



Talking Carp

Magazine

Issue 68

October 2021

Inside this month

Talking Point with Julian Cundiff,

Short Stories with Dave Locke

Scott 'Geezer' Grant, Barrie Scholes

Plus Reviews, Catch reports and much more !!!

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Hello and welcome... To issue 68.

And just like that October is upon us already... Where did the summer go again. However, its not all doom and gloom as we know Autumn is a fantastic time for big fish captures. The carp are packing on the pounds and their colours start taking on the autumn hues that seem to really bring out the best on those trophy shots.... So my advice to you this month, is as always, be prepared for that run. It may be slowing down now but it only takes one bite. Have all your wet gear, buckets, camera gear and night time lighting charged up, ready and waiting, and think about your pegs, and where you will get the best photo from. We have covered trophy shots in previous issues, but if you are still unsure then drop us a line and we will do our best to help by asking one of our pro photographers to help you and answer your questions.

Now, quick plug here... Christmas is approaching and we will try and get you some great gift ideas for the carp angler, and we will kick that off this month with some amazing carp ornaments from www.fishforart.co.uk
We have an insight into their awesome pieces inside this issue so make sure you take a look... perfect for any home, man cave, fishing room etc.

That is all for now... have a great Halloween and see you in November.
Tight lines

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Team Talking Carp

Inside This Month -

Cover shot - Dave Atkiss

ARTICLES - from page 6

Page 6 - Talking Point - Julian Cundiff

Page 19 - Stranger Things Than Fishing - Dave Locke

Page 25 - The Jaguar- Scott Geezer Grant

Page 35 - Spooling Up a Reel - Mark Carper Galli

Page 46 - Insanity - James McQueen

Page 52 - Summer Success - Barrie Scholes

Page 62 - Rumbridge Shenanigans - Dan Winfield

Page 72 - Trying to fish light - Richard Handel

Page 82 - My Journey to a 61lb French Carp - Dave Atkiss

Page 94 - Red Letter Session - Chris Robson

Reviews - from page 99

Fish for Art - Brian Dixon

Sub Carp Towel - Brian Dixon

**CATCH REPORTS - from page 105
with all of your catches !!!!!!!**

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Talking Point
with Julian Cundiff
and Brian Dixon

Julian Cundiff

7
Price £2.20
Summer 88

Talking Point...

Quarterly No. 1

Personal Fishing

with Julian Cundiff and Brian Dixon

Welcome back for a chat with carp anglings Mr Nice Guy... the ever youthful Julian Cundiff.

Last month we discussed the coming season of Autumn and how to get the most out of your fishing with some great advice from Jules. This month we would like to take a step back from the do's and don'ts of fishing and delve a little deeper into your personal fishing life, your memories, your lessons learned, and some of the tales you can actually put into print.

T.C. *Welcome back Jules... another great piece in the bag last month, and one that even inspired me to make a couple of small changes and I ended up with a new P.B... So, you can claim an assist on that one !! So, let's have a chat about you, and how you have managed to stay on top for so long... now, it has been well documented that you never stepped straight into carp angling, and that you tried other species first.... Fair to say you were leaning towards being an all round specimen angler before the carp bug bit... what was your favourite species to catch before carp... and how successful were you chasing those species?*

J.C. *Hi mate and thanks for the kind words on my musings and how they played a (small) part on that wonderful PB you've just had. I've said for years now that because so much information and gear is readily available to all consistent success is a lot harder and it's the small things, or rather lots of the small things that really matter. These are the things that generally take a bit more effort, don't come in*

a shiny pot and are not always so obvious. So well done Mr Editor ! My fishing started in 1976 purely by accident seeing Eric Hodson (who formed both the BCSG and Pike Society) tench fishing at Drax Pond, or Brockholes as it was known in those days. I guess seeing Eric land that tench (the first fish that ever interested me that didn't have batter on it) and the water being a specimen tench water kind of made it obvious what my favourite fish would be....tench. In 1976 to 1979 catching tench from four to six pounds regularly was definitely a big deal up here so I had really fallen on my feet. They were perfect for my style of angling as you could catch a few in a session, they fought hard, they are a beautiful fish and were certainly more available and catchable than carp or pike. The only issue was that with the close season you only got to fish for them June till maybe September then I'd pike fish. Much as I thought (and still do think that pike are an impressive fish) I never got to grips with them as I did with tench, eels and bream. I did catch them to upper doubles but the waters I

fished had so many small pike it was like 100:1 on getting a double. So, for me my favourite fish were tench, pike, eels and bream.



Pike I liked but never really understood

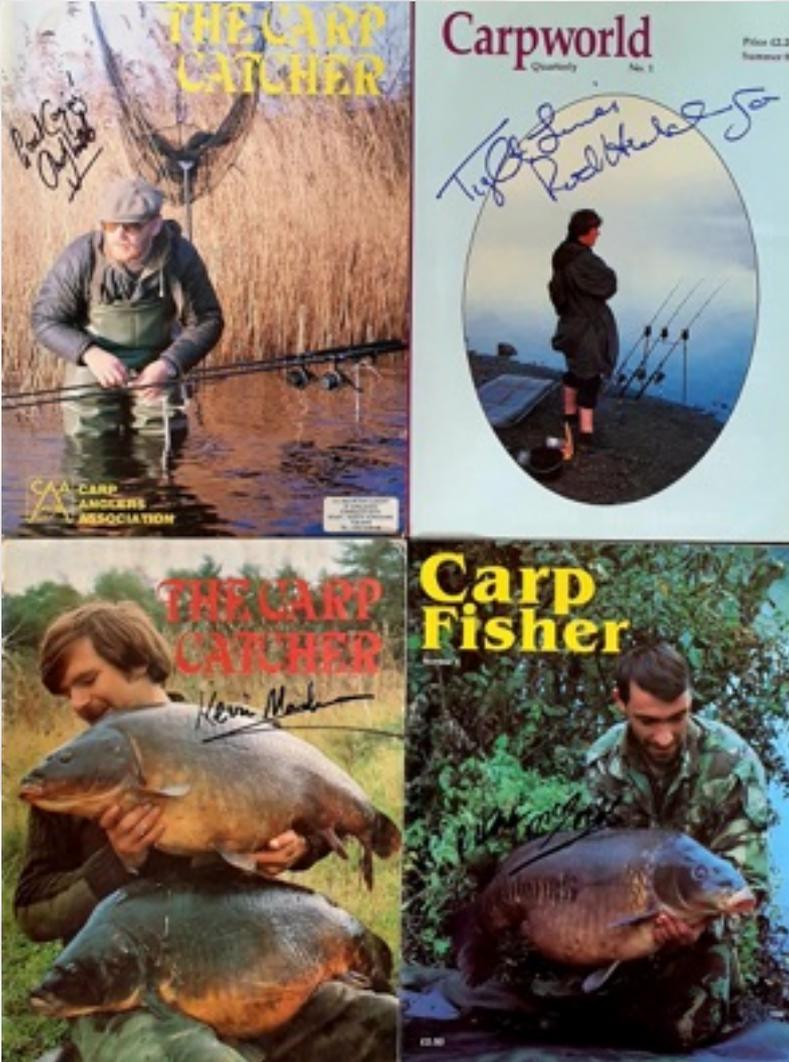
T.C. What was the moment you changed from specimen angling to carp angling? Was it a gentle transformation over time or was it an all out change over and never looked back?

J.C. A bit of both to be honest. 1976 was coarse fishing , 1977 and 1978 match and coarse fishing and 1979 onwards specimen hunting for tench, eels and pike. I did catch the odd smaller carp, but they never really impressed me that much if I dare say that in a carp fishing magazine. My first double in 1983 whilst tench fishing nearly converted me there and then as it was so much bigger than the six pound tench I had at the same time (which in reality was a far better fish) but the real turning point came in 1984. I was walking the lake to prebait for tench and came across two anglers with umbrellas and storm sides, Cardinal reels, KM rods, buzzers the lot...definitely carp anglers. Over the next few weeks, they (begrudgingly) spoke to me and although very tight lipped admitted to carp fishing . In an attempt to get rid of me they lent me a very dog eared copy of ' The Carp Strikes Back ' and in all honesty a carp angler was born. This ' boys own ' book combined inspiration with tactics and the journey began. That week I went to the library and (permanently) borrowed ' Carp Fever ' and not only was I inspired to carp fish, but Kevin's book meant I could copy and catch.



First double and a 110 instamatic picture..

T.C. What about recent times, do you still cast a deadbait out for the pike during winter, or maybe an overshotted crystal waggler with two bits of corn for an early morning tench on a fresh early summer morning?



My big four

J.C. Not at all mate and in all honesty I've no desire to . Carp fishing is my passion (because it's not my job) and I'm happy to fish for them, talk about them, write about them twelve months a year. Add to that family, cycling, music and all the other stuff and there is no time for anything else never mind inclination to do it. Friends do try to persuade me to fish for barbel , perch and the like but I'm pretty good at knowing what makes me tick. One day I may well wake up and think sod it, especially with the idiots that populate carp fishing but at

the moment my passion is carp fishing.

T.C. You were fortunate in your timing in that the carp fishing world was still quite young, many were learning, and giant steps were being made within the industry. So many names stood head and shoulders above and some of the names became iconic within the carp angling world. When we look back and see names like Hutchinson, Springate, MacDonald, Nash, Maddocks, Gibbinson and the tales they have to tell, and have told, it was indeed an exciting time for the sport... who would you consider to be your top influences... and that's putting you right on the spot pal!!



Happy to be part of the gang. Rod, Ritchie, John and me

J.C. My carp fishing now encapsulates thirty seven years (1984 to 2021) so to single out certain people always seems unfair but that's the question so I will try to cover those that had the biggest influence / impact on my carp fishing . In the very early days, it was Eric Hodson as he introduced me to fishing and without that there would have been no carp fishing, I guess. Tim Paisley for his support and encouragement from 1987 onwards and teaching me that we are what we contribute and if that's just an album of fish pictures then maybe that's pretty limited. My biggest four influences as anglers I looked up to are what I call the ' Big Four ', Rod, Kevin, Andy and Ritchie (all of whom I have worked with in one way or another. Rod Hutchinson - I did a ' Hutchy and Jules ' column

in Crafty with him , spent time with him and wrote the foreword for his book ' The Carpscene Years '. Sadly, we have lost him and when I attended his funeral it was a very sad day indeed.

Kevin Maddocks - I did plenty of work with Kevin including co-authoring the book ' The Beekay Guide To Carp Rigs ', rewrote his bait chapter in Carp Fever, did six videos with him and lots more. Not carp fishing now but still an icon.

Andy Little - I spent lots of time fishing with Andy, did lots of work with him , did all the tapes for his ' My Passion For Carp ' book and we are still friends today. Still catches plenty of specimen fish wherever he fishes.

Ritchie MacDonald - fished with him, done many talks with him at shows and eeked many words out of him for publications I worked on. Lovely to see him come back in 2020 and we have some projects we are working on for 2021/22

Those four are my four angling icons but I can't fail to say that Nashy and me have been friends for over thirty years and I hold him in high regard. The same for Terry Hearn who I knew well before his first book. He is just as nice now as he was then which is a rare thing in carp fishing believe me....Add to those names Brian Skoyles, Jim Gibbinson



At Rod's house working on his book

Back in the seventies I coarse fished and match fished successfully

Peter Springate and there are many I owe a debt to.

