



President's Report

Times are a changing with a new government headed by Premier Ed Stelmach. The cabinet portfolios have all shifted and it will be different than the Klein government—hopefully it will be friendly to hunters and trappers.

During the government transition, it came as a disappointment that a new Provincial Park was created in the Rock Lake/Solomon Creek area without ANY consultation from the people of Alberta. Orders in Council were pushed through while the leadership was changing hands. This has significance in that there will be NO hunting in this new Provincial Park.

Secondly, the Willmore Wilderness Executive has some grave concerns about a Memorandum of Understanding (MOU) that has been signed by British Columbia (B.C.) and Alberta which created an Interprovincial Park. This MOU includes the B.C. Kakwa Provincial Park, Greater Kakwa Wildland Park and Willmore Wilderness Park. The MOU was signed without any consultation with the Alberta stakeholders. This MOU seems to be a part of the agenda for the Yellowstone to Yukon (Y2Y) initiative. The Y2Y website states, "We seek to ensure that the world-renowned wilderness, wildlife, native plants, and natural processes of the Yellowstone to Yukon region continue to function as an interconnected web of life, capable of supporting all of its natural and human communities, for current and future generations. To realize this vision, Y2Y was



Photo courtesy of
Susan Feddema-Leonard

officially created in 1997 by conservationists and scientists who saw a need for an organization to operate as a guide and a connector" The Y2Y Conservation Initiative envisions an unbroken string of parks from the Yellowstone to the Yukon with no hunting, trapping or much of anything else.

If anyone wants a copy of the MOU regarding the new Interprovincial Park agreement please contact our office at info@willmorewilderness.com. We encourage you to contact your MLA and let them know that the Willmore Wilderness Act is important to Albertans. The right to hunt, trap, fish and ride horses—is a historic right, which we want to keep intact for future generations of Albertans.

We have scheduled a meeting with Kyle Clifford of Community Development on January 15 between his Department and the Willmore Wilderness Executive. We expect to discuss the lack of input into the Alberta/B.C. MOU and the

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See the Convention News



Featuring 'Long Horn'

... a true story

by Jim Babala

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Views from Sheep Creek

Brian Bildson - Executive Director



Brian Bildson
Executive Director
Willmore Wilderness Foundation
Photograph courtesy of
Susan Feddema-Leonard
January 2005

Greetings, from Sheep Creek Back Country Lodge. Once again my family and I have ushered in the New Year surrounded by the majesty of the Rocky Mountains. Like most folks, this is the time of year that I reflect back on 2006 and wonder what 2007 holds for us.

2006 was a year of challenge for the Willmore Wilderness Foundation on several fronts. Mother Nature decided to show her power, and wild fires swept much of the park. In the big picture, the fires will be a positive influence on the eco-system but they did cause some minor setbacks for the Foundation. We were forced to cancel our scheduled pack trips due to closure of the park, which was disappointing. We also saw several areas burnt in which previous years' trail clearing had taken place.

The Pine Beetle situation in the Park is also at an epidemic stage. It appears that the infestation is much more advanced than originally thought. While the government is expending huge resources in their fight against the beetle, the reality is that nature will run its course, one way or the other. Let's hope for a cold snap this spring, as this would accomplish much more than man can do.

The political situation in 2006 also raised some concerns with the Foundation. As an advocacy group for Willmore Wilderness Park, the Foundation attempts to keep abreast of any proposed changes in the management of the Park. We have tried to keep the lines of communication open with the government managers, namely Community Development, but are left with

the impression that often the communication is one way only.

In 2006, the government removed S.R.D staff from any management role in the park, which means that Fish & Wildlife officers no longer have any jurisdiction in the Willmore. As well, an integrated management plan for B.C. Kakwa Park, Kakwa Wildland Park, and Willmore Wilderness Park was struck without any prior consultation. There is also a draft plan called "Trapping in the 21st century" which may impact trapping rights in the park. Our concern is that significant changes are taking place without a chance for public input.

Looking ahead to 2007, the Foundation has identified a need to be more pro-active in lobbying for the Willmore Park, and ensuring that we are in the communication loop. It is evident that we cannot depend on government agencies to forward on relevant information. However, there have also been successes in our dealings with the government, and we are optimistic that we can forge better relationships with Community Development.

