

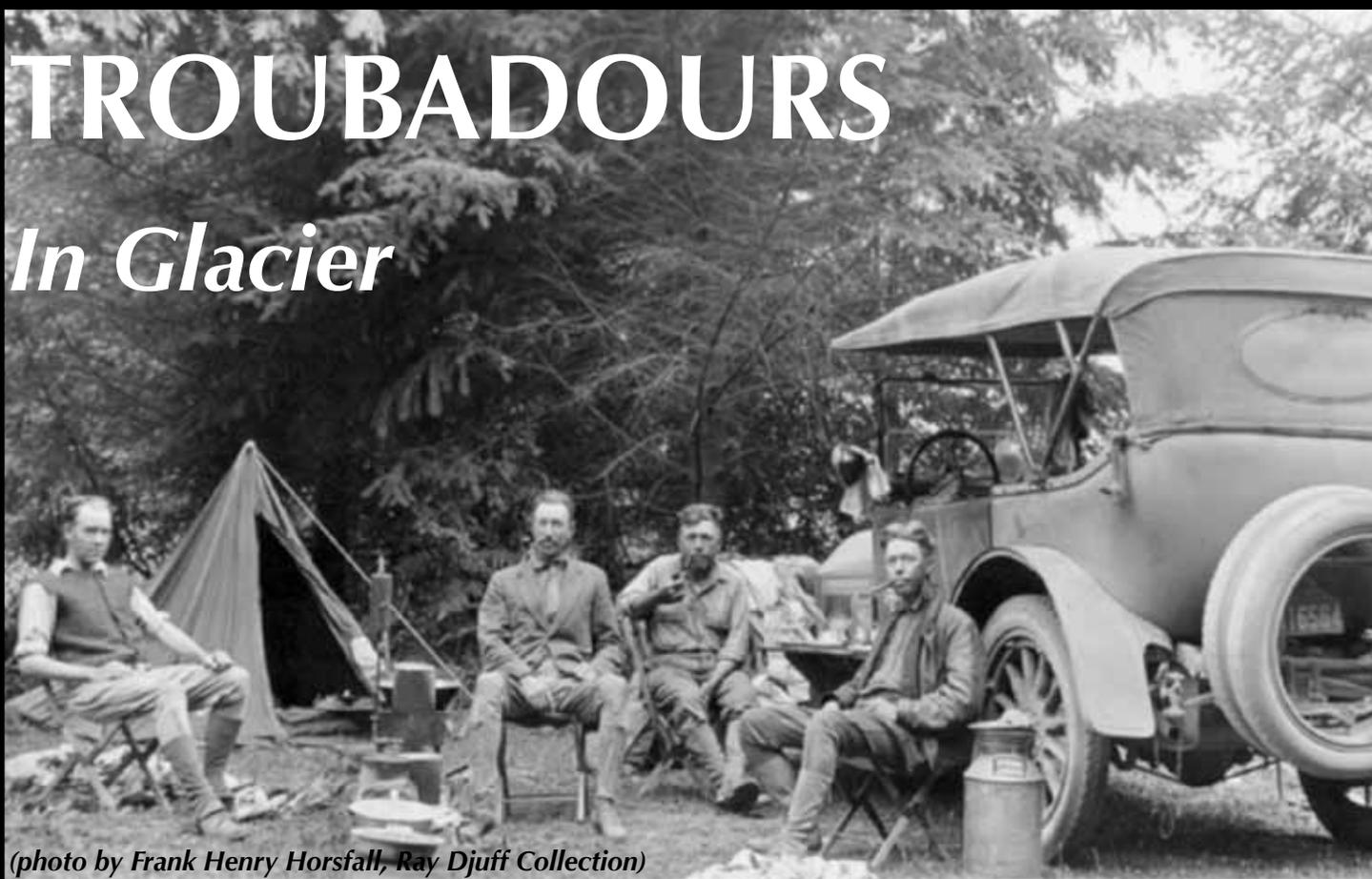
THE INSIDE TRAIL



Voice of the Glacier Park Foundation □ Spring 2014 □ Volume XXIX, No. 1

TROUBADOURS

In Glacier



(photo by Frank Henry Horsfall, Ray Djuff Collection)

**Seattle Symphony musicians trek across the Park in 1921,
serenading at lodges, chalets and campgrounds**

Also in this issue:

• *Ian Tippet Retires After 63 Years!* • *Murder at the Loop* • *Centennial Reunions at Lake McDonald and Many Glacier* • *Gearjamming in the 1970's* • *Hootenannies Old and New* • *The West Glacier Black Bear* • *A Wedding at Many Glacier* • *Moongazing in Glacier* • *Garbage Truck Tales* • *Gunfire at the Babb Bar* • *Oil Train Hazards (Inside News)*

Centennial Events at Lake McD and Many Glacier

June 14, 2012 will be the 100th anniversary of the opening of Lake McDonald Lodge. Former Lake McDonald employees, gearjammers, and members of the public are invited to a centennial celebration.

A program will be held at the Lodge beginning at 2 p.m. Remarks will be offered by representatives of Xanterra, the new concessioner, of the Park Service, and of the Glacier Conservancy (a nonprofit organization which raises funds for the park and operates its bookstores). A historic walking tour of the compound will be given.

At 3 p.m., two historians will speak about the history of the Lodge. They are Ray Djuff, author of *View With a Room*, the definitive history of Glacier's lodges, and Mark Hufstetler (LML '78-'83), author of a cultural history of Going-to-the-Sun Road. Both are directors of the Glacier Park Foundation.

At 4 p.m., Robbie Lucke will preside at a dedication ceremony, and winning bidders from a silent auction will be announced. Dinner in the Lake McDonald dining room will feature centennial-themed specials. Movies with Glacier themes will be shown in the auditorium, and a ranger talk at 8 p.m. will also feature a centennial theme.

Meanwhile, planning is underway for Many Glacier Hotel's centennial in 2015. A reunion of former employees will be held on the week-end of July 31 to August 2. Several hundred people will likely attend. Alumni are encouraged to make reservations promptly! (See details on page 28.)

Corie Jones (MGH '77-'78, '80) graciously has volunteered to chair the Many Glacier reunion planning committee. All alumni who hope to attend the reunion are encouraged to

contact Corie, in order to be placed on an e-mail list for notices as planning proceeds. (See instructions on page 28.)

