

Really Wrecked SAC newsletter

Number 42, March 2013



Well what do you know? It turns out the road to hell IS paved with good intentions. I fully intended that you would receive this newsletter in March last year. Then in May, June, July, September (I was on holiday in August), October and January. And now, bang on time, here it is. And the thing is, it isn't like there hasn't been a lot to tell you, because there has. Loads of it, in fact. The trouble is, I've forgotten it all now, so I'm just going to have to make it all up. So pretty much the standard fare then.

One thing will be different though. I'm going to save a bit of time by asking you all to take a second to call yourself a cunt, to save me the bother of doing it later in the newsletter. Even if you haven't been out with us for years, just close your eyes, and whisper it to yourself. In fact, do this especially if you haven't been out with us for years. And if you have. And if your name is Neil Cook.

So assuming you've all done that now, I'm sure we all feel much better. Kind of "purged", like we'd had a rubby dubby enema (which, incidentally Phil Brooks is now offering on the Internet in the comfort of your own home for just £99.99 - www.mashedmackerelbetweenyourcheeks.com). If you're not feeling completely purged, try it again, focusing hard on this picture of Neil.



Okay, okay, I know swearing isn't big and it isn't clever, something which is half true of me and is entirely true of Adam these days. Even so, I feel the last few newsletters have been far too sedate and cuddly, and this is going to be an unwelcome return to the old school, Eraserhead style of Really Wrecked reportage.

I suppose by now I ought to have started to give you some trip reports, or some club notices or something, but ever since Stevie told me he doesn't bother to read these things any more, I've been strangely demotivated. Yet another shitty thing in this shitty world we can blame on Mr Newham. So actually, the gaping hole in your empty lives where these newsletters used to be isn't my fault at all, it's his. The road to hell is in fact paved with Steve Newhams, which perhaps explains why some people see hell as a relatively palatable alternative to the road towards it.

Anyway, seeing how it has been such a fucking long time since I told about our useless twatting adventures on the sea, there's no real point in putting it off any longer. But there's also no real point in dwelling on the crappy trips either, so they'll get scant attention, if that's all right with you. Just enough of a mention for me to get one or two more fucking swear words in.

6th February 2012

That said, we're not starting with an arse-ache of a trip, and yes, checking the date, it is that long ago since you last had the pleasure. This was one of those really good trips. Good for many reasons, the main one being that I wasn't on it. Some see this as the key to a really good day, and given my results this year, I'm beginning to agree with them, but more of that, much more, later.

This day started in fine style with Steve waking up at 7am and realising that the boat was just pulling out of the marina without him. This is the other key to a splendid day, the knowledge that not only is Steve not going to be on the trip, but that he both wanted and intended to be on it. Remarkably in the entire 16 year history of the club this is the very first time that anyone has ever overslept. A truly magnificent effort.

The few anglers who had bothered to show up headed out South East towards the *Sub*. The first wreck was shared with *Deep Blue* out of Eastbourne. I'd like to be able to report that our

boys gave those soft Eastbourne pansies a right pasting, but, well, what do you think? No, while our skilled lads honed their skills landing pouting and the odd baby codling, the poor crew of *Deep Blue* had to content themselves with hauling up double figure cod after double figure cod. Until, that is, Phil Brooks decided that enough was enough and managed to lasso a fish that was already hooked by someone on the other boat. Then by virtue of having a faster retrieve and a more powerful right forearm, Phil was able to land the belter of an 18lb fish, unhook the pirk (which was lodged somewhere in the fish's belly) belonging to the poor Eastbourne fucker and then yell across to the other boat that as Phil's shad was nearer the mouth, he was having the fish. In this case, the arse counted as being nearer the mouth by virtue of a direct connection via the alimentary canal.

