

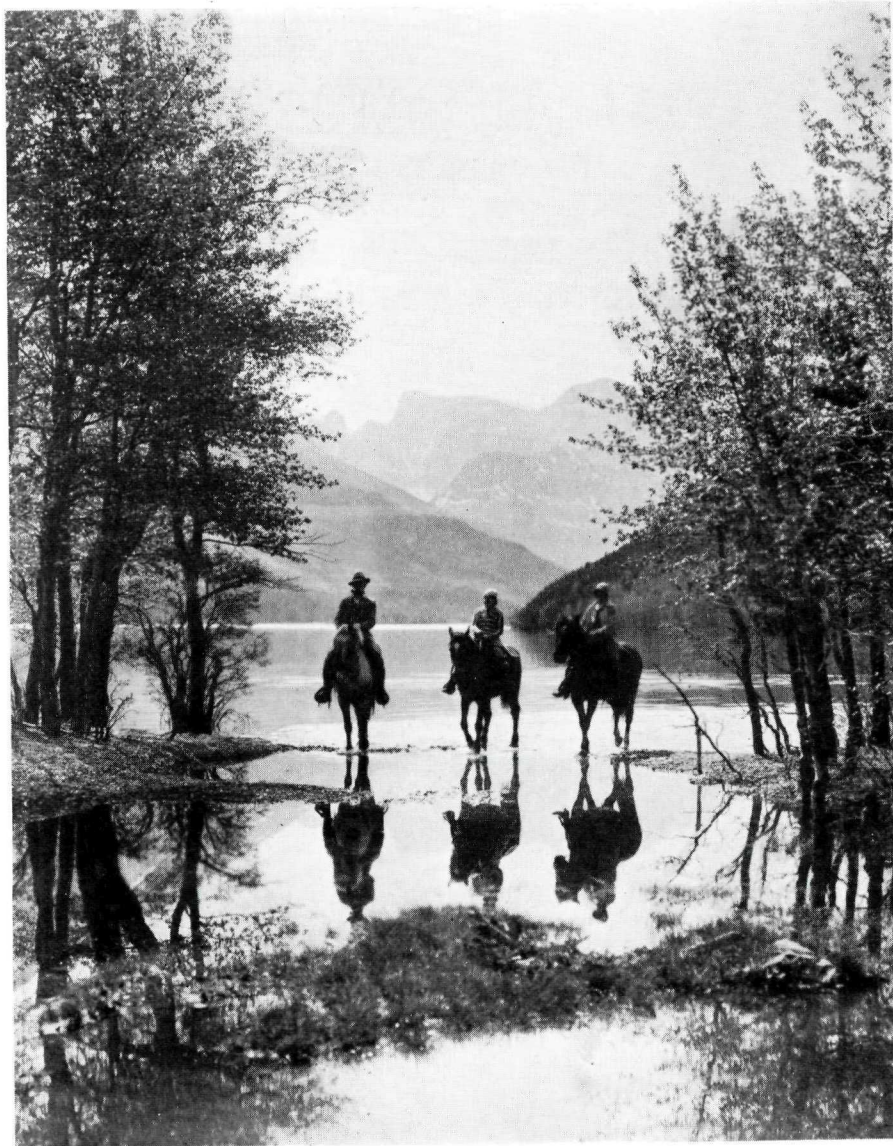


WATERTON LAKES PARK

CANADIAN SECTION

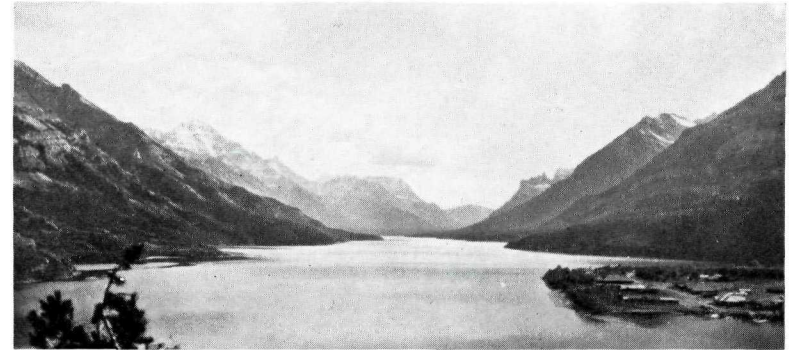
WATERTON - GLACIER

INTERNATIONAL PEACE PARK



Upper Waterton Lake, Waterton Lakes National Park

WATERTON LAKES PARK



THE Government of Canada and the Government of the United States, by uniting the contiguous national park areas in the Province of Alberta and the State of Montana under the name of Waterton-Glacier International Peace Park, have added another golden line to the story of harmonious relationships which have continued between the two countries for over a century.

In the conception of an International Park lies a lofty and inspiring ideal. The music of running waters, the songs of birds, the delicate colouring of peak, lake and forest, have their response in the human heart, while the assembling and association of citizens of neighbouring countries in an atmosphere of beauty such as that of the new memorial peace park must inevitably strengthen a friendship which has stood the test of time.

Among the seven beautiful reservations which have been set aside by Canada in the Rocky mountains, there is none lovelier than Waterton Lakes Park which now forms a section of the Waterton-Glacier International Peace Park. This charming area lies on the eastern slope of the Rockies where they approach the International Boundary line. Here the park takes the shape of a rough square with a long L-shaped section added to the east. The western boundary of Waterton Lakes Park is formed by the crest of the Rocky Mountains Divide; its northern, roughly, the Carbondale river; its eastern, the rolling foothills of the Province of Alberta; its southern, the beautiful Glacier Park section of the Waterton-Glacier International Peace Park.

The Indians, who, like all primitive peoples, weave stories about the places they particularly love, have a legend that this region was miraculously created. Very long ago—the old wise men who know the ancient tales will tell you—where the park now stands was all unbroken prairie. Among the tribes in that time there lived a young brave named Sokumapi. On an evil day he fell into the hands of the Seven Devils who carried him down to the underworld and made of him a slave. There he fell in love with a beautiful maiden, captive like himself, who suggested to him a way of escape. While the evil ones slept the lovers stole away, taking with them three magic gifts: a stick, a stone, and a basket of water. Westward across the prairie the masters of evil pursued them but when the devils were close upon them, Sokumapi threw down the stick and it became a luxuriant forest blocking the way. Profiting by this delay, the pair fled on but were again overtaken, and now Sokumapi threw down the stone. At once the mountains sprang up on the prairie. Before the Devils could overcome this barrier, the Indian emptied the basket of water. It became a lake, the basket was transformed into a canoe, and across the blue waters the lovers escaped. A little westward, on the crest of the Divide, they made a home together, and there are those who believe that to this day their happy spirits haunt the shores of lovely "Omok-sikimi," which in the Indian tongue means "beautiful waters," and which is now known as Waterton lake. And, they add, from its shores the Seven Devils departed and their evil shadow never darkened its clear surface again.

While this is only a primitive folk tale, certain it is that a special aura of happiness seems to encircle this charming reservation. Beauty and peace appear to have made it their dominion, and at its gateway those wretched Seven Devils of our modern life—the little demons of Fear, Worry, Over-haste and Over-work, Indigestion, Unrest and Abysmal Boredom—undoubtedly fold their black wings and steal silently back to the abodes man has created for them in what he calls civilization.

If there are grander and more imposing parts of the Rockies, there are few, if any, more perfect in loveliness. A man may have seen all the rest, and yet find himself, to his surprise, losing his heart at first sight to Waterton Lakes Park. The reserve is one of the smaller Canadian scenic parks, covering only 220 square miles, and throughout it consistently refuses to astonish us with bigness of any kind. Those who desire the loftiest mountain, the deepest valley, the highest waterfall, the largest anything, need not come to Waterton Lakes Park. Yet there is no apparent diminution of grandeur and here, as in many places in the Rockies, one realizes that where impressiveness of scenery is concerned, mere questions of altitude are beside the mark. If Nature has been economical with her canvas, it is to good effect. The park is "all compact



Hell Roaring Canyon from top of Vimy Mountain

together." It contains, someone has said, a maximum of scenery in a minimum of space.

