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## 2018 Annual Newsletter

Photo courtesy of Susan Feddema-Leonard

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February 2018

**Willmore Wilderness Foundation**

**Annual Newsletter**

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## President's Report

by Basil Leonard

Time waits for no one and it keeps marching on. Change is the constant and we are wise to bend with it. Regretfully this will be the last newsletter from the Willmore Wilderness Foundation. Like all newspapers and magazines, we are moving into the digital realm. We have found the cost of printing and mailing the newsletter to be prohibitive, so in the future, a President's Report and Annual Financial Statements will be mailed with the Annual Membership Renewal Form. We are moving to an expanded social media and multimedia format of disseminating our stories and educational material on the internet and television. I am always open to an old-fashioned telephone call if anyone wants more detailed information. You can reach me by calling 1-780-827-2696.

The good news is that the Willmore Wilderness Foundation is sitting in a good financial position. Our building is paid off, and we have operational funds to offer programs and services. The basement has

been completely renovated into a Multimedia/Audio Visual Center for public use. We want to thank our Partner the Municipal District of Greenview for supporting Canada's 150<sup>th</sup>. We cost shared a Historical Photo Exhibit, Film Festival and Dinner Theatre to promote the History of the Canadian Rockies. This was held over a week-long period during December in the Willmore Wilderness Multimedia/Audio Visual Centre.

The Newsletter details the work accomplished in the *2017 Trail Clearing Report* and the *Back Country Campsite Restoration & Cleanup Report*, so I won't go into that in detail here. The most important take away is that we are launching a campaign to keep Willmore Wilderness Park clean. If you pack it in—pack it out. We don't want to become the Himalayas of the Rockies. The beautiful Himalaya mountains have heaps of garbage strewn on the trail networks and base camps. We are embarking on a program to KEEP WILLMORE PRISTINE. Please send



Pictured on top:  
Basil Leonard and Bill Leonard,  
at the Jackpine Falls.

Pictured on Bottom:  
Trail hands in training:  
Jaely Willow Moberly and  
Loren Feddema

Photos courtesy of Susan Feddema-Leonard

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## President's Report .. continued from page 3

*Pictured above:*

*Left:* Tom Wanyandie holding up some wild oinoinis, that were growing next to Art Allen's trapline cabin.

*Pictured above right:*  
Bazil Leonard, Bill Leonard,  
Tom Wanyandie and Martin Hallock.

*Pictured on right page: from left to right:*

*Left:* The oldest face carving.

*Middle:* Tom Wanyandie and Bazil Leonard .

*Right:* Tom Wanyandie , Logan Leonard and  
Bazil Leonard with the old face.

*Photos by:* Susan Feddema-Leonard

your garbage stories and pictures to [info@WillmoreWilderness.com](mailto:info@WillmoreWilderness.com) and we will post on our social media sites.

I would be remiss if I didn't mention that we re-roofed Art Allen's cabin on the Jackpine River. Art started trapping coyotes at his homestead near Mt. Robson, British Columbia in 1918, as a twelve-year old. He continued trapping through the 1920s and, by the winter of 1927, was working with Curly Phillips on his trapline on the Jackpine River. He was hired on with a topographical survey party in 1927, but it didn't take long for him to find work as a guide with Curly Phillips, Jack Hargreaves, Roy Hargreaves and George Hargreaves. He eventually started his own outfit and ultimately sold out to Outfitter Leonard Jeck in the 1960s.

In 1945 Art built a hand-hewn trapline cabin on the banks of the Jackpine River, approximately five kilometers downstream from the mouth of Pauline Creek. Art Allen

built many cabins in Willmore Wilderness Park and Jasper National Park, during his forty years as a trapper, guide and outfitter. Art was a master log-man and used an adze to build his cabin. The walls were flattened on the inside—demonstrating the work of a highly skilled craftsman. The moss roof had fallen in, so we decided to preserve the structure. Our trail crew packed in the tin and we put a new roof on the structure, preserving it for another generation to enjoy. There is a journal of Art's and other trappers etched on the inside wall of the building, which is now preserved.

There are two campgrounds for Willmore Wilderness travellers at Boulder Creek. One is on the trail at the creek crossing, with the second site about ½ a kilometer away at Me and Charlie Creek. There are several trees at this second site, with faces carved on them, adjacent to Coyote Cliff Faulk's fallen down trapper's cabin.





### President's Report .. continued from page 4

Coyote Cliff Faulk was an old trapper who trapped the Smoky River and Boulder Creek area in the 1940s and 1950s. His home was in Entrance, Alberta. He used Stan Clark's boat at Clark's Crossing to traverse the Smoky River. Coyote Cliff's first cabin is just upstream from Clark's establishment, as well as a cabin on Me and Charlie Creek.

Coyote Cliff was a slim and fairly tall man. Tom Wanyandie told me a story about him. A friend of Coyote Cliff was crossing the Smoky with a string of horses and was drowned in the river. Some time after that, Cliff ran into Tom's older brother, Daniel Wanyandie and said that he could take all of his traps and could trap his line. He walked out towards Entrance and never came back. Tom Wanyandie figured that old Coyote Cliff might have seen the ghost of his friend, which scared him off.

Tom Wanyandie didn't know who carved the faces in the trees, but we suspected that it was old Coyote Cliff,

whittling away at some of the newer carvings in the trees, during the long winter months that he spent trapping that country. It is doubtful that he carved the oldest tree, which looks similar to a carving at Camp Parker in Jasper National Park (circa 1927). This carving has been cut down and is preserved in the Jasper Yellowhead Museum and Archives building.

The tree with the oldest face was dead and the roots were rotten, and was in danger of falling down and destroying the face. Tom Wanyandie and I decided to cut the tree down and bring the section with the face in it back to Grande Cache, where it will be on display for future generations.

The Foundation embarked on three extended trail clearing trips, along with some shorter ones, to work on the cross-jurisdictional trails with the MD of Greenview. I injured my knee on the first trip out to erect Spirit Houses, and had to be air lifted out from Cowlick Creek Camp, so missed that trip. There are two stories in the

Newsletter about this expedition called *Grave of Jacque Thappe at Deadman Creek*, and *Grave of Baby Delorme at Little Grave Flats*. The crew travelled on to Big Grave Flats; then moved again and made a camp at Zenda Creek. They rode out to Deadman Creek and Little Graves, in order to erect the Spirit Houses and have Elder Tom Wanyandie bless the graves.

After spending nine days in the hospital, and having surgery on my leg, I managed to spring myself loose and bargained my way onto the next trip. There was no way I was going to be left behind. We left Kvass Flats and made our way to Boulder Creek Camp. There was a lot of deadfall to clear through the Copenhagen Hill burn, and over to Boulder Creek. Once we made camp, our crews spent time cleaning up garbage, building toilets, corrals, benches and hitching rails. The crews did the same at Me and Charlie Creek, making both campsites more comfortable for

... continued on page 8

## The Moccasin Telegraph by Susan Feddema-Leonard



Pictured above:

Susan Feddema-Leonard at Ptarmigan Lake

Photo by Bill Leonard; 2017

**The Asa Hunting & Mildred Shaw abduction was a scandalous newspaper story that dominated Canadian media headlines from Ottawa Ontario, west during the last half of 1913 & first 6-months of 1914**

### Muddy Water Manhunt

During the summer of 2016 the Willmore Wilderness Foundation restored an unknown baby's grave on the Muddy Water River, placing a Spirit House on the site.<sup>1</sup> Elder Tom Wanyandie blessed it with Holy Water, and said a prayer. This grave was unlike others we had seen in Willmore Wilderness Park, as it was built with notched logs, had a large stone placed on top of the wood frame, and was the size of a new born infant. The 2016 Newsletter featured a story called **Spirit House #2 Location: Muddy Water River**. A short narrative was published detailing an account Elder Emil Moberly shared with me. He imparted a tale about an older man from Grande Prairie who had abducted a young girl, disappearing into the wilderness and ending up on the Muddy Water River. It was the only description we had that could be connected to the tiny grave.

