

THE INSIDE TRAIL



Voice of the Glacier Park Foundation Summer 2011 Volume XXVI, No. 1

A Wild Goose Chase

Past Wild Goose Island



and other JAMMER TALES

(Photo courtesy of Paul Meierding)

Also In this issue:

- *Baggage Tales* • *Hiking Through Glacier in 1947* • *The Great Blizzard of 1948* • *From Korea to McD in 1954* • *More Memories of Sid Couch* • *Heading North - The Story of Chief Mountain Road* • *Deadheading: A Wild Goose Chase Past Wild Goose Island* • *A Jammer's Journey* • *Legends Pass From the Glacier Stage*

BULLETIN BOARD

A LETTER TO THE EDITOR

I am not sure if I am the oldest member of the Glacier Park Foundation, but I may be close to it. I celebrated my 95th birthday last October. And I still feel like I could drive my old Red Bus, # 99, across Logan Pass, and negotiate every curve without incident ... even dead-head from Belton over Marias Pass, with a carefully timed stop at the Rocky Mountain Inn, and arrive at East Glacier at the set scheduled time. It's easy to dream and reminisce when you're 95!

I send my sincere thanks and gratitude to you and your staff for keeping the spirit of Glacier Park alive through all the many interesting articles published in The Inside Trail. Each time I read the experiences of the Glacier alumni it brings back wonderful memories of the best summers of my life!

John Turner, Gearjammer 1936-41

SEND US YOUR E-MAIL

John Turner may be our oldest member, but he's one of the most adept at maintaining e-mail contact with his

many friends. With John to inspire us, GPF is shaking off years of procrastination and assembling an e-mail list-serve of our members. We'll use it to forward Park Service press releases and other news of Glacier. If you'd like to be included, please send your e-mail address to members@glacierparkfoundation.org.

SEND US YOUR STORIES!

The frequency with which we publish The Inside Trail depends in large part on submission of stories to us by our members. The more material we get, the more quickly we can assemble an issue. When you daydream of the Park, please set down some memories to share with our 500 members.

We welcome submissions ranging from single anecdotes to lengthy articles. If possible, please send submissions by Word attachment to halver@mac.com and johnhagen@usfamily.net. Hard copy also can be submitted at our postal address below. We welcome photos and other illustrations!

HELP PLAN LODGE REUNIONS

Planning is in progress to celebrate the centennials of Glacier Park Lodge (2013), Lake McDonald Lodge (2014), and Many Glacier Hotel (2015). If you'd like to take part, please contact John Dobbertin (johndobb@mwt.net) or Joe Blair (JBLAIR@hmc.edu) for GPL; Janet Eisner Cornish (janallyce@aol.com) or Mark Hufstetler (pitamakan@mac.com) for LML; or Beth Beckelhymer Hattox (bethhattox@yahoo.com) for MGH.

MEETING SNOWED OUT

The 2010 GPF annual meeting, scheduled for last December, had to be cancelled because of a 17-inch blizzard which halted all travel in the Twin Cities. It was impossible to reschedule the meeting before the end of the year. The meeting will be combined with the 2011 annual meeting this fall. Notice of the meeting will be mailed to GPF members with our next issue.

VISIT GPF ON FACEBOOK

Post a message and interact with other alumni at GPF's Facebook page. Note the post about the Glacier Park quarter recently put into circulation by the U.S. Treasury.

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.

Glacier Park Foundation

*P.O. Box 15641
Minneapolis, MN 55415
www.glacierparkfoundation.org
info@glacierfoundation.org*

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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.

Legends Pass from the Glacier Stage

Three legendary figures of Glacier Park history died in early 2011. We welcome remembrances of them (and of other Park veterans, both storied and obscure) for publication in future issues.

MILLIE JEAN PERKINS

Millie Perkins assisted her famous mother, Ema "Ma" Perkins, in managing Granite Park Chalet from 1935 through 1949. Dick Schwab (Many Glacier 1947-52) recalls Millie as follows:

"I keep thinking of how young she was when we knew her in the Ma Perkins era and what a handsome-looking lady she was, slightly older than my group of college student employees. She was underage, I think fifteen, when she came with Ma in their first year at the Chalet, unpaid free labor for the Great Northern owners of the facility (although the General Manager had said she could keep her tips!). She was one of the heroines of the hurried exodus when the great fire of 1936 swept up to the Chalet from the McDonald Valley and over the Continental Divide, to roar down to Many Glacier.

"Her personality was, of course, eclipsed by the super nova of Ma Perkins' character, but without her Ma could never have daily lit up the whole Granite Park area. Millie was the attractive, quiet pillar of support always present but in the background -- an essential facilitator of all the fine experiences the guests had there during that era. She was the major factotum, handling the "room clerk" function, being the chief waitress and a significant part of the cooking operation, chamber maid, and water carrier. Among other things she was the scribe of the chalet, quietly and efficiently recording things and keeping records. For instance, I found that she had written down the lyrics of many of the songs in my repertoire when I came up, guitar in tow."

A letter from Millie to Dick recalls the fire of 1936: "It wasn't until late in the afternoon that we got a message from the Park

Service to leave the Chalet immediately after dinner. Of course the guests were slowly approaching the panic stage when I served, yet in my Swiss costume, with the customary "formality", the usual dinner. What seemed to surprise them was the choice of beverage -- tea? or coffee? They handled that with control, but when the tea drinkers were asked, "green or black?" they literally cracked up. That was the ice breaker. We left the chalet about six o'clock, carrying wet blankets. We were instructed to leave possessions behind, but a few of our guests (there were about six) insisted on toting their backpacks, which the staff ended up carrying because they pooped out. We were met at midnight at Logan Pass by one of the red touring buses."

JIM KANZLER

Jim Kanzler was one of the most accomplished mountain climbers in Glacier Park history. He was one of a famous climbing family, whose history was clouded by terrible tragedy. In 1963, at the age of 15, he climbed Mount St. Nicholas (Glacier's most forbidding peak) with his father Hal and his brother Jerry. Jerry and four companions were killed by an avalanche attempting to Mt. Cleveland a few days after Christmas in 1969.

Kanzler made a number of remarkable first ascents in Glacier Park. In 1965, he and Dan Cook climbed the sheer south face of Chief Mountain. In 1967, he and his brother Jerry climbed the most prominent of the Cathedral Spires, on Porcupine Ridge west of Waterton Lake.

Kanzler and Terry Kennedy made two tremendous technical climbs in the late

1970s. One was of the north face of Mt. Cleveland, the other of the north face of Mt. Siyeh, both involving thousands of feet of exposure on brittle sedimentary rock. These climbs are among the most remarkable feats in the history of the Park.

