

## Warden Dean Shirritt Allan

Dean became involved with Canada's National Parks in 1937 at the age of nine when his father became a Park Warden in Riding Mountain National Park in Manitoba. Pursuing a lifestyle he knew and loved, in 1951 Dean became a seasonal Park Warden in Riding Mountain, a start of 34 years in the Warden Service. In 1952 he became a full-time Park Warden and from 1952 to 1956 he had a number of Warden postings in Riding Mountain National Park.

In January 1957 Dean accepted the opportunity to transfer from Sugar Loaf Station on the north side of Riding Mountain, near the town of Grandview, to a district on the west side of Prince Albert National Park called Sturgeon Crossing. Mickey McMillan, the warden at 'the Crossing', his wife Audrey and daughter Doreen moved to Sugar Loaf while Dean, his wife Mildred, sons Grant age 5 and six month old Barry took up residence at the Crossing.



*Dean Allan, 1984*

A dramatic feature of the Crossing was the location of the Warden Station – the house was perched prominently on top of the high bank facing west across the river valley. The view west and north (up the river valley) was spectacular, and the Warden Station could be seen for miles when approaching from either the north or west.

Like most rural habitations of that era, the Crossing Warden Station was a one-storey, ranch style house, except the exterior had simulated log siding. Early stations were generally divided in two with one-half of the house consisting of a main room and the other half separated in two, usually a kitchen and bedroom or two bedrooms as needs be. Crossing had this basic floor plan on the south with the addition of a 22 foot combined kitchen and dining room on the north. The house had a partial basement, a good portion of which consisted of a large rainwater cistern located under the kitchen.

The Warden station was heated by wood, with a cook stove in the kitchen while in the basement there was also a 45 gallon fuel barrel which had been bricked in and converted into a primitive wood burning furnace. One floor register was centrally located above the 'furnace' to transfer heat to the whole house. Insulation, however, was *meager*, if at all present; a good-sized woodpile of quality wood was required to keep the house warm during the winter and the warden kept a keen eye on his woodpile. Wood supplies were often fire-killed stock much to the dismay of anyone stoking the fire!

The Crossing Warden Station was also notorious for its 60-foot deep well that unfortunately only supplied a minimal amount of very hard water that had to be shared between the two warden horses

and the house. One blessing was the large cistern, which helped overcome the well's shortfall. Since indoor plumbing had not yet arrived, there was a path out back (to the east) where one could take the opportunity to read the Eaton's catalogue or contemplate life.

Yard buildings at the Crossing were comprised of a single-vehicle garage, set back to the east of the house about 100 feet. A small bunkhouse was on the north-east corner of the garage, and approximately 75 feet north of the garage/bunkhouse across the lawn was a three stable barn with attached hay shed. Upkeep and yard maintenance were just part of the Warden's job and with a good supply of brushes and brooms and a push lawn-mower, the Warden station always had an air of 'respectability' about it complete with the Canadian flag atop the prominent pole. *(As of October 2004, the original structure remaining at the Crossing was the garage. A new Warden cabin had been erected, the site of the cabin was set back more from the edge of the river hill, and slightly north-east of the site of the original Warden Station).*

For Wardens with families, schooling was often a hardship – and the Crossing was no exception. Schooling alternatives were home-schooling (and isolation from peer groups), boarding school, mother and children moving to an area nearer a school, or making use of the rough roads to access the nearest public school to the Warden Station – which is what the family at Crossing did. Lake Four was a one-room school approximately five miles from the Station, and school attendance was heavily dictated by weather and road conditions, often requiring home-schooling as support. For limited immediate household needs and postal service, there was also a general store in the small community of Park Valley, some 10 miles southwest of the Crossing.