Having tired of showing the other crew what's what, Dave took our intrepid bunch of losers to wreck after wreck in the vain hope of putting them over something they could catch. Finally, on the fourth wreck of the day, the fish were so famished that even our lot couldn't fail. I say "our lot" but certain of our lot didn't do so well. Adam's chief contribution to the day was to hook yet another ENORMOUS fish which took hundreds of yards of line, and would simply not yield an inch until grudgingly it realised it was dealing with a vastly superior intellect and began to succumb to Adam's relentless pressure and enormous skill. Everything was prepared for general celebration, several fatted calves stood ready for slaughter and dozens of Nebuchanezzers of champagne were poised for uncorking, when Marvin saved the day by tangling Adam with a tremendous pouting and allowing Mr Frost's undoubtedly mighty leviathan to escape.

This was Marvin's main contribution to the day. He spent 80% of the time snagged on the bottom and the remaining 20% of the time tangling with Adam and dragging his lures inexorably towards the wreck as well. However, because Marvin is widely recognised as a decent chap and not a gap-toothed cunt, Adam forgave him all his transgressions.

And talking of gap-toothed cunts, this was the day when Neil Cook finally came of age as a Really Wrecked angler. The age in question being a four and a quarter, possibly four and a half, but certainly pre-school anyway. But for one so young at heart and of mind, he did have one hell of a day, catching cod after cod, with several doubles, topped by a staggering new record of 27lb, a really excellent cod in anyone's book. This fish caused quite a lot of controversy as you might expect as Adam refused to weight it until it had been allowed to dry out for several hours, and

even then had to be forcibly restrained from gutting it prior to weighing.



Old jokes revisited 1: Look at the huge gut on this beauty, and the fish is quite fat too. All 27lb of her.

Neil did give me chapter and verse about the fight. Great take, blah blah, took line really unstopably, yawn, 20lb fluorocarbon hooklength yadda yadda yadda, but I must confess I kind of zoned out during the four hour long phone conversation, so you'll have to fill in the blanks yourselves.

Oh yes and I nearly forgot, in addition to making this newsletter much more fucking foul-mouthed, or foul-typed or some such other shit, I also promised Adam and a few other troublemakers, that I'd put in some actual fishing detail. So here, for all of you fucking tossers, is the technical bit. Pay attention, it's got some long words and shit in it. Blue shads. That's what they wanted. B-L-U-E. On a SLOW retrieve. REALLY slow. And they were taking no more than 7 turns up, and were really finnick. The lure had to be exactly the right size, proving that it pays to take a million shads with you each time we go fishing and then just "borrow" mine anyway, lose them all and never offer to pay a penny even though they cost, like, £5.99 a pack of three. You know who you are. Where was I? Oh yes, and when they came up, the cod were full of sprats, so the clever

money was on them eating lots of sprats, I expect. I wouldn't know, I wasn't there.

Anyway, despite the extreme technical challenges presented by these tricky fish, our brave boys managed a truly splendid 38 cod and four pollack, with lots of decent doubles, so all in all, a really excellent start to the year. Well done the lot of you who went fishing without me. I'm not at all jealous.

April the 3rd, 2012

Luckily for all concerned I wasn't on this trip either, as I was still sulking about having missed out on the previous one, especially the bit where Adam lost yet another monster. Anyway, this one wasn't bad either, although nothing like on the scale of the previous trip. At the end of the day the tally was 20 cod up to low double figures and six half decent pollack. I think Adam had a reasonable day on this one, so it doesn't seem worth dwelling on it.



Phil is generally amongst the pollack. The filthy beast!