Jaeda Feddema discovered a story of Asa Hunting and Mildred Shaw the night before we were to mail the newsletters worldwide. She found an account that was published on January 16, 2014 by Bill Scott in the Grande Prairie Daily Herald Tribune (GP Herald). The article was called **The Runaway Lovers of Nose Mountain**, and was printed for the centennial celebration of

<sup>1</sup> The Muddy Water River has a well-established campsite, close to the confluence of the Smoky River, where travellers historically stopped to repack their dunnage after crossing the Big Smoky. Horses traditionally swam the river during the summer months and travellers would raft the waterway. In later years, a boat was packed in and used to cross the dangerous ford.

Grande Prairie's incorporation as a municipality. I contacted the GP Herald and received permission to share the article.

When all was said and done, some of the facts in the 2016 Newsletter were not accurate, however the seeds of truth led us to a sessional chronicle. Emil Moberly's story proved to be the key to help unlock a riveting saga. The Moberlys, like Asa Hunting and Mildred Shaw, were new arrivals to the Grande Cache region a century ago. I previously filmed and interviewed Emil, grandson of Ewan Moberly who shared, "My grandfather and great-grandfather came from the Hudson Bay Company.<sup>2</sup> My grandfather came up here (Grande Cache) dragging a boat, bringing up groceries, and made a cache here. He went to see the people, and traded groceries for fur. My grandfather and my dad were kicked out of Jasper in 1910. The family stayed at Entrance on this side (north) of the Athabasca River for a couple of winters, but then the (Alberta) Forestry kicked him out. My grandfather worked on clearing the (Moberly) trail in order to move his stuff to Grande Cache. He has been here since 1913."<sup>3</sup>

<sup>2</sup> Ewan Moberly was the son of the Scottish Factor, Henry John Moberly, who ran Jasper House from 1859 to 1861. His mother was Suzanne Karakuntie, the daughter of Louis Karakuntie, who was one of the original *Kahnawake* Mohawks who settled in the Athabasca valley in the early 1800s.

<sup>3</sup> Quote taken from a 2009 interview between Susan Feddema-Leonard and Emil Moberly.



... continued from page 6

Ewan built a store at Victor Lake transporting goods from Hinton with his packhorse outfit. He was a Freeman, or Otipemisiwak in Cree, a businessman in today's world. His store was about a 4-hour horseback ride from the Muddy Water River camp. When Emil originally shared the story, he told me his grandfather had reported the couple on the Muddy Water River to the authorities in Entrance. This is corroborated by the *Report of Sergeant Harper* which stated, "He (Ewan) expected the police out after him (Asa)."<sup>4</sup>

The Asa Hunting and Mildred Shaw abduction was a scandalous newspaper story that dominated Canadian media headlines from Ottawa Ontario west during the last half of 1913 and the first six-months of 1914. Asa was painted as a villain for abducting poor Mildred. This story featured one of the biggest manhunts in NWMP history. It was as big as the tale of Albert Johnson known as the **Mad Trapper of Rat River**, a fugitive whose actions sparked a search in the Northwest Territories and Yukon Canada. The event became a media circus as Johnson eluded the Royal Canadian Mounted Police. It ended after a 240 kilometer foot chase lasting more than a month, and a shootout which left Johnson fatally wounded on the Eagle River, Yukon on February 17, 1933. All in all it was a forty day manhunt.<sup>5</sup>

The NWMP spent a total of 77-days on the Asa Hunting and

<sup>4</sup> Report of Sergeant Harper: Sessional Paper No 28, Appendix B. Sergeant S.S. Harper, Lake Saskatoon to Grande Cache, B.C. to Effect an Arrest. Lake Saskatoon Detachment, January 26, 1914.

<sup>5</sup> Source: [https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Albert\\_Johnson\\_\(criminal\)](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Albert_Johnson_(criminal))

Mildred Shaw manhunt, travelling 250 kilometers one way, for a 500 kilometers round trip. I wondered what the normal time frames used to be when travelling the Rockies in the winter months. During his filmed interview, Elder Emil Moberly now in his 80s, shared that it would take four days to ride from Victor Lake to Entrance, near Hinton Alberta. His family would often take a pack string of horses, three times a year, sometimes in freezing weather. This was a 150 kilometer journey one way, for a 300 kilometer round trip. They normally travelled each spring, fall and after the New Year festivities. Emil said it was a 15-day horseback trip and 400 kilometers to Lac St. Anne one way; an 800 kilometer round trip.

Bazil Leonard and I had often ridden from Victor Lake to the Kakwa (Porcupine) River, normally a two-day ride. Victor Lake to Compton Airstrip is a long one-day ride. It takes another day to trail from the Compton Airstrip to the confluence of Compton Creek and the Kakwa River. We have ridden this trail in summer and winter.

Shauna (Hunting) Rosland contacted me early in 2017 after our Newsletter was mailed out and posted on the website. Shauna shared that she was the granddaughter of Asa Hunting and Mildred Shaw. I invited Shauna and her husband Don Rosland on a four-day packtrip, as I wanted to take her to the Muddy Water River gravesite. Shauna was engaged in extensive research and shared the *Report of Sergeant Harper* and *The Asa Hunting Manhunt* documents with the Willmore Wilderness Foundation, which have been published later in this Newsletter.

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#### ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

May 27, 2018 at 2:00 pm

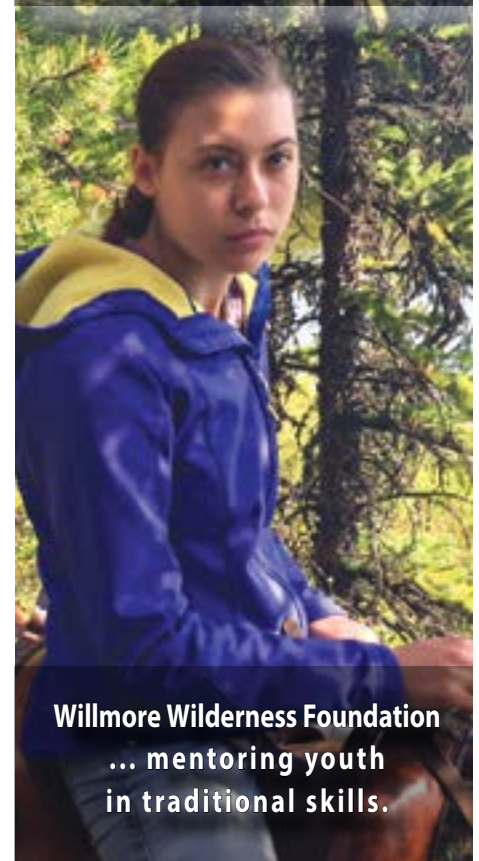
Smoky River Ranch

for good weather or the

Willmore Foundation Office

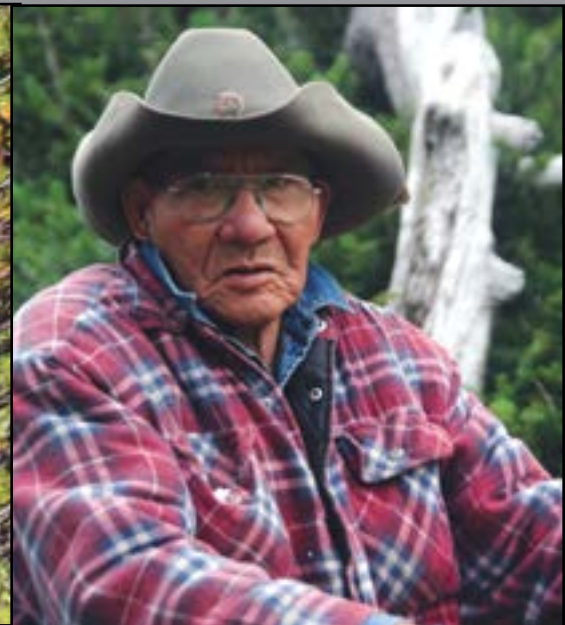
if raining.

Meal to follow the meeting.



Willmore Wilderness Foundation

... mentoring youth  
in traditional skills.



