, many a time the police were called to intercept the prowlers around midnight on the green with torches. Then we would switch to roach, and a sure-fire bait to catch those big old

dog roach would be wasp grubs. Getting them involved nearly as much skill as the fishing (without getting stung!). Floating wasp cake also proved to be deadly floating bait for big river chub. Pre-baiting river swims with old maggots, bread and mash for big barbell. Sorry I'm digressing here, it all seemed so straightforward, get the right bait, present it in the right way and at the right time, then catch the fish. So, shouldn't it be the same with carp? Find a boilie you like,

get the carp feeding on it, then catch them... apparently not these days, judging by the amount of questions I see on the topic of bait, which flavour, which type, whose is best etc.

I am now in my 32nd year of carp fishing. My early years like most back then was an exploration of particles, plain and flavoured. Boilies and pastes, mostly home-made, various flavours and combinations. Everyone looking for that killer combination. This lasted a period of





several years. There was no googling to check things out, you chased up info from other anglers, shows and meetings, articles and local tackle shops. Most of my early results came about by experimenting myself with things I had read and then adapted. Being a bit of a loner at times, it was the only way. I was always an avid reader and could retail information for a long time. Now I'll say here and now I am not a bait expert when it comes to enzymes and proteins and such

like. But I like to think over the years I have learned what and how a good carp bait should be in order for a carp to eat it enough to get caught on it. Talking with a friend recently at a carp show about bait, in part of the conversation I said to him "I have very rarely ever thought I was not fishing with a carp catching bait, I have always been confident in whatever bait I was using". His answer to that was "I see that in how you fish and write". So, let me explain my thoughts in

a bit more depth. I realised very early on in carp fishing, on my first proper carp water I fished, that nearly everyone was using different boilies, by that I mean different colours, different sizes, different textures. Including me, it was half the fun, mixing up new things and then looking forward to trying them, every new flavour or batch was going to be a carp slayer. Sometimes I caught and sometimes I didn't. It was also a time of one or two new rigs being used (I'll go into that next issue). What I quickly learned was that carp would lock onto a smell, flavour, type of boilie after they had eaten a few without getting caught, as long as it was an edible bait and it hadn't been overloaded with flavours, which is a mistake most newcomers to making





bait fall into. Now back in those days making up big batches of bait cost money when all the ingredients were bought directly from the tackle shops in large quantities. I started off by making 4 egg mixes, which was pretty standard, then 10 egg mixes, then 30 egg mixes, then 60 egg mixes. I then started going directly to bait companies for raw ingredients. One of my first bulk orders was 25k sack of a well know bird food mix at the time, along with a litre of flavour and a gallon of oil. I then went directly to a company that made fishmeal base mixes, but I had to buy 250 kilos at a time! Yes 250kilos! I got an industrial mixer, large pans, and then bought a compressor and bait gun, and put together big rolling tables, which you could buy but needing fastening to

solid blocks of wood and careful positioning and rubbing down to perform accurately and at speed. We got everything in place and in an evening, we could make 400 egg mixes up. This was a lot of bait and when put into a water, really did get a lock from the carp. The results were outstanding at times, I could catch on short sessions, and it was like the carp were on the lookout for the bait we were using. There were very few guides on this, no U-tube, it was done by trial and error. Getting the bait to mix right, roll right, boil right and then dry in round enough shapes to be

able to stick out was a real learning curve.

As part of my experimenting, I also played around with ready-mades quite a bit as well. One of the very early successful baits I used were the Richworth Frozen boilies. All old school anglers will remember Tutti-Frutti, Honey Yucatan and Strawberry and Cream. I had some great catches on these. It was fishing these against my own and other food baits that





started to sort things in my head, I think. There was also the ongoing debate of high nutritional value food baits versus ready-mades (which were also assumed to be low value food baits). What I learned was that carp would eat what they liked to eat and the more they ate, the more likely they were to get caught on it...many times over. One of the things that I was starting to realise was that I wanted to spend less time making bait and more time fishing. This was also at a time when I was moving up in the quality of waters I was fishing and the carp I was in pursuit of. It was around this time I was introduced to Mainline who were at that time looking for field testers in the North of England, the first new bait out of their stable, this was the Grange with CSL. Looking

back this was a game changer in carp fishing for many anglers, including myself. They produced a quality dedicated base mix and additives, made in quantities enough to supply fresh bait to the masses. After that I made very little bait ever again, apart from a few more years in search of the perfect pop-up. Now we don't even need to do that.

I spent a few years fishing with the Grange, having some outstanding results, (again this was coupled with advances in presenting bait and bait application (which I will come back to, I promise). Then I was invited to join the Mainline team. Having proved that I could catch carp and talk and write about it as well. Which is when I was invited along with a few others to start fishing with the next

bait due out, which eventually became known as the Activ-8. Now this a question I see a lot cropping up online – “how do I become a field-tester or consultant?” I see anglers catching a few carp and think they have done enough to be due a living from it. For a company to invest in an angler they must be able to see a return from it, i.e. what's in it for them, whereas the angler is starting with “what's in it for me!” if you can prove you have something to offer it will always help. Back to my point, being on the firm meant I now got my bait for free, I could put in as much as I wanted. I could follow my baiting principle more now, I was fishing a new water and was able to bait up twice a week, even if I didn't fish, that's what I did. But when I did fish, if I got it right, the results



were outstanding. I have put a couple of pics up from waters I was fishing in the mid to late 90's. Sorry, I'm digressing again, this could be a book let alone one article (now there's an idea!). Eventually the Activ-8 was launched and proved to be huge, several other companies then went into dedicated base mixes and frozen ready-mades. I really have moved on from initial thoughts now, so back to the main point I wanted to make about bait.

What I do at the end of the year is look at my fishing over the year and how I think I have done. Have I caught what I wanted to? Have I fished well or badly? All these things have more effect than most realise, you can't just blame the bait. All things been equal I can then start to think; shall I stay with my current bait and baiting patterns or I should I make some changes for the coming year ahead? From my early learning days, I would always rather fish with bait that

others are putting in as well. This is one of the real advantages of fishing a mainstream bait from a mainstream company. Especially when it's being bought readymade, so anglers haven't put their own bits into it, even small subtle changes can make a difference. Mainline go to a great deal of effort to make their bait effective as it is, so why change it? In recent years I have fished with Cell and Hybrid, which make a great combination, then for two years I fished with the Essential Cell and was very happy with my results. This last year I switched to the link and again, caught well when on fish. What I didn't do was visit my regular water enough to keep track of what was happening, there were also times when my swim choice was not good. This coming year I will make more effort on these things and stay with the link, but I will work at putting a bit more in, that may mean looking to team up with a few others,

which is something I did in the past. So, bait was always going into the water.

So, my advice: - choose the bait you want to use now, get it all in place, including pastes, pop-ups, wafers. Then stick with it the whole year, be prepared to have a few blanks as part of the application curve. Share what you are doing with others if it helps more of the same bait go in or do it yourself if you have the means. Don't chop and change once you start, even if others are catching and you are not. There will be times when you are in the right place and times when you're not but keep faith in your approach. It is only at the end of the year you will then be able to judge how well you have done.

I have run out of space for now, catch you next time when I'll talk a bit about the bait I use and preparation, application and presentation.





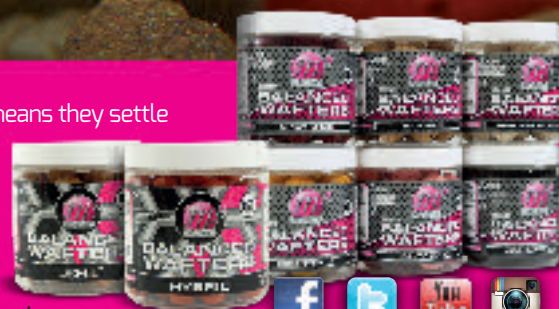
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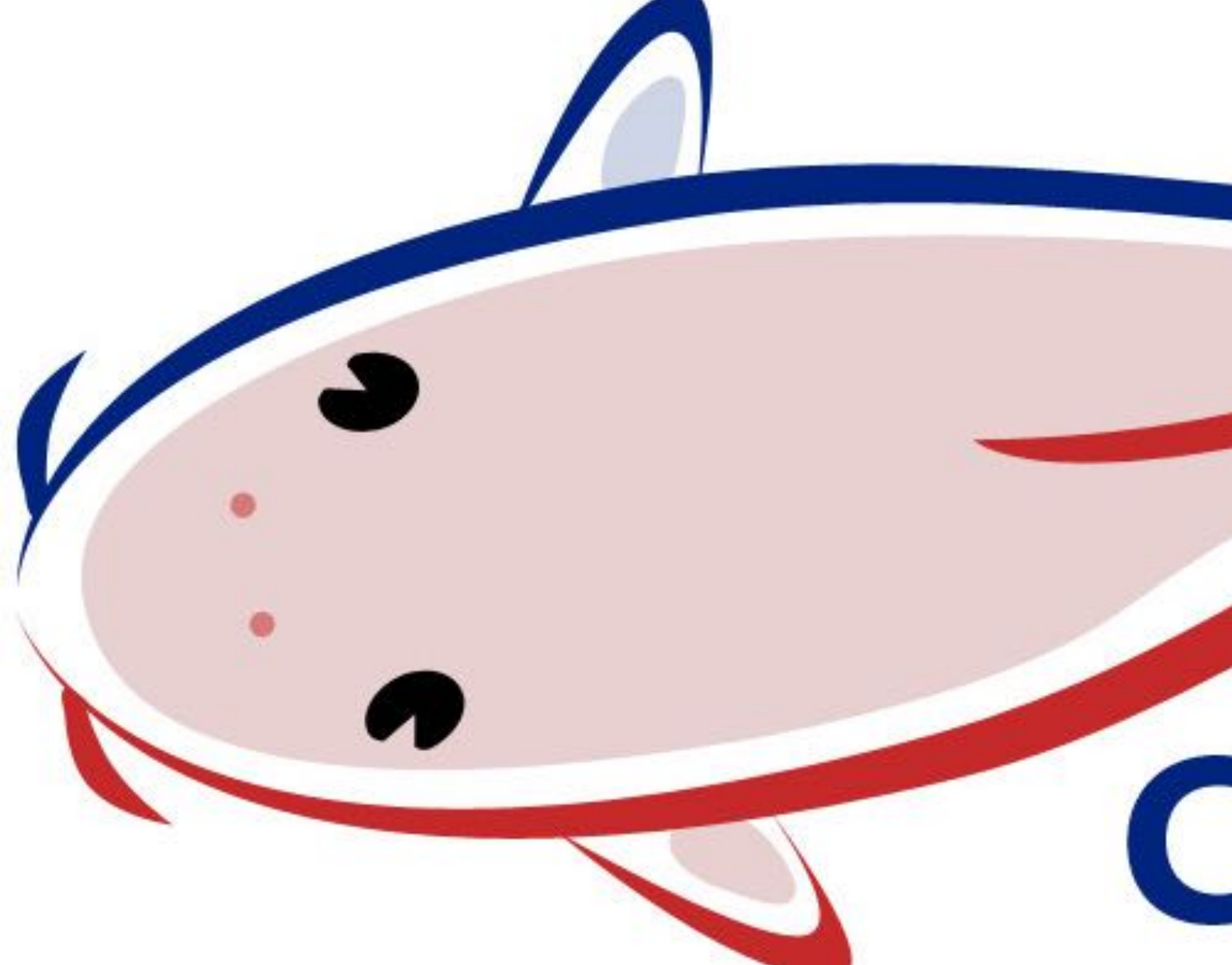
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# LADIES BRITISH CARP CUP

Brought to you by **BCC**





# BRITISH CARP CUPS



## MIXED CARP CUP

Brought to you by **BCC**



As I write this article we approach Christmas and the end of 2018, which was a pretty good year for us. The competitions went well starting with the Ladies Singles on Old Mill's Oak Lake in May, which was won by Jane Henthorn. Next up was the Ladies Pairs championed by Joanne Barlow and Theresa Biggs. Unfortunately Joanne became too ill to fish so Theresa had to tough it out on her own all weekend. This time the event was held at Kingsbury Waterpark on the ever consistent Pine Pool.

The Mixed at Albans Lakes in September was another great event, eventually won by Sam Ely and Matt Oakley. This is an extremely popular weekend which always sells out quickly. Sam and Matt did very well and worked hard to take the honours as the weights were really high this year. The pair in 8th place had more than 110lb. The top 4 all had 200lb+, what a weekend!

October unveiled our new look BCC Final at Barston, which was decided by each pairs 5 best fish in this new format. Eventually, Jaye Carpmail and Simon Bury ran out winners but it was so very close as a mere 3 oz's separated them from Luke Church and Jason Adams in runners up spot.

The Reuben Heaton biggest fish of the year Trophy was won by all round nice guy and Wales Carp Team manager, Nick Davies. It was a 33lb 8oz common from Q Lake at Poolbridge Farm, York in April on Qualifier 2. Nick was allowed to name this fish and rather aptly decided to call it 'TAFF'.

The BCC rankings are there to be viewed by all on our website. They are updated annually following the completion of that year's competitions. Sitting in top spot by some margin is Simon Bury who has been champion twice with different partners.





## What will 2019 bring?

This year will see the introduction of some new competition venues, which include Todber Manor, Willow Park, Wetlands, Berners Hall and DDAP's Brooklands.

The BCC Final will return to Barston but for the next 2 years will be held over the August bank holiday weekend. It will start on the Thursday evening with a sit down meal for all competitors and match officials in the restaurant, followed by the draw on stage. We are keeping the format the same with the 5 best fish but will be weighing in kg's to help clarify the margins between them.

Next year will see the launch of our new singles event, which will comprise of 8 qualifiers and a final. The final will be decided on the weight of the 3 biggest fish. Again weighed in kg's.

As the Ladies singles grows year on year we will now have room for 20 competitors making this a really special event.

For anybody wanting to get involved but not confident enough why not start by marshalling. It is a great way to get involved and learn more.

All information about the competitions and our full rules can be found on the British Carp Cups website.

Mick Coxon British Carp Cups  
[www.britishcarpcups.co.uk](http://www.britishcarpcups.co.uk)







**Bookings now open for next years event !!!!**

competitors and then 9am Friday 19th to everyone else.

