

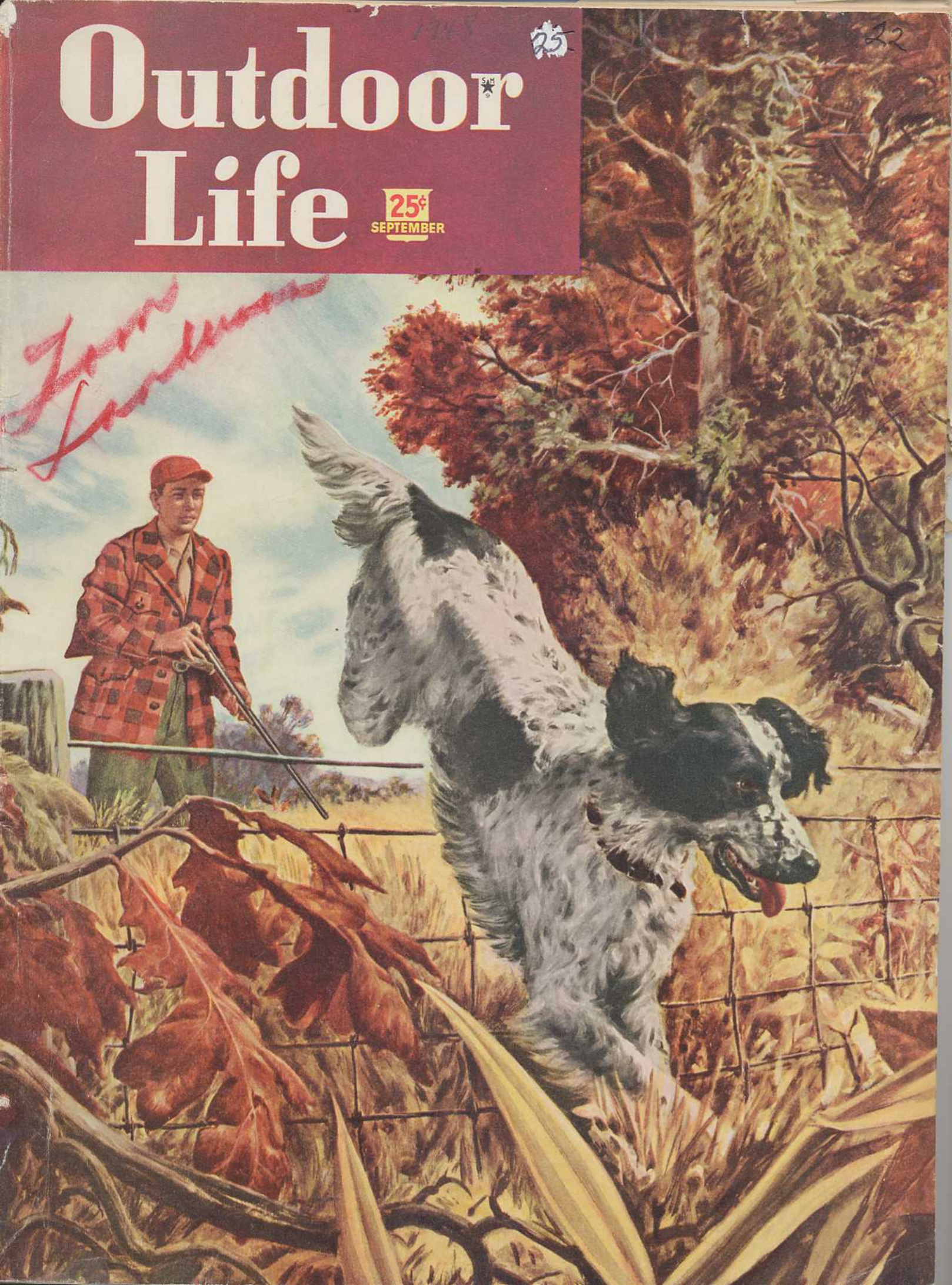
Outdoor Life

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SEPTEMBER

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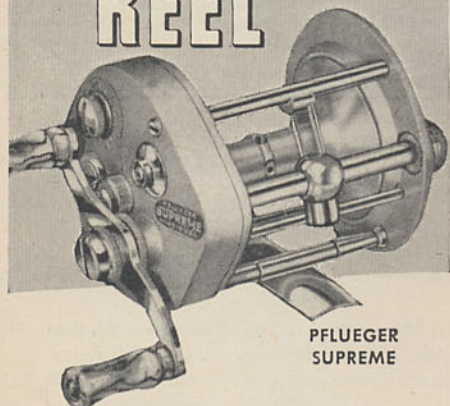
VOLUME 102

