

Conservation Canada

Autumn 1978



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Does Conservation Canada make Canadians more aware of their natural and cultural heritage: what do you think?

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Cette revue paraît en anglais et en français. Pour la version française, voir au verso de la publication.



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"In a world of constant change, Parks Canada exists to preserve the natural heritage of this country, to help Canadians everywhere to enjoy the vast beauty of our land and the great achievements of its founders."

Cover: Slim River Valley with Sheep Mountain on right, Kluane National Park (Photo: Gerry Lee)

French cover: Kluakshu River, Kluane National Park (Crombie McNeill)

Centre spread: The locks at Jones Falls on the Rideau Waterway, Ontario (Bill Kettlewell)

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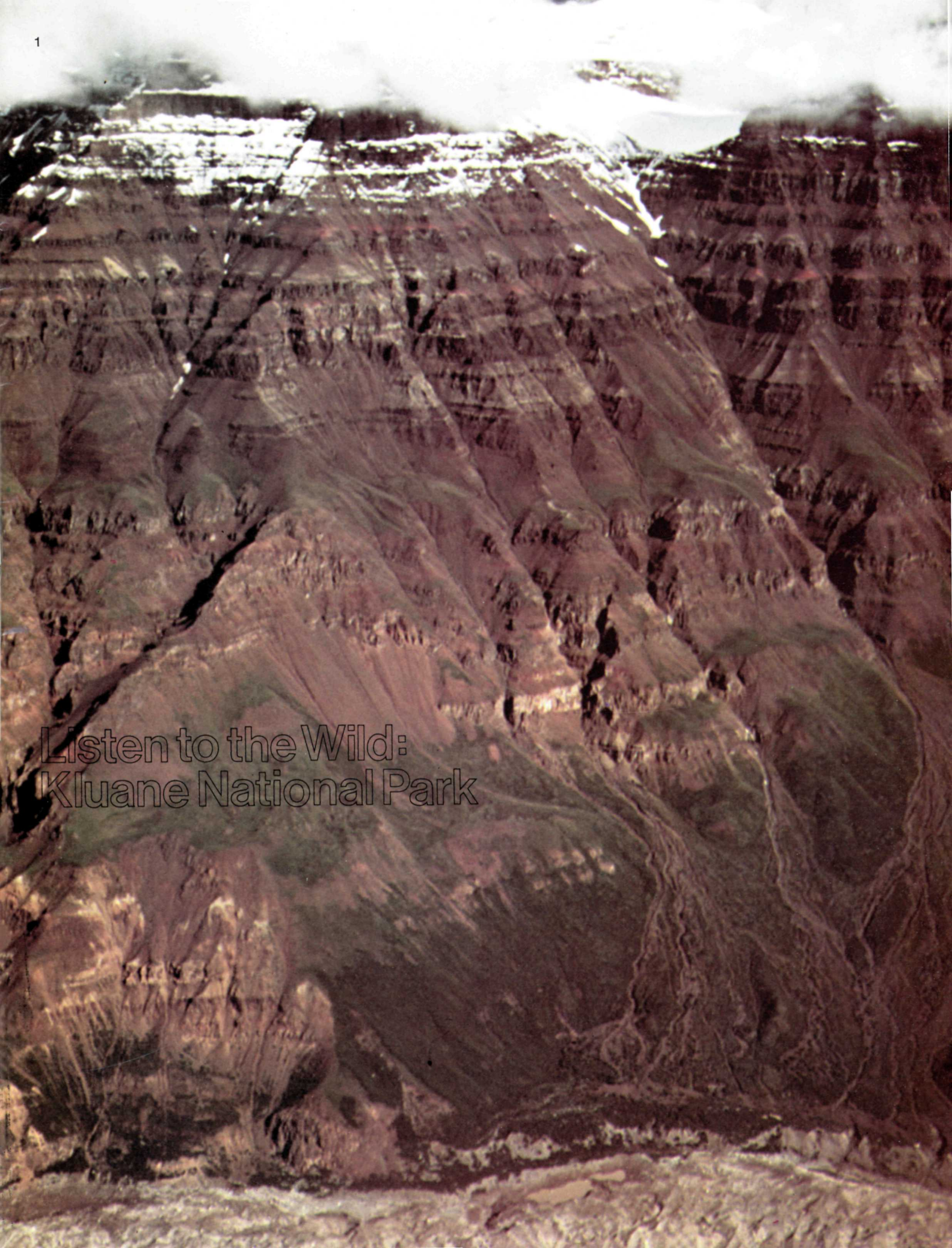
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Listen to the Wild:
Kluane National Park



Until very recently, the story of Kluane has not been the story of man. It has been the story of mountains, icefields, glacier-fed lakes and wide valleys; of boreal forests, tundra and spreading patchworks of alpine wildflowers; of roaming Dall sheep, moose and grizzly bears.

It was to preserve the unique and wild beauty of Kluane that a national park was established in 1974, Kluane National Park covers 22 015 km² in the southwest corner of the Yukon, bordered on the west by Alaska, and on the south by British Columbia. It lies 160 km northwest of Whitehorse along the Alaska Highway that skirts the eastern fringe of the park.

Those who travel the Alaska Highway will enjoy only a glimpse of all that the park's boundaries embrace. To the west of the road loom the St. Elias Mountains, rugged peaks that make the Rockies look humble by comparison.

On a clear day, Mount Logan (Canada's highest summit at 5 947 m) is visible, surrounded by other mountains of almost equal stature. As the Alaska Highway winds around the foot of Sheep Mountain its travellers may spot Dall sheep grazing on the lower slopes.

It is within the park itself that Kluane's wilderness unfolds in all its beauty. Two major mountain chains dominate the land: near the Alaska Highway, the Kluane Mountains form an unbroken chain of peaks approximately 2 400 m high; towering above the Kluanes, on the Alaska-Yukon border, is the St. Elias or Icefield Range, the highest mountains in all of Canada. Across the summit sleeps the largest icefield in the world outside of polar regions. In fact, two-thirds of the Kluane landscape lies under ice.