Cost of entry £440.

[contact@britishcarpcups.co.uk](mailto:contact@britishcarpcups.co.uk)

Belinda 09791 285864 Office 01159 812791

The final at Barston will commence with a sit down meal in the restaurant followed by the 10pm draw live on stage.

Q1 Branston Water Park 1st to 3rd March

Q2 Orchard, Lake 7. March 15th to 17th

Q3 Todber Manor, Big Hayes. March 22nd to 24th

Q4 Albans Farm Lake. April 12th to 14th

Q5 Berners Hall. April 26th to 28th

Q6 Willow Park. May 17th to 19th

Q7 Poolbridge Q Lake. May 31, 1st & 2nd June

Q8 Kingsbury Pine Pool. June 14th to 16th

Q9 Old Mill Oak Lake. July 5th to 7th

Q10 Thorney Weir. July 26th to 28th

Final Barston. August 23rd to 25th

**Hurry !!! Book now as places are filling fast**





Here it is folks. The one you have all been asking about. It's the British Carp Cup singles.

Q1 Todber Manor, Little Hayes 8th to 10th March

Q2 Branston Water Park 29th to 31st March

Q3 Willow Park 26th to 28th April

Q4 Kingsbury Pine Pool 31st May to 2nd June

Q5 Wetlands 21st to 23rd June

Q6 Newbridge Lakes 28th to 30th June

Q7 Poolbridge Q Lake 28th to 30th June

Q8 DDAP's Brooklands 26th to 28th July

Final Albans Willows Lake 4th to 6th October

Brooklands will be 16 places and max of 11 at Wetlands

All the rest have 12 and the top 3 qualify. Top 4 at Brooklands.

The final will be an out of the bag draw and it will be decided on a 3 best fish basis. The entry fee is £250.

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New Challenges  
by Alex  
Sheldon



No matter what level of angling experience you have, we all know that carp fishing is full of new challenges. One such challenge that we are commonly faced with is how to approach a new venue. It can sometimes be overwhelming knowing where to start, especially for newcomers to the sport. I've found that the best way to gain knowledge in this area is to step

out of my comfort zone by forcing myself to fish new waters. One particular session where things did go to plan, was on a recent trip to the stunning Wyreside Lakes Fishery in Lancashire. Here, I had the privilege of being acquainted with a vast array of English carp, ranging from old battle scarred warriors to pristine, scaly stockies. Within this article I will

share my tips and tactics on how I went about catching some of these heavily pressured fish on my first visit to this busy day ticket venue. I'd always wanted to fish Sunnyside 1 on the Wyreside complex after seeing photographs of some carp that a few of my mates had caught there. When the chance of a lake exclusive social with a group of top lads presented itself, I certainly wasn't going to pass on the opportunity, especially with the venue being less than an hour's drive from home.

Set in over 120 acres of Lancashire farmland, at the foot of the Bowland Fells, it is one of the most picturesque places I've ever had the pleasure of fishing. The water boasts a stock of beautiful English carp to around 30lbs in size.

The south end of the lake is wide, and bowl shaped with depths ranging from 5-9ft, before it narrows into a bottle neck at the shallower, north end where the depth averages 2-4 ft. Measuring 4.6 acres with 11 swims and a head of 170 carp, it's certainly not a runs water and these clever fish know all too well how to evade capture. This being said, there is more than enough to go at and with the right tactics I had every chance of bagging myself one or two of these awesome looking fish.

That's the figures, now onto the fishing...

Upon arrival to the car park, there was the usual banter as you always expect at these types of events. Everyone is going to catch "The Captain" or beat their PB, who's





bivvy can withstand the inevitable “boilie attack?” etc. One important factor to mention, was that once we had drawn our peg at random, we would be unable to move for the next 48 hours. I drew Swim 7 which I was happy with as it commanded a good area of water and to my right was a tree lined margin which I thought may hold fish. Needless to say, it was the furthest from the

that matter, when we all appreciate a ‘quick erection.’ The JRC Stealth Bloxx bivvy didn’t let me down and I ‘had it up’ in no time so to speak and was sat gazing through the door at the lake, planning where to position my rods. Now in the past, this is where I have often felt overwhelmed when fishing a new water. What bait works here? What rig? Open water

car park and just as we begun to load the barrows the heavens opened, meaning I ended up soaking wet through before arriving to my swim. Its times like this gents, or ladies for

or margins? Zigs or bottom baits? Three rods on the same spot or spread out? However, what I’ve realised is if you don’t keep any consistency in your angling and are constantly changing every variable, how do you know what’s working?

For example, you cast a rod with a new rig and new bait, to a new spot and you land a fish.

What was it that caught you that fish? Was it the bait, the rig, or the change of location? You can immediately make two parts of this process much easier. Rigs and baits are something that you should have confidence in. I always use rigs and baits that I trust because they have caught me fish elsewhere. I wouldn’t try out a new rig or new bait on a water I didn’t



extremely well. A carp is a carp when all's said and done and there's no reason why your previous successful tactics wouldn't work on a new venue. Provided that rig is being fished effectively and the presentation is correct, there really is no need to complicate matters. Remember, some of the most successful anglers use surprisingly basic, uncluttered setups at the business end. I'm not a sponsored angler like most of us, but one area that I won't settle for second best or try to save a couple of quid is on the end tackle. For this session I selected two very simple rigs, made using only strong, reliable components. Two critically balanced "Ronnie rigs" constructed using size 6 Kurv Shank hooks and Korda BOOM were my choice for two



of the rods that were fishing over light silt. The hook bait was a small yellow pop up which is always my starting point when baiting with particles. This is because fish are generally switched onto smaller food items when feeding in this way and secondly, there's plenty of yellow coloured baits in the loose feed, as my particle mix always contains a good helping of sweetcorn. The stiff boom material means that there's no slack in the hook link, so the fish feels

the weight of the lead immediately. Critically balancing the hook bait means that when the fish ingests it, the added buoyancy causes the metal work to fly further back into the mouth. This really stuffs the fish up and increases the chances of it grabbing the bottom lip. The other rig chosen was one of my all-time favourites when fishing with boilies over a harder, clean bottom, the "KD" rig. The same hook pattern combined with a semi stiff coated braid



hook link to which I thread a small PVA stick down onto the hook to protect the point. With this rig my hook bait is almost always a "Snowman" consisting of a 18mm bottom bait with a 12mm pop up. I fish the KD rig so that the bait sinks very slowly with the hook laid flat on the lakebed and the Snowman hovering just above it. The hook holds I've had with this rig are absolutely savage and my hook to land ratio has been phenomenal, so it made my decision very simple. The same can also be said for bait choice. For 90% of my fishing I will take a bucket of particles, a mixture of pellets and a good quality boilie. These

baits have literally caught me fish from all over the place. Of course, there's times to fish a single, or a PVA bag, but if you feel like the fish are in the mood to feed, then these baits are a great starting point.

When it comes to choosing boilies, quality far outweighs quantity and rather than buying 10kgs of "Carpy Colin's Curious Crab and Crayfish" off eBay, I look no further than UK bait supplier, Madbaits.

As a team member and long-time user of their products, I know first-hand how much research and field testing goes into every item in their range prior to release. I have been fortunate enough to experience some unbelievable results using all of their products. Company owner Mark Leonard is a top bloke and he's always happy to accommodate any specific requests or personal preferences you may have. On this particular session



I brought with me 5kg of Madbaits 18mm "Pandemic" boilies and 5kg of "The Nuts+" in the same size. To further boost the attraction of the boilie I normally keep



them in a zip lock bag and pour the matching glug onto the baits. Secondly in the warmer months, I add “Virgin Salmon Oil” and “Cold Pressed Hemp Oil” which are two other great liquids in the range. The boilie soaks in all of these extra flavours and when disturbed on the lakebed, sends a nice oil slick up to the surface over your baited area. This is a good indication of when fish are visiting your feed and I would usually prepare myself for a bite shortly after the slick appearing. As a general rule, if you’re getting slicks over your spot and no bites follow, I would reel in to check the rig and/or top up with more bait. After arriving to the peg,

it didn’t take me to long to get my rods out. The right and the middle rods were both dispatched to two separate margin spots to my right where I was able to walk around and feed by hand allowing me to minimise disturbance as well as getting the desired accuracy and spread of bait. All prior online research advised against putting a good amount of bait in and the same was said in the paperwork we received prior to the social.

When reading venue

tips and information along with trawling through the fishing forums I saw stated that “a couple of handfuls of particle or boilies is ample” and that “getting out the spod rod can be the kiss of death” on Sunnyside 1. Despite this, I approached the peg positively, with the aim of getting fish to feed and compete with each other and once again fishing with a style that I’m confident in. Something I would urge everyone to do on new waters. There’s often pre conceived

ideas and rumours about how to fish somewhere which ultimately works because everybody is doing it on hearsay





when in fact the fish will respond to other methods if implemented effectively. The fish had just finished their 3rd attempt at spawning a couple of weeks prior and the lake had been quiet for a few days leading up to our arrival, so I fancied the fish to get their heads down. Straight off the bat I walked around the peg and threw in 3kg of bait over each rod. A bold move some would say. This initial feed was made up of 50% particle, 25% pellet and 25% boilies. The reason for the added boilies is just to keep my options open. If I saw signs that fish had been visiting the swim, but I hadn't bagged one, I could always change from a small 12mm pop up to a bigger boilie or bottom bait and if I caught a fish I'd know their preference on this occasion. The third rod

was cast to a gravel bar towards the centre of the lake at 72 yards and 2kg of boilies were scattered over the area with a throwing stick. It was now time to relax and I sat back in my chair, opened a can of cider and gazed out onto the lake, taking in the beauty of my new surroundings.

By early afternoon the weather had completely changed and the overcast rainy day, was now filled with glorious sunshine and blue skies. It was so warm that I've no doubts all of the gorgeous women in the

area would have been taking their kits off to soak in some of the sun's rays. However, I was left with the usual sights that we fisherman know all too well. Bald heads, beer bellies and builders' butts ensured that I kept my mind from wandering and focused purely on the task ahead. This change in weather meant that most of the water's residents had ventured down to the opposite end of the lake and the north corner was now seriously "black with em." It made me realise that the best





chance of a bite was going to be in the hours of darkness, with the fish hopefully leaving the shallows once the temperature dropped.

My suspicions were confirmed shortly after dusk when the middle alarm burst into life, making me jump out of my skin as I sent my brew flying in the chaos! I was straight onto the rod and after a spirited scrap, I bundled fish number one into the net. The marginal weed was quite dense and extended around 20 yards out into the lake,

which was making the landing process a little trickier. However, once the fish buried its head into the weed, steady pressure and a bit of patience was all that was needed to bring the carp within netting range. Not a monster at a little over 15lbs, but an absolute stunner and I was buzzing to have already opened my account. I slipped the fish into the retention sling and with my wet, tea stained crotch, awkwardly ventured to wake my neighbour John to assist with photos. No sooner

had we got the cradle and camera ready and my right hand rod was away, leaving only one rod fishing as John slid the net under fish number two! Another mirror was the culprit this time slightly bigger at 18lbs 10oz and a bonus that two of the three rods had now produced. Additionally, it was very encouraging that the positive baiting strategy had worked a treat with the fish obviously up for a munch. I got the rods back out after feeding another kilo over each rod and zipped myself back into the Trakker "Big Snooze" for bit of shut eye.

I was awoken at first light by an absolute melter of a take and as I scrambled out of the bivvy and picked up the rod, whatever was on the end had no intention of stopping.







After tightening the clutch, the fish went on another slow deliberate run towards the centre of the lake before kiting to my left on a long line. I know we never want to jinx it until we see the carp safely netted but I couldn't help but think I was attached to one of the bigger residents. The battle seemed to last an eternity as the fish found its way into every weed bed and always seemed to get a second wind when previously looking beaten. I eventually managed to get the fish to the spreader

block after getting in the lake and it wasn't until I peered down and saw the sheer length of my prize that I realised it was one of Sunnyside 1's "A Team." I quickly put on some dry clothes and had to nip next door for the second time to wake John. Being the bloke that he is, he was straight out of his bivvy to help with the photos and congratulate me on my catch. Later confirmed with fishery bailiff Callum, the fish I'd landed was known as "Mad Oscar" and what a banger it was.

Normally around the 30lbs mark, Oscar was way down in weight at 25lb 8oz, but I couldn't care less.

The Size 6 Korda Curv Shank hook looked tiny in the carp's mouth and I was pleased to see lots of the Nuts+ and Pandemic boilies being passed onto the mat. Getting to make the acquaintance of such an old warrior on my first night had already made my trip worthwhile and reminded me why I love carp fishing as much as I do. The morning wasn't quite over as the left and rod melted off again and another Wyreside mirror carp of 17lbs 12oz was posing for the camera shortly after. The day quickly grew hot and just like before, the fish made their way back down to the shallow north end. I had caught a fish on every rod (two on the





left) and my confidence was sky high, I didn't change a thing going into the second day. The daylight hours were again full of the same, with lots of sunbathing and resting the swim as we all got together for a social BBQ and a few beers. I stayed longer than I'd planned as I love the banter and the general atmosphere at these types of events. This now meant I had to get a scoot on, so quickly did the usual rounds with the bait bucket and throwing stick feeding generously again over all three rods. Just like the first night I was up and

down more times than Katie Price's pants with three more fish landed in darkness between 17 and 19lbs, backed up with one more late morning. The highlight perhaps, a pristine stock fish that had only gone into the water a couple of months prior. This immaculate fish is testament to the forward thinking attitude of Wyreside and I wondered if I could in fact be the first of many to have the pleasure of its capture. I was having such an enjoyable session that I decided to pop up to the reception and have

a chat with Callum and Sue who booked me on for an extra night. By this point I had run out of bait but, in case of emergency I always have an extra 5kg of shelf life boilies in the car along with a few more tins of "Parti Mix" and sweetcorn. The last 24 hours produced another 4 fish to just under 20lbs, a stunning mirror and my first common of the trip made my decision to stay a wise one.

I hope to return to Wyreside very soon with my name now being down on the waiting list to join their two syndicate waters, hopefully going after the amazing fish that reside in the difficult "Bantons" and "Wyre" lakes. The main thing I had learnt from this session along with a couple others this season is to fish to your strengths. Don't change something without understanding why or just for changing's sake.



