

Eve River-The Olden Days-part 2- Wacking em

Bob Kissinger [basherbob@outlook.com]

In the "olden days" the Eve River had a somewhat different course. Currently the first sighting is about a km. from the "lower village" camp site. This is where the river make a right turn at the road, just above the "kiddie" pool. Way back then there was much smaller flow at the "right hand turn" as much of the river didn't run there. Rather it came into view about a half km. further upstream, running near the road and parallel to it. From the "kiddie" pool to the top of the island it ran in a narrow channel, probably only about a fifth of its current width. From the top of the island (looking towards the estuary) the main channel turned left around the island. What is currently the main channel on the left, was just a small side stream which rarely held many fish. Also on the camp side, just before the bottom of the island, was a large fir with its roots extending into the river and under its roots was a lovely deep hole that held trout on a falling tide. The "tidal boundary was also different. Today it is above the "kiddie" pool where the river first hits the road. Way back the marker was on a large fir on the far bank by the bottom of the island. This limited the fishing to basically from the "grassy banks" to the estuary, only about a third of the current fishing area.

Once we got the camp set up Mike and I went fishing. We soon learned that the pinks didn't like a fast retrieve but rather a slow almost rolling along the bottom one. This type of retrieve produced a lot of fish but also a lot of snags. As our spoons were expensive, ranging from 79cents for a hot rod to maybe a buck and a quarter for a crocodile, we would mark the snag to come back when the tide was lower and retrieve them and some snags gave bonuses in the form of someone else's spoon. Naturally waders were far too expensive so it was "cut offs and runners". As the water was cold, about ever 30 to 40 minutes, we would have to get out of the water to get some feelings back into our feet and legs.

Them first two days were spend just casting and wacking with the odd interlude for high tide or something to eat. The pinks weren't huge, probably only about 2 & ½ to 3 & ½ pounds. It wasn't a fish every cast but when a fresh bunch came in, it did get busy. We were even catching trout with a 3 & ½ pound dolly being my largest (it was bigger than some of the pinks). We also found that the smaller hot pink hot rod to be the most effective spoon.

Next week-"Holy sh!t! It took a fly!"