

Campbell River August 25

From: Norm Neiderer [nnweiderer@gmail.com]

Sent: Fri 2016-08-26 @12:20am

FYI Gents,

NNN

----- Forwarded message -----

From: Frederick James Ensom fjensom@yahoo.ca [cvff] <cvff@yahoogroups.ca>

Date: Thursday, 25 August 2016

Subject: [cvff] I knew I was to be disappointed when I showed-up with lots of parking and no fishers!

To: Cvff <cvff@yahoogroups.ca>

Not even the "Creel Counter" was on-hand to exchange greetings this Thursday morning.

Normally, my early morning visits to fish the Campbell have seen some vehicles parked - a sign that there were fishers in the water. (No sign of Cliff's Toyota or Jeff's (from Campbell River) red Ram truck).

My first stop at the Memorial, close to the mouth of the Quinsam, revealed only three (3) vehicles along the side

of the busy road. In fact, I really didn't stop - simply cruised to a halt and wheeled-around to head back to the Haig-Brown bar.

When I parked my vehicle and saw no sign of the contract-worker doing the "Creel Counting", I knew I was in for an early morning session of casting practice.

The kids day-camp has ended at Haig-Brown; so, no camp leaders to see and the only reminder of the Summer activities: a misplaced water bottle I collected on the way through.

Thinking, two hours earlier the tides had been at their lowest, time would allow any Pinks to find their way up-river. It wasn't long after I began casting, that I was reminded of what the Jester had mentioned in an earlier electronic message to the group:

"No fin nor tail, no head nor scale, of any salmon were noted."

Missing from my view were any dark shapes in the water, other than the many rocks that have misplaced the gravel that was once prominent in this run of river. No fish broke the surface. I could see no movement within my casting range. I stood alone, hearing only the river and the squawking gulls. I looked up-river and spotted one individual fishing - alone at the Sandy Pool.

However, at some point I had been joined by an optimistic gull who was positioned close-by, down-river. Perhaps, the gull was an omen of what was to come?

Nope....

The gull was more persistent than yours truly - after an hour, as I eased my way to the shore - the gull remained behind, enjoying his position on a rock.

As I climbed to the pathway empty-handed once again.