

Really Wrecked SAC newsletter

Number 55, July 2018



Fuck. We've actually managed to get out on a trip. And that means I can't put off writing this bastard newsletter any longer. Yes, I know I make it seem like I enjoy it, but that's just a clever facade I have constructed to fool you all into thinking that it might be fun to come out fishing with us so that I can go on more trips myself so I'll have to write more newsletters. Hmmm... there may be a flaw in my reasoning there somewhere. Perhaps somebody really clever could point it out to me. No, Barks, not you. Or you Rab. In fact, for god's sake don't any of you start trying to think about the apparent paradox, I don't think the NHS could stand the strain. Just pass the newsletter over to your clever other halves to read and they'll explain it to you in words of less than one syllable. Although, thinking about it, they can't be that clever or they wouldn't have ended up with you. Hmmm... Another paradox. I expect this newsletter will shortly disappear up its own arse Ouroboros-style. Yes, yes, I know. It did that years ago. Fuck the lot of you.

Anyway, happy summer one and all. It actually appears as though we may be having one this year. I do hope you're all taking full advantage of it by having booked fabulously expensive trips to exotic destinations where the temperature is lower and the weather less gorgeously sunny than it currently is here. Andrew, Lord Selby of Hermit Crab, has managed just the three trips to Mexico and other amazing fishing destinations this year. I've no idea how he manages it, although I have just signed up to the new WAC Ponzi scheme whereby I pay a variable monthly fee ("Fees can go up as well as increase") and in return I get to pick all my own ragworm for every trip and as a Platinum Member I get guaranteed priority queueing from their new Sandy Gears Reel Service.

Clive's another one who seems to live on holiday. Yes, I know he's retired, but that's no excuse to go around enjoying yourself, having fun and cheerfully rubbing our noses in it. Stevie's also retired, and you don't see any of that jolly, goodwill-to-all-men nonsense from him. He's what I call a proper Really Wrecked member. A tight-

fisted, miserable bastard. Like the rest of us, but with a club logo tattooed on his arse. Yeah, where's your tattoo, Clive? Andy?

So, with all this weather we're having, it's almost like our super genius plan to send Brooksie to intercede with the gods on our behalf has paid off. Which is odd, given that he was an atheist. And a cunt. On the other hand, until the last trip, it was pretty much business as usual, with trip after sodding trip cancelled due to the complete inability of the fucking Tories to sort out the wind on our trips. [In case I am accused of political bias, I would like to point out that I would also slag off the useless tossers in the Labour party too, were it not for the fact that their manifesto specifically states that on days with pre-booked Really Wrecked fishing trips, wind speeds in the channel are not to exceed a force 2. The Lib-Dums have actually additionally promised to cover the costs of boat and bait for all our trips as well, but nobody cares what they think]. I like to think that the delay in Brooksie sorting out the weather for us was just down to him taking a bit of time to warm up the god of wind's anal beads to just the right temperature.

Before I get carried away with Brooksie nostalgia, I'd like to take this opportunity to welcome our newest member to the fold, some bloke called Ray Barron. To tell the truth (something last done here in Newsletter 23), because of him and several other newly joined members, I'm not 100% sure how to play the foul-mouthed obscenity card in this newsletter. Without prior warning, they might be shocked by what they might see as the somewhat industrial language. I'll play it by ear and probably go easy for a bit. Anyway, more of Ray, the cunt, later.

So, where was I? Oh yes, the weather. As usual. Yes, as usual, the wind has blown, the sea has been rough and we've failed to get out on any trips since our most excellent pollack trip with Clem in March. But with Brooksie having finally got the celestial sex toys to just the right temperature, we managed to get out on to the briny recently, on a day of such glorious perfection that it will live as long in the memory as the fabled jacuzzi on

Bonwey, Phil asking Tom to "Come inside me", Robin's scallop or Stevie climbing the tall ship's rigging at 2am. The sea was oily, the sun was shining and the fish were biting freely... But before I tell you about that truly special day, I have a few boring notices of some general and vague interest to those few in the club who do more than read these newsletters for the swearing, and who actually come out fishing.