Many Glacier's great musical tradition will be presented in a Centennial Hootenanny and a Centennial Serenade. Hotel alumni have gone on to perform with numerous symphony orchestras, theater companies, choral groups, bands, and *A Prairie Home Companion*, so the shows will display fine talent. Programs on Many Glacier's history will also be presented.

The Glacier Park Lodge centennial reunion in 2013 and the gearjammer centennial reunion in 2010 set high standards for excellent programming and for community spirit. We look forward to maintaining that high standard at Lake McDonald this summer and at Many Glacier next year! We thank Marc Ducharme, Xanterra's general manager in Glacier, his staff, and the Park Service for their good work in planning these events.

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

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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.

A Salute to Ian Tippet



(photo courtesy of Jan Skoog)

By John Hagen (MGH 1970-80)

Ian Tippet may have written more personal letters to more people than anyone in the history of the world. For 35 years, he served as personnel director for Glacier Park, Inc. (GPI),

responding to 15,000 employment applications annually, sending contracts, sending letters to sponsors, and keeping in touch with enormous numbers of friends. The letters were wonderfully distinctive – produced on a typewriter that punched a hole in the

Ian Tippet may have written more personal letters to more people than anyone in the history of the world.

page when it struck a period, with various words and phrases typed in all capital letters to give emphasis, and signed in a unique bold hand (suggestive to some of us of Gandalf's handwriting in *The Lord of the Rings*).

Glacier Park alumni cherish those letters (one of which is reproduced with Mike Butler's article on page 13). And we cherish the man who sent them. The recent announcement of Mr. Tippet's retirement brought a great outpouring of messages on the Internet.

Mr. Tippet's 63 years of faithful service in Glacier are unmatched. His sheer energy is a matter of legend. He worked 17-hour days while managing Many Glacier Hotel, and he worked the same hours in his 80s while managing the mailroom and helping with almost every conceivable task at Glacier Park Lodge. Cindy Ognjanov, GPI's president, repeatedly pleaded with him to cut his hours back, without success. She famously asked, "Ian, if I *fire* you, will you cut back to 10 hours a day?"

We warmly thank Cindy and GPI for honoring Mt. Tippet with a congenial retirement situation. He will continue to live at his beloved Tippet Cottage near Glacier Park Lodge, with a desk in the office to work on his memoirs and on historical projects, and access to his friends on staff. (At the end of the 2013 season, Mr. Tippet hosted an appreciation dinner for the staff, personally paying for meals at the Villager restaurant for 70 guests.)

We encourage Mr. Tippet's innumerable friends to visit him in Glacier and to send him congratulations on his career. He can be contacted on Facebook or by e-mail at ian.tippet@mygait.com.

Thousands of us have been profoundly influenced by Mr. Tippet's friendship, his mentoring and his good example. He embodies the intergenerational community spirit of Glacier. We join with Glacier alumni everywhere in honoring him and saluting him on his distinguished career!

Inside News of Glacier Park

Loop Murder Guilty Plea

The sensational death of a newlywed husband in Glacier was resolved in December when his wife pled guilty during her trial. The story had generated national attention for several months.

In July 2013, the body of 25-year-old Cody Johnson of Kalispell was found at the base of a 300-foot cliff near the Loop Trail. Johnson had been married eight days before to Jordan Graham, 22.

When Johnson went missing, Graham stated that he had driven into the Park with unknown friends. Days later, she reported finding his body at the foot of the cliff near the Loop. In a subsequent interview with an FBI agent, Graham admitted having pushed her husband off the cliff, but stated that she had done so unintentionally during the course of an argument.

Graham was indicted for first-degree and second-degree murder. The prosecution focused on head trauma (indicating that Johnson had fallen headfirst) and on a piece of cloth found near his body, which might have been used as a blindfold.

Graham pled guilty to second-degree murder on the fourth day of her trial. Federal judge Donald Molloy sentenced Graham to 30 years in prison without possibility of parole, stating that she had shown no remorse. He also forbade her to profit by revealing information about the murder.

News of Xanterra

Xanterra, the new concessioner in Glacier, has been energetically hiring staff

and developing its base of local operations in Columbia Falls. Its temporary headquarters is a former bank building there, and a former Pamida store will house its warehouse and its laundry. A red bus storage and maintenance facility will soon be built in the area.

Xanterra's general manager for Glacier is Mark Ducharme, who previously worked as Director of Sales and Marketing for Glacier Park, Inc. (GPI), the former concessioner. GPI and Xanterra are working together amicably, holding frequent meetings to coordinate reservations, red bus routes and other operations. Many staffers who previously worked for GPI will be returning with Xanterra, including Helen Roberts, the manager of Many Glacier Hotel, and Todd Ashcraft, the manager of Lake McDonald Lodge.

Many gearjammers also are returning. They will be housed in recreational vehicles near Columbia Falls. The red buses have been in temporary storage on the West Side since Xanterra took them over from GPI in January 2013.

News of Glacier Park, Inc.

GPI continues providing hospitality near the gateways to Glacier Park. For visitors' convenience, GPI will continue booking in-Park activities such as boat tours and horseback trail rides. GPI has 46 managers returning this summer, including general manager Ron Cadrette and location managers Kathy Eiland at Glacier Park Lodge, Bill Munro at St. Mary Lodge, and Bill Young at Prince of Wales Hotel.

GPI continues to operate a privately-owned facility inside the Park, the Motel Lake McDonald, behind the campstore. It is converting two former guest rooms into office facilities there. At Glacier Park Lodge, GPI is renovating décor in the Moccasin Room, the lounge and the Great Northern Restaurant. GPI also is renovating guest rooms at the Prince of Wales.

GPI graciously is offering a 15% discount to Glacier Park Foundation members for reservations during June and September. Please contact Melissa Baker at (406) 892-6733 and identify yourself as a GPF member to take advantage of this offer.

Oil Train Concerns

The Burlington Northern Santa Fe Railroad tracks along Glacier's southern border have seen greatly increased traffic in recent years. A major factor is west-bound oil trains from North Dakota's recently-developed Bakken fields. These trains involve more than 100 tanker cars, and typically carry about three million gallons of oil.