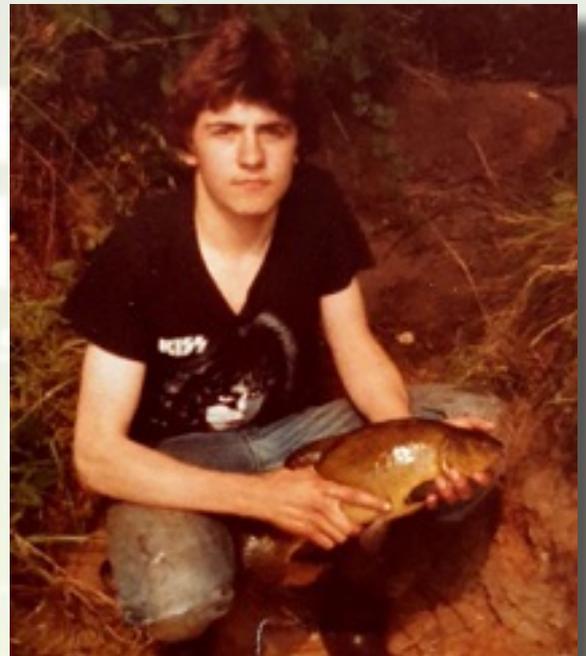


T.C. Looking back over the years, is there anything that stands out in your mind as something you had done but wished you hadn't, or maybe done differently now you can look back in hindsight.

J.C. To be honest not a lot as I'm one of those boring buggers who tends to evaluate everything before I do it. I guess there are people and companies I persevered with longer than was good for me and my angling? Perhaps not passing my car test until 1987

(motorbikes and girlfriends with cars kept me going). Not travelling down south in the colder months more often 1988 to 1998 to carp fish as winter carp fishing up here was pretty crap pre 2000. In all honesty carp fishing wise not a lot

T.C., We have seen some strange things on the bank over the years, like a groundskeeper who was permanently intoxicated and drove his tractor in a



Tench fishing 1978 and my favourite bands shirt on show

really strange manner, couples parking up on dark lakes and letting nature do its thing, and even a gent who came down to one lake at 6 a.m. every morning and swam it with his pet Alsatian... what stands out in your mind as a memory that still makes you chuckle to this day?

J.C. There are lots but the strangest and most disturbing was around 1980/81 when I was a bailiff at Drax Pond. Middle of the day, mid-summer, scorching hot day and I'm having a walk to check there are no anglers 'guesting' and as I walk round the corner of the bay, I see a teenager / young adult stood with a fishing rod in one hand watching his float whilst his other hand was clearly knocking one off.... Yee gods....that was one ticket I was not gonna check. Takes all sorts, I guess .



UK monster.. I don't need to catch a bigger one



I do it for me nobody else. There never seems time for pike, perch or barbel

T.C. That will do for now... we have taken up enough of your time... but before we go, we have a question sent in from a reader for you...

“Can you ask Jules his opinion on something? I recently visited a large day ticket complex and was told by the staff that the only way to catch on there was to absolutely pile the bait in. At the end of the session and talking to other anglers around the lake I quickly realised that listening to the on site bailiffs totally ruined my weekend as the

chaps who did catch were fishing singles, stringers or very small bags, and the general consensus is that anglers are getting told to pile it in simply as away of keeping the stock fed. A valuable lesson learned indeed but also one that has made me doubt the advice of fishery owners and bailiffs going forward. I will be making my own decisions, but have you ever found that some fishery owners can be a little free and easy with their advice over actual correct advice to help the angler?”

J.C. It's not uncommon sadly and really a bit daft, or at least short sighted by the fishery. There is no doubt that if one kind of bait (often pellet but it can be boilie) goes into a water in quantity then using that feed item is often a good starting point. How you use it is the issue. It would be very rare for me to go in heavy with bait on a water

I did not know well. I'd do my research in advance to see if OTHER people were indicating that advice was right but less is more, and more is often too much.

On new waters I tend to not over think it, and this is usually the process I follow :-

Research

My Own Starting Points

Common sense

Locate The Carp

Not Scare Them

Attractive Hookbait

Sharp Hook

Strong Tackle

Fish For A Bite

There When They Are Feeding

Well hope that helps and is a little behind the curtain at my angling pre carp fishing.



Thirty seven years on I'm kinda getting the hang of it

T.C As always, an absolute pleasure chatting with you, and a great insight into what moulded the Julian Cundiff we see today. We look forward to next month as we head into winter, and carp angling takes on the short days , cold weather and long dark nights.

J.C. Enjoy whatever you are doing and however you want to do it.
Julian Cundiff

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Stranger Things Than Fishing



Short Stories by Dave Locke

I reckon most people that have been angling for any length of time has a few memories that stick in their minds. The first one I always remember is casting out about 80yards to a showing fish ,and nearly having the rod snatched out of my hand before I even had a chance to put it on the rod rest. What is even more surprising is the lake is 18feet deep so it would seem the carp followed the bait down,at 32lb I wasn't going to moan about it. Here's a few stories from my past and I can promise you everyone of them is completely true.,,Back in the 70s I had a job for a short while delivery wallpaper all over Kent,it was a easy job and most days I would be finished by 1pm,so I would sit in a layby having a cup of tea and a sandwich just to past some time. Right next to the layby was a small round lake about 50 to 60feet round,there was a lot of sunken trees and overhanging branches with the only quite clear bit being the middle.,I would break up bits of bread and throw in the lake just to watch the hordes of little 4 inch roach attack it like a pack of piranhas .

One day as I was watching the roach I saw a bow wave heading towards me, I watched in

amazement as a carp around the 25lb mark stared slurping down the bread. The next day I took extra bread and was even more amazed when not only the first carp turned up but another one slightly smaller. Well obviously I had to have a go for them. Mick and myself turned up at layby pond at 70pm ish and found a area either side of the lake where we thought we stood a,reasonable chance of landing the carp amongst all the fallen trees. We had been there less than 10 minutes when I heard Mick shout out I,v got one on Dave,I ran around and saw Mick trying his damndest to keep a carp from diving into the fallen trees,bit it was to no avail Mr carp really didn't want his photo taken and dived deeply into the tangle of fallen branches. I peered into the water and could just see the carp a foot under the water just laying there puffing his gills out. Pass me the net I reckon I can reach him, I said to Mick. With one foot on the edge of the water and the other leg kneeling on a thick branch I reached out as far as I could and just about managed to get the net under the fish.Crack the branch snapped,I dropped the net and grabbed a bit of tree just in time to stop me getting a complete soaking,but my bottom half almost

up to my eeerrr bits and bobs was soaked through as was my left arm after just about stopping the net from sinking out of view. By now the carp had enough and Mick's hook had come out. Now it's a fact that the only thing you can do in this situation is retire to the nearest pub. We entered the empty pub and a young lady served us the much needed refreshment a large muscular chap can in through a door at the back of the bar. Good evening lads what you been up to your soaked, was the big chaps greeting. We been fishing for carp in our club lake and I slipped in , I replied .Oh right if you like carp come with me ,we followed Mr muscle round the back of the pub where he showed us a large raised pond with about ten carp in it. Although the carp were only about 10 or twelve lbs I felt the need to say ,cor they are nice big ones mate. If you think these are big you should see my two pets they got to big for this pond so I put them in a pond just down the road, I go down and feed them everyday they are really tame, Said Mr muscle, needless to say Mick and me never tried for his pets again and the next day both the carp were still eating my sandwiches none the worse for the experience....

2

On a large well known water one of the popular swims had a small island with a tree growing on it that was 130yards out. It was a good swim because you could often see carp patrolling around the tiny island and the bottom was nice and clear so a good place to present a bait. Dave was fishing this swim and a couple of mates were just around the corner in the swims next door. It was a lovely sunny warm day when we turned up but by 6pm the wind had strengthened considerably by 10pm it was a full blown gale and we were having trouble holding our bivvies down, so we didn't get a lot of sleep. Yet by the morning the wind had dropped right off and it was a nice sunny day again., I was just boiling up the kettle for our first cuppa , when Dave walked in from the island swim with a very strange look on his face. Morning matey how's things,? I asked..eeerrrr the islands gone ,,what,,,the islands gone,,,what you on about the islands gone,,,look for yourself the island has gone,,,and true enough

there was no longer a island ,it looked very strange to us regulars and we were obviously very puzzled. The mystery was solved later that morning when someone turned up and told us the island was now right down the bottom end of the lake. It turned out the island wasn't a island at all it was a very big tree root that had somehow jammed itself on a gravel bar and the strong wind in the night had loosened the root which then floated of down the lake.....During the close season sometime in the 1970s I popped over to Surrey to visit a old friend,and we went to a local village fete thingy ,this soon got boring there's only so much rubbish you can win on a tombola or throw blunt darts at playing cards so we went for a walk around a,little park surprise surprise there was a small lake in the park about a acre in size. There must have been about ten signs dotted around the lake telling us ,**NO FISHING**.

Sitting on a bench having a rest and a smoke when suddenly there was a huge splash ,we both looked up half expecting to see someone calling for help or just going for a swim. But there was nothing but

ripples,then a large carp cleared the water and landed on its side. We stood up in unison and walk towards the lake creeping around like a pair of oversized action men. Underneath a weeping willow we spotted two other carp one of which looked like it could make 30lb,,I couldn't get that little park lake out of my mind I just had to have a go on there, I'll cut the story a bit short here and fast forward to the end of August.

Just as darkness fell I jumped over the low wall and keeping myself a bit hidden behind some shrubs I made my way to the lake. There wasn't a sole about but I waited hidden until it was completely dark I set myself up behind a wall that was 5feet high and cast out just laying the rods on the concrete path. Crust on one rod and kit e kat paste on the other. Nothing happened the lake seemed eerily quite and a strange mist crept across the lake. Around 3am I was in need of a wee so as quitely as I could I got up and walked a few paces from where I'd been sitting and started to relieve myself against the wall. Suddenly there was a wierd noise, like a loud heavy breathing, then a couple of sort of thumping noises, a snort and more heavy breathing ,I looked

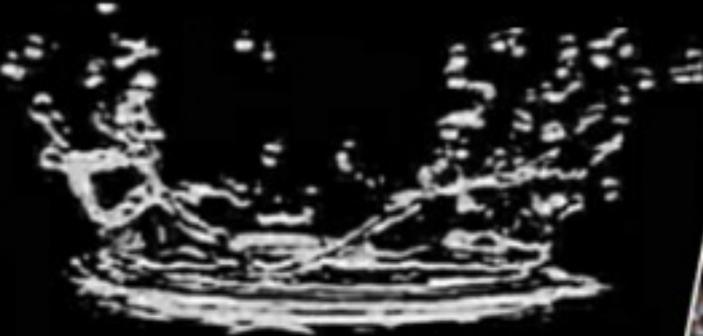
around and my heart skipped at least 50beats, right in front of me no more the ten feet away was a huge skull just floating in the air. Now there's no way anyone can call me a wimpy bloke, but this was the most frightened I,d ever been in my whole life. Diving back to where my rods were I grabbed my knife that I used to cut up the crusts, what possible good a bread knife would be against what was obviously a demon from hell that had come to get me to pay for the error of my ways I don't know. To be honest I

was to terrified to move and just sat huddled up behind the wall holding the bread knife. It was 6.30am and complete daylight before I moved, and as I stood up I heard the snorting again ,another load of heartbeats missing and as I turned around I saw what had caused me a night of fear and distress, a bloody great white horse the field behind me. To this day I,v never been back to the park and I,v not been fond of horses.

Dave



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IN THE MARGIN
PARTICLES



The Jaguar

By Scott 'GEEZER' Grant



After banking the Big Stockie from the Dell is was a good few weeks before I could get out on the bank. I did receive a call from one of the bailiffs from The Dell with devastating news, the fish that I became obsessed with catching had popped up dead, Charlies Mate, to say I was gutted was an understatement, this fish had driven me right through winter and proper kept the fire burning. But never less I had to accept the fact that our paths were never going to cross. Nothing lives forever I know that, it still didn't stop me feeling physically sick!! It took me a good few days to find the motivation to get back out on the bank and do what I love doing, I just needed a new goal. There was also a change in bait companies for me, this came about due to the impact of Covid, I didn't have a falling out with Micky at Galaxy Baits or anything like that it was simply a case of the company trying to survive after Covid. I had spoken to Craig owner of A2 Baits and a meeting was set for the following week. The meeting went really well and both parties were happy with the deal, I shook Craigs hand and instantly felt at ease I was

excited and privileged, I was now part of the A2 family. I know Craigs bait is good as a couple of my mates used it and had good results, plus I know Craig wouldn't use or make an inferior bait.