Club Notices

Sadly, one of our newest new skippers, Jon Himpfen, with whom we've had the pleasure of having several cancelled trips, but no actual get-out-of-port-and-catch-fish trips, decided recently that he'd rather sell his boat and give up the chartering game entirely than face a day out with us. This is the first time the curse of the Really Wrecked SAC (see past newsletters for the long list of skippers this club has either driven to an untimely and premature death or, at the very least, retirement or a change of career) has struck before we've even got out on a trip with him. My notice of this impending disaster was not great, and I have been trying manfully to rebook the two trips we had with him this year on another boat. Obviously, being a kind of 50% kind of a guy, I only managed to rebook the August the 20th trip, and the one on the 6th of July had to be cancelled, to everyone's great delight. I have, however, managed to re-arrange it for July the 20th, and there are a few places left on the replacement boat. It's on *Brigand* out of Brighton with Steve Green. It's a large, fast boat, and Steve has an excellent reputation as a skipper. If you fancy it, please let Adam or me know. Don't make us call you.

We are nearly up to capacity for the Weymouth Summer Trip, as Jari has recently signed up both for himself and his son Thomas, a young man of such prodigious appetites that Jari was moved to email me specifically that he could "hold his drink". Coming from Jari, this is a terrifying pronouncement, and at the very least, Beef has been put on alert to look out for Vanhatalos lying slumped at the bottom of flights of stairs with broken legs and probably stab and gunshot wounds. God help us all. I am currently bidding on six spare livers on Ebay.

Those of you who have signed your own death warrants by putting your names down for the trip, should now contribute £300 to club funds to cover boats, bait, B&B, T-shirt and funeral expenses. Payment by BACS is preferred (sort code 83-20-02, account number 00245798), but cash, cheque, gold bullion and drugs are also acceptable means of payment.

Right, I've got no further reason to put off telling you about our recent trip, but before I do, I must warn you that it contains such stirring tales of relentless angling brilliance by a handsome and modest fishing guru, that if you are in any way allergic to stories of excellence and, dare I say it, genius, you'd better take at least four Loratadine or skip straight to the bit at the end where I pretend to like you all and want to go fishing with you.

Flatfish Cup, Weymouth June 25th

As you know, every year we take on the mighty angling machine that is the Newick Hookers, the Sussex club run by the redoubtable Les Whiteman from his convenient base in Northern Scotland, in a sporting contest of skill and pluck called the Flatfish Cup. Due to bad weather, incompetence or lack of interest (take your pick), we didn't contest the trophy last year, so the Cup was still held by the Hookers from the year before when we all fished aboard *Flamer* with their skipper Colin Penny, who did everything in his power to favour his chums over our brave away team.



This year, to try and ensure that things were fair and above board, we decided to fish two separate boats, with Les' crew taking to the sea aboard *Flamer*, while we scabbled round to find any leaky old tub we could from which to take them on. Our regular Weymouth skippers, Clem and Ivan, muttered something about washing his hair (Clem) and needing a bit of a lie-in that day (Ivan) and so were unaccountably unable to accept our booking. This left us relying on His Grace, Lord Selby, to find us a boat, and find us one he did. To be honest, given the short notice that I, as your useless and disorganised leader, gave the much put-upon Andrew S, our expectations were not high. We were fully prepared for something smaller

than *Timerlin*, slower than *Bonwey*, skippered by Dave Pitman's grumpier older brother, but we were disappointed. Instead, Andy managed to get us the services of Adrian Brown who, on his 38' Evolution AI's *Spirit*, had been having an excellent year on the flatfish. We were excited.