In closing I hope to see you out at one of our fund-raising banquets this year. A reminder that our work is fueled by volunteer labor and all money raised goes into making Willmore Wilderness Park a better place.

Brian Bildson
Executive Director



2007 Convention News

3rd Willmore Wilderness Benefit:

Grande Prairie Quality Inn - March 3, 2007. Tickets \$50.00 per person
Co-Chairpersons are Brian & Deana Bildson - 780-831-1087
Honouring Jerry Stojan, a Willmore outfitter

4th Willmore Wilderness Annual Fundraiser

Coast Terrace Inn Ballroom in Edmonton on April 28, 2007.
Tickets are \$60.00 per person.
Honouring Ishbel (Hargreaves) Cochrane, daughter of Roy Hargreaves

2nd Grande Cache Gala

Dates and place to be announced:

All events feature a banquet, live & silent auctions, displays, a Willmore Wilderness PowerPoint presentation and more. Cocktails at 5 pm and dinner at 6 pm. The Foundation has made a commitment to highlight mountain art, vacation packages and products at all future conventions.

For tickets please call toll free at 1-866-WILMORE

Convention Dates

mark you calendars

Grande Prairie - Mar 3/07

Edmonton - April 28/07

Grande Cache - TBA

Visa - MasterCard - Amex - Debit

“Due to the charred timber and blow down, there are a lot more trails that need to be cleared.”

Bazil Leonard, President

President’s Report - continued from page 1

complete lack of consultation into the new Rock Lake/Solomon Creek Provincial Park.

On a different note, the weather was certainly hot and dry this summer. We had two major fires in Willmore Wilderness Park. They were in the Sheep Creek and Jackpine River Valleys. The good news is that where the fire burnt, the pine beetles are under control. The bad news is that there is still a severe infestation where the fire did not burn. Due to the charred timber and blow down, there are a lot more trails that need to be cleared. We hope to get some crews clearing in the summer of 2007.

We also wish to thank the staff at Forestry and Community

Development who did a great job in managing the fires in Willmore. There is lots of snow on the mountains this year, and we expect the rivers and lakes will rise as a result.

We have a lot in the hopper this year. We hope to see you all at the upcoming conventions which are listed in this Newsletter. We certainly count on your support as EVERY BIT COUNTS. Our organization is self-supporting and we rely on the generosity of our volunteers and members.

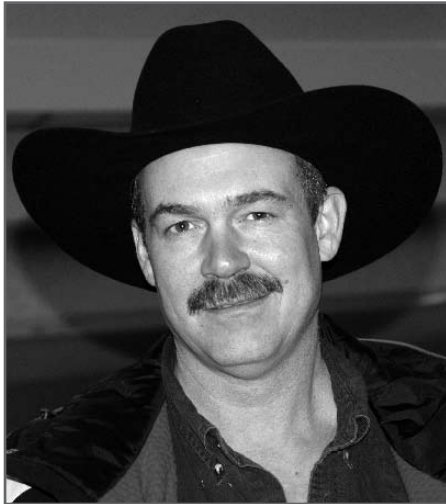
Last but not least, our book the People & Peaks of Willmore Wilderness Park is scheduled to go to press in the first quarter of 2007.

Happy Trails Bazil



Willmore Wanderings

By Mark Engstrom



Mark Engstrom
Board of Directors
Willmore Wilderness Foundation
April 2006
Photograph courtesy of
Susan Feddema-Leonard

**I recovered the
two lost horses;
the outfitter in the
area had “found” them
and left them
near my camp.**

It started out as a great day. It was the end of August, the weather was good. My brother Toe (Terry; but everyone calls him Toe) and I had left Grande Cache two days before. We had made a leisurely two-day ride, with an overnighter at Walton Creek just over the top of Hayden’s Ridge. The second day, the two of us, with our two riding horses and two packhorses, arrived at the cabin at Big Graves.

There were horses at the cabin as we rode up. Approaching, three familiar faces appeared from in and around the cabin. There were friends, who had left a couple of days before us for the same reason we were there—sheep hunting. They had already completed a successful hunt, taking two fine rams. We had originally planned to travel farther up the Sulphur River that afternoon, but decided to stay at the Flats to visit and be entertained with stories of their hunt. So we unpacked, set up camp, hobbled the horses and let them go, and settled in for a great night.