ROGER STEPHENS

Roger Stephens was the assistant manager at Many Glacier Hotel and was director of the Broadway musicals there in the 1960s and early '70s. He collaborated with Ian B. Tippet, Many's manager and the producer of those shows. Together they staged *How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying* (1967), *Fiorello* (1968), *Three Penny Opera* (1969), *Little Mary Sunshine* (1970), *I Do, I Do!* and *The Fantasticks* (1971), *You're a Good Man, Charlie Brown* and *Barefoot in the Park* (1972), *Fiddler on the Roof* (1973) and *One Hundred and Ten in the Shade* (1975).

Roger was physically imposing. He had been a college football player, and bolstered Many Glacier's roster in the annual flag football showdowns with Glacier Park Lodge. He was an actor (playing the husband in *I Do! I Do!*) and an excellent vocalist. He directed the Many Glacier singers and sang baritone solos on the Thursday Serenade. He also was a pilot, kept a small plane at Babb, and took many employees barnstorming over the Park.

Roger had a distinguished career as a professor at several schools. He was Director of Opera at Northern Michigan, Director of Music at Ohio University, and finally Director of the School of Music at the University of Tennessee. He died at 67, after battling cancer courageously for seven years.

We welcome remembrances of them (and of other Park veterans, both storied and obscure) for publication in future issues.

BAGGAGE TALES

Bellmen's Adventures in the 1970s



A bellman's cart fully loaded with 16 "stacker" bags.

By John Hagen (Many Glacier, 1970-1980)

Hotel work is fascinating because of the variety of tourists whom you encounter. This fascination is enhanced by the array of baggage which the tourists bring. Ancient, peeling black leather valises that might have come off the *Mayflower* arrive side-by-side with aluminum cases that look like they were designed for the set of *Star Trek*. Elegant leather satchels, military duffle bags, battered steamer trunks, bags festooned with colored tape, pour out fantastically from the luggage compartments of buses and tourist vehicles.

In recent years, American luggage has emphasized wheels, but the Japanese put wheels on their luggage decades ago. In the 1970s, Japanese tours would come to Glacier with suitcases wheeled in the most amazing fashion -- wheels on the bottom, wheels on the sides, wheels jutting out at dramatic angles, wheels hinged and swiveled -- wheels, wheels, wheels! These bags sometimes had long retractable leashes,

and could be led around like dogs.

Bellmen of my era were very partial to suitcases of a sort we called "stackers." These bags were hard, sturdy, and square-sided. They could be laid flat and propped over the front ends of our luggage carts, with other stackers piled on top of them. This allowed us to maximize the number of bags transported on a cart -- 16 to 18 bags, which was useful when we were working an 80-bag tour.

"Stacker" bags had been popular in earlier decades, but by the 1970s they were heavily outnumbered by Samsonite luggage. Samsonite bags had slick, curved sides, which made them treacherous to stack. Now and then, a bellman would stack Samsonite imprudently, and the stack would topple over, sending bags to

the ground with a crash. At such times, we would fantasize about bellmen subbing in for the gorillas who smacked and stomped on Samsonite suitcases in commercials of that era.

The luggage of group tours sometimes totaled a couple of hundred bags arriving in the afternoon and going out next day. Moving all those bags through Many Glacier Hotel's rambling halls required good teamwork. This was especially true in the Annex, where there was no elevator or freight lift.

The bellmen would form human chains to hoist the bags to the upper Annex floors. The staircase was doglegged, with two short flights between each floor. The bellmen would stand one above the other and pass bags up through the open stairwell.

Bellmen of my era were very partial to suitcases of a sort we called "stackers." These bags were hard, sturdy, and square-sided.

This “chaining” sometimes was a challenge when luggage was cumbersome and heavy. Care was required to be sure that the upper man had a firm grip on the handle before the lower man let go. Once or twice a bag was dropped and went plummeting down the stairwell like an anvil, breaking open in the basement in a shower of underwear.

The bellmen engaged in jocular commentary while chaining the heavier bags. “Brace yourself! It’s another sewing machine!” a colleague might grunt from below. The legendary bellman Chris (“Wizard”) Vick was famous for his fantastic remarks about such suitcases and their owners. “Oof! Somebody brought along his own tombstone!” he might indignantly exclaim, or “Somebody brought her chopped-up husband!” This would set the crew laughing so hard that they would almost drop the bag.

Unlike the Annex, Many Glacier’s main wing had a freight lift -- a creaking, lurching, ancient cab suspended on greasy metal cables. The lift was run by means of a pushbutton and a crank (which had an “up” position, a “down” position, and a brake to be applied when reaching a floor). Gentleness was required in applying the brake, for sudden braking could throw a cable off the wheels in the shaft. Then the maintenance crew had to remount the cable (a task which they heartily disliked, and might postpone for several days while the bags had to be run up and down stairs).

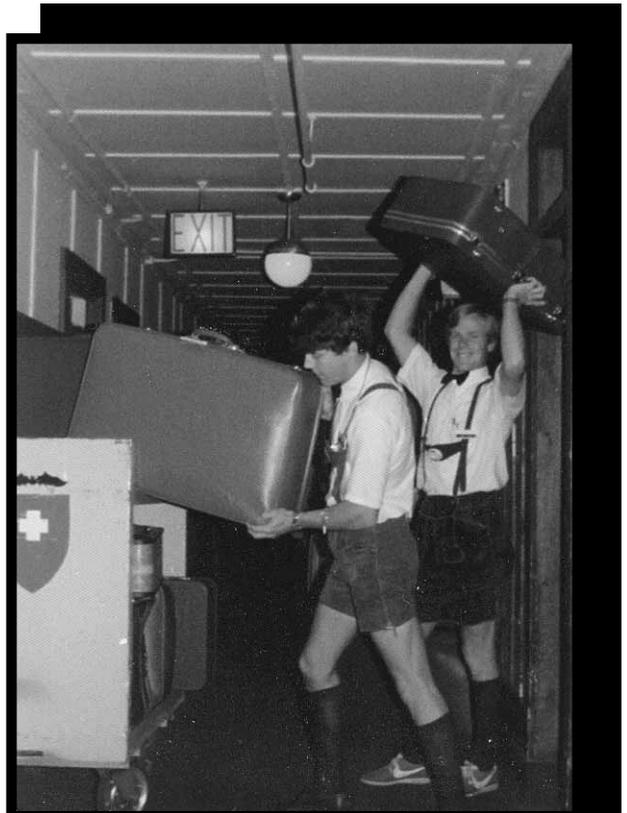
One morning while I was riding the freight lift, an alarm clock in a suitcase abruptly went off. I initially thought that this sudden jangling was an alarm in the cab itself. I glanced up fearfully at the cables, afraid they might be about to part and drop me down the shaft. A split second’s reflection reassured me that the lift was too old and crude to have any sort of built-in alarm.

On another memorable morning, the power failed in the whole hotel as we were transporting a load of bags. The freight lift stopped between two floors. We managed to open the door on the lower floor and pass suitcases out by hand. A tourist inquired: “Did you turn the electricity off on purpose? We thought that maybe you turn it off every morning like they do in Africa.”

