

Thu 2013-09-05 8:28 PM

Ian Stewart's Eve River Trip

Hi All

Older brother Wayne and I embarked on an eventful trip up coast for a few weeks in the Eve River area after seeing our younger sister Robyn off on her cross B.C. bicycling trip.

We arrived on the evening of August 14 and decided to camp down near the launch spot by the log sort instead of staying in the rather crowded village. It had the advantage of solitude in the evenings and during the night, but became very noisy as the boom boats, grapple yarders and logging trucks kicked into gear after 6 AM. This wasn't too much bother because we spent most of the day either on the river or out on the ocean in the 16 ft Frontiersman.

We mostly fished the lower estuary, preferring not to fish the pinks upstream where many of them were becoming quite dark and toothy. The fish gradually increased in numbers as the days passed but were on the whole quite choosy about what and when they would bite. We experienced a much larger rate of foul hooking than we did last year, but managed to land an average of 8 or 10 pinks a day fair hooked and even had the thrill of landing an 8 lb coho hooked on a green bodied fly with a black and pearl flashabou wing.

The last week or so we took to the ocean to get away from the river and the jam of people that developed around any schools of fish (there seemed to be a larger number of people deliberately foul hooking fish--especially some fellows using buzz bombs and strikers and there was also some rather poor etiquette from fellow fly fishermen with people moving in and casting right on top of where we were fishing.) We started fishing the drop off at the river mouth and along the beaches north and south out of the canoe. The fishing was slower because the fish were more scattered but all fish caught were fair hooked and were in prime condition--we called these fish the travelling pinks. When seen in the water to schools looked greenish in colour rather than brownish like the Eve River fish. They would not bite on pink flies--would only grab flies in variations of the fly we caught the coho on in the river.

This was an exciting way to fish because we had the thrill of having several pods of Orcas come right by the canoe (one came underneath the bow when I was fighting a pink--could have touched her with my rod if I had stuck in down under the water). We also saw pods of porpoises several times. One group of three did an "Indy 500" circumnavigation of the canoe before going on to join the main pod again.

We had our best day of all fishing off the breakwater for the log sort when we got blown off the water by a southeaster. The fish would bite anything pink we could get to them through the high winds. It was treacherous casting the fly and landing fish on the slippery rocks but well worth it for the number of fish we hooked into.

Cheers Ian



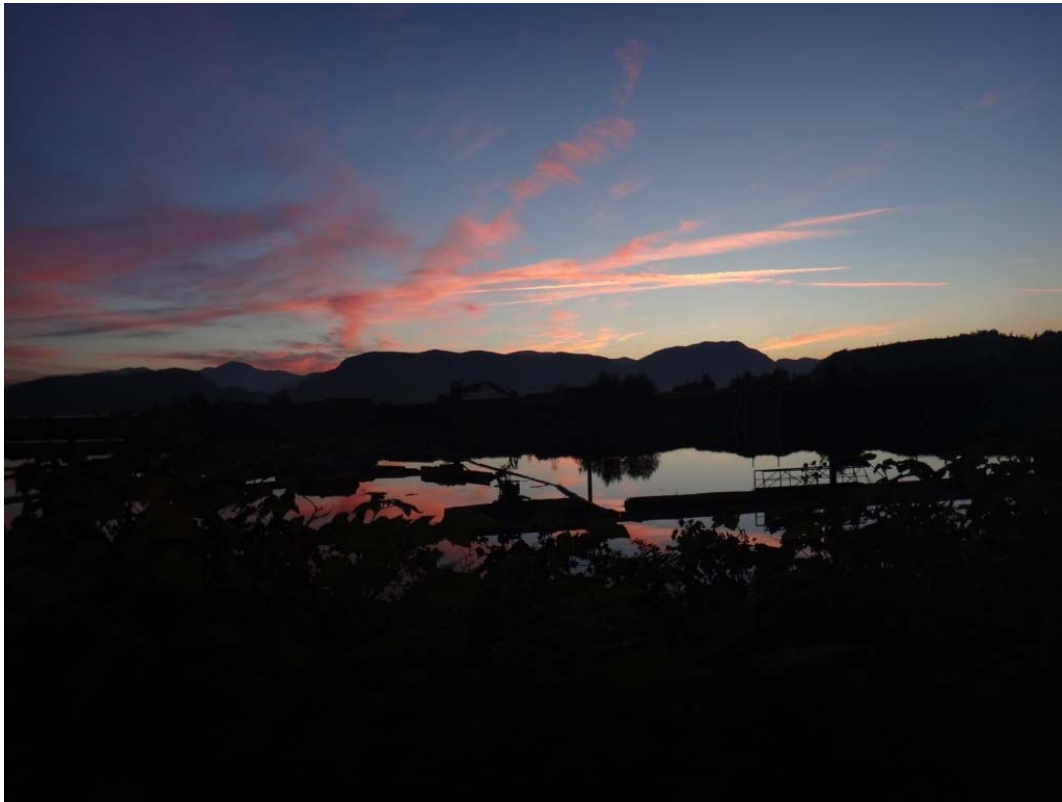
How did those fish get behind me?



Grilled Pink on the Beach



Fishing the Breakwater When the Southeaster Came up



Log Sort at a Quiet Moment



Happy Son Shawn with Fresh Pink Caught on Pink Spoon



Much Quieter Place to Stop for Lunch (Beach South of the Eve)



One Reason Not to Camp near the Log Sort



Pod of Orcas Seen After Swimming under Our Canoe