

Bronte Area 26/10/2002

Show week means the Bronte Area Field Day and with typical show weather of wind, rain and snow forecast, this year promised something to remember. Some intrepid, some would say foolish, members arrived on the Thursday with high hopes of trying to work out which piece of water and which fly was to be the most productive. In spite of their best efforts, the fish seemed to have the advantage as the safe remained unfilled and the fire was continually restocked as theories were discussed as to what was required to catch Mr. Elusive.

Friday arrived and more members arrived, also arriving was the wind, rain and snow that had been promised by the weatherman. In spite of tales of how good the fishing had been over the last two weeks by David Drysdale some were not convinced. As members warmed their souls in front of the fire, strategies were being planned with all the finesse of a major military campaign to get those elusive points, and hopefully a trophy to boast about.

Saturday morning, early, and the silence was deafening as most of those present preferred to snuggle further into the sleeping bag as the wind rocked the trees and sleet bashed against the walls. Those of the more hardy, foolish, nature were having a snack and hot coffee before venturing out into the elements to prowl the Long Shore or other favourite patch to hopefully gain an early advantage. Several hours later the faces said it all as the shack started to fill with retuning anglers, this day was definitely going to be hard. Refuel the body, cut of those flies as they did not work, ponder a new selection from one of the many boxes that we carry in our vests and venture forth again.

With backs to the wind and snow flurries crossing the lake at regular intervals, the lines whistled through the air and flies danced across and through the water in the hope that soon it would all come together and the weigh master would have some work to do. Back to the shack, that wonderful warm haven, where anyone with sense would have stayed, to fortify the body and ponder the next move in this game of chance, at the moment the humble fish definitely had the upper hand.

With the day getting closer to weigh in time the news filtered in that David "Dredge" Drysdale had landed a fish which meant that our weigh master had some work to do. Levels of enthusiasm again escalated as anglers hurried out in the hope of landing a fish and therefore gaining the upper hand over the young angler but with the wind and sleet coming across the lake enthusiasm was rapidly waning. It was about this time as the cold was seeping through the waders and some anglers were sheltering from the wind that there were mutterings from the weigh master that a new by-law was required that if he did not catch a fish he was not required to weigh in any others. As the moment of truth neared many dejected anglers made their way back to the official weigh in to at least gain a point for enduring the weather only to be greeted by the sight of another vehicle. Had the "lads from Laughing Jack" been successful?

From the trees emerged the Drysdale brothers bearing fish and big grins, especially David as he had caught two fish and his brother only had one. The moment of truth was rapidly approaching as Hayden prepared himself for his official duties with scales, tape, and logbook at the ready. This was getting exciting, at least for some, as the weigh in proceeded and the results entered. Alas it was not to be for David, in spite of his two fish, as the "lads from Laughing Jack" triumphed again, well one of them anyway, even with one fish. That one fish weighed more than the other two combined, what would it have been like if they had really been successful!

Congratulations to James on his win, the official margin was about 50 grams, and to David and Robert for also getting some impressive results listed. The pressure is steadily being applied to the rest of us and maybe things will improve on the next Field Day. For the statistically minded, twelve members attended the weigh in for a total of four fish weighed in, not a great number of fish but as the saying goes.

" There is more to fishing to catching fish"

Steve Long