

# THE INSIDE TRAIL



Voice of the Glacier Park Foundation  Summer 2007  Volume XXI, No. 2

## *Do these tough old hombres look like promoters of an* **INTERNATIONAL PEACE PARK?**

*Legendary early rangers "Death-on-the-Trail" Reynolds of Glacier (left) and "Kootenai" Brown of Waterton advocated a unified park. (see story on p. 10) (photo courtesy of the Glenbow Archives, NA-138-3)*



### **Also inside:**

- *Softball in Glacier in the '20s and '30s*
- *The "Bubble Queens" of the '40s*
- *Renovation in the '50s*
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- *A Busman's Holiday*
- *Hiking Boulder Pass*
- *The Red Eagle Fire of 2006*

# Inside News of Glacier Park: Reviving the Music at Many Glacier

## *GPF and GPI Team Up to Promote Employee Entertainment*

Many Glacier Hotel's long tradition of employee entertainment is being revived, after many seasons of relative dormancy. The Glacier Park Foundation (GPF) and Glacier Park, Inc. (GPI), the concessionaire, are working together on this project.

The musical revival began last August, with a large reunion of 1970s employees at the hotel. The reunion included a Hootenanny and a Serenade -- two musical programs that were performed every week in the lobby during Ian B. Tippet's era as manager. (See the Winter 2006 *Inside Trail*.)

Last summer's staff at Many Glacier enjoyed the reunion events, and began holding Hootenannies of their own. These programs, held every Sunday evening, included guitars,

piano, flute and violin, and a variety of songs and readings (including original compositions). Each Hootenanny ended with the whole staff singing the traditional "Hail to Thee, O Many Glacier."

During the winter, the Glacier Park Foundation offered to sponsor ongoing musical programs at the hotel. GPF offered to pay a stipend to a Many Glacier employee who would act as musical director. It also offered to pay small stipends ("Tippet Scholarships") to employees who distinguished themselves as performers during the 2007 season.

The stipends are to be paid from generous donations that were made to encourage music at Many Glacier during the 1970s reunion. Some \$1,700 was donated by members of the audience at the reunion Ser-

enade. Donations were encouraged with watercolor prints signed by GPF member Billie Lott.

The Foundation's offer graciously has been accepted by GPI's president, Cindy Ognjanov. Many Glacier manager Mena Reilly is supervising this summer's musical programs. They include weekly Hootenannies and other performances by employees.

The Foundation's Board of Directors will review this "pilot project" after the season. If it is deemed successful, it may be continued in future years with funds from GPF's Terrie Stewart Bequest Fund. GPF is pleased to play this role in the revival of Many Glacier's longstanding musical tradition.

### *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 of Glacier Park

## Going-To-the-Sun Road Update

Going-to-the-Sun Road opened to trans-mountain traffic on July 1 (apparently the latest opening since World War II, when the road was not plowed due to wartime austerity, and melted open in July). This year's delay was due to the repairs required by washouts from the torrential rains of November 2006.

The worst flood damage occurred just below the East Side tunnel. About 110 feet of road was completely destroyed, as both lanes of the roadbed washed into the valley. Crews since have installed a temporary steel bridge across this gap. The roadbed will be rebuilt underneath it, and the bridge will be removed and the road resurfaced in the fall.

Other washouts along the road have been repaired with riprap and new retaining walls. The Park also has replaced 15- and 18-inch culverts that washed out during the flood with 48-inch culverts.

Meanwhile, the Park is pursuing a massive 10-year, \$170 million reconstruction of the road. To reduce traffic as this work proceeds, the Park is offering free shuttle bus service between the new Apgar Transit Center and the St. Mary Visitor Center.

On the west side of Logan Pass, 12-passenger buses run at 15" intervals, stopping at several points on the Road. On the east side, larger buses run at 30" intervals. These optional free shuttle rides are projected to keep up to 700 vehicles daily of Going-to-the-Sun. In addition, the fleet of red "jammer" buses continues to run among the Park's lodges.

## Trail and Bridge Repairs

The November flood caused extensive damage to Glacier's backcountry bridges and trails. Park Service trail crews and Montana Conservation Corps crews have worked very hard this summer making repairs.

Tons of rock and gravel debris were washed across the Highline Trail. A section of the trail about 100 yards long, below the switchbacks near Haystack Butte, was buried by landslides from Mt. Gould. Another 500 yards of trail between Haystack Butte and Granite Park Chalet was also covered by debris. One washout in this section, about a quarter mile past the Haystack saddle, was 15 feet wide and 15 feet deep.

Trails in the Many Glacier area were hard hit. The steep Swiftcurrent Pass trail suffered heavy washout damage (especially near the Devil's Elbow), as did the Grinnell Glacier trail. The Josephine Creek bridge was washed off its moorings, but was salvaged and reinstalled.

Elsewhere in Glacier, Packer's Roost was heavily damaged and was temporarily closed as a trailhead. Large trail bridges were washed away at Reynolds Creek on the Gunsight Pass trail, at Mineral Creek on the Fifty Mountain trail, and at other points. Bridges and campgrounds in the Red Eagle valley were burned in last summer's forest fire, and had to be rebuilt.

## Environmental Threats Proliferate

Recent months have brought sobering news of environmental threats to Glacier. Coal and petroleum companies seek to start major operations north of the Park, in the Canadian Flathead area. These developments could pollute the North Fork of the Flathead River (which forms Glacier's western boundary) and the air above the Park, as well as disrupting wildlife.

The Cline Mining Co. seeks to strip coal from a mountaintop 22 miles from Glacier. The mountain lies along Foisey Creek, a tributary of the North Fork. Montana's governor and Congressional delegation have urged Canadian officials to block the mine's development. Similar efforts succeeded in blocking similar coal-mining projects (the Coal Creek

and Sage Creek initiatives) in Canada during the 1980s.

Very recently, British Petroleum announced another large project. The company is studying extraction of natural gas from the Crowsnest coal field in British Columbia. Water would be pumped from deep underground, relieving pressure in the coal field and releasing the natural gas.

Wastewater from the project, laden with contaminants, could migrate into the North Fork. Environmental groups and government agencies are raising concerns about this proposal.

## An International Mountain Rescue

The 75<sup>th</sup> anniversary of Waterton-Glacier International Peace Park was dramatized recently by a cooperative rescue. A climber disabled high on Glacier's Little Chief Mountain was rescued by specially-trained Canadian park wardens, assisted by American rangers.

The injured climber was Denis Twohig of Whitefish, Montana, a long-time member of the Glacier Park Foundation and the Glacier Mountaineering Society. Twohig, 68, was leading a technical climb of the Gendarme, a rock formation on the northeast ridge of Little Chief, at late afternoon on July 2. While roped up, he suffered a 15-foot fall and was arrested by his partner. The partner left Twohig secured on a high ledge and then climbed down the mountain alone, reaching Rising Sun around 11 PM.

Glacier Park officials called Parks Canada and requested the help of its highly-trained technical mountain rescue team. The team responded early next morning. A Parks Canada helicopter "short-hauled" two wardens to Twohig's ledge in a sling. The wardens placed Twohig in the sling, and the helicopter brought him to the valley floor.

# Busman's Holiday: *Fire and Rain in 2003-2004*

By Chuck Nelson (*Gearjammer 2003-04*)

My addiction to Glacier began in 1994, with a whirlwind, overnight, drive-through visit that whetted my appetite for more. Return trips in subsequent years sparked an interest in working in the park. Afforded an opportunity to retire early from my career as a federal manager, a trip to Glacier in 2001 cemented my desire to work "a summer" in what I felt was the most beautiful place on earth.

A series of part-time retirement jobs eventually landed me a position as a bus driver for the senior transportation department of my hometown, Huntington Beach, California. Following my wife's retirement in late 2002, we were set to experience a Glacier summer. Within days of my application submission, Rich Bond of the Glacier Transportation Department called, and after a short discussion of my qualifications (i.e., bus driver) he offered me a position as a jammer driver, working out of Lake McDonald Lodge (LML). So began my two-summer "busman's holiday."

The 2003 season began with driver training at Glacier Park Lodge (GPL). This was the first year that all the "reds" were back in service after the rebuild by Ford Motor Company, and driving safely and responsibly was strongly emphasized. Receiving almost equal importance was the need to give the buses, which Rich referred to as the "Rubies of the Rockies", lots of tender, loving care. If we were unclear as to how significant this was when we started,

several days of lecturing erased any doubts we had.

## Driver Training

Training was thorough, comprehensive, and enjoyable. Where else would you get to drive a \$225,000 vehicle through some of the most gorgeous scenery in the world (often with the top rolled back), and get paid for it? After four days of training I was directed to take a special evening drive with Mike Buck, who was responsible for driver training. I was convinced that this was remedial driver training, and wondered if I would ever be certified to drive a tour. I was beaming two days later when Rich informed me that my little evening "remedial" drive was my certification drive, and I passed. I was to be worked into the tour rotation as soon as possible. I was also assigned to bus 91 as my primary vehicle, which I began calling "old 91".

