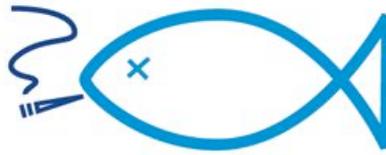


Really Wrecked SAC newsletter

Number 39, July 2011



Hello my fishy friends and welcome to an all-new, user-friendly, non-abusive newsletter, that is positively brimming with positivity and good vibes, packed with tips and hints from me and other club members, and laced with offers of days out on club trips and on club members' own boats.

Thank you for reading. We hope you enjoyed the new style newsletter. From here on we revert to type with the usual mix of the useless, the incompetent, the untrue and the insulting. And if you don't like it you can fuck off.

Before I leap headlong into new information from the club, fishy tales and other trivial stuff, I must start with a reminder about the Weymouth Summer trip. This three night, two days fishing, curry-stuffed, banter filled fishathon is taking place from Thursday evening of the 28th of July through to whenever you can fall out of bed on Sunday the 31st and get home.

It features two days of fishing for cod, blonde rays, conger, huss, tope, bream, bass, turbot, wrasse and pollack onboard our two favourite boats (along with Ocean Warrior III, of course), Lone Shark VII and Bonwey I. With the Sailor's under new management, it's bound to be a festival of luxury and pleasure, though for those of you who prefer to rough it, I will try to book you into the Warwick if you get in touch SOON.

This year, in addition to the traditional trips to the Ghurka and Balti House, and the soon-to-be-traditional trip to the Boot to watch Adam ask questions about the barmaids' grandmothers' public hair colour, we will also be organising tourist trips along Weymouth High Street after midnight, with the opportunity to film or photograph grappling slappers and police rough house tactics. Fighting is also available for a small additional fee to cover your bail, hospital fees and fine. We regret that Jari is not permitted on these tours, as that is basically a recipe for total fucking disaster. Someone would get killed in a bizarre boot-removing accident at the very least.

The long, long, long range forecast is for calm days and balmy nights, so expect midnight swimming on the Weymouth strand and possibly a visit to that old favourite, the ferry terminal cafe at 4am. I can't wait. Remember that to secure your place on the trip you have to pay in advance.

There are four places left, so get your cash to me quickly. The banks details are...

Bank: RBS

Account number: 00245798

Sort code: 83-20-02

With that shameless plug out the way, it's on with the club notices.

Meeting notes

There was a meeting of interested members in Adam's flat on the afternoon of the annual dinner. This was open to all, and Scoop, Clive, Mick, Colin, Ben and Adam came along. We discussed everything from the club finances to boat etiquette and came up with some useful thoughts. I've distilled my notes for the pearls of wisdom which I include here. If ANYONE has any thoughts about them, send me an email, otherwise I'll assume everything thinks they're sensible and they will therefore become club policy.

We discussed boat etiquette and came up with the following

Laws of the boat

- 1) Fish one rod at a time.
- 2) If we're running out of mackerel bait, two of the crew should wind in and fish for mackerel for five minutes before they swap with two others, and so it continues until there is enough bait. That way we don't have loads of rods in the water causing tangles, but we maintain a scent trail with plenty of bait in the water, and we replenish bait supplies.
- 3) On the drift over a wreck, pirkers fish on the uptide side of the boat, gillers fish downtide. Where everyone is gilling, anyone who has fished the uptide side on one drift can swap with anyone who fish the downtide side. Be reasonable about this, it's just like walking the boat. And talking of which...
- 4) We walk the boat. When at anchor, you drop in after rebaiting uptide of everyone, and then move down as others wind in to rebait. It's fairer, and it results in FAR fewer tangles, as the longer your bait is in the water, the further you'll have trotted it downtide. If you want to fish up near the cabin in the "Colin style", this is fine, as long as you use a lead that is heavy enough to

prevent your gear from trotting down through the other's lines.

5) Pass on the amount of lead you need to hold bottom. If everyone is using enough lead, we'll get fewer tangles. If you're not sure how much lead to use, ask.

6) If you book on a trip, you are liable for your share of the boat hire, whether or not you attend. If you cancel, we will try and find a replacement, but you should also help, as it's your money, not ours. If you are down as a substitute, you are not liable until we tell you someone has dropped out and you confirm you are available. At that point, it's down to you.

