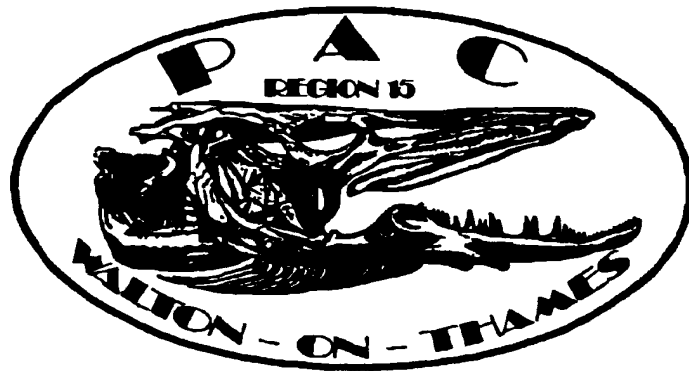


Dropback

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RO's Lines

Well, here we are, the start of yet another year. I hope that you are all feeling well after the excesses of the past couple of weeks.

Speaking personally, the past year has been one of the most hectic that I have ever experienced. At work I have had the job of setting up a large computer network and then helping the staff and students make good use of it. On the fishing side I have been running the financial side of the Thorpe Park fishing weekends. On each of the four days fished so far about 40 anglers a day have tried their luck at this famous venue. The biggest fish so far weighed just over 25 lbs and there has been a second '20' plus several other doubles and a far few singles. As ever, the majority of fish have been caught near or off of the 'Belle' although fish have been caught throughout the complex.

When Dave and I took on this venture neither of us really had any idea what it would entail (except for a lot of hard work) but I must say that, so far, it has been quite enjoyable to arrange something on such a large scale. As long as we don't have horrendous frosts or rain for the weekends in January and February we should see a tidy profit made for the PAC and, more importantly, the name of the PAC again linked to a successful fishing event at a commercial venue. I would like to take this opportunity to thank those of you who have volunteered to steward at Thorpe Park. Without your time and effort it would not be possible for so many anglers to fish Thorpe Park.

Actually on the bank it has been rather a quiet time for me. Being without a car for so long made it impossible for me to put in the hours and days that I normally do but, thanks to several of you, I was able to fish most weekends during the middle of the year. I did, however, have the pleasure of witnessing Chris Sims landing the biggest pike that I have ever seen. Weighing in at exactly 31 lbs, this Fenland lady was a sight to behold. You had to be there to fully appreciate it but the comments from Dave, Ron and myself, as Chris battled with the pike, ranged from "What are you messing about at, it's not that big?", to "Blimey, look at the size of its head. It's a twenty!" to "Dave, what does a 30 look like?" "Like that", was the reply. When you have the physical stature of Chris even good fish look fairly small in photos. There will be no such problems with this beauty.

So, Happy New Year to all of you and may all your runs be screamers.

* * * * *

Penfold the Pike

by Dai Ghoty

As the days and weeks progressed Penfold grew and grew, before long she had out grown the sanctuary of the 'Fosters' tin. She had to find a new home and to this end she began to search further afield, away from her normal familiar environment. On her first sortie she discovered that just out from the bay the bottom of the lake dropped off sharply into much deeper water. She swam cautiously down the incline towards the darkness of the deeper water, noticing as she went deeper the change in the temperature of the water. As she continued down visibility decreased and as did the weed growth. She sensed movement in the water below her and continued down, from the murky depths loomed the dark shapes of large fish moving about on the bottom. She approached cautiously; these fish were huge, much larger than the stripped perch she had seen in the bay above. They appeared to be feeding in the mud at the bottom of the slope, she moved closer; every muscle in her body was tensed. As she got nearer she noticed the deep red eyes of these new fish, they were complete engrossed in their feeding. Paying no heed to her presence whatever. She moved closer still, trying to see what they were eating, they appeared to be sucking up the mud and then gently blowing out again. The water was beginning to discolour more due to their actions and there were streams of silvery bubbles rising up in the water. She slowly moved away from the discoloured water, it was uncomfortable and caused irritation to her gills. As she moved away from the feeding fish she sensed something behind her. She dropped down and lay motionless on the bottom. A large dark green coloured fish, again with a red eye, and huge fins on its belly in front of its tail, swam leisurely by. These large fish appeared to be no threat to her and in the years to come she would learn this to be true and also they that were another valuable food source. This was Penfold's introduction to the tench that shared her watery world.