The driver's schedule is made up weeks in advance, and is subject to frequent changes. It took several days to work me into the tour schedule, so I worked on my presentation - over and over and over. I initially began preparing my driver's presentation in March, when I received the driver's handbook via email. (The driver's handbook is a compilation of decades of information about Glacier, covering flora, animals, history, etc. Printed, it's the size of a thick phonebook, and is an essential aid for drivers in preparing the narrative they provide to passengers on Red Bus Tours. In training class we received a bound copy that is returned at the end of the season).

## The Tour de France

I was ready, almost anxious, to give my first solo tour when the call came. I was assigned a Logan Pass tour (Lake McDonald to Logan and return). A nice, simple, quick tour to cut my teeth on. With much anticipation I pulled "old 91" in front of the lodge, opened the doors, and located my first tour - a group of French tourists on a bus tour of the United States, none of whom spoke English - except for the tour guide who had been on several Red Bus tours in the past couple years, and could do the presentation himself. He encouraged me to go ahead and give the presentation to him. He'd use the microphone to occasionally translate to the rest of the bus. I'm not sure how well received that first presentation was, but I did get the tour up to Logan Pass and back without incident.

My second tour was the following day, a full day tour, leaving from LML, across the Going to the Sun road to St. Mary's, lunch, and return. It was the perfect tour. The weather was superb, lots of animals made appearances, and the guests laughed heartily at my jokes and asked lots of great questions. I was even able to display some jammer driver "magic" when I conjured up a herd of deer at the last stop of the tour. The season could have ended after that tour and I would have been happy.

Thereafter, the early season settled into a wonderful series of tour after tour, broken up by occasional stints as a hiker shuttle driver. It was an unusually warm summer, which led to lots of short sleeve and shorts days, which did wonders for my Southern California tan. It also made for great tours, all the glorious blue skies and sunshine, but the thy,

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hot weather was heading us toward the worst fire season in park history.

### **The Dramatic Fires of 2003**

Finally, about the third week in July, disaster struck. Dry lightning combined with campfire carelessness led to the Roberts and Trapper Fires (among others) that threatened the West entrance of the park and the GTTS road at the Loop. These fires led to the evacuation of the park on the west side. The Lake McDonald complex was closed. The employees were evacuated to GPL, with the red buses serving as evacuation vehicles. Many hikers and backpackers stumbled out of the wilderness at LML to find that they too needed transportation out of the park, and the reds filled this need. There was great concern as to how bad the fires would be. Rumors floated about that the Swiftcurrent area had been destroyed, that Many Glacier was gone, etc. In the end, these all proved untrue.

As a driver living off site, I had my own adventures. Living outside of Martin City (near Hungry Horse) in the Great Bear Wilderness, we also were evacuated for several days due to fires in the area. When we returned to the ranch we lived on it was reassuring to see that all the Glacier Rafting Companies had relocated their equipment into the pasture next to our apartment - somebody obviously thought it was a safe place to stay!

Finally, after 12 days, the fires were controlled and we returned to Lake McDonald to resume tours. A procession of 10 "reds" made for quite a sight as we motored along Highway 2 from GPL to LML. As we drove through the West Entrance station,

Park staff and visitors clapped and cheered, as the red buses symbolized a return to normalcy for the park.

### **Multitasking After the Fires**

But it wasn't quite normal. With the temporary closing of many park facilities, many of the staff were allowed out of their contracts, so there was a very light staff at Lake McDonald to serve the visitors who still came to the park. The jammer drivers were summoned to GPL for a meeting, where many drivers assumed that we too would be let out of our contracts because of the difficult conditions.

Upon our arrival, exactly the opposite happened. Not only were we not let go, we were asked to take on other duties. Now a jammer had a great many more responsibilities besides maneuvering the bus and providing Q and A for the passengers. Direction giving, "shouldn't

miss" highlight suggestions, dining options (don't miss huckleberry ice cream!) and picture taking come with the territory. But because so many of the regular staff had left due to the fires, the late 2003 season had jammers working as bellmen, janitors, housekeepers, and bus boys. On one day in particular I cleaned the lobby, picked up passengers at the train station, drove a tour, returned to haul baggage to rooms, and ended the evening by helping bus tables in the dining room. All a part of the job that year.

Finally, the rains arrived, along with some early snow, and by mid-September the fires along with the fire crews were gone. The season finished in spectacular Glacier fashion with early fall colors, snow dusting the higher elevations, and sightings of bear, elk and other Glacier fauna becoming more frequent as the days shortened. The last jammer tours not



*Reds entering the park at West Glacier. (photo by Chuck Nelson)*

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*Jammers along the Big Drift Prior to the Opening of Goint-to-the-Sun Road. (photo by Chuck Nelson)*

only highlighted Glacier's wonderful scenery, but also added a new element - drivers could point to the effects of the fires, now covered in some areas with snow. What amazed me was that in areas around The Loop, fresh green vegetation was already pushing up through the ash-covered landscape within weeks of the fires being quenched. A fitting way for Mother Nature to show that she never quits working.

#### **Back in the Saddle in 2004**

With the fires and the interrupted season in 2003, I didn't feel as though I had experienced a "normal" Glacier season, so after consultation with my wife, we decided to return again in 2004. As a returning driver, my season started in mid-May as I was brought in to help prep the reds for their second full season. We also took some practice spins with the busses, often in sloppy weather, including rain and ice, even at GPL. I had the good fortune to drive a group tour out of GPL on the 25th, with fellow jammers Vic Daniels and Audrey Jones. Vic is a long-time, knowledgeable driver who is

always willing to help and is full of information, so his leading the first tour was a good omen for the year. The GTTS Road wasn't open yet, so we drove up to Jackson Glacier Overlook on this first tour, and then returned to GPL. We lucked out and caught a herd of elk just below Rising Sun, presaging a good year for animal sightings.

The GTTS road was set to open May 29th. In order to sharpen our driving skills, Rich Bond arranged for us to do some practice driving over the road. So on the 27th, a group of us climbed into our busses and headed from GPL up to Logan Pass. We drove down the west side as far as Haystack Creek, then turned around and headed back up. The purpose of the training was to help us refresh our skills negotiating the tight clearances on the road and familiarizing ourselves with the route. The weather was cloudy and cold on the way up, but seemed manageable. Once at Logan Pass, things changed dramatically. Fog, rain, snow and sleet set in, but we went on with the training.

At the same time that we were driving west from Logan, the Park Service was still working to clear the road of rockfall and snow that kept coming down from the winter drifts. In addition to dodging rocks, snowballs and other items that were being washed onto the road by the weather, we also had to maneuver around Park Service plows and dozers. After two or three runs up and down, it appeared the operators were just a little bit irritated, putting up with all the red bus drivers having a ball driving the obstacle course that had been created for them. So Rich called an end to the training and back to GPL we went.

#### **The Crown of the Continent**

Added to the tour schedule for 2004 from LML was an early afternoon tour, the "PM Crown of the Continent" tour. It left at 2:00pm, crossed the divide, and had dinner on the East Side, usually at St. Mary's (until Rising Sun opened). Then we returned over the same route, finishing about 8pm. I drove the first PM Crown in 2004 (with 2 passengers - a honeymoon couple). Whenever I was scheduled to drive the tour, it seemed like people were ready to go, so I became the "King" of the Crown of the Continent. I really enjoyed this tour, as chances of seeing wildlife later in the evening were excellent, and there was more flexibility in the timing (you could take a little longer if necessary).

Weather played havoc with many of these tours; you could end up with a really late day in some instances. Due to sporadic landslides that closed the western GTTS route, the tour would drive around the southern end of the park via route



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2, visit GPL, stop at Rising Sun for dinner, then continue up to Logan Pass. Then you reversed completely and returned to Lake McDonald. With all the additional driving, there were a number of these PM Crown tours that had me washing my bus after midnight - a very late day. (The positive side to this was I found out who - or what - removed much of the road kill that occurred during the day. Driving home along Lake McDonald on these late nights I'd see wildlife - foxes, ringtails and raccoons - that apparently relished the duty of cleaning the highway and did so on the graveyard shift).

The 2004 season was incredibly busy. All the attention the fires of 2003 had garnered made more people aware of Glacier, and they included Glacier on their vacation itineraries. Out of LML, this meant buses were always full, and frequently drivers

had multiple tour days. On more than one occasion I'd return from a one-way tour to Rising Sun with a group off a tour bus, deadhead (no passengers) back to LML, planning the evening's fly-fishing, and find that I was assigned another unscheduled tour to drive immediately upon my return.

Early on in the season, much discussion centered on whether 2004 would be a repeat of the fires of 2003. Mother Nature provided lots of early season rainfall, which seemed to postpone the fire season with each rainstorm. It rained most of July 4th, and July 7th the GTTS road was closed at Logan Pass by 4 inches of snow. (I endured unceasing teasing from the other jammers when I showed up on the 8th at Logan Pass wearing shorts - with a 25 mile per hour wind and the temperature at 38 degrees!)