When tours checked into the hotel, the first order of business was to mark room assignments on baggage tags. Occasionally tags were marked incorrectly, and bags were delivered to the wrong room. When owners called down to complain that their suitcases had not arrived, we would have to go and hunt for the missing bags.

Lost bag searches usually were concluded in short order. You’d start by checking for the most probable mistakes. A bag missing from Room 50 likely could be found in Room 150, or in an adjoining room (48 or 52), or in Room 56 (a “0” hastily scrawled on a luggage tag could be mistaken for a “6”).

Sometimes, however, the bag would not turn up in any likely room. Then we would have to run a systematic search of the



John Hagen and Tim Vadheim handling bags in the Annex, 1973.



“Chaining”luggage: David Manzer hands off a bag to Steve White in 1973.

my bag!” as tourists filed off the buses and watched us marking the luggage.

Guests were protective of their bags -- a natural tendency that occasionally was carried to extremes. No memoir of baggage in the '70s would be complete without recalling the following episode.

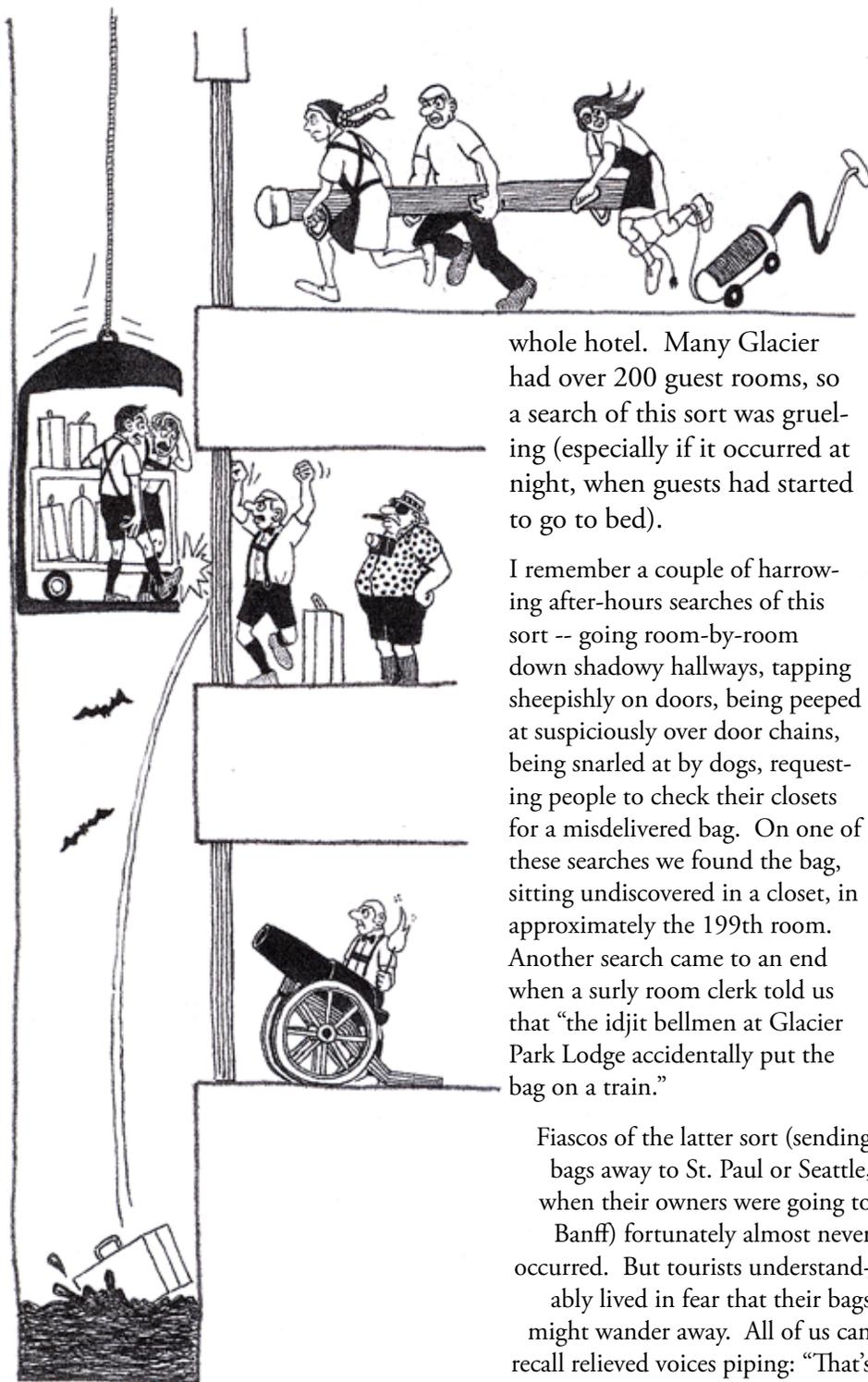
Colonel and Mrs. Truman (not their real names) were an elderly couple who stopped at Many Glacier for several days. The Front Office Manager thought that they had overstayed their reservation and wanted the room for other guests. When the couple could not be found at midday, he instructed the bellmen to move their luggage out of the room and store it.

This was a serious mistake, both as to the length of the reservation and as to the treatment of the bags. When the couple returned and found their belongings gone from the room, they were irate. (Mr. Tippet, our manager, cautioned everyone in the aftermath that one *never* moves bags without the owner's permission.)

What made this episode distinctive was that the couple did not calm down. The colonel must have been a ferocious martinet in his Army days. All through the afternoon and evening, he marched back and forth from the Front Desk to the bellmen's desk to the manager's office, bawling people out, in company with his pugnacious wife. The two were absolutely implacable; no apologies could appease them.

Finally they retired for the night. A brief peace descended over the lobby. Then a terrible cry rang out. The colonel came tramping down the main staircase, shouting in a thunderous voice that must have been heard throughout the hotel: "MRS. ... TRUMAN'S ... YELLOW ... BATHROBE ... IS MISSING!!!!"

I was so unfortunate as to be the single bellman on duty that evening. My heart



whole hotel. Many Glacier had over 200 guest rooms, so a search of this sort was grueling (especially if it occurred at night, when guests had started to go to bed).

I remember a couple of harrowing after-hours searches of this sort -- going room-by-room down shadowy hallways, tapping sheepishly on doors, being peeped at suspiciously over door chains, being snarled at by dogs, requesting people to check their closets for a misdelivered bag. On one of these searches we found the bag, sitting undiscovered in a closet, in approximately the 199th room. Another search came to an end when a surly room clerk told us that "the idjit bellmen at Glacier Park Lodge accidentally put the bag on a train."

