

'Jolly Boys' Trip to Stourport 2006



"Or Stourport on Severn (Pints)..

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Day One

Yes it was that time of year again.

Time to pack our bags, pack our tackle and leave all common sense at home!

From 21st to 25th August we were going to invade the peaceful Worcestershire town of Stourport on Severn.

As we did last year, we decided to stay in the Swan Hotel (yes, I was surprised they let us back in!).

This year the 'Jolly Boys' consisted of, Frank Davies, Taffy Robinson, Paul Rowlands, Neil Turner, James, John & Paul Bryan, Dan Chesterson and Ian Armstrong came down for three out of the five days.

We (the Bryan Clan & Dan) arrived at our meeting venue Larford Lakes at 10.45am on the Monday, Neil had been there half an hour and had just started fishing. On the main pool.

We set up on the bank nearest to the car park. Frank and Taffy arrived about 12 ish in Taffy's 'chocolate bar'. Possible rhyming slang, but means Taffy's Ford Galaxy (Galaxy,,,chocolate bar...get it).

Stretch (aka Ian) rang us when we arrived to say he was near Sandbach having finished work that morning and gone home for an hour's sleep. Frank and Taffy before arriving at Larford went straight to the hotel to get first choice of rooms (sneaky buggers).

The only person who was unaccounted for was 'Roly' (aka Paul Rowlands).

We need not have worried, by 1.15pm he and Ian turned up having been in the hotel checking in and 'testing' the beer and food (like it needed testing).

We were now all at Larford, John and Neil fishing on the 'spit', Ian opted to go on the specimen lake, everyone else was on the nearside bank of the main pool



Larford Lakes

Larford was being consistent and everybody was catching.

Everyone that knows me will be aware of me as a sinister figure walking round with a camera around my neck....I was talking with Neil when a strange voice with a brummy accent shouted " Can yow cum n tek a fota of this un". In English means, " my dear fellow when you have a moment could you make your way over here and take a photograph of this fine specimen, thank you so much".



Matt Nunn & his 24+ lb Carp

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Day One - Continued

The man wanting the photo was Matt Nunn who works at Larford but was on a day off.

He managed to hook himself a 24lb + Carp (photo on previous page).
Matt was fishing on the specimen lake.

By the time I walked around the main pool back to Frank and Taffy it was time for lunch, so I did a food run to the café, where Freddy knocked up a few burgers and chips.



Frank



Ian



Taffy

By mid afternoon we now had clear skies and the weather was great, Ian and Roly had caught a few decent Bream on the specimen lake, but were still waiting for a big Carp to appear.

Everybody else was catching, and on the nearside bank where it is shallow there were fish at your feet!

As the fishery closed at 7.30pm we all packed up and made our way back to the Swan (hotel).

After a quick wash and brush up it was time to find our evening meal, which was in the chippy which now does Chinese as well, so we all pigged out on that.

We then headed back to the Swan for a beer or two...or three...or four...

As the evening wore on we met up with Anglers from Yorkshire and the North East who were down to fish in the Maver Pairs at Larford over the August Bank Holiday weekend. They were Dave (aka Rodders), his son Joe, Mick & Ian (aka Chin).

A good time was had by all, especially Frank & Ian who at 12.00am were going to bed, but didn't actually go till 3.00am.....Oh Dear!



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Day Two



Day two dawned bright and cheerful except for Frank who had to break himself into the day slowly.....So slowly in fact it was 2.00pm before he acknowledged that he was human again!!

Most others arrived at the breakfast table for 8.00am, as mentioned previously Frank appeared half an hour later after an 'early morning shout' from one of our party.

Everyone tucked into a hearty breakfast, as did Frank when he appeared. He also decided to give Anne our waitress some stick about what he wanted on his plate! Lucky for him she was happy to help!

Over breakfast we spent half an hour debating where to fish, River or Pool, River or Pool...

We eventually went down to the river after calling in Mark's Tackle which was just around the corner in Raven Street. As usual we all emptied our wallets on his counter..

After arriving at the River, the pegs we wanted were in use and others were not particularly safe after the recent rain, so an executive decision was taken and we all went to Solhampton.

I say all, except Ian and Neil who went to Woodlands to fish.



To Pied to fish**

The rest of us arrived at Solhampton and after discussion decided to fish the 'Duck Pool', which we also fished last year. There are some 'clonckers' in this pool and it is a well known tackle bustin' territory. Following the recent Carp Virus outbreak, you also now have to dip your feet, yes I mean dip your feet (well, the soles of your shoes actually).

Yet again we were blessed with decent weather, and everyone caught continuously throughout the day, except Frank who didn't start fishing until later in the day.

When he did start he got his 'top two' snapped on a monster Carp!