I've followed the same principles on 30 acre waters as I would a two acre water. Only adapting my approach to suit each situation I'm

faced with as opposed to changing every aspect of my angling. No matter how big a water is you can always break it down into smaller areas and sections to make it less daunting and you can only EVER catch what's in front of you. On this occasion my location was pre-determined which is something I always try to avoid normally in my angling. I don't like pre booking specific pegs or a specific lake on a complex, I like to turn up and have a walk around and use watercraft to locate the fish which is half the battle. However, this was a one off event and I was fortunate enough to have fish

visiting my area of the lake during my session.

Whenever or wherever I'm fishing I've found, if you look hard enough and put in the effort and leg work you can normally find some sort of opportunity whether it be big or small. I'm never be afraid to move in an instant if I feel I must and there's no use bringing everything but the kitchen sink. Then, once you're on the fish, don't stress yourself out by thinking you need the latest all singing, all dancing rig or magic bait to catch them because you really don't.

I hope reading my article has encouraged you to try new venues and when doing so, not to feel daunted when approaching a "New Challenge." Remember sticking to what you know and remaining confident in your

angling is always the best approach to adopt in the first instance, hopefully putting a few fish from new waters onto your mats.

I'd like to say a massive thank you to Brain Dixon for encouraging me to write (something I'd never thought about doing) and giving me the opportunity to share my article in this awesome online publication.

Whatever your angling passion, I wish all of you "Wet Nets and Screaming Reels"

Alex Sheldon

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*Start Of My Winter On Monks Pit  
by Ryan Hoare*





This winter I plan on targeting Monks Pit in Cambridgeshire. The aim for me is a big mirror! The lake is home to some amazing mirrors. Most notably Blackspot, Demon, Double D, Gwen, My Mrs, Peach and Henry all at 40 plus. I had fished Monks during the Spring, the Summer and had already been lucky enough to have 2 of my target fish with Samson at 40lb and Gabrielle at 39.14.

I was buzzing for my first winter on the lake, I really wanted this ticket for the winter months the rest of the year was almost a bonus! Winter for me is the best time to be an angler, less people on the bank and the fish at their highest weights, prime condition and beautiful colours.

In September I fished a 2 week session in

Italy and was planning to spend the October weekends with my family. At the start of November, I was due my first visit back to the lake after a nice break. With all my rods back on mono now most of the kelp and weed had dyed away I was ready!

On my first morning walking around the lake I spotted a handful of fish roll towards the middle part of the lake towards the deeper water in around 15 foot of water. Fish had still been getting caught from the shallow areas with the weather still being mild. I fished a couple of nights on the back of a freezing cold wind, I didn't see anything else for the following 2 days, but it was good to be back.

On the 8 th of November I took delivery of my latest bait from Jon McAllister

and Sean Leverett at Proper Carp Baits. This time it was the new SubZero EA Strawberry Jam and this stuff looks fantastic with a white colour and beautiful strawberry aroma. It's a low fat highly soluble cold water mix, basically a perfect winter bait. The previous year around the same time I had taken delivery of a test bait that turned out to be excellent crunchy nut, and it turned my winter around.

My plan of attack bait wise was made up with 50% crushed SubZero with 25% dead maggot and 25% live ones, with some of my favourite winter liquids thrown in.

November continued slowly, I did another 2 weekends with nothing to show for it. It was fishing very slow for everyone. But how many fish are coming



out really doesn't bother me at all. It's more about what is due a visit to the bank and most of the big mirrors were overdue a visit.

The fish seemed to be most active in darkness hours and I found myself sitting up at all hours of the night trying to listen and watch for signs. Anyone who's fished Monks knows how hard it is to hear anything over the traffic specially when all the leaves come off the trees on the road bank. I sit up pretty much all night and sleep most

of the day light hours this time of year, I quite enjoy it to be honest and I rarely see day light. My other interest alongside fishing and football is boxing.

Most weekends I can listen to the European shows in the evening, followed by the fights on the east coast of America and finally at 2am onwards the West coast.

The first weekend of December soon came around. I arrived at the lake at 8pm on the Friday night, later than normal but I ended up stuck at work. I spent

a bit of time walking around and chatting to my mate Darren who's the bailiff on Monks who was fishing a peg called Christmas Trees at the deeper end of the lake, and it looked very good for it!!

When I was studying the weather the week before I noticed it was due to get very warm and over cast on the Saturday Morning through to Sunday midday and this was perfect for me. Although I had seen a lot of fish at the opposite end of the lake, I had a feeling one of the bigguns would turn up in the shallower end in one of the warm spells of weather.

I chose to fish my "main" rods side by side on a silty spot at around 60 yards out, it wasn't the normal area fished from this swim, but the area





felt perfect with the lead sliding across like it was on ice. I had seen one show here the week previous and it looked like an absolute lump compared to the other shows I had seen.

We had a work party on the Saturday, so I just kept my spots ticking over with a bit of bait on the Friday night and during the work party with the odd spod whenever I got a second. By the time darkness came around it was looking absolutely perfect.

At around 4am just before the Tyson Fury ring walk my middle rod pulled up tight and melted away. As soon as I picked up the rod, I just felt plodding on the other end, I had a good feeling it was a good fish early in the fight. It stayed out at distance for some time before kiting around to my

right and going up and down the metal stock pond fence for what felt like a life time. Finally, after around 15 mins I slid my net under the fish and it looked huge.

When I peered into the mesh to unhook the fish caught on my carp online scorpion hook tied onto my trusty Taska fluoro with a Subzero pop up. I could see the two big scales on its side and knew it was a fish called Double D that normally sits around the low 40s and it weighed in at 40.01 for me. I managed to get

all the photos done and slip her back in time for opening bell of the boxing, laying back on my bed looking through the pictures with a big grin on my face.

I was absolutely made up that the first bit of my plan had come together, and I had ticked another target of my list so early into the colder weather months.

Until next time...

*Ryan.*











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# CARPING MAD!

## Chapter 8 Part 2



*Mike 'SPUG' Redfern*



*"Open a bottle or two, and smell the grapes"*



# ~The Long Goodbye~

*by Lee Watson*

I joined Mid-Kent Fisheries the first year the group opened, and I started fishing Milton Pan Lake. It was around this time that the news came in that a chap called Ian Brown had caught the Kent record at 40lb plus from a lake called Conningbrook, just down the road, which I could fish on my ticket. Knowing it was not far from where I was fishing. I packed up and went to have a look. Upon my arrival I met Ian, who was fishing there with a well known angler called Paul Forward.

I walked up and congratulated Ian on his recent success. It was at this point I started asking a few questions about the lake, like you do, and it became quickly apparent that Paul was trying to put me off and was chucking out red herrings all about the place. Now the thing the fishmonger didn't realise was that I had been carp fishing for at least 15 years by now and I was used to such tactics, having perfected them myself! It didn't deter me though and although I realised that the lake was going to be challenging, because of the large amount of weed and the out-of-bounds area, it got me thinking about the place.

The next week as I was skipping through some old carp mags, I stumbled across a picture of Paul holding the most stunning looking common I had ever seen. It turned out to be called the Long Common. Instantly I knew it was from the same lake, as I recognised the scenery in the photo. I now understood why he was trying to keep it so quiet, but it was too late to stop me from going down as I made the decision then and there that I wanted to catch that common. The fact that there was also a big mirror in there was just a bonus.

Now my style of fishing is to be very mobile and chase the fish around and I thought I had half a chance of catching the Long Common, especially if I baited spots in the edge and flew around the lake checking the spots all the time. However, when I first turned up to angle there, it also turned out that everybody else had heard about the 40lb mirror, as I am pretty sure that it was only one of a few 40 pound carp that Kent had ever produced. Consequently, the lake was packed and although I made a start, it quickly became obvious to me that I



couldn't fish the way I wanted to, so not the greatest start at all. However, it gave me the opportunity to learn about the lake and the fish that swam round in it and I was getting to see a few of them in the edge, from time to time. The lack of fish that I caught, was equalled by everyone else and there were only six bites all year. By the time the second year came along, the previous year's failures played straight into my hands, as quite simply most of the anglers had left the lake, seemingly having forgotten about the big old mirror. If that wasn't good enough, then the fact that the fishery had lifted the out-of-bounds rule, couldn't have been any better for me really, as I now I could chase them round the lake and hopefully start catching them. The lake's secrets now started opening up to me as the area of Conningbrook which was now fishable, turned out to be far shallower than the rest of the lake. The shallower water was basically from Joe's Point right round to The Sedges. It was whilst I was watching these areas and the fishes' reactions to weather changes, that I realised that I could predict roughly where they would be, what they would be doing and indeed their feeding habits.

It was whilst I was watching them that I really began to see the Long Common and in fact I saw it all the time and my confidence really started to rise, as I thought the fish looked quite catchable. Brownny also knew their habits and the fact that the fish liked to follow the wind. It was one day, as he fished on the end of the wind, that he proved my theory to be right, as he slipped his net underneath the Long Common at a weight of 39lb plus. It was the first time I actually saw him in the flesh, so to speak, and he looked 50 times better than he did in the photos. so did Brownny in all fairness. That was it I had made my mind up. I was going to do whatever it took to catch this one. Sod the mirror!

It was the middle of that summer that I had my first chance to catch him. The wind was blowing into The Sedges and sure enough I found a group of them straight away, of which the Long was one. At the right moment I popped my waders on and tip-toed the baits out into three nice clearish areas. I then carefully put a little bait on each spot. I then watched him come in and feed carefully on the freebies with an eyeball on my rig, for nearly three hours, slowly drifting in and out of the swim. My heart was racing. He was so close I could nearly touch him, it surely had to be when, not if I caught him. As I was sitting having a Stella to calm my nerves (honestly), a chap from the gravel workings along the side of the lake, came up and told me that they were going to have a big firework display on the top of the mound (which is at the back of the sedges) in about two hours time.                      marvellous! I thought to myself. Here I was, a



whisker from catching him and now this bloody lot were about to Beirut the air above my swim. Two hours later as I sat there in the dark, off, right in the middle of the Blitzkrieg, when unbelievably the middle rod was in meltdown and I was hanging onto a very powerful fish. I couldn't believe it; first run and it had to be the Long one. It wasn't though, as it was his mate Whitetips an upper 20 common. I was stunned as it was the Long one who I had really seen that day. Still it was my first Brook fish and I was pleased about it. I managed to chase them round on a few occasions that summer and although I lost one, I never got really close to the Long one again. Before I knew where I was, the winter was upon me, so it was time for my usual social fishing with mates.

Springtime the next year was a bit of a strange one as I got down the lake a little late one Friday night and just got the rods out before dark. The next thing I knew I had the biggun in my net at 6.00 the next morning. Whilst I was obviously pleased to have caught her, my true desire genuinely lay with the common.

I had a few close shaves where I nearly got into a position to have a go at catching him, but the best situation presented itself when I found a group of fish milling about in the pump corner. There were between six and eight fish milling in and around the reeds. I waited until the opportunity arose, and with my chest waders on, I carefully and quietly positioned myself into the reeds and waited for them to return. I had a cunning plan and that plan was to suspend a cockle, mid-water, straight off the rod tip and basically put it right on the nose of my obsession upon his return. It was about ten minutes later that I noticed some dark shapes slowly moving through the water toward me. Those dark shapes turned into the Long one and also the Friendly Common, the others in the group had seemed to vanish into thin water. Now at the time the Friendly probably weighed around 38lb and the Long was a pound or so lighter.

I stood there, heron-like, as the fish came closer, with my cockle perfectly in position, right in front of their mouths. The Long was slightly in front, he didn't see me at all and just drifted into the swim. My heart was pounding and the adrenaline was pumping. Unfortunately, he didn't see the cockle either and drifted straight past. However, the Friendly did and he turned towards the cockle. With the Long now about ten yards to my right I had a decision to make and fast. Was I prepared for another missed chance by nailing the Friendly and spooking the long, or was I going to go for the Friendly, just happy to bank another Brook fish?



I quickly and carefully lowered the rod, so the cockle fell out of sight and I just gave him a little poke with the rod tip. The Friendly seemed to take the hint and slowly waddled off, totally unfazed by the whole thing. Five or so minutes later the Long returned and this time he saw the cockle and made straight for it. My moment had come, or so I thought. He slowed down and stopped in front of the cockle, I saw his mouth open and all of a sudden the cockle flew in his mouth, 'GET IN THERE!' I thought. As quick as the cockle flew into his mouth, it flew straight out again! I stood there, dumbfounded. How did he not hook himself? In fact he didn't even seem to notice I was fishing for him, and without a care in the world he was gone, again!

My daughter, Dave, (don't ask-its Faye really, but she just prefers Dave) fancied a trip out for a night with her dad. We arrived early on Saturday and spent the day fishing for rudd and perch on the little lake at the back of the Brook. In the afternoon we pushed our barrows round to the main lake and I had a quick look round to see where we could fish for the night. Most of the lads on the lake had gone down the pub as England were playing. It was a good excuse to watch the match and down a few beers. This gave me a great opportunity to have a quick look round the lake and find a decent swim for us to set up in. As I walked round to the island, I noticed some fish in the pump bay, so I stopped for a better look. There he was again in the pump corner. What could have possibly been better than landing him in front of Dave?

We set up and I clocked exactly where he was milling about. I then dropped some bait on the spot. Dave, being Dave, also wanted to watch the football and as she is only eight I told her that she could only drink a Coke or two, as she had already suggested that she could have a pint like her dad did when he was fishing. Cheeky little so-and-so! By the time we arrived at the pub I think it's fair to say the party was in full swing and most of the Brook lads were having a good time watching England lose again. We didn't stay too long as all I really wanted to do was get some decent grub down her neck and an hour later we returned to our swim. I got the rods out pretty quickly, sat back and opened a Stella. "Can I have one, Dad?" she asked.

"No have a Fanta." I replied. The lads reappeared before dark and I could tell by the songs they were singing that they had enjoyed themselves. I put my hands over Dave's ears. She knew enough bad words as it was!

