

THE INSIDE TRAIL



Voice of the Glacier Park Foundation ■ Summer 2005 ■ Volume XIX, No. 2

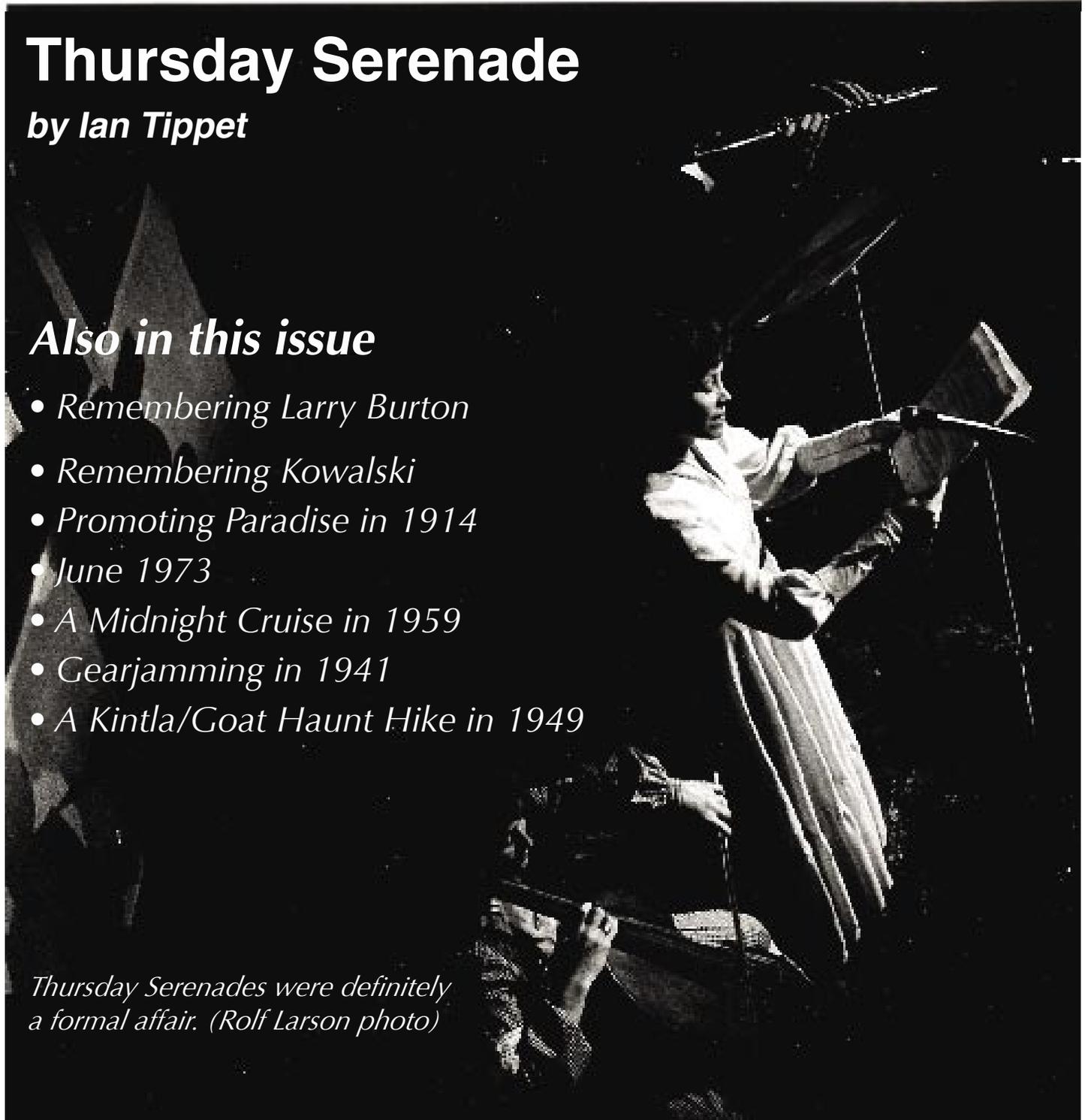
Thursday Serenade

by Ian Tippet

Also in this issue

- *Remembering Larry Burton*
- *Remembering Kowalski*
- *Promoting Paradise in 1914*
- *June 1973*
- *A Midnight Cruise in 1959*
- *Gearjamming in 1941*
- *A Kintla/Goat Haunt Hike in 1949*

Thursday Serenades were definitely a formal affair. (Rolf Larson photo)



A Salute to Ian Tippet

The Glacier Park Foundation congratulates Ian B. Tippet as he begins his 51st summer working in Glacier Park. Mr. Tippet, a graduate of the London Hotel School, began working summers for the Glacier Park Hotel Co. in 1955. He managed Swiftcurrent, Rising Sun, and Lake McDonald Lodge.

In 1961, when Glacier Park, Inc. (GPI) became the concessioner, Mr. Tippet was named manager of Many Glacier Hotel. He remained in that position for 23 years. He built up a legendary program of employee musical entertainment – an annual Broadway musical, a nightly dining room chorus, and a weekly round of programs in the lobby.

In this issue, we are honored to have Mr. Tippet reflect on the most ambitious of those weekly programs,

the colorful Thursday Serenade. It was a variety show that displayed the remarkable range of talent – vocal, instrumental, and dramatic – that he recruited from colleges all across the country every year.

While producing these programs in his spare time, Mr. Tippet maintained exemplary standards of service to the public in managing the rustic old hotel. Several stories in this issue offer whimsical insights into the challenges he faced with archaic equipment, wild weather, and the high-spirited frolicking of his young employees.

In 1984, Mr. Tippet was moved to East Glacier, where he handled several management functions for GPI in addition to his longstanding role as personnel director. In 1998, he retired as an executive, but has

continued to work for the company each summer managing the mail room, supervising lobby porters, and handling a remarkable array of other functions.

Last fall, Mr. Tippet underwent open-heart surgery to repair a balky valve. His friends have been cheered to learn that the surgery was successful, and that he is back for another summer in Glacier (having pledged, however, to give up rising at 3AM every morning to go to work with the lobby porters). *The Inside Trail* salutes Mr. Tippet, as we did in a special commemorative issue in 1998 – congratulations on your recovery and on your distinguished career!

Glacier Park Foundation
P.O. Box 15641
Minneapolis, MN 55415
www.glacierparkfoundation.org

Board of Directors:

Tessie Bundick
Laura Chihara
Janet Eisner Cornish
Carol Repulski Dahle
Joyce Daugaard
Glen Elvig
Lee Flath
David Gilbertson
John Hagen
Einar Hanson
Paul Hoff
Mark Hufstetler
Jeff Kuhn
Linda Young Kuhn
Rolf Larson
Leroy Lott
Greg Notess
Mac Willemssen

Officers:

John Hagen, President
Einar Hanson, First Vice President
Carol Dahle, Vice President - Membership
Mac Willemssen, Secretary
Tessie Bundick, Historian
Jim Lees, Treasurer
Rolf Larson, Inside Trail Editor

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.

Thursday Serenade

by Ian B. Tippet

Many Glacier Hotel's "MANY MONTHS OF MADNESS" calendar, displayed in glory right outside my office in the Long Hall, brimmed over with events from day one of every season from 1961 to 1983.

Bill Hamer performs a song from "Sweeney Todd" by Stephen Sondheim. (Rolf Larson photo)



There was every kind of evening activity, from lobby or St. Moritz Room "bookings" to employee birthdays, Broadway musicals, Sunday concerts, Monday hootenannies, Wednesday sing alongs, Friday skits, the Miss Glacier Park pageant, Many Glacier Olympics, inter-location flag football engagements, and everything of interest.