### **Is She A Spy?**

One day early in the season I left LML with 12 passengers, headed to St. Mary on the AM Crown tour. My front seat passenger seemed a little odd, and I was concerned that she might be a "secret shopper". We had been informed that the Park Service would occasionally have riders secretly board the buses to evaluate the drivers. Therefore, thinking that she was a likely plant, I was on my best behavior, covering the material I knew best and was confident was accurate - the bus, the road, etc.

At our stop at The Loop, as passengers were viewing fire damage, a casually dressed gentleman walked up to me and asked if he and his camera crew could film on "old 91". He indicated they were filming a special for the Travel Channel, had missed their ride at LML, and were hoping they could ride with me (they were following us for several miles, waiting for us to stop). I knew this was unusual, but what was the likelihood that someone would buy a big camera and a boom mike just so they could get a free jammer bus ride? They boarded, "miked" me, then asked me to talk about the road, the bus, etc. My passengers were good sports about having to hear that again, but I still wasn't quite sure about the woman up front with me. If she were a Park Service plant, I'd probably really get in trouble.

The Travel Channel crew got off at Logan Pass, but not before interviewing several of my passengers - including the woman up front with me. I overheard a bit of what she said, and was relieved to hear that she was quite pleased with my handling of the tour.



*McDonald Creek during peak August rains. (photo by Chuck Nelson)*

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As we chatted later in the trip, I found out that she and I had attended the same university at the same time, with some shared instructors - and she was not a Park Service plant. (The special eventually aired in April of 2005 as "Extreme Maintenance," with about 15 seconds of the ride on my bus making it into the piece)

### **Monsoon Season**

The potential for fire was always in our minds early in the season, and about mid-July it appeared we were starting to get into a dry period. Then the weather changed - dramatically. It began raining, and rained virtually every day, often heavily. Some of the peaks near the park got over 20 inches of rain between mid-July and mid-September, and the park received similar amounts. Pretty soon visitors weren't asking about the fires of 2003, but the flood of 1964. For weeks the canvas top stayed on the bus, as tours were drenched. People often preferred to stay in the bus at stops, and I often found myself running towels and blankets through dryers at lunch so that passengers would be more comfortable during tours. Peaks were often cloaked in fog, and there were even days when the visitor center at Logan Pass was not visible from the parking lot.

However, the rains had a plus side. They came just as the huckleberries were ripening, which had a negative impact on the crop. This caused bears to move about more in search of food. As a driver, sighting a bear is usually the highlight of a tour. As bears began roaming for food, their appearance became more frequent. For about a six-week stretch, we saw bears on virtually tour. I almost became blasé about bears. In some



*"Old 91" alongside a Zephyr Dome Car. (photo by Chuck Nelson)*

locations (like Logan Pass), you almost always knew where the bears would be (even walking through the packed parking lot). My parents visited in early September, and of course they wanted to see a bear. On a PM Crown tour, with them seated right behind me, we had a bear emerge from the roadside, walk up to the bus, and high-five everyone on the drivers side as I slowly drove past him (typical driver embellishment) - all within 10 minutes of the tour start. Although it was a very wet year, 2004 turned into a year that rained bears as well as water.

### **My Final Tour**

Finally the rain stopped, and another Glacier fall set in for the final weeks of the season. My last tour was with the kids from West Glacier Elementary. They were very knowledgeable about Glacier, so instead of lecturing, I asked questions about Glacier, and they scrambled over each other to be the first to answer. A bright,

sunny, cool fall day, it was a fitting final tour to a spectacular Glacier season.

So what did I learn from my two summer seasons as a jammer? First, no two seasons are the same; there is no "normal" summer. Both of my seasons were exceptional. But what really makes Glacier special is the opportunity to experience people's reactions to it. As a jammer driver, with over 2000 people on 160 tours in the two years, I got to see the same enchantment in others that I myself have with Glacier. One of my fellow jammers, Robbie Lucke, often told people that he would be a jammer even if they didn't pay him -- it was such a special place, and every day in Glacier was different. I'd have to concur with him.



# A Memorable Trek Over BOULDER PASS

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

Something in one of my letters makes me quite sure it was in 1948 that Rum Cashman, Bede Clapp, some other employees, and I went on the fabled trek some thirty miles from Goat Haunt to Kintla Lake. The expedition went by way of Brown Pass, the Hole-in-the-Wall Basin, and Boulder Pass – the wildest, most beautiful, and most spectacular part of the park. There is nowhere else in Glacier where you can get such a sense of height on the trails, and there is nowhere else that gives you such an appreciation of the vast scale of the mountains and valleys.

To take this hike requires a good deal of arranging, and Rum was good at that because she knew so many people in the Park. First we had to get transportation to Waterton in time to catch the *International* launch to Goat Haunt, where we camped out overnight. The next day was a marathon trek through the most stupendous scenery imaginable. Rum had set it up so that there would be a car at the remote Kintla lake campground to pick us up no matter how late we got in, and it would convey us back seventy-five to a hundred miles to the hotel in time to go to work the next day. In addition, she knew the ranger stationed at lower Kintla Lake, and the two of them had plotted out the possibility of an “accidental” meeting of our group and him when he took his nightly inspection cruise to the head of Kintla in his oversized aluminum

power boat. This would spare us the eight miles of the merciless up and down trail along lower Kintla Lake at a time in the hike when we would be close to done in..

Rum had Elrod’s guide to Glacier, and that, combined with her encyclopedic knowledge of the flora and fauna of the park, provided us with the best information possible about all the wonders we were seeing, and the names of the glaciers, lakes, rivers, peaks, and flowers. Also, always had a way of coming up with

Elrod’s guide gave us an estimate of how much further it was to the head of lower Kintla Lake, and we were acutely aware of how little time was left to make the “accidental” connection with the Kintla ranger and his boat. I do not think anyone would have said the last few miles of that march were pleasant at the time we were doing it, but it is something you look back on with an indulgent chuckle. After maybe an hour of rising anxiety as we hastened painfully forward, looking frequently at our

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*There is nowhere else in Glacier where you can get such a sense of height on the trails, and there is nowhere else that gives you such an appreciation of the vast scale of the mountains and valleys.*

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a surprise in her backpack, usually something refreshing to eat or drink, just when we needed it most. It was a treat to see the pleasure she took in the expressions of amazement when she pulled out a huge can of grapefruit juice, preserved peaches, or some other fruit. And of course what everyone who went on hikes such as this remembers most was the laughter and the entertainments we dreamed up to distract ourselves from flagging energies and sore feet.

By the time we had got all the way over Boulder pass and down to Upper Kintla Lake we were pretty much automatons, mechanically putting one foot in front of the other.

watches, we broke out of the woods at the head of the lake, and we saw the tiny boat far down at the end of the lake coming toward us like a miracle. Pretty soon the friendly ranger hailed us, and we somehow crowded into the aluminum hold of the boat, feeling blessed that we were spared that terrible Kintla Lake trail. I was sufficiently comatose so that I do not recall a single thing about the trip back from Kintla Lake to Many Glacier in the night nor do I remember who it was that Rum got to pick us up.

# The Waterton-Glacier International PEACE PARK

*Unveiling of the bronze tablet that commemorates the International Peace Park at the Prince of Wales Hotel, 1951. (photo from Chris Morrison's collection)*

*By Chris Morrison*

*[Editor's Note: Chris Morrison has been writing about Waterton and Glacier for more than 20 years. The present article is adapted from her latest book, Born of a Vizion (2007), published by the Waterton Natural History Association, P.O. Box 145, Waterton Park, AB T0K 2M0.]*



The designation of Waterton-Glacier International Peace Park 75 years ago was a remarkable achievement. It came about without personal financial gain, without public consultation and without a cent from the governments of Canada or the United States. Yet it was passed into law on both sides of the border in an unbelievably short time—just 11 months.

Most visitors have no idea of the significance of the peace park. Some believe the name has something to do with solitude and beauty, some just don't think about the name. After all, peace is not something the world continuously experiences—there's always some strife somewhere, whether its enmity between countries or raging between siblings in the backseat of a car.

Waterton-Glacier International Peace Park, the first in the world, was designated specifically to com-

memorate the long-standing peace and goodwill between Canada and the United States. It serves to prove that a place in nature can represent a concept and to set an example. Today there are 138 international peace parks.

While some may wonder why the name is not Glacier-Waterton since Glacier covers by far the larger portion of the 1,720 square miles (4 455 sq. km) of the peace park, the reason goes back to 1931 when the idea was born.

Years before, various people had spoken of uniting the two parks. Prominent among them were the legendary early rangers Albert "Death-on-the-Trail" Reynolds of Glacier and John George "Kootenai" Brown of Waterton. But the obstacles seemed enormous with two governments to deal with, an international boundary line determined by treaty and the

undoing of jurisdictions and administrative operations which had been in place for nearly a generation.

