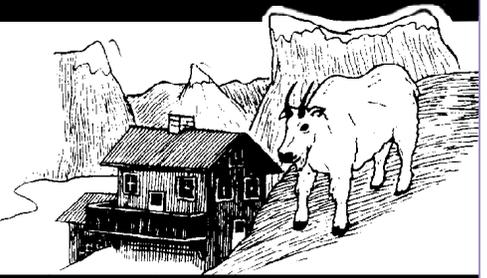


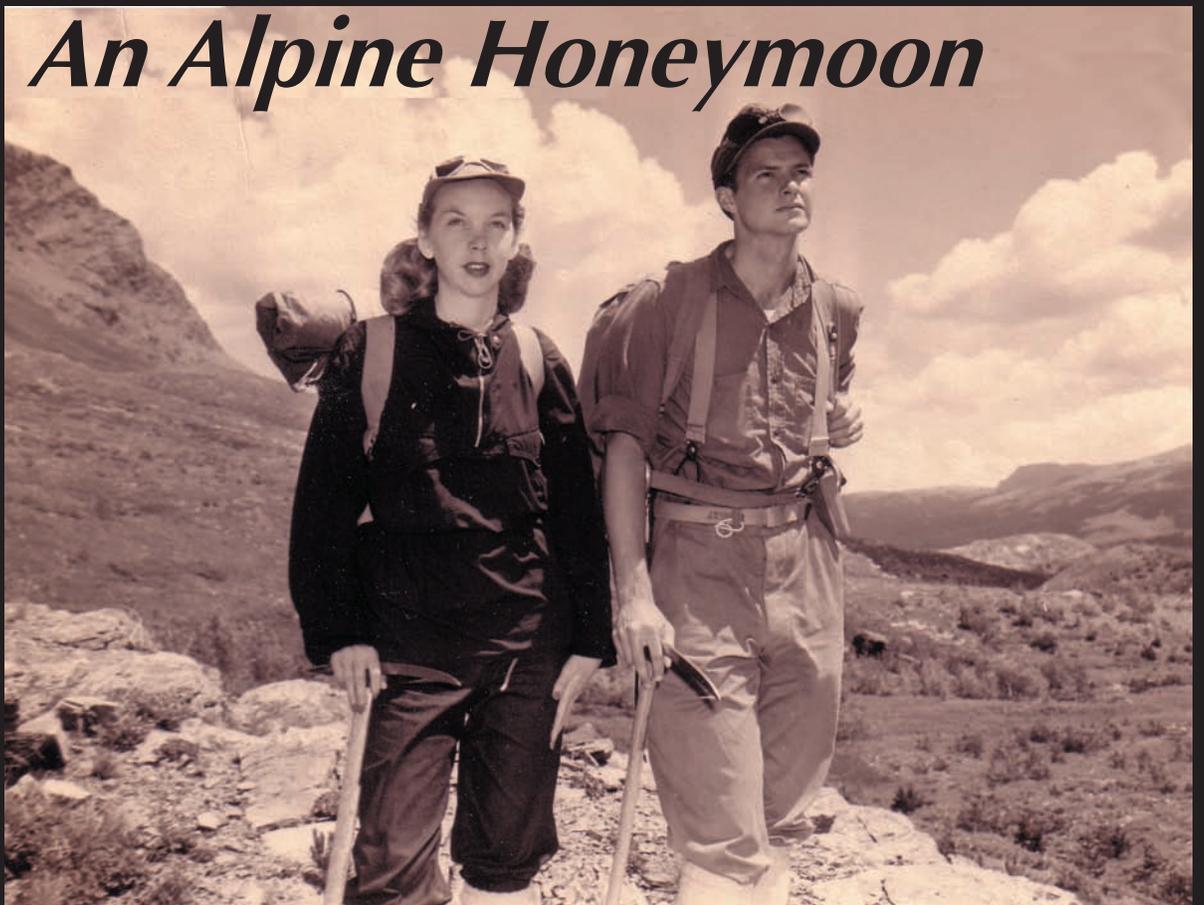
THE INSIDE TRAIL



Voice of the Glacier Park Foundation ■ Fall 2005 ■ Volume XIX, No. 3

An Alpine Honeymoon

Many Glacier employees Don and Barbara Loeffler hike through Glacier on their honeymoon in June 1947 (Mel Ruder photo, courtesy of Patsi Ruder Morton and the Hungry Horse News)



Also in this issue:

- *Two Guns: The Statue at Glacier Park Lodge*
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 - *A Rough Day on Red Gap Pass*
- *Handcuffed! (A Surprising Day Off)*
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Twenty-Five Years of GPF!

In August 1980, a quarter century ago, the Glacier Park Foundation was formed. Hotel employees learned that the Park Service had called for bids on a new long-term concession contract, five years ahead of schedule. The Park Service desperately wanted a new concessionaire to invest in renovating Glacier's decrepit lodges. But the likely course of the renovation project alarmed employees. The incumbent concessionaire planned to obtain the new contract and then sell it to a Las Vegas casino company.

The employees quickly contacted hundreds of other former employees. GPF, a nonprofit corporation, was formed. In a few weeks' time, the group prepared a complex bidding document proposing to run the hotels on a nonprofit basis. The adventure continued when the Park Service first rejected both bids, then reversed itself and granted the incumbent the new contract. A three-year lawsuit over the legality of the contracting process ensued. The Foundation eventually lost the lawsuit, but succeeded in keeping the Las Vegas casino interests out of the Park. The

contract was acquired by the Greyhound corporation (later Dial, now Viad), which generally has operated the concession well, especially in recent years.

With the lawsuit concluded, GPF reoriented itself as a citizens' group devoted to the welfare of the park. From its earliest years, it collected Park history and published it in booklet form and began publishing *The Inside Trail*. It also has mobilized public support periodically on various issues.

GPF played a key role in shaping Glacier's General Management Plan. The first draft of the Plan, released in 1996, was prepared in large part by Park Service personnel new to Glacier, and proposed many drastic changes – e.g., closing Swiftcurrent Motor Inn and a number of auto campgrounds. GPF helped articulate public opposition to the draft, which proved to be almost universal. GPF also compiled a research memorandum, assessing wildlife studies and much other data, which called for a "status quo" planning baseline. GPF

members served on Park Service focus groups on numerous issues. The final draft of the Plan, released in 1999, concurred with GPF on almost all issues and adopted a status quo baseline.

That same year, Glacier's famous red buses had to be pulled from the road because of structural failures in their chassis. Both the Park Service and the concessionaire were strongly inclined to retire the red bus fleet and purchase new buses. GPF marshaled strong public sentiment to renovate the "reds." GPF also helped organize and conduct a crucial inspection of the buses which produced optimistic results. These efforts helped set the course for the Ford Motor Company's generous and successful renovation of the fleet.

GPF continues to keep large numbers of former Glacier Park employees and visitors connected with the Park. It represents the sort of volunteer citizens' group praised long ago by de Tocqueville as one of the strengths of American society.

Glacier Park Foundation

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The Glacier Park Foundation was formed by Glacier Park employees and visitors who have a deep love for this special place. The Foundation is committed both to the importance of wilderness preservation and to the importance of places like Glacier as classrooms where people can experience wilderness in intense meaningful ways, learning not only a love for the land, but also a respect that nurtures the skills necessary to preserve that land. The Foundation has a special interest in Glacier Park's history, traditions and visitor facilities.

The Inside Trail takes its name from the famous old trail which connected Glacier Park Lodge with the vanished chalets at Two Medicine, Cut Bank, and St. Mary. The name thus emphasizes the publication's focus on the lore and history of Glacier National Park. We invite submission of historical, scientific, or anecdotal articles, commentary, poetry, or artwork for publication in future issues.

INSIDE NEWS from the Summer of 2005

A bear mauling on the Grinnell Glacier trail and the death of a famous Park mountaineer brought a sobering conclusion to a beautiful summer in Glacier. Here are a few of the notable episodes of the 2005 season.

Early Spring; Amazing Flowers

Logan Pass opened this season on May 22 – the second-earliest opening date in history. A meager snow pack caused the early opening and also accelerated the rapid melting of the Park's glaciers. Experts estimate that the glaciers all may be gone in 25 years.

A rainy June produced an amazing blooming of wildflowers of every sort throughout the rest of the summer. The Park had experienced six years of below-average rainfall, and dormant plant life surged with the abundant moisture. Areas burned by the fires of 2003, like the lower Loop Trail, had been stark and barren last year, but this summer were full of purple fireweed blossoms and all sorts of greenery. Park veterans could not recall a more impressive wildflower year.

More Coal Mine Concerns

The perennial threat of coal mining in Canada, just to the north of Glacier Park, was renewed when British Columbia issued a permit for exploratory drilling. The drilling area is some 30 miles north of the American border – further north than the Cabin Creek drainage which has been the focus of earlier projects, but still within the watershed of the North Fork of the Flathead River, which forms the western border of Glacier Park. Heavy metal discharges from mining activities, impacts on fish and on migratory wildlife are among the areas of concern.

St. Mary Lodge for Sale

The Black family, owners of St. Mary Lodge since its creation in 1933, have advertised the lodge for sale. Margaret Black, who co-founded the lodge with her husband Hugh, is now 102 years old, and the family has decided to retire from management. The lodge (including the main building, cabins, motels, the recently-completed Great Bear Lodge, the grocery store, gas station, and associated shops) may sell for around \$10 million.

Grizzly Mauling on Grinnell Trail

A horrific grizzly bear mauling occurred on August 25 in a cliffy area midway up the Grinnell Glacier trail. A California man and his adult daughter surprised a sow with cubs on a switchback. The sow attacked before the pair could fire bear spray, biting them repeatedly. The victims tumbled about 65 feet down the steep slope trying to escape the bear.

Other hikers heard the young woman's cries and came to the rescue, followed by rangers. Both victims were bleeding profusely from bites to the head and body, and had suffered further trauma from the fall. The father, whose scalp had been partly detached, also reported that his neck was broken. Removing the pair from the cliffy slope required sophisticated work by the rangers and by helicopter personnel.

