

# *Back Tracking*

## *Reflections of a Park Warden*

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Keith Brady at Lone Lake Warden Cabin, Waterton Lakes, 1993 - photo by Edwin Knox

With the passing of time we sometimes convince ourselves that details of our lives would not be of interest to anyone but a few close relatives who might be concerned about their heritage. This was certainly true of me. That is until my wife and children encouraged me by saying that my experiences were worth sharing. I am relating what I actually did, saw, felt or otherwise experienced, there is no hear say. Some information of events were taken from my warden diaries or notes that were taken at the time they happened. I have made a special effort to present facts rather than sensationalize situations and compromise truth. This is important to me as details of some incidents are often changed or embellished and are therefore anything but true. For those who know me it will be obvious that I have chosen not to share some personal and private aspects of my life.

## **Growing Up**

I was born on May 25, 1938 in Lethbridge Alberta .The first fifteen years of my life was spent growing up on a homestead along the Little Bow River. Turin was the nearest town, four miles by road or two miles on foot along the river. We had four deeded quarters and about 1600 acres of grazing lease bordering on the East portion of our homestead. The river ran through two quarters and we had irrigation to some of the hayfield and crop land .. It was an ideal mixed farm/ranch operation by all standards.

The well worn foot path from our homestead to South to the town of Turin was used a lot by our family. At one point the foot path traversed along a cut bank above the river. This posed a danger when it was snow covered or the clay path became wet during spring runoff . The small river below the cut bank often became a raging torrent. At times like this we would have to climb over the ridge above the cut bank which added another 10 minutes to the trip. Some of the small coulee drainages would be swollen with run off and we would have to find narrow spots to jump across. We would throw our school bags and lunch pails across and take a running jump hoping to land on the other bank. If we had missed the jump, it is likely we would have drowned by being swept downstream into the river. This is the stuff that childhood memories are made of.

I was the youngest in our family of four children comprised of two older brothers, Glen and Ralph and an older sister Laurel, My parents Gabriel and Emily had spoiled Laurel because she was the only girl in the family. My recollection is that Laurel continually picked on me and blamed me for everything and in this respect some things never change as she still does. Things were tough for our family in those early years and it was only when I was older that I would fully appreciate just how tough. We didn't have electricity, a phone or indoor plumbing and the path to the outside toilet was quite a challenge in the winter. Toilet paper was in short supply and old catalogues were bad substitutes for sensitive bums.

The second world war had ended along with gasoline and sugar rationing and things began to get better. But it would take years to erase the hatred that was shown to Japanese and German students in school during the war years. My mother was a mixture of German and I was beaten up a few times because of this and our religious stand against war. I remember my grade two teacher Miss Keys and how hard she worked to treat all her students fairly. Some day I hope to thank her for this.

In the summer months, most of my early childhood was spent fishing or swimming in the river that separated the east and west portions of our homestead. My fishing gear consisted of a willow pole and some green fishing line wound around a willow pole and a single barbed hook. Bait consisted of a ball of earth worms stuck on the hook and carried in my pocket along with enough dirt to keep them alive for at least a couple of days. My how my mother loved to find the worms in my pocket on laundry days.

I remember the long warm summer evenings, the smell of prairie sage and wood smoke from the camp fire in front of our house. On weekends there was often a gathering of neighbors and relatives and the sound of guitar and fiddle music. My brother Ralph was a excellent singer and guitar player and Glen could yodel back up to Eddie Arnolds cattle call. Blue Eyes Crying in the Rain was also a

favorite and my Mom loved Danny Boy and Ramona. She could sing very well and I thought she was beautiful. My sister Laurel could harmonize to most songs and I added a bit as well.

Our neighbours included Johnny and Joe Thomas, Earl Hammond and the Elaskuks . These were good people, willing to share what they had and help out where they could. It was a very different time and those that could brought something to eat but alcoholic beverages were not part of these gatherings. Swimming, ball games and horseshoes rounded off things we did before the evening entertainment started. These were the good times that are among my memories of life on our homestead along the Little Bow River.

Looking back, I remember the lazy days of fishing as I sat in a Buck Brush patch above my favorite fishing hole in the river. Sometimes my ears would get so sun blistered that they looked like cauliflowers and shook when I walked. Straw hats were too expensive and the brim of my baseball cap was never facing the right direction to protect my ears from the sun. The risk of skin cancer was unknown at that time.

My older brothers, Ralph and Glen and some of their friends also did a different and secretive type of fishing in early spring after the ice went out of the river. I was finally allowed to take part in this when I was about ten years old. Our group went down to the rivers and a net was pulled out of a bag and set across a deep section in the small river. Sturdy anchor pins were driven into the bank and a double rope strung across to a pulley system which allowed the net to be set and pulled out when a sufficient number of fish were caught. This went on well into the morning hours and a camp fire provided warmth for the group to huddle around and tell stories. It was exciting to hear the thrashing of fish as they were first caught in the gill net. Loud thrashing indicated a Northern Pike or a Walleye and good to eat. Other fish were Carp or Red Horse Suckers and occasionally a Ling which were ugly and scared me. The honey Suckers were taken by our Japanese friends and put in a pickle barrel to soften the bones. Nothing was wasted and all was used for food.

Memories of my childhood include the times I would ride my horse Patty bareback across miles of baldheaded prairie. Favorite places to explore included a mysterious upheaval of red rocks upstream along the Little Bow River or some Chokecherry or Saskatoon patch in a spring fed coulee . There were many of these along the Little Bow River. After a good feed of berries I would ride a short distance to Sand Springs for a cool refreshing drink . Local residents also came here to haul drinking water from a pipe flowing with clear and unpolluted water.

At times my imagination created images of hostile Indians and buffalo as I rode through the many teepee rings of old campsites that were common on the river benches. At these locations there were still old Bison skulls with horns attached and well used rub rocks . It was hard to believe that the Bison that numbered in the millions could be hunted to extinction and only the bones and skulls left as a testimonial of this ruthless slaughter by hide hunters. At some of these locations there were also Indian grave sites. These were sites to be avoided as I had been told that bad things could happen if anyone tried to dig up the graves.

Winter months were often a challenge as we had to walk two miles to get to the Turin School . After school we often faced bitterly cold North Easterly winds as we walked back along the river flats to our Homestead . These winds often carried the smell of fresh bread baking as we neared the house

tucked away in the shelter of trees that my father had planted years before. Even though we were poor Mom and Dad did their best to bundle us up.

In the winter months, I could also check my trap line when I walked back from school . This kept the spirit of adventure alive in a young heart and also paid off at times. One such trap site yielded a large long tailed weasel that brought \$5.75 from the Shubert Fur Company in Edmonton. This large sum of money presented quite a challenge for me ; whether to buy a single shot Cooney 22 rifle or a pair of CCM skates. My mother convinced me that I should buy the skates that could be used for the skating parties we had along the river. This was probably a wise decision and saved a few jack rabbits as well.

The Little Bow River also served as a winter ice road for us when the main road through the coulee drifted in during hard winters. Some trips were quite exciting when the vehicle would spin around on some of the tight bends along the river. I believe some of this was done intentionally to make the trip more exciting for us kids.

There was also the danger of thin ice along the shoreline or at rapids that had to be avoided or when water surfaced above the ice at times of moderation.

Before Pesticide use, the coulees that ran through our homestead to the Little Bow River were teeming with Ring-Neck Pheasant and Hungarian Partridge. My fathers' unwritten rule was that these could not be hunted in the heavy shelter belt that surrounded the building site. Although Dad didn't know it; my brothers and I often used our dog Butch to chase the pheasants out of the shelter belt where they were fair game to the old Wolverine 12 Gauge shotgun. This firearm had survived a fire that burned part of the butte plate which I padded with moms' old stockings to keep it from breaking my shoulder when it was fired. Despite this padding, my shoulder was often bruised from the recoil of the old gun and I often used Canuck low power shotgun shells to compensate. In retrospect, I missed lots of pheasants because I flinched anticipating more pain from the recoil of the old shotgun.

My brother Glen actually did quite well with the old gun and kept us eating some very tasty meals that mom prepared for us. We took great care not to shoot hen pheasants and protected nests that were found in the hayfields during the summer months.

By the time I reached 12 years of age, I was convinced that I was born a hundred years to late and I wanted to move to the mountains. This decision was finalized in the late 1940s' after we traveled to the Twin Butte area to visit my Uncle Virgil Rowley who had bought a ranch South of the Spread Eagle road .. I vividly remember seeing the hides of two wolves stretched to the unpainted wall of a wood shed and the large sets of mule deer and elk antlers that were hanging from other buildings and on the old log barn. The clincher was an early morning fishing trip to the unpolluted creek about a hundred yards from the house .It was here in a deep hole that I quickly caught some fat cutthroat trout using a willow pole , green line and a worm attached to a barbed hook. Although I had caught other fish before, I had never seen trout before and the larger two weighed 3/4 of a pound. My Aunt Olga Rowley, fried the trout in butter for a tasty morning breakfast that I remember to this day.

### **Tough Times**

In the late 1940s we were haled out by one of the worst storms of the century. My brother Ralph probably saved my life as we were caught in this vicious storm. He wisely shoved me in against a

drill box facing the right direction and lifted the lids on the seeder box for added protection. He shielded me with his body and I could feel him wince as some of the large hail struck his legs. By the time the storm was over our mustard crops and hay fields were like summer fallow. Our house windows were shattered and shelter belt trees ruined. Although I didn't know it at the time, this marked the beginning of the end for my parents.

By the mid- 1950s when I was 15, my parents were forced to sell our Homestead because of financial difficulties. By now, several years of crop failures had put us deeply in debt to the bank and it was either sell or be sold to satisfy the bank and other creditors. It is now hard to believe that everything was sold for about seven thousand dollars and in a very short time. I was unsure about what this would mean for me and the home I loved so much.

The final days alone on the Homestead were very difficult for me. After the Homestead was sold, my parents had moved to Lethbridge and I was left to look after the few cows we had before they were sold. I remember that I didn't have much to eat as my brothers forgot to check on me as they had their own interests at the time.

There was no phone or a vehicle to get food and I didn't have any money. To make things worse, it was now fall, the evenings were cool and my food and oil for the stove had run out. Reality set in and as hard as it was, it was now time for me to leave.

On the last day at the ranch, I remember riding my horse bareback away from the house along a foot path I used hundreds of times as a child. My faithful dog Butch was tagging along beside me wondering what on earth was happening and where we were going. Dusk was just falling, as I ducked under the clothes-line that was just the right height to catch a rider on a horse . With eyes full of tears, I turned to have one final look at dark windows of the old house with it's red siding that had protected me and created so many memories over the years and said good-bye for a final time. This was when I realized that for the first time in my life I did not have a home. I did not have fond thoughts about my parents at this time as I felt totally abandoned. As I look back on this now, I realize that this disappointment lasted for several years.

I will be forever grateful for the welcome, food and temporary home that I found that night at a neighboring ranch owned by Clarence and Helen Holthe about two miles further downriver. The welcome included my horse and dog Butch who spent the rest of his life there. I spent the winter at the Holthe Ranch doing odd chores and earning a few dollars in friendly smear games during the long evenings. As I look back I know that they let me win as the family knew I had no way of earning any money at that time of year and I wouldn't take any handouts. Helen Holthe made sure I had plenty to eat as she was concerned that I was too skinny. How I loved her canned raspberries.

During my sixteenth summer I found work on the Cameron Ranch where I made my first real money. My employer was Hans Reich who paid me well and gave me a place to stay in a granary that had been converted to a bunkhouse. The granary/ bunkhouse was on skids and attracted a few mice and an occasional rattle snake that kept things exciting. The up side was the electric lights from a power generator and lots of good food which seemed to be a high priority at that time. I also acquired a black 1940 Ford car with some of my summer wages.

This would change my life as I could travel and make some of my aspirations come true. To The Mountains. By the time fall arrived I had purchased a Remington 760 30-06 rifle and was determined to make my dream of hunting in the mountains come true. For five dollars I purchased a hunting license and five tags, loaded up the old black Ford and with my friend Charlie Holthe headed for my Uncles' place at Twin Butte . A big game hunting trip at last.

Part of the excitement of the hunt was generated by my Uncles' and Cousins' stories of hunting elk and grizzly bear. At that time any grizzly bear on private land could be shot or trapped by the landowner. My Cousin, Ray Rowley showed me a large bear trap set for grizzly about 50 yards from the boundary of Waterton Lakes National Park in Yarrow Canyon. The trap set consisted of a log cubby baited with a dead calf and protected from livestock by a barbed wire enclosure. The claw marks on adjacent trees verified the past effectiveness of the set and the futile attempts of the bear to free itself from the agony of the steel trap. At that time most ranchers felt that "the only good grizzly was a dead grizzly" no matter how it was killed. While I was terrified of bears, this did not sit well with me.

About this time, my cousin Ray took me and Charlie to visit Clarence Baird. I will never forget my first contact with Clarence. It was early in the morning and he was standing at an open door of an addition to an old log house a we drove in. He was dressed in bib overalls sporting a full black beard and topped by a head full of bushy black hair. He was holding a large butcher knife in his hand and looked very menacing to say the least. As we stepped out of our vehicle we were greeted by the smell of cooking ham and about a dozen hungry cats that were jumping on his cutting table in attempts to get at the ham. I believe this would have been more dangerous for the cats if we had not been watching.

As Clarence ate breakfast we shared a cup of strong coffee with him and my cousin finally got around to the reason for our visit. He asked if he could show us the mounted Bighorn Sheep head in the log portion of the house. I remember looking at the massive horns and wondering how anything could pack the weight around for years. This sheep head was finally measured and became a new world record of 208 7/8 Boone and Crocket points. It was apparently killed with a 30-30 rifle by Fred Wieller his father in law several years before. One whom showed the distinct mark of the impact of a bullet which was apparently his first shot. Wieller apparently shot everything in the head to avoid wasting meat and was a bit peeved at hitting the ram in the horn on his first shot. This information was provided by Clarence during our visit and believed to be accurate in every respect.

Needless to say this started my sheep hunting efforts which lasted for several decades. On one of my first hunts we traveled by horseback into the forestry areas of Yarrow Creek and Smith Creek where there were no roads at the time. This is when I saw my first live Bighorn Rams on the steep cliffs at the headwaters of Smith Creek and was again amazed at the size of their massive horns. In my excitement to shoot at one, the detachable clip fell out of my rifle and the rams were out of range before I was ready to shoot. I think they call it " buck fever". My Cousin Ray Rowley did shoot at the running sheep with his lever action 348 Winchester and did nothing more than scare them. There was some satisfaction in this as I listened to his excuses for missing the Bighorn Rams. It was later on a cold November 1953-54 hunt in this same area that I would shoot my first six point bull elk.

We had ridden into the area on an old pack trail following the tracks of a large herd of elk that were heading up into the green timber at the head of the canyon. We reached an area where there is a high hanging basin to the South West and I was the first spot a bull elk bedded in some burnt timber on the North side of the canyon. The rule was that whoever spotted the animal would have the first shot. While Charlie stayed with the horses, Ray and I made a stalk that brought us to within 50 yards of the elk that was still bedded and appeared to be watching the horses in the valley below. I shot the elk about four times with my 30-06 as it struggled to it's feet.

I did this to make sure I killed the animal and because I didn't want to give Ray a chance to say he had shot it. The two of us crossed a steep ravine filled with snow to get to the elk and when we did, Ray said it was one of the biggest bulls he had seen.

After gutting out the elk we continued to follow the tracks of the large elk herd to a point where they entered the green timber. It was here that Ray killed a cow and calf elk which he gutted out and left to be packed out with my elk the next day. It was now totally dark and 10 cold miles back to the Rowley Ranch but the hungry horses knew the trail and were eager to make the trip home. The next morning we returned with four pack horses to pack out the elk that we had killed the day before. It was disappointing to find that the hind quarters of one of the animals that Ray had shot had been eaten up by two cougars. We salvaged what we could and packed out of the canyon in a repeat of the day before. As Ray had anticipated, the antlers of my bull elk were believed to be among the largest taken in Alberta that year. We tied the antlers to the front of my 1940 Ford and they extended past the fenders as we drove back to the Holthe Ranch at Turin. The antlers of this bull elk might still be hanging on one of the buildings or in the old garage and serve as a reminder of this hunt. My friend Charlie and Cousin Ray are no longer alive to relive these memories.

### **The Blizzard**

One of the most eventful elk hunts was made in October in 1957. On this hunt I was accompanied by my brother-in-law Jim Garrett and a fanner from Vauxhall named Frank Janazsac. We drove to my Aunts place at Twin Butte and met with my cousin Ray Rowley who would be hunting with two Shell Geologists on an elk hunt in Smith Canyon. He would be using a pack outfit of about eight horses to set up his camp in the headwater area where I had shot my first elk. The decision to hunt there would later present some serious problems for Ray and his hunters.

Before he left on his hunt, Ray had arranged for us to use a sleigh and team to get into our hunting area as the snow was too deep and crusted for vehicle travel. We left my aunt Olga's place in the afternoon using the team of horses to pull the sleigh loaded with camping gear and hay for the horses. We headed for Yarrow Canyon about 8 miles west and where we planned to set up camp inside the forestry next to Waterton Park. We followed an old trail off of Cloudy Ridge and neared the mouth of the canyon and saw elk everywhere but the season would not open until the next day. The sleigh was easily pulled by the team in about 15 inches of old snow.

When we reached the forestry boundary we signed in at the check box which required length of stay and make and serial number of firearms to be recorded. After this, we were able to set up camp and feed the horses before it got dark. We were filled with excitement about the hunting possibilities for

the next day and went to sleep to the sound of bull elk bugling on Cloudy Ridge to the South East of our camp.

Early the next morning I headed North along a ridge toward Blind Canyon where I had seen a six point bull elk on the previous day. After hiking a few minutes along an elk trail I spotted a spike elk coming towards me and shot it in the neck with my 300 H&H rifle. My two companions heard the shot and helped me gut it out. After this we used one of the horses to drag it back to camp. By this time it was getting late in the day and it started to snow . A party of elk hunters on horseback passed our camp heading out of the canyon. Frank Marr was their guide and he said that they had killed a six point bull on the Riggall flats. They had plans to pack it out the next day but it is unlikely that they were able to do this.

After the Marr party passed a North East wind picked up and a raging blizzard set in. Within a couple of hours we couldn't keep the heavy snow off the tent and it began to collapse . It was obvious that we would have to dismantle camp and try to get back to my Aunts place about eight miles away. This would prove to be a wise decision. It was now totally dark as we headed out into the North Easterly wind and driving snow . It was snowing so hard that the horses would not go into the wind unless Jim or I walked in front of them. By the time we reached the ridge out of the canyon, I was exhausted as the snow was above my knees and my pant legs had frozen and were like stove pipes. At this point, Frank rode on the sleigh and drove the team because he was even more tired than Jim or myself. Despite limited visibility, we finally reached a fence line on the Holroyd ranch that I knew would take us North to the Spread Eagle road. Once we reached the road I was able to ride on the sleigh and the team was now eager to go back to the Rowley Ranch. Grateful to be there, we unharnessed the horses and put them in the old log barn . Despite the fact that it was very late, My Aunt had a hot meal prepared for us when we got back to the warm house. The elk was left unskinned on the sleigh and stayed that way for several days.

When we woke up the next morning it was still snowing heavily and there was about five feet of snow on the level. About 2 pm, we heard a scraping on the door and when it was opened my cousin Ray literally fell in looking like a frozen snowman. His first words were to me and he told me that his hunters (geologists) were some distance behind him and were in bad shape. He asked if I would ride his saddled horse back to the junction of the Spread Eagle road and intercept the pack string and hunters and bring them back to the Rowley residence.

His concern was that two pack horses were from the Hillspring area and would probably keep going East past the junction . The saddle horses carrying the hunters would logically follow the pack string and the hunters would freeze to death.

I dressed up as quickly as I could and went out into the storm to the horse that Ray had ridden and had tied up to the fence near the door. The poor animal was drenched in sweat and I wondered if it could make the one mile trip back to the junction in the deep snow. By this time any track that had been made was completely drifted in and the snow was over my stirrups and almost to my knees. The horse I was riding was all heart and we reached the junction just as the pack string and riders were approaching from the West. True to Rays concern, one of the pack horses tried to keep going East past the junction. With difficulty, I managed to get around this horse which jumped off the road into the ditch where it got stuck with the pack boxes in the deep snow. I managed to break a



trail for the horse to get out and our group continued back to the Rowley ranch. As Ray said, the two hunters were in bad shape. One had frozen hands and feet and by the next morning he was in severe pain. The Pincher Creek Hospital was contacted by phone and they advised that the man had to be brought in as soon as possible.

We managed to get one of the tractors started but the snow was too deep for it to be of any use. By this time we had contacted Byron Allred who lived across the road and who had a snow blower for his tractor. The snow blower was buried in snow and had to be shoveled out before we were able to put it on his tractor. It was good that the tractor was also equipped with tire chains. As we were doing this, a herd of elk came down the fence line from the West with only their necks and backs visible above the deep snow. Hunting was the furthest thing from our minds at that time as we were concerned about getting the hunter to the hospital.

Even with the large snow blower, it was difficult to get the hunters vehicle onto the road and to the highway. By this time the main highway had one lane plowed and the two men were driven to the hospital without further delay. I am not sure whether any of the two hunters suffered permanent damage but to me their injuries were very serious. One thing is sure. If Ray had not been able to bring the hunters out when he did and if his horse

was not able to make the trip back to the junction, both hunters would likely have perished. When it was finally over, this storm deposited six to seven feet of snow and stranded several hunting parties. Bull dozers were used to rescue some in the Carbondale and Castle River areas. I was told that one hunter died from exposure and several others suffered storm related injuries. This was a storm to remember.

Now 40 years later, the area where I shot my first elk is the site of a huge Natural Gas Compressor Complex and a network of access roads and pipelines. Many of the well sites are thoughtlessly situated in what used to be critical habitat for Elk and Bighorn Sheep. I feel sorry for those who have never seen these canyons in their natural state as I have. I am truly glad to have lived when I did. By the time I turned 18, I started work as a General laborer for a PFRA (Prairie Farm Rehabilitation Agency) project in in Vauxhall. The starting pay was 85 cents per hour for a nine hour day. I spent the spring and summer months working and after the fall layoff, hunting in the mountains that I had come to love. This arrangement suited me just fine as I had no other responsibilities or at least none that I would accept at the time. The next few years of my personal life are among those I would like to relive to do things differently. These were periods of hurt and hurting and growing up the hard way.

Later, I took a job as a ranch hand on the McNab place southeast of Twin Butte and near the Spread Eagle road. I would later rent this property and share equally in the profits from calf sales in the fall. I was thrilled at the prospect of at last living in an area that was only a short distance from the Forest Reserve and teeming with wildlife. I could watch the mountains as I made the rounds swathing in the hay field and plan areas to hunt sheep and elk when haying was done. I was in excellent physical condition after piling bales that weighed 90 pounds or more and I made the most of it by leaving tracks on numerous mountain ridges in pursuit of Mountain Goat , Bighorn Sheep and Elk.

In the spring of 1959 the old ranch house that had become my home was now shared by my sweetheart and wife Myrna. She shared my interests and passion for the outdoors and soon learned how to prepare delicious meals from the wild meat that became a main course for most meals. She also tolerated many of my hunting buddies like my Brother in Law Jim Garrett and Bruce King-Hunter who shared my interest in hunting. We climbed many mountains together in pursuit of bighorn sheep and elk. There were other hunters who we tolerated only once because of their bad habits of smoking and coarse language. Come to think of it, Myrna's Uncle Gerald topped the list in this category when it came to coarse language.

Isolation and long winter nights were well used by a young couple. Soon there was the company of a son named Ron and three daughters, Charlene, Linda and Rhea. More would come but not here. In 1962 on June 9th, my wife Myrna and I made another decision that would effect our lives forever. We became Jehovah's Witnesses. We had been studying the bible with Ruth and Frank Brewster for about a year and realized that we should make some changes in our lives and how we viewed the future. We learned amongst other things that the earth and the beauties of creation we enjoyed would never be completely ruined by man's careless actions. As I now looked at the mountains it was with new meaning and understanding about how they came to be and why everything is there for a purpose. We have been happy to share this hope future with our family and others to this day.

### **Ranch Life Continued**

It is hard to explain what ranch life is like to someone who has never experienced it for themselves. The smell of horse sweat on saddle tack after a cattle drive. The satisfaction of the last swathe in a field or the last bale in the stack. The feeling that comes from opening a gate that has been closed all summer to let waiting cattle into the harvested hayfield or cropland where they will fatten up and spend the winter.

To appreciate what it is like to finish the day and ride back to the ranch house at dusk and see the inviting lights from the large ranch kitchen. To see the movement of happy children and a busy mother preparing the last meal of the day over a stove heated by aspen logs .. To smell the wood smoke and enter a warm house for a hug and sit in the big chair to pull tight boots from tired feet.

To sit back, relax and feel you've accomplished something worthwhile and that tonight you will sleep without worry. To really understand what it means to have more than enough hay to feed hungry cattle through a long hard winter. Then in the spring see the snow finally melt to fill ponds and streams in the gullies. To experience the sight of new green grass and hear the helpless bawl of a new born calf as it searches for its first meal and mother's attention. To believe that the whole cycle is starting again. Then hope that this year, there will be no calf losses, hail storms or early snow storms to destroy or flatten crops . This year we might actually have enough to pay our bills at the Twin Butte Store and put a little away in the bank for those hard times that you know will come. Then to thank God for the blessings of life, family, and the hard work that goes with ranch life and really mean it.

### **Change**

In the early summer of 1966 , my Father-In-Law Bill Holoboff saw a competition for National Park Wardens in the Lethbridge Herald. I had been taking a correspondence course through the North

American School of Conservation so I filled out an application and sent it in . I really didn't think anything would happen and was surprised to learn I was selected for a job interview at the Calgary Regional Office for Parks Canada ( Then the Dept of Indian Affairs and Northern Development) I never would have traveled to Calgary just to have an interview but it happened that we would be attending a convention at the same time. I clearly remember being called into the interview room filled with smoke and looking at some men in uniforms sitting across the table from the chair that I was instructed to sit in. One of these individuals was Bob Hand who was the Chief Warden in Banff, another Gerry Campbell the Chief Warden from Riding Mountain National Park and a third individual who I believe was from the Calgary Regional Office.

My best recollection of the interview in that most of the questions were asked by Bob Hand who seemed interested in my horsemanship skills, the fact that I was a class A Guide and could climb mountains. My academic qualifications seemed to be a lower priority and I had a feeling that Bob Hand was offering me a job. In fact he said " if you were offered a position as a Park Warden how soon could you report for work." I replied that I was right in the middle of haying which would be over by the middle of July or thereabouts.

Around the middle of July 1966, I received a job offer in Banff National Park and was encouraged to report for work on July 25 at the Eisenhower Warden Station or District 6. This created a crisis for my wife and I as to what we should do. Should we stay on the ranch that we loved with assurance that we could make arrangements to purchase it or to embark on a career in the Warden Service with no idea how things might turn out. The clincher was the provision of accommodation and a annual salary of about \$4477.00. Why this was almost \$400.00 a month which seemed like a lot of money at that time.

Around the 23rd of July we loaded our worldly possessions in a truck we hired from Mikes Transport in Pincher Creek and set off for a place we had never been to before to begin a new life. I must admit that with every mile we put behind us I was concerned that we might be making a big mistake. After all the owner of the McNab Ranch had left the door open if we wanted to change our minds and return within a month or two.

These doubts and misgivings climaxed when we pulled into the Eisenhower Warden Station and saw two houses. One house was new and well maintained but the second was an old log structure of seventy plus years. While it looked bad from the outside it was worse on the inside and made the ranch house that we had left seem more like a palace. My wife looked at the sponge created pattern of gray and white paint on the interior walls and the red linoleum on the cupboard tops and said nothing. She didn't have to as I could see the dejected expression on her face and in her eyes. I thought ' What have I done'. It was Myrnas' encouraging words of "lets give it a month and we can always go back" that made the difference and would change our lives forever.

We spent a sleepless first night at our new location, being awakened by the noise and vibration of several trains that passed during the night. When there were no trains, the sound of running water from the nearby Silver Creek seemed deafening. With time we adjusted to these new sounds as we had to the sound of wind in the south country that we had left behind.

### **The Team of The Eisenhower District**

They say that first impressions of people are usually right and last for a lifetime. This was certainly true of District Warden Jim Robertson. Jim first words after introducing himself was that he was originally from Pincher Creek and still had family there. Did I know them he asked with a grin. I said I knew some of them, in fact his brother Petey had married my cousin Leonna Rowley. I guess that makes us relatives of sorts he replied.

I don't believe the matter of being relatives of sorts was ever brought up again by either one of us. On my first day of official duty, I was taken to the Banff Administration Building to sign on. From there we went to the Warden equipment building where I was introduced to some of the other wardens. Loyd Gritner, Jack Wolledge and John Wakerle were there having coffee along with the horse wrangler Jim Buries who was also from Pincher Creek. I was shown a bunch of used equipment and finally signed out a saddle that looked half decent. I was told to pick out some climbing equipment which consisted of an army Bergen, construction helmet, a pair of used climbing boots with the edges worn off of the vibram soles.

A trip to the stores building produced the kaki jacket and pants I would wear for the next six months of my probation period. I believe it was to keep the new recruits humble and remind us that only permanent Grade Two Wardens got to wear the green uniform with Park Warden flashes. On returning to the Eisenhower Warden Station I was introduced to the Districts Seasonal Warden named Ted Anderson. Ted would become a good friend over the next year or so and we would travel many miles of backcountry together. It was Ted who took me down to the pasture to look at the horses assigned to us. He added that the Eisenhower Wardens were considered to be the most experienced in horse use. For this reason we usually got the green colts or spirited horses that others couldn't handle. The tone of his voice indicated he was hoping I wouldn't change things.

"The bay over there is named Hornet, he's Jim's horse and has bucked him off a number of times. He'll let you get on nice as can be but the minute you move the stirrups back to give him a nudge, look out. He'll back up real quick to get some slack in the reins then bog his head to buck." He was right, Hornet tried to buck me off a few times but I was ready. His introduction of horses continued. "The Paint over there with the long mane and tail is named Snap. Don't trust him. And when you get on stand well up at his shoulder so he can't kick you when you swing on." As I approached Snap with outstretched hand he responded with a snort and ran to the other side of the corral. "One other thing about Snap" Ted said. "Don't ever let him get away on the trail or you could have a long walk home."

This other tall paint" he continued "is called Monte, he's only four but is well broke and you can do anything with him. Only problem is that he can't walk worth beans." How true this would prove to be. In 1967, I would make one long and last trip on Monte from Scotch Camp to Indian Head and back. Trying to keep Monte walking at a good gait tired me out more than if I had walked the whole distance. It actually took six hours to complete the 26 mile trip.

The Eisenhower District included the beautiful backcountry of Baker Creek, Pulsatilla, Mystic and Badger Passes and the Larch forest along Panorama ridge. It also included a number of high country lakes and Castle Mountain which challenged the skills of mountain climbers from all over the world. I would be one of the few wardens to climb the tower and main peaks of Castle Mountain before I moved from the district.

Portions of highway 93, scenic highway 1A and Highway I also ran through the Eisenhower district. Horrific highway accidents were common throughout the year and traumatic for us as we were usually responders on the scene to give first aid and set up traffic control. Triage situations were typical. I have vivid memories of speeding to the scene of serious accidents with siren on and red light flashing. The trouble was that many motorists would simply not pull over for a green pickup truck with one flashing light and a siren that could be drowned out by a loud whistle.

I cringe at the memory of trying to pass a string of cars with 6 cylinder patrol vehicle to get to an accident scene. The expression 'like stepping on a wet corn flake was appropriate'. The District Warden sometimes stuck his head out of the passenger side window and pounded on the door of the truck with his fist to get attention. When we finally were passing he would shout obscenities at the drivers who would not pull over to let us by. At times like this his vocabulary of four letter words was usually limited to an embarrassing two. I usually made sure that I avoided contact with these motorists if they stopped at the accident site.

Within the first year at Eisenhower I became part of the National Parks early Bear Response Team authorized to use immobilizing drugs and equipment. I would later collaborate in preparing Operational Policies and Directives for the use of immobilizing drugs and equipment in National Parks. This presented many interesting experiences and opportunities as we were called to different areas and other Parks to immobilize free roaming Black or Grizzly bears. The control of spectators was often a problem and we soon learned that some Bungalow Camp Operators would call on us to provide a show for their clients. This was especially difficult during the peak season but the District Warden soon solved this at one Bungalow Camp.

We had just returned to the Warden Station after responding to a highway accident when a call came over the radio that the Proprietor of a nearby Bungalow Camp had treed a black bear by one of his cabins. He would keep it there until we arrived to "tranquilize it". Jim said "jump in the truck, and something like, I'll teach those buggers". I couldn't help but notice that we didn't have any of the immobilizing equipment along with us. When we got to the Bungalow Camp we were waved into a cabin site where about fifty people were standing around looking up into a tree by the cabin. "It's up here" shouted the Proprietor as we got out of the truck. Jim reached behind the seat and pulled out the Parks 270 rifle, chambered a round and walked toward the group that had the bear treed. The Proprietor of the camp was telling the group; "now the Warden is going to dart the bear, it will go to sleep, fall out of the tree into a net that they could help hold ". A deadly silence followed the kaboom of the rifle and the slap of the dead bear as it hit the bungalow roof. There was a trail of blood left as the bear slid off the roof and fell to the ground at the feet of some spectators. " Grab hold and lets throw it into the truck and get out of here" Jim whispered. I followed instructions quickly and jumped into the passenger side of the truck so it would look like Jim was in total control of the situation and I was just along for the ride. The up-side was that we never got any more bear complaints from this bungalow camp while I was in the Eisenhower District.

### **Mountain Rescues and Training**

Mt Babel Rescue Two climbers are stranded on the east face of Babel Mountain were the words that came over the radio from the Lake Louise Warden Station. It was the summer of 1966 and this was a

conversation between Jay Morton and District Warden Walley McPhee "It looks like a bad one. Get hold of Walter Perrin and Bill Vroom and have them come up here". It would not be long before I would hear my name called on the radio with a request that I prepare to be part of what turned out to be one of the most challenging mountain rescue operations in North America. All of this when I had been in the Park for less than a year, but what a learning experience this would turn out to be.

Two experienced climbers named Greenwood and Locke had attempted to climb the east face of Mount Babel when one of the climbers fell and broke his arm. This had occurred as the pair were attempting to conquer a difficult overhang on one of the last pitches on the mountain. The uninjured climber could not continue on his own and both would have to be rescued from under the overhang where they were trapped.

The complex rescue was done by using a double cable and pulley system, cable frogs and braking blocks and positioning the rescue team on a sharp ridge above the stranded climbers. Because of the degree of difficulty involved this was no easy task. A helicopter piloted by Jim Davies' was used to ferry men and equipment to higher portion of the mountain where it could land. Jim was a very capable Pilot experienced in mountain flying. Once on the mountain top, the rescue team had to climb down along a knifelike ridge to reach a point where rescue equipment could be set up. This was a very small and dangerous area to work in as there was a sheer drop off either side. Tills was a frightening experience in itself and done under the close scrutiny and encouragement of the rescue leader Walter Perrin. Following the ridge that dropped off hundreds of feet on both sides with a heavy pack that throws you off balance is not easy. It made you feel the need to crouch to balance the pack and lower your center of gravity. This prompted Walter Perrin to say "Stand up you're not going to bump your head on anything, I could lead my Swiss Cow along this ridge without too big of side packs" At the time this was only amusing to him.

The difficult rescue was completed as darkness fell on an exhausted rescue team who were transported by helicopter off the mountain to the Moraine lake Parking lot. All of us learned the value of team work and good leadership of Walter Perrin from this rescue. Skills and lessons that would prove useful to me many more'

### **Grotto Mountain Rescue**

It was February of 1968 and the sun was warming south facing slopes and rock faces attracting mountain climbers to come out and try their skills. The short and steep pitches of cliffs that were now snow free were easy to reach and climb in a day. This included those with experience who were well equipped and those who were not Personnel from the Canmore Ranger Station alerted us that they had spotted an overdue climber on a cliff face on Grotto Mountain and that he appeared to be in trouble. They added that the parents were there with them on the 1A highway and had identified the stranded climber by the jacket that they could see through the spotting scope. The other climber could not be seen but was assumed to be close by. Some conclusions were formed as to the possible fate of the second climber.

I was part of the rescue party that met at the Warden Office to hurriedly assemble gear that may be needed. Other members included Bill Vroom, John Wakerle and Ed Carleton. I remember putting a down filled parka and eider down vest in my pack which may have seemed unnecessary since the temperature hovered around 2 degrees Celsius. This would prove to be a life saving move.

After arriving at the site and assessing the situation it was determined that the recovery of the stranded climber from the cliff face would not be difficult. The approach up the mountain to the cliff face was of moderate difficulty and we were soon at the site where we could make verbal contact with the stranded climber. " Are you all right?" one of the Wardens asked. No response or acknowledgement that we were even there. Where is your Partner ? Still no response but a rope trailing down the cliff seemed suggestive as to where the second climber might be.

We quickly divided into two groups; one to secure and remove the stranded climber and the other to search the cliff below for the second person. I led the second party and soon found the body of the missing climber about one hundred meters below. The victim was a youth about 18 years of age with reddish blonde hair. He had apparently lived for some time after the fall and had managed to get himself in a recovery position before his death. This etched a picture in my mind that I would see several more times before my career with the Warden Service would end. But this rescue was far from over and would take a strange twist for the parents waiting below.

By now it was determined that one youth was dead and one had survived. The coat of the stranded climber was identified through a spotting scope by one set of parents who then started to console their friends over the tragic loss of their son. The truth was learned as the youth walked out with two rescuers. The climber who had fallen to his death had given his coat to his friend before he attempted to climb down the cliff face and get help. A change of grief to joy and joy to grief in a matter of seconds.

Darkness comes early in February and it did by the time we strapped the body into the steel rescue stretcher. Our six member team was faced with a decision that was put to a vote by the rescue leader Bill Vroom. Take the body straight down over a series of cliffs that we had not climbed on the way up or traverse back to the route we had climbed on the way up. I voted for the route we knew even though it might take longer . In addition our support team would have little difficulty in getting to us with the headlamps that we desperately needed on this dark moonless night. The majority voted on what they believed to be the quick way down over the cliffs. This decision would soon prove to be wrong and one that could have been tragic for the rescue team.

The night turned cold as we repeatedly, tied and retied ropes that were used to lower the stretcher down pitches in the cliffs below. I would share my coat and eider down vest with others who got cold and had only brought light clothing. They had assumed this would be a scoop and run rescue. Gloves and mitts also proved to be a blessing since the support team could not climb through a steep cliff face to reach our position.

Warden Vroom and I climbed down the cliff face with the stretcher and body to set anchors/pitons and reposition ropes. At one point no cracks could be located to drive an anchor piton into the rock because of the darkness. This left Vroom and I standing on a narrow ledge on a near vertical cliff face with the stretcher and body between us. The procedure had been to establish good anchors for the stretcher and ropes then bring the other part of the rescue team to this point in leap frog fashion. This works well in the daylight but now everything was black .. " Do you have any matches" Vroom asked. I replied that I did and with difficulty finally retrieved them out of my pack. If you strike some matches I might be able to find a crack for a piton in the rock.

I did and it was disastrous. Both of us had adjusted to the darkness and were now totally blinded by the light of two matches that seemed to be like a thousand bright spotlights. I leaned hard against the rock to keep from falling off until some degree of night vision returned. Not a pleasant feeling to experience. "I guess that wasn't such a good idea" Bill quipped. "What now.?" We agreed that the only way down the cliff would be on a secure rope to find any ledges that we could safely use as an anchor point. Do you think you can hold me from your point if I go down on a rope? Bill asked. "Do you think I can?" I replied. "You better than anyone else" was the response. After tying the 30m rope around both our waists I belayed Bill down into the darkness below. I was concerned that we may not have enough rope to reach another ledge on the cliff face. As the rope tightened I felt confident that I could hold Bill unless there was a sudden jerk from a free fall. We were too committed to worry about that now.

As I let the rope slide over my shoulder from a standing belay I felt the coils that were left. Finally only three coils, now two coils, that's about it I shouted to Bill. There was silence from the darkness below and no movement on the rope. Then; "I'm going to try to swing off to the side, can you hold me?" "Go for it," I replied. Then more movement in the rope which was followed by a "I'm at the bottom of the cliff on some scree." This was good news as we finally had reached the bottom and what turned out to be the most difficult part of the rescue.

We had one final pitch to take the stretcher down the last cliff, but it was easy with the light provided by the second party waiting for us at the bottom of the cliff. It was 4.30 am when we reached the highway and the parents who had waited for the return of their son's body. I guess they call it closure, but I call it grief. They thanked us for our efforts and risks we had taken to bring their dead son back to the road.

### **Yamnuska Rescue**

In the spring of 1970 I was returning to Banff from a trip up the Cascade Valley when I received a radio message that there were two overdue climbers on Mt Yamnuska. This mountain is located out of the park on the north side of the Bow Valley and was frequently climbed by advanced climbers in the early spring. The Red Shirt/sleeves route is one of the more difficult on the mountain and was apparently the one selected by the overdue climbers. By the time I reached Banff it was obvious that there were only two members of the Parks rescue team available. I was one and John Wackerle was the other. Other wardens were on days off or attending a spring mountain rescue course in Jasper National Park. Willy Phisterer was the Alpine specialist for Parks and was alerted of the situation at Jasper. It would take him several hours to get a team together and get to Banff.

Warden Wackerle and I made the decision to drive to a point where we would meet a helicopter that was dispatched by the RCMP to assist in the search for the missing climbers. After meeting the helicopter along highway 1A we proceeded to fly to Yamnuska for a preliminary search and evaluation of the situation. On the first pass by the Red Sleeves route we saw one of the climbers about two hundred meters below the top of the mountain. A climbing rope and an empty chest harness was hanging from a piton to the right of the stranded climber. It was easy to form conclusions as to where the second climber might be. A quick helicopter check of the area below revealed a climbing helmet caught in some shrubs in the fall line below the stranded climber.



"What are the chances of landing on the ridge directly above the climber?" I asked the pilot. After a fly by and look at the ridge top he said he didn't think he could do it. I was surprised at his reply as a pilot we used for rescues in the park could have put us down in an area half as big. But you never push an issue like this if you want to live to talk about it.

I asked the Pilot where he could land as we were flying down the ridge and losing the advantage of elevation to get above the climber. He selected a large open area at tree line and Wackerle and I climbed out with our equipment to begin the climb back up the ridge. We hustled along as we weren't sure of the condition of the stranded climber and how long he could hang on in his precarious position on the cliff face.

On reaching a point above the climber it was ascertained that he was not injured and could climb up with an assist if we could get a rope to him. It actually required most of two climbing ropes with a carabiner at the end to reach him. Bringing him to the top was easy and the rescue was completed as the climber reached the top. His first words were "I'll never complain about paying my taxes again." As we coiled up our ropes I asked John if he thought this was the mans strange way of saying thank you.

We then learned the tragic circumstances that solved the matter of the chest harness hanging in the rope and that led to the death of the second climber. The victim had apparently been leading the climb and had just been in the process of driving a higher piton when he fell snapping out the piton he had driven. The second and lower piton held him although he was knocked unconscious by the fall. His partner was also pulled up out of his belay station at the impact of the fall and had to re-anchor himself to the cliff face before he could assist his injured companion.

He told us that when he was able to look for his friend he saw that he was still hanging in the rope. He also saw that climbing harness was slipping up over the arms of the unconscious man. As the injured man moved in regaining consciousness the climbing harness finally slipped over his arms and he fell to his death. There was nothing the survivor could do but watch the ordeal in horror. Tragedy on a mountain would again be experienced for a final time by the survivor. He would live for about three more years before being killed by an avalanche with two of his friends on a winter ascent on Mount Edith Cavell.

### **Mount Rundle Rescue Beating The Odds**

Search and rescue operations were made more difficult by the transient population that occurred in the Park during the summer. The Parks Registration System required those camping out over night or engaged in a hazardous activity to register for their safety. This required checking back to confirm that the trip had been completed and the party had returned safely. There were many needless searches conducted for individuals who did not bother to check back and later determined to be back in Calgary or accounted for elsewhere. It was this situation that produced a presumption that nearly proved deadly for two young men who had signed out for a scramble climb on Mount Rundle in 1970.

The two had signed out for a day climb and given the Banff School of Fine Arts as the location where they were staying. When they didn't check back in, a telephone call to the donn turned up negative as

to residency of the two. It was presumed that this was false information used to get the registration and the matter was considered closed.

Two days later, friends of the two climbers turned up at the Warden Office to report that the climbers had not returned. They had also found the missing climbers vehicle in the area where the ascent on Mount Rundle would start. The situation looked very grave as it was determined the climbers carried only light gear for a day hike.

Weather had turned bad with rain in the valley bottom which turned to freezing snow and ice above 5,000 feet. We assembled a rescue team as darkness approached and climbed to timber line where we spent the night before continuing the search. It was a cold night for us even though we were equipped with warm clothing and bivouac sacks to sleep in.

At first light we broke into three search teams to cover the three peaks of Rundle. I was in the group that would climb the third and highest peak. The two others were John Wackerle and Rescue Coordinator Peter Fuhrman. The climb was made difficult by freezing rain and ice that covered the rock and scree. We reached the top and started to traverse the ridge without finding any trace of the climbers. As we climbed, we had discussed survival probability for the two climbers and agreed that it was not good. This was now likely a search for bodies.

At a vantage point we stopped and used binoculars to scan the cliffs and slopes below without seeing anything. The other search groups had likewise seen nothing. I decided to shout out the names of the missing climbers and the echoes resounded back from several directions. We could not believe it when we heard a faint call for help from the ledge system below. With the aid of binoculars we saw one person with a white shirt waving his arms frantically to get our attention. A moment later we could see the head and shoulders of a second person.

Amazingly the two were still alive . We hurriedly climbed down to the location where the two were stranded. I could not believe that anyone could have survived two nights and three days of bone chilling wet weather even with good clothing. These two men were wearing shorts and light long sleeved shirts but had likely survived by building a shelter of rocks and huddling together for warmth. We gave them warm clothes and hot soup from a Thermos we had brought along thankful that this was a successful rescue mission and not a recovery of bodies. These two had truly beaten the odds and survived their ordeal on Mount Rundle.

### **Search and Rescue Training**

As a member of the Parks Search and Rescue team I was included in most of the training provided by the Park. The training instructors included Walter Perrin, Willy Phisterer and Peter Fuhrman. In my opinion, these men were highly skilled and under paid. Their efforts of training Park Wardens contributed to saving many lives and gave the National Parks a search and rescue team that was second to none. This is how I remember each one. Walter Perrin. Formerly a Swiss guide who climbed the Matterhorn hundreds of times with his clients. I made my first ascent of the Eisenhower Tower with him. It took us four hours to complete the climb and get back down to the goat plateau. He was impressed with my climbing potential and said we must have set a new record for the climb. In addition we down climbed everything including the steepest pitches which were normally

rappelled down. Walter was annoyed at pitons that were left in sections that could easily be climbed and would remove them saying. " Imagine that, this one costs about two dollars , what a waste". He hammered the piton back and forth until he could remove it and add it to the few he carried with him.

One other climb I made with Walter was on the guides route on Mount Corey with about six other trainees .. The first pitch from a natural cave was a difficult one of about 100 meters and no one wanted to lead it. Jay Morton asked where we would start the climb as there didn't seem to any way to complete the first pitch. Walter looked at Jay and told him to crawl into the cave and look for a route up. The cave ended abruptly as Jay soon found out and there was no hidden route up the first pitch. We all had a good laugh at Jays' expense but not for long. Everyone turned quiet as Walters' eyes scanned the group and we knew why. He was looking for someone to lead the first pitch. " Keith" he said in a quiet voice; " You lead the group today". It was a very difficult first pitch . Two members of our group considered the route to be beyond their climbing ability. Walter was a bit disturbed and said " if the guides can do it the Wardens must do it" With his encouragement, everyone completed the guides' route that day. I will remember Walter as a truly kind and gentle person who gave much and asked for little in return.

Willy Phisterer will be remembered for his training skills and his commitment to doing things safely. He watched each member of his group carefully, checking knots and climbing harnesses of each climber. He taught us to never get talked into climbing beyond our ability. If you climb in you should always be able to climb out, with or without your partner. He was a master at improvising." Lets use a Green pole stretcher" he would say.

Don't rely on gadgets and more gadgets. He would cite an example of two Wardens who couldn't figure out how to put on a new helicopter harness and had to spend the night on a mountain. And after falling on his skis in deep powder." That's' the first time I've fallen since 1967".

Peter Furhman will best be remembered for his impulsiveness. Willing to take chances and push himself and others to the limit. You were never quite sure how far he would go and the situations you might find yourself in.

The climb on Mt Nicholas and the Gonda Traverse are examples. Peter could also talk himself out of most situations, but his skills as a mountain climber were never an issue for me.

Mount Lefroy Park Wardens who were part of the Mountain rescue team were to complete the climb of at least one mountain each month. There was an effort to match the degree of difficulty with climbing ability. Mount Lefroy was selected as one that I would climb with Bill Vroom. Much of the route we were to take was covered in ice that ended at a steep headwall that dropped for several hundred feet to the Lefroy Glacier below. The ascent was to begin at Abbot Pass situated on the Continental divide between Yoho and Banff National Parks. This climb could only be completed with the use of crampons and ice axes and ice screws. On the day we made the climb a self arrest with an ice axe was impossible due to the hardness of the ice and the steepness of the slope. "Set your crampons securely in the ice before the next step. Be careful not to rely on a belay without an ice screw backup.

Lefroy and one other climber fell to their death on this Mountain on separate occasions. There would have been more if they weren't climbing solo." Seven others were killed when they fell off the head wall just across from us" These were Bills' words as we were well into the climb and reached the first

steep pitches. I asked him if he made a habit of mumbling to himself on all his climbs. "Just reminders" he replied. We completed the climb and hiked out to Lake Ohara in Yoho in the darkness.

### **Nicholas Rhonda and Mount Gordon.**

These are Mountains found along the Continental Divide and are connected to the Bow and Peyto Glaciers in Banff and the Balfour Glacier in British Columbia. Much of our ice climbing, glacier travel and crevasse rescue training was done in these areas. This often took place during the coldest periods of winter and in mid-summer to provide exposure to all types of rescue conditions. Winter conditions on the glacier must be experienced before one can appreciate the risks involved from white-out conditions to extreme cold and wind-chill. Then to spend days in snow caves, igloos or tents with no heat but a single burner Primus Stove to heat food and melt snow for water. Nothing but snow and ice and a few rocks protruding from the glacier amidst a maze of crevasses that could be hundreds of feet deep. Under these extreme conditions you rely on your team members to watch your face for signs of frost bite and you try not to make mistakes. You constantly checked your ski bindings and climbing skins to make sure there loose screws or rivets. If you lose a ski or binding part you may not find it again. You could be stuck on a glacier until in cleared so that you could be rescued by a helicopter.

To illustrate. I was part of a group who spent three days on a winter exercise on the Bow and Peyto Glaciers in the early part of 1970. The final day was to be spent ski touring from the Bow Glacier through a high pass on the Continental Divide to the Balfour Glacier and then down to the parking lot in the Yoho valley in British Columbia.

On the first part of the trip we crossed the Balfour Pass under total white-out conditions following map and compass bearings . It would be a long and eventful day and we had reached the foot of the Balfour glacier where it empties into a narrow valley. Here our skies started to run freely without poling indicating we were on a definite down-slope. It was a strange sensation to feel the wind in your face increasing but not to be able to see or gauge your speed or the gradient of the slope as everything was white. I was following Peter Fuhrman close enough to keep him in site and others were following me. Suddenly , I saw Peter throw himself down on the slope for no apparent reason. I almost ran over him before I could stop as others nearly collided with me. Peter got up a little embarrassed; brushed himself off and told us that he suddenly had the feeling he was skiing off a cliff and fell to save himself. It is the sensation of motion sickness but without being in a car or airplane.

Before we finished this trip we had to ski through several miles of avalanche slope in the narrow valley. This would be done as one man at a time would ski across a section of avalanche path to a point of safety under the watchful eyes of the group. Avalanche peeps on transmit, ski safety bindings undone, wrists out of the ski poles and then listen to the sound of the snow. A sudden woof or settlement of a snow layer could mean you had triggered an avalanche when you could only hope for the best and try to swim with your arms to stay on top of the avalanche. We were all happy to reach the safety of the parking lot and the vehicles that had been left there for our use. To be buried by an avalanche in the deep canyon below the trail would be certain death as the snow would be fifty to one hundred feet deep.

The summer ascent on Mount Nicholas still stands out in my mind as being one of the most dangerous of our climbing training. This climbing school was held in September 1968 on the Bow Glacier. The objective was to train wardens in the skills needed to travel on snow covered glaciers and how to conduct crevasse rescues. The final day would be spent ice climbing of Mount Nicholas . The hard ice on the steep face of the mountain had been covered by a recent 10 inch snowfall which now posed a significant avalanche risk. I was part of the advanced "A" group that would climb the steep north-east face. Peter Fuhrman was our instructor and group leader. Group "B" consisting of about 10 wardens was led by Willie Phisterer and made up of those who were considered less experienced in ice climbing. They would climb the less difficult route further south on the mountain. This training session would soon turn into a real rescue operation involving Park Wardens.

I was part of the first group of three that led the climb on the north-east face. Our group was led by Peter Fuhrman who had to clear away fresh snow for each step he cut in the ice as we made the ascent. This was very risky and difficult as crampons became clogged with wet snow but we had committed ourselves to the climb and there was no turning back at this point.. We were being followed by two other three man teams who began having difficulty as the climb became steeper and more dangerous. They indicated that they needed help and started anchoring to some rocks projecting from the steep face. This was a wise choice before some mishap occurred.

With some difficulty, our three man team finally completed the final pitch to the top. Here we met with the "B" group that had completed the less difficult route and hiked along the mountain ridge to assist . There was a heated exchange of words as Phisterer scolded Fuhrman for attempting such a dangerous climb. All turned out well when the two teams that had been stranded were assisted to climb back down to the safety of the glacier below.

### **The Infamous Gonda Traverse.**

Much of our mountain rescue training took place on the Gonda Traverse which is part of Tunnel Mountain. This area was easily reached with cable rescue and other climbing equipment for training sessions and a challenge for climbers to test their skills.

The Gonda Traverse consists of a difficult climbing route established along a steep cliff face under a pronounced over-hang. It was so difficult that a registration box had been set up about half way for climbers who managed to get that far. After signing in they could rappel down the cliff using the pitons anchors that were left for this purpose. It was Peter Fuhrman who to my understanding, had first completed the entire traverse without rappelling down at the registration box. I completed the climb on the Gonda Traverse on three different occasions and participated in a number of cable rescue exercises here as well.

My last climb of the Gonda Traverse will be remembered most. It was a training session comprised of five wardens and the instructor Peter Fuhrman. We were divided into two groups of three with the least experienced in the middle where they could be helped with rope belays secured by carabiners and pitons anchored along the traverse. The steep smooth rock along the traverse consisted of small ledges and cracks requiring pinch and friction holds in many sections. Some pinch holds are smooth and made slippery from the sweat of many fingers that have used the traverse over the years.

On this climb, four of the six members of our group would experience a fall or peel off from the cliff face and the feel of rough rock scraping on their body and climbing helmet. I was fortunate not to have been amongst those who fell and heard the cry of " Falling five times that day". ( One climber fell twice) It should be noted that all of the climbers who fell were being held on secure rope belays but still experienced a fall of twenty feet or less. There was also the pendulum effect that occurred as the falling climber swung across the cliff face to the fall line below the piton anchor.

It was interesting to watch the middle climber of our team get stuck on the difficult pitch after the registration box. Although he was secured by belay ropes from two sides, he was stuck but allowed to figure things out if he could. His legs and hands began to shake and in a terrified voice he told me that he was going to fall. And he did, in a free fall of about ten feet before our belay ropes held him suspended in the air. We pulled the climber (who will remain nameless) out of harms way and got him past the tough spot. He was so unnerved that he fell off a second time. It was time to laugh, but the climber was not as amused by the incident as we were.

Now back to the three man team following us. The lead climber asked if he could tie in to my rope for additional security in the event of a fall. We had just completed the tie in and tightened the belay ropes when I heard a stressed voice of Jay Morton shout that he was falling. This was followed by the distinctive sound of clothes and boots scraping across the rock below and the sudden appearance of Jay in a falling pendulum. His swing stopped at the fall-line below the piton anchor securing the belay rope passed through a carabiner. For anyone who knew Jay it was not difficult to think he would be thinking " My it's hard to be humble". As we brought him back to the traverse he enlightened us with what he thought of the Gonda Traverse. Jay could see some humor in any situation and the world could use more people like him. The two other climbers on Jays' team would also fall before completing the difficult traverse. They will have their own memories and bar talk versions of this climb.

### **Fire Fighting and Training**

Forest fires were a common occurrence in Banff National Park. Most of these were man-caused and detected while they were easily extinguished. The key to success was preparedness and there was a strict schedule for testing fire pumps and hoses. Fire Tower lookout men were occasionally tested using smoke bombs to insure that they were watching for smoke. It was not a good thing however to test seasoned lookout men as they considered this to be an insult.

In the early summer of 1968 we had a new lookout man take up duties at the Eisenhower Lookout. Tourists and hikers had reported that they caught him sleeping or laying on his bunk reading a book or magazine. Seasonal Warden Brian MacDonald and myself decided it was time to check him out with a smoke bomb set off in a gravel pit near the Eisenhower Junction. The District Warden was supposed to be out of the Park on days off.

We set off the bomb which soon had a 50 foot smoke column that could be seen from miles and in clear view of the Fire Tower Lookout. Time passed and there was no response from the Lookout Man. By this time a few tourists had come in to have a look at the smoke and we took time to explain what we were doing. After a few minutes we did finally get a response but not the kind we expected.