A group of Rotarians is credited with bringing the peace park to fruition. It began with the 15-member Rotary Club of Cardston, Alberta, located 30 miles (48 km) east of Waterton. These men suggested a get-together at Waterton's then-five-year-old Prince of Wales Hotel the weekend of July 4 and 5, 1931. With the help of the Lethbridge Rotary Club, invitations were sent out and some 100 Rotarians plus their guests from Alberta, Saskatchewan and Montana accepted.

The two-nation mountain and lake view from the hotel dining room was said to have been an inspiration for the peace park idea. Canada and the United States had been friends since 1814. A peace park, they said, at this location where two national parks touch, would serve as an "enduring

monument of nature... to the long-existing relationship of peace and goodwill” between the countries.

Before the Saturday night banquet was done, these Rotarians had unanimously passed a resolution:

*“Whereas one hundred members of the Rotary Clubs representing the Cities of Cardston, Lethbridge and Calgary of Alberta; Great Falls, Kalispell and Missoula of Montana, and Estevan, Saskatchewan, are assembled together attending an international meeting at the Waterton Lakes National Park;*

*“And whereas, it has been decided that a similar annual meeting be held alternately at Glacier Park, Montana and the Waterton National Park, Alberta;*

*“Therefore, be it resolved that the proper authorities be petitioned to commence negotiations to establish the two parks indicated as a permanent International Peace Park, which shall be definitely set aside for this laudable purpose;*

*“Pledging our loyalty and allegiance to foster all international relationships.”*

The die was cast. Rotarians on both sides of the border threw themselves into the task. A committee comprising 19 men was formed with Samuel H. Middleton, president of the Cardston Rotary Club and Harry B. Mitchell of the Great Falls Rotary Club, co-chairing a committee.

Mitchell started the ball rolling immediately upon his return Great Falls. He was just the man for the job. The Scottish-born Mitchell was a long-time resident of Montana who knew his way around politics. He had been a printer, journalist and newspaper owner and more recently had served as mayor of Great Falls for several terms. He had also run

(unsuccessfully) for Congress on the Democratic ticket three times and knew many of the state’s most influential citizens.

A well-respected member of his community, Mitchell did not hesitate to approach Congressman Scott Leavitt with the peace park idea even though Leavitt had defeated him in the 1926 election. It did not take much arm twisting for Leavitt to see the wisdom of this cause. It was one of benefit to all Americans and was sure to reflect well on his political career in the 1932 election.

Leavitt had taken a keen interest in national parks since he had served as treasurer of the National Park-to-Park Highway Association and

concept. The Canadians were but needed the Americans to complete their procedures before they could begin theirs.

The House passed the bill March 7 and the bill moved on to the U.S. Senate. As luck or good planning would have it, Thomas J. Walsh introduced the bill there. Walsh was an excellent choice. Not only was he well-known for his role in uncovering the Tea Pot Dome scandal, he was a Montanan and a Lake McDonald cabin owner.

It was while the bill was in the Senate that it received opposition from a citizens’ group in North Dakota and Manitoba who had been fund raising and planning an international peace

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*The die was cast. Rotarians on both sides of the border threw themselves into the task. A committee comprising 19 men was formed with Samuel H. Middleton, president of the Cardston Rotary Club and Harry B. Mitchell of the Great Falls Rotary Club, co-chairing a committee.*

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participated in its 1920 tour. During the 1931 session of Congress Leavitt sponsored an Approach Roads Act which provided funds for roads leading to national parks.

The peace park bill served as an appropriate addition to his interest in national parks but took it another step. On a very personal level, Leavitt placed a high value on peace. He was a war veteran having served in the Spanish-American War.

On Dec. 8, 1931 he introduced the bill. It would take four months to be passed by Congress, some of that time being taken up with quiet consultation with Canadian politicians to ensure they were on side with the

garden. The group was on the verge of seeing their garden come to fruition and felt the peace park would steal their thunder.

Walsh calmed the waters to some degree telling senators that the peace park was “just a nice gesture” toward their neighbors to the north. The opposition was withdrawn and since it was apparent that no funds were being sought, senators could breathe easy. They passed the bill on April 25, 1932. President Herbert C. Hoover signed it into law on May 2.

Meanwhile in Alberta, the Rotarians were optimistically beginning to plan a dedication ceremony even though the Canadian version of the bill had

## *(Continued from previous page)*

not even been introduced, much less debated or voted on. The Rotarians wanted to hold the ceremony June 18 in East Glacier at the Glacier Park Hotel (now Lodge) when a special train headed to Seattle for a Rotary convention would pass through.

Samuel H. Middleton, the Canadian co-chair of the peace park committee, must have been holding his breath. With just seven weeks for the Canadian politicians to bring this figurative rabbit out of the hat, things did not look good for the bill to come to fruition.

An Anglican minister known as Canon and Indian school principal

tired Brigadier-General, Stewart had served and been decorated in both the Boer War and the First World War becoming known as the Father of Field Artillery. Peace to Stewart was everything and while he strongly supported the peace park bill, there was little he could do to move things along.

Middleton, on the other hand, could do a lot. In view of Stewart's warnings about the opposition, Middleton, known for his determination and hard work, was not about to give up while it was coming down to the wire. He sent telegrams to 20 Rotary clubs urging them to im-

became law on June 16 when it was proclaimed.

The Rotarians were able to hold their dedication ceremony as planned and even the weather, which had been wet, cooperated for the event so that thousands were able to witness this historic occasion at East Glacier.

A follow-up dedication for the Canadian section of the peace park was delayed until 1936 because of the closure of the Prince of Wales Hotel but the Rotarians worked diligently during a four year hiatus to keep the message of peace alive.

In 1932, a Canadian cabinet minister, First World War veteran and Waterton-area rancher expressed the concept best:

"I do not think there could be two opinions in any reasonable man's mind regarding the International Peace Park. The matter has come up in cabinet and as our cabinet has among its members more 'returned' men and men who have lost sons in the [Great] War than any other cabinet, you can be certain that the strongest possible appeal for peace will be made. It is only those of us who know what war really means that can appreciate peace."

Rotarians meet in odd numbered years in Waterton and in even numbered years in Glacier, continuing a 75 years tradition of fostering peace and good will between neighbors. This year's assembly will be held Sept. 8-9 in at the Prince of Wales Hotel.

*The full story of Waterton-Glacier International Peace Park is the subject of a new book, "Born of a Vision," available from the Waterton Natural History Association ([wnha@telusplanet.net](mailto:wnha@telusplanet.net)).*

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*The senate passed the bill the same day without opposition and it became law on June 16 when it was proclaimed.*

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north of Cardston, the British-born Middleton may have called upon divine influence. There is no question the timeline was close to impossible, especially as the peace garden people had tried again to get the peace park initiative delayed or aborted.

Lethbridge Member of Parliament John S. Stewart, who Middleton had been in touch with on a weekly basis, advised "I am of the opinion that you have no chance whatever to get your Waterton-Glacier Peace Park bill through the House [of Commons] this year....The main trouble has not been at all with the Government, but has been entirely brought about by these societies... who are holding out for the International Peace Garden being the only Peace Park in Canada for some time to come."

Stewart was far more than Middleton's representative in Ottawa. A re-

mediately wire Prime Minister R. B. Bennett in support of the peace park.

The clincher came when Middleton was personally able to convince the Member of Parliament from Manitoba who was favoring the peace gardeners to back away.

Canadian politicians made a gallant effort to complete their job in time. The bill, introduced in the House of Commons on May 18 was passed on May 25. In the Canadian Senate, William A. Buchanan introduced the bill May 26. Buchanan, like Mitchell, had been a journalist and was still a newspaper owner. Like Walsh, he was a park cabin owner. Buchanan's Waterton cabin was one of the oldest in the park situated on Emerald Bay.

The senate passed the bill the same day without opposition and it



## Epilogue

Each of the key players in the establishment of the peace park made a name for himself in his chosen career.