The next morning, like I said, started out as a great day. To begin—sheep tenderloin, rewards of a hard hunt, for breakfast. I love sheep meat, and ate a couple of large portions of finely cooked filet mignon that morning. The successful hunters were headed home that day, so we decided to see them off, helping with horses, saddles and pack boxes. We said good-bye just before noon. We were on our own again, and rarin’ to go hunting. It was a beautiful day, warm and sunny. We grabbed a couple of halters and set out to collect our horses.

My horses have spent a lot of

time at Big Graves. My old gelding has probably been there multiple times per year for the last twenty years, and the rest have also been there many, many times. If they don’t return to the cabin in the morning for some oats or cubes, they like to head to the far south end of the meadow past Pierre Delorme’s gravesite. If left until late morning, they will either stand in the trees at the edge of the river for shade, or end up in the willows on the gravel bars of the Sulphur—especially this time of year—to get into the cool wind that blows along the river, taking with it the horseflies that come with the warmth of the sun.

The horses were not where they usually were. No big deal, I assured myself, they can’t be far. We searched for a couple of hours around where they were usually found, with no sign other than shoe prints near the river. Since this seemed to be the only lead, across the river we headed. There were horse track across the river, my horses, I knew from the shoe marks. They disappeared soon after, as the horses did not stick to the dirt trail but got off into the grass. We spent the rest of the day traversing both sides of the river, soaked to the waist, ending up in an outfitters’ camp near where Kvass Creek flows into the Sulphur. A wrangler was in camp, and had not seen any stray horses.

Dejected, we headed back to camp. Along the way, we called for the horses hoping they heard and would follow to get the treats they get when they come when called. Just as we were getting back to camp Toe stopped and said he could hear bells. At first, I heard nothing, but sure



enough, a few minutes later, I also heard them. We turned and headed for the sweet sound of bells, and sure enough, heading for our camp, were two of the four lost nags. They followed us back to camp. It was now dark, but I decided to saddle up and go find the other two. I searched again for an hour or so with no luck. The two horses we now had stayed tied up that night. The old saying I had heard was now repeating itself in my head “it’s better to have a skinny horse tied to a tree than a fat horse’s tracks headed to town”.

The next day we saddled up and went horse hunting. Although we covered lots of territory, we couldn’t even find any fresh sign of the two lost boys. We rode back into camp that night baffled and upset. Soon as we hit camp, we saw a group of hunters had moved into the cabin, no problem as we were staying in a tent set up beside it. The hunting party turned out to be some fine fellows, as are most people I run into out there. One had taken a nice ram. Turns out he was a regular contributor to an internet hunting forum that I like to read and occasionally post in. Small world, indeed. Once again we spent an evening with good company.

The next day started out wet. It had rained during the night and was threatening to pour again judging by the dark clouds in the west. We saw our new friends off, as they were headed back to civilization. Having searched for our lost packstring in every place I could think of, we decided to spend the day looking for sheep instead of horses, hoping they would show up at camp and stay there.

So we headed up a valley to where we’ve seen rams before. As expected, the rain came, hard. We were well prepared for it, but being soaked all day does take its toll. During the day, we spotted about a dozen bighorn ewes, two billy goats, and two four-or-five-year-old grizzlies (we had seen the same two together a year ago, a mile away). Along the way, we had also seen fresh tracks of a sow grizzly with two very small cubs. Being in the same valley, I am sure the two juveniles were the sow’s last pair of twins. While we were checking out the two bears and spotting the higher elevations for sheep, Toe moved over in the willows to get a better position to glass from, and a dry willow branch went into his ear and poked out his eardrum! Blood was running out of his ear, and if he held his nose while breathing, air would bubble out of it. So we packed it full of toilet paper and headed for camp. The two lost horses were not there, and I was beginning to think that I had somehow angered the gods...

After a night of Toe breathing out the side of his head we decide to take the two horses we had and get him back to town to get checked out. This meant leaving camp there, but hey, that’s what happens sometimes. We made it back in good time, and arrived to the usual pizza and beer my wife provides whenever I come back in from the bush (cell phones these days are great). A late night visit to the doctor at emergency was in order for Toe, and although they cannot do anything, they figure it will heal and his ear will be OK. He decides to head home to southern Alberta, and the trip is officially classified as a small disaster.