Dinner doings

After last year's triumphant return to the Dorset, there was no chance we'd take our annual feast elsewhere. Once again Paul did us proud, with delicious food and excellent service. There was only one notable absentee from those who booked. Nick Coster was struck down with the lurgy at the eleventh hour and was unable to attend. Jolly good thing too, as it turned out, as he had managed to **lose** the Voodoo Hoodoo Trophy by "leaving it in my dad's car". His dad subsequently sold the car without warning Nick, thereby also selling the Trophy. This ludicrous and feeble excuse is a transparent lie and we all know that he in fact gave it to one of his dancing partners in an attempt to persuade her to perform the "rhumba" with him before sitting on his Facebook.

My speech was of its usual low quality. The high points of the evening being Clive's attempt to snub being awarded the old Clubman of the Year Trophy in perpetuity in recognition of his becoming a three-time winner (he claimed it was "just a heap of cheap crap that you are desperate to get rid of"), and new member Tim Ames walking away with FOUR awards, as he managed to land the best spotty fish (a bronze medal-winning plaice), while having been ill enough to take the Breakfast Revisited Trophy; all of which meant he was a shoo-in for the Novices Cup. The low points were everything else.

There was a hilarious interlude after the awards ceremony during which certain childish members took it in turns to stand up as if to thank Adam and I for our hard work, saying there were two people who needed to be thanked, before naming any other couple they could think of, Pete and Dave Elliot, Ken and Richard, Andy and Charlie, Stalin and Hitler... Yes, it was truly a comic *tour de force* and a triumph we should definitely repeat every year from now on.

All in all it was a very jolly evening, and we'd love to see the rest of you there next year, even if

you haven't been fishing for a year or two. We promise to be exceedingly beastly to you.

There have been several club trips already this year. I've been very, very, very, very busy building amazing web sites for all kinds of high profile clients such as the NHS and God, so I haven't managed to attend that often, and the number has just kind of snuck up on me. This means I now have eight trips to tell you about. EIGHT. On the plus side, because I haven't been on many of them, I won't have too much detail to bore you with. Anyway, here goes...

February the 9th - Cod on the sub

A gap in the relentless winds in early February saw us heading off South East to the Sub where, according to Dave, there were "Cod. Lots of them and big ones too." We're an optimistic lot, so we believed him.

The weather had other ideas though, and it was too rough to go East, so instead we went West after early season pollack. So not the Sub and not cod, then. We ended up about 15 miles offshore. Les, in a display of misery and grumpiness quite out of character for the two times winner of the Steve Newham Cup for optimism and cheer, said that he knew the wreck and it was rubbish.

Once there, we fell to gilling, with shads and sidewinders being the lures of choice. Does anyone use an old-fashioned Redgill these days? Perhaps we should talk of "shadding" instead of "gilling", or shall I revert to using the correct phrase "fishing the flying collar". Answers on a postcard. No marks for "not giving a flying fuck".

First drift a couple of rods hooped over, but the fish proved to be smallish pollack of around 6lb, and not the hoped-for early season monsters. This pattern was repeated on the next drift and for most of the day, though there were a smattering of bigger fish among the smaller ones. The successful rig was a short trace and Rhubarb and Custard Sidewinders.



Look at the splendid fat belly on that beauty. And the fish is quite chubby too.

Two Dogs struggled for a while, catching nothing on short traces or long, until he changed his rod, put on a white shad and started retrieving quickly, ignoring Nick Coster who advised a slow retrieve. It just goes to show... though what it shows I'm not 100% sure. Most people managed at least one double, and some had several, topped by a very decent fish of 15lb. Jonathan struggled even more than usual, but he was fishing with his 50lb class gear because he didn't have Adam there to tell him which colour of reel to use. Yes, you heard it here first. Adam was not on a club trip and is now officially only one third of the man he used to be.

As we headed home, Les could still be heard muttering and grumbling away about how he'd been conned, despite the fact that we had over 70 pollack including some very respectable specimens on the boat. There's no pleasing some people.

February 18th - another crack at the cod

A bit later that month, we had another try to fill our boots with cod. It was still a bit sloppier than expected, but that didn't stop us getting out East this time. We ended up a bit further than the Sub, maybe 27 miles out. There were two other boats fishing the same wreck, which was a reasonably hopeful sign, and it was a big wreck, so there was room for us all.