Topper was round the corner from me, in The Long Lawn and I heard his baits splash into the water after he had returned. What I didn't realise though was



exactly where they had landed and to be fair neither did he, as the songs continued. The next morning I was up and about early as usual when I noticed a big bow wave come off my spot, however nothing happened on my rods. Topper eventually appeared and ran to grab his rod, it turned out that his lead had gone a little further to the left than he had imagined. With Dave still pushing up ZZZs I went round to give him a hand. He seemed fairly convinced it was a small common, but I was a little unsure as I had seen the size of the bow wave. I was right as, the Long Common weighed over 40lb as it rolled into his net! It transpired that my spot was actually our spot and although guided by the power of Fosters, he knew exactly where to put his lead. So, when push came to shove and there was a 50-50 chance of catching him, the odds weren't even in my favour then. I missed my chance again!

I was starting to feel a little frustrated, as every time I got close to catching him luck simply didn't go my way. I either caught one of the others, or more often than not, he would simply get away with it.

I made the decision to try and fish slightly different spots than the other lads on the lake. Understandably, most of them wanted to catch the biggun and were fishing 40 yards plus, out into the lake with boilies. My different spots were all closer in, usually between swims, where there was less chance of them being seen by the other anglers. The lake was getting busy once more as Two Tone grew bigger and I needed all the edges I could get. One of my spots was between the Little Lawn and The Snags. This was a marginal shelf, just next to a long reedbed. Between the two swims was a nice row of trees, which gave a great view of the spot from above.

It was the middle of summer and the wind was blowing westerly. It was definitely flip-flops and thongs weather. Being in the shade of the trees was a right result. I was in the branches about 15 feet up, checking to see if any fish had noticed my bait. It turned out they had as fish were coming in and out of the swim on a regular basis. I quietly made my way down the tree and went to grab my rods, so I could have a go at them. As quickly as I could, I got them all out along the marginal shelf and scurried back up the tree to keep an eye on them. In those days there were only about 23 fish in the lake and I am pretty sure that I saw just about all of them over the next three hours.

By now you know that there was one I wanted and sure enough he came in and visited the spots, along with all the others. I realised that the fish were actually feeding on a small silt spot in between where my three rods were



positioned, so I carefully came down again and reeled all three in. I waited for a small gap in the proceedings and when the fish were out of sight, I gently slipped one rod back out, right in the middle of the silty area I had seen. Back up the tree, I watched as the fish returned and there was the Long Common, with two smaller ones heading right for my spot. I knew it was going to be close this time. All three disappeared in a cloud of silt, as I watched from my precarious position up the tree. After a while the two smaller ones came back into view and then drifted to the left. This was my chance, this was my moment, of that I was sure. Sure enough, bang! The rod burst into life and he was on! Six years of chasing him, loads of bad luck and near captures, were tossed to one side in an instant. My time had come, finally! Forgetting just how I was perched up the tree, I punched the air for joy and screamed, "YES!" and that's when it all went wrong, as the instant I let go of the branches, all of my weight transferred to my feet and there was a load of loud cracks as the branches snapped under my weight. I landed badly into the silty,        area behind the reeds and had to crawl on my hands and knees through it all to get to my rod, which was still flying. I got to the rod all covered in muck and took up the fight. If that wasn't bad enough, I soon realised that things aren't always as they seem, as I landed the Tesco Common ten minutes later and the Long had done the off, probably with the other smaller one I had seen leave the silty cloud, he had done me yet again!

I learned two lessons there; first and foremost don't punch the air for joy when balancing your weight on flimsy branches. The other was that finding the old boy was a hell of a lot easier when I was up a tree, and I then found him on a few occasions this way. One occasion springs to mind and that was when I had found a group of fish, coming in and out of Mouldy Corner. My old mate was there along with five other fish and he had a very distinctive pattern to his movements. He came in from the left-hand side of the swim and stopped over a small sandy patch just off the reedbeds. After that he slowly drifted to right beneath my feet and reversed into a small gap in the reeds below me. He sat there facing out in the lake for a few minutes and then he moved out, went to the right and then stopped momentarily, over another clear patch before disappearing into the lake and returning ten or so minutes later. I had baits positioned on the edge of both clear spots and one in the front of the gap in the reeds. We had been in this ongoing stalemate for about an hour, when Spug turned up and asked what was going on. I came down from the tree and told him all about the last two hour's worth of events, as per usual he didn't believe I was this close again. I suggested that he



quietly (if that was possible) climbed up the tree and had a look for himself. Back into position we sat there watching. At first there was nothing, but then after a few minutes, I could see him coming back and right on track. Just as I had told Spug, in he came from the left and quickly there he was, all 40lb of him, ten feet below us! Spug's eyes popped out of his head. By his own admission, he had never seen such a big fish so close in to the edge. After a bit he drifted away, to no doubt repeat his previous circuit. It was at this point Spug said, "Where exactly are your baits Lee?" I pointed them out to him. "Do you know what," he said, "you're never going to catch that fish" And do you know what, I never did!



Dave pulls off her socks off to look at the Long Common.



# ~The Green Beast~

*by Steve Mogford*

Ever since I started this carping lark when I was a young lad, the one thing I couldn't wait for was my coming of age. Now I know most of you are probably thinking I mean so I could legally go into a pub, but you'd be wrong. What I wanted more than anything was a driving licence. No more lugging all my gear on buses and trains or asking my dad, who I must say would always take me whenever he could. I'd be able to get myself an old banger and go angling whenever I wanted.

Eventually, when I was old enough, I took the lessons, learned the Highway Code and, at the second attempt, I got my precious green and white slip. My first car was an old Vauxhall Viva estate and I can still remember the first time I loaded it up with all my tackle to go off angling for a couple of days. My dad was also very happy that day, no more acting as a cab service for me at all hours of the day and night.

Over the next few years, I had several different motors and from memory, I don't think I paid more than £500 for any of 'em, so not exactly in the luxury range. At some stage, I ended up buying an old Mark 3 Cortina, which was a horrible green colour with a black vinyl roof. This was one of my cheaper buys. The geezer wanted £295 for it, but I got him down to £250 Bargain!

At the time, one of the waters I was fishing was a little syndicate lake just outside Horsham in West Sussex, which was only a few miles up the road from my in-laws' house. This was ideal for me. I could shoot back there for a shower, and to get fresh bait and food, etc.

I'd had the Green Beast around six months and the car had run like a dream, never used any water or burned any oil, it was just a case of putting a bit of squirt in and off I went. However, things were about to change big time! It was wintertime, I was down at the syndicate water for a couple of nights and The weather was freezing cold and with the wind chill factor, it made the conditions feel positively arctic. The fish, however, were still willing to feed and I caught fish up to 28lb 12oz.



By the second evening, the conditions got even worse and I sat and watched the lake start to freeze in front of my eyes. Now I know I'm mad, but even I'm not that daft to sit out in that, so I wrapped it all up as quickly as I could, chucked it into the wheels and started to make my way home.

I'd only been going for a couple of miles when I heard a sort of 'clunk-clunk, -clunk', which had started from the engine area and finished toward the rear of the car, just as if something had fallen off the engine. I carried on for another mile or so until I could pull over and check under the bonnet. I got my Maglite out from my rucksack and proceeded to have a good look around the engine. When it comes to cars, I must admit I haven't got much of an idea, but after a few minutes, everything looked okay to me. There was nothing obviously wrong to the naked eye, so I dropped the bonnet and continued on my journey home.

Around 20 or so minutes later, the self-same thing happened again, with an almost identical noise. This time, however, I just carried on with my journey and



Moggy, in the early days.



turned the radio up to full volume which would hopefully drown out any more disturbing noises from the engine. By the time I arrived home some half-hour later, no more problems had been heard, so I just unloaded my gear and left the car until the following morning.

The next day, from the word go, I knew something was badly wrong. As soon as I started the Green Beast up there was an awful noise from the engine. Still, no bother, I'd whizz it over to my brother, who at the time worked for a garage, and get one of the mechanics to give it the once-over. Well, within seconds of the bloke lifting the bonnet, I could tell from the look on his face that something was seriously wrong. He just kept shaking his head. The next thing he did was put it up on the ramp and continue to look around with his lead light. To cut a long story short, what he found was that the engine was held in on three engine mounts and yes, you've guessed it, I'd lost two of 'em and the third one was also loose! In fact, he was amazed that the whole thing hadn't fallen out, it was literally hanging on by a wing and a very small prayer! Obviously, I had to leave it there and make my own way home, but within a couple of days the beast had been restored to its former glory and was back on the drive ready to go again.

Around a month later, I was coming back from the golf course lake when I heard a very different kind of noise coming from the engine. It was a sort of banging, grinding noise, which was very irritating. I just turned the radio up again. It had worked last time, so seemed like the thing to do at the time. By the time I'd got off the A3 and was only about a mile from home, the racket had become louder, in fact a lot louder, and even the radio couldn't drown it out. I had to stop at a set of traffic lights and that proved to be the final straw. The whole thing just stopped. As much as I tried, I couldn't get it to start again and daddy bear had to come out and tow me home for the final part of my journey.

The next day, my dad gave me a tow over to my brother's place, so my now best mate Mr. Mechanic could have another look at the Green beast. This time I'd really done a number on it. When he pulled the dipstick out, it was bone dry and within a minute, he went on to say that there was no oil in the engine at all and it was most definitely undeniably, without doubt, totally seized!! Apart from putting in a completely new engine, it was destined for the big scrap yard in the sky.

So the moral of the story is, if in doubt, don't turn the radio up whatever you do!



## ~The Infamous Silvermere BBQ~

Anybody who lives in Surrey around junction 10 of the M25 will probably be aware of Silvermere Golf Course, which has a cracking 18-hole course, pro shop and last but not least a bar and restaurant just a few yards away from a stunning five acre lake. My association with fishing the lake goes way back to the early 1990s and in those days, it was very rare to have a fishery with any facilities on site, so the golf course lake really was a luxury to angle on, with food, drink and even showers just a stone's throw from your swim. All good stuff.

Some very well known anglers have cast a line there over the years and I can think of loads of funny events that have occurred, but none more so than at the start of the 1992-93 season.

Imagine the scene, the day before the season starts, a beautiful June day, the sun shining with a gentle ripple blowing across the pond. Gathered on the patio area outside the clubhouse are about a dozen mad keen carp anglers wondering what the start of the season will bring and how their luck will be in the draw for swims, which was just about to take place. The next few minutes were quite tense, some people made up, some not so, as one by one the names came out of the hat.

Once everybody knew where they were going to set up home for the next few days, the bucket was sent round once again for everybody to chuck a fiver in so a couple of the boys could shoot down to the local supermarket and get a load of grub for the afternoon's BBQ.

A short while later, the lads came back with enough food to feed the five thousand and because of the warm weather, a few beers had been sunk by everybody, so a flame-grilled combo of munchies was definitely the order of the day.

On the patio outside the '19th hole' was a purpose built brick BBQ which was used at weekends for cooking the punters a burger or hot dog while they sat out on the patio soaking up the rays, enjoying a nice refreshing drink after a round of golf. But as this was in the middle of the week, we'd sorted it out with the guv'nor and his other half in the clubhouse, so we could use it for our season starting celebrations. We seconded the largest table from the patio we could get our hands on, along with enough chairs for everyone present which were all those white



moulded plastic jobs and placed them just behind the brick BBQ. All the carrier bags of grub were unloaded onto the table, and the mound of burgers, sausages, ribs, chops, crusty rolls and various sauces, truly made a feast fit for a king. We couldn't wait to get stuck in.

So the next thing to do was to get the BBQ loaded with some charcoal and get it fired up. This was when the problems started. Underneath the racks where you cook the food on the BBQ was a small void where the charcoal and lighter fuel was stored, there were bundles of charcoal, but only an egg cup or so of fluid left in the bottle. We were now in a bit of a dilemma because as hard as we tried, the charcoal just wouldn't get going, the tiny amount of fluid we had was soon burned off and because all the boys had downed a few pints of golden throat charmer, nobody was in a legal state to drive off and get some more 'fire starter'.

Then, in an instant, it came to me, In the back of my motor was a gallon of unleaded petrol for my Coleman stove, just what the doctor ordered to get the BBQ glowing.

Now the empty fluid bottle we had was fitted with a plastic insert in the top of it, so that the fluid could be squirted out in a jet from the bottle and also to stop the remaining fluid in the bottle from catching light. It only took me a few seconds with a fork to pop the insert out and I then proceeded to pour about a pint of unleaded into the bottle. All this was done in a very covert way and out of the prying eyes of the people who ran the club house. It really was a bit of a love-hate relationship that they had with us anglers. When it was quiet in the bar, they were more than happy to take our hard-earned cash, but when it was busy, it was obvious to a blind man that they weren't too keen on a bunch of smelly carp anglers hanging around. One of the lads who was a new member that year took the bottle off me and said he would get the BBQ going, but this was not one of the fella's smartest decisions!

What happened next will be etched in my mind for a very long time, the stood right in front of the BBQ with the bottle in his hand and began to squirt some of the fuel over the smouldering coals. Unfortunately for him, though, he squeezed the bottle so hard that the plastic insert shot out of the top of the bottle and everything went up in a huge ball of orange and black flames, including matey's right arm! Instantly, there were pints of our precious lager being thrown in his direction to try and put him out, but then unbelievably it got even worse! Me and a couple of the other lads shouted at matey to throw the flaming bottle into the lake, which was only a couple of yards in front of him. He obviously heard us and



heeded our advice, but as he raised his arm and pulled it back over his right shoulder to throw the bottle, the remaining liquid in the bottle flew out of the top and a huge jet, looking for all the world like a flame thrower landed smack-bang on top of all the food on the table! Now with the food alight, the bottle was flying through the air, but in his haste to get rid of it, matey somehow missed the lake and it landed in one of the many bushes and shrubs around the patio, but was still alight.

Then, one of the other lads did something he was going to regret. I watched in disbelief as he shot into the bushes where the bottle had landed and stamped on it with all his might to try and put it out. Not a good move on his part. Before he knew it, his trousers and trainers were on fire and you could see the sheer panic on his face as the flames engulfed him. Thankfully, he was only a couple of yards from the margins of the lake and realising he was in rather a 'hot' predicament, he had the brains to run straight into the pond, fully-clothed! While this was happening, a couple of the other lads had tackled the inferno of food on the table, so all the fires were now out! Luckily, both the lads had hardly a mark on them and I think their egos were more hurt than they were. As for the food, I knew we wanted it BBQ'ed, but we were now looking at a pile of burned and singed packets and carrier bags, some of which were almost stuck to the table, such was the intensity of the heat. As for the table and one of the matching plastic chairs, they'd totally had it and were all black and discoloured.