The rescue helicopter was fitted with a cable and a sling. The helicopter hovered above the victims, who were placed on backboards and lifted off the mountain one by one. They were accompanied by a medical attendant seated in the sling. The helicopter "short hauled" each victim in turn to the helipad on Swiftcurrent

Lake. After further treatment at that site, the helicopter took them aboard and flew them to the hospital in Kalispell. The father then was flown to Seattle to a trauma center there. Both victims are recovering from their injuries. The Park Service determined that the sow's behavior was a natural defensive reaction and decided to take no action against the bears.

Rangers reported that another grizzly sow with cubs repeatedly was using Ptarmigan Tunnel to migrate between the Belly River Valley and the Swiftcurrent Valley. The bear made no aggressive encounters with hikers on the high narrow trail. However, this report served to emphasize the need for constant vigilance and noise-making when hiking in Glacier Park.

Farewell to Jane Edwards

Glacier Park veterans were saddened to hear of the death of noted mountaineer Jane Edwards in early October at the age of 54. Jane was a researcher in cognitive studies and computer science at the University of California at Berkeley. She was an officer of the Glacier Mountaineering Society, a frequent leader of its hikes, and a recipient of its Lifetime Achievement Award. She died unexpectedly of apparent complications from a brain tumor which had just been diagnosed.

Jane was the only child and inseparable mountaineering companion of Gordon and Alice Edwards. Gordon, Glacier's most famous mountaineer and the author of *A Climber's Guide to Glacier National Park*, died while climbing Divide Mountain in July 2004. Our thoughts and prayers are with Alice Edwards in her bereavement.

An Alpine Honeymoon



Don and Barbara Loeffler at their honeymoon "base camp" – Cabin No. 6 at Swiftcurrent (Mel Ruder photo, courtesy of Patsi Ruder Morton and the Hungry Horse News)

By Don Loeffler (Many Glacier Hotel 1947)

While working at Many Glacier Hotel in June of 1947, I met a beautiful blond from Minneapolis and fellow employee named Barbara Burrets. It was love at first sight when I spotted her in the chow line in the cafeteria. I wolfed down my dinner, but she finished hers first and left the hall.

I hurried back to the dorm as fast as possible and asked the "dorm mother" to tell me who that blond in the blue plaid slacks was. The dorm mother said "Oh, that's Barbara, her friends call her Bobbie. Shall I call

her?" By all means – so she went to the foot of the stairs and shouted "the weird guy wants to see Bobbie – if she wants to see him." (This dorm mother knew me from the previous summer.)

About three minutes later, Barbara descended the staircase, looked right at me and said "What did you want to see me about?" I got kind of weak-kneed and tongue-tied and mumbled, "Would you like to take a walk around the lake [Swiftcurrent]?" After an eternity of silence with all the other employees in the dorm lobby looking on, she allowed as how that would be OK after she changed her shoes.

That was the beginning of a beautiful friendship that lasted all summer. It included such interludes as hiking up to Granite Park Chalet for breakfast. Ma Perkins prepared a wonderful meal for us even though the kitchen staff had already finished cleaning up.

Other adventures that summer included a trip over to Lake McDonald and a hitch-hiked ride back over the pass with a couple of powder monkeys from the Hungry Horse Dam who were hell-bent on getting to bars on the east side before they closed (they should have stayed on U.S. Highway 2). We hit that 180 degree curve at the Golden Staircase – just up from Rising Sun – at about 50 miles per hour, rolled their company pickup truck and ended up on that three foot retaining wall looking straight down into St. Mary Lake – 150 feet below us. Fortunately, nobody got hurt. Other less exciting trips were made to Grinnell Glacier, Iceberg Lake, Cracker Lake and more.

That winter, back in the Twin Cities, I proposed and was accepted in marriage. She had a good job at Dayton's (parent company of Target stores) and I was attending the University of Minnesota majoring in civil engineering.

Now we came to the honeymoon. I asked my bride-to-be if she wanted a week's stay at the Ambassador East in Chicago or several weeks scrambling around Glacier National Park. After giving it considerable thought, Barbara offered, "How about both?"

Unfortunately, both were not possible, so she selected Glacier. We were married on June 10th, 1948 and planned to arrive in the park on the 15th.

We packed up our ice axes, sleeping bags, tent and other gear and boarded the west-bound Empire Builder

for Whitefish, Montana. Since that train didn't stop at the Belton station (West Glacier) we backtracked to Belton on the mail train.

Now the park did not officially open until the next day so we had to find a place to stay that night. After leaving our heavier gear with the station agent, we crossed the track towards town. There was a six-unit motel (probably a Motel 5) located where the Canadian Parks building is now located. We checked in with the nice older lady who owned the place, carrying just our gear sufficient for an overnight stay. She signed us up for cabin #3, but insisted that we come up to her place for a toddy to celebrate our honeymoon – fine – she seated us in the tiny living room and proceeded to the kitchen to break out the Jack Daniels. What she didn't know was that we could see what she was doing reflected in her dining room mirror – poured a shot for the bride, poured and consumed a shot for her, poured a shot for me, poured and consumed another shot for herself. Then she placed everything on a tray and returned to us in the living room.



Barbara leaving the Empire Builder at Whitefish, Montana, at the beginning of the honeymoon (Don Loeffler photo)

tracks. Suddenly, two large yellowish eyes appeared before us on the path. These eyes were spaced about eight inches apart. Hasty calculations told me that they belonged to something other than a domestic pet. We quietly backed up all the way to our little cabin and closed the door.

The next morning while checking out we told the woman of the incident... She said, "Hey, see that 30-06 hanging over the fireplace? It's

charge to former employees on the first official run of the season." Bless his heart. We checked our extra gear through to Many Glacier Hotel.

After the required stop at Logan Pass Visitor Center, we proceeded down to Siyeh Bend for an unscheduled stop to drop us off for our hike to Many via Piegan Pass. It had snowed a couple of inches during the night and it looked like white rice. They bid us adieu from the bus, as if we were Columbus leaving for the New World. What the bus dudes didn't know was that I was very familiar with the area having worked and climbed from Going-to-the-Sun Chalet before World War II.

The trail had not been used that season so we were on our own. Lucky for us the several feet of snow was firm, so we made good progress in the direction of Mt. Siyeh. Breaking out of the woods I could see that we were a little too far east of where I wanted us to be, so we traversed in a westerly direction along Siyeh's southern slopes. We could see and hear an occasional avalanche off Going-to-the-Sun Mountain nearby.

I asked my bride-to-be if she wanted a week's stay at the Ambassador East in Chicago or several weeks scrambling around Glacier National Park. After giving it considerable thought, Barbara offered, "How about both?"

We were glad that she didn't need to drive home!

On the way back to our cabin, I got to thinking about the gear we had left with the station agent back at the depot. Barbara said she would go along with me if I wanted to check on it. It was very dark as we made our way up to the railroad

loaded". That makes two items that were loaded at her place the previous night. We never did find out who our night visitor really was.

Back at the Belton Station, we boarded the first jammer run of the season. When we tried to purchase two one-way tickets to Siyeh Bend, the jammer said with a smile "No

Honeymoon *continued*

Now the sun had set behind Mt. Piegan and we hustled to make a shelter for the night. I found a nice, big, east facing drift in which to excavate a cave. Prevailing winds were from the west. After 30 minutes of scooping snow, we had ourselves a nice igloo where we installed our sleeping bags – USAF survival equipment good for 30 degrees below zero. After a dinner of pemmican, biscuits, hot bullion broth, and Hershey bars, Barbara inquired “Now comes the Drambuie and petit fours, right?” We did hear some gurgling and splashing during the night, but just ignored it since we were really tired.

The next morning after a nice hot breakfast (we had our trusty Coleman stove) we broke camp, but left the cave intact in case we had to retreat there in an emergency. About 500 feet up, we looked back and figured that we had camped directly over one of the many streams coming off the scree slopes of Mt. Siyeh – thus accounting for the gurgling sounds during the night!

Daily high winds had kept Piegan Pass itself clear of any snow. The marmots in the entire area were holding their spring convention there. These overly friendly guys would overwhelm you if given half a chance. We kept them at bay with our ice axes, putting our packs on the stone pedestal that once held the locomotive bell, now long since gone.

We feasted on gorp while admiring that incredible view south to Citadel, Jackson, et al and north to Piegan, the Garden Wall, Mt. Allen, and Siyeh. No wind, bright sun and a dusting of the white stuff. Paradise manifest!



Don cooking breakfast outside a lean-to supported by ice axes (Barbara Loeffler photo)

Now we came to the fun stuff. Barbara was skilled at chopping steps and other maneuvers with the trusty ice axe, so we tried our first high speed glissade on a safe slope with an easy run out at the bottom. WHEEEEEEE! More fun than the Loop-de-Loop at the Minnesota State Fair! We were on snow from the pass all the way down to the Grinnell Lake Trail. Since I knew the trail's location - now hidden by snow – we made excellent time eliminating switchbacks. One 1500-foot continuous glissade was exhilarating to say the very least! We had to exercise great caution down lower in the valley when crossing snow bridges over the many streams we encountered.

We worked our way northward amid an eerie silence from the newly fallen snow – punctuated every now and then by massive ice falls off the Garden Wall to our left. Softer snow slowed us up a bit, but clear weather was a great help. The trail was still

not visible. However, the opening between the trees was a pretty good indication – although we did get fooled a couple of times.

One massive avalanche blocked our way. It had started up near the summit of Mt. Allen and roared its way down a west facing slope clear to the bottom of the valley. It took us a half hour to climb over it. There were full sized trees, large rocks, and tons of snow and ice. We figured the trail crews would spend all day cutting through the avalanche.

There was very little wildlife in evidence other than some ptarmigans, which were hard to spot because they were still in their white winter uniforms. Now and then we would find evidence of a foot bridge over the creek but in most cases only the handrail would be above the snow. The rail did indicate where the water was located and Barbara (blushing bride) and I (Alpha Male) were not looking forward to an ice cold shower in our climbing togs.

By 4:30 PM we were hiking past Burch's place, and at the stroke of 5 we entered the front doors of Many Glacier Hotel. The manager, Omar Ellis, immediately made a classy inquiry as to what Barbara Burrets (AKA "B.B.") was doing with me! He was soon overpowered by a contingent of bellmen, porters, and maids who knew both of us and had been informed that we were coming by the jammer who had dropped us off at Siyeh Bend. Omar disappeared back into his office to get away from all the fuss over which he had lost all control. By this time, every dude in the place came over to the fireplace to join in the festivities. Even Ray Kinley and Sid Couch came over to check out the ruckus! (Nothing fazed Ray or Sid normally.) Frankly, I was embarrassed, but I was beginning to like the attention. I really didn't think what we had done was that spectacular – even though trail crews didn't open the trail to Piegan Pass for another two weeks.