Of special attention for me personally was the organizing of the Thursday Serenade series, which happened in the hotel lobby at 9:30 PM every Thursday for 23 seasons. Hundreds

of Many Glacier Hotel employees over those years participated. A sign-up list was put up a week in advance. It sometimes had to be "edited" so that we did not have two duplicating talents in the same program. We always had more people

wanting to perform than we could accommodate, and many of them had to be rescheduled.

Over those many seasons, every kind of instrumentation from tuba to English horn was featured. There were countless magnificent voices

Hundreds of Many Glacier Hotel employees over those years participated. . . . We always had more people wanting to perform than we could accommodate. . . .

gaining experience by singing before a live audience.

A Serenade program might go like this:

- The Many Glacier Singers
- A 'cello solo
- A cutting from "Porgy and Bess" with the soprano on the second floor being "courted" by the tenor on the lobby floor
- A reading
- A woodwind quintet
- A bass soloist
- A dance routine
- A brass quartet
- A string trio
- A barber shop quartet
- A snippet from the oncoming Broadway musical
- A duo of piano soloists.

The lobby was set up in the morning theater style by the porters, and the staging or the sets were put in place. Re-



*Sheila Wilson at the piano.
(Rolf Larson photo)*

served seats were given to "VIP guests," such as visiting parents. My secretary typed the scripts, one for my podium as host, one for the podium of the co-host, one for the second floor sound man,

and one for the third floor theatre-spotlight man. We closed the gift shop one half hour early, as the performance was done in theatre lighting only to avoid distractions.

We used a different co-host each week, covering the departments. The participating soloists had already sent home for their long evening dresses or their tuxedos (if they did not have them already). The program wasted no time. The contrasting numbers were linked by short introductions, showing the audience the amazing talents of these quality handpicked employees, from schools and universities from every corner of the USA.

The quality and dignity and fun of these programs gained massive recognition, and a grand experience for the performers. The Thursday Serenade and hundreds of concerts reinforced the Many Glacier Hotel motto: "SHOWPLACE OF THE ROCKIES." It will always live in memory.



Sometimes, Thursday Serenades were not so formal. (Rolf Larson photo)

Promoting Paradise in 1914

Advertising Glacier's Lodges



GLACIER NATIONAL PARK

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR

FRANKLIN K. LANE, Secretary

U.S. Department of the Interior brochure, 1914. (From the collection of Ray Djuff)

By Tessie Bundick (*Many Glacier* 1972-82)

The Great Northern Railway Co. was well known, in the teens of the twentieth century, for its enthusiastic promotion of its assets in Glacier

National Park. The company managers knew that their grand lodges, cabins and chalets, set in this glorious, sparkling jewel of the Rocky Mountains, were well worth any effort on their part.

As early as 1914, the Glacier Park Hotel Co. (and thus, the Great Northern) had been criticized for oversaturation with its advertising campaigns. Louis Hill, head of the Railway Co., was even thinking of rejecting booklets featuring the glaciers and other scenic wonders of the park, prepared by the Department of the Interior. He figured that the money saved could be used to better advantage in more practical pursuits – such as railroad work. He speculated that the matter could be reconsidered in 1915, “if Secretary Lane thinks the park should go ahead with its advertising.”

One of the reasons that Glacier might have seemed overexposed was because of lecturers such as Robert G. Weyh, of New York City. Mr. Weyh gave talks on western travel illustrated by stereopticon and cinematograph. He concentrated his shows in the eastern United States, especially the New York City area. Some of his ambitious topics (including Glacier National Park) were entitled “The Industries of California,” “Along the Pacific Coast,” “Through the Rockies,” “Colorado,” “The Great Lakes,” “Yosemite Valley,” “Yellowstone Park,” “Our Great Northwest,” “The Old Southwest,” “Mt. Rainier National Park,” and so on. In 1914 alone, Mr. Weyh brought forth images of the scenic wonders of the United States to almost 35,000 adults!

The Glacier Park Hotel Co., in spite of some criticism, was mostly pleased with the publicity the Park was getting on the national scene. In 1914, however, Mr. W. P. Kenney, Vice President at the Great North-



W. P. ("Pop") Kenney (From the collection of Ray Djuff)

ern, expressed some concern that the lecture circuits only partially worked. He was not enthusiastic about a Mr. Lawrence Grant who had made a movie about Glacier for the Kimmecolor Co. Mr. Grant was supposed to do a lecture tour with Kimmecolor, but it never materialized. It then came to the attention of Mr. Kenney that Mr. Grant wished to arrange a European talking tour and planned to take some Blackfeet with him. Grant intended to travel to the west first, to collect more material for his endeavors. Kenney declared that he was not too keen on giving Grant a salary, although he was not opposed to the Hotel Company paying his expenses. However, the Vice President believed that if any money was to be put into this kind of thing, it should be kept in the United States, because this "close to home field" had not been fully exploited. Advertising in the U.S. would bring more certain results.

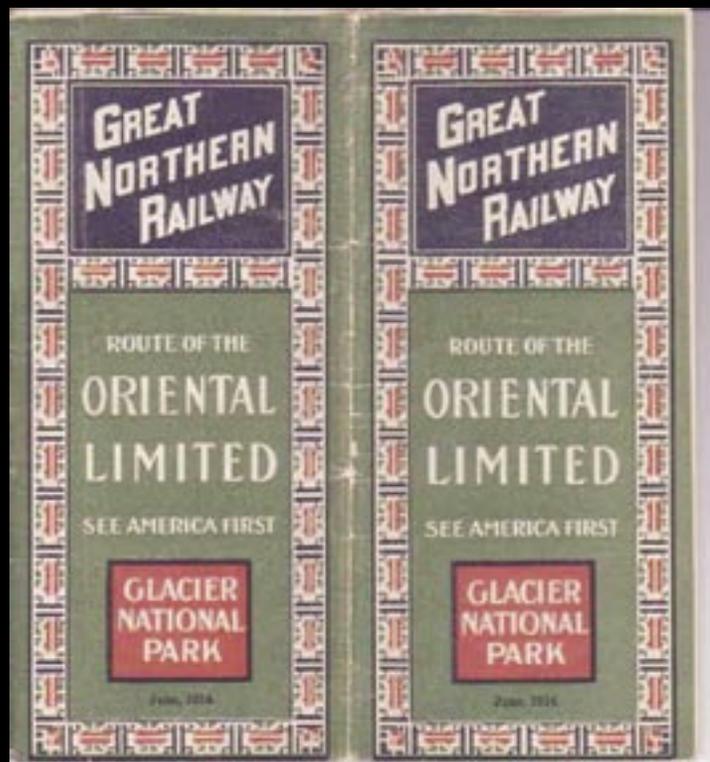
One of the more interesting promotional gimmicks, discussed by the Hotel Co. in May of 1914, was the

Glacier was claimed to have "risen within the last few years to the rank of an attraction of world-wide interest, and every summer brings people to it from all parts of the world to marvel at and delight in its scenic beauties and its natural attractions."

filming of a "photo play" in Glacier. In a letter to Louis Hill, Joseph Finn of the Nichols-Finn Advertising Co. of Chicago put forth the idea of a movie set in the Park. It was to be penned by Lloyd Lonergan, the leading scenario writer of the Thanouser Co. The actors would be James Creuze and Margaret Snow, the main motion picture stars in the Mutual Corporation. Their appearance in such a film would garner them much national publicity with the Tribune Syndicate on the "Million Dollar Mystery Story," accord-

ing to Finn. He also stated that this would be "a real photo play, written, not just news a la Pathe." (The Pathe Company had filmed travelogues on Glacier.)