Fiascos of the latter sort (sending bags away to St. Paul or Seattle, when their owners were going to Banff) fortunately almost never occurred. But tourists understandably lived in fear that their bags might wander away. All of us can recall relieved voices piping: "That's

Then a terrible cry rang out. The colonel came tramping down the main staircase, shouting in a thunderous voice. . . "MRS. ... TRUMAN'S ... YELLOW ... BATHROBE ... IS MISSING!!!!"

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Drawings by John Hagen
(Many Glacier, 1970-1980)

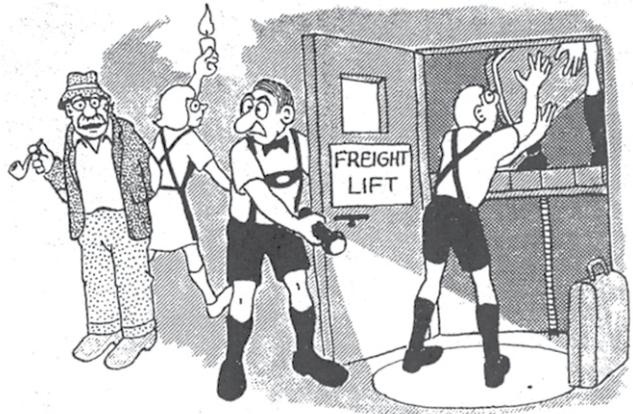
sank on hearing the colonel's voice. I hustled into the bellmen's closet, and there on a hanger (oh, blessed relief!) was Mrs. Truman's yellow bathrobe.

I handed the bathrobe to the colonel, who bawled me out a final time and tramped back up the stairs to his room. I turned to Mr. Tippet, who was standing manfully nearby. "What a relief!" I said. "I was afraid they'd flushed the bathrobe down the toilet, just for an excuse to bawl us out."

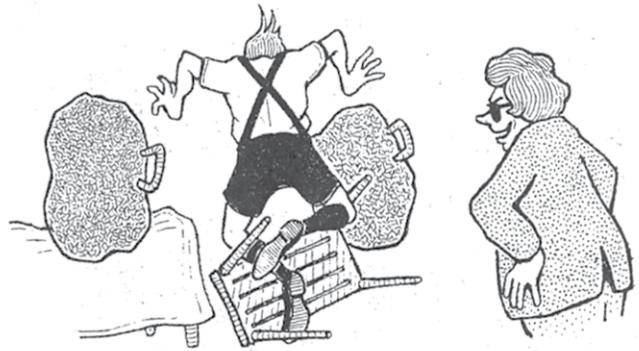
"I thought the same," Mr. Tippet said stoically. "I thought that they had destroyed it."

Mercifully, no luggage was destroyed, by indignant tourists or by the bellmen, during those long-departed days. I recall with fondness our many colorful adventures in transporting those thousands of bags through the old hotel.

"Did you turn off the electricity on purpose? We thought that maybe you turn it off every day, like they do in Africa."



"Are you go'n' sue yourself?" a tourist lady genially inquires of a clumsy bag-handler.



Bellmen kick off another season of manhandling tour luggage in 1979.

*Photo courtesy of John Hagen
(Many Glacier, 1970-1980)*

Hiking Through Glacier in 1947

By David Bossler (*Gearjammer 1948*)

In 1947, a college friend and I decided to spend our summer on a hike through Glacier National Park. It would top off the end of my junior year and my friend Bill's senior year of pre-med at Montana State University. Decades have since separated me from that summer, but many of those adventures remain sharply etched in my memory.

Preparations were simpler back then: a map, a tent, down-filled sleeping bags, wool socks and coats, cooking gear, and dehydrated food. It was before the age of GPS, portable gas stoves, Gortex and fleece fabrics, bear spray or even sunscreen.

My family lived in Kalispell, Montana, so we decided to start our trip in the north-west corner of the park. My dad, a telegraph operator for Western Union, drove us to the beautiful Lower Kintla Lake. We hiked the seven wooded miles along the lake's north shore, then a couple more miles east along Kintla Creek, which drains the smaller Upper Kintla Lake into the lower lake. I still remember feeling so free and fine with another college year behind and the wonders and adventures of Glacier ahead of us.

Having so far hiked only about 12 miles to Upper Kintla Lake, Bill and I planned to continue heading east toward Upper Waterton Lake but couldn't locate the trail. Today the trail through Boulder Pass and Brown Pass, then along Olson Creek to Waterton Lake is well marked; but if it was there in 1947, we couldn't find it. East of Upper Kintla, there was a very steep mountain slope we headed for. On finally reaching the ridge, we found another steep slope on the other side that was snow-packed and went almost straight down.

We debated awhile, and finally agreed to carefully head down rather than retrace our steps and start over somewhere else. One step onto this snow, and I

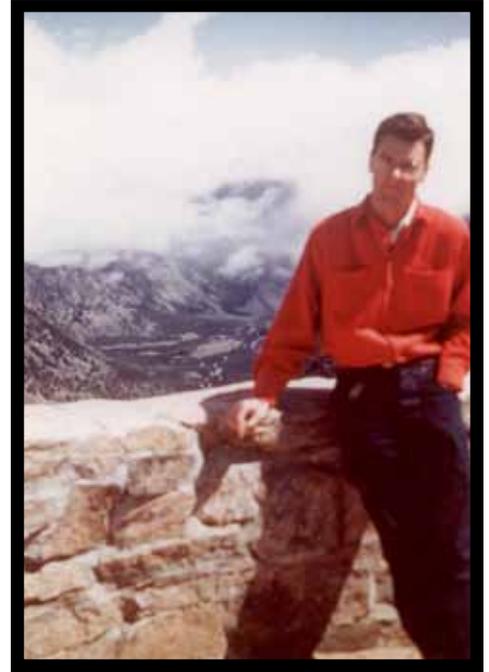
David Bossler in Glacier, circa 1947 (photo courtesy of Karla Bossler Hart)

was headed straight down! I couldn't stop or even slow down. I was headed towards a massive rock pile that ran for about a mile parallel to the ridge we had climbed and was 20 to 30 feet across. I was sliding fast! I tried digging into the snow with my heels and hands, but nothing slowed me down.

I finally focused on the monstrous pile and picked out the flattest rock I could find that was facing me. I hit it with both feet and jumped with all my power. I miraculously landed on my belly on the downhill side of the rocks, slid for another three or four hundred feet, and gradually slowed to a stop as the slope was no longer so steep. Bill had wisely missed the rock pile by climbing a bit further north past it before heading down. I remember thinking it was the closest I'd come to meeting St. Peter since coming face to face with a German machine gun in the recent World War II.

Continuing east, we eventually reached the southern end of Waterton Lake and the ranger station. The ranger filled us in on the latest goings-on in the area. Topping the list was the boisterous Calgary Stampede across the border in Alberta, Canada. Young and reckless, we were easily swayed to trade in the sedate grandeur of nature for the prospect of wild rodeo adventures. We hopped aboard the next tour boat heading north to Waterton Village and then thumbed our way through the park and across Alberta to Calgary. I remember spending one night in an open church. We spent three intrepid days in Calgary, most of it blurred beyond recognition in my memory, then thumbed it back to Waterton.

