

Really Wrecked SAC newsletter

Number 49, January 2016



Happy New Year one and all. Hands up if you started the year year feeling distinctly un-new-year-ish and a bit jaded, and perhaps a bit bored with rain? If you did, never mind, because with this newsletter, we look forward to another year's splendid boat fishing action, featuring all your favourite things... tangles with Adam, obscenities from Brooksie, pouting (the fish as well as Colin's expression), cancellations and lost gear. But as well as all that lovely stuff, we anticipate with joy the days of spring and summer when the seas are flat, the weather warm, and the rain relatively intermittent.

And while we consider the future with a fond eye, why not dig out your diary, peruse the list of dates of club trips here and book up a few? Just to keep you on your toes, the list is hidden towards the end of the newsletter, encoded with a special cryptographic technique which means you'll only be able to understand them if you read the entire thing. Better get cracking then...

Now I'm sure you've all had the feeling in recent months and years that this club is on the up. Its time is now, it's an accident waiting to happen. Of course, on looking back through newsletters past, one can't help but notice that perhaps it is an accident that has already happened, over and over and over again, and in the same blundering way each time. But still, membership is on the rise, some new members bringing amazing new skills and techniques with them; on a recent trip one new member was seen to be tying something that looked suspiciously like an effective rig and there have even been reports of members using tackle like they knew what it was for.

I am tempted to say that this has to stop, and we should return to the good old days of skewering a lump of pink squid on a rusty 6/0 O'Shaughnessey, tied with a reef knot to a bit of fraying nylon of indeterminate breaking strain and age, but you can't stand in the way of progress. And whether this progress is tying a variety of chemically sharpened hooks to fluorocarbon snoods of differing lengths for different states of the tide, or a tackle box where you can actually find what you want and which doesn't have a compartment devoted to last trip's bait, it may

actually be a good thing. It probably isn't, as good things don't really happen to us, do they? So perhaps it's just not such a bad thing, like when you book a trip and turn up to find that neither me nor Rab is going on it.

Anyway, in an effort to keep up with the relentless pace of change forced upon us, this year the committee came up with an innovation of its own. On top of the lovingly designed and highly topical club T-shirts which we somehow manage to produce year after year, always relevant, and always innovative, this year we also had some club hats made. Yes, you read that right, club merchandise is now available. What could be more exciting to go with your T-shirts, club polo shirts and tattoo than a high quality, water-resistant, adjustable grey baseball cap, emblazoned with the club motif? These proved really quite popular at Weymouth. Hot cakes were much less in demand, and unlike hot cakes, if you left these hats out in the rain, whether at sea or MacArthur Park or anywhere else, they would resist the rain stoutly, and you'd never have to bake them again, or worry whether you you'd ever find the recipe again. So for that reason alone, they are a bargain at a mere tenner. The fact that you'll also be a style icon for young and old alike, is a small bonus which we in the committee feel you fully deserve.

As for what's next, who knows? The sky's the limit. Fish-branded shorts for our younger members (Steve)? Singlets for hot days, sweatshirts for cold ones, and a range of lingerie for the wife/partner/Colin? Almost certainly, but while you wait for those, check out the photos of the hats, and get your orders in to me. Bear in mind that postage and packing is extra, as a tenner doesn't actually make much profit for the club. In fact I've probably priced them too cheaply, so let's call them £12 for cash. Oh all right, a tenner it is, but plus P&P.

Apart from that lengthy advert, I haven't got much to tell you. Has anything interesting happened to you recently? Aren't Palace doing well? Oh wait, I tell a lie, there is actually an incident-packed Weymouth trip, stuffed to the gills with fish and skill, and another autumn trip

from Newhaven to tell you all about. So hang on to your (new) hats, we're going in...

Weymouth summer trip

By the time I arrived late-ish on Thursday night disaster had already struck, at least twice. Despite dire warnings that we should all stick together and meet up in the Rock or risk being sent to the Sailor's, Andy and Tony stubbornly struck out for the Boot on their own, thereby missing out on some of the worst-kept beer on the South Coast, or possibly the UK. Maybe they made the right decision after all.