### Harry B. Mitchell

(1867- 1955) was appointed president of the U.S. Civil Service Commission by Franklin D. Roosevelt in 1933 and moved to Washington, D. C. It was a job he held for the next 18 years and he became known as “the conscience of the administration.” When he retired, Mitchell returned to his dairy farm in Montana. He continued to be very proud of the part he played in the establishment of the peace park, returning to the annual Rotary gatherings whenever his schedule allowed. (Photo courtesy of Mitchell family)



**Scott Leavitt** (1879-1966) ended his political career when lost his Congressional seat in the 1932 election and was unsuccessful in his quest for a seat in the Senate in 1934. He moved to Milwaukee in 1935 to begin a new career working for the U.S. Forest Service and in 1936 served as the commander-in-chief of the United Spanish War Veterans. He retired from the Forest Service in 1941 and moved to Oregon where he is buried. (photo courtesy of Gene Beal)



### Samuel H. Middleton

(1884-1964) served Rotary as chairman of the peace park committee for 25 years. An

archdeacon in the Anglican Church, he retired from his job as principal of St. Paul’s Indian Residential School in 1951 but continued as minister at Waterton’s tiny All-Saints Anglican Church. Middleton authored a number of small history books that had limited distribution in southern Alberta. A life-long advocate of Waterton Lakes National Park, he was widely known in the region. He is one of only a few non-residents of Waterton to be buried in the Waterton cemetery. (photo courtesy of the Ray Djuff collection)



### Thomas J. Walsh

(1859-1933) was en route to Washington D.C. to accept appointment as Attorney General in FDR’s cabinet when he died of a heart

attack. Highly respected by many Americans throughout the country, he was a special friend of the Montana Blackfeet Indians. Upon his death Walsh was eulogized by Blackfeet Richard Sanderville who said Walsh was “always at his finest....he is always just himself. His creed: To do the best he can.” (photo courtesy of US Senate Historical Office)



**John Stewart** (1878-1970) ran for re-election in 1935 and again in 1940 but was defeated both times. He returned to his career as a Lethbridge dentist working in that field for a total of 50 years. He received an honorary law degree from the University of Alberta. The Lethbridge branch of the Royal Canadian Legion and a local elementary school are named in his honor. He died while raking his lawn at the age of 92. (photo courtesy of Sir Alexander Galt Museum & Archives)



### William A. Buchanan

(1876-1954) continued to serve in the Canadian Senate until his death. A strong supporter of Waterton Lakes

National Park who on many occasions served as an intermediary for the public dealing with both government and park officials, Buchanan was known in Ottawa as “the senator from Waterton” although his home was in Lethbridge, Alberta. He is the only politician to have a mountain in Waterton named for him. It is located in the Akamina Valley. (Photo courtesy of Sir Alexander Galt Museum & Archives)

# Waterton Rock Cairns, Plaques and Mysteries

By Chris Morrison

There are many side stories about the peace park. It is fitting that rocks, in this mountainous heartland, are a subject of several stories. There are the Peace Park cairns, the Rotary rocks and the missing rocks.

The rock cairns located on the Chief Mountain International Highway are, without doubt, the most under-appreciated man-made monuments in the parks. Although many visitors crossing the border use the cairns for a photographic background, many others miss them completely, perhaps distracted by the officialdom at the international boundary.

The cairns are really something special. The brain child of the U.S. Park Service which designed them, the cairns were an alternative to an arch over the highway at the boundary that the Rotarians suggested in 1938.

At the Chief Mountain border crossing, the highway pinches down significantly and officials felt arches would detract from the significance of the existing boundary markers on the road sides. A U. S. parks regional landscape architect suggested wooden signs be



*The Chief Mountain International Highway cairns, one on each side of the border, are 60 years old this year . (photo by Chris Morrison)*

erected beyond the border to “carry appropriate information” allowing the “passage over the International Line to be free and open.”

But the Second World War intervened before any plan would be finalized and the Chief Mountain border crossing was closed for the interim. In 1947, a year after the war ended and with access to building materials restored, the Rotarians again took up the idea of some symbolic marker at the border.

The post-war superintendents in each park, J. W. Emmert in Glacier and H. A. DeVeber in Waterton, helped move forward the idea of rock cairns. It took two months to complete these impressive cairns which are built of native stone and measure nearly 3.6 metres (12 feet) tall and 6.6 metres (22 feet) long. While both cairns were financed by Rotary International, the U.S. cairn was built by a Glacier Park crew and the Canadian cairn was built by private contractor Ralph Weston from Cardston.

In the concrete base of each cairn is embedded a tiny time capsule of sorts. In the U.S. cairn is a 450-word essay written by Emmert, a scroll, a list of those responsible for erection of the cairn and a brief history of the peace park and a “K” field ration, a memento of the war. In the Canadian cairn are stones from various mountains, pine cones, European coins, a scroll and history of the peace park designation and a wartime “ration issue”.

The cairns were dedicated in August, 1947 at a ceremony that included the first annual “hands-across-the-border” pledge recitation. Joining hands across a ribbon at the border, those who participate speak this pledge in unison:

*“In the name of God, we will not take up arms against each other. We will work for Peace; maintain liberty; strive for freedom and demand equal opportunity for all mankind. May the long existing peace between our two nations stimulate other people to follow this example. We thank thee, O God.”*



*When the “time capsules” were placed in the cement, a brief and private*

*dedication took place before the remainder of the cairn construction continued. (photo from the Chris Morrison collection)*



*Chief Two Guns White Calf inducted Lady Mander into the Blackfoot Tribe in the 1932 Peace Park Dedication Ceremony. (photo courtesy of the Great Northern Railway Company Records, Minnesota Historical Society)*



#### DEDICATION OF THE PEACE PARK

The Peace Park was dedicated on June 18, 1932, with ceremonies at the Glacier Park Hotel (now Glacier Park Lodge). As many as 2,000 people gathered in front of the hotel's western balcony, where the ceremonies were held. Chris Morrison's *Born of a Vision* vividly describes the assemblage of dignitaries: "park officials, Blackfoot Indians in full regalia, 12 Eagle Scouts, 12 King Scouts, and bands and choirs from both countries," to say nothing of the many government officials and Royal Canadian Mounted Police.

Also present for the dedication was Sir Charles Mander of Wolverhampton, England, the director of Rotary International. After the ceremony, the Blackfeet adopted Lady Mander into their tribe. At left, Chief Two Guns White Calf honors Lady Mander with the name of Princess Shining Star Woman.

The cairns, as handsome today as they were 60 years ago, are the only permanent roadside markers commemorating the peace park.

There are, however, other commemorative rocks. During the 1932 dedication at East Glacier, and the 1936 consummation in Waterton, bronze plaques were unveiled to memorialize the peace park. The original plan had been to place the plaques at a roadside border crossing. But those plans were sidelined for many years.

It was not until 1951 and 1952 that the plaques found homes at the park hotels. Today they can be found at the Glacier Park Lodge and the Prince of Wales Hotel chosen for the role the buildings played in the first meetings. Subsequently other plaques honoring the outstanding work of selected individual Rotarians were affixed to the rocks at each hotel.

The memorial rock idea took on a life and death of its own over time. In 1965 and 1967 plaques were

erected on a rock at the Waterton Visitor Centre. One plaque honored R. R. Hutchings, a peace park president and another honored H. S. Greenway who held the same position. About three feet tall and weighing several hundred pounds, the plaques and the rock on which they were mounted went missing sometime at the end of the 20<sup>th</sup> century. It was not until the book *Born of a Vision* was produced that Parks Canada officials made a concerted effort to locate the plaques which were finally found in their shop in the spring of 2007.

Plans were to return the plaques to members of the Greenway and Hutchings families.



*Archdeacon Samuel H. Middleton at the Glacier Park Lodge commemorative rock after a plaque was unveiled to recognize his service in keeping the Peace Park ideal alive. (photo by Chris Morrison collection)*

# Renovating Glacier's Lodges in the 1950s

## An Interview with Martin Thiede



Photos from the Great Northern Railway files of hotel renovations from the 1950s. (photo courtesy of the Great Northern Railway Company Records, Minnesota Historical Society)

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

[*Editor's Note: Tessie Bundick, historian for the Glacier Park Foundation, has conducted numerous oral history interviews with veteran employees of the Park. This article is based on an interview in March 2007 with Martin Thiede, who played a key role in the history of Glacier's lodges.*]

Martin Thiede was born in Minnesota, attending high school in New Ulm. After serving in the Army Air

Corps during World War II, he went to the University of Minnesota on the G.I. Bill. Ultimately, he became a certified public accountant. One of his clients, the Knutson Company of Minnesota, involved in construction, insurance and mortgage banking, asked him to work exclusively for them as Executive Vice President.

Around 1952, Knutson took over the management of the 109-room Frederick Martin Hotel in Moorhead, Minnesota, after having built the inn, when the original owner

could not pay. In order to make it successful, the company really extended itself for its costumers, becoming known for such items as its fabulous pies and delicious roast beef lunches in the Tree Top Room restaurant. They took a routine hotel and made it a real hit with the public – something special.

The Great Northern Railway Company, in 1955, was seeking someone to operate and make renovations to its hotel holdings in Glacier National Park, in Montana. They heard of the

popularity of the Frederick Martin and approached the Knutson Company.

During World War II, the historic Glacier hotels had been allowed to deteriorate and they desperately needed repairs and modernizing. So John Budd, the President of the Great Northern Board of Directors and Vernon Turnburke, Executive Vice-President, asked the Knutson Company, because of its reputation, to help.

It was to the Great Northern's credit that they did not just destroy these wonderful old lodges, as they rarely saw much profit from them. The Great Northern officials were especially interested, also, in reducing the operating deficit being incurred. According to Mr. Thiede, Mr. Budd and Mr. Turnburke truly loved the much-cherished buildings, and sincerely desired to see them preserved for future generations. These edifices consisted of Glacier Park Lodge, Many Glacier Hotel, Lake McDonald Lodge, Swiftcurrent Motor Inn, Rising Sun Motor Inn, Two Medicine Camp Store and The Prince of Wales Hotel.