Derailments of train cars occur fairly frequently (about three times a year) along this steep, avalanche-prone stretch of track. An oil train derailment could cause a catastrophic forest fire. Bakken oil burns easily, and derailments of Bakken oil trains have caused explosive fires in Lac Magintac, Quebec (where 47 people died), in Casselton, North Dakota, and in rural Alabama.

An oil train derailment along Glacier's southern border also could result in a massive oil spill into the Middle Fork of the Flathead River. For detailed analysis of the derailment hazard, see Elizabeth Royte's article, "An Accident Waiting to Happen," in February, 2014, in *On Earth* magazine (www.onearth.org).

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Troubadors in Glacier



(photo courtesy of Frank Henry Horsfall)

By Ray Djuff (*Prince of Wales 1973-75, 1978*)

The notes floated from Apgar over the water across the whole of the south end of Lake McDonald, “from Burns camp to Sherwood’s,” according to one newspaper report.

The flute and clarinet serenade, accompanied by drumming, must have been a haunting but enticing refrain. The flute, like Pan’s pipe, was a call to the wild. People responded and within a short time a crowd had gathered on the beach to discover the source of the beautiful music. The songs then turned from classical to more contemporary, and soon the gathering went from a concert to a

celebration.

It didn’t matter that it was a Monday night, July 11, 1921. “Young people from Apgar and the engineers from Fish Creek had a delightful beach party,” the *Lake McDonald News* reported.

The musicians were Frank Henry Horsfall, Ordell Ross McLain, Hilmner A. Ekstrand and Erwin Gastel, all members of the Seattle Symphony Orchestra. It was the second night of

their stay in Glacier National Park, Mont. They were rested, following five days on the road from Seattle, Wash., and ready to start their adventure: four middle-aged guys who had left their families for a road trip.

The instigator appears to have been Frank Horsfall, 37.

Frank was a remarkable man. He was the son of English immigrants who came to the United States in 1867. Frank’s father, John, was a

Experienced musicians will improvise and harmonize by just knowing what is logically going to come out of someone else’s instrument.

Troubadours in Glacier (continued)



(photo courtesy of Frank Henry Horsfall)

The flute, like Pan's pipe, was a call to the wild. People responded and within a short time a crowd had gathered on the beach to discover the source of the beautiful music.

blacksmith who eventually operated a number of successful machinery shops in Tacoma, Wash. Frank left school after Grade 8 and entered into a four-year apprenticeship to become a machinist. In 1901 he became a journeyman machinist and worked at that trade, with music as an avocation.

Frank learned to play a fife, talked his way into a fife and drum corps, bought a \$2 piccolo and a \$10 flute and began his musical career. He set aside one-third of his machinist's wages for lessons and would search out any appropriate music professional who came within reach, for good teachers, he later told his son, were hard to find.

At age 22, having also learned to play the saxophone, Frank put aside machinist tools to play flute and sax

in local dance orchestras. His big break came in 1909 – an invitation to be a member of the Seattle Symphony Orchestra.

“To augment his symphony income [Frank] taught a few lessons and played in park bands, dance bands and pit orchestras for Vaudeville, ballets and musical comedies,” his son says. “He and two other flutists even formed an act, ‘The Three Magic Flutes,’ and toured for a short time on the Orpheum Vaudeville circuit. During World War I he was a machinist at the [Seattle] shipyard by day and a musician by night, but when the war ended he again devoted his full attention to music,” playing with the Seattle Symphony.

The genial Frank Horsfall was soon fast friends with three other symphony members: McLain (a.k.a.

Mac; drums, timpani), Ekstrand (a.k.a. Eck; clarinet) and Gastel (cello, piano). Not only were they symphony members, Frank, Erwin and Mac were also members of the Daylight Masonic Lodge No. 232 in Seattle and played together in the lodge orchestra. And with Ekstrand they all played in the Nile Temple Shrine band.

“Those three (McLain, Ekstrand and Gastel) were over to our house often,” Frank Horsfall's son recalls, “and they were always happy. They always had a positive outlook, a bright-side mentality that made things happen.”

That Frank planned the trip to Glacier at that particular time, July 1921, is odd, at least by today's standards. His wife, Lu, whom he'd married in 1913, was eight months pregnant. Then again, Frank wasn't alone in his desire to go gallivanting across the Northwest, where he'd be traipsing around the backcountry of Glacier for a couple of weeks. McLain, 34, was married with a nephew sharing accommodations with them; Ekstrand, 42, had a wife, Laura; and Gastel, 45, was married to Inez, and they had a 20-year-old daughter at home.

As for Frank's wife Lu, she knew he had an adventurous streak. Just the summer before, in 1920, they had gone up the Inside Passage of British Columbia in a small boat with an outboard engine, camping each night on any beach that suited their purpose. The trip to Glacier was not exactly out of character for Frank.

Why Glacier? We can only speculate as Frank left us no clues. It would have been hard for Frank

and his buddies not to know about Glacier National Park. Seattle was the western terminus for the Great Northern Railway and after Glacier was proclaimed a national park in 1910, Glacier was the focus of the railway's advertising. Great Northern was the only railway in the country to have a park right on its mainline, and exploited it at every opportunity. By 1914 the name "Glacier National Park" was incorporated into the Great Northern's logo, along with the slogan "See America First," and by 1921 the railway adopted the park's ubiquitous mountain goat to feature on its logo. The idea was to get people to ride the Great Northern to see this new Rocky Mountain wonderland, only the 10th national park in the country. Advertising about the park trickled to nil during the First World War, but by 1921 the railways were back in regular business and tourism was one of the major features to drive postwar revenue.

So on Wednesday, July 6, 1921, Frank and his buddies hit the road, bound for Soap Lake, Wash., in what was described in one newspaper report as a "splendidly equipped Cadillac 8." The car appears to be a 1918 Cadillac Type 57 phaeton with a V-8 engine, which Frank's son believes was owned by Ekstrand. After stops near Spokane, Wash., in Moyie, Idaho, and Lake McGregor, Mont., the foursome arrived in Apgar, on the shore of Lake McDonald, on Sunday, July 10. They spent Monday resting, rounding up provisions and arranging to store the car until their return. That night, sufficiently refreshed, they played their beach-side concert.