We heard the sound of a fast approaching vehicle skidding on the comers of the gravel road and the sudden appearance of the District Warden Jim Robertson. He brought his vehicle to a braking stop in

front of us. He was not pleased and expressed his displeasure with some of his unrepeatable words .. I stepped forward to take the blame and told him we were testing our new Lookout Man and he hadn't responded yet. Besides I told him, you weren't supposed to be in the Park. He looked a little sheepish by this time and asked if he could use the radio. " Eisenhower Lookout from 62 " Eisenhower Lookout from 62 can you hear me ?" he called. Finally a response " Eisenhower Lookout go ahead"

The District Warden asked" Anything unusual going on". The response "No every thing is nice and quiet" Now with a definite change in his voice the District Warden said" Get off your bed and have another look will you" Now a response from the Lookout man. "Yeh, I see some smoke near the junction." Another prompt. "Can you see the Warden vehicle next to the smoke?" "Yeh, I can what's up ?"asked the lookout man. Now there was a clear set of instructions." Pack up your gear and meet us at the end of the road in two hours. You're fired."

This Lookout man was replaced with one who had been at the Eisenhower lookout for a number of years but has been given a new location in the Park. It was good to have Stan back again even though he seemed to use more water than others. Water had to be hauled in with pack horses. Stans' watchfulness would soon become evident what came to be called the Vermillion Pass Fire. By early July in 1968, the Park had not any appreciable rain for some time. The fire hazard was high to extreme in some areas of the park. On July 9th, I was returning to the Eisenhower Warden Station with the patrol vehicle using route 1A. I was watching a thunder storm cloud building up over a shoulder of the mountain above Highway 93 in Kootenay National Park when I saw a lightning strike. The strike occurred on a high ridge and immediately produced the telltale sign of smoke. There was an immediate response from the Eisenhower lookout and Stan advising me that there was a strike and he had recorded it's location inside Kootenay National Park. There was the matter of who was in a position to respond first.

I told Stan I would go up highway 93 and have a look and see if the Kootenay Wardens had responded. En-route I used a park radio to notify Bob Hand the Chief Warden in Banff of the situation. He responded by telling me to offer our assistance and that he would be on standby if more was required. It would be. By late afternoon the fire had blown up out of control and had burned down to highway 93 where it slowed and seem to be contained by an avalanche path by nightfall. Fire crews and equipment were now brought in during the night to make sure the fire would not cross the border into a large forest of Lodge Pole Pine in Banff. There was prime fuel for a hot fire all the way down the Bow valley to BanffTown-site. There was good reason for concern.

On July 10th, the fire exploded and crossed highway 93 and the avalanche path and quickly burned into Banff on both sides of the Vermillion Pass. I was with Andy Corrigan and a Cat Crew which was being set up in a borrow pit on the Continental Divide to establish a fire line on the boundary. As Fire-boss I had sent two Chainsaw Crews along the boundary to cut down trees that were leaning across the boundary slash to establish a fire line. Each Crew-Boss had a radio and was told never to put the radio down or turn it off in case an evacuation order was given. Dense smoke rolled in and it was impossible to see where the fire front actually was. An urgent radio call from the Kootenay Wardens indicated that the fire was now crowning out of control

and had burned to the boundary slash of Banff within minutes. We started loading bulldozers on trucks immediately.

I called the Crew Bosses on the fire line to return immediately and to leave any heavy equipment. The closest crew responded immediately but the furthest Crew did not. I ran down the fire line for what seemed like a mile before contacting the Crew and a Crew Boss who had put the radio down to work. He did not hear the radio call over the sound of the chainsaw motors. When we ran back to the boundary clearing to the Borrow Pit, the Crew was told to get in their truck and head north down highway 93. They responded immediately as the front of the rapidly approaching fire could now be seen and felt; a very ominous feeling. Warden Corri gal and I waited in his Park Station Wagon until the last truck carrying a bull dozer was heading North on highway 93. The fire was now burning on both sides of the highway beside our vehicle and it seemed likely that it would burst into flame as we followed the Truck in front of us. Suddenly, we were out of the smoke and in front of the fire and could breath fresh air. It was a very close call.

As the fire over ran us, it also burned over a team of fire fighters from the Alberta Forest Service who came to help. They were trapped in a steep valley below the highway and had to jump into Vista Lake to escape. Fortunately all survived what turned out to be a firestorm which consumed fuel and scorched rock on the Mountain 200 meters above timber line.

It seemed that this fire would not be stopped before it reached the Townsite of Banff but amazingly it would but not because of our efforts. By late afternoon a North Easterly cold front with rain blew in against the fire front. This fire spared the Storm Mountain Lodge and the guest cabins but certainly ruined the view. The rain lasted long enough to establish a good containment line around the fire. We spent several more weeks extinguishing spot fires before heavy rain came and the fire was officially out and the Eisenhower District could return to normal summer duties.

### **The Back Country Of Banff National Park**

The back country of this 2500 square mile park is truly beautiful and unique. During the period that I was stationed in Banff from 1966 to 1972, I was privileged to travel much of the back country that few people including Park Wardens have seen. I have hiked, skied and climbed many of the high peaks and Glaciers in the Park. I also made numerous pack trips into the backcountry of the Cascade, Red Deer, Clearwater, Panther and Siffleur Watersheds. During these trips I crossed breathtaking Passes of Snow Creek Summit, Dormer Pass, Divide Pass, Pipe Stone Pass, Clearwater Pass, Alymer Pass, Pulsatilla Pass, Mystic Pass, Badger Pass, Molar Pass, Abbot Pass, Indian Head Pass, Dolomite Pass and Stoney Creek Pass were amongst those I remember best. The beauty of the Dormer Pass and Snow Creek Summit are indelibly etched in my memory. These were moments when I would like to have stopped time to take it all in.

It is difficult to describe the thoughts and emotions that one feels in the wilderness and solitude of the backcountry. What it's like to ride out of the timber to the beginning of long open meadows of Dwarf Birch, Willow and other vegetation associated with alpine tundra. The grasses, lichen, and flowers seem so fragile but tenacious to grow under such hostile conditions. Then the subtle transition as vegetation yields to shale or scree found on most of the passes. It is times like this when silence is truly deafening as creation and nature speaks to without words. It was time to express appreciation to the one who made all of this possible. Then, when I thought things couldn't be more breath taking,



they would; with the blaze of fall colors that made everything take on an even more spectacular beauty.

It was also not difficult to understand how early visitors to the Park would name some locations. Wildflower Creek, Panorama Ridge, Shale Pass, Snow Creek Summit, Stoney Creek, Castle Mountain, The Tower of Babel and Mystic Pass describe what you see or experience at these locations.

### **It Gets Better**

One of my longest back country horse trips was taken in the late summer of 1969. This trip of over 120 miles began at the trailhead of Helen Creek on the Banff-Jasper Parkway. From the trailhead, Park Warden MacDonald and I rode over the spectacular Dolomite Pass to camp at Isabella Lake in the Siffleur Valley. There was a huge rock slide that covered the trail at one point that was difficult to get through with horses. We could only imagine the noise it made when it came down and what may be buried under it.

At Isabella Lake, we selected a campsite on a Dwarf Birch and Willow meadow on the North shore line. The emerald green of the lake was ringed with Glacial Till that was soft and unsafe to stand in. The surface of the lake was dimpling with the sign of feeding fish that had probably not seen a fisherman's lure for years. I was in a hurry to get my telescoping rod and Johnson reel out of the pack box to test out this theory. It took two casts before I was able to get the small red and white lure past the shallow shoreline caused by Glacial Till deposits and into deep water. On the second cast the water churned as a twenty inch Rainbow Trout took the lure. I kept this one for supper and caught and released about ten more about the same size. I noticed that the fish had length but lacked depth, a sure indicator of poor food production in this cold Glacial Lake. On day two, we packed up the horses and rode to the Park boundary on the lower end of the Siffleur River.

On the way we noticed an old log cabin that had apparently been constructed by the Park but had never been maintained. This cabin is on the north side of Dolomite Creek and upstream from its confluence with the Siffleur River. The map shows the cabin site as being South of Dolomite Creek and further up the Siffleur River. This map error is believed to have contributed to the death of a Park Warden who couldn't find the cabin on a long winter trip from Lake Louise. He was apparently counting on the shelter and provisions that would be in the cabin but not finding it had to return to the Pipestone Cabin. Apparently, fatigue and exposure took a toll and he died later from undetermined complications. I have not made an effort to verify this account from Park records but believe it is true. At the Park Boundary we repaired some cairns that were erected to identify the boundary. As we did this I thought about the Out-fitter that had hunted this area for years and had apparently created his own hunting area in a unique if not unlawful way.

Supposedly; he found some old Park Boundary signs and built his own cairns about four or five miles down the valley away from the legal boundary of the Park. By doing this he eliminated competition from other hunters who thought counterfeit cairns were the boundary. After we repaired the boundary cairns, we headed up the Siffleur River to the Clearwater and Pipestone Passes.

This would be a long day. Along the way we passed another old cabin and saw several Moose and a hundred or more Elk at a large mineral lick below the trail. We also saw a Caribou antler that had been cast several years before. The presence of this species in the Park was questionable at that time.

As we left the Siffleur Watershed and crossed the Clearwater Pass we came upon two Wolverine that were curious but suspicious of our horse party. They stood up on their hind legs like small bears and let us get to within 50 yards before they loped over the tundra and the Pass ahead of us. When we crested the Clear Water Pass, I was able to view the vastness of the open tundra that extended for several miles down the Clearwater valley. The limestone thrust faults on both sides of the Pass looked like twisted stripes in a peppermint stick and made one think about the tremendous forces that created them.

On reaching the Clearwater cabin we tied and unpacked the horses at the hitch rails in front of the cabin as wardens had done before us. If this cabin could only talk, what stories it would have to share. After a well deserved rub down, the hungry horses were hobbled and let loose to graze on the meadow between the cabin and lake shore. The only sound to break the silence was that of the bell tied to one of the horses which was music to the ears in this back-country setting. With dusk approaching, the scenic beauty of the lake and the reflection of mountains in it's calm surface was breath taking. I walked towards the lake where my saddle horse Cleo was grazing and leaned over his back to reflect appreciably on the prospects of living forever. To see this unspoiled beauty once or twice is simply not enough because this is what keeps the heart young.

On day three we packed up and started down the Clearwater River to the Indian Head Warden Station where we would spend two days. On the way we stopped to have a look at Martin Lake which was fed by one of the few Glaciers in this portion of the Park. I would repeat this trip with Superintendent Steve Kun and John Wackerle in a years time. On that trip we would bush whack to the upper Martin Lake see four wild horses and almost drown my saddle horse Cleo in the frigid waters of Martin Creek. That as they say, is another story.

Before we reached the Indian Head cabin we crossed Malloch Flats and stopped to look up the McConnell Creek valley. A world record Bighorn Ram measuring 49 Y:Z inches was supposedly taken from this area several decades before. Of course McConnell Creek was not listed as the official kill site because it was in the Park. When I was a Park Warden in Banff, I spoke with the hunter ( Jim Simpson senior) who killed this ram and mentioned that the kill site was listed as BC. He grinned a bit as he said there was some controversy over where it was killed. At this time he showed me pictures of other trophy sheep, elk and moose that he had taken over the years. He expressed concern over the way Boone and Crocket measurements were presently taken and this was the reason his sheep was replaced by the Baird/Wieller ram as the world record bighorn. This individual was a legend in his time and it was a privilege to have met him before he died.

During the next two days we would observe several large bighorn rams on Indian Head Creek and along the head waters of the Ram River. It was easy to see why Sheep Hunters and Big-Game Outfitters hunted this area and why they occasionally extended their hunts into the Park. There is a house instead of a cabin at Indian Head and it looks out of place in the middle of this other wise road-less wilderness. The house was apparently built on speculation that a highway would eventually be constructed here to connect with the Banff-Jasper Highway to the West. A primitive

bush trail was pushed in from the Ya-Ha-Tinda ranch for this purpose. This road crossed the Clearwater River a dozen times or more and could only be used in the fall when the river was low.

Hay and other supplies were brought in with an old Dodge Power Wagon and a long winch line that was used several times a trip. It was a trip recommended for those who wanted to get rid of kidney stones in a hurry.

On day four, we again patrolled the head waters of Indianhead Creek to the Ram River as well as the east boundary of the Park to Peters Creek. Outfitter camps were already being set up in preparation to the Provincial Hunting Season and we made an effort to visit each one to 'get acquainted'. We also attempted to find a way to cross from Malloch Flats in the Clearwater valley to Divide Pass without going up the rocky stream bed that was called the Peters Creek trail. It could be done but would require a week or two of trail construction with a hard working crew.

On day five we left Indian Head and traveled 26 miles to Scotch Camp via Peters Creek and the Divide Pass. Bull elk had stripped velvet off their antlers and beginning to bugle indicating the approach of the rut. Several hundred elk used the Sub-Alpine Meadows and Valleys on Divide Pass as summer range. It was not unusual to have rut motivated bull elk run over to inspect your pack string in case there was a cow elk hiding somewhere.

When we reached to top of Divide Pass we tied up our pack horses and climbed Shale Pass to the Park Boundary. Once there, we were able to look into the headwaters of Forbidden Creek. It was a shock to see that some seismic activity was taking place in what had once been a wilderness area. This activity would now provide a network of bush trails and easy access to the park for poachers. This emphasized the importance of making back-country patrols and a new challenge to protect wildlife resources within the park. Disappointed by this, we returned to our pack horses and completed the trip to Scotch Camp crossing the Red Deer River in darkness. We stayed at Scotch Camp over night and returned to Banff via the Cascade fire road the next day.

This had been a trip to remember and one to be repeated next year. Other Back Country Patrols In Banff National Park In October 1968, I was assigned to boundary patrol duty in District 7 which included the Panther and Red Deer River area of Banff. Bill Waslenchuk was the District Warden and he and his wife Judy were living at the Panther River Warden Station (also called Windy) which is 25 miles up the Cascade fire road. I considered this location to be everything that a Park Warden could ask for. It had reasonable vehicle access to the Warden Station, miles of back-country, valleys and mountain slopes teeming with wildlife.

I started patrol duty by riding down the Panther River from Windy, passing the Sulphur Springs to Barrier cabin which is about two miles from the East Park Boundary. There were hundreds of cast elk antlers visible on the flats around the Sulphur Springs where bachelor elk herds had spent the winter. About 6 miles downstream from the Barrier Cabin, the Panther and Dormer river join at an area appropriately called the "Corners". Several hunting and outfitter camps are set up at this location and record book elk, sheep and other trophy species have been taken here. It is this notoriety that requires a Warden presence to discourage poaching in the Park.

During the first week, I made horse trips to the Corners area to talk with hunters and Outfitters to let them know I was there. I gained useful information about the area and even some " watch for" tips from those who had an axe to grind. I found that hunters usually didn't like out-fitters as they brought " Foreigners" in to hunt . Some outfitters felt that hunters were deliberately ruining hunts for their clients and that some disputes got past talking.

While at the Barrier cabin I explored many areas on foot including a nameless creek to the Northwest. As I followed the creek upstream it narrowed into a steep canyon that was filled with bones and old sheep heads . These animals were likely caught in avalanches that would be common on the steep open slopes above the canyon. It was also in this area that I found a Silva compass still in reasonably good shape. The compass was lost by a Park Warden named Fred Bamber several years earlier. Fred was surprised to have the compass returned to him and even more surprising, the odds of it ever being found in this narrow canyon.

On October the 8th, I packed up the horses at the Barrier cabin and headed up river to the Sulphur Springs where I hoped to find an old trail from the Panther River to the Red Deer River. As a reference I had an old map dated 1931 showing this trail and another that would cross a plateau area between the two watersheds. The District Warden had told me that he had cleared one of the trails but that was highly unlikely. I started out at first light and the sorrel quarter horse that I was riding had a cold back and wanted to buck . Because of this, I loosened the laces on my insulated boots just in case he decided to buck as his tail iced up at the river crossings and rubbed against his back legs. Help would be a long time coming if I was injured but it was one of the many risks of the job at that time.

The old map showed the trailhead I was looking for as starting at the Sulphur Springs and crossing some open plateaus' at 7,000 feet and come out at Tyrrell Creek in the Red Deer Valley. It was only after a determined and frustrating search that I finally located the trail head and followed it to the open plateaus' and a small lake that seemed full of Dolly Varden trout. A small stream that flowed out of the lake and formed the headwaters of the one where I had found the compass. It seemed fitting to name it Compass Creek for my own reference.

Although it was mid day, I took some time to look around on the open plateau and reflect about the history and events that had probably taken place here. A large pile of weathered elk antlers had been gathered and piled by someone who had camped there years before. Some old rotting picket pins were still visible above the short grass and indicated that a horse party had probably spent some time there. On a ridge above the campsite, I found some old tarnished rifle shells indicating that some illegal hunting had also taken place there years before.

One could almost imagine hearing the sharp crack of a rifle shot breaking the silence of this wilderness area and a monstrous sheep falling at the impact of the bullet. Not much chance of getting caught by Park Wardens. I made a resolve to return to this intriguing area when I would have more time to look around and I did. But for now, I still had to find the trail leaving the large plateau to get to the Red Deer River before it got dark.. It took some time to find where the trail entered the heavy green timber and the trail was a mess of windfall. Before I finally reached the Red Deer River I cut through several large wind falls with my saddle axe. I limbed some

trees too big to cut and jumped my saddle horse and reluctant pack horse over them and had unkind thoughts about the District Warden who said he had used this trail. Not a chance.

By the time I finally reached the Red Deer River it was totally dark and I found the crossing and with apprehension forded the river. It was a strange sensation to ford the river not knowing how deep it would be. On the other side I reached the Fire Road. And was glad to finally be out of the bush, From here, I followed the old road West to the Scotch Camp Warden cabin. By then I was so tired that it was an effort to strip the packs and saddles off the horses and feed them. Once this was done, I found the Radar light conveniently located to the right of the cabin door and soon had a roaring fire going in the old wood stove. A can of Burns Chuck Wagon dinner, pack flattened stale bread and hot coffee seemed like a feast this night.

I got a late start on Oct 9th,; the sun was out and it was a perfect fall day. After feeding and hobbling the pack horse, I left it inside the corral and rode down the valley to see if I could find a trail up Tyrrell Creek. I located an old horse camp on a meadow on the east bank of the creek and looked around to satisfy my curiosity. I found where some teepee poles had been neatly stacked against some trees and was sure these were a trade mark of Charlie Hunter. This individual traveled by horseback throughout the back country of the Park for many years.

He apparently used a teepee at his base camp and left the poles conveniently stacked for future use. Like other camps, this one was in a carefully chosen and beautiful setting overlooking the valley. Lots of water, grass for horses and shelter. I rode up to a vantage point over looking the campsite on a grassy bench sheltered by old fir trees and it was here I met Mrs. Johnson . It was actually her gravesite; situated in a carefully constructed log frame with a head piece and the carved words ' Mrs. Johnson.' The date on the wooden head piece indicated she died in her early twenties. At the time, I wondered what had caused her premature death and why she was buried here. Later and according to unconfirmed information that I was able to find; Mrs. Johnson was apparently on her honeymoon and her party had camped at this site while on a back country horse trip . The young woman died suddenly from something she was allergic to. Perhaps a bee sting and Anaphylactic shock.

It was apparently her wish to be buried there. The giant Douglas Fir Sentinels seem to be guarding her gravesite until a future time when things will be much different . I look forward to the time in the future when I may be able to ask Mrs Johnson what happened myself. Then, to be able to tell her that I visited her gravesite on October 9th, 1968, and what a privilege it is to meet her. That will truly be a story that has a happy ending.

### **Back Country - Winter Patrols**

Winter patrols in the backcountry of Banff were challenging because of the long distance to travel between Warden Cabins. During the time I was in Banff, I made patrols by ski or over-snow vehicle to Bryant Creek, Marvel Lake and the Spray Lakes area to the South. Johnson Canyon, Taylor Lake, Boom Lake, Rock-Bound Lake to the West. Longer patrols were made to Indian Head ,Clear Water Lakes, Panther River, Barrier cabin, Scotch Camp on the Red Deer River and the Ya Ha Tinda Ranch.

Winter patrols were usually made when it was often cold and the snow was deep. This required a great deal of preparedness. This was especially true when using over-snow vehicles that can be travel

long distances in a short period of time . A break down could be serious as it could take days to return traveling by snow shoes or touring Skies. Here are some examples.

Bryant Creek. I made two winter trips by over-snow vehicle to Bryant Creek which is located in the Spray River Valley in the South portion of Banff. The first trip was made in 1968 with Warden Larry Gilmour and could well have been my last and illustrates some of the hazards of winter travel. On the way to Bryant Creek we chose to travel on the ice of the Spray Lakes to save time and the ice seemed safe enough. When we reached the end of the lake, travel conditions were difficult in unsettled powder snow that was at least 6 feet deep. The machines bogged down repeatedly and we had to break trail on snow shoes on the steeper sections.

At one point we had to cross a trail bridge over a deep creek. The double track machine that had been pulling a toboggan loaded with lumber ran off the bridge into the creek. It took hours of exhausting work to finally get the machine out of the creek and back on the trail. By this time it was dark and Warden Gilmour was unsure just how close we were to the Bryant Creek Cabin where we would spend the night.

Although I had not been to the cabin myself, I told Larry that I would follow the trail to the cabin with the faster and lighter machine then come back to get him. I kept the single track Snow Cruiser near top speed to keep on top of the snow and followed the crooked trail for about two miles. I was surprised when the headlight of the machine picked up the reflection of something on the Bryant Creek Cabin. Without stopping I made a turn by a carved Indian Head fastened to one of the porch supports and returned to help Warden Gilmour. He was again bogged down with the heavy toboggan and happy to see that I had been to the cabin. We hooked both machines to the toboggan and reached the cabin without any more delays. The cabin warmed quickly and we soon ate supper and hit the hay too tired to talk about the difficult trip.

The next morning we completed the routine of shoveling off the cabin roof and taking a prefab toilet to Marvel Lake. After more hard work of freeing machines that were bogged down and we reached the lake. Because the snow was so deep, it was easy to nail some signs to trees that would be to high for people to pull down when the snow melted. With this done, we headed out on the trail we had packed on the way in and what we hoped would be uneventful return trip to Banff.

When we reached the Spray Lakes I opened up the throttle of the Snow Cruiser and sped across ice to travel the middle of the lake as we had on the way up. With the faster machine I was soon about a half mile ahead of Larry on the slower double track. It was here that I felt and heard the ice breaking under the machine and water gushing up in the track .. I kept the throttle wide open and hoped for the best and was extremely relieved when the machine hit solid ice. It appears that the ice of the Reservoir had settled as water had been drawn out. This sudden drop of ice apparently caused water to back fill the depression that was caused and I have no idea how deep the water actually was. As I headed back for the safety of the trail along the shore I caught up with Larry who had witnessed the incident, thinking the worst would happen. It was fortunate that he did not follow me with the heavier and slower machine as it would likely have gone under the ice.

### **Mail Run to The Ya Ha Tinda.**

It was February, 1969 and there was a limited entry Elk hunt set up by the Province in WMU 416 and 418 to reduce the number of elk wintering on the Ya-Ha-Tinda and in Red Deer River valley. I had been assigned to supervise hunting activity on lands under control of the Ya Ha Tinda and the Federal

Government. This was my second trip to the ranch since the Elk season opened but this time I had chosen to travel 52 miles from Minnewanka to the ranch by over snow vehicle. I knew that this trip would be difficult as I would be breaking new trail in the deep snow on the Cascade Fireroad. For this trip I had a new Super Alpine double track ski-doo which had been serviced and maintained by Brud MacDonald who was a mechanic for the Warden Service.

Brud had installed an extra drive belt that could slipped on without tools if needed. He also made sure that the owners manual and a complete set of tools was under the seat if I needed them. He understood the hazards associated with the long trip to the ranch and knew that I would not have radio contact if there was a problem. I appreciated his concern and the special care he gave my machine to minimize a breakdown in the back-country.

I started the long trip on the fire road loaded with supplies that included mail for the ranch, snow shoes, sleeping bag, food and two jerry cans of fuel for the ski-doo . By the time I had traveled about two miles from the closed gate on the Cascade fire road it was apparent that this was going to be a difficult trip. The deep snow had not layered or settled as it should have because of bitterly cold -30 degree temperatures. This produced a granular or sugar type snow requiring careful balancing and weight distribution on the ski-doo to keep it from upsetting. I tied my heavy pack loaded down with groceries and supplies to the front bumper of the machine to put weight on the front ski. Despite this the machine sunk about 16 inches in this snow and going was slow and tough. I thought about the two summits I would have to cross on the way to the ranch and hoped for a change in the condition of the snow.

When I reached the steeper sections of Wigmore summit it was necessary to break trail with snow shoes or the machine would bog down in the deep snow. This was done many times and I raised a good sweat despite the cold and I reached the Panther River Warden Cabin in the late afternoon. I had traveled twenty five difficult miles by that time but decided to try for the Snow Creek summit hoping the going would get better. The reasoning was that it would be down hill from the summit to the Red Deer Valley and an easy 15 miles from there to the ranch. This decision was prompted by the knowledge that the Warden cabin had been completely and thoughtlessly stripped of all furnishings including the stove to discourage use. This was called Centralization where districts were changed to areas. Wardens were moved out of the backcountry to the townsites of Banff or the Ghetto at Lake Louise. The Park Wardens way of life as Stewards of the wilderness lost forever.

Now as I continued to travel up the first steep pitch from the Panther River to Snow Creek summit the going got even more difficult and I was too tired to break trail with the snowshoes. I knew I had to return to the Panther River Warden Station to spend the night. Before I returned to cabin I left the bogged down machine and snow shoed on for about a mile before reaching a site where an avalanche had crossed the Cascade fire road. The slide path was about 100 yards across, had hardened and now conformed to the slope contour. I would have to dig a path for the skidoo to safely cross the avalanche which dropped off several hundred feet into a steep canyon. I snow shoed back to the skidoo and went back to the Panther River Cabin to spend what I believed would be cold night. I was glad that I had brought a good warm sleeping bag with me.

I took the shutters off the door and one window of the cabin and had a look inside. No stove or dishes in the cupboard or any other furniture but it was good to be under a roof. I went to the basement that contained a concrete fall-out shelter that had been built during the nuclear fear period and was surprised to see the old furnace had not been removed. I went outside and checked the propane tank and found the gauge showing about 5 % left. I turned on the propane and went back inside to see if I could light the furnace. I was happy to hear the sound of the main burner of the furnace ignite knowing that I would have a warm place to spend this night. Cold canned beans tasted pretty good.

The next day I had no trouble traveling to the avalanche on the snowshoe path that had hardened overnight. It took about two hours before I shoveled a path wide enough to walk the skidoo across the avalanche path. Once through, I reached Snow Creek summit with little difficulty as the wind blown snow had hardened in the open areas. It was downhill to the Red Deer River and on to the ranch to deliver long awaited pay checks. The three ranch hands were getting worried because they knew I was a day late, had no radio contact and somewhere on the Cascade fire road. After I arrived at the ranch and settled in I did a inspection of the condition of ranch horses. I was appalled to see that the younger horses were in pathetic condition and I immediately questioned the ranch foreman about this. He said that he just wanted to save costs for hay and feed. After consulting with the two other ranch hands it was apparent that this individual didn't know much about horses. It was difficult to understand why he was hired in the first place. I made a recommendation to the Banff Chief Warden that would result in his dismissal and Cal Hayes became the new foreman. Cal and his wife Donna had worked on the ranch before and had proven their worth .. The road to the ranch was ploughed out and a good supply of feed brought in for all the hungry horses including grain for the yearlings and two year olds.

### **The Ya Ha Tinda Elk Hunt**

During the period of 1968 to 1970, there was approximately 2100 elk using the Ya Ha Tinda ranch as winter range. The number of elk and Government horses far exceeded the winter range grazing capacity of this unique area. This prompted a decision to establish a late season elk hunt that had two objectives. The first was to reduce elk numbers and with hunting pressure, disperse them to other areas less densely populated. The second objective was to regulate the number of permits that were issued for each three day hunt to twenty. It was reasoned that this would reduce flock shoots, wounded animals and the possibility of hunters shooting each other. The four day break between each season would allow the elk to regroup and settle down before the next hunt.

My function was to co-ordinate hunting activity on land owned by the Federal Government and make sure that hunters kept out of pastures where ranch horses were wintering. Hunters were given maps of areas where they could hunt and signs were also posted in the areas closed to hunting. Just when things appears to be going well, ranch hands reported a horse being shot by hunters . I went with them to the pasture where the incident had occurred and from a distance it appears that the horse had been shot. The horse, named Calico was still alive but there was blood on the horses withers and neck from what appeared to be wire cuts rather than a gunshot injury. The horse was badly spooked because of it's injuries and we couldn't get near it for a closer look.

I asked the ranch hands to get it back to the large training barn at the ranch where the injuries could be examined. When this was done it was apparent that the horse had been attacked by a cougar and not shot.. There were large gashes and teeth marks on the withers, neck and muzzle of the horse.



Tendons around the lower lips had been injured so bad that the lower lip drooped. It would take months of special care and treatment for these wounds to heal but they did and the horse was back in service.

It seemed unusual for the cougar to attack such a large and healthy horse when there were hundreds of elk in the area . It is likely that the attack took place when the horse was laying down and seemed like easy prey. This unsuccessful predation attempt would have been something to see. This large healthy male cougar was tracked down by a cougar hunter with dogs and killed about a week later.

### **Winter Patrol to Clearwater and Indian Head.**

In the late winter of 1970, I made a winter over-snow vehicle trip with Warden Wackerle that began at Mineworker . From there we travelled about 50 miles on the snow covered Cascade fire road and finally arrive at the Ya Ha Tinda ranch . The next day, we continued Northwest over the Scalp Creek summit to the Clearwater River and then travelled up the ice covered river to the Indian Head Warden cabin. One of the highlights of this 200 mile trip would be would be observing the tracks of nine wolves in the fresh snow on Forty Mile Flats. This pack ranged into the Park and then killed a cow moose in a sharp snow filled draw at Malloch Flats. This was the first documented case of a wolf pack in the Park for decades and would mark the return of the wolves to most areas of Banff National Park. This would prove to have a serious impact on struggling Caribou herd in the Park.

We stayed overnight at the Indian Head Warden station and the next day continued up the Clearwater valley the for another ten miles to the Clearwater Lakes cabin. There were Wolverine tracks around the Clearwater cabin and possibly those of the two we had seen on the Clearwater Pass two years earlier. On the return trip to Indian Head we found fresh tracks of the wolf pack that had followed the track made by our snow machines. It was here that we came upon the cow moose that had been killed by the pack just minutes before we arrived. We hid our snow machines in the trees and watched the moose carcass until dark hoping to get a sighting of the wolves but never did. They obviously knew we were there and out-waited us. This wariness of humans is probably how they had survived efforts to kill all wolves as they were viewed as ruthless killers of livestock and wildlife.

We spent another night at Indian Head and made the long return trip to the ranch and Minnewanka the next day. When we were about two miles from the trailhead and the Minnewanka Warden Station where I now lived with my family, we stopped briefly to look at some elk. Warden Wackerle remarked that we had not had a single problem with the over-snow machines on this long trip. He said it would be a first for him as he had lost confidence in these "infernal machines". We started up and his machine immediately blew a belt as if to keep his record of breakdowns going. After a quick fix with a new belt and we completed the longest winter trip I would ever make on an over-snow vehicle.

### **Riding Mountain Assignment**

During the period of December 2, to Dec 18th 1968, I was assigned to a special duty in Riding Mountain National Park along with Warden Sjonsberg. A special elk hunt was about to open in areas adjacent to the Park and several of the Park Wardens in the Park had either been injured or were off

duty for other reasons. Riding Mountain is an Ecological Island of sorts as it is completely surrounded by farming or other high impact uses.

There is a long history of poaching problems within the Park and the poachers know the Park better than most of the Wardens and plan their hunts carefully. The dense shrub and hazelnut understory makes it easy for poachers to cross the narrow boundary slash and literally disappear from sight. Things change and the poachers face more of a challenge when there is snow cover and they leave tracks.

When I first arrived, I was assigned to night patrol duty on highway 10 with Warden Bob Burly. He had been a Warden in the Park for a number of years and was notably nervous about conducting nighttime vehicle checks on highway 10. After the first night of vehicle checks I could understand why he felt that way. Some of the locals did not like Park Wardens because they felt it was their inherent right to hunt in the Park. As a case in point; while we were patrolling on highway 10, poachers killed a Park Bison at another location. It seemed that they didn't feel there was risk in doing this. They took their time to shoot the Bison, cut off the hind quarters of the bison and leave the rest knowing it would be found. This demonstrates how well the poachers were organized and their network of communication about our patrol locations.

Despite this, we did lay a number of charges for unsealed firearms and seize the hunters firearms. It is imperative that Park Wardens work in pairs to minimize risk of being assaulted or shot and they should also be armed for night patrol duties.

On December 1 I moved from Clear Lake to fill in for the District Warden Matt Manchure at Ochre River. This was a beautiful district in the North East portion of the Park bordering some farms and communities where the people were friendly and hospitable to Park Wardens. The farm land at Ochre River typically contained small groves of maple, birch, wild plum and conifer. With no wind, the hoar frost coated the trees and made everything look like a winter wonderland. On some bush trails; small creeks were beginning to freeze over and this made some crossings a challenge for the two wheel drive patrol vehicle. "Just take a good run at it and hope it all comes out in one piece on the other side" was the District Warden's advice. Spring replacement and wheel alignments must have been common for Warden vehicles. From Ochre River I patrolled to the Vermillion River Warden Station and then on to Lake Baldy where I would stay until my return trip to Banff on December 18th. The District Warden at Baldy Lake was Gordon Berguson.

When I first saw met Park Warden Berguson I couldn't help but notice that his Woods' issue parka was in shreds. After making a horseback boundary patrol through dense hazelnut bush, I could understand why. The brush is hard on horses and riders making chaps and tapaderos' a must. I would add that safety goggles and a helmet may be included in the protective clothing issue for Park Wardens in Riding Mountain National Park.

### **The Risks**

At Baldy Lake, I was informed that a Park Warden was murdered here a number of years before. From investigation reports it appears that it was dark and the Warden and his new wife were sitting at the kitchen table and that he was killed with a single shot fired through the window. I was shown the

location where the killer had fired the shots as he leaned against a tree for support. The wife was also shot in the jaw as she tried to call for help on the telephone. She apparently fell on the floor covered with blood and because of this, her husband's murderer assumed she too was dead. She saw the killer's rubber boots as he examined the bodies

before he left but she did not want to move for obvious reason. The mysterious murder of the Park Warden at Baldy Lake remains unsolved. If only the tree could talk what a tale it could tell.

### **Wildlife Management Activities**

During the time I was in Banff, I was involved in a number of wildlife studies and other special projects. Amongst these was the capture and relocation of Bighorn Sheep to the States of Idaho, Utah, Washington and New Mexico. These projects were approved by the Federal Government and Parks (and supposedly) based on a number of important criteria. The first was that the sheep would be re-introduced to historic ranges that bighorn had formerly occupied and that conditions in the release sight were right. The second would be the need for protection from poachers, predators and disease contamination from domestic livestock. Of the four States where sheep were released, Utah had the best program to increase the success of the relocation.

They had built an 80 acre paddock in the mountains where the release would take place. They would keep the sheep in this area until juveniles would outnumber older animals. The logical assumption was that once the older animals had died, the younger animals would have bonded to the new area where they were born and could be released from the paddock. The sheep for this project were roadside bums and captured along Highway 1 in the Vermillion Lakes area. This was done in an effort to reduce the number of sheep being killed by vehicles as well as safety for motorists traveling through the Park. Most of the sheep that were captured were food habituated and were often seen being fed by motorists from a rolled down window. It was not an offence to feed Park wildlife with the exception being bears. Later amendments to the Wildlife Regulations would include all wildlife.

Sheep that were captured for release in Idaho were taken from the Panther River area of Banff in the late summer of 1970. The techniques used for this capture were unusual but very effective. I had observed that a large number of bighorn were coming from Bare Mountain to lick salt in the corral used to hold Park horses.

The salt block was moved into a nearby barn and left the doors open to get the sheep used to entering the barn. Within a short time, 24 salt hungry sheep were captured. This unusual method surprised some CWS Biologists who had said that a capture of Bighorn during the summer months would be impossible.

There was a negative impact to wild sheep leaving the safety of mountain slopes and escape terrain that made them vulnerable to predation. Coyotes likely killed most of the new lambs that accompanied their mothers across the flat meadows to the salt at the corral at Panther River. It was unfortunate that natural mineral licks are few and far between in this area of the Park.

We received follow up reports that indicated that some of the Bighorn that were released in New Mexico were killed by cougars. In fact, I am not sure whether any of the sheep survived to repopulate the area. In addition to this bad news, we were told that sheep from the Washington release apparently moved into British Columbia in the Salmo -Creston area where there was more suitable

habitat. This illustrates that there are risks associated with moving wildlife to new ranges and these risks can negate any perceived benefits.

### **Bighorn Sheep Study**

While I was in Banff, I also participated in a five year Bighorn Ecology study with the Canadian Wildlife Service . As part of this study, range transect sites were set up on the Palliser and Borgeau Mountain sheep ranges and monitored every two weeks during the winter. Site data included the measurement of snow depth, hardness and ground covered by the snow pack . Photo points were established to assist in age/sex group counts of sheep . Access to the study area during the winter months could be challenging because of heavy snowfall and avalanche hazard. In these areas, avalanches likely caused the death of more bighorn than predators although they were the final benefactor.

Part of the study included documentation of mortality and the possible causes. The investigation of mortality sites was a safety issue when Grizzly bears were active. On one occasion I had crossed a steep slope to an avalanche path to where I had seen Ravens and Magpies feeding on something buried in the snow. The sudden flushing of the scavenger birds was a signal to approach the area with caution and I soon saw a sow Grizzly and two cubs feeding on the carcass of a dead sheep. It was a good thing that I was traveling into the wind and the bear had not smelled or seen me at a distance of not more than 30 yards. I cautiously backed up and put lots of distance between me and the site where the bears were feeding .

Ironically, hazards of the study sometimes included Bighorn Rams. While these animals are normally docile and harmless, things can change when they have been salt habituated as in the case with the Palliser sheep. A Researcher, for whatever reason, had habituated some of the sheep to lick salt that he held in his hand. After losing the fear of humans, habituated sheep would often begin head bashing to lick a small chunk of hand held salt. It was also a mistake to drop a glove or ski pole that was saturated with sweat from your hand. I had one ram take a glove out of my back pocket and eat up the fingers before I finally managed to get it back.

Using hand held salt, Warden Macdonald and I were able to tag and measure the horns of some free roaming Bighorn Rams in the study area. One of these was a massive ram ear tagged 311 that measured 44 Y:Z inches around the curl of his horns and had 16 Y:Z bases. Another ram of note and notoriety was a full curl ram tagged 302. He was salt habituated and became known as the bad ram. On two occasions this ram actually butted Researchers with it's horns, sending them rolling down the slope. It was fortunate in both of these cases, contact was with the back pack that absorbed most of the impact from the massive horns. This unusual behavior was probably done to establish dominance and get salt..

There was an obvious concern that the thoughtless conditioning of the Palliser Sheep made them vulnerable to poaching. Once enticed to approach, a knife or other sharp weapon could easily be used to kill any trophy ram . While no one was actually caught doing this I believe that it did happen. In this isolated area, salt conditioned rams could be lured into the cover of trees and killed without the sound of a gunshot or being observed others.

This problem was compounded because many people knew about the record book rams on the Palliser Range. Researchers often displayed photos of these huge rams as in the case of one called Split Horn . This ram believed to have horns larger than the world record ram listed in the Boone and Crockett records. This large ram mysteriously disappeared from its traditional winter range and considerable efforts were made to find the horns of this animal. Researchers from the Calgary University had years of data showing the preferred winter range of this ram. After the snow melted, I spent the better part of three days searching the lower slopes and found a number of sheep heads but not those of elusive Split Horn .. This has prompted me to draw my own conclusion that someone knows where they are. When they will surface is another question.

### **The Bears and I**

During the time I spent in Banff I was actively involved in bear management actions and mauling incident investigations. As I stated earlier the Eisenhower District Wardens were the first to be authorized to use immobilizing drugs and equipment. It seems that we had pioneered what is now called a Bear Response Team.

At first, the only immobilizing drug available was Succinyl Choline Chloride or Anectine. This drug was mixed with distilled water to a concentration of 100mg/ml and there was little room for dosage error as an over dose would cause respiratory arrest. Our team performed artificial respiration on a number of immobilized bears, elk, sheep and even moose in respiratory arrest with good results.

Bear problems that I investigated were almost always associated with food or garbage habituation. There were a number of open landfills or garbage dumps in the Park that attracted bears and bear watchers . I personally counted twenty one grizzly and one huge fat Black bear using the Lake Louise garbage dump at one time. Some of the bears were old and so fat that their stomachs would roll over their hind legs when they sat down. It was like a side show to watch the bears carefully picking through garbage that had been set on fire by Park Staff to reduce volume in the landfill. Amazingly, bear human incidents were few at the dump, and campground problems were usually caused by Black Bear rather than Grizzly. Bear problems increased significantly when the open dumps were phased out and this food source was no longer available.

A bear/human encounter incident worth noting involved a Grizzly that occurred on May 2<sup>nd</sup>, 1968 at Lake Louise. It involved a Ski Lift Operator who was walking his dog on the ski hill that had been closed for the season. He was suddenly attacked by a sow grizzly accompanied by two cubs that had been feeding on garbage left at the bottom of the lift which should have been picked up. The man was bitten on his hand and thigh as he dodged around a tree to keep away from the bear. These injuries seemed to be quite minor in view of what a protective and mad Grizzly could do. I investigated this incident with Warden Dale Lowen and we were both certain that the dog had been off its leash and had provoked the grizzly to attack in defense of her cubs. After explaining our reasoning to the man, he finally agreed that this is what actually happened as he didn't want the bear destroyed for what would otherwise be an unprovoked attack. In this case, the bear and her cubs would have been shot.

### **A Lose Lose Situation**

On June 24th 1967 I assisted in immobilizing and capture of a free ranging grizzly at Lake Louise. I called this three year old male the McPhee bear as District Warden McFee was providing firearms backup for Jim Robertson and myself at the time. What I can remember is that the Grizzly became annoyed at our approach and made a bluff charge toward us. Since we were unarmed, we stepped behind the armed McPhee just in case the charge was for real. McPhee in turn stepped in a gopher hole, fell down and tumbled into a small depression before he stopped rolling. The danger quickly shifted to concern over the loaded firearm in the hands of someone laying on the ground. The bear may have been amused but we were not.

When the situation was back under control, the bear was darted and succumbed to the effects of the drug. It was then loaded into a bear trap for transport and release in the Red Deer Valley at Scotch Camp. This bear was garbage habituated and returned to the 17 mile garbage dump two miles east of the Eisenhower Warden Station in just 10 days. Because this bear had been so aggressive to humans a destruction on return order had been issued. I killed this bear with a 270 rifle after the District Warden had tried to kill it with a 357 magnum handgun. An examination of the dead grizzly revealed that the shot from the 357 had taken out all of the upper teeth before exiting along the neck. The shot would have left a wounded and potentially dangerous bear. On that day it was a good thing my back up with a rifle was good, but on that day another grizzly would lose it's life because of man.

### **Meet Stella and Bennett**

In early June of 1968, a female grizzly and two sub adult cubs began using the 17 mile garbage dump as a food source. The garbage dump was situated about two miles from the Johnson Canyon Bungalow Camp and a Campground that was situated just across the road. There was concern that this trio of grizzlies would start using garbage at the campground or bungalow camp . By the end of June the female grizzly had apparently started mating activity and had abandoned her two year old cubs at the dump site. This was soon their new home with a steady supply of food. We watched the two siblings at the landfill for several weeks and named them Stella and Bennett after the brother and sister who ran the Johnson Canyon Bungalow Camp. The grizzlies seemed inseparable and between the two of them kept any black bear attempting to use the dump on the run.

By late July, Park Warden MacDonald and I decided that the grizzly should be moved out of the area to the Red Deer Valley where there was a good berry crop. The bear trap was set at the landfill but offered little enticement when compared to all the garbage . The decision was made to immobilize the grizzly and then put them in the trap for transport to the Cascade Valley.

I shot the male sibling with an drug filled dart and it soon felt the effects of the drug and fell down at the edge of the trees. The female sibling went into a protective fit and would not let us get near her immobilized brother without charging us. We backed off not wanting to kill her and decided to try the next evening as the male had now recovered and had gone into the trees. The next evening we returned and the two bears were back. This time the female was selected as the target. The dart did it's work and the female went down with her brother standing guard as the female had done on the previous day. This time I simply shouted at the male bear and made a short run toward it. Without hesitation, it turned and ran off into the trees leaving his helpless sister behind to be put into the bear trap.

When I returned to Eisenhower Station with the Grizzly in the bear trap I told my wife Myrna what had happened. She laughed and said " Just like a male to run off and leave" That night we had some scared kids as the captured bear we called Stella rocked the trap and roared her displeasure. It was an fearsome sound coming out of the black night. The next day I took Stella 70 miles away for release in the Red Deer valley. We never saw her or Bennett again. As Myrna would add " That coward Bennett is probably still running"

### **The Hutton Bear Incident**

By the fall of 1970, our family had moved from Eisenhower to the Minnewanka Warden Station considered to be the most beautiful location in the Park. At that time, this Warden Station was situated near the control gate providing access up the Cascade Fire Road which could still be traveled to the Ya Ha Tinda ranch in the Red Deer River Valley.

One evening as we were eating supper we were interrupted by a loud and persistent knocking on the front door. When I opened the door I recognized that it was Don Hutton who was doing an Elk Research Project in the Flints Park area of the Park. Dons' face looked pale and I knew something serious had happened. He told me that he had been following a well used elk trail through second growth pine in Flints Park . At some point he heard a sound and looked up to see a grizzly charging him at close range. He had a 35mm camera mounted on a rifle stock which he threw at the bear as he frantically started to climb a near by tree. When he could climb no higher, he looked down and saw that the bear was pawing his camera on the ground. The dropped camera was a diversion that probably saved his life.

Don would spend several uncomfortable hours in the tree watching the bear feed on an elk carcass about 30 feet from the tree. If he changed position and the tree branches rustled , the bear would immediately charge to the base of the tree. Finally, the Grizzly ate it's fill and disappeared into the trees as dusk approached. Don waited for a while before climbing down from the tree and quickly returned to his truck that was left on the Flints Park road.

The next morning I had Don accompany me back to the area where he had been treed by the grizzly. Jack Holroyd was the Chief Park Naturalist in the Park and he came along to take pictures. Steve Herraro was also to meet us at the gate as he was doing bear research at the time. When he didn't show up we went on without him.

When we got near the site, Don had some difficulty in identifying where it had happened although he remembered it was near the mouth of a small draw. I felt a light wind coming down the valley and decided to approach upwind to let the bear get our scent. If it charged I would kill it as it could have been involved in an earlier incident with hiking party on the Flints Park Road. As we cautiously proceeded, I saw the shoulder hump of a large dark Grizzly feeding on something at the mouth of a draw about 50 yards away. I motioned for Don to come up and look at the bear that by this time appeared to have our wind blown scent. The large bear stood up to have a better look at us. Don whispered that the bear that had treed him was much smaller and lighter in color. By this time the bear had enough and to our relief turned and ran off into the trees. It is likely that this larger Grizzly had taken over the kill of the smaller one that had treed Don Hutton.

The moral to the story is that large Grizzlies, while dominant to other bears, are not always aggressive to humans. As we walked over to examine the carcass of the dead elk and the tree where

Don had escaped from the Grizzly we saw a Sasquatch. It was actually Steve Herrero who was standing on a small ridge silhouetted by the rising sun. His full beard and long hair was fanned out by the light wind producing a shadow that did not look like anything human. Steve was not impressed by this description of his profile.

### **Grizzly Taken For Helicopter Ride.**

In the summer of 1970 a large male Grizzly started to frequent the Two Jack Campground causing concern for the safety of the campers. The bear was trapped and determined to be a young male in it's prime and worth saving if possible. I convinced the Chief Warden Pittaway that we should try to move the bear by helicopter into remote part of the Clearwater River. It was the first time this would be done in a National Park in Canada.

Since the bear would be carried in a net under the helicopter the time the bear would remain immobilized was critical. For this reason we transported the grizzly in the bear trap to Scotch Camp to reduce transport time and risk that the bear would recovery in the net under the helicopter. All of this was necessary because the unpredictable drug Anectine was still being used at the time. The bear was drugged, weighed, tagged and then loaded into the net for transport under the helicopter .

Jimmy Davies, the Helicopter Pilot and Jack Holroyd took pictures and transported the bear to the release site in the Clearwater Valley. To my knowledge this bear never returned to the Two Jack area making this worth the effort and expense. I have pictures of this operation that bring back memories of Park Wardens Jim Robertson and Seasonal Warden Bob Merrick ,Joe Halstenson, and Bert Pittaway. Jim Robertson, wearing his buckskin jacket and cowboy hat, wanted to be there to see and take pictures of a Grizzly being transported by helicopter.

He was suffering from terminal cancer and died three days later. The badge losing Bob Merrick would be killed in a traffic accident a few years after I left Banff and moved to Waterton Lakes National Park.

### **Bears Please Use Door**

These were the words written on a section of panel on a fiber glass Research Hut that was located at the elk trap in the Cascade valley. The Research Hut was owned and maintained by Calgary University staff who were doing research on sheep on the Palliser Range. Part of the hut opened up to provide a base on which to position optics used to watch sheep on the open slopes. I would stop by to exchange information with the staff on a regular basis.

It was early summer and Dave Shkelton of the Calgary University was staying at the hut and had gone to Banff to purchase groceries. On his return he was surprised to find that a grizzly had ripped through one of the panels and trashed the inside of the hut looking for food. When I investigated, it seemed obvious that some unwashed dishes and a dirty frying pan could have contributed to the break in. Dave cleaned up the hut but it was some time before the replacement panel was found and installed. On the new panel Dave wrote the words; Bears Please Use Door.

It was early fall, when Dave again left the hut for a short time to go to Banff. On his return he found that a bear had again ripped off a panel and demolished the inside in search of food. There was some



irony in the fact that the bear ripped off the panel next to the one that said " Bears Please Use Door". Twice was enough and the Research Hut was removed from the site.

The Grizzly believed to be responsible for these incidents, developed a pattern of breaking into Warden Cabins. The first was Cuthead Cabin about 5 miles from where the Research Hut had been. The bear gained access to the inside of the cabin by climbing onto the roof from a wood stacked against an outside wall. A corner of roof was torn off and once the bear was inside the cabin it ripped open the cupboard in search of food. Cans were bitten as though sampling what was in them and then torn open to get at the contents. Blood was left on empty cans from lacerated gums or perhaps cuts to the bear's tongue. The springs on the single cots were irreparably damaged by the weight of the bear as it climbed in and out of the cabin. I would see claw marks below broken windows and demolished cabin interiors several more times as the Grizzly paid his unexpected visits. The shuttered windows and doors of the Barrier, Dormer, and Panther River cabins would prove to be no obstacle for this determined bear.

### **Grizzly Bear Incidents Get Closer To Home**

When we moved to Minnewanka it became obvious that we would have to get used to the idea that Grizzly Bears were here too. From our large picture window, it was not unusual for our family to be sitting in the living room and see grizzlies walking across the lawn. The bears would sometimes stop and take a look at the big eyed children watching them from inside the house. Don't move or run to the window was the advice as any sudden action could provoke the bears to charge. It was obvious to us that the large picture window that was far too close to the ground and no protection in bear country. When I wasn't home, Myrna would sometimes put chairs against the windows to discourage bears from breaking through the glass.

Two other grizzly incidents occurred while we were at Minnewanka. The first occurred while I was the Acting Chief Warden in Banff. It was early morning and I was shaving in preparation to going to the Administration office for the day. I asked Myrna if she would mind getting my wallet out of our car that was in the garage that was about 50 yards from the house. Myrna did this and had entered the house with the wallet as I was going out the door to the Patrol Vehicle. At this time I was surprised to see a grizzly that was rolling around on the grass next to the pathway Myrna had just used. The bear seemed oblivious to anything more than its back scratching efforts. I went back to the house and showed Myrna the bear and her immediate response was in the form of an accusation " You knew the bear was there." She still believes I did.

Shortly after this, we were awakened in the night by loud noises coming from the Warden truck parked in front of the house. I got up and turned on the front lights and saw a sow grizzly and one cub in the back of the truck.

The Grizzly was trying to drag a road killed deer out of back of the truck and couldn't get it clear of the box. I opened the door and gave a shout which I thought would scare the bears away. Her response was a hair raising growl followed by a charge up the sidewalk towards me. I must have set some kind of record in getting back inside the house and closing the door. By that time Myrna was up and I handed the truck keys to her and asked her if she would move it for me. She didn't see any humor in this and probably remembered the previous incident. Strangely enough the grizzly left without the deer that I dropped off in the Cascade valley the next morning.

On another occasion we were awakened by the unmistakable sounds of growling bears fighting outside our bedroom window. When we turned on the yard light we saw the bears were fighting over a empty maple syrup tin that had been put in a burning barrel. This time, a shout out the window and the grizzlies ran off into the bush for parts unknown. After this incident, we changed the way we selected garbage that was put into the burning barrel. We should have known better. There is an interesting relationship that occurs between humans and wildlife in a wilderness setting .

Bears and other wildlife identify our scent, the sound of our voices and seem willing to tolerate or share their territory with us. They learn that humans are usually not nocturnal, that we follow trails, make noise and give off scent that is unlike any other animal. It is when we do the unexpected human things that we confuse the issue and in some cases, suffer the consequences.

### **So Grizzlies Can't Climb Trees.?**

In the summer of 1970, while I was stationed at Minnewanka, I received a telephone call from the Park Operations Manager indicating a serious grizzly bear problem at Johnson Lake . We had previous complaints from fishermen about a grizzly ripping into packs or creels for fish they had caught at Johnson Lake. The bear was becoming more aggressive with each incident and I was instructed to investigate the incident and take appropriate action. When I arrived at Johnson Lake, I was approached immediately by the two men who had been involved in the incident. They said they had been fishing on the north shore of the lake when a Grizzly came out of the trees and immediately charged at them. One man climbed a nearby Lodge Pole Pine that had few branches and was surprised when the bear started up the tree after him. Grizzlies usually have difficulty in climbing trees when they are older but this one managed to climb at least 15 feet before it fell out of the tree .

Once it was on the ground it saw the second fisherman and chased him into the lake hip waders and all. The man said the bear started to swim out after him and he had to swim further out using his tackle box for flotation.

The bear turned and swam back to the shore and then followed a trail down the shoreline and disappeared from sight .. The fishermen told me that their two wives had just gone back to the vehicle at the parking lot before the incident occurred. One of the women was several months pregnant. This incident may have become more complicated had the women stayed with the their husbands.

At this time, I heard shouts coming from the picnic area across the lake and saw people running back to their vehicles at the parking lot. I drove to the parking lot and was told the bear had chased one of these individuals as well. I told the group to stay in their vehicles and took my rifle and walked down the trail to the area where the bear had been seen. The Grizzly was there and I was surprised at the aggressive response from the bear when it saw me. It immediately started towards me, head low, snapping its' jaws and growling. When I was sure of a safe shot, I killed the bear when it was about 25 yards away. Can grizzlies climb trees? A Park Naturalist who had witnessed the bear climbing the tree after the fisherman says they can.

### **Barrier Cabin Incident. We Slept Through It All.**

In October 1970, Warden Dougan and I left Windy heading down the Panther River to spend the night at the Barrier cabin. It was getting dark as we made the last river crossing on our horses before reaching the cabin. It had already been a long day, and we were both looking forward to a good supper from supplies in the well stocked cabin. As we rode through the last group of trees I could see the shutters had been ripped off the window and were strewn on the ground. There were deep claw marks on the cabin wall below the gaping hole that had once been the window covered with shutters. We approached the cabin with caution listening for sounds that the bear might still be inside. Satisfied it wasn't, I unlocked the door and then witnessed a site I had seen several times before. The entire inside of the cabin had been trashed by the bear. The cupboards had been ripped off the wall and broken dishes strewn across the floor. Blood stained cans that had contained food were torn open like they had exploded from inside. It seemed that the Cuthead bear had now included the Barrier cabin in its rounds and been successful in getting food. The huge tooth marks in the battery of the Radar light indicated that the bear had also checked it out as a possible food source.

We cleaned up the cabin as best as we could and nailed some 2x6 planks to the wall and left enough space to look through. The cans and other garbage were set outside just below the window and some of the empty cans tied to a wire. We reasoned that the rattling of the cans would alert us if the bear returned. Warden Dougan had been carrying a 357 magnum handgun in his saddle bag and we decided to shoot the bear if it returned during the night. We put the horses in the corral and gave them a good feed of pellets and then returned to the cabin.

One of the two cots was unusable because the heavy bear had climbed on it stretching the springs as it had done the same thing at the Cuthead cabin. We used some clean blankets to cover the mattresses and then went to bed fully clothed. In the darkness we talked about the strategy to be used if the bear returned. The radar light still worked and I would shine it on the bear through one wide crack in the 2x6s, while Harold would shoot through the other. The talking soon stopped and we drifted off to sleep.

It was just breaking day when I opened the cabin door to see that there had been a light dusting of fresh snow over night. When I stepped out I was surprised to see the large tracks of the grizzly in the fresh snow. It had sniffed around the cans without making any noise and decided against attempting to crawl back through the barricaded window. The horses even cooperated with the bear by not spooking or making any noise that the bear was around. Perhaps they had seen this same bear at the Stoney Creek pasture where they spent the summer months. We were slightly embarrassed by the whole ordeal.

I called Park Headquarters on a Single Side Band radio that we had brought with us on the pack horse and instructed Warden Wackerle to bring us a couple of rifles to deal with the situation. After picking up the firearms at the Sulphur Springs we tracked the bear until the fresh snow melted and we lost the trail. We spent two more days in the valley but never saw the bear. We learned later that this grizzly had crossed over to the Dormer Valley and gained access to the interior of the cabin by ripping off a heavy window grate. The interior of the cabin was trashed worse than the Barrier cabin. As the bear searched for food, blankets, cans and broken dishes became mixed in with broken bags of chinking cement. A wolverine followed the bear's entry and

urinated over everything in the cabin.

The break in at the Dormer cabin nearly had tragic consequences for two Park Wardens . In December, Wardens Wakerle and Schonsberg had ski toured from Stoney Creek over the Dormer Pass assuming that they would spend the night at the cabin . Instead of a cabin stocked with food and blankets they found it in shambles.