Anyway, those of us enjoying the delightful ale in Spicy Jack's (formerly the Rock) were also let in on Brooksie's latest wheeze. He had purchased, with his own funds, a bottle of proper champagne (non-vintage, though, I noticed) and was going to award it for the champagne moment of the weekend. If the past is anything to go by, a bottle of Wickd Blue would have been more appropriate, but it was a nice thought. Steve put in an early bid for the fizz, by revealing the second disaster... While stowing his tackle in Clem's fish hold, the sturdy, weighty lid of the hold had slammed shut, shortening his gold rod by a matter of a couple inches. Excellent work, that man.

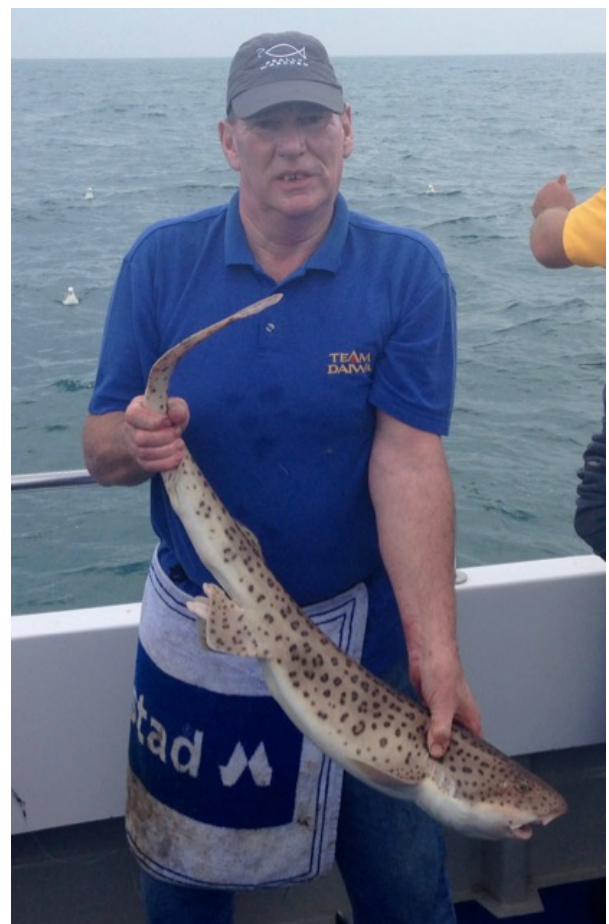
Day 1

Clem wanted an early start (i.e. off the mooring by 7am), so that meant a 6am breakfast for our jolly crew, and for our hosts at the Marden. But nothing is too much trouble for Jan and Gary, and so when we made our bleary-eyed way down for brekker, there they were, fresh-faced and ready with the full english. Also ready by the door were our individually created, personalised and highly bespoke packed lunch coolbags, filled to our own ludicrous lunching specifications. From memory, Steve ordered brioche rolls filled with tasty Moroccan lamb casserole and a Harissa sauce, Adam requested a white-rhino Caesar salad with gluten-free crutons and quinoa, while I had a simple dish of pan-seared coelocanth liver with crispy vendace and twaite shad whitebait in white truffle oil on a bed of thinly-sliced wafers of unicorn tongue.

We made the boat more or less just about on time (for us) and hurried out to the Shambles to catch some mackerel quickly so we could dash on to the rough ground off the back of the bank where Clem reckoned huss, conger and bream awaited. The fly in the fish-filled ointment was that, despite our best efforts, the mackerel

weren't there to be caught. Or we were too hopeless to catch them. This meant we ran out of time to get to the rough ground while the tide was still fishable, so we couldn't fish the rough ground off the back of the bank. We'd made an early start for nothing!

