

trout of the as,



This Michigan fisherman went half way around the world for trout-with the magnificent Andes as a backdrop.

In Argentina, Michigan
fly fishermen found trout
heaven - even if the
15-pounders got away

Text and Photos
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THREE gauchos canter along the dusty
mountain track in their colorful costumes,
riding beautifully groomed horses behind
a dust-raising herd of cattle.

Argentina is a country of uncommon beauty, of
great estancias that are more like European
baronies than farms, of exciting cities and,
without doubt, the greatest trout fishing in the
world.

A group of 14 Detroit area fly fishermen and

women shattered the bonds of Michigan's winter
by travelling some 13,000 miles to Argentina to
fish the rushing mountain stream around Junin de
los Andes for brown and rainbow trout.

The Junin area, 1,200 miles southwest of Buenos
Aires, is on the 42nd parallel of latitude south of
the equator. Detroit is on the 42nd north. So the
group traveled just half way around the world and
found themselves in climate exactly like
Michigan's in late August. The skies were a
brilliant summer blue, the sun blazed, the birds
were singing in the trees and it was still daylight at
9 p. m. Even the vegetation was familiar, running to
pines, cedars and oaks.

But one major difference kept the party in constant disorientation. The sun ran from east to west through the northern sky, instead of the southern sky as it does here at home. And that takes a lot of getting used to.

The brown and rainbow trout were introduced into the streams of the Andes Mountains around the turn of the century. They found conditions exactly to their liking, apparently, for they have prospered far beyond all expectations.

The Detroit party, all fishing with wet or dry flies, caught a conservatively estimated 500 trout in

except for a few over 20 inches which were kept for streamside lunches or for smoking back in town to be eaten with considerable relish as appetizers at dinner in the small Junin hotel which served as headquarters.

The biggest was a 6 1/2 - pound brown caught by Harlan Rosevear of Plymouth. Many five-pounders were taken, and no one could recall catching a trout under 12 inches.

Tudor Ap Madoc of Clarkston, a well-traveled and veteran trout fisherman, declared, after one day's fishing that it had been "the best trout fishing day of my life." He had lost count, but he estimated he had landed and released at least 30

fish, all well above the 12-inch "keeper size" in Michigan.

Another member of the party said he couldn't believe himself when he realized that after less than two hours' fishing he had released and watched swim away a Michigan daily limit of five trout, all of them bigger than 14 inches and most approaching the 20-inch mark.

C. B. "Laddie" Buchanan, the fourth generation Argentinian of Scottish descent who acted as outfitter and head guide for the group, was unhappy with the results, however. "There are 13 and 15-pound trout in those rivers, and we didn't