The hero and heroine would be on a honeymoon and get to Glacier and have all sorts of adventures. "... Miss Snow is perhaps captured by Indians and then is rescued at Gunsight Pass, or Avalanche Pass or Avalanche Basin, or perhaps half way across Blackfoot Glacier," opines Mr. Finn. "My idea would be to



1914 Great Northern Rate Sheet. (From the collection of Ray Djuff)

have the romance carry the story and work in, as settings, the chief things of interest in G.N.P.," he continued.

He also declares that Lonergan is known "nationally for his ability to write heart throb scenarios, and I am sure a capital photo play, in say two reels or about 2400 or 3000 feet, could be perfected." Finn claimed that incidental pictures taken in the Park could be subsequently used in other photo plays. The movies would get a circulation of at least 4000 theatres in the U.S., which according to Finn would be a "mighty good investment, considering the small expenses involved."

The Great Northern's records include no follow-up material showing whether the film was ever made. But it might have seemed a bright idea at the time.

Another promising promotional venture originated in Oregon, also in 1914. It involved the *Oregonian* newspaper. Two paper carriers, chosen as the result of a popularity contest, were to be given an all-expenses paid tour of Glacier Park.

In an April 25 article, Glacier was claimed to have "risen within the last few years to the rank of an attraction of world-wide interest, and every summer brings people to it from all parts of the world to marvel at and delight in its scenic beauties and its natural attractions."

The young men picked for the honor were to be college students and this trip was to be considered a very beneficial addition to their education. Thus, the Park was given a solid bit of advertising through this contest in a westernmost state.

The Hotel Company also employed magazine publicity to a great extent

– the best venues were *National Geographic* and *Travel Magazine*.

However, one means that was very effective and not very expensive was word of mouth. In a letter to Louis Hill, Vice President Kenney declares, "The missionary word of our friends, who have been through the Park, is certainly very valuable. A letter from Mr. W. W. Fitzmaurice, second attached, states that he has influenced six of his friends to make the trip, and the next letter from Mr. R. E. York states that he was in the party of six referred to by Mr. Fitzmaurice.

"You will note also in the attached letter from Mr. Coxe that he was

off about the Park who has ever been through it."

The tangible results of advertising and extensive promotions were watched closely by Vice President Kenney. The Hotel Company evidently polled Glacier tourists to find out how they learned of the Park. In a memo to Hill, he states, "I think it would be well to tabulate the results of these answers in various ways. Show how many were brought to the Park by newspaper articles, how many by railroad literature, how many by moving pictures, bill boards, window displays and various other advertising that are mentioned;

In 1914, the Glacier Park Hotel Co. had just built East Glacier Park Lodge, the chalets, cabins, and teepee camps. Many Glacier Hotel was still to be completed. And yet, tourists were flocking to this paradise of a Park in droves – a testament to the focused, ardent efforts of the Company at promoting one of the most beautiful places on the planet.

influenced to make the trip by our constant and attractive advertising, also because he was a Great Northern stockholder."

In addition, it was suggested in the Great Northern Traffic Department that train conductors in the Kalispell division, which ran through the Park, should take a week's vacation and really see the Park, early on, before the tourists came, so that they might become ardent boosters. As stated in a March 24, 1914 memo, this would surely work because "[a]nyone can't help talking his head

also how many read the various magazines, tabulating them according to magazine. We can get some very interesting information as to the value of our advertising methods in this way."

In 1914, the Glacier Park Hotel Co. had just built East Glacier Park Lodge, the chalets, cabins, and teepee camps. Many Glacier Hotel was still to be completed. And yet, tourists were flocking to this paradise of a Park in droves – a testament to the focused, ardent efforts of the Company at promoting one of the most beautiful places on the planet.



Head Bellman Mark Boydston ("Kowalski") pushing a massive load of luggage with assistance from Chris ("Wizard") Vick and Glenn Elvig, 1972. (John Hagen photo)

Remembering Kowalski

By Terri Saunders Stone (Many Glacier 1972-'74, '78-'79)

As my husband and I celebrated our 25th anniversary exploring Australia and New Zealand, my thoughts kept wandering to Glacier. *The Lord of the Rings* (which was filmed in New Zealand) was all the hype. As we traveled through that magical land, I fondly remembered the guy who first introduced me to the world of hobbits – Mark Boydston, better known at Many Glacier by his nickname “Roman Kowalski.” (“Kowalski” was a reference to his massive physique, and “Roman” to his Roman nose.)

A good friend, Hank Overturf, encouraged me to seek employment in Glacier in the summer of 1972. Hank already had spent two summers at Many Glacier, and knew that with my interests, I’d probably enjoy it too. I applied, was accepted, and the adventure was on!

My folks had recently moved from Montana to Minneapolis, so I went home to see them briefly before taking Amtrak to Glacier. On the train were many returning employees. We fraternized together, the returning employees keeping us first-timers spellbound with their stories. Re-

turnees from each of the hotels tried to prove that their site was the best.

Jim Brownson, a returning bellman from Many Glacier, was one of those on the train. I listened to his stories about the feats of his sidekick, “Kowalski,” with disdain. Before I set foot on Glacier soil, I had made up my mind that I wasn’t going to like this Kowalski guy.

Once off the train, the bus took us all to our destinations. Many Glacier was the last stop. I had heard Hank talk about the “old barn” so much that I felt at home right away. Waiting for the bus to arrive at the hotel was another of the infamous bellmen – Chris (“Wizard”) Vick. Wizard proved to be helpful, carrying luggage to the women’s dorm, where Mrs. Thompson promptly sent him on his way.

It was later that evening, when a few of us were walking to the Many Mingle, that I first met Kowalski. I found that my preconceived notions weren’t true. Roman was kind, attentive, unassuming, funny, and sensitive. He treated everyone with respect, yet you always had to watch for that mischievous streak! I even thought that he was pulling

a fast one when I first saw him in his lederhosen with a nametag that said “Mark Boydston.” For almost a week, I didn’t realize that that was his real name!

The summer progressed wonderfully. The maid/bellman rivalry was something to behold. (I know that John Hagen has it chronicled somewhere!) A few key instances come to mind. On a very busy summer day, I was hurrying to get a “rush” room completed when Kowalski and Brownson brought up the suitcases. They promptly decided to do a “mattress pad check.” This, of course, meant, stripping off the neatly-made sheets and blankets in order to take a look at the pad! I chased them down the Third Main hallway with my johnny brush in hand. They turned a corner, I followed in hot pursuit -- and found them flanking Mr. Tippet, who gave me “the look” and said, “Miss Saunders, please leave my poor bellmen alone!” Poor bellmen, my foot!

Another time, Kowalski unexpectedly helped the Annex housekeeping staff. We had put up with Brownson’s shenanigans all summer, and were looking to get even. So Tessie, Harvey, Cordelia, Jules and I, along

with other housekeeping personnel, lay in wait for him and pounced on him in a hallway. We finally were able to wrestle Jim down, tie him up, put a pillowcase over his head, and lug him to the portico, where a busload of peeps was just arriving. Kowalski promised not to interfere, and even kept a lookout while we completed our revenge!

That whole summer was magical. Much of the magic was Kowalski. His love of life, sunny disposition and mischievous ways were endearing. It was Roman who consoled me after I called home and learned of the terrorist murders of athletes at the Olympics. It didn't seem real, especially in the midst of a summer caring for people from all walks of life. I was devastated. Mark assured me that what I was feeling was good – that I needed to carry that love for my fellow man outside of our utopia and sustain it.

Again in 1973, this time as a barman, Roman was part of the aura of Many Glacier. Who could ever forget his antics in the dining room as a bar waiter? Roman and Fred Newman (now the mouth-sound genius of *A Prairie Home Companion*) – what a combination!