As she swam along just above the bottom she became aware of a change in the water; it was warmer and clearer. As she looked up towards the light and the surface she could see the familiar shape of the coot on the surface with her legs dangling down. She also became aware of other much smaller dark shapes darting around in the water above her. She gently ascended and as she got closer realised they were small fish. She noticed one of these was moving differently to the others and appeared to be slower. She tensed her muscles and watched, the small fish turned on its side and then righted itself. Slowly, oh so slowly she moved up in the water, she darted forward seizing the small fish across the body. There was panic in the rest of the shoal, some of the tiny fish leapt from the water in their haste to escape this new and unknown danger. Penfold sank back to the bottom with the small fish clamped firmly between her jaws. It had ceased struggling, but she maintained her firm grip until sure that the fish would be unable to escape. Then, using her tongue she turned the unfortunate fish and swallowed it head first. This did not sate her ravenous appetite. Penfold lay there on the bottom, looking up to the light, watching and waiting. Hoping that the small fish she had just attacked would return. Before long the small darting fish returned and she lay motionless on the bottom, waiting and watching.

After a while she noticed a darker shape moving stealthily towards the small fish. Suspended in mid water and with almost imperceptible movement, looking like a water logged branch of a tree, a much larger pike was stalking the small fish frolicking in the sun warmed water at the lakes surface. Penfold, sensing this larger pike as danger looked around for some form of cover. There was none, only the hard gravel of the bottom and a few straggly bits of weed, she gently pushed herself down against the bottom and lay there watching, hardly daring to breath in case the movement of her gills should attract the other pike.

There was a sudden movement and a shadow across the surface. Penfold watched as a strange sleek silvery bird shot below the surface and grasped one of the unsuspecting little fish, quickly returning to the surface. Once again the shoal of little roach scattered and fled in all directions. The larger pike darted forward opening its mouth and flaring its gills. Several of the small unsuspecting roach were sucked into the cavernous maw. The jaws closed and there was a little puff of silver scales from the gill plates on either side of the pike's head. The pike continued slowly on and disappeared from Penfold's view. Penfold remained tight to the bottom until certain the other pike had moved on, now wondering what the silvery bird was that she had seen, unknown to her she had witnessed a Great Crested Grebe hunting food. The silvery coloration caused by the air bubbles trapped in the almost fur like feathers.

When she sensed that normality had returned, she slowly rose up from the bottom. With a gentle flick of her tail she continued on her explorations of her watery environment. As she swam on, following the slope of the drop off she sensed the water again becoming shallower. She also sensed movement ahead and slowed her pace and again dropped down to the bottom, now realising that to swim near the surface or mid-water presented a silhouette to any would be predators and Penfold had no desire to become food for another.

She continued slowly forward following the contours of the bottom as it slowly rose up, the movement in the water became more pronounced and then silhouetted against the surface light she saw a huge shape. She stopped, motionless lying on the bottom she watched. The silhouette was that of huge a fish. As she watched, it slowly circled around, often with its back breaking the surface of the water, causing a v shaped shadow to spread out from its nose and move away across the surface. As she watched another and then another of these huge fish came into view. Suddenly one of the fish dropped down from the surface to the bottom and swam swiftly long and then angled up towards the surface, swimming faster and faster. Penfold noticed the side of the fish was covered in large gold coloured scales. The fish disappeared at the surface and then there was a resounding crash and the water surface was shattered into a thousand silver shards. The fish reappeared, and continued to swim around on the surface. This was Penfold's first meeting with some of the huge carp that also resided in the lake.