We picked up our gear from the baggage room and hitched a ride over to Swiftcurrent Cabin Camp where we set up our base camp for the next several weeks. We spent a few days renewing friendships from previous years with both Glacier Park employees and rangers.

Our game plan was to warm up by doing a few hikes from base camp. We started with Moran's Bathtub for lunch and returned. We saw grizzlies while crossing Appekunny Meadow. Next was a hike into Cracker Lake and back – an easy trail eroded in places – always worth the effort for its incredible blue-green color at the base of that awesome north face of Mt. Siyeh. The area's no-longer-used mining equipment sat quietly rusting away. In a couple of hundred

years the ferrous oxide will blend in with the red argillite and nobody will ever know about the aborted mining operations. Snow Moon Lake we were saving for later.

After a day or two of lollygagging around Swiftcurrent, we were off to an overnight on Grinnell Glacier. We camped there high on a lateral moraine under Gem Glacier. Our drinking water in the canteen froze solid during the night so we melted some snow with our trusty Coleman. We traversed along the upper reaches of the bergschrund over the notch and circled around back to the horse camp at the base of the glacier. I seem to remember that the first time I was up there with my dad the

glacial ice was continuous – connecting Salamander to Grinnell.

We did more day trips to Swiftcurrent Glacier – both north and south. There is a beautiful little lake up there – Windmaker Lake. Not a grizzly in sight but I'll bet they were watching us. There were lots of bright Indian paintbrushes and it was a good season for beargrass. We saw a couple of eagles mating in flight. Barbara thought they were just attacking – it looked like aerie amoré to me.

We did another day trip to Iceberg Lake. About a half mile below Ptarmigan Falls there was an area that looked like the grizzly bears had excavated the sod in search of rodents.



The honeymooners en route to Granite Park Chalet for breakfast (Loeffler collection)

It seemed that a half acre of ground had been tilled by tractor and plow – a sight I had never seen. We caught up to a ranger-guided hiking group at rest on the trail discussing the history and geology of the area. The ranger had just finished his story of the Blackfeet hunting parties camping up in these valleys and segued directly into glacial ice scouring out the U-shaped valley when a nice timid lady raised her hand and asked, "Didn't the glacier destroy their camp?" The ranger replied "No way, lady; that was a million years ago!" So much for the time line.

Our next overnight trip was a loop following the old trail to the Belly River country over Redgap Pass. This used to be the only way to get to Elizabeth Lake until the Ptarmigan

Honeymoon *continued*

Tunnel was cut through that wall. Since that time, the Redgap trail and pass have fallen into disuse. This became a big attraction to us. Our planned route was up past Swiftcurrent Ridge Lake, around the cliffs past Poia Lake and ascending to Redgap Pass. We pitched our tent on the lakeshore amid a riot of colored flowers of every variety and hue.

Crawling into our tent, I placed my sheath knife under my boots (which served as my pillow), purely for psychological defense reasons. During the night we heard snorting and heavy clomping through the underbrush near our tent. I carefully reached around for my knife, waking Barbara in the process. I didn't know what my next move was going to be, but as the "Alpha Male", I was expected to do SOMETHING! We held our breath for a few more seconds and then I made my move. Unbuttoning the tent flap, I peered around in the moonlight – saw nothing and we went back to sleep. Probably some denizen of the wild taking a drink from the lake.

The next morning we broke camp and moved up the trail – encountering more and more fallen snags and limbs across the trail. Since the National Park Service no longer maintained the route it was reverting back to the forest primeval. Our progress eased a bit as we broke out of the woods and gained elevation. Just short of the pass itself, we left the trail and scrambled cross country following faint goat trails to the Ptarmigan Wall – coming out just above the tunnel. Putting our legs in neutral, we drifted all the way back to our base camp at Swiftcurrent.



Barbara takes a moment to absorb the endless detail of Grinnell Glacier. (Loeffler collection)

The next day a hiking buddy, Keith Brueckner, arrived at our cabin camp – also on his honeymoon. Keith and his new wife had a car so our mobility improved. Keith and I immediately made plans to tackle St. Nicholas, Cleveland, Wilbur, and Merritt. According to J. Gordon Edwards, all of these are considered challenging climbs. While we climbed, the girls enjoyed each other's company and a respite from "Alpine Honeymooning".

stove-warmed rock available to tuck in under vintage St. Paul & Pacific blankets left over from the J.J. Hill railroad days.

Barbara (my Viking goddess) never complained – not once – on our Alpine Honeymoon. She told me many years later that I never pushed her past her limit. Besides, she had a sharp ice axe – the kind with a long shaft – and she knew how to use it!

She told me many years later that I never pushed her past her limit. Besides, she had a sharp ice axe – the kind with a long shaft – and she knew how to use it!

We took several more day hikes culminating in a cross country scramble from Logan to Sperry Chalet – where goats kept us awake most of the night by running back and forth on the balcony in front of our room. We also made one last trip across the Highline to Granite Park, where Ma Perkins made sure we had the best

Our progeny are turning out to be pretty good Alpinists themselves. This summer (2005), they set a record when our oldest son Bradford led his family of four daughters and a son in a one-day round-trip assault on Mt. Whitney. It's in the genes!

TWO GUNS

The Story of the Glacier Park Lodge Statue

Standing stoically by a pillar near the main doors into Glacier Park Lodge is a wooden statue of a North American native. We've all seen it, probably passed it dozens, if not hundreds, of times without ever thinking much about it. We've likely even taken a picture of "Elijah," as he has apparently been dubbed by hotel staff. The statue was just part of the scenery-set decoration for the hotel.

I hadn't given "Elijah" much thought until someone asked me where it came from. I've researched a fair bit of history of Glacier National Park and its prominent hotels and chalets for my books, but this question (like too many) had me stumped. I did check my notes, but it just wasn't in the records I'd combed, either at the park archive in West Glacier or in the Minnesota Historical Society archive, where the bulk of the papers of the Great Northern Railway are stored.

Great Northern commissioned the building of Glacier Park Lodge in 1912.

I remained in the dark for some time, until a trip to East Glacier Park to see Joyce Clarke Turvey, the daughter of artist John L. Clarke. Joyce runs the John Clarke Gallery in "East" dedicated to the memory of her father, who may be better known by his Blackfeet name, Cutapuis, The-Man-Who-Talks-Not. A bout of smallpox in his boyhood left John Clarke (1881-1970) deaf and mute, but an innate talent for carving and drawing afforded Clarke a comfortable living. He had a shop at one time on East Glacier's main street, just a few steps from the

By Ray Djuff
(Prince of Wales
1973-75, '78)



Two Guns White Calf, (Hileman photo, courtesy of the Minnesota Historical Society)

Glacier Trading Company store. It was a popular stop for visiting tourists, among them the Rockefellers, who still own several of his pieces.

On this visit, Joyce had a present for me. It was a box of photographs and memorabilia from her childhood friend, Karola Miener of California, who had been a student of artist Winold Reiss

(1886-1953). Joyce had introduced me to Karola and I had hoped to meet her on this visit, but couldn't make it to the park while she was there. Karola did, though, agree to leave her box of Glacier photos and mementoes so I could pick them up to study at home in Calgary.

The box was a treasure trove of information about the art school Winold

I found my first clues to the origin of "Elijah." Two pictures were marked "Hans starts a statue" and "Statue completed." Without a doubt, they depicted "Elijah."

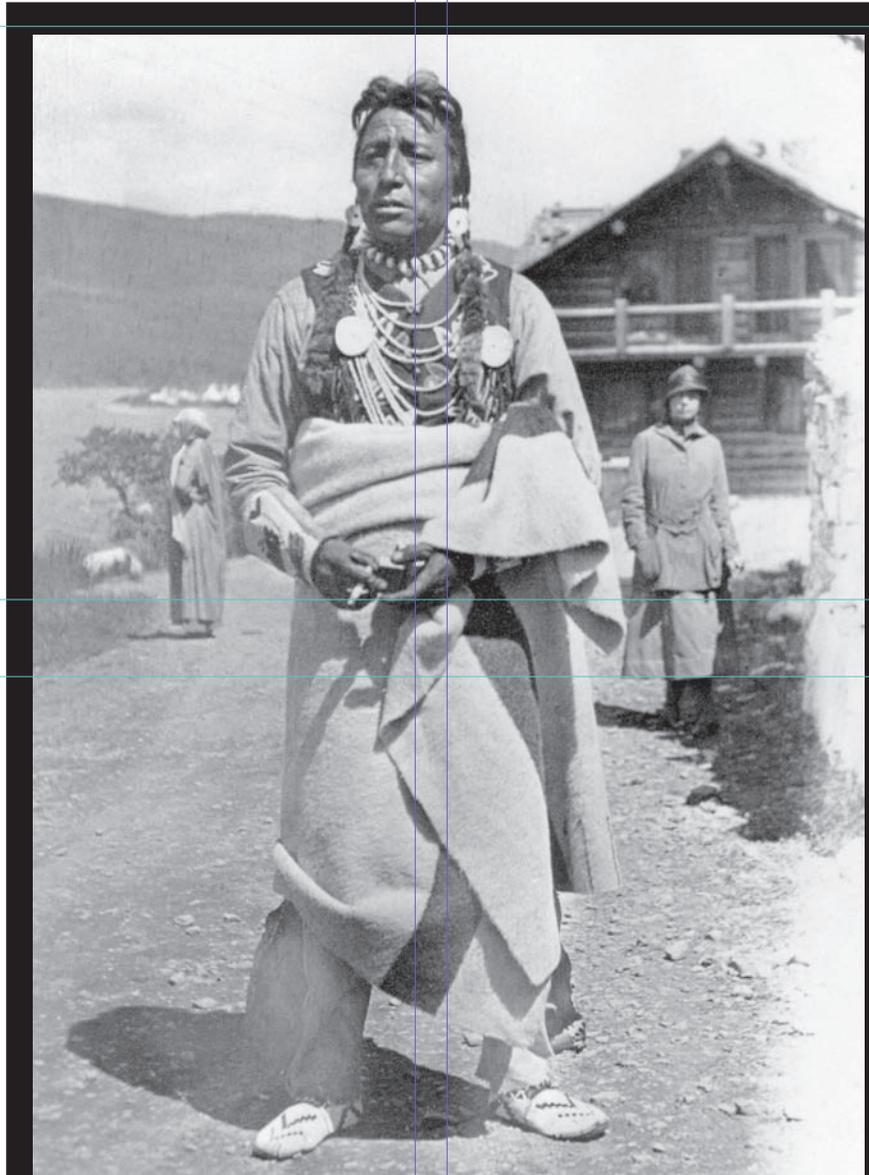
TWO GUNS *continued*

Reiss ran from 1934 through 1937 at St. Mary Chalets, its students, operations and instructors. Amid the photos I found my first clues to the origin of “Elijah.” Two pictures were marked “Hans starts a statue” and “Statue completed.” Without a doubt, they depicted “Elijah.”

