

Front line Troops On The Morning Tide April 2017

A weird title you might say however when you think about it wildfowlers are usually the first to walk along the tides edge apart from shell fish pickers who are always quick to tell you that the time and tide waits for no man or woman

Darkness is all around as we stroll or if your late hurry along to reach a point before day light starts to appear. Coming across seal pups is always a we bit daunting those who have heard their cries will know what I mean. Even a large adult washed up and quite dead still required a cautious prod with a fairly long wading stick better safe than sorry. Technical objects also turn up, later on that morning I came across an oxygen bottle approx 5ft in length.

Another morning I almost fell over a fox which looked like it had died of natural causes it was unmarked and its Incisors looked rather long indicating an animal in its vintage years. (see pics)

Further up some rivers there is evidence of the salmon which have spawned and never made it back to their feeding grounds, Kelts as they are more commonly known look nothing like the stunning fish they were when they first arrived, a small percentage do however recover and make it back to sea

Man With 2 Dogs

On another subject it was nice to see Denys Watkins Pitchford mentioned in the Dundee courier. Angus Whitsons column refered to BBs description of wild geese on the wing as celestial chiming voices. BB as we know him was a keen shot he also wrote, I do not think that any man who has a spark of imagination within him can fail to be moved by the unearthly music of a large skein of wild geese apon the wing.

I would like to think that the wild geese he refered to would have been pinkfoot

JM Secretary

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