A week on the R Bure

We planned to set off early on Saturday morning, thus avoiding the traffic on the M25. I had Friday off work to prepare the boat and tackle etc whilst Di was at the shop sorting out the deadbaits and maggots About half a gallon of maggots being sufficient for catching the live bait during the week. By Friday evening everything was packed and ready for the off, but I

had forgotten to check the car tyre pressures. On checking the front off side the valve broke and the tyre went flat. I went mad and Di was convinced that we weren't going. Nothing could be done until the following morning, so much for the early get away.

After a trip to Halfords and £1.98 out of pocket, we finally set off routing M25, M11, A11 and A47 to Potter Heigham, where we had to pick up the keys for the bungalow at Horning. About seven miles from Dartford a lump of FOD on the road attached itself to the boat trailer, necessitating a hasty retreat to the hard shoulder. Someone didn't want us to make it to Norfolk!

The rest of the journey was incident free except as we approached Norwich it started raining. We arrived at Potter Heigham at 2-30pm, unfortunately we couldn't have the keys until 3-30pm. So to waste time we had a look at the Thurne. There were two pikers fishing by the bridge but they hadn't seen any action. We picked the keys up from the Riverside Holidays office and made our way to Horning. Riverside Holidays offer accommodation on the Bure, Thurne and the Yare. With a boat you have access to all of the Broads.

At 4-00pm we eventually arrived at the bungalow. First job was to look for a slipway to launch the boat. With all the boatyards surrounding us an easy task was in hand or so we thought, as we were told that there wasn't even one in the area. The only thing to do was to launch the boat from the bungalow garden, a job made easier by the removal of the motor. The rest of the evening was spent making up the rods and getting the gear ready for the week ahead. Sunday was spent fishing from the garden as the family paid a visit and a lunchtime pub session was called for.

Monday morning arrived and after a good breakfast we set off in the boat for a spot where last year we fished with John Watson. It's by a water mill next to the Ho-Seasons boat yard at Horning. Di put two rods out, one baited with a smelt and the other with a roach live bait. I was catching roach one-a-chuck down the middle of the river. My pike rod was baited with a roach and cast to an overhanging tree. About an hour later Di's smelt was away and after a battle our first pike of the holiday was boated. It pulled the scales round to 13 lbs 8 ozs. The fish was in superb condition without a mark on it. One-nil to Di and a nice double to start with. No more pike came to the rods but plenty of roach came on the stick float.

Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday the weather took a turn for the worse with heavy rain and gale force winds and to make things worse the pike took a late holiday! On Thursday morning we visited the Norwich Angling Centre. The experts there suggested sticking to lives and trolling. So as Friday was the last day an early start was made and we headed up river towards Wroxham. We started trolling lives from the Swan Pub. Di selected the easy job of watching the floats whilst I was lumbered with the rowing. After about 3/4 of an hour and no takes we decided to drop anchor and put out the other two rods. We took off the roach and baited all four rods with smelt, fishing just off the bottom, with two rods out in the middle and the others in the edge. Ten minutes had passed when Di's mid-river float disappeared. At last we could film some action with the camcorder. As I was filming I asked Di if it felt like a big fish. "About six or seven", was the reply, until it reached the boat when we both shouted "It's a twenty" Safely in the net, unhooked and in the sling she went. The scales pulled round to 20lbs but settled back at 19 lbs 14 ozs, despite Di trying to slip another smelt down it's throat. Not quite a 'twenty', but when you see the condition of these fish who cares anyway?