The next day, Tuesday, July 12, Frank Horsfall and his companions caught the boat to John Lewis's

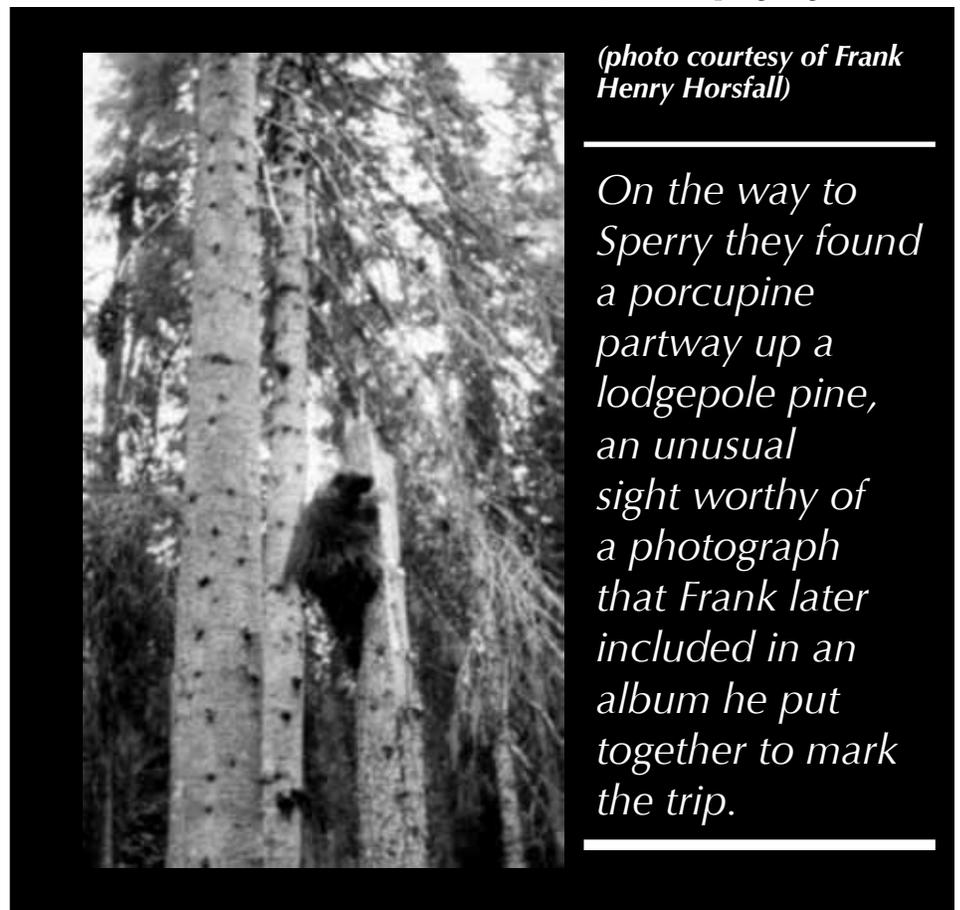
Glacier Hotel (now Lake McDonald Lodge) and from there hiked the 6.5-mile trail to Sperry Chalets, an elevation gain of three thousand feet. It was no easy task for four middle-aged guys used to living at sea level, but they were all fit and, as musicians, had good lung capacity. On the way to Sperry they found a porcupine partway up a lodgepole pine, an unusual sight worthy of a photograph that Frank later included in an album he put together to mark the trip.

Glacier was in 1921 very much a backcountry park. While some major facilities and sights could be reached by automobile or bus tours, to really see the park meant to hit the trails on either foot or saddle horse tours. Going-to-the-Sun Road, which today cuts through the heart of Glacier, was more than a decade away from completion. In the mean-

time, the Great Northern had built a series of chalet groups in the mountain backcountry, along with two major hotels. Each was placed about a day's walk/ride from the next, making for a leisurely trek for most people, and with price points to suit just about every budget.

The men must have been in awe when they reached Sperry Chalets, 6,580 feet above sea level. The two stone buildings, made of locally mined rocks, sit on the edge of a cirque, a steep-walled mountain basin carved by glaciers. The scene from the dormitory chalet's balcony to the peaks in the west is breathtaking. The cirque cliff, a few yards from the building, falls for hundreds of feet, from which a creek meanders down the valley to Lake McDonald, 3,300 feet below.

The men did not pack a lot of gear. Certainly not sleeping bags, based



(photo courtesy of Frank Henry Horsfall)

On the way to Sperry they found a porcupine partway up a lodgepole pine, an unusual sight worthy of a photograph that Frank later included in an album he put together to mark the trip.

Troubadours in Glacier (continued)

on a picture of them on the trail. One might be carrying a tent, but the duffel style pack seems too small; better suited to some food, extra clothing and musical instruments. Sperry Chalets was a full-service facility, so no roughing it. The dining hall served three hot meals a day and the bedrooms, while simple, were cosy and equipped with metal bedframes and springs, mattresses, linens and brown-checked blankets sporting the Great Northern logo to stave off any chill. Frank and his buddies stayed the night and enjoyed the amenities.