The crew was evenly split between those fishing the hopper and those fishing the flying collar (see?). First drop down, Adam snagged the wreck, which is fairly typical of his luck and level of competence. Only then the wreck started nodding and taking line. Mistaking fish for the wreck is also a *specialite du maison* when it comes to Frostie. Now we all know that nodding means cod, and the way this fish kept taking line and nodding and taking line meant that this was no codling. No indeed. Adam kept having flashbacks to his heroic trips to Norway and was already mentally accepting the Fish of the Year Award, plus the Sea Angler Fish of the Century etc etc when he realised that if the fish kept taking line, it would eventually find somewhere in the large wreck to shelter in. Manfully he applied more pressure, grunting like a gurnard on heat.

Still the fish resisted, so Adam cranked the pressure up to eleven. Sadly he hadn't bought the Spinal Tap drag adapter and his leader knot parted at ten, leaving the fish to return to the "Big Bottom" (see what I did there?). Everyone was greatly encouraged by Adam's near miss so early in the day, at least I think that was the reason for everyone to be smirking and grinning so widely.

The cod started to come to other, luckier anglers, at a rate of about one per drift. They were

of a good average size, with Rob "Lucky" Dixon (formerly known as Rob "Friend of Marvin" Dixon) landing a lovely fish of 22lb 12oz. As high water approached, the bites dried up, and eventually Dave suggested a move to another wreck about six miles closer to home. We agreed, and on this one we got stuck into a few mid-sized pollack up to about eight pounds. In the end, our tally stood at 35 cod and 12 pollack, so another very good spring trip, though no doubt Les still found lots to complain about.

March 14th - More Pollack

The weather was pretty good early on, so we pushed 28 miles offshore and picked up a few pollack on the first wreck over the last hour of the ebb. Over slack water we moved and when the flood picked up we managed about 20 pollack, with Clive taking a 15-pounder and Adam and Stevie both managing 13s.

The wind then picked up and started to make things a bit sloppy. This made the fishing a bit tricky, but did have the added bonus of setting our resident Weeble, Kim Hodges, tumbling all over the deck. Actually he's not a Weeble cos they don't fall down. The weather also forced us further inshore, where we had a great deal of sod all, leaving us slightly disappointed with the way things turned out. Still, "that's fishing", as someone always says on the way back in after this kind of a day.



Adam does his best impersonation of a fun-loving free spirit, aka a silly tosser.

March 21st - The bass wreck

A week later, Adam filled a gap on a Newick Hookers trip, where he demonstrated the vast gulf in angling skill between the two clubs by totally outfishing his hosts pretty much all day. All those that fish with Adam regularly can say is that if you

give monkeys enough time with typewriters, eventually they'll learn how to catch fish. Or something.

It was a lovely flat, sunny day with a very big tide. Adam fished smaller lures than everyone else and quickly worked out that with such a big tide you didn't need to retrieve, or if you did, "slowly, slowly, catchee monkey at typewriter" was the order of the day. They fished the wreck where we had all those bass a couple of years ago through till slack water at around midday, at which point they'd had about 50 fish, evenly split between bass and pollack. The pollack were medium-sized, while the bass went to about 5lb, but were mainly schoolies.

Kim Mace had spent the morning happily untroubled by fish until he finally hooked something decent, which on the surface turned out to be a beautiful bar of silver. Kim admired it as it thrashed and flashed silver in the sun and then the net slid under it and it was his. Or almost, as the net turned out to have a nice bass-sized hole in it through which our bassy Houdini managed to escape at the 11th hour having somehow also slipped the hook. Poor Kim.

They fished more wrecks on the way back in with a few pollack to show, and overall it was a pretty good day, apart from the fact that there was only ONE CUP OF TEA ALL DAY. This heinous crime was totally mitigated by the fact that it was a Hookers trip and so Dave was in fact very wise to conserve his tea-making equipment for the next Really Wrecked outing just four days later.

March 25th - Last of the spring pollack

Another gorgeous day saw Dave happy again as he had a skilful friendly crew to take out to wipe away the memories of the awful Hookers. Despite the fact that the tables say it was a 6m tide (which is quite big round these parts), the flow never really got going, and the lines hung pretty vertical from the boat all day.

We fished the bass wreck again, but it failed to live up to its name with 34 pollack and one codling providing the sport. Everyone caught, which is always nice with Rob "Can we stop mentioning how many fish he's caught" Dixon doing best. Stevie had a good morning followed by a crap afternoon where he caught no fish and lots of wreck. He handled this with his usual mix of good-natured eye-rolling and generally optimistic outlook, so well done him.



The great thing about Rob is that he manages to make the smallest fish look vast in comparison. Here he poses with a two-pound pollack.