The whole episode only lasted about 30 seconds or so, but with all the chaos that had occurred, it was only a matter of time before someone came out of the clubhouse to see what had happened. Our luck was just about to get even worse as the manager's wife, who was a right pain in the        on a good day, (she really was a miserable old cow,) came out ranting and raving and heading in our direction. I tried to calm her down, but it didn't make any difference at all, she was really on the warpath. Eventually, we managed to convince her with some cock and bull story that it was all a complete accident and a very unfortunate chain of events. The table and chair however would have to be paid for and it cost us £85.00 to replace them. Cheap at half the price I thought and we were all still allowed in the bar, which was the main thing! An hour or so later, we finally got the BBQ going without any more mishaps and were tucking into some of the 'lager' marinated food as we reflected on the events of the afternoon. The one thing we all agreed on was that unleaded 4 star is a definite no-no for starting BBQs, so please don't do it.



## ~Beer, Boxing And The Bridge~

My third offering is again taken from when I was fishing down at the golf course lake and it was my turn to look like a right and be the subject of the boy's Mickey taking. The incident happened in 1994, and I was down for a three-night session from Friday afternoon to Monday morning. After a good look round, I settled for a swim known as The Hole. The whole lake is very shallow and silty with an average depth of around four feet apart from one little area just in front of the patio which was, dependent on the water level, around seven foot.

It was only around 15 foot square in area, but at times, the fish really seemed to get in there and as I'd seen a couple of fish in the shallow surrounding area, it looked a good bet for a bite. The actual swim was on a little island (which is sadly no longer there, it was taken out a good few years back when the golf course was lengthened and updated), but to gain access to the island, you had to walk across a small bridge the length of a telegraph pole. The reason I can be so precise on the length of the bridge is because that is exactly what it was! The pole was just long enough to go across to the island and then it had lengths of four-by-two" nailed onto it, and nailed to that were some old scaffold boards just two widths wide. Now if you don't know, your average scaffold board is around eight inches in width and this so-called bridge was on two boards wide around 16 inches, so you had to be careful when crossing it, especially when it was wet.

Late on Saturday afternoon, I popped into the bar for a bite to eat and a couple of beers with a few of the other anglers, just to be sociable you understand! After a couple of pints, I saw the deputy bar manager, whose real name was Peter, but all the boys called him Dolph because of his uncanny resemblance to Dolph Lundgren the actor fellow who played the Russian boxer in Rocky V. He really was a ringer for the bloke, even down to the blond spiky hair. Like I said before, some of the bar staff were quite funny with us carpers, but Dolph was sweet as a nut.

He soon came over and told me that the guvnor and his 'charming' other half had gone away for the weekend, so he was in charge. Now Dolph, like me, was well into his boxing and that night, live from the good old US of A, was a great



Sometimes it goes right! (Charles Mate)





card of boxing, including a couple of world title fights, one of them featuring the English boxer Tony Sibson who was defending his world title. He went on to say that when all the punters had left and the bar was closed, I could stay in the bar with him and watch the boxing. I was well keen to watch the boxing and took him up on his offer. Several hours later, the last of the punters had left, the doors were locked and the TV was turned on as we sat back to watch the boxing. Within a few minutes, my pint pot was empty, so I asked Dolph to get me another pint. His reply was go up and help yourself and don't worry about the money, we'll put it down to slops!

That was kind of him. Free beer in a bar, not something that happens very often. By the time the boxing had finished, we were well into the early hours and I'd been a bit of a pig. Me and free beer are not the best of combinations! I'd well and truly made the most of it if you know what I mean.

I bade farewell to Dolph and thanked him for his hospitality and made my way back to my swim. It was only a dozen or so yards out of the bar to the bridge, but it was once outside that the fresh air hit me and the evening's lager feast well and truly kicked in. Still, no worries. All I had to do was negotiate the bridge and I'd be in the comfort of the bivvy and a nice warm bag. I can remember looking down at the start of the bridge and being very cautious as I started to cross it. My right foot found it's intended surface with no problems, but the left one missed completely. The next thing I remember was going southward at a rapid rate of knots and trying to grab onto a small tree as I fell. Somehow, one of the branches wedged under my watch strap as I fell and plunged into the water below. I managed to scramble out onto the bank and it was then the smell hit me, I was covered in thick, black, stinking silt up to my waist, my arm was covered in blood from my fight with the tree and my watch was nowhere to be seen. 'Not so clever now' I thought to myself Luckily, I had a full change of clothes in the car, so once I'd got those I thought the easiest way back to my swim was via the water and waded across, to the bridge!

The only way I could get clean was to strip off and wash myself down in the lake, which wasn't the nicest of jobs I can tell you. With that done and a new set of warm dry clothes, it was time for some much-needed shut-eye. When I woke in the morning, my head was really banging and I tried to remember what had happened. As I began to piece it all together, I looked down at my left wrist to see my watch was missing, along with some nasty cuts and bruises. Not too much of a problem though, get the chestys on, get in the lake and have a feel about in the



silt, it couldn't be that hard to find. Wrong! After a couple of hours of picking up dead and decaying crap and rubbish, I gave up and put it down to experience. I really couldn't believe it wasn't right where I fell in.

Thankfully, I returned a few days later and after another hour or so of digging underwater with a dustpan, I managed to find my watch, which still had a couple of leaves and twigs wedged in the links from my 'fall from grace'. Funnily enough, I stayed out of the bar for a few weeks after that and 'The Hole' swim didn't seem so inspiring any more. I kept on the old terra firma. I can't think why, can you?

Steve Mogford



# ~The Milky Way~

*by Gary 'Milky' Lowe*

It was when I was fishing The Manor in Essex in a swim called The Rope that I saw Kev Knight walking down the path towards me. He sat himself down and we started to have a chat about the world and stuff. Eventually it lead on to fishing and I told him that I was going to move on as I had caught most of the fish in here and I needed somewhere new to fish. "That's funny," he said, "how would you like a ticket on the Little Grange?" Well I nearly bit his hand off! He said the letter will be in the post. Two weeks later it arrived and the cheque was sent back that very same day.

I had to wait three months until the ticket arrived, but I had to wait a further two weeks until it opened. I had only seen pictures of the lake so I did not expect the sight that met my eyes when I turned the corner into the lake. There were lilies and reeds everywhere as I pulled up and there were two groups of people. One group was sitting over by a container, the rest were by the lake. I noticed the group by the container as my mate Ken and a few others.

As I parked the car and walked to see Ken, some of the other group stared at me as if I was a leper. When I got to Ken I said to him, "What's their problem?"

He said "They are idiots. They don't want new people on here, plus they will watch every move you do so be aware!"

So with that, Ken wanted us all to put the season tickets in a bag so he could pull out the names for the swims. It seemed to take ages for my name to come out and when it did, I found out that most of the good swims had gone, so I looked at the map of the lake and the only one I fancied was a swim half-way down one side, and that swim was called The Snake. When I chose it Ken looked at me and shook his head.

I unloaded my car and barrowed my gear round to the swim, and when I arrived there I sat for a time just looking at the water. I couldn't see the problem with my swim. It had two sets of snags either side of it, so that must be a holding point I thought. I saw Ken walking down the path toward me and when he reached



me, he told me that this swim has not done a fish in the first week for a good few years. "Oh well," I said, "I'm here now so I'll have to make the most of it." As we were talking, a few of the other members came past and gave me a few funny looks, I thought sod them I'll show them. After a few minutes talking to Ken he said it was about time he went and set up so off he went. With that I sorted my stuff out and started to set it up. I put my broly as far back from the swim as possible so not to disturb the water if anything did visit the margins. When everything was set up I decided to put some bait in the snags, just in case. After this, we had a few hours to kill before we could start to fish so I went round to Ken for some dinner and a chat. Time seemed to fly by and soon it was nearly 12 o'clock so I said my farewells and good luck to Ken and went back to my swim. I placed both my baits close in by the snags and settled down for a few hour's sleep because I wanted to be up early as this was my first night.

I soon dozed off into a deep sleep but was awoken a few hours later just as it was getting light by a screaming buzzer. I thought, 'Someone please hit that' Then I thought that's mine! So I hit the rod, but I was hit back by a really angry carp tearing in the opposite direction! After a long, spirited fight I managed to land the fish, and I secured the net on the front of the swim before going to wake Ken up. On the way round I had to pass a few other members, and when I approached one I said I had just had a fish and all he did was turn his back on me, So I carried on round to Ken. When I got there he was still asleep so I woke him up and said, "I've got one in the net." He got up and called me a so-and-so and said "lets go and have a look." He asked me what fish it was. and I had not even looked to see how big or what it was. I was so excited about having a fish that I had forgotten! When we got to my swim I told him about this other bloke and he said, "That's about right they are all jealous lets see what you have in the net." When he looked he called me a jammy . "Do you know what you have in here?" he asked.

"No" I replied

"It's a fish called the Little Linear." now that's a fish I had seen pictures of Ken with at 31lb, so I was well-chuffed with this! Ken then called a few of the other people on the lake that were okay.

I did not have to lift a finger to weigh the fish, it was all done for me. All I had to do was read the scales and the weight was 35lb 10oz. I was over the moon with that. My first fish and a 30 at that. With all the photo's done and handshakes I put the kettle on for a few of them and with that I was told, "Now you have had



that fish they will be watching every move you make. Plus you will not get back in this swim again for a few weeks because the others will be in here thinking that that's where the fish are." After that, I decided to rest the swim a bit, I put a few more baits in the snags just in case some fish came back during the day. I went for a walk around the lake for a few hours and most of the members on there were okay and said well done on the fish, but there were a few that would not even say hello, so I thought, "I'll show you, I'll catch some more" That would get them off big-time. When I got back to my swim none of the bait had been touched so all I did was place the hook baits in the same place as before and settled down for a quiet evening. For the next two days I did not receive any action at all, not even a liner, so I packed up and went home.

When I returned the following week, just as predicted, that bloke who turned his back on me in the first week was in my swim, so I thought, I'll show you! I'll go in the next swim (which is called the Car Park) and I'll have them from there too! I knew that the fish get caught from this swim close in, so I thought I'd fish at about 40 yards out where no one else does. Also, instead of using a marker float, I decided to use just the lead so no one could see where I was placing my hook baits. Once I had found a piece of firm ground that I was happy with, I cast a two-bait stringer to it with the intention of baiting up when it was dark. As it got dark, I picked up my bag of bait and started to fire some out in the area of my hook bait. Once I had finished I sat down and put the kettle on when a member walked into my swim, who must have been fishing near me, because he heard me putting bait out and asked if I'd had one. When I said "no," he asked why I was putting bait out in the dark. I said, "So some people don't see where I'm fishing" he just turned his head shaking it as he walked away. I just sat down laughing and giggling to myself.

After that, I decided to have an early night, but after a few hours I was woken by a buzzer screaming at me. I jumped up and ran to the rod and after a short but spirited fight I slipped the net under a mid-20 common. I was well-pleased with that. I rebaited the rod and cast it back to the same spot, then I catapulted a few baits around it, then went back to sleep. I woke up around 6 o'clock and made a cup of tea and I was just about to take the first sip when the other rod burst into life and again after a short but spirited fight I netted a common. When I went to lift it out of the water I knew it was a lot bigger than the other fish I had during the night, so I placed it back in the lake secured the net, and ran round to get Ken to help weigh the fish and do some pictures.



When we got back to my swim there were a few people in the car park, so they all came to see what I had caught. When I lifted the net up Ken knew which fish it was and said, "That's around 35lb" He was right, it weighed 34lb 12oz! I was well-chuffed, and we did a few photos and slipped her back.

I fished in that swim for around a month without anyone beating me to it at the weekend, but that all changed on the following trip. I pulled into the car park on the Thursday night only to be greeted by someone standing in the swim. I noticed who it was; it was the one bloke that had been following me around everywhere! When I got out of the car he turned round with a grin on his face. All I did was, get all my gear out and walk round to the swim I first caught out of, thinking to myself, 'I'll have them from here instead'. Once I had set up I thought of a way to get him off. Now this bloke hates rats and by now I knew they love to run about in that swim, so I went to my food bag and took out a bag of biscuits and kept them to one side till it got dark. Then I would wait until he fell asleep and then put them all round his bivvy. "That will get him." I giggled to myself. I crept round to his swim around 10 o'clock and I could see he was asleep, so I crumbled the biscuits around his bivvy, then returned to my swim laughing all the way, thinking to myself that he'd have some company later.

After a short amount of time I fell asleep, only to be awoken in the early hours of the morning by someone shouting and screaming something about rats all over the place. All I did was laugh and go back to sleep. I woke up at around 6 o'clock and I could see the bloke in the Car Park swim asleep in his car, which made me chuckle to myself. I was drinking a nice hot cup of tea when I thought of a nick-name for him, Swim Slug that's brilliant! Just about sums him up. Fat and slimy! With that I saw him jump up and run to his rods and after a short fight I saw him start to jump up and down. Then I knew what he had in the net. It was the biggun (the                     ). I walked round to him with a few others to see it and do the weighing and say congratulations, which I did, then walked off calling him everything under the sun for being a swim slug!

After that I decided to do four nights a week between work. The reason for that was I just had to be the next one to have the biggun! I baited my swim and left for home. The next day I loaded my van with my gear then went to work. The day went really quickly and I was soon on my way down the lane that lead to the lake. On my arrival in the car park I saw three cars in there, one was the Swim Slugs, the other two I didn't know.

I looked toward the swim I had baited up and I could not believe it, the Swim



Slug was in there this time! I just swore and thought to myself, 'where do I go now?' I was so ~~frustrated~~ off, I just went in the Car Park swim. After I got myself settled Ken pulled in and came over. I told him what had happened and he said, "I told you about him didn't I?" and told me to keep what I caught quiet.

