

# Willmore Wilderness Newsletter



## Inside this issue

January 2010

### **Annual Newsletter**

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Pictured above:

.... see description on page 2.



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Thanks to the  
Alberta Equestrian  
Federation (AEF)  
for donating \$10,000  
towards the Willmore  
Wilderness Park 2009  
trail clearing initiative.



## Did You Know?

Pictured above is Vivian Slugoski of the AEF Basil Leonard and Ken Zelt of AEF.

Vivian and Ken are presenting the Willmore Wilderness Foundation a \$10,000 donation for the 2009 Trail Clearing Project.

They are shown here in August 2009 at Carson Creek in Willmore Wilderness Park.

### CURLY MOUNTAIN

Pictured on the front cover of this Newsletter, in the distance, is Mount Pauline, formerly called Curly Mountain. (Latitude 53; 32 Longitude 119; 54, Topo map 83E/12). This mountain is 2653 meters high or 8704 feet and is located on the Continental Divide at the headwaters of Pauline Creek and the Chalco Creek. It is on the Willmore Park, Alberta/BC border, and its major headwaters are the Smoky and Fraser Rivers. Its name was changed in 1925 in honour of F.A. Pauline, who was the Agent-General for British Columbia at the time. A previous name of this mountain was Curly Mountain after Donald "Curly" Phillips.

this beautiful sight to build his log structure, situated on the quiet turquoise waters with an amazing view of what he knew as Curly Mountain. His cabin was located a twenty-minute walk from the picturesque Ptarmigan Lake.

There is another mountain named after the legendary Curly Phillips that is called Mount Phillips and is 3249 meters or 10660 feet. (Latitude 53; 10 Longitude 119; 16, Topo map 83E/03). It is located on the Continental Divide 5 km north of Mount Whitethorn, on the border of Jasper and Mount Robson parks. Mount Phillips is located on the Alberta/BC border. Its major headwaters are the Athabasca and the Fraser rivers. J. Norman Collie named Mount Phillips in 1923 after Curly Phillips who was an early outfitter, climber, skier, and businessman in the Jasper area. Mount Phillips has also been called Mount Resolution in the past. J. Norman Collie, A.L. Mumm, and J. Yates guided by Moritz Inderbinnen first ascended Mt. Phillips in 1910.

*All photos on front page & this page were taken in 2009 by Susan Feddema-Leonard*

Trail Crews pictured on front page from left to right:

Vivian Slugoski, Ken Zelt, Dave Wildman, Ken South, Richard Aarsen, & Jenna Helmer

*Photos of crew on back page courtesy of Brian Bildson, Jenn Houlihan & S Feddema-Leonard*  
2009 Sheep Creek Airstrip to Casket Lake

Trail Clearing Crew from left to right:

Mark Engstrom, Jason Bildson, Gary Argue, Andrew Manske, Alfred Wanyandie, & Jenn Houlihan

Sunset photo at Sheep Creek Airstrip 2009 by Susan Feddema-Leonard

The photo on the front page was taken at the site of Curly Phillips' trapline cabin near Ptarmigan Lake on the Jackpine River. It was photographed on a trail-clearing trip in September 2009. Curly Phillips' trapline cabin was burnt to the ground in an August 2006 wildfire. Curly chose





## President's Report

Hi Everyone:

We had quite a busy summer as the Foundation had a trail-clearing contract with the National Trails Coalition. We participated in six different trail clearing and restoration expeditions across Willmore's landscape for a total of 73-days. Special thanks goes to Ken Zelt and Vivian Slugoski of the Alberta Equestrian Federation (AEF) for their support during one 18-day trip. We also salute AEF for donating \$10,000 toward the second trip. Thanks is also due to Ken South, Dave Wildman and Richard Aarsen (*the three musketeers*) who spent five days clearing trail up Munn Creek. We can't forget Ed Regnier and Ian Helmer who cleared the trail from Blue Grouse Camp over to the Moose Farm.

The purchase of the Willmore Wilderness Foundation building was finalized on November 10, 2009. The basement is rented out, along with one office upstairs. The good news is that the mortgage payments are substantially lower than the rent we were previously paying.

We are still collecting the final numbers regarding the 2009 Grizzly Bear survey. Special thanks to Alberta Fish and Game Association and the Wild Sheep Foundation: Alberta Chapter, for their financial support on this project. I would encourage you to read Brian Bildson's open letter regarding the Foundation's position on the grizzly issue, which is detailed in this Newsletter.

There seems to be a continued desire by some bureaucrats to push towards making a UNESCO

World Heritage Site application regarding Alberta's eastern slopes. I would encourage you to read Susan Feddema-Leonard's article, which is also detailed in this publication.

I would encourage you to come out and support us in our conventions. The dates are as follows:

### **Edson Shindig**

Saturday, Feb 6, 2010  
Royal Canadian Legion: Joe Wynn  
Live and silent auction  
Banquet buffet - \$50.00 tickets  
Doors open at 6 pm and dinner at 7 pm

### **Edmonton Roundup**

Saturday, Feb 27, 2010  
Chateau Louis Hotel  
11727 Kingsway NW Edmonton, AB  
Live and silent auction  
Banquet buffet - \$50.00 tickets  
Doors open at 6 pm and dinner at 7 pm

### **Grande Cache Gala**

Saturday, March 13, 2010  
Grande Cache Métis Hall  
Live and Silent Auction  
Roast Beef Buffet - \$30.00 tickets.  
Doors open at 6 pm and dinner at 7 pm

### **Grande Prairie Roundup & People & Peaks Film Fest**

Saturday April 10, 2010  
9816-107th Street, Grande Prairie, AB  
Live and Silent Auction  
\$50.00 tickets.  
Doors open at 6 pm and dinner at 7 pm

Wishing you all a fantastic 2010!

Happy Trails  
Bazil Leonard, President



Bazil Leonard in  
Willmore Wilderness Park  
in September 2009.  
Photo by Susan Feddema-Leonard



## Views from Sheep Creek

Brian Bildson - Executive Director



Brian Bildson on a  
14-day trail clearing mission  
in September 2009  
Photo by Susan Feddema-Leonard

Greetings friends, I hope this winter season finds you holed up somewhere warm, while dreaming of summer trails. As for me this is my favorite time of year, and I'll be out on the trapline enjoying the snow.

This past year has seen a lot of growth for the Foundation, with more positive steps ahead. I'm pleased to see that as the Foundation matures, we are learning how better to deliver both our message and on-the-ground projects. It is good to see the positive results we've achieved in 2009.

As we move forward in 2010, we hope to forge stronger partnerships with Alberta Parks and those other member groups who reflect our values. We are also working hard to stay abreast of new technology, which will allow us to deliver the Willmore message to a wider audience.

Our Board of Directors recognizes that the Foundation must make use of all mediums available to deliver the Willmore message to as diverse an audience as possible. We have expended significant time and money to capture both the beauty and the challenges faced by the Willmore Park on film and screen. This messaging is what will ensure the survival of the Park in the years to come.

Our crews did an incredible amount of trail clearing this season. I was fortunate enough to go along on one of the expeditions, but an allergy to work prevented me from getting my hands dirty. It was truly inspiring though to watch the others work so hard!

In closing I wish you the best for 2010 and hope to see you out at one of our events this winter. Happy trails.

Brian Bildson





## GRIZZLY ATTACK

by Susan Fedddema-Leonard

Tom Wanyandie and James Wanyandie were awarded Bronze Medals for Bravery from the Royal Canadian Humane Association. This honour is awarded to those involved in a noteworthy rescue, where there is a fair amount of risk or danger. The father and son were given the medals after a horrific grizzly bear attack.

My daughter Chehala Leonard and I filmed an interview with James and Tom shortly after their encounter with the bear. Tom primarily speaks Cree, so James translated for us. The pair was out looking for “sheds,” as James is a talented artisan and antler carver. They both took a big hike away from their vehicle when James said he heard a noise in a tree. He looked up and saw a small grizzly cub climbing up a tree. James yelled, “Muskwa!” to his father. He screamed, “Bear!” in his native tongue for the second time and started to load a bullet in the chamber of his gun. The young artist immediately saw the sow under a tree coming full speed towards him. He said that he couldn’t wait—he had to shoot the bear; however, the shot didn’t seem to affect the animal, as it kept coming.

The grizzly’s ears were pinned back on her head and she kept charging. As she got really close, James tried to reload his gun, but he didn’t have enough time. He jumped aside and the bear ran beside him. James continued trying to reload his rifle, but he tripped, and the bear grabbed his left wrist. “It all happened so fast,” he said. The bear swung him around and he lay under her. He thought, “God, we are not going to make it!” They were a long way from their car. His thoughts



Mrs. Kwong, Tom Wanyandie, James Wanyandie & Lt-Governor Norman Kwong  
Photo by Chehala Leonard

were racing, and he remembered thinking, “If we get killed, my family is not going to find us.” James believed that it would be impossible for a search party to find their remains.

As he lay helplessly on the ground, James saw his father. Tom was yelling and screaming at the sow and was running full speed toward the bear and his helpless son. Tom took all his strength and hit the grizzly with his diamond willow walking stick. The sow opened her jaws and Tom jammed the stick down the bear’s throat. Everything happened so fast.

The next thing James remembered was looking up and seeing the bear on top of his father. James knew he had to do something. He wanted to grab the rifle, but his left hand was broken, and it flopped around with no strength. The gun fell backwards to the ground while James was desperately trying to reload it. He tried to use the ground for support but just could not load the rifle. All he could do was grab the gun and poke the bear with it. The bear’s teeth were around Tom’s right arm in a firm grip.

The bear turned her attention back to James after he tried to poke her. The sow then tried to take the gun away from James and broke the gun sling. During the ensuing fight, the bruin turned and grabbed James’s leg. The next thing he remembered was being dragged down the hill. It was all happening so fast. James was ten meters down the hill in just seconds. He ended up beside his father.

Tom had gotten up after his first attack and saw that the bear was back ... on James. Now, Tom was angry and started yelling and swearing at the bruin. He ran toward James and the grizzly—and succeeded in scaring it off. The bear was gone.

The sow took off down the hill a little ways and stopped. She decided to come back towards the pair. Tom started to swear again at the top of his lungs and running toward the bruin. He was angry and wasn’t going to let that bear have its way. He was going to fight it with his bare hands if necessary. Tom yelled at James to

.... continued on page 9





## *The Moccasin Telegraph*



Susan Feddema-Leonard  
Photo by Jaeda Feddema

### **UNESCO World Heritage Site & Alberta's Eastern Slopes**

... Willmore Wilderness Park & Other Provincial Parks ...

News arrived via email in late November stating that *The Canadian Press* had issued a press release on November 22, 2009, at 3:39 PM. The article was entitled ***Alberta, B.C., look to expand UN World Heritage Site.***

The article stated, "There is political and bureaucratic support for pursuing the idea, so we have been working on it," said Mike Murtha, a Parks Canada planner. The news release also stated, "The areas (to be nominated) include Peter Lougheed, Elbow-Sheep, Spray Valley, Bow Valley and Wilmore Wilderness provincial parks, as well as the Ghost, Siffleur, and White Goat wilderness areas."

I was shocked at this press release, as I had heard Premier Stelmach speak in Grande Cache in the spring of 2007 regarding the UNESCO World Heritage Site's desire to expand their landmass to all of Alberta's eastern slopes. The Premier, whom I believed to be an impeccable source, told an audience of 150 people, "You have my commitment and (MLA) Robin Campbell's commitment to work with us (*Willmore Wilderness Foundation and the Mountain Métis*)—especially with respect to outside influences."

I was filming the Premier's comments and believed that he would have his government officials contact us and/or the Grande Cache Métis Local Council #1994 should there

be a renewed interest in putting Willmore Wilderness Park into formal application for UNESCO World Heritage Site status.