They said the frozen blankets were wet from rain and snow and that wolverine urine and bear scat had been further contaminated the whole mess. There was apparently nothing usable in the cabin and the stench of wolverine urine unbearable. The two Wardens decided make the return trip over the Dormer Pass before darkness. It would be a long and exhausting trip before they arrived at Minnewanka where I was now stationed with my family. It was late at night when we were awakened by loud banging on the door. The two Wardens looked like frozen snowmen and were totally exhausted from the 35 miles they had covered on skies that cold day. They were given something to eat and lots of hot coffee before I drove them back to Banff. John vowed to settle accounts with the bear but would have to wait for summer as the bear would now be sleeping in some warm winter den site. The Dormer cabin was never used again and it was eventually burned and replaced by a new one further down the valley. I would not even the score with this bear in the remaining time I was to spend in Banff.

There are many other " bear stories" I could share, but these examples illustrate what it was like to live in bear country with your family. Bears are protected in National Parks as they should be and travel when and wherever they choose. Our children didn't have to be convinced to come inside when it got dark because they knew that bears preferred to travel at night. For reasons of safety we had a yard light installed to reduce chances of bumping into our furry friends in the darkness. Our visitors were also reminded to watch for bears on their way back to their vehicles. This added to the excitement of going to visit the Bradys' at their home in bear country.

### **The Last Horse Drive**

On May the 30<sup>th</sup>, 1967 I traveled from the Eisenhower Warden Station to take part in the annual spring horse drive. The two day drive along the Cascade Fire Road, brought horses from the Ya-Ha-Tinda Ranch where they had wintered to horse corrals near the Banff town site. Once there, the horses would be divided up and trucked to other Parks and Warden Stations for summer use.

Others who took part in the horse drive included Wally McPhee and Larry Gilmour from Lake Louise. Max Winkler from Kootenay National Park and myself. Don Harford the Assistant Superintendent of Banff also participated in part of the last horse drive.

At the start of the drive, the horses were gathered from winter pastures at the ranch on May 30<sup>th</sup> and 31<sup>st</sup> and brought to holding corrals at the ranch. The ranch foreman Bill Buries and ranch hands Cal Hayes and Dick Ranier helped us drive the herd of about 100 horses to the East Park gate. And the start of the Cascade FireRoad.

Once on the fire road one man rode point with the horse herd and wranglers following. Some of the older horses had made this 60 mile trip many times and seemed eager to get to Banff. Horses four years and younger showed signs of tiring by the time we got to Scotch Camp where we stopped and

had lunch. At Scotch Camp we changed to fresh mounts and continued over Snow Creek summit to the Panther River Warden Station where we spent the night. Warden Gilmour and I slept on cots in the basement fallout shelter and they felt pretty good after a long day in the saddle.

On June 2<sup>nd</sup>, we drove the horses over Wigmore Summit and stopped at the Stoney Creek Warden Station for lunch. Warden Jim Rimmer had prepared a full course turkey dinner with all the trimmings and appropriate beverage for the occasion. The horse drive was completed after some minor difficulty crossing the Cascade river that was in flood stage. One rider was almost swept off his horse by the swift moving water. With the last river crossing completed we continued on to Banff.

Although we didn't know it at the time, this would be the last horse drive. I am glad to have been part of a tradition that had been started so many years before.

### **Family Life In A National Park**

Two more sons, Bruce and Shane would be added to our family before we left Banff in 1972. When I first joined the Warden Service it was with the understanding that there was also a commitment for my wife and children. My wife would be viewed as a Park Employee and expected to take time to sell fishing licenses, issue camping permits dispense information and respond to radio and telephone calls. There was an expectation that this should take precedence over anything else she might be doing at the time. Wives of Park Wardens would have to assume the role of both parents when their husbands were away for extended periods.

I would spend more than two accumulated years attending conferences, skills upgrading courses, special projects or assignments. Myrna would worry each time I would be involved in mountain rescues or extended glacier trips knowing of the risks and hazards associated with these activities. She knew the risks associated with boundary patrols and encountering Poachers armed with firearms who might shoot a Warden rather than face a hefty fine or spending time in prison.

There were additional risks during bear management actions, snaring, trapping or searching for bears that have already mauled or killed someone. There was concerns about extended trips on horseback without radio or telephone contact for two weeks at a time. I appreciated that she didn't complain to make my assignments more difficult than they were.

Children of Park Wardens were also affected as they were expected to comply with Park Regulations prohibiting picking of flowers, building tree houses or fishing. Something as simple as leaving toys on the lawn could bring complaints by some Park Visitors. For this reason our children never had dogs or cats while they were living in a National Park.

I asked some of my children to think about the positive and negative things they experienced living in a National Park. Most felt that they learned many lessons about life from the experience. Since association with other children was limited, they had to learn to get along with one another. They learned about values and how to live with basic things, and become a part of the wilderness environment where they lived . This would be the only home they would have for the most of their life.

From Myrna's Perspective I think that Keith at times underestimated my feelings. My father had worked for years in a Federal Government position and I was aware of Government homes although we had never lived in one ourselves. So the old log house at Eisenhower was not what I expected but it soon felt like home.

There was a funny situation that happened a day or so after we moved in. It seems that a single Warden had just moved out of the house before us. A friend and fellow Warden from Marble Canyon was not aware of this, since he was out on a back-country trip. I can still see the shocked look on his face when he just walked into our house without knocking and saw me with a little baby in my arms instead of his friend. His look said "What has Monty been up to" I can't imagine what the look on my face said.

This whole new way of life was such a change for both of us and the hardest part was determining what part I was expected to play. I soon realized that I must get as totally involved as I could and soon I began to enjoy the whole aspect of what it meant to be a Park Wardens wife. Our home was considered public and since there was a campground just down the road, I was always answering questions or warming baby bottles or whatever the public needed that I could help with.

During the Storm Mountain fire, the number one highway was closed and all traffic diverted to the IA which went right past our Warden Station. There was bumper to bumper traffic and the need to deal with the public all day with the sound of water bombers overhead as they landed or took off from the highway. It was all very exciting.

There is so much to remember and that I could say about the animals, etc. I will share a few experiences with you. One was of a black bear cub that had been kicked out by its mother because of the mating season. He decided to just stay around our place, probably because he felt safe there. We still had burning barrels and I can't say how many times I went to drop garbage into the barrel which exploded as our little friend jumped out.

Garbage went one way, the bear another and me the other. Finally Keith had to move him as he was getting bigger and becoming a problem for people at the campground. The bear was caught in a small trap with a jam can used for bait.. We left the trap door open and watched the bear move in and out a few times before the trap was set for capture. It was sad to see the little fellow moved away to the wilderness in the Red Deer valley.

Another incident that was funny but not since I was expecting our 5th baby. It was a long cold winter with lots of snow and since our log home was not that modern, I would hang clothes on the line outside. One day when I was hanging out the clothes a Bull Elk chased me back inside the house. When Keith returned and I told him about it he just laughed, so I told him "You get the clothes off the line". The Elk chased him back to the house.

The result, no more laughter and the elk was immobilized and moved to a safer location in the Park. I found the times when Keith was gone to be quite lonely at Eisenhower because we could not get TV and radio reception was bad. But I had the children for company and when they were asleep I would get out the guitar or spend a lot of time reading. One thing that really helped is that we had the park radio in the house and I could hear what was going on in Banff and some of the other parks as

well. This would include all park radio traffic from law enforcement to rescue and all mundane things in between. The rescue on Babel Keith mentioned was scary and fascinating especially Bill Vrooms' comments as he hung on the cable. I couldn't leave the parks radio so I think I ironed everything in the house several times.

When we moved to Mineworker ; to me it was the most beautiful place I have ever lived. It had all the amenities, like a real phone, radio and TV reception. The house was just perfect with hardwood floors, a fireplace and surrounded by large bricked in flower gardens. One year I put in over 1,000 flowers and received a letter of appreciation from the Park Superintendent. But there were also hazards to consider at this beautiful location. I had to drive the kids to school in Banff which was five miles from where we lived. In the winter there was the danger of avalanches coming off Cascade Mountain that at times covered the entire road. Then there were the bears that often walked by our living room window at any time of the day. Despite this, I was more concerned about the danger from avalanches than bears.

Our home was located near the gate on the Cascade fire-road and the children and I spent wonderful times hiking around. They say ignorance is bliss but I'm not sure. We had found a large Raspberry patch some distance up the fire road and were helping ourselves to berries following trails through the patch. Then I saw a large pile of steaming bear droppings and knew what made the trails and I quickly took the children back to the house.

I was always very busy with being a mother and driving the kids to school in Banff and dealing with the public. But I must say that I enjoyed it all very much and always thought it was a privilege to have raised our children in this setting.

I think we owe so much to the men and women in the past who had such foresight to protect these beautiful areas we can now enjoy. To me it was a privilege to have been a part of something that I consider so important now and in the future. We met so many interesting and caring individuals while in the Park Service. I could name so many people but I must include Chief Warden Bert Pittaway and his wife Pam as really standing out in my mind because of their values and caring advice. I'm so glad we took the job and the chance.

## **Change and Transfer**

In the late fall of 1971, I was given the opportunity for a change of assignment. I could transfer to Prince Albert National Park for a promotion to a GT3, transfer to Banff town site or have a lateral transfer to Waterton. I turned down the transfer to Prince Albert National Park because of schooling concerns for our children. Both the Chief Warden and Parks Operations Manager encouraged me to move to Banff town site as they were having personnel problems there. I told them that the move to Banff town site would be like punishment rather than commendation but it helped me with my decision. Our family would accept the transfer to Waterton National Park. On January 17<sup>th</sup> 1972, we packed up and left our home at Minnewanka and moved to Waterton where I would start duty on January 23, 1972. There would be exciting change and challenges for our family at this new location that would be our home for the next 23 years. We found that the years would pass all too quickly and be full of memories we could cherish forever.

## **BackTracking. The Reflections Of A Park Warden Part 11**

## **Transfer Assignment to Waterton Lakes National Park**

It was with mixed emotions that our family left Banff on January 19, 1972, arriving in Waterton National Park, in the midst of a heavy snow storm. The house we would first live in was situated between the Post Office and the Mormon Church and nearly covered with snow. Park crews had cleaned out the driveway to the house and garage. The moving van crew were not impressed and they wanted to unload and get out as quickly as possible before they were snowed in. After the moving crew left we explored the house and the kids headed for the basement. They started finding small bottles filled with liquor hidden in odd places throughout the basement and garage. It seemed that the contents of the bottles may have helped the previous tenants to pass the long winter in a happy state of mind.

## **The Next Twenty Three Years**

The events or highlights of the next 23 years were taken from my personal notes and diaries. It is important to stress that this is my take or perspective about situations or events that took place and that I was part of. It is obvious that this is also a selection or summary of information that I considered to be worth sharing. Additional details were provided in the first manuscript draft about the Reflections of a Park Warden.

The Park Setting In Waterton, I would find the duties of a Park Warden to be different than what I had been exposed to in Banff. Here there was no vast wilderness where you could ride or hike for days without seeing another person. Waterton is a family oriented, destination park used mostly by local residents. By contrast, to the 2500 square miles of Banff, Waterton Park is only 204 square miles in area. It is bordered by ranchland to the north and east, the State of Montana and Glacier Park to the south and the Province of British Columbia to the west. Situated in a storm track with prevailing South Westerly winds that sometimes exceed 100 miles per hour, November and February are the months experiencing the most wind. Cal Wellman is a long time resident and rancher and has lived next to the park for his whole life .. He is credited with the saying " If the wind didn't blow, everyone would want to live here " While he no doubt loves this area he has seen Waterton the Beautiful change very quickly and unpredictably and at times hard to cope with. Waterton is also unique because of the diversity of vegetation, wildlife and geographical setting. It was easy to see why the theme for the Park is 'Where the prairies meet the mountains.' It is also a World Heritage Site. Although we did not know it in 1972, we would spend the next 24 years living in Waterton at the park gate and this time would pass quickly. Our family would get to know people who lived in the area for most of their lives. The good times could be seen in their quick smiles and the bad times etched in the deep lines on their faces. These were the real pioneers and history makers of the area. We too would become part of the process of change that would take place in the next quarter of century. It would become our home and another a special place with good memories to cherish and bad ones we would like to forget.

Although Waterton Lakes National Park was our new home we did have past roots to the



area. My wife Myrna and I had lived on Mc Nab Ranch at the east end of the Spread Eagle road for the first years of our marriage. About three miles west of the Mc Nab Ranch, my Grand Parents, John and Bertha Berent had homesteaded the Spread Eagle quarters from 1905 to 1915. They were farmers and quickly found that the land was harsh and unproductive and the winters long and unforgiving. The last years were brutal and they apparently fed cattle the tops of willow that were sticking out of the deep snow. With their dreams shattered, the Berent family including my mother had to move to the Turin area. Here the land was ideally suited for farming where they successfully raised sugar beets and other crops. This area also came under irrigation and the Berent family quickly obtained irrigation rights for their land.

Ironically, a few years later, in the 1940s, my Aunt Olga Rowley and her husband Virgil would move back from the Turin area to a ranch near where her parents had originally homesteaded at Twin Butte. My family roots in the area would prove to be of benefit many times when dealing with those who had a dim view of "them newcomers". My family heritage would eventually include almost a century of time and change in the Waterton area. Some of this change would include environmental impacts from oil and gas exploration that would destroy what had once been pristine wilderness.

### **Changing of the Guard**

In 1972, the first year I was stationed in Waterton as a Park Warden , there was a complete change of Park Warden Personnel. Larry Tremblay and Jack Christensen would be transferred to the newly formed Kluane National Park. Al Sturko would assume duties in Wood Buffalo National Park. Sid Mortemore and Seasonal Warden Bob Davidson would continue in the Park and provide some continuity for me.

### **Park Issues**

Unlike other National Parks, Waterton has no buffer zones along the North, Westerly and Easterly boundaries with the exception of Glacier National Park to the South. The park boundary fence is all that prevents impacts from, logging, hunting, farming, ranching and exploration for oil and gas .. As an example of impact; Alberta Wildlife Management Units. (WMU) 300 and 400 border the park to the North East . The hunting elk in WMU- 300 was extended and continued for approximately six months of the year. The hunting season was divided into three periods of two months starting in September and continuing into late March. This long hunting season, produced a concentration of hunters along park borders waiting for the elk to range out of the Park where they could be legally hunted. Because of this, poaching and drive attempts were common requiring continuous boundary patrols by Park Wardens . It was a challenge to develop poaching prevention programs and coordinate law enforcement activities for the Park.

It would also take time to build up trust with local residents who felt the Park had treated them unfairly in the past. This was especially true when it came to recognizing wildlife impacts on lands adjacent to the Park. Elk grazing impacts on spring pastures would delay

use by livestock by as much as two weeks. During severe winters, ranchers haystacks were eaten by large herds of hungry elk and cattle were killed by grizzly or black bear.

Many ranchers felt that the Park was insensitive to their concerns and that what happened outside the Park was not a concern. I worked hard to overcome this feeling of ill will that some ranchers had .. Rick Jack who was a local rancher and friend told me that the Park could never understand a very simple truth. "That most ranchers have to be concerned about the environment and impacts to the land because it's all we have". When he learned I was retiring he said " I've learned to trust you because you kept your word and you understood issues on both sides of the park fence. Who will do that now?" Tragically, a year after I retired he was killed in farm accident.

### **Summary of Duties**

Training opportunities for Park Wardens were endless. At one of the early training sessions at the Palisades in Jasper a Chief Warden said that Park Wardens were to be "Jack of All Trades and Master of Them All". Wardens were encouraged to be Generalists' rather than specialize in something they liked or were good at. Early training at the National Training Center in Jasper included courses on public relations, forestry telephone maintenance, horsemanship, climbing, skiing, search and rescue, bear trapping, wildlife and fisheries management, wilderness survival, law enforcement and fighting forest fires. This type of training would allow Wardens to transfer to other Districts and Parks without too much adjustment. The role and duties of Park Wardens would eventually change to specialist positions. To meet these new objectives, skills upgrading courses were provided at the National Training Center. Instructors from SAIT, NAIT, Calgary University and Specialized Enforcement Services were used for the various course modules.

As stated previously, the first year I would spend in Waterton would be one of adjustment and transition to the Waterton way of doing things. During this period, Ken Goble was a Fisheries Technician of sorts for the Park and Leonard Gladstone the Warden Clerk, a former Park Warden before his disabling injury sustained in a vehicle accident. Both of these men had the history of Waterton down pat as they say and would be an asset to me in this respect.

Wildlife and resource inventories were priorities for the Park in preparation of a Resource Description and Analysis for the park. This would provide the basis for a Park Management Plan or Master Plan setting priorities for land use and protected areas. Helicopter wildlife surveys were being conducted four times a year by the Warden Service. This would provide Planners with information about population dynamics and distribution for establishing zones and levels of protection for species sensitive to human activities. Areas of the Park important to species such as grizzly bear, mountain goat and bighorn sheep were identified and given special consideration in the Parks' Master Plan.

### **The Highlights Of 1972**

Assuming the duties of a Park Warden in Waterton in 1972 required a period of adjustment. The Park had different priorities and had been selected for a number of pilot projects. This included resource inventories for a Resource Description and Analysis needed for the Parks Master Plan. Needless to say, there was a lot of trial and error in this

exercise and the process would benefit other parks under taking a similar project. In 1972 , I participated in the capture of 20 bighorn sheep for translocation to the State of Washington. The old sheep trap on slopes of Galwey Mountain was used for this purpose and dismantled after the project was over. While we were sorting some of the captured sheep one of the Park Wardens literally butted heads with a large ram that was trying to escape.. This was accidental and the ram survived the incident better than the warden. Additional sheep required for the project were immobilized from around the townsite and compound areas. This project was not as successful as hoped as most of the sheep traveled from Washington to British Columbia. The sheep finally established a alternative range in the Salmo Creston area. DNA tests of sheep from Watertown and BC seemed to confirm this.

### **A Mystery Solved**

On May 11th, 1972, I was driving north out of the Park when I observed a young man and woman running toward the road waving their hands to get my attention. After I stopped, they told me that they found a human skull while they were hiking at the base of Crandell Mountain. They seemed convinced that a bear had somehow been involved in the death of this unknown human. After some bush whacking and a short search we found the human skull on a well used game trail amongst some mature fir trees and Douglas Maple shin tangle. A preliminary search did not turn up other bones or items of clothing. After the preliminary search was completed I marked the area for the RCMP as instructed and put the skull in my pack. I led our four person group down the game trail through a shin tangle of Mountain Maple. As we were just getting through the thicket I heard a loud crashing and a growl and looked up to see a grizzly bear charging us. I yelled loudly and clapped my gloved hands together to stop the charge. I was surprised when the bear suddenly veered to one side at about 20 feet where it started ripping at the bark of a tree snapping it's jaws in menacing fashion. I directed our group to change direction and slowly moved away from the bear that followed us for a short distance. I believe that the bear had charged at the sound we made in the bush perhaps thinking it was another rival bear. The two people who had found the skull were sure that the bear had been standing guard over the skull of the man it had killed several years earlier. They probably repeated this story hundreds of times.

The mystery of the human skull was solved by laboratory tests and dental records. The actual cause of death could not be determined from the skull alone but considered to be suspicious. The skull belonged to an Edmonton man who had been missing for several years. His vehicle had been found at the Prince Of Wales parking lot. At that time, a long and futile search of the area and lake for the missing man was unsuccessful and finally terminated.

Perhaps a bear was involved in his untimely death or he had fallen while attempting to climb Crandell Mountain. Any witnesses to this incident cannot talk or have remained silent to this time.

### **Search and Rescue A Happy Ending**

On July 3rd, 1972, I was the Acting Chief Park Warden in the Park and when I received a radio message from the Night Duty Warden Brian Mac Donald. He said that some hikers had reported seeing a light on Crandell Mountain above the Bears Hump trail. The light appeared to be a distress signal. The Waterton Detachment of the RCMP received a similar report and asked if we would investigate the incident. As I arrived at the Warden office to meet with Warden MacDonald to collect rescue equipment we received an all clear message from the RCMP. I breathed a sigh of relief as I was not feeling well at the time and turned my patrol vehicle around to head back to our Warden residence at the Park Gate. When I was about half way back the RCMP called to say that two parents had just reported their five children as missing from Crandell Campground. They said their children wanted to climb part way up the mountain above their campsite and that the parents thought it would be nothing more than a scramble. The children were boys , 11 to 17 years of age and the parents said they were in good physical condition. The concern was that the group did not have adequate clothing for an extended trip and it was now dark.

The two of us decided to re-investigate the report of the light on Crandell mountain as a possibility even though it seemed quite far from where the boys had been scrambling. It was about 1 A.M. in the morning and very dark as we scanned the mountain with binoculars for any sign of a light. Within a short time there was a sudden but short flare of light coming from the steep slabs on the east face of Crandell Mountain North of the Bears Hump trail. It seemed coincidental that we had practiced climbing on these slabs only a week before and I was familiar with one route near where the light had been seen. The two of us grabbed our climbing ropes and headlamps and headed up the mountain slope to where we had last seen the flare of light. We knew it would a difficult exercise to climb the steep slabs in the darkness but hoped for the best.

We reached the slabs and I found the break in the rock that I had previously climbed during our practice sessions. Fortunately, I had marked the route with a few small rock cairns to make future climbs easier. When we were about three hundred feet into the climb I shouted to in case anyone could hear . I was surprised when I heard a response from the darkness about one hundred feet to the left and slightly above our position. We drove in some piton anchors and I climbed around a rock outcrop that separated us from the spot where I believed the call for help had come from. I was taken back by the sudden appearance of the five boys in my beam of my headlight. They made a pathetic picture as they huddled together for warmth and security on a small ledge. The light we had seen was from a small fire they had started with some sparse grass growing on the ledge where they were trapped. They were happy that we were there. I roped the boys together for safety and established piton anchors to get the boys back to Warden MacDonald and the route we had climbed on the way up. The boys were eager to get down and felt secure and confident as we climbed down to the safety of the slope below. There were lots hugs and tears shed by the parents and children as the group re-united on road below. The parents hugged us and said " Thank God for Men Like You" As a parent I knew that their feelings extended far beyond thanks and it made me feel good. Not all rescues had this happy outcome.

## **Law Enforcement**

Law enforcement actions were continuous throughout the year. Summer months consisted of enforcement of Camping, Fishing and Fire Regulations. It seemed that the park town site turned into a pesthole of human/alcohol related problems. Problems associated with habituated deer and sheep was largely due to the fact that there were no regulations to prohibit feeding of wildlife. It was however, an offense to feed bears.

An additional concern was the unlawful collecting and removal natural objects from the Park. Antlers, horns, bones, colored rocks and driftwood were the most common objects taken by collectors either for profit or display.

Waterton is also Botanists dream because of the floral diversity. Some species like Bear Grass, Lady Slipper Orchard, Tiger Lily, Mariposa Lily, Glacier Lily and Trillium are unique to the Park. Seasonal changes turn vast areas of grassland into blankets of blue with the bloom of Blue Camas and Lupine. It was sometimes frustrating to deal with people who would thoughtlessly pick these beautiful flowers quickly discard these in their garbage. Our children were taught to appreciate the natural and lasting beauty of unpicked wild flowers. They did much to educate their friends and classmates about this.

## **1973**

This year began with an elk poaching in the Oil Basin area next to Waterton Lakes National Park. On January 17<sup>th</sup> two hunters called the RCM Police in Pincher Creek to report that they had found a dead cow elk just north of the boundary of WMU-300 which was still open for hunting. One of the hunters had heard shots and observed a hunter approaching an elk that was shot in the wrong zone. This unidentified hunter must have realized he had killed the animal illegally and fled from the scene. The RCM Police asked me to investigate the incident for them as they were involved in a homicide situation and the Fish and Wildlife Officers were at a meeting in Edmonton. This incident was to have a bizarre turn of events that would involve one of the hunters who reported the poaching incident.

I took Warden Brian MacDonald along with me to the scene near the Baird Ranch. Here I made contact with the two hunters who had reported the incident . They accompanied us on foot to the site where the elk had been shot. On the way in I noticed that one of the two men was wearing riding boots. This seemed a little strange as it was about 20 degrees below zero and there was about 15 cm of new snow on the ground. I mentioned this to the individual who said his other boots were wet and that he would be okay.

When we reached the dead elk, one of the hunters showed us where he had seen the man shooting at the elk. It seemed unusual for the hunter to have shot the elk and then not even bother to examine his kill. I questioned the witness about this and he said that he thought the hunter may have seen him and taken off to avoid identification. I left Warden MacDonald with the two men and the dead elk and picked up the tracks of the suspect and tracked him to the Park boundary and then back to the Baird road where the two hunters had left their vehicle. It was now obvious that one of the two hunters had killed

the elk and been afraid to tell his partner . A check and comparison of the boots in the vehicle confirmed this to be the case. When confronted with the evidence the hunter confessed and stated that he didn't want to tell his friend as it was the first time they had hunted together. Tragically, this would prove to be his last hunt. He fell to his death from an oil field derrick a week or so before he was scheduled to appear in court.

Winter Survival Training During the period of March 4<sup>th</sup> to the 9<sup>th</sup>, I traveled to Banff to take part in a winter training exercise on the Bow and Balfour Glaciers. The ski trip on the glaciers and climb of Mount Gordon would expose us to high risks of falling into a crevasse or being caught in an avalanche. The minus 25-30 degree temperatures adding to the challenge of staying warm in tents, igloos or snow caves that were constructed as overnight shelters. Survival under these conditions depends on how well you have prepared. It could be a fatal mistake to compromise a few extra pounds of good equipment and clothing for trip like this just to have a lighter pack.

On this trip we heard and saw several avalanche releases on sun exposed slopes. This reenforced the need for careful route selection to avoid triggering a avalanche release that could bury our entire party. We intentionally ski released some avalanches on the shoulder of Mount Gordon to get the feel of it. The skier was tied to a rope which was secured from the safety of the ridge top above the release site. The sudden release of snow under your skies is not a pleasant feeling even if there is a presumption of a safety rope held from above. It was with good reason that everyone was glad when this trip was over. Over the next ten years, I would continue to receive search and rescue training at least twice each year. These skills up-grading exercises would include helicopter sling rescue and cable rescue techniques as well as search and avalanche rescue procedures. In addition I would be certified as an EMT, WMT and in Advanced First Aid and Ambulance use. Park Wardens were first responders to most accidents and would enlist the assistance of the RCM Police in the event of a fatality. Summer months were often chaotic responding to first aid calls for minor scrapes, cuts, insect bites as well as the maintenance of Public Peace and order.

In 1973, the Park became involved in a number of research projects and resource inventories in preparing a Resource Description and Analysis from Bio Physical information collected earlier. The RD&A as it came to be called would provide the basis for a Park Master Plan. Waterton would be the first of National Parks to prepare and implement such a plan and much would be learned about this process. I would receive training in this process and be responsible for wildlife inventories and range distribution studies. I would also be included in coordinating the collection and analysis of soils , vegetation and hydrology information and set up monitoring stations for this purpose.

### **Morgan Stewart Brady Born February 18, 1973**

In April of 1973, 24 Bighorn Sheep were captured in the Park and sent to the State of New Mexico. This was a joint effort to re-establish bighorn on historic ranges where sheep had been hunted to extinction. The success of this project was put in jeopardy by cougars killing several of the sheep within a short period of time. Predator control would be necessary for a few years as the sheep became adjusted to their new range.

I became one of the skeptics as to the logic of removing park wildlife from a free ranging populations for trans-location to other areas. In most cases the cause for extinction of former populations can be attributed to habitat reduction and other man made impacts. Wildlife introduced into new areas would experience high levels of stress adapting to new habitat and predators that they are unfamiliar with.

### **New Species Identified**

The discovery of Trillium on May the 10th, 1973 was among the first recorded for Waterton National Park. This member of the lily family was discovered while Seasonal Warden Isralson and I were investigating the carcass of a dead elk discovered near the Wishbone slide on Vimy Mountain. Since that time several other Botanists have visited this site and for some reason have laid claim to the identification of a new Park species. Odd way to lay your claim to fame as they say.

### **Mountain Rescue at Lineham Lake**

On July the 25th, I was contacted by Chief Warden Winkler with information about five missing children in the Rowe Mountain area. A church group camping at Lone Lake had decided to continue the hike over the Tamarack trail to a campsite at Rowe meadows. Five children from the group did not reach this destination as darkness fell. This 18 km hike is very difficult and rugged and there is little water along the way. About two thirds of the way there is a steep summit to cross before descending to the Rowe meadow campsite. On this day, temperatures would reach 30 degree Celsius and the group would be exposed to the hot sun on the arduous switch backs to the summit.

The leaders of the group were interviewed by Chief Warden Winkler who learned that four of the missing children had finally turned up at the Rowe meadow. The four children said that the fifth child had tired out on the switch-backs .By this time they did not have any water left and to make things worse the group leaders had left them to continue on as best as they could. The four children decided to leave their exhausted companion and continue to hike over the 8,000 foot summit before it got too dark to see the trail. They probably reasoned the supervisors would go back to help the 12 year old boy they left behind. No one from the camp went back to search for the missing child.

The search for the missing child began early the next morning. Two Wardens were assigned to search the Rowe Summit area while Warden Macdonald and me would do a helicopter search of the Lineham Lakes area. When the helicopter arrived we flew into the steep headwall area above Lineham Lakes as part of our search pattern. Here we noticed that there was still a considerable accumulation of snow against the steep cliffs below the skyline. The Rowe summit trail traversed the steep and narrow ridge above the cliffs that dropped about 700 feet to the snow field below.

On the third helicopter pass into the shaded section of steep cliff band we spotted a sleeping bag caught on some jagged rocks about 200 feet from the ridge top. This find was disturbing as was the sight of a wolverine traversing a ledge near the sleeping bag in search of something. The search below the sleeping bag revealed a running shoe and the

body of the youth on the snow field below. After radioing this information to the RCM Police in Waterton I instructed the helicopter pilot to land on a flat spot below the body. Warden MacDonald had come down with the flu and was too weak to climb the slope to where we had spotted the body. I climbed up the snow-covered slope alone to the mangled body of the 12 year old boy. It was hard to look at the death grimace on the dead boys face and not to feel bitterness for those who had abandoned him to this fate. It was even more difficult as I thought about my own 12 year old son and I how I would feel as a parent as on learning about the details of his death.

I said a silent prayer about the resurrection hope and then carried the body of the dead boy down to the helicopter waiting below. I would remain behind as the body was conveyed back to the ambulance and police waiting in parking lot at the Rowe Trailhead. I did not want to see the group leaders or the grieving parents as I was not quite sure how I might react when I saw those I believed responsible for the death of the youth. The rugged beauty of the Rowe Summit would remind me that the mountains are sometimes unforgiving to the those who make mistakes.

### **Waterton Part 111**

In January of 1974, I became involved in the preparation of the Parks Conservation Plan. While we were establishing methodology for the plan, Shell Oil Company had been given permission to access a new drilling site from the Chief Mountain Customs. This involved pushing a cat trail up the International boundary within Waterton National Park to the site on Crown land about 200 meters from the east boundary. The park had strongly opposed this as setting a dangerous precedent for other projects. The Park Conservation Plan was to prevent such arbitrary decisions from occurring without Environmental Impact assessments. We were told the decision was made by the Regional office and that was final. The truth of the matter is that we were threatened that some sort of action would be forthcoming if we did not back off.

The road was pushed up the slope through the park to the drilling site. One of the bull dozers belonging to Cooks construction damaged a tree and I charged the company for this as they had been warned previously. At this time one could see the potential for an erosion disaster when the frost came out of the ground and spring run off began. On March 11, mud and water ran down the access road and accumulated to a depth of a foot to two feet on the road and Customs buildings. Somehow the media had been contacted and they featured the whole disaster and blunder to the embarrassment of those who had approved the project. There was extreme satisfaction to have one of them at the site being interviewed in front of this horrible mess admitting it had been a mistake. This individual couldn't help but see the "I told you so look "on our faces. He came up to us and said "I can't help but feel you had something to do with this". But there were no more subtle threats as I'm sure he was reamed out by Ottawa.

On March 21\ 1974, I documented a kill of 18 plus elk on the Wellman ranch. A number of other animals were wounded as hunters fired into a herd of about three hundred elk that had been feeding in Walkmans' haystack. This late season hunt is not right as elk are heavy in calf. A few days later spring like conditions brought out fishermen. A 22 pound northern pike was caught by an angler fishing at the Maskinonge across from where we lived at the park gate. I had sold the angler his license a few hours earlier and told him he didn't have to show his catch unless it was



something big. He showed up on our front lawn proudly displaying his fish and asked " Is this something big enough"? I assured him it was.

On March 1, 1974 I met with Provincial and State Enforcement Officers to discuss poaching and wildlife trafficking concerns. I was disturbed by the fact that the names of some associates and their father appeared on a list of suspects and known offenders .. Equally disturbing was the fact that some local ranchers had put the names of these individuals on a list as being barred from hunting on lands they owned due to wildlife infractions and hunting without permission. I was also made aware that they had committed other offences on Capps land west of the Spread Eagle road. Here elk were shot without obtaining hunting permission. One other offence occurred at Island Lakes where a large bull elk was killed illegally during an antlerless only season. The disposition of these offences is a matter of public record. The records also indicated that these individuals were suspects or involved in other infractions or investigations out of the Pincher Creek area. The confidential nature of this information would not allow me to share this information with others who were not Peace Officers. To make matters worse, the father of one of the individuals came to my Warden Station to complain about the lawless behavior of his son. He said ( in front of witnesses) that his son was impulsive and would shoot at any trophy sized animal no matter where it was. He said that landowners wouldn't even let him hunt when they learned his name.

On April 24th to 26th, I attended a wild sheep conference in Great Falls Montana. We also took a trip to the Sun River area traveling through what looked like frontier towns of 100 years ago. Saloons with swinging doors and hitch rails were common sights and after talking to a few residents, that we were back in the days of the old west.

April 30th, proved to be a day when the law did catch up to one local fisherman. As I drove around a corner of Park highway early one morning I saw a man fishing in closed waters. At the sight of my vehicle he frantically tried to reel in his line which was tangled in some slough grass. I got out of my vehicle and approached the man recognizing him as the son of a well known local Naturalist. I said 'you of all people should know better'. He sheepishly agreed with me and offered some excuse like he planned to release any fish he caught. I pointed out that the fine he would have to pay for fishing in closed waters would be nothing when compared to the notoriety of the incident. I considered this individual's potential for reporting offences involving individuals who would be hunting along park boundaries from his property. I made a proposition to him about providing this information to me and he quickly accepted this option. He proved his worth as an informant many times since then and proved that applying the spirit of the law often works far better than the arm of the law.

On May 14th, 1974, I met with George Rogers from the Calgary Regional Office and John Stelfox who worked for CWS. We considered a number of past and present wildlife studies conducted in the National Parks. I recalled the fact that John Stelfox had worked on a five year ecology study for Bighorn sheep in the National Parks and that I had collected data for the project while I was in Banff. The population numbers that Stelfox reported for bighorn in Banff far exceeded data of Park Wardens conducting aerial wildlife surveys. The numbers were actually revised downwards by 1 000 for his final report and did not reflect any unseen die off. Some wildlife officials assumed that for every animal observed, nine others could be added to the count.

May 28, 1974. I was certified at the Calgary Regional Hospital to be fit for high elevation rescues as Mount Logan was now part of the National Park system. The potential for high elevation rescues on Mount Logan and Mount Robson became a reality.

June 3rd, to 5th, I attended a number of skills upgrading courses and presented wildlife related lectures at the National Training center in Jasper.

June 5th, A Park Naturalist miraculously escaped death after his vehicle careened over a guard rail on the Cameron highway. The vehicle ended up in the bottom of the creek after rolling down a steep 100 meter slope. There was nothing left of the vehicle but crushed metal. The power generator that had been in a wooden box in the rear of the vehicle was never found and believed to have been carried down the creek which was in semi flood stage. A snatch block pulley system was set up on the highway which made recovery of the stretcher and injured man a simple exercise. He had sustained impact injuries and bruises but made a full recovery in hospital. He never could offer an explanation as to why he had run off the dry road but it appeared that he was distracted by something. On June 6th, Walt Disney Productions made a request to Waterton for replacement of two Bighorn rams for a film about Krag the Kootenay Ram. The sheep they had been using had

mysteriously died during filming. The request was refused and we demanded that the skulls and heads of the deceased animals be returned to the Park. When these arrived it was obvious that the animals had died from stress related causes. The hooves of both animals were elongated and misshapen much like those of foundered cattle. I do not believe that the production of this film was completed in the intended format.

June 7th, 1974. Excerpts from my notes indicated that a Blairmore man was charged for illegal possession of wildlife taken from a National Park. This case was a bit strange in that the man had attempted to have the skull and horns of a bighorn ram registered at the Pincher Creek Wildlife Office. He said the head was a pick up that he had found while he was hiking in the forestry. I was asked to look at the head as the Wildlife Officer knew the man had a previous history of wildlife offences. As I was examining the skull I noticed that the ram had died sometime during the rut in November or December. This was determined by fight bruising to the nose area which had not healed before the death of the animal. On further examination, I found a small bullet hole that had been covered by some tissue. When confronted with this, the man confessed to finding the head on a slope near Lost Horse Creek inside Waterton Park but that he had not shot it. He was glad to be charged for possession of wildlife rather than killing the animal not realizing that both carried the same penalty under the National Parks Act.

The man took me back to the kill site on the mountain slope where I found the skeletal remains including an ear tag to further assist in the investigation. The individual (s) suspected in killing the ram were believed to be part of a bridge reconstruction crew that had been working at Lost Horse Creek about the time the ram had been killed. Likely the ram was killed with a 22 calibre firearm and pulled down into the bush where it was abandoned likely in the fear of being caught. July was a month of mixed duties that included investigation that a grizzly had killed a calf on the Wellman ranch. In this case the calf had been killed inside a corral attached to a calving barn and dragged to the edge of some aspen where it was eaten. A female grizzly and cubs were captured using leg snares and beaver bait by the next morning.

A two year old bull moose at Cameron Lake had become habituated to frequenting the campsites at Cameron in search of food or other handouts from careless campers. A decision was made to immobilize the moose and move it out of the area after it had injured a man who had cornered in in some snow fence erected to protect young shrubs. The muddy foot prints of the moose were left on the back of the mans tee shirt which likely was framed as a memento of his attack. The sheer stupidity associated with this incident were typical of human wildlife interactions in National Parks.

I found the problem moose in the camp ground and shot it with a dart (syringe) containing 14 mgs of a drug called Anectine and a filler of Rompun (Xalazine). The animal quickly went down and was rolled onto a net after which it was loaded into the back of my patrol vehicle with the help of six strong campers. I assigned one of the seasonal wardens (Wallace) to ride in the back of the vehicle with the drugged moose to keep it upright to prevent bloat. I told him that he could pound on the roof of the vehicle if the moose started to recover and I would give it more drug. I had driven about two miles down the road when there was a frantic pounding on the cab of the truck. By the time I stopped the Seasonal Warden was on the road in front of the truck looking at the moose that was now standing in back of my truck with the blind fold still intact. Because of this it couldn't see how to get out of the truck so it just stood there much to the amazement of passing motorists'. I finally let down the tail gate and stood on the edge of the box to release the knot on the blind fold. When it fell off, the moose simply turned around and stepped out of the truck on to the road and walked into the surrounding forest. The moose was eventually recaptured and moved to the winter bison paddock where it was kept until after the tourist season was over.

Later in the month, a large black bear became a problem in the town site camp ground. The bear would come around during the evening and was trap shy as it had been captured and moved before. I was finally able to shoot a dart into the animal but the bear ran into the brush before the drug took effect. My assistant was a French Canadian and the two of us went into the bush to search for the bear with flashlights. I heard the familiar sound of groaning from the bear associated with the drug taking effect. We followed the sound and found the bear on a ledge of a cliff that dropped off into the lake below. As we pondered our predicament, the bear rolled over and fell into the dark waters of the lake below. As we watched with the flashlights, the bear sunk to the bottom of the lake which looked to be about eight to ten feet deep at this location. It was not good to see the bear drown as a result of our actions. I told the Frenchman to keep his light on the spot where the bear had disappeared and climbed down the cliff to the waters edge. As I got there, the bear surfaced momentarily then sunk to the bottom again where it could now be seen in the beam of my flashlight. " What are you doing" ? the Frenchman asked from above. I replied that I probably was going to get wet if the bear surfaced again. It did and I did. I slipped into the cold water and managed to grab the bear by the scruff of its' neck and pull it through the water to a spot where I could get it on shore and back to the bear trap being towed by the truck. I was wet but satisfied to see the bear fully recover and finally be released at Yarrow Canyon. Strangely enough this bear never came back to the townsite campground. I never tried to repeat this method of aversive conditioning again although it seemed to be effective. I wonder what the bear thought about this experience.

## **Amendments To Wildlife Regulations**

It was in July that I made a recommendation to have amendments made to the National Parks Wildlife Regulations to prohibit feeding of all Park wildlife and not just bears. These amendments were approved within a very short time. The clincher seemed to be the result of a half hour slide presentation that I was invited to make on TV at Lethbridge. This emphasized the bad effects of wildlife being habituated to foods. One slide was of a table cloth that had been taken from the stomach of a dead cow moose at Cameron Lake. This made quite an impact on the programs host as well as viewers who responded to the program .. The cow moose had started to eat the table cloth on a picnic table when it became distressed and ran into the forest. The table cloth was seen hanging out of the mouth of the moose which was apparently choking at the time. The carcass of this moose was later found nearby where it was being fed on by a grizzly bear. The two small calves of the moose were seen in the area for a short time and were probably killed by predators or starved to death without their mothers milk. The death of these animals probably saved thousands as the new regulation was rigorously enforced by all National Parks.

### **The Hero Of The Year**

August continued to be a month of unusual events involving bears and human activity. Starting on August 26th, when a woman was attacked by a black bear on the boundary trail about one mile from the Warden cabin. The woman and her husband were nearing the lake shore junction when a black bear appeared on the trail behind them. The bear ran at the couple and the woman decided to play dead by laying on the trail. Oddly her husband stood off at a distance apparently not knowing what to do. The bear clawed the back and buttocks of the woman in efforts to rip open her pack in search of food . While it was doing this the husband apparently dropped a cooking pot from his pack which landed on the trail spooking the bear which ran off a short distance. The thought of playing dead were apparently abandoned and the couple ran down the trail to the boat dock where they were taken back to the Waterton Townsite. After receiving first aid the woman was taken to hospital for further treatment of the claw injuries. I do not believe the husband received any hero awards from his wife for his help during this terrifying incident.

The boundary and lake shore trails were closed subsequent to this incident as this tagged bear had previously learned to approach people in search of food. The bear would follow after hikers who would drop their packs and run off leaving a treat of food. This behavior was obviously turning more aggressive and the decision was made to destroy the bear by US and Canadian Park Officers. The two parks set up a coordinated plan of action in a effort to destroy the bear before it killed someone. The risk was much higher if children were involved.

In the early morning after the mauling, I took our patrol boat to Boundary Bay where I tied it up at the dock. A couple with a sail boat had spent the night there and I explained that they would have to leave the area as it was now closed to the public. They asked if they could prepare breakfast in the boats cabin before leaving and I agreed to this. In the mean time I took a bag of bacon fat and other scraps and tied it to a tree in front of the cabin door. The strategy was to attract the bear to the bait where I could see and shoot it from the cabin. I set up a chair in a comfortable position for what could be the beginning of a long wait if the bear was still in the area ..

For about ten minutes I was entertained by some noisy squirrels and magpies that had located the

bait. The smell of cooking bacon wafted up from the sail boat and I thought about sampling some of the lunch I had brought with me. These thoughts were interrupted by the sudden appearance of the problem bear on the trail next to the sail boat. I chambered a cartridge into my rifle and stepped out of the cabin to confront the bear. By this time, the bear attracted by the smell of cooking bacon, was trying to get into the sail boat by walking on floating log. As I walked to the lake shore to get between the bear and boat, I cautioned the couple to get back into the cabin of the boat and close the door. The bear now changed its' focus to me as a likely source of food and started its' threatening approach. By this time I was sure of my back stop and pulled the trigger of my 270 rifle when the cross hairs of the sight centered on the bears forehead. Life ended instantly for the poor animal and once again park visitor use would triumph over wildlife that parks were dedicated to protect.

In the wilderness silence is deafening after the sound of a high powered rifle. In this case the silence was finally broken when the man poked his head from the sail boat and said that I was a good shot. He apparently had watched the whole thing from the cabin and viewed the incident as killing a dangerous marauding animal. This response bothered me but before I could reply two US Rangers arrived on the scene and assisted me to load the bear into our patrol boat. It was odd to me that the Rangers seemed more impressed by the bullet hole in the bears forehead than the death of park wildlife. They were given the skull of the dead bear for interpretive purposes. On September 3rd, the carcass of a female grizzly was found near a primitive campsite at Lineham Lakes. The cause of death could not be determined as the bear had been dead for a week or more. The likely cause of death was poisoning from something the campers and left at the site. As an example, small box of mouse seed will effectively kill any bear by simply smearing it in some buttered bread. This was the case in an incident at Saskatchewan River Crossing in Banff National Park. The impacts of losing a female grizzly in a small population are significant. Precedent Setting Case

On October , 1974, we were alerted to the possibility that natives had killed an elk inside the park on Cloudy Ridge. The informant said that the elk was in the back of a pickup truck on the Spread Eagle road and heading towards Pincher Creek. The suspects were final apprehended and a spike elk seized as evidence at that time. This would prove to be a lengthy investigation and presidential case law involving natives hunting inside a National Park.

During the investigation, Warden Coggins and I were able to find drag marks leading out of the park on Cloudy Ridge. These were followed back to a gut pile where an elk had been killed on a steep slope about one mile inside of the park. A blue crazy carpet had been used by the suspects to drag the elk out of the park to their vehicle. An examination of the carcass indicated the elk had been shot in the lower neck severing the spinal column. Death would have been instant and the animal could not have continued to move after its' spinal column had been separated by the bullet. It was crucial to establish this fact and the distance between the kill site and the boundary fence.

During the trial, defense counsel for the accused used two arguments. One; that the elk had been wounded outside of the Park and managed to travel into the Park for about a mile before it died. He reasoned that his native clients were only recovering their property to which they were legally entitled. Like recovering a ball or something similar. He also questioned me about the Park boundary fence. How was it different than any other barbed wire fence and were there any signs

that would clearly identify the boundary. I could testify that I had personally supervised brush clearing on the boundary and installing signs a few months earlier and the distance the elk was from the actual boundary fence. In addition, I could testify from experience to the claim that the elk could have traveled that far with a broken neck. The final defense as to hunting rights of natives in a National Park was also used. It was established that there were no outstanding lands claims in respects to Waterton Park and that the provisions under Treaty Seven applied to all Native bands. Based on our evidence, a guilty verdict was reached and was unsuccessfully appealed by the accused. This favorable decision would be used a number of times in the years that would follow.

### **Caught Cheating In A Strange Way**

One of the most bizarre poaching cases occurred on December 11, 1974, when a large bull elk was killed in Red Rock Canyon. It was referred to as the caught cheating case and involved a number of twists and individuals. These are the facts related to the case.

I received a radio call from Seasonal Warden Bob Elliot in the late afternoon indicating that an elk had been killed in Red Rock Canyon. He had the individual involved in custody and asked for further instructions. He took the suspect to the Warden office where I joined him in determining facts that were recorded as evidence. The details emphasized the need to understand and be understood when speaking.

The accused had been hunting elk during the late season with another male and two women. One was believed to be his wife. They were driving up the Chief Mountain highway inside the Park when they met two park employees in a park vehicle. The suspect asked if the two "Park People" had seen any game. One of them said "some moose further up the highway". They were then asked if they had seen any elk. One of the park employees was in charge of highway maintenance and he replied "If you want to see elk go up Red Rock". He reasoned that the two casually dressed middle aged couples were simply looking for wildlife. The man now asked "Is it open". The roads foreman replied that it was, assuming that they were both talking about roads rather than hunting. That was not the case.

After the discussion with the "Park People" the suspect took the other couple back to a motel at Cardston. He then returned to the Park with his female companion and drove up the Red Rock road hunting elk. He didn't go far before spotting some large bull elk on a slope above the road. He left his friend in the car and climbed the slope where he shot and killed a six point bull elk. Warden Elliot was traveling the road back to the Red Rock Warden Station when he noticed the woman sitting in the parked car. He stopped and asked if she needed any help and she replied that she was waiting for someone. At this time Warden Elliot turned to see a man coming out of the bush with a rifle and bloody hands. His first words were "I got me a good one". For a moment Warden Elliot thought the man was crazy and didn't know quite what to do.

During the interview it was hard to believe that two people could be talking about something and reach totally different conclusions. It was determined that the word hunting had never been used during the discussion the suspect had with the park employees. Yet the suspect thought he made himself clear when he asked about elk (for hunting) and whether it was open (hunting). Despite

this confusion the man was charged for hunting in a National Park. He said he would submit a guilty plea and for this reason was advised the charge could be waived to his home town. He got real excited at this point and said he couldn't accept the notoriety this would bring. He was the president of his fish and game club but more importantly the woman he was with was not his wife. He got caught poaching and cheating. As they say crime doesn't pay. The matter was heard in court in Pincher Creek the next day and the man eagerly paid his fine and left.

## **1975**

1975 began with lots on snow and cold weather which had severe impacts on mule deer wintering in the Waterton townsite. Many deer were found dead against resident houses where they had been trapped in spaces the wind had created in the deep snow. Ten mule deer were immobilized and taken to the more favorable wind exposed areas near the Cardston entrance. Most of the animals were conditioned to handouts they had been given in the townsite and quickly returned where they usually died. This was nature's way of getting rid of animals that could not survive on their own as they had become dependent and weakened by junk food.

Elk were also affected and moved out of the park in large herds because of the deep snow. My records indicate that 30 elk were killed in the Oil Basin and Island Lakes area to the north of the park on January 23 to 24th. Most of these were cows and calves that raided hay stacks that had not been fenced in search of food.

On February 13th to 15th there was 58 inches of new snow recorded at the Waterton River Warden Station with more in the high country. This resulted in roads being closed when southwest winds started to blow creating huge drifts and horrific driving conditions. This is setting up for a significant runoff in the spring.

On April 1st, I was watching a herd of mule deer on the south east corner of Bellevue Mountain when they suddenly spooked and ran down the slope. As I watched the area I saw a cougar walk out on a rock ledge and look down at the fleeing deer with apparent disappointment. The cougar then climbed a large fir tree and laid down on a lateral branch about six feet from the ground. This seemed to provide an excellent opportunity for pictures. I asked another Warden if he would bring a Park camera with a telephoto lens. When he arrived we climbed the slope to see how close we could get to the cougar presumed to be sleeping in the tree. We were both surprised that we managed to get about twenty feet from what turned out to be three cougars. One of these was a large buff colored male that looked at us with curiosity before it ran off. Two other cougars were still in the tree, one laying on the tree branch and the other screened by the branches above. It appeared to be a female and her sub adult kitten and the third animal was probably a large tom with evil intent. We took a number of pictures and were surprised that none of the cougars moved a hair or reacted to our presence in any other way. They probably thought we couldn't see them in the tree and possibly had humans walk by them on other occasions. We left them undisturbed but knew they were watching our every move as we climbed back down the slope to our vehicles. I often show the pictures of the two cougars and very few will be able to see the eyes and nose of the kitten hiding above the mother.

During April I met with Steve Herrero from the Calgary University to discuss the problem of bear human confrontations. Herrero is writing a book on the subject and as a researcher

concerned about the increase in the number of incidents. Most of these incidents are the result of bears becoming habituated to garbage. This could be rectified with bear proof garbage containers but cost of implementation still seems to be more important than the bear. One law suite may be more expensive than the whole project would for National Parks. I also met with Provincial biologists' about the elk issue in WMU-300 and whether the extended seasons were effective in controlling elk numbers. It was agreed that this was an unusually hard winter for all wildlife in the area and the season should be left as is.

By mid April to May it was evident that the heavy snow pack was not melting and that we would experience high runoff. Notes from May 17th, indicate that there was still some ice left on Knights Lake and there was a heavy snow pack in the mountains. Bighorn Sheep on Sofa were showing signs of severe stress with few open areas to feed on. Five mule deer fell through the ice and drowned on the main lake near the townsite. On June 3rd, Cameron Lake was still completely frozen over with heavy snow around the parking and day use area.

June 1-14th, I was involved in more Resource Management training and instructed several wildlife management sessions for seasonal wardens at the National Training Center in Jasper National Park. By the time I got back warm rains had started and creeks were beginning to overflow. A flood seemed imminent as the main lake was rising rapidly. On June 20th, the townsite campground was evacuated and Cameron Creek flooded over its' banks into the campground. Before the day was over the entrance highway was flooded at the kiosk and had to be closed as the water was too deep. Telephone communication to the townsite was lost by a washout at Pass Creek. All important calls were radioed to our residence which was at the park gate and not effected by the washout.

After the flood it was determined that some areas had experienced more damage than in 1964 while others had less. The Belly River Cabin on the north fork simply disappeared as it was washed through the rocky gorges by the flood. There was also extensive damage to the Red Rock and Cameron highways in the upper portions of these watersheds.

July and August were uneventful months as many Park facilities were closed or being repaired after the flood. Received more EMT and mountain rescue training during this period. Helicopter sling rescue sessions were also conducted on Ruby Ridge and Mount Galwey. In the later part of August I made a number of back country trips to assess impacts caused by the flood and look for hunters spotting for the sheep hunt in September. One hunter was caught with a rifle inside the Park on A vion Ridge. His excuse was that he was carrying the rifle because he was afraid of bears as a friend of his had apparently been mauled by a bear.

During September and October, sheep hunters outnumbered sheep in Yarrow Canyon. This area is now accessible by vehicle and hunters simply camp along the road waiting for the rams to cross from the Park. The big rock about 20 yards from the Park border is the choice spot as several large rams are killed there. At this location there is an established and historic trail that the sheep have been using for centuries to cross to the breeding and winter ranges in Blind Canyon. This is anything but fair chase hunting and one caused by the Oil and Gas industry. During the period of October 30th to November 2nd, I recorded nine rams being killed by hunters with four of these being illegal or less than three quarter curl. This was attributed to sheer



madness and flock shooting by groups of hunters who would shoot first and then look to see if it was legal. This prompted me to take action to prevent vehicle access into the canyon. This proved successful and 1975 was the last year hunters would have vehicle access into Yarrow Canyon.

### **September 301**

\ New son born and named Warren Reid Brady.

November 3rd, recorded high winds that exceeded 90 miles per hour and three holiday trailers were blown over. One of these belonging to a Cardston sheep hunter was blown apart and strewn over the grassland from the number six highway to the Waterton River. The running gear and stove were all that remained.

Well known University Professor in Park studying mule deer. He was caught driving across grassland at night using his vehicle headlights to spot deer. It is interesting that these individuals feel they are above the law and that they can cause impacts with impunity. He soon realized this was not the case.

On December 10th, I charged the son of one of the parks Superintendents' for possession of an unsealed firearm in a National Park. He too, felt he was exempted from the law as he was a resident and had never sealed his firearm. The court also held that there was no exception for him and imposed an appropriate penalty. This event finished off 1975 with no more incidents worth sharing.

### **1976**

Boundary patrols were the focus of my duties from January 1st to March 61

h. In addition to these duties I collaborated with Charlie Zinkan and Keith Baker in preparing a Bear Management Plan for the park. This document would outline action that was necessary to prevent bear problems associated with garbage habituation. The lack of bear proof garbage containers in the Townsite

and Campgrounds was identified as a major cause of bear problems. It was obvious that the Park had to set the example in this regard for business and concession operations.

The Bear Management Plan also identified procedures to follow in the event of a bear mauling or confrontation incident. Once this document was signed, it would become the Law so to speak for the Park. If procedures were not followed and a mauling occurred the park could become liable in a civil action. Trail head information about bears, handouts and bear sighting documentation were examples of these. This document would be referenced in court and a civil action process in the very near future.

On January 20th, my notes indicated that 43 bighorn sheep were observed on winter ranges in Yarrow Canyon. Most of these were ewes and lambs and a few younger rams as the breeding season was pretty much over. This observation was significant as there were no legal or four fifth curl rams as most of these had been killed off by hunters in the previous season. A total of 12 rams were killed according to my personal observations which included the nine killed in the flock shoots at the end of the 1975 season. My report about this had received considerable support and a gate closure will be implemented before the next season. The Highway Regulations of the

National Parks Act will be used to enforce this closure. Shell and Alberta Fish and Wildlife will contribute to costs of signage and gate construction.

On February 41\ I had my arm crushed by a bull bison that we were testing in a squeeze prior to shipment to the Saddle Lake Indian Reserve. I had reached across the head gate of the squeeze when the bison hooked my arm and crushed it against a corral post. Although no bones were broken, my arm was badly bruised from my wrist to my shoulder. This condition persisted for a number of months limiting what I could do.

April 14\1976, Winkler, Tilson and I made a ski trip from Cameron Lake to the Waterton townsite via Carthew Summit. Total white out condition and howling wind on summit which made it difficult to find the route down from the summit to the head wall below lower Carthew Lakes. Tilson lost a ski above Alderson Lake and it crashed against a boulder badly bending the tip. Iso Thermal conditions below Alderson to townsite which meant we broke through three feet of snow to the bottom making travel the last few miles extremely tiring. I wouldn't recommend this trip to any one because of the steep terrain over the summit and head wall portions that are near vertical. The trail portion that has been blasted through the head wall is completely obliterated by winter snow and the slope conforms to the original contour.

During the period of April 15th to May 27th I recorded nine different grizzly in the Oil Basin area. Four of these were feeding on a dead cow owned by Mary Baird. Since the matter of compensation became an issue I was asked to look at the carcass to determine if the bears had killed the cow or were merely scavenging on it Post Mortem. It appeared that the cow had died before the bears found it And began feeding on it. A partial compensation claim was recommended to keep the peace so to speak . In the past grizzlies were usually shot as there was no compensation and hence no reason to report the incident. This resulted in a number of grizzlies being killed indiscriminately . I had pushed for predation compensation and to be quick to give the benefit of the doubt to ranchers which no doubt saved a lot of bears.

### **The Night of the Grizzly times Three.**

On August 3'd, I was asked to investigate an incident at Wall Lake in the Province of British Columbia. Some hikers had come on a Botanists camp at upper Wall Lakes and it was evident that a bear had collapsed all of the tents and strewn things around. One tent looked like it might contain a body which caused the hikers to flee from the area. This in fact is what it looked like as we flew in by helicopter to investigate at the request of BC Fish and Wildlife. The bodies turned out to be sleeping bags and duffle that had been rolled up in the collapsed tent by the grizzly. Where were the two Botanists?