'District' business at the Crossing was similar to Sugar Loaf in Riding Mountain in that lumbering and wood cutting; haying and cattle grazing were activities prevalent within the Park. Those desiring to utilize the Park woods or hay fields were required to purchase a permit from the Warden for a nominal fee per cord of wood, per board foot of lumber, per ton of hay, or per head for cattle- depending on what the relevant activity was. When the usage permit was filled in, it required signatures of the permit applicant and the permit was to be submitted to head office. Outstanding permits were not popular items for discussion when year-end (April) arrived.

Trees for lumber harvest had to be stamped by the Warden before cutting. It was also the Warden's duty to monitor and measure the piled cordwood amounts to check that the amount matched the permit limit. In the case of lumber, a scaling rule similar to a heavy yard stick was used, except the scaling rule had specific numbers that allowed the Warden to measure the diameter of the log and its length to determine the appropriate amount of board feet that had been harvested. Hay measurements were more random generally estimated by the 'rack' load, and the head count of cattle permitted to graze would sometimes vary from the number on the permit and needed to be checked from time to time.

It was prudent for the Warden to visit each site frequently where activities were being conducted, and a visit often combined Park 'business' with a social occasion. Most woods workers in the Park would haul into the Park a small cabin or tent, where they could spend the week, generally returning to their homes

on the weekends for a break and restocking of supplies. Typically community relations meant, at this time, “know thy neighbors”, which Dean accepted as a positive part of his duties and he appreciated the acquaintances fostered in the wood blocks and hay fields. During his second year at the Crossing Dean encouraged the community of young men at Park Valley to take out timber permits which provided enough lumber to build a one sheet curling rink with an attached outdoor skating rink which served the area for many winters.

The west boundary trail was an important park road, which connected the Crossing with Boundary Warden Station to the north, and Rabbit Creek and Silver Grove Warden Stations to the south. At the time, the west boundary trail was the surest and safest road in the area and most community residents surrounding the park used the trail as a primary transportation route. Considerable effort was made to keep this road passable at all times of the year.

The Park vehicle Dean had when he arrived at the Crossing was a Power Wagon, an early model four-wheel-drive truck that was rugged and reliable, but slow. Dean was expected to make a monthly trip to Prince Albert where the Park’s head office and Park garage were temporarily located during the winter months. The direct route to Prince Albert was south of the west boundary trail to the south boundary, east on the south boundary road to highway #2, then south on highway #2 to Prince Albert. The drive would take upwards of two hours one-way depending on road conditions, but at the same time the lengthy trip provided an opportunity to stock up on essential items. Dean, as his fellow Wardens did as well, took this opportunity to visit other Warden Stations along the way, stopping to enquire if they had needs that could be taken care of on his trip.

“Dropping in for coffee” by fellow Wardens was always considered an expected Park practice. Although other Warden Stations may not have been the closest neighbors to your own Warden Station, Wardens and their families were the people on whom your life depended in many instances, and every opportunity was taken to maintain contact. The camaraderie among the Wardens and their families was, as a result, an unspoken bond that forged many life-long friendships.

Dean arrived at Crossing Warden Station in early winter of 1956/57. Winter was often the most isolated time of the year due to short daylight hours and bitterly cold conditions, and maintaining vigilance over a new district was challenging. Horseback had been the primary method of patrol during winter, but about this time Dean was introduced to a tracked snow vehicle called a ‘Bombardier’, a more modern method of accessing remote regions of the district. On a particular occasion Dean left early one morning for a patrol into the interior using the Bombardier, with the intention of being back before nightfall. Nightfall came, no Dean. At well past supper time wardens in the adjacent districts were notified by forestry phone that Dean was overdue, and it was agreed that come dawn they would investigate his whereabouts. There was no sense of panic given Dean’s outdoor experience. Well after midnight, Dean did arrive back at the Crossing – on foot. The Bombardier had broken down at almost the farthest extent of the patrol, and it being un-repairable, Dean elected to back-track to Crossing on foot. Having walked some eight hours through the cold winter night, his humor for the new form of winter patrol was seriously hampered. Throughout Dean’s career he would muse “that a horse had

never left him stranded,” a direct reference to this incident and his subtle reminder that change was not always for the best.

