

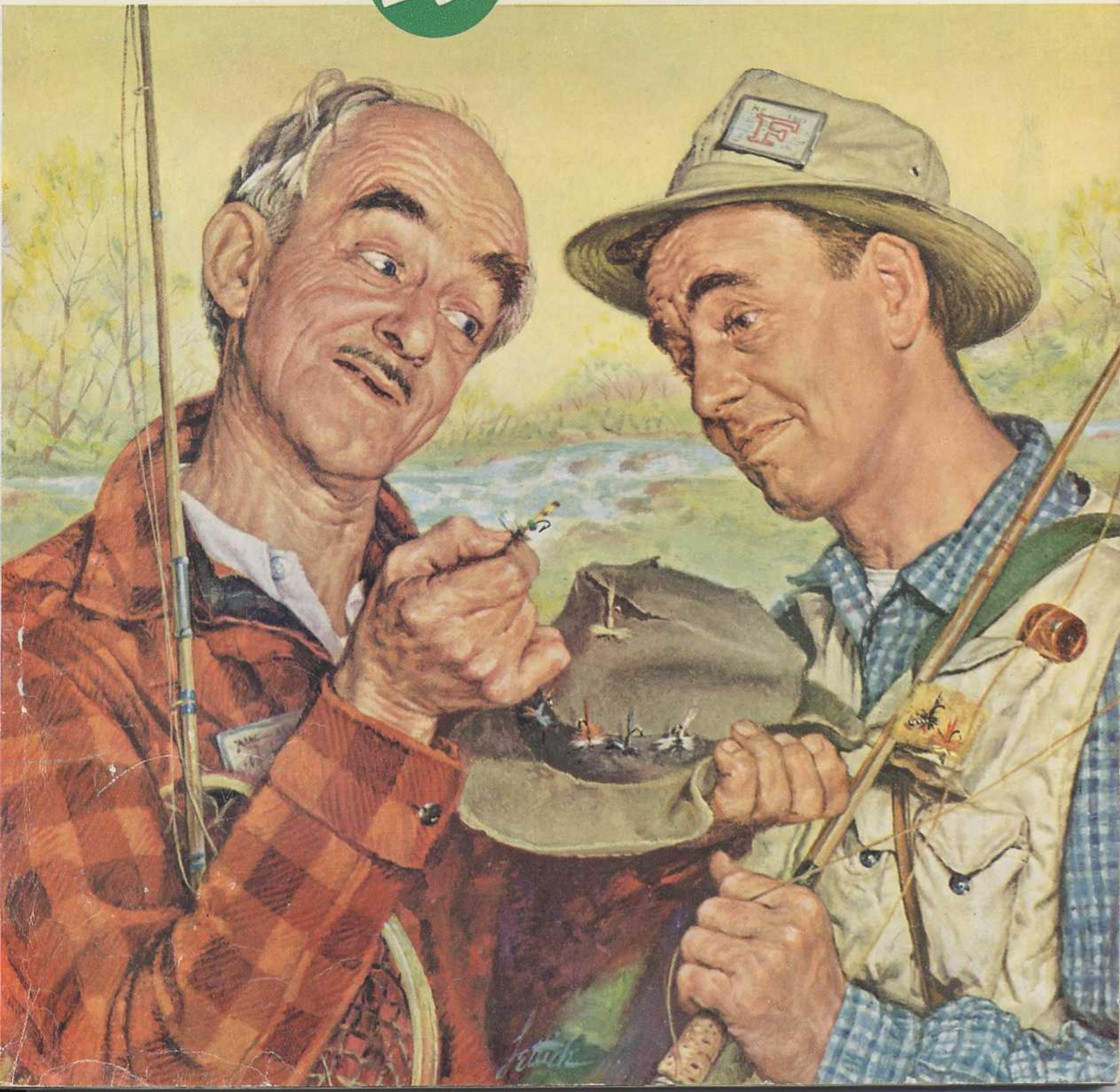
# Outdoor Life

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*In this Issue—*

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# Outdoor Life