This incident turned bizarre as the two Botanists were in Glacier National Park attending the funeral of a Naturalist who had been killed and partially eaten by a female grizzly. As it turned out the bear was killed by Park Officials who determined that this was the same bear that had mauled two people a few years earlier. During this same period a man was killed and eaten by a grizzly in Glacier Bay Alaska and another fatal mauling occurred in Glacier National Park in the United States. This was a strange set of circumstances that prompted the Botanists to pack up camp and abandon their project completely. It appeared to be a good choice in view of the

circumstances.

### **Yarrow Gate Closure Takes Effect**

On August 18th, 1976, the canyon closure went into effect at Yarrow Canyon when I locked the gate. This would prove to be one of the most effective steps taken to reduce road hunting of bighorn sheep during the times they were the most vulnerable. Ethical hunters supported this program and contrary to the expectations of some, did not tear down the sign or riddle it with bullet holes.

### **A Trip To Remember**

On September the 21st to 23rd, Max and I made a horseback trip from Goat Haunt to the Flathead area via Brown and Boulder Pass. The Larch were golden and produced a wonderland effect as we crossed the passed to Kintla Lake and the Flathead valley. The weather was warm and beautiful as we rode along the trail above Kintla Lake. Large cutthroat trout could be seen cruising the shoreline and rising to inspect brightly colored floating leaves that looked good enough to eat. We camped at the Kintla Lake campground then took the Starvation Creek trail back into Canada on the next day. This trail had not been cleared in years and we worked hard to get through with our saddle horses and pack horse. We reached Levi Ashmans' trapping cabin late in the afternoon and stopped here for a late lunch and to give the horses a break .. The log cabin had been abandoned for some time but the open door invited inspection. If only these logs could talk what a story they could tell. Of hard winters, few visitors and exciting moments when some grizzly came to call. There is little doubt that some bears would end their lives here at the crack of Ashmans' rifle. The side of the open door was rubbed smooth by grizzly that left hair and deep approach prints to this rub site. Grizzly hair was embedded in the cracks of the logs and lay in clumps around the door. Claw marks were visible to the height of the top log. An old three legged cook stove was leaning against a large fir tree in a meadow near the cabin. A few old pots and pans that had served some useful purpose were now strewn around the stove in mute testimony that everything had changed since Ashman had passed on. I walked across the meadow to the edge of a steep bank that dropped to Kishena Creek below and wondered how many times Ashman had done the same thing. Perhaps to look for moose and elk or watch the beaver in the network of dams amongst the willow that extended for several hundred yards up and down the creek. The location of this trapping cabin had been carefully chosen.

When we left the Ashman cabin site we found the old trail completely blocked in spots by beaver dams. Detouring and cutting our way around these proved to be both tiring and time consuming but we finally crossed Akamina Creek and found a beautiful grassy meadow amongst some mature aspen where we camped for the night. Before long the hobbled horses ate their fill and the bells fell silent as the tired horses fell asleep. In the silence, the bull elk began to bugle as if it was their cue to take over. The sound of bugling, calling of the cows to their calves indicated that we were intruders in a meadow that a large herd of elk had been using. As we packed up the next morning some of the herd ventured out to the edge of the large meadow and continued to watch us nervously as we headed up the valley . Enroute, a thunder storm suddenly appeared over ridge of Mt Festubert and I stopped to put on my riding slicker before the storm hit. Max on the other hand did not and insisted that a few drops is about all that would fall from the small cloud. This small cloud erupted into a downpour that seemed to follow us for a few minutes until Winkler looked like a drowned rat which pleased me a lot. We finally crossed the Continental

Divide to the trailhead near Cameron Lake concluding a trip to be remembered.

On October 4th, 1976, I attended a meeting with the Cardston MD to discuss the issue of using 1080 bait. The sheep owners were adamant that 1080 was the only solution to the problem and that the Park should be controlling coyotes as well. This was a meeting where we were the enemy and that anything was justifiable to protect the sheep. Some landowners in the Cardston MD have a clearly stated position that they should still have year round hunting rights. Because of this, I believe that Grizzly Bear and Wolves are threatened in the eastern part of the Park and the option of poison baits will be considered.

During the period of October 5th to 18th, I became involved in a number of issues with Shell in the Yarrow Canyon area. Several drilling rigs are being set up close to the Park boundary and may in fact be drilling under the Park. The issue of firearms being conveyed into the canyon by vehicle is of concern as it contravenes the purpose of the August 18th gate closure. Shell has assured me that all employees and contractors will be advised not to convey firearms or hunters into the canyon. Employees will be suspended and contracts terminated if they are in violation of this policy. I found that this was more than rhetoric and shell employees knew they would be fired no matter what seniority they may have.

Two bighorn rams were killed in Yarrow Canyon on October 1 st and 18th. One was killed by who is believed to be an RCMP officer in Pincher Creek. The other ram was killed further up the canyon by who was given permission by Winkler to use a vehicle to get it out. This was in clear violation of all previous agreements that there would be no exceptions for any hunter. If they killed it, they had to pack it out. They would hunt this canyon with this knowledge. If the meat was spoiled the hunters would be charged under the appropriate Provincial Regulations. Winkler had to contact to state that he had made an inappropriate decision that would not be repeated as it put the whole purpose of the gate closure in jeopardy.

October 21 and 22nd repairs were made to the Lone Lake cabin chinking to keep out the pack rats. The cabin site rarely sees sunlight in late October as the sun is low on the horizon and blocked by the surrounding mountains. This is the time of year for short visits as ice was forming around the edges of the lake and even the Cutthroat Trout looked cold. There was heavy rain and wet snow falling when the shivering horses were saddled for the nine mile ride back to the trailhead at Red Rock.

November 1st to 3rd I traveled to Jasper for a bear conference to discuss management plans and strategies. New immobilizing drugs are being used and I expressed concerns about Sernylan which has the street name of Angel Dust. During the recovery phase grizzly bear females have actually attacked their own cubs and have demonstrated intense rage at anything that moves. This was the drug used on the bear that fatally mauled Biologist Wilf Etherington in Banff National Park. Photographer Bill Smalz ( Bears and Man) and helicopter pilot Jim Davies were witnesses to this horrific and violent attack.

### **Cloudy Ridge Grizzly Poaching**

On November 10th to 12th, 1976, an informant contacted me to report that four grizzly bear

had been trapped and killed on private land next to the Park on Cloudy Ridge. The informant supplied me with the name of the suspect who was also known to have a history of poaching. In fact; he had shot or trapped a number of grizzly and freely admitted this to others. He gave details about killing a female grizzly and two cubs with a 308, lever action rifle. Since the rifle was new, he bragged about its stopping power as he alleged that the female had charged him, prompting him to kill her and the cubs. I informed Wildlife Officer Lee Hankey about the informants information but he was not able to conduct an investigation at that time. He asked if I could do it as I had a knowledge of the area as well as the MO of the suspect.

I asked Park Warden Tilson to take part in this investigation. It started when the two of us rode horseback from the Yarrow Cabin to the top of Cloudy Ridge and from this vantage point we used binoculars to glass the suspect area below. I picked a likely location near a summer cabin where the suspect might set leg hold grizzly traps in a cubby built for this purpose. I knew he had grizzly traps and the knowledge of how to use them and a set near the cabin would allow him to monitor any indication that a bear was in the trap.

After some time, we rode down the ridge and through a wire gate that took us out of the Park . After a short search we found a trap cubby screened by aspen at the edge of a small meadow. A two year old light colored grizzly was found dead about 50 feet from the cubby. The trees at the entrance to the cubby had been shredded by the claws of the captured bears in their apparent efforts to free themselves from the agonizing pain of the toothed leg hold trap. We could only imagine the bear lunging at the trap chain in its' efforts to reach the trapper who ended its' life with a rifle shot. What sort of repayment would be suitable for one who did this to such magnificent creatures. Time would tell.

The information of our investigation was turned over to Lee Hankey. Later, I accompanied him back to the site to take photographs and gather evidence to be used in prosecution. This matter would not turn out as well as it should have as the Judge would not grant a search warrant for the suspects house and out buildings. The informant told me that he knew the skulls, claws and hides of the other three grizzly were taken to the suspects residence as trophies. On the positive side, it was while we were at the trapping site, that we heard rifle shots coming from the Park and then observed a hunter shooting at elk on Cloudy Ridge. This individual was apprehended ,charged and convicted in court at a later date. Ironically he was a well known Doctor from Cardston , who had used a fix winged air craft to locate the elk on a previous day. He had to be one of the stupidest and most arrogant individuals I have ever had the satisfaction of charging. He felt he was above the law. He too, had a previous history of illegal activity to the point of counseling others on how to poach and get away with it.

On November 23rd, I met with BC Wildlife Officers to discuss wildlife poaching concerns in the Flathead area next to Waterton Park .. Names of suspects were exchanged and once again there was a connection with some associates who should have known better. Very detailed and confidential information left no doubt as to the validity of these claims.

### **The Black Wolf Of Belly River**

During December, I observed a black wolf on several occasions in the Belly River drainage. This is the first sighting of a wolf in the Park in several years. The wolf had killed a spike elk on the

Chief Mountain highway and revisited the kill site on several occasions. I talked to an Indian Trapper ( John Tallow) about this lone wolf and encouraged him not to attempt to shoot or trap it. This elderly gentleman said he would pull his coyote traps as they were also capable of catching the wolf. I commended him for this decision. Tragically, this 1201b, black female was trapped and killed later by Natives on the Blackfoot Indian Reserve next to Glacier National Park in the United States. The Park is too small to provide protection for wide ranging species like the wolf and grizzly bear.

### **1977 The Year of the Bears**

This year began with the focus on boundary patrols in response to the WMU- 300 extended elk season. Three wolves are now frequenting the Belly River area and the presence of these predators is of significance to the Park. The fact that wolves are once again present in the Park is of concern to nearby ranchers as yet another threat to their livestock operations. Some of this concern was justified as wolves are killing livestock in areas north of highway three. Some wolves had been trapped or shot because of this.

This would also be a year of several bear incidents that resulted injury or in one case the death of a five year old girl. This would result in a law suit against the Park and intense media scrutiny and some bad publicity. I would become involved in preparing information for lawyers and others involved in this sensitive issue. This was a very difficult issue to deal with and one that would be remembered for a long time.

### **Sheep Population High**

A total of 92 Bighorn Sheep are wintering on the wind swept saddle of Sofa Mountain. This number is considered to be reaching the maximum carrying capacity of the winter range and starvation or a die off may occur soon. There are some record book rams in this herd and a number of hunters are also aware of this.

### **Elk Wounded By Small Caliber Hunting Rifles**

On January 17th two large bull elk were wounded by hunters in the cut block area east of the Chief Mountain highway. The two hunters were using light 243 caliber rifles which are not adequate for large animals like elk. Both wounded animals got back into the Park and I tracked them for several miles in the deep snow before darkness set in. On the following morning I resumed the search in minus 30 degree temperatures. Both elk had bedded several times overnight and then resumed feeding activity. The bleeding had stopped which indicated that the light bullets had probably shattered on the scapula but had not penetrated into the vital area. The absence of blood in the droppings were a further confirmation of this. I abandoned efforts to destroy the elk as they would either survive from their injuries or be killed and eaten by Park predators.

### **Specialized Training At Pallsades**

During the period of January 23rd to February 4th I traveled to Jasper to attend a skills upgrading course at the Pallsades Training Center. The course modules were conducted by instructors from SAIT and NAIT and designed to teach methods of conducting wildlife inventories, establishing

range transects and eco-sites. Some of the range transects were established on the Jasper airstrip which experiences intense winter use from elk and mule deer. The weather was fabulously warm and spring like.

### **Yarrow Canyon B2S Blowout**

On February 28th, an H<sub>2</sub>S blowout occurred in Yarrow Canyon. The Park was notified to be on evacuation alert status and I was given an H<sub>2</sub>S dragger to monitor concentrations in areas South of Pine Ridge. Area residents had been evacuated in the Twin Butte area which was downwind from the blowout. Highway number 6 was closed to all but emergency traffic. On March 1st, the road closure was lifted as the blowout had been contained.

On March 3rd, I coordinated an aerial survey to evaluate possible impacts of the blowout on wildlife in Yarrow Canyon. Bighorn Sheep were extremely vulnerable as they were now on winter ranges in Yarrow and Blind canyons where the blowout occurred. Over 100 sheep were observed on the ridges between Yarrow and Blind Canyon but mortality was not evident. The sheep may have been spared by the fact that they were above the H<sub>2</sub>S gas which is heavier than air and would therefore concentrate in the valley bottoms.

The H<sub>2</sub>S incident in Yarrow on February 28th illustrates the potential danger that this activity has for humans and wildlife. The actual impacts to wildlife cannot be measured by the Province of Alberta as there is no benchmark or historical data available for this purpose. Hence the argument is simply that we don't have information about past (historic) population. Lacking this information, how Environmental Assessments be made before drilling permits are issued by ECUB?

### **Suspicion about the Immobilizing Drug Sernylan**

On April 21st to 23rd I traveled to Yoho National Park to take part in an immobilizing drugs and equipment course for Park Wardens. A drug researcher and specialist by the name of DR. Haig was the principle lecturer and it soon became apparent that some of us had more practical experience in the use of immobilizing drugs on free ranging animals. Haig did verify something I was concerned about in respects to the drug Sernylan or Angel Dust by street name. Humans taking this drug became irrational, angry and extremely strong to the point of breaking handcuff chains or their own arms when they were restrained. In one cited case, eight officers were required to subdue one individual who was on Angel Dust. My concern was about the short term and long term effects of this drug on bears. Some sow grizzly had violently attacked their own cubs during recovery. This concern would later prove to be valid after a human fatality and Sernylan would not be used to immobilize any wildlife in National Parks.

In May I started work on the preparation of a new Operational Policy Directive for the Management of Black and Grizzly Bears in the National Parks. There were previous starts but nothing completed in draft form. Once this document is approved it will set out procedures for area closures and the guidelines to be followed for trapping, translocation and destruction of bears. This document must be strictly adhered to in the event of a mauling/fatality and possible civil lawsuits. It could take several months for the OPD to be completed and approved.

## **The Problem of Conditioned Bighorn**

On May 9th, 1977, it was appalling to see 90 Bighorn Sheep in Town site and Compound area. There were many more sheep feeding on new tar used to fill road cracks on the entrance highway .. This is a maintenance practice every spring and the salt based fill is a deadly attractant to sheep. Intercept salt blocks were set out in efforts to keep the sheep away from roads in search of salt. This had limited results as the sheep were also attracted to the early green up of lawn grass in the Town site. I submitted a proposal to install a new gate on the compound area that would keep sheep away from the calcium sand piles. The gate was finally installed but was only a short term solution. The sand piles were eventually moved to a different location as they should have been in the first place.

On May 1 ih, the nest building actions of two Osprey set a power pole on fire about 100 meters from the entrance kiosk. The resulted in a power outage for the town site as the long weekend approached. Lots of cheap ice cream and other novelties available as freezers thawed out. It took several hours for the problem to be corrected by power crews as the pole was centers in the middle of a backwater slough. The Osprey were determined to continue nest building at this location and a nesting platform had to be constructed above the power line which was quickly accepted by the pair.

## **Lorne David Brady Born June 21/1977**

Grizzlies back at Hescotts Ranch

June was a month of increased Grizzly Bear activity that started with another kill at the Hescott Ranch. I was driving down the Oil Basin road when I met Howard Hescott walking down the muddy road South of his house. I asked him if he was having any more bear problems and he surprised me by saying that one of his yearlings seemed to have claw marks on its' back. He said the animal appeared to be in a state of shock and added that there were other yearlings missing from the herd. He climbed in the truck and I took him back to his place to have a look at the injured animal. It was apparent that something had ripped the hide open just below the backbone and the animal was in distress as a result of the injury. I walked Northeast a short distance to a pasture fence line and found both bear and cattle tracks in the soft mud . The tracks clearly presented a picture of the bear chasing at least one yearling along the fence line. I contacted Lee Hankey of the Pincher Creek Wildlife Service and waited until he arrived before investigating further.

When Hankey finally arrived, we followed the tracks that the bear made as it chased at least one yearling along a fence for about a quarter of a mile. At this point the fence intersected with another running at right angles. It was evident that the bear had the advantage here as the yearling would be cornered and would have to change directions. At this point we lost the tracks where both fences crossed a heavily grazed meadow. We circled the meadow in efforts to pick up tracks but found nothing. I was standing in the middle of the meadow trying to sort out the puzzle when I noticed a distinct bloody mark where something had been dragged into the thick aspens and willow. We followed the drag mark cautiously and found a dead heifer that had been killed by the grizzly and that was now partially consumed. Later, it was confirmed that two grizzlies had killed two of Hescotts yearlings and that each bear claimed and fed on a carcass.



This type of excessive killing is not typical for Grizzly and the two large Grizzly siblings seemed reluctant to share their kill. These bears were captured with leg snares and taken to the Nordegg area for release.

Shortly after this, two young Grizzly Bears were observed feeding on a dead Bighorn Sheep along the South shore of Bertha Lake. The trail was closed to the public from Bertha Falls to the lake and would remain closed for most of the next two months. The two litter mates (siblings) seemed to like this arrangement of sheep meat and berries and stayed in the area for most of the summer months. One of this pair was eventually caught in a leg snare and moved to another area ..

### **Bear Maulings Start**

On June 23rd, a Black Bear was involved in a minor mauling at Crandell Campground. The bear had bitten the shoulder of a sleeping camper through the side of her tent wall. It is likely that the girl had her shoulder against the side of the tent which caused the bear to bite at the unidentified lump as something to eat. The screams of the girl chased the bear away and it was later trapped and destroyed.

### **July 1, 1977. The Mauling Death Of Allison Muser**

This incident will remain etched in my memory forever as it invoked a number of emotions associated with the horrific death of a five year old girl. The incident started with a family picnic at Little Prairie along the Cameron Lake drive. The group consisted of the father, mother, grandmother and two children ages five and eight years. The mother and grandmother remained at the Little Prairie Picnic area while the father took Allison and her sister with him as he fished Cameron Creek downstream from the picnic site. The girls were left to play with some fish the father had caught and put in a small pond on a gravel bar about 200 meters from the picnic site. The creek bank at this location is sharp and bordered by willow, mature spruce and pine interspersed with small wet meadows.

The two girls apparently heard a rustle and looked up to see a brown colored bear standing up and looking at the girls from the creek bank. Before they could do anything the bear lunged off the bank and grabbed the five year in its' mouth and carried her off into the brush. The father heard the screams of the two children and ran back to the site where he left the two girls. He ran into the trees in search of Allison and found her a short distance away where she had been dropped by the bear. The injuries sustained by the jaws of the bear had severed her spinal cord and punctured her spleen and the child was bleeding profusely from her injuries.

She was rushed back to the Prince of Wales Hotel in the family van where a doctor from Salt Lake Utah quickly examined her and recommended fast transport to the Cardston Hospital. I escorted the Chev van with the family, doctor and injured child to the Cardston hospital where she was taken into the emergency operating room. I stayed with the mother and grandmother in the waiting room and asked the older child a few discreet questions when it seemed appropriate. I was told that the first picnic site on the Cameron Highway was the mauling site as well as a brief description of a brown colored bear being involved .. That was the only information I would get before the father came from the operating room and with an edge in his voice asked why there were no warning signs about bears in the Park. Not wanting to make a bad situation worse,

I explained that there were signs and other information given to visitors when they entered the Park. I tried to calm him down but Law Suit flags and accusations of blame were clearly evident. I returned to the Park and was joined by Warden Winkler as we tried to establish the actual mauling site and close the area to visitors. We searched the first picnic site (McNeilys) but nothing was found. After this, we moved on to Little Prairie where a camper was questioned as to the presence of the Blue Van and anything else he may have seen or heard. He said he remembered a van but nothing else to indicate that a bear mauling or other emergency had occurred. We searched the area with flashlights and I found a child's sweater on a gravel bar by the picnic shelter. From here, a distinct blood trail was followed downstream to a gravel bar where the girls had constructed a small containment pond. The pond had been built of gravel and still held some small trout the father had apparently caught.

Having established the mauling site, we were returning to the picnic area when we received a radio call from the Park Superintendent Pilon. We were shocked when he advised us that Allison Muser had died at the Cardston hospital. Later that night we met to discuss details of a press release. At this time I expressed my concern that civil action could be initiated based on the father's comments to me at the hospital. This was soon confirmed by comments from the father to the media on the next day.

On the next day, the Cameron highway was closed to public and bear snares set at Little Prairie in efforts to catch the bear responsible for the mauling death. These efforts also included enlisting the services of Jack Williams and his bear dogs as well as the use of a helicopter to comb the area. In my opinion, the use of the dogs only complicated the matter by chasing all wildlife out of the area and delayed capture of the right bear. I spent the next twelve days monitoring the snares and waiting for the bear to return to Little Prairie. On one very dark night, a wolverine was caught in the snare but it managed to free itself. Before it did, the furious growling and sound of breaking branches the Wolverine was something to make your hair stand up.

It was early morning on July 14<sup>th</sup> and I was watching the snare site at Little Prairie when it started to rain. I turned on my wind shield wipers to clear some of the drizzle and was surprised to see a grizzly suddenly appear out of the trees surrounding the Little Prairie picnic area. It was almost eerie to watch the grizzly start to follow a trail back to the creek and towards the mauling site. As I continued to watch, the bear reappeared on the same trail and scrounged around the picnic shelter as if looking for something to eat. It was apparent that this bear had been here before and now became a prime suspect for the mauling death of Allison Muser. I continued to watch the bear's behavior around the picnic site for a few minutes more. It disappeared once more in the same direction as the mauling site and I felt that I had missed my opportunity to end this ordeal with the right brown coloured bear. At this time a vehicle pulled up behind me and it turned out to be Warden Winkler. I explained what had happened and he too was confident this was the "right bear". As if on cue the grizzly came out of the creek walked through the picnic area and then started down the road towards our parked vehicles. I stepped clear of the vehicle and killed the grizzly with a shot to its neck. It fell on the road where it was easy to load in a truck for transport to the Lethbridge Laboratory for analysis.

This would mark the conclusion of the search for the bear but the beginning of gathering

information for the civil action that had now been taken against the Park and its Agents. The basis for claim was that the Musers' had not received any information about bears when they entered the Park. We would have stress that all motorists did as they entered through the Park gate and this was part of the Parks' Bear Management strategy. The Bear Management Policy Draft was quickly adopted and signed. We would later be asked to prove that this was the procedure we had been following at the time of the mauling incident.

An unexpected break came when I received a call from the Managers of the El Cortez Motel. They were upset by some statements they had read in the paper in respects to the Musers claim about not knowing there were any bears in the Park or receiving information to this effect. I interviewed the Manager ( Ivy Tenhov) and her husband at the motel and was shown a stack of bear information pamphlets on the counter. Park Staff had provided these before the mauling had taken place. They stated that the Musers were definitely given some of these pamphlets. The managers' husband also told me that he was told about the Musers planned picnic and fishing venture in the Cameron Creek area. He said he told Mr Muser that when he went fishing in this area, he would leave the door of his vehicle open in case a bear came along and he had to get in it" real quick".

Mr Ten Hov related a previous incident when a black bear suddenly appear and walked between him and his vehicle. He said he stayed perfectly still until the bear passed and then he jumped in his vehicle. In addition to providing this information both the manager and her husband signed a statement and said they would be willing to testify to this effect in court. The case eventually went to court but was unsuccessful for the Musers'. It was clearly established that Musers' had received information about bears in the Park but had denied this. There would be an additional personal loss to the family which made this a no win situation.

What made this case stand out in my mind was the fact that the Park made full disclosure of facts pertaining to this tragic incident and there was no attempt to withhold information. Since I was responsible for preparing information to Barry Collins the Lawyer who represented the Park, I insisted on full and honest disclosure of facts including a few minor mistakes that were made. Mr Collins was a fair and compassionate man and easy to respect and work with

### **Cattle Grazing Proposal**

By the end of July, 1977, severe drought conditions had persisted for some time throughout the prairies. The Federal Agriculture Minister ( Eugene Whelen) and Cabinet made a decision to allow grazing of cattle in some Parks to alleviate the drought situation for ranchers. To our surprise Waterton was one of the Parks where grazing would be allowed and we were asked to prepare a contingency plan for this. In doing this we stalled for time, stating that the highways and public use areas would have to be fenced to prevent cattle vehicle conflicts. This would cost the Federal Government thousands of dollars to erect the fence and take it down again in addition to the cost of trucking and handling corrals. The logistics had simply not been thought out and the decision was clearly a Political one. The cost of implementation would exceed any benefits that could be realized by pasturing a few hundred cattle in the Park for a month or two. By this time Park supporters, and the media were up in arms and protesting the grazing project. Local ranchers also joined in once they realized that it would be Saskatchewan cattle producers who were to benefit and that local ranches were excluded. One Rancher that I met on the Spread

Eagle road asked when he could take his cattle into the Oil Basin area of the Park. When I told him that local ranchers were not included in the project he was totally opposed to it. Quite a change to take place in five minutes or less. The project was so unpopular that it was abandoned. Spotted Knapweed found in the Park

On August 24th, 1977, notes from my diaries indicate concern over the spread of Spotted Knapweed along roadsides in the Park. Up to this time, nothing was being done to control any invasive species in the Park. In a more or less panic response, Park crews started spraying Knapweed by late August when seed had already been set. This delay would prove to be a very costly mistake and cost the Park hundreds of thousands of dollars once control efforts were taken. Spotted knapweed would spread throughout the park and threaten native grasslands. Chemical and biological controls would also be included and have continued to this day. Other invasive species like Blueweed, Leafy Spurge, Oxeye Daisy and Toadflax have now been included in management strategies. The environmental impacts are now significant and could have been minimized if there had been the will to do so.

September through November were spent coordinating boundary patrols and hunters were out in force. On September the 10th, a large full curl Bighorn Ram was killed at the Yarrow lake. I charged a sheep hunter for taking a vehicle through the closed gate at Yarrow Canyon. This case went to trial and the hunter was convicted which set a precedent and warning for other hunters. There were few violations after this and hunters would prove to be the best deterrent as they reported each other.

### **The Case Of the Man Who Got Tired Of Eating Chicken**

On November 3rd, 1977 a Picture Butte man shot two Mule Deer in the Townsite with a 22 caliber rifle. The details surrounding this incident were bizarre in that they were planned and deliberate but raised the issue of the mental state of the man involved. It also brought into question why the man had been sold a hunting license and firearm in Picture Butte. This is how he explained the series of events that led up to his killing the deer in Waterton. He told Seasonal Warden John Taylor and myself that he got tired of eating chicken and pork that he raised at Picture Butte. He thought that he should get a hunting license and go hunting "elks, like some of his friends". He went to the Picture Butte hardware store where they sold hunting licenses and firearms. He bought a license to hunt elk and a 22 semi automatic rifle equipped with a scope as well as several boxes of ammunition to sight it in. The person who sold him the license and rifle must have had a twisted sense of humor or thought this elderly man was just talking. He was also told to go to the "400 zone near Waterton Park to hunt elk".

He loaded everything into his old van and ended up in Waterton Park. He drove up the Cameron highway to find a place to sight in his firearm and fired several shots into a knot on a pine tree. Once this was done he drove back down the road toward the townsite and saw some "elks" on the switchbacks just above the townsite. He got out of the vehicle and fired at the "elks", which were actually mule deer and the animals ran down the slope into the townsite. He got back into his vehicle and drove into the townsite in pursuit of the deer he had wounded.

At this time Warden Taylor was driving toward Cameron Falls when he saw a mule deer run across the road and the jump over a steep bank into the creek. It appeared that something was

chasing it and when the deer didn't come out of the creek he got out of the vehicle to see what had happened. He was surprised to see the deer was laying dead in the bottom of the creek and that blood was running out of a wound that looked like a bullet hole. He climbed down the bank to investigate and confirm that it was a bullet hole and the deer had been shot.

While he was examining the dead deer he heard a voice and looked up to see the man who had shot the deer looking down at him. At this time he seemed quite proud of the fact he had shot the "elks" until he was informed by Taylor that he had killed the deer illegally and that he would be charged. Taylor then called me on the park radio and asked for assistance in this matter. We seized the rifle, took statements and gathered other evidence pertinent to this case.

When the matter was heard in court the presiding judge could not believe what he was hearing. The accused described the events mentioned above and in defense said that there were too many "elks" and that they were dangerous to people. He was just thinning them out. The judge was taken back by this and couldn't believe what he was hearing. At this time the accused pulled out his wallet and asked where he could pay his fine. The judge finally responded by saying that the fine he was about to impose may be more than he had in his wallet. He imposed the maximum penalty for two counts under the Wildlife Regulations of the National Parks Act. The man did have enough in his wallet to pay his fines and probably some change left over. As bizarre as this case was it would not prove to be the last during my career as a Park Warden.

### **Headline. To Alaska To See My Girl**

In November, the RCMP Police alerted us that they had a report from US Authorities that a man may be attempting to enter Canada illegally through the Chief Mountain Customs. This port of entry is closed in September and the highway was also closed several miles to prevent illegal smuggling or border crossing. The report from the RCMP Police included a description of the man and what he was wearing. He was said to be wearing a black toque, bush jacket and carrying a large pack with snowshoes strapped to it. He also was in possession of a rifle. With this information Wardens checked the upper limits of the highway from the Belly River Bridge and found nothing unusual. The highway was virtually impassable from the bridge to the Customs Buildings because of deep snow. At this same time an Oil company was drilling a well on the Birds Eye Ranch and had plowed the road to this site from highway five.

About one week later, I made a patrol up the highway with Warden Coggins using a four wheel drive truck. When we reached the Belly River Bridge we observed a set of snowshoe tracks coming from the direction of the Chief Mountain port of entry. It seemed that the man wearing the snowshoes was packing heavy and could be the same individual the police had been looking for earlier. We followed the snowshoe tracks until they reached the ploughed portion of road leading to the drilling site. At this point it appeared that the individual had taken the snow shoes off and was heading north toward the well site camp. We continued to follow the road and came upon a truck pulling a trailer that was stuck in a snow drift. The driver was shoveling to free the trailer and was asked if he has seen a man carrying a pack and a set of snow shoes. His face showed instant emotion and he gestured with his head towards the other side of the trailer. I could see the shadow of another individual in the snow and assumed it was the man we had been following. Since the individual had not heard the conversation between the driver and myself, I

raised my voice and said that we were turning around and heading back to the park as the road was drifting in. The driver must have felt abandoned at this time.

When we got out of sight we contacted the RCMP Police in Cardston and were advised to meet them at the Chief Mountain Junction. They arrived with several officers and we proceeded back to the site where the vehicle and trailer had been stuck. It was still there but had been abandoned by the two men who appeared to have walked down to the camp below the road. I was asked to accompany one of the officers to the camp as I could identify at least one of the men and had made contact with him before. Before proceeding to the camp we checked the trailer being towed by the truck and found a pack, snowshoes and a 7mm magnum rifle inside. As the pack and rifle were being transferred to a police vehicle a man ran out of the cook trailer and asked what we were doing. He was taken into custody and charged for illegal entry into Canada and possession of a firearm. By this time he was very subdued and offered this explanation.

He had a girl friend in Alaska and he planned to hike the entire distance to visit her. His only problem was that he was doing this 200 years too late and now laws were established which complicated matters considerably. This young man would have been an explorer if he had been born earlier and no doubt a legend of sorts. His pack weighed in excess of 90 pounds and he was physically prepared to travel and survive in the wilderness. He was well spoken and apparently financially secure and the trip to Alaska was just something he wanted to do. His trip ended here and he was deported back to the United States. We are not sure how this love story ended but would give this young man A for effort.

### **Record Book Elk**

This year ended with Barlow Neville, a local youth killing a record book bull elk on the Birds Eye Ranch on December 16, 1977. This elk ranks in the top ten in the record books and was shot many times by the excited youth before it succumbed. The 30-30 rifle was less than adequate for this huge animal and it was fortunate that the wounded animal was finally tracked down and put out of its misery.

The events of 1977, left me with a feeling of anticipation of what to expect next. The mauling death of Allison Muser and subsequent allegations and law suit were not expected. When you witness the events and see the anguish and helplessness in the eyes of the parents and grand parent as the child is rushed into emergency and the wait begins. Have you done enough and how can you help. The thanks from the mother and grandmother for my efforts to be followed by a verbal attack from the father asking why they were not informed there were bears in the park. This raised a flag that there would be more to come from this man as he sought ways to transfer blame for what happened his child. The guilt of leaving the two children alone in this secluded part of the creek while he fished must have been very difficult for him to handle. There would be more soul searching to come as this issue came before the courts.  
( modified Feb 2010)

### **Heavy Snowfall And Search and Rescue Response**

Eighty centimeters of snow fell in one storm as the month of January 1978 began. Two crosscountry skiers had to be rescued on the Sofa ski trail after they had spent the night in the bush in minus 20 degree weather. Caught in the storm, the two skiers had missed the trail and had to

spend the night in a high cirque basin on Sofa Mountain when they became too exhausted to continue on in the deep snow. A search team was organized by the Park. The next morning, I used a double tracked over snow vehicle to follow the ski tracks that were barely visible in the deep snow. I was amazed that the snow machine could travel in the deep snow but I had to use the reverse gear many times on the steeper portions of the trail. When I reached the top portion of the loop trail I found the fresh tracks of the skiers . The pair had now apparently gotten their bearings but foolishly decided to take the unbroken upper part of the loop trail that they had not traveled assuming that it would be quicker.

As I continued to follow the fresh ski tracks I saw evidence of that the two skiers were making frequent rest stops and of their futile efforts to start a fire . I finally caught up with one skier who was sitting in the snow too tired to continue. He told me his partner had gone on to see if he could get help. He thought his partners hands and feet were already frozen and that he was in better shape in this respect. I loaded the skier on the back of the ski-doo and continued on until catching up with the second skier. At this time I made an assessment that this man must be evacuated first and took him to the trailhead where the ambulance was waiting. When this was done, I went back to complete the rescue of the second skier which was much quicker on the trail packed during the first trip. Both men survived but had frost bitten hands and feet and a survival story to tell their friends and relatives.

### **Young Bunter Rescued On Birds Eye Ranch**

This heavy snow storm would almost claim another victim before it was over. Once again the double tracked ski-doo would prove it's worth. It was about 9:pm on a viciously cold night and a day after the Sofa rescue when I received a call from Murray Neville. He said that his youngest son had gone hunting on the Birds Eye Ranch and had not returned. This ranch borders Waterton Park and contains rugged and irregular terrain with thick stands of Aspen. To make matters worse there were few ranch roads to provide access to the area where Neville was hunting. He had followed a plowed road to a developed well site with his vehicle before leaving it to go hunting.

It was dark when I arrived at the well site where Murray Neville and a neighbor were waiting. I off loaded the double track ski-doo and took two extra cans of gas before starting out on the snowshoe tracks left by the young hunter. I had reached a high point about two miles from the parked vehicle where some brush had been piled by a bull dozer a year or two before. I took one of the gas cans off the ski-doo and emptied it on the large brush pile and set it ablaze with a match. The huge fire lit up the area for a mile or so and provided a reference point as I continued to follow the snow shoe tracks.

I had gone another mile or so and stopped to shout in case the hunter had doubled back along the Park boundary. I was surprised to hear a faint cry for help coming from the south near Birdseye Lake. I was familiar with this area and followed an old trail and I found the exhausted young hunter who was glad to be rescued. By this time he had displayed the classic symptoms of panic , lost his rifle and had frost bitten hands. I can vividly remember the tears that the father shed as he took his son into a warm vehicle for transport to the Cardston Hospital for treatment. "I'll never forget this" he told me and he would remind me of this in the years that followed.

### **Cougar On Bellevue Mountain**

On February 14, I was watching a herd of Mule Deer feeding on the south east slope of Bellevue Mountain when the deer suddenly bolted and ran down slope. As I continued to watch, a large cougar appeared on a ledge and looked down at the fleeing deer as if in disappointment. The cougar turned and went to a old Douglas Fir tree with large spreading branches and disappeared. I was sure that it had climbed the tree and thought this might be a good chance to get some pictures. I invited Max Winkler along for company.

We climbed the slope cautiously until we were able to see the tree where the cougar had disappeared. A large tawny colored cougar was on the ground below the tree and ran off when it saw us. We were surprised to see another cougar sprawled on a large tree limb about six feet from the ground and a third cougar that was barely visible in the limbs above. The pair seemed unconcerned by our presence and we took a number of pictures from about 20 feet away. The tail of the cougar sprawled on the limb hung down like a large rope and never twitched as we watched. Winkler dared me to give the cats tail a tug to see what the reaction would be. I wasn't about to find out.

### **Fish Die Off At Kesler Lake**

On April 19'11, I made a patrol to Kesler Lake in the Oil Basin area to check on a report a rancher had made about dead fish on the shoreline. The lake was not known to have any fish in it and I was surprised to see hundreds of dead suckers strewn along the shoreline. Grizzly tracks were every where in the soft mud along the shoreline. What a welcome feast this would have been for hungry bears just out of winter den sites. From Kesler Lake I went to the Oil Basin cabin and found that a grizzly had rubbed on the corner of the cabin and hitch rail and taken a bite out of a few boards. The cabin had been painted the year before and the grizzly seemed to be interested in marking the territory again. This curiosity is not unusual for bears. The Oil Basin area is historically a spring foraging area for grizzly and there is no doubt that beaver from the nearby dams are targets as well.

### **Grizzly Everywhere.**

In July through September, I documented the presence of 19 different Grizzly throughout the Park. Seven of these were observed at one time on the headwall area at the south end of Cameron Lake. Interaction between the bears indicated that mating activity was the reason why the bears were there. Two large males really got into a fight and the loser was finally chased over the Forum Ridge into British Columbia. These dark colored males, had distinctive light almost white colored slashes behind their shoulders.

Two sibling grizzlies are now frequenting the Bertha Lake area and are unafraid of hikers and campers. This situation is not good for the young bears and the area was closed on a number of occasions. The abundance of huckleberries is the major reason for the bears to be there at this time.

During September, a family group of four grizzly were frequently observed along the Alderson trail. This posed a potential for a bear human confrontation and signs are posted as a precaution. Preparation And Conclusion Of The Muser Case,



During the period of October 25 to 31, there was an Examination of Facts in reference to the Allison Muser death on July 1, 1977 at Little Prairie. The Lawyer representing Parks Canada was confident that there would be no basis to the civil action because the facts did not support the claim. This particular Lawyer ( Barry Collins) was a compassionate man and did not look forward to questioning Mrs. Muser as he knew she would be under a great deal of stress. This was made more difficult as statements from the Motel Management were disclosed . The allegation of not knowing there were bears in the Park raised the issue of credibility and truthfulness. In the end there was no settlement for the Musers but it was clear there were no winners either.

The months of November could be described as routine with an elk poaching and charges for possession of unsealed firearms in a National Park. A White tailed buck was wounded by the Mountain View hunters and entered the Park near Crooked Creek. I destroyed the animal and turned it over to the hunters for removal from the Park. These individuals were once good friends but things had changed as they often do.

I assumed the duties of Chief Park Warden for the month of December and was kept office bound for this period.

## **1979**

1979 began with a number of charges being laid for possession of unsealed firearms in the Park. Lots of hunters driving the loop road through the Park hoping to harass the elk enough that they will panic and run out of the park. The ruse of "just taking pictures" is constantly used by hunters who were caught on foot approaching and harassing elk herds. The Parks position is that any action that disturbs wildlife is an offense even if it includes taking pictures.

On February 9th a large avalanche occurred on the south slide path above Waterton Townsite. This is a one hundred year occurrence and on this occasion the avalanche took out some power poles behind some cottages.

On February 22nd, hunters caught a herd of 300 elk out in Wellmans' haystack and there was a mad shoot out before the elk returned to the park. I watched one hunter actually shoot a cow elk inside the Park fence and subsequently charged him for this. Two other hunters were charged for a number of Provincial hunting violations. This resulted in a fight as one hunter blamed the other for shooting elk they didn't have enough tags for. A recovered 270 bullet settled this issue and determined who actually shot the elk. ( Seward and Sparks)

## **Elk Chasing Incident**

On February 23rd hunters posing as cross country skiers chased a herd of 535 elk out of the Park to hunters waiting at the Cardston entrance. This elk herd had just been photographed by the Park during an aerial census that established the numbers involved. Dozens of elk were killed or wounded and the harassment of being chased by vehicles or snow machines continued for several days. By that time the large elk herd had been broken up into small bands that straggled back to the safety of the Park. Some of these had legs and jaws shot off and died a few days later. This incident resulted in Canada wide media coverage such as the Toronto Star. Unfortunately

sensationalism sells newspapers and the truth is often distorted to do this. This is the second time that skiers have chased elk out of the Park at this same location and fines must be increased to serve as a deterrent.

By the end of March 1979, the International elk herd began returning to the Belly river area and the United states from their winter ranges in Waterton. There are fewer elk doing this now and it is likely that this trend will continue over the next decade or so. Historically, there were few elk in Waterton area at one time . Once the elk returned and increased in numbers, they wintered in the Belly River area raiding hay stacks on the Birds Eye Ranch owned by Max Bradshaw. Bradshaw told me that elk were not even classified as wildlife in Alberta and there was no season to hunt them. After he shot eight that were feeding on his haystacks and dumped them at the Fish and Wildlife Office in Lethbridge, the Alberta Government quickly made amendments to the Wildlife Act which established a season for elk. Bradshaw knew he couldn't be charged for shooting something that was not recognized as wildlife. He was a wise old bird.

### **A Precedent Setting Case**

On May 16<sup>th</sup>, a homeowner shot a Black Bear through his patio door in the Waterton townsite. He claimed he felt threatened by the bear on his deck and shot it through the glass door with his shotgun. The Chief Warden wanted him charged for the offense but I felt we might lose the case in court because of the claim of a perceived threat. The Chief Warden charged him anyway and to no surprise the charge was tossed out when the Judge stated that a persons home could be defended with appropriate force even against humans. What made bears more important. This case would change how the Courts would view Strict versus Absolute Liability. There would be no Absolute Liability exceptions for cases under the National Parks Act. Absolute Liability cases meant that if guilt could be proved the Judge had no choice but to impose a penalty whatever that penalty might be. This presidential case would cause some problems in the future.

### **Grizzlies**

In June and July, grizzlies continued to be a problem for us. Two grizzlies were snared and removed from the Bertha area after repeated incidents with hikers. One of these was a very small grizzly about one and a half years old. This young bear seemed too small to be on it's own but its mother may have been killed by another bear. The other grizzly was a medium sized male that had dug a deep hole in the root system of the spruce tree that served as an anchor for the snare. Both bears were drugged and hauled out on a wheeled rescue stretcher. The wheel collapsed under the weight of the larger bear about 100 meters from the trailhead where we had left the bear trap. The skids on the stretcher and the fear of the bear recovering gave us the adrenaline rush to get the bear to the bear trap.

Another grizzly that we named Ernie (tag 533) the parsnip bear, was snared twice in a CowParsnip patch near the Alpine Stables and Marquis Hole. On the first occasion Ernie was released at Yarrow Canyon but returned in about six days where he was snared again. This shows how effective leg snares are to catch bears that have been caught before. This time Ernie had a long ride to the Red Deer portion of Banff National Park for his release. The fate of this friendly bear is unknown but likely not good for bears habituated to human activity as Ernie was.

### **When Silence Is Deafening**

On August 2<sup>nd</sup>, a grizzly raided and destroyed a camp set up by a Scout group at Lower Lineham Lake. The grizzly was quite aggressive and had done this before. What complicated matters even more was the fact that the group had to traverse a dangerous route on the Lineham cliff at night as their camp had been destroyed ..

On the next day Park Warden Watt and I made the trip to the site to investigate the incident and recover what was left of the Scout camp. The site was demolished with camping gear, sleeping bags and tents ripped or strewn about as the bear searched for food. It would have been a perfect morning to be there in this high pristine valley under different circumstances. We were here to locate and kill the grizzly. Public Safety concerns after the Little Prairie incident and the subsequent lawsuit was a concern for Parks Canada.

While the Warden Watt gathered remnants of the camp together, I circled the lake in search of the bear. I was interested in the reason why the Hoary Marmots were alarm barking as they had not seen me. I soon saw the reason for their concern as the problem grizzly was digging furiously after a marmot under a huge rock. I watched the bear for a while thinking about how this scene of nature was about to end with tragic consequences for the grizzly. I found a small alpine fir tree to use as a rest for my rifle and for a moment watched the grizzly through the crosshairs of the scope. When the crosshairs settled and steadied on the base of the grizzly's neck I squeezed the trigger and ended life. The grizzly died in the hole it was digging. After the sound of the shot had reverberated from rock to rock a strange silence set in. As they say " the silence was deafening" and this wilderness place was not the same as before. I would remember this tragic incident during the remaining time I would spend with the National Parks . It would cause me to do more proactive things to protect the grizzly .

### **Search and Rescue**

August 18<sup>th</sup> to 21<sup>st</sup>. Two successful rescues were conducted during this period. The first involved a sixty year old woman from Germany who slipped on rocks in the creek above Blakiston Falls. The volume of water carried her over the falls and into the deep whirlpool at the bottom of the falls. By the time we arrived others had pulled her out of the water and miraculously suffered only a broken arm. She repeatedly apologized to us as we wheeled her in the rescue stretcher to the Red Rock parking lot. I told her translator that we were happy that she was still alive to hear her apologize.

The second incident resolved itself as an 11 year old boy took the wrong trail at Summit Lake and ended up going part way down the switch backs into Boundary Creek. When he reached a fallen tree he had enough sense to see the trail was not cleared and returned to Cameron Lake in the dark. Good day for him and us but why did his parents allow him to hike alone ?

### **Sheep Poaching On Cloudy Ridge**

Sept 1, 1979. Two hunters well known to me killed a bighorn ram inside the Park on Cloudy Ridge. I watched the whole incident from the Yarrow gate and counted 22 shots being fired before one ram was killed. I called for backup before going to the scene where I watched one hunter actually dress out the ram inside the Park while his brother continued to chase after the bigger ram which had now run out of the Park in its efforts to escape. As the one hunter dragged

the sheep down the slope I waited in concealment to ensure catching him in possession of the dead animal inside the Park. When he got near to me, I stepped out and identified myself as a Park Warden. It was then that both of us recognized each other. The hunter was married to my niece.

The two hunters were charged and wisely entered a guilty plea. The Presiding Judge did not accept the excuse of not knowing where the Park boundary was and imposed a substantial fine. He made it clear that he did not consider the hunters to be poachers but rather careless hunters.

### **Sheep Hunter Killed By Grizzly Bear In Mill Canyon**

Events from September 15th to September 25th. 1979. A sheep hunter from Cardston named Monty Adams was mauled by a sow grizzly in Mill Canyon. These are the events as related to me by Dennis Wieser and Bill Thorpe or taken from my notes or events that I was personally involved in.

After Monty Adams was mauled by a grizzly in Mill Canyon, another hunter came upon the badly injured man as he lay on a game trail in an area that few hunters would be in at any time of year. The hunter who found Adams panicked because he thought the bear might still be around and fired his gun until it jammed. After this happened, he apparently covered Adams with a jacket and ran down the valley to the main part of the Mill Creek watershed where he found his companion and they both went for help. It was unfortunate that neither man made a note of which side canyon they had taken from the mauling site. This would hamper search efforts and by darkness the rescue crews consisting of a Doctor and Intern from Pincher Creek as well as a local rancher and guide who knew the area. It was not until the next morning that Adams was located and he was still alive and able to talk to the doctor and rescue crew. He had managed to pull the jacket over his arms and expressed his concern that the grizzly might come back. Tragically, he expired when he was loaded onto a stretcher and given an N.

The morning after the mauling, the Park was contacted by the Pincher Creek RCM Police and asked if we could assist in bringing Adams out by using our ground rescue techniques. In their opinion, it was too windy for a helicopter evacuation to be attempted. As we assembled our equipment the RCM Police contacted us with information that the injured hunter had died. The body would be taken out by another means.

About this time I was contacted by Dennis Weiser of the Bear Response Team with the Alberta Government. Wieser asked if we could assist with horses and efforts to catch the grizzly responsible for the mauling of Adams. Warden Thorpe and I took four Park horses to Mill Canyon where we established a base campsite that we would use for the next 10 days. We traveled to the mauling site and it was here that I found Adams rifle. It was a Parker Hale which was examined and found to have a live round jammed in the chamber. The primer had been dented by futile efforts to chamber another round into the rifle. The problem was that this Model 98 Mauser action would not accept a round simply dropped into the chamber without first being loaded into the magazine. Adams would have known this when the gun jammed and would have felt helpless to do anything about it.

A hunting cap was also found at the mauling site as well as blood on a small second growth Fir

Tree that had probably used by the hunter in an effort to screen himself from the charge of the bear. Small teeth marks in the cap seemed to indicate the cub was with the sow as she mauled the hunter on the ground. After the mauling and despite severe injuries, Adams somehow managed to get back to the game trail and open area where he was found by the other hunter.

Three Aldridge leg snares were set near the mauling site and a fire hose bag was tied to a fir tree near the last set. This was done on the presumption that the sow was to be killed and snared first and the cub would be drugged and hauled out in a fire hose bag. The snares were checked for the next week and nothing appeared to be around. It seemed the bear had moved out of the area after the mauling, possibly traumatized by the ordeal.

After several days of monitoring the area with Wieser and Thorpe, I decided to return home and go to the Sunday meeting in Pincher Creek with my family. This decision was made after the three of us discussed the lack of bear activity in the area and the unlikelihood of anything happening while I was gone. I also took my scoped 300 Winchester rifle with me which was considered unnecessary as the other men had a 12 gauge shotgun with slugs and 270 rifle to use. This decision could have had some very different and tragic outcome for the two men.

On Sunday, My wife and family decided to drive to the campsite in Mill Canyon with our four wheel drive vehicle to talk to Bill and Dennis . When we arrived at the campsite, the two were not back and something about this seemed strange. We waited until dusk when I spotted the two men leading the saddled horses with something tied to the saddle on one horse. It proved to be a immobilized grizzly cub which also had its legs tied. The cub was put in the back of our Ram Charger and taken to a bear trap at Pincher Creek. Enroute, our children that were in the back ran their fingers through the hair of the drugged bear . The effect of the drug started to wear off and I gave it an additional shot to keep it drugged until we reached Pincher Creek and put it in a culvert bear trap. Now back to the incident at the mauling site.

From conversations with, Bill Thorpe and Weiser, it appears that the two rode into the area on Sunday and checked two of the closest snares on the way in. One of the snares was near a small pond fed by a spring and sure to attract any thirsty bear that might be in the area. There had been no fresh sign in the soft mud since the mauling and nothing had changed on this occasion. From the pond, the two men rode to the site where Monty Adams was mauled and subsequently died. Here they checked the second snare and found the bait intact and no other evidence that a bear might be in the area.

Things were apparently tranquil and quiet as the two men tied up their horses and hiked a short distance to a ridge where they could look across the valley. They had not bothered to check the third and last snare which was about 150 yards east of their location and over a small ridge. In a short time they heard the distinct sound of a bear cub bawling from the snare site that they had not checked. Recognizing this new threat, they hurried back to their horses and made a circle to get above the snare site. From here, they could look down and see what had had happened. As they thought, the worst had happened and a grizzly cub had been caught instead of the now angry mother.

When they reached the point above the bears they apparently tied their horses and got behind some fallen fire burned trees for a better look. Weiser had a 12 gauge shotgun with slugs and 00

buckshot and Thorpe was carrying a Government issue short barreled 270 with iron sights. Defensive but not offensive short range firearms at best and this limited how they could respond to this dangerous situation.

As they watched, the grizzly sow was in a rage and had attacked and ripped up a fire hose bag that had been tied to a tree nearby. The two men later told me how they wished that I was there with my scoped 300 magnum to kill the sow that was guarding the cub about 200 yards below. Suddenly a gust of wind blew the scent of the two men down slope to the bear which immediately charged searching for the two men. Apparently losing the scent, it turned and ran back to the cub and this allowed the two men to change to a better position if the bear charged again. It did and came to the spot where the first charge had ended. This time they fired at the bear at close range. One shot apparently hit the bear that ran past the snared cub and into the timber appearing to be mortally wounded. The two men checked to see if the grizzly had left the area and then immobilized the cub. It was tied securely and packed to the trailhead as described earlier.

The next day we returned to the area and followed the blood trail left by the wounded bear. At first the bear appeared to be bleeding profusely and ran into some small trees. The blood trail was followed for about two miles until it became faint and was lost in thick alder on a North facing slope. Dogs were brought in the following day but could not pick up the trail of the wounded bear which appeared to be unusual. Some assumed that the bear died of its injuries but this could not be established with certainty. Stranger things have happened when it comes to Grizzly Bears. It is possible that the bear survived its injuries as some strange stories about the Mill Creek Grizzly would surface over the next few years.

Oct 04, 1979. Cloudy Ridge Rancher Mary Baird called me on the phone and said that a large grizzly had killed her tame white rabbit and carried it off into the bush. The bear was gone by the time we got there and no further action was required. It was apparently the last of Mary's rabbits any way but it would not be the last of her problems with bears and cougars.

Oct 06, Four bull moose shot in Oil Basis. My Brother-In-Law Jim Garrett shot one of these which was a very large bull with an even set of antlers. He would not likely shoot another moose of this size or would want to as he had difficulty in getting it out of the swamp on Rick Jacks property.

This year ended without anything more significant to share. As a side note; In December 1979, the International Elk Herd returned to the Waterton valley for the winter as it had for decades. This herd has been getting smaller each year while the local elk herds are on the increasing.

January 2 to 8th 1980, On January 2nd, there are 639 elk on open meadows at near the Dardenelles and so far it has been a fairly open winter. On January 8th things changed with temperatures dropping to a chilly -29 and the elk started to move north to the Wellman ranch and Eklunds Campground. A hunter is charged for trying to chase elk out of Park on the East Prairie. Lots of hunters watching the boundary areas and driving the loop road through the Park.

### **Adams Fatalities Inquiry**

January 16 to 1991 During this period I went to Pincher Creek for the Fatalities Inquiry into the death of Monty Adams. I was called on to give a summary of the parks potential to perform a ground rescue that may have saved Adams life. A Pincher Creek Doctor told the court that the Parks Rescue Team would have been able to evacuate Adams much quicker and would have not attempted to administer an IV. He stated that Adams was in a state of hypothermia which would be to his advantage because of severe blood loss and trauma. With surprising candor he stated that Adams expired as soon as he was placed on a stretcher and an IV was administered. After the Doctor testified, I spent about one hour giving a response to a number of questions about rescues we had performed under extreme conditions. In some cases, conditions were considered to be worse than during the Adams rescue. Strong winds were a major factor in preventing the helicopter rescue. I stated that park policy was not to wait for helicopter support before sending a first party response team to the accident site. The presumption that the helicopter would save time in the rescue of the victim was too risky.

The RCMP Corporal in charge of the rescue was grilled very thoroughly and it was obvious that he did not follow guidelines in their "Blue Book". A number of errors were made but it took some persistence on the part of the interviewer before the officer would admit to a number of failures in judgment. When he finally did he felt terrible but this admission satisfied the Court.

### **A Court Appearance For Yarrow Sheep Hunters**

February 20 On this date sheep hunters appeared in court and were fined \$400.00 for killing a bighorn ram inside the Park at Yarrow Canyon . These two men had fired 22 shots at two rams before killing one about 200 meters inside the Park. They had actually been shooting across a small creek that marks the boundary at this location. It was fortunate that I had replaced boundary signs at this location in late August before the sheep season began.

I had witnessed this incident through a spotting scope from the Yarrow gate. I called for warden backup to wait by the suspect vehicle while I proceeded to the site about 2 km. away. Warden Watt responded to this request . When I got to the area below the kill I remained out of sight and watched the hunter who had just finished gutting the ram. He then shouldered his firearm and started to pull the dead sheep down the slope toward the Park boundary. I waited behind a clump of trees until he approached my location before I stepped out to confront him. I wanted to make sure I had a solid case for possession of wildlife killed in a Park. To my surprise, the suspect was a young man who was married to my niece . He was obviously shocked on learning that he had killed the sheep inside the park as the group had not seen the boundary signs. I decided to let Warden Watt lay the charge of unlawful possession of wildlife and hunting in a National Park. I told the accused that if he entered a not guilty plea and there was a trial I would have to testify against him . He saw the wisdom of entering a guilty plea . I prepared the prosecutors information to reflect ignorance rather than a deliberate act of poaching. The judge responded to this in sentencing saying that he would have imposed a much stiffer penalty if it was established there was an attempt to mislead or not to cooperate with the investigation. Under the circumstances, this was a fair judgment where the accused was not convicted of poaching but rather a failure to exercise Due Diligence when hunting near the boundary of a National Park.

### **How Not To Use An Axe and Other Horse Use Issues**

On June 10th, I cut my face with an axe while clearing the Horseshoe Basin trail on the north

side of Trail Creek. The accident occurred while I was clearing trail and using a saddle axe to cut small shrubs that were growing on the trail. The axe handle got tangled in the reins which caused my horse to jerk back flipping the axe and it hit me in the mouth . Blood flew everywhere and I had to stop cutting efforts as the bleeding continued and blood covered my shirt. I still carry the scar as a reminder of a stupid mistake on my part.

On June 21h, I finalized the final terms of reference for the grizzly study with Steve Herrero and David Hamer of the Calgary University. The study area core will be along the Continental Divide and target females as these have a much smaller home range. This proved to be a wise choice and saved a lot of time and effort required to track radio collared bears. An additional concern was that public safety was not to be compromised in any way in the interests research. The choice of this study area which was well inside the park would also reduce other issues. Radio tracking of collared bears ranging out of the Park would only complicate issues as many ranchers hate bears.

### **The Jones Rescue at Goat Lake**

On July 14th, 1980, A young man named Jones was leading a group of youths from the Crandell Church Camp and attempted to coax them to climb up a steep chimney near Goat Lake. The chimney was filled with hard snow and ice and difficult to climb without crampons and some experience in ice climbing. The youths Jones was leading had enough sense not to climb further and they returned to the safety of the scree slope below. Jones, on the other hand, continued to climb the chimney above them and suddenly fell . His fall stopped when he was jammed into a huge crack between the rock and the snow in the chimney. The injuries he sustained during the fall left him unconscious and bleeding from his nose and mouth. It appeared that he was dead and the remainder of the group rushed out to the Red Rock trailhead to get help.