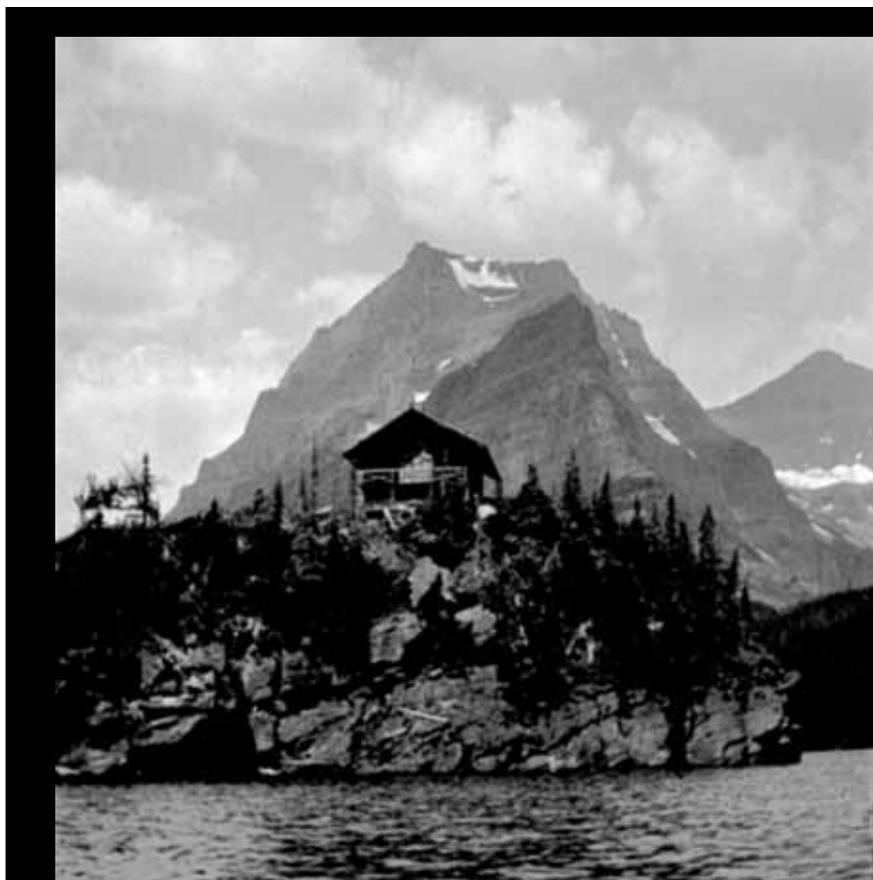
As they'd done in Apgar, and would for most every night of their stay in Glacier, Frank Horsfall and friends pulled out their musical instruments and gave an impromptu concert. As Frank's son explained, it wasn't a

concert, as there was no sheet music to read from, and not quite a jam session as we understand it today. "There's no paper music involved," Frank's son says. "You're playing familiar themes and it just comes out naturally based on your knowledge and instincts. Experienced musicians will improvise and harmonize by just knowing what is logically going to come out of someone else's instrument."

Whatever Frank and his buddies played, it was a welcome treat for manager Julia Roney and the staff, who had arrived only a week before to get the chalets ready for the season. Besides removing the shutters from the windows, and cleaning and making up the rooms, Mrs. Roney's staff had to deal with two tons of provisions that had been brought by

horseback led by four wranglers. A foot of snow had fallen at the chalets the weekend of July 3 and the staff had had to shovel pathways between the buildings and to the outhouses. Due to the snow, there hadn't been much traffic at the chalets as all the mountain passes, including the nearby Gunsight, were impassable. By the time Frank and friends arrived, warm weather had cleared the new snow and business was starting to pick up at Sperry Chalets.

After a night's stay at Sperry, Frank and his impromptu musical combo headed for the top of nearby Lincoln Peak (7,450 feet), then over Gunsight Pass (6,946 feet) to Sun Point and the Going-to-the-Sun Chalets on St. Mary Lake, a distance of about 14 miles.



(photo courtesy of Frank Henry Horsfall)

Going-to-the-Sun Chalets was one of the busiest facilities in Glacier during the 1920s. It was a focal point of saddle horse trips, crossroads for riders from Granite Park Chalets, Many Glacier Hotel, Sperry Chalets and Two Medicine Chalets.

The foursome spent two nights at Sun Camp, as it was called, resting on Thursday, July 14, and doing short walks to take pictures of St. Mary Lake, the surrounding mountains and other sights.

Staying in chalet accommodations must have rankled McLain to his Scottish core. All the way out they had camped and cooked meals by the roadside, but in the park they rented rooms each night and ate meals in the dining hall. It was \$4.50 or \$5 a night for a room with electricity. A shower or bath was an extra 50 cents. For McLain, who one year sent out a Christmas card that said the card applied to all future Christmases – and never sent another, the expense of chalet rooms would have seemed outrageous, or at least he would have acted that way.

The cabin the foursome stayed in at Sun Camp was a two-storey log building next to the main dining hall. From its earliest days the Going-to-the-Sun complex faced an infestation of packrats. The lithe, bushy-tailed rodents appear to have found their way into every building. Staff would try to clear the packrats out and seal the buildings at the beginning of each season, but it was a losing battle. In Frank's photo album is a picture labelled "Packrat cabin," apparently notorious for the nocturnal visitors that have a fondness for shiny objects.

Going-to-the-Sun Chalets was one of the busiest facilities in Glacier during the 1920s. It was a focal point of saddle horse trips, cross-roads for riders from Granite Park Chalets, Many Glacier Hotel, Sperry Chalets and Two Medicine Chalets. At one point it is estimated that the Park Saddle Horse Company had more than 800 animals in Glacier,

some for riding, others for hauling freight to remote chalet groups. Even though Going-to-the-Sun Road didn't reach the site until the mid-1920s, tourists on motor coach trips were also frequent guests, taking the *Motor Vessel St. Mary* from St. Mary Chalets, yet another of the Great Northern facilities, at the eastern end of St. Mary Lake.

With a capacity for 150 people, Sun Camp was the largest of the chalet groups built by the Great Northern throughout Glacier, and was the only one with a full-time park ranger to counsel guests and provide nightly lectures about the region.

The visitors at Sun Camp were treated to a concert by Frank and friends. Whether it was held in the lobby-dining hall or outside is unknown. Louis W. Hill Sr., chairman of the Great Northern Railway, may have heard the music. Hill, his wife Maud and party were in the park about that time and they had two private cabins, across the narrows from Sun Camp, which they frequented. A week later, Hill and party would be at John Lewis's hotel on Lake McDonald where they'd be joined by railway vice-president William P. Kenney.

During their stay at Going-to-the-Sun Chalets, the Horsfall four met a "Mr. Conant of Boston" and his two daughters, whom Frank described as "good hikers." He never gives the first names of either the father or daughters, so we're left to guess who these people are. A search of the 1920 U.S. census turns up Harrison B. Conant, 57, and his two daughters, Olive, 30, and Lydia, 26, living in Natick, Mass., just outside Boston, as the likely individuals. I found three other Conant families in Massachusetts in the census with people

of about the right age, but they all lived considerably farther from Boston, thus less likely to be considered "of Boston." Without more information or someone who recognizes their photos, the identity of the Conants will remain a mystery.