On the plus side, Andy did catch a stray pollack of around 5lb on mackerel feathers. Useless git. But you know us, we're nothing if not relentlessly upbeat, and there was hardly any grumbling whatsoever when we headed off round the Bill, picking up our mackerel on the way. This time Andy had a cod on his feathers, while still managing to catch precisely zero mackerel. We anchored a rough ground mark on the Eastern edge of Chesil Beach. There we had some nice pouting and a single feeble eel. After an hour of this, Clem had had enough of our uselessness and upped anchor and set off for a 40 minute steam west, parallel to Chesil.



Club brainbox Brooksie stretches out a near-double-figure huss to its full length.

We stopped at a wreck where Clem suspected some decent conger lurked. It was only about three or four miles off Abbotsbury, but we have long suspected that inshore wrecks hold just as many good eels as ones further offshore. Time would tell. The fishing started slowly. As it generally does when we're involved. Just as we were beginning to voice our doubts about Clem's seamanship, boatmanship, knowledge of local marks, parentage etc (about 2 minutes after the anchor had gone down) the bites started coming. After a few pouting, we began to get the odd small eel, then a few more, then lots of the blighters.

In among the fish of around 20lb was the odd better one. Chris had a nice conger, which Clem initially estimated at 45lb. Then as it approached the side of the boat and he put his glasses on, he revised it to "Definitely around 50lb that one". Brooksie was also doing quite well. Writing that sentence has made me feel a bit ill, but I'll press on. He had a couple of decent fish of around 40lb, and was being all "cock-of-the-boat" as you'd expect.

Then, as the tide started slackening, it looked as though it might be my turn as I wound into something decent. It seemed to be caught up in some small wreckage, though, and there was a ominous grating of line on metal, but despite this, the eel kept coming. Then after around 30 seconds, the expected happened and the line parted. The leader came up very frayed, so clearly it had gone round something rough.

Not being the type to be deterred by cruel fate, I retackled and dropped straight back down. And it was pretty much straight down, as the tide was more or less completely gone by now. As luck would have it, another fish (or perhaps the same one) fancied some, and after the usual mucking about, another big eels was on. But... oh dear... there's more of that nasty feeling, and the line went a second time! This time Clem got involved, like any decent skipper should. Inspecting my gear, he suggested that the 30lb mono I was using wasn't heavy enough, so he tied on a new 50lb leader for me. What a nice fellow.

The tide had picked up by now and we were no longer fishing more or less straight up and down. At the same time, the bites had pretty much dried up, so I stuck on a big lump of lead to see whether the fish were still under the boat. They were. And I was into a third decent fish. As you can imagine, I was a little tense by now. And of course the line snapped. The silence was absolute, broken only by Brooksie's attempts to stifle his sniggers and Adam's snoring. This time,

it looked as though the braid had gone above the leader knot, just for a bit of variety.

Then Clem re-anchored to move us along the wreck and put us back on top of the fish. Having retackled for the third time, tying on my own 50lb leader this time, I dropped my heavy lead straight down. And guess what? I got another bite, wound down into it, and it was another big one. I was as certain as certain can be that my line would go at any moment, so I played it like I wanted to beat Adam's all-comers, all-time most-time-taken-fannyng-around-with-a-small-fish record. It took lots of line and led me a merry dance, but hadn't come off after three minutes. I was still certain there was no way I'd get it up. Not at my age, anyway.



Andy shows off his legendary fish-juggling skills on a reluctant tope.

There was no hideous grating of the line this time, but I couldn't shake the dreadful feeling of foreboding. Obviously my pals on the boat were

all incredibly supportive and didn't spend the entire time miming line snapping, shouting "ping" and calling me a useless cunt. This is actually true, but the only pal I had on the boat was Tony and, to his credit, he was very encouraging. The other fuckers did all of the above and more. But despite them, finally a long pale shape appeared in the water and, miraculously, it didn't even fall off as Clem mucked around wondering what to do with a big eel like this. It looked the biggest of the day, so finally he decided to weigh it.