★ SEPTEMBER, 1948 ★

NUMBER 3



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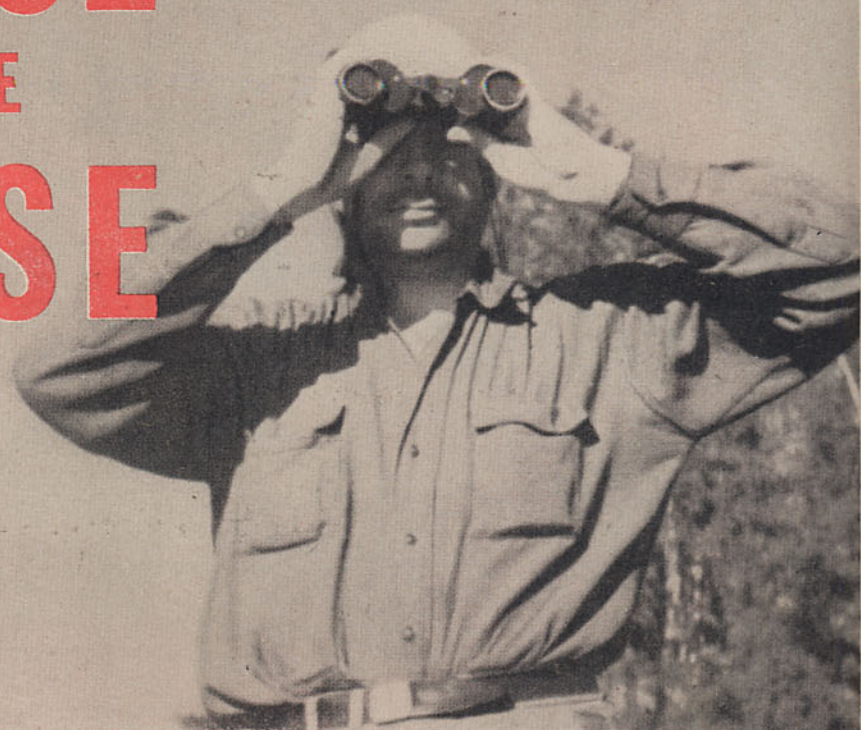
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MOOSE ON THE LOOSE



by *ROB F. SANDERSON*

We had traveled many a dusty mile to the lake country in northern Ontario. It was carry and portage all the way—until, at last, we glimpsed the polished rack of a half-ton bull

Easing our canoe through the blue waters of Shikag Lake, my brother, Tom, and I focused our binoculars on the wooded areas and the meadows along the boggy shore. Here indeed was a good spot to open the Ontario moose season!

We had left camp by starlight. At sunup, half an hour later, we were passing the entrance to a narrow bay. Suddenly there was a sharp lurching of the canoe from side to side. It was our signal for "game sighted." I swung around to face Tom; he was pointing toward the north shore. A big bull moose was standing there in the tall grass. Even at that distance his impressive rack was etched sharply

against the clear, early-morning sky.

Paddling silently, we headed toward shore where we could beach the canoe and begin the stalk. As the bow grounded, I reached for my .348 Winchester. . . .

That was the high point of our trip to Ontario's lake-studded wilderness about 125 miles northwest of Port Arthur. We had come by train, section-gang "speeder," and canoe to Lake Eva, which is a local widening of the English River, then to Mattawa Lake, and by steep uphill portage to Shikag.

And finally, after days of traveling and portaging, I had the sights of my rifle lined on a trophy. Pictures on the following pages tell the whole story.



With the help of trainmen, we loaded our gear at Port Arthur for the 115-mile journey to northwest Ontario's lake country



The train stops anywhere to accommodate sportsmen—we left it at a spot near Bill Fleming's camp on English River



Next day (after a night at Bill's Camp Eva) we were on the move, this time by section-gang "speeder" to an arm of Mat-

tawa Lake. That kind of transportation was rough, but it saved us a couple of tough carries between river and lake



Our canoe finally hit the water at Mattawa after we lugged it, and the gear, from the railroad tracks. So far we'd had

plenty of exercise in crisp October weather—but there was still a long way to go. "The hunting *better* be good!" I said



We made camp on a wooded shore that night. In the morning a friendly guide, who was with another hunting party,

helped load our canoe and pointed out a route across Mattawa. Soon our outboard was pushing us through the water



With paddles laced to the thwarts for a yoke, and duffel bags carried with aid of a tumpline, we covered the steep uphill

portage, around two rapids, to Shikag Lake. Condition of the trail indicated we were first to make the trip that season



Base camp at last! The camera, remotely controlled, caught us piling firewood which beavers had obligingly cut for us



Tom made magic with the grub pack and downed another cup of coffee. Then we turned in. Tomorrow—finally—we'd hunt



At sunup, after paddling eight miles, we sighted a huge bull. I went ashore with the rifle. Tom eased the canoe up the bay



I scored two hits at 150 yards. The moose fell. Tom beached the canoe and, rifle ready, stood guard as I moved in warily



The huge beast was mortally wounded—but maybe he had enough strength left to rise and charge. I crept closer and,

using a razor-sharp hunting knife lashed to a pole, finished him with a thrust through a soft spot at the base of the skull



My trophy weighed about half a ton and sported a magnificent rack. It was a prize well worth the long journey and

those back-breaking carries. I'd make that trip over again—and probably will—for a good shot at a moose on the loose