The Flatfish Cup

As you all know, every year we take on the Newick Hookers in a contest of skill and flatfish capture down at Weymouth. For the past few years we have emerged from the competition triumphant. Would this year be any different?

Well, there were one or two differences. The Newick Hookers, being an apathetic lot (last year, even their "captain" Les Whiteman couldn't bothered to come along) failed to get a full crew for the event. This meant they had to enlist two ringers from Weymouth i.e. decent anglers who could perhaps be relied on to catch a fish or two.

We, on the other hand, had a full crew of Really Wrecked men, enticed by the prospect of plaice and turbot and excellent company, that probably being the main difference between the two crews. However, the team being full of Wrecked men, precluded it being full of skilful anglers, so already we were at a disadvantage.

When I say "enticed by the prospect etc." there may have been a little more to it than that. Some idiot had listened to reports coming from Weymouth skippers and the Weymouth Angling Centre and had believed them. This fool then hacked into my email and sent off a message ranting on about plaice climbing up the rods, and the roads of Weymouth being paved with discarded turbot. Obviously I would never spout such unguarded tosh, and we still haven't caught the culprit. On the other hand, as long as it turned out to be true, there would be no harm done.

In our favour, Ken had decided we should set off an hour earlier than usual, perhaps to offset the extra hour it would take Bonwey (our boat) to reach the mussel beds over the speedy Flamer (The Hookers' boat). However, Colin Penny, skipper of Flamer, was alive to Ken's trick and he said off an hour earlier too, so they still had extra

time fishing. Two-nil to the Hookers and we hadn't even begun fishing.

We started off on the mussel beds. The water was clear and the sea calm as could be. Nothing could possibly go wrong. Any minute now, the fish were going to really hit our baits, big ones too. Those seven pounders we'd been hearing about couldn't be too far away, surely? Except they were. As indeed were the six pounders, the five pounders, the four pounders, the three pounders, the two pounders and the one pounders.

We drifted back and forth, but of the huge glut of fish, there was no sign. Luckily the Hookers were suffering the same fate. Then, a miracle! We had our first plaice - a monster of fully 14oz. This year to spice up the contest, we were weighing all our catches and the biggest aggregate weight won. We were on the board.

Giddy with success, we headed off to drift the Shambles. Surely where the plaice had so conspicuously failed to play ball, the ever-reliable turbot would come to the party? Maybe they did, but if so, the party was not under Bonwey. We drifted and drifted. We ran out of frozen mackerel, but not in a good way. I selflessly picked up a rod and started feathering, leaving my turbot rod to tangle with the others in blatant contravention of statute 1 of the Laws of Angling (which luckily weren't officially recognised back then).

Finally we had our second brief moment of joy - a huge DAB of 7oz which somehow hooked itself on a massive string of ragworm and squid which Nick Coster was using to see if there were any plaice around on the Shambles. So now we had more than 1lb in the bag and we were cooking with gas (or at least, that's what it smelled of around Adam in his fishing clothing).

I feathered and feathered, but the mackerel and sandeels were obviously at the same party as the turbot. On my second drift (MUCH more than 5 minutes feathering by the way, contravening statute 2), I finally hooked something and bought two delicious herring aboard. I just still describing how I was going to cook this tasty treat for my tea when Nick Coster whipped out a sharp knife and proceeded to cut them into strips as turbot bait. Thanks Nick!

I did eventually also land a mackerel, but by then the herring were nothing but the fading dream of supper. I went back to turbot fishing, leaving Ken to attempt to feather some bait. When, on his first drop he managed to trap a launce and a brace of mackerel everyone laughed as if this were somehow a reflection of my poor bait-catching skills. Well I say - were YOU doing any bait fishing? And also - what exactly was the bait on the hook when Nick Coster finally enticed a monster of a turbot (fully one and a half pounds)

on to the hook? Exactly, it was HERRING. MY herring. So really it was my turbot.

Shortly afterwards Phil Brooks also had a good solid bite. He fed it some line then wound down to feel a satisfying weight on his rod. "Come up the back," advised Ken. "It looks a good 'un and will probably start kiting downtime when you get it off the bottom." Sure enough it did, pulling back and heading downtime. We were excited. Could this be the twenty we had dreamt of?

Slowly Phil inched it towards the boat, accompanied by cries of "Don't rush it!" and "Give it some stick, but gently!" along with a rogue "You can't do it all in one day!" for good measure. Finally a shape appeared from the murky depths, the right shape, kind of flat and brown. But then disaster! A long tail also emerged. "Bugger! It's a ray," pronounced Ken. Rays may be flat, but they don't count as flatfish for perfectly sound biological reasons, being *chondrichthyes* not *osteichthyes*, or something. Still, a decent fish is a decent fish, and we'd never had a ray from the Shambles. What kind would it be?