We quickly assembled a rescue party and arrived at the site as darkness fell. As it turned out, Jones was still alive but in a coma with severe head trauma . When we reached the scene we were surprised to see that the rescue would be far more difficult than we were led to believe. We needed ice climbing crampons and ice screws that had not been brought along as the group said he had fallen to the bottom of the chimney.

With this unexpected change we improvised with sharpened tree stakes that were driven into the snow to serve as anchors for the ropes. Without headlamps, we managed to lower Jones on the stretcher to the bottom of the cliff where the wheel was attached . At this location, we reassessed Jones who was still unconscious and bandaged his head injuries before transporting him down the steep trail. It appeared that Jones would succumb to his severe injuries at any time as he was not conscious or responsive and we were surprised he lived this long. We reached the ambulance waiting at the Red Rock parking lot as it was beginning to get light.

Several months later we were informed that Jones had come out of the coma and had regained most of his mobility. While this was good to hear, the whole incident was preventable and had put others at risk. Jones was an example of someone climbing beyond his ability and supervising a group of youths who turned out to be more cautious than he was. His recovery and some other details of the rescue were actually developed into something on TV called God Don't Let Him Die. As in most cases this events were dramatized and did not accurately reflect the truth or the difficulty of this night rescue.



### **Mounta ST Helens Volcano**

On July 23rd, 1980, Mount St Helens erupted scattering ash over the park. Things cooled off drastically for several days after the eruption likely due to the reflection of the sun off the ash. White ash was everywhere causing breathing difficulty for some and blanketing vehicles at the Waterton Station where we lived.

### **Loggine, Operations In Sheep Basin In the South Castle**

During the month of July, full scale logging operations started in Sheep Basin in the South Castle. Impacts from the clear cut operations are considerable and will scar the area for years before regeneration occurs. In my opinion, there are pros and cons to clear cut logging operations. The old Regal trail has been obliterated and will be difficult to find. This is a historic trail that should be maintained and appropriately marked. During the next few years we would watch nature heal the logging impacts and provide some excellent habitat for wildlife which would include the grizzly family that we had radio collared.

On October 8th, I immobilized a sow grizzly that had killed a cow on Ed Schmits' ranch near Twin Butte. Fish and Wildlife Officers from Pincher Creek didn't have their equipment in the area and required assistance in drugging the sow grizzly after her cubs had been caught in a culvert trap.

November 3rd, a local Outfitter (BS) killed a bull moose that had been tangled in the boundary fence at Kesler Lake for several days. A sow grizzly was soon feeding on moose carcass and showed considerable aggression to anyone approaching in a vehicle. Not a good situation for elk hunters in the area.

### **New Chief Warden Arrives**

November 6th, Gaby Fortin arrives from Forillon National Park as an exchange for Chief Warden. Winkler will be in the east for a year or two. Some embarrassing problems for office staff with this transfer before Fortin mastered the English language.

December 4-7th A total of 84 cm of snow fell closing roads between our place at the gate and the Pincher Creek entrance. Several Motorists' rescued as vehicles were stuck in snow banks.

On December 8th, My son Ron and I shot two large bull elk from a herd of 25 on Pettersens' land east of the park. Mine was a 7x8 point and Rons' a 6x7 which were pulled out to the road with my son in laws skidoo.

### **Oil Basin Break In**

On December 2<sup>nd</sup> I made a skidoo patrol into Oil Basin cabin and found that it had been broken into. Wet tracks on the floor indicated that the break in had been very recent and the suspects might still be in the area. I left the cabin and went back to the skidoo and called for backup from another warden. The plan was to check the Baird road leading into the area for vehicle tracks.

At this time I noticed tracks of two people leading to the barn which had double doors. I called for the individuals to come out and they did. One of them had a loaded rifle which I quickly took from him while I still had the advantage of surprise. The two Cardston men were well known to police and one was waiting trial for attempted murder. He had apparently attacked an older man in Cardston with a broken bottle in a robbery attempt. The man suffered severe facial injuries as

a result. The police were surprised that this pair was handled without incident. This goes to illustrate the many hats that Park Wardens wore and the hazards they faced during the performance of their duties. The tongue is indeed mightier than the sword at times.

## **1981**

In contrast to the deep freeze of December 1980, the month of January began with extremely mild temperatures and I was able to make a horse trip from Oil Basin over Folding Pass into the Horseshoe basin. How the weather changes in this part of the world.

On January 17th, I charged a Mountain View hunter with killing a bull elk in the Park near the Timber cut on French's land. Bill Thorpe assisted in the initial part of this investigation. The physical evidence indicated that the hunter had shot the elk as it crossed into the Park from provincial lands .. He probably fired the shot in frustration as tracks in the snow indicated the elk was running hard after it jumped the fence into the Park. The shot killed the elk inside the Park to the hunters surprise. He then pulled the elk out of the Park where he gutted it thinking no one would find the drag marks before the next snowfall. There were some minor complications with this investigation as Warden Thorpe and I disagreed about what had actually happened. The man was found guilty but the penalty was a bit disappointing. More weird weather as grass is turning green by January 22, because of unseasonable temperatures.

January 31 si, charged three over snow vehicle operators inside the Park near the Chief Mountain Customs. This has become a game of sorts as the best snow is in the Park and there is easy access from a network of trails on the Pole Haven lands on the east side of the Park.

## **Elk Poaching On East Prairie**

On February 24, I made a patrol I made an early morning vehicle patrol on highway 5 to the east entrance of the Park. Freezing fog had turned road surface into a sheet of ice making travel difficult. On this patrol I saw herd of about 30 bull elk feeding on ridge inside park near junction of highways' 5 and 6. On the drive back from the east entrance I saw that the bull elk had been spooked by something and were now running along the ridge . It appeared that at least two of them had been shot and one was dead and another badly wounded. As I continued over a small rise in the road to get opposite the elk , I saw two men with rifles hurriedly jump back into a half ton truck and speed off in an attempt to out run me on the icy road. By this time I had engaged the flashing lights and soon caught up with them and forced the vehicle to stop. The occupants of the vehicle included a Big Game Outfitter from and his North Dakota hunter. I had spoken with the Outfitter on previous locations and surprised that he would be involved in something like this.

The Outfitter had a 270 rifle and his client was in possession of a 300 Weatherby magnum. Both men admitted to shooting at the elk and were charged for the offence. The Outfitter also lost his Provincial license at my request to the Province of Alberta.

March 2nd, Hunters poached elk feeding in haystacks on Dave Briosis' land. A two point bull elk was shot with a 30-06 rifle using accelerator bullets. This is a perfect poaching combination as the 22 or 23 caliber bullet is protected by a sabot case leaving no rifling marks. The sabot separates in flight.

March 18th. Elk trap on Stoney Flats burned by Bill Thorpe and Dave Gilbride as it was considered redundant and unusable. This ended a project that helped to identify the movement of the International Elk herd from wintering grounds in Waterton to their summer ranges in the United States.

March 21st, large bull elk casting antlers already which is considered to be a bit earlier than usual. Warm weather has likely a contributing factor in antler casting.

April 10th. On this date I watched a wolverine kill a Snowshoe rabbit to the left of the waterfall in the center fork of Yarrow Canyon. The wolverine trailed the rabbit through some alder shrub tangle covered in deep snow and made a quick kill as the rabbit jumped from its' hiding place in the snow. On this same date there were 94 bighorn sheep at the mouth of Yarrow and Blind Canyons. There are several good full curl rams with this bunch now. Hunters should connect with some this fall.

April 15th to 16th. Seven black bear and nine grizzly observed on survey. Six grizzly consisting on a sow with three yearly cubs and two other single bears in Pine Canyon and on Cloudy Ridge. Deep snow provided excellent contrast for tracking from helicopter.

### **EMT Recertification**

May 16 to 18th. EMT course in Banff. Also managed to meet with Dave Hamer re Grizzly study in Waterton Lakes National Park. A long and tedious course and one where a classroom smoking ban was imposed for the first time. This produced some minor issues between smokers and non smokers and a bit of classroom tension.

May 22nd. A sow grizzly and two young cubs feeding on Hedysarum roots on the left side of the Lineham valley below the falls. Another sow Grizzly and two yearling cubs feeding on slide path across the Cameron road. This sow chased a black bear off of the slide path into the trees and was gone for about a half hour. Her cubs remained on the slide path looking into the trees where the sow had gone and apparently had treed the black bear.

May 27th. A female cougar with two small spotted kittens clawed a 12 year old boy on the leg at the Canyon Church Camp. The youth had been listening to a Park Naturalist talking about predator-prey relationships and had gone into the bush to have a pee. Seeing the spotted kittens but not the mother; he foolishly decided to pick one of them up. It was then that the female rushed out of the trees and snarled at the youth and clawed him on the leg before taking her kittens into the trees. A very fortunate youth with a story to tell for years to come.

Grizzly Bear Study Begins

June 4th. On this date, Aldridge leg snares are set for female grizzly that is still root digging at the Lineham headwall. This bear has two small cubs and has been feeding in this area for about one week. The snares set near creek using beaver bait and castor as an attractant.

June 6th. The female grizzly is caught in a leg snare and we ( David Hamer and myself) installed radio collar. The bear is tagged number 648 and named Bertha. Her small cubs had climbed a small fir tree and I plucked them out of the tree by the scruff of the neck from the back of a horse named Star. They were quite a hand full of claws and teeth until they were placed on the mother

still under the influence of the drug. The cubs buried themselves into her fur for comfort and were quite easy to tag with small ear tags. This minimized the risk of drugging the cubs and the mother abandoning them when she recovered.

A unique relationship would begin between Bertha and the Study Team over the next few years. This bear would tolerate the careless behavior of hikers and fishermen who would at times be as close as 12 feet from her and her cubs without attack or any aggressive behavior. Bertha and her cubs would also recognize my voice ( and most certainly my scent) and the horse that I rode as I would radio locate and monitor her activity over the years. I would benefit from this experience realizing that each grizzly can have its' own personality and respond differently to interactions with humans. This was a good bear.

June 12, 1981. The Peace River Outfitter is fined \$1000.00 for killing elk in Waterton Park and as mentioned earlier and lost his Provincial guides license as well.

### **Chokioe Heart Attack**

June 18th. Called to Prince of Wales where man in wheel chair was reported to be having a heart attack. This man was actually choking on food that he had eaten which I was able to dislodge by slapping him on his back. The man thanked me repeatedly for saving his life. One of the better outcomes for all concerned.

June 24th. Four grizzly observed on snow fields at south end of Cameron Lake. Two of these were obviously males competing for a female apparently in estrus. One of the larger bears chased the smaller one over the Forum Ridge into B.C. before returning to stand guard over the prospective partner now engaged in cooling herself on the avalanche path . I watched the two bears playful behavior of running and sliding down the hard snow on the steep slope. The weather is unusually hot for this time of year and grizzlies come to this area to feed on Glacier Lily corms and Yellow Angelica that grow profusely on this headwall.

As a side note. ( David Hamer informant ) A photographer from Germany was caught trying to get close to the two male grizzlies to take pictures that could well have been his last. He was escorted out of the area to the trailhead and shown the sign that indicated the trail was closed. The typical defense about not knowing the language suggested that it would be more prudent to give him a warning rather than lose a case in court on a Due Diligence defense. (not being able to read the sign in English or French)

### **Feed For the Grizzly Family**

July 5th. A horse party attempting to cross the switch backs on the Rowe summit lost a pack horse that broke its neck as it rolled down the steep slope for about 400 meters. The dead horse eventually ended up on a snow field where it was fed on by Bertha and her two small cubs. The area was closed for about three weeks and I made numerous horseback patrols to observe this radio collared female and her cubs. The play and feeding activity of the cubs as they crawled over their sleeping mother are images etched forever in my mind. There is no doubt that the trio learned to identify my scent and voice as I talked to them from my observation point above them. This was part of my five year plus relationship with Bertha the grizzly.

July 11th Wellman wounds a bear that apparently injured a small calf by his calving barn just north of his house. The bear was not badly injured and as I told Cal Wellman; could probably outrun the bullet from his old pump action 35 Remington rifle.

July 14th. Cabin moved into Yarrow Canyon from old YMCA camp. This cabin was put on the same side as the old Yarrow cabin and would prove to be a favorite location to deal with the sheep hunting issue in Yarrow. The cabin was insulated and supplied with running water from a gravity feed water system. This was from the creek that forms the Park Boundary and terminates at Crowfoot Basin and the height of land . The height of land at this point is also the Park boundary and continues southwest to the Continental Divide and the Province of BC.

July 29th. New grizzly feeding on dead horse in Rowe valley. This bear apparently chased Bertha and cubs off of the carcass .. Good for her cubs that this bear chose a carcass over her two small cubs as this bear was a male, Grizzly Chews Off Tree July 31 81A grizzly killing stock on Pincher Ranches is caught in a leg snare set by problem wildlife officer Dennis Wieser but escapes by chewing off the aspen tree snare anchor and making off with the snare on its front leg. This is a worse case senario. Wieser called for my assistance but by the time I got there the grizzly was caught in another snare Dennis had set. This attests to the bear smarts of Dennis from years of experience in the capture of problem wildlife August 21h. I shot aggressive Black Bear at Crypt Landing that had been harassing hikers and campers. Bear was taken back to the Warden Office by boat and disposed of at the Bison Paddock ..

August 11th. On this date I installed Park Boundary signs along Newman and Glendowan mountains with aid of helicopter. This height of land is poorly signed and the cairns are hit by lightning on a regular basis scattering debris and signs everywhere.

### **Joint Patrols**

August 15th. Made horse trip from Red Rock over Avion Ridge and Yarrow with Marve Dorrin from Alberta Fish and Wildlife. This type of joint patrol is important to identify hunter hotspots requiring special attention from both agencies.

### **Park Boundary: Fencing Project**

September 3rd, 1981. Chief Warden Winkler and I made a presentation at Calgary Regional office for funds for a new Park boundary fence and boundary clearing project. Got approval for project as a gesture of goodwill to ranchers and proper boundary identification. This project was a success for both initiatives.

September 29th. Bad accident at east Park entrance. A half ton vehicle conveying six people from a party left the road , hit an approach and rolled end over end. All passengers were ejected. Several ambulances were dispatched and five casualties were treated and loaded for transport to cards ton hospital. One of the victims asked about the condition of a sixth person not accounted for as it was dark and very cold. The sixth person ( BH)was found lying in the frost covered grass about 100 meters from the vehicle. He had a broken pelvis and would likely have died from shock and exposure had he not been located.

### **Always Tell The Truth Or Be a Good Liar**

Oct 1, 1981. On this date I witnessed a hunter killing mule deer buck on Jim Pennies land at the mouth of Blind Canyon. The season was not open out of the Forest Reserve ( WMU-400)at the time .. Through a radio/telephone relay I called for Pincher Creek Fish and Wildlife Officer . to come to scene to investigate and lay charges. The Officer responds and lays charges but does not really conduct a thorough investigation. This worries me as the hunter from Glenwood seems to be making an issue about the forestry boundary fence at this location. I later returned to the site and measured the distance from Forestry Reserve boundary to the kill site I also recorded a road allowance deviation of 66 feet and the number of boundary signs on the fence from the trailhead in Spionkop(Smith) Canyon where the suspects vehicle had been left. This case was dismissed because two Crown Witness ( The Conservation Officer and myself) gave contradictory evidence about the Forestry boundary fence, number of signs and the 66 foot deviation in the fence line. As stated, I had previously recorded this information and testified under oath to this effect. The other C.O. Officer had not been at this location but said he did and there was no deviation to the boundary fence. The accused and his wife confronted us both outside the courtroom. The wife said very forcefully that I had told the truth and that the Pincher Creek Officer had lied under oath. The Clerk of the Court had to break up the argument between this Officer and the accused as the conversation could be heard inside the courtroom. October 14th, 1981. I impounded 25 cows and calves belong to from Montana. His cattle had been grazing on BRI land and headed into Canada when weather changed. paid his pound fees and trucked his cattle back to the States.

November 6th. Rancher Cal Wellman has calf killed by cougar. Nothing more done about this. In November the winter den site of Bertha and her cubs located in Rowe valley by David Hamer. This site was monitored periodically during the winter and visited in the spring when bear was gone. The den was situated on an east exposure on a south facing slope. The den site was completely drifted over which apparently is why it was selected. A couple of old den were also dug in this same area and likely from Berthas' relatives.

December 8th to 31 si\_ 250 elk raiding Briosis' unfenced hay stack again this year. This is quite disturbing as the conditioning of park elk feeding on adjacent haystacks continues. Fencing for problem wildlife is offered by Fish and Wildlife programs but not being used .

December 31st. Cougar feeding on gut pile of hunter killed elk at the Homestead campground which is presently owned and operated by Elmer Ecklund. This cougar appears to be quite young and hungry. It will not likely survive winter unless it makes several more kills or scavenges which is not typical for the big cats.

On this note 1980 and 1981 ended with anticipation that the new year would be full of new challenges and surprises. This would prove to be the case.

## **Waterton 1982**

Month of January 1982. On January 5th someone stole fence posts from the storage area known as the Stalag on the Pass Creek Flats. It is apparent that this was a case of knowing where the posts were stored and when to get them.

January 10-12'h

Taking explosives course at Banff. Avalanche control using explosives and handling explosives in general

for ticket required in Waterton. On January 191h I observed a vehicle with two men in it watching a large herd of elk near the Chief Mt Junction. It was very cold and the two men were obviously hunters hoping the elk would move out of the

Park . On returning later I saw the same vehicle parked at the junction with only the driver in the vehicle. I

also noticed that the herd of elk had been spooked and had run off of the ridge heading deeper into the park.

This had all the markings of a drive attempt although I could not see anyone on foot. I stopped the vehicle

and asked the driver about the whereabouts of his passenger. He was vague so I pressed the issue and told

him that I thought he was probably trying to drive the elk out of the park and was probably hiding in the

bush waiting for me to leave. Since the driver was still denying this, I told him I would wait around and the

cold would probably be to much for him and drove down the road to wait. I didn't have to wait long before

the man came out of the bush, very cold and anxious to get into a warm vehicle. I charged the individual for

the offence confident that both men had learned a lesson they would not soon forget. ( )

On January 201

\ I was contacted by a former Provincial Park Warden who had shot a cow elk on Ray Marrs land in Oil Basin. He told me that the elk had managed to get back into the Park a short distance before it

died. He had gutted it out and hoped this would be alright since he didn't want the meat to be wasted. Something in his voice told me that be wasn't telling all of the story. On arriving at the site it was obvious

that the elk had been wounded outside of the Park and had managed to cross the fence back into the park.

The fresh snow allowed me to confirm something else . It was obvious that the man had tracked the elk for

about a half a mile and that the elk though badly wounded kept getting up every 50 yards or so. It was then

that I noticed that the mans tracks left the blood trail and returned to the Park boundary fence. It was here

that I could see the distinct mark of a rifle butt that had been left leaning against a fence post. I confronted

the man with this information and told him that he may have done the moral thing but non the less was in

violation of National Park Regulations. I also told him how much I appreciated truth and detested lying.

His demeanor at that time indicated that applying the spirit of the law in this case would be in the best interests of his career. A court appearance and fine would add nothing more to the lesson learned.

On January the 2 I •1

- and wounded a bull elk in Wellmans with a 243 rifle. I tracked the elk into the Park for about 2 miles before leaving it for the coyotes. A 243 is a poor choice for use on elk as the light bullet simply shatters the scapula, breaking the shoulder but not hitting the vitals like the lungs or heart. This makes about eight elk that I have tracked that have been wounded with 243 rifles.

On January 26th, I counted 1204 elk on winter ranges inside the park.

February 5th. and of Pincher Creek wound a bull elk on Ray Marrs land in Oil

Basin. The elk got back into the park and appeared to be bleeding quite badly. I trailed this animal for about

4 miles through snow up to my waist. It finally joined with a large herd of elk and I could have shot it a

couple of times but was unsure that it was the right bull. There were about 6 others about the same size. I

Abandoned the trail when the elk went over the Indian Trail into the Horseshoe Basin.

I returned to the Oil Basin cabin totally exhausted, lite the fire and had some hot soup and coffee with Hoodie and Gortzen who had tired out along the way and returned to their vehicle outside the park ..

What a

day to forget .

February 9th to 16th. Big elk shoot started at Brioses and continued for several days as the animals were

kept out of the Park by hunters. I was asked to assist Fish and Wildlife in tracking some of the wounded elk

and handling hunters as I had a Provincial appointment at the time. About 30 elk killed and another 15

wounded and left. Some wounded elk that I destroyed were turned over to hunters happy to use their tags in

this way rather than shooting another healthy elk. About forty hunting parties out circling the roads looking

for elk. Three hunters charged for various wildlife offences.

March 2nd. Park boundary fencing agreement finally signed by all ranchers. The agreement called for the

ranchers to remove the old fence and keep the wire and old posts. The Park would install the fence with

four wires and new posts and maintain it each spring to fix breaks from wildlife over the winter.

Ranchers

were to maintain the fence during the summer grazing months. This was a good arrangement for the Park

and ranchers alike . It was also viewed as the Government finally cooperating and making a real contribution to the issue of wildlife conflicts. I felt good about initiating this project.



March 25th. Bob Bach retires and late gets Boundary Fencing contract and hires Blane Marr and some others to assist. Big Axe Construction awarded boundary clearing contract and used three four wheel drive hydro axes for this purpose. This proved to be quite a challenge on steep terrain and some boggy sections. Some of these areas had to be hand cleared. New boundary signs were also installed at 100 meter intervals. This would be a tremendous boost to enforcement efforts and a due diligence defense when the boundary had not been cleared or signed.

April 13th, 1982. Bertha and yearling cubs out of densite in Rowe Valley. Weather warming south facing slopes and root digging areas for her.

April 14th, Presentation about career opportunities with National Parks to LCC in Lethbridge.

### **Grizzly Bear Courtship Action**

On May 6ll', I observed 4 grizzlies on the West facing slope of Vimy Mountain. Three of these consisted of a female with two young of year cubs. The fourth was apparently a young male with amorous or predation intentions and very determined to interact with the female. As I watched, the female took her small cubs higher and higher into the rock ledges on Vimy. Here she made her stand and charged down the steep slope and attacked the male. Disney style the stood on their hind legs and bit one another and finally the male broke off and ran down slope a bout 100 meters. The female returned to her terrified cubs and watched the male who was now sliding down a small snow bank apparently putting on a show for the female. The male showed no intentions of leaving and curled up for a nap after digging a day bed at the shaded side of the snow bank. The female watched curiously and was now apparently intrigued by the antics of the male bear.

As I now think about possibilities this one comes to mind. It is possible that the single bear was a sibling to the female who now had cubs and wanted to tag along or resume the sibling relationship plus two cubs.

After about two hours the female actually left her cubs and came down slope to slide on the snow field a

time or two next to the single bear who was now sitting up watching the whole ordeal. Finally the bear got

up and once again approached the female on the snow field and the fight was on again but not in real

aggression. The single bear broke it off and lumbered down slope into the trees. The female grizzly returned to her cubs, nursed them and then dug a day bed under a ledge where the trio slept as long as I watched.

This sow may have been the one that would later be killed in the Crypt Lake mauling of Trevor and Patrica

Janz. The timing and age of the two cubs would be about the same.

Bad Oat For All

May 13<sup>1</sup>

\ Ambulance with Tilson driving a woman in labor hit elk on Knights hill. Ambulance was disabled. I was contacted and took our club wagon van to the scene and transported the woman, her husband and Tilson on fast trip to Cardston Hospital. I was unfortunate that the woman was actually experiencing a breach birth with complications. (S Lunn)

May 15<sup>th</sup>. Mr Wendorf has heart attack and was taken to hospital in Cardston. He survived with side effects.

May 17<sup>th</sup>. Conducting interviews for positions with Visitor Services for Park. Faulted program, as I later

learned that some of these people had been supplied with the interview questions and answers. These were

the ones who quickly got the American money exchange rate on ten dollars without pencil calculations.

Cameron Grizzly Capture

May 29<sup>1</sup>h to June 2<sup>nd</sup>. Caught two grizzlies by using leg snares on the Cameron highway which was closed

after the May long weekend. One of these was a large male caught at the Rowe trailhead. This bear was not

radio collared but tagged and released. The female was caught in one of two snares set at the Lincham

Trailhead. She gave me a real thrill as I checked the snares with Max Winkler. The lead in baits from the

road had not been touched and I could see the first snare. I told Max that I would have a closer look at the

second snare that I could not see and located about 50 feet from the first. When I reached the first snare I

was immediately charged by the sow grizzly firmly caught in the second snare. I was glad to see the bear

flip over when she hit the end of the snare. Quite an adrenalin rush I can assure you. This bear was radio

collared and named Ruby. She would prove to be an exact opposite to Bertha in that she would avoid all

trail systems and avoid people. On two different occasions she spent a week feeding high on the avalanche

slope on Bertha Mountain above the town site. Even though she was radio collared she was hard to observe

in the tangle of shrub but supplied data about feeding and scat collections after she moved to another feeding area.

During June; meetings were held to consider entrance highway improvements . Both highways 5 and 6 are

to be included in this project which turn out to be a fiasco. A bicycle lane was to be provided on both highways but was actually shaved off by graders to avoid cost over runs in paving. The Project Supervisor

(ER) was in my opinion one of the most arrogant and stupid individuals I have ever met. Only the Federal

Government could be stuck with someone like this. The project was scaled down further to one white bearded man operating one High Hoe and continued well into the winter .

June 13<sup>th</sup>. I assisted Dennis Wieser of Alberta Fish and Wildlife in removing problem black bear from

Police Lake. Her cubs were taken to the Alberta Game Farm. I don't have a very good opinion about this

operation or the future of the two cubs.

June 15<sup>th</sup>. Water rescue of man hanging onto kayak below narrows and Prince Of Wales. By the time Rob

Watt and I pulled the man into the Warden patrol boat he was in advanced stages of Hypo Thermia. He

would have drowned had it not been for the life jacket he was wearing. We took the man to the Bunk House

and put him into a tub of warm water with care to keep his extremities out of the water. He was alive but

completely incoherent. It was strange that the water in the bath tub would quickly cool off from his cold

body which had the same effect of a block of ice. After a few minutes the victim suddenly started responding wondering where he was and what had happened to him. He made a full recovery and was taken

to the Cardston Hospital for further evaluation.

June 22<sup>nd</sup>. Big Axe Construction is awarded the brush clearing contract for boundary clearing (\$22,000)

Dale Roberts the owner as well as operator for this project. They were excellent to work with and extremely

cooperative in reducing unnecessary impacts.

July was not a good month for the Black Bear population in and outside of the Park. One black bear destroyed at Crandell campground and three others killed as they scavenged on cow carcasses on private

land along Dog Creek. The Black bear feeding on the cow carcasses were killed by Myron Pettersen using

a 25-06 for this purpose. It was not unlawful for the land owner to do this although the question of hunting ethics seemed at issue.

Bob Forsythe was the Cardston Fish and Wildlife Officer and to his credit has instituted a burn policy for dead domestic animals to prevent conditioning of bears to feeding on dead livestock. It also reduced the opportunity for shooting bears feeding on or coming to the carcasses of dead animals. Bob had the determination to do this although it made him unpopular with some land owners.

### **Mauling Of Jerry Desanto At Kintla Lake**

July 20<sup>th</sup>. Jerry Desanto mauled by grizzly at Kintla Lake in Glacier Park USA. Desanto apparently got to

close to the female and although he attempted to hide behind a tree was mauled by the bear. Desanto, a

Park Ranger in Glacier with lots of bear experience was not armed at the time. Highly unusual for US Rangers who pack 44 magnum handguns in the back country. This incident changed Jerrys' opinion of

Grizzlies somewhat although he considered himself to be lucky that the attack was not worse.

July 23<sup>rd</sup>. Incident of a Bighorn Ram seeing its reflection on a car door on the Cameron Highway and then

caving in door with its horns. The motorist reported this to my office thinking the Park would pay to repair

vehicle. With a little questioning, it became apparent the man was attempting to feed the sheep to get pictures when the incident happened. He saw the wisdom in not pursuing this matter any further and probably learned a valuable lesson about the reasons why Wildlife should not be fed or enticed to approach.

(Wildlife Regs)

August 1982. Horse trip over Sage Pass to Font Mountain, Castle River and over Regal trail into Yarrow

Canyon. Bertha and cubs on Sage Mountain.

### **Cougar Attack On Bertha Trail**

August 2011. A Cougar attacked an eight year old boy about 200 meters from the Bertha Trailhead.

The boy

had apparently run ahead of his parents when nearing the trailhead when he saw the Cougar walking towards him on the trail. Thinking it was a Disney type tame Cougar the boy was not alarmed until the cat

attacked him and bit him on his shoulder. His screams for help brought the parents running to assist and the

Cougar ran off into the trees. This cat was later destroyed at Crandell Campground. This boy was very

lucky that the cat did not get the kill bite on the neck or the outcome would have been much different.

August 25<sup>th</sup>. Ursula Matson treed by sow grizzly at Summit Lake. Ursula is the wife of Dick Matson who is a US Ranger at Belly River. Ursula waited for the bear to leave the area as she waited in the tree. The key is not to make a sound to further aggravate the situation and bring an aggressive attack from the bear. Grizzlies can climb trees with little difficulty in there are branches to assist. Although Ursula did not see a radio collar on the bear it is possible that this was Ruby who was radio located in this same area on August 27<sup>th</sup>.

September 22<sup>nd</sup>. Two sheep shot in Blind Canyon by Piaha 's. I reported this to Jan Allen as I had reason to believe that at least one ram was not legal. was charged for the sub legal ram. September boundary clearing operations continued with some difficulty on Cloudy Ridge where it snowed. By September 22<sup>nd</sup> elk were in full rut in the Park along Cloudy Ridge and Horse Shoe basin. During this period, I made horse trip over Indian Trail with Superintendent Lieff. With elk all around, I used a broken branch rubbed on a tree which brought a rut crazed bull elk crashing through the trees to within 20 feet of our horses. He was primed to fight and not happy about seeing the horses. After eyeing the situation with red eyes bulging the bull turned and made off into the trees toward a herd of cows. October 1982. Boundary clearing and fencing operation continued with some delays. Having trouble with boundary adjustments in Oil Basin as there is a correction line here. Finally had it surveyed and straightened out with Ken Slovaks assistance.

Fencing project finished on Mokowan Butte on November 7<sup>th</sup>. Everyone happy to be finished. As Project Supervisor I was probably the happiest as was my horse Lance who was used to access the project site under some very slippery conditions.

November 16<sup>th</sup>. Bertha and cubs dened on Rowe slide above Cameron Highway. Very odd spot above some spruce trees which is already snow covered. Site is just opposite a Hedy Sarum feeding area which she was using before she dened.

November 25<sup>th</sup>. given firearms warning on Chief MT. Highway. is a guide and should have known better. This was a real break for him as he could have lost his Outfitters license if had

charged him for the offence. I would get some enforcement information from which made the warning a good choice.

December was spent preparing a Back Country Management Plan for the Park and dealing with a Human Rights Grievance filed by Louise McIntyre against several Park Wardens. I was not one of these and was therefor chosen to be a mediator for the interview process. The complainant made it plain that I (Mr. Brady) had treated her with dignity and respect. I was pleased with this as I had seen it coming so to speak and had warned some of the Wardens that they were crossing the line so to speak with some things they were saying and doing. A lesson learned I guess.  
End of 1982

### **Waterton 1983**

Two things of note in January. Wind gusts peaked 113 miles per hour on January 11 and a major Bighorn Sheep die off has started in Waterton Park and adjacent sheep ranges. The disease is a fast acting acute pneumonia identified as *Pasturella Hemolytica* Type T. and can decimate some sheep herds.

### **Areas Effected By the Die Off**

Five dead sheep were found in Yarrow and Blind Canyons. Another 12 sheep above the road on Coppermine Bluff in Red Rock Canyon were also displaying advanced symptoms of the deadly disease. At this time we started collecting nasal swabs and anal tube samples for submission to the Lethbridge Laboratory.

On January 191

\ 1983, I made a helicopter flight with Owen Sabiston from the Pincher Creek Fish and Wildlife Division. On this flight we noted a large full curl ram on the grassy slopes at the mouth of Blind Canyon. A closer examination showed that the ram was weak, emaciated and had nasal discharge running from it's nose. This animal was killed to put it out of it's misery, as it was near death anyway. The head of this trophy ram was mounted and is on display at the Fish and Wildlife Office in Pincher Creek. This ram had tar embedded in it's horns and must have been at the Red Rock day use area during the summer. During road patching operations, the spreader was left at the parking lot and sheep licked tar that had dripped from the machine. It is likely that this contributed to spreading the disease from sheep to sheep.

As stated, PHT is highly contagious. This disease was previously called Pneumonia Lungworm but most sheep have lungworm as well as other parasites and still live to a good old age. In the Waterton outbreak, death seemed to occur within 10 days from the time first symptoms were displayed. The symptoms included continual wheezing, visible signs of emaciation from not eating and copious amounts of nasal discharge. I also

suspected that this disease can be transmitted to Mountain Goats because feeding and bedding areas are often shared with sheep . This was later confirmed when a dead Mountain Goat taken from Logans Pass in Glacier Montana to the Lab in Lethbridge. Test results were PHT positive.

On January 21, 1983, I hiked into the Horseshoe Basin and collected more samples from five dead or dying sheep . One of these was a large 40 inch ram that was literally dying on his feet. It was coughing and had what looked like strings of yellow nasal discharge hanging from it's nose and to the ground. As I approached this magnificent animal, it looked at me as if asking for help or to put it out of it's misery. It was with mixed emotions, I did the humane thing.

Samples of dead sheep were bagged, labeled and taken to the Laboratory in Lethbridge for disease confirmation. The sheep that ranged on Sofa and Vimy Mountains experienced huge losses as their winter range is very concentrated and numbers were at historic highs of 100 to 150 animals. I believe that 75% of Park sheep died of during this outbreak.

Bill Wishart and Andurka ?? were the Specialists from Alberta who collated data to determine the extent of the outbreak and it's effects on the Bighorn Sheep populations in Alberta. The disease seemed to run it's course very quickly in the Waterton area and the sheep that survived recovered within a few years. It seems likely that these animals had some type of immunity to the disease. Other sheep that ranged along the Continental Divide, like those on Mt. Anderson and Festaburt did not seem to be affected ..

In February the extended elk season in WMU -300 continued but only a few elk were killed by hunters due to the warm weather. My notes indicated that two local hunters shot and wounded two bull elk on Wellmans. Despite being shot with large caliber firearms, both of the wounded elk got back into the Park before dying . The elk were turned over to the hunters who could not brag about one shot kills :from magnum rifles. A bad shot is still a bad shot.

In March 1983 . Warm weather continues and elk begin leaving the Park in search of green grass on adjacent pasture lands . A number of elk were killed on Pine Ridge and Allreds land . Some of the cow elk were carrying well developed fetuses and this raises some opposition to a hunting season in March.

### **I Can Run Pretty Fast For An Old Man**

On March 4th, 1983, I made a foot patrol back from Oil Basin to the Bison Paddock and caught two hunters inside the Park above Horseshoe Lake. The hunters didn't see me and I hid in the trees and allowed the men to get quite close before I stepped out and confronted them. The older man jumped the fence and ran down the slope into some scrub Aspen above Horseshoe Lake. I caught and arrested the second man who remained in the Park and seized his rifle at this time. On learning the identity of older man, I called his name and asked him to come back as I could see him standing in some stunted Aspen. At this time, I could also see his truck which was parked at Horseshoe Lake. The hunter shouted back and said "No Damn Way". I told him that radio waves traveled faster than

he could walk back to his truck. This time he did not reply , but I could hear him crashing around in the bush and I knew he was heading back to his truck.

I made radio contact with Jan Allen of Pincher Creek Fish and Wildlife who was patrolling in the area at the time. The Park had a shared radio frequency at the time which allowed for this type of communication. Jan Allen went to where the truck was parked while I took the other man back to my vehicle parked at the Bison Paddock where he was formally charged.

In the meantime Jan Allen had been waiting near the parked truck used by the suspects. Through binoculars he saw the man take off his shirt, and wrap his rifle in the shirt and then cover it with snow. Jan had approached him close enough to confirm identity and then said What in the hell have you been up to ? Startled the suspect blurted out that he guessed he had been in the Park.

Jan brought this suspect back to my location at the Bison Paddock where I seized his 7mm Browning firearm and charged him for hunting in the Park. In part of his conversation, he said; quite proudly " I can move pretty fast for an old man can't I. I replied that I told him he couldn't outrun radio waves and I didn't have to chase after anyone carrying a rifle when I already knew his identity from the man in custody. I almost laughed when he started to cry about his rifle being a present from his Daughter and wondered whether it would be forfeited to the Crown. I told him I wouldn't request forfeiture. He than thanked me and told me he was a very good friend of Randall Schwanke who was a Seasonal Warden in the Park at the time. This incident has been repeated many times by this older man . His version; being 70 years of age and still out running Park Wardens.

March 7th tol 1th. Ski school rescue training trip into Cameron Lake Forum Ridge the out over Summit lake and Boundary Creek. Horrible trip for skiing and camping as it rained and rained. Had to travel the lake shore trail from Boundary Bay as the lake was open. Tough slogging and iso-thermal conditions existed all the way. Went through waist-deep snow to the bottom on skies which then had to be pulled to the surface again before continuing. What a combination for pulling a groin muscle or getting a hernia. This is necessary? Not too many back country users would be this stupid. Notice I said 'not too many' as some did.

On March 26th; a 148 bighorn sheep were counted on ranges in the Park including Blind and Yarrow Canyons. The majority of the surviving sheep were observed in the isolated herds mentioned earlier.

### **Grizzly Wounded On Wellman Ranch**

April 13-141.h 1983. Ken Schmidt wounded large grizzly with 300 magnum rifle on the Wellman Ranch. Schmidt contacted me and told me that grizzly came out of Park below tin shack in Wellmans. When it was on boundary slash out of Park he fired one shot at about 150m and then in his excitement the gun jammed. While he was working on the gun, he lost site of the bear but figured it got back into the Park but he was positive it had



been wounded.

It was dark at this time and I declined to go out and look for a wounded grizzly in the thick wind stunted aspen where the bear had been wounded. This would have been extremely dangerous in daylight. The next morning Pincher Creek Wildlife Biologists were in the area doing a helicopter Moose survey. We had them come down to search the area where the bear had been wounded. I went with them and spotted the dead bear in some aspen just outside the Park on Wellmans' land. The bear was a mature male that I guessed at 640 pounds spring weight. The bear turned out to weigh 642 pounds. This would have been a 900 pound bear when it denned the previous fall.

On April 16th. Bertha the radio collared Grizzly is out of her den on Rowe slide path and nursing her two yearling cubs. Another female Grizzly and two young of year cubs had denned about 100 meters north at the edge of same avalanche slope. Both had been sharing a Hedy Sarum root digging area at the north edge of the slide path. This emphasizes how critical denning habitat is to Grizzly and that it is usually close to spring root digging areas. Both family groups were observed from the Cameron highway.

April 18th to 21 51

- Travelled to West Glacier in the United States to attend a bear conference. I instructed Rangers in snare setting techniques stressing the need to use swivels between leg loop and anchor cable. This prevents the cable from unwrapping once bear is caught.

### **Russells And The Bellevue Grizzly Stand Or Run**

On May 25th, Charlie and Beth Russell were charged by Grizzly on the North East Ridge of Bellevue Mountain. The Russells had spotted the bear from a distance and were remarking on how beautiful it looked with the spring sun shining on it. The bear then spotted them and started to run towards them. Russell said he took off his coat and waved it and they both shouted. The bear kept coming and the two decided to run down the slope to get away from the bear. At this point they ran past the carcass of a dead sheep the bear had been feeding on. In view of the circumstances, running probably saved their lives as the grizzly stopped at the dead sheep. It was apparently defending the first food of the season.

### **Preparing For Summer Duties**

In June, there were a number of mixed duties that included a review of the ~~fust~~ years bear study with Herrero and Hamer. I also had meetings with Provincial Wildlife Biologist Lorne Russell to recommend changes to the WMU 300 Elk Season. The March season was changed from an unlimited either sex season to a limited number to improve the quality of the hunt. Hunter safety was a major concern after witnessing the pandemonium of massive flock shoots that had taken place. Hunters had to take cover from the hail of bullets fired indiscriminately into herds of elk numbering 300 or more. I witnessed hunters shooting blindly at elk on the boundary slash as these animals crossed between them and their hunting partners. On one such occasion one of the hunters had to dive into the cover of trees as his partners shot at some bull elk entering the Park between

them. I also witnessed the heated dispute that took place after as the one hunter said " the crazy ass was shooting at me" Fortunately, the hunters partner was not hit and neither were the bull elk.

June 22nd. Traveled back to West Glacier for a bear conference. The position Glacier Officials are taking in respects to grizzlies involved in mauling incidents disturbs me. The life of a Grizzly seems to take priority over the life of a human, but the truth is that learned behavior is learned behavior. Humans are easy to kill and at times good to eat and so it goes. Glacier may learn this after a costly law suit.

July 1983 .. July was a month of more bear bizarre bear incidents. A Black bear that had been wounded by hunters is seen at Belly River Campground across the river from the Blood Indian Timber Limit. The Bear had a back leg shot off but was managing to scrounge for food left by campers. The Bear was finally destroyed but this incident and others left a bad opinion about some Native hunters for people in the campground.

### **The Lake Louise Grizzly Bear Fiasco**

July 23. On this day I received a call from Gaby Fortin who was now Chief Warden in Banff National Park. Fortin said that a sow Grizzly with two cubs had been wounded by Wardens at the Lake Louise Dorms used by Chateau employees. These were the details I received over the phone.

The decision had been made to destroy the sow Grizzly and take the two cubs to a Zoo or Game Farm. The bear had been feeding in a dumpster near the dorm and a large elevated parking lot about 75 meters extended from the dorm to some thick but boggy forest. A Warden and RCMP Constable had taken up a position inside the Dorm that allowed them to watch the dumpster under some lights from the Dorm. As expected the sow and cubs showed up in the early morning and began to feed in the dumpster. The Warden armed with a 12 gauge shotgun loaded with slugs went out the side door of the Dorm with the RCMP constable apparently holding some kind of light. Two shots were fired at the sow who left the dumpster and ran off into the darkness and forest with her cubs. The Warden was sure he hit the sow as he couldn't possibly miss at that range. He was also sure he heard growling and thrashing in the trees below the parking lot; indicating that she was probably mortally wounded.

Fortin asked if I would come up and assist in tracking the wounded bear as he had confidence that I was about the only one he could trust at the time. He was concerned about dispatching the bear as soon as possible because for the safety of people in the area. The tourist season was under way and they had closed a large portion of the area to the public.

I arrived at the Lake Louise Warden Office in the early morning and met with Fortin and a number of Wardens including the one who thought he wounded the bear. How many shots did you fire? I asked. Two was the reply. I said that I did not think that he hit the bear and likely shot over it from his position above the bear and the poor light conditions.

Fortin then said very quietly and calmly that the Warden hit something. What I asked.? Well there was a half ton truck parked at the far edge of the parking lot facing the dorm. A bullet went through the radiator of this vehicle, hit the master brake cylinder and then took out the wind shield. That's one bullet accounted for. What about the second? Well there was a second half ton with a canopy parked near the first but facing the forest. The second bullet had hit the hub cap of this vehicle before expending the remaining energy in the parking lot. But it gets better Fortin said. How much better I asked? Well there was someone sleeping in the camper shell at the time the bullet hit the hub cap.

Well; I said finally when I stopped laughing; that takes care of the two bullets and the bear certainly wasn't wounded. If you want I can set some Aldridge leg snares for you to catch the sow and her cubs. Then you can do what you want with her. By the way I added. How are you going to get this by the Press when they find out? He replied they would have John Steele in the Calgary Regional Office act as the spokesman. Brief and concise details about the incident did appear in the Calgary Herald. Unbelievably the words that two vehicles were slightly damaged by stray bullets got by the readers with no further reaction. What are the odds of that happening? The Bear was finally caught, and destroyed . I am not sure what happened to the cubs as I had returned to Waterton after setting the snares for the wardens at Lake Louise. Quite frankly and for obvious reasons, I just wanted to get out there as quick as I could. What an unbelievable fiasco.

### **Hiker Falls To His Death Off Lineham Cliff**

July 29th. 1983. Received a call on the parks radio that someone had fallen off the cliff traverse to Lineham lake and help was needed. How badly is he injured I asked Max Winkler who was the Chief Park Warden at the time. No one is sure he said, as the people reporting it had not gone down to see but had gone for help. I was near the Waterton barn and loaded two horses into the horse trailer for a fast trip to the site. Enroute I picked up Max who was waiting at the Warden Office with some first aid gear . We were the first party with the rescue stretcher and 2nd party to follow as soon as it was ready. A helicopter was also put on standby at this time.

We arrived at the Lineham Trailhead in about 45 minutes and unloaded the saddled horses. As we were tying the first aid pack onto the saddles there were two people sitting on a rock . One of them had apparently been with the person who fell off the cliff started to complain that it had taken us too long to get there and that there friend may die as a result.. Max was taken back by this response but I wasn't. I asked the complainer if he was with the person who fell and he said that he was. Following up on this I asked if he had gone down to help his friend and determine the extent of his injuries. He acknowledged that he hadn't so I told him to shut up and sit down and let us do our job. He stopped talking, probably from the look on my face and quickly did what I told him. On arriving at the site, we found two people with the victim who had been killed instantly by the 200 meter fall. I climbed up the cliff to where he had fallen and found some of his brains on a point of impact. Some Clarks Nut Crackers had also found this food source as they usually do.

Apparently this group had been hurrying to get to the lake and carrying fairly heavy packs. At the most difficult part called the chimney, the victim apparently got leg cramps. This together with the weight of the pack caused him to become over balanced and he fell off the ledge to his death and horror to those watching.

As I looked at the dead youth, I told Max that it was like looking at the red headed youth who fell to his death on Grotto Mt near Canmore years earlier. Why does it always seem to be these red headed kids that fall I asked myself out loud.? Critical incident stress was not recognized as it is now but truly we were feeling the effects of these combined incidents.

### **Cameron Bay Rescue Of Two Small Boys**

August 10 1983. On this date two small boys were rescued from certain drowning at Cameron Bay had it not been for the heroic actions bystanders. The two boys were apparently using an air mattress or some other unsafe flotation device where Cameron Creek runs into Waterton Lakes. The current from the creek caught the boys and was pushing them further out into the lake which is over 300 feet deep at this point. Two of the onlooker grabbed some type of flotation device and managed to pull the boy out of the current pulling the boys further into the lake. The boy were already panicking and about to fall off the sagging mattress.

### **World Parks Conference In Waterton**

On August 11, I took a group from the World Parks Conference on a hike along the Cameron lakeshore to the new bear observation platform near the Canadian/US International Boundary. This mixed group was shocked at the small fines imposed for National Parks offenses which was \$ 500.00 at the time. Two Rangers from Africa said that they used armor plated patrol helicopters as poachers often shot at them. They also were stationed in stockades with 24 hour armed guards as the poachers would kill them otherwise. One of them said that they often hoped that the poachers that they caught would run or take aggressive action so they could shoot them. This saved manpower and other expenses if they were put in jail.

August 26

h to 30th. Horse back patrol from Red Rock to Sage Pass, Font Mountain and Pinicles camping here. Then down Font Creek to the South Castle and Sheep Basin. From Sheep Basin We located the old Riggall trail and followed it to cross the Yarrow Pass and out. There were 11 goat in Sheep Basin. This was a trip to remember for a lifetime.

### **Crypt Lake Bear Mauling Incident**

On September 9th I was alerted that a bear mauling that had taken place on the Crypt Trail below the lake. The mauling involved Trevor and Patricia Janz from Calgary and had occurred after a heavy snowfall that prompted to the couple to leave their campsite. The mauling was quite intense with severe damage to the facial areas of both. Trevor was mauled two times. The first attack occurred when he was on the trail about 20 meters from Patricia . The bear suddenly left him to attack Patricia who had climbed a Douglas fir tree. The bear pulled her out of the tree and bit her in the face and scalp area. The bear

then left Patricia to attack Trevor had just regained his feet . The second mauling was extremely severe breaking his jaw and exposing his trachea. It was truly a miracle that any of them survived the initial mauling. After the bear left, they were found by two other campers who came on them as they hiked out of Crypt because of the snow. These two going to leave the Janzs' and go for help, but Trevor insisted that they if they were left they would die from their injuries before help came. Trevor was a doctor and Patricia a nurse which helped them to know the something about the severity of their injuries. The trip out must have been difficult for the rescuers and victims. When they reached the switch backs above the boat dock at Crypt they faced another ordeal. Trevor who had been holding his broken jaw knew that the last boat of the shoreline cruise would be coming by and to miss it would be disastrous. Despite his condition he ran out on the wooden dock just as the boat came around the corner from Goat Haunt on the last trip from Goat Haunt. They were taken to Waterton where an ambulance was waiting for transport to the hospital. This was truly a miracle of miracles in spite of the tragic circumstances.

After I was alerted of the mauling by Max Winkler I hiked to the mauling site with Randall Schwanke and two other Wardens . Once there we located the two packs of Trevor and Patricia Janz that were covered with snow. The packs were near two mature Douglas Fir trees. The tree where Trevor was mauled had a large base and his pack was found there in addition to some buttons and ripped clothing. This testified to the severity of the two attacks he experienced. All other tracks and evidence had been covered by about 15 cms of fresh snow.

Before darkness fell we set two snares near the mauling site and two others about 200 meters down the trail at the edge of a large avalanche path near the creek. It was about -5 degrees C when we left to travel back in darkness to the patrol boat at Crypt Landing. The next day, September 19th, we traveled to Cyrypt Landing at first light to begin the trip back to the mauling site. At this time, our party consisted of four armed Park Wardens and Steve Herraro who wanted information from the mauling site for his research project. As party leader, I made the decision that he could come but remain well to the rear with an armed warden. As we approached the mauling site, we stopped and discussed strategy in case the bear attacked suddenly. I would be in front with Randall Schwanke and Larry Harbige as we approached the first snares set at the edge of the Avalanche path. Herraro and Wilson were to stay back in the center of the avalanche path until we were sure they could to move ahead safely.

As the three of us approached the first snares, we could see that the snares had been trampled down with bear tracks. The snares had frozen down over night and did not trigger to catch the bear. The bear baits must have been consumed very quickly by what appeared to be a female grizzly and two yearling cubs.

With caution we now followed the tracks of the three grizzlies up the trail in the direction of the mauling site and where the other two snares that had been set . We stopped to listen for sounds to indicate we had a bear in the snares. Hopefully the sow had been caught and

not one of the cubs or we would have an immediate close range charge. If this was the case the shooters would have to stand their ground and shoot straight. I stressed all possible scenarios to Schwanke who I had chosen to be beside me. The other two wardens and Herraro were to remain behind and out of harms way.

As we got to near the mauling site, the trail turned sharply to the right. At this point the bears left the trail and went directly up the Mountain slope towards the ridge which would drop into Samsons Basin and Stoney Creek. The tracks were fresh and I thought I actually heard the bears above us. After waiting for a few minutes we continued to the mauling site to find the snares still set and the baits intact. The bears had not been this far. We spent about an hour at the mauling site taking measurements and gathering more evidence as the snow melted to the warmth of the sun . By noon we were above timber line and stopped above the falls where we had lunch and communicated the information we had to Max Winkler. The Regional Director and the Parks Bear Management Plan had given a death sentence to the bear involved in the mauling of the Janzs'. At this time it appeared there was no real reason for the aggressive attack, as Trevor and Patricia had not seen the cubs during the mauling . Older cubs usually run off when the mother mauls the person and the attack is abandoned when the cubs are no longer threatened.

After lunch, our group climbed down the slope to the creek and followed it back to the avalanche path where the snares had been sprung. The day was heating up and snow melting quickly. When we got to the snares and the trail we came on the fresh tracks of the grizzly trio that had come backs down to the snares apparently looking for more beaver bait. Finding none they turned around and went up the trail towards the mauling site. Before they got there they left the trail to the right and then came back again on their tracks to go up the slope as they had done in the morning. This time however, I could see blood in the tracks that they left in the snow. These were followed back to the carcass of a dead ewe sheep about 15 meters from the trail. This was what had apparently triggered the attack on the Janzs' on the previous day.

We discussed these new developments as a group and decided that the attack was certainly in defense of a kill and the threat to cubs. The trail could be closed for the remainder of the season and the life of the sow spared which would also ensure the survival of the yearly cubs as well. I radioed this information to Max Winkler and he passed it on to the Park Superintendent B. Lieff who then was to contact the Regional Director to rescind the death sentence on the bear. By this time the media was involved in big way as the Janzs' were in the Calgary hospital. I was told not to leave the site until we had clearance to do so from the Director.

As we waited at the mauling site we were able to collect other items that had now melted out of the snow. At one point the five of us were at the site where Patricia had been mauled and could determine that she had climbed up the tree about 12 meters. She could have climbed much higher. The bear would have had plenty of branches and rough bark to climb the tree and grab her by the foot or break the branch she was standing on. I decided to go down the trail to the site where Trevor had been mauled and took my 338 magnum rifle with me. Larry Harbige decided to come along with a 12 gauge shotgun. Herraro, Schwanke and Wilson remained at the site where Patricia had been mauled to

take further measurements.

I was standing by the large fir tree where Trevor had been mauled when I noticed a button that had melted out of the snow. I picked it up and was now facing the slope where the bears had gone. I noticed a movement and saw the sow grizzly and her two cubs apparently coming back to the sheep carcass. At this time they had not seen us and I whispered to Larry to move up the trail to where the others were. Larry started up the trail while I watched the bear. When the bear saw Larry move she charged immediately but the cubs did not come with her. I shouted loudly to stop her charge but had mentally marked the spot where I would have to shoot her. I lost sight of her in the trees but knew she would come unto the trail where I was standing and where she had mauled Trevor. In either case she would be within two meters of me and one shot would be it. She suddenly broke out of the forest right about 4 meters in front of me. Since I was standing on the trail behind the large tree she saw the movement of Harbige and started by the tree to chase after him.

I swung the rifle on the bear as she came by the tree and she targeted me with her ears laid back and mouth open when I fired the 338 at about 3 meters. The shot broke her neck, and she slid into the stump of a dead tree about two meters from me. I remember saying out loud. " God I hated to do that" Steve Herraro who heard me say this said " Are you crazy ? She didn't give you any other choice. What an opportunity for someone writing a book on bear attacks.

The dead bear was taken out on a rescue stretcher and the head sent to the Lethbridge Lab for rabies testing which came back negative. The snares were left set to catch the cubs and attach ear transmitters to determine survival with out the mother. One of the cubs was caught and had a ear transmitter attached. The second had apparently left the area.

I left for Jasper on September 14<sup>th</sup> for Advanced Resource Management Training at the Pallisades. While I was gone David Hamer continued to monitor the movement of the grizzly cub that had the ear transmitter. The signal kept coming from the same area where the cub had been captured for about a week. Something was not right. When I got back we rode to the site and found that the cub had been killed or scavenged on by another grizzly. Perhaps the cub had died from drug or handling complications and been eaten by it's hungry sibling. This was truly a lose, lose situation for us and the grizzly family. No heros' here.

On October 14<sup>th</sup> the bear mauling was reviewed by a team of experts in bear management. These included Steve Herraro, Dick Russell, Buck Cunningham, Cliff Martinka, Jack Holroyd, Max Winkler and Superintendent Bernie Lieff. They said the whole incident was handled extremely well and nothing more could have been done under the circumstances. I was to receive a letter of commendation from the ADM for my actions in this incident and had the opportunity to tell my story to the media at least 10 times which I declined for obvious reasons.

The Janz's did recover from this horrific ordeal and visit us at our residence in Waterton a year later. Patricia wore an eye patch as she had lost an eye. She said she was sorry to

hear that the bear had been killed. Trevor had a beard to cover his facial scars where his jaw had been broken. Patricia would not recover from the emotional scars for the rest of her life. She would write a book called "In the Bears Embrace" We were informed that she died suddenly in 2007. We would not care to speculate on how or why her life ended but were saddened by the report of her death. Again this was a lose, lose situation. October 18th to 30th. This period spent reviewing Park Regulations and Amendments and reports about Crypt Trail Mauling. Also met with Bill Wishart and made a trip into Yarrow Canyon to look at gate in anticipation of other canyon closures. After Bighorn die off there was concern that year round hunting would decimate the remaining animals or slow recovery of populations.

On October 28 I saw Four Grizzlies high on the Park side of Crowfoot Basin ( Cloudy Ridge) The sow and three yearling cubs were root digging and are likely the group that dens in Pine Canyon. Several old den sites and day beds had been located east of where she was feeding emphasizing the importance of this area for grizzly. This group was observed in this same area on November 5th was still root digging. Cubs are showing sign of lethargy getting ready to den rather than dig with their mother. On this same day I saw a large silver tip grizzly root digging on the Sofa Fan. This bear was rolling out rocks and sod clumps in it's vigorous digging efforts.

### **Trip To MC Intyre Ranch**

On November 9th, I made a trip to the McIntyre Ranch with Provincial Wildlife Officer Bob Forsythe. Bob patrolled the Ranch area to look for deer or antelope hunters that may be trespassing and hunting on posted ranch lands. We saw hundreds and hundreds of Mule Deer and Whitetailed Deer. Massive bucks of both species herding up and displaying rut activity. We met with the Ranch Foreman who had reported that a poaching had taken place in the stack yard near the Del Bonita highway. The poacher had been dropped off by an accomplice driving a vehicle. He waited until the right trophy buck showed up and probably killed with a single shot from a 22 caliber rifle. The deer was dragged to the highway and loaded into a vehicle for transport . This case was not solved although there were a number of likely suspects from the Raymond and Magrath areas. The ranch is much too large for ranch staff to patrol to keep hunters out. Hunters also know that there is a slim chance that Bob or any other wildlife officer would catch them on ranch property.

Radio collared grizzly named Ruby at Alderson Lake and will likely den here over the winter. There are several good root digging areas on the south facing slopes north of Alderson Creek.

The entire month of December was spent in preparing a RD&A for Waterton for preparation of the Parks new Master Plan. I worked on the Soils and Wildlife Components preparing maps of critical zones and desensitize areas requiring special protection. The month of December ended with an elk poaching on the west side of the Blood Indian Timber Limit. The investigation would continue into 1984 although we had suspects from information provided by WMU-300 hunters.