Between the two mountain ranges lies a narrow trough of valleys and plateaux known as the Duke Depression. These plateaux, and the icefields of St. Elias, are drained by many rivers that cut through the Kluane Range.

Glacier-spawned rivers and cold mountain lakes pattern the valley floors.

Visitors to the area can see remnants of the great ice sheets of the Pleistocene area in the geological features around them. It was during this period that glaciers advanced and retreated, shaping the beauty of the mountains and leaving behind them other landforms such as cirques and eskers, outwash plains, ancient beaches and terraces.

The scenery of Kluane is impressive, but hardly barren. Hundreds of varieties of shrubs and wildflowers can be found in the park. Vegetation ranges from forest to tundra; there are swamps, and also sand dunes.



- 1 Steele Glacier
- 2 Iceberg, Lowell Glacier
- 3 Lichen on rock
- 4 Ground squirrels

- 1 Le glacier Steele dans le parc national Kluane
- 2 Iceberg près du glacier Lowell
- 3 Lichen accroché à une pierre
- 4 Ecureuils spermophiles de Richardson

Three different kinds of growth exist in the Kluane region: boreal forest, sub-alpine vegetation, and alpine-arctic tundra. Boreal forests are found up to altitudes approaching 1 200 m. Above this elevation are smaller shrubs, birch and willow growing from a mat of plants and flowers. Higher still, above 1 500 m, is the true tundra, where growth rarely exceeds 30 cm.

Along the willowed streams, in forest and in tundra, are found the creatures of the Yukon. Members of the largest subspecies of moose in North America inhabit the forests and river valleys. Dall sheep graze, white against the tundra, and mountain goats clamber the rocky slopes above the timberline. Mountain caribou and mule deer have also been seen within the park.

Along the many rivers and streams are the dens of wolves, coyotes and foxes. Grizzlies forage for food, especially in the river valleys, and black bears, Alaska brown bears, wolverines and lynxes roam the area. Smaller mammals, such as snowshoe hares and Arctic ground squirrels, support the carnivore population.

Kluane is also a land of warblers, eagles and falcons. The nests and songs of over 170 species of birds have been identified in the park to date. Willow and rock-ptarmigans live on the tundra slopes. The forests have their thrushes, the valleys their magpies.

A description of Kluane is a picture of all that is rugged, wild and beautiful. For many thousands of years, Kluane has been mastered only by the forces that have created its mountains and valleys. Its creatures have lived undisturbed, bypassed by the history of man.

It may seem a strange truth that Kluane needs protection, difficult to realize that its destruction is remotely possible. Mining roads tell another story, bulldozer tracks have already left behind deep erosion gullies and in the fragile Arctic landscapes the impact of man is not easily erased.



Trees take a long time to grow in Kluane. Growing seasons are short, and destroyed vegetation leaves the soil wide open to erosion and the destruction of wildlife habitats.

These are some of the facts that man has ignored in his recent explorations for gold and copper in the Kluane area. The scars cannot be healed, but as a national park, Kluane is protected, its incredible beauty preserved for Canadians of today and tomorrow.

What Kluane offers to those who travel there is an unsurpassed wilderness experience. For the adventurous, the most challenging mountain climbing in Canada can be found in the St. Elias or Icefield Range. International attention was given to 250 climbers who took part in the 1967 Yukon Alpine Centennial expedition, after Hannibal, one of the largest mountaineering expeditions in world history.

The Icefield Range offers scientific challenge as well. Over the past few years, ongoing investigations by glaciologists, climatologists, biologists and hydrologists have studied such phenomena as the influence of glaciers on weather, and the adaptations of small mammals to arctic environments.

Studies of grizzly bears and Dall sheep in their natural environment have opened up new prospects for wildlife interpretation.

Kluane is not only for travellers daring enough to brave the mountain peaks, or for those with scientific interest or expertise. The park is remote, but can be reached via the Haines Road and the Alaska Highway.

There is wilderness camping and picnicking at Kathleen Lake, just off Haines Road, and increasing numbers of people are visiting this southwestern and most accessible region of Kluane. In the same area, fishermen test the icy waters at Mush, Bates, Kathleen and Sockeye lakes. Old mining roads beckon hikers into the back country. The high density of wildlife in the wide valleys assures all travellers a glimpse of the various

5 Beaver lodge in the Alder Creek marshes,
Mush Lake

5 Hutte de castor là où le ruisseau Alder
devient le lac Mush

creatures of the Yukon: the many faces
of Kluane give nature photographers
a chance to capture her moods.

Slowly, Kluane's story is unfolding
to man. Her secrets are being whispered
to those who care enough to listen.
Technology, inevitably, has left its mark
on the landscape. But those scars are
few, and now forever halted. As a na-
tional park, the land of Kluane stands
like a gem in the western corner of
Canada.

Mona's Fire Dress

by Sid Marty



Sid Marty, a warden at Banff National Park, took eight months leave of absence to write a book about the National Park Warden Service as seen through the experiences of one warden and his colleagues.

Mona's Fire Dress, an anecdote from *Men for the Mountains* by Sid Marty, is reprinted by permission of the Canadian Publishers, McClelland and Stewart, Limited, Toronto.

"The old-time wardens of the mountain parks were a breed apart. Civilization had driven them into the sanctity of the mountains as it had done some years earlier the buffalo, the grizzly bear, the wapiti, and the wolf, and the mountains were the last stronghold of men like Bill Peyto, who once shot a grizzly through the eye with a single bullet from a .22 calibre rifle, men like Frank Wells and Frank Bryant, who had curled up in the snow like wolves all night for the chance to catch poachers and then chased them for twenty miles on snowshoes, finally running them down. They were jealously possessive of their lonely districts and, if they saw more than one person during the course of a winter's travel, they'd complain about 'too many goddam people spoiling the peace and quiet.'