As everyone knows the Canadian Rockies in approaching the International Boundary, dwindle a little in general elevation. The average altitude of both peaks and valleys is somewhat lower; the glittering crowns of snow, the massive glaciers and ice formations, less abundant. The width of the main range, too, diminishes and the Divide swings out near the foothills. It is, for instance, only eleven and a half miles from the open prairies to Akamina pass, one of the principal crossings of the main watershed in Waterton Lakes Park. To anyone familiar with the mountains farther north, the very situation of the park is, therefore, unexpected and the captivation of the visitor begins with the thrill of surprise.

Approach.—Unlike most of the other Canadian reservations Waterton Lakes Park cannot be directly reached by railway. The nearest rail points are Pincher Creek, and Cardston, Alberta, each about thirty-five miles away. All-weather gravelled highways from both these towns offer direct communication to the park. The approach from either the north or the east affords a delightful experience, especially to those unfamiliar with the beauty of the foothills. Across the open prairie the road swings southward or westward as the case may be; the Pincher Creek road running parallel

with the mountains, the Cardston road cutting across the gently rolling undulations—spent waves of the great sea of mountains to the westward—that form the foothills. The long line of the Rockies is a blue dream along the southwest. The eternal snows glistening upon their crests are scarcely to be distinguished from the clouds. The road runs fenceless across the open prairie, once the home of the Indian and the buffalo. A century ago this whole southern country was a rich hunting ground. The exciting chase, clashes



Indian Chiefs in Full Ceremonial Dress

between tribe and tribe were the order of the day. The prairie was full of life, colour, and action. Today, all that life has vanished. Yet there are traces of its existence which stir the imagination—a half-obliterated wallow near the roadside, an old deep-beaten trail, a few gaunt poles marking the site of an ancient Sun Lodge, perhaps a chance encounter with a few mild-mannered Indians driving a smart freshly-painted farm wagon from a nearby reserve.

Little by little the hills grow nearer and more green; the valleys deepen; the foreground becomes park-like, dotted with clumps of willow; rocky out-thrusts break through the rounded slopes. The road crosses a hurrying little river and a smiling mountain valley, carpeted with grassy meadows and cradling a shallow lake, opens to westward. In another moment the motorist passes from prairie

land to mountain land, although so wide here is the outer door of the ranges that he is scarcely conscious of having entered in. The prose of work-a-day life, indeed, has hardly been left behind when suddenly the valley turns southward, revealing a landscape of enchanting loveliness—sheer poetry of lake, peak, and green forest, stretching away as far as the eye can see into blue, aerial distances.

In front lies a long lake broken by twin promontories of rock into two parts, each blue as the heart of a sapphire. The upper part fills the whole floor of the valley. Curving bays and rocky promontories give grace to its shores; a thick pine forest frames it with luxuriant green. Above, rising from the very water, encircling the lake in a great horseshoe, are splendid peaks. Some of them are formed of light grey limestones with bare and rugged upper slopes; others splashed and banded with bright reds, greens and yellows; some humped and massive like the backs of stooping giants; others carved into towers and turrets fantastic as the castles of fairyland. Indeed, when one sees this enchanting landscape in full sunlight—the lake rippled by the wind into a million points of gold, every leaf on the pines and poplars glistening with life, the mountains, wrapped in the shimmering filmy haze of distance, and the whole under the great inverted crystal bowl of a mountain sky, one is transported into that world of satisfying harmonies which we usually find only in the so-called unreal world of art.

According to the Greeks, Pan, when the world became too barbarous or too violent for his music, retired to the peace and beauty of the mountain solitudes. In a civilization blatant with radio and jazz there does not seem to be much room for the shy music of the goat god. But one could fancy that here, along the wooded reaches of this mountain-girt lake, he might, perhaps find a place of rest and a home to his liking. For it is a region so lovely that in looking upon it one can scarcely forbear the wish to settle down and live forever amid scenes of such transcending harmony and peace. Such is its effect upon many travellers today, and such the effect upon its first white settler, Mr. John George Brown.

Brown was one of the most picturesque figures of the early West, and for more than one reason deserves a little special attention. He was born in England and had a varied and adventurous career. An Eton and Oxford man, an army officer in India, he reached San Francisco in '62, became a gold seeker, cowboy, and soldier of fortune generally. It was in 1865 that Brown first saw the Waterton lakes, then known as "Kootenay lakes." With four others he had been placer mining but the claim hadn't panned out very well, and since there were rumours of rich finds on the Saskatchewan, the prospectors decided to sell out and make for Fort Edmonton. With several horses they started across the mountains, packed through the South Kootenay pass, descending to the plains by way of Pass creek, now known as Blakiston brook. Climbing one of the mountains nearby,

the travellers had their first glimpse of a great buffalo herd, for the plains beyond were black with the animals, and below them, spread out in all its loveliness lay the blue lake, girdled with mountains, one of which "rose to a sofa-like peak among the clouds." Brown, who certainly could not be thought of as sentimental, was greatly moved. He said to his companions, "this is what I have seen in my dreams, this is the country for me." Later he returned to it and like the Sultan of Morocco who came into the Vale of Rabat, "he would go no further," and settled down to pass there the remainder of his days.

When the area surrounding the lake was created a national park he became its first warden and, later, Acting Superintendent. Brown was twice married, first to a half-breed woman from North Dakota, whose remains lie beside his own on the shore of the Lower lake, and later to Chee-pay-tha-qua-ka-Soon (the Blue Flash of Lightning), a Cree woman of a deeply religious nature and more than ordinary intelligence who nursed and cared for him in his declining years, and who, now over 70 years of age, still lives in Waterton Lakes Park.

So much did Brown become associated with the region that his Christian names, "John George," dropped completely out of sight. Everywhere throughout the whole southwest he was known as "Kootenay Brown." Although he lived among the half-breeds and Indians as one of themselves, adopting their ways, customs, and speech, he never quite forgot his early traditions. His park journals are written in a clear and scholarly hand and on the rude bookshelves of his home were the works of Henry George, Tennyson, Oliver Goldsmith, Carlyle, Washington Irving, Edgar Allan Poe, Byron, Shakespeare, as well as nearly everything of importance written on outdoor life.

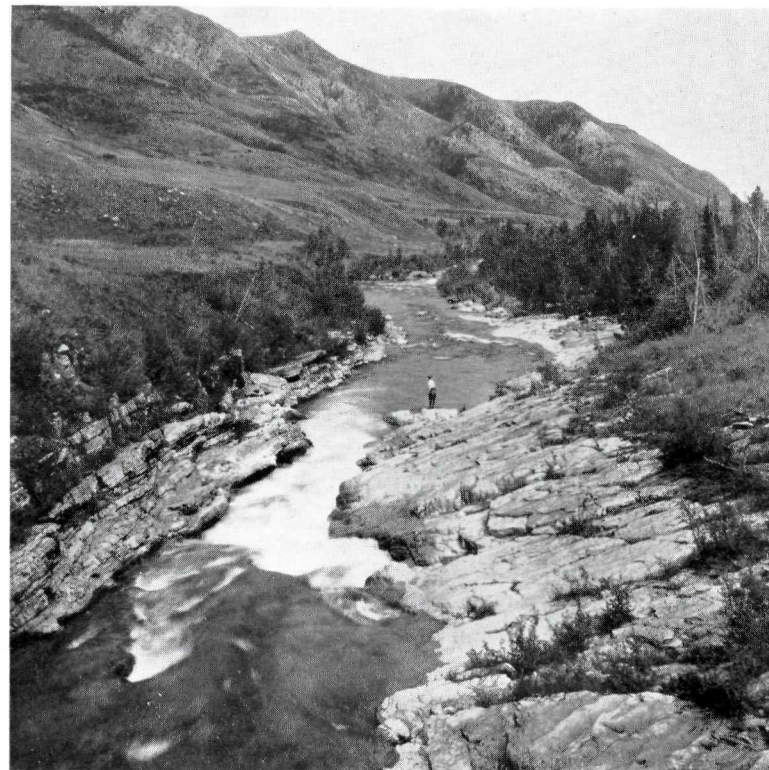
Like most of the early pioneers, Brown was no saint. The stories that are told about him together with his own journal would furnish any moving picture director with material for a thrilling



John George Brown
First white resident and Superintendent
of the national park

pioneer drama of the West. But he had his own virtues. He was a clean fighter, a straight shot, loyal to his friends, respected by his enemies, ready to face any danger, hardship or privation without a murmur, and to defend the region, first chosen by himself and later by the Government, from the ruthless attack of poacher and vandal.

