

Opening Weekend 2002

I cannot remember many Opening Weekends at the Shack where all the bunks were gone at 5.30 p.m. on Friday!

The Shack extensions are looking good. By lights out there were seventeen members sleeping in bunks, on the floor and even under the bunks on the floor for the non-claustrophobic.

The weather prior to the weekend had been very mild but the forecast for the weekend was light highland snow though by Friday this had been amended to cool. In fact, the weather

was cool to mild with Sunday being a beautiful day and Saturday was windless for the most part.

We awoke and arose at various times on Saturday. Arthur had been pacing up and down the front bedroom floor for many hours such was his excitement. The rest of us traipsed out over the next few hours. The weather was fine, the fishing was poor. The expectation of seeing a fish or, hope against hope, spooking one weighed heavily on all of us as we revisited old haunts around the Lagoon. By lunchtime it was obvious it was going to be a long day. No one had even seen a fish let alone got one in the bag. Unfortunately what we had come across was a boat load of drunken fishermen yelling out obscenities to all and sundry including our club members and blaring AC/DC all over the lagoon from their ghetto blaster.

By nightfall and weigh in time we all returned to the Shack like bees back to the hive to be greeted by a good conditioned trout in the fish safe courtesy of John Vaughan and a stick caddis. One hundred man hours for one fish! At least under the new rules we all scored a point for just turning up.

After dinner, which included sausages and hash browns from Greg Atkins, we played some rounds of "Oh Shit", told some lies and then went about fighting for a mattress. Tom K. ended up sleeping stretched out over a chair and a number of footstools looking more like a giant caterpillar than a fisherman in the land of Nod.

Next morning started with Steve Long wiring in the new stove in the back room .The oven door closes on this one! Many thanks to Steve and to Nik Ole for the "megger". Out fishing again and the weather was beautiful but the fish were uncooperative. The water temperature of four degrees may have had some effect on the fish. Last year half as many members caught six times the fish but this year was certainly as much fun. The time in the wilderness was over and we all looked forward to the Season to come and a few tugs on the line.

Peter Thompson