*President's Report .. continued from page 5*

future travellers. We trailed over to the Jackpine River and set up a cozy camp. Our crew cowboy'd up and cleared trail through the burn to Ptarmigan Lake. This was laborious work, which took us two days of hard clearing through the burnt timber to the alpine lake. It was a beautiful sunny afternoon when we finally arrived at the shore with an amazing reflection of Mount Saurian's glacial fed waters.

This was a very special trip for me as I got to travel with my 7-month-old granddaughter Charlie. She was a real trooper, riding from the Jackpine River to Kvass Flat during the nine-hour return trip. Charlie loved the horses, but was glad to reach camp for a good supper.

Our third trip took us along the Continental Divide. We rehabilitated seven campsites, building more toilets, corrals, benches, hitching rails and cleaning up garbage. This created camper friendly stopping places along the Great Divide trail. We cleared from the airstrip to Cote Creek through the Sheep Creek burn, which resulted in a lot of heavy chainsaw work through the dried

burnt timber. Our crew was amazing, laboring long days in the field. A lot more work needs to be done in some of the alpine muskegs to mark the trail. We were able to place yellow plastic trail markers on the burnt trees, so that travellers can more easily find their way. A lot more work needs to be done in 2018.

We also cleared interjurisdictional trails between the MD of Greenview and Willmore Wilderness Park this fall. In 2018, we will be working more on the trail up Mount Stearn, along Lightning Ridge and down Corydalis Creek. We are trying to ensure that the trails between Willmore and Greenview remain open. Some of the best Big Horn Sheep hunting takes place in the MD of Greenview, so trail work is necessary for access.

Throughout these expeditions our cinematographers were out filming three one-hour documentaries that will be aired on Wild TV, as well as being distributed to international networks. People & Peaks Productions have been nominated for nine Alberta Film and Television Rosie Awards over the past

five years. Our team of local creatives are telling our story with class.

Travelling the Willmore with a 7-month-old baby and 86-year-old Tom Wanyandie shows that anybody who really wants to ride the Rocky Mountains, can do so. Our elders continued to teach our young trail hands the traditions of the Rockies. We started four three-year old colts, and showed the youth how to pack and track. They were shown the trail system, the lay of the land, and were shown how to setup a camp, and more. I would like to thank our 2017 staff that included: Tom Wanyandie, Lance Wanyandie (29), Emily Wanyandie, Emily Fehr (20), Martin Hallock (18), Payton Hallock (14), Bill Leonard, Gord Leonard, Logan Leonard (25), Randi Lester (30), Charlie Leonard (7-mo), Ally Lea Lamb (18), Chehala Leonard (28), and Susan Feddema-Leonard. We are proud that we are building capacity, ensuring the skills of our forefathers are being passed on.

Happy Trails in 2018

Bazil Leonard



# Annual Edition - 2018



*Pictured left: from left to right:*  
Bazil Leonard  
Don and Shauna Rosland.  
Shauna is the granddaughter of  
Asa Hunting and Mildred Shaw.  
Shauna Rosland believes that they  
had a total of eleven children,  
counting the infant on the  
Muddy Water River.

*Pictured on Left Page:*  
*Left:* Randi Lea Lester & daughter Charlie at 7  
months at Vivien Lake, named after Charlie's  
great grandmother.

*Right:* Tom Wanyandie - 86 years young

... continued from page 6

Shauna and Don arrived in Grande Cache on a beautiful September day. Don was determined to make the four hour ride to the Muddy Water River gravesite despite the fact that he was recuperating from a knee injury. We rode to Kvass Flats the first day, and stayed in a comfortable base camp, travelling to the Muddy Water River the following day. It was a warm fall afternoon and the fall colours were magnificent. We crossed the Muddy on horseback and headed to the grave.

Shauna and Don Roseland were deeply moved when they dismounted and observed the infant's burial site. Shauna, filled with emotions, stated, "This is a grave of my uncle or aunt." Bazil and I left the couple alone and hiked to the bank of the Muddy Water River to see the spectacular view of Turret Ridge.

Asa Hunting and Mildred Shaw arrived in the Smoky Valley in 1913, the same year as some of the families relocated to the Grande Cache area after being evicted from Jasper. Shauna told me that Asa had built

Mildred a clay stove to cook on; and the NWMP diary noted that Mildred was cooking dinner in her wickiup when they found her. The couple lived in a comfortable stick tipi, and Mildred was dressed nicely, as can be seen from the photo. The pair had made their home on the Muddy Water River, close to the confluence of the Smoky River, sometime between July 1913 when they left Red Willow Creek, and December 23, 1913 when they were arrested.

I remembered that Caroline Hinman had images of her 1915 journey with Mary Jobe and Curly Phillips when they travelled from Mt. Robson to Mt Sir Alexander. Caroline Hinman had photographed a wickiup on the Muddy Water River; as well as a photo of a cache, a corral and a wall tent frame. The photo was taken eighteen-months after Asa and Mildred were arrested. Caroline's images painted a picture of a standard winter camp.

It is of interest to note that the abduction of Mildred Shaw took place in July 1913 at Red Willow

River; and the North West Mounted Police (NWMP) did not leave in search of Mildred Shaw until November 6, 1913. It is perplexing why the NWMP waited until winter to pursue Asa.

There is no proof that the Baby Grave on the Muddy Water River is that of Asa and Mildred in 1913, however the coincidences are remarkable. Asa Hunting and Mildred Shaw had ten children after their marriage. Shauna Rosland believes that they had a total of eleven children, counting the infant on the Muddy Water River. Asa and Mildred have many grandchildren and great grandchildren, who are a testament to their union.

The Willmore Wilderness Foundation will continue to research and share stories. We can see that there was a lot of activity in the Grande Cache area and Smoky Valley in the 1800 and 1900s from many ethnicities.

The following pages detail the *Report of Sergeant Harper, The Asa Hunting Manhunt and other interesting documents.*

## Report of the Royal North West Mounted Police:

One of the strangest cases in the annals of the Royal North West Mounted Police began on October 3, 1913 with a short telegram from Supt. A.E.C. McDonell, Athabasca, Alberta to Staff Sergeant C.S. Harper in charge of Lake Saskatoon detachment near Grande Prairie. It advises him that a man known as Asa Hunting had been seen in Porcupine (Kakwa) country that lay in the semi-mountainous area between Grande Cache and the northern boundary of Jasper National Park. It ordered him to apprehend the said Asa Hunting.

Sgt. Harper was keenly aware of Asa Hunting. In July of that year information had been laid before him that Hunting had kidnapped Mildred Shaw, 15-year-old daughter of a homesteader near Beaverlodge, 24 miles to the west. A warrant had been issued for Hunting's arrest but before it could be served the mountain man had disappeared into the rugged foothills, taking the girl with him.

Knowing the cruel and treacherous nature of the Porcupine country, Sgt. Harper made his preparations carefully. He consulted a local hunter and guide, Richard Harrington, and learned that Hunting had two hay camps in the district where he raised horses and that, with good luck, the round trip to the camps could be made in six weeks, Harrington agreed to show him the location of the camps.

Sgt. Harper got together an outfit comprised of himself, Harrington and Constable F. Stevenson; three saddle horses and six pack animals and sufficient food for a month. It was

planned to hunt along the way. Since forage would be difficult, 500 pounds of oats were added.

Leaving the detachment on the morning of Tuesday, November 4, they headed to Beaverlodge. The mishaps, and problems that were to plague their trip started almost at once when a pack horse went lame through stepping on a nail. They reached the Shaw homestead two day later and spent the night there. From the Shaws they obtained a description of the missing girl and also the disturbing news that she was wearing only light, summer clothing when she was abducted.

From the Shaw homestead they struck south, crossing Red Willow River with difficulty as it was not completely frozen over, and struck for the Wapiti River. On the way, one of the pack horses went through the ice severely injuring itself. By the end of the first week, they had covered 77 miles through muskeg and snow-swathed creek banks.

Tuesday, November 11, they pressed on in the face of a blizzard to reach the banks of Nose Mountain, 2,500 feet high. There they met two trappers who were seeking shelter, Charlie Joachim and Francis Mosier. From them they learned that the country ahead was even more difficult, with no trails, little game and scant picking for animals.