I placed an order for the Monster Tuna and Creamy Toffee in different sizes, along with matching pop ups, wafers and dips. The first time I would be using the bait would be over the syndicate which isn't an easy water by any means, but I would be giving it a good go. I was due to dive the lake with a couple of fellow divers, we would be removing the snags from swims 1 & 9. I had arranged it with Gary Bayes the owner and a plan was put in place. It was the second week in July and we arrived at the lake around 0900





o'clock on the Monday morning. Gary and a few of the lads were already there and had made a start, by the time we all got kitted up and in the water a few of the snags had already been pulled out. Tolley was on the digger, Ben & Rick were helping secure the strops. Gary & Kevin were in the water and the visibility was zero, they had churned the bottom up so much I couldn't see a thing. We all got stuck in and believe me when I say it was diving blind!! We removed as many snags as possible until we were all knackered. It was late afternoon when we did actually finish then it was a case of getting de-kitted a quick wash and a change of clothes. All my gear was in swim 6 and Tolley was already all set up in swim 4 which is on the same

bank. Once back at my swim I set about getting the bivvy up and everything sorted. I found some lovely areas amongst the heavy weed and after a few hours the rods were all in position. I fished the new Monster Tuna with a matching pop up over the top, I was also

using my ever-faithful chilli hemp. Rigs were kept simple as always so now it was just a case of sit and wait. Later in the evening I rustled up a chilli for myself and Tolley courtesy of my Mrs, the rest of the evening was spent chatting and having a few beers. After a lovely night's sleep, I woke up with no energy at all, but this morning I had to do it all again. The plan was to remove the remaining snags in front



of swim 9 and in the bay. I had a coffee and woke myself up, then Tolley rang me to say he had a scaley banger in the net. I went straight down to him and he certainly did, the fish was in mint condition. I took a few pics for him then the fish was treated and returned. What a start to a beautiful day, hopefully the fish will get down my end and be up for a munch. A couple of hours later Gary came round and it was time to wind the rods in and get my kit round to 9 and get to work. Rick was set up in swim 8 and like me didn't have anything as yet but with a couple of nights left there's still a chance. Once round to 9 Tolley gave me a hand kitting up and he couldn't believe how heavy my gear was, once your kitted up and in the

water, you are weightless its only on land you feel the weight.

Gary stayed in the boat next to me and was passing me the strops, I was then descending and stropping up around the roots of the snags, Tolley was on the digger pulling them in. By the time we had removed all of the snags it was mid-afternoon. I was knackered so were the boys. Once out the water the lads helped me de-kit and get my gear round to my van. Once I was washed and changed it was down to Tolley's bivvy for a much-needed bacon roll and cup of tea. With the work finally completed I could put the rods out and do some proper fishing. It was around 14:00 when I finally got the rods back out and a good drop of bait around each one.



Nick turned up for a chat and a cuppa and as we were sitting chatting a large mirror crashed over my right-hand rod. Yes!!! The fish are here, even Nick got excited and he wasn't even fishing. I cannot stress enough the pressure I felt using a new bait, but I knew deep down in my heart the bait is on a different level and soon had my reservations smashed when the right-hand rod burst into action, the fish weeded almost immediately, Nick went and got Tolley and he turned up a few minutes later in my swim in the boat, I put my life jacket on gave him the net then jumped in the boat. The fish was moving from weed bed to weed bed but within maybe a 10ft square radius. Once we got above the fish, I was sure it would pop up, the fish actually surfaced some 30 foot away and when it did I got cut off instantly!! I was fuming but what can you do, when I dived the lake, I could see mussels as well as large snails in the weed and when you've got a tight line and you come into contact with anything sharp that's how it ends. Tolley was as devastated as me and didn't really know what to say. once back on the bank I re-rigged the rod and got it back out on the spot, with more bait added. I was more determined than ever

to catch one of the scaley bangers that are in here. I was sitting down at Tolley's bivvy licking my wounds when I received a couple of bleeps on the right-hand rod. I walked down to my swim as I thought it



could be coots diving, but there were none there. I sat and watched the rod and out of the blue the rod ignited a one toner, I grabbed the rod and the fish went on the rampage again weeding me up making it as difficult as possible, I shouted for Tolley and he came straight down in the boat, with my life jacket I reeled down taking the boat to where the fish was weeded. Once above the fish I started to gain some line but not for long the fish had other ideas and one of them wasn't laying in the bottom of my net, it went on a final rampage

before the line parted yet again!!! I can honestly say that never have I wanted to snapped my rod in a million pieces then at that moment. Tolley looked at me and didn't say a single word. He took me back to the bank and again I re-rigged the rod and got it back out on the spot. Both times the line was perfectly cut really clean, I know my line is in good condition as I only respooled my reels a couple of months earlier. This is turning out to be an absolute nightmare of a session.

An hour or so later and the left



hand rod was away, I keep the rod high hoping the fish wouldn't weed me, but the fish went mental me and Tolley went out in the boat and once above the fish it seemed to of calmed down, it was weeded good and proper, but with a little persuasion lifting the line up by hand the fish started to move after a few minutes the fish hit the surface along with a massive clump of weed, there was so much weed we couldn't get it all in the net with the fish, Tolley started to pull the weed away and all the while I was hoping the fish wouldn't bolt and come off. It was an epic boat battle, but in the end with the help from my good mate Tolley I have managed to bank my first fish on the Monster Tuna.

Once back at the bank the fish was secured safely whilst I got everything ready. Gary was on hand and the fish turned out to be a member of the A Team a fish known as the "Jaguar" at 31lb 4oz and what a fish it was. Absolutely made up with this one a fish I've never caught before and what a scaley banger it was. Tolley took some great shots the fish was then treated and returned and I let out a massive sigh of relief.



That night me and Tolley celebrated with a lovely Chinese and a few ciders. Then it was off to bed for a well-earned kip. I sleep like a baby and only woke up once busting for a pee, but then I got straight back in the bag and went back to sleep. I woke just after sunrise on my final morning and the lake looked bang on for another take. I laid there drinking my first morning coffee watching the water when I got a call from Tolley to tell me he's got another cracker in the net. I went straight down to him and the fish turned out to be one of the stockies at 26lb 4oz, a lovely fish in mint condition. What a trip for both of us the main reason was to remove the snags of which we did over 2 days, and we done a little bit of fishing and were both rewarded. My next session is going to be over The Dell for a 2 nighter, let's see if the bait continues to catch.

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

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In the Margin Particles (Facebook)

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The release date for the Monster Tuna was mid-end of September so it should already be available in your local stockist, or visit the website.

Carters Leads currently have an offer on, buy 50 leads up to 4oz for £37:50 which includes postage. Head over to their face book page for more information.

For all your PVA needs head over to the brand-new Castaway website. Where you will find an array of PVA products that can help you in your fishing.

I hope the rest of 2021 brings everyone good health and plenty of chunks in the net.

Stay safe and remember its only fishing.

Scott "Geezer" Grant





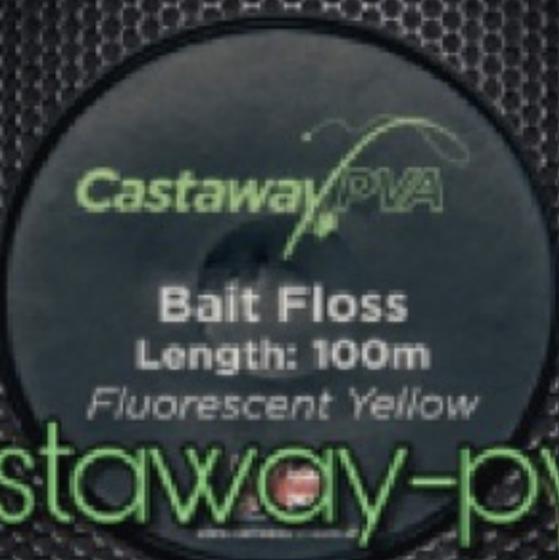
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My Method of “Spooling Up”... *by Mark Carper*



You will notice the title of this article is “My” Method of Spooling Up and that’s because this is not the definitive way to do it, but simply the way I do it... The reason behind me writing about it was not to try and preach or to say anyone else is wrong, but simply because of a situation I had with a mate that rang me to say that the 1000m Bulk Spool I had given him had only filled two of his Reel Spools and did I have any more...?!!!

...With so many larger spool reels being the ‘Norm’ now, most ‘Big Pit’ styles have a spool size capable of holding more line than you are ever going to use, which means to completely fill these spools with new line is a waste of effort, time and unless you get your line for free, money...!

Some Spools do come with ‘Reducers’ but what do you do if yours do not or they are too small...?

Many of the Big Pits are easily

capable of holding 450m+ (492y) of 15lb (0.35dia) line, and you are only going to make use of the first 200 to 250m as an absolute maximum and often, less than 100m of line is in use.... for me in the UK anyway...

To most anglers, 200m does not sound like much but to put this into perspective, 40 ‘wraps’ is 480ft or 146m (160y) so 200m or 218y is the equal to 656ft or just short of 55, yes, FIFTY-FIVE wraps...but your spools could hold up to or even exceed 123 Wraps...what a waste of good line...!!!



With that in mind, it is easy to see why even 200m to 250m is way more than the average angler on a standard Day-Ticket water would need and personally, I only spool up with 180m to 200m of line for the majority of my angling, which is still much more than I probably need but is enough to allow for the possibility of getting a long run when I am fishing further than normal or to allow removing short lengths of damaged line near the rig etc.. However, I do carry additional spools with more line if I am going on a bigger water in France for example, but even then, I have never fully filled a spool with good line...!

In most cases, over half of the Spool capacity is never actually used for fishing and the line in that space is only there to 'Fill' the spool. Why would you waste good line (and money) to do this when a cheaper line could be used for 'backing' on the spool....?!

Backing Line on the Spool...

There are several ways to do this, and they are all a little time

consuming and not an exact science in terms of 'length of line' but using 'Backing' is still better than wasting good line...

My reels, Shimano Tech Mgs 14000 come with reducers but I still use some backing on the spools to enable me to have around 200m of usable line. The first time I put line on and a method I have used for many years is to 'reverse spool' one reel spool initially and simply count the number of handle turns....



By this, I mean I use the 'good line' first and the backing second...I know how much line goes on the spool with one full turn of the handle, because I have measured it and I simply count the number of turns to give me approximately the 200m of 'Good' line I require....once that is done, I tie on the 'Backing Line' and fill the spool to the position on 'Lip' I require (Filling Depth is a personal thing and varies depending on the type of Reel, Spool etc.).

Once done, I then use a second Reel and Spool and put the contents of the first spool on to the second but this time, it goes 'Backing First'...are you still with me...??!

As I wind the 'Backing' on, I again count the number of handle turns and make a note of it. That will then be used for each spool (I have eight) as I always use the same backing line with the

same or very similar diameter to my 'Good' line...

This does sound a pain to do, but keep in mind that once the Spools have the backing on, you only ever need to strip the line to the backing to respool and you don't need to count or measure anything unless you change the diameter of the line...also, if you use this method, do not worry about line twist etc at this stage, that is only a concern once you are ready to spool up with your good line...!!!





is much better than wasting hundreds and hundreds, of metres of good line every time you fill a single spool... Also, I can change my main line up to four or five times a year and sometimes more if I've been on snaggy waters.... But by not over-filling the spools, I can usually fill five of them from one 1000m bulk spool, so cost wise it isn't too bad...!!!

Once I have the Backing Line on all the spools, I then go ahead and fill them with the 'Good Line', in fact, I slightly over fill them and then go and have a bout six or seven casts with a smallish lead (2oz max) at different ranges from 15m up to around 100m... I then remove any the excess line so that it sits nicely on the lip and does not 'coil off' or 'spill' after it has bedded in... again, this is my personal preference and something I have done for at least the past twenty years if not more...!

This method does mean you waste a bit of line initially, but it

Common Issues with Spool Filling

Reduced Casting Distance, Line Twist and Non-Smoothness (is that even a word..?! Roughness..?) through the rings are three common problems that occur when spooling-up is not done correctly, with 'Line Twist' being the biggest issue which contributes to reduced casting distance, as the 'coils' of line cannot smoothly flow through the rod rings and in some cases the coils

simply wrap around them ('frapping'), stopping the cast completely and leading to the dreaded 'Crack-Off' or worse, a broken top section..!