Shortly afterwards I managed a 10 lbs 8 ozs and then a 6-08 to make it 2-2. Though not equal on weight, as Di was quick to point out! Miss Flashy Knickers then had the cheek to hook another one, which, after a spirited fight, went 16 lbs on the scales. As we had decided to pack up at 3-00pm I conceded defeat, but at '3' I had just one last cast. I put a bait tight to the far bank, the float had barely hit the water when it went under and a late equaliser was on. On the scales it weighed 6-14 and Di moaned "What a jammy git!"

That was it for Friday, five pike all taken on smelt plus Di's Monday fish also on smelt. So much for the local advice to fish roach. We believe that on many occasions you should look at what everyone else is using and then fish something totally different. This nearly always brings results for us. We're glad it did this time or we might have blanked. With what we've learnt from this trip we are planning to return next year.

For anyone wanting to visit the Broads, a boat is a must. There are plenty to hire or you can take your own. It costs £7-50 for a weekly license. Traffic is still busy in October but nowhere near as bad as the summer. So don't consider going until at least October. Don't forget to take a bait catching rod as it pays to have all methods covered. For details of accommodation see us at the monthly meetings. There are plenty of pubs around that serve great food.

Steve & Di Crook



The Lake or the River

Over the last twenty years, gravel pit fishing has been our main form of pike fishing. In our region many members fish rivers, canals, drains and lakes. As the weather gets colder and our catch rate decreases, the question arises, "Will we stick it out on our local still water or will we try the neglected river down the road?"

During the early months, September to December, catches are fair and blanks are not as common as later in the season. Yes, the fish do tend to be bigger as the season progresses but their numbers are lower.

On our rivers the water temperature stays more consistent and the oxygen levels are much higher in the colder months, than in comparison to the lakes at the same time of year.

With the introduction of the drifter float and the invention of floating braided lines we are able to fish so much more of our lakes and, therefore, cover many more fish. In a river it is even easier to search out feeding fish. They are much more likely to be moving up and down the river and are less likely to be holding up in sheltered areas. This brings me to location. In medium to fast flowing waters, slacks and eddy's are the obvious holding spots, along with reed beds, deep glides and overhanging trees. The mouth of a small side stream or river are also good spots as they are often home to large fry populations. Location is the key to any form of pike fishing and in the rivers the chances of catching are much higher. So I will be fishing the rivers, how about you?

Andy Nichols

Not More Boat Bits

Eyes down for episode three of the continuing saga of boat ownership. In this article I will cover some of the more expensive and “luxury” items that can make your boat fishing less stressful and possibly more efficient.

One of the most difficult areas of boat fishing is when you fish alone. There are a number of ‘gadgets’ and simple ‘tricks’ that can be adopted to make this easier.

Anchoring.

This is always difficult; normally you are either sat at the back of the boat by the motor or in the middle with the oars. You may even have a fixed cuddy or cabin between you and the front of the boat, which makes this task even more difficult. There are two simple methods for dealing with this. Firstly you can rig up a ‘Lazy Line’, this is a length of rope with a large metal ring attached to the end. This ring is then threaded on to your anchor line. The main anchor rope is then tied off at the front of the boat at a length you deem suitable. Always err on the longer side, there is no point in trying to anchor in 20 foot of water when you only have 15 foot of anchor rope out. Once you have tied off the rope you put the anchor in the boat with you. Make sure you tie the end of your ‘lazy line’ off to something, you don’t want it going over the side with the anchor or dangling in the water and catching in the prop on the outboard.

When you arrive at your desired fishing point you quietly (Chris, please note this) lower the anchor over the side and then back away from it until the rope is taught and the boat is down wind of it, you then lower the rear mud weight (quietly). With any luck you are now comfortably anchored. Always remember to check that the ropes from your mud weights are not tangled, before you put them over the side. Its hard to stop 30-40lbs of iron/concrete which is fast descending towards the bottom (isn’t it Ron).