Early History.—Seven years before Brown travelled through the mountains another white man had crossed the pass. This was Lieut. T. Blakiston, R.A. He, too, was a prospector though with a different quest, a member of the famous Palliser Expedition fitted out in 1857 by Her Majesty's Government to explore Western Canada with a view to obtaining information as to its possibilities and discovering a feasible route across the mountains in British territory. The party explored the main passes of the Rockies between the Athabaska pass and the International Boundary, and Lieutenant Blakiston was in charge of the branch expedition of 1858, which was ordered to explore the passes to the south.

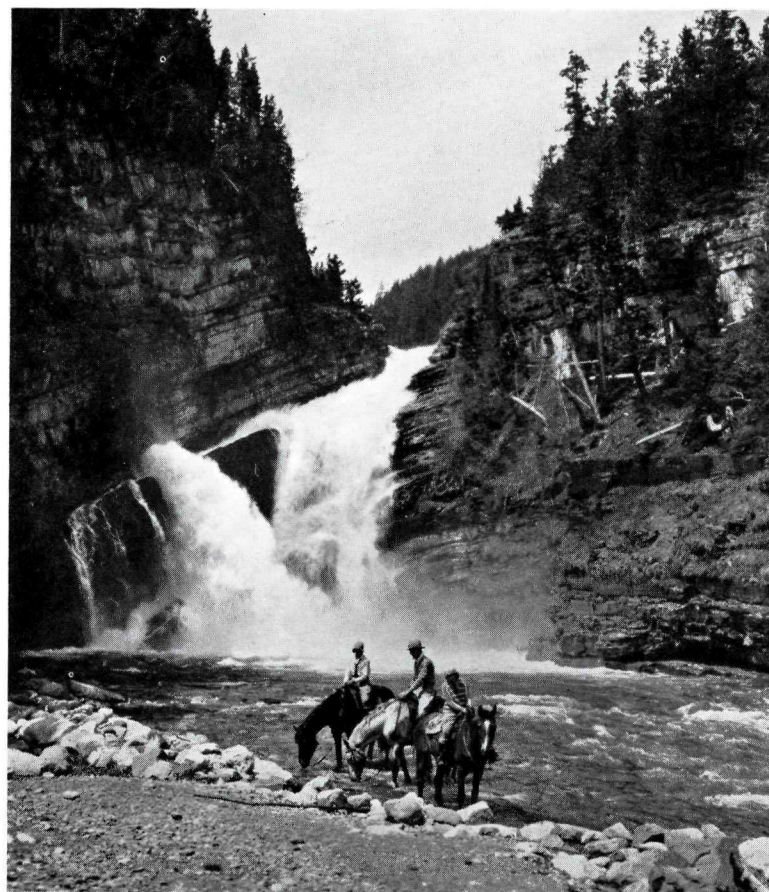


Blakiston Brook and Valley

Name.—So far as is known the name "Waterton" was given to these lovely sheets of water by Blakiston in honour of Charles Waterton (1782-1865), the English naturalist and traveller, then widely known for his researches into the sources of Indian poisons and his ornithological work. Waterton, indeed, might be said to be one of the pioneers in wild life conservation, for he expended a large part of his fortune in creating a sanctuary for his feathered friends.

A year or so after Blakiston crossed the pass arrived the International Boundary Commission, which was engaged in surveying the boundary between the United States and Canada. Their investigations resulted in new knowledge of the region and their work is commemorated in the names given to many of the principal geographical features of the park.

Earlier Still.—From the point of view of the mountains themselves, however, these things happened only yesterday. Their history goes back to an antiquity long before the creation of man. The story of the building up of the Rockies, largely through sedimentation from earlier coast ranges laid down on the floor of an inland sea, the mighty uplift and thrust which finally folded, crumpled and pushed them out for miles eastward over the prairies, has been told many times. Part of it can be read by any observant visitor to the parks. The carving of peaks and valleys in the long period of glaciation by those mighty tools, the glaciers, is visible on every hand. With the help of a good geological handbook and a little imagination, it is not difficult to picture those earlier conditions. One can see the immense cap of snow and ice lying upon the mountain summits, covering all but the highest peaks, deepening with the centuries and projecting down into the valleys in the form of great tongues or glaciers. The valley of Upper Waterton lake was the natural trough between two ranges then probably V-shaped. As the ice grew the descending tongues gradually filled the whole floor of the valley, forming a powerful glacier which ground each year more deeply into its rocky bed, carving it into the characteristic U-shape which it wears today. Flowing down in a broad, slow river of ice, the valley glacier turned east around the shoulder of Vimy mountain and took its way to join the great Piedmont ice sheet which covered the outside plains. When the Glacial ages came to an end and the ice withdrew, the lake filled the rocky basin the glacier had carved. Geologists say it is probable that at first all three lakes, now known as the Upper, Middle and Lower Waterton lakes, were one body of water. Then, as the water level sank, the rocky promontory from Vimy mountain separated the Upper and Middle lakes, and the glacial deltas from Blakiston and Sofa brooks formed a barrier between the Middle and Lower lakes.



Cameron Falls

The sculptural power of the ice in those long slow ages is revealed in a score of places. At the head of many valleys are found empty cirques and amphitheatres, often holding crystalline rock-rimmed tarns, and with the marks of ice-tooth and chisel clearly visible on their almost perpendicular walls. The present altitude of Waterton lake is 4,202 feet; the mountains on each side rise to 7,000 and 8,000 feet. The depth of the water is said to be over 300 feet.

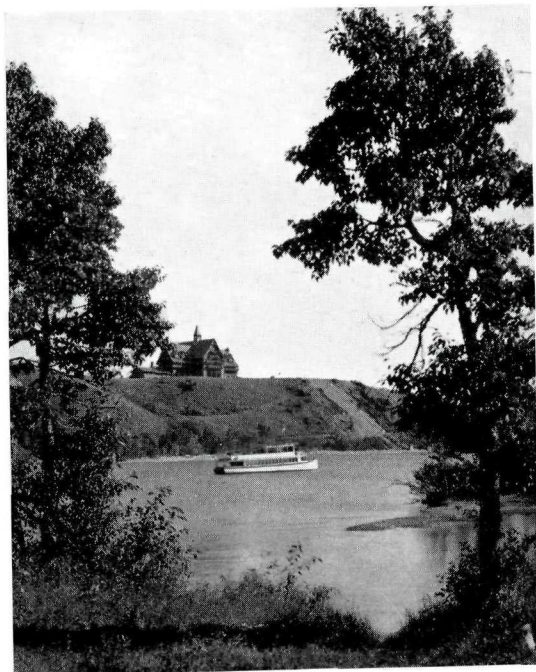
Although for almost half a century Waterton Lakes Park has formed a holiday paradise for residents of Pincher Creek, Cardston, Macleod, Lethbridge and other parts of southern Alberta, it was

almost unknown until the beginning of the past decade to the traveling world. Those who came in early days usually brought tents with them or built small cottages on the townsite at the southwest end of the lake. With the advent of the motor and the building of good roads connecting the park with main provincial highways, however, this beautiful reservation has at last come into its own and each year an increasing number of visitors enjoy its many attractions.

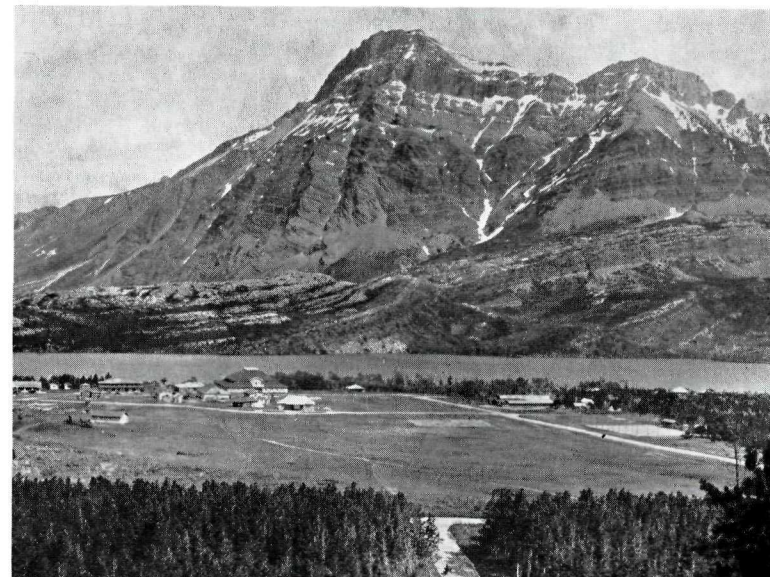
Within the last three or four years the accommodation has been considerably extended and now one may find here a wide range of choice, from the charmingly designed and appointed hotel of the Great Northern Railway Company to the simpler and less expensive house-keeping "Chalet," or cottage hotel.