One thing is for certain, a poorly spooled reel will eventually cause damage to the line and greatly shorten the life of it.

Line Twist is a major issue and is something that is unavoidable when we are fishing as simple things like playing the fish on the 'Clutch' will add twist as will the rig and lead setup we use over time of casting and retrieving but one thing we can do is to avoid adding to the problem before we even get to the water by ensuring we use the correct method to spool the reel up in the first place....

With so many makes and types of line to choose from, different lines will react to different spooling methods in different ways, however, there are the two main methods I use and one or the other usually works with

most of the lines out there...

Note: Some spools will have the manufacturers advice on and you should always follow their guidance to get the best from your line...and ignore me..!!!

Method One

Particularly suited to heavier Mono and Fluorocarbon lines that can retain a coil 'Memory' from the bulk spool they come from...

1. Place the bulk spool in a bucket of warm, but not hot water. I leave mine for about thirty to forty minutes as I find it suits the 15.5lb 0.309 Katran 'Cryston Carp' Line I use. This will give suppleness to the line and help to remove some of the 'Memory' from storage and with the line coming on to the Reel Spool 'wet' it will also mean you can add some tension to the line with your finger and thumb when spooling-up without causing too much friction heat. Do not be tempted to spool up too fast, a steady medium pace is best and will

also help reduce the heat being generated on the line.

2. The trick here is to note which direction the line 'Leaves' the bulk spool – It is either Clockwise or Anti-Clockwise.



Once suitably 'Wet', take the Spool out of the water and place it flat on the ground so that the end of the spool that allows the line to leave in an Anti-Clockwise direction is Facing Up.... Quite often this will be with the 'Label' Facing Up.... but not always, so it is well worth checking before you start... By doing this, it will ensure that as you spool-up the coils from the line will load onto your Reel Spool in the same direction that they are leaving from the bulk spool...!

3. Using the Butt Section of a rod, thread the line through the butt

ring and down to the reel. Tie the line to the spool and ensure the knot is at the 'Back of the Spool' and then begin to load the line, guiding it between your thumb and forefinger and under a little tension.

Doing this will help remove line memory and give a better line-lay and remember, do not be tempted to spool up too fast...!

Method Two

This method is more for the 'Supple' Lines that are usually very low diameter with low memory or even for Braid, so this

is a good method for your Marker and Spod Reel...

1. Using the Butt Section of a rod, thread the line through the butt ring and down to the reel. Tie the line to the spool and ensure the knot is at the 'Back of the Spool'

2. Place the line into a fairly deep bucket or container, 10 litre is ideal, and half fill it with warm but not hot water. It is important to make sure the spool of line is on its 'SIDE' and not with one end facing up as it is in method one.

3. Under finger tension, start to wind at a steady pace to put the line on to the Reel Spool.... The bulk spool should 'Spin on the Surface of the Water' within the bucket and the wet line will enhance the line-lay.

If loading Braid, it can help to use a cloth

or sponge to apply tension to the line as it can easily cut your fingers if you apply too much tension....and those cuts bloody hurt...!!!

So that is it, that is how I have done my spools for years and with great success. I do change my line on a regular basis though, and I will even strip everything off the Reel Spools once a year so that I can give them a good clean.

For me, my line is one of the most



important items of tackle, so I want it to be in perfect condition all the time, after all, “it’s a fine line between fishing and just standing on the bank looking silly...!!”

Test It First

Which ever method you choose, whether it be one I use or something specific for your line, you should always do this really quick and simple test ‘before’ you get too far with the spooling-up..

- Once you have about 10m of your chosen line, the good one, not the Backing, stop spooling (and remember to stop the bulk spool spinning if it is in water etc)
- Open the Bail-Arm and Pull-Back about 1m of the line off the Reel Spool
- Hold the line at the Reel Spool end with one hand and use the other hand to hold the line near the Butt Ring (on the Reel Side)

- You should now have a ‘Loop’ of line approximately 1m in length hanging between your hands...
- Move you hands together so the loop closes...
- If the line hangs in a nice loop still, you are ‘Spooling-Up’ correctly
- If the line starts to ‘spiral’ around itself, you are spooling up in the wrong direction and the coils need to come off the ‘Bulk Spool’ in the opposite direction.



Note: This check can be done at any time, even when fishing and is a good indicator as to how 'Twisted' your line is..!

Regards

Mark Carper

Instagram: @mark_carper257

The Line I have used since it was released is from Katran and is their 'CRYPTON' CARP in 15.5lb Breaking Strain with a diameter of just 0.309mm. Prior to this and

for three years, I was using their SYNAPSE 'Wild Carp' Line which was equally as impressive. https://katran.eu/crypton_carp

Katran do a full range of lines to suit most conditions, along with Leaders, Braid and a great range of Hook Links from Stiff Coated, Supple Coated and Un-Coated.

I will be reviewing some of the products in the next few issues of Talking Carp...!



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Insanity

by James McQueen



Doing the same thing over and over again and expecting different results.

You're probably wondering why you're reading a fishing magazine and looking at the definition of Insanity, I hope all will become clear, so bear with me.

It was Nov 2019 when I had taken the decision to fork out more money than I had ever parted with before to bag myself a nice quiet syndicate in Surrey. The draw for me was not only the presence of some very old, very dark albeit not very big (by modern standards) carp, but the beauty and tranquillity that came with it. I had arranged to meet the head bailiff at the venue to get my permit, but I

thought I would take a walk around the lake to get a feel for the place. I walked into the first swim I came to only to see a member Dan, lifting a fish out of the margin in a sack about to do some photos, talk about timing, so there I stood about to get my first glimpse of what I would be fishing for. It turns out the fish was the Queen of the lake, "C scale" at a new lake record weight and on the Dan's first night fishing there too, this was my fire lit and

target acquired..... It wasn't long until I was pushing my barrow around the lake trying to find the swim for my first night, I ended up in peg 1. This peg was on the point where the lake dog legged and where the shallow and deeper parts of the lake met, with a good view of the whole lake, a good place to start I thought. The night passed in total silence other than the noises coming from some wildlife I had never

heard the sound of before, but it again cemented my love of the place. I left the lake full of excitement and anticipation for my return. If you have read any of my other articles, you'll recall that my fishing takes a back seat to family and work, so my nights on the bank are precious.





Having spoken to a few of the members and staff who work in the surrounding park, I was told to stay away from pop ups, bottom baits only and don't use big beds of bait!! Well, that removes 50% of my armoury straight away.... The key information was that these fish are not pressured, some are over 40 years old and there is probably a stock of 50-60 fish in 30 acres, oh and

Cream seed added a good helping of Himalayan salt and whole boilies delivered by a Spomb, and then fishing a pop up over the top, you're seeing why I titled this piece as I have now. I took a fancy to swim 10 and decided that I would put the majority of my time and effort into this swim, so I reckon I did about 15 nights that winter and nothing to show for it. My confidence and

beware of the Bream. At this point I should have thought, use naturals, keep the baiting small but regular, what I actually did was, crumb up 5KG of essential baits

self-belief had taken an absolute battering over those long quiet nights, and I could not think for 1 second what I was doing wrong, I couldn't see the wood for the trees.

Fast forward to 13Th July 2020, I was sat in Swim 5 which is directly opposite swim 1 on that dog leg, and I was to land my first fish. It was only a small low double cricket bat Common, but in that moment, it was just what I needed. By now, I had tweaked and changed about as much of my approach as I dare, but this was caught on a 10" rig and a pimped up waffer hook bait with only a couple of handfuls of boilies in the area delivered with a throwing stick. So, there I am holding this common like I'd just landed the Black Mirror, I was made up and really pleased

to have finally done something right. 11 days later and I'm in swim 7 when I land a low 20 Ghost Common, and where I was also to have another encounter with 'C Scale' as the guy fishing in swim 5 landed her and asked me to do the pics.

This lake was meant to be the easier one of the two on the syndicate but had proved to be my nemesis. I had originally set my target of 5-6 of the old gnarly Mirrors before I headed over onto the big boy lake, but then a dream ticket came up on another local venue. I had to take the ticket as I was unlikely to ever get the offer again. The new lake started off in exactly the same way as the Park Lake, where I would fish to "my strengths" and hope

that these fish were more willing to make an appearance, they weren't. I again fished as many nights as I could, watching a photographing some huge Carp for other Anglers, whilst I struggled for bites. This continued until one morning I decided

to go to the lake and fish straight from a night duty. I arrived at the lake about 0600 hours cast my rods out and went straight to bed. It was about 1100 hours when the right hand rod ripped off and I landed a new PB Mirror of 37LB.



It seemed as though the Carp God's had decided to smile upon me once again, and since then I have had the most successful season, I've ever had with new PB's of a 44LB Common and 47.4LB Mirror with plenty of other fish landed too. Having now exited my baron form and having had the time to look back upon the toughest 18 months of my angling,

I can see that I was so intent on fishing my way, and not the best way suited to the lakes and conditions, that I was indeed INSANE. I have decided that in spring next year I will be heading back to my nemesis to settle a score. I will hold some of those Mirrors, and you will see the pics when I do.

Be lucky

James McQueen

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A serene landscape featuring a calm pond reflecting the sky and surrounding trees. In the foreground, fishing equipment is set up on a grassy bank, including a large net and several rods. The scene is framed by dense foliage and a clear sky with soft clouds.

**A Glorious
Summer....
after a winter
of discontent.**

By Barrie Scholes

"Now is the winter of our discontent"

it's the first line of Richard III written by William Shakespeare in 1594. It expresses the idea that we have reached the depth of our unhappiness and that better times are to come. Now I don't know if Richard III ever went carp fishing. Or William Shakespeare for that matter (although there was a line of tackle that shared his name!) But that line could have perfectly described my winter carp fishing campaign of 2020/2021 compared to my summer of 2021. The contrast between the two couldn't have been starker.

As I write this in September, looking back last winter was a real grueller for me. It had all the usual aspects of winter carp

fishing. Mud, rain, more mud, ice, frozen mud, no signs of carp, motionless indicators, did I mention the mud? But added to that, last winter also had an extra element thrown into the mix to make it even more difficult than normal. Covid restrictions. Restrictions on travel meant that I found myself, like a lot of people, fishing waters close to home that I'd either not fished for years, or never fished before. Starting on a new water in the middle of the winter is never a good idea. Oh, and night fishing was banned too. All in all, it was a perfect recipe for failure. And that's exactly what I did. I blanked the entire winter! I say failure, purely meaning I didn't catch. I still enjoyed myself on the bank despite the harsh conditions and lack of catching. So, if you are

spending time enjoying yourself it can never really be described as a failure. But there was no pictures going in my carp album. Well unless you include ones of my rods in a winter landscape!

Despite the lack of success on the carp fishing front I was still ploughing ahead, and full of enthusiasm in the belief that better times were ahead. I couldn't wait for the spring to arrive and for the carp to start waking up and become more catchable. But that was the other thing that added to the winter of discontent. We didn't have a spring! April was bitterly cold, and I remember travelling down to Horseshoe Lake for the Carp Society 40th anniversary celebrations and there were weather warnings being issued by the MET office.



It all added to making the winter of 2020/21 feel even longer than winters of previous years.

The deadlock between me and the carp was finally broken in April when I caught some from a local day ticket water. It was really good to see (at long last!) the indicators move, hear the buzzers sound and get a carp in my landing net. Driving home with wet nets in the back for the first time in ages my car had, what me and my son call, "the sweet smell of success". That

distinctive smell of carp that signals you've had a successful session. I don't think my partner Jenni appreciated the smell of the car on the way back though! But she did enjoy her day out catching some nice roach on the float rod, non the less. With that

session the frustrations of the winter became memories and were replaced with hopes and dreams of better things to come, as summer finally began to come in to view on the horizon.