During one particularly harsh winter season shortly after arriving at the Crossing, elk herds were posing a major problem for farmers immediately adjacent to the Park boundary. Food meant for wintering cattle herds was disappearing at an alarmingly high rate and a lot of fences were damaged. It was decided the Park’s population of bull elk along the west boundary needed to be culled. This meant Wardens were kept very busy with an elk reduction program. During the cull truckloads of butchered elk were a common sight at the Crossing. So as not to be wasteful, selected institutions in Prince Albert utilized most of the meat produced by the cull. Before the project started Dean had been an ardent sportsman hunter but after a winter of culling elk his desire to hunt was never the same.

Spring ‘break-up’ often brought horrendous road conditions, which fortunately the winch-equipped Power Wagon was usually able to handle. This was also the time of year when ‘busy beavers’ began their yearly ritual of building dams, plugging culverts and flooding roads. Dean’s admiration for the dedication and tenacity of the beaver soon engendered oaths and threats, which by the end of a summer of unplugging culverts and controlling dam heights would deteriorate into “those damn beavers”.

Summer was the season for forest fires - the Warden’s greatest worry. Two fire towers covered the Crossing district. One was the Boundary tower approximately 20 miles to the north and the other was at Rabbit Creek 15 miles to the south. Seasonal employees who had a particular ability to endure the solitude and isolation of a fire tower manned both towers throughout the summer. Again the Warden of a district was the lifeline. Testing of fire equipment during the summer months was a constant activity. Hoses, pumps, shovels, axes and emergency tents and rations were routinely checked, lined-up and made ready to go. Throughout the fire season a good part of Dean’s time involved dropping in on fire towers and making sure fire equipment was at full readiness. A forest fire was feared as the biggest damaging risk to the Park, and every effort was taken to limit its destructive impact.

One of Dean’s often-recalled experiences occurred during fire season. A lightning strike had started a fire which was detected the next morning by a fire tower and deemed to be a ‘spot fire’. A small group of local Wardens, seasonal personnel and equipment were quickly rallied to the fire site in an attempt to contain it before it became uncontrollable, time being the essential element. Access to the fire was by pre-existing trails into the interior and one of the older Wardens known as ‘Shorty’ was first to arrive at the site and had taken responsibility for coordinating ‘the fight’. By the time Dean arrived, equipment was being pulled off vehicles and men were hastily preparing to make the final trek to the fire. Dean described the scene as a beehive of activity. Just as Dean found Shorty, the somewhat green fire crew approached Shorty and asked, “what should they do now”? To their apparent surprise Shorty responded it was “time to make a pot of tea”. Over a pot of tea Shorty talked about what needed to be done, and tasked each of the small fire crew members with a responsibility. The spot fire was successfully contained and extinguished, but in Dean’s mind “Shorty’s fire skills’ were more an example of being cool-headed under pressure.

The Forestry phone line was a special concern during fire season. A specific bend in the Sturgeon River lined up with a fairly open expanse of exposed phone line, which seemed to attract an unusual number of lightning strikes. A 'strike' resulted in splintered telephone poles and smoky circles on the walls where the phone line entered the Warden Station and of course isolation until the poles were replaced and lines repaired. On a humid summer day when there was a risk of thunderstorm activity not only were there concerns about a forest fire starting but also it was advisable to stay off the phone.

'Haying' was also a summer activity which the Park permitted on a number of naturally-occurring meadows east and south of the Crossing station. Ongoing monitoring of this activity was required, but actual haying did not exclude the Warden Service. For years a field on the south boundary between the Mayview turn-off and the paved highway to Waskesiu was 'hayed' by Park staff. The hay was stockpiled in the field, and Wardens used this fodder during the winter months to sustain a buffalo herd in a winter paddock and to feed Park patrol horses kept at many Warden Stations. The haying season ritual brought all the Wardens together for a few days each year with hard work, fellowship and the usual pranks.