We craned our necks to see. It came up another couple of turns of the reel, and the long tail resolved itself into a piece of rope, the brownish back into a flat piece of rusty wreckage. Ken put down the net. We laughed. We're still laughing. Try phoning Adam to see. He'll answer the phone laughing. If he isn't it must be because King Kenny has accepted a deal to be Sir Alex's number 2. Then, to add insult to amusement, Phil refused to land what would have been a brand new non-fish record for wreckage and simply shook it off the hook. Bastard. I reckon you owe us all a round anyway.

We drifted some more. Cabin fever took hold, then a lassitude gripped us, mixed with torpor with maybe some languor thrown in, causing certain members (Tom Fowler chief among them) to state that there were no turbot on the Shambles, there never had been, there never would be, and the whole thing was an elaborate con dreamt up by me to ruin his life. As if it needed ruining. He's just had a baby, that does it for most people (no really, congratulations Tom, and we hope to see young Alfred out fishing by the end of the year)

Then, miracle of undeserved miracles Tom's rod arced over indicating some idiot fish had actually taken his bait. Stranger still, it didn't fall off and ended up in the boat, a near three and a half pound turbot. It was a sight to behold watching genuine pleasure, amazement and disappointment at not being able to say there were no turbot on the Shambles fight it out on Tom's face. Pleasure won, I'm pleased to say. I'm pretty sure this turbot also came to herring strip, meaning that my bait catching was responsible for 100% of the turbot caught. Case closed. I win.

Rumours on the radio from Flamer had it that both crews were pretty much neck and neck at this stage, with the promised deluge of fish failing to materialise for either boat. So that was all right, but as with last year, it seemed as though one decent fish would win it. We kept trying on the Shambles, but that one decent fish did not show up, so we returned to the mussel beds for a couple of hours of slack water to try and pick up another plaice or two.

A few drifts later I had lost a couple of rigs, which gave everyone a jolly good laugh (you're an unpleasant lot at heart), and Marc Dyne had fluked a plaice, taking our total to over 6lb! Now we were really murdering them. Then on the very next drift both Adam and Stevie had a plaice each, leaving only me and Kim without any points on the board (though as I have explained, the two turbot were actually mine), but giving everyone renewed hope. Perhaps at long last, the plaice were actually going to come on the feed and give us an afternoon to remember.

A look over at Flamer, which was no more than 100 yards away, seemed to confirm this. They too were into fish, with the net being called into action more than once. But we were on a roll, so we didn't care. Our fish were getting bigger too. We had a blank drift, but that didn't deter us, as things were hotting up, and the drift after we were rewarded with our biggest plaice. It wasn't a monster, but at a touch over three pounds it was a good fish. A couple more decent drifts would surely win it for us, but with out total over 13lb now, we had to be in with a shout anyway.

Drift followed drift but "decent" they were not. "Blank" is what they were, and Kim and I managed to remain resolute in our fishlessness. Kim joked repeatedly about "my" email about fish climbing up the rods etc., claiming it contravened both the Trades Descriptions Act 2010 and the Advertising Standards Authority's guidelines. He even went so far as to issue a joke writ from some very realistic looking lawyers called Carter Ruck (must be a joke name - it's rhyming slang!). I greatly enjoyed these jokes, especially when everyone joined in and jokingly threatened to punch my lights out. What larks we have.

Still, we half thought we might have a sneaky shot at the Trophy, so we docked in reasonably good spirits. Our optimism soon vanished like the early morning mist over Sywell Reservoir (it turns into rain), as it turned out that the Hookers (with their two ringers) had recorded around 25lb of fish (I can't remember the exact figure, I switched off as soon as I heard there was a "20" in the total). It seems that like us, they'd had a pretty thin time of it apart from that one drift when we saw them catching a few fish. "A few fish" in this context turned out to be 12 on a single drift, which turned

their paltry total into something which completely blew us out of the water. Lucky, lucky bastards.

"Well done" to the Hookers, we're "delighted" for you. We will really enjoy handing over the Cup to you at the annual dinner and allowing you to look after it for us for a year.