Not so excited that we actually managed to get a full crew, though. This had nothing to do with the short notice provided to the club members by their feckless and irritating so-called president, and had much more to do with a lack of derring-do and grit, with more than a *souçon* of old-fashioned cowardice thrown in. This meant that even with our man in pink, Andy Selby, in the team, we were a little short-handed, with just five anglers. But once more Andrew came to the rescue, providing us with a sixth team member in the only slightly misshapen form of the aforementioned cunt, Ray Barron. Ray has some slight knowledge of fishing and a passing acquaintance with competition angling, though obviously nothing quite as demanding as the Flatfish Cup, as a former World Boat Angling Champion, two-time European Angling Champion and even a former European Flatfish Champion. He sounded like just the sort of idiot we needed in our team and would fit right in between Barks and Rab, neither of whom were booked on the trip, I hasten to add, despite my begging them by phone, text and email. The rest of the crew consisted of Adam, Phil (of the Pepper variety), Martin Arnold and myself.

So that was the team of six that faced off against the nine sour-faced fishmongers of the Newick Hookers. On the day, our numbers were further swollen by Adrian's crewman James, giving us seven to their nine. There was talk that an ex-member of the Borg Collective would be joining us too, but she pulled out at the last moment over an issue of nomenclature, so we were forced to implement the same adjustments we'd used in previous years. Thus, the winning crew would be the one which managed to catch the greatest total length of flatfish, divided by the number of anglers fishing for them in that team.

With that decided, we set forth, a mere hour after *Flamer* had put to sea. There really is no underhand trick to which the Hookers will not stoop. They had decided to use their extra hour before high water to try for plaice in Balaclava Bay (also known as "Bally Bay" by the posh anglers of Weymouth, who know there is "bally good fishing" there) over to the West, but Adrian thought our best chance was to spend most of the day drifting the Shambles for turbot and brill, with perhaps a little plaice fishing to round things off at the end of the day. And what a day the fishing gods had

provided for us. Flat calm does not begin to describe the mirror-like surface of the sea as we set off, with unblemished deep blue skies and bright and cheering sunshine. It was fucking gorgeous in a way which even the cherubic Adam Frost himself would struggle to match.

Adrian had a dozen or so mackerel on ice from the previous day's fishing, so we didn't need to waste time bait fishing, and this we supplemented with a similar number of launce, which we took on feathers during the first couple of drifts for flatfish. In addition, Andy had brought some individually priced ragworm from the shop, along with both frozen squid and prawn for the plaice fishing later. We'd also had a heads-up from our ringer, Ray, that for turbot fishing, he rated these new powder-coated bomb-shaped leads in hot pink, orange and luminous white over more traditional watch grip leads. In a staggeringly coincidental twist, the local tackle shop, the Weymouth Angling Centre, stocked these very items, at the reasonable price of one arm and one leg per weight. With each of the crew having bought a couple of these, Andy spent most of the rest of his day on the phone booking up his next holiday in Mexico.



Andy's special friend Ray makes the mistake of getting between Andy and his pasties.

In addition to the leads, Ray did also have a recommendation for turbot rigs. He reckons that a 5/0 worm holder style hook on a 5' trace made of 25lb Tubertini Fantasm fluorocarbon outfishes

everything else. He was prepared to back this up by tying up a trace for everyone, and this despite the fact that Orgasm fluorocarbon comes in at £15.99 for a 25m spool. We hardened cynics in the Really Wrecked were deeply sceptical that it could be in any way superior to our Cuttyhunk, 1970s 50lb Bayer Perlon or Maxima Chameleon (which is, after all, "The line the fish can't see"), but we are never known to look a free lunch in the gift horse, so gleefully accepted our presents and tied them to the end of our 1960s mainline.

I had quite a lot of Christmas presents and newish Ebay-purchased tackle to christen, so I set up two rods. On my fairly new 12lb class Snowbee Deep Blue "livebait" rod, I'd put a new-to-me Shimano Calcutta Conquest 300J - a lovely little Japanese reel which is so smooth, that silk and satin have given up their careers as fabrics and have gone into the sandpaper-business (they're doing very well in Australia apparently). My other setup was a wand-like Daiwa Saltist 6lb class rod teamed with the sweetest diddy little Calcutta 200F reel. As we were a small crew, we decided we could fish two rods if we wanted, so I, along with Ray and Andy, took advantage. I put a plaice rig with black and green beads, baited with rag and prawn, on my 6lb class setup, with Ray's hooklength baited with mackerel strip on the heavier setup. Now I know two rods isn't strictly club policy on most trips, but this was a *match*, and I did want to use all my new tackle. To make up for my breach of protocol, I voluntarily set myself up alone on the horrid (uptide) side of the boat, so I was fishing under the boat, rather than squeezing my two rods into the other, more pleasant to fish, downtide, side, where everyone else was fishing. I am nothing if not selfless and generous to a fault.