Fall brought hunting season, and a common strategy for hunters was to stealthily occupy fields immediately adjacent to the Park boundary, and wait for sunrise to occur. Wounded animals would retreat back into the Park, but for a hunter to follow required that a Warden be present, which then often led to a protracted process of tracking. The fall hunting season was a particularly busy period for Wardens on the south and west boundary districts where there were a number of farmers' fields and community pastures bordering the Park.

In regions adjacent to the Park, fur trapping and big-game hunting were common pastimes whether they were permitted or not. These activities were often in conflict with the Park and required ongoing monitoring for encroachment (poaching). Warden's time required many long hours on patrol checking for evidence of these activities, initially on horseback then progressively more by vehicle as modes of transport became better. While the Crossing district did not have the same level of poaching activity Dean had experienced in Riding Mountain National Park, he was on a constant vigil for signs of illicit activity. Random patrols of potentially attractive 'fur-bearing' streams and creeks, sometimes for a number of days and with a fellow Warden and spot checks of vehicles traveling the west boundary trail were important means of maintaining vigilance. Part of this diligence involved patrolling 'the boundary', the well-defined but remote cut-line through the forest that defined the Park's physical limits, looking for signs of surreptitious intrusions into the Park. It was seen as a Warden's duty to guard his district against poaching by attempting to monitor all activities that went on within it. This sense of protecting one's district engendered a pride and devotion in being 'a Warden' – a pervasive sense of guardian spirit that existed in the Warden Service.

On one such patrol, Dean was puzzled by unusual tracks crossing into the Park, and stopped to examine the prints. Following the tracks deeper into the woods, he discovered that the unusual 'animal track' became human footprints, and near to where the footprints started were crudely constructed boots designed to mimic hooves. In the resulting trial for illegal hunting, a well-known and persistent defense attorney cross-examined Dean in minute detail regarding his reasons for investigating the tracks. This was a not-so-veiled-attempt by the attorney to discredit him, successfully irritating Dean. The defense

attorney directly questioned Deans ability to identify an elk print from any other hoofed print, and Dean's frustration boiled over with the declaration "he'd been a Warden for 15 years and been raised in a Park – and if he did not know an elk track by now, he never would". The presiding trial judge immediately chimed "good enough for me" putting an end to the cross-examination and the trial.

On another occasion, well after dark, Dean met a vehicle traveling slowly along the west boundary trail. He signaled for the vehicle to stop, which it failed to do, speeding up after it had passed his vehicle. Dean turned around as quickly as he could, ultimately catching up with the vehicle a few miles down the trail. While a four-wheel-drive Park truck could never be considered a preferred vehicle for pursuit, Dean's knowledge of the trail from countless trips on it more than compensated for what the truck lacked, and when he signaled again for the vehicle to stop, it did. An inspection of the vehicle did not yield firearms, and after hearing the occupant's protracted excuses and apologies for not having stopped earlier, Dean had no reason to detain them further, however, Dean was not satisfied and decided to slowly backtrack up the road closely watching for signs where a vehicle may have stopped. Sure enough, at a small road marker were tire tracks that indicated a vehicle had pulled to the edge of the road, and on closer examination by flashlight, he found two 'unsealed' firearms at the base of the marker. Along with another Warden from the neighboring district, the location was 'staked out' and a trap was set. In time the vehicle returned, and the trap was sprung.