Outdoor Recreation REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

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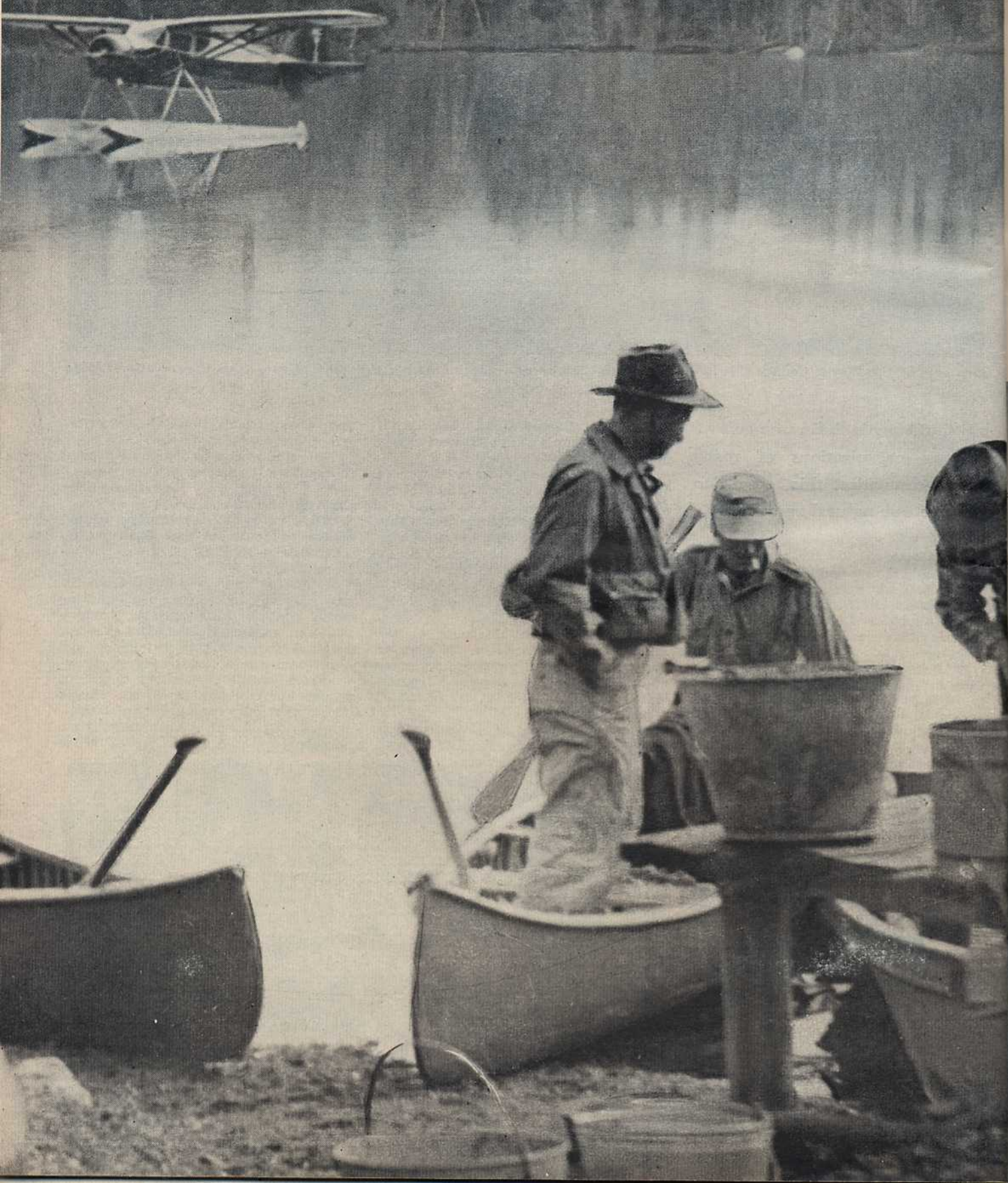
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OUTDOOR LIFE