Ray had one more tip from his time as *Women in Waders Flatfish Angler of the Year 2015*, this one the concerning hooking up of mackerel strips. There is nothing more annoying than winding up at the end of a 45 minute drift over the Shambles to find you've been fishing with a bare hook since that possible bite 40 minutes earlier. In recent years I'd taken to whipping my mackerel strip on to the hook with bait elastic to avoid this, but Ray had a much simpler solution. Hook your fish strip in the normal way at the narrow end, going in through the flesh and out through the skin but **then** (and this is the clever bit) twist the fish strip before hooking it the second time so you go through it flesh-first again. You end up with a little twist of fish strip between the two places the hook passes through the bait and this seems to make it much more secure. I did it all day and didn't come

up with an empty hook once. Actually, motormouth Ray wasn't done with his bloody tips and hints. He also claimed, controversially, that the darker, back portion of the mackerel fillet was better for turbot, while the silvery belly portion was better for brill.

So we were tackled up, special hooklengths and brightly coloured leads a-go-go, and we started to drift. Those of you who have come on turbot trips out of Weymouth will know that it is usually a waiting game – we wait until the skipper tires of torturing us and then we head off to try some other kind of fishing where we might get a bite. Unsurprisingly therefore, the first drift passed by, entirely untroubled by fish.

The sea was alive with jellyfish, of at least three different types, plus lots and lots of sea cucumbers, doing that really pretty thing they do with tiny rainbow-coloured lights up and down their sides. One particularly spectacular jellyfish caught the attention of Andy Selby. Perhaps he thought it looked like a tasty snack, as it was a similar brown colour to a Cornish pasty. He declared his intention of catching it, as the club records for jellyfish of all species are empty, and he cast his two-hook-spreader plaice rig over the top of the simple invertebrate. Slowly, gently he drew his line back over his unsuspecting victim till, success! He snared it, whereupon his rig passed right through the creature, severing a couple of tentacles, but leaving it otherwise at liberty. Andy looked disappointed, and hungry, but decided against trying again. I suspect if anyone is to successfully land a jelly, it'll take a specialist rig, based more on a drogue or sieve than anything with hooks. This exhausting activity left Andy a bit peckish so he snacked on a small pasty to keep his blood sugar levels up. Well, we had been at sea for over 25 minutes.

The next drift started in similar fashion until our ringer, Ray, hit something which just might have been a flatfish. Might have been, but wasn't; it was a dogfish. Not to be outdone, I hooked and landed one of the same interlopers minutes later. Then it was Andy's turn, when he hauled in a small tub gurnard. Three bites, three fish, and no flatfish. Matters were made worse when word came from Les on *Flamer* that their extra hour had yielded a precious plaice, giving them an early lead. The game was afoot; the pressure was on.

A drift or two later, Ray was in again, but this time he didn't let us down, and he boated a lovely little turbot of 30cm. We were on the board. I was soon in among them myself with a second small turbot of 31cm. My turbot came on the plaice rig, but I suppose bait is bait and small turbot eat

worms as well as sandeels. Andy was not resting on his laurels either, and after a mighty battle managed to subdue a splendid weever of roughly 1oz. Sadly, despite repeated and urgent appeals from his audience, he refused to repeat his special "flick to unhook and stab yourself with poisonous spines" trick from previous trips. Shame on you Mr Selby. We, your public, demand more from our angling heroes.