Perplexed by *The Canadian Press* article, I decided to contact all the people who were quoted in the news release. The first person I contacted via email was Nigel Douglas of the Alberta Wilderness Association. He responded by saying,

*"To be honest, I don't know any more about this than you. I got a call from John Cotter of the Canadian Press last week asking my opinions about the World Heritage recommendation, but I don't know anything about what shape the formal process is taking. Before I talked to John Cotter, I had a look back over our files, and came across the notes of the meeting between AWA, Willmore Wilderness Foundation and the Parks folks, but, as far as I know, we haven't heard anything official since then. Nigel."*

The second person I contacted was the editorial staff of *The Canadian Press*. I asked who their contact was in the Alberta Government. I received the following email as a response.

*"Dear Ms. Feddema-Leonard:  
Thank you for writing to The Canadian Press concerning our story about Alberta, British Columbia and Parks Canada thinking about asking the United Nations to add nearby provincial parks and other protected lands to the existing heritage site.*

*I have attached our full story below and it includes all the information we have. Our reporter suggests you might try contacting Alberta Tourism and Parks for more details.*



Best regards,

HEATHER BOYD, *Prairies Bureau Chief*  
780 412 6250 [thecanadianpress.com](http://thecanadianpress.com)

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**Canada's trusted news leader**

There was a quote in *The Canadian Press* story by Camille Weleschuk so I decided to contact her. She responded as follows:

"Dear Ms. Feddema-Leonard,

Thank you for contacting Alberta Tourism, Parks and Recreation. Alberta Tourism, Parks and Recreation is not actively working on a Parks Canada submission to expand the Canadian Rocky Mountain Parks World Heritage Site in Alberta. Our current priorities are implementing the Plan for Parks and the government's Land-use Framework. Any change like a world heritage site expansion would involve an extensive consultation process to make sure we know what Albertans want for their provincial parks.

There have been recent media reports on this topic and I think they arise from a National Parks' DRAFT Management Plan document which mentions including provincial parks in an expanded World Heritage Site. The Parks Division does not have resources allocated to pursue addition of provincial parks to the World Heritage Site at this time.

Thanks again for your email."

Camille Weleschuk, Public Affairs Officer

While Ms. Weleschuk admitted that nothing was happening at the moment, my radar went up at the thought that public consultation could be a way to bring the UNESCO issue to a head in

the future. Public consultation can be a manipulative process. The manipulation comes in the way questions are phrased, and unsuspecting citizens are easily duped into agreeing to questions of which they are not fully informed. I once watched a documentary on how easy it is to get the public to agree to the most ridiculous things. It is all in the approach.

I had sent out one additional email to Don Boynton asking him about his comments in *The Canadian Press* article.

"Don Boynton of Travel Alberta, a Crown corporation, said including more parks and wilderness areas to the heritage site would make the parks even more prestigious and help boost Alberta's \$5 billion tourism industry. It lends credibility to the destination — that the United Nations recognizes this as one of the best places in the world to visit," he said. "It would add to the awareness and to the appeal."

In my email to Mr. Boynton, I state, "The Willmore Wilderness Foundation would like to work with Travel Alberta. We have **no** working relationship at this point in time. Willmore Wilderness Park is one of the best tourism possibilities in Alberta, and I would like to arrange a meeting with you at some point in the future to discuss a future working relationship between our two organizations."

So far, I have had no response from Mr. Boynton.

During Premier Stelmach's 2007 Grande Cache visit, he stated,

In my email to Mr. Boynton, I state ....

"The Willmore Wilderness Foundation would like to work with Travel Alberta. We have no working relationship at this point in time. Willmore Wilderness Park is one of the best tourism possibilities in Alberta, and I would like to arrange a meeting with you at some point in the future to discuss a future working relationship between our two organizations."

So far, I have had no response from Mr. Boynton.



## *Moccasin Telegraph* - continued from Page 7

"Tourism is important to Albertans. Tourism is a clean industry. People get caught up in the breathtaking scenery they see in movies." I must say that the Willmore Wilderness Foundation concurs with Premier Stelmach's comments; however, at this point in time, the Willmore Wilderness Foundation has not had any contact with Travel Alberta. This is something that needs to be cultivated in the future. Travel Alberta has had a working relationship with various horse outfitters and backcountry lodges over the years; however, it has not marketed Willmore Wilderness Park directly as a tourist destination. Having had no direct promotion of Willmore Wilderness Park, Mr. Boynton's comments seem premature, to say the least. We do not need to become a World Heritage Site to promote tourism. I think Travel Alberta could work with the Willmore Wilderness Foundation to promote the beautiful Alberta Rockies without the nomination. There is a lot of networking and collaboration that needs to be done here.

I also emailed Mr. Mike Murtha regarding his comments in *The Canadian Press*. Mr. Murtha responded by stating the following:

"Hi Susan,

Good to hear from you. Long time since we corresponded. The article originated with our Banff Park draft management plan, which is out for public review. I'm attaching it in case you have not seen it. We reference the proposal to expand the current WHS.

We had approval to start the discussions a few years ago, which is what I was referring to, but there is

nothing active at the moment. Haven't met with the provincial guys in more than a year. The Alberta staff have been busy with the Plan for Parks and the Land Use Framework. And the BC guys have been tied up with other work. I emphasized in the interview that it is up to the provinces to decide when they want to participate and which areas they would like to nominate. When they are ready to proceed, Parks Canada will work with them to prepare a nomination. And that's where it stands right now. Mike."

I may be a little overzealous in my digging into the origins of the UNESCO World Heritage Site article; however, my experience has shown me that backroom deals and secretive actions almost got Willmore Wilderness Park nominated for World Heritage Site status several years ago. It is perplexing to know why *The Canadian Press* would publish the November 22, 2009 article, which had little-to-no substance. It would appear that someone is trying to put ideas in the public's mind and use the media to further their agenda.

Secretive backroom deals created the Kakwa-Willmore Interprovincial Park in November 2006. Neither the West Yellowhead MLA, nor the Grande Cache Mayor, nor any of the local aboriginal groups knew about this new park. The Willmore Wilderness Foundation was shocked to first see reference to the Park two months later in the January/February 2007 *Canadian Geographic Magazine*. The Kakwa-Willmore Interprovincial Park map was detailed on page 73 of the magazine. It seems that the media was aware of this clandestine deal, long before the unsuspecting public. It makes me wonder who is really

running the show.

The big question I asked myself is why would the Banff Park Management Plan include an expansion of the UNESCO World Heritage Site? Parks Canada needs to look after its own landmass and let the Province look after its portion of the eastern slopes that Alberta has jurisdiction over! Is it not presumptuous to assume that areas adjacent to Banff should be nominated?

We need to watch what is happening to our eastern slopes. Do international interests want control of our headwaters? Is that what is behind all this sudden need to nominate the rest of Alberta's eastern slopes?

The Willmore Wilderness Foundation feels a need to stay alert at all times and be aware of foreign threats to our western way of life and traditions, not to mention our most important natural resource—water!

by Susan Feddema-Leonard





## GRIZZLY ATTACK - by Susan Feddema-Leonard ..... continued from Page 5

grab the gun and try to load it—but he hadn't realized that the first bullet was still jammed in it. It was a new rifle that James had owned for only a few months. The grizzly, at this point, changed her mind and, at least momentarily, gave up pursuit.

The pair still had to travel six hundred yards uphill to their truck. James knew that it was quite a ways, considering they were both badly mauled. He grabbed his rifle and started his trek uphill. He told his dad that someone would find them at the vehicle if something awful happened. Both men were bleeding badly and James' hand was getting stiffer and stiffer. He could feel the crunching in his left hand as he moved. The pair kept pushing themselves to reach their destination. They knew they had to make it at least to the truck.

Once they arrived James opened the door of the vehicle. Tom went around and closed the door, as James' left hand was dangling loosely. James was completely unable to shut the door by himself. Tom managed to drag himself into the passenger side and the pair drove six hundred yards where James was able to get cell phone reception. He somehow managed to phone his wife Carol and the ambulance. James told Carol that he would drive as far as he could and meet her and the ambulance somewhere on the old dirt trail.

James was able to drive halfway towards Grande Cache before he met the ambulance. He pulled over to the side of the bush road and received medical assistance. The paramedics quickly took the pair to the hospital where they were treated. The doctors and nurses cleaned



James Wanyandie, MLA Robin Campbell, Tom Wanyandie  
Photo by Chehala Leonard

the wounds and stitched up the open gashes. James was transferred to the Grande Prairie hospital, as his left hand was in very bad condition.

Tom shared with us a second encounter he had had with a grizzly bear. A grizzly mauled him years ago when he was working for Jerry Stojan a Willmore outfitter. Both grizzly attacks were bad, but he was very angry during this second attack. That anger probably saved both James' and Tom's lives.

Tom and James are both experienced bushmen. Tom was close to forty years of age when the Town of Grande Cache was built. He spent his life living a traditional lifestyle, hunting, trapping and gathering. Tom told us that years ago there were not many grizzlies, but today there is a much bigger population. He said that today the bears are everywhere. "You can see their track on mud and dry leaves and see their diggings," he told us through James' translation. Tom said, "Now bears kill people. In the old days, they used to shoot trouble bears. People would eat the meat, use the bear fat and use the bear rug to keep warm."

James said everything happened so fast—yet by the same token, it seemed to take forever. He was happy

to be alive, as he and his wife have six children, with one more arriving one month after the grizzly bear attack. James makes his livelihood by carving antler "sheds" and making rustic wooden furniture. James and his father had been out in the bush trying to find some "sheds" to help James make an honourable living for his family.

MLA Robin Campbell arranged for James and Tom to be awarded the Bronze Medal. The Lieutenant-Governor of Alberta is the patron of these bravery awards from the lifesaving society. Lieutenant-Governor Norman Kwong presented Tom and James the award. Tom, who towered over the Lieutenant Governor, turned and put his arm around Norman Kwong during the ceremony in Edmonton. Tom is quite a character and all those who know him, know he is a living legend.

James has generously provided the Willmore Wilderness Foundation numerous donations of his carvings. He is also a Board Director for the Willmore Wilderness Foundation. Tom is a long time supporter of the Willmore Wilderness Foundation and has been helping Basil Leonard clear trails in Willmore Wilderness Park and the Kakwa area for more than a quarter of a century.



## TALES & TRAILS IN THE WILDERNESS: by Ethel Miller

### Chapter Six: The Wreck

*A story by Ethel Miller (deceased),  
printed by permission of her husband,  
Charlie Miller (since deceased in 2007).  
The story will be concluded in the next  
issue of this newsletter.*

I started rolling  
down the hill  
backwards. The  
brakes were just not  
holding. So, I decided  
to try to steer it  
around the curves. As  
I did, it seemed to be  
picking up speed.

With only a few days to make a short trip in August 1973, we decided to go out to the Berland to try to find our friend Nick's duffel bag, which he had lost a couple years before. We did not want to borrow all the pack horses that we did the last time, as this would be just a short jaunt. Another friend of ours suggested that we take his horse Banner, and I could ride him while Sandy was packed. We didn't take a trailer but just our old truck, which had stock racks on it and had plenty of room for four horses, but not for the pack saddles, panniers and other supplies. So we loaded all that stuff into the back of our half-ton, and I would take it out to the Berland. Seeing we were only going to be gone a few days, we thought we would take our German Shepherd dog Lock with us, and he could ride with me. We had never taken him out on a trip before and were not really sure how he would be, as he was a very aggressive dog.

When we got to the area where we had unloaded the last time, Charlie decided he would be able to go farther—right to the cabin on the Berland—as the weather had been dry, and the road was dry. Sometimes it can be really muddy and rutted. The road to the cabin was very winding with some pretty steep hills.