I went back out four days later (after coming down with strep throat) and recovered the two lost horses; the outfitter in the area had “found” them and left them near my camp.

Mark Engstrom
Willmore Foundation Director

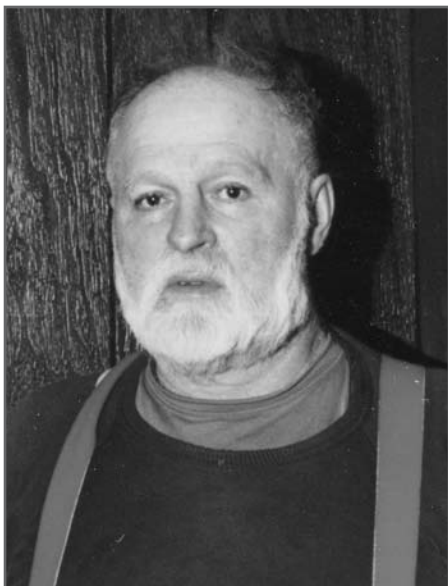


Websites

www.WillmoreWilderness.com
www.WillmoreWildernessPark.com
www.WillmorePark.com



Long Horn – By Jim Babala



Author Jim Babala

Jim started professionally guiding and outfitting hunting parties in 1946 in the Cadomin-Luscar area, with brother, Bill. In 1949 he ventured out in his own business and outfitted a party to the Hay and Sulphur Rivers—on his first trip into what is now Willmore Wilderness Park. He guided hunting parties in this area until 1972 when he took his outfit north to the Yukon. Jim still lives with his wife in Whitehorse Yukon.

Stories about Jim Babala will be featured in the People & Peaks of Willmore Wilderness Park.

The first real information I got on this particular ram was from Red Creighton. He had told me on different occasions about missing a very large unbroomed ram during the 1939 season. The picture of this ram was taken by Red at Kvass Creek Pass between the Sulphur and Big Smoky Rivers of Alberta.

The ram became a legend in his time and was talked about by many people interested in sheep and trophy hunting. This ram got to be known as 'Long Horn' and later on 'The Phantom Ram.' When one looks at the picture, 'Long Horn' is certainly the best way to describe him.

Red put this ram in the same class as the famous Chadwick Stone ram taken in 1936. He said he didn't believe it was as big but, at the time, 'Long Horn' was not an old ram. Red believed that in time he could have been as big as the Chadwick Ram.

Red said that he was told of a fine, unbroomed ram missed by a hunter in 1938 in the vicinity of the Little Graves–Sulphur River area. Red figured this was the same ram he had missed in 1939. At that time, the ram was a year older, a little bigger and still unbroomed.

When Red first spotted Long horn, he and a hunter were hunting the headwaters of Kvass Pass on the Big Smoky side of the range of mountains. This was a series of deep canyons and draws covered with stunted spruce and brush. Red said he spotted a number of rams feeding along the bottom of a deep, timbered draw. He and the hunter stalked closer and got

to within four hundred yards of the rams when he spotted 'Long Horn.' He looked and couldn't believe what he was seeing. He pointed out 'Long Horn' to the hunter. When he finally spotted the ram, he became speechless and very excited.

Red said that he, himself, even got a feeling of excitement looking at the bighorn and they both agreed they were looking at a replica of the Chadwick ram. They stalked within two hundred yards and none of the rams were aware of them. There were seven bighorns in the bunch and two others were fine trophy rams. One in particular was a fine, lightly broomed head in the 38-inch class.

As Red put it, "Hell Jim, I couldn't keep my eyes off 'Long Horn', as the rest didn't count much. The hunter was nervous as hell. We rested for a while and just watched. Conditions couldn't have been better—a slight breeze was blowing in our faces."

