



Why do we do it?

Almost every person that I listen to on the riverbank started fishing many years ago when they were just a child. Unfortunately, I was not so lucky.

I only started fishing around 12 years ago, when I was cunningly duped by Warren Heywood into believing that he was going to give me a golf lesson to help with my unwanted right hand slice, but ended up on a lake in Wakefield catching Tench in their numbers.

I spent that evening at home, wondering if I'd ever pick up another golf club again, after such a fantastic time.

I was soon introduced to Carp fishing, Roach fishing in the winter, and later on, match fishing for Bream. I think it's fair to say I was well and truly hooked.

For some obscure reason, after a few years, I ended up taking a break from my fishing, and as one week rolled onto the next, a couple of years went by without even the thought of fishing... or golfing for that matter.

Then, one day, a knock at my door, and in walked Warren. He had with him a small bag and a rod. He began to place the contents of the bag on my floor, and declared that he was going Barbel fishing.

As I thought it impossible to head off in the hope of catching a fish with such a small amount of gear, I went with him to see the outcome. I had been used to carting

around a large barrow loaded with enough gear to sink a ship.

We went to the river Wharfe, and as one Barbel after another hit the bank, I could only reminisce over those wonderful Tench days, and the pleasure that I had got from the bend in the rod.

The following day saw me at the tackle shop, draining my resources to equip myself with much the same gear that I had seen Warren using, in the hope that I might have learned just enough to maybe tempt a Barbel or two.

Needless to say, I headed back to the same swim on the Wharfe with the new

gear, and had quite an unexpected success. Once again, I found myself well and truly hooked.

The following weekend, I took Connor, my eldest son, to see what he made of this Barbel fishing.

We set up 2 rods with the same baits that had proved successful previously for me, and I soon found myself praying that one of the rods would bounce off the rest, just to see Connors response. Alas, less than 30 minutes had passed, when Connor just managed to grab his rod as it made haste for the slow flowing river.

As he raised the rod in the air, it bent double, and line began to scream off the reel. I was desperate to start shouting advice to him, but I had none. My limited experience was clearly of no use here, so I simply left him to revel in the fight, wholly expecting this beast to break either the line, or the rod.

Why do we do it? By Sean Duncan

To this day, I am so glad I did. I could have so easily taken the rod from his hands, and done the “Dads know better” bit.

It took him what seemed like a lifetime to land the fish, but when he finally did, we sat looking at this stunning specimen in the net, and I just marvelled at the fact that this little man at

the bag, most certainly not in expectation of such an event as this, and got this shot of my elated son with his maiden catch. I have this same photo as my laptop wallpaper and the opening screen on my satnav. It still gives me a huge buzz every time I see it.

After a few more sessions, we heard of the

on our first Junior day not really knowing what to expect. We were welcomed with bacon butties, endless cups of tea and some of the most friendly people you could ever meet. The kids got sorted out with identity badges and each allocated a Tutor for the day.

After only a little while, it became apparent that this

a tent and join the camping brigade. Again, looking back, an excellent decision. We had the same superb day fishing with good friends, watching the excitement of the kids as they caught their first Barbel.

I think it was at this point that we all realised we had become addicted to camping, Barbel fishing, and most of all, the Society’s Junior days.

Since then, we have camped in lots of different locations across the country, fished numerous different rivers, caught lots of Barbel, learned a whole load about fishing in general, made some very good friends, and pretty much added a whole new dimension to our lives that may well have never existed, had it not been for the Barbel Society and its Junior days.....Oh, and of course, that photo.

A huge thanks to the Barbel Society for all of the above.

“It took him what seemed like a lifetime to land the fish, but when he finally did, we sat looking at this stunning specimen in the net, and I just marvelled at the fact that this little man at my side had managed to get this beauty in the net”

my side had managed to get this beauty in the net.

With shaking hands, Connor raised the net from the water and placed the Barbel on the unhooking mat, coupled the scales to it, and read them. His first ever Barbel weighed in at 9lb 6ozs.

By some miracle, I had actually put my camera in

Junior section of the Barbel Society, and told of the one-on-one tutoring, barbeques and pub evenings. We decided to join the Society, and subsequently attend one of the Junior days. Looking back, it was probably one of the most fruitful decisions I ever made.

Myself, Christine, Connor and Liam, all showed up

day was not about catching Barbel, but was instead, a family day out on a river, where the kids would learn lots of different aspects of fishing, and at the same time, everyone involved would have a fantastic day out.

On the next Junior day, we decided it would make more financial sense to buy