Waterton Lakes Park is not a show place. People do not flash into it one day and leave it the next. The majority of visitors to the park settle down for several weeks or the entire season, giving themselves up to the simple outdoor life, to fishing, boating, golf, riding or climbing as the case may be.

The Townsite.—The townsite occupies the wide flat south and southwest of the Narrows, where the lake curves into a beautiful inlet known as Emerald bay. Directly behind, to the north, rises the rugged mass of mount Crandell, its grey and weather-beaten face closing the vista at the end of each avenue. Great care is being taken to preserve the natural beauty of the place, and development under the supervision of a landscape architect is proceeding upon orderly and harmonious lines. All land is retained by the Federal Government but lots for summer cottages or business purposes are leased at a small rental under certain restrictions with



Prince of Wales Hotel



Vimy Mountain and Townsite from Akamina Highway

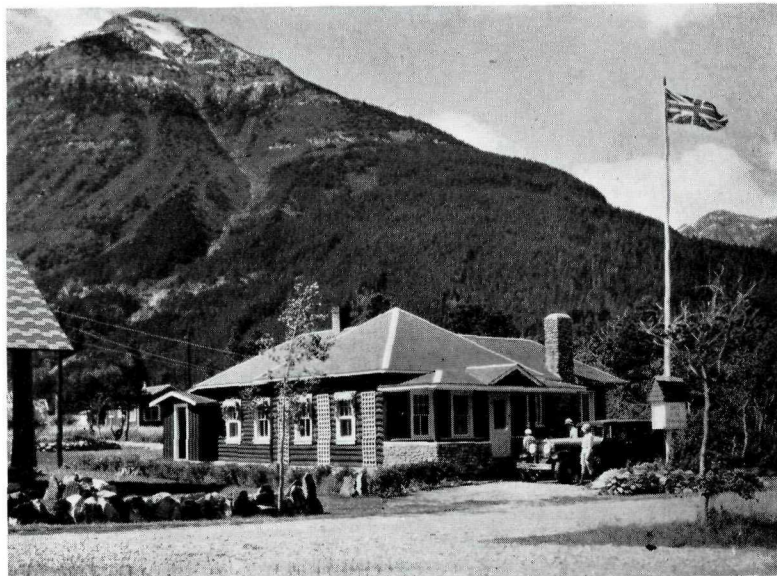
regard to the character of buildings erected. Within the townsite a number of provisions have been made for public enjoyment—free tennis courts, a splendidly equipped children's playground and an attractive log bathing house on the shore of Linnet lake. Just south of the townsite, on the edge of Waterton lake, is the Government Campsite, 35 acres in extent, where many visitors spend a happy holiday under canvas. For their accommodation a number of shelters, each equipped with a stove, benches and tables, have been provided, as well as a central Community House with a large room for social purposes.

A water supply also adds to the camp conveniences and a summer water service supplies the needs of the cottagers. The general appearance of the townsite is carefully supervised, trees and flower beds set out on the boulevard enhancing the charm of the locality.

Special attention is given to the comfort of campers and cottagers, in order that their visit to this delightful park may be retained not only as a happy holiday memory but as a means of refreshed vitality.

A complete line of camping supplies may be purchased from the stores located within the townsite, including fishing tackle and photographic material. A drug store and two butcher shops are operated in addition to four general stores. A number of gasolene service stations and two motor garages are at the service of motorists.

Administration and Information.—A resident Superintendent supervises the administration of Waterton Lakes Park, and both the Administration Building and the Superintendent's residence are located within the townsite. Adjoining the Administration Building



Park Administration Office

is the Government Information Bureau, operated during the summer and open daily from 9 a.m. to 9 p.m., where details respecting accommodation, roads, and trails may be secured. Maps, pamphlets, and guide books as well as additional information about this and other National Parks may also be obtained.

Accommodation.—Superbly situated on the rocky promontory that forms the Narrows, is the attractive hotel built by the Great Northern Railway Company, known as the Prince of Wales hotel. The building is designed in the Swiss chalet manner, a style in harmony with its setting, and that succeeds in carrying somehow a subtle welcome to the incoming guest. Every window frames a

glorious view—to the south over the sunlit lake, to the north to the foothills and the prairie lands beyond.

In the townsite itself, there is a smaller hotel operated by the Waterton Lakes Hotel and Chalets, Ltd. This company has, in addition to the hotel accommodation a number of furnished chalets each housing four persons.

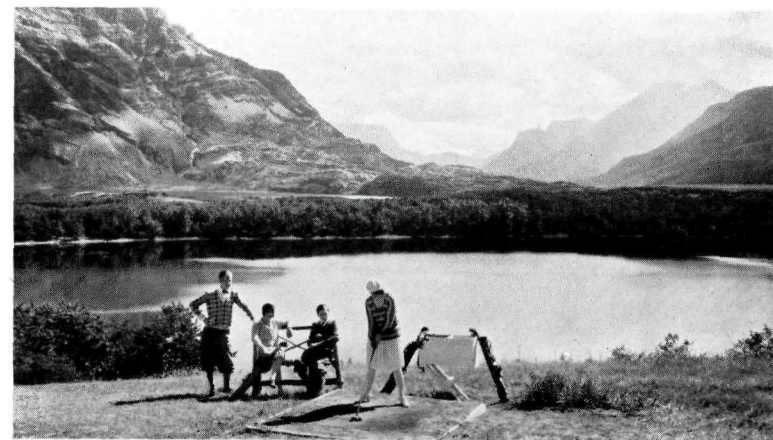
Other accommodation may be secured at a number of rooming houses which are open during the summer season. Furnished cottages are also available for rental. Meals may be secured at the restaurants located on the main street of the townsite.

Bathing.—Immediately to the left of the Park Registration Office and below the Prince of Wales hotel lies Linnet lake, a charming little tarn which serves as an ideal bathing pool. Almost perfectly round, it looks not unlike a gigantic Roman bath, and on warm days its clear waters offer an almost irresistible temptation. A bathing house provided by the Government affords dressing accommodation free of charge.

In the townsite there is also to be found a swimming pool, operated under private management.

Golf Links.—About a mile to the east on the high rolling slopes at the base of mount Crandell, are the golf links. The course has recently been extended to eighteen holes, and it affords interesting possibilities in the way of play in a setting that is truly superb.

There are, one knows, players to whom scenery is only a secondary consideration. Such find satisfaction here in the excellent



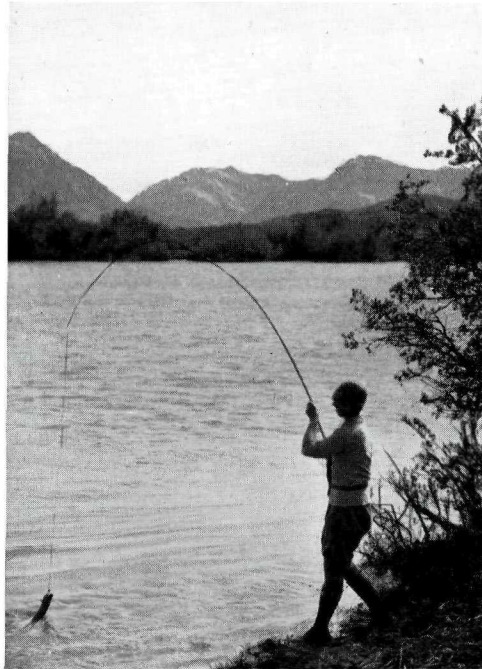
On the Golf Course

layout, good putting greens and interesting features of the course. The player less obsessed with the sport may sometimes allow his eye to wander from the ball. If he does, an alluring scene lies before him, for from practically every hole there are magnificent pictures in all directions.

Immediately in front is a corner of little Lonesome lake. In the middle distance grassy meadows slope to the water's edge and beyond, across the rocky Narrows, embosomed between mountains that stretch away to shining purple distances, is the Upper lake, clear and brilliant as a gem, holding on still days the reflection of green forest, bright coloured mountains and the creamy snows of passing clouds. From the small club-house which provides a centre for sociability one looks down, too, upon a view lovely beyond description, yet never two days the same.

