

Muddling Along October 18

Little Qualicum Delight

When we (Andrew and I) arrived at the Little Q on Saturday, conditions were ideal for fresh salmon coming in. The water was up higher than normal, a little coloured and the tide was just about at high tide. We weren't disappointed either, because when we walked over beside the bridge, we looked down and saw a small school of fresh chum moving into the pool. We donned our waders and set up rods in record time and clambered down the rocks to the river side to try our luck. Unfortunately, somebody forgot to tell the chum about the ideal conditions and they moved quickly upstream with nary a look at our offerings. Several small groups did the same thing, not hanging around long enough to catch.

We decided to try a different strategy and headed upstream through the RV park to our favourite pool on the river. There were fresh fish there as well, but this time they weren't moving so quickly. After some experimentation with different flies, we discovered that a fly with pink somewhere in its makeup seemed to be the key to fish. Thus began over 2 hours of pretty well nonstop action with mostly silverbright chums biting our "pink" flies! The action started to slow and our stomachs were reminding us that we hadn't eaten anything since breakfast so we headed back to the van to retrieve our lunches for a riverside picnic. Ever hungry for new water to fish, we headed up to the stretch of river below the railroad trestle. There more fish in this stretch but the number of silverbright fish was noticeably decreased and the spawning fish were getting in the way of the flies too often. We spotted a few coho in this area, but didn't manage to hook any of them. We did manage to beach a few more bright chum before we decided to head back home and nurse our bruised arms!



The last flurry before the landing



Biggest chum of the day.



A doe in the low teens with a woolly bugger clenched in her teeth.