When you want to move all you do is pull up the rear weight, you **ALWAYS** do this first, you then pull on your lazy line until you can lift the anchor back into the boat. The reason for always pulling up the rear line first is that you never want to end up rear/stern on to the wind as the boat can easily become swamped. I have recently seen a modification to the ‘lazy line’ that has been developed by Bill Croft and involves the use of a pulley as opposed to the steel ring. Bill tells me this runs much more smoothly and is a great improvement over the metal ring design.

If you don’t intend to use an anchor at the front of the boat, but use a mudweight there are a couple of gadgets to make this operation easier. These come in the form of self-locking cleats. In addition to the cleat you will require a roller on the prow of the boat. There are several different types, I will now try to describe them:

The simplest type is that used by sailing boats. This consists of two serrated spring-loaded jaws that trap the rope when it is under tension from outside the boat, and release when the rope is pulled from inside the boat. I have these type fitted to the front and rear of my smaller boat and they work very well.

The remainder are all designed to be used at the prow of the boat, but all work on the principle of trapping the rope when it is under tension from outside the boat, and then

releasing it when it is pulled from inside the boat.

Some of these designs have a built in roller for the rope to travel over. Most of the different types can be found in chandlers' shops, boating catalogues and the Cabela's and Bass Pro catalogues. It is possible with some of these designs to leave the mudweight hanging outside the boat. If you decide to do this I suggest that you either wrap the mudweight in carpet or some other material or you wrap some alloy sheeting or such like around the bow of the boat to protect it from the blows it will receive from the weight.

Rope Tidies

One of the main problems in any boat is trying to keep the ropes tidy and untangled. I have seen larger boats where the ropes are coiled in buckets, a good method, but impractical in a small boat.

I recently saw advertised in a magazine a gadget called a 'rope tidy'. All this appeared to be was a 'U' shaped bracket that was attached to the gunwale and the loops of rope were hung in this. It looked simple and efficient and most importantly took up very little room. I am about to make up some of my own design to give this a try.

Echo Sounders, Fish Finders and Depth Measurers.

Now we come to the money items, well not always, for several years I used a very simple and cheap depth measurer.

Depth Measures

All this was, was a length of heavy nylon string that I had tied knots in at foot intervals and attached to the end was an 8oz-cone sea lead. Very simple, but it worked. I even used this method in Loch Lomond one year when my echo sounder failed. I would make my way to the general area I wished to fish and then using the Admiralty chart and my depth gauge I would search the water until I found the drop off or other feature. Total cost for this was about £3.

Echo Sounders

When I purchased my larger boat it was fitted with a Seafarer 500 echo sounder. This is basically a dial type gauge with a flashing dot that indicates the depth below the transducer. They are commonly called "flashers" and were the forerunners to the modern fish finders. If you were proficient enough with the sounder, you could tell from the strength and width of the dot the type of bottom structure and whether there was weed or not. I found this difficult and was told it took considerable practice. "Flashers" are still available to buy and can often be picked up second-hand at very reasonable prices. If you are happy just to know the depth beneath the boat they are fine.

Fish Finders

What a misleading name! The modern 'fish finders' are an echo sounder with an LCD display, the screen displays the depth in feet or meters (your choice) and instead of showing only the depth immediately below the transducer it has like a time lapse on it. This gives a two dimensional view of the bottom contours, 3D is now also available. As for finding fish that is not so easy. The modern finders have a 'Fish ID' button which when turned on show fish symbols on the screen. How does the finder know they are fish? It doesn't, they may well be fish, but they could also be bits of weed or other flotsam that has bounced the signal back. The fish finder has other features and with experience they can be used to identify the

type of bottom, this is the grey line feature. They have depth alarms for shallow and deep water. These can be very useful; they prevent you ripping the bottom out of your boat on the rocks. When trolling you can set the deep alarm to sound when you wander into deep water and this saves constantly watching the screen.

'Fish finders' are a new thing for me and I am learning more each time I use it. The main thing I have learnt is to read the instruction manual before you use it for the first time, and then take it with you. I am still very much on a learning curve with regards to these instruments. If you are thinking of buying a 'fish finder' a phone call to Steve Burke at Specialist Angling Supplies may be of benefit.