Now we were warmed up, bites started to come more readily. Frostie got in on the act with a nice brill of 36cm, then James boated a 37cm turbot to take the largest fish of the morning. Belatedly Andy joined in, with a yet bigger 43cm turbot, which he hooked while enjoying a second pasty, as he had previously endured 45 whole minutes without eating a single thing. This prompted him to speculate that perhaps he only got bites while enjoying a pie. So, dedicated matchman that he is, he selflessly insisted on eating pasty after pasty pretty much all day in an attempt to boost his weight. Luckily as an experienced competition angler he had bought a huge hamper containing an almost limitless supply of special "lucky" pies. Thanks to Andy's brilliant tactics, we really were cooking with gas, with 1.77m of flatfish, and as far as we knew, the Hookers hadn't added to their tally of one plaice. Phil and Martin hadn't yet troubled the scorers, but it was surely only a matter of time.



Adam proudly displays his first turbot, while Adrian glowers approvingly on.

By this stage of the morning, *Flamer* had joined us on the Shambles. Most of our fish had come from one particular area where the tide was flowing over a shallow bank, and our nemeses had noticed our net coming out on more than one occasion, so they were fishing more or less the same drift line as us. We watched in horror as their net came out not once, but twice. How big were the fish they were catching? They couldn't really be any smaller than ours, but were they any larger? One decent fish would put them in the lead, two big fish and we'd be in big trouble.

We bravely stuck to our guns and to the productive line of drift, but after a blank hour, which coincided with the period when the Hookers was stealing our fish, *Flamer* moved off East. We couldn't tell if this was because they hadn't caught much, or because they'd had news from the other end of the Shambles, but there they were in the distance, fishing away. Was it going better for them down there?

Such speculation was not helping, but we soon had other things on our mind. All-round angler and personality Andy Selby proved he could catch literally anything in the marine environment by somehow tangling a herring gull round its wing, forcing James to leave his rod to go and grasp the hissing, spitting creature and untangle it. We already have an estimated herring gull record, and this one seemed a similar size, so we gave Andy a share of the club record at 1lb 8oz, an excellent catch.

Things got serious again as we located the fish and once more Ray and I moved ahead of the pack, almost in tandem with our second turbot, measuring 31cm and 33cm respectively. Soon after I was in dreamland with another small fish of 34cm. We now had 2.75m of flatfish and must have retaken the lead, surely, if we'd ever lost it, and I was top dog on the boat. Things couldn't possibly get any better.

And yet somehow they did. Our crewman and fellow team member, James, picked up another turbot of 38cm, and Adam had a second of 34cm. Things were looking pretty good on our boat, with ten fish for over 3m of flatties. I texted Les. After an agonising wait he replied with their current length. Obviously they weren't doing anything as helpful as measuring in the same units as us, so their total was 75 inches. Cue much scurrying around hunting for calculators and faces screwed up in concentration as we attempted the fiendishly difficult conversion, which involved multiplying their figure by 2.54... They were marooned below 2m, so we were well in the lead. All was right with the world.

Things then got a bit surreal as I hooked and landed a fourth turbot, my largest at 39cm. Having returned three sizable turbot already, I was desperate to take one for the table. Adrian, our skipper, wasn't that keen on it, but I begged and cajoled and whined until he agreed. This led to quite a lot of general unpleasantness on the boat, as ridiculous comparisons were made between my, frankly saintly, treatment of perfectly delicious turbot, and the actions of Stevie "The Impaler" with regards to that poor, innocent flycatcher he murdered several years ago. I do wish my fellow anglers would learn the difference between properly hilarious banter (which is what I do) and loutish bullying (which is what they were doing).

This was made all the more galling by the fact that Ray had already killed a smaller one, without so much as a whisper of discontent from my even-handed crew-mates. Apparently his one was okay to take for the table because it was bleeding and so wouldn't survive. But that fact that Ray had earlier mentioned that, with the girl he was seeing, turbot for tea amounted to being on a promise, might lead one to speculate, if one were of a cynical bent, that perhaps the fish had been unhooked slightly more roughly than usual. You might think so, I couldn't possibly comment.

