

*Issue 1 December 1989*

# DROPBACK ДРОББАК

Pike  
Anglers'  
Club  
of   
Great Britain

WALTON-ON-THAMES  
REGION 15

Welcome to the 1st edition of our regional newsletter. We hope that it gives an insight into our region and that you will submit items/or further newsletters. Your comments, whether critical or not would be appreciated allowing further newsletters to improve each time. Initially, we intend producing the newsletter on a six monthly basis. However, should we receive enough articles to warrant the newsletter being produced more often/ then we will endeavour to do so.

### **WHATS BEEN HAPPENING?**

Prior to November 1987, the region met regularly in a local pub, to discuss our triumphs or more often our failures. The number of P.A.C. members attending our meetings gradually increased and due to an average attendance of about 12, the decision was jointly made to acquire a hall that could be used on a monthly basis, allowing the region members to enjoy and to learn more about Piking by having the facilities to show slides/films and to invite guest speakers.

In November 1987 we held our 1st meeting at the Canon public house, Molesey. This was to become a base for the region. The ROs, have attempted to invite either a guest speaker or bring along films or slides each month. Among the guest speakers that have so far attended our meetings are:-

Len Arbery - 'Redmire Pool'  
Mick Bowles - 'Pike fishing'  
Nick Buck - 'Fisheries Management'  
John Calvery - 'Lomond Piking'  
Bill Rushmere - 'Punt fishing on the Tidal Thames'  
Eddie Turner - 'Pike fishing'

We have also encouraged our own members to contribute to the meetings amongst the members that have given talks are:

Tony Arbery - 'Barbel and Chub'  
Gordon Cross - 'Catfish'  
John Keating - 'Lure Fishing'

We believe that it is essential that members contribute to the meetings to allow the region to grow in strength as well as members. It is not easy to stand-up in front of a group of people whether an angler with much experience, or sheer novice. We would therefore like to thank all those that have given talks as well as those that have suggested ideas for films or slide shows.

In December 1988, due to work commitments Malc Green stood down as R.O. (although to date, the PAC has yet to acknowledge this fact). Trevor Nichols and I were voted in by the region as 'joint' ROs. It is only as joint RO, that I realise just how much work is involved in running a region (and there are two heads now not one) so many thanks to Malc, for all he did, in keeping the region together.

It was decided late last year that the region would keep a record of all the Pike caught by region members and that trophies would be presented at the end of the season. Two trophies were bought:

### **MOST MERITORIOUS**

This was to be awarded to the member whom caught a Pike that the region felt was special. This trophy is not for the largest nor is it for the smallest, but for the Pike that is most deserving.

The winner for the 1988/9 Season was Trevor Nichols. Trevor was presented with this trophy for a Pike, which weighed in at 27 lb 8 oz. The award was presented to Trevor, as it was his first ever 20 lbs+ Pike.

## **BIGGEST**

This was to be awarded to the member that caught the largest Pike at a regional 'Fish-in'.

The winner for the 1988/9 Season was again Trevor Nichols. Trevor was presented with this trophy for a pike caught at Wraysbury II. The Pike weighed in at 9lb 6oz

We are again running the record book and look forward to seeing your entries in it this year.

*David Fish*



## **PAC NATIONAL PIKE MATCH**

The PAC National Pike Match was held on Sunday 19th November at Mortons Leam near Peterborough. The venue is a small drain in the Cambridgeshire Fens near where it runs into the tidal River Nene.

I travelled up to Cambridgeshire with my brother on the Saturday afternoon as my parents have recently moved to the area, having now both retired,

Having loaded the car, with all my gear (where does it all come from) I went to pick up Simon my brother up. On arriving at his place his gear was already and beside it were two paving slabs, "dad wants these taken up" said Simon. Oh Great! Unload all my gear and in with the paving slabs. Then load Simons gear in. It only just fits, and it's a Cavalier Estate, and the back is right down. When I drive off it feels like I've now got power steering, I'll have to watch that!

The journey up was uneventful and we stopped off in Huntingdon in an attempt to obtain rod licences, we had heard the AWA bailiffs were a bit hot, and having been caught out at Ardingly by the Southern Water Bailiffs and didn't want to go through that again.

Having visited two tackle shops and been told that they did not issue weekly rod licences at this time of year, because AWA rod licences run December to December, they then tried to sell us an annual licence for £7.50 (£15 for 2 rods!). We gave up on this idea and continued on to Parson Drove about 10 minutes drive from the venue of the match.

Arrive safely at mums, good there is tea, cakes and dinner cooking. (They are going out later, so Simon and I can go down the pub for a few). Dinner is great, nothing like mums cooking. Once they leave Simon and I head for the pub. The Old Swan is about 500 yards away. Two pints later (God the beer is crap), we head home. Simon decides to watch T.V. and I go to bed.