“Hans,” as I knew from Karola and from other research, was Hans Egon Reiss (1885-1968), the brother of Winold Reiss. In fact, it was Hans who got his brother Winold the job of painting portraits of Blackfoot natives for Great Northern Railway publicity purposes. Hans, a sculptor and artist in his own right (a trait both boys inherited from their father) had been hired by the Park Saddle Horse Company in the mid-1920s to be a climbing guide based out of Many Glacier Hotel. German, Austrian and Swiss climbing guides were all the rage at railway resorts in the Canadian Rockies. George Noffsinger, owner of the saddle horse company, wanted to match the Canadian Pacific Railway which, like the Great Northern, claimed that its piece of the Rockies was the Switzerland of the Americas.

The outgoing, outdoorsy German-born Hans Reiss fit the bill. He was one of two or three guides hired by Noffsinger. During a horseback expedition in the summer of 1925 with Great Northern chairman Louis W. Hill, Hans Reiss learned of Hill’s history of sponsoring artists to paint in Glacier and of the particular interest of the railway in promoting the Blackfeet as “Glacier’s Indians” to elicit travel to the park. In January 1926, Hans wrote to Hill, enclosing some photos of Winold’s Blackfoot portraits. He suggested that Hill might “feel disposed to have my brother come with me” to the park that summer. Hill did feel disposed, and offered to “take care of all of your (Winold’s) traveling and living expenses” for the summer.

It was, as they say, the beginning of a beautiful friendship. When Winold



Two Guns White Calf at St. Mary Lodge (Hileman photo, Karola Miener collection)

Reiss set up an art school at St. Mary Chalets in 1934, it was for a number of reasons, all symbiotic. It was the Depression and Reiss was looking for commissions. The Great Northern wanted him around because it was running out of Blackfoot portraits and wanted more for its publicity purposes. And having his students and staff occupy the chalets kept them in use. The chalets had been closed the previous season because of a decline in use that came with the hard times, compounded by the opening of Going-to-the-Sun Road.

Winold invited Hans to join him as part of the teaching staff, which also included Carl Link (1887-1968). Students were drawn from across the United States, but particularly included those whom Winold had taught in New York, which was his home. Karola Miener was a bit of an exception, a part-time local. Her parents, Charles and Berta Mankenberg, ran a café in Babb each summer. They were teachers in the winter. The arts school was a perfect way to keep their daughter occupied during the tourist season.

From all accounts, the art school was a convivial place to paint and socialize. Karola Miener recalls the times fondly -- the hijinks of the students and staff, and powwows that the Blackfeet who posed as models would hold during the evenings at their teepee compound by St. Mary Lake. The gregarious Hans Reiss was often a leader in these activities, Karola recalls.

During the day, Hans taught students the fine points of sculpting in clay, turning his hand to personal projects to show, not just tell. Hans Reiss would eventually create a set of 12 bronze busts modeled from life during his four summers at the art school.

Karola Miener had met Hans Reiss a few years earlier. She'd known him at least since 1931, when her parents ran a restaurant in Midvale (now East Glacier). Hans and Winold Reiss and a small group of students they'd brought from New York ate many meals there during an early attempt by Winold to operate an art school. Karola's parents were German immigrants, and Hans and Winold likely found in them an instant familiarity and comfort. So did Karola, for whom Hans Reiss became "Uncle Hans."

In discussing the statue with Winold Reiss expert Scott Tanner of Washington state prior to writing an item about it in my latest book, *Waterton and Glacier in a Snap!* I learned from him that "Elijah" might be better named "Two Guns." Tanner had interviewed Tjark Reiss, Winold's son, who had attended the St. Mary art school. Tjark told him that the statue was carved by his uncle Hans as a tribute to Blackfeet Chief Two Guns (John) White Calf.

White Calf (1872-1934) was a favourite subject of Winold Reiss as well as of the Great Northern Railway. It was a coincidence that the U.S. Mint issued the buffalo/Indian head nickel in 1913, the same year the Great Northern opened Glacier Park Hotel and the Glacier chalet camps. The striking similarity of White Calf to the native on the coin was not lost on the railway's advertis-

ing department. It soon claimed White Calf was the model (he wasn't) and used him as a traveling ambassador for the Blackfeet and the park -- an inducement for tourists to visit White Calf and his fellow tribe members in Glacier (and stay at the railway's hotels).

White Calf died in March 1934, just months prior to the first season of Winold Reiss's art school at St. Mary Chalets. The photos in Karola Miener's albums confirm the statue was carved between 1934 and 1937. The question is when. Miener's photos suggest a specific date: the summer of 1937.

Along with the photos of the statue being carved and completed, there's another showing two people sawing a piece of driftwood, "cutting log for a wood carving," the caption says. The people on

either end of the whip saw are identified as "Clare" and "Hans." "Clare" is Clare Sheridan (1885-1970), an English artist and author who came to the United States in 1937 for a cross-continent tour, and spent part of the summer at the art school.

Sheridan, first cousin to Winston Churchill, was a celebrity by the time she showed up at the art school. Her trip to Russia just after the revolution to do busts of Lenin and Trotsky caused a sensation, and she would later be accused of being a spy. Besides working with clay for busts and pottery, Sheridan liked to carve wood. The Parish Church of St. George in Brede, East Sussex, displays a statue of the Madonna and Child that Sheridan carved. Sheridan was brought up at Brede Place and later returned to live in Brede.



Karola Miener painting at the St. Mary Lodge art school (photo courtesy of Karola Miener)

TWO GUNS *continued*

The driftwood Karola Miener photographed Sheridan and Hans Reiss sawing was likely for Sheridan. The piece of wood is not big enough to be the White Calf statue.

I have not determined what type of wood the statue of White Calf is carved from. The species of tree would show whether the piece was native (driftwood, as some have claimed) or imported (possibly ordered by Hans Reiss; left over from the construction of the chalets; or a piece of opportunity). From the diameter of the statue, about two feet, the wood was definitely from the trunk of a large tree, a bit larger than the norm for the dry west side of Glacier Park.

That Hans Reiss chose to do a carving in wood rather than a clay/bronze sculpture may have been because he was working from memory rather than from life, as was his preference. It may also explain why Reiss's statue of White Calf is an impressionistic portrayal rather than a lifelike rendering.

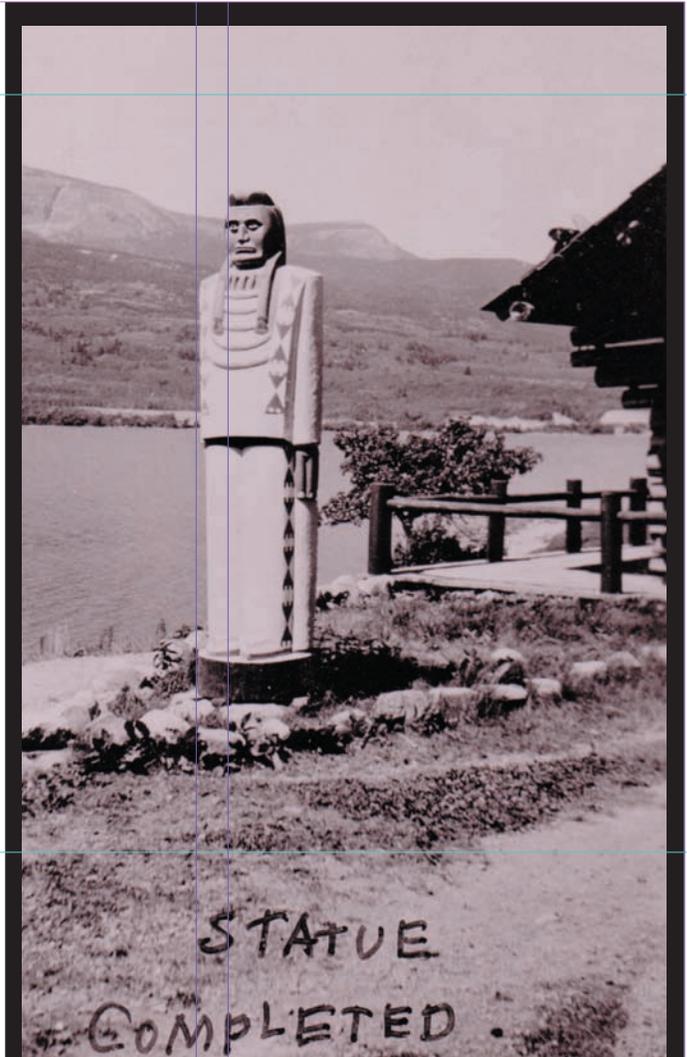
Another influence on Hans would have been the long history of wooden Indian carvings posted outside the shops of tobacco sellers. The heyday of the cigar store Indians was from about 1840 to the First World War. (At that time, ordinances cleaned up the sidewalks of many city streets, which had become dangerously littered with similarly gaudy signage). Many cigar store Indian statues remained well after, long enough for Hans Reiss to have seen them on his cross-country trips.

Like the cigar store Indians, the statue of White Calf is stylized, but much bigger (over seven feet versus a usual five or six feet for the commercial figures). It is very close in detail to Two Guns in look and dress. The cigar store Indians seldom represented a particular tribe or even individual; they were generic creations of their carvers' imaginations.