Don Knutson (president of Knutson Company) himself was very interested in the Glacier Park project, but Martin Thiede was the one who put it together. It was Mr. Thiede whom everyone in this Glacier Park operation answered to. He traveled out to the Park several times with Mr. Budd, never having heard of the hotels before or having been to Glacier. He toured the buildings, trying to get a feel for what was needed, looking at the overall picture – what was it going to take to make it work and what kind of time frame?

Mr. Thiede observed that the kitchens really needed help, that all of the

rooms required private bathrooms, that the gift shops had to be expanded, that the horseback riding facility at Many Glacier needed to be considered, that flower gardens needed work and so on. He realized that the American traveling public of the 1950's expected many more amenities than the lodges currently offered. Along these lines, there were considerations about what kind of personnel would be needed, what it was all going to cost, and could these costs be recouped? Also, what would attract the public to these hard-to-reach places? Perhaps entertainment programs and travel packages? Whatever was decided had to be decided quickly and set into motion, as, of course, time was money.

One of the first items on the agenda was to enlarge the gift shops and

the progress of time and the pressures of the marketplace in this area. It had other problems to deal with. We, the public, are in the Great Northern's debt because they even thought about the relatively small detail of the Park hotels.

Knutson presented a proposal to the Great Northern, and a budget was worked out. The most important projects were hammered out first. It took about a year to negotiate all of the many options.

All Renovation work was completed to avoid affecting the guests. Most of it was carried out during the winter months, using Knutson crew heads (Roy McClain and Harlan Berntson) and workers from local pools.

The food service was one of the most important concerns. A dieti-

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*All Renovation work was completed to avoid affecting the guests. Most of it was carried out during the winter months, using Knutson crew heads (Roy McClain and Harlan Berntson) and workers from local pools.*

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increase the quality of the merchandising by bringing in knowledgeable people, such as experts on jewelry. The merchandise at Swiftcurrent Motor Inn, for example, was to be entirely displayed and very little kept in storage, as it had been up to that point. The gift shops at Many Glacier, the Prince of Wales, Rising Sun, Lake McDonald and East Glacier Park Lodge were among those that were made larger.

The Knutson Company people realized that their work was cut out for them. The Great Northern, as good a firm as it was, was not really looking towards meeting the challenge of

cian from Minnesota, Patricia Kilp, was hired to standardize operations. All Glacier butcher operations were eliminated and steaks (specifically portion-sized, pre-fabricated and inspected) were shipped out by train. Theretofore, meat had been stored at the hotels in refrigerators cooled by ice surrounded by sawdust.

The suppliers for such items as milk, etc., from such places as Kalispell, were kept in place. Bakeries were discontinued and frozen pies and desserts were brought in by the train-load. Ms. Kilp established standard, simplified menus for the dining rooms and the employee cafeterias.

The kitchens were to be completely wired for electricity. Knutson even put into place an early microwave oven, a very large appliance called the Radar Range, which never really worked that well. At the same time, bars in most of the hotel locations were expanded and modernized. The employees were not forgotten, as some of their housing and eating facilities were remodeled.

The same went for housekeeping, bed-making and cleaning. These operations were to be prescribed by certain rules. The archaic reserva-

to display their entertaining talents, even if they were accounting majors.

Some really great groups of talented employees showed up, including an assembly of Princeton students who sang for the guests. A barbershop ensemble would go down to the train station at East Glacier to meet the incoming travelers and play instruments and sing, with drums and cornets. Some of the shows consisted of musical reviews, lobby chorus programs, and square dancing with professional callers and recorded music. The young people who

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*The Knutson Company hired a Hollywood producer by the name of Leighton K. Brill to put on plays at the hotels.*

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tions and front desk operations were addressed, as were accounting and payrolls. The idea was to have fewer, but better, trained personnel, so that less people would have to be hired and housed and fed. Also, central laundry operations would be moved to East Glacier Park Lodge. And major building projects, such as the portico added onto Many Glacier Hotel, were set into motion.

Eugene Laitala, of human resources, came up with the idea of hiring professors from colleges with hotel schools for the summer. They would bring along eager hotel students to gain experience in Glacier Park lodges. Mr. Thiede and Mr. Laitala also wanted to hire young employees, mostly college students, with performing talents to entertain the guests. Although these musical programs were already in place, they wished to expand on them even more. They received a lot of applications and were able to cull them down to young people who wished

participated did so for the pure joy of it and did not get paid (except, of course, in applause and experience).

The Knutson Company hired a Hollywood producer by the name of Leighton K. Brill to put on plays at the hotels. Brill had been with Rogers and Hammerstein for some twenty years. His was a professional, Actor's Equity assembly, complete with actors from Los Angeles, a stage manager, a director, a designer, and an assistant stage manager. Tickets were \$3.00 to \$.90, and Brill and Co. would go to the different locations and perform, as all of the renovations were proceeding. These renovations were done during the summer, while the guests were present, but the main projects were carried out during the winter months using crew heads from Minnesota (such as Harlan Berntsen) and crews mostly from local pools.

Mr. Ian B. Tippet, who was trained in fine hotel schools in Europe, and who

had been working summers for the Great Northern in Glacier since 1955, was hired by the Knutson Company during this period to work full time. It was Mr. Tippet who expanded the music programs, especially at Many Glacier Hotel, into entertaining productions known far and wide, during the 1960s, 70s and 80s.

Mr. Thiede thoroughly enjoyed his stay in Glacier Park during the late '50s, bringing his family every year, living at Glacier Park Lodge, and taking full advantage of the recreational opportunities of this beautiful Rocky Mountain paradise. He wished to emphasize that Mr. Budd and Mr. Turnburke were highly intelligent men who believed it was their duty to preserve these hotels and motor inns. They spent millions to make these edifices in this splendid place more pleasant and more modern for the guests.

Mr. Thiede believed in the beginning that the Great Northern was not renovating to sell. This was true although Great Northern had run the facilities for many years under an unfavorably short-term franchise agreement with the Park Service. Considerable negotiations were undertaken to lengthen the franchise period to permit major capital investments recovery by the Great Northern.

But as time went by, the company did decide to put the lodges on the market. Selling them turned out to be very difficult, but the lodges were finally bought by Mr. Don Hummel of Arizona in 1960.

To this day, Martin Thiede remembers his time in spectacular Glacier Park with great fondness and is grateful that he was given the opportunity of being in this special place and helping to preserve these wonderful buildings.

# SWITCHBOARD TALES of the 1970s

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

In the 1970s, Many Glacier Hotel had an old-fashioned switchboard with plugs on cords and long rows of holes and lights connecting to all the telephones in the hotel. The operators picturesquely spent their days manipulating the complicated spaghetti-work of cords and responding to calls of every description. Mr. Tippet liked to place employees from the Deep South in the Front Office, and I have fond memories of mellifluous Texas and Georgia voices intoning, “Many Glacier Hotel, may Ah help you?”

The operators fielded all sorts of requests and complaints from guests in the rooms. They generally would scrawl these messages on notepaper and pass them to the bellmen – calls for ice, cribs, rollaways, and blankets, complaints about heat, noise, plumbing malfunctions, and of course the ubiquitous bats. Once I was handed a note complaining of a FROG IN THE SINK – ROOM 405. This seemed extraordinary (frogs aren’t often seen in Glacier, and if one had somehow crept into the lodge, you wouldn’t think to find it on fourth floor). Sure enough, the “frog” proved to be a bat, sitting in the drain like a soldier in a foxhole with his head just peeping out. The guests let it be known that they would have been happier with a frog.

Another daily chore for the operators was to make wakeup calls. The Bellmen’s Log of 1975 records an episode where Cheri Hinrichs, the early-morning maid, was allowed to make the 6 AM calls. Cheri went down the list of room numbers, crisply punching in plugs and announcing sweetly, “Good morning, it’s 6 AM!” Groggy voices repeatedly grunted back, “Thank you!” After a dozen calls or so, Cheri suddenly realized that she had been arousing the wrong guests! She had been sticking switchboard plugs into the holes *above*

the room numbers, rather than into the proper holes below them. But none of the guests behaved indignantly or uttered a word of protest.

Sometimes guests made colorful calls which were long remembered by the employees. The bellmen roared with laughter over an English visitor who called to request that his luggage be picked up by a specific bellman whom he described as “the fair, fattish boy.” On another occasion, a guest found mice in her room at midnight, volcanically telephoned the Front Desk, was moved to another room, and then called again in high dudgeon to request a wakeup call. The harried night clerk responded wryly, “Yes, ma’am. We’ll send some mice up.”

crawled painfully over to the safety of the brown tile.