I am told that one of the cheapest places to buy them from in the UK is Pumpkin Marine, in Blackfriars, just around the corner from Tower Bridge. If you are considering buying one, ask around and get advice, as it's a lot of money to lay out, only to find you've bought the wrong one.

Electric Outboards

An advantage of owning an electric outboard is that a lot of the fisheries where you can use a boat will not allow the use of petrol outboards, and unless you are a skilled rower it can be a real drag!

Until recently the only electric motor available in this country was the Shakespeare Sigma, this had very low thrust and fixed throttle settings. I am told that they did not last very long either, but have no experience of this. There are now a multitude of different makes on the market and almost all of the manufacturers of ordinary outboards now produce electric one's as well.

For quite some time now the Minn Kota engines were considered to be the best. They come in various sizes and the more expensive ones have special features, such as a 'maximiser'. This reduces the drain on the battery and, therefore, the battery will last longer. Most of the more expensive models from all the manufacturers now have infinitely variable throttles and reverse.

I would suggest that if you are going to buy an electric motor that you buy the most powerful one you can afford, providing that it is 12 volt, the 24-volt batteries come with a body building course. The largest 12-volt motors give a thrust capability of about 50-55lbs, allegedly this will push a 20-foot boat along! The engine I use is a T52V Motorguide Power Plus, it delivers 52lbs thrust has a infinitely variable throttle and reverse and even push's my 16 foot Longliner along at a fair pace. Although it is mainly used for trolling and lasts all day when used on the smaller boat.

To buy these engines in this country is very expensive, but they can be shipped mail order from America. I was fortunate and mine was bought over by my brother and cost me in total £187 instead of the market price over here that is about £400. S.A.S and Friendly Fisherman and several other companies now market both the Minn Kota and Motorguide engines, I am told that even Tackle Exchange in Walton now sells the Motorguide engines.

When I was looking to buy my motor I posted a question on the Bass Pro shop bulletin board on the Internet and the majority of replies stated that the Motorguide engines were better than the Minn Kota was.

There is a new motor on the market in America called a 'Tracker' which plugs into the 'Tracker' fish finder and can then be programmed to follow set contour depths or set distances from shore lines, you just fish the computers and engine do the rest for you. This whole system costs about \$1500.00, when you consider that to buy the top of the range 12-volt Minn Kota in the UK is over £700, this may be something to consider. The only thing is that the system is bow mounted. Mind you having used my motor for sometime now it is very difficult to control the boat's direction at slow speeds, and I can now appreciate why the Americans prefer bow mount motors. *(This will be my next purchase, but don't tell the wife)*

Deep Cycle Batteries and 12-volt Motorcycle Batteries

If you do buy an electric motor, you will need to buy a good battery. An ordinary car battery will do, but will not last very long. The plates in this type of battery are thin and distort when the battery is constantly run flat and then recharged.

The next type of battery is a 'Leisure' battery. These are designed for use in caravans and boats and are high amp output but slow discharge. They are designed to be run flat and recharged.

But the best type is the 'Deep Cycle' battery these are heavy-duty long life batteries designed to run flat and recharged. They are heavier, weight wise, and more robust than either of the other two types.

Its Amp/Hours determines the actual size of the battery and this gives an indication of the battery power. For use with a trolling motor 85A/H is really the minimum strength, and anything over about 110A/H is probably too heavy to lug around. I have heard people say that they have had more success using two 6-volt tractor batteries wired in tandem, all the tractor batteries that I have seen would need a fork lift to lift them. This is something I will look into in the future. The best prices I have found for batteries come from a company in Staines, Autolux Batteries (01784 455508). 12-volt motorcycle batteries are ideal for powering a 'fish finder' they are small, light and will last for several days before requiring recharging. You can actually now purchase sealed for life gel batteries from some of the tackle shops, but I have found the motorcycle battery to be more than adequate.