With the evening drawing in I drifted into a deep sleep and was awoken in the early hours by a one-toner, I landed a mid 20 common and just as I was putting that one back, my other rod tore off! When I landed the second one, I saw it was a much better fish, so I went round to Ken and asked him to do some photos, as I did not want anyone to know about it. Once that was done, it was time for some shut-eye. I awoke to find someone standing in my swim. I asked what the time was and was told 8 o'clock, so I got up and had a cup of tea. The bloke finally went but as soon as he was gone, another one came in. This went on all morning and I was asked the same question every time, "Have you caught anything?" and I gave them all the same answer, "no!"

In the afternoon I made a sign to put on my brolly. It said, ' ~~Don't~~ off! Sleeping." That seemed to work as the following morning I only had one visitor and that was Ken. Over the next two months I had 32 carp, the biggest was a 38lb common and without The Slug jumping in on me. I was really enjoying myself but I still had my eye on the big girl. I had a week's holiday booked at the end of next week so I would be there for the whole week, I hoped I would catch a few fish.

The following week could not come quickly enough, I arrived in the car park and decided on the swim called The Palace which had two big sets of pads either side of it.

I baited up with about 6 kilos of boilie and pellet and then settled down for the evening. There were two other anglers on the lake, one was bang opposite me and the Swim Slug was in the Car Park. That evening, a few fish started to show in front of me, about 60 yards past where I was fishing, so I was pretty confident of a take if they moved in. I fell asleep and woke up as it was getting light but there had been no action to any of the rods. The fish were now showing on the back of the pads about 10 yards past my bait. It was not until the afternoon that I started to get some liners, then all of a sudden they stopped and nothing at all was showing. So I decided to have some dinner and with that the right hand rod tip started to bend round. I grabbed the rod and held on! Finally I turned the fish and after a strong, hard fight I landed it and when I looked in the net it was a big fully-scaled mirror. When I weighed it, it was 36lb, so I was well happy with that.

After the photos had been done I sat there thinking about the big one and how







nice it would be for that to be the next. Then I saw another carp jump so I thought I'd better get my rods back out. After I had done that I decided to have my dinner, as I was starving by now. As I was eating my dinner, I saw another three fish at the back of the pads, I thought to myself, 'I am going to have a few more here!' But I had no action on the rods at all, so as it had just gone dark and I had been up since it got light, I slowly drifted off into a deep sleep .

I woke up at about 7o'clock and nothing had happened, which I thought was strange as they were so active near me the night before. I was eating my breakfast when I saw a head pop out near my hook bait and the rod tip bent round. I was into a carp! It turned out to be a mirror of about 20lbs, so I unhooked it and put it back straight away. Now I could see the Swim Slug pacing up and down, as he was the only one not to catch anything. He could not set up anywhere near me this time, so I was laughing.

Ken had just arrived to do a few nights and I told him that I'd had a few and that the carp were around this area. I also told him that I had seen some fish the other night, out in the middle of the lake, so he went round to where I told him and set up. After he had gone I saw a few more fish show, but had no more action on my rods on that day and I went to bed happy, knowing that I had caught a few fish anyway.

I slept really well that night and woke up feeling ready for anything. Ken came round for a cup of tea and I was telling him that this was the time that I had all my takes, when we saw some bubbles out near the pads, where my baits were, so I was really confident of a take. I was not surprised when it went off about three hours later and this fish was going crazy and fighting really hard! Then, as I was playing it, I saw it roll near the pads and I saw loads of big scales along its flank, so I knew it was a big common. When I netted it, I knew it was not the common that I had caught earlier in the season, so there was only one other big common it could be and that was around 38lb when it came out last year, so this time it could be bigger! After securing the net I rang Ken who was already on his way round as he had seen me playing the fish. We weighed the fish and it went 41lb 10oz, I was well chuffed and it was the first 40lb common from the lake! The Swim Slug did not say anything, he just grunted and walked off .

All I could do was sit there and mumble things to myself. I was on cloud nine. That day was spent just sitting there drinking with a few of my mates, who had come down to see me and say well done. That evening I baited up again, cast out and then settled down to some sleep. That sleep was soon interrupted by a buzzer



and a small, lively common was quickly netted, so I recast and went back to sleep. I awoke to a liner so I thought I would get up and have a cup of tea. Looking across to the Car Park swim where Swim Slug was, I could see him packing his gear up. It looked like he was moving round next to Ken to try and get near the fish. During that day I saw a few fish jumping near where he had been fishing, so all I could do was sit there laughing thinking 'that serves you right!'

At about 7 that evening I started to get a few liners, then I saw one stick its head out, so I felt a take was on the cards but as it got dark nothing happened, and I went to sleep.

I woke up in the morning to a lovely sunny day with a strong wind. I lay there for a little while and as I watched the water, I saw a head pop out near my bait. It was a good fish so I slipped my trainers on and sat there with a cup of tea. I had a few bleeps then the rod pulled round and I was into a strong powerful fish that kept deep the whole time I played it. As I was playing the fish Ken walked into the swim. He grabbed the net and was ready for the netting when it first rolled on the surface. All I heard Ken say was, "You'd better not lose this one," with that, I knew what I had on! I started to panic and I took it a bit easier on the fish. After a few scary minutes it was in the net and I let out a scream and just started to jump around the swim swearing at things! We weighed it and the scales spun to 46lb 12oz. After we had taken the pictures, I shouted out at the Swim Slug, "The swim will be free in a little while if you want it!" and started laughing.

That's it! I had fished the lake the way I wanted to and I had caught a fair few fish, including a couple of 40s. I'd had a gutful of a few members on there, but it was job done and I had got the better of them! I had one last walk round the lake and said my good-byes.

Milky



# ~Premiership Punishment~

*by Gary Patterson*

As someone once said, "I had a plan. In fact, I had it all worked out." However My plan (one which would actually work that is!) was to 'punish' Spug as hard as I could, for as much info as I could about Les Quis.

The reason I decided to punish him was that this was my fifth trip to Les and on the previous four I did nothing but struggle. Now when I say struggle, I mean to catch a load of fish. I had caught them to just over 40lb, but had never had a big hit of fish, which I am fully aware is the craic out at Les. This forthcoming trip was in August 2008, a few months after five of my pals had all caught 50lb plus fish. Spug in particular had had it away and went into a swim that had been slow for a couple of weeks but managed to come out, just about, 'top rod'. As I am sure you're aware, he runs, and often contributes to, Ask the Experts in Carpworld and whilst he is forever messing about, he does seem to catch them regularly out there, so I thought 'maybe he does know what he's doing', I mean if he is an 'expert' maybe, just maybe, I could learn some new stuff off him and help me on my way, to catching a real whacker out there. So if you consider my previous failures and Spug's success, you will understand why I was ready to proper punish him, and to be quite honest I feel he deserves a bit of punishment back!

The plan was to get as near as possible to Spug's swim, sit in his bivvy and drain as much information as possible, especially where rigs, baiting, watercraft and his general approach was concerned. Now that is punishing! However, his copy of 'Voluptuous' could stay well and truly in his rucksack as far as I was concerned. Sad Norfolk perv-boy.

With a week to go I found out my plan had been derailed. 'Shock-horror' guess who's not on the trip, because the useless | had run out of money again and could not afford to go! I quickly needed a Plan B to put into action and the only realistic way to punish him would be via text message, which was even better because I know how much he hates texting. So that would be my free week's tuition sorted out. Now all I had to do was pin him down on his end tackle.

After one abrupt returned phonecall from Spug, I found myself trawling all the



tackle shops in Surrey trying to track down a 15lb mono in 'muddy brown' and a couple of packets of Fox SSC in a size 8, barbless, which was no mean feat. At this point I had been clearly told how much of a 'punisher' I was, but that suited me fine because that was part of my plan anyway.

As I stepped off the coach with my luckiest draw ever being number 5, I then walked around for half an hour, chest puffed out, all proud of myself. Things were going just fine for once, thank you very much!

Saturday afternoon saw me, beer in hand, all set up and ready to go in the swim called Next to Coypu on the Old Lake. By Monday morning things were going according to plan because I had already landed, six 30s and numerous 20s. Bearing in mind my whole plan was to land a real, big fish, [45lb-plus] and hopefully a new P.B. I have to say that although things had started really well all I wanted to do was to catch a kipper. It was silly and greedy really, to be worrying like that at that point, but I was a man on a mission!

Things went really well for the next two days as the runs and the 30s continued, and come the Wednesday evening I had caught more fish than I had ever done on any previous trip by this stage in the week. It was time for a drink-up, especially as Chelsea were on the TV in the lodge. The red wine flowed, followed by a crate of beer and the 'happy fairy' (what is all that "fairy" business about, is it a northern thing?) was well and truly with me. My lifelong love for Chelsea FC being the only thing to keep me away from my rods for any amount of time. Chelsea = beer = chaos in my world.

Consequently, as I wobbled back the short distance to my swim, I thought it was time to have some fun. The walkie talkies were out and the banter was flowing. Being as drunk as ten men I thought it would be a good idea to ring Spug and get him talking on the mobile. I could then hold the mobile against the walkie talkie, Spug could speak out loud [which we all know is not a problem for that big mouth] and make a guest appearance on 'Les Quis FM'. Spug obliged albeit reluctantly and said hello to everyone, I sat there laughing. Well, that was until I placed the mobile next to my ear to say goodbye when suddenly I got both barrels straight down my left ear hole! The conversation went something like this; 'Stop [redacted] about on that poxy walkie talkie and get on with your fishing! You punished me about all this! I am trying to drive a [redacted] lorry! '

A £10 phone call and a [redacted] later, I was thinking to myself perhaps it wasn't such a good idea after all!

A hungover Thursday morning arrived, as did the realisation that perhaps my



plan to punish him had been derailed once more, this time by my drunken behaviour, i.e. Chelsea = beer = chaos, as I said before. It was time for me to go it alone as I couldn't take any more abuse from Norfolk. To that end I decided to start a little bit of 'liberty' casting. For the few of you who don't know what 'liberty' casting is, it is a great way of poaching someone else's swim. What you have to do is chuck a lead into someone's swim, when they are not looking and if you get caught, as I did in this instance, when Smithy and his father walked out of their bivvies and puffed their chests at me, then you innocently hold your hands up and apologise, although you don't mean it for one second! This time I got away with it as I only just went into their swim, and Smithy and his dad being the lovely people they are, let me get away with it so I sat down like the proverbial Cheshire cat, once more.

By Thursday afternoon the runs had slowed down considerably, although I had landed just over 30 fish by now, the big one still eluded me. I did at that point consider whether or not I should start my punishing once more, but I was a little unsure as to what reaction I would get. Having said that, Thursday night is barbeque night and it is the last real night for a decent drink-up because of the early pack down on Saturday morning. So we had a few beers that night and I felt quite happy as to how things had gone.

Settling back down in my swim I received a text from Norfolk asking if I had 'caught a big one yet'. Game on! I replied to the text with something like, 'NO!' I was then informed to just 'keep getting the bites as the big one would come'. 'Appy days', as we say down Sarf! [Apparently]!

Friday morning came and I thought I would change tack for the last day on at least one rod. This change saw me fishing a known hot-spot to the left of my swim near an overhanging bush. It worked a treat and I landed a further three fish before our final dinner.

After dinner we went through the usual procedure with the bailiff, who in this instance was Gary Exton, who clarified what time the coach would be turning up, and what time we had to be clean, packed and ready for collection the next morning, so that will be 8.00 a.m. then!

Now I'll hold my hands up here and admit I had a few too many 'Kronnies' than I should have done, especially bearing in mind the early pack down. So I decided to get my head down early, and as my head hit the pillow I sent one last punishing text saying thanks for all your help but I think my chance for a big one has now gone, to which I then received one back saying 'make a four-bait stringer



and just whack it as far as you dare'. Now with a belly full of beer, and having been in bed for approximately half an hour, the last thing I wanted to do was to get up and follow his instructions. However, the thought of another , this time, for not following his Lordship's instructions outweighed my nice comfy bed chair, so I got up and did what I was told! Thank God it was dark because if Smithy and his dad puffed their chests out on a liberty cast, then quite simply I was about to lose my as this one flew a good thirty yards, past 'liberty' and well into their swim. If I described the last one as a 'liberty' cast' then this one you could only describe as an out and out -take! After I had placed the rod back down on the pod, I quickly jumped back in my bag, hoping no one had realised it was me that had just cast.

At 6.00 a.m. the following morning the -take' rod ripped off and there I stood barefoot, bent into what was obviously a really good fish as it felt heavy and slow the whole time. But there was a problem not 20 seconds after striking the fish. Smithy's buzzer let out a loud series of beeps opposite me and literally seconds after that so did Gary Exton's to my right. Something had to be wrong, it was all a little too much of a coincidence for my liking. However, the only coincidence was that Gary and Smithy both lost their fish and I was still connected to something which felt like a proper one. As I was playing the fish I saw Gary walking round. He walked into the swim and grabbed the net and we landed what looked like a really good size mirror. Up on the scales she weighed 48lbs! "That will do until a big one comes along" I said cheekily, as we prepared to take the photos. I didn't mean it of course as I was actually 'punching the air for joy' as Spug would say.

After the fish had been safely returned, I grabbed Gary and planted a big smacker on his forehead! To which he remarked, "Couldn't you have left it a bit later bloke?" and we both burst out laughing. My punishing plan had worked, don't you think? But I had not planned on Gary being so useless behind the camera as I would have thought by now even he could have taken a good picture, with the years of practice he has had out there! Talk about getting your comeuppance! The punisher getting punished himself!

As Gary left me to gather my thoughts, there was of course only one thing left to do. This time it wasn't going to be a text so I rang Norfolk to deliver the news on my PB. It immediately went on to answerphone as it was still early so I left a message and then got on with packing down to be ready for the coach and my triumphant return to England!

Sipping tea on the patio waiting for the coach, my phone rang. It was his



Norfolk Lordship once more. "What rod did you have that on then? Come on!," he demanded.

"Stringer rod!" I replied.

"Do you know what? I have never done that before out there!" He then laughed back at me. With that down, went the phone. 'What a !' I thought to myself, while everyone around me laughed, "So that's how he catches them, ask the experts? Yeh-right!"

Cheers for that. See you on the bank sometime.

Gaz





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## Anglers National Line Recycling Scheme (ANLRS) News

“Get cheap line and do your bit at the Brentwood Carp Show”

The ANLRS will have a stand at the Brentwood show on the 26th and 27th January and would be delighted to take any old mono or braid off your hands so it can be recycled properly. If it's still on your spools, then simply bring them along and we will strip them for you there on the day. Do you have half empty spools of line that you don't use? We are happy to take them as well and can now even get the spools recycled properly!