The nose on the face of the Hans Reiss statue matches the distinct lines of White Calf's own proboscis. The bear claw necklace is like one White Calf often wore, as is the hair style – a sort of pompadour with two long braids he wore in front of his shoulders. White Calf also wore a full buckskin suit, like that on the statue. While the painted decoration on the arms and on the front of the coat matches one worn by White Calf, the pattern on the pants is different than that seen in many full-length photos of the chief (although he likely had several sets with different designs over his lifetime).

When completed, the statue was set up at the south end of the main guest dormitory building at St. Mary Chalets, a few feet from its balcony, and along the path and road leading to the recreation hall and main dining hall. The statue would have been easily seen by anyone visiting the chalets, as every car and bus driving to the main building would have passed it coming and going.

How long the statue remained at St. Mary Chalets is unknown, as is the question of how it ended up in the hands of the Great Northern Railway. It may have been commissioned by the hotel company. It is possible the statue was left to the hotel company by Hans Reiss, maybe as thanks for supporting the art school. Or Reiss may have just left it -- it would



The finished statue at St. Mary Chalet (Karola Miener photo)

have been unwieldy to transport, as it must weigh upwards of 300 pounds.

When the St. Mary Chalets were razed after the Second World War, the statue would have been moved to a warehouse at the hotel company's headquarters in East Glacier Park, and then put on display near the east entrance doors to Glacier Park Lodge. Pre-war photos don't show the statue at the hotel; it only appears in later images.

Glacier Park Lodge is a fitting location, as that is where many visitors to the park saw Two Guns White Calf, sitting on the porch by the doors or at the train station to greet arriving tourists. When a postcard was made from a



The statue on the porch of Glacier Park Lodge in 1974 (Ray Djuff photo)

Tomer Hileman photo of White Calf, the chief made a fair bit of pocket change by autographing it for hotel guests.

When I made the discovery about the artist who created the statue, I shared that information with Dale Scott, then the president of Glacier Park, Inc., the company which now owns and runs the hotels. I hoped to impress upon him the historical importance of the work and that it should probably be moved inside or, if left outside, protected from the elements. Scott may have intended to do something, but time was against him and within a few years he left the employ of GPI. The statue remained outside each summer, securely fastened to a post in front of the hotel.

When I went to write my latest book, *Waterton and Glacier in a Snap!*, I thought I'd make another plug to have the historic significance of the statue recognized. When I was doing research for the book article, hotel staff told me that the statue was not the original. Rather, they said it was a copy and that the original had been

stolen or too badly vandalized to use. In hindsight, I didn't check the claim thoroughly. I took the staff members at their word, and wrote in the book that "the original has since been replaced by a copy."

Scott Tanner, who was preparing an essay for a Winold Reiss exhibit at the Hockday Museum in Kalispell, Mont., queried me on that sentence. He said that he believed it was the original statue. We compared photos of the carving from 1934-37, a photo I'd taken of it in the 1970s and one Tanner had taken a few years ago. No question, it was the same statue. It had been repainted at least twice since Hans Reiss applied the original coat of colors, but the details showed it to be the same.

I had a chance to check the statue again this summer as well as to write to Dale Scott as to whether it might be a replacement. Scott said it had been repainted during his tenure, in 1997, but never replaced. My new photos reveal positively what Scott Tanner had suggested, that it is the original Hans Reiss

the statue, so water pools there when it rains. When I checked the statue in July, it showed marked rotting at the back of the base. Otherwise, the rest of the statue looked in good condition.

Glacier Park Foundation members might want to take up the case of the statue, lobbying GPI, at a minimum, to change the height of the metal around the base to prevent further rotting. Better yet, the statue could be encased in glass or plastic, moved inside and an interpretive display created to inform tourists of its origin and significance.

Since the discovery of the Karola Mienner photos, the painted decoration of the statue could be returned to its original pattern. The Hans Reiss design was distinctly Blackfeet, while the modern interpretations show Navaho influences. A color photograph from the 1940s or 1950s showing the original decoration would aid greatly in that effort. If anyone has one, I would appreciate a copy and will ensure a copy is provided to GPI.

Glacier Park Foundation members might want to take up the case of the statue, lobbying GPI, at a minimum, to change the height of the metal around the base to prevent further rotting.

statue. I'm pleased by this finding, and also embarrassed -- red-faced about my error in not double-checking the claim that it was a copy, and thrilled to know the original statue remains.

I regret to say, though, that the statue of Two Guns White Calf is still displayed outside at Glacier Park Lodge and that the base of the statue is rotting. The problem is that a hoop of steel was placed around the base to secure it to the hotel post. The ridge of the metal is higher than the wood at the back of

And rather than "Elijah" (a name reminiscent of the wooden Indian in the Hank Williams song *Kaw-Liga*), the statue should rightfully be called Two Guns -- recognizing a famous Blackfeet chief with ties to the earliest days of the hotel and Glacier tourism.

Ray Djuff is the co-author of five books about Waterton and Glacier. His latest is Waterton and Glacier in a Snap!, available from Rocky Mountain Books (www.rmbooks.com).

The Leakiest Jammer Bus Adventures with Ned DeGarmo

*Lou Griskey
(right) and
a fellow
gearjammer in
1977 (photo
courtesy of
Lou Griskey)*



By Lou Griskey (Gearjammer 1977)

Before going into my senior year at Loyola University of Chicago, I decided to spend the summer of 1977 working in Glacier. Ian Tippet mailed an application to me late in the winter and, by spring, I learned that I would be giving tours and driving a bus for the summer. My season in Glacier turned out to be one of the most memorable and important experiences of my life. In addition to learning about fauna and flora, geology and park history, I experienced great weather, wonderful people and lessons for a lifetime. The summer included a fatal jammer crash north of St. Mary, but this too brought its share of life's lessons.

Among the many people and experiences of that summer, there is one person whom I continue to think

back upon, and who taught me some important things about facing life's ever changing fortunes and making the most of a less than perfect situation. Ned DeGarmo was a jovial type, always ready with an understated witty remark or a comedic interpretation of some current event. At the same time, he was a man in transition. He had left a job he didn't care for in Columbus, Ohio, and was springing toward uncertain prospects when his jammer run would finish in the fall. I sensed that, beyond his good natured and friendly comportment, he was someone who had an awareness of the pitfalls that life can bring even when one had done everything prudent and watchful to avoid them. I sensed that he had been through a lot more of life's experience than anyone among his peers in the jammer lodge that season.

Ned was older than the rest of the jammers. Most of us were in our early or mid twenties while Ned was approaching 33 years. When I met Ned on my first day at the jammer's lodge, I respectfully referred to him as "Mr. DeGarmo." When he asked me to dispense with the formalities and just call him "Ned", I told him that "I wouldn't dream of calling a man of your years by his first name."

Ned had served in Viet Nam. He had a photograph of himself in a paratrooper's uniform looking strapping and very fit. By 1977, his girth had widened and a metamorphosis of sorts had taken place. Nonetheless, Ned was always up for a hike and, because he had worked previous seasons in the park, he knew the various challenges of different hikes and would pace himself accordingly. My respect for Ned grew enormously

when, on a drizzly morning as we attempted to negotiate the fearsome Lyman Lake wall, he decided that it was too risky and he wasn't up to it. Another hiker and I foolishly continued, all the while saying to each other, "We should have listened to Ned." After we finished

their idiosyncratic problems. My bus (#88), for example, had a bad clutch which eventually gave out as I was dropping off passengers at the St. Mary Visitor Center. I was lucky that it happened there and not as I was approaching Logan Pass. Many buses had old canvas tops that leaked (some-

money. He was determined to get their attention.

One rainy afternoon, a caravan of four red buses stood near the horse corral in the Many Glacier parking lot. We were preparing to pull out to pick up passengers at the hotel for a run to Lake McDonald Lodge. Three drivers were helping Ned bail water from the interior of his bus. It was to no avail. Ned shook his head and, with a whimsical grin, looked over to one of the horses as it was dipping its nose in the watering trough. Without hesitation, Ned ran over to the trough, picked up a bucket and filled it with water. Then he came over to his bus and poured it over his seat. He went back repeatedly and, with the help of the other three drivers, filled the bus with water until he had a trough of his own.

We then raced down to the hotel with Ned in the lead and lined up in front an array of silvery-haired passengers eagerly awaiting their adventurous drive over the Pass. The Many Glacier dispatcher, Mark Nave, came out in his elegant manner to assist the passengers. He reached out gracefully to open one of the doors of Ned's bus. Water cascaded out, gushed over Mark's penny loafers and splashed onto his khaki trousers. The passengers gasped and howled at the spectacle. Ned had made his point. It could hardly be ignored!

I often wonder whether Ned found fortune in his quest following that summer in 1977. I'm sure that wherever he went and whatever he did, he made the best of it. And I'm sure that people who came in contact with him were amused and happy for the experience of spending some time with Ned DeGarmo.

My most vivid memory of Ned came toward the end of our season in Glacier.

the hike, Ned came to check on us just to make sure we were all right. Then he proceeded to point out our foolishness and regaled us with funny stories about some of his past expeditions on hikes in Glacier that didn't go so well for him.