He didn't even manage to lose it when bringing it aboard. Removing the hook was interesting. There were two of them. Attached to identical rigs, attached to identical brand-new 50lb leaders, identical in every respect, apart from one. One leader was still tied with my leader knot to my line. The second leader ended in a curly arrangement that looked exactly as it might had Clem's leader knot simply unravelled, though of course that could never happen. The eel went 64lb, less 8lb for the fish box, giving a weight of 56lb. I was the Really Eely leader. Things were looking up.



This battle-scarred old monster does its best to look good for the camera. And the fish tries to join in too.

Then Brooksie, curse him, had another decent eel. There were no alarms for him and at the side of the boat, it looked around the same size as mine, so he insisted on it being brought aboard for weighing. The boat held its collective breath. Up went the scales, on went the fish box and round went the needle. To 62lb. Less 8lb leaves 54lb. Bad luck Brooksie. Better luck next time.

Chris then got in the act with another of around 50lb. By now he was totally convinced his first decent fish was bigger than mine. No

chance, Chris. I'm in the lead. Now and FOREVER. Chris vowed to be more vocal asking to get big fish weighed. Yeah, you do that, it's a good idea. BUT MY EEL WAS BIGGER!

Still the eels kept coming, with quite a few in the 30-40lb range. In the end, we probably had 40 or so, with four of 50lb. Not bad. At times it was a proper snake pit, with four or five people bent into eels at once and with plenty of a decent size too. In the end, we ran out of mackerel, and we couldn't keep enough bait in the water to keep the fish coming at the same rate. This, we all agreed, was young Mr Barker's fault for failing to catch any mackerel, catching cod and pollack instead. It was a really good day though, reminiscent of the glory days of eeling. On the way home, we caught a load of mackerel and put them on ice, so we could start on the rough ground at the back of the Shambles without any delay on day two. This was Brooksie's idea. Fuck me! Brooksie with a good idea! Wonders will truly never cease.

The Ghurka was as good as usual, and the usual members did the usual things vis-a-vis gorging on three times more than any human being could decently consume and feeling slightly regretful thereafter. Adam made petulant demands of the staff for the special offer Christmas puddings they had been selling the summer before, but oddly they'd managed to sell them all in the intervening 13 months. So he then insisted on keeping everyone waiting while he ordered and then slo-o-o-o-wly savoured some coconut ice cream. In a new ruling, pudding will be banned next year, unless a clear majority of not less than 2/3 of members present, or 50% of total club membership votes in favour. Or Christmas pudding is available, of course.

Day 2

On the Saturday we had the unpleasant and unwelcome experience of being joined by Tom and Andy, meaning we were now a crew of ten. Fortunately Wild Frontier is vast thing and we were able to accommodate all of Andy's six tackle boxes with only twenty minutes of re-arranging everything on board.

It was a 7:30 start, as the tides were an hour later, so we were able to hit the productive rough ground at the back of the Shambles with our iced mackerel baits, courtesy of Brooksie's brainwave, in plenty of time. Tom had a doggie then we picked up a small huss. Strap conger and more dogfish followed, including a small starry smoothhound, which somehow managed to be even smaller than our feeble club record. Then nothing. For a while.

Eventually Clem tired of the constant and unamusing barracking and decided on a move. He gave us a choice of the Seven Mile Ground or the Stensness Ledges. We chose the Seven Mile Ground because we'd fished it with Ken and done well there. After the steam down, which took a while, we anchored, and re-anchored, and finally were sitting where Clem wanted us.

Down went the baits. First up were a few straps. Then a few more. It looked like it was going to be a repeat of the previous day's fishing, with smaller eels, and a few doggies and small huss in among the eels. Then Steve, or some other nice, popular and well-turned-out club member, hooked a fish that didn't fight like an eel, but tore around for a bit before running uptide. Our thoughts were just turning to what it could be when a small tope came to the surface. Tom followed this with an undulate of around 10lb.

A short while later, I had a great big undulate of 14lb 8oz, and Steve followed this with a 5lb 8oz bass. This fish now leads the bass cup rankings due to its being the only one we've had on a club trip all year.