A number of changes occurred in the Park during Dean's years at the Crossing. Late in the fall of 1957 electricity came to the Warden Station and what a joy! Shortly thereafter, power plants were installed in remote Warden Stations deep inside the Park that were unable to access the Saskatchewan Power service. In the mid 1960s two-way radio communication arrived, dramatically reducing the sense of isolation and removing much of the urgent need for the forestry phone. Not only did each Warden Station have a radio, but all Park vehicles were equipped. In addition new portable radios could be taken on horse or walking patrol. No longer was the Warden alone, and the whole new language of communication had to be learned. Also during this time the Park abolished grazing, haying and lumbering as acceptable activities. However, Park roads were upgraded and traffic to the best fishing lakes like Ness and Miriah (Nesslin) increased, requiring Dean to monitor and spot-check this increased travel activity.

In February 1964 Dean transferred to Silver Grove Warden Station on the south side of the Park, approximately 2 miles east of where the provincial road from Shellbrook entered the National Park. Warden duties here were similar to the Crossing, except the road passing the Warden station connected a busy provincial road with the highway leading to Waskesiu from Prince Albert. Roads on the south side of the park were definitely better, and easy access to the community store, post office, school, curling rink and service station at Cookson, approximately 5 miles southwest of the Warden Station, was an appreciated treat.

Silver Grove Warden Station consisted of a house with three bedrooms, large living room, kitchen, bathroom and full basement, and was complete with good water, sewer, propane stove and oil furnace. The yard itself was larger than the Crossing's and was comprised of two large garages (one with bunkhouse) and an old two – stable barn. All buildings at Silver Grove had simulated log siding. The

yard had a particularly large expanse of lawn paralleling the highway, and there was a large organic garden on the south side of the house. The Warden Station itself was set back approximately 50 feet from the road, and the long axis of the house paralleled the road. The bigger yard at Silver Grove needed more care and upkeep, but given the more modern conveniences available at Silver Grove, the amount of extra time required to keep the Station in good working order was minimal compared to the Crossing. *(Unfortunately, Silver Grove Warden Station has been completely dismantled, and all that remains is a concrete pad which was used to anchor the flag pole, and a set of concrete steps adjacent to the road).*

The greater amount of vehicle traffic on the south side of the Park presented a different set of issues for Dean, as better access led to more fishing and camping. Fishing was a particularly popular pastime, and was often heavily concentrated at Camp One and Fish Lake, two lakes accessed by vehicle by an interior road just off the main Park road. Patrol of campsites and lake monitoring became a large part of Dean's daily duties, and he often commented he felt more like a 'highway Warden', a comment on how much time he spent in the Park truck.

While at Silver Grove, winter travel advanced with the introduction of reliable and cheap snowmobiles. Dean was quick to realize the advantages of the 'ski-doo', and before National Parks had developed an appreciation for this new form of travel Dean purchased an early model ski-doo and used it regularly for winter patrol. Having learned earlier the lesson that one could get dangerously distant from help if the machine developed problems, the portable two-way radio became standard equipment on winter patrols. With acceptance of the ski-doo as a viable means of winter patrol and with the security of two-way radio, two Park horses stabled at Silver Grove were used infrequently and no longer practical, marking a significant change in Dean's career – never again did he use a horse for patrol.

During Dean's residency at Silver Grove the Park received a query from a farmer in the Kinistino community regarding a timber wolf pup that had been dug out of a den and was raised by the farmer's son. The youth had to take employment away from the farm and the family found the 'a handful' and was anxious to find a new home for the half-grown wolf. Silver Grove Warden Station was seen as an ideal location for female pup reintroducing the wolf pup into its natural world so Dean accepted 'Tammy' and the challenge of reintroduction.