As it turned out, Kowalski and I attended the same school – the University of Montana. Mark taught me my first two guitar chords, which was no easy feat. He also constantly shared his love of literature. It was through his own personal copy of *The Lord of the Rings* that I became aware of Tolkien. He showed me many other authors that had not been part of my education.

We lost Kowalski much too soon, to a heart attack in the mid-1990s. I still can see his smile, hear his laugh, and feel those bear hugs whenever I think of him. I felt sure that he was close at hand as I traveled about in hobbit country. He seemed to be encouraging me to live life to the fullest and to take a chance or two. I'll bet he has the angels looking over their shoulders to see when the next prank will happen! And I'll bet they love every minute of it as we used to.



Kowalski as a bartender. (Terri Saunders photo)



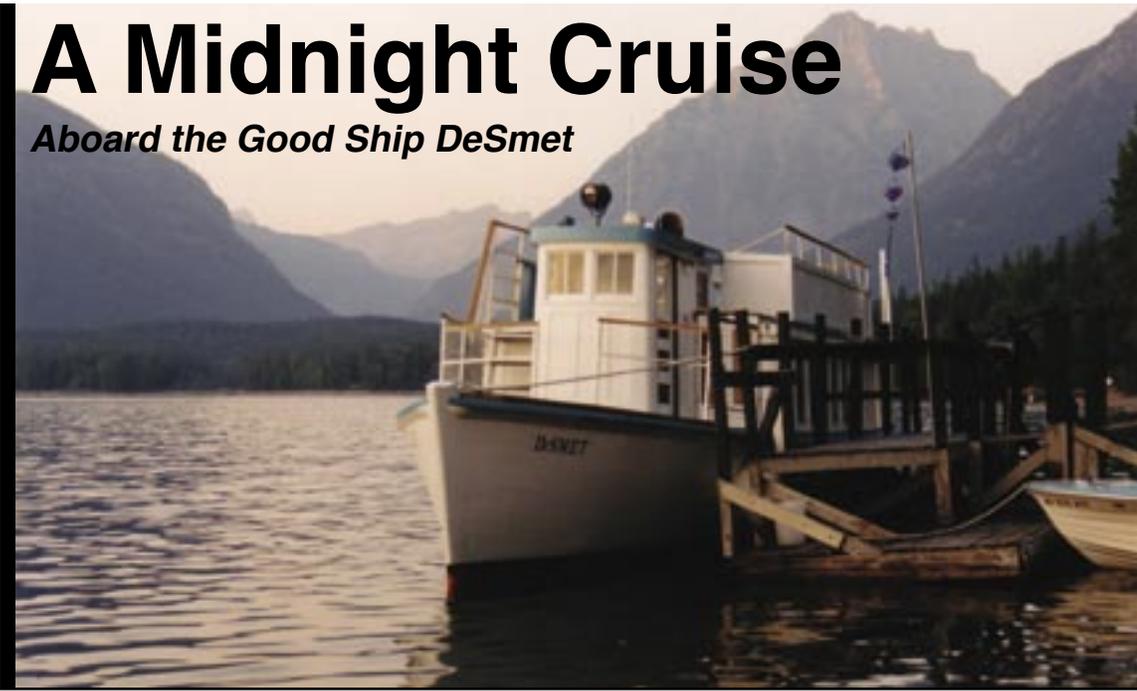
Brownson and Kowalski. (Terri Saunders photo)



Terri Saunders (center) and colleagues subdue Jim Brownson. (Harvey Barkowski photo)

A Midnight Cruise

Aboard the Good Ship DeSmet



The DeSmet on Lake McDonald, circa 1960. (From the collection of Ray Djuff)

By Patrick Springer (Lake McDonald Lodge 1959)

This true tale of adventure took place in August 1959. The exact date escapes me, but it must have taken us until August to figure out all the details of the escapade – a midnight cruise on Lake McDonald aboard the good ship *De Smet*. And, as then, I take full responsibility for what happened, and the consequences.

The actors in this tale included our manager, Ian B. Tippet (then 29 years old and only a few years out of London Hotel School), our matronly housekeeper, Ruth Putney, and a soon-to-be man of the cloth, John Bell. There were a variety of dining room, housekeeping, and kitchen personnel, and jammers. Finally, there was the jazz trio, from Mankato, Minnesota. The bass man was Tom “Baby Huey” Martick, the drummer was Tom “Motor Mouth” Randolph, and I played the piano.

The band played nightly in the Stockade Room (McD’s bar) until about 9:30 PM. At that point, the guests in the rooms above were prone to complain about the noise. The band then usually moved to the “rec hall” to entertain the less fussy guests and the employees.

On the night in question, however, we stealthily moved the band’s equipment onto the *De Smet*. The boat captain, Neil Hart, had agreed (with some understandable hesitation) to take the entire staff out for a party. Employees brought aboard two kegs of cold beer, trays of food from a secret cache, the drum set, the piano bench, and the music. Finally, a sturdy group came staggering up the gangplank with the piano and placed it on the upper deck of the boat.

My recollection is that, with the exception of Mr. Tippet, Mrs. Putney, and John Bell (the lookout man), every member of the Lake McDonald hotel staff was on the *De Smet*. Everyone was hushed. We poled the boat well away from the dock before gingerly starting up the motor.

When we were well out on the lake, the kegs were tapped and the partying began. I went up on the top deck and seated myself at the piano. The mountains and Lake McDonald were gorgeous in the moonlight, and our friends all were enjoying a marvelous time. Tom, Tom and I began to play our music with gusto.

Unfortunately, none of us were aware of how sound travels across open water. We soon found out! By 12:45 AM,

everybody around the lake was wide awake and expressing their displeasure to the Park Service. Soon we saw ranger vehicles proceeding up the road from headquarters to the lodge. Still, we had no idea that we were in trouble until a ranger with a bullhorn hailed us from the Sprague Creek Campground. He ordered the *De Smet* off the lake, with emphasis upon the word “immediately.” The captain did as he was told and headed back to the hotel dock, while the merriment continued.

When we moored at the dock, we were met by a squad of rangers and by Mr. Tippet, in an indignant state. His initial impulse was to fire every employee on the boat – not being aware that literally *every* employee was on the boat!

I instructed the rest of the staff to stay where they were, and went off the boat to talk the matter out with the authorities. My chief negotiating point was that it would be impossible to run the lodge next morning if everyone were fired. I accepted responsibility for organizing the party. The upshot was that I alone was fired, and all the rest were allowed to leave the *De Smet* and go home to bed.

But that was not the end of the story. I will resume the narrative in the next issue of *The Inside Trail*.

Remembering Stan Getz

Gearjammer 1940-41

*Jammer #94 in 1940
(Joe Lewis photo)*



By Joe Lewis (Gearjammer 1941)

They say “once a gearjammer, always a gearjammer.” And Stan Getz *was*. He was one of the greatest of the Greatest Generation – two summers as a gearjammer, Transport Agent at Many Glacier, and then on to distinguished service in the Army Air Corps during World War II. After the war, he moved to Greenville, Illinois, with his wife Kay, ran a hardware store and worked in the real estate business there, and was president of Greenville’s Chamber of Commerce.

I met Stan at Culver-Stockton College in Canton, Missouri. Our friend and fellow student John Kircher (later president of Conoco) had a sister who worked for the Great Northern Railroad. The sister recruited John to be a gearjammer in Glacier Park, and John then recruited friends from Culver-Stockton. By 1941, there were six of us among the 39 drivers.