The tope really got stuck in then. They were mainly small, with the odd one around 15lb. Many of them did the famous tope trick of running uptide as soon as they were hooked, meaning you had to wind like a bastard to keep up with them. Luckily we are bastards. They also quite frequently took the bait, apparently really well, only to drop off half way up, like the dogfish they clearly wanted to be.

I'm pleased to report that by this stage, half way through the day, Steve had snagged and lost his gear many, many times, which he took with his usual calm poise. This was especially satisfactory as it was a repeat of what had happened to him on the first day. It's strange how you can get into a rut of losing gear like that, while others are seemingly unaffected. Odd, but tremendously satisfying, as long as it isn't your turn. Less pleasing to report was the fact that Adam kept bloody tangling up with other innocent and blameless members of the crew. The only reason he won't win the Seaford Tangler Trophy this year is because he forms 50% of the awards committee. I'd like to apologise here and now to the eventual winner of this award and say that this really shouldn't be your year. The only thing which made Adam's performance vaguely bearable was the fact that he combined his criminal incompetence with a genuine talent for dropping fish.

The entertainment continued when Andy B hooked a speedster and watched open-mouthed

and slack-jawed as it peeled miles of line off his reel, before being jolted into action by Brooksie slapping him with a flogger he'd brought along for when things got slow. Andy then tried to wind in a bit, and generally look as though he had a clue, but line continued to spill from his reel like this was a REALLY big fish. Eventually the ever-helpful Brooksie came to his rescue and tightened up the drag on the reel, which had effectively been in free spool the whole time. Andy then took about 20 minutes to retrieve all that line and get the fish to the side of the boat, by which time it had collected six sets of gear, having had the freedom of the ocean for so long.



Blimey! Even Andy Selby managed to catch a few decent specimens. The fish must have been hanging themselves.

It turned out the tope was hooked in the pectoral fin, which explained how well it had fought. It was also a pretty decent fish, at over 20lb. It was just a shame it was so badly played, and that we had to spend so much of the afternoon untangling the mess it had created. Next up, Brooksie had a nice huss of 9lb 8oz, and then there was a spate of excellent rays of about the same size as my mighty brute. Brooksie, in fact, had one of exactly the same weight, and Chris also had one around that size, but despite

yesterday's vow, he didn't ask to get it weighed, and worse, didn't manage to get anyone to photograph him with it, so he has zero evidence that he actually caught it. Or indeed anything all trip. I do have a pic of his ray being held by Clem though, but you've only got my word that it is Chris'. Shortly after Steve had one of exactly the same size, but when he insisted it be weighed he craftily slipped a couple of bits of mackerel down its gullet so it came out at 14lb 10oz, precisely 2oz bigger than mine and Brooksie's. I hope he chokes on any awards it brings him.



One of these 14lb-ish undulates being held aloft by a grinning loon may have been caught by Chris. But you'll never know for sure...

As we had the previous day, by mid afternoon we were running out of bait. The hormonally-challenged Brooksie tried to give me a hard time for not buying fourteen boxes of squid, as he no doubt would have done, if we were ever to trust him to buy the bait again. This was despite the fact that mackerel, not squid, was the successful bait. This clearly made it Andy's fault for not catching any mackerel the previous day. It was at this point we came up with a remarkably democratic system whereby whoever catches a proper fish takes over the feathering rod until someone else catches a fish. To give credit

where it's due, this was another genius idea from Brooksie. *What is happening to the world!?*

Right, I've had my little time-out to come to terms with Brooksie having two good ideas in one calendar decade... So we had lots more tope, a few more eels, some rays and then it was time to go home, as the tide had slackened off completely. Adam, about whom this newsletter has remained largely silent, for obvious reasons, finally hooked something large, which was not coming off. It was generally immobile, but did occasionally shake its head and peel another few yards of line, despite the pressure Adam was manfully applying. It was clearly a very good fish indeed.