From Waterton, we hiked south to Lake McDonald and then thumbed the 60 miles back to Kalispell where we spent a day cleaning up and filling up on my



Mom's home cooking. That night was stormy and thunderous, and we were grateful for four walls and a roof instead of the perpetually soaked-through tent.

The next day, my dad drove us to Logan Pass on the park's Going-to-the-Sun Road. From there we hiked along the Garden Wall to Granite Park Chalet. The previous night's storm had left a medium-sized pine tree burning along the trail. I cut down the tree and put out most of the fire with water from our canteens and mud from the area. At the Chalet, we called to report the fire and they sent out a ranger to check on it.

From Granite Park, we hiked down to Many Glacier which I found to be one of the most spectacular areas of the park. The Swiss chalet style Many Glacier Hotel sits on the shore of Swiftcurrent Lake and offers the traveler awe-inspiring panoramic views.

We spent a couple days exploring the Many Glacier area, including the popular four and a half mile hike to Iceberg Lake which I remember being full of large chunks of floating ice. From Many Glacier, Bill and I thumbed it south to East Glacier.

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The next summer I found myself back in Glacier. This time, I was a “gear-jammer” and ferried tourists through the park on red bus number 104.

On the southern end of East Glacier was a shale-covered mountain with a rock column in its center. According to an Indian legend, this was the chief's daughter who had been sent with orders to stay until she sighted buffalo. She is still looking!

At East Glacier, we met a doctor from the East Coast who was touring with his daughter, also a physician. They drove us to Two Medicine and from there we hiked north to St. Mary Lake. The hike took several days and included passing Triple Divide Peak, the only place on Earth where rain waters feed three oceans. Rain falling to the west of the

Peak flows into Lake McDonald, then down the Flathead and Columbia Rivers and eventually helps fill the Pacific Ocean. Rain falling to the northeast fills St. Mary Lake then flows into the St. Mary and Saskatchewan Rivers and eventually empties into Hudson Bay and the Arctic Ocean. Rain on the southeast slopes feed Atlantic Creek and eventually helps fill the Missouri and Mississippi Rivers before flowing into the Gulf of Mexico and the Atlantic Ocean.

On reaching St. Mary Lake, we continued hiking west along Gunsight Pass Trail. We headed for Sperry Glacier on a fork in the trail and camped at Sperry

Chalets for a night before continuing west to Lake McDonald. Here we ended our Glacier Park trip.

Bill's home was east of Glacier Park on a wheat ranch near Choteau. We arrived there just in time for the harvest. Bill drove the combine and I drove the grain trucks to the railroad station east of the ranch. The harvest kept us busy for another two or three weeks. Then summer was over and Bill went on to medical school and I returned to Montana State University for my senior year of pre-med.

The next summer I found myself back in Glacier. This time, I was a “gear-jammer” and ferried tourists through the park on red bus number 104. I was able to color my tour bus guide stories with firsthand accounts from that memorable previous summer on foot through the park. It was an adventure I'll never forget.

The Great Blizzard of July 1948

By Dick Schwab (Many Glacier 1947-52)

Tom Westbrook was more imaginative than any other hiker and scrambler I knew among the employees of 1947 and 1948. He was forever cooking up some new scheme, and that is one of the things I liked best about him. So far as I could see he was absolutely fearless. Whenever I was involved in a hike or climb with him something adventurous, or sometimes nearly calamitous, would occur. I liked the uncertainty about what might happen next when he was a part of an expedition.

The episode of the great blizzard of July 28, 1948, is typical. Tom and I and two girls managed to arrange days

off together so that we could hitchhike from Many Glacier to Lake McDonald Lodge, then hike to Sperry Chalet for an overnight stay. At the outset of the trip the weather did not look too unpromising, but we soon found ourselves marooned half way up the Going-to-Sun Road in a freezing rain which quickly turned into a treacherous snowstorm. We understood from inquiries later that the rangers by that time had already closed the road on the St. Mary side, and no cars were coming through from the other direction either.

Our prospects were looking somewhat grim when out the haze of the thick snowfall an old-fashioned coupe ap-

peared. Driving in it was a honeymoon couple who had got onto the road before it was closed and had tarried somewhere along the way until the snow started. Because they had reservations for the night at Lake McDonald they had decided to push on over the Pass. They saw us standing along the road all heaped with wet snow and knew that if they did not pick us up we might freeze to death. Somehow they crowded all four of us in with them.

The front seat was just wide enough for four people tightly squeezed together: the groom, the bride, and me with one of the girls sitting on my lap. Westy and the other girl managed to crouch in the compartment behind us. It was already becoming a Big Adventure. We kept apologizing for dripping melted snow all over the couple and their car, but they were very cheerful about it all and told us not to worry. They were more concerned about getting the whole

Whenever I was involved in a hike or climb with him something adventurous, or sometimes nearly calamitous, would occur.

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carload of us through the blinding snowstorm to safety.

As we crawled up toward the Pass the storm became worse and worse so that it was almost impossible to see the road, and the heavy snow was piling up rapidly. We were relieved to make it to the summit, but the descent on the other side into the worsening blizzard was downright frightening. For some time we had realized we were in the only car on the highway, which meant that roadblocks must have been put up on both sides of us. When the groom tried to put on the brakes, the car would just slide for some distance in the thick slush that was rapidly turning to ice. For those of us who knew there were sheer drops of hundreds and hundreds of feet on the left side of the road it was turning into a truly spine-chilling thriller.

With a good deal of blind luck we made it to Lake McDonald Lodge all right, and then another specter presented itself. The blizzard was so heavy by that time that we had to scratch any idea of slogging up to Sperry. The word was out that the road would be closed indefinitely, which meant we might not get back on time to our jobs at Many Glacier.

After worrying for a few hours about the consequences of that we decided to throw ourselves on the mercy of the manager of McDonald Lodge, a colorful woman named Mrs. Bea Frase. She was a formidable lady with the usual heart of gold, who assured us she would see to it we would not get fired. Then she magnanimously offered to feed us in the employee cafeteria and put us up until the roads were cleared enough so that we could get back to Many. She put Westy and me in one of the unoccupied bridal suite rooms and sequestered the two girls in the dormitory. Thus the whole misadventure turned out quite splendidly, and at least two of us got to enjoy the luxury of actually staying in a

hotel room. When the road was finally cleared we got back to our jobs, having had one more unforgettable adventure.

People elsewhere in the Park also had some memorable adventures in this summer blizzard. John Mauff was snowbound with other guests up at Sperry, and Mrs. Russell broke out a turkey for a great and elegant feast there, with John doing the carving.