To think that in the UK we may dispose of over 175 tonnes of line, plus the weight of the line spools, annually then we all have a part to play in reducing this.

As an added bonus, apart from helping reduce plastic pollution, a couple of companies have offered a £1 discount on new line when you bring in your old gear to the ANLRS stand. When you drop your line off we will give you a voucher that can be used at the show where Gardner Tackle are offering the discount on any of their bulk spools of mono or braid. Also offering the discount is the Eric's Angling Stand where you can get money off any bulk spool of line, they have available over the course of the weekend.

Hope to see many of the Talking carp readers there at Brentwood and bring that old line along! Pop in to the stand, say Hello and you can even grab yourself some of the ANLRS Mega Raffle





Tickets which are £1 each and all funds go towards the scheme and spreading the word throughout angling. There is a huge £3000 plus prize list so far with prizes from Nash Tackle, Fox International,

Gardner Tackle and various permits or vouchers to be won from tackle shops and fisheries.

If you aren't coming down to Brentwood, then don't worry we will be up at the Northern Angling Show later in February where will have the same offers available.

Thanks for all your support

Viv & Steve

ericsangling





## **Angling Trust pledges support for Line Recycling Scheme**

The Angling Trust has this week thrown its weight behind a national initiative to recycle used fishing line and is urging anglers from all backgrounds to participate to prevent millions of metres of line being sent to landfill every year.

Most coarse and sea anglers replace the line on their reels at least annually, if not more frequently, meaning that millions of metres of used line are currently thrown away each year in the UK alone. The vast majority of this line is monofilament (plastic-based) and with 60lbs line taking approximately 600 years to degrade. Until now, the only option to dispose of used line was landfill or incineration.

The Anglers National Line Recycling Scheme (ANLRS) developed from humble beginnings. In 2016, a local line recycling project was launched in Sussex by the Local Independent Sea Anglers (LISA) organisation. LISA collaborated with the Global Ghost Gear Initiative to identify a viable route for recycling fishing line and following the success of local line collections, it quickly became apparent that they had developed a project that should be rolled out nationwide.

The ANLRS has grown rapidly since being launched nationally earlier this year, with over 180 fishing tackle shops and many large fisheries now supporting the scheme by gathering used line in collection bins in their retail outlets and on the bank. Major tackle manufacturer Gardner Tackle is also now backing the initiative and offers discounts of its range of lines when exhibiting at the various winter angling shows. Many other manufacturers have shown interest in supporting the scheme in varying forms. The scheme recently broke 1.2 million meters of line collected within 8 months of going national.

After exploring innovative recycling methods, all forms of fishing line can now be recycled through the ANLRS, including monofilament, braided



line and fly fishing lines. Line can also be posted directly to the ANLRS for recycling.

**James Champkin, Campaigns Officer for the Angling Trust, said:**

“The ANLRS has been on the radar of the Angling Trust for some time. The ANLRS is a fantastic and long overdue project to tackle a growing problem and I’m very pleased that we’ve finally been able to formally announce our support. The Trust will be promoting the scheme through our media channels and exploring ways in which we can provide funding to allow the scheme to continue expanding”.

**Viv Shears, volunteer at the ANLRS, concluded:**

The goal of the scheme is to complete the circle from angler disposing of the line in a recycling bin, through reprocessing and ultimately creating a product that is manufactured from recycled fishing lines. With the support of the Trust we hope to spread the word about line recycling across all angling disciplines and make it the ‘normal’ thing to do with redundant or discarded line.

To date the reaction to the scheme from shops, anglers and angling related businesses has been nothing short of phenomenal. There is a huge potential for the scheme to spread across European countries and even further beyond that. Undoubtably the key to its success is that it is run on a purely voluntary non-profit basis and has gathered grass roots support from anglers, the tackle industry and now the Angling Trust. Having achieved as much in 8 months as we have the next 12 months is very exciting and the scheme will promote angling in a positive light given the current issues around plastics and their impact upon our environment.

**Notes:**

- The ANLRS website and more information can be found [here](#).
- More information on the Global Ghost Gear Initiative can be found [here](#).



# THEY DO IT... DO YOU?



Recycling is part of all our daily lives and the benefits of preventing line ending up in landfill or being incinerated are obvious. As anglers, we treasure the environments that we fish in and the wildlife found around them, so line recycling demonstrates the responsibility of the angling community towards the issue of unwanted or lost line to the public.

Many tackle shops and venues now have ANLRS recycling bins or you can mail your line to us. For more information and to find a recycling station near you visit our website.

[anglers-nlrs.co.uk](http://anglers-nlrs.co.uk)



## Recycle your fishing line

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# WELCOME TO THE STONZE AGE!

BY SIMON POMEROY





Many times, in life we can overlook the obvious even when it is literally staring us in the face and as our sport has radically changed over the last few decades what used to be acknowledged by highly accredited anglers has disappeared into the smoke and mirrors fanned by the modern industry and the new brand of influencers.

I'm the first to admit that twenty years ago I fell for the magazine features and 'advertorial' films that the market leaders were flooding the sport with and started to forget the proven for the assumed. So much of what had been shown to be fact over centuries was being dismissed by another type of angler, many of whom in truth had very little depth or true experience in the skilled art of angling. The carp scene was emerging and with it the loss of sight of factors that were recognised to help the angler catch more fish – and so the Stonze story begins.

Now, anyone that fishes with me knows that I am a real fan of using complex and highly nutritional Method mixes, with ingredients proven to attract fish and stimulate them to feed. A tactic that can be manipulated at all times of the year and gave me absolute confidence that next to my hook bait was a 'pile' of food sending out signals within the undertow and water column thus tempting my quarry to first of all find my bait and then to feed on it. The Method on some fisheries, especially match fisheries, has been banned due to its unfair advantage and with the advent of carp fishing I quickly saw its value. To be fair it was and still is seen as not being 'trendy' on the carp scene which has promoted PVA bags over the Method, but I promise you not only does it work but, on its day, it can obliterate fisheries.

When I bought my lake complex in Dorset one of the lakes had historically been a Rainbow Trout lake but the previous owner had started to introduce carp and when I took over the decision was to turn it into an out and out carp water so the trout were removed and it was opened as a prolific day water. It was stunning with islands and drop offs and quickly became my favourite lake on the complex and from the off I was catching consistently on my Method attack but over the months I was seeing a



drop in my catch rate though the fish were piling on the weight. I couldn't really get my head around it as I knew my Method mixes were pure quality so what was the issue and what was I doing wrong?

Slightly digressing, what was this proving, especially as the same was happening to all the anglers across the fishery? The fish had gone from being easy to catch to being far more elusive and they were obviously steering away from the pressure and the tactics we were using. They were actively feeding as their weight gains proved but in essence had gotten used to the dangers the anglers presented. This alone should give food for thought and is a case in point that goes a long way to proving that carp are certainly not as daft as some make them to be i.e., they are the masters of their own universe whilst we are just visitors, sometimes very naïve visitors.

Anyway, let me get back on track, my reduced catch rate was frustrating, but I was watching the films and reading the magazines which were telling me to buy all the gear but me and my angling comrades were certainly not seeing the results we were expecting from all the media spin. It then started to concern me, having met some of the angling 'stars', that perhaps they were not as sharp and knowledgeable as the media presented them to be. Perhaps they had gotten into their privileged positions not so much through angling skill but being in the right place at the right time where they had the option to fish for weeks on end in contrived environments where they were supplied all their gear and baits? If my suspicions were true, then did this mean that much of what I was being told was flawed and if that was the case what had I forgotten





from my formative years where I had strived to improve my angling?

This then takes us back to my opening statement – something that was so obvious, but I had fallen into the trap of assuming what I was being told was fact when in fact it was absolutely not the case. Here I was fishing with all this modern terminal gear which was so obtrusive and so heavy handed when I had been specifically taught to refine my gear, to scale down and to fish more unobtrusively. I had been shown that in taking that position my catch rate, especially on those days when the going was really tough, could change dramatically for the better. In essence fish have the right to ‘spook’ of man-made and the more obtrusive the man made the more obvious the fish can sense as an unnatural danger.

Revisiting this age old and proven knowledge made me look at what I was doing and what was the most obtrusive part of my Method set up – the feeder. This was the start of an era where manufacturers were bringing out feeders that were so conspicuous in size, but I had believed the adverts saying basically don’t worry about the size as we’ve camouflaged them, and the fish can’t see them. Oh, what a naïve angler I had become – it wasn’t my mixes that were spooking the fish and decreasing my catch rate, but a huge piece of lead and plastic sat right next to my hook bait – how could I be so stupid.

This eureka moment then saw me scrutinise all the terminal tackle that was being fished on the complex and the one common denominator was the incredible sizes of the modern leads and feeders compared to what we had been using thirty years ago. The fact was that manufacturers, on mass, were dismissing the obvious down sides with what was





now, and still is, the flawed camouflaged stance i.e., the fish can't see it. In reality the camouflaging of your terminal tackle is just a human mindset and does not work as promoted by the industry – fish are far wiser than that!

What was even worse was that I had been bought up on the match scene and to this day any match angler worth their salt will reinforce scaling down, be it the line, weight, hook etc. It is a massive edge to appreciate such as they know that fish identify the more obvious as a danger but the carp angler, or the businesses that control the carp angler, have decided to ignore. Add leaders, clips, rubbers and so forth on top of the lead and to then call this unobtrusive would be far from the truth!

So, what was I to do other than bin the travesty of the Method feeder? I went back to fishing more scaled down by wrapping my mixes around small shaped leads, but this still did not give me the confidence I was seeking– they were still so big and out of sorts within a natural environment. I could also acknowledge that when the mix broke up the lead still sat there in all its 'glory', plus trying to mould, and cast my mixes at distance was a challenge as the lead tended to pull through the mix.

Back to the drawing board. What could I use as a feeder that wouldn't be as obtrusive as the man- made but still did the same job. There had to be a solution but though there was something in the back of my mind



it stayed hidden for the time being. The more I thought the more I revisited my youth and I started to remember leads were not classed as leads but as weights i.e. it gave the angler a weight that allowed the bait to be cast and hold position. I remembered fishing off the shoreline as a kid using spark plugs as weights something that I had



read about in a book or a magazine – and then it hit me!

The Fisherman's Handbooks were my bible as a kid – these A5 booklets came out weekly over three years and you can still buy sets off E-bay to this very day. They are full of incredible depth, written by anglers who wanted nothing but to share their passion and help others. No branded clothing, blatant advertising or contrived tales, no product placement or tainted egos just true anglers highlighting how they caught fish, the environment, the passion, and the enjoyment. Handbooks I still frequently flip through to pick up forgotten pointers and there, on one of the musty pages was a hand drawn set of Mackerel feathers with a great big stone tied on and being used as the weight.

Here I was, the owner of what was water filled gravel pits with stones all around me and were these to be the answers to my prayers? The initial challenge was to affix a swivel as the connector and with that done the first trials took place, though my Stonze looked out of place from the perfect contours and colours of the modern leads and feeders I could see the sense. Many around me were laughing but that first night things changed when 16 carp fell to the Stonze System.

Luck or coincidence but neither proved to be the case as the Stonze System consistently out fished those on leads or feeders and for me it

was awesome as I could easily wrap a ball of Method Mix around my Stonze and the contours allowed the mix to readily adhere. Instead of being left with that monstrous feeder next to my hook bait all that was left was just another natural Stone sat on the bottom amongst all the other stones that naturally littered the bed of the lake.





So, here I had a fishing weight that had so many benefits over the modern lead weights. A weight made from natural stone that could also be used as a method feeder, was non-toxic unlike lead weights and could even be flavoured! It really was a revelation that much of what I had believed in, via the angling media, was in fact imperfect and by making this tweak things were back on track and it all made so much common sense why it would work.

But that was the start of my troubles in so many ways but before I tell you of the downside of developing and patenting Stonze let me regale you with some of the unusual and exciting aspects that these weights delivered, things that never reached the angler as the written media failed to report or highlight.

The Stonze have not only revolutionised the end user's tactical approach but have also been highly acclaimed away from the UK scene as some of the following examples will prove.

ICAST is the biggest angling trade show in the world and is held in 'Sin City' - Las Vegas, USA and several years ago we attended. The Best New Product category is one of the most prestigious awards going and our Stonze weights were chosen as the winners. Not only was this a great achievement but when I heard we were the first UK company, in the



shows 75-year history, to have ever won such an award I was over the moon. Interestingly, the USA is very anti lead due to its toxicity and the health issues that accompany but they are in no way influenced by lead manufacturers as we are over here. Simply put they got the concept from the off and that by using a natural weight could only be an advantage on so many fronts.



Next up was the day a lovely embossed cream envelope dropped through my letter box and which I opened with some suspicion. Was this a wind up as inside was an invite to an entrepreneur's function at 10, Downing Street in the presence of the then Prime Minister Gordon Brown! Come on which of my mates was pulling my leg but I decided to ring the number on the invite anyway, only to be put through to the press Office of Number 10! Nope, not a wind up but a genuine invite off the back of the development of the Stonze – where was my suit!

An invite to participate on the TV show Dragons Den - watch this space on that one!

Last, but in no means least, the fact that we won the International Green Apple Award for environmental good practice. The Green Apple is an annual award scheme that honours companies that prove they have produced products





that have genuine environmental benefits and can change practices for the better. I was notified that we had been selected for an award and we were invited to a function at The Houses of Parliament. During the course of the evening various awards were handed out to companies from all over the world, prestigious companies with real innovative ideas for environmental improvements but the clock was running down, and it got to the stage where only one award was left – the most prestigious award, The Gold Green Apple, and we won it! Again, without any influence from the angling industry or the lead manufacturers the judging panel had selected the Stonze due to their proven benefits. Basically the Judges had recognised Stonze to be something that is far from a gimmick – a fact that leads me into the final but most frustrating part of the whole Stonze saga!

So, let's recap, here is a fishing weight that had so many unique benefits over the internationally maligned lead weights so wouldn't you think the sport would embrace as a winner? Proven to have the ability to catch more fish and nullify any concerns of the lead toxicity issues, internationally award winning and something to be genuinely proud of but little was I to realise the issues and opposition that were to come my way and still does today – the joys of disruptive technology!