★ AN OUTDOOR LIFE PICTURE STORY BY ROB F. SANDERSON ★

# WEEK-END WITH WINGS



**W**e braced ourselves as the sturdy Fairchild 24 seaplane gunned across the placid surface of Lake Michigan near Sheboygan, Wis. Then the ship lifted gracefully and gained altitude. Shadows of the wings raced northward over cities and wooded terrain toward Ontario's waters, where scrappy fish rise from the cold clear depths.

That was the start of the flying fishermen's week-end. Dr. John A. Tasche was in the cockpit of his plane. Dr. Leslie W. Tasche, Konrad Testwuide Jr., and I were his guests. Our destination was Frank Kinahan's trapping camp on Belle Lake.

That Aubinedong River country, eastward from Lake Superior, is a tough three-day trip overland. But by skybuggy it's only five hours away.

It was early spring and we winter-starved anglers were eager to feel the throbbing strike of big trout and wall-eyed pike. We yearned for the sights and sounds, the exhilarating air of the great Canadian wilderness.

Besides tackle and gear, I took my camera along. Here, in brilliant detail, is a lens-eye view of three days' flying and fishing in real wilderness country...

The northward route led over picturesque Michigan (below) and, after only two brief stops, the plane set down on Belle Lake (left), where we went ashore



Before the take-off from Wisconsin, I watched as John filled the sixty-gallon gas tank



(continued on next six pages)



At Sault Ste. Marie, Ont., a Canadian customs officer promptly checked the ship and gave John a clearance



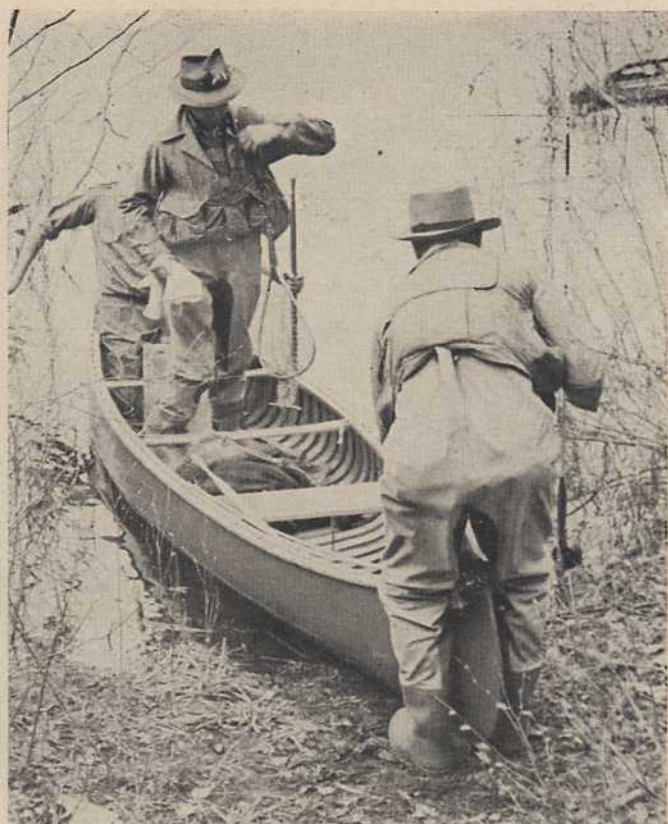
Fred Kinahan's lodge on Ranger Lake was an overnight stop. While Fred steadied the plane one of his dogs escorted a pack-laden guide

Next morning, after a short flight, we arrived at Kinahan's camp on Belle Lake. Frank (below) helped land the supplies. Then, leaving the plane anchored out of reach of bears and falling branches, Frank, Les, and Connie headed toward the Aubinedong