Summer wasn't here quite yet though. And the weather for most of May was more like the stormy weather of October. I braved the elements and ignored met office weather warnings when I travelled down to Horseshoe Lake for the Carp Society 40th anniversary. It was a great occasion. I



bought the book "Every Picture Tells a Story" that was being launched at the event and had it signed by many of the authors. I think spending the day with some true legends, Julian Cundiff, Ritchie MacDonald, Sir Pete Springate, Tim Paisley etc etc (you get the idea, it really was a who's who of carp fishing!), that some of their magic rubbed off, because 3 days later I was on the club water I would be targeting for the year when my summer began with a bang.



I wrote about that capture in "Persistence Paid Off" in issue 65. So, I won't repeat too much of that. But at 2am I finally caught my first fish from the lake, and it was a new personal best of 27lb 8oz. The combination of it being my first fish

from the venue, after a load of blank sessions, and then it being one of the lakes bigger residents and a new personal best to boot, it really was a special moment that. I was really buzzing on the drive home listening to some tunes on the car stereo. I couldn't wait to share my news when I got home. The normal conversation of "did you catch anything?" "no" was this time answered with a very emphatic "Yes!!!!!" It was great seeing how happy my family were for me having known how



much effort I'd put in. So that was mission accomplished really for the year. Right at the start of the summer. All I had to do know was catch a few more from the lake and prove to myself that capture wasn't just a fluke! My next session on the lake was another overnighter. After such a great result for me on the previous session I again opted for the same swim. I wouldn't say I was entirely confident. In fact, I was expecting a couple of blanks before catching again as the lake can be quite tricky. But I did feel a nice sense of calm. Like the pressure was off now for the rest of the season. It's not real pressure though is it. Just pressure we put on ourselves to spur ourselves on a bit more. But it's a nice feeling when you have a good result early on and you can just fish with the mindset that

everything from here on in is a bonus!

Whenever I go night fishing I always feel somewhat disappointed when the sun comes up and you've had no action. Like the best chance of a fish has been and gone. But it's daft really because most of my fish seem to come just after first light rather than in darkness and that's exactly what happened on this occasion. The day was just beginning and there was an early morning mist of the lake when the right

hand rod was away. It resulted in a really spirited fight. I could best describe the fight as angry. Fast sporadic runs. Like the fish was furious that his early morning breakfast should be so rudely interrupted. On the mat and it was another nice twenty. A long powerful fish, lovely grey colour that went 20lb 14oz. Maybe the previous capture wasn't a fluke after all?! I had to delay my next session. I got identified as being a contact of someone who had tested positive for Covid. Although I didn't



test positive myself I was still required to isolate for 10 days. So, after that inconvenience had passed I returned to the lake. Same swim resulted in my first brace from the lake. I had a mid-double in the night then a nice looking mirror just shy of 18lb when I was packing up.

The swim I'd been fishing had now

become unfishable due to reed growth. Which was good really as I needed to prove to myself I could catch from other parts of the lake. So, the next session was spent fishing a different area and in the morning I had another fish, a nice scattered linear. It kept me waiting though coming right at the end of my session at 7am when I had resigned myself to a blank.

I went into the next session with the mindset that I was due one of two outcomes. The last three fish being doubles I felt I was either due a twenty, or I was due a blank! I ended up fishing the point swim. It meant I had quite a bit of water in front of me and there was a nice warm wind blowing into my swim. Having not blanked



on the water since April I was feeling confident. But like I said expecting one of two outcomes, a twenty or a blank. The night passed uneventfully. Apart from the guy in the next swim shouting out in his sleep that is! So, when the sun came up after no action I was thinking my run of luck had come to an end. Or a temporary halt at least. But then at 7am another blank saving take! After a spirited fight the fish was in the net and after a run of doubles I was back amongst the twenties again 20lb 8oz.

By this stage I was really pleased with my results. However, I was a bit disappointed that I hadn't done more sessions. A combination of isolating, work being busy and then a random toe infect meant I hadn't done

as many sessions I'd liked. And before I knew it we were in August! But I wasn't complaining because I could have easily done twice as many hours for half the number of fish.

I was back on the point swim again. And again, I was wondering when my run of luck would end. As night fell I was feeling somewhat down beat. There was a lot of bad news around at the time both in the media, and in the carp fishing world, and the stress of the pandemic and other ongoing issues, I just felt a bit drained with it all. Oh yeah and football had failed to come home again for yet another year! Anyway, all that was forgotten when at 2am the rod was away. It's amazing how a carp can change your mood isn't it! Now this fish felt a bit special. Heavy and then really

powerful runs that I could hardly stop. It seemed to know every trick in the book. Fishing on a point its first trick was to kite right and try and get round the corner into the bay behind me and to safety. I just (and I mean only just!) halted it and got it back in to the water in front of me. After some heavy powerful runs in to open water he then decided to head for the safety of the reeds. I only just stopped him again. All this going on in total darkness without a head torch, so it was all quite nerve wracking stuff. I knew by now I was hooked in to one of the bigger ones in the lake. A few more runs in open water then another attempt to reach the reed bed. I'd just turned his head again and was thinking he was starting to tire then the rod sprung back, and he was gone.

Disaster! I was gutted. I propped the rod up on the bivvy, turned my back on the lake and just dropped to my knees at the back of the swim and put my head in my hands. Only briefly though, for about 5 seconds. Then I stood up rebaited the rod and got it back out there feeling totally deflated. That's all you can do isn't it. Busy yourself with getting the rod back out there

because no amount of swearing or crying is changing the outcome. We all know that is easier said than done at times though isn't it! Anyway, I got back into the bag feeling gutted. But there was a little glimmer of hope in my outlook. I normally only get one bite a session. But it was still early, and most of my bites had come after first light. So, I held on to

that belief. Because that's all I had. Daylight came and the memory and disappointment of the lost fish was playing on my mind. Then when out of the blue the right hand rod was away again. Fish on! It's always tense when playing a carp. Worrying about getting it in safely without losing it. But you can times that by ten when it follows a previously lost fish. It put



up a good fight. And it felt like a good one, but not as good as the lost fish. Unlike the previous fish this one ended up in the net and I was thrilled. I wasn't sure about the weight of the fish in the net, but it looked maybe twenty. When I came to lift it though it was heavy. On the mat it wasn't a long fish, but it was chunky, deep and broad. On the scales it went 25lb 10oz. My second biggest from the lake. What a roller coaster of a session it had been!

That was my last summer session on the club lake as the summer holidays meant two weeks with my son. He loves his carp fishing, but he needs

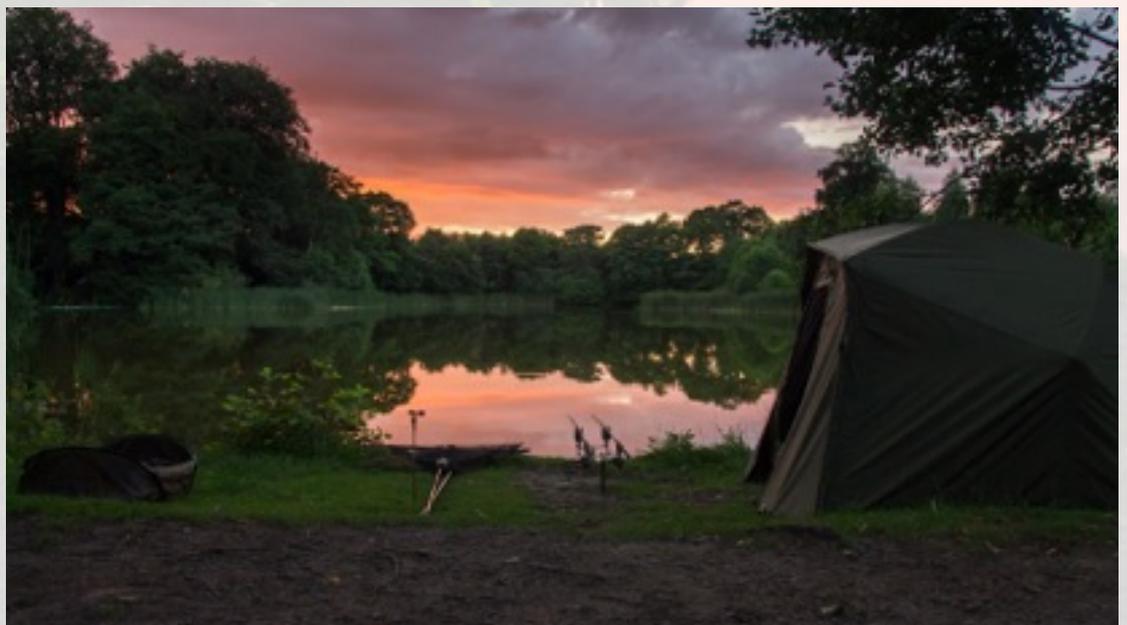
to be catching fish, to practice his playing and fish handling skills and to stop him getting too bored or despondent. So, a change in venue was required. I'll save that for another day. But we caught loads and it was a great end to the summer. One that saw me catch more, and bigger carp, than I'd dare dreamt of during the depths of the winter.

Luck definitely plays it's part in carp fishing and I've had my fair share of good luck

this season I think. A good bait and a sharp hook do make you luckier than most though! My summer hasn't been anything special in the grand scheme of things, but it's been special to me. Just a normal angler on normal waters achieving his carp fishing goals. Whatever your goals are I hope you achieve yours too.

All the best

Barrie



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Rumbridge Shenanigans

by Dan Winfield

Nestled in the picturesque countryside of Clare, Suffolk are a set of lakes that until recently I'd only heard about from friends.

Rumbridge fisheries is a three lake complex, run by Steve and Carol Calder. It offers fishing for all types of angler. From your die hard big fish hunters to your day ticket pleasure anglers.

It's a far cry from the venues I'd usually choose to visit. It has lake side accommodation in the form of sturdy wooden built pods equipped with comfortable beds, on site showers, toilets dotted around each of the lakes as well as field kitchens, a food

van "Carol's Kitchen" (I would thoroughly recommend the breakfast French stick) as well as the affectionately known "Arkwright's" tackle shop which is a veritable Aladdin's cave crammed full of all the tackle and bait you'd ever need. It's safe to say all of this makes your time on the bank very civilised and easy, but you'd be mistaken to think the same can be said for the fishing! Particularly the very tricky back lake as I was about to find out.

A few months ago, my good friend Neil Wayte mentioned that he was looking at booking the back lake at Rumbridge for a weeklong stint. He asked me if I would like to join him up

there and mentioned our friend Martin "Grumpy" would also be joining him. Long story short the stars aligned, and I managed to eventually get the time off from work. This would be a much needed break after the disruption and restrictions of the past eighteen months.

I arrived on the Monday having done battle with the M25. Rumbridge was a sight for sore eyes. Having pulled in I parked my car up and wandered into Arkwright's and was met by Steve.

After a quick introduction and an expected amount of ribbing and banter from Steve, who had been fully briefed by

the old buggers to give me some stick, I made my way down to where I would spend the next five days.

The back lake is set beside the banks of the river stour and is a spring fed intimate water of about an acre.

When I first laid eyes on it, I was left salivating at the prospect of tackling this idyllic but challenging water. With dot islands, reed beds, clear margins and large patches of lilies it reminded me of the mature estate lakes you'd see in an episode of a Passion for angling. The lake is fully otter fenced and Steve takes no chances when it comes to Biosecurity and he supplies nets,

weigh slings and unhooking mats. The lakes residents range in weight from between twenty pounds all the way up too low forties. The average size is also very impressive. If you hook something

there's every chance of a thirty. A number of the inhabitants are over fifty years old, needless to say they are gnarly, wise old characters. Being a small lake it's by no means "fish soup" as



there is only about twenty carp present, but what's there would be a welcome addition to any anglers photo album.

Due to the large beds of lilies I opted to slum it in my bivvy for the duration.

As appealing as the comfort of the pod was with its double bed, I wanted to be on top of my rods should I hook a fish.

This lake isn't for the faint hearted and definitely suits the more experienced angler.

Having walked the lake numerous times, I eventually found two marginal spots on the far bank.

The first spot was a lovely clear area of gravel that looked as if it had been fed on.