Battery Chargers

Unfortunately the 'Deep cycle' batteries require a particular type of charger; an ordinary car battery charger will not suffice, unless it has the trickle charge facility. One of the best selections and reasonably priced places to look is Halfords; a good battery charger will cost you about £25.

As you can see from all my ramblings this boat-fishing lark is expensive, and it doesn't stop there. You have servicing costs for the outboard and trailer and numerous other items that you will see and want to buy. My advice is seriously think about this before you take the plunge, and if you do welcome aboard. Then the fun begins. Get out and visit the Boat Jumbles there are always bargains to be had at these. I bought my auto inflate Crewsaver life jacket at one of these, a little shop soiled, it cost me just £40.

Good luck and tight lines.



Fishing the Dream



Frost under foot, and winter breath,
Icicles and thermal vest,
Drifting fog, fading light,
Pike on dead bait, pike at night.
These are the things we dream of when,
We are fifty, when we are ten.
Catching pike, may it never end,
All those days spent fishing for our friend.
He's been around for millions of years
And in some, he strikes a fear,
Don't judge a book by its cover,
Fish for him and you'll discover,
He may be a King among fish,
And favoured as a dish,,
But he is quite delicate, so handle with care,
And you too will be able to fish for him
For many a year

Andy Nichols



A not so typical day on the Thames

(Well, not for me anyway)

At the September PAC meeting, after Del Bennett had given his talk, he brought out a load of jerkbaits. The paintwork and finish on these lures was superb. I decided to buy one, opting for one in rainbow trout colours. Then, at the last minute I decided to change it for a firetiger pattern, as I don't often fish trout waters.

The next morning I was going boat fishing with my mate Arthur. He turned up, all-eager, at 5-30am and by 6 o'clock we had the boat in the water. But would the engine start, NO. About 10 minutes and a big blister later it started - at last we were off. We managed to get all of twenty feet when the engine died. Disaster, the pull chord snapped as we tried to re-start the engine. So I heaved the engine into the boat to try and fix it. Double disaster, the compression spring zinged out and I had several metres of spring wire in my hand.

By this time it was piddling down, so we decided to paddle. If anybody has seen 'Jumping Jack II', they know that it's a big 13ft long, 5 feet wide and a bastard to row. After a while we pulled into the edge so that we could rest. Arthur chucked out a rod to try and catch some tiddlers and I set up the carp rod that I use for lure fishing. I attached the jerkbait and cast out, SPLASH. Arthur asked what was I fishing for, as there were no sharks in this stretch of the river (he is not a pike angler).

Two turns of the handle and a sideways sweep of the rod and the water erupted. Sadly I

missed it. After four more missed takes we decided to row on to our original chosen spot. All of the takes had been in 18" to 24" of water full of streamer weed.

When we reached our new swim Arthur had a perch on one of the gudgeon he had caught. Typically the bait had been swallowed but careful use of the forceps extracted him and he was re-hooked on my livebait rod. To cut a long story short, I ended up with seventeen takes on the jerkbait and landed six to about 8 lbs. I had nothing on my super shad-rap, which normally works quite well around here. The gudgeon was taken by a nice size perch which made the baitrunner scream off and I also had a small perch which I managed to knock off the hooks whilst trying to land it.

So what started out as a terrible day turned out to be a god day - not bad considering that it's the first time that I've used a jerkbait. Also, so much for the lovely paint job - it is now covered with teeth marks. The engine is now fixed, so roll on next Sunday.

Jan Goodchild

Region 15 News

Dates for your diary

January 9th & 10th - Thorpe Park - Sunday 10th is a Region Fish-in

January 11th - Monthly meeting

January 23rd & 24th - Thorpe Park

February 8th - Monthly meeting

February 13th & 14th - Thorpe Park

March 8th - Monthly meeting