The only problem was that it turned out to be the anchor warp. This was the cue for quite a lot of swearing, black looks and general grumping. To give him his due, not something this newsletter is known for, he was pretty good natured throughout the day considering he was being totally outfished by Smed, and spent most of the time untangling his line from other people's gear. When Clem retrieved the warp, Adam did manage to get his gear back, leading him to try and claim he had landed the Wild Frontier and that it was therefore a new non-fish record. To this I ask, who landed whom, exactly? It was the perfect end to a really excellent day. The second in a row.

Then it was back to the Marden, followed by the traditional trip to the Balti House. The food was excellent, and Charlie came along to give us hugs and generally make things a bit better. Brooksie awarded the Champagne Moment to Andy for his brilliant fish-handling skills in landing his monster tope. Naturally Andy shared the bottle with all his pals in the club. Oh wait, no he didn't. We remember these things, Andy, like an elephant, only greyer, more wrinkled and worse at fishing.

The only fly in the ointment was that it took ages to get served. I mean A-G-E-S. And by the time we left to go the Boot it was pissing with rain, and there was only 20 minutes of drinking time left. Most of us decided to go straight back to the Marden to minimise the soaking we were getting, but a couple of the younger members (Steve and Smed) braved the downpour and got their beer quotient in. For the elderly members who chickened out it was a bit of a damp squib in the end. Next year we'll have to book earlier or even (whisper it) break with tradition and go to another curry house so we have time to get a few beers in after.

September 2015 Ocean Warrior

Since the summer trip, we have managed just the one trip out on Ocean Warrior. It was summer's last hurrah before Noah started work on his ark - a bright, sunny day with little wind which was sometimes even actually quite warm. Remember that?

The day started badly, with Brooksie stripping off at the first opportunity to reveal the most hideous, lurid and garish Daiwa T-shirt ever seen in the club, a club not generally noted for its sartorial elegance. So violent was the colour of this appalling creation that it was like having a second sun on the boat, but brighter. Adam is currently working with the Really Wrecked legal team to secure compensation for the crew for the emotional suffering and third degree retinal burns suffered by all on the boat that day.

Steve also stripped off something new, but in his case it was tasteful and gorgeous in the extreme, being a new Century Excalibur 20/40. He now joins a most exclusive section of the club - the Excalibur Owners Society. His delightful wand is so light as to make average cod and pollack fun to catch, while so powerful as to allow even a buffoon like Steve to handle all but the very largest eels with ease. Teamed with this was a brand new Fin-Norr reel, making it the second nicest set-up in the club. Later on, he went on to unzip a new Daiwa Kenzaki rod too. In this way, Steve had single-handedly put The Weymouth Angling Centre in the black for the next five years, but then he does like to treat himself. We all think he needs treatment too.

Rab was also present, after too long an absence from the crew, along with a new member, his nephew. Those of you who remember Phil, Rab's brother, would probably agree that zero is the ideal number of Rab's relatives to have on board any boat, but despite his genetic disadvantages, the young man did very well for himself. Rab was in full Mr Crabtree mode, and as a result is up before Lincolnshire magistrates next week.

This jolly crew steamed off to a wreck the best part of two hours steaming south of Peacehaven, where Dave said big eels lurked. But before the eeling could start, we drifted with lures to see what we could rustle up. The answer was cod, well codling, of around 5-6lb.

With the easing of the tide, Dave dropped anchor and put us in prime position. There would be no excuse this time. The bites weren't long in coming and smallish eels to around 30lb started to show. Then someone, Colin I expect, picked

up a cod on a mackerel flapper. That made a nice change. We don't often get wreck cod on baits, despite it being a traditional method of catching summer cod. Then he caught another.

The someone else, let's say it was Brooksie, had another cod, this time on cuttle. Then before you could say "Take that fucking hideous T-shirt off, you cunt" cod were coming over the gunwales from all directions. More surprisingly, there was also the odd bream which somehow manage to swallow a dirty great eel hook, and even one or two pollack. The eels couldn't get a look in.

Just to be different Rab managed to best a stone, a baby scallop and a dead man's finger all on a single hook, a quality achievement from the man with a job only because of Cambridge County Council's Social Inclusion Programme.