"Of necessity the women who married these men were as strong-willed and self-reliant as their husbands. In addition to keeping house in the bush, such women were expected to lend a hand on the trail with packing the horses or fixing phone line. In later years, as the number of people travelling in the back-country gradually increased, the warden's wife acted on his behalf when he was absent, by selling fishing licences, giving information, registering climbers, and manning telephone and radio links to town in cases of emergency. She received official recognition from the parks branch, and no pay. In effect, the government gained two employees for the price of one. A married warden could travel more freely and efficiently in the bush with his wife 'minding the store' in a headquarter's cabin. Obviously, such a woman required considerable patience, and most important when dealing with the public, a sense of humour.

"We stopped to say goodbye to one of our neighbours at Pocahontas, an old-time mountain woman who took the life of a warden's wife in her stride. Mona Matheson is known to some of the natives around Jasper as 'one of the greatest gals who ever laced on boots.' She lives in a cabin near the Yellowhead Highway in a clearing of pine and aspen forest with a commanding outlook toward the mountains she has known for most of her life. Though they have dominated her existence for over 50 years, they have never dominated her spirit. Having outlived her husband, Charlie, she stays on in their cabin alone.

"Mona met us at the door and invited us in for tea. It would be the last chance we would have to talk with her for several months. She's a slender, grey-haired woman of medium height with a pert, pugnacious nose, and she moves with an ease and lightness that is at odds with her age.

"Mona poured cupsful of tea, the drink that serves as a conversational lubricant in the mountains.

"Myrna was full of excitement about our move to the Tonquin Valley, and Mona told her not to listen to my objections because she herself had raised a child in the Warden Service. That had been in the days before helicopters, when the hospital was many days away, and a mother had to be both nurse and doctor to her children in cases of emergency.

"I mentioned Charlie and at once her expression changed, her eyes looking inward on a private pain – but only briefly.

"'Charlie.' She said the name softly, with a depth of feeling that made clear how great the loss was. She had been prepared for his death, though, because she had nursed him through several years of illness.

"They had met at Medicine Lake in Jasper Park, where Mona and her sister, Agnes, worked as cooks in a trail-ride camp for Fred Brewster, a Jasper outfitter. The wardens used to drop in for coffee on their patrols to Maligne Lake or the Rocky River. There was a stack of well-worn magazines in the tent for the dudes to read and the men would leaf through these at times, waiting for the coffee to boil, pretending they were reading. Mona noticed that Charlie was the only warden who held his mag-

azine right side up. It seems the others were just using it as a lecher's screen while they ogled the young cooks.

"'We didn't like the way they looked at us,' she said, and we laughed with her.

"Mona soon decided that Charlie would make a good partner although Charlie, 16 years her senior, seemed set in his bachelor ways and would be a difficult man to convert. But Mona was determined. She once helped him jingle his ponies at 4:00 in the morning when they pulled out on him at Jacques Lake. She walked and ran nine miles in thin running shoes to help round them up, chasing after the faint tinkle of the lead mare's bell in the timber. Her feet had been slightly frostbitten in the process but Charlie, though sympathetic, was not entirely convinced about matrimony.

"While he was making up his mind, Mona and her sister talked Fred Brewster into hiring them as horse guides. They had picked up skills of that trade by watching the cowboys working around camp and practising what they learned on their days off. After a brief confrontation with the Chief Warden and Park Superintendent, who were alarmed at the idea of women doing what had always been a man's job, Mona and Agnes got their licences and became the first female guides in Jasper Park.

"'I wonder why more women didn't apply for those jobs,' said Myrna.

"Mona thought for a minute. 'I don't really know. Maybe they were afraid to try. Nowadays it's different so I'm told.'

"'In some ways,' said Myrna, with a smile, 'but in lots of ways it's still the same.'

“‘Well, you see, I’ve never been afraid of anything. I don’t know why, but it’s true. Guiding turned out to be a lot of trouble and hard work. But for me, it was worth it. Just to know I could do the job.’

“The sisters were just supposed to guide dudes on backcountry horse trips and Brewster was to provide them with men to do the packing and horse wrangling. For some reason, these men never showed up. Mona never said why, but knowing a bit about cowboys, I wonder whether there wasn’t a bit of male conspiracy there, to test the sisters by seeing if they could do all the work involved, not just the horseback riding. It was a man-size task since each had to do the packing and wrangling as well as guiding for two outfits, totalling 35 head of horses. They were up each day before 4:00 a.m. to catch, feed, saddle and doctor their animals. They had to pack all the food and equipment for the dudes as well, which included everything from thundermugs to outboard engines. They saw each other occasionally in camp that summer, the rest of the time they worked separately, guiding or packing.

“Mona, a former cook, slaved away the long hours in her exalted position as head guide, while the new camp cook sat on a log and watched with interest. Holding a heavy pack box in her arms, the diminutive guide had to stand on a stump to reach the back of a tall horse. She was able to lift everything but the outboard engines needed for fishing at Maligne Lake. The motors weighed 200 lb but Mona’s cook, a big strapping man, used to lift them up onto the horse for her with ease.

“‘Teamwork,’ said Myrna, giving me a significant glance.

“‘That’s right,’ said Mona. ‘As long as he could lift them, I could get them tied on, and as long as it was tied on good, the horse would carry it.’

“I glanced at Mona in covert admiration. The key to the horse business has always been the skill of the handler, not his or her strength. Still, as a large mesomorph, who once had my hands full just dealing with two horses, I was feeling slightly overwhelmed as Mona modestly described how she packed from 10 to 15 head at a time.

“Charlie too had been impressed, so they were finally married.

“Mona’s skill with the diamond hitch came in a handy on many occasions, but none so dramatically as during the dry, hot summer of 1935. That year she and Charlie were stationed at Maligne Lake, 32 miles southeast of Jasper townsite.

“‘We had gone up to the narrows of the lake with our boat one Sunday. About noon, here comes Harry Phillips from the camp at the north end, with two kickers (outboard motors) on his boat, going like blazes. He told us a fire had broken out on the Horseshoe Bend.’

