

I had a boat and was moving moorings. I was fortunate enough to secure a mooring fairly close to our club's foreshore. It was easy to launch my inflatable dinghy from the boat and row over to the foreshore marsh. The dinghy was a perfect vantage point for shooting from and you could lie back and be inconspicuous with gun and cartridges on board.

Often there was no quarry but to see the multitude of waders and non-quarry species from my floating hide was magical. Sunsets and sunrises will remain in memory. And the occasional misty morn with its chill. Just magical.

*78 years old when the memory was collected; 70 years old when it was created.*