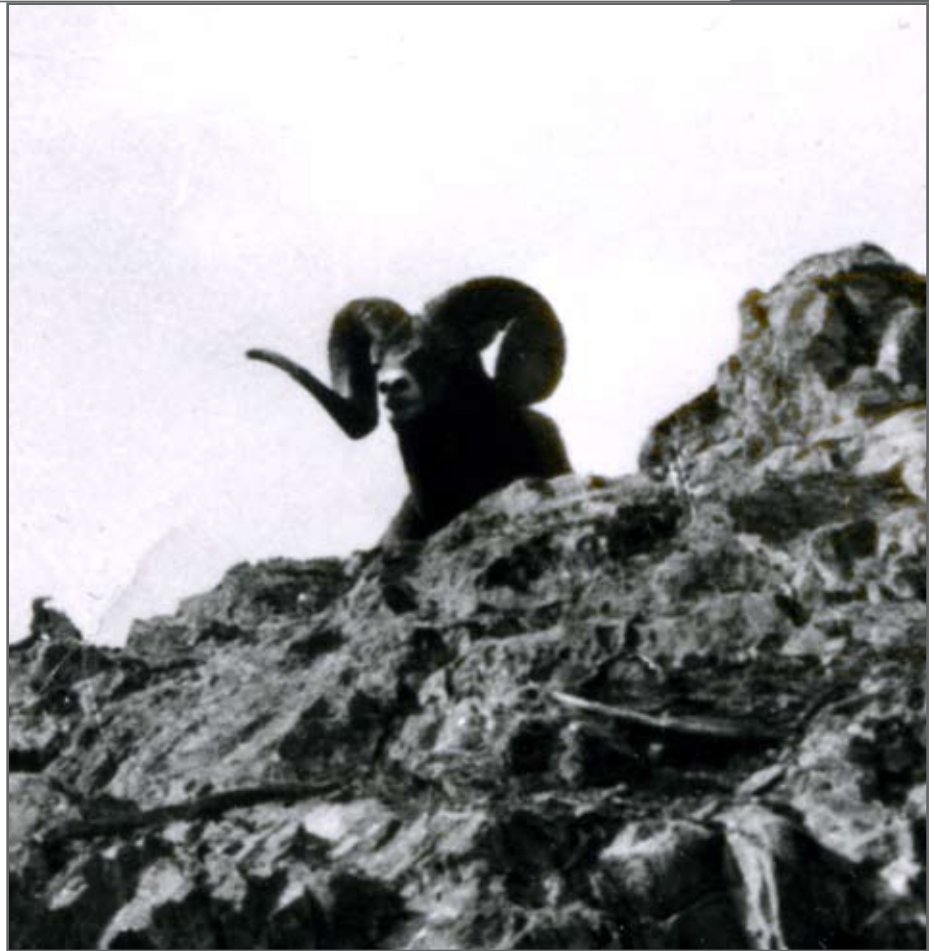
Red continued his story, telling me that the hunter laid down for a shot from a rest. The rams were feeding at the edge of a stand of thick stunted spruce and balsam. 'Long Horn' turned broadside and the hunter shot. Red said he never saw where the shot hit. 'Long Horn' gave one hell of a jump into the spruce—nothing showed for minutes.

Red was now thinking perhaps they had gotten the ram, when out came 'Long Horn' on the run, now at the far end of the spruce thicket, at least three hundred yards away. None

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This ram got to be known as ‘Long Horn’ and later on ‘The Phantom Ram.’ When one looks at the picture, ‘Long Horn’ is certainly the best way to describe him.



of the other rams showed. The hunter started shooting, his shots hitting as far as six feet to the left and right of ‘Long Horn.’ The six other rams appeared and started climbing straight up the side of the low ridge. ‘Long Horn’ ran, angling away from the rest. Red told the hunter to start shooting, as ‘Long Horn’ was nearing the top of the ridge. The hunter managed to get two more shells into his rifle and blew these two shots as well.

Red said when ‘Long Horn’ made it to the crest of the ridge, he stopped and sky-lined for a moment. They just sat watching. What a sight! When ‘Long Horn’ disappeared over the top, the other six rams were just making it to the top of the ridge. Red told the hunter to take a crack at the big, broomed ram that they figured was the best, adding that he was a good

respectable head.

The hunter told Red, “No more shooting for this hunter today. I’m going to spend the rest of my time looking for that long-horned ram.”