Sgt. Harper decided to make a cache at the Creek and to press on with only six horses and reduced rations for himself and his companions. By travelling light, he hoped to cover the distance to

Hunting's hay camp and return by no later than December 12. Charlie Joachim promised to keep an eye on the cache and the three horses they left behind.

After resting for a day at Nose Creek, the three men began the climb of Nose Mountain. *"It took us from the 13<sup>th</sup> to the 21<sup>st</sup> of November to make the top of Nose Mountain,"* Harper reported. *"We had a cold spell and heavy snow which obliterated the trail and made the rustling for the horses bad. We had to feed a lot of our oats during this time."* In places, the snow was three feet deep. With no trails, they had to follow the creek, crossing it no less than 18 times. At one point a pack horse slipped and rolled 50 feet down a cliff before a tree stopped its plunge. It took hours to get it back to the trail and then it had to be retired and one of the saddle horses pressed into service as a packer.

By the end of the second week, they had travelled approximately 120 miles from Lake Saskatoon in this zig zag fashion.

Once on top of Nose Mountain, they struck the old Jasper Trail which had been blazed and they made better time despite blizzards and waist-deep snow. After following the ridge, or escarpment of the mountain, they dropped down into Porcupine Country on November 25, three weeks out from the detachment. By then they had used the last of their oats and were running short of food for themselves. Fortunately, the snow was light in the valley and they rested two days while their horses and pack animals recuperated.

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Photo courtesy of the  
Glenbow Museum  
Image No: PA-331-1

From Left to Right:  
Asa Hunting  
Guide Richard Harrington  
Mildred Shaw-  
Constable F. Stevenson - Sgt CS  
Harper

Photo taken in  
Grande Cache  
December 1913  
Grande Mountain in background.

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Having reached the Porcupine Country, the quest for Asa Hunting and his victim began in earnest. Several forays to search for tracks turned up nothing and on Friday, November 28, they scouted the first of Hunting's hay camps on Sheep Creek.<sup>1</sup> There was ample hay, but no fresh tracks in the vicinity. The next day, they moved their camp to the hay stacks and allowed the animals to feast.

That night, Richard Harrington located some fresh tracks and on following them came upon a group of Indians returning from a hunt. They had not seen Asa Hunting for two months, but had seen his tracks. Harrington brought them into camp.

One of them, Phillip Delorme, agreed for a stiff price to guide Sgt. Harper to the spot where the mountain man's tracks had been seen but all the others flatly refused to assist, citing bad weather. Harper suspected that it was fear of Hunting that deterred them.

<sup>1</sup> It is most likely that the Hay Camps were located on the Kakwa River,

Establishing a temporary base camp on Sheep Creek,<sup>2</sup> Harper and Harrington pushed ahead to the second of Hunting's hay camps. They found white man's tracks, but these were at least a month old. Bad luck still dogged them. On December 4, their horses bolted and returned to base camp, forcing them to walk back. The next day, one of the horses slipped over a river bank and was killed. The two men loaded the saddle horses and proceeded on foot.

They reached the second hay camp on December 6 but found that it had been burned out. There were no fresh tracks.

With food running dangerously low, Harper had to make a decision. Grande Cache lay 40 miles away over mountainous terrain. "*Phillip Delorme told us that it was impossible to go that way with the horses as the snow was too deep over the mountains and, on Harrington's advice, I decided to follow our old tracks back again to the*

<sup>2</sup> Harper has obviously mistaken Sheep Creek for the Kakwa River.

*Porcupine flats and hit into the Smoky River over the Jasper Trail, which went over Porcupine Mountain as I felt convinced that Hunting was in the country somewhere and that he could not take the girl out of it once he had got her in, owing to the difficult travel."*

Back at base camp beside Hunting's hay stacks, their food ran out and only a supply of moose meat from one of Delorme's caches sustained them. Owing to the deep snow, hunting had been extremely poor. For the next five days, they lived on dried moose meat and tea. Said Harper: "The more you boil it, the harder it seems to get."

Travelling towards Smoky River, they met a band of Indians on their way to Grande Cache to trade. They purchased some flour and sugar from them. These said that they had seen Hunting and the girl about two months before but know nothing of their present whereabouts.

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On Sunday December 14, having reached the Smoky River, Harper left Constable Stevenson at the Indian camp with the horses and pushed forward on foot with Harrington to reach Grande Cache. They travelled with some of the band who were going to the post and under ideal conditions, they covered the 30 miles to the settlement and reached it at 11:30 that evening.

Grande Cache consisted of a trading store operated by Ewan Moberly. **It was he who had notified the authorities that Hunting was in the area.** The rest of the town was made of six or seven Indian cabins nestled in the firs. The whole was set in a mountainous area where access and departure were difficult even in the summer. He learned from Moberly that Asa Hunting and the girl had been there only three days previous. Moberly had deliberately given them scant supplies so they would have to return. The pair were expected back within ten days.

Of interest to Sgt. Harper was the news that Mildred Shaw seemed quite happy to be in the company of the mountain man.

Sending a runner to the Indian camp with instructions to have Constable Stephenson bring the horses to Grande Cache, Sgt. Harper took a welcome rest from the hazards of the trail.

Elsewhere, a tense drama was developing. Harper had left his main cache of food and supplies at Nose Creek, anticipating an early return. On December 15, trappers Charlie Joachim and Francis Mosier checked the cache and found it intact. More disturbing, they found a shotgun

and rifle there. Alarmed, the decided to carry the information to Grande Prairie, but owing to the heavy snows did not reach that settlement until Christmas Day. Word was sent from there to Superintendent A.E.C. McDonell at Athabasca that the Harper party was long overdue and feared lost.

Superintendent McDonell at once organized a strong and well-equipped rescue party made up of Corporal F.S. Pearson, Constable H. Peters, Constable T.W. Tendrup and Constable F. Anderson. Leaving Athabasca on December 27, they arrived in Grande Prairie on January 5, 1914.

Meanwhile, Harper had spent several days in the vicinity of Grande Cache trying to determine which way Asa Hunting and the girl had gone, but *"owing to the absence of snow could not see any tracks."* He talked to Indians and the odd trapper and came to the conclusion that he must be at the Muddy (Water) River *"as it was the only part of the country where someone had not visited."* He also formed the impression that the mountain man was of a volatile nature and that the natives—even Ewan Moberly—were afraid to cross him.

The following morning, Delorme scouted ahead and returned with the news that he had spotted camp smoke about a mile away. Going ahead alone, Harper found the spot. *"I crossed the Muddy River and, going into a bunch of spruce, came onto a teepee made of poles and spruce boughs. I went inside and saw the girl Mildred Shaw cooking some food. I asked here where Hunting was and she said he was out visiting some trap and would be back soon."*

Mildred Shaw was under the impression that Harper was

just another trapper, but when he informed her that he was a policeman: *"She starting screaming for Hunting. I picked her up and took her into the bush as I thought Hunting would come up on the run."*

Leaving the girl in the care of Harrington and Delorme, Harper returned to the teepee to await the arrival of his quarry. The arrest itself a few minutes later was effected without any difficulty. Asa Hunting willingly surrendered his rifle and was given the customary warning. His only concern was for the safety of the girl.

Harper had hoped to return to Grande Cache that evening, but an unexpected blizzard swept down upon the area and they sought the shelter of the trapper's cabin until it had passed. The next day, Christmas Eve, they returned to the (Victor Lake) settlement.

The nearest telegraph office was at Hinton, which was about 10-days hard travel through the mountains, but on the chance that some Indians might be going in that direction, he wrote a telegram to the Commissioner to bring officialdom up to date on his status. Then he sat down to a Christmas dinner of *"rabbit, with rice pudding and slapjacks, tea."*

Harper learned from Hunting and Shaw that trapping had been extremely bad in the Muddy River district and that the couple had subsisted mainly on rabbits caught in snares. He was assured by both Mildred and her "husband" that there had been no kidnapping in the forcible sense of the word and that she had come willingly.