April the 13th, 2012

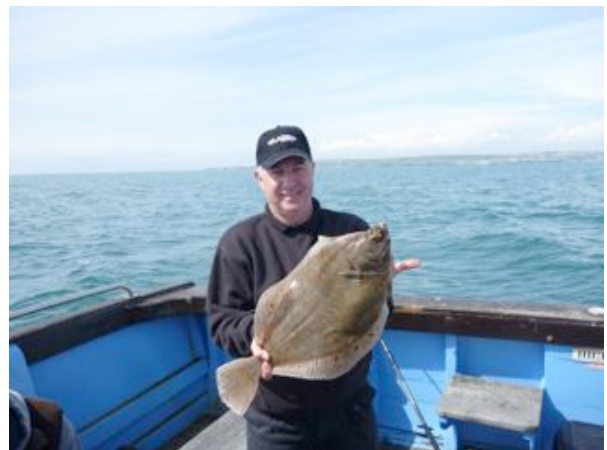
Ah... Friday the 13th. What an auspicious day for me to begin my sea fishing year. And even better, on one of the disciplines at which I really excel, plaice fishing on the mussel beds. Yes, it was that time of year again, when we bold men and true of the Really Wrecked Sea Angling Club gird our loins and take to the sea in Bonwey to teach the so-called men of the Newick Hookers a lesson in plaice fishing they'll never forget. I was going to swear again, but I feel like it might be losing some impact, so I'm going to save it for later, okay?

Last year's lesson on plaice fishing had been a lesson in how to catch fewer fish than our opponents, and no, they hadn't forgotten it when we took to the water to try to wrest back the trophy from them. Luckily we had a massive

squad of anglers to choose from, and a very strong bench, allowing us to pick a hugely competitive team of eight anglers. Oh no, hang on, I tell a lie, it was me, Adam and Stevie, none of whom can fish for shit. This year though, we were bolstered by angling superhero and Team England mascot Andy Selby and even more stellar Neil Bryant, the Angling Trust English World Team manager and Chairman of EFSA (the European Federation of Sea Anglers). Surely our ringers were going to be better than the Hookers' ringers for once.

Well, this was a tale of two halves. There was Neil's half, and to a lesser extent Stevie and Adam's half, and then there was my half. Neils' half was stuffed with fish, lots of lovely plaice, including a couple of fours and a couple of threes. My half was a total fucking desert, devoid of the slightest hint of anything with fins. I did not have a single bite all day. NOT A SINGLE BITE. The ONLY thing that made it even slightly bearable was that Andy Selby was fishing in my half as well, and his day was as wonderful as mine.

Luckily for us, most of Les' 26 man team were fishing from the Ben Eveling manual of plaice fishing, so my final text of our score to Les' phone, which was not unadjacent to 16 fish for almost 30lb, was greeted with stony silence, and a general acceptance of humiliating defeat, something which Les is very good at. Yes, it's coming home, it's coming home, plaice fishing is coming home. And we are the champions, my friends, and I'll keep on blanking till the end. What a truly fucking great day it really was.



Neil Bryant shows off one of the many plaice with which we regained the Flatfish Cup.

May the 28th, 2012

This was our first proper wrecking trip of the year, and in keeping with much of the rest of the year, I had a note from my mum saying I couldn't go because I'd got a bit of a sniffle. This was the first

chance of the year to get the hook down and have a decent go after some eels. In fact it was practically the first chance we'd had for two years, as our trips the summer before had been extremely limited.

Being an early summer trip, there was a bit of drifting with shads to be done, and this produced about 20 cod and pollack of middling size, which was a reasonable way to fill in some time before the main event. Unfortunately the main event failed to live up to its star billing, with only four eels putting in an appearance. Even worse, the perennial ogler of beach volleyballists, Phil Brooks, top scored with a good eel of 60lb.

July the 23rd, 2012

Another day on the wrecks and another kind of "all right" day. This one was distinguished by the fact that Stevie got the crew together and did the ring around and everything, *all by himself*, proving conclusively that it's a piece of piss and Adam and I have been making a load of fuss over nothing all these years.

It was a lovely, hot and calm day, so well done with the weather, Steve. Dave took the boat out a decent distance, but despite all that promise, nothing really worked all day. The eels didn't get going, there was nothing much on the drift and I wasn't there to provide my unique blend of comedy fag scrounging, mid-afternoon grumpiness and general morale-boosting.