I could see why as

it had a good depth of water and the overhanging tree offered a modicum of safety.

The second spot was a clearing where the lilies fell short of the bank near to a large spit that extended out into the lake. It was dense with foliage and also offered some very tempting overhangs. I chose this area because there were tell-tale signs of feeding and movement.

That being said throughout my time there the fish were very wary and didn't give themselves up easily. The ones that did could have been so easily missed if I wasn't watching the water.

I should mention that whilst En route to



Rumbridge I stopped off in Essex at the DT baits factory to have a catch up with the owner Fenton and to pick up some fresh bait.

I didn't come away disappointed, Fenton kindly lavished me with an arsenal of hook baits along with a good helping of the Supa fruit.

My plan was to use that in conjunction with bloodworm and micro snails and growler mix from Carp particles UK. I felt this would work well as its probably not an approach that gets used a lot and I've found over time subtle differences can have big rewards. I was glad I had opted for having the natural baits in my armoury as I found the weed

teeming with critters, and I watched a number of different hatches each day. It begs the question why not use zigs? If the truth be told I have a lack of confidence in them when I'm fishing particularly weedy venues as I have previously lost fish. I can't claim to be the most adept zig angler either if I'm honest. I figured the combination of Supa fruit, and the naturals would help

in getting the carp to associate the Supa fruit as a food source or at least make them less wary. I had every confidence that once they did, they wouldn't be able to resist coming back for more or searching it out.

My plan had come to fruition faster than I imagined as the following morning at about 09:00 my left hand rod burst into life. I was on my rod in seconds and



wound down onto a pulsating resistance but as quickly as the bite came it had gone. I felt the resistance abruptly stop leaving me to wind in my rig minus the lead which had ejected. I was gutted.

Neil had said when I arrived the aim for this week is for us to have one fish each. Was that my chance blown?

The following evening

Grumpy kindly offered to cook everyone dinner. When grumpy makes an offer like that you'd be silly to say no, I'd never tell him but he's a dab hand in the kitchen or in this instance on the bank. We were also joined by Steve and Carol, needless to say the Spanish chicken went down a treat, as did the beers, cider and wine. It was a lovely evening getting to

know them. We swapped funny stories and many laughs were shared, to the point my sides were genuinely hurting. It was only made better when one of Grumpy's rods burst into life. After a somewhat brief but nervy fight we had ourselves the first fish of the trip. At the ripe old age of 70 and after countless scrapper thirties over the years the lake gifted him a new PB. Thirty two pounds and a few ounces. Delirious with happiness Grumpy broke out his famous Jig. Until that point no one had ever caught it on camera but never one to miss an opportunity Steve did just that. A wonderful end to a wonderful evening.



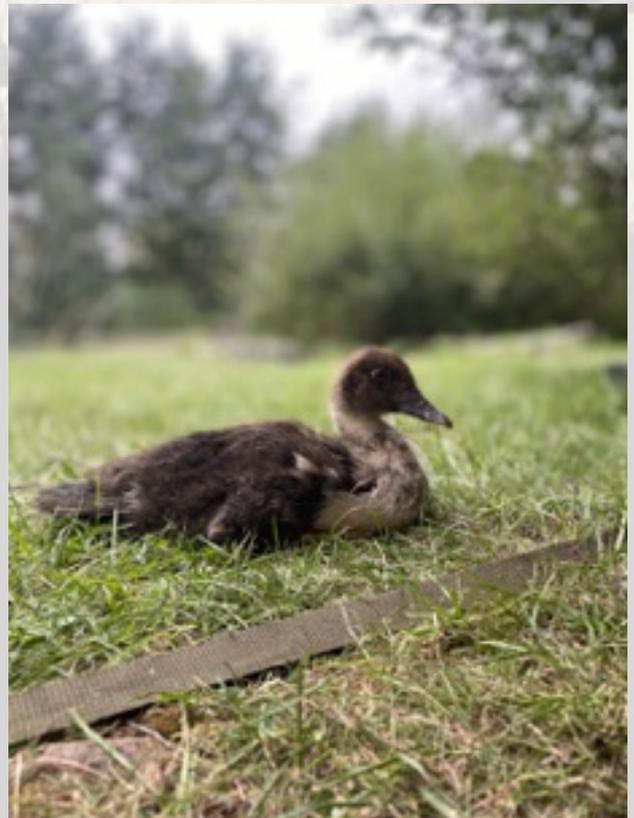
Like so often in my fishing I found myself procrastinating for the following few days. Constantly second guessing myself. It led me to move swims three times before a conversation with Steve made me see sense and opt to head back to where I had previously started out.

I had gone up to Arkwright's to get a new head torch as my old one had seen better days. When I returned to the lake to move all my gear back round to the original swim I was greeted with "Oi pretty boy grab your camera and get round here".

As I got to Neils swim the two old gits were

stood there grinning like a pair of idiots. It transpires that while I was at the tackle shop Neil had noticed a large patch of fizzing hit the surface over a clear area amongst the weed. Being a wily old sod that's been around the block a few times he approached this situation by setting up a crystal waggler to which he hooked a big fat lob worm. (This approach jokingly got referred to as the upside down zig which sounds way more carpy) He subtly lowered the float in amongst the bubbles

and sat back in anticipation. The end result was a rather chunky looking mirror sat sulking in the bottom of the net and the second fish of the trip. That fish went thirty four pounds and was another lovely looking creature. So, the old gits had kept their end of the bargain up, it was now down to me...no pressure then.



Thursday was our last full day on the lake and that evening I rebated each rod with a simple snowman rig consisting of a DT baits cold water green beast boosted hook bait and a pink 12mm Supa fruit pop up. I shipped the rigs out using my Bushwhacker baiting pole, the spoon laden with a mix of Supa fruit boilies and the remainder of the bloodworm, micro snails and dark mix. Sometime later we got together for a takeaway curry. Again, Steve and Carol joined us and again the story's and the drinks flowed. A fitting end for our last night at Rumbridge. Sometime later I headed back to my bivvy and clambered into bed.

At around 02:00 I was abruptly woken up by my Delkim going into meltdown. The rod on the gravel margin spot had come good again. I raced over to it and wound down into the fish.

It was attempting to power its way down the lake to my far right. After a few second the fight slowed and became heavier. It was deep into the weed. I kept steady tension on the line mindful not to pull too hard. Eventually the pace picked back up and she was away again this time making a surging run to my left. Once again, the fight slowed as she found yet another patch of weed. She stayed there for some

time and at one point I thought I'd lost her. Then came the thump thump thump of her head as she freed herself. However, this time she didn't rip off but seemed strangely subdued.

It wasn't until I got her closer, I noticed an amount of weed had gathered around her head prompting her to calm down. A short while later I slid her over the net cord. With her safely in the confines of the net I dropped to the floor and sat there holding the landing net handle letting out the obligatory "Get in" followed by "Job done".

Once I'd gathered myself together, I rested her in the net while I set up my camera and readied

the unhooking mate and scales.

She spun the scales round past the thirty mark settling dead on 32 pounds.

With the pictures taken I saw her off and she faded into the gloom of the lake.

The flash of the camera must have caught someones attention because it was then I heard “ You had one Dan? ” It was Neil. I bought the other rod in and wandered over to his bivvy.

He was wide awake and had heard the commotion.

When I told him what I’d had the first words out of his mouth were “ Job done ”. I sat and chatted for a while my

smile beaming ear to ear. A short time later I headed back to my bivvy where I clambered into bed still smiling.

Job done indeed the lake had been kind to us and had blessed us with three thirty pound fish, one a piece. That was the last fish we had before heading home the following morning.

I had never spent that many consecutive

nights on the bank and although at first, I didn’t really think it would be my sort of thing I was pleased to be proven wrong. Rumbridge is a brilliant place and one I’m eager to return to.

Before I forget I’d like to say a massive thank you to Neil and Grumpy for the brilliant company and Steve and Carol for their kind hospitality.





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Trying To Fish Light! by Richard Handel



For many years I've been trying to fish with less kit, this has been a hard task at times especially when the car can be parked so close by. This makes it quite easier to do a couple of trips to and from the swim. Also, being lucky enough to fish secure locations helps a great deal. When I was younger, the barrow was sky high with kit and I would sling a rucksack on your back, but with age, this is becoming harder. I fished a stretch of the Hampshire Avon about 10 year's back where you could fish night's, use three rods and stay for a few days. I now can't imagine how on earth I carried all that kit in one go. There was no going back to the car and getting the rest of the stuff after walking over a mile. You couldn't just leave your stuff there as the cows would have probably trashed it and there was no where to stash it safely, because it was so open.

My gear was trimmed down, but I could carry so much more, there was no opportunity to barrow it, so I just hauled it all in one go. But then I moved on to the

lakes again after the carp and the ability to park close by. The tackle levels grew again, which was fine for a few years until I needed to start doing two trips backwards and forwards to the car. Again, it was ok at the time, except when it was raining. A couple of the swims on the lake, you could load the car directly from the bivvy, which is great, but also encourages you to take yet more kit and moving swims soon became a thing of the past. In conjunction with age (no doubt), the thought process that the carp aren't far away and with the knowledge that moving swim doesn't always pay off - unless they are really going for it (that's for another article).

A few year's ago, I started to limited the size of the bag (carryall) I took and simplify what I took to only





what could fit in the bag. This sort of worked for a time, but extra kit would creep back and an extra bag would end up on the barrow at some point. Then another cut back would be needed. One issue that needs to be taken into account; the older I get, the more comfortable I like to be. Gone are the day's of fishing under a brolly all year around. I finally realised that being comfortable made me a better angler, simply because if I'm tired or cold I just don't fish as well as I would do if I'm warm and well rested.

Comfort is a real must these days for me. I like to use a bivvy with an overwrap that extends the size of the bivvy enough to sit on a day

chair and where possible I use a small two man bivvy in the winter. This makes fishing in these months a lot more productive, as I'm enjoying my time and not stuck under a brolly freezing cold - probably an age thing again!

This year with joining a new syndicate I had to really focused my mind on reducing my tackle down a lot more than I had done in the past year's. I needed the opportunity to be able to move swim and do only one trip to and from the car.

This lead me to many months of trying to get the right balance between what I used and what was



there for that 'just in case' moment. For instance, how many spombs do you need? For me, it can be all sizes, as I like to be prepared and there's always that unfortunate chance you may lose one. I know it's rare and you can leave any spares in a bag in the car tucked away out of sight. My spare kit bag on the car was born. I know I can't get too carried away and end up with a larger carry all full of kit.

I started to break down how much of every bit of tackle that I take and I use regularly. I then reduced the volume of each item, e.g. how much end tackle do you need? Leads are another thing I take too much of and spares can easily be in my car bag.



My tackle box was broken down into three separate boxes (bags), which for me makes it easier to use on the bank. I really only need the baiting up bag out, this makes packing up and moving swims a lot faster.

This just contains the essential items that I need to bait up and keeps things simple.

This bag contains the remaining essential items, plus my head torch and a battery pack charger and cables I deliberately reduced the quantity really low and had a lot stored in the car for a few weeks. I filtered out a lot more and surprisingly never needed anything, so,



reduced down the bag in the car to a small one. I rarely need and could leave at home (and probably will do at some point). I don't carry a rig board anymore, as I haven't used one for years. I like to make a fresh rig when needed and I sharpen my hooks each time I bait up. I found that my rig board just got in the way and were always filled up with the wrong sort of rig that I needed at the time.

Hook baits were another thing I carry to many of and just don't use them. Why would you, when you know that you have upmost confidence in what you are catching on? It would be different if you were on a new water or day ticket water.

I now only carry what I'm using and a couple of pots in the car just in case. Which, I've yet to get out. This all really goes to show, we carry way to much kit.

There is no way around the big items, such as bedchair, bivvy, sleeping bag, metal ware, rods and landing nets, which I carry two of due to fish care and that's another blog all together. You

can fit the the odd bit of tackle in bags and beds.

I like to use a fold away chair on my bedchair as my back can't take sitting on the bed all day without it, this easily fits in the bedchair.