In summary, 1983 was a year that taxed Park resources to the limit. Climbing accidents,



Bear encounters, Grizzly studies, Bighorn Sheep die off , poaching and other bizarre happenings. It was a year that I appreciated the support of my wife Myrna and my children. They patiently put up with numerous phone calls from the public or media and the constant radio chatter. A Park Wardens family.

### **Waterton 1984.**

1984, started with unseasonably warm temperatures in the + 11 degree range but by mid January and early February temperatures dropped to -32 C. These temperature extremes were hard on Park wildlife. Late season WMU-300 elk hunters were out in force as elk are moving into the North East winds and closer to Park boundaries. A few elk move out of the Park and some were shot but there were no major issues with hunters which was unusual. For enforcement purposes, I now have a list of names for WMU-300 hunters which will help as potential problems can be identified in advance.

On March 2nd, I located a hunter who had been reported missing by his companions. The hunter had become exhausted as he hiked through deep snow near Horseshoe Lake behind the Wellman Ranch. It seemed odd that the hunter couldn't orient his direction from the sound of vehicles on the highway below and then head in that direction. For some individuals, the brain seems to kick out when fear sets in.

### **Duties Shift**

On March 15th, I apprehended a Provo Utah antler collector in the Park. The antlers were seized but this individual was not formally charged. I would have had to arrest him and keep him in jail or take bail until Court was held the following week.

### **When Tracks Were Deceiving**

Later in the month, I observed a 4x4 truck parked at the Y road trailhead and suspected that these are also antler collectors. This year, antler sheds are bringing \$10/lb in Great Falls Montana. Large antlers can weigh 18-20 lbs and are easy to find on bull elk winter ranges. With this in mind I followed the boot tracks from the 4x4 and for a while it seemed that I was following two people because of the different tread pattern left in the snow. I finally caught up with just one individual who was a School Teacher from Pincher Creek. He said that he was only taking pictures of elk and knew the penalties for antler collecting. I asked him about his boots and learned that he put on two different boots by mistake that morning when he was still half asleep. I won't add anything more to this but I can think ..... .

March 23rd ' It is early in the morning and during a patrol, I observed a vehicle that had driven off the road near Dog Creek where there has been a problem with illegal antler collecting. It is a local photographer taking pictures of elk and he seemed to think that he was exempted from Off-highway Regulations. I adjusted his thinking a bit about Park Regulations and he got the point. He did have some excellent Bighorn pictures that he had taken in Banff .

### **Grizzly Bear Poaching**

March 28th. Fines of\$ 2000.00 handed down for Alberta grizzly poaching and the rifles

forfeited to the Crown. I had provided information that had been given to me by informants to Fish and Wildlife that led to these convictions in Provincial Court.

### **Private Vehicle Becomes Ambulance**

Early in April, I received a radio call from Derek Tilson asking for assistance. He was enroute to the Cardston Hospital with the Park ambulance and a woman who was giving birth . He hit a cow elk on Knights Hill and the radiator of the ambulance was wrecked . I drove our 12 passenger Ford Club Wagon to the scene loaded up the pregnant woman, her husband and Derek and made a fast trip to Cardston . This local woman had a breach delivery in Cardston Hospital which produced complications for the baby.

### **Bear Incidents**

By April 9<sup>th</sup> some grizzlies were out of den sites in the Oil Basin and Cloudy Ridge areas. The South facing slopes warm quickly have historically been used spring foraging areas for years I had located an active den site used by a sow with three cubs in North Fork of Pine Canyon and hiked into the area with Warden Tilson to check things out. We were not carrying firearms on this occasion and this could have been a serious mistake. Once in the area we were able to follow one set of old bear tracks left in the snow back to the den site. The assumption was that the bears had left the den site and travelled North over the ridge to dig Hedy Sarum roots in Yarrow Canyon . I crawled through some shintangle and alder to within 10 meters of a huge tailing pile that had been dug from the den. I was surprised to see fresh tracks of the bears going to and from the den and it was obvious that the bears were in the den. The possible consequences of this were obvious and I retreated very carefully. When I saw Derek, I signalled him not to make a sound which could have provoked an attack from the sow in the den site with her cubs I would not repeat this mistake again ..

May 51

\ 1984. On this date Lome Russell killed a small male grizzly on Bairds land during the spring bear season. Russell is a Provincial Wildlife Biologist and more or less fluked out by catching the bear as it fed on Bear-Berries on an open hillside.

### **The Rossell Mauling**

May 15<sup>th</sup>-19<sup>th</sup>. Charlie and Anthony Russell were mauled by female Black Bear on Wellmans land near Black Bear Butte. Russell reported the mauling incident directly to me and I returned to the mauling site with him as part of the investigation. From my notes; It appears that the two had been watching the female Black Bear and her two cubs as they were feeding on new growth in a small clearing below. Anthony had picked up and was carrying a shed elk antler at the time. Charlie showed me the site where they had been sitting and watching the bears. He said that the Black Bear sow suddenly looked up (getting their scent) and charged up the small hill at them. He said that the bear seemed to straight arm him knocking him to the ground. It aggressively chewed on his arm put up to protect his face. Seeing his fathers situation, Anthony bravely hit the bear with the elk antler. This action caused the bear to leave Charlie to chase Anthony who crawled under a nearby fence. The bear bit him in the upper thigh/buttocks area a time or two before running back to search for it's cubs. The two

showed me their injuries and bite marks and knew this could have been much worse. I coordinated the setting of two traps to capture the bears with Pincher Creek Fish and Wildlife Personnel. A cage trap was set on the Park Boundary above Horseshoe Lake and a culvert trap was set in the hay meadow near the mauling site. The Black Bear was caught in the culvert trap on May 19th and identified by Charlie Russell as the one that had attacked him and Anthony. Since the two cubs were old enough to survive on their own, the female was put down at the Waterton Warden Station. The events surrounding this incident have been repeated by individuals who were not at the scene or involved in any way. It bothered me that the facts were changed considerably.

On May 201

\After the Black Bear was destroyed, Warden Coggins went to the cage trap on the Park Boundary to unset it and bring it back. A male Grizzly had been caught in the trap over night and was very upset by it's capture. As Coggins attempted to drive by the trap, the grizzly left some pretty impressive claw marks on the side of his truck. A small feeding door had been left open. But this whole incident provided something to talk about in the coffee room.

### **Lions Head Incident**

June 3rd, 1984. From my notes; On this date Dick and Ursula Matson from Glacier National Park were treed by a Black Bear while hiking on the Lions Head Trail on Vimy Mountain. They told me that they had just hiked past the Lions Head and were heading up a steep portion of trail when they heard the unmistakable sound of growling bear. From the sound, they thought that the bear was running down the trail towards them. The two also knew that this was prime Grizzly habitat and they hastily climbed nearby trees. About this time a Black bear came running down the trail and climbed a tree right next to Dick. He said that they stared at one another for a moment before Dick yelled at the Bear and it hurriedly climbed down the tree and ran off. Because this was Black Bear mating season and the bear may have just been looking for a potential mate. Surprise, surprise. June 21st. On this date a fire on Pole Haven cut block slash piles blew up and spread quickly because of strong winds and extremely dry conditions. Park crews responded with assistance and the fire was contained in cut block area.

### **Grizzly Kills Livestock On Hescott Ranch**

On June 16th, I was contacted by Howard Hescott with a complaint that a grizzly had killed a yearling steer about 150 meters south of his house. I went to the Hescott Ranch after I called Pincher Creek Fish and Wildlife Officers to report the incident. They had asked me to assist in the investigation to confirm that this was a case of bear/livestock predation. At this time, predation compensation was being paid for 80% of the animals market value.

When I arrived at the Ranch, Hescott took me to the dead steer that the Grizzly had dragged across a small creek into some aspens. Near the kill site, it was easy to see tracks where the bear had started it's charge catching the steer where it was bedded down with about 20 others. Teeth marks suggest the Grizzly must have grabbed the steer by its nose

pulling it in the direction of a small creek. Skid marks in the grass showed that the yearling steer was still on it's feet struggling to get away from the bear. Once at the creek the steer apparently lost it's footing and was killed by the bear. The bear then dragged the 800 pound steer up a steep bank into some stunted aspens where it fed on the carcass. Dennis Wieser , a Bear Specialist with the Province of Alberta was contacted and finally joined us at the kill site. We built a cubby of trees around the carcass and set a number of walk in snares with beaver bait. Castor was rubbed around the area to serve as a further attractant that bears find hard to resist.

It was early the next morning that Hescott phoned me saying that a bear had been caught in the snares and was making a horrible racket. I told him to stay in the house and not to approach the snares until we got there. I arrived at first light and saw that we had a large dark colored Silver Tip Grizzly in the leg snare at the cubby site. The bear was chewing on the 10 inch Aspen that the snare was anchored to and had ripped out deep sections of tree in it's efforts to escape. About this time, Wieser arrived and started to prepare a dart to immobilize the bear. I stood next to Dennis and saw that the immobilizing drug was running through the syringe of the dart cylinder and onto the ground. At this point, he handed the dart and syringe to me, explaining that it had been a party night with old acquaintances and he was still a bit shaky. Dennis Wieser is one of the best Problem Bear Specialist the Province of Alberta has and will be hard for them to replace.

After I finally loaded the dart, we approached the bear and Dennis made a good shot on the grizzly while I provided backup with a rifle. The 500 pound bear went down quickly and was loaded into a culvert trap for transport to the Nordegg area for release. This would not to be the last time that Hescott would have Grizzlies killing his cattle. With good reason, he kept his pump action 30-06 Remington rifle loaded and close in his kitchen.

It was privilege to know and spend time with individuals like Howard Hescott, Mary and Clarence Baird, Cal Wellman, Frank and Rey Marr, Andy Russell, George Cairns and some many others. These were individuals that saw the good times and bad and pioneered the area. They also knew what the word neighbour meant and rarely locked their doors or refused to share. The spirit of good old times and the meaning of sweat and hard work.

Have A Closer Look At This And Make Some Changes

June 20u'. On this date I attended a Bear Management workshop at the West Glacier Center. It was apparent that Bear Management Policy was much different in Montana National Parks. Things would soon change as mauling incidents pointed to the same bear being involved in repeat incidents. In my opinion , bears quickly learn that humans are easy targets. Once this happens, pressure from the Public and Civil Action will result in more bears being killed because of a knee jerk reaction when no one thinks.

### **Where Did You Come From**

On July 6th, 1984 I made an early morning patrol on Highway 5 to the East Park entrance. En route, I passed a man dressed in a dark wool top coat walking into the Park.

I stopped and talked to him briefly and had the impression that he was very disoriented. His top coat was covered with grass and when questioned about this he said he had slept in a haystack that night. His ID indicated he was from Tulsa Oklahoma and he explained that he was on his way to BC to meet a friend there. I asked when he had eaten last and he said it had been some time but that he would be alright as he would probably catch a ride soon. I doubted that very much and thought that this individual would have to be watched as he might try to break into a house or steal a vehicle. As I watched from a distance, he stopped and had a drink in the small creek near the old Fish Hatchery . After this, he kept walking on the road towards Pincher Creek.

I asked Myrna to prepare a bag of food for the man and she did this adding a few goodies and a small book for him to read. When I gave package to him he was surprised and tears came to his eyes. He thanked me and said he would now be okay until he contacted his friend. I was sure there was much more that the man could have told me. I hope things worked out for him.

July and August of 1984 During this period I supervised a special program for Youths 16 to 18 years of age. I assigned some of the male crews to boundary clearing on A vion Ridge. One of the female crews consisted of Cass Maine and Meggin and Kathlene Calvert who would later become a Park Warden in Yoho.

July 13 . On this date I made a trip to the Crypt Shelter where I spent the night. On the next day, I climbed the ridge to the North and hiked out on the Lions Head trail. It was a beautiful hike and lots of bear sign in Samsons Basin. The bears are digging for roots that are abundant in these two valleys. Several Grizzly rub trees have been well used over the past few weeks. Good time to keep your head up and eyes open. Wild Flowers are every where this year and it looks like a good Saskatoon crop to keep the bears happy.

July 18th. Training session for Glacier Rangers Matson, DeSanto and Ryder with a focus on how to set Aldridge leg snares. They will become proficient in snare use over the next few years.

### **Grizzly Dies In Trap Left Set By BC Biologist**

On July 24th. On this date I received a telephone call from BC Conservation Officers about a disturbing complaint from campers in the Flathead. The campers examined a bear trap that was used to capture bears in the Flathead study and found that there was a dead grizzly inside. Apparently the Biologist left the trap set and not bothered to check it out. The poor bear died a slow death from starvation and dehydration. This would become an issue for the Biologist and his credibility would suffer .. Cancellation of the project would be the least the BC Government should do. It was upsetting to see media coverage of this individual expressing concerns about protection of Grizzly Bears. How many other bears died as a result of this individuals actions ?

### **Crandell Cougars**

July 28th,1984. Of concern is two sub-adult cougars frequently seen at Crandell Campground. I chased this pair out of the camp ground twice for few nights in response to complaints from campers. The siblings seem to be curious and not afraid and move

through the campground scaring campers as they do. My main concern is for the safety of small children and affirmative action will have to be taken to remove the cats from this area.

My son Ron got some excellent pictures of the two cougars resting on a flat rock by Blakiston Creek just below the campground. As we approached one of the cougars that was laying on the rock rolled over and took up a crouching position. It gathered it's hind legs under it lowered it's head and appeared ready to spring on us until I shouted at it and waved a stick that I was carrying. It wisely decided it was time to leave and the pair made their way into the forest.

### **The Cameron Lake Grizzly Incident**

July 30th. Another bizarre happening reported to me by fishermen about a bear incident at Cameron Lake. The fishermen were at the head of the lake in a small boat when they heard a man shouting for help on the avalanche path above the lake. When they finally saw the man, he was running down the slope towards the lake being chased by a grizzly. He jumped into the lake and swam towards the boat and was pulled out of the water by the two. They rowed the boat back to the parking area where the man had left his vehicle and told him to report the incident to Park Wardens. He apparently said something to the effect that he just wanted to get out of the Park and to hell with the Wardens. Once again there is much more to this incident as to why the bear chased the man and why he wouldn't report it to Park Wardens.

### **Little Max**

July 31st to August 10th. Snares set for cougar at Crandell Campground. Two Black Bear caught in snares. The last one was a yearling cub and would be remembered a long time by Max Winkler. I had loaded a CO2 pistol with an immobilizing dart and was about to dart the small bear that was caught in the leg snare. Max showed up with a net used to carry bears back to the trap after they were immobilized. There were other Wardens present and they stayed by the trap about 30 meters away. Max looked at the bear I was about to dart and said something like, "What's the matter with you Brady it's just a small bear? Let's just scoop the bear up in the net and carry it back to the trap". He was implying that because the bear was small why waste a dart and drug when you can do it the man's way. I was irritated by his suggestion; as I already had the dart loaded and the drug would be wasted anyway. I told him to do it himself.

Max eyed the small bear that was now facing him as he approached with the net. I was about 2 meters behind the bear which was as far as it could go for the length of the snare cable. Winkler threw the net and bent down to scoop the bear up not seeing that one front leg was out of the net. It lashed out with it's front leg and clawed Max in the face. As he jumped back, I could see three white claw marks going through his eyebrows then over his eyes to his cheeks. The center claw split his nose and it was a miracle that his eye balls were not split as well leaving him blind. He stood there shocked and surprised and then the blood spurted out of the claw marks. I called out to one of the Wardens and told him to take Max to the Pincher Creek Hospital. I darted the bear and we put it in the trap. I searched for an appropriate ear tag and found one carrying the numbers of a Chief

Warden; 551. We called the bear little Max for obvious reasons and released it at Yarrow Canyon. We would have occasion to deal with Little Max a number of times over the next few years.

Tinder dry conditions and on August 15th, a lightning strike caused 2 hectare forest fire near Park Boundary on the Pole Haven. The Hells kitchen road from Chief Mountain highway was used to access this fire as it was still open from boundary clearing operations. Provincial water bombers were used to suppress this fire because of the potential threat to the town of Cardston.

In late August the Park prepared plans for construction of a new Bison corral to start after the fire season was over. The Initial Attack Crew would assist in this major project which is long over due.

### **More About Bears and Cougars**

August 20th. A female cougar caught in a snare that I had set at Crandell Campground. This 102 lb cat was taken to an unspecified release site with the cooperation of the Province of Alberta . There are too many Cougars in this area and problems with campers and Cougars will likely increase and continue to be a concern.

August 25th to 28. Four more black bear caught at various locations in the Park and released at Yarrow Canyon. This is an exercise in futility as the released bears quickly return from the release site. There are management strategies to prevent bears from habituation to human food sources in addition to bear proof garbage containers but this requires a serious commitment of resources.

August 29th. Anthony Russell receives St Johns award for his actions of bravery during the bear mauling incident with his Father Charlie Russell on May 15th , 1984. This recognition is well deserved.

The month of September was spent conducting boundary patrols and working on Bison Paddock construction. New corrals, squeeze chutes and large capture and holding pens will improve safety when handling the Bison.

### **Hunting Issues A Cold October**

October 6<sup>th</sup> • On this date there are 17 sheep hunting parties in Yarrow Canyon . It is 116

ironic that the Province still has a season for sheep after the die-off two years ago. Combine this with year round Native hunting and the indiscriminate killing of ewes and lambs and it unlikely that historic populations will be reached again.

October is very cold and 13 mule deer bucks have been shot in Yarrow Canyon. Cold weather and crusted snow combine to push about 1 00 mule deer onto the south facing slopes of Yarrow and Blind Canyons. It is likely some of these animals will be forced to leave the canyons and head down the creek where snow is not so deep and crusted. As a side note; Mule Deer counts indicate that many of these deer did not return to Yarrow

Canyon after this hard winter.

October 20-21. A Local Outfitter wounded a large bull elk on Shoderee Ranch (Pine Ridge). Despite being shot with a large rifle ( 340 Weatherby) the wounded elk made it back into the Park on Lakeview Ridge. From the blood trail, it appeared that a front leg was shot off and from past examples, the elk could still travel for miles. I couldn't find it after a reasonable search and left it for the coyotes and bears.

### **Park Gets Natural Gas**

October 22nd, 1984. This is an historic day for Park as a natural gas pipeline is being pulled into the Waterton Town-site. Propane has been the main source of heating until now.

October 25th to 26th. Captured Bison culled and surplus animals shipped to Native Bands at Glietzen AB. This is a very questionable way to dispose of surplus Bison.

October 27th. A total of 68 mule deer are observed in Yarrow Canyon but only one small buck . As stated before, energy reserves will be taxed to the limit for bucks and few will survive the winter after the rut.

On December 6th. we met with Duane Radford a Provincial Biologist who requested 100 Elk from the Park for restocking the Smoky River area. The request was not well thought out by the Province. It was turned down because the elk were to be released on winter ranges that would be unfamiliar to them They would be easy prey for the large number of wolves reported to be in the area. Also affecting our decision was the fact that another herd had been shipped from Elk Island National Park and released in this same area .. The elk were not prepared to winter in a strange area and immediately came to the road sides to feed. The elk were apparently slaughtered by Native hunters.

December 13th. Met with Mac Maine of Twin Butte who had a trapping permit for the Yarrow and Castle River Watersheds. Maine given access permission in Yarrow on the condition he would not hunt or transport hunters into the area. A failure to comply with these conditions would result in a cancellation of vehicle access privileges. Fur bearing species are not abundant in this area although the occasional Wolverine and Lynx have been seen.

### **Elk Poached By House Wife**

December 26th. 1984. On this date I was asked to go to the Garner Ranch to assist in the recovery of a cow elk that had been shot on Garners land. After being shot by a woman in her early forties, the elk supposedly got back into the Park where it died. When Seasonal Warden Evan Manners and I checked the tracks it became obvious that the elk had been shot 10 meters inside the Park . There were no elk tracks in the fresh snow to support the claim that it was shot out of the Park.. Hair cut off from the impact of the bullet was also found inside the Park and only a few feet from the dead elk.

With this information, I charged the woman for killing wildlife in a National Park. This case went to trial and the charges were dismissed even though the evidence was accepted



by the Judge. This case was appealed and we won it with little difficulty as there was a blatant error in Judgement, namely that the Judge accepted the evidence of the offense and then dismissed the charges for no good reason. How do you convict such a harmless looking woman for such a serious offence. As they say; appearances are deceiving.

### **The Year Ends**

In 1984, our family was privileged to meet some unusual people and create some new and lasting friendships. We would also have memories that we could share with each other in the difficult years that were certain to come. John Wayne apparently said that today only happens once and the past can't be relived. Or something like that..

### **Waterton 1985**

Strong south-west winds and blowing snow ushered in 1985. This is typical Waterton weather my wife Myrna reminds me. Is there a positive side to this. Cal Wellman, a local rancher would say "If it wasn't windy, everyone would want to live here". A lot of truth in that for sure.

The WMU-300 extended elk season continued in January and a herd of 200 elk moved out of Park onto Pine Ridge. Eight elk were shot by hunters before they returned to the Park. The reason for this extended season is questionable.

### **New Park Warden Moves To Waterton**

January 3rd. On this date Brent Kozachenko and his wife Karen moved into the Park. Brent would take up duties as a Park Warden involved in the Public Safety function. Cold weather persisted for the early part of February and elk herds move North to the Fescue Prairie grasslands of the Park. 121 bull elk are counted on the grasslands near the Chief Mountain Junction and are watched closely by hunters driving through the Park on Highway Five. An additional 39 bull elk were counted in other areas of the Park. Patrol efforts are increased to prevent poaching or shoot and run situations.

On February 8th, a local Outfitter ( ) and his group were issued written warnings for disturbing elk herds north of Dog Creek. The trio was on foot and were attempting ( in their words) to get pictures of the larger bulls. I stressed that National Parks Regulations state that it is an offence to unduly disturb wildlife in a Park no matter what we did to cause the disturbance. I do not believe that this Outfitter would engage in illegal activities that could result in cancellation of his license.

February 14th. Assisted Brent in laying charges for unlawful OSV use in a National Park. This individual is from Pincher Creek and was not quite belligerent which probably made Brent decide to charge him. Have your day in Court and let the Court decide and argue with the Judge is the best approach for individuals that like to argue.

February 18th Assisted in search for missing OSV users in the South Castle. The group had ventured into an unfamiliar area got stuck and ran out of fuel. They had enough food and protective clothing which helped considerably.

March 1st 1985. Last day of elk season and March came in like a lion with 40 cm of

fresh snow. This slowed up the hunters considerably and the elk pretty much stayed in the Park.

### **Father Dies**

In March, my father taken to hospital on the 19th and died on the 22nd of March. His funeral was held on the March 25th. His death left me with a lot of unanswered questions about his past and who he really was. His seeming reluctance to provide answers to questions that I had about him troubles me to this day. What version of his past was true. Was he a born in the United States as a delayed copy of his Birth Certificate indicates. Was he of Irish descent or part Native as mom often said. There was no doubt in my mind that his full sister Betty was Native. I met her once when she visited us at our ranch on the Little Bow River. I liked her immediately and was thrilled when her boy friend told me that she was the best rifle shot he ever saw." Drop a jumper (WT Deer) on a dead run every time he said.

I heard bits and pieces of conversation between her and Dad about their Mother who was dying in Saskatchewan and the horrible Half Brothers and Step Father that they had. Apparently this is what caused Dad to run away and take up work on some of the ranches in Montana. Once again; we will never know the truth as distorted and spiteful versions have emerged from his Half brothers in Saskatchewan. I get irritated just thinking about it and have clearly stated my position in this matter. I believe there will be a time when I will get some straight answers that will help me to know who I am. It is ironic that these things become important after someone dies.

### **EMT Certification In Waterton.**

May 1-10th. Attended training sessions for EMT certification during this period. We are part of a National Registry system now but need the ambulance practicum to apply certain techniques including the use of IV and mast pants. My wife Myrna was also able to participate in one of the WMT courses and received certification. Way to go Myrna. May 25th. Immobilized bighorn ewe in town-site and removed placenta that she couldn't expel and had become infected. This was done successfully and Penicillin administered. The sheep made a full recovery and the next time I saw her she had her new lamb in tow. Mountain Top Justice

In May I had interviews with Western Sportman for a magazine article called Mountain Top Justice. In this incident, Shane, Bill Thorpe and I met Two Sheep Hunters on a ridge in Blind Canyon. One of them alleged that he had personally seen Park Wardens and Wildlife Officers doing this. "The gist of this is to make sure you know who you are talking to when you say "Park Wardens use dogs and Helicopters to chase sheep back into the Park before the season. That is why there are no sheep out of the Park for us to hunt. And then add to this by saying you actually saw them do this. Then came the response of the hunter who was also a Park Warden; "You sir are a liar" A Pause; and the confession that it was a lie. The second hunter who was with him assured me that he had only met with the story teller that morning and obviously did not share his view. The moral to the story is this . If you tell a lie, it better be a good one and know who you are telling it to. Friends or strangers eh'.

June 41h. Spent this day giving bear snare setting instruction to four more Rangers from Glacier. Glacier is now keen in learning about using leg snares as an effective management tool and the safer drug options to M99. For example, an accidental injection of M-99 residue left on a needle tip is fatal to humans if M50-50, the reversal agent was not available and taken immediately.

June 6th to 13th. Geology Seminar in Park and then meeting with Oldman River Planning Commission. This group bothers me as they seem to be sticking their noses into something they shouldn't. The issue of what a landowner does with his land should basically be Grand Fathered to some extent. If The Planning Commission has issue with planned use then they should buy the land to keep it protected from certain uses . The Pincher Creek MD is an extreme one way and the Cardston MD the other. Strike a balance.

### **Drought Conditions In The Park**

In July the small lakes in Bison paddock have dried up. This is the first recorded time this has occurred and ties in with extreme drought conditions and implementation of a fire ban. A Back Hoe was used to dig a small dugout in one of the lake beds which filled with enough water for the Bison to drink. Fish that had been stocked in these lakes years before would have died.

### **Grizzly Bear Problems Start**

On July 10th, notes indicate that a grizzly got into campers tents at Lineham Lakes. Although no one was hurt the bear unfortunately got food in the process. Lineham Lakes are situated in a pristine area that is prime grizzly bear habitat. It was a thoughtless act to stock these lakes with fish. The hiking trail was closed at the Lineham trailhead after this incident.

July 10th to 16th. More grizzly -human problems in two different locations. The first at Carthew Lakes where a young grizzly had been hanging around scaring hikers and fishermen. The bear had not displayed aggression but it was apparent that it would soon be involved in an incident. The decision was made to snare the bear and take it to another location or Park if necessary.

### **A Bad Day At Carthew Lakes**

On July 16th, the Chief Park Warden, a Seasonal Park Warden and myself rode to the lower Carthew Lake to check on the situation and attempt to snare the grizzly if it was still there. Our equipment included a Alridge leg snare, beaver baits and immobilizing drugs. were also packed in at this time . When we first got to the lake everything seemed quiet and we stopped to eat our lunch . While we ate our lunch we watched a man who was fishing along the South shoreline. About this time we spotted the grizzly coming from the upper lake and traveling the same path along the shoreline that the fisherman was standing on. We called out to him and told him it might be good for him to step into the shallow water a few feet and let the bear pass above him. He quickly complied with these instructions and it appeared that the bear was about to pass by above him. But

things took a turn for the worst for the grizzly and the fisherman in the water.

After lunch the Seasonal Warden who was with us had gone around the lake on the north side and had now seen the bear. Armed with a 12 gauge shotgun, he went around the lake and started following the bear which had passed the fisherman standing in the lake. One of our horses now spotted the bear and it snorted loudly. The bear was startled and immediately turned and to run back along the lakeshore path to get away. It was unfortunate that the Seasonal Warden was now standing on the bears escape route and about 30 meters west of the fisherman who was in the lake. I called out for the Seasonal Warden to get off the path and let the bear run by but he panicked and started shooting at the bear. The bear was hit several times and rolled into the lake about 15 meters from the horrified fisherman. He told us that he wasn't afraid of the bear but of the pellets that were landing in the water right in front of him. He thought he was going to be shot; not mauled.

The Chief Warden and I reached the site and talked to the poor fisherman who was visibly shaken by the ordeal. I had cooled down sufficiently by this time and decided not to harm to the Seasonal Warden for his thoughtless actions .. I also told him that the bear was just trying to run out of the area on the same path it considered to be safe. I told him to get down to the distraught fisherman and apologize for nearly shooting him . The carcass of the bear ,was packed out on my horse Lance. This horse was used to having bears in his pasture and even chased them on occasion.

August 14<sup>th</sup> to 23<sup>rd</sup>. During this period, three of us made a horse trip to Lone Lake, and then over Sage Pass To Font Meadows where we camped. The next morning we continued to travel up the South Castle and then found the old Riggall Trail. We followed this over grown trail over the Yarrow summit to the trailhead in Yarrow Canyon. It had been a fantastic trip except for getting caught in a brief but severe thunder storm above the South Castle divide. We had to leave the ridge on the continental divide and seek immediate shelter in the Balsam Fir and Larch to avoid being struck by lightning associated with this storm. Horses got a little excited as well and required control. Once the storm was over, we continued on to the Font Pinnacles, picking our way over an amazing snow field that is like a huge gun site in a crack between to rock formations. There will be a time when the forces of nature and pressure from expanding ice and snow will cause a huge rock slide into Font Basin.

### **Law Enforcement Conference In British Columbia**

During the period of September 3<sup>rd</sup> to 5<sup>th</sup>, 1985 I attended a Law Enforcement Interagency Conference. The meeting was held in a former hunting lodge now owned by the BC Government. I believe this area is called Macleod Meadows and affords spectacular views of the valley and obviously hunting opportunities for wealthy clients. The previous lodge owners were apparently convicted for a number of offences under the BC Wildlife Regs and once convicted ,the lodge was forfeited to the Province of BC ..

When we were exchanging confidential information about suspects and poachers to be on the watch for; the names of some people I knew very well appeared on some of these lists. This was not be the first or last time this happened. These allegations were backed

up by facts and not supposition.

### **The Stoney Plain Poachers**

September 10th to 19th. During this period I was involved in investigating and solving a poaching case with three hunters from Stoney Plain AB. These individuals shot two elk at two different locations in the Park. One on Cloudy Ridge and another above Horseshoe Lake on Wellmans land. In both cases the elk were called and attracted by estrus scent to the Park boundary where they were shot and then dragged under the fence. The three individuals were all related and would not give information about who actually had shot the elk. To assist in the investigation, I brought in a RCMP Dog Master to gather evidence. This included cigarette butts, empty packages, scented rags and even chewing gum. A 7mm bullet was recovered from the neck of the elk carcass on and would have instantly killed the elk.. This evidence would rebut any claims that the elk had been wounded out of the Park but managed to travel back into the Park before it died ..

After intense questioning I took one of the suspects to the Wellman site and showed him where the elk had been shot inside the Park and discussed other evidence we had . At this location the second growth aspen was so dense on the Provincial side of the boundary fence, it would have been impossible to see the elk. Confronted with this he told me. "Look I'm related to the other guys through marriage. If I say anything this relationship would end or be damaged. Charge me for killing both elk and I'll sign a statement to this effect.

I told him that what he was agreeing to was not the truth and I wouldn't accept his statement just to get a conviction. I also told him that I would charge all of them because they were guilty or complicit in the commission of these offences. I gave them time to talk it over and then decide what they wanted to do. He asked some other questions that indicated he appreciated my honesty and frankness and that he would get his friends to cooperate. All three were formally charged and their lawyer would later propose a plea bargain that was acceptable to me.

As a side note about the 7mm and other rifle seized. These two rifles had been cleaned with steel wool which prevented a positive identification of marks on the bullet. The lab report would state that the bullet was fired from a rifle of this caliber and rifling twist . It could have been this rifle or one of similar characteristics. Reports from Stoney Plain Fish and Wildlife indicated that this group was known for doing this. Poaching information was shared like copies of an instruction manual .

### **Helicopter Sling Practise**

September 24th to 25th. Climbing school in Waterton. Helicopter sling and rescue techniques off Galwey and Ruby Ridge. I managed to take some video with Bruces camera on the flight to top Galwey. Our group took the mountain rescue stretcher with victim from the top of the mountain to the picnic site at Coppermine Creek.

### **Winter Starts Early**

In early October there is a heavy snowfall at least 70 cm. and things are tough for animals at this early date. Wildlife are still in summer condition and not prepared for the

cold weather and deep snow that makes foraging difficult.

By mid month I observe three different grizzly sows with cubs on the Rowe slide path, Vimy MT. and Sofa MT. In each case the females were root digging in the deep snow and probably expended more energy than they gained.

The month of November brought no relief as there was more heavy snow and cold weather. This will be a hard start for the sheep and deer rut that is just beginning. The older animals active in rut will not likely regain energy reserves to survive the winter unless things change.

### **Hunting Offenses**

November 9th. Night hunter charged on East Prairie. His vehicle was equipped with a tail light cutoff switch to give him the edge in a pursuit situation. Snowing hard once again giving this individual the conditions needed ( or so he thought) to cover evidence.

November 19th. A six point bull elk was poached on East Prairie and left. Tracks in the fresh snow indicated that this animal was shot for the sole purpose of taking pictures. A sprig of a shrub (cinque foil) was put in the elks mouth which was pointed to the sky. This is apparently a tradition of European hunters to honor the wild animal they have killed. It was disturbing that several Park Employees drove by the poachers vehicle as they came to work but none could provide a vehicle description that was useful. In fact none even reported the incident which is typical for those "who only work here". Take the money and run. I would fire them all.

November 29th to December 6th. Very cold in the -32 to -37 range. Hard on wildlife. Last of radio collared elk in the yard at our station. These elk had been collared as part of the International herd that historically, summered in Glacier National Park and wintered in Waterton. This animal was probably 20+ years surviving injury from hunters bullets and other threats from bears and other predators. I encouraged this good old girl to eat all of the hay she could. She did not return the next year.

November 29th. • Black bear is using culvert on Chief Mountain Highway as winter den site .. Grass has been pulled in for bedding and plugging the ends of the culvert. Certainly not a good choice in cold winters like this one as the metal culvert must conduct a lot of body heat from the bear .. Amazingly, these culverts would be used almost every year by single bears or females who would have had cubs in them. In some years the bears would be flooded out by spring run off which often drowned small cubs of year.

December 7th. Stopped and questioned Lethbridge suspects I believe killed elk mentioned earlier. Same general vehicle description and one of the suspects could be confirmed as being off sick at his place of employment on the day the elk was killed. Although charges

couldn't be laid, I had the satisfaction of seeing their reaction as I told them they were prime suspects. They never traveled back through the park for the rest of this season, further confirming their guilt.

### **Joy Zieffel Muder Case**

December 16th. We became involved the Joy Zieffle murder trial when the RCMP Police showed us photos of her body. The Defense Counsel is alleging that some of the Post Morteum injuries were inflicted by a scavenging animal. Joy was killed by her boyfriend at the old Clarence Baird house South of the Twin Butte road. Injuries to her body were consistent with having been run over by a vehicle multiple times before she died. The suspects lawyer was alleging that some of these "Post Morteum "injuries were inflicted by a bear after she was left to die. We were shown the photos of the body and concluded that the injuries were definitely not consistent with what a bear would do Post Morteum. Defense counsel never raised this issue in court and the suspect was convicted of murder and sent to prison.

December 16th to 31st

- OSV use on Mokowan Butte proving to be a problem .Some of the local hunters are apparently trying to haze elk out of Park to a shooting location near a parked holiday trailer where hunters are waiting. The hazers use over-snow vehicles and speed up in the dark while the elk are feeding on the meadows near the boundary. This practise can be effective if the wind is out of the North as the elk will run into the wind and out of the Park.

On this note 1985 ends .....

### **Waterton 1986 ..**

January 1986 started with temperatures in the -7 degree C range and snow which is typical for Waterton at this time of year. Law enforcement issues would again be the main focus during the extended WMU-300 elk season. This would be a year when I would feel risk when confronting armed suspects. In one case the suspect had outstanding warrants for jail break and murder. As I write this, there is no doubt that I can because I was not armed or considered a threat to those involved and that the tongue can be mightier than the sword.

On January 9th, the Stoney Plain poachers received \$900.00 fines each and had to pay lawyers fees on top of this. One of them also lost his 7mm rifle in forfeiture to the Crown. A lot of work went into this case including the use of a RCMP Police dog master to gather evidence at the poaching site on Cloudy Ridge.

### **Search For Lost Hiker On The Pole Haven**

January 17th. Search for lost hiker on Pole Haven. I used a double track skidoo from the Park to patrol seismic lines in the Pole Haven that were used as OSV trails in the winter. Hiker was located on one of these trails after he had spent the night in the bush. He got on the wrong trail and was completely disoriented . There was cougar sign on his tracks that indicated he had something else interested in his activity. A thankful man and also a very fortunate one to be found in good condition despite his ordeal.

### **Propane Leak At The Waterton School**

January 21-23. Propane leak fiasco at Waterton School. The tank started leaking next to school and the two teachers unwisely kept the children in the school rather than evacuating them to safety. Safety experts reiterated that the nature of propane and its

density could have filled the basement with gas and blown the school to bits. Keeping the children in the school was the worst thing the teachers could have done. My wife and I had two children in school at the time and initiated the investigation of this incident.

### **The Oil Basin Hunter Incident**

February gtt,. On this date I charged a hunter for possession of a fireann in a National Park and hunting. This incident took place at the Oil Basin cabin. I had picked up the tracks of the hunter about 2km east of the cabin as I made a ski-doo patrol West along the boundary. When I got near to the cabin, I saw the suspect run across the yard from the cabin and disappear behind the barn. I also saw that he was carrying a rifle and because of this I used the barn as a shield. I could see the hunter was crouched in the brush with his rifle aimed in my direction. I moved further behind shelter of the barn and called out for the hunter to step out and lean his rifle against a tree. The hunter finally complied and I quickly took possession of the rifle; a fully loaded 30-06 . When I opened the action , I could see there was a live round in the chamber of the rifle.

The hunter, a man in his mid-late twenties was shaking like a leaf. I asked him what he was thinking while he was pointing the gun at me. He said 'I don't know, but I didn't want to lose my grandfathers gun. He said that the rifle had been in the family for years. By this comment it became obvious that he came very close to shooting me to avoid losing the rifle and at the time didn't really think about the consequences. A close call for both of us.

February 15th to 22"d. During this period, there was a heavy snowfall of 75 cm and temperatures plunged to -35 degrees C. Main roads were blocked from blowing snow and deep drifts.

February 24th to 28th. Temperatures suddenly climbed to + 18 degrees C in Lethbridge and+ 14 in Waterton with warm rain. Major flooding of creeks and roads throughout the Park and surrounding area.

### **Tragedy For Black Bear Cobs**

February 26th. On this date a black bear family consisting of a female and two cubs born just recently in the culvert den were flooded out of the culvert. This was at the big curve on the Chief MT highway and the culvert had been used as a winter den site on previous years. The female unwisely took the small cubs back into the culvert as the water subsided and the cubs drowned in the 10 cm of water that was still in the culvert. I diverted the water to run down the ditch and started bailing water from the culvert to save the cubs. As the water lowered the two drowned cubs floated out but the female stayed in the culvert. She was quite lethargic but still growled at me during the time I was baling water out of the culvert.

### **The Chief Mountain Encounter**

On March 13th, I made an early morning patrol to the Chief MT Customs to check on the road and buildings. Spring like conditions persisted from the beginning of the month and the road was bare and dry. As I drove past the turnoff to the Belly River Camp-ground, I



could see someone walking towards me on the road from the Customs. As I got closer I could see that he was carrying a large pack. It also seemed obvious that he had walked through the closed Port of Entry from some point in the United States. I stopped my vehicle next to him and started a conversation to check things out. I asked how the road was and whether there was any one else at the Customs Buildings. He said he had seen no one else and that he had hiked in from the States where he had left his vehicle.

At this point I explained that even though there was no one at Customs he should report his entry into Canada to the nearest RCMP which was Cardston. I asked for his name and he told me it was Gene Earl Brown of no fixed address at that time and that he was going to Alaska. He was a man in his late thirties in good condition and looked like one of the good old boys from the States. He was very polite and responsive to me and I was careful not to push him at this time. I told him that I would finish the trip to the Customs buildings and pick him up on the way back if he wanted a ride. He quickly agreed to this offer.

I drove up the highway and used the Park radio to call through to the Park Office requesting information from the RCMP about Gene Earl Brown. In a few minutes I received information from the RCMP. They asked if I could bring the man through the Birds Eye Ranch road and meet them on the highway to Cardston. No more information was provided at this time.

I picked the man up and asked him to put his pack and large belt knife in the back of the truck. He complied with this and other requests without hesitation. When we reached the highway I turned East and soon saw an RCMP car approaching. When I pulled over and stopped, I was surprised when two Officers approached us with guns drawn and asked my passenger to step out and lean against the truck. He was arrested and handcuffed and only then did the disturbing details come out.

Number one. Gene Earl Brown was wanted for a homicide in Browning Montana and had several outstanding arrest warrants. He had left a stolen car on the Chief Mt Highway when he could drive no further because of the washouts on the highway and proceeded on foot.

Number two. The RCMP Police had not given any information about this man so that I could protect myself. In fact I was encouraged to bring him (alone) to them with no idea about his record and the murder allegations in Browning. We would state our concern about this incident and be given an apology from the senior members of the RCMP. They stated that this was not normal protocol and it wouldn't happen again. I was also told that it was probably a non-threatening approach that put the man at ease. (The name may have been changed )

During the month of April, I attended an invasive plant seminar at Cardston. The Cardston MD is also responsible for noxious weed control on the Blood Indian Timber Limit as well as the Belly River shoreline. Spotted Knapweed is a major concern and is spreading downstream. Bio-controls are being attempted in the Waterton portion of the

Belly River.

In May, recommendations from the bear study were made for the Cameron Lake area. Recommendations had included ending the lakeshore trail at the first avalanche path. An elevated observation platform and interpretive exhibit would be constructed at this location. It was hoped that this will keep photographers out of the dense bush and away from the grizzlies that frequent this area.

### **Locals Organize Protest Against Oil And Gas Well Activity**

On May 24th ,a protest group of locals was stopped at Linnet Lake as they were traveling by horse and wagon into the Park .. This group was protesting well drilling in the Castle watershed. This well intentioned group, chose the wrong place and time for the protest. I explained this to them and they took their protest to a better place as they had no real issue with us. We had also vigorously opposed with any drilling along the boundary of the Park because of wildlife impacts and other issues. Good effort none the less.

June 13th. Grizzly- hiker conflict on foot bridge at Blakiston. Young grizzly won the right of bridge use as the hiker beat a hasty retreat back to the parking area. The smart thing to do.

### **Rescues And Other Wierd Things**

July 9th to 16th. This period included rescue of a boat that was adrift on upper Waterton Lake and rescue of boy in the canyon at Red Rock. Then the bizarre ambulance call to take a man to the Cardston Hospital after his finger had been amputated by sliding rock on Galwey. This man, his girlfriend and a dog were scrambling on the scree slope of Mount Galwey ,when the dog dislodged a slab rock that cut off his masters finger. The finger was buried in the slide and the crying man wanted us to climb back up the mountain and look for his finger . How can you keep a straight face and explain you couldn't begin to know where to look and that too much time had passed for the finger to be reattached. So much for a dog being mans best friend.

In the month of May, we had difficult issues with a disturbed person that lasted over a four day period. The man was accompanied by his common law girl friend ,her two small children and a bad dog. The group was traveling in a van with Quebec plates and began having encounters about their dog with park visitors. The dog was observed chasing deer and being a general nuisance to other Park users. When confronted about this, the verbal and physical responses from the man were very serious.

My involvement began when I was called to the parking lot near the old swimming pool. When I arrived the individual was engaged in a heated argument with several people and the RCMP. When things calmed down, I told the man that campgrounds were full and he would have to leave the Park as he could not randomly camp anywhere. He had apparently been camping in the parking lot by the pool as his lady friend entertained men in some motel room nearby. This is apparently how they got money to tour around the country. One of these engagements took place at the Maskinonge Picnic area. Here the man stood guard at the kitchen shelter while his lady friend entertained a man in the grass at picnic site . One of my sons happened to be riding his bike around the loop at the time and got a shock of his life.

The upshot of this was an order from the Superintendent for the man to leave the Park and stay out. They left and after being refused entry into the United States and came back to the Maskinonge site the following morning. Two RCMP constables and myself confronted the man at the Maskinonge Picnic shelter and after a brief confrontation took him into custody. He was taken to the Cardston Hospital for evaluation and then committed to the Ponoka Mental Institution for further evaluation. The woman and her family apparently went back to Quebec.

### **Summer Ends And Hunting Issues Begin**

September pt to 30th. Boundary patrols during sheep and elk seasons. For some reason grizzlies are being observed throughout the Park. I spooked large make grizzly off of dead cow elk on the high trail as I was riding through to the Horse Shoe Basin. I had noticed several Magpies and Ravens flushing from this site and suspected something was on a carcass of some sort. I made a fair bit of noise and the bear was seen running from the carcass and into the trees.

During the hunting season the bears are quick to locate elk and other animals that have been killed or wounded by hunters . Many of these shoots are indiscriminate and dozens of animals are wounded and left by unethical hunters. When there is no snow in the early season, some frustrated hunters just shoot at elk in the Park from the boundary fence with no intention of attempting to recover what they kill. Bears and coyotes do benefit from these illegal kills and the evidence is soon eaten up.

October 1st to 9th. Boundary patrols in Oil Basin and Yarrow areas as hunter activity is constant due to the elk rut. There are several trophy bull elk with cow herds on Cloudy Ridge and Oil Basin. Some skilled hunters have been successful in calling bulls out of the Park at the peak of the rut.

Four grizzly are observed regularly on Lakeview Ridge above Wellmans. The bears are feeding on low bush Saskatoon and Bear Berry that are now ripe and abundant in this area. This has historically been an important spring and fall foraging area for black and grizzly bears

### **Be Careful About What You Drink**

On October 9th, I made a horseback patrol to the Oil Basin cabin with Al Dibb who was a new Seasonal Warden. We stopped for lunch at the cabin and Dibb decided to make tea for himself with water from Cottonwood Creek that flows by the cabin. The water looked clean and fresh but it was fortunate that I had my own canteen. After lunch we rode out and crossed the bridge over the creek where Dibb had fetched his tea water. I noticed some magpies flying out of the creek a bit upstream and soon found a dead cow elk in the creek . The small creek had been backed up by the elks carcass and the water was now flowing through the open body cavity just above the point where Al had taken his water. I pointed out that the carcass was fresh and it was good enough for the bears that had been feeding on it.

### **Rttlamatioo Proiect On Avion Ridge**

On October 22, Frank Zieffle, Elmer Eklund, Jeff Feldberg and Fraser Smith were paid \$200. each for work on a rehabilitation project on A vion Ridge. This area had been damaged by dirt bikers who were caught by Park Wardens. The scars from the bike tracks in the red scree could be seen for miles. I discussed penalty options with the bikers , their Lawyers and the Judge. All agreed that part of the penalty should include attempting to repair impacts caused from the bikes that could otherwise last for years. It was not long before we had the money from the accused so the project could be done before freeze up. Frank Coggins and I packed the crew into the Snowshoe cabin where we stayed over night. A fine steak supper, breakfast and lunch was provided to the crew gratus the penalty imposed. The next day the project was completed in a day using rakes and shovels and hard work. It was amazing that by the next summer , things appeared normal on this pristine slope that over looks Sheep Basin at the head waters of South Castle. This was definitely the best approach to take for all parties and it was good to get the lawyer and Judge on side.

### **Elk Poaching On The East Prairie**

November 6th, 1986. At approximately 4 pm I had pulled over a vehicle with two hunters on highway 6th. The check took place in front of our residence and I charged the two hunters for a firearms violations. As I was just finishing the tickets a Park Employee driving home from work advised me that there was a vehicle pulled off the road on the East Prairie inside the Park and it looked like they were gutting out an animal. I quickly drove to the location and observed a Chev Blazer pulled off the road to an old borrow pit North West of the Chief Mt Junction. Using binoculars, I could see two men were out of the vehicle and standing over a dead bull elk. I drove over to the scene and found the two men gutting out a large seven point bull elk. I had seen this animal with several others at this same location earlier in the day.

The two men were turned out to be Chauffeurs from Edmonton. One man was so large he could hardly walk. Despite a Police warning, the man said he shot at the bull elk from beside his vehicle parked on the highway. He was using a 308 rifle and managed to hit the elk about 300 meters away. It apparently fell to the ground mortally wounded but was still alive and trying to get up. The second man who was short and slim, and said that he finished killing the wounded elk with two shots from his 30.30 rifle. After he did this he was joined by his partner who drove the Blazer to the site as he could not walk the distance.

As the investigation continued, they were asked why they shot the elk in a National Park and they stated they didn't know they were. The fact is that they had driven past prominent signs identifying the Park boundary and Firearms Regulation information several times that day. The large man had a WMU-300 elk permit and he said he had hunted in this same location ( meaning the Park) before and didn't get anything . The second man said that he didn't have a elk permit so he wasn't hunting and he thought he was off the hook so to speak. I waited a moment and then reminded him that he had finished off the wounded elk with his 30.30 and was as guilty as his partner.

With this information I charged both men with hunting and killing wildlife in a National Park. One man could not pay his fine and went to jail for six months. Both firearms were

forfeited and disposed of. The head of the huge elk would be given to the Interpretive Center for display once it was no longer needed as evidence.

### **Rescue Of People Stranded At The Cross Bell**

On November 13th, I had to rescue two people stranded at the Cross Bell in the Timber Limit because of deep snow. It's doubtful the man and woman could have walked the 14 km out to the Chief Mt Junction in the meter deep snow with the clothing/footwear that they had with them. Ill prepared, they would have certainly succumbed to hypothermia before they reached the halfway point as the highway was impassable to anything but an over snow vehicle. This was to be their experience of staying at the Cross Bell for the winter and living off the land. They were extremely inexperienced had exhausted their food supplies as well. It was fortunate that I decided to make a trip into the area when I did.

In the month of November I made a presentation at LCC, and used recent poaching cases to illustrate enforcement issues in Waterton National Park. The students and instructors were surprised at the number of hunting offences that occurred during the late season in WMU-300. This is the only late hunting season open to hunters in the Province.

On November 29th a herd of 727 elk are wintering on the East Prairie portion of Park where the poaching mentioned earlier had occurred. Hunters spend more time inside the Park watching the elk than actually hunting in WMU-300. A constant Warden presence is required to deter drive attempts or poaching inside the Park.

December 6th. On this date, there are three more firearms offences on East Prairie section along highway five. Hunter pressure continuous on this portion of highway as a large elk herd is often less than 300 meters from road where hunters are parked. An easy rifle shot some must be thinking. Where are the Park Wardens? What about a drive attempt and so forth.

On December 10th, I attended a Wildlife Enforcement meeting at Lethbridge. Here we shared suspect information and discussed problems associated with the extended WMU-300 elk season. The names of some Poachers or suspects appear repeatedly and many of these camp at the Crooked Creek Campground when they are hunting. This gives them opportunity and easy access to the Park and a good place to plot strategies with their buddies.

On December 26th I charged a Cardston man with ATV violations on the Chief MT highway. This individual also traveled into Glacier Montana with his ATV and is now wanted by US authorities as well. He and this should have resulted in his dismissal for these duties. Some things run in the family as I charged his father for hunting elk in the Park on Cloudy Ridge a few years early. Guess this is what they mean by learned behavior.

December 30th. Charged a native hunter for firearms violation on Chief MT Highway. The right to hunt issue came up and was squashed very quickly as the courts would decide native rights did not include the Park..

December 31st. Several bull elk are shot on Birdseye Ranch near the Provincial Cut Block area and Chief Mt Highway. I snow shoed into the area later and found that there had been about 50 large bulls in this herd that must have migrated from Glacier National Park.

1986 had been a year with many complex challenges in Enforcement , Search and Rescue operations and dealing with issues. I was grateful to my wife Myrna and family for the support and understanding I would get at the end of each day. A Park Wardens family is a major factor as to how well he does his job.

### **Waterton 1987**

This was a year when my wife's' only brother Billy died from a brain tumor and was buried on July 15<sup>th</sup> 1987. Bob Jamison died on June 24<sup>th</sup> of a massive heart attack. Bob was a Father-in-law to my son Ron before their disastrous marriage ended shortly after Bobs death. Max Winkler would retire as Chief Park Warden on March 3<sup>rd</sup> and his replacement would arrive and take up duties on June 1<sup>st</sup>. In my opinion, this individual should never have been a Park Warden as he lacked the ability to be a Chief Park Warden. He spent some time North of 60 that gave him a priority status.

### **Law Enforcement Issues Begin**

January started with hunters everywhere including some that we've had problems with on numerous occasions. One hunter was charged for killing an elk in the Park at Oil Basin and the second for an uncased firearm inside a National Park .. This pair have a history of poaching and other illegal activities and are the nemesis of one Fish and Wildlife Officer stationed at Lethbridge.

On January 17<sup>th</sup> I charged two LCC students for trying to chase elk out of the Park near the east entrance. These two would also be assigned to work on Park projects as part of the community service penalty. Their College Instructors were shocked by this incident involving two of their students and took some punitive action against the pair.

### **Training**

February 8<sup>th</sup> to 20<sup>th</sup>. During this period I attended an Advanced Law Enforcement course at the Solicitor Generals College in Edmonton. This included investigation techniques, Crime Lab exposure, DNA work and self defense, profiling and so forth. One of the most useful and interesting courses I attended and I made five dollars in one session.. One of the most skilled interrogators in Canada selected 5 five candidates for a demonstration of interrogation skills used to determine guilt. The objective was to determine who had been given five dollars. (me) by a series of questions and watching body language to determine guilt. He lost and told the group that this rarely happens to him but that I was able to suppress normal guilt indicators. Not sure whether this was a complement but I kept the five dollars.

On February 27<sup>th</sup> I returned to boundary patrols with 20 hunting parties now in the area .. There is a collection of known poachers or suspects in poaching camped at Crooked Creek. This group requires special attention for the reasons mentioned earlier. They are a determined group and after some of the trophy elk wintering on the East Prairie.

March 3rd. Weather extreme with heavy rain and temperature rising to the +15 degree range. Snow is melting and water is running every where. Waterton at it's best.  
March 4th to 6th. Attended Noxious and invasive plant species seminar at Essex Montana. Nice Lodge in the middle of the Marias Pass highway from Kalispell.

April 1st to 30. This month was spent attending meetings with Agencies like the Ferie Fish and Wildlife and College presentations with John Fallows at LCC.

### **Wild Sheep ~posium In Pincher Creek**

On April 25 1987, I was invited to give presentation at the Wild Sheep Symposium held at the Heritage Inn in Pincher Creek .. My presentation was about Wild Sheep At Risk. I talked about changes I had seen over the years and the impacts that Oil and Gas Exploitation have had on wild sheep populations in Waterton Lakes National Park .. One of the most notable impacts in that sheep have been conditioned by the continued presence of vehicles and human activity. In addition, to being habituated to using well sites as lick sources. This has resulted in entire herds of 13 ewes and lambs being shot off at one well site by Natives who have road access and relentlessly hunt year round. ( Shell Operator Reports) Prime breeding full curl rams have been shot off after the regular sheep season had ended in October. One Fish and Wildlife Officer told me that he checked at one residence on a Reserve and found dogs were being fed whole carcasses of Bighorn Sheep.

With this situation, there is no way to manage or regulate the harvest of sheep unless road access is restricted. In addition, well sites and drilling has permitted in the most sensitive and critical portions of wild sheep winter ranges. These impacts are cumulative and have been devastating in changing wild sheep into nothing more than game farm animals. Yarrow, Blind and Spionkop Canyons have historically been critical breeding and winter ranges for Bighorn that spend the summer in the Park. It is imperative that future drilling projects be carefully screened on a site by site basis .The predictable impacts from line heaters, pipelines, compressors and the network of roads were rarely considered . Access roads have been constructed across critical escape terrain and connect canyon to canyon rather than using a direct approach access to each canyon.

### **Hiker Killed By Grizzly In Glacier Montana**

April 28th. Female grizzly and three cubs killed photographer at Essex Montana. His wife gave Glacier Park Rangers the film from his camera that showed the final charge sequence. This man was a seasoned hunter and had killed bears before. A fully loaded 45 semi-auto handgun was found at the mauling site and had not been discharged as the mauling took place. It appears that the man survived the initial mauling but bled to death from a severed Brachial artery. Could the false sense of security in being armed contributed to this mauling death. I believe that it did but left his wife a widow. I was allowed to see the last pictures from the mauling victims camera. The pictures clearly indicate that the man ignored all of the common sense things in his efforts to get close up shots. During the final charge it appeared that the man failed to recognize what was happening and the bear was on him before he could even use his gun.

### **Spring Bear Hunt**

May 2nd to 8111.. Two local bear hunters are hunting in Wellmans. There are five bears, consisting of three blacks and two grizzly feeding on moose carcass at Horseshoe Lake. Three other parties of bear hunters are here because of reports of a huge trophy black bear that has been seen on the Wellman Ranch. I have seen this bear a time or two and it is big. To my knowledge no one ever did shoot this bear that probably died in some winter den-site

May 26th. to May 31st\_ Meeting with Provincial Biologist Duane Radford to review WMU-300 elk season results. This season is still too long and unlimited numbers of hunters equals flock shoots and safety concerns. It also reduces the quality of hunt and affects harvest results as elk are kept in the Park by the sheer numbers of hunters waiting along the boundary.

Major Tent Caterpillar outbreak in aspen stands in Park. Chief Mt highway turned to grease in sections where caterpillars crossed highway and were run over by vehicles. The Aspen stands smelled putrid from the dead caterpillars piled on the leaf litter. Some leaf recovery did occur by mid July.

### **Cougar incident At Cameron Lake**

June 1. 1987. 5 cougars at Cameron Lake feeding on Mule deer carcass. One cat chased tourist/hiker who approached to take pictures. We put up area closure signs until the cougars finally left the area.

June 15th to 17th Attended a Grizzly bear workshop at West Glacier and discussed management strategy changes with them.

### **White Grizzly On Vimy Mountain**

June 18th. Three grizzly observed on the Northwest slope of Vimy MT. One of the cubs of year is pure white. I contacted Chuck Jonkel of the Border Grizzly Committee with this information He was interested in collecting hair samples to see if the hair is translucent rather than white like Polar Bears. I would make repeat sightings over the next few years until my retirement in 1995. I tried to get hair samples on the slope where the bears had been feeding with no results.