In the end, a pleasant, but fairly lethargic day produced five cod, five pollack, five eels, five bream and five gurnard. Clearly there is some kind of quota system in operation, but we need to speak to someone with clout in the EU Fisheries department to get our actual limits raised a little.

Weymouth Summer trip

Oh yeah! Summer is here at last. This year's trip broke new ground in that we only had one boat on both days, that boat being Richard's, and we fished with 10 anglers on the boat altogether. So there was no A team/B Team rivalry and the atmosphere was more like Woodstock or Big Sur than a Really Wrecked fishing trip. I say "10" anglers, but of course, having booked himself on the trip, Andy Selby then arranged his holidays so he flew home in the small hours of the Friday morning, and therefore missed the first day's fishing. In the absence of Jari cancelling the entire trip at the last minute, it was a good effort by the big man. And come to think of it, I say 10 "anglers" but... well, you know where I'm going with that one.

Everyone was booked in the newly refurbished Sailor's, which was quite like the old and un-refurbished Sailor's, except that it had some nice new en-suite rooms where the old flat used to be,

and it was a bit more expensive. At least we were all together though, which was nice, and we were always guaranteed a lock in (see later).

On the first morning, we started drifting the mussel beds for plaice, which, as you now know, is my all-time favourite activity. To make up for imposing this fuck-awful waste of time on me, Richard tied me up the MOST beautiful plaice rig I have ever seen. A crimped, beaded wishbone rig, with a small bladed spinner on each of the two arms, all pimped out in green and black beads, which as everyone knows are the colours for plaice on the mussel beds, for reasons no-one has ever been able to adequately explain.

Oh, the jealous looks I got from eight other anglers, all as green as exactly 50% of the beads in my lovely rig. Of course, they all scoffed and said, in envious tones, that I'd lose the rig within ten minutes of dropping it to the bottom. What nonsense! Those fools, those green-eyed fools. The rig actually lasted less than 30 seconds, before everything went solid and my line went ping. What a splendid start to the trip. Richard then tied me up a nice simple single-snood rig, which didn't snag at all for the rest of the morning, but which also failed to attract a single bite. Plaice fishing is RUBBISH.

When I say plaice fishing is rubbish, it's clearly only rubbish for skilful anglers called Ben Eveling, as Phil Brooks had no problem landing 4 plaice, and even that cunt Marcus Dyne managed one, for fuck's sake. Chris Grant even managed to land the club's first conger of the trip on a plaice rig, which was something of a let-down, as for a while we were picturing 10lb plaice and British records.

Next stop was blonde ray fishing on the Kidney Bank where we fished the last of the flood and the first of the ebb. Adam had a nice 17-pounder before the tide slackened and the doggies fell on our baits like the voracious fuckers they are. Adam, of course, having been out with Kim and Clive a couple of times on their boat, was all "Oh I'm not really bothered by these small blondes, these days," and "I don't really get out of bed for anything less than 25lb." Fucking wanker.

As the ebb tide picked up, Adam had another lovely fish of just over 20lb. Have I mentioned that he's a wanker? Luckily most of the rest of us started to catch fish then, with Beef and I picking up low doubles, and Scoop snaring a nice 14lb undulate. I had another blonde of 17lb (which I properly appreciated, I might add), before Adam had a third blonde (*****) and Richard suggested it was time to go before we killed the smug bastard.

As we upped anchor, I had a bite, and so did Scoop, which left us both hauling in our fish as fast as we could. Inevitably our lines came together and, as we were on opposite sides of the

boat, separated by the yawning gulf that is Phil Brooks, Beef and Smed, we, being an inclusive pair, invited all three to join our tangle. At this stage, our disgruntled trio were all for cutting the line and our losses and making off to pastures new. Not me and Scoop though, we had fish to land, and land them we did. Mine was a nice 14-pounder while Scoop scored a thoroughly splendid dogfish to round things off with.