“Horseshoe Bend is on the Maligne River, between Maligne Lake and the Athabasca River, a good 15 miles from the narrows, 10 by boat and five by horse. They went down the lake as fast as they could. Charlie took some tools and two horses and galloped off down the trail. In an hour he was scouting the

fire’s perimeter and he saw that he couldn’t contain it without help. He had his forestry fieldset with him, so he climbed a tree to the phone wire, hooked in his set, and rang up Jasper.

“The Administration Building was in an uproar. Sixteen fires had broken out in the park that day and all available men were already committed. The Chief Warden told him to hang on, that he would send him a crew the next day. Charlie fought the fire all day, and late in the afternoon, worn out, he rang up Mona and asked her to bring him his outfit with tents, teepee, blankets, and enough food to last 20 men for three days. Alone, with the fire building up around him, Charlie was lucky to be married to a horsewoman like Mona who could look after this chore without his riding back to help her.

“The horses were pastured in the Opal Hills, a high meadowland above Maligne Lake, in the shadow of the 9,000 foot Leah Peak. Mona moved as fast as she could, but it was 7:00 p.m. before they were in the corral and she could start saddling up. It took a while to gather up all the equipment and it was hard work packing the heavy teepee cloth, the bulky crew tents, the boxes of canned goods, wool blankets, and fire-fighting tools. The job had to be done carefully. It’s dangerous to have to load slip on the trail, especially in the dark. Mona worked on into the night by lantern light, finally topping off the packs with some empty 25 lb lard pails, which would be cooking pots for the big crew.

“Late that night she took the string out of the yard, heading down the Maligne River, which led her like a starry carpet through the darkness. She gave the mare its head and kept hers down out of the way of the low branches that swept over the trail. Just before dawn they rode out into a little meadow and, suddenly, there was a rush of heat rising from the ground. A lake of fire stretched out before her, no flames, just the embers scattered like fallen stars along the earth. There was a clink of metal and a shadow drifted across the red coals, little arrows of flame fanned in its wake.

“‘Looks like hell, don’t it?’ cracked Charlie, adding, ‘Thanks, Mona.’

“They started setting up camp at dawn. The crew came in by boat from the head of Medicine Lake early that morning and Charlie shook his head when he saw them. They were boys, the

oldest being about seventeen. Charlie asked Mona if she would stay and cook, since the administration wasn't supplying a camp cook. Mona took the job.

"Now we had no cook tent," she told us, "and we had no stove either. For a table, we used a pack mantle spread out on the ground. I cooked everything in those 25 lb lard pails hung over an open fire. What a job! There were three shifts of fire-fighters to be fed three times a day and only one cook. That fire burned a whole month. It went right over the top of a mountain and down into some blind hole."

"As she talked, I pictured the camp, the dirty, exhausted boys lying on the ground, the blackened pots smoking over the fire, and the bulldog flies and mosquitoes clumped in the air, living clouds of torture. I pictured Mona rolling out of her blanket in the teepee before dawn to start the breakfast fire and working late into the evening, the smoke of 30 days' work stinging in her eyes.

"What did they pay you for that, Mona?" I asked.

"Pay!" she exclaimed. "Ha! That's quite a joke. Oh, the fire-fighters got paid, of course. Charlie got his regular wages, I think \$130 a month. No overtime either. They hadn't invented that yet. He had to stay on that fire 24 hours a day, until it was dead out."

"Yes, but what about you?" Myrna asked. "Didn't you get paid at all?"

"Well, they didn't quite know what to do with me. I was the warden's wife, you see. I guess they figured it wouldn't look good, putting me on payroll. People would talk. In the end, they decided I should get something, so they gave me a cheque – for five dollars."

"That's terrible," Myrna said, stunned. I sat back in my chair, shaking my head.

"It was about what I'd expected, and anyway, I was doing it for Charlie, not the service. Charlie and I, we shared everything, including the hardships. It was no picnic for him either, at times, but it brought us closer together. I have no regrets, though it was kind of hell at times."

"There had been no trace of bitterness in Mona's voice as she told the story, only a kind of ironic amusement at the memory.

"I remember I bought a dress with the five dollars. I called it my fire dress. It was a lovely shade of blue . . ."

Preserving our Human Heritage

Peter H. Bennett*

The cultural and natural heritage of a nation are amongst its most important and priceless possessions. They are irreplaceable; any loss or serious impairment of them is a tragedy, not only for the nation concerned, but for humanity itself.

Recognizing that the world's natural and cultural heritage transcends national boundaries and must be preserved for future generations, 38 nations including Canada have joined in a World Heritage Convention.

The objective of the Convention complements rather than competes with national heritage conservation programs, and provides for:

- the establishment of a *World Heritage Committee*;
- the compilation of a *World Heritage List* comprising those cultural and natural properties throughout the world which are considered to be of outstanding universal value according to criteria drawn up by the *World Heritage Committee* at its first meeting in Paris in 1977;
- the preparation of a *List of World Heritage in Danger*; the establishment of a *World Heritage Fund* to provide aid to member states for World Heritage Sites in Danger and for other specified purposes;
- the provision of technical assistance to member states when requested; and
- the general promotion throughout the world of the importance of heritage conservation.

The Convention defines cultural and natural heritage as follows:

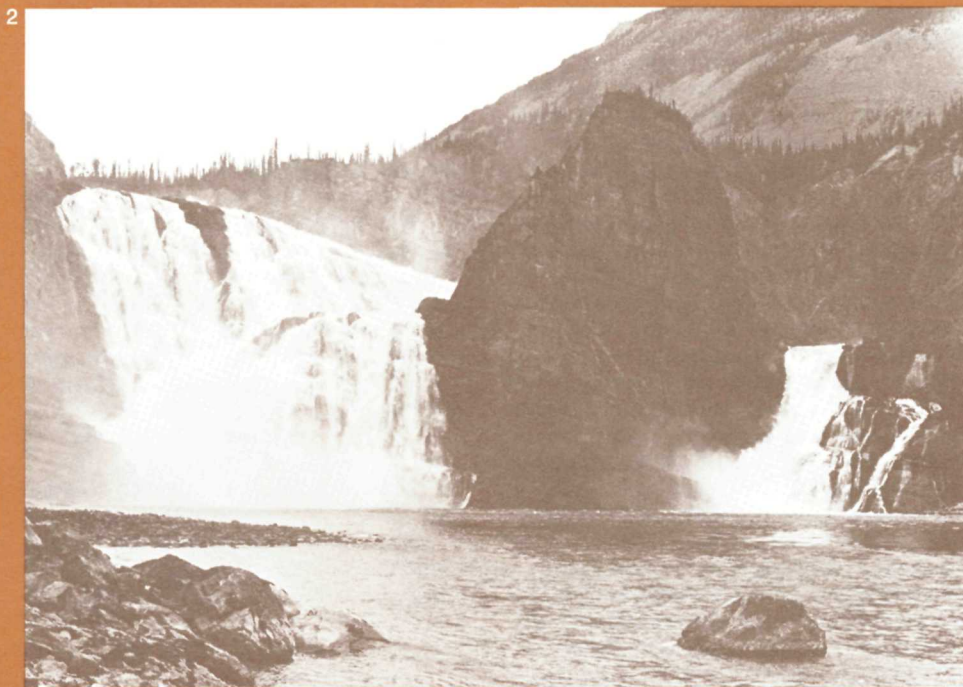
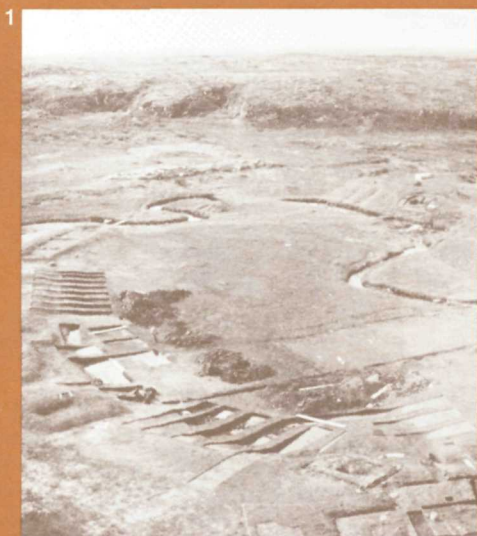
• Cultural Heritage

Monuments: architectural works, works of monumental sculpture and painting, elements or structures of an archaeological nature, inscriptions, cave dwellings and combinations of features, which are of *outstanding universal value* from the point of view of history, art or science.

*Co-ordinator, Liaison & Consultation, Parks Canada and Canadian Delegate on Unesco World Heritage Committee.

- 1 Aerial view of the Viking settlement at L'Anse aux Meadows
- 2 Twice the height of Niagara, Virginia Falls has a face of almost two hectares, Nahanni National Park, N.W.T.

- 1 Vue aérienne de l'Anse aux Meadows, à Terre-Neuve, emplacement d'une colonie viking
- 2 Les chutes Virginia dans le parc national Nahanni sont deux fois plus élevées que les chutes Niagara et coulent sur une surface de près de deux hectares



Groups of buildings: groups of separate or connected buildings which, because of their architecture, their homogeneity or their place in the landscape, are of *outstanding universal value* from the point of view of history, art or science. Sites: works of man or the combined works of nature and man, and areas including archaeological sites which are of *outstanding universal value* from the historical, aesthetic, ethnological or anthropological points of view.

• Natural Heritage

Natural features consisting of physical and biological formations or groups of such formations, which are of *outstanding universal value* from the aesthetic or scientific point of view.

Geological and physiographical formations and precisely-delineated areas which constitute the habitat of threatened species of animals and plants of *outstanding universal value* from the point of view of science or conservation. Natural sites or precisely delineated natural areas of *outstanding universal value* from the point of view of science, conservation or natural beauty. It is the intention of the World Heritage Committee, that the World Heritage List be relatively short (hundreds rather than the thousands) and contain cultural or

natural properties which are unquestionably of *outstanding universal value* in accordance with its criteria.

All property on the World Heritage List will carry a plaque, which will contain a World Heritage emblem (to be designed through UNESCO), the name of the property and a statement as to why it merits inclusion on the List.

The World Heritage Committee, comprising 15 member states, one of which is Canada, held its second meeting in Washington in September 1978 to make the first nominations to the World Heritage List. Canada nominated two sites, one cultural and one natural.

1. L'Anse aux Meadows, Newfoundland: Site of the oldest known European settlement, in the New World, contains the only authenticated remains of a Viking settlement in America.

2. Nahanni National Park, N.W.T.: A unique combination of hot springs, major waterfalls, huge canyons and unusual karst (cave) systems in an unspoiled wilderness area.

What are the implications of all this for Canada? First, we are unlikely to get many properties on the List. Of those that are accepted, most will probably be natural sites. The difficulty in nominating Canadian cultural sites is always likely to be in justifying them as "of outstanding universal value" (and not just of national significance).

All the properties nominated by Canada will already be administered in keeping with the highest international standards, so no special additional obligations will be incurred for such properties other than the requirement to submit an annual report to UNESCO on their maintenance. As one of the world's leading nations in cultural and natural conservation, Canada probably will be asked under the convention to provide technical advice and training assistance to developing countries.

The fact that a property is on the World Heritage List is bound to attract more tourists to it, domestic and foreign. If the property is fragile for ecological or other reasons, it will be essential that the values which put it on the List are not dangerously eroded.

With Parks Canada as the leading federal agency, Canada played a major role in the drafting of the Convention and at the recent first meeting in Paris. We will continue to support the work strongly. There can be no more worthwhile challenge than an effort to protect for future generations those properties anywhere, whether cultural or natural, which are of outstanding universal value and therefore part of the world's heritage.

Drawing on History

by James D. Georgiles



Canada's national historic parks and sites commemorate people, places and events of major significance in the historical development of our country.

Parks Canada, the agency responsible for these places of national significance, has published a new guide to aid Canadians and others interested in our cultural heritage.