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Photo taken by  
Caroline Hinman in  
August 1915.  
**Asa Hunting's cache,  
wall tent frame and corral.**

Photo courtesy of  
Whyte Museum of the  
Canadian Rockies.  
v282-pg 70.1  
Story is published in Women of  
Willmore Wilderness

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On Monday, December 29, unaware that the rescue party under Corporal Pearson was hurrying south, Harper visited the Hunting camp and picked up horses and supplies. Then he started for Lake Saskatoon with his prisoner and "the bride."

By travelling on the now-frozen rivers, they made excellent time, averaging 15 – 20 miles a day with the girl riding. Even then, it was not until January 12 that they reached the cache of food and supplies left at Nose Creek. They arrived there in the evening and were met by a relief party under Constable Cornelius which had found the cache only ten minutes earlier. From him they learned that Harper's telegram had reached the Commissioner and that the wide-spread search for them had been called off.

A week later, January 20, the weary little cavalcade reached Lake Saskatoon. Harper, Stevenson, and Harrington had been 77 days on the trail, travelling through some of the worst terrain in central Alberta and under extreme duress from snow,

blizzard and cold.

What kept them on track? In this report, Charles Harper said: *"I looked on it as a matter of life and death to catch Hunting before the cold weather struck us as the people I met said that they had very little food and were poorly clad, which was true, and the opinion of Constable Stevenson, Harrington and myself is that they would have frozen to death if we had not gone for them."*

As for the charges against Asa Hunting, he was brought before a magistrate and committed to stand trial. The case heard before Mr. Justice Simmons at Grouard on July 14, 1914. His Lordship showed a good deal of compassion and understanding and while he entered a conviction against Hunting, he suspended the sentence. Asa Hunting and Mildred Shaw were married on July 30, 1914. After putting together an adequate outfit, they disappeared back into the wilderness of the Porcupine (Kakwa River) Country.

## Story based on: **Canada, Sessional Papers**

Report of the Royal North West  
Mounted Police: Pages 201 to 207

### **Sgt. C.C. Harper**

Sergeant Charles Harper was born in 1881 and came to Canada at the age of 19. After enlisting in the NWMP at Maple Creek, he rose through the ranks and became Corporal in 1904 and Sergeant in 1909. In 1913 he was posted to Lake Saskatoon, then a thriving community at the foot of the Lake. It no longer exists. Following the Asa Hunting patrol, he was promoted to Staff Sergeant. After overseas service in 1914-1918, he rejoined the NWMP and served until his death of diabetes mellitus at Whitehorse Yukon, on December 11, 1922.

## Diary of Sergeant Harper

### Report of Sergeant Harper

Sessional Paper No 28: Appendix B

Sergeant S.S. Harper, Lake Saskatoon to Grande Cache, B.C. to Effect an Arrest. Lake Saskatoon Detachment, January 26, 1914.

To The Officer Commanding of the Royal North West Mounted (RNWM) Police, Athabasca

*Re: Patrol to Arrest Asa Hunting Wanted for Abduction.*

Sir, I have the honour to report on precept of your telegram dated 31<sup>st</sup> October authorizing me to proceed after Hunting.

I hired Richard Harrington as guide and packer at \$5 per diem, who stated that he knew where Hunting's hay camps were, and six pack horses at \$1 per diem. The hire of these horses covered insurance as to death or accident.

I took with me a month's field rations purchased at the Peace River Trading and Land Company; this I reckoned would last me six weeks or two months at a stretch.

Harrington assured me that if we found Hunting at his hay camp we would get back in six weeks at the latest. I decide to take Reg. No. 5591 Constable Stevenson with me, as a man was necessary to assist guarding prisoner when caught.

On the **4<sup>th</sup> of November**, Constable Stevenson, R. Harrington and myself left Lake Saskatoon with the pack train and three police horses; Registered No 612, No 25 and mare Registered No. 69, the latter of

which I used as a pack animal.

We packed 500 pounds of oats with us, as Harrington stated that there were some camps we should have to tie up and feed, there being no feed in that vicinity.

On the **6<sup>th</sup> of November**, we crossed Red Willow River, and on the **8<sup>th</sup>** crossed the Wapiti River. These rivers had not frozen over, and the ice in the middle and sides made crossing difficult. On the **11<sup>th</sup> of November** we made Nose Creek and met two half-breed trappers camped there. Charlie Joachim and Francis Mosier. Here I found our trail lay for about 40 miles along the bed of Nose Creek until we went up Nose Mountain, and the creek which is a big one had to be crossed frequently enroute. I decided to make a cache of the bulk of our provisions and leaving three pack horses as a relay for our return with Charlie Joachim to look after, I took three packhorses and three saddle horses and pushed on light. In this way we could lead a horse apiece and if it came down to a fine point we could use the saddle horse as a pack, and walk.

It took us from the **13<sup>th</sup> to the 31<sup>st</sup>** of November to make the top of Nose Mountain, about 40 miles from our cache at Nose Creek, from the **15<sup>th</sup> to the 18<sup>th</sup>** we had a cold spell with heavy snow, which obliterated the trail and made the rustling for horses bad. We had to feed a lot of our oats during this time.

The ascent of Nose Mountain, which is about 2500 feet high, is very steep and difficult owing to snow, especially the last 500 feet. One of the pack horses lost its footing

and rolled down about 50 feet until caught by a tree, hurting itself so that we changed off with a saddle horse and walked. Another pack horse's front cinch broke and the horse bucked itself clear, without hurting itself by good luck. At the time I did not think that we could have got the horse up.

On top of the mountain we hit the old Jasper Trail, which is a blazed trail. Snow here was waist deep in places and we followed along the edge of the mountain for 50 miles until we dropped into the Porcupine (Kakwa) River Valley on **25<sup>th</sup> of November**. We fed the last of our oats on the mountain, as there was very little rustling for the horses.

There was good feed on the Porcupine (Kakwa) Valley, and we had to lay over two days and rest the horses, who were nearly all in.

We decided to push on to Hunting's hay camp (Kakwa River), which we made on the **2<sup>nd</sup> of December**. We found 3 tons of hay in a corral, but there were no signs of recent tracks. We fed our horses on this hay and that night. A bunch of Indians and half breeds who had been trapping in the vicinity of Two Lakes told me that they had not seen Hunting for two months, but they had seen his tracks.

I hired Phillip Delorme and horse at \$5 per day to come with us and show us these tracks. None of the other men would come for any money.

On the **6<sup>th</sup>** instance we saw the tracks which were made by a white man but about a month old.

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"Moberly brings his supplies by pack train from Hinton; about a dozen shacks belonging to Indians and his store comprise Grande Cache."

Ewan Moberly's store (It) at Victor Lake. Ewan's home is center, with the wagon used to move his family to Grande Cache.

Courtesy Whyte Museum of the Canadian Rockies v282-pg-74 Grande Cache 1915  
Photo by Caroline Hinman.  
Story is published in Women of Willmore Wilderness.

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On the same day we got to Hunting's second hay camp (Compton Creek) and found he had evidently got burnt out, as there was only the charred remains and no recent sign of tracks at all.

The trail led over the mountains to Grande Cache and Phillip Delorme told us that it was impassible to go that way with the horses as the snow was too deep over the mountains and, on Harrington's advice, I decided to follow our old tracks back again to the Porcupine Flat and hit into the Smoky River over the Jasper Trail, which went over Porcupine Mountain, as I felt convinced that Hunting was in the country somewhere, and he could not take a girl out of it once he had got her in, owing to the difficulty of travel.

On the **4<sup>th</sup> of December** we lost a pack horse that tumbled off a cut bank into the mountains. We packed our saddle horses and walked.

On the **6<sup>th</sup> of December** we ran out of all food except tea and sugar, and Phillip Delorme told us he had

a cache of dried moose meat on the Porcupine. I sent him on to get it and he returned with a sack full. This is what we lived on until the **12<sup>th</sup>** of December. The more you boiled it the harder it seemed to get. On the **11<sup>th</sup> of December** we climbed the Porcupine Mountain and made the Big Smoky River on the night of the 12 instance.

There is an Indian encampment here in the Smoky River Valley and good feed for horses and no snow.

I found these Indian particular out of grub, except Lynx and rabbits. They let us have 20 pounds of flour and some sugar, which was all they had, but informed us that Ewan Moberly at Grande Cache, some 30 miles farther had lots. They had all seen Hunting and the girl about two month before, but did not know where they had gone.