Stan had a memorable adventure while driving over Logan

Pass. The brakes on his red bus failed as he was starting down the downhill grade. He managed to control the bus with the hand brake. The passengers completed their trip in happy ignorance of this close call.

The Glacier Park Co. showed its respect for Stan by calling him just prior to the 1941 season. They asked him to go to the Buick plant in Detroit, pick up one of the new “special cars” and drive it out to Glacier Park! Later that summer, he took the legendary Sid Couch’s place as Transport Agent at Many Glacier Hotel.

Stan and I and our wives often talked of Glacier. We all attended a reunion of drivers from our era in 1990 at Swiftcurrent and Many Glacier. Herman Rusch showed his famous color slides, and we saw “Cec” Swanson Parke, a legend at the Prince of Wales Hotel. They were the Greatest Generation, and Stan Getz was one of the greatest. I was honored to drive with him.



Stan Getz as Many Glacier’s Transport Agent in 1941. (Joe Lewis photo)

Joe Lewis and Stan Getz in 1941 (Joe Lewis photo)



A 1949 Backcountry Tale: Kintla to Goat Haunt



Boulder Pass and Thunderbird Mountain. (John Hagen photo)

By Richard Schwab (Many Glacier 1947-52)

Our most ambitious expedition of 1949 was the long, spectacular haul from Lower Kintla Lake over Boulder Pass and Brown Pass and down to Goat Haunt. This involved a car shuttle, requiring a volunteer who came along to let off the six hikers at the Kintla Lake campground and to drive clear around the next day from there to Waterton in order to pick us up after we had made the long trek.

This particular trip was one of the great adventures I had in the 1940s. Every bit of it was memorable, beginning with the drive in Rum Cashman's blue Buick convertible all the way around to the northwestern corner of the park. The last part of that trip was on the primitive one-lane service road (the "inside road") through the wild North Fork country to Polebridge. We stopped at the old log general store there to dip into a large barrel and get some peanuts

salted in the shell and also to buy some slices from a heavy round of cheese under their huge circular cheese cutter. The store, the peanut barrel, and the giant cheese cutter were still there quite unchanged in the 1970s and 1980s.

It was a fine Sunday in August, and the road to Kintla took us through thick stands of pine, including beautiful Ponderosas, which Rum with her usual enthusiasm had told us to watch for particularly, because they were the only ones in the Park. Our refrain, whenever we saw one, was: "and here is *another* of the only Ponderosa Pines in Glacier National Park!"

We did not get to the campground until 7:00 PM, and we found it in an uproar. A predatory black bear had been terrorizing the campers in its efforts to get at food stored in car trunks, among other places. We were not sure what to do, because we had no protection at all in a canvas-topped convertible, and so we went down the trail toward the Park Service cabin to look for the Kintla

Lake ranger. He turned out to be a very peculiar little fellow indeed. Instead of trying to get control of the situation, as would have been expected of a ranger, he riled everyone up with his erratic behavior and continual worried, high-pitched speculation about what the bear might do next.

It was clear that the ranger did not have the slightest idea what to do, except to express over and over his feelings of resentment toward the brute because it was causing him so much trouble. We asked him whether he thought it would be unwise for us to camp in the campground with the bear in the vicinity, and he answered, "Oh, you never know. They're WI—ILD, you know!" He dragged out the letter "i" in "wild" into a prolonged diphthong. That gave us our text for the rest of the trip. We managed to mimic his piping, complaining intonation quite accurately, and every time our spirits faded during the brutal marathon the following day we would shout that slogan and have a good laugh that would briefly revive us.

Knowing we needed plenty of strength for the day ahead, we found a camp firepit and grill and prepared what we regarded as an extravagant and sumptuous steak dinner, with tomato juice before and fruit cocktail afterward (another Rum Cashman touch). Because of the presence of the bear we drove about two miles back up the road and camped out overnight in a clearing close to the car. Then, popping out of our sleeping bags at 3:30 AM, the six of us started off at a brisk pace on the rugged Kintla Lake trail.

At the head of the lake we came upon a small cabin where the famous arch-isolationist from Montana, Senator Burton K. Wheeler, and his grandchildren were having a family vacation in the wilderness, courtesy of the Park Service. We did not see ex-Senator Wheeler, although we heard him growling around inside the cabin. He remained there, appropriately, in grumbling isolation, probably because it was only 6:30 and we had awakened him. His Filipino

houseboy and his grandchildren came out to talk with us, though.

Then we hastened onward along Upper Kintla Lake and up a long stretch of switchbacks to a wonderful high plateau called Boulder Park. There we stopped to have a lunch of pork and beans, sandwiches, tea, and bouillon cooked on Rum's early version of a compact hiker's stove. (I know all these details because I described the hike in a letter home.) Boulder Park seemed almost like a high alpine mesa, mostly surrounded by deep canyons. Spectacular fogs rose up from below that day, producing a wonderful effect. That was the kind of weather we had most of the way over Boulder Pass and Brown Pass – swirling cloud formations rising from below us and breaking to give steep, hazy views far beneath us. It reminded me of the mood of oriental landscape prints, alternately showing bright and muted colors, depending upon how much of the sun broke through.

After we had trekked along the spectacular trail across the face of a sheer cliff on Mt. Chapman and dropped down below Brown Pass, our energies began to flag. Our anxieties rose because we were behind schedule. We had to catch the launch *International* at Goat Haunt at 4:00 o'clock. By now we had been hiking about nine or ten hours straight.

A few miles of slogging through the mucky trail in the deep woods and we began to feel like fading zombies. This usually happens after you have walked about thirty miles. You begin to realize what the process of walking really is all about, because the soreness and fatigue of each muscle and bone involved tells you. Considering how tight the schedule was, there was nothing for it but to keep plodding onward. Every once in a while we would try experiments in self-hypnosis or self-delusion, by yelling, jumping up in the air, clicking our heels, and running, which caused us to laugh because it was so ridiculous. However, the increase in adrenaline generated by these exercises lasted shorter and shorter each time.

Then, some distance after Lake Janet, the sound of the *International's* whistle echoing below us froze our blood. We knew the launch was arriving and that it would be at the Goat Haunt dock for only some twenty minutes; and so, although we would have sworn that it was impossible at that point of the trip, we broke into a trot. In such circumstances distances are always much greater than you imagine, and we were still far away when we heard the *International* toot

cial boat tours and had spent years of indignation over the fact that he could not get an international permit to allow him to dock at the foot of Waterton Lake. Rum knew that he would bend the law a trifle to rescue us, especially if he recognized her, and so we all stood up, jumped, waved, and called.

I think we had to teeter on the edge of the dock and jump a few feet over the gunwales of the boat and thus, it

Our anxieties rose because we were behind schedule.

its departure warning blasts to call the dudes back on board.

We continued to struggle on in the forlorn hope that we would round a corner and see the boat soon enough to halt it. But no luck. In all the times I tried during those years to make it to the dock at Goat Haunt on time I failed. The consequences of this could have been grim, for the ten-mile trail along the lake to Waterton was a killing one. This time the six of us straggled out on the beach and dejectedly threw ourselves down in exhausted resignation.

Suddenly a small boat appeared, moving toward Goat Haunt. Rum yelled, "Hooray, it's Cliff!" This was a Canadian she knew who ran small commer-

cial boat tours and had spent years of indignation over the fact that he could not get an international permit to allow him to dock at the foot of Waterton Lake. Rum knew that he would bend the law a trifle to rescue us, especially if he recognized her, and so we all stood up, jumped, waved, and called. I think we had to teeter on the edge of the dock and jump a few feet over the gunwales of the boat and thus, it was hoped, technically circumvent the prohibition against unlicensed transportation of passengers across the border. During this operation all of us, and particularly the captain, shot worried glances back toward the Goat Haunt Ranger Station. At least this part of the human contraband sank down into the hold and slept like a log for most of the long cruise up the lake to Waterton. There we departed from the launch revived and in good shape for the car ride back to Many Glacier.