My most vivid memory of Ned came toward the end of our season in Glacier. The red jammer buses we were assigned to drive all came with

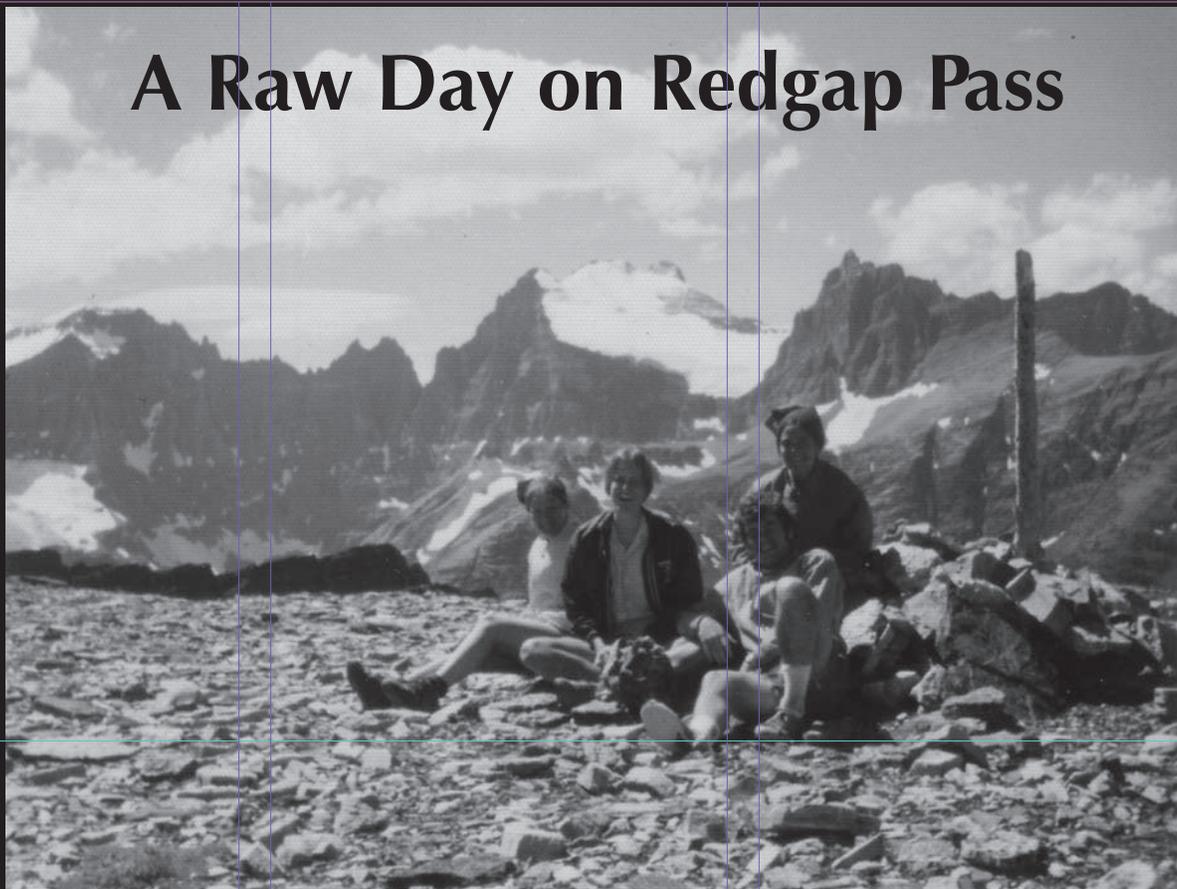
times so badly that passengers opened their umbrellas *inside* the bus!).

No bus was leakier than Ned's. He brought this to the attention of the transportation chiefs from day one. All of his complaints were flatly ignored. The leaky top cost him some tips from passengers, I'm sure; but Ned seemed more frustrated by the ineptitude of the company's chieftains than by the loss of beer



The author being licked for salt by a greedy mountain goat (photo courtesy of Lou Griskey)

A Raw Day on Redgap Pass



Hikers on Redgap Pass (John Hagen photo)

By Richard Schwab (*Many Glacier 1947-52*)

According to my letters it rained at least part of every day off I had during the exceptionally wet summer of 1948. It was then that I learned it was possible to have as good a time on a rainy day as on a clear one. My maxim became “never call off a hike just because the weather looks bad.” What clinched this in my mind was the wonderful time we had on the great circle hike of some twenty miles from Many through Ptarmigan Tunnel and Redgap Pass, down Kennedy Creek, and back to the hotel by way of Swiftcurrent Ridge.

The trip was planned by the great Rum Cashman. In the minds of all of us who knew her Rum occupies a place, right alongside Ma Perkins, as the embodiment of all that was best in the spirit of Glacier Park. She

had worked in Glacier eight years by 1948, which means she first came to Many before the war – in 1935 or 1936. In the winters she was the manager of a gift and flower shop in Owatonna, Minnesota, where the Cashman family had a large nursery business, but someone always took over during the summer so that she could be a cashier at Many Glacier.

No one ever knew or loved the Park better than she did, and few people ever have hiked more of its trails. Her knowledge of the mountains, rivers, lakes, flowers, trees, bird-calls, animals, and the anecdotal lore of the park was extraordinary. Everyone who knew her was struck by the force of her character, her unfailing enthusiasm, and her wonderful cordiality and sense of humor. To go along on a hike with her was an adventure. Her early death in 1952 closed a favorite chapter in the lives

of all of us who were her friends and hiking companions.

Rum was a great one for getting started early, and everyone on the Redgap hike – Rum, Bede Clapp, Rita Gillach, Mary Proctor, and I – rolled out of bed early enough to set out on the trail by 5:00 A.M. Viewed by any rational standard the hike was a disaster, but for sheer hilarity it stands out as one of the best hikes I ever had in those early years. From the start the weather was deplorable – squally, cold, and intermittently rainy. We made our wet and windblown way up through Ptarmigan Tunnel and down the steep trail toward Elizabeth Lake until we got to the Redgap Pass junction. That is where our travails and laughter began in earnest.

The ascent to Redgap is a protracted, mercilessly uphill pull, and we were alternately chilled by the raw winds

and assaulted by rain squalls. There was no letup after we reached the summit. Under the best conditions the long, long hike from the Pass down Kennedy Creek was an exhausting one, but on this trip it became a sort of hilarious death march.

Since the Ptarmigan Tunnel had been punched through the Ptarmigan Wall in 1931, making it possible to go by this shortcut from Many to the Belly River, the Redgap trail had ceased to be the normal route, and it was no longer maintained. By 1948 it was in deplorable condition. All the bridges were out, the trail occasionally simply disappeared or split in confusing ways, and there were treacherous deadfalls to get over. Almost every imaginable slapstick accident happened as we forded one icy stream after another and lost our way. Rum, who had started out not feeling in top shape, got more and more ill, but in spite of it she was continually bent over with laughter as she attempted to take movies of our various calamitous crossings and pratfalls.

At one narrow, swift stream we tried to take a flying leap from one bank to the other in order to avoid having to make another painful barefooted ford. We had had more than enough of that already. Bede, with his great long legs, managed to do it, albeit in a comic ape-like fashion, as was his wont. Mary Proctor lost courage in the middle of the jump and ended up clinging for a few seconds on the opposite bank, frantically clawing at the clay, rocks, and grass in a vain effort to save herself. She ended up right in the river, and dragged herself out like a partially soaked muskrat. All we could do was to throw ourselves helplessly on the ground for about five minutes of helpless laughter. I believe Rum was trying to photograph this but had to give

up and sink down weakly herself, tears streaming down her face.

And thus it went all day long, one disaster or crisis after another. Rum was the only one who had been on the trail before, and that had been many years earlier. At one place, while we were risking snapping our limbs at each step through an enormous deadfall area, Rum began to wonder whether we were lost. She had not seen anything like that deadfall before. The terrible weather, the fact that we were not quite sure where we were, and the continual big and small mishaps had the effect of lowering our laughter threshold in a lugubrious way. Things could not get much worse, so why not laugh? It was better than moaning.

Finally, after much travail, we staggered up to Swiftcurrent Ridge Lake, which Rum called "Moran's Bathing Tub", and we knew all would be well. At that moment the wind dropped at last, the squalls of rain stopped, and we witnessed a stupen-

dous sunset from the ridge, painting the clouds in every direction in all the colors of the rainbow. The spot where we rested was a rich green turf filled with rain-washed wildflowers whose colors were enhanced in a remarkable way by the quality of the alpine glow of light. Rum pointed out a bed of miniature Shooting Stars. That was the first time that I had seen those perfect little flowers with their flawless microscopic markings.

Knowing we had had an unforgettable day, we all abandoned ourselves to slipping, sliding, tumbling, and getting ourselves caked with mud and clay as we descended the nearly vertical trail, known as "The Mule Killer", to the Ranger Checking Station on the Babb road. It was too late to make it to dinner in the cafeteria, and so we all went over to the Swiftcurrent Coffee Shop and "wolfed down the most delicious steaks I believe I've ever tasted!" I wrote at the time.



Rum Cashman, Rita Gillock, Mary Proctor, and Dick Schwab making hot tea at Ptarmigan Tunnel (photo courtesy of Dick Schwab)

"MAY I HELP YOU?"

Service to the Public in Glacier's Early Days

By Tessie Bundick (Many Glacier 1972-82)

The Great Northern Railway's advertising department was busy, in 1913-14, exclaiming the wonders of America's newest playground, Glacier National Park. Meanwhile, the traveling public was busy experiencing the hospitality offerings of the Park's camps, hotels, transportation systems, and horseback tours.

Many letters to the Great Northern were very complimentary. A Mr. A.B. Steffens of Chicago wrote in 1914, "I desire to express to you, the sincere appreciation our party felt of the magnificent work that has been done by the Great Northern Railroad, in the short time since the creation of the National Park, for the purpose of making its beauties accessible with comfort to the tourist.

"Your Hotels and Camps are uniformly good – the Glacier Park Hotel even luxurious and excellent in every way. The auto service in the Park is the best I have ever seen anywhere and your Managers and employees throughout the Park, are very courteous and efficient."

A lot of the negative observations about the various services were mainly due to growing pains, difficulties in portering supplies to remote locations, primitive conditions of the camps, mismanagement, and the disparity between advertised amenities and reality.

Since the Glacier Park Hotel Company was so new, the Great Northern seemed to appreciate the public's input, both pro and con. They seemed to feel that the corporation could learn from their guests' experiences, especially as set out in the not-so-complimentary missives. One such letter writer, one Mary Callion Taylor, a stockholder, had a few things to say about her trip through Glacier. A specific problem was that she and her female travel companion "were put in a tent which would have been comfortable and delightful by itself but which was divided in the middle by almost invisible burlap and the other half made into a sleeping apartment for two perfectly strange men whose cots touched ours and whose noisy nearness made sleep impossible. Only a thunderstorm prevented me from going outside and having a (by comparison) luxurious night beside a camp fire."



Above: Glacier Park Lodge dining room, circa 1915 (Ray Djuff collection)

Below: Glacier Park Lodge lobby, circa 1915 (Fred Kiser photo, courtesy of Ray Djuff, courtesy of the Minnesota Historical Society)



Taylor went on to complain that the Great Northern advertised the chalets and hotels as ready for occupation, but that they had not been begun at all or were in an unfinished state. Other tourists she came into contact with were very dissatisfied with misrepresentations such as services costing more than the advertisements stated.

The Great Northern took these and other comments seriously and promised remedies, although they did pass the buck a bit and pointed out that the park was under the control of the United States government, and that the Great Northern, as a corporation, did not have a free hand.