Just before we decided to go right up to the cabin, Lock got out of my

truck and would not get back in. He just wanted to follow along behind the big truck with the horses. So we started towards the cabin, climbing the steep curves. I was following pretty close behind the big truck as the dust billowed out from under its tires. All of a sudden, I could see Charlie right ahead of me, and he was not moving. He was stopped right in the middle of the road. He was getting the old truck into a lower gear before moving slowly forward.

By this time I was stalled and started to roll back. Frantically, I was trying to stand on the brakes and keep it from going back, but to no avail. I started rolling down the hill backwards. The brakes were just not holding. So, I decided to try to steer it around the curves. As I did, it seemed to be picking up speed. I could have backed into the side bank, but my only thoughts were to keep it on the road, out of the trees and get it stopped. I was nearly at the bottom of the hill, when I veered off the driver's side of the road and rubbed up against a poplar tree, bringing me to an abrupt stop. I couldn't get out of the driver's side door; but despite the door and a wrinkle along the side of the hood, a bunch of dust in the cab, and one upset driver, I managed to scramble out of the passenger side.

By this time neither Charlie nor Lock were anywhere in sight. So I started walking up the road in hopes that Charlie realized I was not behind. Eventually he stopped; and once he got turned around, he brought the big

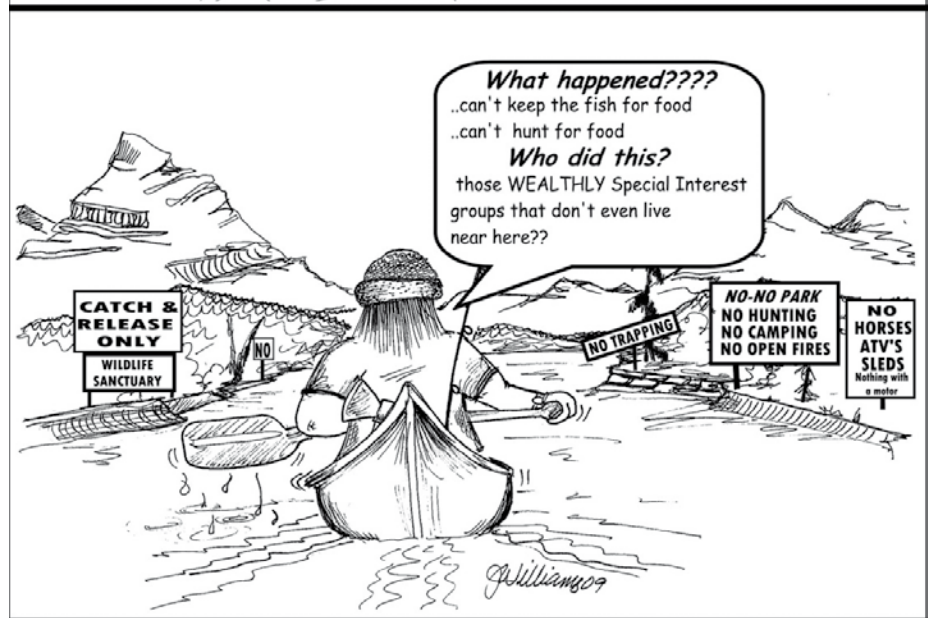
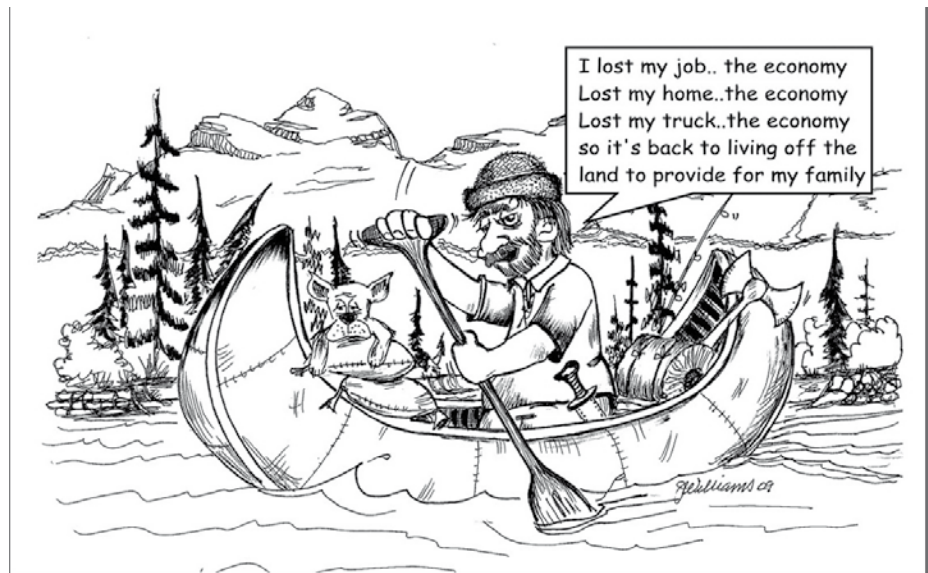


truck back to the Berland where the half-ton was. He unloaded the horses, hooked the big truck onto the half-ton and hauled it back onto the road. The truck was still driveable and didn't look too bad—if you didn't see the left side! Charlie was able to pull the door out so it could be opened, but the wrinkles stayed there. That dog knew when to get out and walk.

We didn't pitch the tent that night, but just slept in our sleeping bags on the ground. Lock didn't venture too far from where we slept. We had packed him some dog food, but he didn't seem to want to eat.

The next morning as we prepared to go, Joe decided he did not want to be packed and tried to shed his load. It seemed that he had to have one session of bucking to get it out of his system; then, he was set for the rest of the trip to carry his pack and try to follow behind the lead horse.

The first creek we came to was fairly wide. Lock was not going to cross it and was looking for a way around it. We tried to coax him into the water, but he would have nothing to do with getting his feet wet. He didn't realize how many times we would be crossing water. So we had to get a rope and tie it to his collar, and I led him from my horse across the creek. Once he got into the water, he soon was swimming. After the first tow job, he came in on his own. He definitely was not a water dog. There were a lot of outfits camped out in the bush. We met a few along the trail, but the dog didn't bother with them.



He was very possessive at home, but out in the bush, he just minded his own business. He seemed to be nursing sore feet because he wasn't much used to traveling.

That night we camped at the south fork of the Berland. The fishing was good, and even the dog enjoyed some fried fish. The next day we went to

look for Nick's duffel bag. With only two pack horses and two saddle horses, we were able to make good time. It was not long before we found the bag and headed back to the trucks at the Berland. Our mission was accomplished.

That was the only trip that we took a dog with us. If they are not used to traveling, it can be pretty tiring on them.





## Willmore Wilderness Park 2009 Trail Clearing Report

Willmore Wilderness Park 2009 Trail Clearing Initiative	No. of km
<b>Mumm Creek</b>	
a. Rock Lake Road to lower campsite. Note: No work done as this portion of the trail was in good condition - distance 10 km.	
b. Lower campsite trail cleared of windfall to a very good standard for saddle & packhorse.	6
<b>Little Berland</b>	
a. Mumm Pass to junction of unnamed creek below Berland Falls. Note: Trail cleared of logs and windfall across trail.	3
<b>Unnamed Area</b>	
a. Little Berland River to an unnamed pass. Note: trail cleared of logs and windfall.	4
b. Unnamed pass to Moon Creek. Note Trail cleared of logs and windfall across trail, plus some of bush encroachment at sides of trail.	3
<b>Moon Creek</b>	
a. Along Moon Creek to Carson Pass. Note: Trail cleared of logs and windfall, plus major areas of brush encroachment.	6
Total kilometers cleared for Ken South's Trail Crew which included: Ken South, Richard Aarsen and Dave Wildman.	22
<b>Blue Grouse to Moose Farm</b>	
a. Cleared trail from Blue Grouse Camp to the summit toward Mile 59	10
Total kilometers cleared for Ed Regnier Trail Crew which included Ed Regnier and Ian Helmer.	10
<b>Grande Cache to Jasper Boundary Trip - July 26 to Aug 4/09</b>	
a. The trail from the Cowlick Creek Staging Area to Cowlick Creek Camp was cleared by Lyle Moberly and crew.	16
b. The trail was cleared from Cowlick Creek Camp to Big Grave Flats. One bad muskeg on south side of Hayden Ridge still needs to be corduroyed. Brushing still needs to be done along the Sulphur River to Big Grave Flats, as the willows and second growth spruce is thick. Logs and windfall were cleared off the trail.	16
c. Big Grave to Monoghan Flats was cleared of downed timber.	15
d. Trail was cleared from Blue Grouse halfway back to Little Grave Flats by Ken Groat and Gordon Groat. This trail follows downstream on the Sulphur River.	5
e. Trail was cleared from Mile 51 to Jasper Park's boundary by Ken Groat & Johnny Groat.	5
f. Lyle Moberly and Johnny Groat did a rough cut & assessment of the trail to Rocky Pass.	4
Total kilometers for Bazil Leonard's Trail Clearing team which included Lyle Moberly, Johnny Groat, Logan Leonard, Ken Groat, Johnny Groat, Shelby Bancroft and Shale Groat.	61
<b>Mountain Trail - secondary trails - Aug 9 to Aug 25, 2009</b>	
a. The trail from Mile 59 over to the summit towards Blue Grouse was cleared.	6
b. The trail from Mile 59 over to Little Grave Flats was cleared.	8
c. The trail back up the Sulphur River to Blue Grouse was cleared.	5
d. The trail from Little Grave up Jackknife Pass was cleared.	6
e. The trail from Big Grave Flats to Whistler Creek was cleared. This trail was in very bad shape and took three days to clear.	10
f. The trail from Big Grave Flats to Rocky Pass was further worked. Note that the last kilometer at the top needs some brushing, as we had a heavy snowstorm and lost a day.	10
Total kilometers cleared by Bazil Leonard team which included Mark Engstrom, Logan Leonard, Susan Feddema-Leonard, Vivian Slugoski, and Ken Zelt.	45



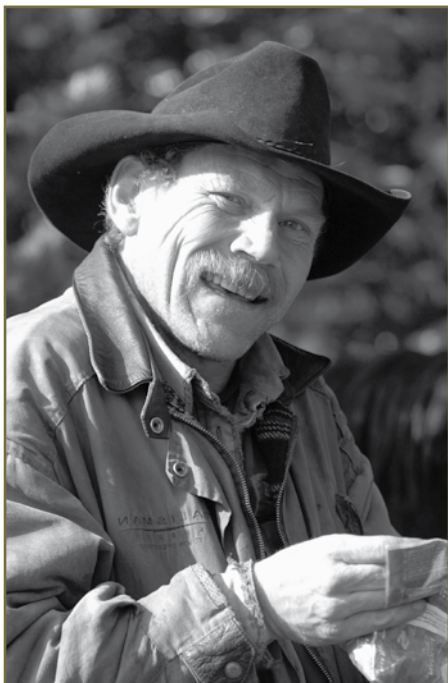
Sheep Creek & Continental Divide - Aug 28 to Sept 10, 2009	
a. Pete McMahon's crew cleared from the second crossing of the Muddy Water River to Sheep Creek	10
b. Brian and Jason Bildson cleared from the Sheep Creek Crossing to the Sheep Creek Airstrip.	5
c. Bazil Leonard's Crew cleared from Sheep Creek Airstrip to Casket Creek. We had two teams clearing through burnt timber all the way to Casket Creek. It was heavy clearing and dirty work. The portion of the trail through the burnt timber will have to be maintained yearly due to high winds and blowdown.	20
d. The same crews cleared from Casket Creek to Casket Lake. This was old growth with downed timber.	10
Total of kilometers cleared by Bazil Leonard's two crews which included Brian Bildson, Deana Bildson, Jason Bildson, Mark Engstrom, Gary Argue, Andrew Manske, Jenn Houlihan, Alfred Wanyandie, Bazil Leonard, Alex Guthro and Susan Feddema-Leonard.	45
Boulder Creek, Jackpine River, Fox Lake to Smoky River - Sept 23 to Oct 10, 2009	
a. We cleared from the first crossing of the Muddy Water River to Boulder Creek through burnt timber. The portion of the trail through the burnt timber will have to be maintained yearly due to high winds and blowdown.	11
b. We cleared from Boulder Creek to the Jackpine River	20
c. We cleared from the Jackpine to Morkill Pass. There is one bad muskeg area at timberline in an avalanche area that will need some corduroy in future.	20
d. We cleared from the Jackpine Camp to Ptarmigan Lake.	12
e. We cleared from Jackpine Camp to Fox Lake and down to the Smoky River. This historic trail will need some maintenance and more work on the switchbacks.	20
Total of kilometers cleared by Bazil Leonard, Ed Regnier, Dave Wildman, Ian Helmer, Dan Hallock and Susan Feddema-Leonard	83
Upper Smoky River Oct 20 to Oct 29, 2009	
a. We cleared trail from Boulder Creek to the Smoky River Island Camp through the 2002 burn. It was tough clearing for Bazil Leonard and Ed Regnier who primarily worked on this portion of the trail. The portion of the trail through the burnt timber will have to be maintained yearly due to high winds and blowdown.	10
b. Ian Helmer, Jenna Helmer and Susan Feddema-Leonard worked for four days from the Island Camp to the mouth of the Jackpine, which amounted to a two-hour ride. The going was tough and the downed burnt timber unbelievable, considering we had cleared it in 2008. Bazil Leonard and Ed Regnier ended up helping clear this portion of the trail. More work will have to be done next year, as the blowdown will be a constant problem for a few more years.	10
c. Cleared old growth forest up the Smoky River, past the mouth of the Jackpine River to meet the Fox Lake Trail.	4
Total of trails cleared by Bazil Leonard, Ed Regnier, Ian Helmer, Dan Hallock, Jenna Helmer and Susan Feddema-Leonard	24
<b>Total kilometers of trails cleared</b>	<b>290</b>