Initially, Tammy was tethered to a long length of old telephone wire strung between two poles erected in the unused horse pasture with the intent that she would be freed once she became familiar with her surroundings. The telephone wire was strung through a ring, and a long length of light chain connected Tammy to the ring. In this way, the young wolf could run up and down the length of the wire, getting ample exercise. Late Halloween evening Dean and family returned home to find the wolf gone. Dean was certain the neighboring warden, a prankster, was to blame for the disappearance. Closer examination revealed that the clip connecting Tammy's chain to the telephone wire had parted, meaning Tammy had taken off with some 20 feet of chain. There was apprehension whether Tammy would ever be seen again, but the next morning Dean and family patrolled the road to the east, stopping at intervals and calling for Tammy. Finally a low howl was heard off in the distance! Unsure as to the distance, or even if in fact it was Tammy, Dean headed off in the direction of the howl, periodically

shouting her name. The howling continued until Dean finally found its source – Tammy. Her length of chain had hooked itself on a dead log, and she was unable to proceed. Dean unhooked the chain, and Tammy ran home with Dean on the end of the chain. After that, she was allowed to run free.

What a gorgeous animal Tammy was – kind, gentle, submissive, but totally untrained in the world of being a wolf. Tammy was also a very social creature, and when hiking with her she would follow closely behind, stopping when you stopped, running when you ran – but was never more than a few feet away. The year Tammy arrived happened to be a peak year in the population cycle for rabbits, so ready supply of natural food was available with abundant road kills. On occasion when she startled a rabbit and it scuttled quickly off, or she crossed a rabbit's trail, Tammy would stop and whine loudly seemingly recognizing the smell of dinner but totally unaware of what to do about it. As a result her 'dinner education' involved tying a fine line to 'dinner' and she was required to catch it. As her skill increased, so too did the speed of dinner, requiring the use of ski-doo for tow vehicle for dinner. It was never clear if this education actually worked, or if she had simply found the 'catching' activity a fun new game to play. When Tammy arrived at Silver Grove it was estimated she weighed 45 pounds and was about 6 months old. Even at this young age, Tammy could easily consume three rabbits a day, each time methodically 'plucking' the rabbit of its fur before eating, an eating habit characteristic of all wolves.

The family's German Shepherd dog, Penny, readily accepted Tammy, and the two played tug-o-war for hours on end with any scrap of fabric. She was fascinated with any dangling object and all who ever came into the yard with an exposed plug-in cord did not leave with it. One negative pastime Tammy picked up from Penny however, was the habit of chasing cars and it was likely that more than one passing motorist would have told others the 'unbelievable' story of being chased by a Shepherd *and a wolf* in the wilds of a National Park.

Sadly, with spring came the desire to roam and when a rancher spied a wolf watching the cattle herd in his yard, the inevitable took place. On picking up his kill and seeing the collar he realized what he had done - Tammy had become a well-known fixture at Silver Grove. It was evident that without the training of a pack, Tammy would likely never have been fully reintegrated and while we often wondered what might have happened if she had encountered her own kind, her time at Silver Grove effectively destroyed the image of the 'big, bad, wolf'. At the time of her death, she was almost fully mature and weighed approximately 80 pounds.

Exactly fifteen years after arriving in Prince Albert National Park, Dean returned to Riding Mountain where he remained for eighteen months as an Area Manager, living in the townsite of Wasagaming. In June of 1973, Dean accepted the position of Chief Park Warden in Cape Breton Highlands National Park, Nova Scotia.

August of 1978 saw Dean return to Prince Albert National Park as Chief Warden, this time with residency in the town site of Waskesiu. The changes, which had taken place during his absence, were major. The west boundary road had been closed, several Warden Stations were gone, and Wardens had become dependent on four-wheel-drive vehicles and two-way radios as primary tools to cover larger areas of the Park.



During Dean's time, two new Warden's cabins, produced at Weyakwin, were purchased. One was located at the south end of Kingsmere Lake (the former Warden Station was on the north side), and the other was sited at Sturgeon Crossing – a few feet from the original old Warden Station. Winter snowmobile patrols around the park remained a regular duty for Wardens, and Dean was always eager to go along, an opportunity to get to know the Warden better, and a chance to reconnect with the Park. One of Dean's legacies as Chief Warden was that he enjoyed 'going on patrol' on his own. And one was never too sure where or when he might show up. And perhaps to the surprise of some, he never lost the habit of "dropping in for coffee."