Royal wedding April 29th

Adam and I patriotically re-arranged the trip scheduled for the day of the Royal wedding, so that we could stand rigidly to attention all day, or at least until the Viagra wore off. Stevie, being practically Spanish these days, was less Royalist and therefore decided to take the trip anyway and fill it with other revolutionaries, anarchists and malcontents, including a couple of new members from his cricket club.

Jamie, a carp angler, had never fished with a reel on top of his rod before and found the whole thing quite novel, but really enjoyed the fight from several cod and pollack on the drift. He specially loved trying to tame a 25lb eel at anchor. I really want to be there when he hooks a 50.

On top of the cod and pollack on the drift and eels at anchor, the trip was blessed by the visit of a pod of dolphins which kept the boat company for a couple of hours. All of this prompted Jamie to say it was "The best day of his life." Maybe the god of fishing is a republican too.



Apropos of nothing, Kim shows his spiteful side.

May 30th - summer wrecking here at last

This trip we welcomed back our prodigal son, Beef, who has at last returned from inhospitable climes in the Antipodes to the welcoming arms of his beloved friends. To be honest he didn't seem as delighted as you might expect to have swapped all that sunshine and baramundi fishing for a rainy night in the Lewes Arms with Stevie. Not that Stevie goes into the Lewes Arms any more, now he has bought a vast crumbling pile with no heating out in the wilds. Maybe that's it. Can one die of Stevie-withdrawal?

Anyway, having made the bold decision to return, there he was, on his first wrecking trip, and it was lovely to see him back where he belongs, wedged between a snoozing Frost and a bedraggled Smed. Sadly he had no gear with him, having elected to have it transported overland by yak, so he had to borrow my reserve stuff. Maybe that was what was getting him down, my reserve stuff has seen better days. So has my front-line stuff, come to think of it.

So 20 miles further south we stopped over a wreck for a bit of drifting. It was pretty flat and hazily sunny, and all-in-all Beef couldn't have picked a less typical day. Second drift and a couple of rods bent into fish, which turned out to be cod of around 5-6lb. Next drift was more of the same, and so we continued, with the odd pollack thrown in until the tide died away to nothing, and the bites dried up with it.

With the boat almost stationary, a few of us tried dragging a bait, and it wasn't long before Stevie was into an eel of 35lb, which augured well for the main event, when Dave got the anchor down. Eventually the tide picked up again, and Dave was able to anchor us off the wreck, and we started eeling. Almost straight away nothing happened and then we hit the jackpot with some really excellent pouting fishing. Dave tried various amounts of sheer, as a stiffish breeze had sprung up and was pushing us off the wreck.

After another half an hour or so, a bite finally produced a decent bend in a rod, but surprise, surprise, it wasn't an eel, but another cod, this one approaching double figures. More cod followed in bursts of two or three, including decent doubles to Kim and Colin and a lovely twenty and a half pounder for Marvin, all taken on cuttle.

I finally caught an eel of 40lb, putting me in pole position for the Really Eely Tankard. All I have to do is make sure we don't go eeling again this year, and the award is as good as mine. Overall, it was another pretty good day with over 40 cod and pollack and a couple of eels, so a pretty satisfied crew made their way back in.



Marvin with his twenty. What a lovely fish.

Club Notices

Congratulations to Andy Selby who has finally moved out of the cramped old Weymouth Angling Centre, into the palatial surroundings of his new shop opposite the Co-op. There's loads more room to display masses of shiny goodies, and lots of storage space to ferment dead hermit crabs. Perhaps the most intriguing aspect of the new premises is that they seem to be an early, failed prototype for Dr Who's Tardis. On the outside, looking in, there seems to be lots of room to walk around and browse the tackle, but when you actually get in there, it's so stuffed with Milbro rods and Penn Squidders that there's still no room to swing an undersized and sickly ragworm.

Finally, please check out the web site (www.reallywrecked.com), if you haven't already. All our fishing dates are there and if you've booked a trip, your name is on the list under that date. If your name is on the list, then you're coming on the trip. You can click on a link to import dates into your Outlook or Mac calendar too, so you've got no excuse for forgetting now.

There are also loads of recent pictures of fish from club trips and from members' own "private collections". There are all the newsletters available for download, plus news and bulletins and Tom's and my blogs, which make fascinating reading, and one of them is actually written in something approaching English. There's a forum for you to contribute your thoughts, and if you get more interested, I'll give you access so you can upload all sorts of crap.

But most important is that you call Adam or send him an email to book a trip. Many of you who fish regularly, but there are also quite a few we haven't seen for ages, and we miss you. Go on, you might enjoy it.

Cheers,
Ben