Once again we fished on until about 7 ish, when we packed up and returned to the Swan.

It was off to Wetherspoons for tea and a pint, which went well until we were thrown out at 9.30. Not for anything more than under 18's are not allowed in after that time.

We all went back to the Swan to continue the night's entertainment.

When we got back Taffy went out for a 'take out', as he didn't want to eat at Wetherspoon's.

Stayed up in bar till 1.30am with Yorkshire mob..



Frank - Tacklebuster

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Day Three



We knew it couldn't last....The weather that is.

Overnight we had heavy rain, thunder and lightning.

After getting up at 7.00am and doing all the necessary, it was down for breakfast again at 8.00am. Then discuss where we are going to go.

Ian, Neil and Roly were going to Solhampton to fish an open match, so I showed them the way, as it is easy to miss the turning (as I keep being reminded from last year's trip). We had a slight delay leaving the car park as member of our party had a stomach problem...Problem was he left the contents of his stomach on the car park! (*Never mind Ian*)

After returning to hotel we had decided to fish at Astwood Fishery, a venue we had never been to in the past, and it was about 12 miles away so it was a half hour's drive.

On arriving at Astwood we chose to fish on Buddleia Pool. The fishery has a good layout with toilet and food facilities (more about the food later).



Frank & Spectator John



Dan 'Scales' Chesterson



**Astwood Fishery
Buddleia Pool**

Fishing here was hit and miss, whilst John caught quite a few, everyone else suffered. The problem is we have been spoilt fishing Larford and Solhampton.

Dinner time came and Frank and I decided to go for dinner at the cabin. It has to be said the food wasn't great, my cheese and onion sandwich had plastic cheese with no taste and margarine had been used which tasted like Castrol GTX motor oil!....Frank's food was just the same.

To make matters worse the heavens opened and thunder and lightning bounced around the sky.

We eventually quit and went back to the hotel.

When we got back we heard about the others exploits at Solhampton. Ian broke the number six section on his pole, Roly broke the number four section on his pole. Neil had the good luck, he came 4th in the match.

An expensive day for some..

Again we went off to Wetherspoons for tea (yes it's cheap). Then back to the Swan. Roly went to bed as he was knackered. We all chatted with the Yorkshire mob again, then retired to bed, except Frank who stopped up talking to Rodders...

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Day Four



Due to work commitments Ian left last night. Breakfast came and went, then we all decided to return to Larford again after yesterday's disappointing day at Astwood. This time John, James and Dan decided to fish on specimen lake, while Frank, Taffy, Roly and Neil went on match lake. Getting some practice in for our club match on their which takes place on 9th September. After half an hour on specimen lake James lost a big fish, then had a 'teenage strop' and started thrashing the water with his top two. A bit of a Basil Fawlty moment, and just as funny. After that everyone went back to the match lake. The weather was sunny, the fishing was excellent and a good day was had by all. Then at 7.00pm it was time to pack up and go back to the Swan.



Frank 'n' Fish



Dan - The man that can!



Larford - Main Pool



Chinese Banquet



"Frank, Mr Lobinson, Loly & Mr Blyan"



Frank - Putting Foot in Mouth

As it was our last night we all went for a Chinese meal, which was luvverley! For some unknown reason we all started talking in Chinese accent. Frank became Flank, Roly became Loly (ever so Loly), we became Mr Blyan, Mr Blyan, Mr Blyan.....Dan was...errr Dan! After that back to the Swan for a few beers. Frank started the party by telling old jokes and doing a few match tricks, luckily the Swan Hotel is still intact after his 'fire show'. The night went on, and on and on.....

Day Five is on next page....

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Day Five



All good things come to an end, this being our fifth day was the end for us this year.

After a 'quaffing night' last night I couldn't be bothered with breakfast as I preferred to sleep. I think everyone else made it, except our John who also prefers a good kip.

We had decided the night before that we would try Boldings Fishery in Bridgenorth, which was sort of on the way home, and had been recommended to Frank by Cheshire Angling In Warrington.

After a trek through Bridgenorth and the golf course we managed to arrive at the fishery.

The fishery has eight pools, and we had to walk to the furthest away! Which apparently was fishing well.

However there were loads of flies buzzing around which irritated the hell out of everyone.

Again we had been spoilt on other fisheries, and this one did not live up to our expectations.

As the day passed people began leaving because of



Roly

work commitments, and by about 3.00pm the remainder of us packed up our tackle for one last time, loaded it in to our cars and we all disappeared off on our merry ways.



Neil

It was a great five days in Stourport on Severn (pints). Loads of laughs, good food (except Astwood), good beer.

Will we be back next year...Who knows, maybe we will haunt another unsuspecting community.

Tightlines



Taffy