Later on the same drift, justice prevailed as I landed my longest fish of the day, a brill of 41cm. The day was threatening to turn into the Ben Eveling show, which is only right and proper, of course, and was no more than my just desserts after I had put up with all the beastly remarks and everything. Luckily, at this point Martin had his first fish, a brill of 38cm, which took the heat off me a little. But I wasn't just going to sit back and take that sort of thing, and on the next drift, I had another turbot of 33cm, which I unhooked and returned and then, having rebaited, dropped over the side only to hook another straight away. Adam asked wryly if they were taking on the drop, and he wasn't far wrong, the second bite having come almost as soon as my lead hit the bottom.

By now we had more or less lost the tide and after a blank drift, Adrian suggested that we make a move on to the mussel beds to try for a plaice. This year had been a very good one for plaice – the first in several years – but according to Adrian, the glut of fish had been hit hard, and there were few left. So we weren't exactly brimming with confidence as we set up our plaice rigs. But it was something different, so we set to it with some enthusiasm.

I don't remember who had the first pouting, but it was not a lonely outsider and after ten minutes of brown breaming, Adrian moved us to another

spot. This one was a bit snaggy and some gear was lost, but then I did manage to liberate one snagged rig and retrieved something that had a bit of weight. Sadly it wasn't a bonus flatfish, but a flattish rock. As it neared the surface, suddenly out of the depths appeared a porbeagle shark, sniffing around the rock. It had obviously followed it up from the bottom out of curiosity. It wasn't a big porgie, but it was beautiful and perfectly formed. It got me going anyway, and for the next ten minutes I was in a frenzy setting up a shark outfit on my heavy rod and heaving a delicious mackerel on a 12/0 over the side, hoping for a run.



Yes, it's flat, Ray, but it's a ray, Ray.

With no plaice in the offing, Adrian set us on another drift. I must confess my thoughts weren't really with my plaice rig but were focused on the shark gear. That's not to say that nothing was happening elsewhere. There was some excitement when as Phil and Ray hooked a decent fish at the same time. When this came to the boat it turned out to be exactly that – a single decent fish – a smallish conger, with Phil's gear merely tangled in Ray's, sadly for him. Then Andy doubled his seabird tally for the day, with a second, juvenile, herring gull (we could tell it was juvenile because it kept telling knob gags), again expertly caught with line wrapped round the lead feathers in its wing. Phil and I came to the rescue this time, as Andy cowered at the back of the boat, frightened of the beast's vicious hooked beak and talons, munching on an eighteenth pasty for comfort and emotional solace after his frightening experience.

With no shark-type action, my attention returned to my plaice rod, and then, in the context of the day, an extremely normal thing happened. I got a bite, gave it some line and then brought in a

fine fat plaice of 45cm - the biggest flattie of the day. There might have been some muttering at this point. Then Ray hooked another conger, a better one, on his plaice rig, followed by a thornback of around 8-9lb. It was interesting to see how easily his match rod and reel, with its fine tip for bite detection, coped with much larger fish. It's a nice set-up and if I cared about detail, I'd probably have found out what it was, but I don't, so I didn't. Then Andy joined the party with a double-figure undulate ray – a very fine fish, especially on light plaice gear – but it wasn't what we were there to catch. As usual, it fell to me to show them what was required, with a second plaice of 29cm.