## 14-Day Bighorn Sheep Hunt in 2009

by Ian Helmer



Top: Ian Helmer 2009.  
Photo by Susan Feddema-Leonard

Bottom: Ram that Roy Buchle shot in  
Willmore Wilderness Park  
Photo by Ian Helmer

It has happened a few times now, and I wish it would stop. I was out riding after the first week of the sheep season and along came Ed Regnier heading in with his first hunter of the season. "I don't see any curls under those tarps," he said as we passed each other on the trail. I could only shrug and tell him we had fun anyway. "If only I had found someone like Ed to show me a few things," I thought to myself.

Well, lo and behold, Ed Regnier was on the phone and wanted me to come and wrangle for him. This was the opportunity I'd been waiting for—even my wife was excited for me. I'd been around horses most of my life, while packin' in the back country was something I'd only done for the last decade. Learning the hard way can really suck sometimes. The chance to go with someone like Ed could smooth out some of the wrinkles I'd been struggling with.

Our outfit consisted of Ed Regnier as outfitter/guide, Rita Senkyr as chief cook and bottle washer, and Hal Campbell and me as wranglers. After a few days of preparation, we were off to Rock Lake. Our hunters were Matt McDaniel and Roy Buchler. They were half of a group that booked a hunt with George Kelley Outfitting. Kipp Kelley was to take his two hunters into WMU 440 and we were to take ours into WMU 442. After a brief introduction, we all sat down to a full-course roast beef dinner, served by Kipp's wife Rosie and her staff at the Rock Lake Lodge.

In the morning we hauled our horses up to the staging area and were on the trail by 11:00 A.M. The hunters

hailed from the Lone Star State but were no cowboys. After two days of riding, we were in our WMU and our hunters were ready for any other form of transportation. The next day Ed took Matt and Roy out on foot to glass some of the nearby slopes. When they arrived back in the afternoon, Matt was looking for a pair of hobbles he could put on Ed. He said that he needed a set for his knees as well as his feet. Roy was so sore that he went straight to his tent and didn't surface until Rita rang the supper bell. Talk about fine, mountain dining: ham and scalloped potatoes followed by fresh apple pie!

The next morning Matt and Roy were more than happy to mount their horses, as it was a couple-hours' ride to the next basin that Ed wanted to check. They were still pretty sore, but riding beat walking, any day. Rita and I spent the day around camp. I got fire wood, while Rita built some homemade soup that smelled pretty darn good. When the guys returned, they did not have good news, and Ed figured that we would have to move again to find any sheep.

Both Matt and Roy brought iPods with them. Music around camp helped lighten the mood, as the hunters were sore and seemed a bit discouraged. Rita's hot soup and fresh bannock warmed us to the core, as it had been a cool, overcast kind of day. We all hung out in the cook tent and made plans for the morning. Ed wanted to set up a spike camp in another drainage, so Ed, Matt, Roy and I planned to ride the next day to the secret honey hole. Rita and Hal were to stay at the base camp and keep





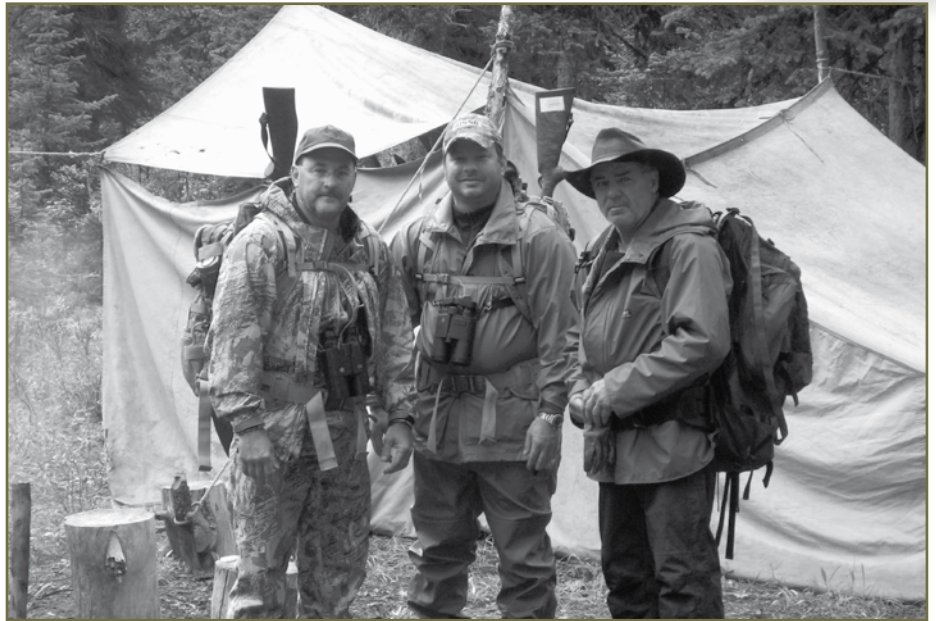
an eye on the horses we would leave behind.

Next day, after a six-hour ride, we arrived at a small camp spot that Ed had used many times before. Once we got unpacked and our camp set up, Ed and I took the horses about fifteen minutes away to where there was a lot of green grass. When we arrived back at camp, Matt and Roy had been glassing the surrounding slopes and had spotted a camp way up on one of the closest mountains. Apparently this wasn't as secret a spot as we thought.

In the morning the guys were subjected to the breakfast I could cook: eggs, bacon and toast with jam, all washed down with juice, as we forgot the coffee. Nonetheless, they were full and ready to hike. I planned to stick around camp to keep an eye on the horses.

That evening when the guys returned, they brought me up to speed on what they found—nothing, except that the camp they spotted yesterday was now gone. Ed was not discouraged; he had another plan for the morning, and we all retired to the wicky fairly early.

Today is Sunday, and Ed's had his lucky rubber boots on. He wanted to climb another drainage to check a couple more basins. The horses came back into camp last night—I thought, just to see if we were still there. Again, we chowed-down on a good breakfast, built some lunches and away they went again. Matt and Roy were moving a little slow but Ed was chomping on the bit, ready to go. I decided to stick around camp as the horses kept



Big Horn sheep hunters Matt McDaniel & Roy Buchler with Guide Ed Regnier  
Photo by Ian Helmer

coming back and I couldn't let them go by. Our grub box was starting to look pretty empty. We would have to pull out of camp soon.

Ed and the hunters were hunting most of the day. Well, halleluia! They arrived back in camp, and Roy was right on Eddy's heels, packin' a nice ram's head on his back. It was back straps and sheep nuts for supper. The mood had definitely changed, and they all took turns telling me about the day. Roy made a five-hundred yard shot, and man, was he pumped! We heard a lot about his favourite rifle. Matt was very happy for his partner and was excited even though he had missed one of the other rams. Tomorrow we would have to head back to our main camp, as we were starting to run out of time.

Back at the main camp, everything was fine while we were gone. One of my geldings had taken a shine to Eddy's buckskin mare and was ruling the roost. The horses had all stayed together and gave Hal no trouble.

Ed finished caping the ram, and we all had a couple of beverages to celebrate the night that we returned to camp. We had one more day that we could hunt, as we were supposed to be at Rock Lake Lodge to meet up with the rest of the group. Matt did not get another chance at a ram, but he did get a close-up look at a Willmore grizzly.

*All in all it was a great trip. I picked up a lot of good pointers from Eddy who seems to have a gift when it comes to packin' and horse handling. As for my being a horse turd detective, the herd seemed to elude us one morning. Hal and I spent an hour looking for them. Ed went out and was back in ten minutes with all accounted for. Sometimes they can hide pretty darn good, and I am sure they watched me ride by and were laughin'.*

*Our ride back to Rock Lake Lodge was uneventful. Matt and Roy seemed to handle the long hours in the saddle much better and were welcomed back as champions by their hunting colleagues*



## Willmore Wanderings

By Mark Engstrom



Mark Engstrom  
on a trail clearing mission  
in September 2009  
Photo by Susan Feddema-Leonard

### A Late Season Elk

I thought about staying in camp that morning, and cooking up a big breakfast; we still had lots of groceries. My buddy Gord and I were both up, and the sun was just about to brighten the sky. Gord was heading home that day and would be staying in camp, packing up. I considered the eggs and bacon for a few minutes before deciding instead to go for a quick hunt. I'd be back in a couple hours to help him pack his horses. He would have to make his own breakfast.

It was our annual late season Willmore hunt. I've been doing it for ten years or so; it takes place in late October or in November and is the last hunt of the year for my horses, before I ship them off to winter pasture. It's a fun hunt. We sometimes chase elk around, and the whitetails are rutting; so, we usually have good luck taking a buck or two.

Gord had already got his buck, a nice dark chocolate horned and thick 5X5. Another friend Kristin had taken a buck as well, and she and her boyfriend Charlie had already gone back to civilization. I had passed up a few small bucks, waiting for a big one, and had a general elk tag as well, which was good for an antlered six-point or bigger bull.

So I got ready, laced up my boots and started trudging up the hill above camp. It was a gorgeous morning—warm for November, around minus five degrees celsius—and would be above zero that day. There was a moderate wind blowing from the west. It was just light enough to see as I left

camp and headed up a timbered ridge, criss-crossed with game trails. I picked a trail that meandered up the ridge.

I was only a couple of minutes from camp when I saw a couple of whitetail does. They quickly ran out of sight. A good sign of things to come! I slowly picked my way along the trail, enjoying the fresh air and soaking up the sights and smells of the Willmore in fall. Although it was already November, there was no snow on the frozen ground. A ruffed grouse scampered up the trail and flushed ahead of me, flying down the trail for a ways before veering off and disappearing into the trees. I walked a few more steps, coming over a small rise, and a good whitetail buck, already alerted by the ruffie, wasted no time in quickly vanishing into the trees while waving that white tail in a hurried goodbye. I chased after him, but knew as I went that he was long gone.