In July of 1913, there appeared to be a major problem with securing reservations and food service at the new east Glacier Park Hotel. When the drivers of the famous Glidden Auto Tour pulled in, the staff seemed to be overwhelmed. Louis W. Hill, the man who had had the hotel built and the head of the Great Northern, arrived with the auto enthusiasts. He was a shocked witness to the mayhem and claimed that “the failure of the hotel management is seriously interfering with all the work we have done in three years to advertise the Park.”

He was so annoyed that he changed his plans and started for home. He did concede that the Glidden tour was enormous, but he stated, “People at the hotel are wiring their friends not to come on and those on the train to go through, on account of the hotel’s lack of system and the uncertainty of accommodations.”

While people, of course, loved the scenery and took the rusticity of the camps into consideration, a certain number of the tourists were sorely offended by the camp food. In an August 1, 1914 letter, a Mr. Mershon of Saginaw, Michigan, admitted that the Park was grand, “the chalets and camps are ample and comfortable, for the people are roughing it, but the food in the Park is simply horrible.” He went on to complain about the lax management, calling the kitchen, at his location, very unsanitary. He understood about the lack of



Great Northern Railway publicity photo advertising the freshness of produce served on trains (perhaps prompted by letters like those quoted here!) (photo courtesy of Ray Djuff)

fresh eggs and the need for canned milk but was very upset by the ubiquitous fried food: “I was unable to get a baked potato from the time I got into the park at Glacier until I left it – everything was fried and greasy.” There were no towels and not enough help, the salad had the

America First,” a new motto could be “See America Next.” The writer’s opinion was that a lot of would-be international travelers “who were shut out of Europe might see America Next.” Presumably, because of World War I, Europe was almost impossible to vacation in.

The Great Northern Railway Company was to be commended for going to a great amount of trouble to develop Glacier Park and make its high terrain accessible to the eager tourists ready for unforgettable Rocky Mountain adventures.

wrong kind of oil, the coffee was nauseating, and the meat was malodorous. He claimed that good Great Northern advertising would “be coppered by the smell of some of these meals that will surely filter back East through the tourists’ tales such as I have told.” Louis Hill took note of this letter, calling it “the worst we have ever received.”

Some members of the public suggested innovative propositions. One, in a 1914 letter, opined that instead of the splendid Great Northern slogan, “See

The Great Northern Railway Company was to be commended for going to a great amount of trouble to develop Glacier Park and make its high terrain accessible to the eager tourists ready for unforgettable Rocky Mountain adventures. The chalet camps and hotels, constructed in such remote, difficult places were a testament to the company’s fierce determination to offer a once-in-a-lifetime experience. In most cases, they were very successful.

By Greg Hagen (*Many Glacier, 1974-77*)

I spent four years working at Many Glacier Hotel in the middle 1970's. The first two years I worked in the "St. Moritz Counter Operation", the second two as a bellman / lobby porter.

In my first summer (1974), I was given the job as the lead counter hand of the St. Moritz Counter Operation, which was located on the lower level of Many Glacier Hotel. By that time the grill had been removed and so, with a crew of four people, we served coffee, sweet rolls and cookies in the morning; sandwiches, hotdogs, and milkshakes in the afternoon and evening, when the hotel dining room was not operating.

In that first summer season I was quite inexperienced and felt under a great deal of pressure to perform well, as I was the younger brother of a well known employee, John Hagen, who was then head bellman at the hotel. As I wanted nothing to go wrong, I spent long hours at the job and dropped in at the counter operation on days off, when I was not hiking. This did not sit well with several of my more laid back co-workers. They decided that I should have a full day off whether I liked it or not. They therefore talked one of the hotel security guards into loaning them a pair of handcuffs. They then waited for me to come into the counter operation, and with the help of an employee or two from the dining room crew, handcuffed me and took me to an employee car waiting just outside the counter operation. The car was then driven south of the village of St. Mary (20 miles away), where I was dropped off on the highway to fend for myself, with the handcuffs still on.

I briefly considered my options, quickly discarding the option of trying to hike back to Many Glacier Hotel via trail, for the wiser option of walking back into St. Mary and going to the Ranger Station there. The park ranger was obviously quite surprised to see someone come into his office in handcuffs.

HANDCUFFED!

A Surprising Day Off



Beth Beckelhymer and Greg Hagen on duty in the St. Moritz Counter Operation, 1974 (photo courtesy of Greg Hagen)

Luckily for me, he believed my story of how it had happened, and drove me back to Many Glacier Hotel. The night security guard, who owned the handcuffs, was also quite surprised. He was roused from his day's sleep, at the upper employee dorm, by the park ranger

summer and I was concerned that Mr. Tippet, the hotel manager, would not react well to more problems of that nature. I'm sure that my coworkers at the counter operation were also grateful to me for not pressing the issue (the ranger referred to it as "hardcore fun").

They decided that I should have a full day off whether I liked it or not.

asking for the key to the handcuffs and wanting to know why the handcuffs had been used in this unusual way.

The park ranger asked me whether I wanted to press charges in this case (for kidnapping, assault, and false imprisonment). I declined, in part because there had been a number of incidents of employee shenanigans earlier that

They might have ended up "going down the road, thank you" -- a Many Glacier euphemism for being fired. The rest of the summer, our crew made a lot of milkshakes and sandwiches, I spent my days off hiking, and my coworkers never mentioned the incident to me again.

THE GOVERNORS' CONFERENCE and Other Adventures

by Annette Pampusch Conklin, St. Mary 1958; Many Glacier 1960

When I went to Many Glacier in the summer of 1960, I was a Glacier Park veteran. I had already spent the summer of 1958 working as a secretary for Margaret Black at St. Mary Lodge. That was a wonderfully rich summer for a 19-year old from the cities whose only other contact with nature had been summer camp with the Girl Scouts, and staying at a cabin on the lake for a week each summer. I remember taking long hikes in a group led by Hugh Black, Jr., picking huckleberries on walks with Mrs. Black; and visiting the Hutterite Colony with Hugh Black, Sr. (I also remember the awful rhubarb wine which the Hutterites hospitably offered us on that trip.)

I was a student at the College of St. Catherine, majoring in piano. I remember a few pleasant evenings at the Blacks' place playing chamber music with Peter Speltz on cello and Miss South Dakota (can't remember her name) on flute. There were some organized parties for the young staff and also many memorable evening gatherings near the lake, where we sat around a campfire, laughed, talked, sang folk songs with Pete Schneeman on the guitar, and drank "bourbon and branch water" (sorry, Mom). Among all these wonderful St. Mary memories, I've almost been able to forget the mice in the sink in our cramped little dorm.

In 1960, I worked at Many Glacier for only a month or so, because I was to be a bridesmaid in a wedding later in the summer. I was placed at the front desk, where I checked people in and out. Because I was to be there for just a few weeks, and because I was older (almost 21), a college grad and considered trustworthy, I was housed in a room in the boys' dorm close to the hallway which connected it to the girls' dorm. When the parents of a younger girl who was

rooming with me came to visit and saw where she was sleeping, they immediately took her back to St. Paul with them.

As usual, there were many students from St. Olaf College working at Many Glacier that summer. They were singers or performers who put on regular musical shows for the guests. It was only on Sunday afternoon that those of us who played classical music were able to do any performing.

Once, a couple of us girls hitchhiked (gasp!) to Calgary, Alberta for the rodeo. We were told that hitchhiking was quite safe and the only way to get there. We stayed at a B & B in Calgary. We were enjoying the rodeo until a man fell off a horse, was dragged, and died in front of our eyes ... a sickening memory which has never left me.

Many years later, Shriver visited the University of Notre Dame. My husband Dick was head of University Relations. Dick actually told him that he owed his wife money for typing up that memo at Many Glacier in the memorable summer of 1960!

I have a photo of myself amidst the bear-grass during that summer of 1960. The photo was taken by a guest or an employee named Dick who invited me to go to dinner with him at the Prince of Wales Hotel in Waterton. It was a very pleasant evening until we started home. Then it started to rain buckets. The windshield wiper on his car had to be operated by hand (mine) outside the car. And we almost missed being able to cross the Canadian border because of the late hour (not to worry, Mom – we made it).

That was the summer before the 1960 presidential elections. While I was working at Many Glacier, we hosted the

national Governors' Conference. It was exciting to see such notables as Edward R. Murrow, Nelson Rockefeller (with his first wife), Sen. Everett Dirksen of Illinois, Rep. Charles Halleck of Indiana, Gov. Faubus and his son from Arkansas, and others whom I had read about in the newspapers or seen on TV. TV cameras and reporters were everywhere.

One afternoon, a tall, nice-looking and affable man stopped by the desk to see if there was anyone who could take a memo in shorthand and type it out for him. I volunteered and we went to his room (perfectly innocent, Mom), where he dictated a memo to Sen. Abraham Ribicoff of Connecticut. The memo involved John Kennedy's candidacy and his relationship with the South.

I dutifully typed up the memo and left it at the front desk for him to pick up the next morning. That day was my day off, so I wasn't there. But the man left his card. When I read, "Robert Sargent Shriver, Chicago Merchandise Mart," I immediately recognized him as Eunice Kennedy's husband. Of course, he later headed the Peace Corps in the Kennedy administration.

Many years later, Shriver visited the University of Notre Dame. My husband Dick was head of University Relations. Dick actually told him that he owed his wife money for typing up that memo at Many Glacier in the memorable summer of 1960!

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THE WIZARD'S REVENGE

and other tales of the 1970s

By John Hagen (Many Glacier 1970-80)

Here are three tales from the Many Glacier Bellmen's Log of the early 1970s. The common element is creative use of notes by hotel employees.



The Wizard's Revenge

Chris Vick (who was famously nicknamed "the Wizard") overslept his 7AM shift one morning. He trotted in yawning about 7:30, while the rest of the bellmen were frantically running around collecting tour bags. Later that morning, I began to notice little notes (about the size of a modern Post-It note) taped up in corridors and stairwells. Passers-by who stopped to squint at them were slyly informed that "Wizard was half an hour late today." The notes were anonymous, but circumstantial evidence suggested that they were the work of David Manzer and Tim Vadheim.

Chris soon discovered the notes and responded very aggressively. Large placards sprang up all over the hotel, which made false accusations that all the other bellmen had overslept! ("VADHEIM WAS AN HOUR LATE THIS MORNING!" "MANZER WAS 45 MINUTES LATE!") A truce was hastily arranged, and the whole crew fanned out to pull down the signs before they were seen by Mr. Tippet.