The same boatman rescued me several other times at Goat Haunt. I wanted to go back in the 1970s and 1980s to thank him again, but it was never possible to find out anything about him. And so our rescuer remains a mystery.

A Farewell to Harley Raykowski

Dr. Harley Raykowski, a longtime member of the Glacier Park Foundation, passed away recently at the age of 75. Harley was captain of the launch *DeSmet* on Lake McDonald during the summer of 1952. His wife Betty worked as a "vegetable girl" that summer in the kitchen at Glacier Park Lodge. The two met hitchhiking on Highway 2 at Belton -- a classic Glacier romance!

Because of their love for the Park, the Raykowskis settled in Missoula, where Harley practiced dentistry for many years. He was well known for his sense of humor. Harley once bought a telephone booth at a fundraising auction and installed it on the dock of their summer home on Flathead Lake. The Raykowskis put a mannequin dressed as Superman in the booth, which has become an attraction for the local boaters.

A Tribute to Larry Burton

by Rolf Larson (*Many Glacier, 1975, 1977-1980*)

At the threshold of achieving what most of us would consider the brass ring, Larry Burton left an almost completed doctorate in pure mathematics to pursue life on his own terms, documenting the world he saw through his photography.

The common denominator in his experience was a lot of time spent in the outdoors. On the one hand, he could go fly fishing, climbing or skiing whenever he wanted. On the other hand, he spent a good part of 35 years carrying a 65-pound pack on his back with the tools of his trade – a 4X5 Lindhof, 6X7 Pentax and a 35mm Nikon. He thought nothing of miles and elevation gain. The picture was the only consideration. In later years this paid off in the success of Creative Arts Publishing, which featured Larry's photography and his partner, Sylvia Geshell's business sense.

Larry was intense, gregarious and mischievous. His energy and intensity would continuously get him into the most amazing situations. And that was the way he liked it.

On the other hand, his intensity could focus him on a single picture, waiting for hours in a single spot for the perfect picture. The picture already existed in his mind. He would just wait until the shot found its way into his lens.

Though capable of great patience and discipline, which involved endless hours of solitude, Larry was anything but shy. He had a rich social life. I was fortunate enough to spend many an evening with

Larry and Sylvia discussing politics, photography, fishing, or the latest scheme one of us would have going. I especially remember one magical evening when we discovered a rare display of Northern Lights flaring directly overhead. Larry, Sylvia and I lay in the grass for a good part of the night marveling at the designs and patterns flashing across the sky.

And, oh yes, Larry was a marvelous storyteller, mixing amazing detail with rich humor and his own brand of creative speculation. Many of these stories revolved around his own high jinx. More often than not, he was in the middle of the story. He

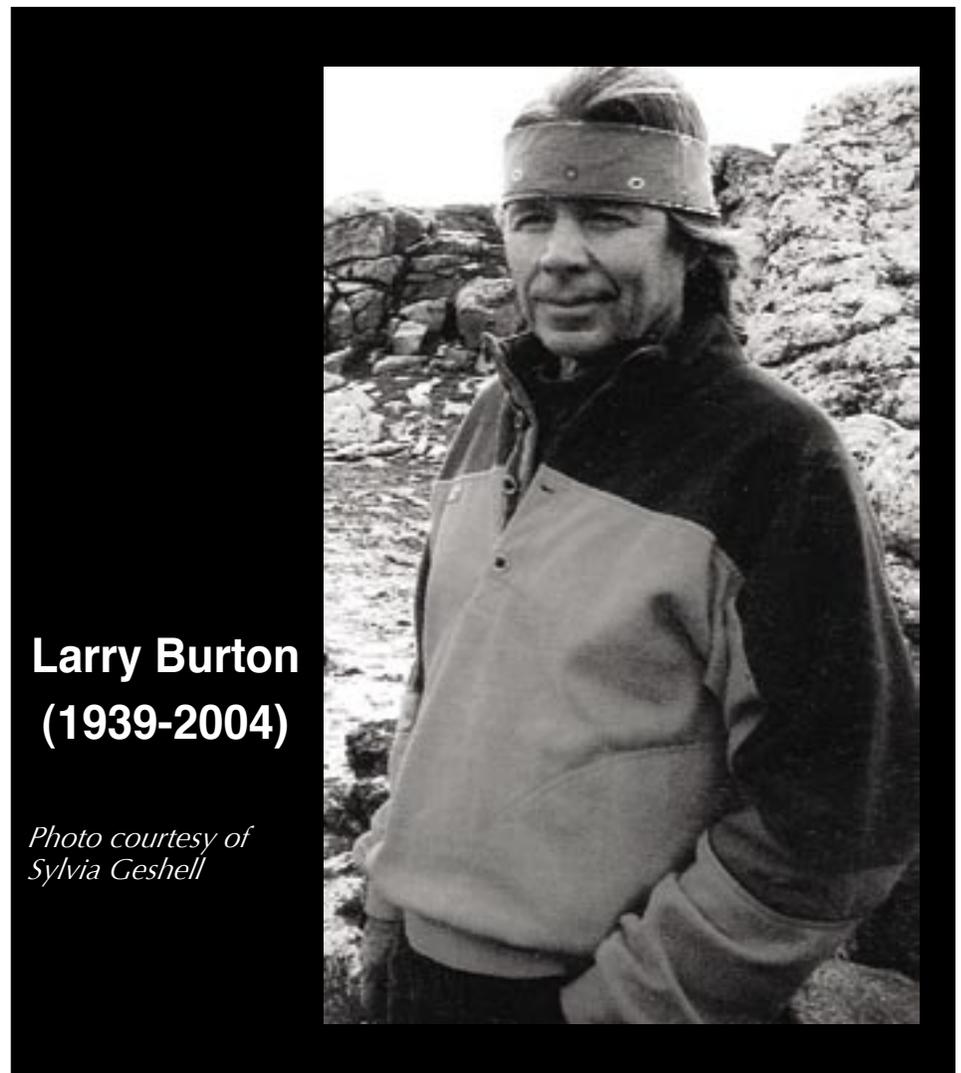
not only told them, he lived them.

To sum him up, Larry Burton was a Free Spirit (the capital letters are not a mistake!). I have always thought of him as a frontiersman of his time. He followed his dreams and was not afraid of where his path would take him.

His legacy to us was in how he loved his mountains and painstakingly recorded them for all of our benefit.

He was a person full of spirit and vinegar. He lived more in his 65 years than most of us could pack into a couple lifetimes!

I will always miss Larry.



Larry Burton
(1939-2004)

*Photo courtesy of
Sylvia Geshell*

Campsite 91

and the Dazzled Macaroni Bear

by Rolf Larson (*Many Glacier, 1975, 1977-1980*)

This tale is inspired by a story Larry Burton told on an evening in Swiftcurrent Valley not unlike the one opening the story. Friends were gathering together to enjoy each other's company on a beautiful summer evening in paradise. Thanks to Sylvia Geshell for her assistance with the story.

It was one of those calm, still summer evenings in Glacier Park's Swiftcurrent Valley. A bright yellow glow exploded above the dark slopes of Mount Wilbur. The vivid sky color intensified the deep silence of a day's end in the valley. It was as if time was standing still or perhaps just a momentary aura of calm before a storm.