My cooking kit is kept in a Ridgemonkey bucket including all the food I'm going to eat If it doesn't fit in then I don't take it. I keep extra food (if needed) in the car. I've found a very good food company that make self life nice meals that can be stored with out the need freezing them, this simplifies things a lot. I like my noodles a lot, at one time I was into cooking some amazing meals on the bank, but these day's I just can't be bothered for a few night's fishing. If I'm going



for longer (as I do a couple of times each year), I have no other option than to bring a cool box, I've even started to drink black coffee to save on the weight of the milk, bit extreme but it all adds up.

Baitwise I only bring down to the bank what I think I will need and if necessary I can go back to the car or pop by when its time to head to the toilet. I have a barrow with a small bag, if there was the option for more panniers, I would simply overload it. It's like a shed - the bigger the shed the more stuff you put in it, but if you had a smaller shed it would still be full up, but a lot less junk would be stored there

Looking from the outside, it still looks like I carry way too much kit and I'm always looking at ways to reduce the amount of stuff I need. I've found that I don't need the bag in the car after all, as I've never been to get anything from it. Which certainly goes to show that we all bring to much to the lake.

I hope this was helpful to your fishing.

Until next time

Richard



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*My Journey to a 61lb
French Carp
by Dave Atkiss*

From local lakes to some of the best lakes in the UK, and then onto European waters, developing and fine tuning my craft along the way resulted in a possibly unbeatable PB and the biggest adrenaline rush of my life – this is how it all came together...

At the age of 6, Dad took me out on the canal in cold weather, no fish were caught; but the seed was planted and that is where my passion for angling began. After a year or so of going fishing with my uncle and cousin, I began fishing with a swing tip Shakespeare rod and an Abu Garcia Reel and began ledger fishing at Himley Hall near Wolverhampton. First cast, first carp ledgering. This marked the beginning of being an out and out carp angler.

Through my teenage

years, I would strap rods to my push bike and later to my scooter, going to my local fishery with my next-door neighbour quite regularly, until we discovered beer and going out!

Once we all had cars, we would go fishing most weekends for a year or so, as we shared the same passion. We tried to get out at least once a month, during our late teens and early twenties. All this time, we would never weigh fish and were doing it for the fun and having a few beers together. During this time, I would be tying different rigs; stiff and supple, mainly Kryston supernova braid being a favourite for its suppleness and type of fishing I was doing. At the time, most learning was done within our group, due to lack of internet and secretive

nature of the sport.

From memory my biggest carp was a 15-18lb Ghosty, due to fishing only local venues. It was caught in a small cut out in the bank, to the left of me on a large cube of luncheon meat on long hair. Other favourite baits I used at the time were, Nash Tutti Fruity boilies, corn, halibut, pellets, worm and pepperami.

After this, I had an 8-year break from carp fishing due to family commitments, but it was something that I would always come back to, after keeping all my tackle and gear. In early 2019, this was to be the case, and I upgraded my carp tackle and finally got back out on the bank again. At this point, I would like to thank my wife for her understanding and supporting me to be

able to go fishing, whilst caring for our daughter and with me being a serving member of the forces. I also run a Veteran's Carp group on Facebook, called UK Veterans Carp Society, which we primarily aim to help with mental health and wellbeing, but also helping to develop the watercraft, rig tying and general knowledge of the sport for veterans and

members of blue light services. In the last two years, I have researched how carp fishing had changed including the rigs, rods, end tackle, baiting approaches etc, so I began where I was comfortable; fishing small local lakes of roughly 2 acres, to perfect my watercraft, casting and general fishing skills, stepping up to larger lakes after about 6 months. One

day, I noticed one of the anglers (Steve Renyard) I used to look up to when younger, was on social media and I was lucky enough to have a tuition with him in August 2020, learning a great deal, bringing on my angling in all aspects. Whilst on tuition, I caught my first UK 20lb carp at 22lb 5oz, caught off the top using fake Tiger Nut and spodding krill floaters. During this



session, the hard work Steve had put in (mainly because of seagulls) really opened my eyes and changed how I would approach fishing from there on in. Also, watching people like Tom Maker absolutely graft on the bank and reap the rewards, confirmed how I would now approach things, along with my new knowledge of baiting approaches, rig

mechanics and carp behaviours. As I am still a serving soldier, I then flew out on operations for 4 months, chomping at the bit and itching to go fishing the whole time I was away. When I arrived home, the UK was put into lockdown 2.0 and so I upgraded my kit including rods, reels, luggage... basically a new set up, thanks to my late father and now in his

memory, he is always on the bank with me. My first two-day sessions after lockdown produced blanks including 48 hours on St John's with a mate from back when I was pleasure fishing and a 24 hour at my local, also producing blanks. In total 90 hours roughly, learning a lot from these blanks and making me more determined to fine tune my rigs and work hard



whilst on the bank to maximise my chances. In June the group I run, had a competition at Baden Hall and was my first session exclusively using DT Bait Developments and bringing them in as group sponsors, which proved fruitful, with 4 carp and 3 dreaded bream resulting from my efforts. One of the carp being a mirror PB of 15lb, not big, but a PB all the same.

My next session was nothing short of epic! Epic session and epic

venue at Furzebray Carp Lakes, Island Pool and 3 PB's in the order they were caught. You can read about that in the September issue 67 of Talking Carp, Tale of 3 PB's (<https://online.pubhtml5.com/kzxy/fgco/#p=94>).

After this session, I was fishing a competition with the REME Carpers, at Barston Lakes in the West Midlands. This 48-hour session was a very busy one and involved a LOT of 'Pastie Bashing',

which is something I desperately tried to avoid, and I but tried everything I could to get a 20+ on the bank to get my fish average up for the weigh-in, but it seemed the bigger fish were coming from on or just off the main island of the lake, to which I had no access from my swim so eventually I had to settle fourth place, if I remember correctly. When September arrived, I began getting ready for my first trip to France. After all the prep and packing/ repacking of my kit, the day finally came and myself and Jack, who I met at the Furzebray session were on our way.

When we arrived at Les Etangs de Chantereine, the beauty of the lake hit us straight away.



It is an 18-acre lake set in a valley, surrounded by a mature forest and it looked very similar to an old English lake. After the lake walk with the other anglers that were booked on, I drew Peg 4 which had happened to have produced most of the fish the week before... but something didn't feel quite right...! When one of the other lads asked if I wanted to swap to Peg 2, I opted to swap as I liked the look of the peg and had a good feeling about it. After mapping my swim with my RT4 to reduce disturbance, I noted some likely areas and discovered how weedy the lake was but was also absolutely packed with features. In the first hour of Jack having his rods out, he managed a 36lb 4oz mirror, which, after losing quite a few fish between us in the weed, proved to be the

only carp for the first half of the week. The first two days proved tough for me, with an easterly blowing which seemed to have pushed the carp into the main body of the lake and out of the bay I commanded. Things were about to change though!! After some biblical rain for two days, a westerly/south-westerly was gracing my bay and it wasn't long before I noticed carp movements and the odd bosh or roll. After seeing only a 7/8lb tench and a roughly 2lb perch on the bank, I decided to get out in the boat and have a look for spots in the gin-clear water and it didn't take long to find two perfect spots that were clearly being visited in roughly 10ft of water; one

having the remains of a few muscles on it. I chose two separate spots lowered the rigs in to position and baited over the top with approximately 5kg of 18/20mm DT Bait Developments 'Supa Fruits' and 'N Blend', glugged in matching liquid...

...the rigs consisted of J Precision hooks Curve in size 4, tied with a slip D Rig to present a Snowman style hook bait using boosted N Blend boilie and N Blend pop up. I trimmed the boosted N Blend to critically balance the set up but keep the hook flat to the substrate



, and it was all held in place using a 3oz 'Scruffs Leads', Gripper.

Since using DT Baits and J Precision Hooks, my confidence in getting the carp interested in my 'spot' and then once there, slipping up and hooking themselves with a deep and solid hook hold, is extremely high. With the razor-sharp curve 4's, always doing an amazing job and accounting for me getting my recent PB's on the bank and that's six PB'S in five Sessions...!!!

After watching the water for signs of the somewhat elusive carp throughout the afternoon and into the evening and then sitting there as bite time came and went with no action, I decide to get an early night.... In the early hours however, I was awoken to a steady take that evolved into a one

toner by the time I got to my rods. As soon as I lifted into the fish, I realised that I was into something big as it continued to strip line from my spool after tightening up. Once I realised that it was making headway towards a snag, I tightened down more and applied even more pressure and kept my rod tip low to try and get the carp turn its' head and allow me to retrieve some of the line....

Gaining some twenty or so metres, I then again felt the power of this fish as it stripped line again...! This was the theme of the next twenty-five to thirty minutes, until it finally began to tire.... As it got in close it made one last ditch effort and began kiting to the right towards a snag where I had previously lost 4 fish. With a final tightening

of the drag, as much as I dare, I managed to turn its' head away from the snag and finally, after another five or so minutes, this battling carp slipped over the net cord. The adrenaline at this point was insane and I was literally out of breath with the buzz of the battle I had just had...! Taking a minute to calm myself down, IWith a final tightening of the drag, as much as I dare, I managed to turn its' head away from the snag and finally, after another five or so minutes, this battling carp slipped over the net cord. The adrenaline at this point was insane and I was literally out of breath with the buzz of the battle I had just had...! Taking a minute to calm myself down, I phoned Jack and said, "I have one in the net", and the first thing he asked was "how big do you reckon?"

"I haven't looked at her properly yet, as I'm still buzzing from the battle and happy to have my first French Carp...!" was my reply. Retrieving my head torch from my bivvy I was finally ready to have my first 'proper' look at what had managed to give me such an epic battle.... She looked BIG...! Jack arrived in my swim and before we had even transferred her to the XL Cradle from the Sling, we could see she was big...in fact as we removed the net from the Sling, we could then see the full enormity of her.. She filled the whole cradle! We were both laughing as neither of us had ever seen such a big carp in the flesh and were in awe of her beauty and size.... We got her hooked up onto the scales, whilst I stood behind awaiting

the news, when Jack started laughing and paused... "61lb... WOW!!" My first ever French carp and turned out to be a whopping sixty...one...pounds! There are literally no words to explain how I felt that morning! After placing her into the shallows in the retention sling, I tried to get some sleep for an hour or so (which didn't happen), so we could have some decent light for the photos. Around 6 o'clock, Jack rocked up with his camera kit. I have been so lucky to have Jack around to capture and photograph 4 PB's from my recent sessions and would like to thank him for capturing the memories for each one perfectly! He really is a ninja with a camera! After struggling to get the right photos on the bank, we decided that water shots would

be better and easier. These memories will live with me for the rest of my life. What a session and what a fish! Later that day I spoke to the Bailiff, Richard Mercer and sent him photos of my capture. It was then I found out that this Carp holds the lake record at 62lb 5oz and had dropped just over a pound in weight, which was put down to covid stopping anglers being able to visit the lake and less feed going in, but that didn't take the shine off one bit, as I now knew that I had caught the 'Queen of the Lake'...!

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All the Best

Dave



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Red Letter Session Indeed by Chris Robson



Last year I did 2 24 hour sessions on The Approach Fishery with no fish, but in that time I learned a little... and it was time for a return!!

On arrival there was around 10 anglers on the bottom end of the lake where the warm wind was blowing but knowing it was due to switch round the following morning I decided to set my stall up at the opposite end.

I had my mascot Charlie (youngest son) with me so the pressure was on to keep him entertained.

I found some firm spots at around 16-18 wraps got the rods out with a scattering of boilie only approach The waiting game was on, 08.30 the following morning the left rod reaped into action with a hard fighting dark mirror.

A new p.b of 32.8 lb !!

Young Charlie sprang into action on the camera

Boom. Well chuffed

Another scattering of boilie and the rod back on the money, a brew and some breakfast.

I was sat admiring my pics a few hours later when the same rod gave a few bleeps bobbin





pulled up tight and I was into my second fish.

It held its own for a good few minutes, knees trembling after seeing it and knowing it may have been another pb. It lunged at the net twice, third time lucky It slipped over the cord.