I slowed back down and kept a slow steady pace, heading up the ridge. I would stop from time to time and look all around, watching and listening. I was above a poplar flat that often holds deer and elk. Occasionally I could catch glimpses out of the timber I was in and look across the flat—the sparse poplars offering good vision. I had been gone from camp for about half an hour when I came to a trail running across the one I was on. I made a quick decision to turn into the wind and head down onto the poplar flat.

I had only made a dozen or so steps down the trail when I could see hair and antlers out on the flat. Whitetail? No—elk! I quickly sat down and surveyed the scene. He was





about 130 yards out, and I could tell right away it was probably a six-point bull; but only the top couple points were sticking out above the grass and willows he was feeding in. I watched him for a few minutes with the bino's. He lifted his head to look around, and I confirmed he was indeed a 6X6 bull. I picked up my rifle, chambered a round and put the scope on him. A poplar ran up right behind his front leg blocking a lung shot, so I aimed for high shoulder and pulled the trigger. At the shot, he went straight down!

He was hidden in the grass and willows; so, I rolled a smoke, lit it and waited. I finished it and started the walk over to where he had dropped. There he was, right where he had fallen; but his head was up, so I put another 140 grain TSX through his upper neck, finishing him off quickly. He was a great bull, big bodied and fat. His antlers had great symmetry, good mass and gorgeous ivory tips coming out of dark beams. He was a true trophy and a winter's worth of meat for me and my family.

I walked back to camp. Gord and I had something to eat, and then walked back to the bull. I had blazed poplars on my path down, so I could easily find the way back. Gord and I spent the rest of the day skinning, quartering and packing up the elk, then his gear. We packed everything onto the horses and then made the couple hour ride back to the staging area and home. I headed back out alone two days later, stayed for a few days and was successful in taking a nice whitetail buck. A good end to another hunting season!

Mark Engstrom



Mark Engstrom of Grande Cache, Alberta

## DID YOU KNOW?

*"A petition presented by a coalition of eleven environmental organizations, including Canadian parks and Wilderness Society, Sierra Club, and south-eastern B.C. based Wildsight, argued that threats from coal mining and coal-bed methane development in the Flathead (B.C.) meant that Canada was failing in its effort at delivering the protection demanded by World Heritage status. These groups secured a small, but potentially greater victory when the Committee recommended that a U.N. team, including representatives from the International Union for Conservation of Nature (IUCN), undertake a scoping mission (scheduled for late September 2009) to determine if industrial development and other threats pose challenges to the integrity of the Flathead World Heritage site. The environmental coalition hopes that, with pressure from*

*UNESCO, the B.C. Government will reconsider its resource extraction for an area adjacent to the Flathead valley." (A short excerpt from an article on October 2009 . Vol. 17. No 5 of the Wildlands Advocate.*

Headlines such as, "UNESCO to Investigate Threats to Waterton-Glacier International Peace Park on U.S.-Canadian Border," has thrown a spotlight on a proposed mining operation, which would be located outside of a World Heritage site boundary. This is a story of interference and manipulation by International interests. It is a good example of how foreign and global agendas can create havoc in the economic development of a region.





## Art Allen – Trail & Mountain Man

by Jim Babala - written in 1988



Author, Jim Babala was a long-time Willmore Wilderness Park guide and outfitter.  
Photo courtesy of Jim Babala

The name Art Allen is a name often mentioned when conversation turns to old outfitting and trail days in the former Brazeau and Athabasca Forest Reserves and Jasper Park areas. It can be said that during the early 1900s to 1940s packing supplies, outfitting, and trapping were the main businesses in the Jasper, Hinton and Entrance areas, with Jasper being the centre of the activities.

During these early times, Art Allen played an important role in these activities, working for most of the noted outfitters in the Jasper area. He eventually went into the outfitting business on his own.

I did not get to meet Art until 1949, which was the first time I hunted northwest of Entrance, Alberta. I first met Art at an Outfitters' meeting held in the Entrance Hall. The next time I met him was on the trail once at Rock Lake when we were preparing to leave with a hunter. The other time was at Eagle's Nest Pass on his way to hunt the Big Smoky River area with two hunters I had corresponded with at one time.

From 1949 until 1971, during my days hunting the former Athabasca Forest Reserve, the name of Art Allen came up many times. This was because Art did well when it came to getting trophies for his hunters, taking very good sheep and exceptional caribou, which he mostly took from across the Smoky River.

Most of my information on Art came from Gordon Watt the Postmaster and proprietor of the Entrance General Store. Entrance was a small village, which became active during the summer and fall. Many trapper, hunters, outfitters, and survey parties worked from there, doing all their business with the store and post office, buying all their supplies, and sending mail.

The store and the post office was the place to hear what was happening on the wilderness trails: how the outfitters, guides and trappers were doing during the hunting season. Gordon Watt got all this information first hand. He would almost always have information regarding the doings of any survey party, trappers and hunting party in the field.

Whenever I went to the Entrance store, I was always interested to know how other outfitters were doing. It was at these times that Art Allen's name was brought up, as he always did well. Gordon Watt thought highly of Art and said that Art knew the back trails and more remote mountains of the Smoky River area better than anyone.

Art had guided there for many years, working for known outfitters Roy Hargreaves, George Hargreaves and Curly Phillips. As well, he had spent years trapping the Big Smoky Valley and Sheep Creek. In my mind as well as in many others, Art Allen was the mountain man of the Big Smoky River and surrounding area. On different occasions Gordon Watt showed me pictures of some of the outstanding trophies that Art's hunters had taken—mostly of exceptional caribou heads. I must say they were very impressive.

Since I started writing, I met with Art on two different occasions. I first interviewed him in October 1986 and again in December 1987. During these interviews, I was greatly taken by his tales and happenings of the old trapping and hunting days. When I stopped at Art's home in 1987, I planned only to drop off some salmon and visit for half an hour or so. The result was I stopped off at noon, and the next thing I knew, it was 5:30 p.m. Had his wife not returned from a shopping trip with friends, Art and I might still be there trading tales.



At the time of the last meeting, Art was eighty-three years old. He amazed me how he could remember dates, places and names of hunters he had guided in the past. If anyone is interested in the old history of the Jasper, Entrance, and Hinton trail days and wants to spend an interesting afternoon looking at pictures and hearing tales and facts of these days, drop in and have a visit with Art Allen.

Art is a slim, wiry-looking man, and looking at him, you would have no doubt he is the typical mountain and trail man of the old days. A writer would have no problem writing a whole book of Art's travels and experiences in the wilderness of the Brazeau and Big Smoky River Mountains. The following are some of the interesting facts and stories I learned from Art.

Art Allen's family emigrated from London, England in 1906, Art being two years old at the time. His parents settled in the Cariboo country of British Columbia on a homestead near 100-Mile House. The store and post office was at a place called Louis Creek. The Allen place was isolated from Louis Creek by the North Thompson River. The family lived there for about ten years with Art getting only about two years of schooling at most, on an off-and-on basis.

His father worked for the B.C. Telegraph Co. and was away from home a great deal of the time. Art, at an early age, had the job of looking after the family homestead. He said he remembers more about the strenuous farm chores than the time he spent in school and said he had worked hard for as long as he can remember.

The biggest problem then, he recalled, was crossing the North Thompson in a row boat in order to get the mail and

supplies at Louis Creek. During the spring and when the river was flooding, he had many scary and hair-raising adventures crossing the river.

As well as doing farm chores, during the winter months, he worked at piling railroad ties at a nearby tie camp. Eventually he learned to use a broad axe working as a tie hack hewing ties. Handling a broad axe is a skill of its own, and at an early age, Art became very good at it. This broad axe experience became a great asset to him in years to come.

At age fourteen, Art was more-or-less on his own. He left home before his fifteenth birthday, moving to Edmonton, Alberta in 1921 and worked there with a section crew on the railroad. Leaving this job, he went to work for Curly Phillips in Jasper. Curly, as well as being an outfitter, was also in the market gardening business. He raised vegetables for the Town of Jasper, and Art was the gardener. In the fall of 1923, he returned to the Edmonton area and worked with harvest crews. He spent the fall of 1923 and spring of 1924 trapping with a number of trappers. Their biggest catch was weasels and coyotes. Art said they took great numbers of weasels and one hundred and sixty-nine coyotes, mostly taken by snares.

Art again moved back to Jasper, settling at the Swift place. Swift was an American who settled in Jasper during the early 1890s. There is much history regarding the Swift family and Jasper Park. The Swift homestead became the only freehold land in the National Parks of Canada. Louis Swift and his wife even had to hold surveyors off their land at gun point. Art Allen told me a lot about this colourful family, of which there will be more writings later.



Art Allen and Chuck Chesser on the Smoky river in 1930.  
Photo courtesy of Jim Babala.



## OPEN LETTER TO THE MEDIA BY BRIAN BILDSON



Brian Bildson, Executive Director  
Willmore Wilderness Foundation  
photo by Susan Feddema-Leonard

**Brian Bildson sent this open letter to various media outlets. We have re-printed it here with Brian's permission**

Dear Sir:

On behalf of the Willmore Wilderness Foundation, I'd like to offer a few observations in regard to the government's just released Grizzly Bear status report. The government has stated that they believe there is currently a population of 581 grizzly bears in Alberta in their study area, specifically from Grande Prairie south to the US border. This population estimate is based largely on DNA samples, so the evidence seems irrefutable. We at the Willmore Wilderness Foundation are very pleased that these research findings support our contention that a healthy grizzly bear population exists in Alberta.

However, we believe it is important that Albertans consider the entire grizzly bear picture before coming to their own informed opinion. As readers may remember, our organization was at the forefront of questioning the so-called non-government grizzly experts who predicted that the grizzly population was below 500 bears in Alberta. Most of these claims were made in support of their groups' fund raising efforts on behalf of the "endangered Alberta grizzly." At that time we called for the conclusion of the research

before any claims were made regarding grizzly numbers. We did, however, point out that our own grizzly survey and observations seemed to support our estimate of higher grizzly numbers than those being tossed about.

Over the course of this whole grizzly bear debate, it has been difficult for the average citizen to get a clear picture of the real status of grizzlies in Alberta. All groups, including our own, have some bias, so let's just deal with the facts. We are told that in the study area there are 581 grizzlies confirmed; however, the study excluded Jasper Park and Banff National Park. Parks Canada currently estimates the grizzly population of those two parks at between 140 to 160 bears. That raises the grizzly numbers to 721 bears located south of Grande Prairie; however, the study area also excluded the areas north and west of Grande Prairie inclusive of Swan Hills and the Chinchaga region. These areas have long been recognized as excellent grizzly habitat; in fact, it's so good that ASRD often releases relocated grizzly bears to these districts.

So if we have an established minimum surveyed grizzly population of 721 bears, plus a large swath of prime grizzly habitat unsurveyed, what is the real number of grizzlies in Alberta? I'd also be surprised if every grizzly south of Grande Prairie thoughtfully provided a DNA





sample for the survey. It only stands to reason that some of the bears were missed. Also, we have yet to see the details of the actual data collection procedures. For example, the Willmore Wilderness Park was included in the survey results. With respect to the grizzly team, I saw some of their data collection sites in the Willmore, namely, trail cameras set up on grizzly rub trees. The common denominator of the collection sites was easy helicopter access. While riding throughout the entire park, which our organization does every year, we see lots of grizzlies and their sign, most in areas that choppers can't land. We believe the Willmore may be some of the best grizzly bear habitat in the province and we're eager to examine the study to confirm that the Park received the attention it deserves.

The unfortunate part of this whole grizzly debate is that as of today no one has really been served well, including the grizzlies. Citizens have heard different claims

from media and special interest groups, but with no government clarification, who can figure out the true story? The Willmore Wilderness Foundation commends Minister Morton and ASRD for bringing the process to this point, but we would ask that the job be completed. Until the entire grizzly habitat receives the scientific research that is needed, we are still dealing with guestimates and that is not acceptable. Let's get the job done and done right. In the interim our organization will continue to conduct its own grizzly survey work in those areas.