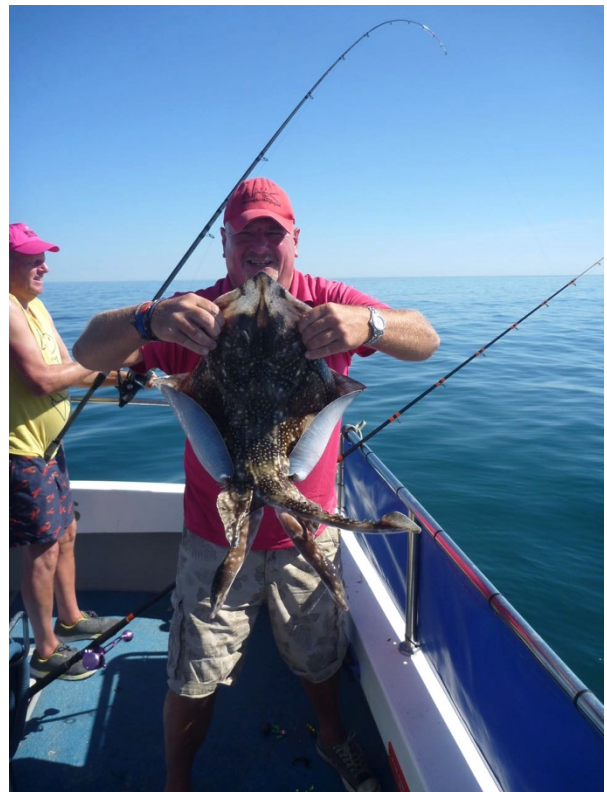
Yup, the biggest fish of the day to the best angler, while Ray shows his recognition of my angling skills with the universal sign of mature appreciation.

That was to be the last flatfish of the day, which sadly meant that Phil had somehow managed to avoid all the billions of turbot that were clearly swarming over the banks, despite the fact that, by all appearances, he was not doing anything different from anyone else. In the past I have been known to drone on pathetically about how sometimes it just isn't your day, and how luck plays a massive role in our catches. I'd now like to

make it perfectly clear what a load of codswallop that is, that skill will out in the end, and that it should now be clear to even the meanest intelligence, something we know a lot about in this club, what the identity of the finest flatfish angler on the boat, in the Channel, in Europe (for now) and probably in the world is.

Then it was time to return to port for the final reckoning. I'd like to report that I was carried from the boat, shoulder high, by my cheering companions, and feted as the hero of the hour with champagne and cakes, but no-one seemed up for that, so we just disembarked as usual.

As we did so, Ray sidled up to me. Not to offer me his European Flatfish Champion Trophy, as I initially thought, but instead to ramble on about how his girlfriend didn't really like fish on the bone (I said nothing about boning at this stage) and that his tiny turbot wouldn't really give especially substantial fillets. As I had two turbot (one of my others had bled too, so was table-worthy), would I mind dreadfully swapping my large turbot for his small one? What can a man do in the face of such single-minded sexual obsession? I paused for a few seconds to make him sweat, then acquiesced. I just hope she was worth it.



Blimey, the fish really were having it. Even Andy got in on the act.

On the dock, only Les was waiting for us, the other Hookers having slunk off in disgrace. In the end, despite fishing nine on their boat and having an extra hour, the Hookers managed just five fish all day for a total of 101.5 inches or 2.58m, while our boat had had 17 fish for 6.06m. This was a whopping of biblical proportions, and no-one could deny that the cream had risen to the top. In addition to catching more mixed flatfish than ever before, winning back the Flatfish Cup, having seen a shark, caught two seabirds and watched a serious attempt at eating Cornwall's annual pasty production in a single sitting, all on the most beautiful day imaginable, we'd had a really very jolly day on *Al's Spirit*. Adrian had been a great host, with lots of tea and coffee and a friendly, helpful attitude (Clem, take note), and there had been lots of cheery and jolly chat. Our new member, Ray, fitted right in, and even managed to fish alongside Adam for most of the day without apparently considering suicide even the once. Yes, truly a day to remember. Let's hope the next one comes soon and has the same result. Especially with regards to me, obviously.

And there will be a next one and, despite my churlish opening to this newsletter, I would be delighted if you wanted to come on it. This summer has been a real treat so far, and if we can actually get out on a few more trips, maybe, just maybe, we'll become a fishing club again, instead of a cancellation club. Let me know if you fancy a trip on the 20th of July, and I hope to see all of you at some point this year.

Your loving President,
Ben Eveling (FAOTY)



A few days later, Phil was able to prove to himself and everyone else that he's still got it. We never doubted you Phil!



Now SMILE you miserable sod!