Historic, a compact 48-page booklet, contains brief accounts of 56 historic parks and sites where Canadians can experience their cultural heritage first-hand. The text is illustrated with line drawings and vignettes which capture the essence of the park or site commemorated.

From the remains of a Viking Settlement at L'Anse aux Meadows and the inventions of Alexander Bell, to the now silent guns of Fort Rodd Hill, each of the places listed in the guide tells a rich story of Canada's past.

Setting the mood for these historic accounts are 22 pen and ink sketches by Canadian artist C. W. (Bill) Kettlewell. These illustrations form a backdrop to our cultural heritage and Bill Kettlewell has applied his intense love of Canadian history to his works.

Some of the sketches, such as Jones Falls on the Rideau Waterway, Fort Wellington at Prescott and Bellevue House in Kingston were drawn on location, others were executed from photographs.

Well known for his historic drawings, Bill Kettlewell has illustrated many publications produced by the Province of Ontario. Bill's active interest in our cultural heritage received official recognition when he was recently appointed to the Advisory Council of the Ontario Heritage Foundation.

After history, Bill Kettlewell's other love is horses and until a year ago he lived in the small Ontario community of Milford where he raised, rode and painted them.

Although widely known for his paintings of horses – he has painted many

Queen's Plate winners and other successful racehorses – Bill has also demonstrated his ability in the field of sculpture. Enduring testimony to his skill is the 17-foot bronze equestrian statue, commissioned in 1955, which stands at the Woodbine Raceway in Toronto.

Now 63 years young, Bill Kettlewell lives in semi-retirement in Toronto with his wife, the former Elizabeth Wilmot. Mrs. Kettlewell shares Bill's interest in history and is well-known as an author and railway historian.

Copies of *Historic* can be obtained free by writing to *Historic Guide*, Parks Canada, Ottawa, Ontario K1A 0H4.

1 L'Anse aux Meadows, Newfoundland. Beneath a number of grass-covered mounds archaeologists have discovered the site of Vinland, the first Viking settlement in North America.

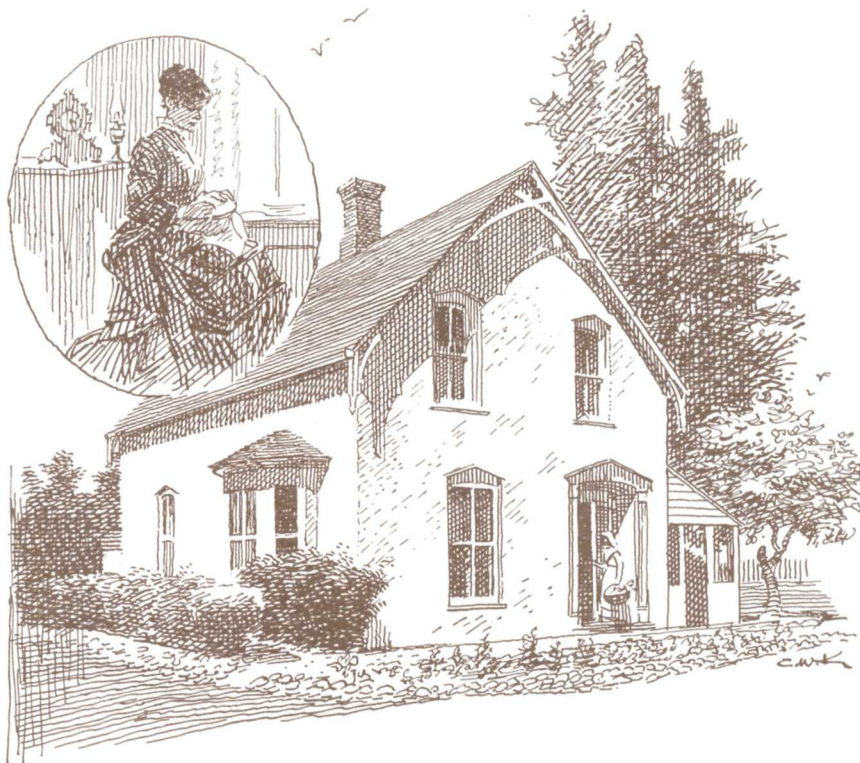
2 Commanding Officer's Residence at Battleford National Historic Park, Saskatchewan. This post, built in 1876, served as the Divisional H.Q. of the Royal North-West Mounted Police until it was abandoned in 1924.

3 Alexander Graham Bell, inventor, teacher and researcher, is most famous for inventing the telephone. He also made important contributions in the fields of medicine, aeronautics, marine engineering and genetics. Models of his accomplishments are displayed at the Alexander Graham Bell National Historic Park, Nova Scotia.

