

## Wildfowling Memory – Kieth Ogden

- Shooting my first two widgeon on the marsh on my own in 1984 and bringing them home to show off to my Dad, then preparing them properly for my Mum to roast for the family Sunday lunch. Great pride and satisfaction.
- Whistling for widgeon one night under the moon, and having a cock widgeon come to the call so well that it almost landed on me!
- Being out on the marsh with an old Uni friend of mine and my 10 year old son. In the half light a bunch of widgeon flew in to the flash, bang, bang, two dropped dead, and my friend shouted across “Good shooting Keith!” – I replied “It wasn’t me, it was Andrew (my son)!”
- Being on the marsh last season with my old Uni friend – we have shot or fished together every year for 42 years – we walked way out on the marsh, settled down for evening flight, watched the sun go down, watched thousands of birds of many different species fly by, but never had a chance of a shot, yet we both agreed we had a thoroughly enjoyable evening in such a special place.
- Scattering the ashes of an old wildfowler on the marsh around 6 years ago, with his family and friends in attendance – they all agreed it was his special place and where he should be laid to rest.
- See above memory of my son calling in on his way home from a successful trip \*

I feel strongly that what we do is a traditional harvest of a sustainable resource – in a traditional way that hasn’t changed much over the last hundred years. If it wasn’t sustainable then we wouldn’t still be getting good numbers of overwintering birds on our marshes. We care about the birds, care about their environment and want to be able to continue to enjoy this way of life and to eat food that we have harvested ourselves and know exactly where it came from.