Mrs. Martha Russell, who managed Sperry, was a character in her own right. She prided herself on running a far more formal establishment than Granite Park Chalet, complete with teas and the like. Her manner was rather austere, and she was not as much interested in fun as she was in the genteel proprieties. No one could have differed more from Ma Perkins, with her great, expansive humanity and mischievousness. Mrs. Russell had a fierce sense of competition with Ma Perkins, and it is said nothing enraged her more than someone accidentally calling her "Ma" Russell. Anyone who knew her could see that just would not do. Mrs. Russell made her own contribution to the colorful mix of characters in Glacier, but all of us liked Ma Perkins the best, of course.

The grateful comments in the "Black Book" from Granite Park tell the story of what went on there during the bliz-

zard of July 28th. What could be a more delightful and unique experience than to be snowbound in the warmth of Granite Park Chalet with Ma and her daughter Millie and the other employees? It had all the color of a Dickensian Christmas at the end of July. Everyone who was there is to be envied. A lady from Massachusetts wrote this poem to commemorate the adventure:

*My, my, what a strange combination,
We came here for a July sensation*

*Of hot feet and sticky perspiration,
And the usual midsummer prostration.*

And what did we get?

We awakened in great perturbation.

This must be a Christmas vacation.

Much SNOW with its white inspiration.

Our heartiest recommendation

For the best place we've visited yet.

-- Harriet E. Roe, Worcester, Mass.

One of the guests built an inspired comic snowman in the back compound of the chalet, and Ma assumed a very dignified air as she posed for a humorous picture of her leaning her arm on its shoulder.

After worrying for a few hours about the consequences of that we decided to throw ourselves on the mercy of the manager of McDonald Lodge, a colorful woman named Mrs. Bea Frase. She was a formidable lady with the usual heart of gold, who assured us she would see to it we would not get fired.

From Korea to McDonald

GEARJAMMING IN 1954

By Don Perry (Gearjammer 1954-59)

I got my job as a gearjammer through one of my former high school teachers. His name was Sid Couch. He worked as the Transport Agent at Many Glacier Hotel for many years.

When the Korean War ended in mid-1953, I was discharged from the Navy and returned to my home in the Los Angeles area. I visited Sid for advice on what college to attend. He guided me and we became very good friends. Near the end of my first year in college, he asked me what I had planned for that summer. I said that I had no plans yet, and he invited me to go with him to Glacier and drive a bus.

Sid was about 5' 8." He had a small paunch and required very thick glasses. He told me that he damaged his eyes driving guests from Many to Babb to escape the big forest fire in 1936. They wet down the bus blankets to cover the passengers, but Sid was unable to cover his head because he needed to see where he was driving.

Sid – God rest his soul – was fun to be with in those days, but oh what an experience to ride with him! He had a very bad case of tunnel vision. I was amazed for years that they kept renewing his driver's license. When he was driving in traffic and I was on the passenger side, we would just be inches from the parked cars on the right. Half the time I would just hold my breath. In 1954 we drove to Glacier in his car; in 1955 we drove in my car.

It took almost the entire first summer for me to start calling him Sid instead of Mr. Couch, as I had been doing since the tenth grade. He kept after me to call him Sid.

On our new drivers' tour in 1954, we left East on a beautiful morning, driven by Howie Wilson, a second-year driver. We drove straight to the Prince of Wales Hotel. We all had lunch at the Tourist Cafe, which most jammers did not care for. (A few summers later, our General Manager, Howard Noble, changed to patronizing Franks Cafe, which most of the jammers greatly preferred). We then drove to Many, where Sid greeted and talked to us.

We continued over the Pass and arrived at Lake McDonald Lodge just before dinner time. The weather was great all day. Just a mile or so before arriving at the Lodge, Howie pointed out to us a large male moose, with huge antlers, eating the foliage about 20 feet off the road. It was a great sight for us all.

When we arrived at McD, Ino Belsaas, the Transport Agent, was waiting to greet us. He spoke to us briefly (as he always did with everyone) and then told us where the mess hall was and pointed out our tent quarters for the night.

After dinner, Ino invited Howie and me to his trailer to meet his wife. When we got to the trailer, Howie mentioned that we had all seen a moose just a mile up the road. That greatly interested Ino and his wife (a charming lady). He suggested

that we all drive up the road in their car to look for it. Howie had a new 35mm camera (the state of the art in those days) and we both were eager to go.

We left right away and drove up the road with Howie and me in the back seat. We drove slowly, and sure enough, we spotted the moose to the left of the road, still eating. Ino stopped on the right side of the road, but kept the motor running. Howie and I got out and walked slowly across the road to approach the moose. When we got within about five feet (with me behind Howie, of course), we stopped and Howie started taking numerous photos.

The moose glanced over at us every once in awhile, but did not slow down his eating. Eventually he walked away from us for a few feet, stopped and began eating foliage again, but would glance up at us periodically. This went on several times – the moose walking away, continuing to eat, but glancing up at us. Finally Howie said he had enough photos, and we headed back to the car.

On the way back to the Lodge, Ino remarked that more people were treed by moose than by any other animal, including bears. Howie and I were bemused to be to be given such a caution at that late point!

This adventure occurred on my first day inside the Park (the East Glacier Transport Company complex was not inside the Park boundaries). I imagined that this sort of encounter would be frequent during the course

of my great new job. Dreamer me! In six summers in Glacier, I never saw another moose – let alone one at only five feet away.

The jammer facilities at McD in 1954 were rustic – a large canvas tent with wooden sides, next to a slow running stream. It had 8 or 10 comfortable cots. In back were the shaving and showering facilities. But to relieve yourself, you had to walk out the back door (in any kind of weather) and continue slightly uphill about fifty feet to a very old wooden outhouse. It was the one and only

time that I ever have had to use an outhouse on a regular basis.

I remember sleeping that first night. It was less than a year since the end of the Korean War. One of the other first-year drivers, Al Hartman, had been in the Marines, and remarked that he found the accommodations very nice compared to the hard

ground in Korea. Many vets can remember the difficulty of trying to get some sleep with gunfire going all night long. As I thought of that, I closed my eyes and listened to the slowly running stream just a foot or so outside the tent, I fell asleep and had one of the most restful nights of sleep I have ever had.

Dreamer me! In six summers in Glacier, I never saw another moose – let alone one at only five feet away.

More Memories of Sid Couch

By Dick Schwab (Many Glacier 1947-52)

The most unique sound to be heard regularly in the Lobby at Many Glacier Hotel was the loud and high-pitched voice of Sid Couch announcing the departure of the red tour buses of the Glacier Transport Company. There is no way of characterizing in prose the peculiar timbre of Sid's voice. It was more than simply high-pitched; it had a sharp, almost tinny overtone which I have never heard from anyone else.