Fishing.—Excellent fishing is obtainable in the lakes and streams of the park. The following is an approximate list of the species of fish to be found: lake trout, grayling, salmon trout, rainbow trout, Dolly Varden trout, cutthroat trout, and pike.

Boating.—The short journey up the lake and across the International Boundary line to Glacier National Park is one taken by almost every visitor to the park. The distance is approximately seven miles, three miles of which are within United States territory. A power boat accommodating 250 passengers makes the journey twice daily, or oftener if traffic warrants. As the boat makes its way up the lake, the panorama grows in grandeur and beauty. To the east the rugged slopes of Vimy ridge descend to the water's brink. To the west lies the townsite with the grey twisted mass of mount Crandell and the green slopes of Bertha mountain rising above. The thin line visible on the latter's shoulder is the trail



Trout Fishing

going up to Bertha lake. Across the lake about four miles up, Hell Roaring creek comes tumbling in, foaming from its tormented course through a narrow canyon. Mount Boswell to the east and mount Richards to the west are the guardians of the Canadian gateway. Beyond, the fine peaks of mounts Campbell and Olson wall the lake to the right, with Goathaunt mountain to the left, while the curious Citadel peaks, like gigantic salt and pepper casters, and splendid mount Cleveland close the vista at the head of the lake. Two official boundary posts and a wide green swath cut through the forest on each side of the lake define the boundary line between the two countries but no customs officials are present to remind one of any greater barrier between the two national parks, which together form an international playground and wild life sanctuary probably unique in the world.

Topography.—The main valley of the park is that of Blakiston brook, which gathers up the waters of the whole northern half of the region and flows down into the Dardanelles between the Middle and Lower Waterton lakes. The park is entered from the east, by way of the valley of the Waterton river, which, just outside the mountains, broadens into a shallow extension known as Maskinonge lake, a good fishing ground for pike. Bellevue hill and Lake-view ridge form the outworks of the ranges with mount Galwey, directly west, rising as the first true peak. Across the lakes are seen the northwest faces of Sofa mountain and Vimy peak, or Sheep mountain, while the rugged mass of mount Crandell, formerly Bear mountain, runs eastward to the north of the golf links and towers directly above the townsite of Waterton Park. Between mount Crandell and Bertha mountain, Cameron creek flows into the Upper lake, bringing with it the tributary waters of the southern half of the park. The main trend of the ranges, as in other parts of the Rockies, is from northwest to southeast. The valleys between, as a rule, are green and wooded, watered by boulder-strewn noisy streams.

Climate.—The summer climate of the park is delightful, with warm sunny days, and a clear invigorating atmosphere. Autumn is characterized by heavy windstorms and winter by abundant snow. Electric storms in summer are rare and seldom violent and the warm even temperature makes camping out not only possible but delightful.

The cloud formations at nearly all times during the summer are remarkably beautiful. Their splendid massing above the great peaks, like new and loftier ranges, their purple shadows marching across the coloured slopes, their snowy foam shaping and re-shaping in reflection through the blue surface of the lake, give a special grace to the loveliness of the region. For artists and nature lovers the contrast between these impermanent cloud shapes—"these angels of a flying day"—that gather and float along the lower slopes; this

aerial architecture that melts and vanishes even as one gazes and the eternal unchangingness of the peaks, constitutes one of the greatest charms of the landscape in this park.

A meteorological phenomenon found among high mountains and noticeable in many places in Waterton Lakes Park is the night wind from the mountain tops. During the heat of the day the warm air rises from the valleys but at sunset a current of air from the peaks rushes downwards, bringing with it the scents of pines and larches and it may be of the flowers of some alpine meadows a couple of thousand feet above. This downward current is frequently noticeable at Cameron falls, at the base of Sofa mountain and in many other places in the park.

Colouring of Peaks.—One of the main characteristics of the park is the beautiful colouring of the rocks. Bands and splashes of tawny gold, greens, wine colours darkening to purple, make some of the peaks look like a futurist painting, and give to the whole region a warm and colourful appearance. In the northwestern part of the park is the curious Anderson peak, with its sharp pyramid formed of yellow shales, which at sunrise and sunset glisten like pure gold so that the mountain is facetiously known as the "Millionaire's peak." Others have summits of a warm red or beautifully banded slopes, so that no matter how grey the day be in the park, the mountains seldom become gloomy or oppressive.

Wild Life Sanctuaries.—Like all the other National Parks of Canada the reserve is an inviolable wild life sanctuary. Within the wide borders of the national playgrounds no wild creature may be stalked or hunted with anything more destructive than a camera or a pair of field glasses. To the wild animals themselves these regions must seem, no doubt, a sort of Paradise Regained. What they think about it, no one knows. Perhaps in their mythology they ascribe



Mother Bear and Cub

these strange conditions to some magic of the mountains which changes the nature of their ancient enemy, man. Outside the parks, they know, he is often a dangerous creature, walking with a long stick which breathes fire and roars like thunder and which can kill the strongest animal that roams. Within, he becomes friendly and can be trusted to do no harm. The news of man's metamorphosis seems to have been sent out among the mountains, broadcasted by some mysterious means among all the wild animals and in consequence each year the animal life shows increasing numbers coming into the park to breed.

There, as elsewhere, fine manners beget their like. Man's good behaviour meets a like response on the part of the animals. They put off their timidity and admit him to friendly relations. In Waterton Lakes Park one can see and study in their natural environment many interesting wild animals known to most people only in a zoo. Moose, elk, beaver, the bighorn sheep and the Rocky Mountain goat are found in numbers, deer are abundant and black bear are growing

each year more numerous and tame. The bear's large bump of curiosity and his incurable love of bacon and other delicacies to be found in man's environment bring him out into the open and often into the neighbourhood of the town itself. Except in the case of a mother bear separated from her cubs, or of a wounded or suddenly frightened animal, this clown of the woods is harmless. Along any trail you may meet him, sidling along on his big padded feet, swinging his furry head with its pig-like nose, and toeing in like an Indian. Yet it is always wise not to attempt familiarities. The temper of bears at close range is always uncertain and it is the part of wisdom to leave a wide margin of safety.



Bighorn or Rocky Mountain Sheep



Lady's Slipper

Wild Flowers and Trees.—To the botanist and nature lover, the native wild flowers and plants are exceptionally interesting, because here, within the park, the prairie flora and the mountain flora meet. In places indeed, these differing flora intermingle and specimens of the two species may be found growing in close proximity to each other. To the lover of flowers there is no sight more beautiful than one of these wild-flower gardens, blooming in May and June on the lower slopes and in the valleys, or in July carpeting the higher passes with delicate blossoms of every hue.

Yet there is no charm of the mountains more easily destroyed. Careless picking for a few seasons may exterminate a whole species from a neighbourhood. These fragile wild-flowers depend for their very existence upon the thoughtfulness and self restraint of those who love them.

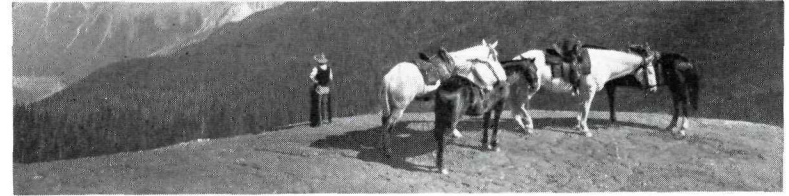
The principal trees are poplar, lodgepole pine and white-barked pine, the Douglas fir and the alpine fir, the Englemann spruce, and the mountain or alpine larch. The last, which is one of the most beautiful of the mountain trees, grows in the last belt approaching timberline and gives a special grace to many a high pass.



Prairie Crocus



Bunchberry



TRAILS

There is perhaps no place in the Rockies where trail riding is more enjoyable than in Waterton Lakes Park. Over 200 miles of trails, broad, well-made and so safe that not even the most timorous need feel alarm, are open to the visitor. Nearly a score of trips covering from one to three or four days can be arranged with the townsite as centre. The park is so compact that many visitors find it the best plan to cover one section on each trip, returning to the townsite for a rest and change of a day or two in between.