On June 18th, Ken Goble long time resident and Fisheries Technician in Waterton died. Ken was truly an avid fisherman and back-country hiker and had left his boot tracks on most mountains in the Park. If you wanted to hear a strong wind story Ken could share one with you. He was hiking over Horseshoe Pass when a strong wind came up . He apparently hung onto a tree and the wind picked him off the ground . After the wind abated he could barely walk as his legs were black and blue from his boots hitting together. He told this story with a straight face so I believe it is true.

June 25th. Two Alberta men are guiding in BC and traveling through Park from South Castle and Snowshoe to get there. Warning issued to both about guiding in Park without license. Their reply was that they discontinue guiding service as they travel through the Park. This is a technicality that I don't want to take this issue to court at present until changes are made to the Regulations. Talked to Len Robbins of BC Parks and Recreation about needed changes to their Regulations as well.. They will be taking some type of action as to prevent horse grazing impacts at the Sage Pass area where this group camps.

### **Search For Missine Twin Butte Woman And Her Daughter**



June 28111

- Call out to search for Nancy Barrios and her daughter over due on a hike from Blue Lake to Butcher Canyon. It was pouring rain and windy and late at night as I checked Butcher Canyon with no results. I assumed that the pair had got caught on the knife ridge and would have to turn back. Barrios was an experienced hiker and would realize she couldn't climb down the steep face into Butcher with her daughter. The smart choice would be to go back to Blue Lake and walk out on the fire road. It was now about 1 AM in the morning as I drove back from Butcher Canyon to Blue Lake in my 4x4 patrol vehicle and it was still pouring rain. Barrios was not at the Blue Lake as I suspected but had already hiked out to Rivere's with her daughter. I had just missed her at the junction when I turned up Carpenter Canyon to go to the lake. Barrios did exactly what I thought she would do when she found she couldn't climb down the steep cliff face to get into Butcher. She missed the area where it would have been nothing more than a scree scramble and some minor bush whacking to reach the bottom. She was grateful that a search was conducted.

### **Myrnas Brother Dies**

July 15th\_ Funeral for Myrnas' Brother Billy. He suffered immensely from a brain tumour and was looked after by Bill and Virginia Holoboff at their residence for a number of years before his death. This was a real demonstration of parental love without limits but with the certainty of a future reunion .

### **Weather Phenomena. Heavy Damage From Hail**

July 22. An unbelievable 22 inches of hail fell overnight in a localized storm in Yarrow Canyon. Extensive damage to culverts, pipelines and compressor site. Huge hail and rock slides off of the North slope above compressor took out the fence and ran through the compressor site. Bridge and culverts on the road at risk of washing out as water is running over these structures and making new channels. Canyon was evacuated and closed for several days. Safety of this site and pipelines was compromised considerably.

### **My Encounter With A Mao Of The Clothe**

July 23rd\_ Notes read that J made a horseback patrol to the Snowshoe cabin then on to Twin Lakes and Sage Pass. En route, I found a Pincher Creek Outfitter and Catholic Monsignor who was fishing at Twin Lakes without a license . This honest man of the clothe had one break because he couldn't perform a miracle of catching fish as the Lord had. He was given a written warning and lecture about honesty and the need to be a good example to the flock. After this I continued on to Lone Lake and found another local Outfitter and his crew with 17 Cutthroat Trout in their possession. They had enough licenses to cover the catch but once again the game of Outfitting/guiding is not entirely what I had expected from this Outfitter who I had known for years.

### **Bears and More Bears**

On July 24th., A Seasonal Warden was charged by grizzly sow with two cubs just below switch backs on the trail to Twin Lakes. He had spotted the bear and cubs as they were feeding in the small wet meadow beside the outflow creek. He watched for the bears for a while. For some reason he decided to whistle to get the sows attention thinking she would run off. It was the wrong thing to do. The whistle provoked the sow to charge in the direction of the sound and the

Warden had the sense to run back down the trail. Fortunately the grizzly did not continue the pursuit as the trail was probably a little slippery behind the fleeing Warden.  
July 29th to August 1st. Note for this period indicate that Black Bears seem to be everywhere and feeding on ripe Saskatoons. A good year for the bears.

On August 19th, I was informed that Cardston Fish and Wildlife Officers caught a male Black Bear that had a radio collar so tight around its neck that it could barely eat. There was no break away on the collar or ID of any agency that would claim ownership. The bear had apparently been attempting to kill cattle to satisfy its hunger.

August 20th -21. Horse trip into Lone Lake to make presentation to Natural History group about reducing horse use impacts in the back country. I left Lone Lake at dusk riding Lance. It was dark when I got to the trail above Blakiston Falls and ran into huge aggressive Black Bear that would not get off the trail to let me pass .. I forced my horse Lance to run at the bear that looked more like an Angus bull in the darkness . It was spooked by the horse and climbed up a tree at the junction of the horse trail and foot trail. I literally rode under the growling bear in a flash and was close enough to have grabbed a handful of hair as I went by.

August 29th. Jan Allen trapped a 728 lb male grizzly on the Pole Haven lease near Cardston. This bear had been killing live stock which would have not been difficult because of his size. A very large bear for August and probably have weighed 1000 lbs by the time it denned. Much like the ones Max Bradshaw had trapped on his ranch in the 1940s ..

On September 41

\ I rode into Horse Shoe Basin and then over Lake View ridge on trail I cut for this purpose a few years earlier. I had just left the big meadow heading up the creek on Lance when I ran into a very upset sow Grizzly and two cubs. She growled and thrashed the bush in a threatening manner but finally ran off up slope with her yearling cubs.

Sept 111

h. On this date, Owen Sabiston was hunting elk in Oil Basin when he encountered a sow grizzly with two yearling cubs. The incident took place as Owen was hiking in on a trail when it was just getting light. The rising sun would be in Owens back and the sow was apparently surprised at close range and charged down the slope at Owen. It was good that the cubs were already running off and the sow followed them. This bear has been involved in two other incidents and is not afraid of humans. I described one of these incidents earlier that involved and a fence caught moose that the grizzly killed near Kesler Lake. It is likely that this bear will charge the wrong hunter and be shot in self defense.

Sept 22nd. Bull elk taken in Oil basin by Coaldale hunter that scored 380. Apparently the guts were not taken out until it was taken to a Taxidermist who reported in incident. By that time the meat would not be fit to eat justifying charges being laid .

September 29th. Received information that there is illegal bear baiting with animal carcasses near Birds Eye Lake. The suspects are well known as being involved in other types of illegal activity and the informant was credible. I investigated this incident with Cardston Fish and Wildlife Officers. We found the baiting site but no charges could be laid as carcasses were pretty much consumed and scattered around by coyotes.

## **What Memories Are Made Of**

October 9<sup>th</sup> and 21<sup>st</sup>

- On the 9<sup>th</sup>

\ Bruce shot a five point bull elk on the Birdseye ranch about 200 meters from the Park Boundary. On October 21<sup>st</sup>, Shane killed a spike bull elk on the cut blocks of the Birdseye. Bruce and Shane were able to drive through the Birdseye with their permission and right to the elk with a little bush whacking with the 1979 Bronco 4x4. Bruce had video tape of the vehicle trip in that recorded all the hero and macho talk of the young men. That's when their only concern was putting gas in the vehicle and setting up hunting camp and a warm bed to sleep in. How things would change for both of them in the future.

## **Boundary Patrol With Crown Prosecutor**

On October 24<sup>th</sup> I made a horse back patrol from Yarrow with Tom MacLachlin who was the Crown Prosecutor we used for National Parks cases. On this trip I was able to show him some of the problem areas of the Park. This helped him understand more about the hunting and prosecution issues associated with WMU-300. This trip was timely as changes to the National Parks Act and Amendments had just been implemented. The changes included much higher penalties of up to \$10,000 for poaching species like elk and deer. There were higher penalties for killing scheduled species like Bighorn Sheep, Goat and Grizzly Bear. These Penalties would now serve as a deterrent but also increase the risk to Park Wardens dealing with Enforcement issues.

## **Consider Liable Suite**

November 6<sup>th</sup>

h to 11. During this period I was informed that a local rancher told an informant that I had sold the 7 point head of the elk poached near the Chief MT Junction. The buyer was apparently from Texas. The elk head in question, with antlers still attached was in the Waterton Warden Station Barn pending Court disposition. After Court the antlers were given to the Parks Interpretive Center (where it is today) and pictures were retained in the case file. Occurrence reports also contained all this information.

Understandably, I started slander action against the rancher. Confronted with the facts, he apologized quickly with the Chief Warden there as a witness. I told the rancher that I had initiated slander action with a Lawyer and I also had witness testimony. The witness was not willing to testify in Court. He wanted to stay in the ranchers' good books but probably has a little persuasion to help him to do so.

November 20<sup>th</sup>. Black bear already using culvert on Chief MT highway as den site. Bear is pulling grass into culvert for what must be a long and cold winter. This bear had been foraging on Bear Berries around the blow out borrow pit about 400 meters north east of the culvert den site.

## **No Gold Watch For A Faithful Horse**

December 1<sup>st</sup>, Star culled. This was a bad day for me and worse for my friend of many years of hard patrols. There has to be a better reward for Park horses than a trip to the canner in Fort Macleod and a killing pin in the head. Tears were shed over this by our family. Lance would be

Stars replacement and we would travel many miles of backcountry together. His life would end in a better way.

### **Young, Man And Belly River Boundary Incident**

December 15th. Call for assistance from Ranger Dick Matson who was stationed at Belly River Ranger Station. Matson reported that he had seen a blue tent or tarp on the Canadian side of the International Boundary west of the Belly River. As he had watched, a man in a black coat walked around the tarp/tent apparently packing it up to move on. I went to the Chief MT Customs where I met Dick and an RCMP Constable from Cardston . By this time it was obvious that the individual was heading West along the International Boundary and towards Deer Lake and the North Fork of the Belly River. This is a remote area of both Parks and was already covered by about 20cm of crusted snow. To gain access to the boundary, the Belly River and a wet swamp had to be crossed . This would have been extremely difficult to accomplish on a warm summer day much less in the winter.

A decision was made for Dick and I to attempt to catch up with the individual before it got dark. The RCMP constable was not dressed to come along and he elected to stay and watch the proceedings from his vehicle at the Chief MT Customs. We hurried hiked down the steep slope to the Belly River and once there I tied garbage bags over my hiking boots and waded the river. The garbage bags were left there for the return in the darkness. As we continued, it was agreed that I would stay visible in the boundary slash and Dick who was armed with a handgun would stay out of sight. At this time we did not know whether the individual was armed or dangerous. As I followed the tracks of the individual in the crusted snow it became obvious that he was only wearing running shoes. The tracks also showed that he had fallen off the snow covered logs several times. It was dark when I finally caught up to him on the ridge crest of Deer Lakes. He was sitting on a log and pulling something out of a plastic bag on his lap. I identified myself as a Park Warden and approached him. What I saw and found was disturbing.

He was a skinny looking youth about 18 years of age dressed in an old black wool top coat and wearing running ankle height running shoes. The sides of one of the running shoes was torn out and his dirty colored white socks sticking out the tear. He was obviously cold, hungry and made a pathetic site. It was determined that all he had in his pack for food was a small bag of dried white beans. He considered eating spruce needles but was not sure whether they were poison,. When I asked him where he was going, he said he had looked at an old map and that he was heading for Pole Bridge to get some food and then to Alaska to join a friend. He hadn't heard from his friend in months and while he mentioned his mother it didn't sound like he had seen her for some time or that she even knew where he was.

I told him that to get to Pole Bridge he would have to cross two snow covered mountain ranges of extremely steep terrain. He would also have to swim Waterton Lakes then cross the Continental Divide to get to the Flathead watershed and Pole Bridge. No one would be there as it was closed during the winter months. The young man was shocked by this information and admitted that he would have died if we had not found him. But we still had about three miles of steep terrain and a river to cross before this day would end.

It was in total darkness that we started down the steep slope of the International Boundary with

the young man in tow. His old running shoes didn't have any tread left and his socks were sticking out the side of one of these. He slipped and fell several times before we reached the Belly River. It was about -20 degrees C by this time and steam was rising off the open water of the Belly River. I found the garbage bags I had used to put over my hiking boots to cross the river and put these on. I had Dick carry my pack and then piggy backed the young man across the river. This was not too difficult as he hardly weighed anything.

Once across the River we stopped where Dick had left his pack. He had some warm soup and candy bars in it that was given to the hungry youth. Because his feet were wet I asked if he had any socks that he could put on before the 2 km hike to the Belly River Camp ground. With the light from our flash light, he fished around in a bag and came out with two dirty socks. These were full of holes and put them on under his wet running shoes. Words fail me as I recall his desperate situation and the certainty of death by Hypothermia had he not been found this day. As we hiked out, he kept telling us how glad he was that we found him and thanked us for the food. It was good to hear him talk and we kept him talking on the hike to the campground where the RCMP Constable was waiting. He was then taken to Cardston where he was held for several days before being extradited to the States. His Grand Parents were apparently contacted and offered some assistance to get the youth back to where they lived.

As I reflect back on this incident, I wonder how many other people have fallen through the cracks of Society and have just disappeared. There is no doubt that this young man was given another day or days of life. How very fortunate to have been observed by Dick Matson and then to be rescued from certain death. It is true that the wilderness has lots of room for the inexperienced and keeps secret for years or forever. No one would ever really know what happened to Russell B from Louisiana USA in 1987. He just disappeared.

1987 would be one of those years that would leave indelible memories of special people and situations that would seem unreal. This day, this year will never happen again except in living memories or writing of facts. There were times for reflection and to think things out before doing anything else. To trust the opinions of those are sometimes much wiser and more experienced than I am ..

### **Waterton 1988.**

In 1988 a covert operation called Roundup was initiated to deal with the increase in poaching activities impacting on the Park. Several groups of individuals known to be involved in unlawful activities are hunting along Park boundaries. Some of these have either been convicted of offences under the National Parks Act or the charges were dismissed because of some technicality. This simply emboldens them to be arrogant to Wardens and Wildlife Officers. One such individual who is the owner of Great Surprise Outfitters stated that he spent a total of \$200,000 in legal fees and wasn't charged with anything of consequence. He said he had been the subject of a number of sting operations where Undercover Wildlife Officers guided for him. He said these plants would often shoot illegal animals on a regular basis in efforts to gain his confidence. He said that this crossed the line and provided him with an entrapment defense. As I got to know him better I would come to appreciate how well informed and connected that he really was.

In 1988, there were some bizarre incidents, rescues and conflicts between bears and humans and I wondered what would happen next. What would normally be an easy resolution to some situations became complicated and confusing. In some cases previous agreements or long established protocol between adjacent landowners and the Park became strained. After the problem retired we worked hard to rebuild some bridges of trust and communication.  
Bighorn Shee~ Die off

January 1 to 1988 our records indicate that only 22 bighorn sheep survived the swift moving disease that decimated sheep populations on Sofa and Vimy Mountains as well as other areas of the Park. This represents an 80% die-off of this isolated herd and it will take years to recover if conditions are favorable.

### **Park Employee Falls Off Steep Bank Into Cameron Creek**

January 71

h. Garage employee Dave Romanuk fell off a steep cliff above Cameron Falls while he was thawing out a water line supplying water to the town site .. He slipped on ice formed from freezing water and fell about 30 meters to the rock and ice of the creek. Miraculously he sustained only minor injuries from the fall. During the rescue, we were able to get close enough to use the winch line on my truck to lower and raise the rescue stretcher. Safety lines were also attached to the stretcher as a precautionary measure. The whole rescue was accomplished in a short time with minimal effort or risk to the rescuers. A few days later the Chief Park Warden decided to investigate the site with Derek Tilson when he slipped and fortunately was grabbed by Derek before he went over the cliff.

On January 30\I charged three Grassy Lake hunters for possession of uncased firearms in a National Park. \$ 450.00 fines were also imposed by the courts for Xmas tree cutting in the park. Natives were involved in these incidents.

### **Hunting Issue Presents New Challenge**

A ranch on the Park boundary has started a number of hunting propositions that are setting new precedents. Reports from hunters indicate the rancher is charging \$100 per point for bull elk shot on his property and \$200 per cow. He claim is that this fee is for dressing the animal in his shop .It has been suggested that gut piles can cause pregnant cows to abort the foetus. Other hunters claim he is asking for half of each elk carcass in addition to the processing fee. This is matter that Fish and Wildlife Officers will investigate as it falls under their jurisdiction.

On February 9th, reports indicate that 15 elk were shot on this ranch property today. The elk are coming out to hay bales west of his house that is conveniently located behind a screen of snow fence. Hunters are apparently shooting through the gaps in the board snow fence as the elk feeding on hay bales less than 30 meters away. This could be called U pick hunting operation. While not technically unlawful, it certainly does nothing for hunting ethics as some of the bull elk that are shot are trophy class. Several meetings have been held with Senior Fish and Wildlife Officers in Lethbridge over this issue . There are political implications here and the rancher knows these quite well .

As this issue is going on, the Park has initiated 'Roundup' to deal with Park issues in respects

wildlife poaching and trafficking of antlers. Brown newly cast antlers are bringing \$10.00/lb at Pacific Steel in Great Falls. While cast antlers are considered to be wildlife or natural objects in the Park, they are classed as exuviate in the Province. As such they are in the same class as hair or fish scales that fall off naturally without causing the death of the animal. The Park has become a major target for antler collectors who watch bull elk closely during the spring casting period. Some have said that antler collecting pays better than bottle collecting because a days take by a group could be in excess of \$5000. The strategy is to stash antlers in the bush the edge of the Chief MT Highway and to be picked up at night.

February 23rd\_ On this date a hunter told me that a rancher told him that he killed one grizzly and 10 Black Bear on his property this past year. While Black Bears area not protected on private land and may be hunted by the landowner year round, grizzlies are protected and hunted by permit only.

Weather records that were checked on March 4th, indicate that we have had the least amount of snow for the winter since 1972. After this, a total of 98 cm of snow fell between March 6th and 15th and made up for snow accumulation. The snow started to melt quickly and by March 18th water was running everywhere.

On March 25th, Boyd Neville informed me that Stan Root an antler buyer from Libby Montana is coming to his place to buy cast antlers. Boyd collects antlers with his A TV along the Park boundary and Pettersens and Allreds property and he know when and where to look. He told me that some sheds drop off when the bull elk jump the Park fence and he had found matching pairs at times. Boyd also watches the competition closely and this helps us considerably.

Notes indicate that a group of hunters were fined \$300 each in Provincial Court for firearms offenses. These are penalties that serve as a deterrent rather than a slap on the wrist.

April 23rd. Bear believed to be Bertha observed feeding on the Rowe slide with two yearling cubs. This slide path is critical denning habitat for grizzlies and has been used almost every year for the past 8 years.

April 29th. Bear baits apparently been set out in Oil Basin . Provincial Wildlife Authorities have been alerted and are watching this area. The illegal baits are set out in areas that indicate a local involvement.

May 4th. Interagency Law Enforcement meeting is held at the Bayshore Inn. This meeting highlighted current enforcement issues and initiatives in Waterton and the problems that are associated with the extended elk season in WMU-300.

May 1th. Trip to Ya-Ha-Tinda for two replacement horses named Rudy and Wendy. Both of these horses would prove to be bad choices. It was disappointing that the ranch even considered using horses like this.

May 25th. On this date a 22 lb pike was caught at the Maskinonge by Gordon Allred of Twin Butte. Gordons father Byron, used to love fishing at the Maskinonge and would have been pleased to see his son carry on the tradition. Byron, Mildred and Gordon were good neighbors to

us when with lived on the McNab ranch on the East portion of the Spread Eagle road until 1966.

### **Cougar Kills Mule Deer In Campground**

May 28th\_ A couple in D-11 at Crandell Campground watched a cougar kill a large mule deer 20 meters from their camp site. They were watching the deer feeding on new leaves when the cougar came out of nowhere and killed the deer in seconds. Quite a spectacle for city folk to see and talk about for years to come.

June 10th. On this date, we received information that the Blood Indian Timber Limit will be used for Band cattle grazing this summer. They anticipate putting up to 1000 cattle on the Timber Limit controlled by an electric fence and range riders that will camp with the cattle. This would prove to be a disturbing proposal and one that would have far reaching implications. I was selected to liaise and coordinate things from a Park perspective. Martin and Dan Eagle Child and Francis Scout were the Bands cattlemen who I would get to know very well over the next few months.

June 14th. 5 grizzly observed on the snowfields at the headwall of Cameron Lake. Intense heat is apparently causing the bears to seek relief on the snow. They are feeding on Glacier Lily Corms, Angelica and Cow Parsnip and other vegetation that grows profusely in this area. The bears are often seen sliding down the hard snow fields in playful displays.

June 1 ?111

- Hikers encounter female grizzly and two cubs on Rowe trail. Hikers dropped packs and ran down the trail to their vehicle and then to Warden Office to report the incident. I recovered the packs that fortunately were not touched by the bears which could have started a conditioning process.

### **Grazing Starts On The Blood Indfan Timber Limit**

On July 16th Blood Band have hauled 426 cattle to the Timber Limit as a drought conditions have affected main grazing areas south and east of Fort Macleod. Cattle are now grazing in grass a meter tall in places but these conditions will quickly change as dry conditions and hot weather persists. I have a concern that the cattle will be difficult to contain with a single strand electric fence once the pasture is grazed things off. The two Tribal members looking after the operation are Martin Eagle Child and Francis Scout who have now set up camp to watch the cattle and monitor the electric fence. This will be a difficult job as some of the cattle are as wild as elk and will likely be hard to contain and round up at the end of the season.

Anticipating a problem, I gave Eagle Child and Scout written copies of Park Regulations in respects to grazing and domestic animals in a Park. These are two likeable and cooperative men but working for a bureaucracy much like the Government. Very complicated stuff for the wages they received and the flak they took.

July 26th to 30th. Hot temperatures of +32 degrees that continues for days and cattle have now grazed off Bee Bee flats and are starting to be a problem to contain. I visit the camp and tell Martin and Francis that the cattle should be moved or they will be in Park and that charges would be laid. They are trying hard to get more help and convince the Band to move the cattle. Things are about to get worse.



Indian cattle are not the only animals being stressed by the hot weather. On August 3rd. A Cougar starts to be a problem at Crandell Campground. Looking for shade and relief, It goes into open Kitchen Shelters on a frequent basis and this causes concern for the safety of small children, pets and campers, Kiosk Staff are informed of this situation and issue warnings about this.

August 10th to 11th. There are now about 250 Indian cattle in Park south of Timber Limit and ranging as far as Glacier National Park. This has now become an International incident of sorts and one not easily resolved as cattle do not recognize boundaries. Park Warden Schwanke and I rode in and intercepted and counted 139 cattle being chased back to the Bee Bee flats from the Park. When the riders appeared, I told them they and the Band would be charged for the incident involving the 139 cows/calves we had counted in the Park. I told them they had been warned repeatedly and there would be no more warnings. One of the men thanked me for being fair then said. " If this was the old days, you probably would have just hung us right here. I told him he was probably right. Coincidentally, they had stopped under a big old Cottonwood that had some good hanging limbs. We all had a good laugh that relieved the tension considerably.

Major Forest Fire Breaks Out [n Glacier National Park

Sept 8th. Forest Fire out of control in the Bowman Lake area of Glacier Park. It is estimated that A total of 14,000 acres is involved in this massive fire and smoke /conviction columns must be approaching 30,000 feet above the Continental Divide. This smoke in Waterton is thick and it is difficult for some people to breath. Park is on complete fire ban and high alert. Back country areas are closed to use.

### **Ritual Horse Killing**

September 9<sup>th</sup> -10th. Gaytan Armstrong had an old saddle horse killed in what appears to be a ritual of sorts. The horse died from a blow to the center of the forehead .. The object that was used to kill the horse left a square impact print The scrotum area also was cut off and apparently taken for some purpose. An RCMP Special Investigator confirmed this was some type of ritual killing usually associated with Satanic groups. There have been other similar incidents in the Park area and the presence of Satanic rituals is confirmed.

September 12-13. Attended Law Enforcement seminar at Lake Louise. Once again there was updates and sharing of suspect information. Duane Martin is now in Calgary Regional Office and coordinating Green Plan and Enforcement initiatives. He is also responsible for Special Operations proposals and funding allocation. Waterton/ Roundup was one of these. I am the Law Enforcement Coordinator in Waterton at a GT4 level.

September 16th. Natives are fined \$300 in Court for allowing cattle to range into Park. This was part of a plea bargain that I recommended to the Band Lawyer out of consideration for the efforts of Scout and Eagle Child. The Band is now gathering and loading cattle and moving the cattle back to the Blood Reserve. It would be months before all strays are gathered and some would die in Glacier National Park as they became snow bound and starved to death. Dave Shea was the Belly River Ranger and reported finding several dead cows by the spring of 1989. Predators feasted well.

October 41

h, 1988. Trip to West Glacier as part of a review team for the Glacier a grizzly bear mauling death. Marcie Clogg was the Superintendents Secretary and took minutes of the meeting. She would later contact me in connection with an article appearing in the Awake magazine about National Parks. I contributed information for this article along with Ed Hindle from Canmore AB.

#### Elk Poaching In Oil Basin Test Case Under New Amendments To The Parks Act

October 61h 1988. A bull elk was poached in Oil Basin about 200 meters off the extreme south west quarter of Ray Marrs land. The animal was gutted and then dragged out of the Park by an ATV. Further investigation indicated that the elk was shot from the corner post on the Park boundary fence and that a 4x4 vehicle was used to bring the A TV into the area on a diagonal slash. At one point the vehicle hit a huge rock that must have done considerable damage to the under carriage of the truck. This indicated that the vehicle was probably driving without lights to avoid detection.

As part of the investigation I consulted a list of hunters for WMU-300 that was provided by Fish and Wildlife to assist in enforcement issues like this. I also contacted Rey Marr the landowner and learned that he had given two Medicine Hat hunters permission to hunt on his land about this same time. He said they were driving a blue GM 4x4 with an ATV in the back. With this information, I chose two hunters names who were from Medicine Hat and asked the Medicine Hat Fish and Wildlife Officers to assist. They immediately went to the residences of the two hunters and questioned them. At first, they denied any involvement or knowledge of the poaching although admitting they had hunted in the area some time earlier. A Red GMC 4x4 was checked and found to be clean of hair or blood. This information was conveyed back to me and I asked if they had inquired if the other hunter owned a Blue GMC 4x4 and if so to check for damage to the under carriage. To their credit, they went back and learned that the other hunter had a blue vehicle matching the description Rey Marr had given to me. The under carriage of this vehicle had sustained recent damage consistent with hitting a large rock. Further examination found elk hair and blood and on the ATV in the box of the truck. At this time, the individual confessed to poaching the elk in the Park. He said that he "wanted to take the rap for his partner" as his partner only helped him remove the elk after it was killed.

The guilty hunter had apparently watched the bull elk with a herd of cows until it was almost dark. The herd was close to the boundary at this time and the hunter apparently looked around to see if any one else was near and then decided to shoot the elk. His partner heard the shot and came up to find that the elk had been killed in the Park. He agreed to help him remove it using the ATV and Blue 4X4 to do so. This was done in darkness resulting in the damage to the 4x4 when it hit the rock.

I charged the one man for hunting and possession of Park Wildlife. It was the first charge laid in Canada under the new penalties provided by the National Parks Act. The maximum fine in this offence would be \$10,000. The accused entered a guilty plea and was fined \$ 2,500 in Lethbridge Provincial Court. This was considered to be a good penalty under the Parks Act Amendments. Tom McLaughlin was the Crown Prosecutor and was part of the Virtue and Company legal

firm. He had benefited from the patrol we had made on horseback the area where the poaching occurred earlier in the year. He used this knowledge to build a solid case for the Judge.

### **Grizzly Bear Mortality Review In Glacier**

October 1<sup>st</sup>. Meeting in West Glacier over grizzly bear mortality using M99. I made a recommendation to change to a drug like Ketaset/Rompon which is safer for the user. M99 on the other hand, is one of the more dangerous and potent drugs used to immobilize large animals. It is extremely dangerous if there is an accidental injection during field operations. Glacier Park has made changes to the drugs they will use.

On October 26<sup>th</sup> 35cm of fresh snow fell and this ended the fire season and drought.

November 22<sup>nd</sup> to December 1<sup>st</sup>

- There are still 13 Indian cattle at large in the Park. These remaining animals are wilder than elk and run into the brush at the site of a vehicle. I set a trap of corral panels on the Timber Limit and caught 9 cows over the next few days. These animals were loaded and taken back to the Band Ranch near Standoff. The remaining animals would be very hard to catch.

On December 7<sup>th</sup>

A new survey pin was installed at the SE corner of the Timber Limit marking both boundaries. The old pin had been washed out by high water and had fallen into the river. This is a highly sensitive area requiring clear boundary definition for the Park and Timber Limit. December 15<sup>th</sup>. Assisted in tracking and the arrest of two Montana men for B&E at Yoho National Park. Deportation hearings were held in Cardston and the pair deported back to the States rather than hold them in a Canadian jail. This was a good decision for two bad characters who had proven their potential for violence and more serious crimes.

December 21-28<sup>th</sup>

- h • Lots of elk hunters in area during holiday break. A hunter from High Level was charged for possession of uncased firearm in a National Park. More non-local hunters are in the area and seem to be more willing to take poaching risks.

December 31<sup>st</sup>

- One yearly heifer still in the Park at Belly River Campground. The trap is moved to this location and baited with alfalfa hay. The animal is caught right away but escaped from Clarence Black Water and assistants during loading operations. A loose corral panel was not tied to the trailer and was pushed aside allowing the cow to escape. It would be some time and lots of deep snow before this animal could be lured back into the trap.

### **1988 Finally Ends**

This brought a very trying year to an end with forest fires, bear incidents, grazing issues, accidents and injuries as well as numerous enforcement challenges and issues. Much of this would have been avoided if decisions had been thought out. Cattle grazing on the Timber Limit was amongst these.

The new initiatives under Green Plan forced National Parks to adopt an organized approach to

enforcement issues rather than each Park doing it's own thing. It also provided a pool of resources and specialized equipment to assist in gathering information for successful prosecutions. Through a new training program initiative, Green Plan improved the Warden image to the Public and the Judicial System that handled our cases.

### **Waterton 1989**

In 1989, I would lose two good friends, namely my mother Emily who died June 25th and my horse Lance who died on July 26th. This year would also include some unusual law enforcement incidents and the death Of Park Employee Morgan Kearn in a cross country skiing accident at Wall Lake. The extremes of weather with high winds and heavy snowfall to Chinooks that would have water in a matter of hours. Special operations would also continue in efforts to gather information and evidence about antler collectors, poachers and those actively involved in wildlife trafficking.

January 5th. Charged two Taber hunters for possession of uncased firearms in a National Park. These hunters like others, spend more time in the park watching elk from the highways than they do in hunting in WMU-300. Temperature down to -36 degrees C

January 9th. Evidence of a Bull elk being shot in the Park in the big meadow on Lakeview Ridge. During the investigation, I found a gut pile and Wyoming saw, 250 meters inside the park and a drag mark leading down hill to the park boundary fence .. The drag mark was followed out of the park to the tracks of Cal Wellmans tractor and evidence that the elk had been loaded into a vehicle for transport out of the area.

I went to the Wellman Ranch on Sunday January 10th and talked to Cal about the incident. He had no idea that the elk had been shot in the Park as he didn't go up to the boundary. He took his tractor and assisted in loading the elk for from Brooks and a partner named who was waiting at the Wellman Ranch . did not show up Saturday night until quite late. had no idea that his partner had killed the elk in the Park and would later provide information critical to locating the elk in Brooks and a successful conviction of . A search warrant was exercised in Brooks and the elk seized along with a Remington 338 rifle and Nosier bullets. A 338 caliber Nosier bullet was later recovered from the shoulder of the elk carcass. There was a successful prosecution of and a strong message for others who unwittingly became involved. and were two of these.

January 12. Four more hunters charged for possession of uncased fireanns in a National Park. Will they ever learn I wonder?

January 1 ih. Strong Chinook winds gusting to 150 km/hr. Trees blown down and snow drifts everywhere

January 27th. Caught last Indian cow in the trap at Belly river Camp ground. Road had to be plowed to get the animal out in temperatures that had again dropped to - 38 degrees. Clarence Blackwater hit ditch with new four truck and horse trailer that belonged to the Band Ranch. I had to winch him up a steep bank with my 4x4 and was surprised that the truck and trailer were not damaged more.

February 1st to 28th. Big herds of elk including 7 and 8 point elk on East Prairie. Temperature -39

degrees and bitter north east winds. Big Gs hunts continue with additional reports from hunter about his \$100/point fee for bull elk. Some of his clients include those who should be enforcing rather than participating in these questionable hunting practices. Two of these are from Pincher Creek.

During this period I tracked several elk wounded by hunters. Some of these were destroyed and turned over to the hunters while others were left for predators. Distance and difficulty of recover was the criteria used in these incidents.

February 18th. Bull elk shot near Chief MT Junction and left by poachers. There was no attempt to gut or remove the elk and the bullet had gone through the animal. It was obvious that the shooter only wanted to test out his rifle and kill something with no intention of taking the animal. February 25th. Thankfully, the last day of the WMU-300 elk season although patrols will be needed for another week or so. Then the antler collectors will be out in force.

February 28th. Making recommendations to the Province for changes to the Late WMU-300 elk season. Fewer hunters and WMU division to spread hunters out more.

March 3rd. Rescue of Venture boys in Green Ford Bronco on the big hill in the Timber Limit. Shane was driving and Bruce was pushing. Shane was quick to point out that he didn't get the vehicle stuck but Bruce did. At any rate, Dad pulled them out and took them to the top of the hill before unhooking. Gave them a wild tow to make things interesting.

March 6th, 1989. Prepared Executive Summary opposing any future grazing attempts on the Blood Indian Timber Limit unless there is a four strand barbed wire fence fully enclosing the grazing area. In addition, corral and other loading and unloading facilities must be on site. A continued presence of range riders is required as the Park position zero tolerance for breach of Grazing Regulations. The Blood Band Administration was provided with a copy of this summary.

March 9th. Bull elk starting to cast antlers in the Park. The Chief Park Warden is now referred to as the by Agencies trying to deal with him about enforcement issues. His persistent interference and lack of knowledge is viewed by some as deliberate rather than misinformed.

March 15th. Conducting literature review for New Park Management Plan. Zoning of areas that require special protection will be an issue due to the geographic setting of the Park. The Park simply is not big enough to encompass complete ranges for sensitive species like grizzly bear and bighorn sheep. The success of the plan will depend on the complete cooperation of land owners and Provincial agencies. A lot of work needed here to bridge relationships that have been damaged over the years.

April 15th. Warrant issued for the arrest of from Be for antler collection in Waterton. This individual was caught in possession elk antlers at the Dardenelles. He was watched until he had the antlers across the Waterton River at about to put them in his vehicle. He was released after posting bail which would have been forfeited by his failure to appear in court. April 15th to 25th. On this date I conducted a field trip with LCC students on the East Prairie. This is the area where a number of poaching incidents occur because of the loop road that runs

through elk winter range.

May 3-41

h. Confirm the presence of six grizzly that had winter den sites on the Rowe Slide Path.

One sow has yearling cubs and the second cubs of year. This is likely a mother/daughter situation and learned behavior. This denning area must be protected from human impacts.

May 9th to 11. Refresher Law Enforcement session in the Park to review new techniques and use of specialized equipment recently purchased with Green Plan funding. Duane Martin and John Steele from the Regional Office provided instruction and updates about new initiatives.

May 22<sup>nd</sup> to May 25th. Attended Law Enforcement Workshop in Glacier Montana the meeting with Walter Leigh a Special Investigator from Ottawa. Leigh is employed by Parks Canada with Green Plan Funding.

He is also a liason for contacts with National and International Enforcement Agencies.

May 26th, Mom has a stroke and is in critical condition. Wish I had asked more questions when I had the opportunity. This door will soon close forever as those in the grave keep secrets well.

June 1<sup>st</sup>. fined \$1500 for elk poaching on Lake View Ridge.

June 20th to 23rd. Law Enforcement Issues, that included serving subpoenas', completing investigations and a session of firearms training for Park Wardens.

June 25th. Mom died. The last of my parents and the children now become front liners. Mortality smacks you in the face when your parents die. I would miss her terribly over the next few years and find myself wanting to call her on the phone to share some news or find out how she was doing. Remembering that I didn't really say thank you for the sacrifices she made or sorry for the hurt and sadness that I may have caused her. I'm pretty sure she would say. "Oh that's alright dear, or Keithie". Let me count the ways.

June 29th. Moms funeral. All of her children meet together for the last time.

July 5th to 21<sup>st</sup>. This month was more or less a blur after Moms death. So many things to think about. I know this is especially hard on my sister Laurel who cared for Mom so lovingly and patiently. Thanks Laurel for your commitment to Mom, for all of us who should have.

July 15th. 50 mm of rain overnight ending fire hazard for the time being.

July 15th. Called to horrific accident at Belly River Bridge. I took Bruce along and found a Honda Prelude wrapped around the east side of the bridge. The driver who was working at Chief Mt Customs, was trapped in the car sitting on the front wheel which had buckled up into the car. As we worked to free him I asked him if he could squeeze my hand. He did showing he was still conscious and alive although his blood was running out on the pavement below the car. We finally freed him and he was taken to the Cardston Hospital where he died of his injuries. There was a tragic twist to this accident. I noticed a Teddy Bear in the vehicle and asked the one of the Customs Officers in attendance if he was married and had children. The answer was yes. He was married secretly and had a child. His parents never knew that their son was married or that they had a new Grand-Child. Quite a twist of fate somehow.

July 26th. Friend number two died on the Snowshoe trail. My horse Lance had been sick for some time and appeared to have recovered so I took him on a five mile trip to the Snowshoe

cabin to meet the trail crew. By the time I was half way to the Snowshoe cabin, I had to lead Lance who was showing signs of extreme fatigue. On the way back I had to stop several times to give him a rest as he could barely walk and needed constant urging to follow me. By the time I got near the Big Hill about a km from the Red Rock Parking lot, Lance looked done in completely.

As it was getting late in the day, I called my wife Myrna and Lorne and Warren to come up and assist me. They walked in and met me at the top of the Hill where I had carried my saddle to lighten Lances load. We went back and gave him a drink of water poured in my hand from a canteen of water. He literally sucked up the water in what would be his last drink. I started to lead him up the hill and with prompting and urging he managed to get to the top of the hill where he suddenly stopped and started to convulse. His eyes rolled back in his head and he fell over on his side probable dead by the time he hit the ground. All of us cried for some time as we stood by and looked at this friend who breathed his last on a trail he had traveled many times. We took consolation in the fact that Lance died on the trail and not as a cull in some Packing Plant as Star had been rewarded. We used steam borrowed from Dr. Jones to haul Lance to my truck and then to his final resting place in the winter Bison Paddock at the foot of Bellevue Ridge. A fitting tribute to a faithful friend.

August 1989. Installed boundary signs on Avion Ridge and rode through to Yarrow. Severe grazing impacts around Yarrow Lake from Blane Marrs cattle. The lake was stirred up and Elder Berry and Cow Parsnip was grazed to the ground. This fragile area was trampled like a corral and the cattle had now started to range into the cliff bands where Bighorn Sheep would normally graze. Huge areas had been dug up by grizzly in search of Glacier Lily Corms and other roots. It was clear that this area required immediate protection. I would be asked to initiate this and got the support of the Park and Provincial Agencies. A drift fence was finally erected to keep the cattle away from the headwaters area.

On this same trip I saw nine Mountain Goat in Sheep Basin and Yarrow. Gratifying to see that some have survived the heavy hunting pressure of previous years and are making a slow comeback. It is ironic that the Province went from unlimited licenses to a total ban on goat hunting in the south portion of the Province. One would have to be stupid to think that this was based on good management strategies based on population dynamic studies.

September 1. Trip to Elbow Ranger Station for Law Enforcement meeting with Province. Concerns expressed over the increase in the number of Outfitters now licensed and the intense competition for hunting areas. Many of the outfitters do not have license draws but guide resident hunters instead. is one of these and was now hunting in Forbidden Creek with another Outfitter. The headwaters of Forbidden Creek end at Tyrell Creek and Shale Pass on the boundaries of Banff National Park. These areas of the Park have Trophy Sheep and Elk and are historically, a poachers paradise. Recall tag 196900 and the poaching incident on Tyrell Creek when I was stationed in Banff.

October 5th. Hard to believe, but is now hunting in Yarrow Canyon with other sheep hunters. Having lived here most of his life, knows this area well and has taken a number of good rams under less than fair chase methods. One of his friends told me that he creates his

own hunting seasons and has outwitted a number of Park Wardens and Provincial Wildlife Officers who attempted to charge him.

October 6th to 11th. Law enforcement training session in Waterton. A RCMP Dog Master demonstrated use of his dog in tracking and take down of suspects. RCMP radio frequency crystals have now installed in my radio and encrypted to enhance information exchange between agencies.

October 19th. A total of 14 bull moose in the swamp on Rick Jacks land in Oil Basin. A half a dozen cows and calves were also observed. Very few moose permits have been issued in the past few years and the population seems to be increasing at this time. Year round hunting by Natives accounts for the majority of moose that are killed in WMU-300. Hard to manage or recommend permit numbers to hunt moose when there is an unpredictable harvest by Natives. Reports indicate that most of this is done without written land owner consent which is required by law for Natives hunting on privately owned land.

October 23rd, 1989. Shane shot a full curl ram measuring 39x 36 inches on the ridge west of Crowfoot Basin. We had spotted the big ram as it crested the ridge coming out of Pine Canyon at about 9.am. I have named this area the "loading Ramp" as rams that are on it usually come out of the park in one of two directions. One is straight down the Park boundary creek into Yarrow Canyon or west along a heavily used sheep trail to the ridge west of Crowfoot basin.

As we watched the ram, it turned and started to follow the sheep trail to Crowfoot Basin. We had to hustle to try to get to the ridge before the ram came out of the Park and crossed the ridge into a rugged canyon and a series of steep cliff. I have seen sheep just disappear when they enter this canyon. We took up a position in some tangled alders just below a ridge that the ram would cross as it came out of the Park. This ridge was about 200 meters from our position and considered to be an easy shot from the rest we had on an old tree stump. As predicted, the ram came out of the Park and turned to come straight towards us and disappeared from sight in some alder. It seemed as though the ram had outwitted us so I told Shane to climb up to the top of the ridge where he would have a clear shot at the ram. He left me and made his way up to the ridge and out of sight. After what seemed like a long time, I saw the alders move about 25 meters in front of me and the big ram stepped out in plain view and into the cross hairs that were now centered on its dark neck. I removed the safety on my 338 Sako and put my finger on the trigger. A slight pull and the big ram would be dead. I hesitated and thought about Shane waiting on the ridge and the likelihood that the ram was heading his direction. He had never shot a ram before and this would probably be his last chance at such a trophy. As I watched, the ram turned and started to climb the ridge where Shane had gone. I waited for the sound of a rifle shot and finally, one, two, three; pause. After reload, One , two, three but further away this time. Then silence.

I quickly climbed onto the ridge and located Shane with the big Ram where the ridge drops into the next canyon. He had a big smile on his face and he was taken back by the size of the big full curl ram. He wasn't to happy about his marksmanship and typically blamed the 338 Browning that he was using at the time. Oh well. This is the stuff that hunting stories are made of.

November 15th. Three Blairmore hunters charged for uncased firearms in a National Park. 30 cm of heavy snow also fell on this day making travel difficult for some vehicles



November 25th. makes the claim that there are Black Footed Ferrets on the Eskering Complex and had a picture to prove it. I doubt the authenticity of the picture and express this to Al Sturko and Derek Tilson. Sturko typically believes it and says that Derek will work with to confirm the Ferrets are here. This turned out to be a big hoax and had staged the photo. I never received an apology from Sturko .

December 5th to 16th. Preparing issue analysis forms for Park use that would be used for situation like the fiasco. If the format is followed properly we will do a better job and reduce interference or obstruction issues.

### **December 16<sup>1</sup>**

h. Natives cutting trees charged at Three Flag Viewpoint on Chief MT Highway. It was amusing to see one of the women stick a cut tree into the snow when she saw my vehicle approaching. I got out of the vehicle and walk past the woman to the tree and asked her if she thought it had roots. She said she didn't think so. There were two other trees that had been cut and stuck in the snow in a similar fashion. The Judge imposed reasonable fines for this offence.

December 20<sup>1</sup>

h. 600 elk counted today. Another 60 coming from Belly River along the Chief Mt Highway and Sofa Wetlands.

December 26<sup>1</sup>h. John in Winter Bison Paddock with a group of clients. He was given a warning and lecture in front of his clients. He wasn't to happy about this and I think I should have charged him to make the point.

December 29<sup>th</sup>. Tragic cross -country skiing accident at Wall Lake. Morgan Kearle broke his neck when he fell and hit a tree stump with his head. Howard Snider was with him at the time and witnessed the fall. He thought Morgan was acting and had buried his head in the snow for fun. When Morgan didn't move they went up the lope and found that he has broken his neck. A helicopter was dispatched from Fernie to evacuate Morgan and take him to the Cardston Hospital. The rescue was complicated by darkness setting in.

I went into the area with an over snow vehicle and picked up Howard Snyder and his equipment. By the time we got out and in radio contact we received the tragic news that Morgan had died from breathing complications. His badly broken neck caused massive swelling that prevented him from breathing.

On this note 1989 ended and there were incidents and situations to remember and those that I would find difficult to forget. The expression that hind site is 20/20 is a good one. The could have, should have syndrome is common for all of us but not beneficial unless we truly learn from it.

Our large family is growing up and leaving home much too fast. Myrna and I were sad to see our children grow up and leave home. They have left us with fond memories of the noise and laughter that we shared as a family living in a National Park.

## **Waterton 1990**

Like other years, 1990 would have accomplishments and a number of disappointments. During this year, Shanes' friend Marin Sniedner and her brother would be killed in a horrific motor vehicle accident on highway 3 at the Crowsnest pass. They were on their way to a ski trip when the accident occurred. Shane would hear about this on a news report as he was traveling in his vehicle. A shocking ordeal for this young man.

My son Morgan would also come down with pneumonia in January and it took a long time to recover. He is an avid hunter and he had a special elk tag for WMU-300. He was so sick that he didn't have the energy to walk even short distances. He; as others who have had pneumonia would continue to have long term impacts.

There were some unusual law enforcement situations in 1990. Some of these involved resident Outfitters in the Flathead area of BC and German Businessmen who were actually the money behind operations. This led to accusations and conspiracies that is the stuff movies are made of. I will provide more details in the months they occurred.

January 1 to 10th. Boundary patrols of Park areas effected by the extended elk season in WMU-300. It was very cold as the month started and by January 9th there was heavy rain and above seasonal temperatures. Welcome to Waterton where the saying is "if you don't like the weather, wait a minute."

January 19th. Army camped at Belly River Campground on winter training exercises warned for cutting 50 live trees to construct shelters. What a dense group. Would have charged them but it wasn't practical so settled for cleanup and lecture. No more training exercises here.

January 20th. The date that Shanes friend Marin was killed in a Motor Vehicle Accident at Crowsnest Pass.

January 22 to 30th. Very cold. Dispersed of surplus Bison to successful bidders. This is a new process to generate revenue for the cash strapped Federal Government. In reality, the cost of the process usually exceeds any revenue that is generated.

February 3rd. Large 8 point bull elk killed on Pettersens land near the East Park entrance.

February 13th. Another large bull elk shot on Wellmans and estimated to score 400 B&C points. Last summer appears to have been a good year for antler growth.

February 16th. 768 elk counted today. This did not include any of the large bull herds wintering in the Horseshoe Basin and on Stoney Flats.

February 24th. Monty Brauer, a hunter from Fort Macleod, shoots at 12 large bull elk out of the Park in Wellmans land and hits nothing. I would become better acquainted with Monty and his family as the years went by.

March 2"d. Temperature rise to + 10 degrees C with spring like conditions.

March 10th. Hauled hay by sled and OSV to Snowshoe Warden Cabin with Randall Schwanke.

125 cm of heavy wet snow on the roof of cabin. We cut this off a piece at a time with wire and

shoveled the rest by hand. The pile of snow was as high as the eaves on the cabin.

March 161

h. Travel to Essex Montana for a meeting about management of noxious and invasive plants. Flathead County in Montana hosted this meeting . Knapweed and Yellow Star Thistle top their list of concerns. The State of Montana is now threatening legal action against Glacier National Park for not controlling Spotted and Diffuse Knapweed. This resulted in a change of policy in Glacier and the use of biological, mechanical and some chemical control. Knapweed is displacing native plant species along the Logans Pass road and around the Visitor Center on the Pass.

March 28th to April 3rd. A concerted effort was made in the marking program of newly cast elk antlers. Each year will have a distinctive code that can be used to identify year and location where antlers were marked. Brown antlers are again bringing \$ 9.50/lb in Great Falls Montana. Some antlers are apparently ground into a powder and then shipped to Asian markets as an aphrodisiac of sorts.

April 3rd. Met with Montana State Fish and Wildlife Officers In Kalispelle Montana to discuss and share information about Poachers and Wildlife Traffickers. A Montana Outfitter tops the list of Traffickers and is reported to have contacts in the Great Falls Wildlife Office. He became the subject of a major sting operation and successful take down . This was documented on a special National Geographic video. A copy of the video and specifics about the operation were given to me. The size and organization behind this operation is unbelievable. Huge walk in freezers were filled to capacity with meat and trophy heads. Some of their poaching activity was conducted in National Parks where target animals were snared and then killed. Some of the Poachers allegedly met Park Rangers on the trail as they were coming from illegally set snares. The Rangers thought they were photographers ..

April 61

h to 13th. Antler Buyer from Libby Montana is in area buying cast elk and deer antlers.

His vehicle displays a conspicuous sign offering top prices for old and new antlers.

April 23rd. Caught and charged two groups of antler collectors on Stoney Flats. They had at least \$ 900.00 worth of marked and unmarked antlers in their possession. The buyer from Libby is providing more incentive to the unscrupulous to take risks and collect antlers in the Park.

### **A Bizzare Hunting and Conspiracy Situation**

April 261h to May O I, 1990. During this period I was involved in special investigations of alleged offences in the Flathead area of BC. This was operation was conducted along the western boundary of Waterton Park and included the Akamina and Sage Creek Drainages which flow west into the Flathead River and then into the Montana. The information was full of intrigue, mystery and conspiracy and had International Implications. Names have not been included for obvious reasons.

The informant was a licensed Guide and Outfitter in both Alberta and BC. He alleged that a well connected man from Costa Rica had provided money to a licensed BC Guide and Outfitter to buy a prime hunting territory in the Flathead valley. In exchange the Costa Rico man would arrange for eight Non-Resident Alien hunters to hunt with the BC Outfitter and keep the prophet from the

hunts. The Costa Rico man would in effect be the shadow owner and there was a written agreement to this effect. As the saying goes, greed would so set in and the BC Outfitter wanted it all. He then apparently cooked up a scheme to say that the Costa Rico man had attacked his wife in a rape attempt. Charges would be laid unless there was complete release of any agreements in what was clearly black mail and conspiracy. To strengthen his case the BC Outfitter apparently propositioned my informant to support the rape allegations in exchange for a piece of the hunting area. To his credit, the informant would not agree to this and severed his relationship with the Outfitter. The informant however, had been a witness to one of the Costa Rico mans hunters killing a small grizzly without a license to do so.

After piecing all of this information together ; I met with Pat Holder a long time BC Conservation Officer. Holder had an active case file on the whole bunch including the informant. Fernie Wildlife Officer Frank Deboon was also assigned to this case and some charges were subsequently laid for using aircraft to hunt wildlife and other offenses. I continued to work with Deboon to gather evidence and made a number of patrols into the Flathead and Akamina areas with him.

In this same year, another BC Outfitter had purchased the Sage Creek and Akamina hunting territory and had set up a permanent hunting camp at the junction to South Kootenay Pass. He hunted sheep along MT Festuburt which part of the West boundary of Waterton Lakes National Park and the Continental Divide. Twin and Lone Lakes are on the East side of MT Festuburt and historical summer ranges for large Bighorn Rams and Mountain Goat. This served as an enticement for the unscrupulous to hunt inside the Park as they occasionally did.

### **Policy To Dispose Of Wildlife Mortality In The Park**

In May I prepared procedural guidelines to dispose of wildlife mortality with trophy heads. This is a result of some accusations about what was being done with these trophy heads. We are the first Park to take this approach but will not likely be the last. Trophy sheep and elk heads can now bring thousands of dollars on the Black market. There is apparently standing orders for trophy sheep heads that are full curl or better. Bighorn Sheep top this list.

### **Grizzly Bear Mating First**

On May 9th, I observed a grizzly bear courtship ritual on the bare summit on the North slope of Crandell Mountain. As a result a paper was co-authored with David Hamer and published in the Canadian Field Naturalist. This is a brief description of thi unusual event. During the period of May 9th. to May 22 · we watched a male grizzly kept a female grizzly on a bare ridge for about 10 days before copulation finally took place. Each time the female would try to break free and run down slope into the forest she was stopped by the male. The male aggressively herded the sow back to the top off the ridge where he could watch her. There was some root feeding activity but not much and the two bears were probably using winter fat reserves to replace vital energy lost during courtship. Since this was published, I have had numerous requests for copies from a different parts of the world. To his credit, David Hamer did an excellent job in presenting this information for publication in the CFN.

Myrna is still doing the cleaning at the Canadian Customs at the Chief MT. Port of Entry. She has had a number of interesting experiences over the years. Finding drugs in the toilet tanks, cash

left in the open and stashes of illegal firearms. She and the kids also learned a lot about bats and lightning bugs that were numerous at the Customs area at night. She was also able to sharpen her driving and passenger skills on this steep section of highway. The girls learned to drive here and Myrna learned how to scream and hold her breath better.

In May, I received a list the names of people selling antlers to Pacific Steele in Great Falls Montana from Montana State Fish and Wildlife. The names of the Libby buyer and other local people appeared on this list. There is no doubt that a high percentage of cast antlers were taken from Waterton Park.

In early June, a pair grizzlies are seen on Crandell Mt again. It could be the same male but with a different female and this is what I suspect. If this is so, this would add a new dynamic to the courtship ritual of Grizzly Bear that could be unique the Southern regions of it's range. More observations are needed.

### **Summer Duties Begin**

June 12th to 14th. During this period we hosted an invasive plant seminar in Waterton. Blair Shaw of the Lethbridge Research Center conducted a field trip with Park Wardens and other interested people. The sites disturbed by highway construction are now weed infested. Foxtail and other highly noxious and invasive species like Spotted Knapweed and Blueweed and leafy Spurge have been introduced by construction activity. Oxe-eye Daisy and Scentless Chamomile are becoming wide spread and these species will be difficult to control without using chemicals.

June 22nd, 1990. Two motor vehicles containing a total of eight people involved in accident near Dog Creek on highway 5. This accident involved children and adults and required a triage approach to access those with the most severe or critical injuries. Amazingly all survived.

June 26th through to July 3rd. Much of this routine in law enforcement and wildlife incident responses. Amongst these was the presence of Cougar and Black Bear in Crandell Campground. Several Black Bear were either trapped or immobilized and moved to other areas of the Park. This is nothing but an exercise of frustration and futility as the habituated bears quickly return to become a more serious problem. Bottom line is usually a dead bear

The bear and other wildlife issues in Crandell Campground continue. It is compounded by the fact that this campground was constructed in the center of a major travel route between the Cameron and Red Rock watersheds. Natural foods including Choke Cherry and Saskatoons are abundant around campsites understandably attract animals to this natural food source. Once there, they quickly become habituated to the human foods that are left out or discarded around campsites. Unfortunately, there was little thought about wildlife conflict issues when some camp grounds and other facilities were constructed .

### **Interagency Law Enforcement Meeting In BC**

July 27th to 29th. Trip to Crooks meadow near Kootenay National Park for Law Enforcement Seminar. Nice Lodge and an outhouse with a fascinating view of the valley. Just make sure you have a good light if you use this at night as it's a long way down to the river if you miss the trail back to the lodge. This lodge, now owned by the BC government has a history of wildlife offences which resulted in the change of ownership. Some of the information exchanged about poachers and traffickers is disturbing to me as I know a few of these individuals well. They

should know better as they profess to be law abiding hunters.

August 9th. Cougar attacks dog in town site campground. The dog survived the attack and a cougar warning were posted at Campground entrances. Cougars are commonly seen in the town site at night as they prey on mule deer feeding around the cottages

### **Horse Fatality On The Carthew Summit**

August 9th. Barrus Horse Party of about 20 riders loses horse on switch backs on Carthew Summit. One horse minus rider rolls off steep switch back into the trees below and breaks its neck. It is left there as the party now retreat off the summit to report the incident. It is ironic that this party was on the way to Carthew Lake to have a Memorial Service for the youth who died here 20 years before. The youth, unnoticed by others was apparently wet and cold and at night, left the tent in pouring rain. Tragically, he was found dead the next morning and only a short distance from the camp. The cause of death was listed as Hypothermia but there were other contributing factors in his death.

On August 10th I went to the site where the horse was killed with Dee Barrus and some other party members on horseback. They felt that this was a bad omen of sorts and were quite spooky about the whole ordeal. I made the decision to drag the dead horse into a big wet meadow far below the trail and posted the area with bear warnings. It was obvious that bears would feed on the carcass but not pose a danger to hikers on the trail that was high above the meadow. It would be two weeks before grizzlies claimed the horse carcass and once they did, a huge patch of meadow grass was torn up to cover the carcass. Quite a spectacle from above.

### **Land Issue Conflict between Blood Band And Town Of Cardston**

In August, the Town of Cardston and Blood Band are in conflict over land claims. The main road blocked by Native and a RCMP Police Mediator is called to resolve this issue. A statement by the Mediator is noteworthy. He apparently said, "I believe in this conflict that there are two many Indians, two many towns people (Mormans) and not enough human beings". This issue quieted down in a few weeks and things went back to normal. I'm not sure whether there was any real resolution to the validity of the land claim issue. Some band members I met later on the Timber Limit said they looked forward to turning the Mormon Temple into a Bar and Casino. I think more than a few others felt the same.