Red said they spent the rest of their hunt looking for ‘Long Horn’ but never saw hide nor hair of him. Red spent the month of September 1940 in the Kvass-Smoky area without seeing a trace of the ram, but found other rams which they took. He spotted ‘Long Horn’ again in mid-October 1940. He was with three other rams.

He spotted them late one afternoon but it would have been dark before they got to the rams. They decided they would go all-out after ‘Long Horn’ early the next day. Two hunters in the party still needed rams, so Red,

the hunters and another guide took after the rams.

They covered the whole area where they spotted ‘Long Horn’ and his companions the day before, without seeing them or any other rams. They saw only a few ewes. They spent most of the next day, as well, looking for the rams but had to give up because of a snowstorm. ‘Long Horn’ was seen no more during the 1940 season.

Red continued to hunt Kvass, as this was known as ‘Red Creighton’s ‘stomping grounds,’ but he didn’t see anything of the ‘Long Horn’ during the 1941 season. However, other guides reported seeing ‘Long Horn.’ Stories about the ram grew.



We're Going to Press with

People & Peaks

of Willmore Wilderness Park

People & Peaks

of Willmore Wilderness Park

.... at \$60.00 per copy
.... plus \$10.00 shipping & handling (in Canada) for those books that were not pre-sold.

The first edition of **People & Peaks of Willmore Wilderness Park** is in the final stages of layout and will be sent to press shortly. Old time outfitters share the secrets of the mountains. They talk about the trails, hunting areas and downright funny stories.

We are presently in the layout mode of the first edition. The entire manuscript has gone to Roger Brunt of Salt Spring Island, and the "new eyes" of Brian and Deana Bildson for a final review. These 'new eyes' are bound to catch a few small things that we need to change. We await their perusal of the manuscript and work on the layout in the meantime.

Our financing is in place and we are very excited about going to press. We fully anticipate that a copy of this book to be in the readers hands sometime during the first quarter of 2007. Thank you for your patience.

We have provided Sponsorship Credit to all those who prepaid for their copies of the book. We have also credited our major sponsors. Thanks to those of you who believed enough in this project to support it financially upfront. We will be mailing the prepaid copies of this book free of charge.

For more info call 1-866-WILMORE.

Willmore Wilderness Foundation
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#89655 0308 RR001
Box 93 Grande Cache, Alberta
T0E 0Y0 Canada
1.866.WILMORE

Book One Table of Contents:

Book one features outfitters from 1900 to 1950 with an overview of all outfitters from 1900-1980 in Chapter Two.

- The Beginnings of Outfitting
- The Guides & Outfitters from 1900 to 1980
- The Hargreaves Bros.
Ishbel (Hargreaves) Cochrane
Jack Hargreaves
- Art Allen
- Nick Nickerson
- Mark Truxler
- Jack Brewster
- Tom Groat, Joe Groat, Judd Groat
- Carl Luger
- Rose & Diome Findlay
- Tom Vinson Sr.
- Tom McCready
- Larry Nelles on the Jasper Willmore Connection & more.
- Leonard Jeck,
- Mac Elder on John Unland & more,
- Jim Baballa,
- Stan Kitchen &
The Bing Crosby 1947 hunt
authored by Bing himself

Book Two Table of Contents:

The text of book two is more than half completed and will feature Willmore Wilderness guides, cooks and outfitters who started in the business from 1950-1980.

- Glen Kilgour
- Tom Wanandie
- Dan Hallock Sr.
- Dave Simpson
- Bazil Leonard
- Charlie Stricker
- George Kelley
- Jerry Stojan
- Pete McMahan
- Tom Vinson Jr.
- ... & more



Join Our Membership

Find out about what's happening in Willmore. Get the latest news, issues and developments! We will keep in touch with our members in a newsletter twice during the year. We keep you up-to-date on important events and information. Articles or letters to the Editor are always welcome. Join today!



A person may become a member by a favourable vote passed by a majority of members at a regular meeting of the Foundation, and upon payment of the fee. Written notification will be sent to accepted members with a membership card. Membership renewals will be sent out 14-days prior to this meeting, along with a formal notice. The membership year runs from June to June.