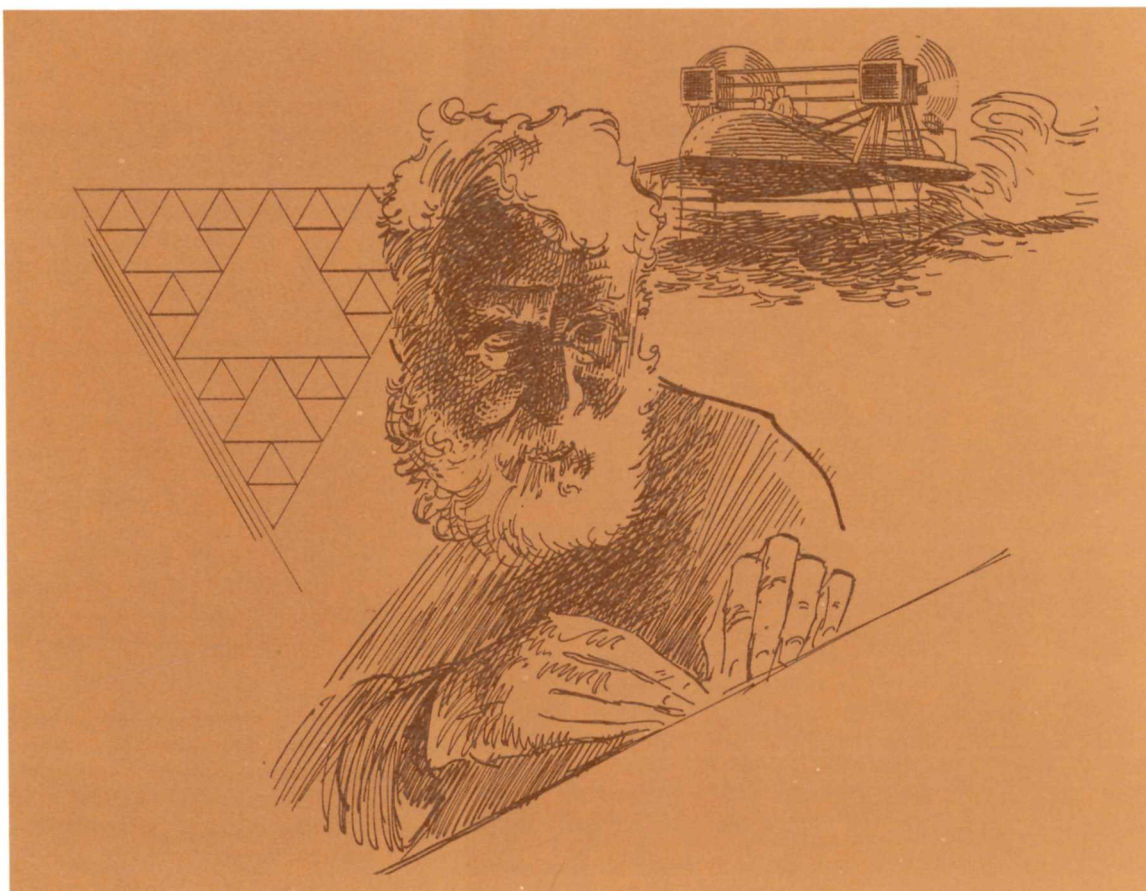
4 Fort Langley National Historic Park, British Columbia. A Hudson's Bay Company post, Fort Langley prospered in the 1850's when it pioneered an all British route to the interior eventually becoming the supply depot for inland posts. Blacksmiths and carpenters once worked in the artisans' building where visitors can see how barrels were made for packing salmon.

5 Interior of Fort Wellington National Historic Park, Prescott, Ontario. Garrison of the Royal Canadian Rifle Regiment from 1838 until 1870, the fort became a national historic park in 1923.

2



3



1 A l'Anse aux Meadows, à Terre-Neuve, sous des tertres envahis par l'herbe, des archéologues ont découvert les seuls vestiges en Amérique du Nord du passage et du séjour des Vikings dont on ait pu garantir l'authenticité. On a mis au jour les restes de six maisons, d'une forge, d'un sauna et de fosses à cuisson.

2 Le poste de Battleford en Saskatchewan a été construit en 1876 pour servir de quartier général à la Police montée du nord-ouest. Voici comment paraît maintenant à l'artiste, au parc historique national de Battleford, la résidence de l'officier qui était en charge du poste.

3 Alexander Graham Bell, inventeur, enseignant et chercheur, est surtout connu pour sa contribution à l'invention du téléphone. Il a fait aussi des découvertes importantes en médecine, en aéronautique, en construction navale et en génétique. On peut voir des répliques de ses travaux au parc historique national Alexander Graham Bell, en Nouvelle-Ecosse.

4 Le fort Langley, poste de la Compagnie de la baie d'Hudson, prospérait dans les années 1850 alors qu'il servait à ouvrir une voie entièrement britannique vers l'intérieur du continent et devenait le dépôt d'approvisionnement des postes de l'intérieur. Forgerons et menuisiers travaillaient autrefois dans l'actuel bâtiment des artisans où le visiteur peut voir comment on construisait les tonneaux servant au transport du saumon. Le parc historique national du fort Langley se trouve en Colombie-Britannique.

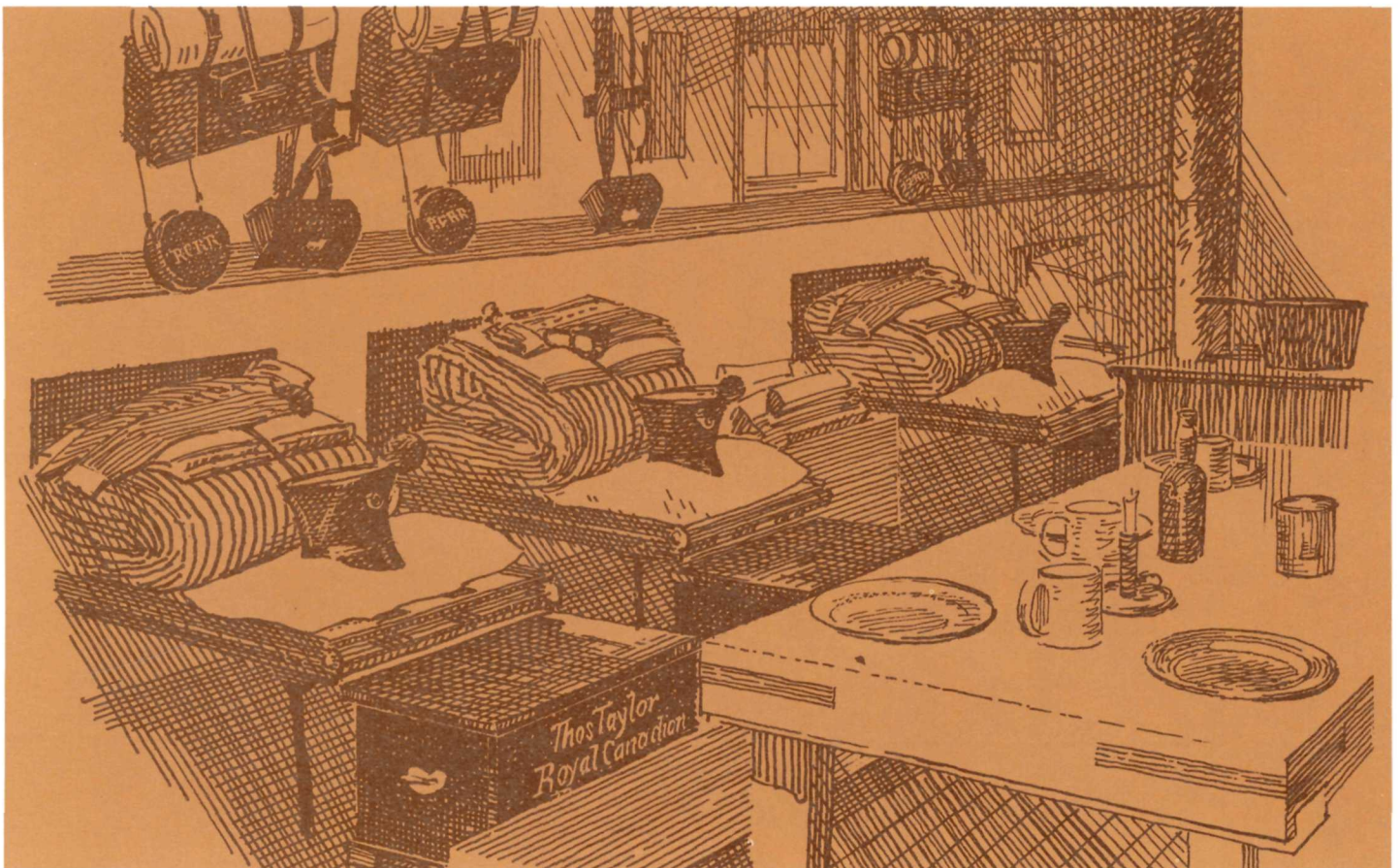
5 Le fort Wellington, qui a servi de lieu de garnison à une compagnie du *Royal Canadian Rifle Regiment* de 1838 à 1870, est situé à Prescott en Ontario. C'est un parc historique national depuis 1923.