September 1st\_ Boundary patrols started in response to the opening of sheep and elk hunting seasons in the Forest Reserve and WMU-300. Lots of hunters including a local poacher in the area. He is now claiming double residence in BC and Alberta for the purpose of obtaining hunting licenses. His aged mother lives in BC and he apparently visits her on occasion and forwards some mail there. He is also doing some fencing for two ranchers in the Pincher Creek area. He is like a chronic disease that doesn't seem to go away.

### **September 21 to Oct 101**

h. Local Guide and Outfitter hunting the Oil Basin area with hunter. On

October 3rd they killed a 6x 7 elk in Oil Basin. It is likely that this animal was called out of the Park where it was shot. This raises the issue of legality in my mind as the elk are actually called,

baited in a sense, or enticed to leave the Park. A trial case should be attempted to resolve this issue but would have to have clear and well documented evidence to bring about a successful conviction. Case law would at least be established for future charges and keep ethical hunters away from Park boundaries when they are calling elk.

On October 12, a local bow hunter, Barry Linklatter, wounded a bull moose in the willow swamp in Oil Basin. This animal ended up in the Park where it finally died. On the next day, I tracked the wounded animal with the hunter and watched him gut it for removal from the Park. I personally do not believe the Moose was fit for human consumption at this time but the hunter seemed to think it would be and that settled the issue for me.

November 1st to 13th. Heavy hunting pressure along Park Boundaries requiring constant enforcement patrols from Park Wardens. Two brothers who are also Outfitters are hunting in the Yarrow and have provided useful information about poaching suspects. It has provided the Park with more "eyes" and unpaid resources for enforcement and protection purposes. This would prove to be a beneficial arrangement on more than one occasion.

November 3rd. Dead five point bull elk found on the Hay Barn Meadows Road. At first, it seemed that the elk had been shot through the front shoulder with a high powered rifle. When the animal was skinned it became apparent that it had been gored by another bull elk. The antler pierced the scapula and torn up the lung in the body cavity causing massive haemorrhage and death.

Advanced Law Enforcement Course In Jasper

November 14th to December 5th. Attending a three week Advanced Law Enforcement Course at the Pallisades in Jasper National Park This was a highly technical course with lots of practical application opportunities. Certification in the application of self defense, physical and mechanical restraint methods was taught. This course and others would help me to be reclassified to a GT4 position with higher salary and a better pension when I retired. This would decision would prove to be providential in the future.

December 28th. Local Outfitters kill two large Bull Elk on the Birdseye Ranch. A herd of bulls had been feeding in a haystack for several days in response to the -30 degree temperatures of the last few weeks. Winter mortality of Park wildlife is expected to be higher than usual as energy demands increase because of cold weather.

As the year ended, Myrna and I looked out the living room window at the magnificent view of Sofa and Vimy Mountains with different eyes. The prevailing winds of winter now seemed a little less annoying and strong . Our family was getting smaller and growing up much too fast. The important things mattered more and what we thought were problems bothered us less.

### **Waterton 1991**

1991 would prove to be a year of change . The focus of the 1930s' dedication theme is that Parks are dedicated to the people of Canada for their Benefit Education and Enjoyment and to be left unimpaired for Future Generations now has an equal Mandate. This new Mandate is that Parks must now operate like a business and generate revenue to pay expenses. This would cause a shift in priorities from services the public had enjoyed free of charge to

increased fees and charges for just about everything. Families that would come to the Park for a picnic would no longer come because of gate fees. This Destination Park historically enjoyed by locals would now seem to be creating a hostile perfunctory environment and the perception of money means everything and trumps even environmental protection. People who can't afford to pay for services, should basically go somewhere else and many have.

The MAB designation as a World Heritage Site would also create additional problems as Science would trump historic use every time. Park Wildlife would be put at risk of being manipulated, tagged, radio collared, teeth pulled and so on. Is this the intent of the dedication statement.? Left unimpaired? The better question now is; What is Natural? Certainly not a Bighorn Sheep or Grizzly with conspicuous radio collars hanging around its neck. This would only mark the beginning of change and risk to wildlife and other precious resources. This worried me and made me think more about retirement and the future of Parks.

January 1 to 3 !51. 1991 started out with temperatures in the minus 20 degree range. Lots of hunters out including some Outfitters and others suspected of illegal activity and wildlife trafficking. I counted a herd of 89 bull elk on the grasslands called the East Prairie near the Chief MT Junction. Hunters traveling through the Park spend hours watching the bulls hoping they would somehow move out of the Park. Every hunter vehicle is checked to make sure that firearms are properly cased and out of sight. Many charges are laid and firearms seized. January 16th. I receive a phone call from BC Wildlife Conservation Officer Guy Larue. He has information about Brian and Pat Grey.( Names changed) Both are prime suspects in poaching cases Guy has had when he was stationed in Lethbridge AB. This information is very useful as it provides an MO of these two.

On January 25th\ approximately 700 elk leave the Park in various locations in response to the -35 degree temperatures and North East winds. Eight elk are known to be shot and several others wounded.

January 31st. Outfitter Black is in Park area with a guide named Eldon Green. He also brings in another guide named Dean White . Blacks operation is called Great Surprise and one of his hunters supposedly takes a 387 B&C elk on Rick Jacks land in Oil Basin on February 13th. February 1st\_ Deep Freeze is over as temperatures climb to+ 8 degrees C and elk herds move deeper into the Park and away from the boundaries.

### **Start Of Special Operations**

April 9th. Start of Flood Gate operation as herds of bull elk are starting to cast antlers. Several known collectors have been watching the bull herds from the top of Knights Hill to determine where the elk will be casting their antlers. Their vehicle license numbers are recorded and plates run to determine ownership and put on suspect list for Flood Gate personnel. I initiate the yearly antler marking program with up dated coding for each antler found and marked. Some huge 7 and eight point antlers are marked measured and recorded. Main beams on one set is 55 inches and weigh about 25 lbs each. A \$450.00 set for collectors at\$ 9.50/lb US. Quite an incentive for the ambitious collectors. Certainly beats bottle collecting.

April 17th. Well known Waterton area poacher is apparently heading back to BC for a few days of bear hunting. He must have a client and a sure thing bear hunt according to informant. We



know he will be back in the area for his antler casting operations. He knows the Park trails and antler casting areas better than most Park Wardens.

April 20th. RCMP Constable from MT. View also collecting elk antlers on lands adjacent to the Park along Dog Creek. This irritates BN as more collectors are competing for the area where he has collected hundreds of elk antlers over past years. BN provides me with useful information about the activity of antler collectors and buyers and he has my trust .

May 3rd. Flood Gate provides information that antler buyers from Polson Montana and Oregon are also in area and considered to be Armed and Dangerous. A Plant/decoy antler is positioned as bait near Chief MT Highway. Operators are watching plant antler.

May 7th. Decoy antler picked up and removed from Park without operators seeing it happen. Very embarrassed as this is the whole point of the operation. I had previously recorded some licence plate information and was able to narrow the suspects down to a an Employee with the Dept of Agriculture in Lethbridge. He was contacted and confessed and brought the antler back to my residence in the Park.. He is not a collector but saw the antler near the road and thought it would be a good lawn ornament. He was also afraid he would lose his job and willing to do most anything to avoid being charged. Flood Gate operators would now be more vigilant than before.

May 11h to 31 si\_ Antler collectors and buyers out in full force. Another antler buyer named Bell is here to buy antlers from S\_. This information is provided from a local informant and confirmed by US State Fish and Wildlife in Kalispelle . One Officer knows who the buyers are and has a list of Canadian suppliers. Most of these have already been named and are being watched closely.

May 31 si\_ Cal Wellman called to say a grizzly sow with two yearling cubs had killed one of his cows in the calving pen north of his residence. Snares set and the sow was caught and cubs trapped and taken to another location near Nordegg AB. This bear was quite bold and determined to actually break into the calving area to kill and the feed on the dead cow.

June 1 si, 1991. Another antler buyer named from ST. Ignatius Montana is now in the Park area to buy antlers. The information however is confirmed to be reliable and another name is added to the long list of those involved in the antler trafficking trade.

June 20th. High water from heavy rain traps a school group that had been camping at Twin Lakes and Snowshoe. I met group at a side creek and a washed out a bridge they could not cross. I had a chainsaw and felled a large Spruce tree across the creek and the group crossed to safety. This incident highlights the hazards that face back country users in the Park. Check weather forecasts and be prepared for emergencies.

July 1 to 31st. Nothing of consequence during this period which was spent supervising the noxious weed control program and the Law Enforcement assignments.

### **Grizzly Please Let Us Use The Trail**

July 21s1

- On this date I rode into the Lone Lake cabin to meet up with my son Shane and Shane Dollman who had hiked in from Rowe Lakes and the Cameron highway. Their route was over the Tamarack trail that is a long and tedious hike and water is scarce. I renamed it the Mad Mans

trail because it doesn't follow contours but has up and down deviations that are frustrating. Your energy is spent climbing or descending with only a short distance gained in the effort. In wet years water is available at one point in the entire 15 km hike.

When I reached the first slide on the final stretch to Lone Lake, I saw a grizzly digging for something about 10 meters above the trail. I stopped Melba and called out to get the bears attention hoping that it would run off. The bear didn't even react to the sound of my voice but kept digging as vigorously as ever. At this point the bear was about 25 meters away and too close to the trail for me to ride by without provoking some kind of confrontation. I shouted again and waving my arms, spurred Melba towards the bear. To her credit, she wasn't the least bit afraid and seemed to trust my judgement. This time the bear reacted by turning around and stood on the tailing pile it made by it's digging effort. We eye-balled each other as the saying goes' and by this time Melba decided she would continue on the trail to Lone Lake. After this, the trip was made without further incident and the bear seemed to watch us pass without interest .

On the next day, I escorted the two Shan es' through this area and they continued the hike through Pecks Basin to a new camp site at Snowshoe or Twin Lakes. The excitement of knowing a grizzly is in the area gives an adrenalin rush that makes hiking much easier. It is true we are not the dominant creature where the grizzly is present and even more so when we are not carrying a firearm.

September 1 to 30th. Hunting season opens again and I have information that several Outfitters have purchased permits to hunt in WMU-300 and 400. These include Black,( Great Surprise) and several local Outfitters. These have a combined allocation of eight hunting permits.

On September 14th, Local Outfitters hunter kills 5x6 elk at Kesler Lake on Rey Marrs land. Once again there is the issue of the elk being called out or enticed out of the Park.

October 191

h. Cougar is hit by vehicle on the Belly River Bridge on Highway 5 enroute to Cardston. The report was made to me and I was asked to respond to the incident by the RCMP as Fish and Wildlife are not available at this time. My Provincial Wildlife appointment allows me to do this and the cat is destroyed and turned over to Pincher Creek Fish and Wildlife on the next day.

November 1st. Information that confirmed that a park employee has worked for outfitter Black in 1981 to 84. He confirms this and indicates he assisted in camp duties and whatever else was needed. He did not provide information about Blacks operation that we did not already know and that Black had not told me personally.

November 2"d. Charged 3 hunters for uncased firearms in a National Park. The offense takes place on the East Prairie near the Chief MT Junction. I have probably charged at least 100 hunters for offenses in this area alone. The through highway loops through elk winter range and provides opportunity and enticement for hunters to poach an elk. This highway should never have been constructed through the Park using two entrance routes. A single entrance road and junction outside of the Park would have preserved critical elk winter range and reduced hunter impacts significantly.

December 1st to December 31st

- There is nothing unusual to report for this period. Boundary patrols do continue throughout this period and it has been an mild and open winter so far. Day time temperatures are about +6 degrees C and persist for much of the month. This allows elk to disperse on winter ranges throughout the Park and reduces hunting opportunities that are usually created by cold weather and North East winds. This suits me just fine. A note from my diary simply says: Lots of hunters but no violations.

And so 1991 ended. More administrative changes are occurring in Waterton. Employees are being asked to organize think tanks about how to reduce costs and be more effective in providing services. It would prove to be a subtle way of eliminating jobs and services to the public. This would produce conflict amongst Park Employees who would be trying to save their jobs and sacrifice others. I become more convinced that Parks were not sacrosanct and extremely vulnerable to changes that are Politically motivated. By those who lack appreciation for what Parks should be and why they were wisely established in the first place.

Reflecting on all of this with my wife Myrna, we knew that we didn't have to worry about the thoughtless actions of man. In fact there is a much bigger picture where beauty and benefits of special places will be enjoyed forever.

## **Waterton 1992**

1992 would be a year of increased hunting activity around the borders of Waterton Lakes National Park. Outfitter allocations for WMU-300 and 400 and the Provincial bidding process is flawed. This created a bidding war between local outfitters like Golden Ridge Outfitters and Brent Smith against Black from Great Surprise Outfitting from Edmonton as well as South West Outfitting from Yellow Knife NWT.

Amongst hunters, there seems to be expectation that the area adjacent to Waterton Park has large trophy elk and they are easy to kill. The fact is that all of WMU-300 is on privately owned land. Hunting access is an issue and some land owners consider charging a trespass fee for outfitters and guides. This would allow some outfitters right of access and hunting with their clients and exclude others from these hunting areas. This will prove to be a highly contentious issue.

1992 would be a year of temperature extremes typical in chinook regions. There would be 40 days of temperatures in excess of +6.0 degrees starting in January. There would also be a meter of new snow at the Waterton Station by August 25th and more in the high country. There would be heavy damage to trees and flooding from the fast snow melt that would occur. These weather extremes were even strange and usual for Waterton. In January a grizzly is out of its' den-site in Yarrow Canyon. This is either prompted by warm weather or a shortage of fat reserves and energy required for the winter. This will have a detrimental effect on the grizzly as it seeks to dig for roots in the frozen ground or scrounge other food at a huge energy loss.

## **I Meet the King Of Alberta Outfitters**

During the period of January 7th to 14th

h. I talked to Black of Great Surprise Outfitters on Chief MT highway. This individual has a reputation of being a poacher and active trafficker in wildlife. He is smart and there was no doubt about this after I had a lengthy conversation with him. He causally told me that he has 26 Whitetailed Deer in the record books and has a way of classifying big bucks. He gave me a copy of his brochure and one picture showed a half ton truck full of four point Whitletailed bucks. He had other pictures of elk taken on the White MT Apache Reserve where he has killed an eight point Bull Elk in excess of 400 B&C points.

When I finally retired from the Warden service in 1995, I left the brochures and other information Black had given me in Law Enforcement files at the Warden Office. In retrospect, I regret doing this as Black would never have given this information to other Wardens. I was up front and truthful when we talked about his reputation and I was surprised when he said he respected me for this. He also said that some other Wardens had approached him and tried to fish for information from him. He simply played the game with them and when they asked a dumb question he would give a dumb answer in response

He told me that he spent close to \$200,000 in defense costs for bogus charges often set up by plants in his hunting camps. He said these plants, committed a number of offenses while in his employ and his lawyers used this as an entrapment defense. It appears that the judges agreed with this as he still held and outfitting license.

### **An Amazing Phenomenon**

On January the 15th , I was making a patrol on the Chief MT highway when I saw something I have never seen before. About 20cm of new snow had fallen over the past few days and a sudden warming with light winds created huge puff balls of snow of all sizes were every where. Some of these balls were at least 30cm in diameter and were so light they could be picked up with little effort like they were Styrofoam . I showed this to my wife Myrna and some of my children who said it was like an Angels breath had created them as there were no marks in the snow. Truly one of the wonders produced by sudden warm air currents on cold and light snow.

### **Bunting And Antler Buyers**

In January, Stan Root from Libby Montana is at Boyd Nevilles to buy elk antlers that Boyd had collected lawfully over past year. A friend of Boyds and a notorious poacher is also back in area to trap beaver and make a general nuisance of himself. This individual was apparently raised in a house near where Neville was living and for this reason was given the name to reflect this relationship. I have had numerous encounters with him over the past few years and this will obvious continue as long as at least one of us is alive. On this date I also met Jim Laycraft one of the 1300 lawyers from Calgary. Jim had bought one of the cabins and acreages at km 3 on the Chief MT highway. His and other cabins are situated on private land previously owned by Wallace French. Access to these cabins is from a short approach off the Chief MT Highway. Jim and his wife would prove to be an asset to keep me informed about any unusual activities that he would see. They would see many, including visits from curious Black Bear that lived in the area,

February 7th. On this date I made a foot patrol from the East Park entrance along the boundary South to the Chief Mt highway. When I reached Dog Creek, I came upon a large herd of cow elk that ran into the wind and out of the Park onto Jim Allreds land. The elk crossed a large meadow and almost over a hunter named Lee Femquist who shot a cow elk before the herd returned to the safety of the Park. I believe Femquist was sleeping under a tree after having his lunch. He said he heard the elk crossing the Park fence and was surprised when the meadow in front of him suddenly filled with elk. Femquist was shooting a 7MM Ruger which was significant to me as I remember firearms and associate them names of people.

### **More Contact With Outfitter Black Of Great Surprise**

February 10th to 20th. Lots of hunters out during this period including and from South West Out-Fitters in Yellow Knife. NWT. A local Rancher has a hunter who wounds an elk that gets back into Park before dying. I check things out and am satisfied and turn the elk over to the hunter after he has tagged it and then removed it from the Park

During the next few weeks I continued to have discussions with of Great Surprise. is parks on the Chief MT highway watches a herd or Bighorn Rams and bull elk on the Sofa Fan. He doesn't have any firearms in his vehicle and his spotting scope is worth more than my wages for a month or more. His camera and other equipment are all high tech. He knows where and when to look for wildlife and I think about the Trophy Bighorn Rams he is watching.

While is in the Park, his guide Al Huff is hunting elk on the Birdseye Ranch with a client who owns a chain of grocery stores. tells me that he fired one of his guides named and he suspects him for poaching an elk in Jasper Park last year. He apparently feels that will be charged and he doesn't want to be implicated in any way. I got the feeling that he probably wanted me to convey this information to the Jasper Warden Service.

During this period I also receive more information about an outfitter on the Palmer Ranch. He seems to be running his strange operation from the Palmer Ranch and focusing more on trophy Whitetail Deer than elk . The Palmer Ranch has hundreds of White Tailed Deer feeding with their cattle along the Waterton River. The hunters can almost measure the bucks before they shoot them. Certainly not "Fair Chase" by any means. In late March I rode horseback along the Chief MT highway to the East boundary of the Park to check for illegal antler collectors .. Along the way, I found several wallets that had apparently been thrown out of a car window . The wallets contained ID that were subsequently traced back to a Convenience Store Clerk and two University Students. The clerk had her purse stolen by someone who distracted her and the University students had things taken from their rooms. RCMP investigate these incidents but were not confident that the thief would be caught.

### **The Ferret Fiasco**

As the month continued there is more evidence about the Black-Footed Ferret Ruse. Why

would someone go to all this trouble to fabricate a hoax like this? Pictures turn out to be a hoax and I am now in a position to say "I told You So" I was asked to stay out of this by the Chief Warden as I was too critical from the first time I saw the pictures. finally admitted to this fraudulent sighting and the hoax but he should have been charged and the matter exposed to the media.

During the month of April antler collectors were a major problem for the Park Family groups were amongst the collectors after a quick buck as freshly shed antlers are bringing up to \$9.50/lb. There are several vehicles of known antler poachers parked on the viewpoint on Knights Hill. They are watching the Bull Elk herds on Stoney Flats to determine when antler casting has started and target areas they will choose.

### **Media Interviews About Antler Collecting In Waterton Park**

Interviews with Channels 2 & 7 about the antler collecting problem in Waterton and actions taken to prevent it. The need for deterrent penalties to be imposed by the Courts is stressed.

### **White Grizzly On Vimy Mountain Again**

On April 25th, the white Grizzly and two cubs are again observed digging roots on the meadows on Vimy MT. Previous sighting of the white bear was on June 181 \ 1987 when it was a cub. This bear appears to be truly white including her legs that are typically dark on most grizzly. Quite a spectacle to see and one that confirms the importance of habitat protection and the relatively small home range of female grizzly. Repeat of this sighting would be made on June 14th 1992.

### **Typical Summer Duties**

May 14th. Law Enforcement meeting to review Special Operations . Success/Failures. Discussion of the results justifying the expense of special operation to deal with poaching and antler collectors ? I personally felt that it did because hunters, poachers and others knew that something was being done covertly and there was a need to be on guard. It raised the Parks Enforcement Profile considerably as poachers and locals were now aware that we have this capability.

May 23rd. Local rancher Cal Wellman contacted me and said that he had shot a black bear feeding in a granary near his house. He was sure he had hit the bear with his old 35 Remington Auto, but the bear had run into the trees and out of site. I went to the Wellman ranch and found the bear had died in the trees about 50 meters from the granary. I told Cal that the bear could have out run the bullet from your old gun if it didn't stop to laugh. Somehow the old gun suits Cal to a tee.

June 3rd. On this date I receive a BOLF bulletin about Norwegian Black Bear hunters suspected of being in the area. Although I never did make contact with this group I suspect they have been in contact with at least two of the individuals that are guiding and outfitting near Waterton Park. These individuals also have contacts in BC and The NWT. June 5th. I travelled to Kalispelle Montana to attend a noxious weed seminar. The focus

is again on Spotted Knapweed and the economic impacts that have taken place in the Flathead Valley. It was a good meeting format and exchange of information. Glacier Park is now doing something about the weed proliferation in the Park. I believe it is a bit late and much of the native species have already been compromised by this invasive species. It is apparent that most agencies have refused to recognise the threat that Spotted Knapweed posed and would not fund early control programs that now cost millions each year.

June 13. A total of 55mm of rain fell overnight. Two Bison bulls fight in summer pasture during this period and one now has a 10 cm rip across his shoulder. Amazingly, this animal recovers from this severe combat injury.

June 23rd to 30th. During this period I was informed that a new Outfitter has now bought the BC hunting territory in the Sage and Faith Creek areas. This outfitter seems to have a better reputation about hunting ethics which will be good for the Park. He begins to construct a permanent camp at the junction of Akamina/South Kootenay Passes. Ron and Amy Shade are in the Park filming wildlife. Ron is a professional photographer and works on assignments for National Geographic. He got some interesting footage as well as calling sounds between cougars in the townsites. They made chirping sounds like birds in addition to typical catlike mewing. I had read about this behaviour occurring amongst cougar in South America.

During this same period my son Shane and I made a horseback trip to the new outfitters camp via South Kootenay Pass. We returned through Twin Lakes to the Snowshoe cabin where we spent the night. The next day we rode over A Vion Ridge and would eventually complete the trip at the Yarrow Creek Trailhead. Along the way, we watched two grizzly bears that were feeding on Glacier Lilly or Angelica in the Lost Lake head wall area. The two grizzly are completely unaware of our presence and I suspect that these bears are 2-3 year old siblings. A good father and son trip to remember in the years to follow.

## **A Shared Experience**

On July 24<sup>th</sup>

h. My two sons, Lome, Warren and I hiked to the Snowshoe cabin and spend the night there. The following day we started early to beat the heat and stop at a small creek crossing to fill up water bottles. This will be the last water until we reach the headwaters and falls in Yarrow Canyon. We make good time and reach the top of the ridge at about 9:30 in the morning. It is a beautiful day but there is more to come. We hike along the ridge to an area of mature Larch overlooking Sheep Basin and stop to take in the breathtaking view of the South Castle headwaters. As we continued our hike along the top of A Vion Ridge, a Bighorn Ram appeared suddenly and walked along the trail about 25 meters in front of us. It seemed quite unconcerned that we were there and that it had joined our group by taking the lead along the trail.

The ram, my sons and I hiked along to the highest point above Sheep Basin and started to drop off the ridge when the ram spooked and ran back towards us. We soon reached the

point where the ram had spooked and saw the reason for the sheep's concern. A female grizzly and two yearling cubs were busily digging roots beside the trail in a small saddle below us. We stopped at our vantage point about 200 meters above the feeding family and had our lunch. I talked to my sons about the situation and loud enough for the family of bears to hear and to let them know we were there.

The bears were aware of our presence but continued root digging beside the trail. One of the cubs stood up to look at us and then continued to feed in the dig crater beside the mother. After about an hour and as the day heated up, the group stopped feeding and walked off the ridge below us and into the trees. As the bears left, the cubs stood up on their hind legs to look in the direction of our voices but mom must have told them that we were old friends. At this point they were only 50 meters below us but had yielded the trail to us. We were glad they did and continued our hike to Yarrow Canyon. What an experience to share on a perfect day.

### **Heavy Snow In August**

August 23 to 26th. One meter, (3 feet) of fresh snow fell over this three day period. Trees broke off and snapped leaving a terrible mess. Trails are impassible because of windfall. Two hikers are trapped at Lone Lake and have to stay there for several days until the snow melted a bit. They said the snow started with a few gentle flakes and they were enjoying the experience until the snow collapsed the tent. At this point they used the Lone lake cabin for shelter and provisions.

Before the snow melted, I watched a grizzly digging roots in the deep snow on Cloudy Ridge. At times the bear would completely disappear in the deep snow on the open ridge and only the dark soil of the dig tailings was visible. It was amazing that the bear could locate the Hedy Sarum roots in the deep snow. On this same day, I observed a small grizzly with injured leg at Sofa Viewpoint. This bear had probably been shot by some trigger happy hunter on the Birdseye ranch. Illegal bear baiting operations are common in this area.

### **High Bidding For Wildlife Permits**

Two Outfitters including Black are in a bidding competition for WMU-300 elk permits. Black said he would bid up to \$50,000 for all permits. His clients would probably be willing to put up this high bid.

In September there are 17 Bighorn rams feeding on the open slopes in the Park above Oil Basin. Some of these are full curl which is a surprise because of the die off that occurred a few years ago. These trophy rams are being watched by several green-eyed sheep hunters. I also watch this area over the next few days until the rams move into the Horse Shoe /Galwey watershed and out of sight and harms way.

### **Photo Sign Installed at Yarrow Gate**

September 4th. This date is important because a photo sign and display was installed at the Yarrow Gate. The enlarged and sun protected photo provided hunters with a full view and description of the Park boundary to the top of Crowfoot Basin. The sign was a result of a



Shell employee giving hunters wrong information about boundary location. This would provide a due diligence defense if a hunter acted on this information shot something in the Park. After this incident I discussed the implications of this with Shell and they agreed to pay all costs for the helicopter and photo /sign exhibit to eliminate the confusion. I supervised this project and prepared the legal wording of the sign. This proved to be a worthwhile program.

### **The Issue Of Calling Bull Elk Out Of The Park**

A Local Outfitters client shoots 5x6 bull elk just out of the Park in Oil Basin. Once again the challenge of the hunt seems to be that of calling elk out of the Park which is simple at the heat of the rut .Certainly this is not fair chase and depends on two things. One is landowner access and the second is knowing the elk will be in the same area during the rut. The elk feel they are protected in these areas but are vulnerable during the rut.

### **Illegal Vehicle Stop On The Chief Mountain Highway**

September 14th. This incident is disturbing because it involves a RCMP Constable who stationed in Waterton for the summer. There were a number of complaints about this Officer including highway stops where it was alleged he had been drinking and seemed impaired.

This incident occurred while I was driving our private car to the Chief MT Customs with Myrna and two of our sons at about 1 O.P.M. Myrna had a cleaning contract and did this on a regular and scheduled basis that was known or should have been known by the Officer in question. On this night .It was raining slightly and steam was rising from the road surface as we approach the Sofa Wetlands .

At this point the head lights of a vehicle are seen coming towards us and then the blinding flash of bright alley lights on my wind shield. I almost lose control run off the road. before I manage to stop. In my rear view mirror I watch the car that had now gone past turn on the road and come up behind with red and blue flashers on. I wait for the Officer to approach the car but it takes some time for this to happen. I assume he should be running our plates and should know who the car belongs by this time. Finally he gets out of the patrol vehicle and approaches my window which I have rolled down.

At this time I identified myself and asked the Officer named why we were stopped and why he used the alley lights the way he did as this is not acceptable protocol. He said "I know who you are and I don't have to tell you why I stopped you. I replied that he legally did and that the matter of this illegal stop would be discussed with the District RCMP Superintendent. I added that this was a clear violation of my basic rights under the Charter of Rights. By this time he was obviously concerned about what he had done but not man enough to admit it and the matter would have been over.

This incident was discussed at a special meeting in Waterton with the RCMP Superintendent from Lethbridge K Division and another Senior Officer . The Constable was reprimanded and told that what he did was wrong and then to apologize to me. He

reluctantly but wisely did this .. I was also asked if I wanted to proceed with further action but I declined with the understanding that had learned a lesson. There were other issues involving this Constable that would certainly have an impact on his future.

### **The Hunting Season Is On Again**

During most of September, a sow grizzly and two cubs are feeding on the open slopes on Crowfoot basin. The grizzly sow is root digging and is observed for most of the day but returns to the green timber and a probable den-site in the evening.

On October 15th, I observed a single black wolf in Oil Basin stalking a herd of 115 elk. The wolf seemed to be sizing things up to see if there might be a chance at one of the calves. Wolf observations are increasing and they will likely prove to be a problem for ranchers in the area in the future.

October 16th. Several things happen during this period. A Cardston hunter named Norm killed a nice full curl ram in Yarrow. This individual has hunted sheep unsuccessfully for years and this was an easy kill for him .. Later, a local Rancher wounds a 7 point trophy elk that crosses back into Park where it dies. This incident is investigated and the elk turned over to the hunter and it is removed from the Park.

More issues and reports that two well known poachers from Cardston area are back in the Ya-Ha Tinda area. A camp in the Forbidden Creek watershed seems to be the center for their activities and should be monitored.

On October 31st\_ There are reports that a large 206 B&C ram is killed near the Sheep River Sanctuary by a father and daughter who also hunted in Yarrow Canyon before the gate was closed. They hunt from vehicles during the entire sheep season and wait for rut motivated rams to come out of a Park or sanctuary. The incident is now under investigation by Fish and Wildlife as this tame ram was not known to leave the sanctuary. November 4th, The poacher suspect named is back in area hunting mule deer at Pincher Creek Ranches. This individual drives an old truck topped with a home made camper and a wood burning stove. This is his home when-ever and where-ever he stops. I am sure that it gets about 4 miles to the gallon but it somehow suits him.

November 6th. There are reports that two large mule deer bucks were shot by hunters in Sheep Basin in the South Castle area. The bucks were both killed in the cut blocks and score in the high 190s. And there is good potential for more trophy mule deer in this area.

November 17th to 30. Boundary patrols continue but there are also meetings scheduled during the day. One of these was with Allan Jacklin and Brian Philips from the MDs of Cardston and Pincher Creek to consider noxious weed issues. Spotted Knapweed tops the list of concerns but Blueweed is becoming a major concern for the Park and MD of Pincher Creek. Blueweed is has not been found in the Cardston MD but that would soon change. Early threat recognition of these noxious species is imperative.

This has been another eventful year and ends the way it began with hunting and enforcement issues. Outfitters and hunters are out every day but elk are staying in the Park. This is frustrating the hunters who watch the elk herds that are ranging close to the

boundary. Temperatures have dropped to the minus thirties during the last week of December and hunting prospects become better.

A pack of at least four wolves are now using the Belly River area hunting elk and Whitetailed Deer. These wolves will be hard pressed to survive if they range out of the Park where poison baits are known to be used . Informants have told us that the insecticide Spoton is a lethal poison . It can be purchased over the counter from local Vets and can be injected into gulp baits left near animal carcasses. The gulp baits are set out in the evening to prevent scavenger birds from eating them. Traces of poison cannot be found in the carcass of the larger bait animal and the smaller gulp baits are quickly eaten by carnivores that die some distance away.

1992 has been a year of challenge and decision making. The Park now appears to be more vulnerable to internal rather than external pressures. Buracratic decisions and the threat of reducing Park services and cutting staff are causing stress and confusion. The Warden Service has not yet been effected by these changes and will take on more staff over the next few years. There will be more emphasis on science and less on protection. The implications from this should have been obvious as they were to me. But time proves all things one way or another.

As change occurs, I reflect on the fact that our family had been privileged to experience the best of two Parks and the Warden Service We would cherish the good memories before change and the fact that I could retire when I felt that I could no longer make a difference . To focus on things we could do for eternity under a much better system of things.

### **Waterton 1993**

The month of January 1993 started with extremely cold temperatures in the - 30 degree C range. Late season elk hunters out in full force including a number we have charged for offences under the National Parks Act. Some of these individuals don't seem to learn anything for this experience but seek new ways to beat the system. On the plus side there are also some local guides and outfitters hunting with clients who provide additional eyes and ears in respects to illegal activity. .

One of my sons Bruce, would move from Pincher Creek to Salt Springs with his wife Rebecca to start a new life there. It would be a real challenge for him and our family as we would miss his chatter and unique personality. Gifted , Talented and always talking.

### **Elk Poaching At Dog Creek**

January 161

h. On this date I found evidence that indicated an elk had been poached inside the Park near Dog Creek. The elk had been gutted at the kill site about 50 meters inside the Park and dragged under the Park fence just 20 meters from a boundary sign. Here it was finally loaded into a vehicle. During the investigation I questioned a local hunter who I knew was in the area when the poaching had taken place. The hunter was quite shaken at being a suspect and quickly provided the name of another local hunter who he believed was involved.. I questioned the second hunter who was caught off guard and he provided information about the

poaching including the name of the poacher and where to find the elk.. This led to obtaining a search warrant and seizing a carcass of bull elk from a building behind the in . This individual named was employed by and was subsequently charged and convicted of the offense.

### **Wolves And Other Wildlife Issues**

In February a pack of wolves kill an elk near the Sand Pits area along the Chief MT highway. This pack seems to be well established in the Park and will have a definite impact of the elk and deer populations. During this same period I also counted 630 elk crossing the ice on the Maskinonge backwaters heading north-east towards the East Prairie and the Park Boundary. Hunters are aware of this and drive the loop highway through the Park to see if the elk will cross to an area where they can be hunted. There is also the temptation to drive or force the elk out of the Park and increased Warden patrols are necessary to prevent this from taking place. During this period I receive information that Golden Eagle Outfitters have bought out Dave Simon. Golden Eagle is operated by local residents of the area. These individuals are reputable and have provided me with good information about illegal hunter activity in the past.

### **Summer Duties Begin**

When the extended elk season ends my duties shift to preparing for summer activities. Noxious weed control is one of these. Bio controls samples are collected from Knapweed sites on the Belly River. The bio control insects have migrated from sites in Glacier National Park and appear to be over wintering quite well in areas sheltered from the wind. Most of the Larvae are on Knapweed situated on an active flood zone and could be washed downstream during high water run off. Still a good addition to control efforts and one that didn't cost the Park anything. In April, a Grizzly killed 22 domestic sheep South of Mountain View. The number of sheep killed is exceptionally high and indicates that the bear was in a kill frenzy. The small pasture apparently made it easier for the bear to make the kills. Nose shock bites are typical in incidents like this in which the nose cartilage is crushed and the animal goes into shock. It either dies from the injury or is eventually killed by the bear before it leaves the area.

### **Front Country Incidents**

May 1 51 to May 3. Very quiet during this period which included the May long week-end. This month was also spent supervising noxious weed control in the Park . A concentrated effort was made for crews to control Burdock in the winter Bison Paddock. Park Bison were covered with Burdock this past winter and spread it every where as they shed hair during the summer. June 1st to 30th. I caught group of vandals that trashed a Picnic Shelter at Blakiston Creek. I gave them a rehabilitation project in lieu of court appearance and they were quick to agree to do this. They also paid restitution to Waterton Natural History Association for paint required to cover damage to the interior of the building. They spent several days completing project. It was ironic when one of the group failed to turn up on time and the others started to complain about it. He did turn up and surprisingly did his share of scraping and painting.

### **Search For Missing Hiker Who Would Beat The Odds**

June 23rd, 1993. On this date the Warden Office received a report of missing hiker from staff at the Prince Of Wales Hotel. The young hiker named Wesley Todd Keller was dropped off by his Aunt and Uncle at Cameron Lake . He was to hike over Carthew Summit to the Waterton Townsite

and be picked up at the Cameron Falls parking lot. This hike usually takes about six to eight hours including stops along the way.

When Wesley didn't turn up at Cameron Falls by dark, the Aunt and Uncle contacted the Warden Service for help. After interviewing the Aunt and Uncle it was determined that Wesley suffered from panic attacks and this was a cause for concern. Although it was already dark, a Park Warden was assigned to follow the trail from Cameron Lake over the Carthew Summit in efforts to locate Wesley. He was not found and preparations for a search began.

To efforts to control the search area, I instructed David and Kevin Sonnenberg to stay at the Boundary Bay Warden cabin. They were to erect a sign on the lake shore trail junction to prevent Wesley from going South to Goat Haunt in Glacier National Park .. The sign had a directional arrow and the words; Wesley go this way. This would prove to be one of the best things done during the search for Wesley and likely saved his life.

A full scale search was launched on June 24th . By this time we had developed the pictures the Aunt and Uncle had taken of Wesley at the Cameron trailhead. He started the hike carrying a day pack and was wearing a light jacket which would offer some protection from falling temperatures. He also had a lunch and an orange or two and some type of candy bars. To make matters worse the weather now changed to steady rain which turned to hail or grapple at higher elevations. This would limit the use of a search with a helicopter as ice pellets could damage or effect the lift capabilities of the rotor blade.

I was asked to coordinate the search efforts which would include the help of Tim Auger from Banff and Clare Israelson from the Regional Office in Calgary. Both men had much experience in search and rescue operations. A helicopter and infrared sensing unit was also used at night on the 25th and 26th

- In the dark we were able to see the image of a cougar crouched on a rock ledge in the Boundary Creek watershed but still no trace of Wesley. The fear was that he may already be dead and not transmitting body heat needed for the infrared sensor.

At 6.45 am on June 26th

h., I received a radio call from the Sonnenbergs at the Boundary Bay Warden Cabin. David said. "Wesley is here. He woke us up and said he saw the sign and turned the right way". He appeared to be in good shape despite his ordeal, but could not account for his activities on the second day when he probably had a panic attack. He did say he crawled under a ledge and eventually found and followed the boundary trail to the cabin. He did not see or hear the search helicopter which likely flew right over him several times. This also explains why the infrared sensors could not pick his body heat.

Curious, I asked Wesley about what he did with the wrappers from his candy bars and orange peels from his lunch. He seemed surprised that I should ask this question and said that he didn't want to litter and put them in his pack. That explained why the dog couldn't pick up anything to track or otherwise indicate the direction Wesley was going. He apparently lost the trail on Carthew Summit and followed a well used sheep trail into the Boundary Watershed. This is what I had expected and the search was directed this way with no results. The proliferation of sheep

trails at the summit makes it difficult to find the real trail unless you can see Carthew Lakes. Wesley had apparently reached the summit when visibility was not good. At any rate he beat the odds and became a survivor rather than a victim. He could also tell a few good stories about his survival to his friends

July 17<sup>th</sup> to August 4<sup>th</sup>. Four rescues during this period. A young girl was killed after she was swept over Blakiston Falls. Like many others, this person went down to the creek above the falls to wash her feet. Once her feet were wet she slipped into the fast moving water and was swept over the falls to her death. While others witnessed the incident, no one could help her. This was a body recovery and a tragic ending to a family holiday in the Park. This also was an emotional rescue for Park Wardens as we all had children of our own. It was also at a time when critical incident stress was not recognized.

During this same period there were three other rescues as a result of inexperience and risk taking. Some Park Visitors persist in walking the hazardous creek in Red Rock Canyon. Others who climb down steep ledges to reach the creek are either stranded on the ledges or have fallen to their death. They simply choose to ignore clearly posted signs and suffer the consequences and if they survive, look for someone to blame or be held liable.

### **A Shift To Boundary Patrol Activities**

In September, boundary patrols started in areas effected by the hunting seasons in WMU-300 and 400. Lots of sheep and elk hunters are out but there were no Park related offenses. Warden presence at the Yarrow and Oil Basin cabins seems to be a definite deterrent for hunters who might otherwise take a chance to hunt in the Park.

In October, seven wolves are again seen on the Chief Mt. Highway. One of our poaching suspects, is back in Yarrow Canyon hunting sheep. This individual turns up like a skin rash or bad penny. He has an intimate knowledge of the Park and knows where to look for sheep and elk and where and when to look for Park Wardens. As noted previously, has gotten away with numerous wildlife offences in and out of the Park and is quite vocal about this when the Statute of Limitations has run out. He is truly is an enforcement challenge and a safety threat to Officers if and when he is ever apprehended.

I am personally aware of three poaching cases that are verifiable in respects to this person and how this individual was willing to take chances. The first incident involved a bighorn Ram hidden under the hood of his truck on the Snowshoe Fire Road in Waterton. The ram had been poached above Lone Lake and although this incident had been reported by a hiker it was not found by the Warden who checked the vehicle. The second incident involved a Mule Deer that was poached and hidden in the attic of his residence and there when Wildlife Officers questioned him about this. The final poaching was of a full curled Bighorn Ram that he killed on the number six well site between Yarrow and Blind Canyons a month after the season closed. This red homed marked ram was being butchered on a kitchen table when my wife Myrna unexpectedly visited the woman he was living with at the time. The woman did not know the sheep was killed illegally.

In November, patrol and enforcement concerns were shifted to the Mokowan Butte area. This is in response to reports that some locals are making efforts to kill wolves in the Park using poison baits are the concern . There is about 45 cm of snow on the ground and temperatures drop to -30 degrees .With these conditions, human tracks are easily seen in the snow and the Wolf poachers are forced to back off and wait for more favourable conditions

In December , there were over 700 elk are using the East Prairie because of cold weather and North East winds . A herd of 52 bull elk are observed on Stony Flats and some of these are trophy sized six and seven pointers .. Another 75 bull elk are counted in other areas of the Park. Some of these are on Lake View Ridge and in Horse Shoe Basin above the Bison Paddock. Some very large bulls in this herd have been coming out of the Park on Wellmans land during the night. A number of hunters are anxiously watching this herd .

On the last day of 1993 I receive a report that ; the poaching suspect mentioned earlier has been involved in an illegal grizzly killing incident . This apparently took place at a hunting camp in the Forbidden Creek drainage East of Banff. The report is from a credible informant who said he actually witnessed the killing of the grizzly. Once again hard evidence is lacking and AF walks again thumbing his nose at Provincial Officers.

1993 ends with temperature dipping to the mid - 30s. Elk are in our yard at night and feeding on lawn grass covered in snow. We often hear the antlers of bull elk scraping against our house as the elk eagerly paw the snow to search for grass that is still green against the house. The mewing of cows and calves are pleasant sounds to fall to sleep by. We do hope the bulls leave small spruce trees alone and not se these as rub trees.

During the long winter nights; our family discusses what the new year will bring. For Myrna and myself it is with sadness and resignation that our family is getting smaller as the kids grow up and leave home. There will be less chatter and the noise and the race to be first into the single bathroom. On the plus side, every one now has their own bedroom. As parents we would like to slow things down a bit but realize that time doesn't listen to special requests no matter how well intentioned.

#### **Waterton 1994**

1994 would continue to be a year of increased emphasis on Law Enforcement issues. The elk season in WMU-300 would start in September and continue until the last week in February. This would give hunters and outfitters an opportunity to hunt for an additional three months. Wolf and bear incidents would increase as some locals are convinced that both species should be eradicated entirely as they present an unacceptable threat to their safety and livelihood.

January 1st to 30th. On the first day of the month, I observed a large cougar feeding on an elk carcass on the meadows below the old Y Camp. I watched the cougar through a spotting scope from the viewpoint overlooking Knights Lake . Seven wolves suddenly appeared from the aspen forest and trotted across the flats towards the cougar feeding on the elk carcass . The pack, consisted of five grays and two blacks tried to drive the cougar from the elk carcass and attacked the large cat from different directions. With each attack

, the cougar chased the closest wolf and appeared to have inflicted injury on more than one of the pack. After about 15 minutes the wolf pack had enough and headed through the trees towards the Stony Creek Flats. The cougar was king on this day. is now the Wildlife Officer Stationed in Cardston. Over the next year or so, I would personally have issues with . Some of these would have to be resolved by complaints with his Superiors in Lethbridge. In short, would not be another Bob Forsythe who I worked very closely with on some very important and sensitive enforcement issues.

February 1st to March 1st. Heavy hunting pressure throughout the month. Wellmans, and the Birdseye Ranch are prime areas to hunt and they allow hunting. One other Rancher has promoted hunting by his own questionable system. When it is cold and winds out of the North, Elk leave the Park to feed on bales set out on his property . This is an issue of both ethics and law that that should be investigated further . It would be difficult to charge him for baiting wildlife since he is feeding a few cows behind a snow fence that serves as a blind for hunters to shoot from ..

Still dealing with wildlife and enforcement issues, Frank Deboon a BC Conservation Officer stationed in Fernie contacted me with concerns over the Akamina /Sage Creek areas. This is a very large area bordering the west boundary of Waterton Park that he cannot effectively patrol because of manpower constraints and access limitations.. He asks if we can help him monitor outfitter operations if we can. Two outfitters have the hunting territories in the Sage Creek/ Akamina watersheds. One of these Darrel Winsor has been very cooperative with me but I have not met the other in person. Winsor apparently wants to sell his territory and has had some offers at this time.

In mid July, Dave Walker moves to Palmer Ranch as Foreman. Dave used to be the Foreman of the McIntyre Ranch. I met Walker with Bob Forsyth when I had a tour of the ranch about two years earlier . Circumstances prompting this move are unclear but it could impact on Eric Grinnel guiding operations coming to an end with Walker on the Palmer Ranch. The Palmer Ranch has produce numerous trophy mule deer and whitetailed buck and there are dozens to choose from.

### **Antler Collection and other Enforcement Issues**

Antler Collectors from BC charged and arrested. I watched these individuals from the Knights Lake viewpoint from my private vehicle as they searched for antlers in the meadows on the east side of the lake. They were apprehended and arrested when they crossed the Waterton River to the picnic area at the Dardenelles. I had arranged for another Warden to stake out the vehicle . He watched one of them packing a load of antlers across the river to the vehicle and communicated this information to me as I followed the suspect . I waded across the river that was very cold and more than knee deep to the location where the suspects had been detained. One of the men looked at my wet pants and spontaneously said 'that's a good way to get arthritis. 11

Antler Buyer from Libby Montana back at Nevilles looking for elk antlers. He is paying \$9.50/lb. for browns of freshly cast antlers. This is a real incentive for collectors as the



larger antlers can weigh as much as 20 Lbs.

### **Wolves at Risk**

In early April a dead wolf is found on Birdseye Ranch that appears to have been poisoned .. This information is turned over to Cardston Fish and Wildlife to investigate but there was little interest in this as wolves can be legally shot on private land . Land owners are not happy with wolves making a comeback and are using devious means to deal with the problem.

An Informant provides me with information that the insecticide Spotton is being used to poison gulp baits to kill wolves and coyotes. Spotton is more potent than strychnine and can be purchased from Veterinarians with no difficulty. The Informant is an ex-trapper and he provides the names of suspects and says they are dropping baits inside the Park as well. His information is very specific and one of the suspects and three other individuals are observed riding horseback on Mokowan Butte. They are apparently looking for the wolf den site known to be on Mokowan Butte near the Belly River wagon road. Counter measures are planned that includes the use of hidden cameras and increased surveillance. May 10th. Murry Neville contacted me with information that he was chased by a female Grizzly and two cubs. He was looking for cast antlers about two kms. east of the Crooked Creek campground when he surprised the sow Grizzly that was feeding on an elk carcass. I went to the area with Murry in a Four Wheel drive truck and we found the elk carcass that had now been covered by the grizzly. The incident took place in a small clearing with only one way out. Murry was very fortunate to have his A TV going in the right direction when the attack occurred. Other wise, he could not have possibly have out distanced the bear and may have not lived to tell the story.

### **Wolf Threat**

May 12th .1994. Special Operations set up at Belly River in response to efforts of Poachers. They are attempting to shoot, trap or poison wolves that are denning on Mokowan Butte. Trail cameras have been set up at various locations to record movement of people and wildlife. These were very effective in documenting movement 24 hours a day.

May 25th to June 8th. with F&W at Nordegg is apparently telling locals that wolves kill wildlife and lots of it and they also surplus kill. was raised in the Twin Butte area and has a dislike for wolves and their impact on wildlife and threat to domestic animals. June 3rd. Locals have apparently hired a professional howler to locate wolves and densites. Wolves will respond quickly to howling but in doing so give their location and presence away. This shows the non-stop efforts of those determined to eliminate wolves that range out of the Park. I have no issue with this if it is done legally. Reports circulating that a local rancher has asked a Native Hunter to kill wolves on the Timber Limit. The Native hunter, to his credit, is concerned about the ranchers attitude and had to share his concerns with someone .

On July 8th, 1994, a drift fence is installed 1.5 kms below the small lake in Yarrow Canyon. This is in response to the concerns about cattle ranging as far as the headwall

area. Their grazing is damaging sensitive vegetation and the fragile eco-system around the lake and falls. If the fence is maintained it should keep cattle out of an area important to Bighorn Sheep and Grizzly. The success or failure of this project will depend on the cooperation of the one rancher and others using this area. The gate must be closed. Fast response for the Province of Alberta.

### **No Hero In My Books**

July 13th. No bravery awards for this man. A man and his wife on a hiking trip encountered an aggressive Black Bear about 1 km above the Cameron Falls. Both were carrying large back packs and the woman used hers to fend off the bear that actually scratched her on her head during the attack. I asked the husband where he was at the time and learned that he was about 5 meters behind his wife and that he also had bear spray. He didn't attempt to use the spray or help his wife during the incident. A better her than me approach. When I asked him about this, the wife was surprised as though she hadn't thought about this before. She turned to her husband and asked him why he didn't do something to help her. He squirmed and tried to come up with a reason but it fell flat. I know the word coward crossed the minds of at least two people taking part in the interview. I was one and the wife was the other. I think the bear was only half as mad as the wife was when they left my office. Oh well, divorce lawyers have to make a living too.

### **Outfitter Change In Flathead/ Akamina Area Of BC**

In July Darrell Winsor sold his BC Outfitting territory to US Partners. This will create new problems and possibilities for illegal transport of wildlife down the Flathead Valley into the US. This is an unguarded border with numerous trails into Montana. One of these is down Starvation Creek to Kintla Lake from the trappers cabin in BC. Winsor has been fairly cooperative with us in the past and we are not sure what the change will bring.

July 2th. Informant provides information that a Mountain View man has poisoned three grizzly bears. He referred to Spotton but said mouse poison in larger doses also works well.

August 20th. Heard loud explosion to the South of our residence at the Park gate. The sound came from the Town-site about 5 kms away. A few seconds later a call for assistance came over my Park radio. It turned out that a diver was severely injured at Emerald Bay when the air tank he was filling from a compressor exploded. The relief valve was apparently faulty and the overfilled tank exploded like a bomb. I am not sure whether this man survived after he was taken to the hospital.

### **Preparation For The New Hunting Season**

On August 31st I attended an Interagency Law Enforcement meeting at Canmore. At this meeting Information was exchanged and poacher suspect list circulated. Connection made between Black Outfitters and Lynx Taxidermy and D Green who was associated with Great Surprise. These of course are fictional names.

Later in the month an informant told me that a local rancher bragged that he killed a female grizzly in the spring of 1994. This was apparently a spontaneous statement and the

offense could not be confirmed although the rancher involved has a hatred for bears. A search warrant for evidence can only be issued if there is sufficient and recent evidence to issue one. This incident did not fulfill the legal criteria.

In October , I made a horse trip with Perry Abramenko and Sherrie Herscle along the Park boundary from Yarrow Canyon to the Waterton River Station .. Both are Conservation Officers in the Pass and Pincher Creek. Sherrie would later contract cancer and seek treatment for this. Her love of horses was evident from her conversation along the way. My wife Myrna and I met Sherrie later as she was taking therapy in the Lethbridge hospital for her cancer.

October 5th. On this day an Informant says that local rancher is offering \$500 for every wolf that hunters kill. There is nothing illegal about this as landowners can kill wolves and coyotes at any time of year without a license. This also applies to anyone that they give permission to. This emphasizes that it will be hard for wolves to establish if poison bait is used.

October 26th to November 1st. Attended a meeting with Senior members of the RCMP Police in Waterton. Superintendent Hickman, Gary Mills, Constable Wiebe and Sgt Campbell are here to discuss problems and staffing issues. There are many things to consider in this regard.

October 29th. Local rancher is reported to be carrying a handgun under the seat of his truck. I check with RCMP to confirm number and caliber of handguns owned by this individual. He has one that matches the informant report. RCMP to investigate but not expected to do much as some members hunt with the suspect.

November 2nd to 25th. Lots of hunters and hunter related issues. For example elk are feeding on Wellmans bales and Cal is mad because the hunters are looking for bulls and not cow elk. A hunter who is also a Peace Officer wounds an elk while hunting on another ranchers property. The elk gets back into Park before it dies and evidence supports this. The hunter is allowed to remove elk from Park after it is properly tagged. This is a situation that is repeated too often by the rancher with other hunters. I have concerns about this type of hunting and it will present future enforcement issues for the Park.

November 8th .. On this date Native hunter Renee Tallow told me that he saw 15 wolves feeding on moose carcass on the Blood Indian Timber Limit. Tallow to his credit is not interested in killing wolves as he feels they are important to maintaining healthy wildlife populations.

### **Cougar Incide.ot At Dog Creek**

November 161

h. While investigating a possible poaching at Dog Creek, Bruce Mcinnis and myself were actually stalked by a large cougar . The cat had been feeding on the dead deer or elk and when it saw us it left the carcass to stalk us in the edge of the thick willow

. When it was opposite us, it bunched its legs and lowered its' head in an attack position . At this time, I fired a shot into the frozen ground about two meters in front of the crouching cougar. Frozen dirt from the impact of the bullet hit the cat in the face and this changed whatever it had in mind. It turned and bounded off into the dense willow along Dog Creek. It was one of the largest cougars that I have seen and I wonder whether it would have actually attacked the two of us.

Later in the month of November I am approached by two local hunters who are concerned about a local Ranch that will not allow hunting unless they are bull buyers. This is the beginning of a new problem for hunters in WMU-300. It is impossible to regulate or establish hunting quotas if hunter access is limited to a chosen few at the landowners discretion. This is essentially, a different approach to paid hunting. A large portion of this Ranch would later be sold the Nature Conservancy of Canada but the hunting access situation would not improve.

December 2<sup>nd</sup>. Experienced extreme case of anaphylactic shock while using WD-40 to clean my firearm at my residence. It is likely that a combination of two cleaning oils combined to cause this reaction that lasted for about two hours. I was on a high of highs

### **Waterton 1995. Retirement Year**

July 5th, 1995 would be the day that I officially retired as a Park Warden in Waterton Lakes National Park. The prospect of retirement brought excitement and anxiety for Myrna and my two sons Lome and Warren. They were still living at home and would be a blessing when it came to packing and getting prepared for a new life out of the Park. Once the decision was made and the documents were signed , we moved to our new home on an acreage 16 km south of Pincher Creek . Oddly, we never regretted the decision because we knew that things had changed and sadly, would never be the same again. It is now obvious that it would have been difficult if not impossible for me to have lived with the changes and the negative impact they would have had.

I continued boundary patrols and monitoring hunter activity in 1995, as I had done for years in the past. It was very difficult to maintain enthusiasm for duties like law enforcement activity and how I would pass on some sensitive information to other Park Wardens. I would have to think about screening confidential informant and contact information that took years for me to establish. This would prove to have more impacts than I had realized. But that is all hind sight now.

### **Wolves and Other Wildlife Incidents**

A member of the Blood Band named Bentley Chief Moons told me that he had seen a female wolf with five grown pups on the Timber Limit. He said he is not interested in shooting any of them and I was quick to commend him for this. I found that many Native Hunters also said they would not shoot something they could not eat. There seems to be a spiritual connotation and respect for bears and wolves passed on by their ancestors.

### **Elk Hunting In Late Season**

In January, despite mild weather and tinder dry conditions, slash burning of cleared trees

began on the Allred property along Dog Creek. This caused the elk to move away from the East boundary of the Park as the smoke was quite dense at times. This created better hunting opportunities on Wellmans land where a five point bull elk and two cows were shot in the first part of the month.

Later in the month there is report from a Fort Macleod man that a huge 419 bull elk had been shot near the Park. He said the main beams were 56 inches long with 31 inch royal points. This report was investigated and turned out to be an exaggeration. The elk looked big in the back of a half ton truck and nothing more. But the truth is that elk of that size are not that uncommon in the Park.

An Antler buyer from Edmonton is offering to pay top dollar for elk and deer antlers. He actually called me to find out if people can collect antlers in the Park. I explained the Regulations and Penalties for antler collecting in the Park . He had a change of heart but it was obvious he had bought antlers unlawfully taken from the Park.

Park Superintendent. My Law Enforcement Coordinators position, number and salary dollars had to be deleted to make this happen. This was to be the third and final attempt to retire. Ironically, I was actually writing up my notice to withdraw from the process when the decision and approval came through. I signed the appropriate papers that same day before there was another glitch in the system.

July 5th was my official retirement day .We begin packing for our move to our acreage on the Township Line Road about 10 miles North of where we had lived for the last quarter century . This was a beautiful piece of undeveloped land with a million dollar view. With help, we quickly drill a well, build a garage and move in a modular type home to live in. This is all done by August 18th when we spend the first night in our new home.

This location is close to the Forest Reserve and provides spectacular views of the Mountains to the west and vast prairies to the east. We became custodians of a small piece of ground that we would protect and plant shelter belts to make it better. We would thrill to the many wild flowers that bloomed in the spring and summer months. The Blue Camas , Windflowers and Asters are everywhere. Sharp Tailed and Ruffed Grouse and hundreds of other birds would accept us. Some of these include the Hairy and Downy Woodpeckers and Chickadees that would winter here. Mountain Bluebirds and Tree Swallows would return each spring to occupy the boxes we put up to invite them to nest and spend the summer with us.

Grizzly bear, Black Bear, Moose, White tailed and Mule Deer would be constant and welcome visitors. Although not native, Gray Partridge would move in to feed in our garden and excite us when they flushed at our feet. We would share our acreage with these wild creatures and ask nothing back but their company. They would feel safe with us and that's the way it should be. In retrospect, I think that our family left one park and moved to a smaller one. But here we would enjoy life free from Politics and Bureaucracy that now threaten Parks .

We would have more time to reflect on the good times we had as a family in two National Parks and know there are better times ahead .. A prospect of everlasting life and

a lasting heritage based on a promise of the one who created all things We call this creator Jehovah God which means he causes to become or be whatever he has to be to fulfill his promise. In reality, Myrna and I have retired from working in National Parks but the new and real life is just beginning.