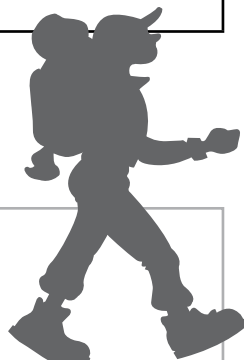
Yearly Membership is as follows:

- \$25.00 - dated from now to May 31, 2008
- Life Time Membership is \$500.00
- Corporate Membership is \$100.00



Find out about what's happening in Willmore Wilderness. Get the latest news issues & new developments! We will keep in touch with our members in a newsletter twice during the year— in January and in June.

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advertise in the willmore wilderness newsletter



Long Horn – By Jim Babala continued

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Now, he was known as the ‘Phantom Ram’ as well. During the last week of August 1942, Red again saw ‘Long Horn.’ He and another guide had packed a grub cache out to Kvass in advance, as they had a large party of hunters coming.

They stored all the grub in the cache and then Red told the other guide he was going to climb up to a favourite spot and do some glassing. The guide took off to glass another part of the area. Red said that as he climbed on foot, his thoughts were of ‘Long Horn.’

He sat on his special glassing spot and in minutes he spied up a lone ram on a distant, long rocky ridge. As he looked at the ram, he could make out only one long horn. He stalked closer to the ram—then had no problem making out it was ‘Long Horn,’ but he had knocked off the left side of his long horn. Red said he then crossed over to the long ridge that ‘Long Horn’ was on. He had no rifle with him—only his camera and field glasses. As he made the stalk, slowly coming downhill on ‘Long Horn,’ he could see the ram’s left horn still cleared the nose. It was not a fresh break. The horn must have been broken during the past rutting season. The short horn, Red thought, would still make 40 inches.

Red said he felt sort of sad when he looked at the broken horn, and he continued stalking closer. He got so close he could see ‘Long Horn’s’ nostrils taking in air and his eyes blinking, without the use of his field glasses. He snapped a few pictures hoping they would turn out as it was a cheap cam-

era. The wind was in Red’s favor so he just lay there admiring ‘Long Horn,’ for a good thirty minutes.

The ram then got up and stood looking about—truly a monarch of the Rocky Mountains. As Red continued to study the ram, a strange feeling came over him, as if he had lost something, or something wasn’t right. He thought about it, then he knew it was that it was the short, broken horn that bothered him.

Red estimated the longest horn would have measured 46 inches or better and, at this close range, was certain the broken horn would still make 40 inches. The ram had lost six to seven inches from his left horn.

‘Long Horn’ then turned, slowly and dropped over the crest of the ridge. Red said a sort of uneasy feeling came over him as he hurriedly climbed to where the ram had disappeared. When he got up to where ‘Long Horn’ had dropped over the ridge, he watched the ram slowly descend into a deep timbered draw, alone.

The sight of ‘Long Horn’ was much different than the first time he saw the ram. The broken horn took a lot away from him, but as Red told me, he was still one hell of a ram. He was 46 by 40 inches with a 15-inch-plus base.

Red hunted the rest of the 1942 season without seeing ‘Long Horn’ again and this was the last time he ever saw him. I asked Red if he had had a rifle with him, would he have shot the ram.

Red replied, “Jim, when I first saw him and got within shooting distance,

Yes, but after I got so close to him and took pictures and watched him for half an hour or so, No, I don’t believe I could have.”

“Looking at this photo, Red, you took the greatest shot ever when you snapped this picture.” Red gave me the original picture of this ram and it’s a treasure to me.

The conclusion Red came to was that ‘Long Horn’ must have knocked off the tip of his right horn as well and kept on brooming his horns. This way, he became just an average ram with a 15½-inch base or thereabout, and got lost in the shuffle of the good rams in the Kvass area during the early 1940s, adding that several good, heavy-broomed rams were taken during those years. One of those rams could easily have been ‘Long Horn.’

As I mentioned earlier, ‘Long Horn’ got to be a legend. When Ed Moberly guided for me he mentioned ‘Long Horn,’ as Ed had guided for Red on many occasions. Ed told me more about the ram when I interviewed him at his home. Ed’s story was very similar to Red’s. The legend of ‘Long Horn’ continued as I retired from outfitting in 1980.