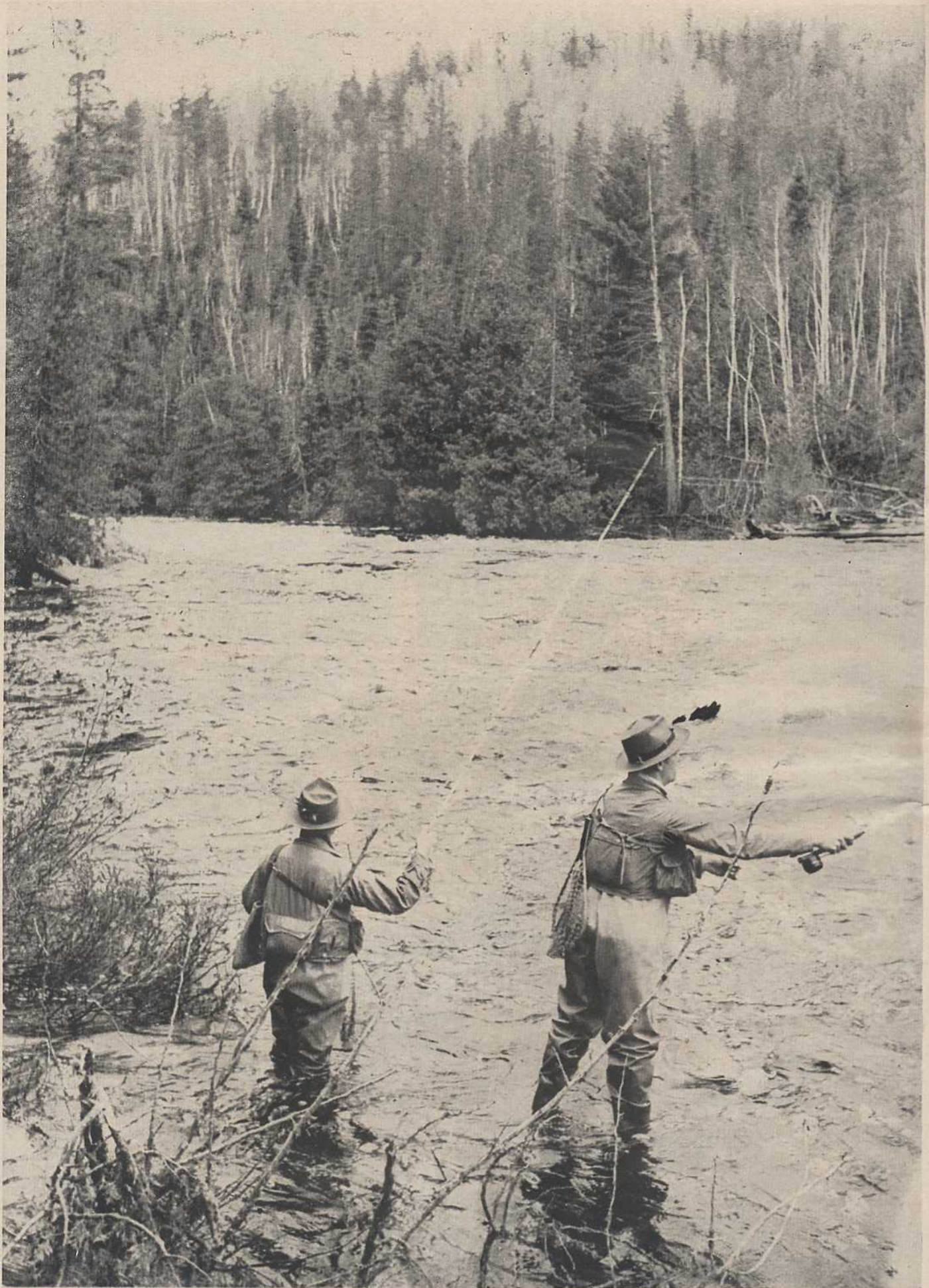
After portaging to the Aubinedong, Frank chopped wood for a fire over which to boil some tea. After lunch the boys could wet their lines in the prettiest trout water in the region