SOUTHEASTERN SECTION OF THE PARK

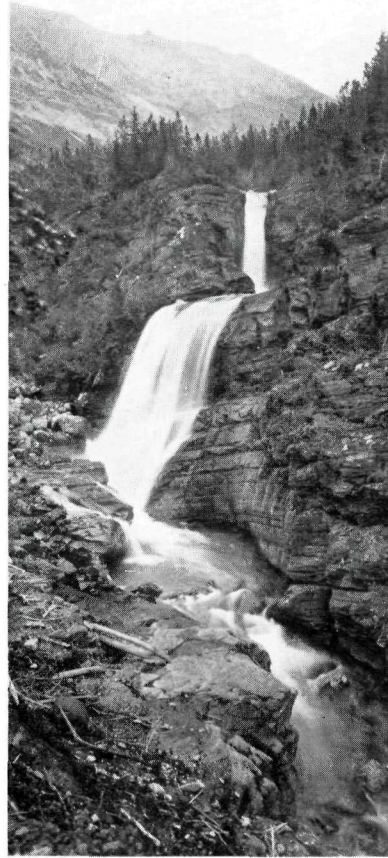
Cameron Falls.—Within a few minutes' walk to the west of the town is the charming Cameron falls, one of the most unique cascades in the Rockies. Here the hanging valley of Cameron creek, less deeply carved by its ancient branch glacier than the Waterton, joins the main valley. At the point of juncture horizontal beds of dolomitic rock have been tilted sharply upward so that the waters instead of leaping, as in most cases, over a horizontal barrier, pour tumultuously over this sharp diagonal, a great part of their mass sliding to the lower western end and there tumbling to the rocks below.

Sofa Mountain and Vimy Peak.—One of the best view points from which the lakes and the central portion of the park may be seen is Vimy peak, which rises to the east of the Upper lake almost directly opposite the town. A good trail leads to the summit from the east of the townsite and although the climb in some places is a bit stiff, on clear days the wide and beautiful panorama of mountain, prairie and lake which lies spread out below is certainly worth the effort involved. This summit was, in fact, called by Palliser "Observation Peak," because it supplied such an admirable point from which the general topography of the region might be studied. The mountain has long been a favourite resort of wild sheep and goat and before the park was created, was a favourite hunting ground of the Indians.

Hell Roaring Creek and Canyon.—Just south of the peak a small turbulent stream, known as Hell Roaring creek, which takes its rise in an unnamed lake at the International Boundary and flows between mount Boswell and Vimy peak, enters the lake. A short distance from its mouth the stream tears its way through a spectacular gorge with such fury that the early Westerner who first discovered it, gave it the characteristic and expressive name of "Hell Roaring Canyon." A good trail leads up the creek from its mouth almost to its headwaters, and affords a very spectacular view south, overlooking the United States Glacier National Park across the International Boundary.

Sofa Mountain.—The large mass just east of Vimy peak is known as Sofa mountain from the peculiar formation of its northern shoulder, which extends along the south side of the Middle lake like a gigantic couch. There is no trail to the summit but from the crossing of the Dardanelles a trail runs along the lower slopes connecting with the Vimy Peak trail to the west and Brown's trail to the east.

Pine Ridge and Belly River.—Those who desire an easy ride with opportunities for a good gallop should take the trail to the east—crossing the Dardenelles near the Government farm—and along the green ridges at the base of Sofa mountain. The long grassy slopes make it possible to ride almost everywhere and the views of the lower Waterton valley and the foothill country to the east are extremely fine. From this point a trail leads out to the Belly river, which may be followed to the south along both its north branch and main stream to Glacier National Park, or northward across the open prairies. The southern trail passes through the timber reserve of the Blood Indians, and follows the river to its forks.



Double Fall, Hell Roaring Creek



Bertha Lake and Brook

WESTERN SECTION

To Bertha Lake.—Another delightful excursion is to Bertha lake, a lovely mountain tarn which lies in a high cirque about 1,600 feet above Waterton lake. Leaving the townsite the trail follows the motor road past Cameron falls to the edge of the lake, then begins to climb through the woods along the slopes of mount Bertha. Crossing Bertha brook it ascends by a series of cleverly constructed switchbacks—twenty-two in all—the northern slopes of mount Richards. Lodgepole pines, tall spruces and silvery birches make a green shade overhead. Below, crowding the trail on each side, is a tangle of ferns and bracken, the picturesque devil's club and broad-leaved mulberry, with wild flowers of many hues and kinds. As the trail winds upward one catches glimpses of the lake lying ever farther below, till, rounding the last switchback, a thrilling panorama opens to view. Directly below lies the valley, shaped like an L, with the three lakes inlaying its floor. Opposite rise the steep slopes of Vimy ridge and Sofa mountain, the bright red bands of their shales showing vividly against the silken blue of the lake. Beyond the mountains, incredibly near, are the foothills, with the open prairies stretching away as far as the eye can see. On the green plain the farms and ranches are marked out distinctly, creating a curious ribbon-like or parterre effect. The coloured fields with the long blue scarves of the cloud shadows sweeping across them, the

trail of smoke which marks a passing train thirty miles away, the whole vast expanse stretching away to the great unbroken rim of the horizon, make up a panorama majestic as the sea itself.

Striking through the woods the trail climbs steadily upward accompanied by the music of Bertha brook, which goes laughing down to the right. Ahead, a wall or rock rises up, completely closing the valley. Over this rocky barrier, apparently out of the sky itself, pour the beautiful Bertha falls. Half-veiled through the thick green of the trees, they form a picture of superb beauty. Unlike most cataracts they do not fall in a single curtain but pour down the long inclined face of the rock, dashing their crystal waters into successive clouds of spray as they slip gracefully from mossy ledge to ledge, descending by great steps five hundred feet to the valley below.

Climbing up and over this rocky wall one discovers hidden away behind it a perfect little rocky amphitheatre, its floor inlaid with a lake, clear and glistening as a gem. The western end is shut in by a circular and almost perpendicular wall, deeply scored by some long vanished glacier, with wide horizontal bands, which from a distance resemble the tiers of a coliseum. The eastern end of the lake is low and sparsely wooded, with clumps of delicate harebells and ferns. High above, to the right, another waterfall tumbles from a little hidden glacier on mount Alderson to bury itself in the jade green waters of the lake.

It is a delicious place, so tranquil and secluded from the world, that one seems almost to have entered another existence.

"As lovely and enchanted
As ever by a waning moon was haunted."

In Scotland such a spot would have its halo of history or romance; some border robber or fugitive from justice might have made it his home, but here there are no traditions and until the lake was discovered a few years ago, probably no eyes had looked down upon it except those of the wild goat or the eagle. From the northeastern end of the lake flows the small stream which in a few yards slips over the precipice to form the beautiful Bertha falls.

Boundary Cabin Trail.—From the point where the Bertha Lake trail cuts into the woods, another trail leads south along the west shore of Waterton lake to the Glacier National Park. This is a charming ride of only a few miles. Now and again the trail touches the shore of the lake and from one of the many rocky headlands, affords delightful views. From this height the lake's expanse appears to be one great rock crystal. Its shores are broken by numerous little bays and wooded headlands, with clean pebbly beaches in between.

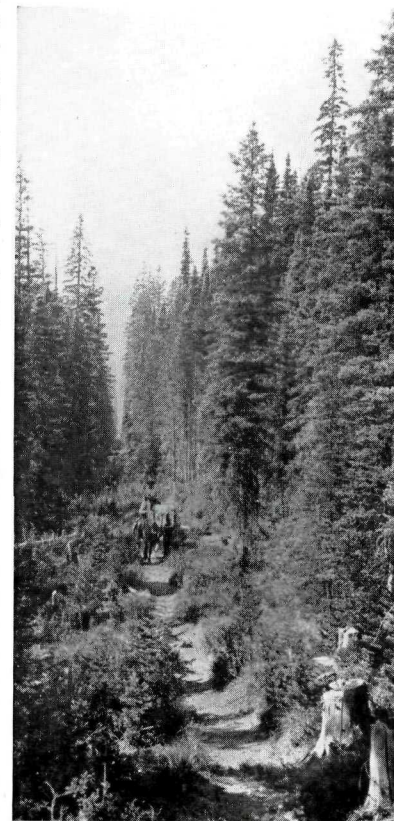
At the boundary there is a grassy opening and almost on the line a park warden's cabin has been built. Passing the monument

which marks the dividing line between Canada and the United States, as well as between the Waterton Lakes Park and Glacier Park, the trail proceeds southward into the Glacier Park for about half a mile, then turns westward and, winding through deep woods, crosses and re-crosses West Boundary creek. The vegetation here is so luxuriant that the horses are lost in green to their middles. Great brackens brush the stirrups at every step and the crushed fragrance mingles with the resinous incense of withered pine needles. The bed of West Boundary creek is of red shales and its many boulders and pebbles gleam warmly through the pale greenish-white water of the stream. In about six miles the trail turns northward, then westward, and for another half-mile travels on that little green no-man's land which marks the dividing line between the two great countries; then it begins to climb by a series of easy switchbacks to Boundary pass. As it rises the views grow ever lovelier and more extensive revealing two little glacier-fed lakes lying in rocky cirques on the United States side. They are of a beautiful peacock blue, and from this height resemble two bits of bright enamel.