Then, despite protestations and flourishing of knives and scissors, I worked like a demon to unknit the knitting we had made (I was out of the tangle by now, making my efforts even more saintly than normal). The impatient fatalists shouted abuse as I twisted and retwisted the hideous mess and then to everyone's total amazement, managed to separate all three lines and ensure no-one had to replace 150m of braid. I'd like to be able to report that I was carried shoulder high to the Gurkha that evening by a grateful crowd of fellow anglers, but we know better, don't we?



Fucking wanker with blonde ray

We moved round the Bill for a spot of general ground fishing, and managed a few decent bream and a double figure thornback before it was time to head back. On the way in, Richard suggested we stop for a spot of red band fish fishing. Red band fish are a lovely mini-species which are generally very easy to catch, so even we stood a

chance, and we agreed. Light gear is called for, and my size 6 hooks were the smallest we had, although apparently 8s or 10s are better. Rich tied a simple two-hook paternoster, I used a fancier boom-based thing, while Phil Brooks and Stevie used shrimp rigs. Bait was a tiny fragment of ragworm and Rich and I were soon into monstrous gobies, which were probably new club records if only someone knew a way of distinguishing one goby species from another.

Phil finally scored our first red band fish. They're very pretty-looking things indeed, and much bigger than their miniscule weight suggests. Broadly speaking they are long and red and look a bit like a tapered ribbon but with a really pretty purple stripe running all around their fins and tail. Their small heads are filled with lots of teeth, making them very strange to look at indeed. Rich had a couple before handing his rod to Chris Grant who then proceeded to catch five. No-one else managed a single one. The largest in the bucket was 2oz 1dm and we gave the record to Chris, as he'd caught most so it was probably his.

It turned out there had been a species comp that day and all the boats had absolutely hammered the poor little things, making them much harder to catch than normal. So it wasn't just that we're rubbish anglers (apart from Chris). No, honestly.

At the Gurkha, we somehow managed to avoid eating ourselves to a standstill, which meant that unlike in previous years, Stevie was not totally immobilised on day 2, making a nice change. Day 2 began like day 1, on the mussel beds for plaice, only this time, Stevie had the lovely wishbone rig tied by Richard, and he managed to hang on to it for fully five minutes before it was claimed by the bottom (aka the Weymouth Angling Centre sales team).

I copied Phil Brook's successful rig from the previous day, which had beads and a medium-sized metal flasher spoon and a single small pierced bullet to keep it all in the snag-zone. Hey, I'm getting good at all this technical bollocks, aren't I? It's almost like I used to be a fishing journalist 20-odd years ago. Instead of the usual rag and squid for bait, this year's fad is for rag tipped with half a frozen prawn lashed on with elastic. It seemed to work for some people...

I was again the first to lose my gear, although this time I made it to the magical two-minute mark before letting out my first wail of anguish. Actually it was my second wail of anguish, as my first had come while still in port where it turned out that Andy Selby would in fact be joining us for the second day, and was dying to tell us all about this holidays. Truth be told, and you know how much the truth means to me in these newsletters, it was actually my third wail of anguish of the day, as

Richard revealed on the way out to the plaice mark that he was giving up the charter boat business for a while, as he'd had an offer he couldn't refuse, ferrying prostitutes out to sex-starved workers on offshore wind farms on his newly tricked out *Lone Pimp*.

So in one fell swoop, we'd manage to lose both Ken and Richard from Weymouth. When you add these to the roll call of skippers we have managed to lose over the years, it makes rather impressive reading. We've seen off Chris Martin, Stu Arnold, Glyn Hutchinson, Larry Ryan, Ron Cowling, Lloyd Saunders and now Ken and Richard, making us the sea angling equivalent of the black spot. On a more serious note, I'm sure you'd all like to join me in wishing Ken all the very best in his retirement, and in saying that he will be sorely missed. And of course, we also wish that turncoat bastard Richard English well in his new career, and we hope that he will come back some day to take us all red band fishing once more.