Whoever they were, Frank and his companions got along so well with Mr. Conant and his daughters that on Friday, July 15, they all headed together for Piegan Pass (7,560 feet). Along the trail the two groups parted ways, with the Conant party headed to Logan Pass while Frank and friends went over Piegan Pass bound for Many Glacier Hotel (about nine miles from the pass). As they headed to Many Glacier, Frank and friends ran into, and photographed, a saddle horse tour, which created a short traffic jam on the trail. The riders appear on their way to Sun Camp.

Many Glacier Hotel was a jewel in the wilderness. The hotel had only opened six years before, with an annex added in 1917. It was the largest of the hotels the Great Northern would build in Glacier, with about 220 rooms, and it was the railway's showplace. The hotel featured uniformed staff, hot and cold running water, steam heating, electricity, a laundry, full service dining room, a plunge pool, two fireplaces in the lobby and a fountain that poked up from the lake level through an opening in the lobby floor and featured water gently flowing down its sides. At the bottom of the fountain was a small pool where trout swam. It was easy to admire the fountain as a double-helix staircase wound around it, taking patrons from the lobby level to lake-level rooms.

Among the furnishings at Many Glacier was a piano in the lake-level

Troubadours in Glacier (continued)

room known as The Grill. For once Erwin Gastel had something more in line with his ability other than the slide whistle he'd been using for much of the trip. The Grill would have made a perfect place for Erwin, Frank and the others to perform. While the main level of the hotel was a formal place, The Grill was less so. It was not a bar, per se, as Prohibition had started the year before, but a lounge in the original meaning of the word, with big windows looking out onto McDermott Lake (now called Swiftcurrent Lake). The Grill was typically where dance bands would play each evening for the enjoyment of guests. The music would float up to the lobby through the opening for the fountain and, depending on the hour and the vigorousness of the musicians and dancers, could be a source of complaint.

Another likely venue for Frank and friends to share their music would have been at "Puff and Blow." It was one of the Many Glacier Chalets buildings. The chalets had been built and operated before the hotel had been completed. By 1921 "Puff and Blow" was used by members of the Park Saddle Horse Company as a place to muster and as an off-duty base. Its hall was perfect for get-togethers and the easy camaraderie of the saddle horse guides, a.k.a. dude wranglers, made it an attractive spot for hotel staff to hang out. Possibly it is there that Frank met the Many Glacier employees who joined him and the others on a trip the next day, Saturday, July 16, to Iceberg Lake.

The nine-mile round trip to Iceberg Lake is a popular hike. The lake is renowned for the "icebergs" that are

a feature all summer, whatever the weather. The lake was famously credited for the origin of "fur-bearing trout." Legend has it that the trout in the lake grew fur to stave off the ceaseless cold. It's surprising that one of the men didn't take a jump in the lake or wade out to stand on an ice floe – at least there's no photo to indicate it.

The hiking party consisted of eight or nine people, at least two of which were women whom Frank labelled as "guides" in one photo caption. Since the Park Saddle Horse Company did not hire female guides, the two were probably Many Glacier Hotel employees on a day off. They all ate their box lunches, ordered from the hotel kitchen, in the shade of a tree near Iceberg Lake, indicating it was a hot, calm day.

(photo courtesy of Frank Henry Horsfall)



The nine-mile round trip to Iceberg Lake is a popular hike. The lake is renowned for the "icebergs" that are a feature all summer, whatever the weather. The lake was famously credited for the origin of "fur-bearing trout." Legend has it that the trout in the lake grew fur to stave off the ceaseless cold.

Either on the way to or from the lake, Frank stopped to take a picture of a field of beargrass, one of only two pictures of flowers he took during the trip. Beargrass, a relative of the lily, is unforgettable when in full bloom, its gracefully bulbous, creamy-white head standing tall and bright against the green meadow grass. That the flowers were worthy of a photo shows the men were not without an appreciation of the nature around them, or maybe it was the women with them who pointed out the flowers and prompted the picture.

Frank and his buddies were back on the trail the next day, Sunday, July 17, bound for Granite Park Chalets. The route from Many Glacier, up Swiftcurrent Pass to the chalets offers dramatic views back down the valley toward the hotel, 1,600 feet below, and Frank stopped repeatedly to snap pictures along the so-called "Glory Trail," a daunting series of switchbacks leading to the pass.

If the sequence of photos in the album is correct, the men climbed Swiftcurrent Peak before ending the day at Granite Park Chalets. Frank took a series of nine photos to produce a 360-degree panorama from the top of Swiftcurrent Peak (8,436 feet). Even in black and white, it's an outstanding vista with only some haze to obscure distant peaks.

At Granite Park Chalets, the Horsfall party again met the Conant family, which must have made for a pleasant evening sharing their respective adventures since Sun Camp. Granite, as it is called, was like Sperry Chalets: made of local stone and a full-service facility, offering home-cooking. After a good meal, gathering at the fire pit and watching the sun set behind Heavens Peak across the val-

ley was a popular activity, and would have made a perfect setting for an evening of musical entertainment. As the fire ebbed, guests would drift off to their rooms.

The next morning, the men awoke to a gentle knock on the room door, opening it to find a bowl of hot water with which to wash. There was no running water at Granite, so the staff would rise early, draw water from a well, heat it on the stove and have it ready for when guests rose. In the meantime, the staff would bake bread to serve with breakfast, a smell -- combined with coffee and bacon -- sure to rouse even the sleepest soul from a warm bed.

With a hearty meal in their bellies, the men struck out for Lake McDonald, arriving at Apgar by boat late in the day. The trip had been tiring, and they spent Tuesday resting before starting back home. While in one newspaper report Frank said they planned to return to Seattle via Calgary and Banff, Alberta, there's no evidence of that in the photo album. The trip took a more southerly route, to Missoula and then west to Spokane and eventually Seattle. The only flat tire of the trip was on the way home. They got back to Seattle on Monday, July 25, nineteen days after setting out on their great adventure.

* * *

Seventeen days after Frank Horsfall returned to Seattle, his wife Lu gave birth to their first child, son Clayton. A second son, John, would follow.

The trip became family legend, as Frank told and retold it to friends, with the photo album to bolster his colorful recounting of the expedition. He had taken two cameras on the trip: a No. 3A Folding Ansco,

which took postcard-size negatives, and another unidentified camera which took a much smaller, 127 film (such as a Vest Pocket Kodak).