Boundary pass is open and park-like, with grassy meadows, small groves and clumps of pines and larches. A small tarn known as Summit lake lies in the centre of the pass.

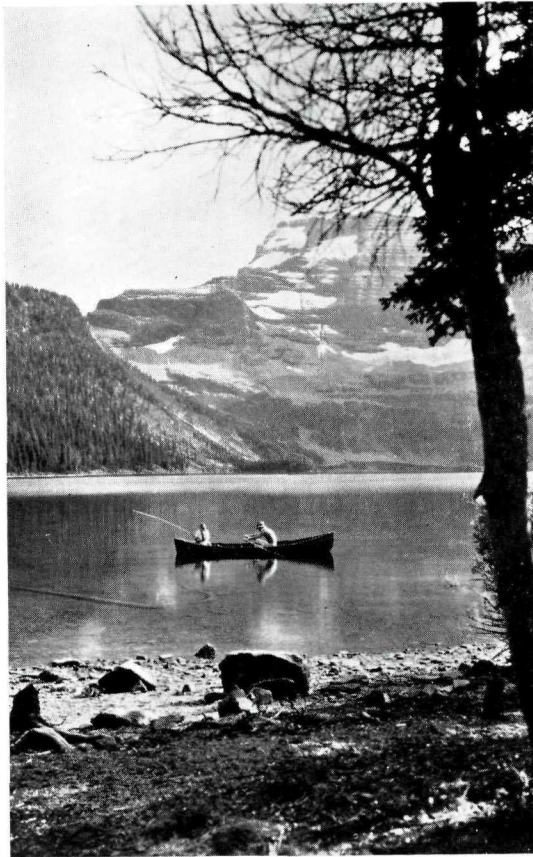
About a mile away, on the south side, is another rocky amphitheatre, walled in by cliffs of warm red sandstone, with a crystalline blue lake, as yet unnamed, lying at their base.

Cameron Lake and Valley.—From the western end of the pass the trail winds down by easy switchbacks to Cameron lake, another charming cirque lake, about one mile and a half long by half a mile wide. Its waters are of a crystal clarity, although the bare grey limestone walls of the surrounding cliffs reflected through them give a milky appearance which makes them seem opaque.



The Green No Man's Land that Separates Canada and the United States

At Cameron lake the trail merges with the motor road leading to the lake from the fork of the Akamina highway about one mile distant. This highway, leaving the townsite, follows up the valley of Cameron creek and at present ends a few hundred yards west of the junction of the road to Cameron lake. This is the route to



Cameron Lake and Mount Forum

As one goes down the valley, mount Carthew rises in bold slopes to the right running into the Cameron ridge. On the left is seen mount Rowe and the striking grey tower of mount Lineham. At Lineham creek a trail leads up the valley to three beautiful lakes which lie high up behind the mountain on its west side.

Rounding the northern shoulder of Cameronian mountain and turning to the southeast, the road continues to follow Cameron creek, which is here a turbulent stream flowing between rugged walls. As the valley narrows the scenery becomes more and more picturesque until, ascending a steep slope, one sees ahead a blue corner of Waterton lake near the townsite, with familiar Vimy ridge and Sofa mountain beyond, and realizes that the circle is complete.

This is the route to Akamina pass, the lowest and easiest pass across the Divide, which will form the crossing for this new highway. This highway, when completed, will link up Waterton Lakes Park and Glacier National Park in the United States with British Columbia.

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Carthew Lakes.—One of the newest trails in the park is the Carthew Lakes trail, which starts from the townsite below Cameron falls and ends at Cameron lake, a distance of ten miles. This trail has become one of the most popular in Waterton Lakes Park, for not only does some of the finest scenery in the park lie along its route, but the trip is also quite spectacular. No visitor to the park who can afford the time should miss this trip, which requires only one day.

Leaving the townsite below Cameron falls, the trail starts up the eastern slope of Bertha mountain, then taking a switchback, climbs out of the woods to the very brink of a sheer cliff, towering above Cameron falls. The roar of the falls from the valley below may be heard, while beyond stretches the wide low panorama of the townsite until it merges with the waters of Upper Waterton lake. The trail then plunges into a deep forest of pines, spruce and Douglas fir, through which one may glimpse from time to time the enticing rippled pools and smooth carved rocks far below in the foaming course of Cameron creek.

For the next few miles the way ascends gradually, hemmed in between the rugged slopes of the Cameronian and Alderson mountains, and crossing Alderson creek it reaches Alderson lake, a small body of crystal water lying at the foot of mount Alderson. Skirting the edge of this lake, the trail then leaves the treeline and breaks out onto the open shale slopes of Carthew mountain, to reach the shores of Carthew lakes, at an altitude of 6,000 feet.

For impressive grandeur, the Carthew lakes challenge comparison with other lakes of the park. Lying in a typical mountain cirque, they are bounded on three sides by the curving arc of rock that forms the northern face of mount Alderson. Tearing down these rocky cliffs turbulent little streams lose themselves in the deep snowbanks that border the lakes, even in late summer.

From Carthew lakes the trail descends a mountain slope by a series of switchbacks for about two miles, where it joins the West Boundary-Cameron Lake trail, two miles distant from Cameron lake, the end of the journey.

NORTHERN SECTION OF THE PARK

Blakiston Brook.—Blakiston brook, the main valley of the park, was the route in early days to the South Kootenay pass. This valley affords a delightful trail trip which can be extended so as to cover from two or three days to a week. If one has little time at his disposal the trip may be restricted to the small loop encircling mount Crandell. Leaving the townsite the trail turns east and follows the motor road until it crosses Blakiston brook. Swinging north, it runs for about a mile and a half along a wagon road, then turns west and follows the north shore of the stream, with mount

Crandell to the south and mount Galwey to the north. Crossing the stream it runs up Crandell Creek valley with mount Blakiston to the right and, passing Crandell lake, joins the valley of Cameron creek, returning to the townsite as before.

Anyone who has sufficient time, however, will find it well worth while to continue the trip up the Blakiston valley past its junction with Bauerman brook to the forks of its headwaters, thence following Lone brook to the South Kootenay pass.

As one goes up the valley the most striking features are the splendid mass of mount Blakiston to the south, and the beautiful golden tower of mount Anderson which closes the valley ahead.

At the eastern base of Lone mountain the old Indian trail branches off to the South Kootenay pass, following the valley of Lone brook, while the valley of Blakiston brook branches southward between Lone mountain and mount Hawkins. The headwaters of both branches are well stocked with trout running up to several pounds in weight.

The approach to the South Kootenay pass is steep and rugged although the pass itself is scarcely more than a lower elevation of the watershed ridge. It lies about seven and a half miles north of the International Boundary and has an altitude of 6,903 feet. From the western end trails descend northward to Sage creek or southward to the valley of Kishinena creek and thence to the Flathead valley or by way of Akamina brook to Akamina pass.

Akamina Pass.—From Cameron lake to Akamina pass is scarcely more than a mile, the western shore of the lake being walled by the rugged escarpment which forms the Divide. As has been said this pass was chosen for the new motor highway which will eventually make possible a great circle connecting the highways of the two national parks and linking up with existing provincial and state roads. The pass has an altitude of only 5,835 feet and there are easy gradients on both sides of the watershed. The summit itself is extremely picturesque, bounded on the south by a precipitous rocky wall from which a rocky ridge, like a giant causeway, projects at right angles.

Forum and Wall Lakes.—Just west of Akamina pass are two charming lakes, cradled in empty cirques high up on the bold escarpment of the western side of the Divide. The valleys in which they lie form perfect amphitheatres, with circling walls rising directly from the water and giving rise to the names Forum and Wall lakes. Wall lake is reached by an easy trail.