Up and early (well 7 o'clock). A quick look out the window reveals thick fog, great; at least it's not sunny. Mum gets up and cooks breakfast. At 5 am the fog is lifting and the sun is coming out. We arrive at the meeting place, the Chequers Inn, at about 8.10am. The car park is packed, and the pub is open.

We go inside and are offered breakfast, again, and have to decline, (shame Trevor's not here). We register and collect our tickets pay our pools money and then the draw takes place. The pegs are No 1-40, 1 - 26 you can park at your swims. 27-40 you have to climb a stile and walk to your swims. I draw Peg No 4 and Simon draws No 7. There is a stretch set aside for catching livebait and fishing starts at 9.30am. I drop Simon at his swim and go back to mine set up a float rod and try and catch some livebait. 20 mins later, nothing. Time to get the pike gear out, 2 rods one float paternoster, one leger.

9.30am comes and the shout goes up out good with the leger and a small sardine, and the float paternoster with a small dead roach on.

Just prior to the off I'd plumbed around, Maximum of 4 foot of water right up to the edge of the reeds on near and far bank. There is a cattle drink on the far bank to the left and a weed bed, the water here is about 2 foot. No other features.

And that was it, moved the baits around changed baits, injected oil in them, made them buoyant. Nothing!

During the morning the organisers Dave Downes and the other R.O. walk up and down. We had a short chat and it is obvious they are a little disappointed with the turn out, and even more so with the lack of attendance of any of the P.A.C. Committee.

Word filters down that the guy at Peg No 1 has had 4 fish by about midday and that one other bloke has also had a few. The guy at Peg No 1 is taking all his fish in the shadow under the bridge where he is pegged. At about this time some of the contestants start to pack up and leave. Then my dad arrives with a fresh flask of coffee. He stays a short time and then leaves.

At 2.30pm the shout goes up and everybody packs up and returns to the Pub. A few bebies are sunk and the prize giving commences. The pubs up here don't seem to close. Winning weight was 11 lb 7oz, 2nd was 10 lb 10 oz. Best fish was 5 lb 4 oz caught by the guy who came 2nd. There were loads of prizes, rods, reels, lures, bait vouchers. Very good.

Just a final thing I missed. On arrival one of the organisers was selling weekly rod licences for £1.50 and when you registered you were given a packet of assorted Partridge Pike Hooks. The day was well organised, they were a friendly crowd and it was an experience.

We left the pub at about 3.40pm and returned to Mums. Roast dinner and then home to London.

300 miles round trip for a blank and could have gone round the corner from home to do that. Oh well, hopefully better luck next time.

*David Fish*

## **IT IS NEVER TOO LATE**

It was Tuesday 14th March 1989. The season had not been a good one, with a total of 27 fish, only 4 of them doubles. They were a 12lb from Priory Water on a white Reflex, an 11 lb from Wraysbury 2 on the same white Reflex. I then lost my prize spinner on a snag! The other 2 doubles were a 10lb 6oz from Kingsmead on smelt before the bastards netted it - (they forgot to mention their plans when I purchased the group permit,) and a 13lb 9oz from the Grand Junction Reservoir at Hampton.

It was raining when we arrived at the water. I believe carp anglers would call it a Colne Valley still water - normal people call it the Metropolitan Police Lake at West Drayton. We chose to fish the specimen lake and cast out dead baits towards some small islands.

Action throughout the preceding weeks had been slow to say the least, so I took some reading matter in the form of 1985/86 'Course Fisherman' and 'Big Fish' mags. By about midday and several sausage rolls later, I decided to break the habit of a lifetime. No - not turn down another sausage roll, but to suggest to Dave that a change of swim was in order.

Once firmly ensconced in a swim and supplied with copious amounts of coffee and grub I am unlikely to move. However, one article in the mags, I think it was by Nev Pickling suggested that he favoured a mobile approach. Spend an hour or two in each swim and then move on I think it said.

Plan B went into action and we duly arrived at our second swim which was in bay, local knowledge had it down as a hotspot.

I plumbed the depth, it was about 10 feet, 3 rod lengths out there was a channel, some 2-3 feet deeper, a definite feature. I set up two leger rods, one with sardine in the channel, the other with a nine inch smelt (it needed using up anyway) in the middle of the bay. Dave set up in the next swim, the two swims being separated by a willow tree. The baits had been out about 10 minutes when Dave called that the sausages were ready.

I had just taken the first bite of the roll, when Dave said "your buzzer's going". Damned inconvenient, I thought, as I held the roll between my teeth, brown sauce dripping down my chin.