"Dad was a serious photographer," his son John Horsfall says. In those early years "he developed his own film and printed his own pictures. . . . He taught us about f-stops, depth of field, composition, lighting, that sort of thing." The photo album was a point of pride, showing off Frank's expedition and his abilities with a camera and in the darkroom.

Frank Horsfall remained with the Seattle Symphony for 46 continuous seasons, 35 as principal flutist.

"He was a sought-after obbligatist for stars such as Lily Pons, Lauritz Melchior, Patrice Munzel and Martha Graham," John Horsfall says. "He had many offers to join major eastern symphonies, but chose to stay with the students and musical associations in his beloved Northwest. His greatest pleasure was in teaching." He taught flute at the University of Washington for 20 years, and always got a chuckle when students called him "professor," which he was not as he had not gone to school past Grade 8, after all.

Julius Baker, one of America's foremost flute players and an instructor at Julliard, said of Frank, "I envied [his] natural rapport and easy way with young people — he loved his students and they loved him."

Frank never lost his love of adventure, climbing Mount Rainier in 1925, among other exploits. When over 80 years old he leaned out of an open helicopter to photograph Waimea Canyon on Kauai, one of the Hawaiian islands. Frank died in 1968. His wife Lu lived until 1983.

* * *

Troubadours in Glacier (continued)

The photo album Frank Horsfall had so painstakingly put together and showed friends and family came into the hands of his younger son John, of Seattle. For many years John wondered what to do with the album, as his own children had no personal connection with what their grandfather had experienced. John and his wife Jean talked about visiting Glacier, touring the sites shown in the album and maybe dropping it off at the park museum. But then John talked to his cousin Ray Chapman, who lives just outside Portland, Oregon.

Ray Chapman, a retired teacher, is the family genealogist. He has diligently plotted the many lines of his ancestors. Ray Chapman and I became friends after he sought me out about six years ago. Our great-grandfathers are brothers and Ray was anxious to learn about my branch of the family, as his ancestors had lost track of my ancestors about 100 years ago. Knowing my interest in the history of Glacier, Ray Chapman suggested to John that I would be a worthy recipient to care for Frank Horsfall's photo album.

So Ray introduced John to me and, to make a long story short, I got the album in July 2012 when John and his wife Jean stopped to see my wife and me in Calgary prior to their Elderhostel trip through Glacier. John not only gave me the album, but some of the fascinating story behind it. It was not just a one-way exchange of information,

though. I was able to tell them stories about the images in the album, making sense of what was in the collection and why those places would have been significant to Frank. My knowledge turned pictures of a place John and Jean had never visited into something relevant. In exchange for the photo album, I gave John a copy of my book *Glacier's Historic Hotels and Chalets – View With a Room*.

John and his wife Jean hurriedly departed Calgary for Whitefish to begin their Elderhostel tour of Glacier. John immediately read *View With a Room* and shared his newfound knowledge during the trip with others on the tour, who marvelled at his insights. Then John revealed to his

travelling companions about having read the book, where he got it, that his third cousin (me) had written it and about his father's trip to Glacier 90 years earlier. John was the toast of the trip and, he tells me, more than a few copies of *View With a Room* were sold as a result of his one-man advertising push.

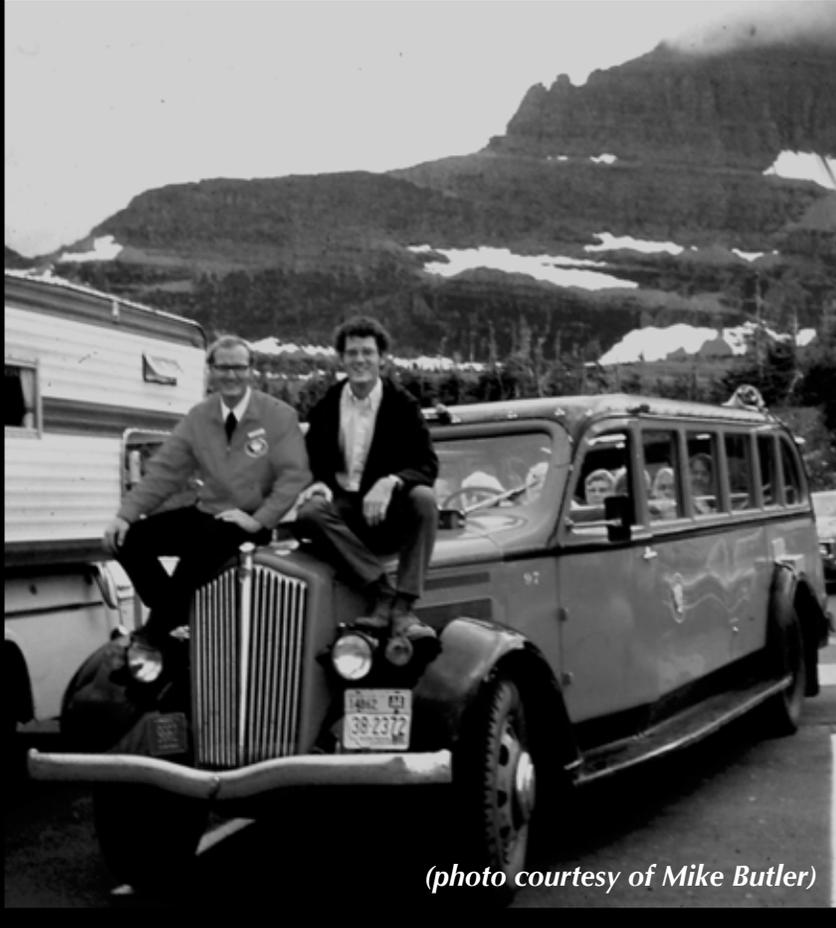
Thanks to Ray Chapman for putting me in touch with John Horsfall and thanks to John for entrusting me with a small piece of his family's history. Finally, thanks to Frank Horsfall, the intrepid adventurer with a camera.

(photo courtesy of Frank Henry Horsfall)

Finally, thanks to Frank Horsfall, the intrepid adventurer with a camera.