Nurse Jayne Makes a Raid

Very early one morning, the 6AM bellman, Steve White, received an anonymous phone call. The caller directed him to unscrew the mouthpiece of the bellmen's phone. Steve found part of the mechanism missing, and in its place

a note entitled "A Treasure Hunt for Fun-Loving Bellmen." It read: "*Good morning, bellmen! And how are you? Go to Male X-Y-Z box for your first clue.*"

The rest of the morning bellmen now arrived, and joined Steve in jogging off to the cafeteria to check the employee mailbox. There was a note which read: "*The first floor dispenser has been a problem for you -- but now it's the hiding place for Clue #2.*" Off we went to the public bathroom on first floor (which the bellmen were responsible to clean). The towel dispenser there was a constant source of annoyance, because the company bought cheap paper towels that fit it badly. Inside the dispenser, we found this note: "*The place where the ranger tells of flowers and trees is the place where you'll find Clue #3.*" Off we went to the Lucerne Room! On the podium used for ranger talks lay the next note: "*Up in the writing room stuck in a drawer -- that's where you'll find Clue #4.*"

We indignantly raced upstairs to ransack the desks in the Writing Room. The cadence of the poetry made us feel like characters in a Dr. Seuss book. The next note directed us: "*In the cocktail lounge where the band always jives, stuck in the piano, is -- Clue #5.*" So we went to the piano in the Interlaken Lounge. There we found the final clue: "*The house alcoholic plays an unwitting role -- 'cause your mouthpiece is hidden on top of his pole.*"

The barber that summer was a flamboyant and heavy drinker. We went to the barber shop, and checked the miniature pole outside the door. Sure enough, the missing mechanism was perched on top of it, along with a final note: "*Your search now is ended. Your quest, it is done. Watching you find this sure has been fun. Hee, hee!*" Just down the hall, we spied Nurse Jayne Ottman leaning casually in the dispensary door and grinning like the Cat in the Hat. Jayne cheerfully identified herself as the culprit.

A Raid on Nurse Jayne

Besides playing pranks on the bellmen, Nurse Jayne liked to harass the security guards. She sometimes would lurk on overhead balconies and toss glasses of water at them as they passed by on their rounds. One night, the creative chief of security, Tim Christenson, crept into the dispensary with a passkey. He left the following note by her pillow, alongside a large glass of water:

*"Silently, silently, while you slept
Into your room I quietly crept.
You lay there sleeping while I stood by,
Prepared to douse you, or at least to try.
But then a noble thought entered my brain,
That from this dousing I should refrain.
So as young David spared King Saul,
And God at Sinai spared Aaron, et al.,
I now spare you. But I leave this glass
So you'll know I could have drenched your --"*

FROM CANNON FIRE TO CONCESSION CONTRACTS

Superintendent Briefs GPF on Park Issues

By John Hagen (*Many Glacier 1970-80*)

Among the issues confronting Glacier Park Superintendent Mick Holm, one wouldn't expect to find proposals for shooting off cannons in the park. But Holm and his staff are presently studying the impacts of artillery fire on wildlife and Park values, along with more mundane matters like roadwork.

Holm gave a comprehensive briefing on Park issues to the annual membership meeting of the Glacier Park Foundation in early August. Concessions Officer Jan Knox gave *The Inside Trail* additional detail on issues involving Park lodges and buses.

Cannon fire has been proposed by the Burlington Northern Santa Fe Railroad (BNSF) as one means of avalanche control. Railroad tracks along the southern borders of Glacier have been increasingly beset with winter derailments because of widening avalanche chutes, the

mitigation, including better forecasting and the building of more snowsheds.

Transportation Issues

Relatively modest renovation projects went forward again this summer on Going-to-the-Sun Road. These included reinforcement of the Triple Arches and associated guardwall repair, renovation near the West Side tunnel, and some resurfacing of the road. Meanwhile, preparations are well advanced for much more extensive reconstruction which probably will start in 2007. Congress has appropriated \$50 million (in addition to funds in the Federal Highway Administration's Park Roads Program) to reconstruct the road.

When reconstruction begins, there will be extensive traffic delays, and the highway's capacity will be reduced. Glacier is developing a new shuttle system which it hopes will lead 10% or more of motorists to park and ride. The shuttle

traffic. These will include card-swipe systems at entrances to the park and electronic message boards to show road delays and other data. The message boards will be outside the park and at a new Transit Center to be built at the "T" between Apgar and West Glacier.

Lodge Renovation and Concession Issues

The exterior renovation of Many Glacier Hotel is now complete (new roof, new balconies, renovated siding), at a federally-funded cost of over \$10 million. Work will now proceed on interior renovation of the hotel, in increments as funds become available. The ultimate cost of this work may be on the order of \$35 million.

Work at the hotel in the spring and fall of 2006 will be relatively modest and focused on "hazardous materials abatement." The materials in question are primarily asbestos and bat guano. The asbestos removal will follow up earlier abatement efforts, and will be directed at crawlways, pipes, and soils. Besides removing bat guano, the Park Service hopes to induce bats to nest outside the hotel instead of creeping inside it. Small "bat houses" are to be erected under the eaves, some with heating elements.

Substantial federal funds have tentatively been allocated for large-scale interior renovations at Many Glacier around 2009. The work will begin at the hotel's north end (in the dining room and the Main wing). It will include rewiring, replumbing, and seismic stabilization. There also will be some historical restoration work (perhaps including removal of the dining room's false ceiling, reconstruction of its pergola, and replication of 1915-era décor and fixtures in the guest rooms). As funds become available in later years, the same sorts of work will be done in Many Glacier's Lobby and Annex sections.

When reconstruction begins, there will be extensive traffic delays, and the highway's capacity will be reduced.

deterioration of snow sheds, and a large increase in train volume. The BNSF wants to trigger controlled avalanches with cannon shots, or perhaps with bombs dropped out of helicopters, as is done at ski resorts and as has been done in Yellowstone Park. Montana's previous governor urged the Park to cooperate with the railroad, citing economic concerns. The safety of Amtrak passengers and train crews also obviously is at issue.

Glacier Park officials are concerned about the effect of explosions on wildlife. Unexploded ordnance left on hillsides also could pose a hazard to off-trail hikers and to animals. BNSF has agreed to pay for an environmental impact study. Park Service personnel are studying other means of avalanche

will be free of charge to passengers. It will be funded by a modest increase in the Park entrance fee (from the present \$20 for a seven-day pass to \$25, and from \$25 for an annual pass to \$35).

The shuttle system will consist of 17 buses each carrying 19-20 passengers and powered by alternative fuels. The shuttle will run through a series of 26 stops between West Glacier and St. Mary. These buses will complement the historic red "jammer" buses, which will continue to carry passengers for a fee between the various Park lodges. The Native American transport concession also will continue to run.

Glacier also is planning to implement a number of high-tech systems to expedite

FROM CANNON FIRE TO CONCESSIONS *continued*

Major changes are projected for all of Glacier's lodges under the Commercial Services Plan which the Park Service finalized last year. These changes include reconstruction of Many Glacier's Circular Staircase, conversion of its Lower Dorm to guest accommodations, conversion of Swiftcurrent's motels to employee accommodations and construction of additional guest cabins there, conversion of Lake McDonald's Garden Court, Cobb Cabin, and Snyder Cabin to guest facilities, construction of a new Lake McDonald coffee shop, motel, and employee facilities, and new facilities at Rising Sun.

These innovations all await a new long-term concession contract. Glacier Park, Incorporated's current 25-year contract will expire at the end of 2005. The Park Service is authorized to extend this contract for as much as three years. An extension is virtually certain, though the length has not been determined.

The Park Service is currently at work preparing a "request for proposals," calling for bids for a new contract. GPI is expected to bid, and other companies may bid as well. Bidders will be asked to make commitments to fund elements of the Commercial Services Plan, as well

as to pay a franchise fee and to provide other consideration.

If another party outbids GPI, it must pay GPI for its "possessory interest" in concession buildings. This figure represents the Great Northern Railway's original investment in building the lodges, plus other private investments over the years. The "possessory interest" is to be reduced by the amount of the ongoing federal investments at Many Glacier. However, because no baseline figure was agreed upon before the investment of federal funds began, GPI's interest is undetermined.

GPI's present contract includes both lodging and transportation services (primarily the red buses). The Park Service has not yet decided whether to call for separate bids on the lodging and transportation contracts.

Other Issues

In his briefing to the Foundation, Superintendent Holm discussed a number of other issues as well. One of these is the threat of open-pit coal mining in Canada, a few miles across the border from Glacier Park, and upstream on the Flathead River's North Fork. This project (which has been a recurrent threat

for more than 20 years) could befoul Glacier's clean air and water. Talks on the issue are being conducted by the governor of Montana and the premier of British Columbia.

Composting toilets which were installed at Sperry Chalet in the mid-1990s renovation have failed to work. Cold temperatures inhibit the bacteria from composting effectively. Pit toilets now have been installed, with removable barrels which are slung out periodically by helicopter.

Glacier hosted a major scientific conference this summer on various topics involving the Park. The Park Service hopes to make this conference an annual event. Glacier also is expanding its offerings of Native American culture, with frequent speakers, an encampment, and a projected venue for dancing near the St. Mary Visitor Center.

Glacier Park Foundation members warmly applauded Superintendent Holm for his comprehensive presentation and answering of numerous questions. We all are grateful to the superintendent for sharing his time with us, and for encouraging public input on Park issues.

JOIN THE GLACIER PARK FOUNDATION

All friends of Glacier Park are invited to join the Glacier Park Foundation. Membership includes a subscription to *The Inside Trail* and the right to vote for directors. Please download a membership form from our Web Site (www.glacierparkfoundation.org) or send your name, address, phone number, and park experience to Glacier Park Foundation, Box 15641, Minneapolis, MN 55415.

An annual membership in the Foundation costs \$10. A "Friend of the Park" membership costs \$25 annually, cumulating to a Lifetime membership in five installments. A Lifetime membership paid in one installment costs \$100.

The Glacier Park Foundation is a § 501(c)(3) nonprofit corporation. Contributions are tax deductible to the extent permitted by law.



(Panorama by Christine Baker)