The line was peeling off the reel fast; I wound down and felt a solid resistance. It was a good fish, good enough for Dave to turn the Primus off anyway. It surfaced about 15 yards out, "That's a 20" Dave shouted "look at the width across the back".

Most of the fight took place with the fish near the surface, the dorsal fin being clearly visible throughout. Thank goodness for 15lb Maxima I thought as it saw the net. It seemed like an age but the fight probably lasted 10 minutes. She was cleanly hooked, removal was easy.

It was clearly my first 20. The Avons were zeroed, 27lb 8oz. The scales were checked and double checked, 27lb 8oz it was. My arm was aching as the photos were being taken and she was quickly slipped back into the margins.

A couple of minutes later with a swift thrust of her tail she powered back into the depths.

My arms and legs felt like jelly - I only just finished my next sausage roll! We tried to fish on but without the commitment that was necessary. The suggestion to turn it in was almost simultaneous.

With only about 8 hours of the season remaining it was a close run thing, a very welcome fish indeed. My two largest fish of the season up until that point only weighed in at 25lb 9oz together.

The last few days of the season have proved fruitful for me on more than one occasion.

I've kept a week's leave for March 1990 any offers?

*Trevor Nichols*

## *I ESIX*

A Spratt, A Herring, A Red Gurnard  
An air injected Dace  
There's food of every type and colour  
As I swim around this place

I slowly browse along the ledge  
Unable to make out what I've seen  
On closer inspection leant believe it  
A Sardine, all glowing green

I circle round and have a smell  
I picket up to taste  
Ouch its biting back I don't like that  
I must away with haste

My efforts to make a dash  
All meet with dismal failure.  
I'm dragged head long towards the bank  
An experience not to savour

I'm lifted up into the air  
Then laid down on my bank  
He quickly puts things in my mouth  
The pains gone, thank God for that

I'm then placed in a bag  
And lifted up once more  
I jump about then lay still  
And then he shouts Twelve Four

Then he holds me in his arms,  
My stomachs all a flutter  
A sudden flash dazzles me  
As someone presses the shutter

In no time at all I am set free  
But one thing I will remember  
If ever I get caught again  
To make sure it's a SAC member

*Brian Thomas*

## **FOSTER AN ANGLER**

As some of you will know I was contacted by Doug Hulme of 'Foster an Angler' to assist at Thorpe Park, where 25 of the children were going Pike Fishing. Doug wanted about 6 people to help. I rang around and the arrangements were made for us to meet at the Park at 8.30am on 6th December. I arrived at about 8.35am to find Mike, Paul and Keith already there.

Brian arrived just after me. Jim Hinkley (of 'Glowbait' fame) handed us all sealed envelopes explaining what was going to happen. He also gave a quick chat to everybody. 'Richworth' had supplied the frozen deadbaits and advice was given as to the best areas to fish around the pontoons and the Thorpe Belle paddle streamer. Only two rods were to be used

At about 8.50 am we set off, towards the pavilion as was to be expected, there was a mad rush to get to the best swims. We didn't bother to rush, as it had already been agreed that as the fish were caught, the children would be moved to another swim - the aim being that they would all catch by the day's end.

Brian, Mike, Keith and myself set ourselves up with two rods each between the bridge and the front of the Thorpe Belle'. I set up a leger and float paternoster. As we were not allowed to start fishing, until the children arrived, I put on the brew. The children arrived at about 9.30am, and made their way over to us. I landed with a young lad named 'Paul', I asked him if he had been fishing before to which he replied "Yeah, loads of times, I've caught Carp to 16lb and Pike to 15lb". Trust me to get the one that knows what he is doing. Oh well, bait up and cast out! Paul says "Your reel handles are on the wrong side, can't you change them? - Just for you Paul, I'll change them (Thinks perhaps I could use him as bait) Oh Well try again!, cast out one half sardine and one half herring. About 10 minutes after we start, Brian gets a drop back on a sardine, winds down and hits a fish, he then hands the rod to the lad fishing with him, a short tussle (This boy fishes well) and a fish is in the net, 9lb 3oz, a good start. Photographs are taken and the fish returned. This could be a promising day.

The kids soon get bored and wander off, some of them for a smoke and the others to see how their mates are getting on and what else is happening. Paul, Mike and Keith are still swamped by their apprentices, but still have had no fish. After a while, all is still and quiet, time for a brew and hot sausage.