It was suggested by many of my hunter friends that I write up my experiences, memories of my hunting days, and knowledge of bighorn sheep and mountain life. I took to writing and interviewing guides and outfitters I knew and Red Creighton was one of those people.

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Red Creighton - 1948
Photo taken by Harry Harper
Courtesy of Jim Babala

The sight of 'Long Horn' was much different than the first time he saw the ram. The broken horn took a lot away from him, but as Red told me, he was still one hell of a ram. He was 46 by 40 inches with a 15-inch-plus base.

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Red got looking through some of the photos he had from the past and come across the original picture he had taken of 'Long Horn.' This is when he told me the story as I have written here. Our talk took place a year before Red died.

The next authentic facts I got regarding 'Long Horn' were quite accidental. I was interviewing Art Allen, a real old-time mountain guide. After talking to Art and going through his pictures, I showed him my collection. As soon as Art saw the picture of 'Long Horn,' he said, "Where did you get that picture, Jim? That's the 'Phantom Ram!'" I told him I had gotten the picture from Red Creighton and then he told me his story about the 'Long Horn.'

Art's experiences with the ram began during the latter part of the 1930s until the early 1940s. During the latter part of the 1930s, he was guiding a father and son from New York. He said he found forty rams in a basin at Mile 60 on the Sulphur River. The 'Phantom Ram' was among this band. Art said after much waiting and maneuvering, they made a stalk on the rams. They managed to get within two hundred yards of the 'Phantom Ram.' The father had his ram, so the son was to shoot. Art said the kid had an easy standing shot but his shot hit directly below the ram's front feet.

The ram took off as if fired from a canon, and then all hell broke loose. The rams scattered in every direction and Art told the kid to keep after the ram. The kid kept firing but he let the ram get too far—as the bullets were

striking several feet in front of the ram. This spun the ram around and he ran directly toward the hunters. As the kid put more shells in his rifle, the ram stopped right in front of them, confused. The kid shot again missing the ram completely. The ram, still confused, ran about and the kid emptied his rifle. By the time he reloaded again the 'Phantom Ram' had gotten mixed in with the other rams. Then having gotten his bearing, he took off with the rest of the band.

Art said, "Hell, I could have shot that ram with a .22 rifle. He stood less than a hundred yards from us—long enough for a couple of shots"

Art had other hunters miss the 'Phantom Ram' as well and two were very well known hunters of the times. These were General Woods and Colonel Humphrey. Art said he told his stories about this ram to Jack Brewster whom Art was working for at the time. Jack just shook his head. Art came to the same conclusion as Red Creighton about the magnificent ram—that he broomed off his horns and got lost in the shuffle with the other rams. He said old, broomed rams were plentiful during those times.

Art told me as well about an old heavy-broomed and battered-up ram killed in the mid-1940s that was thought to be the old 'Phantom' but no one could say for sure.

Art, Red and Ed were very reputable guides of the time and I'm certain the above information regarding 'Long Horn' is true. To me, Art Allen is one of the most outstanding guides and men I know. Art has done it all. He guided for all the old time outfitters, trapped from the Coal Branch

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Long Horn – By Jim Babala continued

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to Sheep Creek, across the Smoky River and was a professional axe man. He built most of the cabins for the Jasper Park Warden Services and led a very interesting and colourful life. I would say he knew the Smoky River mountain country as well as anyone. I interviewed Art in the fall of 1985 and you will be hearing more of him later regarding his mountain life.

Editors Note:

Red Creighton was known to hunt the Sulphur River, Kvass Creek, Winifred Lake and Kvass Pass areas of Willmore. He traveled from his base in Jasper to Devona, up the Snake Indian River and over to Big Grave Flats. He

ventured deeper to Delorme Creek and the headwaters of Kvass Creek. This area was also a favourite haunt of Jack Hargreaves. Stories about Red Creighton, Ed Moberly, Art Allen and Jack Hargreaves will be featured in the **People & Peaks of Willmore Wilderness Park.**

Also you can purchase an interesting book by Jim Babala from the Willmore Wilderness Foundation, called **The Arizona Desert King and I.** The cost of the book is \$40.00 plus \$10.00 shipping and handling. Limited quantities available. We also offer Leonard Jeck's book, **Female Grizzly Rights**, at \$15.00 and \$5.00 shipping and handling.

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