In closing, our organization is often stereotyped by some as ruthless grizzly bear hunters wanting to reopen the grizzly hunt at any cost. This is not true, and actions speak louder than words. To my knowledge we are the only organization who took on the expense of documenting grizzly sightings from people on the land. We were mocked, and our traditional knowledge was

denigrated by those who disagreed with our way of life. Perhaps now that the science confirms what our people on the land have been saying, some folks may have a renewed respect for that traditional knowledge. And yes, based on the science, we are calling for the hunt to be reopened immediately. I challenge anyone to demonstrate that there is a sound biological reason to continue on with the suspension of the grizzly hunt.

And finally, let's not lose sight of the fact that this is a good day for the grizzly bear, and Albertans. We have demonstrated that we have a sustainable bear population in Alberta; the challenge now will be to manage our industrial footprint to allow both grizzlies and woodland caribou to remain on the Alberta landscape where they belong.

Yours sincerely  
Brian Bildson, Executive Director  
Willmore Wilderness Foundation  
780-831-8434

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*THANK YOU*  
*Alberta Fish & Game Association*

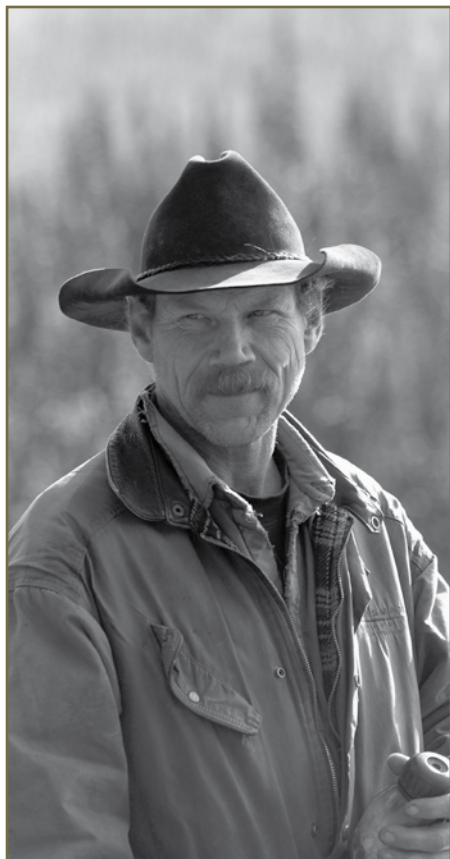
*for your support  
with the 2009  
Grizzly Bear Survey*





## 18-day Trail Clearing in Willmore Wilderness Park Diary

by Ian Helmer



Ian Helmer at Fox Lake, "a pretty S-shaped lake." We found out about the name of the lake from the writing on Art Allen's cabin. The log wall was pencilled in and had written that he had gone from the "Smoky, past Fox Lake to the cabin in 3 3/4 hours, in december on snowshoes."

Photo by Susan Feddema-Leonard  
Sept 2009

We are at Jackpine camp, and it's day ten of an eighteen-day trail-clearing trip in wonderful Willmore Wilderness. Our crew consists of Sue and Bazil Leonard, Dan Hallock, Dave Wildman, Ed Regnier and myself Ian Helmer. Today was the first day that Mother Nature hadn't co-operated, so it gave us time around camp to do maintenance. Bazil fixed tack, Ed patched his down jacket, Dave stitched up some leather gloves, and I was elected to write in the camp's journal. Sue built pies from the blueberries that Dan had picked. The horses must have been ready for a day off as Dan only found a third of the eighteen head by lunch time.

The first few days were spent at Kvass Flats where we reset a few of the horses' shoes and made up the twelve-pack horse loads. We traveled up the old cat road to the Muddywater River and up Copenhagen Hill through the 2002 burn. The pack trail descended to Boulder Creek camp. We unpacked the string of horses and made ourselves at home. The following day we backtracked to Copenhagen Hill and cleared the trail through the burnt-out timber. It was heavy going in places.

On day five we were traveling again and ended up at the confluence of Bazil Creek and the Jackpine River. The charred remains of the 2006 Ptarmigan Lake fire was prevalent through the Jackpine Valley and made a brilliant contrast to the lush green of the grass surrounding the trapline cabin. The raging inferno of 2006 burnt a pile of firewood that was stacked a mere thirty feet from the log cabin, yet left the structure untouched.

On day six the unity of our small group was broken. At breakfast, Sue informed us all that there would be two teams for the duration of the trip. Team "A" would consist of Bazil, Ed and Sue—and Team "B" would be Dan, Dave, myself, and Daisy the border collie. This set the stage for a constant competition that made for a lot of laughs throughout our expedition. While Team "A" rode long hours in the saddle finding and marking the old trails, Team "B" worked hard at burning up the majority of the mixed gas, cutting deadfall and restoring the packtrail.

Day six, seven and eight were spent clearing trail from the confluence of Bazil Creek up to its headwaters, which leads to Morkill Pass. The going was tough—the higher up the mountain, the larger the trees became. The old blazes were deeply scarred into the trees. In some cases we could measure the depression of the blaze to a depth of a good couple of inches.

We stopped our clearing at an alpine meadow very close to the headwaters of Bazil Creek. We decided that the trail over to Morkhill camp would be a good job for 2010, as it was getting too cold and the snow was getting too deep to work above treeline.

Then we were off to Fox Lake, east of the Jackpine camp on day nine. Bazil and Sue were excited about this trail, as they had been working on it since 2002. They had the majority of the trail flagged from previous expeditions. This was a main route for trappers and outfitters who would leave the Smoky River and travel to the upper Jackpine area. Fox Lake is



a pretty little S-shaped lake. The trail follows along its north shore past a small camp site. We rode past the lake on three different days, one of which allowed us to enjoy viewing the water when it was smooth as glass. This made for some very nice photographs. It was an easy two-hour ride from Fox Lake, with the trail cleared, west to the Jackpine camp.

The trail east of Fox Lake descended down a steep incline to the Smoky River Valley. It hit the Smoky just south of the confluence of the main fork of the Jackpine River. We found it necessary to switch-back the old packtrail for the sake of both man and beast. This same trail also traveled upstream to one of Roy Hargreaves' camps and further on to Mt. Robson.

One beautiful day blended into the next, and it wasn't long before Basil reminded me that it was day fourteen. We rode out to Ptarmigan Lake, another fantastic wonder in the Canadian Rockies. This lake is the largest in Willmore Wilderness Park and is fed by glaciers. Twenty minutes from the lake is the remains of a trapper's cabin that belonged to Curly Phillips. The historic cabin structure, located on the shore of the Jackpine River, was completely burnt in the fire of '06. The fire destroyed countless trees but it also generated thousands of pinecones. New growth was evident everywhere. With most of the foliage gone, the view of the land was nothing short of amazing. The wind rushing through the burn created squeaks and moans that kept us looking over our shoulders.



Trail Clearing Crew.  
Ed Regnier, Dave Wildman, Ian Helmer & Basil Leonard  
..... having lunch near the Continental Divide.  
Photo by Susan Feddema-Leonard - September 2009.

The weather changed again on day sixteen. We awoke to a fresh dusting of snow and it looked like it was socking in. At breakfast, Basil announced that we would pack up and head out of the high country. We spent the day repacking our gear and pullin' camp. Dan tied the horses up for the night so that we could get an early start in the morning. The horses were fed alfalfa cubes at night and again in the morning, before they were packed.

We cleared approximately forty-three miles of trails during the eighteen day expedition. At fifty I was the "young pup" of the trip. I appreciated the extra effort the others made to show me the little things about packin' and horse handling during the expedition. There was about two hundred years experience of packin', outfitting and general back country living experiences between Basil, Dan, Eddy

and Dave. These gentlemen were all willing to share with me.

I've met a few of the "old timers" in my day and it seems they all have something in common. Bob Eckroth and Eugene Merrill were both very good horsemen and went about their horse handling in a quiet, yet deliberate manner. They had the respect of their charges—if they didn't, they soon got it. Safety in the back country is probably the most important factor. An unruly, poorly-mannered horse could get you in a bind, which could ruin a trip in seconds. In the words of Ed Regnier, "We've got a job to do here. Let's make it as easy on ourselves and on our ponies as possible."

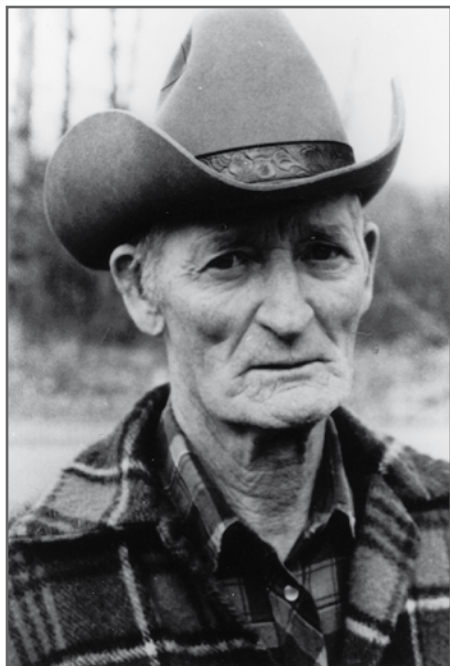
*Thanks to the  
National Trail Coalition  
for their funding support  
for the 2009  
Trail Clearing Initiative.*





## Art Allen – Trail & Mountain Man

by Jim Babala ... continued from page 19



Art Allen circa 1990s  
courtesy of Jim Babala

Art's stepfather and Curly Phillips went into the market gardening business in a big way, as there was a demand for fresh produce in Jasper. Art went to work for them delivering the produce and hauling supplies along the old railway grade. This is now the present highway. He worked all of the summer of 1924 at this job, and then in the winter he went to work for the National Telegraph Co. In the winter of 1925, he again went trapping. This time he caught one hundred and forty coyotes; then back again to market gardening.

In 1926 Curly put Art to work with Curly's horse packing outfit, packing supplies for the Alpine Club of Canada at Tonquin Valley. When this season came to an end in 1926, he again left to go trapping. Finding an open trapline at that time was difficult, but he eventually found one that was not in use. Baldy Robb the holder of the line had been given a jail sentence for tampering with ballot boxes during a recent election.

Art was to build Baldy a cabin at Raven Creek for the use of the line. There he hurriedly built a cabin which became Baldy's best and main cabin on the trapline. Art said that the rest of Baldy's cabins were just passable. He had a very profitable season and took a fine catch of coyotes, marten and weasels.

In 1927 Art went to work for Fred Brewster who had a contract packing for the Topographical Survey of Canada. At that time they were surveying the north boundary of Jasper National Park. Art worked through the summer, and the job was completed in late September.

In the winters of 1927 and 1928, Art and his brother trapped Curly Phillips' trapline and looked after Curly's horses as well, which was part of the deal for the use of the trapline. Curly wintered his horses on the Old Man

River. During 1927 and 1928, Art and his brother Ken did a lot of work for Curly in the Maligne and Medicine Lakes area of Jasper Park. They packed sixteen-foot lumber between two pack horses, and other sizes of lumber, as well as gasoline, in various sized containers. Art said they learned a lot about packing different sizes and oddball items.

Curly wanted to build a number of cabins and asked Art if he had done any work with a broad axe. Art told him that he and Ken had done some of this type of work and Curly told him they would get at it next morning. He told them he would give them a few pointers on how to use a broad axe, telling them it was hard to get a good axe man who could use a broad axe. The next day Art and Ken went for their broad axe lesson. As the boys took to the job, Curly watched them out of the corner of his eye for about ten minutes. Then he said, "Hell, you guys don't need any pointers; looks like you could give me some."