The advent of centralization for Park staff and a change in the policy towards resource conservation that had begun to take root meant that an individual Park Warden was no longer responsible for a specific area and all that went with it. 'Specialization' became a policy watchword and it began to blur what Wardens historically had stood for for nearly a century. Dean saw this change occurring and it hurt him deeply to see a way of life he'd always known and respected become so diminished. However, in the later years of Dean's time at Prince Albert National Park he particularly appreciated the young people he was able to coach and encourage, and he was pleased to be involved in the introduction of one of the first female Wardens hired by National Parks. He was especially pleased to have had the opportunity to return to a National park where he had so many good experiences and had developed so many life-long friends.

In late 1984 Dean elected to take early retirement, and in doing so took a consultative position in Riding Mountain National Park for the final four months of his service, investigating the possibility of a marina and all it would entail. In January 1985 after 34 years in the Warden Service, he officially left the job he loved and hung up the uniform which had brought him great pride. In retirement, Dean did not abandon his attachment to National Parks, deciding to reside in the village of McCreary, Manitoba, the closest existing town to the Warden Station his father had occupied before Dean set out on his own Park career. And so as to have even more direct contact with National Parks, he acquired and actively used a summer cabin in the townsite of Wasagamung. In his retirement, he was mayor of McCreary for ten years, an active member of Turtle River Watershed Conservation District, chairman of the McCreary Health Board, an active participant in Ducks Unlimited, and he owned and farmed a small tract of land. Retirement had not meant that Dean lost his love for the outdoors, people, Parks or community service. All remained steadfast elements of his life until his death in 2007.



*1958 – back row from the left: Ed Sipes, Jack Leader, Dean Allan, Harry (Shorty) Harrison, Les Holden; front row: Ed Gregson, Emmet Millard, Harry Genge, Chief Frank Jervis*



*Spring warden school 1958 at Waskesiu – back row from the left: Jack Leader, Harry Genge, Les Holden, Dean Allan, Ed Sipes, Shorty Harrison, Chief Frank Jervis; front row, Cliff Millard, Ron Davies, Emmet Millard, Ed Gregson.*



**Spring warden school 1958, Waskesiu (Community Hall in background) – back row from the left: Cliff Millard, Ron Davies, Emmet Millard, Shorty Harrison, Les Holden, Ed Sipes; front row: Ed Gregson, Harry Genge, Jack Leader, Dean Allan, Chief Frank Jervis**



*Warden school at Banff circa 1965 - Front row, third from right, Cliff Millard; second row, third from right, Jack Dickinson; sixth from right, Larry McGuire; third row, third from right, Dean Allan*



*Dean Allan riding Snowball*



*Dean Allan and friend circa 1953*



*Fish culture Warden school in Jasper circa 1965*



*Yardsite at Sturgeon Crossing with Dean Allan, sons Grant, seated and Barry, and the "Power Wagon".*



*Dean Allan with "Power Wagon" in yard at Crossing, behind truck, gas shed, in front, garage and workshop with single bunkhouse at rear, 1958*