The switchboard gave rise to occasional mischief. Housekeepers were known to impersonate guests and call with bogus errands for the bellmen (“Tell one of those boys in the short pants to git up here pronto and quiet down the Doberman pinscher in the next room!”). A perennial prank involved coordinating large numbers of housekeepers to run from room to room at a prearranged moment of the day and pick up all the phones in the hotel. This typically was done in the late morning, when traffic in the lodge was slow. It produced a spectacular planetarium effect, with constellations of lights appearing suddenly on the switchboard. The startled operator, snatching up a cord or two to

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*Bellman Jim Donohue masterminded the prank with unusual precision, stepping to the fireplace and waving his hand to signal housekeepers posted in all the hallways.*

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The operators had a close relationship with the bellmen, due to the constant interchange of errand notes. Occasionally there were testy episodes (typically when tours kept the bellmen away from the desk and errand notes piled up, prompting cranky calls from impatient guests). A different sort of confrontation occurred one day in 1974, when two bellmen (Chris “Wizard” Vick and Tim Vadheim) were teasing an operator during an idle hour. The operator sharply demanded, “Get off the green tile and back on the brown tile where you belong!” (In those days the lobby floor was tiled, and most of the Front Office floor had green tile, while the bellmen’s desk had brown). Chris and Tim glanced down with expressions of horror, exclaimed, “Green tile?! Aughh!! It’s kryptonite!,” fell to the floor and

plug into a hole, wouldn’t know where to begin.

An escapade of this sort took place in 1975. Bellman Jim Donohue masterminded the prank with unusual precision, stepping to the fireplace and waving his hand to signal housekeepers posted in all the hallways. The operator, Owen Anderson, leaped out of his chair and backed against the rooming board as the lights appeared before him. Owen was the lead actor in that summer’s musical (“110 in the Shade”) and had a highly expressive face. Rolf Larson, enjoying the prank at the bellmen’s desk, remarked to Owen, “Your eyes got bigger until they couldn’t grow any more, and then your mouth did the same thing!”



# THE BUBBLE QUEENS

## *of Many Glacier Hotel*

*The Bubble Queens, Barbara Burrets Loeffler and Elaine Bishop at Granite Park Chalet. (photo courtesy of Barbara Burrets Loeffler)*



*by Barbara Burrets Loeffler (Many Glacier 1947)*

My friend Elaine and I were interviewed by Mr. Omar Ellis at the Great Northern Railway general offices in St. Paul, Minnesota. He offered us three categories of jobs, namely waitress, chamber maid, or laundry worker. He carefully explained the responsibilities of each position.

We chose the laundry position because it was the cleanest. Waitresses had to work split shifts, and I could not see myself cleaning up after other people for three months – no way!

Mr. Ellis further inquired of us if we were going out to the park to make money or just have fun next summer. Honestly speaking I said “a little bit of both, Mr. Ellis.” He hired us on the spot for a June 1 departure.

I will never forget my first glimpse of the snow-covered mountains of Glacier National Park. Not too many mountains in Minnesota where I was born and raised. About an hour later the train pulled into the station where we were met by a big red bus which transported us to Many Glacier Hotel. There was still lots of snow around and it was a bit chilly! We were glad we had taken extra sweaters with us as well as mittens. I even had a top coat that

was issued to me when I served in the WAVES (US Navy).

The dormitory was not ready for the new employees as yet so we were berthed in the hotel itself. The battle between us “newbies” and the mice began in earnest. Once we had the mice under control, more or less, we went to work on the wind that was blowing right into the room. A little chinking here and there reduced the forces of Mother Nature down to something we could handle. We ascertained that the mice were after the candy bars that we had purchased down at Thronson’s in Babb.

We ate in the main dining room until the hotel was opened on June 15. By this time we had occupied bedrooms in the dormitory, and there were no longer breezes blowing through the rooms.

About  $\frac{3}{4}$  of these college girls had never had an iron in their hands, but they all were fast learners. Mr. Selvala was in charge of the laundry. He was a kindly older man who went to great lengths to help us with our new responsibilities.

One of the best things about this job was our working hours. We started right after breakfast at 8:00 A.M. and worked until noon when we broke for lunch. The employee dining room was located directly above us. Depending on the workload, we were often done by 2:30

P.M. – leaving the balance of the afternoon to hike around the area or even take a nap or a swim. We never had to work later than 5:00 P.M. On the days where we were done by noon, we could even get in a hike up to Iceberg Lake and return before supper.

About the only thing that interrupted our efforts at the tubs and mangle would be an occasional fire drill if it was near the laundry.

We were favored employees of Mr. Ellis who knew that if we did not supply the rooms with fresh linens daily, he would have to face some mighty unhappy guests in the lobby of his hotel!!!!

In recent years all the laundry from the hotels and the cabin camps has been processed at headquarters down at Glacier Park Lodge. This plant contains large capacity modern equipment where the Bubble Queens and Bubble Kings (Equal Opportunity Employer) now work in two shifts to handle the mountains of dirty sheets, towels, and tablecloths that come through the front door daily.

The “esprit d’ corps” is probably not in evidence like it was when I was one of those Bubble Queens and for sure the view out the windows of that building are nowhere as inspiring!



# Softball in Glacier in 1927

By Dan Hays (*Glacier Park Transport, 1927-41*)

I do not know when this series began or when it ended, but during the summers from 1927 to 1941 it was a highly appreciated part of East Glacier's summer evening activities. The weekly game was played at the Transport Company, on the vehicle parking area between the company office and the dormitory. Home plate (and a screen back-stop) was directly in front of the driver's dormitory entrance. The bats and catcher's equipment were kept in the dormitory.

The game began as soon as possible after dinner, with the hotel team arriving on the field in their own trucks accompanied by a cloud of dust and the loud cheers of their supporters! Special rules applied

– i.e. hit fly balls landing on the roof of Garage No. 1 or 2, which were very difficult or impossible to field, were automatic “two-baggers” instead of probable “home-runs.”

The quality of the players seemed close to equal but the Hotel Company fielded a more consistent team, as crucial “gearjammers” on the Transport Team might be spending game nights at other sites in the park. The “hotel” team also claimed the right to include hotel guests, as well as employees on their roster.

Some of these were the best pitchers seen during the summer, suggesting that they pitched softball in the winter as well as the summer! Some came so consistently and stayed at the hotel so long, that I wonder if this was their motivation for coming to Glacier Park. (Is my prejudice showing?) The officials were also usually hotel guests. Possibly due to some of these factors, it is my impression that in most years the Hotel Company clearly won the series!

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*I do not know when this series began or when it ended, but during the summers from 1927 to 1941 it was a highly appreciated part of East Glacier's summer evening activities.*

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# Softball in Glacier in 1936

By John Turner (*Gearjammer 1936-41*)

I remember Dan Hays – we all called him Danny. He is Howard's younger son, and I believe he was a teenager during my first summer in 1936. His older brother, Tim, was the agent at Sun Camp for a couple of years when it was a “stop point” between East Glacier, McDonald and Many Glacier. It is a shame that they no longer have chalet accommodations there. It is one of the most spectacular vistas in the park. During my time there were some couples who spent every summer season at Sun Camp. I think Danny was an agent for a few summers before they razed the chalet structure.

The softball rivalry between the Hotel Employees and the Gearjammers

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*The softball rivalry between the Hotel Employees and the Gearjammers was something we looked forward to every year. There were lots of skinned knees and elbows resulting from the dirt-gravel parking lot where we played.*

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was something we looked forward to every year. There were lots of skinned knees and elbows resulting from the dirt-gravel parking lot where we played. We had our best Gearjammer team in 1937....Ennard Dogget catcher....Gene Niblo at third....Earl Wetzel at second... John Turner at first.... Jack McFarland at short... George McConnell in left field... and a rotation of pitchers and other fielders whose names I don't recall.

Harvey O'Phelan was the star of the Hotel team. He was one of the greatest guys I ever knew! He was head porter at East Glacier for years, while attending the University of Minnesota and medical school. I saw Harvey in the 1980s while visiting Mary's family in Minneapolis, and we had a ball reminiscing about those great summers in Glacier. You may know that he became a well known orthopedic surgeon in the Twin Cities.

# A Memorial to Dick Fossum

By Chet Bowers (Gearjammer 1941 and 1946)

Oh Foss! How we will miss you! Your great sense of humor enjoyed on so many adventures in grand old Waterton, Glacier, and other parts of our favorite state and province; your booming bass voice leading the “troop” up to Crypt or Carthew Lakes, and your projection of warmth and love for family and friends will never be forgotten.

I was fortunate to be one of Dick’s best friends when we both had summer jobs at Glacier Park in 1946. He with the Hotel Company and me with the Transport Company. From that time on we shared great fishing and hiking experiences, even to include our respective honeymoons at Waterton – he and Rosie in 1955 and Maida and me in 1956 – got to keep

things in perspective, even under distracting circumstances – you know!