Art then told Curly that he and Ken had built a number of cabins and both had worked at hacking ties for the railroad. Curly left the boys to finish building the cabins without interruption, checking periodically and saying he was pleased with their work.

During the summer of 1928, while he and Ken were working for Curly, Art got a phone call from the Topographical Survey of Canada. The party chief told Art that they had many horse problems, and their operation was almost at a standstill. They were short of good packers, and if they couldn't soon get some experienced packers, they would have to cease the operation.

The year before Art had been paid four dollars a day and Art now asked for five dollars, which they agreed upon. They asked Art to hire another packer,

.... continued on page 25



... continued from page 24

so he took his younger brother Ken with him. They met the party chief at the hotel in Jasper and when he looked at Ken, he remarked to Art that Ken looked a little young for the job.

"Do you think he has enough experience to do the job?" the party chief asked Art. "Our problem now is that we have a couple of young fellows doing the packing who know little about it."

Art assured the man that Ken could do the job as he worked horses with Art in the past, and the party chief hired Ken on Art's word. Art and Ken didn't know what to think or where to start when they first saw the packstring. The horses were in pitiful condition, and the pack equipment was in much need of repair. This was all due to poor practice in packing.

Most of the horses had sores and galls, and many of them could not be used. As well, several of the horses had hoof rot. Two of the horses had to be shot, and three of the worst with sores had to be replaced as well. The rest of the sore-up horses were healed back into working condition by Art and Ken as they worked them.

Art said that in all his years of packing different outfitters, he had never seen pack horses in such pitiful condition. This was all caused by the abuse of animals by people who did not know how to pack horses properly or how to care for them.

Due to this setback and delay, they had to work until late fall to complete the job. The party chief was very concerned that they would not be able to complete the job, but the weather cooperated and the job was done. He thanked Art and Ken for their extra efforts to accomplish this job, and they again spent the winter trapping and looking after Curly's horses on the Old

Man River. During the spring of 1929, Art and Ken went back to Maligne Lake freighting supplies by boat and packhorse for Curly.

Curly then assigned Art and Ken to work with two well-known packers of these early times, Dave Moberly and Adam Joachim. Adam was in charge of a trip from Berg Lake to Mt. Robson with a large group of mountain climbers who planned to spend the summer climbing glaciers and mountains in the region of Mt. Sir Alexander.

Art said one of the chief climbers was a fellow called Waffel. Waffel wanted to climb the glacier that the rest of the climbers didn't want to climb. He asked Art to come along with him. Art helped him with the climb, spending twenty-four hours on the mountain with him. According to Art, this was one of the scariest days of his life. He added that after returning to solid ground, it took him some time to get over the climb, and said it was the first and last mountain climb he made.

In 1930 Art went to work for outfitter Roy Hargreaves, again packing for a group of Alpine mountain climbers, and again Waffel was a member of the group. The party was accompanied by a Swiss guide from Jasper Park Lodge. Waffel approached Art again, asking Art to accompany him on another climb. This time he wanted to climb the west ridge and side of the glacier that they had climbed the year before. The west ridge and side of the glacier looked to be a much more difficult climb than the previous year's climb. Waffel wanted to be the first to climb this side of the glacier, as no one had done it before.

Art said No, but Waffel worked on trying to persuade Art to accompany him. Art wasn't having anything to do with mountain climbing again, and he told Waffel No, once more. Waffel said to

just think of them being the first to climb that west side and Art thought, "Yes, and maybe the first to die there as well." Finally Art agreed to help Waffel pack his supplies to the foot of the glacier, which he did. Then Art wished him luck and success and left him there.

This was the last time Art saw Waffel. His tent was found by the Swiss guides. They searched three days for him and then had to abandon the search due to bad weather. Art stood by at the base of the glacier in order to deliver any messages concerning Waffel to the railway. Later on another try was made to find Waffel, but he was never found. As Art said, Waffel is still up there.

During the fall of 1930, Art and Ken continued working for Roy Hargreaves hunting both Alberta and B.C., as Roy had outfitter business in both provinces. This was a forty-day hunt. As Art put it, it was a so-called party from Hollywood—a typical Hollywood story. There were many hot arguments and mixed feelings among the group. This resulted in the party splitting up.

None of the problems were with the outfit or guides, but among the hunters themselves. One of the hunters was married to the well-known actress Loretta Young, and he wanted to go home. He had an ailing stomach, and they had to take an extra supply of powdered milk along for him. The pack horse packing the milk got washed into swimming water while crossing a river. This resulted in some of the milk getting wet, giving the hunter a good excuse to leave. The result was that only two hunters stayed for the entire hunt, both taking a full bag of game.

Art said he never saw such a tough hunt, with so much snow, wind and generally foul weather. Again during

.... continued on page 30



WILLMORE WILDERNESS PRESERVATION AND HISTORICAL FOUNDATION  
BALANCE SHEET  
AS AT DECEMBER 31, 2008

Audited May 18, 2009  
Y L Services  
Accountant - Yvonne Lambert

	2008 \$	2007 \$
<b>ASSETS</b>		
Current		
Cash	12,318.76	56,046.42
Accounts Receivable	8,749.00	6,255.94
Prepaid Expense	6,890.96	3,303.46
Security Deposits	4,025.00	0.00
	<u>31,983.72</u>	<u>65,605.82</u>
Capital Assets		
Equipment	10,561.31	5,986.32
Office Equipment	8,419.24	5,171.71
Computer	23,223.85	19,791.25
Furniture & Fixtures	2,450.00	2,450.00
	<u>44,654.40</u>	<u>33,399.28</u>
Less: Accumulated Amortization	<u>8,658.97</u>	<u>8,658.97</u>
	<u>35,995.43</u>	<u>24,740.31</u>
	<u>67,979.15</u>	<u>90346.13</u>
<b>LIABILITIES &amp; EQUITY</b>		
Current Liabilities		
Accounts Payable	<u>6,100.77</u>	<u>445.07</u>
Equity		
Retained Earnings	<u>61,878.38</u>	<u>89,901.06</u>
	<u>67,979.15</u>	<u>90,346.13</u>

**convention  
dates  
reminder  
2010**

**Edson Shindig (DANCE)**  
featuring Laura Vinson  
& dance the night away with the  
TRUCKS  
Saturday, Feb 6, 2010  
Royal Canadian Legion: Joe Wynn  
Live and silent auction  
Banquet buffet - \$50.00 tickets  
Doors open at 6 pm and dinner at 7 pm

**Edmonton Roundup**  
Saturday, Feb 27, 2010  
Chateau Louis Hotel  
11727 Kingsway NW Edmonton, AB  
Live and silent auction  
Banquet buffet - \$50.00 tickets  
Doors open at 6 pm and dinner at 7 pm  
featuring Laura Vinson & Dave Martineau



# Annual Edition - January 2010



## WILLMORE WILDERNESS PRESERVATION AND HISTORICAL FOUNDATION STATEMENT OF EARNINGS FOR THE YEAR ENDED DECEMBER 31, 2008

	2008 \$	2007 \$
<b>REVENUE</b>		
General Sales	1,430.85	1,222.72
Grants	31,220.82	111,000.00
Memberships	9,028.50	4,740.00
Book Sales	39,015.38	47,795.90
Donations	15,268.00	14,078.00
Fundraising Proceeds	157,302.91	95,590.53
Interest	24.81	54.83
	<u>253,291.27</u>	<u>274,481.98</u>
<b>OPERATING EXPENSES</b>		
Accounting	1,200.00	1,000.00
Advertising & Promotion	4,039.47	6,571.84
Amortization	0.00	8,658.97
Donations	1,947.00	5,112.95
Fundraising Costs	103,161.78	61,860.10
Bank/Credit Card Charges & Fees	2,910.24	1,667.76
Insurance	650.00	0.00
License, Fees & Permits	555.00	574.27
Supplies	11,000.48	6,784.78
Equipment & Trail Costs	1,370.08	563.91
Conventions, Banquets & Meetings	2,731.09	1,552.88
Training & Clinics	5,669.96	1,551.82
Office	13,432.01	10,256.28
Utilities	2,556.94	0.00
Property Taxes	4,256.03	0.00
Book Supplies, Editing & Printing	0.00	75,951.52
Telephone & Fax	2,975.19	2,899.61
Rent	28,700.00	11,020.51
Maintenance	2,646.13	0.00
Travel	8,365.44	6,264.29
Wages & Benefits	40,257.11	2,713.28
Sub-Contracts	42,890.00	24,740.00
	<u>281,313.95</u>	<u>229,744.77</u>
<b>EARNINGS (LOSS) FROM OPERATIONS</b>	<u>-28,022.68</u>	<u>44,737.21</u>

### Grande Cache Gala

Saturday, March 13, 2010

Grande Cache Métis Hall

Live and Silent Auction

Roast Beef Buffet - \$30.00 tickets.

Doors open at 6 pm and dinner at 7 pm

### Grande Prairie Roundup & People & Peaks Film Fest

Saturday April 10, 2010

9816-107th Street, Grande Prairie, AB

Live and Silent Auction

\$50.00 tickets.

Doors open at 6 pm and dinner at 7 pm

**mark your  
calendars  
for the  
fundraisers**



## 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)

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[WillmoreWilderness.com](http://WillmoreWilderness.com)  
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[WillmorePark.com](http://WillmorePark.com)  
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Whitefox Circle Inc. Publisher  
Estella Cheverie, Editor  
Brian Bildson, Regular Columnist  
Mark Engstrom, Regular Columnist

A person may become a member by a favorable 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.

\$25.00 per year.  
Life Time Membership is \$500.00  
Corporate Membership is \$100.00 per year.  
The membership year runs from Jan 1 to Dec 1.  
Annual General Meeting in June of each year.

An independent newsletter published in December & June.

ADVERTISING RATES:  
full page ad B & W - \$295.00  
full page colour - \$500.00  
1/2 page ad B & W - \$145.00  
1/4 page ad B & W - \$80.00  
1/8 page ad B & W - \$45.00

circulation 5000

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We welcome feedback to this publication and any suggestions or ideas for future articles.

Contact our Editor at  
[info@willmorewilderness.com](mailto:info@willmorewilderness.com)

**willmore  
wilderness**  
FOUNDATION



## 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 an annual newsletter each January. 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 voting 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. The membership year runs from January 1 to December 31. Yearly Membership is as follows:

- \$25.00 Individual Membership
- \$35.00 Family Membership
- Life Time Membership \$500.00
- Corporate Membership \$100.00

company	
name	
address	
city	
postal code/zip	
country	
tel	
fax	
email	
website	
amount enclosed	
year	
date	



## Pine Beetle Warriors and Willmore's Trails

During the fall of 2008, Karl Schmid, Dan Hallock, Bazil Leonard and I made a fourteen-day scouting trip in the Willmore. We had traveled up Sheep Creek, down the Continental Divide to Morkill Pass, before going to our camp on the Jackpine River. The last leg was to head home to Grande Cache.

We had left the Jackpine River and were approaching Cody Creek, which is the drainage between the Twin Peaks of Mt. deVeber. I was at the back of the packtrain and was wondering why Bazil appeared to linger at the top of the steep creek exit. It wasn't a place that we normally stopped, as shod horses on slippery rocks are a bad combination. I looked across the creek and saw Bazil navigating his string of horses off of the main trail, veering upstream. I soon realized that the Pine Beetle Warriors had left a bunch of de-limbed trees across the trail with a lot of unsightly plastic ribbon. This obstruction had created an unsafe situation for the horses. I was feeling somewhat annoyed, as I had witnessed many other similar pine beetle messes during the 2008 trail clearing season. De-limbed trees and plastic ribbon were strewn over many locations in Willmore Wilderness Park, and the Cody Creek Crossing was but another example of the careless and messy practices of the Pine Beetle Warriors.