As our horses were all in, I decided to leave them on this good feed and on the **14<sup>th</sup> of December**, Harrington and myself, accompanied a party of Indians who were going to Grande Cache to trade fur. I left

Constable Stevenson behind with the horses at one of the Indian tepees.

We made Grande Cache that night at almost 11 pm, having to cross the Smoky River on foot three times. The water took us about the waist and then froze our clothes, and we were all in when we got there.

Grande Cache is a trading store kept by a half breed by the name of Ewan Moberly. It is in the main range of the Rockies, and is difficult to get to.

Moberly brings his supplies by pack train from Hinton; about a dozen shacks belonging to Indians and his store comprise Grande Cache.

To my delight I found that Hunting had been there three-days before to purchase food but none of the people around here knew which way he went. Hunting told Moberly that he would come back again in ten days' time to get more food.

This is the first definite news we had of Hunting being in the country and was encouraging, after being so

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long away. I bought \$43.75 worth of provisions for our return trip (all Moberly could spare) and had to hire two horses and men to take it back to the Smoky Flats, where our horses were. The trail between Grande Cache and these flats is very dangerous and slippery; and I had to pay \$35 for their services. I sent word to Constable Stevenson to come on to Grande Cache. He arrived on the **20<sup>th</sup> of December**, and on the **21<sup>st</sup>**. I hired Phillip Delorme, who knew the country thoroughly; and with him and Harrington I started out on foot for the Muddy (Water) River, where Hunting was supposed to be.

I left Constable Stevenson at Grande Cache to guard that place if Hunting should come there while I was away.

On the **22<sup>nd</sup>** Delorme, who had climbed a hill on the one side of us, returned with word he saw smoke of a camp fire about one mile ahead. I told Harrington and Delorme to stay and to come up if I called. I walked on and crossed the Muddy River and, going into a bunch of spruce, came onto a teepee made of poles and spruce boughs. I went inside and saw the girl Mildred Shaw cooking some food. I asked here where Hunting was, and she said he was out visiting some traps and would be back soon. She thought I was a trapper but when I told her I was a policeman who had come to take her back she started screaming for Hunting. I picked her up and took her into the bush as I thought Hunting would come up on the run.

I left her with Delorme, and Harrington and myself ran on to the side of the mountain to see if we could see him coming. We saw him coming along the big Smoky River with his gun under his arm.

Harrington and I ran down and hid in the spruce wood and, when he came opposite, I shouted to him to throw his hands up. Hunting offered no resistance and made no remarks beyond asking where the girl was.

I warned him in the correct manner and took his gun, a 38-55 Winchester away from him.

We reached Grande Cache on Christmas Eve, and lay over Christmas day, during which I wrote a telegram to the officer commanding on chance that some Indians would leave for Hinton, which was about ten days' travel from Grande Cache.

I gave two orders on the Hudson's Bay Company at Edmonton, one in favour of Ewan Moberly and the other to Phillip Delorme, as I had no money with me. I enclose these two bills, in detail, under separate cover. We returned to Hunting's camp, where he had two horses running and took these with blankets, kit, etc., and returned over our old trail to the Smoky River Flats, where we left our horses, which place we reached on the **29<sup>th</sup>**. We only found about 10 pounds of flour, 2 pounds of corn meal and a little sugar at Hunting's camp; what they lived on principally was rabbits which the girl caught in snares. Hunting had been unable to catch any fur, and we found none with him. After paying back to the Indians on the Smoky the grub we had borrowed when we first struck there, we climbed Porcupine Mountain on our return trip, leaving on the **first of January, 1914**, and reached the Porcupine (Kakwa) River on the **3<sup>rd</sup>**. Here we stayed two days to rest the horses before we climbed Nose Mountain. We found our old tracks covered in with snow. We had no oats, and feed was scarce; what there was of it was frozen. None of us thought the

horses would pull through, but we had to go on as our own food was limited. Our little wedge tent was no good on our return trip, as it would only hold three, and was too cold. We camped in the open, making windbreaks of the tent and Hunting's canvas and spruce boughs, the girl having one for herself. One of us had to keep awake all night to keep the fires going and to watch Hunting and the horses, which were given to straying long distances from camp in search for food. It was very cold on top of Nose Mountain, as a high wind blew there all the time. On the **8<sup>th</sup>** we dropped down on to Nose Creek, where forage was more plentiful. It took us four days to make our cache from the foot of the mountain. We again ran short of food, having only dead lynx, which we caught in a snare, tea and two cupful's of tapioca per diem; this for three days before we reached the cache, which we reached the night of the **12<sup>th</sup>**. Here we met Constables Cornelius, and Gordon and Patrick Woneada, who brought out relief supply of food and medicine. They arrived at the cache just a few minutes before we did.

I had sufficient food cached here to have taken us to the settlement, but the new supplies were very welcome, especially the oats, Bovril (an energy drink), and medicine, as Hunting had frozen both feet slightly and we all had pretty bad colds. The relief horses also were in good shape and, with the two horses that were left as the relay at the cache (one had died during our absence) we were able to let our horses travel the rest of the way with empty saddles. We reached Beaverlodge settlement on the **18<sup>th</sup>**, and returned to Lake Saskatoon on the **20<sup>th</sup>**, when I sent a telegram to you.

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## GENERAL REMARKS

The police horses I took with me all returned, but two of Harrington's pack horses died during the trip. The terms of my agreement with him was that he would take all risks for a \$1 per day per head. I should like to note the loyal support given me by Constable Stevenson and Harrington. As there were many times on the trip when things looked black. The health of the party was good and the exceptional weather was the only thing that saved the horses. Ewan Moberly told me he had been frightened to refuse Hunting food, as he thought he might shoot some of his, Moberly's horses, but he only gave him a small quantity at a time, not sufficient to take him out of the country, as he expected the police out after him. He expressed himself as glad that he was caught as the Indians regarded Hunting as a menace to the community, and were all afraid to trap in the direction which he was supposed to have gone. I was very sorry for all the anxiety I have put everybody to, owing to our continued absence, but I could not send word before I did, and it was no good coming back while the man was in the country; another thing. I looked on it as a matter of life and death to catch Hunting before the cold weather struck us as the people I met stated that they had very little food and were poorly clad, which was true, and the opinion of Constables Stevenson, Harrington and myself is that they would have frozen to death if we had not gone. I attach a tracing of a map of that distance, showing our trail, which will supplement this report. I was fortunate in obtaining this map before I started out. It is drawn to scale and was made by the Government surveyors. I also attach a copy of the diary.

Certified Correct  
C.S. Harper Sergeant  
In Command of the Patrol



**“I walked on and crossed the Muddy River and, going into a bunch of spruce, came onto a teepee made of poles and spruce boughs. I went inside and saw the girl Mildred Shaw cooking some food.”**

Photo taken by Caroline Hinman in August 1915.

Mary Jobe standing in a wickiup - v282-pg 70.

Photo courtesy of Whyte Museum of the Canadian Rockies.

Story is published in Women of Willmore Wilderness

In 1915 Caroline Hinman's packtrip ran into an unknown wickiup on the Muddy Water River. It was later realized that it was Asa Hunting and Mildred Shaw's 1913-1914 winter camp



## 2017 Trail Clearing Report

Two Camp Corral

Many people don't realize the distances that the Willmore Wilderness Trail crews need to ride on horseback, packing chainsaws, brush saws, axes and gas. Then there is the long ride back to camp on a trusty steed. Trail crews have to deal with nature and unforgiving weather...and you always hope your horses don't stray too far by morning. You want an early start in order to clear that extra mile, allowing you to see more pristine vistas. No matter how hard crews work, the restoration is never finished. It is a labour of love for the people who support the Willmore Wilderness Foundation, and have a passion for Willmore Wilderness Park.

The Willmore Wilderness Foundation spent the following days clearing trail

### 4 Days: Davey Creek and Mt. Stearn

Heavy blowdown during the winter of 2016-2017 saw a lot of trees across this trail.