The five mile hike to Crypt Lake was an experience – occasional meetings with black bears, the climb up to and through the tunnel, looking out for bear scat, and the superb cutthroat fishing. Then followed a downhill dash to the Crypt boat landing where Slim would pick us up and deliver us to the other shore in time to make it to the pub to enjoy the great Canadian health beverage, the “Redeye” (draft beer and tomato juice). Squish Parke, who lived in Waterton, could always be counted on to join us or point us in the right direction.

Another memorable trip involved a small inboard dinghy with a putt-putt engine which moved us down the 11 mile lake at about 4 knots per hour.

Arriving at the Kootenai Lakes we enjoyed big Brook Trout fishing and the occasional meeting with moose, before getting in the boat for the 3 hour trip to Waterton – a long day!

These shared expeditions, especially those including our very fortunate wives, Rosie and Maida, enabled us to impart to our kids the beauty of nature in God’s creations. As old age creeps up on us we realize that quality of life and the number of years on this earth are, usually, inversely proportional. Dick recently was feeling the effects of a very limited lifestyle – we are glad that he departed comfortably, and is now free of pain and frustration.

P.S. I know he’s up there scouting the streams and lakes and is waiting to show me where the big ones are.

*Dick poses for his friend Chet in front of one of the ‘Grand Old Reds’. (photo courtesy of Chet Bowers).*



# A Memorial to Heinz Janning

[Editor's Note: Heinz Janning, a bellman at Many Glacier from 1958-60, died recently after a long battle with cancer. Heinz was an accomplished musician who played trombone and accordion. He graduated from St. Olaf College after his summers in Glacier, served in the Army, and became a German teacher at Redwood Falls High School in Minnesota. Shortly before his death, he was elected to the Redwood Falls Hall of Fame. Some of Heinz's fellow bellman contributed recollections of him for this issue.]

## **Climbing Mount Gould, by Rev. Heber Jentzsch (Many Glacier 1959)**

My dear good friend Heinz,

Somewhere there is a cairn containing notes that you and I wrote when we climbed Mt. Gould. I still have photos I took of that climb. Remember the four others who started with us and stopped

chalet, the marmots chewing into your backpack near Ptarmigan Tunnel.

So go my friend and until we meet again, my love and my thanks for coming to fill my life at that time those many years ago. I will keep those good moments with me always and you are known to my wife Jane, as the picture of the sheer cliff of Gould where you held my feet hangs on my wall today as it has for years.

## **Heinz's Predictions for Fellow Bellmen, by John Mulrooney (Many Glacier 1957-63)**

I remember Heinz as the always-upbeat bellman no. 6 who kept the rest of us entertained between "fronts" by his comical voices and antics. At the end of the 1959 season, Heinz declared that the bellman crew should get together again ten years later at the Palmer House in Chicago, to reminisce about that wonderful summer. He entrusted

No. 2: HEBER [JEEBERS] JENTZCH: Happily married to a cute little German girl, you, Hebe, are trying to teach your child to finger a "C" chord. You are near the top of the folk-song singer pile, still trying to sell "Ol' Sinner Man."

No. 3: JOHN [ROADRUNNER] MULROONEY: John, you are a professional athlete, running roads like crazy. You are executive director for Roadrunner cartoons.

No. 4: JACK [THE RIPPER] COONIHAN: You have just completed a tour of your homeland (Ireland) as "Johnny Appleseed" and have planted hundreds of tons of potatoes for the starch-famished Irish.

No. 5: JIM AITKEN: Jim, you are still making your yearly trip to Glacier, wanting to make "bellman" your career, and still trying to get up Mt. Wilbur.

No. 6: Later.

No. 7: RICHARD WATKINS: You are a hermit living in Africa by yourself with a baby grand piano, writing church music and music for the pygmies to dance to.

No. 8: WAYNE HOLSMAN: You still fish a lot with your seven children.

No. 9: GRANT NELSON: Still learning, still getting degrees, you, Grant, are working in Washington, D.C. ... for the underground. However, due to your calmness and cool nerves, this doesn't bother you.

No. 10: GLEN [CECIL B.] SMITH: A bachelor, Glen, you are the head of some miserable commonwealth on the East Coast, still promoting Heber and "Ol' Sinner Man."

No. 6: I, HEINZ JANNING, am still operating a gas pump at Milton Junction. However, it is a going concern and I may someday own the pump. I make many trips to Lima Center, still looking for a wife and kids, still trying to get a local party to climb Mt. Everest, but with no luck ... I may go up alone!

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*"Now do you see why I climb mountains?"  
I understood.*

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because two had "mountain fever?" We got to the top. Coming over that last ridge and the feeling of exhilaration when we reached the top. I felt it and so did you. You turned to me and said, "Now do you see why I climb mountains?" I understood. Then you held my feet while I leaned over the edge and made a shot of the valley thousands of feet below that sheer cliff. You said to me then, "Wow. You are trusting that I would not let you go." You held my life in your hands at that time.

There were other moments. You and I putting on entertainment for the tours when the weather was bad and they could not venture out. You helping me with my German and teaching me more German songs. I can still feel the path beneath our feet running through the forests to catch the boat to Waterton, the fact that we missed the grizzly attack on the pack train after coming down from Mt. Gould and heading for the

me with the enclosed "Predictions for 10" to be revealed at that meeting.

As we went our separate ways, engaging in pursuits other than the wearing of lederhosen to make a living, I'm not aware that the reunion ever took place. Only recently did I revisit and open the envelope containing Heinz's forecasts and felt you might appreciate them in your always-looked-forward-to journal dedicated to the preservation of Glacier Park and its facilities.

## **PREDICTIONS FOR 10 (OPEN IN AUGUST 1969)**

No. 1: TOM FRANCIS: Tom, you are happily married and have two tall children. You are in your profession, busily pulling molars left and right and making people say "Ah" with a mouthful of Hershey's chocolate. Oh, by the way, you have just signed up for a world tour .... with Cook's!

# The Red Eagle Fire of 2006

By Don Loeffler (Glacier Park Lodge, Swiftcurrent, Many Glacier 1940-42, 46-48)

The road between Cut Bank Campground and St. Mary had been closed by the fire authorities, so we had to detour from Glacier Park Lodge where we had been staying, over to Browning. The detour took us north on the Duck Lake road to Babb. After a stop for Dove Bars at Thronson's, we proceeded south. We passed the Chewing Blackbones Blackfoot Indian campground, which had been completely taken over by firefighters.

This incident camp was a complete city with dozens of pop-tents, large semi-truck food handling vans, first aid units, shower and toilet units, and even a media tent station for the fifth estate. Space was cordoned off for the water dropping helicopters.

Evacuation was proceeding at Hugh Black's and the highway was closed at that point. The sheriff said that the fire had jumped the road and was burning eastbound into the res-

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*While we watched the flames advance down to the lakeshore, a helicopter arrived in front of us.*

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ervation. The asphalt and the guard rails were actually on fire.

We drove west on the Going-To-The-Sun highway to the Rising Sun Cabin Camp. All the while we hoped our long-standing reservations would still be intact. They were not. After realizing a computer error had been made, the reservation clerk made a room available in the motel – complete with a front row view of the fire.

By this time the forest across the lake was burning intensely and presented a real threat if the firestorm leaped over to our side of the lake by crossing at the narrows. A change in wind direction could cause this to happen.

While we watched the flames advance down to the lakeshore, a helicopter arrived in front of us. We

worried it might be for evacuation purposes, but that was not to be. It took off almost as soon as it landed and went down to the lake for a bagful of water to dump on the fire.

By now the fire was advancing up the northwest slope of Divide Mountain. Chris Peterson of The Hungry Horse News got some great pictures from where we were just after sunset.

I went over to a wall-mounted fire extinguisher to make sure it was in good working order. It was. My wife Barbara said "Thank goodness. I feel so much safer now."

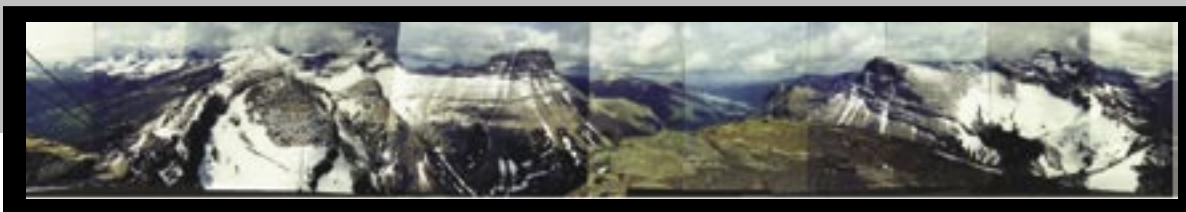
Fortunately the wind died down and the fire did not jump across the lake. We departed the next morning and drove over Logan Pass with the sun partially obscured by the smoke – giving the landscape an eerie cast.

## 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.glacier-parkfoundation.org](http://www.glacier-parkfoundation.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.

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(Panorama by Christine Baker)