The one common denominator within the fishing trade is that all angling companies either manufacture or promote, due to their alliances with lead manufactures, lead weights and anyone showing up with a product that is an improvement as I had done was never going to be 'welcomed'. But to the extent to which we have been maligned has been shocking, and pathetic. The fact that so many manufacturers have tried their best to try and show case Stonze as a gimmick has on one hand been understandable as they seek to protect their lead profits but has





also been somewhat naïve as Stonze really do have their time and place. To try to condemn something which is factually correct has always left such detractors open to critique as and when the truth, as it is now doing, gets out. What it is proving is those that took such a stance within the industry have shown themselves to have another agenda and with that are now in danger of losing any credibility. To try and shut out a product as genuine as Stonze was always going to be a challenge but they managed this for years – especially as many contrived media platforms have never even acknowledged their existence! Perhaps it has been a situation of advertising spend over quality content and Stonze never got a look in due to their disruptive nature – something I fully believe to be the case time and time again. It is not the first time the truth has been hidden to protect other agendas!

Some may read this and try to trivialise what I am saying but to those I would say stand back and really think. Yes, the Stonze may look out of place compared to the perfectly shaped leads you have been used to using historically but what if it is the case that the Stonze are a genuine edge. Why does the industry attempt to camouflage the lead if there was no issue – how ironic is that and how much weight does this give my conclusions? What if the Stonze are a weight that fish find nigh on impossible to sense as a negative when we know they can sense a lead as such – especially the warier (and therefore bigger?) specimens. What if the industry has gotten it wrong and are protecting lead use for all the wrong reasons? What if I'm right?

Fortunately, the whole face of the angling media has changed, and Social Media is a blank canvas to be able to spread the word. This is certainly happening and Stonze are now being successfully used across the world from Thailand through to the USA and all across Europe. Hand on heart I know everything I have written here is the truth and that if you also use Stonze you will quickly appreciate their advantages above leads and feeders. For those who dismiss I would ask why and suggest you tread carefully as you will be in danger of showing a naivety about a subject that is more complicated than you can imagine!



My disparagers always come up with the same naïve critique so let me quickly dispel their ill thought evaluation:

**Q = Stonze can't be cast effectively.**

A = Yes they can as our YouTube films prove with anglers casting in excess of 150 yards with the right shape Stonze.

**Q = Stonze are bigger than leads so more detectable.**

A = Only to a human as the largest Stonze will always be less detectable than a manufactured piece of toxic lead.

The best one ever!

**Q = A three-ounce lead will weigh heavier than a three-ounce Stonze.**

A = Err, what? Surely that one was a joke but apparently not and just goes to the depth that some are trying to go to – and in doing so simply highlights their desperation!

Stonze cast, come in a plethora of colours, hold your bait in position, can be used as a straight forward weight or method feeder, won't sink into silt like dense lead, can be flavoured and cannot be sensed as a danger by our quarry unlike man made leads. Another thought to add is if they are flawed as my detractors sadly try to promote then why are we now seeing more and more anglers using Stonze to such great effect across the planet?

The truth is seeping out and the revolution is only just starting! The largest piece of your terminal tackle can now be natural. It's not a case of daring to be different but one of common sense supported by facts. Until next time, stay safe, catch more and if you ever want to contact me always feel free to do so at: [simon@pallatrax.co.uk](mailto:simon@pallatrax.co.uk).

Cheers,  
Pom.





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# *Talking Carp Reviews .....*



*TASKA - Spider bait rocket*



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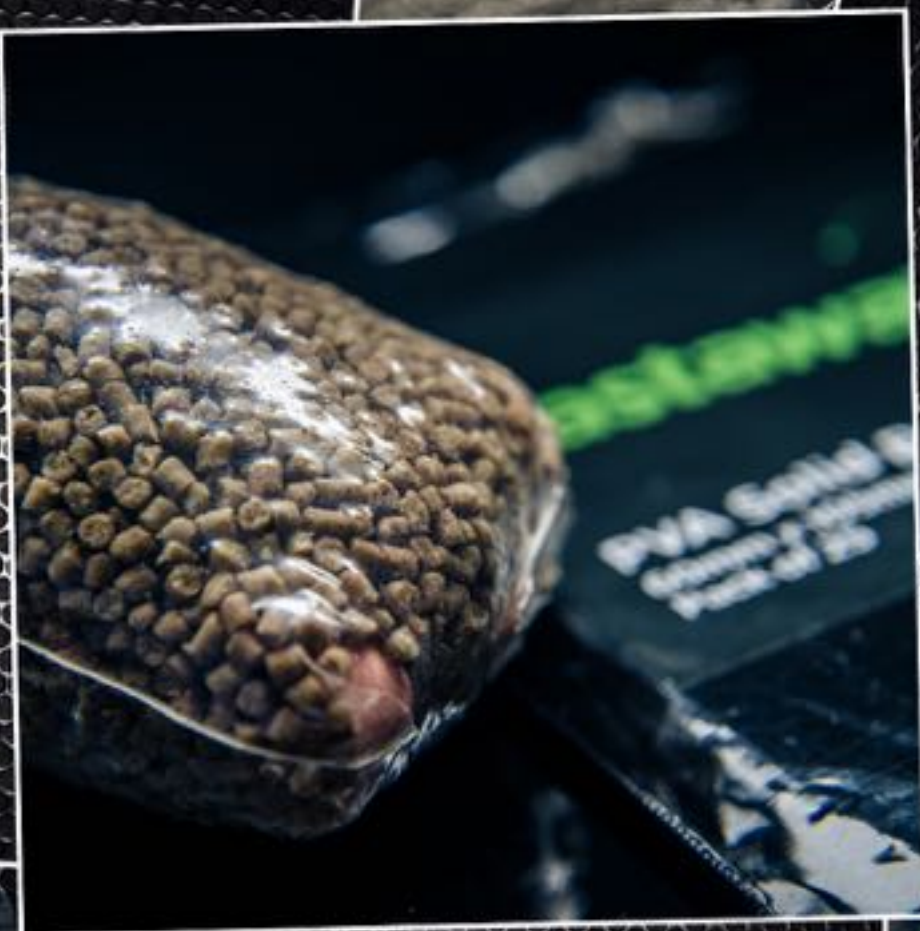
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# Catch Reports

*Featuring -*

Brooms Cross, Clear water fisheries,  
White Springs Fisheries, Stuart  
Mellors, Les Bowers, Adam Ginders,  
Gary Peachey, Finn Brown, Darren  
Pearse, Mike McMahon, Petula Little



# Brooms Cross Fishery

Specimen carp and coarse

Brooms Cross Fishery  
Long Lane  
Thornton  
Liverpool  
L29 8AA  
Tel : 07740082025  
Email: broomscrossfishery@gmail.com



Jake Sanderson with a 25lb 4oz above  
and Below- The Eclipse at 27lb





# Brooms Cross Fishery

Specimen carp and coarse



Richie Hall  
with The  
Vessel at  
30+

Neil  
Croughan  
with his first  
of a hattrick  
at 25lb 12oz





# Brooms Cross Fishery

Specimen carp and coarse

Neil  
Croughan  
with his  
second,  
Marge, at  
26lb 15oz



Neil  
Croughans  
3rd fish at  
27lb 2oz







Jack  
Pritchard  
21lb Kellet  
lake



Jack  
Pritchard  
21lb Kellet  
lake





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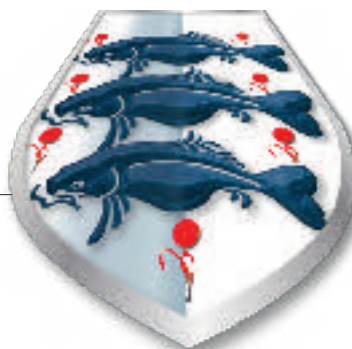


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**Elliot Graham with  
CTC 37lb 1oz**



**Paul Davies  
23lb mirror**







## Stuart Mellors

Stuart has been tearing up the Pride of Derby AA recently with a few overnights resulting in 3 20lb + and a 30lb +

fishing solid bags consisting of crushed and liquidised scopex squid and citruz. To a 12mm white citruz popup. To an in-line running lead system. Stuart also kept moving regular during the session to keep on the fish





## From this months cover - Les Bowers

After walking around for a couple of hours, I saw signs of fish in two swims. I went and loaded my gear on the barrow and again saw signs in one of them. That would do for me!

I rigged up all 3 rods before casting in each rod with just one cast each. I know this swim quite well.

I was still sorting my gear and chatting on the phone to a mate when the left hand rod pulled up and out the clip. I threw the phone behind me as I grabbed the rod. It was at this point I realised I hadn't set the landing net up lol . After walking backwards to get it and a bit of cursing as I tried to put it together, still keeping a tight line, I managed it. The fish had got into the near margin pads, but they just pulled free and I netted it first time. I could see it was a good mirror.







Now I had to find my phone to get someone to take the pictures. I hunted high and low and couldn't find it. I had to shout across the lake to a mate to call me lol. When I found it, he said he'd come do the pics for me. On the scales she went 39.15. The owner and Jim were with me and I weighed it again just to be 100% sure lol.

I was very very happy as it's one I hadn't seen before. Such a stunning looking gnarly old fish. Nigel sharp sent me a pic from when it was about 10LB in 1990.

The rig was my ever faithful multi-rig. Tied with PB jellywire, Ridgemonkey curve shank size 4 hook. Rigmarole bore ring, Freefall leadclip and LinkteQ completes the end tackle set up. Mainline baits fruitella pop up sprayed with matching spray and fished over cell boilies was the winning bait. Les.





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## Adam Ginders

A recent session on a day ticket water in Lincolnshire caught on multi rig size 6 micro barbed gripper hooks from Vardis tackle using Urban Bait strawberry nutcracker 12 mm yellow pop ups fished over red spicy fish and pellets in about 5ft of water on a clean area. Had four fish up to 20lb 14 oz.



Your Name:

Gary Peachey

type of fish and weight

Golden common

Location of catch

Manderson Trust

Info about the catch

This beautiful golden common was caught with a fruity pop up wrapped with bread - halo green glug and made to semi sink.





**Your Name:** Finn Brown

**type of fish and weight** Mirror Carp 12.5lbs

**Location of catch** Springwater, Ayrshire

**Info about the catch** Finn (5 years old) wanted to come fishing for the last day of the year, and what a day we had.

He fished 1 of his own rods and had 2 runs, one this lovely 12.5lbs mirror caught on a size 10 Pallatrax Grips and small Pallatrax Stonze and an Affordable Angling pop up glow in the dark corn with a PVA of pellets.

He did 80% of it himself, I had to net and hold the rod as it was carting quite a bit and gave him a great fight.

I think the smile says it all, especially after the second run was lost and snapped his rod top.





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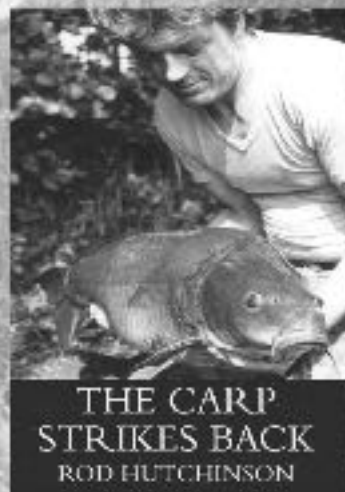
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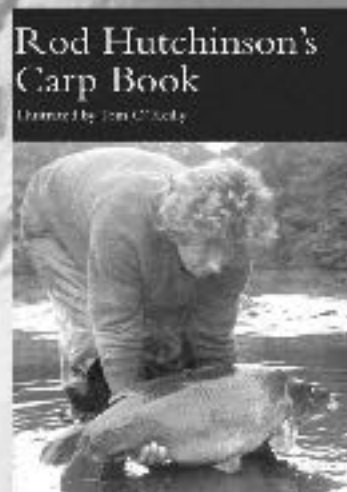
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**Darren Pearce**

Had a great winter social with a few friends at Drayton, and even though the temperatures had dropped dramatically and gave us a seriously cold winters day, I finished with a total of over 15 fish to low 20's. Successful tactics on the day meant swapping and changing baits and presentations, but as always the Taska Baseline products and DNA baits sticky sweet and flouro's working as always.







## **Mike McMahon**

The day had arrived for a winter social with a couple of the other consultants and some friends. We had booked out the lake in advance but were greeted by bitterly cold easterly winds and very high pressure – not the greatest of starts but we found signs of fish feeding on the walk around.

I was luckily enough to come out first in the draw and chose a swim of the back of the wind in some deeper water where I had seen some activity. I didn't want to disturb any fish that were in the area so chose to place two rods in close proximity to where I had seen activity and depending what happened I would lead about later in the day or the following day to identify some spots.

Over the course of the day the fish seemed to move a little further out and were clearly on some bait from previous anglers, so I topped up the area with some Steamies IceBreaker and positioned a rod just before dark. About 20





minutes later it was away and resulted in a very welcome 25lb Common. I topped up the spot again rubbing my hands thinking more action would follow. Unfortunately, the bobbins remained motionless through the night and following day. It soon became apparent that they had moved out of my water as they started showing in front of a friend.

It was now the last morning and others had caught so I was confident that I was still in with a chance as they were clearly happy to feed. I saw some signs of activity at first light and placed a bait within yards of it. Around one hour later the rod was off and before long a little mid double lay in my net. All fish caught using Steamies IceBreaker and Rig Marole components – FLX mainline, LinkteQ, Freefall leadclips, 15lb Skinfull and CamH20

All the best

Mike





Your Name: Petula Little

type of fish and weight Common 21-10

Location of catch Furnace lakes Horsham

Info about the catch

Weekend with friends Sue and I arrived a day earlier than the boys and this was about 8 am that morning what a great weekend





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# munch baits

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# THE LINK UP!

Since we devised 'The Link' concept, countless prototypes have enabled us to 'lock-on' to what REALLY makes this fishmeal bait tick. In its final formula as an active, dedicated boilie, **The Link™** has now proven itself on the World's most demanding venues to the World's most demanding anglers and will be ready to prove itself as what your fishing has been missing. Imminently. **Isn't it time you linked-up with Mainline?**

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