Friends were gathering in Swiftcurrent Campground after their day's activities. One had climbed a nearby peak. A couple of others had spent the day fishing along the shores of a backcountry lake. One had searched for an elusive wildflower with camera in pack. Larry and Sylvia were returning from a trek to Iceberg Lake when they first caught the scent of fresh, baked brownies drifting over Campsite #91.

"Brownies," Bill said, "That's what I feel like – brownies!"

Bill, a fellow climber, had just returned to Campsite #91 with new supplies from Kalispell; enough staples to last a week, plus a few other goodies. A previous camper had left an old cast iron camp oven that was placed over the fire. Bill and a few friends decided to try baking

"special" brownies. The group soon busied themselves with preparing the tasty treat. Bill could take trail cooking very seriously and carefully selected, measured and mixed. The end result was enough to fill a baking pan.

In no time, the pan was baked to

But Bill assured him there were no critters (in particular, bears) within a hundred miles and headed off to the hotel unconcerned.

Several beers, dancing, bad jokes and hours later, Bill finally made it back to the vicinity of Campsite #91. Reinforced by seeing his supplies

"You're making a mistake," Larry warned.

perfection. Eager hands dug gingerly into their tin of delicious brownies. Having soon gorged themselves with brownies, the celebration continued with a newly acquired case of Canadian Lager.

Just about that time, Larry and Sylvia arrived at Campsite #91 ready to unload packs, cook a few hamburgers and head to Many Glacier Hotel for an evening of summer fun. It was the seventies, when the band played past midnight, and employees packed the dance floor downstairs (driving Mr. Tippett wild with "dastardly energy" after the guests were asleep!).

When dinner was done, about half of the batch of brownies remained. Larry suggested Bill place his new box of food and these "special brownies" inside his van while they all went to the hotel. Bill insisted they were just fine on the camp table and covered his brownies with foil.

"You're making a mistake," Larry warned.

untouched, he continued partying in an adjourning campsite. Eventually, he crashed back at his tent for the night.

Though the night's celebration was over for Bill, another equally enthusiastic celebration began a couple hours later when a "local" from the bear community discovered the banquet of brownies Bill had left for him. Not long after sunrise, most everyone in the campground was awake and watching the spectacle of a black bear squealing with delight as he tossed bags of macaroni into the air, biting cans of food open and spreading flour everywhere! That is, everyone but Bill and the Campsite #91ers who were sound asleep.

Trying to control the crowd as well as tranquilize, or at least scare off the bear, a couple of campground rangers were rather busy for a while. Able to control the onlookers long enough to get a clear, safe shot at the bear with a tranquilizer gun, they rudely interrupted the bear's merriment with a dart to the hindquar-

Campsite 91 *continued*

ters. He was able to escape, staggering off like he was “stoned” splashing across Swiftcurrent Creek and into the brush below Grinnell Point.

The ranger-marksman was later rumored to have been heard mumbling something about wishing he had missed the bear, and hit the occupant of that campsite somewhere in the same anatomical region.

Once again, Bill found himself on

“I wouldn’t be so sure,” Larry cautioned.

Bill was right. The bear did remember that shot. But he was also wrong. That night the bear dragged the box of supplies into the brush before feasting. He was especially fond of the brownies.

Now came the Ranger’s ultimatum: “Either you properly store your food, or...” The list was long.

return early to clean up and properly store his supplies.

After several hours of recounting his recent experiences, Bill returned to Campsite #91, tired and extremely relaxed. He felt a warm reassurance looking over at the dark, smooth silhouette of the bear trap. He also vaguely remembered something about having to do something with his food, to hide it or something; that was it, hide it. He couldn’t see any good spots to hide it off hand, and he didn’t particularly want to grope around in the dark, so he grabbed a large box he had been using to store wood, setting it over his smaller food box on the camp table.

He felt rather clever, “That should outsmart him! That doesn’t look like food to me.”

With one last look at the bear trap, for luck and reassurance, Bill crawled into his two-man pup tent, barely making it all the way into his sleeping bag before dropping off into a deep slumber.

What Bill didn’t realize was at that point in time, his corner of Campsite #91 was becoming the nightly social event for that bear. His entire

Bill swore up and down that he would be careful.

the road to Kalispell for supplies.

Upon arriving in Kalispell, he figured that what he really needed was something special to boost his dwindling spirits. Again the answer came loudly and clearly - - brownies! But this time he bought enough ingredients for TWO giant batches.

This did the trick. However, not only did his spirits raise, but unfortunately, also his confidence in the direction the winds of fate would choose.

“He’ll never come back here,” Bill confided to a friend, “I’m sure the memory of that tranquilizer taught him a lesson he won’t soon forget.”

Some were much less certain. “Answer me this,” Larry queried, “if you went somewhere and got a free meal, wouldn’t you be likely to return later to see if you could get another handout?”

“Naw, he won’t be back. The dart made sure of that,” Bill answered confidently.

Bill swore up and down that he would be careful. He would either lock the supplies in Larry’s van, or dangle them high in a tree. The rangers then parked a bear trap a little beyond Campsite #91.

Bill went to Kalispell again for further supplies. This was beginning to become expensive. He could only afford the basics. However, he did find a little extra to purchase ingredients for one more batch of brownies. He was convinced that the bear would not get the best of him this time around.

Upon his return, he fixed a simple

He felt a warm reassurance looking over at the dark, smooth silhouette of the bear trap.

dinner (with brownies). The presence of the trap, baited with salmon made him feel much more secure. Finding himself once again invited to do some partying, he resolved to

night’s activities were being scheduled around a visit to Campsite #91.

On that particular night, the bear immediately discovered the treat left out for him. The bear must have felt

an appreciation for this gesture that he had rarely experienced toward a member of the human species. This feast definitely merited a return gesture on his part, a token of his esteem.

What more could that bear have done than to just go over, friendly like, and sit himself down with the box of treats, leaning against the tent opening, nearly breaking the guide

confirmed; that loud, aromatic creature was within arms length, picking through his box of supplies like it was a 20 pound box of assorted Fanny Farmer chocolates.

For the next four hours, Bill looked on as the bear alternated between sending a look of affection his way and meticulously picking his way through the goods, occasionally popping the top off a can, enjoying its contents.

"It was that darn trap," Bill mumbled.

"Trap? What trap? What are you talking about?" a friend coaxed. "What happened to your box of food? Why is it in front of your tent?"

Bill paused, trying to collect his thoughts. "The trap," he continued, "it didn't work."

"What do you mean it didn't work?" questioned Larry. Looking at the trap in the nearby campsite, a slow smile stretched across his face.

Bill then slowly recounted the story of his long night. From the point where the bear sat down to join Bill for a late night snack, friends' smiles grew to giggles, then chuckles and finally raucous laughter.

"You should be proud," a now-irritating friend interjected. Trying to create some semblance of composure, with some hesitation he was able to tell Bill, "Not everyone is so enthusiastically accepted by the locals hereabout. I've been trying to get friendly with them for years." Continuing he added, "And here you have accomplished it in a matter of a few days."

Soon unable to tolerate such remarks, Bill shook his fist in an explosion of nervous energy. He just started babbling, "I just can't handle any more of this! You just shut up, just . . ." A short pause was followed by what can best be described as an anguished cry.

Larry was quickly out of reach, snickering and cackling remarks as he walked away, weak from all the laughter. Still chuckling, and mumbling to himself, he wandered over

The rangers were baffled by how the bear had made it through the campsite without being lured into the salmon-baited trap.

lines that propped it up between the trees, and lifting the large box lid to discover eggs, bread, sugar, etcetra inside. That bear was offering a clear gesture of friendship to his new friend, Bill.