Ready now for real sport—Frank at the stern, Les standing amidships, and Connie all set to shove off. Rods, lures, and nets were aboard—all in readiness for the first strike



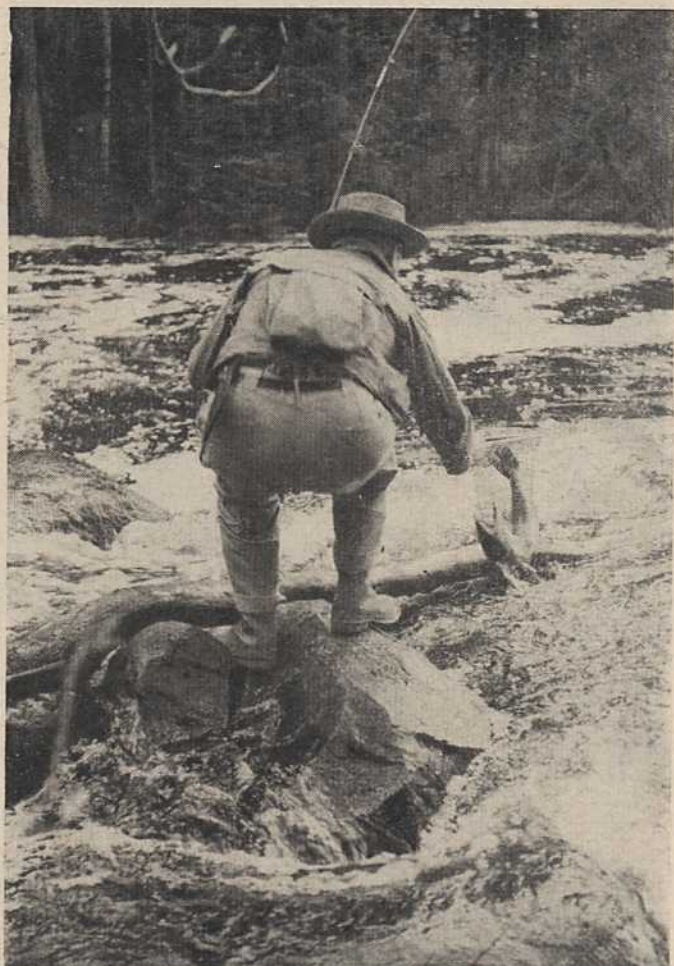
John, Bill Ollar, a guide, and I flew from Belle to a near-by lake. John (above) rigged the inflatable outboard-powered boat



Back at the Aubinedong, Les and Connie beached the canoe and cast from near shore. No luck on the first try. They cast again



Connie, a fly-line wizard, laid his lure in fast water just below the seething rapids. An eager trout slugged his hook



Moving closer to the rapids, Connie netted a fighting beauty. Les and Frank did just as well on a calmer stretch of river



After a whirl at our lake, John, Bill, and I returned to Belle where John (above) paddled toward a point and explored the water close to shore. Net result: a wallop squaretail



Then John decided to experiment with his new spinning reel. Balancing precariously, he picked a fight with a big wall-eye. The fast water yielded seven fish on seven consecutive casts!





After the gang returned to camp that evening a cedar fire crackled while Frank and Bill cut and seasoned the catch



Frank tended the second panful of trout while he kept the first warm atop the spuds. The chef got no complaints!



After supper John got a book and settled down. "You guys can gab if you like," he said. "I'm saving my wind for tomorrow!"



There was time, next morning, for one more outing. Near Belle's rough inlet, Connie unsnagged John's lure and said, "Cast!"



Final chore of a perfect week-end in Canada. Heeling up the floats on shore, John began to load the plane for the return trip to Wisconsin. All agreed the only bad part of a flying journey to trout country is—having to leave that wilderness wonderland