### 12 Days: Cowlick Creek to Deadman Creek

We cleared from Big Grave Flats to Monaghan Creek. This clearing kept the main artery between Grande Cache and Rock Lake open. The trail turns into a CAT trail at Deadman Creek and is open all the way to Rock Lake. We did a rough cut restoration up Whistler Creek to Whistler Lake, which was a spur trail.

### 18 Days: Sulphur Gates Staging Area to the Jackpine River

Heavy cutting took place through the 2002 Smoky River burn again this year. Heavy winds and massive blowdown made the trail clearing slow. We blazed the trail with yellow plastic markers. More restoration work will be needed in 2018.

Heavy cutting took place through the 2007 Jackpine River burn this year. Heavy winds and massive blowdown made the trail restoration slow to Ptarmigan Lake this year. We blazed the trail with yellow plastic markers. More restoration work will be needed in 2018.

### 19 Days along the Continental Divide

We worked on the trail from Sulphur Gates Staging area to the upper Sheep Creek, down the Continental Divide and around Mt. deVeber, to the Jackpine River and back to Bazil Creek. We also worked on spur trails as can be seen on the map. Heavy cutting took place through the 2007 Sheep Creek burn again this year. Heavy winds and massive blowdown made the trail restoration slow to Ptarmigan Lake. We blazed the trail with yellow plastic markers. More restoration work will be needed in 2018.

There is a section of muskeg trail at the summit of the Muddy Water River and Bazil Creek that needs work. The trail along upper Bazil Creek needs to be cut out and restored. This will need to take place in 2018.

Copper Kettle Camp is named after the Hudson Bay copper kettle lid that Carolyn Hinman found on her 1915 trip with Curly Phillips.<sup>1</sup>

Pictured above: from left to right Logan Leonard, Randi Lester, Martin Hallock, Tom Wanyandie, Bill Leonard and Bazil Leonard.  
New corral at Boulder Creek.

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Women of Willmore Wilderness Park  
by Susan Feddema-Leonard



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This camp is on the ledge above Sheep Creek on the trail before you go up Surprise pass. We cleared the triangle from Copper Kettle Camp located in the upper Sheep Creek Valley, up and over Casket's east shoulder. We turned east and cut trail downstream on Casket Creek to George Hargreaves grave at the confluence of Casket Creek and Sheep Creek. The crew headed back upstream on Sheep Creek to Copper Kettle Camp.

We cleared a spur trail up Surprise Pass. Surprise Pass is named after Surprise Lake (now Cecelia Lake) that Caroline Hinman named on her 1915 journey from Mt. Robson to Mt. Sir Alexander.<sup>2</sup> The trail had heavy spruce second growth that made the trail barely visible. We did some cutting and restoration work but were hampered by heavy winds and bad weather. We will need to return and work on the spur trail in 2018.

## 8 Days restoring trails up Davey Creek to Lightning Ridge.

We returned to clear the trail up and over Davey Creek to Sheep Creek. We cut trail to Lightning Ridge but were hampered by snow and bad weather. We will have to finish this project in 2018.

Trail crews were out for a total of 61-days. Tom Wanyandie, an 86-year-old Elder and Bazil Leonard mentored four young men in the traditional skills of the Rockies. Three young women were also mentored in outdoor cooking skills, mountain horsemanship and trail life. The Willmore Wilderness Foundation is focused on building capacity for future generations. A People & Peaks Production film crew were fortunate to shoot three one-hour documentaries that will be aired on Wild TV. The shows are called Spirits of the Rockies, Ghosts of the Jackpine River and Through the Mists of Time. We are using the footage to promote awareness of the traditions, culture and history of the Rocky Mountain region. Footage shot this summer will be used in social media, multimedia and tourism marketing initiatives.



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Women of Willmore Wilderness Park  
by Susan Feddema-Leonard





Copper Kettle Camp



Sheep Creek Camp



Morkill Camp Corral



Copper Kettle Camp



Me & Charlie Creek Camp



Jackpine River Camp



Muddy Water River Camp



## Back Country Campsite Restoration & Cleanup

Willmore Wilderness Foundation Crews have worked on seven back country campsites in 2016 and 2017. Crews have cleaned a massive amount of garbage out of these camps. We burnt a ruined zodiac raft, harness, bed rolls, tents, plastic tarps, blow up mattresses, and more. We packed out packhorse loads of gas cans, oil containers, propane bottles, liquor bottles, metal stoves, metal frames and more. We piled up metal trash this year on random sites on the Smoky River, and will continue to pack out this garbage in 2018. Trail clearing crews cleared encroaching brush around various sites and cleaned up downed timber.

We have made benches, installed toilets, made corrals, installed hitching rails and built or restored fire rings on the backcountry campsites. Susan Feddema-Leonard personally filmed, photographed and GPS'd these activities during both years. She shot and filmed "before" and "after" pictures of each campsite.

A map of the seven main sites we worked on has been posted above. Access begins at the Sulphur Gates Trail head near Grande Cache and traverses around Mt. deVeber, to the Continental Divide Trail, then to the Jackpine River, forming a loop back to Grande Cache. The Great Divide Trail traverses the Continental Divide between Alberta and British Columbia, wandering through the vast wilderness of the Canadian Rocky Mountains for more than 1200 kilometres. It is one of the most spectacular and challenging long-distance trails on the planet.

The trail crew also travelled from Cowlick Creek, up and over Hayden Ridge. We went upstream on the Sulphur River and camped at Zenda Creek. The trail crew continued upstream to Deadman Creek. This was about 80 kilometers one way, with a 160 kilometer return trip.







## **Grave of Jacque Thappe at Deadman Creek**

Tom Wanyandie turned 86-years-old on June 15, 2017. He speaks the Cree language, along with a bit of broken English which is hard to understand. His daughter Emily Bequette travelled with Tom on the 12-day trip to restore his grandfather's, Jacques Thappe's grave. She acted as interpreter during the expedition. Tom's youngest daughter Chehala Leonard joined her sister and father on the expedition.

Tom was born in 1931 in a Tipi. He was 38-years-old when The New Town of Grande Cache was settled in 1969. The Town was created because a new coal mine was built. Tom wanted to guide the restoration of his grandfather's Spirit House reconstruction. His grandfather's remains were in a dilapidated grave in Willmore Wilderness Park, on the Mountain Trail. The skull was still

visible in 2009 when Tom last visited the grave, although most of the bones were gone. The old Spirit House was rotted and travellers did not know that the pile of rotten wood was a grave of an Indian trapper by the name of Jacque Thappe.

Jacque's family had been employed by the Hudson Bay Company in the Athabasca District for some time before Jacque's birth. Baptism records show that Jacque Thappe was born on Oct 1853 in Jasper House, the son of Jacque Thappe (Sr.) and Therese (?). No second name can be found for Jacque's mother at this time. Jacque Thappe married Louise Findlay who was also born circa 1860 in Jasper House. Scrip records show that Louise and Jacque Thappe knew each other growing up in Jasper. The couple had six children, however only two survived. Marie, Annie, Baptiste, Samuel and Peggy all died young and were buried at Jasper House. Joseph (Thappe) McDonald was born in 1883

and was only three years old when his father died. His sister Louisa (Thappe) McDonald was born circa 1886, and was a baby at the time of her father's death.

Jacque Thappe died in an avalanche in 1886, while hunting at what is now called Deadman Creek. Jacque's young widow Louise Findlay-Thappe was left to raise two young children—Joe, and Louisa—Tommy's mother. She remarried a Métis man by the name of Donald McDonald, and the couple resided at Jasper House, but left for the Grande Cache area, when the Canadian Government created Jasper National Park.

Tom Wanyandie oversaw the reconstruction of his grandfather's grave. He sang a traditional song, after blessing the grave. Sadly, the skull that had laid at that burial site since 1886 was missing. It was still there when Tom visited his grandfather's grave in 2009.