I looked at my prize still in the net and boy was I pleased knowing full well it was bigger. Sling zero'd and the Reubens peeled round to 37.4lb... another personal best in the bag! I was happy as Larry with a big smile from ear to ear.

Shortly after some food I decided to have a celebration drink when the middle fell screamed into play, Charlie comes over and said "can I have this one dad?"

"Sure son!!" I replied.. I mean, who wouldn't want to see their son take after you and both make memories together!

After a few moments he passed the rod back having getting caught up on my right rod and in a bit of a tangle

I managed to sort it before it showed at the net and holy cow An absolute brute gave itself up and pretty much swam straight in. 42.08lb the day just got even better!!



What a red letter session as the bites kept coming. We ended up staying 5 night with 16 runs landing them all... Mirrors, commons.. didn't matter to us. Every one was a treasure. Some session that was and one I'll never forget.

Tight Lines,
Chris





We can cater for any social event you have coming up be it a barbecue on arrival for the social side of things or a one pot dish for the evening, breakfast, lunch we can do it all.

Let us take care of the catering whilst you take care of your event.

So if you require bankside catering at a higher level, then do not hesitate to contact us on the details below.

Jason Sandiford

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Reviews

Featuring -

Fish for Art by Brian Dixon

Sub Carp Towel by Brian Dixon



**Carpy Art. www.fishforart.co.uk
By Brian Dixon**



Looking for something for the home? The office? The man cave or fishing room? Then look no further as we have found exactly what you have been looking for right here!!

This collection will look awesome anywhere. There are three stunning carp sculptures in the collection, the common carp, the fully scaled mirror and the linear mirror. Each one perfection in miniature.... So which will be your favourite?

We are lucky enough to have some here at Talking Carp HQ and we can tell you the pictures do not do them justice. They are beautifully detailed, from the base, the scale patterns, the poses... we are sure you'll agree.

Head to the website at www.fishforart.co.uk and take a look for yourself or email Mark at sales@fishforart.co.uk
Tell him we sent you....

Christmas is coming...and these should be high on the list so go tell the family!





Sub Carp Towel.
By Brian Dixon



Every now and again something comes along which makes you sit up and think “Why on earth didn’t I think of that?” The simplest of ideas but one that certainly makes things that little bit easier, convenient or just plain simpler.

Sub Carp have done just that with their towel.... A simple product, we all have them at home, in the clothes bag, in the boot of the car... nothing new there...BUT.. Sub Carp had the idea to add a waterproof pocket to the towel. An actual industry first.... Simple yet genius. You now have a towel dedicated to fish care as the pocket has been designed to house your bottle of Propolis (other carp

care liquids are available) so you now have everything in one place and at hand. This will help you with the care of your catches as you can quickly dry any infected areas and treat immediately with the liquid tucked away in the proper pocket,

The towel is 100% premium cotton, and the quality of this product really stands out a mile. Extremely well stitched and with a lovely rubber badge complimenting the final look this really should appeal to everyone out there.

There is no excuse not to have one of these in your kit when you see they retail at just £12.99 and are available from the website at www.subcarp.com

Carp Care at its best and look awesome doing it!!

Brian





Catch Reports

Featuring -

D.T. Baits
&
Vader Baits

Plus all of your catches !!!

Reece Ward



Back from a very difficult week on my campaign water with only 5 fish in 6 days. It's safe to say the carp we're not feeding in masses. Two 20lb+ commons, one being target of mine and a 17lb 9oz common.

Caught using size 4 cranks, CTO pro hooklink, anti tangle sleeve, bait screw and hook beads from Carp.online tackle.



Carl Milton



Well worth getting wet for!

Known as 'Not Ben's Pet' or the 'Little Twoey'.

It went 35.14. A Steamies by Individual baits TNT pop-up, over a large bed of TNT, pellet and prepared Steamies hemp did the do. It came from a large Kent park pit, fishing at 80 yards range.

On arrival the fish were showing in the area and I was confident. But come the morning the signs had disappeared, and they were showing further up the bank. After a blank night I was getting itchy feet. I was gathering my stuff together to move, when the middle rod roared off. There was no time for the waders, it was a case of just getting in, or risk losing the fish. With the prizes on offer in this place, I didn't need to think twice, getting wet it was! It's fair to say I didn't regret it for a minute.

Carl Milton

Thomas OMahony



Having already caught 6 carp to mid 30s on my first ever trip across the channel, you would think that's not a bad session and to be happy with that. I had other ideas and wanted to really wanted to make it a session of a lifetime.

Having arrived on the Saturday and by the Tuesday evening I was getting ichy feet within the peg I was in. Only getting bites between a 2 hour window between 3am - 5am and only 1 or two coming out in the day I thought they must be holding up somewhere through the day time hours as the lake does do day bites usually.

So on the Tuesday evening I was speaking to Dave (lake manager) and Darren (Owner) up at the opposite end of the lake near to where there house is situated overlooking the lake.

Whilst having a chat I heard an almighty crash not far from where we were stood, which was followed by another and

Thomas OMahony

another. The fish were clearly holding up that end of the lake away from the pressure of us 5 anglers.

As it was getting on and in hindsight I should have moved there and then but I decided to move all my gear up to peg 1 that next morning 4.30am and a lovely 34 mirror caught from my existing peg all gear was then packed down and moved up the opposite end or the lake.

Wednesday morning and the mountains of gear, cooking equipment in the new peg I spared no time in Having a lead about to get an idea of the lake bed. Only 3-4 ft deep and a silty bottom I opted for a helicopter set up with an 18mm RG baits wafter on a stiff fluorocarbon rig.

Before casting the rods out, I was able to walk around and put in a good few kilos of boilie, pellet and corn over a wide area the size of half a tennis court. Two rods were cast out within the baited area and what happened next is just beyond my wildest dreams.



Thomas OMahony

Left hand rod was in no more than half an hour and away it was and a lovely clean 33lb common in the net. Rod repositioned and within 5 minutes it was away again with a 39lb common and a PB at the time.

Absolutely over the moon I decided to get all my gear etc sorted on the peg, in which once I have just settled down and recapping on a great afternoon the right hand rod was away.

Straight away this felt different and was fighting so hard staying close to the far margin not allowing me to gain any line on it. After a good 10-15 battle in was in the net.

Absolutely knackered, I looked over the net cord and this was the biggest fish I had seen in the flesh let alone caught. Everything at this point was a bit of a blur, so surreal and a moment I had dreamt of since starting fishing with my old 25+ years ago. What I had in front of my was a 46lb 5oz stunning mirror.

The moment was shared with my mates and Darren & Georgie the new lake owners which was extra special.



Thomas OMahony



The remaining 2 or days on that peg resulted in 12 carp caught and 18 over the week session. 2 x 40s, 10x 30s and 6 x 20s.

I would have been happy to have come away with 5 carp and that was my aim at the start of the week but to finish on the number I did was truly amazing, and I was so happy I made the move.

Thomas

Etang Marolles - France



Alan Clark

Alan managed a handful of stunning fish from a recent trip across the pond. His tactics were beds of Fish blood and Orange, Cold water green beast, pellet and maize. His hook baits was of Silt buster pop ups and Cold water green beast



Anthony Banik

Anthony enjoyed a very successful trip recently bagging a hand full of fish this chunky dark character being one of them. Antony used a mixture of N-blend and Super fruit to keep the bites coming.





Ed Farnell

Ed banked this brute using a pink Cold water green beast wafter fished over a bed of Carp particle uk dark mix.



Pete Siegert

Pete with a lean mid 20 common caught using a mix of Cold water green beast and custom rolled banana N-blend.



Stephen White
brother of team member Jay showing his younger brother how it's done with a lovely example of a Furzebray mirror of 28lbs caught using a spread of Fish blood and Orange and a Bubble gum Cold water green beast waffer.

Rob Eliss

Rob with a stunning 40lbs 2oz fish know as "Drop scale" caught using a mixture of the Fish Blood and Orange boiled and pellet as well as a PVA mesh bag doused in the matching DNA liquid.





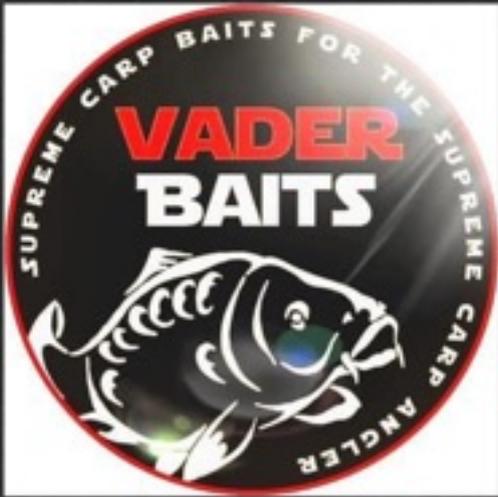
Team member “Big Nige” Twin with a stunning St Ives lagoon resident known as “Rocky” at 35lbs. A combination of great water craft and a liberal helping of the Pukka fish Peach and sour cream was its down fall.

Tony White

Tony with a stunning recent capture from Furzbray lakes.

Tony used a mixture of Fish blood and Orange chops, matching pellet and hemp plugged in matching DNA liquid.





Team member Martin got a quick session on the bank and his efforts paid off with his left hand rod screamed off with this 18lb 6oz beauty. The fish was tempted by a Grafter wafter with a few boillies and pellets.



Team member Phil took to the bank at Millhayes Lakes down in Devon



Team member Rich headed to Uddens Wood pond for 5 day session. After following advice from Ray slowly building the spots with 8mm SaTaN pellets combined with 18mm SaTaN boiles fished with a combination of white and pink snowmans over this which produced two cracking mirrors. First at 18lb and the second at 19lb! A big thank you to Ray and his wife and too the owner can't wait to go back!

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Le Lees Carp Fishery

Welcome everyone to LE LEES Carp Fishery.

We are a new venue officially opened in 2018. It is a family run venue, by myself, Matt, Tracie my partner and my son Thai.

Its been tough and we have been working hard to get the place ready for fishing this year. We purchased the place 3 yrs ago in a small rural village in brittany called Le Croisty.

With limited stock from a few pounds to 36lb. It is a 2 and a half acre lake, set in 6 acres of wood surrounded by fields. island in one corner with lilies in 2 corners,

The depths range from 7/8 feet around island gradually shallowing to around 2ft. We had the lake netted in 2016 and removed all the small roach, rudd and carp under 10lb. We put back over 80 carp from the netting in november that year and by february 2017 we introduced the new stock which ranged from 28lb to 48lb.

Our carp now go over 50lb. We estimate the lake has 150+ carp. We did not start this adventure to earn a ton of money, we started this for the love we have of fishing and to bring pleasure to others like minded.

We are a drive and survive venue for this year, with plans to introduce 5 small cabins as the venue grows. There is a caravan with cooker, water and toilet. We understand that fishing here in France can be very expensive, which is why we have priced our place to help make fishing here more affordable.

Le Lees Carp Fishery

Our price over the winter months (november 1st to march 31st) is 130 euros PPPW. 1st april to 31st october 150 euros.

We also do an evening meal at 70 euros pppw. Lake exclusive for upto 5 carpers with an evening meal is 750 euros pw.

Book a weekend from friday to sunday for 70 euros PP, or ask us for days to suite you and we will give you a great price.

A 50 euro PP deposit (non refundable) secures your booking.

Anymore info required, ferries, directions, reviews and more pics please visit our FB page.

Thank you for reading and we hope to see some of you on the bank landing some of our fantastic carp here in france.

Tight lines and may the carp gods bless you all.

Best wishes

Find us on Facebook for further information.

Matt, Tracie and Thai.



Le Lees Ca



43.4

rp Fishery

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Thankyou for Reading

Send your articles and catch reports by the
28th October 2021 for next months magazine

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**THE CARP MAGAZINE
FOR CARP ANGLERS WRITTEN BY**

YOU !!!!!!!

'The Talking Carp Team'

Brian Dixon

Mark Faulkner

Dave Harnick Snr

Mark Galli

OUT
NOW



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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