Back to the plaice fishing, it was actually better than the day before with Chris "Red band" Grant top scoring with 6 plaice, along with Andy Selby. Even I managed four, so it must have been easy. Adam didn't have such a good morning, having caught the "Bens" and therefore no plaice. Stevie, after a day and a half of failing to catch a single target species, finally landed a plaice and was beside himself with joy. In the end, we had over 30 plaice between us, including a nice four-pounder each for Scoop and Smed, so it actually ended up as our best ever plaice fishing session.

We moved to some rough ground where Stevie built on his plaice fishing joy by landing a double figure undulate ray, but thereafter it was slow with a few bream, small conger and huss all we had to show for the afternoon. We moved on to the Shambles for some obligatory empty drifts for flatfish, only for Adam refind his mojo and to land a 4lb turbot which he selfishly refused to trade with me for a day-old bream.

Just as we were about to pack up Steve and Andy each had a turbot at almost exactly the same time. Rich drifted that area again, and Andy had a brill, and a last drift of the spot saw my prayers answered with a turbot of my own. Andy's turbot was the first he'd ever had from Weymouth which, given that he owns a tackle shop in Weymouth and is quite keen on fishing, speaks volumes for the quality of turbot fishing to be had on the famous Shambles Bank. To say he was pleased is something of an understatement. I have never seen Andy smile so much for so long, apart from, perhaps, at his wedding, but even that's doubtful.

Before we stopped fishing entirely, we paused for a while over the red band fish hole, as Adam had, uncharacteristically, slept through the

previous day's red banding, and was curious to see what they looked like. If anything it was slower than the first day, but I was determined to catch one, and kept everyone out of the pub until, finally, finally, I landed one for myself.



At last. A lovely red band fish. Now we can go home.

The delay caused by my insistence on catching a red band fish almost made us late for our traditional end-of-party bash at the Balti House, or as it is now known, The Funky House, with its strobes, under-curry UV lighting and trippy psychedelic bubble displays replacing the old fish tanks we used to love so much. After my usual rambling and tedious waffle thanking everyone for their company, we adjourned to the Boot for a couple and then back to the Sailor's for a swift one or two before bed. Except that they'd shut the bar, and the idea of a lock-in appealed less to the departing bar staff than to us! Bastards. That's all I'm saying. Bastards.

October the 22nd, 2012

We had a lot of cancellations all through the rest of the splendid season we laughingly call "summer". Mostly it was the wind, but on at least one occasion, so much rain had fallen that the English Channel was actually filled with fresh water and sea fish species were not to be found. When we did get out, it was an inshore trip on Ocean Warrior after cod and whiting.

Both of these species were in evidence, with Adam catching a couple of cod, which at least made the journey home bearable. The most noteworthy catches, though, were of gurnard, which Marvin led the way in catching at anchor over slack water by casting out a small white sandeel and working it back along the bottom. This might well be worth pursuing another time when the cod are not interested.

December the 10th, 2012

This trip marked the end of world as we know it, as Adam was actually unable to make a trip and just plumb cancelled on me. I didn't know what to do, so I just went out and had a good time without him. Our shrunken but happy crew had a few cod each and I managed a monster whiting of 2lb 8oz, which was well worth the price of admission alone.

By far the least successful rig was Nick Coster's, now happily back out fishing with us again, a balloon-based drifting cod rig. The idea of this was that he'd drift his balloon back in the tide, carrying his baited rig with it, well beyond the other baits, and once way back out on its own, a swift tug on the line, or rather, a series of increasingly frantic huge slashes with the rod would eventually (after several minutes of thrashing the air to foam) liberate the balloon, allowing the rig to sink to the bottom. In theory this put the rig furthest downtide and first in line for any cod working their way up the scent trail. In practice, the fish were too busy laughing to bother eating any of the bait until they'd reached my hook, at which point they'd leap joyfully on to my line.



This is the rig we'll all be copying next year...