Bauerman Brook.—The Bauerman valley leads northward to an extremely interesting region. The stream takes its rise in three small nameless lakes almost on the Divide. From the fork of Blakiston brook, the trail winds up the valley with the fine mass



On the Akamina Highway

of mount Glendowan to the northeast and Newman peak directly north. Mount Anderson, Lost mountain and mount Bauerman rise to the south. At the forks of its two headwaters the trail follows the northern stream to within about a mile of the Divide, and there crossing the Avion ridge, drops down into the valley of Castle river.

This region, though outside the park, forms a delightful trail extension and is frequently taken by visitors. Excellent fishing is found in many small streams. From the Cache, a few miles farther on, a trail branches off up the valley of Bovin creek, to Bovin lake, a beautiful little gem of water on the lower slopes of Drywood mountain. If desired, this trail may be followed east to the foothills, and by way of the outside of the ranges, southward between Lakeview ridge and mount Galwey to the townsite.

The wide grassy meadows in the neighbourhood of Bovin lake were the pasture ground for large herds of horses in the days when the Indians roamed in sole possession of the land. Now they are a rich big-game region. On the slopes of the nearby mountains one is almost sure to see a herd of sheep or goats and to meet deer or, very probably, bear. The lake, too, yields good fishing, and attracts many sportsmen on that account.

Castle river, fed by many tributaries, drains the whole northern section of the region and flows out to the prairies as a stream of considerable size to join Old Man river. Its name is due to its association with Windsor mountain and ridge which border it to the east

for many miles. Many of the small streams which flow down to join the Castle contain trout. Beaver Mines lake, at the base of Table mountain is also a good fishing ground and a frequent resort of anglers. Crossing Table brook, the trail proceeds north to the junction with the Scarpe river, and crossing the augmented stream follows the river along the base of Carbondale hill.

TRAIL TRIPS RADIATING FROM WATERTON TOWNSITE

1. LAKE SHORE.—From the southern end of the townsite via the western shore of Waterton Lake to the International Boundary, 4.9 miles.

Extension Trip—

Bertha Lake.—Leaving the lake shore trail at Bertha brook, thence westerly to Bertha lake, 4 miles.

2. CARTHEW LAKES.—From the townsite to Cameron falls, then up valley of Carthew creek, via Alderson creek, to Alderson and Carthew lakes. Thence west to West Boundary-Cameron Lake trail to Cameron lake, 10 miles.

3. HELL ROARING CANYON.—By boat from the townsite, two miles to the mouth of the canyon on the eastern shore of the lake, thence up the canyon by trail.

4. BELLY RIVER.—Leaving the motor road at Pass Creek bridge, proceeding east and crossing the Dardanelles, thence via Sofa creek and Pine ridge to the cabin on Belly river and up the river to the International Boundary, 14.8 miles.

Extension Trips—

Old Mill, Tough Creek.—From the crossing of the Belly river east to the Old Mill and thence down Tough creek to the east boundary of the park, 9 miles.

Lees Creek.—From the Old Mill south and then east to Lees Creek cabin at the east boundary, 7 miles.

Mount View.—From Belly River cabin to the north boundary and thence to Mount View (1.4 miles inside the park), 9 miles.

Vimy Ridge.—From the Dardanelles along the east shore and up Vimy ridge, 4.6 miles.

Sofa Mountain.—Fork from Vimy Peak trail along lower slopes, 2 miles.

North Fork.—From the junction of the North Fork and Belly rivers, up the Fork to the International Boundary, 5.6 miles.

5. BLAKISTON BROOK.—From Pass Creek bridge up Blakiston brook to junction with Bauerman brook, 7 miles.

Extension Trips—

Bauerman Brook.—From junction of Blakiston brook up Bauerman brook to Sage Creek pass and Interprovincial Boundary, 8 miles.

South Kootenay.—From the junction of Bauerman brook and Blakiston brook to the South Kootenay pass, 8 miles.

6. HORSESHOE.—From the motor road at Pass Creek cabin, northwesterly to Yarrow Creek cabin at the northerly extremity of the park, 12.5 miles.

7. MOUNT LINEHAM.—From the Akamina highway up Lineham brook, 2 miles.

8. CAMERON LAKE.—From Cameron lake southeasterly over the mountain to the International Boundary and thence following along the United States side to join the Lake Shore trail, 9.2 miles.

Thirty

NOTES

A resident Superintendent supervises the administration of Waterton Lakes Park. Visitors desiring information may make inquiries at the Government Information Bureau, which adjoins the Administration building. The Information Bureau is open daily from 9 a.m. to 9 p.m. during the summer season. Motorists should make themselves familiar with the Traffic and Motor Regulations of the National Parks of Canada, copies of which may be obtained free of charge on request.

Motor Licences.—No fee is charged for motorists within the park but all motorists are required to register for record purposes.

Camping.—The Government campsite is located at the south end of the townsite, and contains an area of 35 acres. A number of shelters have been constructed for the convenience of campers, and these are equipped with stoves, benches and tables. In addition to the camp caretaker's office, there is a large community building, with lounge room. Camping permits are issued at the rate of one dollar per month per tent, and may be obtained from the office of the camp caretaker, or from the Administration Building in the townsite.

Bathing.—Bathing may be enjoyed at lake Linnet, where a Government bath house is at the disposal of visitors. Bathing suits and towels must be supplied personally. There is a privately-operated swimming pool on Cameron Falls drive in the townsite. The dimensions of the tank are 66 feet by 30 feet, and the water varies from 3 to 8 feet in depth. There are dressing rooms for ladies and gentlemen.

Accommodation.—Ample accommodation is provided for tourists. Rates at the different hotels will be furnished on application. Furnished chalets and cottages can be rented, while rooms are also available at moderate cost. There are several restaurants open at all hours.

Recreation.—The Government has constructed tennis courts, situated on Cameron Falls drive, which may be used free of charge. An excellent eighteen-hole golf course is available for play at the following rates—

One Round.....	50c.	One Day.....	\$1
One Week.....	\$3	One Month.....	\$10
Season (Ladies).....	\$10	Season (Gentlemen).....	\$15

Fires.—The fire hazard is enhanced by promiscuous camping and it is to the interest of visitors to reduce the danger to a minimum by using the public camping grounds provided. These are maintained for the benefit and convenience of motorists at suitable points.

Build your campfire on dirt. Scrape around it, removing all inflammable material within a radius of from 3 to 5 feet. Put your fire out. In ten minutes go back and put it out again. Never build a campfire against a tree or log, in leaf mould or in rotten wood. Build all fires away from overhanging branches.

Hundreds of fires escape each year after campers have thought they were extinguished. It is advisable to soak thoroughly all embers and charred pieces of wood and then cover them with dirt. Feel around the outer edge of the fire to make sure no fire is smouldering in charred roots or leaf mould.

Break your match before you throw it away. Make it a habit. Drop pipe, cigar or cigarette ashes only on dirt. Then stamp them out.

Should you discover a forest fire report it immediately to the chief warden or the nearest park official.

Camp Etiquette.—Keep camps clean. Leave them clean. Burn or bury all refuse promptly—even tin cans—to prevent flies and to get it out of sight.

Reqn. 5675.

Thirty-one

THE NATIONAL PARKS OF CANADA

ALBERTA

Banff Park.....	2,585	square miles
Buffalo Park.....	197.5	“
Elk Island Park.....	51	“
Jasper Park.....	4,200	“
Nemiskam Park.....	8.5	“
Waterton Lakes Park.....	220	“
Wawaskesy Park.....	54	“

BRITISH COLUMBIA

Glacier Park.....	521	“
Kootenay Park.....	587	“
Mount Revelstoke Park.....	100	“
Yoho Park.....	507	“

MANITOBA

Riding Mountain Park.....	1,148.04	“
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NEW BRUNSWICK

Fort Beausejour Park.....	59	(acres)
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NOVA SCOTIA

Fort Anne Park.....	31	(acres)
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ONTARIO

Georgian Bay Islands Park.....	5.37	square miles
Point Pelee Park.....	6.04	“
St. Lawrence Islands Park.....	180.8	(acres)

SASKATCHEWAN

Prince Albert Park.....	1,869	square miles
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18 Parks..... 12,059.8 square miles

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