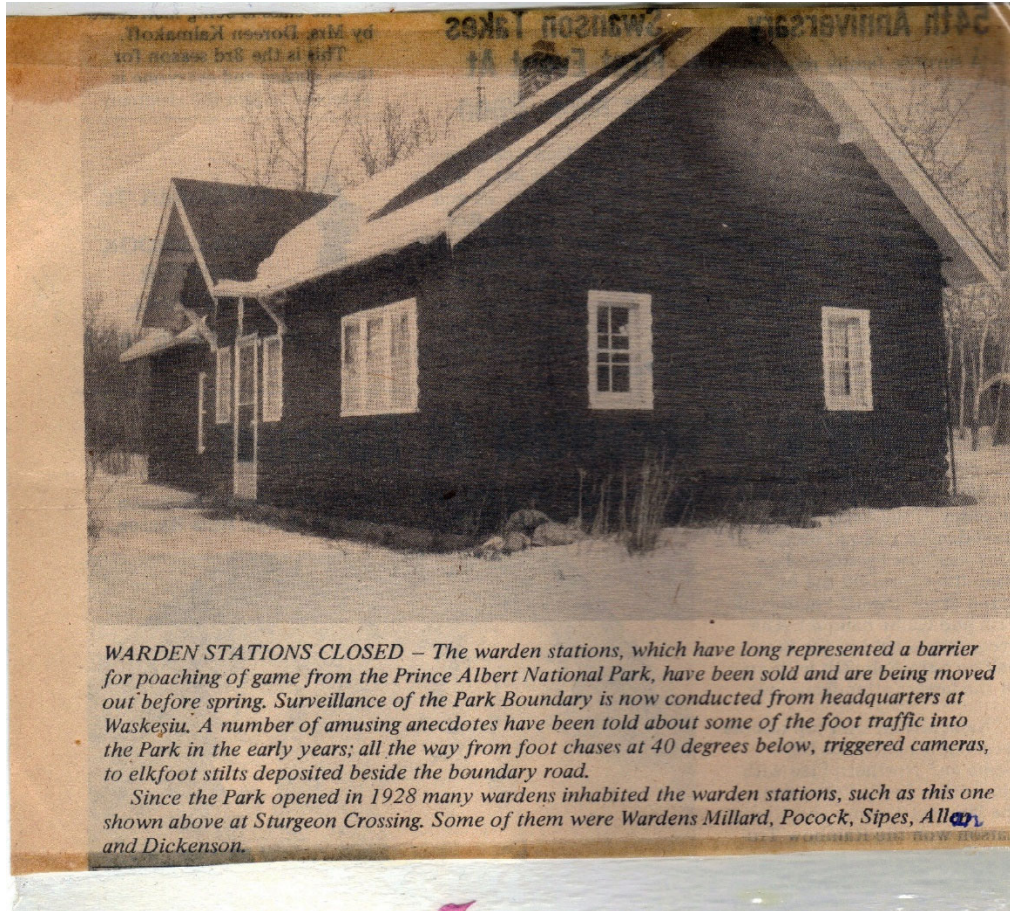
*Yard of Rabbit Creek Warden Station with results of elk cull ready to be transported to Prince Albert, 1959-60. Left, Emmet Millard, Luther Ferguson and Dean Allan*



*Looking NW at the back of Sturgeon Crossing Warden Station and Valley of Sturgeon River in the background*



*Front view of Crossing Station looking east circa 1958*



1976 clipping from Shellbrook Chronicle concerning Crossing Station



Traditional 3 room warden station in National Parks, exterior originally varnished





*At the back of Silver Grove Warden Station looking NW circa 1967*



*Looking SE from steps, garage and workshop in foreground, behind it, a gas shed, to the south the pasture with construction trailers in background*



*Examination of moose horns for evidence*



*Spring trapping patrol, Dean Allan and Cliff Millard, behind camera, Emmet Millard*



*Dean Allan viewing from fire tower*



*PANP first female warden, Kathy Stefanuk, as part of the buffalo kill project. An Animal Health officer in background*



*Dean Allan on front lawn, Silver Grove warden station with Tammy, 1968*



*Tammy on front lawn looking for someone or something to play with*



*Tammy and shepherd Penny at game of tug-o-war that they played for hours, any scrap of fabric or rope that could be held in the teeth would do. They have it almost down to inches here.*



*Tammy having lunch. All were careful to give her a wide berth at mealtime.*



*Tammy posing. Isn't she beautiful?*



*Trophy success at the Waskesiu Bonspiel 1967! Dean Allan, Mildred, Grant and Barry*



*Dean Allan and Mildred circa 1990*