

Eve River- "The Olden Days" part 1-getting there

As we now into January and this year's pink season is fast approaching, it's time to put out a few articles about the Eve and its fishery

My first experience with the Eve occurred during the August long weekend in 1974. I went with Mike Fall, his wife and my first wife. At that time Mike had been employed for a number of years by the MacMillan Bloedel company as a "timber cruiser". As such he had cruised the Adam and Eve drainages where he had seen some of the locals and some of the dry land sort workers catching pink salmon in the Eve estuary in late July / early August.

Way back then it was my attitude that if you couldn't catch them on bait or spoons then you just couldn't catch them. "Them" at the time ranged from sunfish to brown trout and steelhead to Chinooks. As a result I packed my spinning gear and various spoons such as mepps, metrics, crocodiles and hot rods. The hot rod was similar to a red and white but the white was in the shape of a lightning bolt running down the middle of the spoon. As I had previously caught pinks while trolling in the ocean I knew that they liked pink and red so all of my spoons had some.



In those days the pavement stopped at Sayward and from there it was a long, (35 miles) hot, dusty drive along the M & B Adam main. The Adam main followed the Adam drainage and from

time to time it ran along the side of that river. It was your classic Island river, very clear, very pretty with only a few small trout. About a half mile above the junction pool of the Adam and Eve, we crossed the Eve on a good size logging bridge. From there the road joined the Eve main close to where the road now turns off to the Junction Pool Recreation Site and shortly there after it ran by the Eve River logging camp. At the time there was a full camp with bunk houses, dining hall and a huge mechanic's shop with a massive over head hoist which could support the removal of a complete logging truck motor. There are only concrete pads left and has been named the "upper village" by the club). From the logging camp it was only about 3 miles to the dry land sort with its camping area which was very similar to the current camp site.

Although it was the long week end we didn't have any problems in finding a camping spot as most of the loggers and dry land sort workers high tailed it home or to Kelsey Bay and the nearest pub. As this was before the north island highway I think it took 5 hours to get there.

Cheers
Basher

Next week – "wacking them"