

EASTER ON THE DALY

Good Friday 2009 arrived and we set off with a sense of pleasant relief from the demands of work and chores. Thanks to the wonderful efforts of Graeme and Jenny we had a fabulous weekend.

We arrived at Daly River late morning, had lunch and set up camp beneath the shady Rosewood trees. The afternoon saw Roger and me take our first lesson in fishing for the "barra". Roger was better at casting than me but I was the one who caught the barra trolling in one of the creeks (sadly too small to keep). After the excitement of the day we needed to debrief back at the campsite and to discover how Jenny had spent her day – sleeping, reading and swimming, in other words, a hard day was had by all.

Up early Saturday and the four of us were off again for more adventures. This time it was up-stream that we headed for. We found it much more pleasant and relaxing up river. The scenery was peaceful with minimal other traffic by way of boats. We tried out our newly acquired fishing skills. One particular creek entrance had a resident fresh water crocodile. At first he was a bit tetchy on having to share his domain but then he relented and allowed us to stay. Incidentally he caught more fish than we did. Off we went to find somewhere for lunch and discovered a lovely spot on a sandbar where we lit a fire and cooked our roast chicken and veges. While we were waiting for lunch, Roger and Graeme snared more unsuspecting barras but sadly they were all too small. After lunch we set off back to the crossing and the waiting vehicle and trailer, all the while trying out our newly found craft. Again back at camp we debriefed over the obligatory glass of champagne (or was it glasses of champagne?).



Sunday morning, dawn has just cracked when had our breakfast and found that Easter Bunny had visited. Graeme Roger and I set off again downstream to once again try our luck. It was an exciting day which began with a beautiful trip along the river just as the sun crept over the horizon. We found a creek to Graeme's liking and practised casting while we waited for the right time of the tide. When it came, Graeme caught two good sized fish while I became expert at catching trees and leaves. Roger became expert at casting but the fish were just not interested. On our journey back we took many side trips, venturing into creeks but mostly casting and trolling along the main river. I caught a 40cm barra but left him to grow to be caught another day. Roger came back empty handed but his adeptness was again sharpened. Graeme was the one providing the entertainment of the day. He caught a shark – a lovely animal close up. Then he had a go at the bigger targets and only I in the boat saw, what I am convinced was a marlin!!!! It shook hook itself free but immediately four other boats lined up to try their luck. We tried other spots as well as the creek where I had had my luck on Friday all to no avail so again it was back to Champagne City to debrief.

Next day dawned and brought a leisurely morning before packing up and setting off for home with a quick stop at Adelaide River where we met up with other club members from other trips.

Just a quick note to say that apparently we had passed our crewing apprenticeships and in my case, ballast apprenticeship.

Thank you so much to Graeme and Jenny for your excellent training, guidance and friendship. We had a great time.

Aileen Foreman