After a short while I decide to walk to the other side of the Thorpe Belle' to see what's going on and get some smaller baits - smelt if possible. As I was walking past the paddle boat the bloke fishing uptight to the paddle asks if I would mind watching his rods and his lad while he goes to the toilet. He hasn't gone 2 minutes when the float on his left hand rod slides across the surface towards the paddle. I pick up the rod - the reel handle on the wrong side! I wind down and bend into the fish, it feels good. Unthinking I hand the rod to the young lad. The fish charges towards the paddles and the lad holds the rod and hangs on. It's at this point it dawns on me, that the lad hasn't done this before. The fish is going to pull him in. I grab his coat and pull him back-just in time! I then bend down behind the lad - Oh Shit, does this bloke set his clutch or backwind, to play the fish. The lad still has the rod up as the clutch starts to click. Apply some side strain to keep it out of the paddles and the fish turns. We then play it out in front of us safely and someone nets it.

Looks like a double, nearly as big as the lad. I unhooked the fish and it weighed in at 9lb 6oz. Very thin fish, slack body and big head, looks more like a 14lb. The young lad is beaming. I knelt behind him again and we both hold the fish, more photos, and it's returned. The lad is so excited and his excitement is very catching. I wander back to my rods, having forgotten about baits. The other kids are still running about, even those with Paul, Mike and Keith have wandered off. Word has obviously got out, that fish are being caught from the pontoons, as that's where all the kids have gone.

Another of the helpers come round offering live baits from a bucket, so I decide to change baits and put a live bait on the float paternoster and bring both baits in close. Jim Hinkley's girlfriend walks round with a box of cakes, sausage rolls and mince pies (good job Trevor's not here).

Still quiet, no action or bites, when suddenly the float on the paternoster disappears. I walk back to the rod and unclip the line from the drop arm, shut the bail arm and go to wind down on the fish, someone's nicked the reel handle - Oh Shit! (I'd changed them over for young Paul) I bend into the fish and feel a slight resistance. I then look round for a kid, to pass the rod to - no kid. Oh well!, I'll take this one. I started to wind in, and a Mega Micro Pike comes to the surface – It can hardly get the small bait in its mouth, and the hook is definitely not in its mouth. At this point, the fish thrashes on the surface and spits the bait out, perhaps it's just as well the kids weren't around.

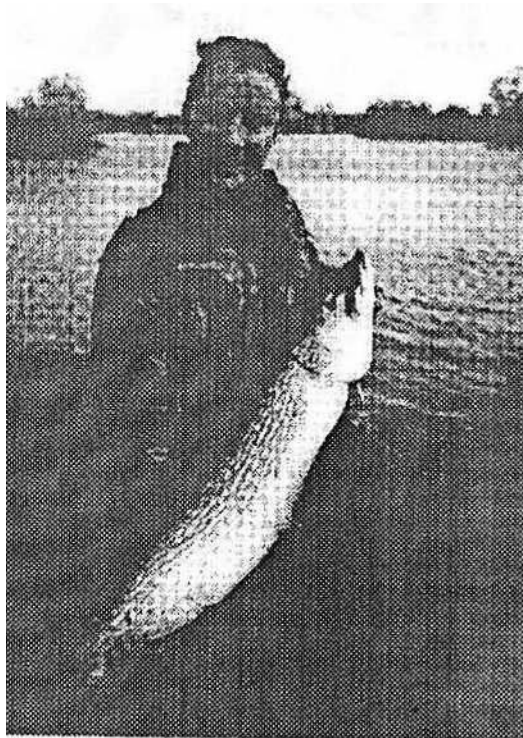
A short time later there was some activity down at the front of the 'Thorpe Belle' and Mike was into a fish; again none of the kids were around. Mike landed the fish yet again it looked like a double. It weighed in at 10lb 3oz. The fish was again long and lean, with a large head. It was photographed and returned.

Time was now getting on; Keith decided to liven things up, by getting his line around the leg of a swan that had been around all day. After flapping about and ploughing through 3 swims - fortunately the line came free without loss of tackle or injury to the swan.

All of a sudden my legered 'Rickworth' smelt treated with 'Glowbait' is away. The line pulled cleanly from the clip and the buzzer sounded. I switched off the alarm and wound down, I changed the reel handles back, I bend into the fish and it bores deep. As was the case most of the day, none of the kids were around. Apparently only 2 of the kids haven't caught, so someone ran off to find one of them. In the meantime, I have to let the fish run. One of the kids arrives and I pass him the rod and bend behind him. We played the fish out and it was capably netted by Brian. The fish weighed in at 8lb 13oz this fish was also lean with a large head. More photographs of the fish and it is decided to end the day.

After packing up, we were thanked both by the kids and by Doug. It had been a most enjoyable day, and certainly a date for next year's diary. Thank you to all of those from the region that turned out and I hope that you enjoyed your day as much as I did.

*David Fish*



**23lb 4oz from Wraysbury II**