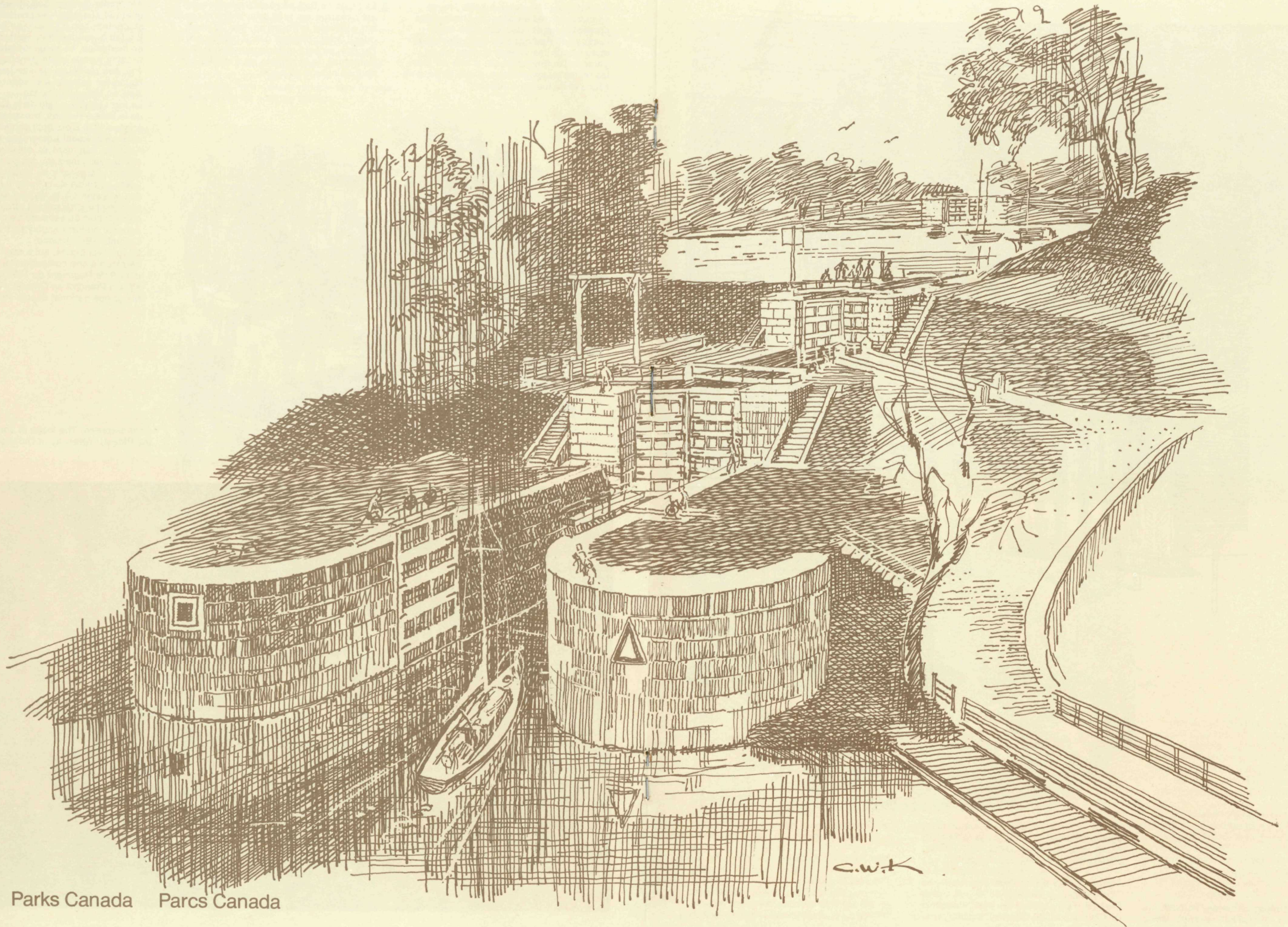
4



Centre-spread: The locks at Jones Falls on the Rideau Waterway in Ontario.

5





C.W.K.



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