Sid Couch was a middle-aged school-teacher from California, and his special domain included scheduling the gear jammers and the buses and everything else that had to do with the arrival and departure of the buses. He was very competent at this and spent a good deal of time at the transportation desk and on the entry porch. Even when he was not making an announcement, his conversational voice had a penetrating and strange sound. He was a small, round-faced man,

with glasses so thick they made his eyes look huge and frog-like. It was rumored that they were ruined when he was fighting in the smoke to save the hotel during the 1936 forest fire. I think he had on dark glasses a good share of the time. He always wore a suit and the kind of brimmed fedora hat common in the thirties.

Although he was often affable, his personality was the prickliest in the Lobby, and his fussiness was always there ready to rise to the surface. He ruled the gear jammers with an iron hand up in their dormitory behind the parking lot, having some favorites and showing a quite punitive attitude toward the ones he took a dislike to. Therefore, there was a good deal of bad feeling toward him by those who were on his wrong side or reacted angrily to his sometimes nagging and spikey ill temper. Because we bellhops carried bags to and from his buses we crossed his path often in the Lobby and the entry porch where he met and dispatched the buses, and he had strong likes and dislikes for different bellhops too. When he was in

a bad mood or was irritated he could be formidable. I was on his good side, and he never gave me any difficulty, but rather treated me very well.

Sid was a confirmed bachelor and was legally blind, which doubtless contributed to his irritability. Amazingly, he reported that he actually drove in the terrible traffic in Los Angeles where he taught school. He could never have passed an eye test for a driver's license, but he said he had a way to find out what the letters projected on the wall were at his Department of Motor Vehicles office so that he could always memorize them and get through the test.

In spite of his tendency to be abrasive Sid was often cheerful and friendly; and I admired his conscientious and exacting dedication to the operation of the complex mechanism of the transportation system. Sometimes now when I am in the Lobby it occurs to me that I would like to hear that curious piping voice ring out again. It was part of a scene about which I have very good memories.

HEADING NORTH:

Story of Chief Mountain International Highway

By Tessie Bundick (Many Glacier 1972-82)

W.P. Kenny, of the Great Northern Railway, saw the need, in 1931, for a quicker way to get to the Railway's new Prince of Wales Hotel, up north, in Waterton, Canada, from Glacier National Park. He appealed to Horace Albright, the current director of the National Park Service, and stated that tourist travel in the region of Waterton Lakes had diminished and he felt that a route assuring a faster and more scenic trip from the American side would be just the right answer to the problem. In Great Northern circles, it was believed that the new road, called the Kennedy Creek Cut Off, was as important as the Going to the Sun Highway. These two high standard routes would allow the tourist to travel freely through the Park and at the same time view stunning scenery.

This being the era of the Great Depression, construction funds were hard to come by. If, however, there could be an

need for a new short cut and he put a plan into motion. In January of 1934, Secretary Ickes approved the sum of \$113,000 to build the much desired route. The funds came from the Public Works Administration to aid unemployment. He also saw that money was provided for the improvement of existing park roads. In those days, almost all of the byways in the area were oiled. That is, the surfaces were covered with a mixture of gravel and oil. Otherwise, the dust kicked up by the cars and wagons would make travel almost impossible.

The new road would cross the extreme northeast corner of Glacier Park for a distance of about 2 to 3 miles, and join the Blackfoot Highway on the American side. The route would follow Kennedy and Lee Creeks. To the east and north, a traveler would see prairies, while to the south, west and northwest, one could view the magnificent Rocky Mountains, climaxed by the dramatic sight of Chief Mountain rising up 9056 feet. There would also be many wondrous lakes, waterfalls and forests to behold. This

highway at Kennedy Creek, turn west and follow up the north fork of Chief Mountain, which it skirts, turn north along Lee Creek and Belly River to connect with the existing Cardston/Waterton Highway.

The Canadian part of the road was begun in 1933, also as a part of an unemployment relief program. The American project got off to a slower start, but would commence, weather permitting, in 1934. By the fall of 1934, the section from Kennedy Creek to the Park boundary was completed. Work was started in the summer of 1935 to build the road to the Canadian boundary, to be finished by the fall. By May of 1936, the major thing needed for completion was a temporary bridge at Lee Creek, and the construction on the short part of the route, actually in the boundaries of Glacier National Park, still needed attention. Because work seasons were limited in northern Montana by the climate, building was still going on in the summer of 1937, especially on the 2 to 3 miles in the Park, but the Kennedy Creek Cut Off was deemed quite passable and considered to have a fair surface.

During 1936, Glacier Park Superintendent E.T. Scoyen, suggested that the new road be called "The Chief Mountain Highway." Scoyen declared Chief Mountain to be "one of the most inspiring mountain views to be found in the entire country." In 1937, the Kennedy Creek Cut Off was officially named "The Chief Mountain International Highway."

This lovely route is still being used and enjoyed today. It is a beautiful way to savor the scenic splendors of this great recreational region.

Fortunately, Harold L. Ickes, the Secretary of the Interior, had taken a keen interest in the roads of Glacier National Park. He could plainly see the urgent need for a new short cut and he put a plan into motion.

allotment made for unemployment relief, then building a new highway would be just the ticket for both the Canadians and the Americans.

Fortunately, Harold L. Ickes, the Secretary of the Interior, had taken a keen interest in the roads of Glacier National Park. He could plainly see the urgent

new distance would be about 46 miles from the Many Glacier area to the Prince of Wales Hotel, cutting off about 30 miles.

The old way swung out on the prairies northeasterly to Cardston, Alberta, and then westerly to Waterton Lakes. The new cut off would leave the present

DEADHEADING: A *Wild Goose Chase Past Wild Goose Island*

By Mike Buck (*Gearjammer 1960-67, 2000-07*)

In the Fall 2010 *Inside Trail*, gearjammer Don Perry told a story of having to “deadhead” (drive his bus without any passengers) from East Glacier to St. Mary, over Logan Pass to Belton, and then back over the Pass and northward to the Prince of Wales Hotel. Don concluded: “I felt fairly certain that no driver in Park history deadheaded more miles in one day ... If someone did, I sure

As this group had begun their day in Banff, 300 miles away, we knew that they would likely be “toured out” by the time they got aboard our buses. We were cautioned to make the journey memorable, but quick.

As we passed through St. Mary and the Park’s eastern entrance, we saw the tour bus in the parking lot. We assumed that the group was enjoying an early lunch, prior to meeting us at Rising Sun. Everything seemed to be in order. It appeared like a pretty

On my return to Rising Sun, a front desk person ran out to inform us that the escort was taking his charges to Lake McDonald aboard the charter bus, via Browning, East Glacier Park and Belton. As time was getting short, the escort had determined that he wanted the visitors to be taken only to Logan Pass and returned to Lake McDonald Lodge.

There were no extra buses to load the tour group at Lake McDonald, so Joe and I were told to deadhead to McD. As the tour bus had quite a head start, we went over the pass to “Lake” in record time.