Some anglers gave in and started targeting the bream, with some success, landing fish up to three and a half pounds, which is a decent bream in anyone's book. Those who stuck with big hooks landed cod after cod. In the end they were as much of nuisance as pouting generally are, except that pouting don't require gutting or filleting during the steam back to port.

The final score was about a dozen eels, a similar number of bream, a few pollack and maybe 50 cod. A good day's mixed fishing, but frustrating for those poor losers who wanted to try and snatch the Really Eely Tankard from my steely grasp. But the most frustrating thing was the complete lack of any kind of exploding/melting/snapping/crushing/corroding tackle disaster for either Steve or Robin. It won't be long before Steve's new Fin-Norr is a rusty mess of salty rime, verdigris and rotting saveloy, but in the mean time, could Robin please at least allow one of his reels to be flattened or a rod snapped on every trip?

Club Notices

There is a massive pile of important stuff to get through so please pay attention.

**** Bonus dates ****

Last year's wrasse trip in Weymouth has hung around into this year. It is now scheduled for Sunday the 23rd of January, and we have a couple of spaces spare. This is one of the best fun trips of the year and you'd be totally, staring-eyed, eight-bag-of-prawn-buying mad to miss out. Adam and I have decided to make a weekend of it and have booked ourselves aboard a wrecking trip with Clem the day before to drift for huge, fat, record breaking pollack. There are

spaces on this too, so let me know ASAP. I'll book the Marden for you too.

Club dinner

The date of the Annual 2015 dinner is Saturday, February the 6th. If you'd like to come (and why wouldn't you, unless you have any sense, or something better to do, or a personality) then please let Adam know your menu choices by selecting a starter, main and dessert from the selection below.

Starters

- a) Cream of asparagus soup with truffle foam, herb oil and asparagus tips
- b) Pork terrine
- c) Goats cheese delicie

Mains

- d) Chicken supreme
- e) Saddle of lamb
- f) Salmon fillet
- g) Pithivier (puff pastry vegetable pie)

Desserts

- h) Sticky toffee pudding
- i) Lemon tart
- j) Cheese and biscuits

All main courses will be served with a delicious selection of locally grown, organic, individually named super vegetables, raised in humane conditions with their families until they volunteered to be the accompaniment to our club dinner.

Of course, the club dinner also means you must get your trophies back to Adam for engraving ASAP, or sooner if possible. The club time machine is currently with the Weymouth Angling Centre for a service, so you will be unable to travel back in time. Please do it now.

Club merchandise

I seem to remember promising T-shirts to various club members; a promise I have totally failed to keep. I have probably got a record of it somewhere, but it's accounts time of year and my office is a blizzard of stupid bits of paper. If you paid, please give me a kick and I will send you your T-shirt or give it to you at the dinner. If you haven't paid, please pay and then give me a kick. If you don't want one at all, feel free to kick me anyway.

Here are those banks details in case you don't have them tattooed on your arse (backwards so you can read them in the mirror).

Pay by BACS into the account named Really Wrecked Sea Angling Club, number 00245798, sort code 832002.

Due to the level of demand, stocks of club hats are quite low, but please let me know if you'd like one. I can always get more made.

Dates for 2016

- Monday 15th February
- Monday 7th March
- Monday 18th April
- Monday 16th May
- Friday 3rd June
- Friday 15th July
- Friday 29th, Saturday 30th July (Weymouth)
- Monday 15th August
- Friday 9th September (Weymouth)
- Friday 23rd September
- Monday 10th October
- Friday 11th November
- Monday 5th December

Send us a list of the dates you want to come on, and we'll employ the fiendishly complex, clever and sophisticated Really Wrecked Trip Booking Algorithm to determine that Steve can't come on any trips, and that Colin is a disgrace to himself, the club and his family.

There's still a Weymouth Flatfish Cup date and a wrassing trip to add to this list. You'll hear about them as soon as the dates come in.

That's your lot. I hope it wasn't too painful, and that we actually get some fishing in this year.

Cheers,
Ben