We returned to the same area in 2009 with a trail clearing crew, which

included Bazil Leonard, Ed Regnier, Ian Helmer, Dan Hallock, Dave Wildman and me. Sadly, beetle workers had not returned to clean up their mess. In fact, much to our dismay, there were many more pine beetle obstructions on the trails that we traveled during 2009.

We returned to Cody Creek with one packhorse that carried three chainsaws and my camera tripod. I managed to film and photograph the gnarled tangled dead trees, which completely obstructed the trail. The mess made the old packtrail unsafe. We were lucky that there were no incidences with the horses, as there was no place for a packstring to get out of the creek, due to the impediment. The flat slippery rocks make this crossing one to be careful on.

Dan Hallock asked me, "Why would they cut those trees down and not burn them? Those little beetles can fly from tree to tree! It really doesn't make any sense to me. They will just take off somewhere else, if you don't kill them. The trees are just a fire hazard lying on the ground." Like Dan Hallock, I also pondered what would be the purpose of falling the trees and leaving the beetles to fly elsewhere.

Earlier this year the Willmore Wilderness Foundation staff had contacted the Public Information, Education and Outreach Officer Foothills Area - Sustainable Resource Development, regarding the fact that

the Pine Beetle Warriors appeared to be deliberately obstructing the trail system in Willmore Wilderness Park. We requested that the contractors be advised to stop this practice and become cognizant of the Willmore Trail Network. This request appears to have not been heeded. The Willmore Wilderness Foundation Trail Clearing Staff found many incidences of obstructed trails during our 2009 operations.

We know from experience that a properly trained chainsaw operator can fall a tree in any direction he chooses. Why would these operators fall trees directly on the trails, and why are they not burning the trees they cut? We would like some answers from the SRD Minister regarding this unacceptable practice. The Willmore Wilderness Foundation feels that it should be compensated financially for the time lost in cleaning up the Pine Beetle Warriors' mess.

The Pine Beetle effort is leaving many hundreds of feet of plastic tape all over the western portion of Willmore Wilderness Park. The flagging tape and downed un-burnt trees on the trail network needs to be cleaned up. This would be a good job for the Willmore Wilderness Foundation, should SRD decide to compensate the Foundation for cleaning their contractors' mess.

*Thanks to the Wild Sheep Foundation: Alberta Chapter  
for supporting the 2009 Grizzly Bear Survey.*





## Art Allen - Trail & Mountain Man

by Jim Babala ... continued from page 19



Art Allen - courtesy of  
Jacquie Hannington

a spring bear hunt while working for Roy Hargreaves, Art had another hard, tough trip. This was with another group from Hollywood, and it was a boat trip starting on the Canoe River at Valemount, B. C. to Revelstoke via the Columbia River. The entire trip was to be photographed. Darryl F. Zanuck the well known Hollywood producer and director was head of operations.

This was one of the roughest, toughest boat trips Art said he was ever on. He had made several boat trips when he worked for Curly Phillips that he thought were rough, but they were no comparison to this one. While photographing on the Columbia River, one of the assistant directors died. The wind, rain, sleet and rough high water were more than you could imagine; and they wasted no time bringing the body to Revelstoke.

Art worked for Roy Hargreaves from 1930 until 1946. Also during this time, he made four trips with George Hargreaves a very noted guide of the times. Art was with George when he died on the trail, and they buried him at Casket Creek Falls on Sheep Creek September 15, 1937. As well, Art worked for Jack Hargreaves and Fred Brewster, well known outfitters out of Jasper.

In 1946 Art moved from Jasper to Hinton, Alberta and there he started his own outfit. Art booked a trip with the Carnegie Museum collecting birds and small mammals, and as well, taking a collection of big game animals. No outstanding trophies were taken, just nice average specimens of big game animals.

Art outfitted from Hinton until 1956 and then sold his outfit to Leonard Jeck of Jasper. He worked two more full hunting seasons for Leonard Jeck, and these were the last seasons Art worked as a big game guide.

In 1958 Art moved to Maxwell Lake a few miles south of Hinton. There he built his home beside the Big Horn Trail. In 1959 he sold his trapline on the Big Smoky River and bought the trapline adjacent to his home. Later he sold this trapline as well because the pulp mill took over the timber lease surrounding Hinton. This caused him many problems regarding his trapping and the grazing of his horses.

I can agree to this, as I myself was affected with open range grazing problems caused by the pulp mill. In fact, part of my trapline borders Art's line.

In 1974 Art went to work for the Jasper Park Warden Service, building bridges and cabins and later was promoted to Maintenance Foreman for the Warden Service. Two top guides, Myles Moberly and Fred Plante who worked for me, spoke of Art's workmanship at building cabins, saying he was a master of this trade. Myles once commented that there was nothing half-assed about Art's work, that any work Art took on was done right, or you would have to do it until it was done right. He would never do anything with a broad axe that was just good enough to pass, or "get by"; it had to be done perfectly. Both Myles and Fred were also top-notch with the broad axe, and they built a fine log structure that is now the Forestry Museum in Hinton.

Art was a great mountain man. He gave up climbing peaks after one time, but did he ever make the miles through the valleys and foothills and river of the Alberta Rockies! I have scratched only the surface of Art Allen's adventures and doings as a guide and trapper. I am sure that you can see after reading this that it would be easy writing a complete book on Art Allen, mountain man, trapper and guide.

*Editors Note: Art was 84 years of age at the time this article was written.*



## Hunting in Alberta in 1925 - by Townsend Whelen

.... reprinted from *The American Rifleman* November 15, 1925

Letter to the the editor of *The American Rifleman*:

My oldest son has graduated from college, finished last June. My youngest son graduates in the spring of 1927. Both are robust, sturdy boys, having experience hunting squirrel, rabbit etc, but neither of them are real experienced hunters. They both have had some experience camping and canoeing. We have paddled around Hunters Island a couple of times and my youngest son is now attending the C.M.T.C. at Fort Des Moines.

In the fall of 1927 I would like to take these two boys on a hunting trip somewhere in a territory where as varied bag as possible could be secured. I had thought of the Cassiar Trip out of Telegraph Creek but the expense makes that trip out of the question. I had also thought of the Cassiar coming in from the north, but that is even worse. Such a trip would cost me approximately \$5000. I had felt that I ought not to spend more than \$3000 or \$3500 on the trip. We do not care for the luxury that goes with some of the millionaire expeditions, but we would have ample guiding services and the necessities.

In your wide acquaintance and in your own wide experience, have you come across someone who could take charge of a party like ours and give us that sort of trip I want these two boys to have? If not, will it be too much for you to keep your eyes open and see what you can find? I am looking the matter up as best I can, but I think perhaps you can help me a great deal, if you can only find the time to do it.

I never did report to you on the success of the former trip I took and while it is ancient history now for two years, you might be interested to know that we were able to completely fill our bag with goat. We got a nice sheep and could have secured several inferior specimens. We got one bear and passed up opportunities on moose, elk and mule deer. E. R. S.



Stan Clark in Hinton Forestry Office in 1913-  
Photo from "Dominion Forestry Branch: Alberta Forest Protection Collection."

### Answer (by Major Whelen)

The Cassiar country in northern British Columbia is a fine game region, and I have noticed that almost everyone going there had excellent success, and gets a very full bag. But it has its drawbacks. It is the most expensive of all places to hunt, and it takes a very long time to get in there and also to get out. There are some places in Alberta which are practically as good as Cassiar, and which do not cost as much, and are very much easier to reach, and incidentally the climate and scenery are both better.

One possible guide is F. H. Riggall, of Twin Butte, Alberta. I had a lot of correspondence with him two years ago. He is an educated man, very high class, thoroughly reliable. He is not entirely free lance. That is, all his time is permanently engaged by groups of sportsmen. Sometimes these sportsmen go out with Riggall themselves, and often they have sent out their sons, college boys, who have had the time of their lives. Riggall is excellent with boys. He has a very good game country, only a couple of days' pack train travel at his ranch at Twin Butte, the game being sheep, goat, mule deer and bear. I should say that the first three species of game were practically assured on a month's hunt. I don't know anything about his prices. He might not be available at all, but it would do no harm to write him.

In 1922 I took a long hunt in northwestern Alberta. I went with Stanley Clarke of Entrance, Alberta—just the two of us with six horses. Clarke went

with me more as a friend than as a guide. We went northwest six-or-seven-days' pack train travel through a perfectly delightful country, crossed the Smoky River, and hunted around the sources of the Porcupine River and Sheep Creek about thirty miles east of the crest of the Rockies. The country was entirely unfamiliar to either of us and we were more or less pioneers, although I have since learned that one or two other guides have taken parties into this region. It was a perfectly glorious game county. Apparently the game had never before seen a human being, and it was remarkably tame. We saw all species in large quantities, and there was a fine chance to select good heads. I got splendid specimens of grizzly bear, moose, caribou, sheep, and goat, and was also able to study the habits of the game, as it was in sight in considerable quantities almost every day. Entrance, Alberta is on the mainline of the Canadian National Railway at the eastern Entrance to Jasper National Park. The good hunting country is about eight or nine days travel northwest from Entrance. There is a little shooting, fine trout fishing and wonderful scenery en route. It is a good, clean, glorious country, but it requires you to have at least fifty days available from Entrance to do it right, and one should leave Entrance not later than September 1 (preferably August 20), so as to be sure of getting out of the mountains before there is any danger of heavy snow. As to the climate, I hunted in shirt sleeves and without gloves every one of my fifty-two days; and we





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had frost every night—simply ideal. Since I hunted there in 1922, this country has had four or five parties in it each season, but they have not hurt it a bit. The country is too big, is too remote for game hogs, and game is too plentiful. It will be good for ten years more.

Stanley Clarke is a graduate of Toronto University, where he took civil engineering and forestry, and was also captain of his football team. He entered the Forest Service and was shortly made superintendent of all the Canadian Rocky Mountain Forest Reserves. During the World War he was an officer in the Canadian Expeditionary Force, and was in charge of all the British forestry operations on the Western Front. After his return from the war, he married the daughter of a Canadian Army Officer who was also a college graduate; they purchased a ranch at Entrance, settled there, and are raising probably the best mountain horses in the West. I think they went into the ranch on

rather a large scale and have a big mortgage on it, and they are building for the future with comparatively little present income. Stanley was anxious to augment his income from the ranch in order to pay off his mortgage, and after our trip, he decided to go into the guiding and outfitting business. He has, in the last three years, outfitted and managed a number of most successful hunting parties in this new country. He has associated with him three or four most competent and excellent guides—good, clean, athletic fellows, all good hunters, and also an excellent lot of cooks and packers. He does not employ Indians or half-breeds. He raises his own horses, breaks them himself, and they cannot be beaten. In the spring he catches a lot of grub off in the hunting country, and prospects it to see just where the game is using, so as to facilitate in every way successful hunts for his patrons. I would refer you to Mr. Harry Snyder, President of the Hoffman Arms Company, Ardmore, Oklahoma, and to Mr. Frank C. Baldwin, Snowden, Fredericksburg, VA... both of whom have been out with Clarke since he entered the guiding business.

I don't know what Clarke's charges are. I think they run about \$30 per day for one sportsman, or \$50 a day for two, everything included except personal outfit and licenses. Which are about \$85 for all game and fish. I think you will probably wish your boys to do their share of everything—hunting, packing, camping, horse wrangling, etc. That is to learn the whole thing of winning their way and subsisting in rough mountain country, as well as the hunting; and under these circumstances, you will not require all the helpers that the ordinary party of three sportsmen usually wish, so you should be able to get special terms. I think therefore, that the 50-day trip could be made for about \$3000 to \$3500, not including railroad fares, licenses and cost of personal outfit (rifles, clothing, sleeping bags, etc.). I cannot imagine a better trip or better guides than Mr. Clarke or one of his assistant guides. It's just the sort of trip for a young fellow.

... photo credits & names on page 2 ...