Thinking back, Bill could never quite figure out what it was that got to him first about that bear; whether it was the movement, the noise from his breathing, the crunching of eggs, or if it was the stifling odor. Maybe all of them combined. What Bill did know for certain, though, was that when he did awaken, what he found was his new bear friend right at the entrance of his tent!

Bill let out a moan and crawled to the bottom of his sleeping bag. This proved to be an inadequate response, though. The sleeping bag soon became far too warm, and he was experiencing considerable problems with his breathing.

Gaining his courage, he finally peeped out from the confines of his bag. His worst fears were once again

Sunrise came well announced that morning. Birds chirped energetically, setting the mood for the alpenglow's deep orange splashing down the face of Mount Wilbur.

The rising sun seemed to break the bear's concentration. He soon grunted a breathy farewell, and sauntered off into the brush, perhaps remembering the sting he had received when he had overstayed his welcome a few days earlier.

Though utterly exhausted (and perhaps a bit hung over), Bill could neither sleep nor enjoy the morning's beauty. His nerves would have no part of trusting his eyes to shut.

Later that morning after finally giving up all hope of rest, Bill got up and began wandering about. When discovered by friends, dark bags were firmly set beneath haunted eyes. At first they were concerned that there was something really wrong.

"What happened to you, are you sick?" Larry asked.

to a few campground rangers standing near the bear trap.

Teased by Larry's jovial behavior, one ranger asked if Larry would share his tale. The story was repeated as best he could.

The rangers were baffled by how the bear had made it through the campsite without being lured into the salmon-baited trap.

"I have a theory," Larry offered, "Would you like hear it?"

There was something in the tone that bothered the rangers, but what else could they do? They resolved to listen with careful consideration to an ex-park ranger.

"If you really want to catch the bear," Larry responded, "It might be wise to open the trap door so the bear can get into it!"

This was followed by an explosion of laughter from Larry that would have made a horse proud.

Surprised at the reply, the rangers popped a look of surprise like children experiencing a jack-in-the-box for the first time.

For the rest of his stay, Bill made do as best he could. Being very low on cash, he was forced to salvage the motley array of cans the bear had left. The only problem was that in this whimsy, the bear had managed to remove the labels from every can. So, as mealtime came around, a couple of his friends would always make it a point to be on hand to watch, or even help select the unique combinations that became his meals. One meal would be peas and corn, the next chili and chicken noodle soup;

another might consist exclusively of gravy! Bill's menus soon became part of Campsite #91 entertainment along with the ongoing gestures about the whereabouts of his newly found friend.

Oh yes, Bill lost his appetite for brownies. In fact, he seemed to

suddenly dislike even the thought of them in a superstitious sort of way.

As for Larry, well, that's just one his "Many" Campsite #91 stories.

The only problem was that in this whimsy, the bear had managed to remove the labels from every can.



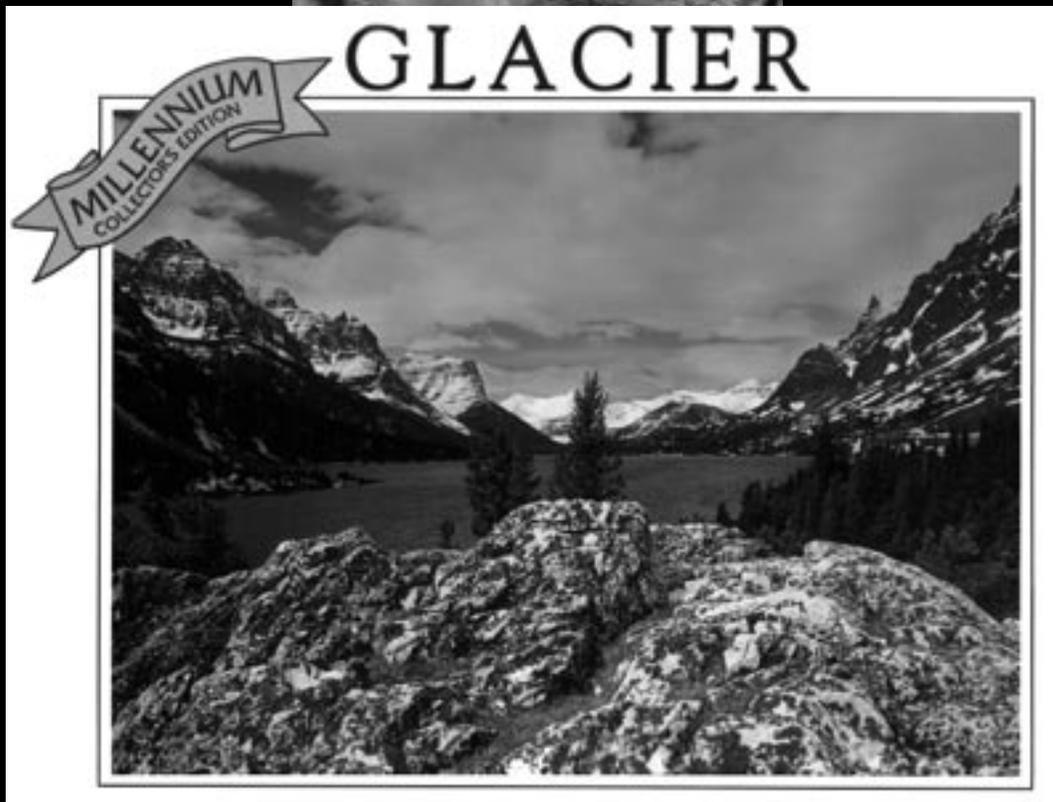
Season's end at Campsite #91. (Photo courtesy of Sylvia Geshell)

The Photography of Larry Burton

Bald Eagle from inside cover of the Creative Arts Publishing "Millenium" 2001 Calendar. (Larry Burton photo)



A Richardson Pine Squirrel from the inside cover of the 1997 Creative Arts Publishing "Glacier" Calendar. (Larry Burton photo)



The cover of the Creative Arts Publishing "Millenium" 2001 Calendar. (Larry Burton photo)

(Photos reprinted by permission of Creative Arts Publishing)

mation, tidbits and fascinating trivia about Glacier and Waterton Parks.

The best way to describe the eclectic contents of this book is to imagine sitting around a campfire in Glacier with a group of congenial former park employees whose years in Glacier and Waterton span the past century. Imagine the stories you have told about your Glacier experiences (funny, adventurous, ironic, tragic and so on), add to them the stories and experiences of hundreds of others and you have the jist of this book.

It is impossible to do justice to the book and its trove of great anecdotes in a short review. Several do stand out, though:

---Ronald Reagan helping a young Roscoe Black make beds to finish his house-keeping duties so Roscoe could serve as his fishing guide.

---The unannounced use in 1968 of a chemical defoliant to clear the 20 foot swath of the international border between the parks.....and the horror of the two park superintendents when they found out.

---Only eight helicopter flights are necessary each year to remove the goodies from the composting toilets at Granite Park, which have proved to be 4 times more effective than had been planned.

---Clint Eastwood being told by a young Ray Djuff that he was violating Alberta liquor laws when a young woman and her child accompanied him into the Prince of Wales' lounge.

Anyone who reads this book.....and then remembers its contents.....should be awarded a PhD. in "Glaciology". It is an excellent book and a lot of fun to read.



CDN \$19.95 / US \$16.95 1-894785-56-7

"Chock full of facts, events, oddities, lore and minutiae."

(The cover of Ray Djuff's latest book, "Waterton and Glacier in a Snap")

"Waterton and Glacier in a Snap"

by Ray Djuff and Chris Morrison

Ray Djuff and Chris Morrison have teamed up to write a delightful book about Waterton-Glacier International Peace Park. This is a book packed with all sorts of infor-

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)