Upon our arrival at Lake McDonald, we checked in at the transportation desk and received an update. They said that the escort had had second thoughts with regard to his itinerary, and had now brought the charter bus back to St. Mary! Only later did we learn, through the jammer grapevine, that the escort had been faced with a mutiny if his people were not allowed to take Going-to-the-Sun Road.

You guessed it. Joe and I beat it back across the Pass, eastbound to St. Mary. Other drivers had seen us speed by twice without any passengers, on what seemed a frivolous joyride. We made a quick stop at Rising Sun for the mandatory call-in. Now we were informed that two buses from Many Glacier had been sent to St. Mary to handle the tour. Moreover, we were told that a glut

“Jammer Joe” Kendall and I were assigned to tour, westbound, over Logan Pass. It was a fantastic summer’s day. The sun was out, darting among the billowy clouds. The dispatch indicted that we were to deadhead to Rising Sun Motor Inn to pick up passengers from a charter bus.

would like to know the circumstances.” Ruefully, I must report that I had a longer deadheading day than Don. Here is the story of that day.

“Jammer Joe” Kendall and I were assigned to tour, westbound, over Logan Pass. It was a fantastic summer’s day. The sun was out, darting among the billowy clouds. The dispatch indicted that we were to deadhead to Rising Sun Motor Inn to pick up passengers from a charter bus (which was too big to go over the Pass). We would take them to Lake McDonald Lodge, where the charter bus would pick them up and take them on to Kalispell.

simple and straightforward assignment, right? Wrong!

Upon arriving at Rising Sun, we phoned, as instructed, back to the transportation office at East Glacier, to confirm our timely arrival. We then waited ... and waited ... and waited. Every thirty minutes we checked back with the transportation office for further orders. They finally suggested that one of us proceed back to the eastern entrance to make sure that the tour escort was not expecting the pickup to occur at St. Mary. I shot down there and found no bus!

(Continued on page 16)

A JAMMER'S JOURNEY



In those days, Gordon drove the "new" buses and was frequently asked by his Dad, "How are the new buses?" Of course, the "new" buses were then 30 plus years old!

(Photo courtesy of Sabra Hester Doggett)

By Sabra Hester Doggett (Glacier Park Lodge 1968-69)

In the 1930s, E. G. (Ennard Gordon) Doggett Sr. piled into a Model T with (Dr.) Bob Wise and some other guys from the University of Texas and headed to Montana. All were members of the Tejas Club, whose purpose was to find summer jobs for UT students. The club is still in operation today, after more than 75 years of assisting students with summer employment. After days of driving, the young men stopped in Browning to clean up before completing the long journey and beginning a summer of driving and touring as Glacier "gearjammers."

Ennard spent a number of summers in Glacier driving the "old" buses, as well as the "new" buses (the present fleet, acquired from 1935-37). He also served as a transport agent. The fare in 1938 was \$11.25 for a trip from Lake McDonald to the Going-to-the-Sun Chalets. Ennard was one of the drivers who made the historic trip across the Going-to-the-Sun Highway transporting President

Franklin Delano Roosevelt and other national officials.

E. G. Doggett Jr. -- Gordon -- came to Glacier Park as a jammer and transport agent in 1966 and worked four summers from 1966-1969. In those days, Gordon drove the "new" buses and was frequently asked by his Dad, "How are the new buses?" Of course, the "new" buses were then 30 plus years old!

The salary in those days was \$293 per month plus tips. Tips could range from \$25-\$100 dollars in a day's trip. There were many special memories that went with "jamming" in the '60s: Christmas in July, washing buses, Pow-Wows, a girl in every port (hotel), the Night of the Grizzlies, lasting friendships with both "emps" and "peeps," hiking, hitchhiking, the 1967 Fire, and of course the musicals at Many Glacier (Gordon was the drunken minister in *Three Penny Opera*).

I came to Glacier Park in 1968 as a reservation clerk at Glacier Park Lodge and again in '69 as a dining

room hostess. My boyfriend, jammer Gordon Doggett, was the original attraction -- even before the shining mountains! My salary was \$243 a month, which, after room and board was deducted, left little to take home at the end of the season. As a reservation clerk, I answered phones, "booked" reservations manually in a large book, mailed confirmations and filed. In those days, a room for two with a bath at Swiftcurrent Motel cost \$13.

My job as a dining room hostess the next summer included checking out customers and balancing tickets and cash at the end of the day. When working in Glacier in the '60s, we all had to comply with a number of limitations listed in the contract signed at the beginning of the season -- no overnight trips without parental permission, no cars, no use of the lobby or any guest facilities and no molesting wild animals. (I'm not sure who they thought would molest the animals in the '60s!)

Gordon and I married and started careers in education in 1970, which

(Chase continued from page 14)

of sightseers at Lake McDonald had created a tremendous need for buses there. Once again, we were told to deadhead, back again westward over the Pass. We were told to make no stops along the route (if mother nature called, we were to take “creative alternatives!”). By this time we were certain that our propane fuel was getting low, and that we more than likely would have to switch to gasoline ... so much for saving the planet!

Upon our arrival at Lake McDonald, we were told that only one of us was needed to take guests to Logan Pass. Joe was taking care of pressing matters in the restroom, so I made a managerial decision that *he* would be the lucky one to handle

the tour. I, on the other hand (having had enough of the Loop and the Triple Arches) deadheaded back to my home base at East Glacier Park on Highway 2. My accumulated deadheading mileage for the day was as follows:

- GPL to Rising Sun 37 mi.
- Rising Sun to St. Mary 6 mi.
- Back to Rising Sun 6 mi.
- Rising Sun to McD 35 mi.
- McD to Rising Sun 35 mi.
- Rising Sun to McD 35 mi.
- McD to GPL 69 mi.
- Total Deadheading 223 mi.

By this time we were certain that our propane fuel was getting low, and that we more than likely would have to switch to gasoline ... so much for saving the planet!

(Doggett Continued from page 15)

ended Gordon’s official “jamming” days. However, frequent vacation trips back to the park led us to purchase two cabins on the border of Glacier in the early ‘90s. This began a new era of “jamming” for Gordon and me and family and friends. Summers were spent at the cabin along with a steady stream of friends. Soon Gordon was “touring” friends in the Suburban complete with the standard Jammer Jokes. (Have you heard the one about the Jammer and two others that show up at the Pearly Gates? It seems the Jammer had a quick pass to Heaven due to all the people he has “scared the hell out of” on trips across the Sun Road!)

In almost 20 years of spending summer months in the mountain cabins, Gordon “toured” more than 40 visiting families, sharing a love for Glacier and the red buses that began in the ‘30s with his dad, a college student from Texas. Gordon Doggett, Glacier Jammer ‘66,’67,’68,’69, completed his journey and passed from this life in January of 2010.

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(Panorama by Christine Baker)