## Grave of Baby Delorme at Little Grave Flats

Little is known about the baby that is buried at Little Grave Flats. An old cross is etched with "Baby Delorme." The Willmore Wilderness Foundation and the Mountain Métis Center erected a Spirit House over this gravesite in 2009. We rode past the grave on the way to Jacque Thappe's grave and could not see the baby's Spirit House. The expanse of willows that had overtaken the meadow made it impossible to see the gravesite. Susan Feddema-Leonard sent the trail crew in search of the grave. Bill Leonard rode on horseback, weaving through the thick underbrush. It took an hour before he spotted it. The Spirit House was tossed a dozen meters away from the grave site and the cross with "Baby Delorme" etched on it was some meters off in the brush in a different direction. The grave had

been vandalized by either human and/or predators.

In light of the fact that we were not going to travel over Jackknife Pass to restore Madeleine Joachim's grave, Susan Feddema-Leonard asked Tom Wanyandie to oversee the reconstruction of the little grave. Tom instructed the men to cut four big logs. They cut them and notched them, making a base that the Spirit House could be nailed onto. This made the white Spirit House more secure, making it difficult to pull the structure off of the burial plot.

Tom took the hand carved cross and instructed the crew to re-attach it to the Spirit House. Tom sang a traditional song, after blessing the grave. The trail crew stood in reverence as Tom performed the ceremony.



*Pictured on left page from left to right:*  
Martin Hallock,

Descendants of Jacque Thappe  
Tom Wanyandie, Grandson of Thappe  
Emily Wanyandie: Great Granddaughter  
Chehala Leonard: Great Granddaughter

*Pictured top:*  
Baby Delorme Grave and  
Willmore Wilderness Foundation Trail Crew

*Pictured bottom:*  
Bill Leonard, Gord Leonard  
and Tom Wanyandie at Jacque Thappe's grave.

## BALANCE SHEET AS AT DECEMBER 31, 2016

	2016 \$	2015 \$
<b>ASSETS</b>		
Current		
Cash	1,076.46	0.00
Accounts Receivable	6,847.23	2,487.90
Security Deposits	200.00	200.00
	<u>8,123.69</u>	<u>2,687.90</u>
Capital Assets		
Building	287,000.00	287,000.00
Equipment	15,175.20	13,855.19
Office Equipment	5,335.97	3,972.02
Camera, Video & Film Equipment	64,371.22	64,371.22
Computer	65,792.83	54,955.14
Furniture & Fixtures	15,143.31	14,427.26
	<u>452,818.53</u>	<u>438,580.83</u>
Less: Accumulated Amortization	<u>118,846.71</u>	<u>105,982.13</u>
	<u>334,071.82</u>	<u>332,598.70</u>
	<u>342,195.51</u>	<u>335,286.60</u>
<b>LIABILITIES &amp; EQUITY</b>		
Current Liabilities		
Bank Overdraft	0.00	19,669.38
Accounts Payable	77,525.79	43,833.53
	<u>77,525.79</u>	<u>63,502.91</u>
Equity		
Retained Earnings	<u>264,669.72</u>	<u>271,783.69</u>
	<u>342,195.51</u>	<u>335,286.60</u>

**Thanks to:**

**Municipal Sustainability Initiative (MSI)**

**Alberta Multimedia Funding Agreement;**

**Travel Alberta: Cooperative Marketing Funding;**

**Alberta Historical Resources Foundation**





# Annual Edition - 2018

FOR THE YEAR ENDED DECEMBER 31, 2016

	2016 \$	2015 \$
<b>REVENUE</b>		
General Sales	20.00	80.
Grants	355,004.94	200,773.
Memberships	2,737.50	2,046
Book Sales	7,691.15	12,159.
DVD Sales	336.50	632
Donations	10,820.00	12,565.
Contracts	3,537.11	0.
Interest	19.24	40.
	<u>380,166.44</u>	<u>228,298.</u>
<b>OPERATING EXPENSES</b>		
Accounting & Consulting	0.00	4,205
Advertising & Promotion	18,974.51	9,606
Donations	250.00	135.
Amortization	12,764.58	13,311.
Bank/Credit Card Charges & Fees	2,153.51	4,226
Insurance	2,289.00	2,233
License, Fees & Permits	1,743.60	1,590
Loan/Mortgage Interest	0.00	1,219
Supplies	19,942.24	4,318
Conventions, Banquets & Meetings	2,631.45	2,784
Training & Clinics	27,078.01	13,964.
Office	20,379.68	18,889.
Utilities	4,104.45	4,098
Property Taxes	0.00	1,205
Book & Film Production Costs	48,172.06	11,015.
Telephone & Fax	2,518.59	2,774
Maintenance & Repairs	4,500.98	145.
Travel	10,161.49	7,005
Wages & Benefits	122,022.50	91,517.
Contract Services	87,593.76	73,643.
	<u>387,280.41</u>	<u>267,891.</u>
<b>EARNINGS (LOSS) FROM OPERATIONS</b>	<u>-7,113.97</u>	<u>-39,592</u>



**Thanks to  
Macro Properties  
for their  
generous support**

**In Partnership with the MD of Greenview**





## Willmore Wilderness Foundation

a registered charitable organization  
#89655 0308 RR001  
Box 93 Grande Cache, Alberta T0E 0Y0  
Canada

Phone: 1-780-827-2696  
Toll Free: 1-866-WILMORE  
Email: [info@willmorewilderness.com](mailto:info@willmorewilderness.com)

Web Pages:  
[WillmoreWilderness.com](http://WillmoreWilderness.com)  
[PeopleandPeaks.com](http://PeopleandPeaks.com)  
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[PeopleandPeaks.com](http://PeopleandPeaks.com)

[AlbertaRockiesAdventures.com](http://AlbertaRockiesAdventures.com)

### **PayPal accepted**

1-866-WILMORE or 1-866-945-6673 or 1-780-827-2696

or mail a cheque or money order to the Willmore Wilderness Foundation:  
Box 93 Grande Cache, Alberta T0E 0Y0 Canada

Yearly Membership is as follows:

- \$25.00 Individual Membership **or** \$100.00 for five years
- \$35.00 Family Membership **or** \$140.00 for five years
- Life Time Membership \$500.00
- Corporate Membership \$100.00
- Youth Fees are 1/2 price
- Visa, MasterCard, American Express, Debit, Interac, PayPal, & Cheques



## From Willmore's Wild Camera



*Pictured left:*

Arthur and Laura Veitch  
Photo by Susan Feddema-Leonard

Photo below courtesy of  
Arthur Veitch

I shot a lot of "rabbits" while growing up in the Yukon. My brother and I would load up our .22 calibre rifles and set off in chilly October mornings. We learned to spot them by looking for their beady black eyes. They thought they were safe, hiding under their fallen stumps and dead falls. They became sitting ducks when the snow suddenly melted, standing out like white cotton swabs on a dark grey chair. When their populations peaked, a white tide of rabbits washed through the bush as they retreated from us.

I have since learned they are actually snowshoe hares. Unlike true rabbits, hares change color through the seasons. In the summer they are a grey, brown. In winter, they become a pure white. The varying camouflage helps keep them a head of predators like the Veitch brothers.

I no longer have any interest in killing or eating hares but they still have plenty to worry about. They are on the appetizer menu for almost all of the predators in the Grande Cache area. While hiking the trail circling the golf course, I once spooked up a goshawk that had just killed a hare. It stared angrily at me from a tree branch just overhead as I inspected

the bloody bunny body. A few years later, I was tracking a cougar along the Sulphur River. The tracks went from a cat taking a leisurely walk to a mad dash that ended in entire body slide with small bloody smear to cap it off. I could easily envision the 100-pound cat tackling the hapless hare.

In keeping with my desire to photograph and film all of Grande Cache's wildlife using remote cameras, I set up a simple camera trap in an area densely populated with hares. In over two weeks, I managed to make dozens of images of hares. Scrolling through these images, there is one particular image of a hare looking alarmed. The next image is the backside of a lynx as it bolted through the scene, hot on the heels of the hare. I don't know what transpired after that. Did the hare's speed and agility prevail? Later, I found a series of images of a barred owl, inspecting the same site. These owls are normally eaters of mice and smaller rodents but they could tackle bigger hares.

Even within the boundaries of Grande Cache's municipal limits, the life of a hare can be... harrowing.

By Arthur Veitch



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Box 93 Grande Cache, Alberta T0E 0Y0 Canada



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