January the 6th, 2013

This was a trip partly filled by Really Wreckers, and which produced mixed results. As far as I can tell from the reports, Phil Pepper had a good day with five or six pollack, while everyone else plotted his torture and eventual painful death. It was a bit early for a full on pollack trip anyway, but it was nice to see them showing.

And now the notices

Phil Brooks, as it turns out, is quite a handy angler. Who knew? There is little sign of it on any of our trips. He probably doesn't want to find himself having to help anglers less fortunate than himself, or end up giving away all his shads to someone who "forgot" theirs (yes, I'm still bitter). Anyway, he's been fishing the Conger Championships for a few years, and this year he did rather well, coming in somewhere in the top 5 overall, possibly as high as third. I know, I know, I really ought to pay more attention when people tell me things, but seriously, have you ever tried listening to Phil for any length of time? There's an entire industry built around providing donkey sanctuaries specifically for donkeys which now only have their two forelegs, having been exposed to Phil in full flow.

Anyway, two-legged donkeys aside, we say, "Well done Philip Brooks! You've done the club proud, and it's good to see that some of Adam and my teaching is finally beginning to rub off (steady) on some of the more observant members of the club."

As you know, the dates for most of the trips have now been filled, in a reasonably fair process which meant that everyone got most of the trips they requested. There are a couple of spaces left on some trips, so please check out the web site www.reallywrecked.com/news-and-dates/dates.

There are still some places left for the Weymouth summer trip too. Everyone who went last year really enjoyed us all fishing on the same boat, and this year we'll be doing the same, with 10-12 of us on Clem Carter's massive cat Wild Frontier. It's going to be epic.

If you still have a trophy from last year's dinner, for gawd's sake return it to Adam RIGHT NOW, as the dinner is only a few days away, and we need to get them engraved. And even more important, please come to the dinner. We're just finalising numbers, so get your name down for the social event of the year (or of mid March, at any rate). It's this Saturday the 16th of March at the Dorset Arms in Lewes. It won't be the same without you. Okay, it'll probably be better, but that applies to all of us, and where would that logic get us if we took it to its conclusion?

Some pictures from club members



Rob and Marvin went bluefin fishing off Canada for two days. Rob had this 750lb monster, and Marvin had a 900-pounder! Wow.



The obligatory picture of Clive with an eleven pound bass.



What's that Cuddy? Little Timmy's fallen in the abandoned well?



The equally obligatory picture of Kim with an even bigger bass. This one is 12lb 10oz.



Not to be outdone, Phil Brooks caught this lovely fruits de mer combo in one drop.



Old jokes revisited 2: What a funny looking bugger. And the gurnard looks quite odd too.



*C*nty. And hatty.*



Luke Pearce outfishes his dad, again. Welcome to the club, Luke.



As you know there's something of a tradition in this newsletter of being a bit soft on certain members of the club, and in particular, Robin "His name's not Eels" Eyles. In keeping with this tradition, Robin wanted to make it absolutely clear that his nickname is NOT "El Gordo" which is certainly not Spanish for "The fat one". As this picture of Robin with a splendid 23lb thornback he recently caught shows, the boy is a perfectly sensible size for his age.



You must be so proud of your dad...

Paul Millmore

Finally I'd like to pass on the club's love and best wishes into the ether to mark the passing of one of the club greats, Paul Millmore. He passed away last winter, having been talking to Adam about booking up some trips only a month before. He was one of our original members, and one who helped make the club what it is today. He also sported the most splendid beard ever to board a boat fishing out of Newhaven.

He was a passionate conservationist and often reminded us that filling the boat with fish wasn't necessarily the best thing to do, and that catch and release was something that even cod deserved. He was a tireless campaigner for conservation causes, and was instrumental in the creation of the South Downs National Park and for Lewes to be included within it, which along with the memories we have of him, is his greatest legacy. I for one, will never forget the sight of him, spliff in hand, landing the biggest cod I have ever seen. Rest in peace Paul, and leave a few fish for the rest of us.

Tight lines,
Ben