How I Got A Job Gear Jamming in Glacier National Park in 1972



(photo courtesy of Mike Butler)

by Mike Butler (Jammer 1972 & 1973, bus #97)

When people find out that I was a gearjammer in Glacier National Park, the first question is always “How on earth did you get that job?” Luck probably had a part to play in it, but I would like to think that my education and skills had a larger part in the process. By the latter part of 1971, I was scanning the teacher placement bulletins at the University of Nebraska looking for teaching prospects for 1972. I was going to graduate with a Bachelor of Science degree in education, with a major in geography and minor in history. And there in one of the bulletins was an advertisement for bus driver/tour guides in Glacier Na-

tional Park for the summer of 1972. Wow- perfect! With my geography major and a previous visit to Glacier, I knew that I could give great tours of the park. I had also driven a lumber delivery truck for a couple of previous summers, so I had the necessary commercial driving experience. It was just a matter of submitting an application and hoping for the best!

The application arrived in the mail from Glacier Park Inc.’s winter office in Tucson, along with an “Employment Circular” explaining the application process and job particulars.

The lofty wage offered for bus drivers was \$1.60/hour, but that was still higher than the \$1.20/hour offered for all the other positions. Besides, room and board (such as it was) was

At Logan Pass in 1972, author Mike Butler (left) sits on the hood of his bus #97 along with his brother David Butler who became a jammer in 1973.

also included, along with the scenery of Glacier. What more could you want? So I filled out the application, returned it, and crossed my fingers.

I received a nice reply from personnel director Ian B. Tippet.

All of my letters and questions were always answered promptly and courteously by Mr. Tippet, signed in person by him, and often personally typed by him also. In early February, the long-hoped for contract of employment arrived:

The “Memorandum to Bus Driver/Tour Guides” mentioned in the employment contract notified drivers to obtain a Class A Chauffeur’s License in their home state before arriving at Glacier. This however, caused a problem for me because Nebraska did not offer a chauffeur’s license. At the time, the Nebraska license was valid for driving any type of vehicle. Eventually when I got to Glacier, it

Gearjamming in 1972 (continued)

was determined that Montana would recognize my Nebraska license, and I would not have to take a test for a Montana license. That was a huge relief, as well as a great time savings. The Memorandum also instructed drivers to bring white shirts, black tie, black pants, and black shoes as that would form the driver's uniform, along with the red jacket supplied by Glacier Park Inc.

Male employees were also given strict instructions about haircuts, sideburns and mustaches/beards. NO Beatle-type haircuts were allowed (this was never a problem for me as I was already going bald at the ripe old age of 21). Sideburns could not extend below the earlobes- gosh I'd have to trim mine up a couple of inches. And NO beards or mustaches allowed! No problem as long as I remembered to shave everyday. I wonder if employees today are not allowed ear, nose, lip and other body piercings? THAT issue never came up in my gearjamming days!

A memo to "Prospective Bus Drivers/Tour Guides" was also sent to us in advance, and did give a fairly adequate description of the job.

It was illuminating for us to find out that "The busses you will be driving are unique. They are all old, having been made especially for us by White Motor Company in the 1930's. Some lack a modern synchromesh transmission, and, until you learn the proper technique of 'double-clutching,' it will be evident why other Park employees will have nick-named you 'Gear Jammer.'" This turned out to be extremely misleading, as not one of the buses in 1972 had to be double clutched. But we all arrived thinking they had

to be, so on our training drives, the trainers all got a big laugh out of us rookie jammers trying to double clutch and really making a horrible grinding noise. Before we ruined the transmission they informed us that a normal one-clutch motion was all that was needed to shift gears. I guess that was our official inauguration as "gear jammers."

We were informed that "Your principal duty will be to drive a 14-passenger bus throughout the Park, simultaneously giving a running interesting commentary...". To which may well have been added "without driving your bus off the cliff or into the Garden Wall" (ahem- more on that in future articles.) After all, "YOUR PRIMARY RESPONSIBILITY IS SAFE DRIVING AT ALL TIMES." And then, "YOUR SECONDARY RESPONSIBILITY, that of a Tour Guide, calls for a reasonable degree of articulateness and knowledge of the Park." So I reasonably expected that my fellow jammers would be geographers, geologists, botanists, and other scientific types. Imagine my surprise when I found that about half of the class of 1972 jammers turned out to be Lutheran divinity students from a seminary in Wisconsin and who believed the world to be no more than 5,000 years old. How could those guys possibly explain Park geology to their passengers?

Moving along in the job description, we were told that "Normally, you will make only one major trip a day, averaging between 50 and 100 miles. Seldom will you work a full eight hours..." Sounded good to me- more time to explore the Park on my own. Also sounding good was the fact that "You will travel between

four hotels (East Glacier, Many Glacier, Prince of Wales, and Lake McDonald)." Good- we'd get to see more of the Park that way. But where would we stay along the way? The explanation followed: "Employee dormitories and cafeterias are at each location where you will remain overnight. Seldom will you spend more than two consecutive nights at the same location. This is a roving job and you will be living out of a suitcase most of the time." What they neglected to mention was that except for East Glacier where we had our own jammer dorm, the other dorms were often full and there were no beds available for the roving jammers. And cafeterias were often closed by the time our late tours arrived. Oh well...

We were also informed that "No employee under 23 years of age is permitted to drive his personal automobile while employed by the Company." A lot of the jammers drove their personal vehicle to the Park for the summer, and the Glacier Park Transport Co. saw no reason to deny us the use of our vehicle, since we had been entrusted with driving a company bus and its passengers safely. If Mr. Tippet knew about this exception to the rule, he never mentioned anything about it. And finally, "Our Company does not tolerate excessive drinking." What a joke this turned out to be. I have never seen anyone drink more beer than the divinity student jammers from Wisconsin!

ZEPHYRUS



January 24, 1972

Mr. Michael R. Butler
 Room 902, Abel Hall
 860 North 17 Street
 Lincoln, Nebraska 68508

Dear Mike:

Thank you for your completed application. We will start recruiting bus drivers in February and you will hear from us at that time.

Will you please complete the enclosed forms by filling in the areas I have starred and send them on to your former employers for completion and return to us in the envelopes provided. Department of Transportation requires that I have the full street address of the license bureau from which you obtained your resident drivers license so will you please let me have this.

Sincerely,
 GLACIER PARK, INC.

Jan B. Tippet
 Jan B. Tippet
 Personnel Director

IBT:ml

Enclosures

GLACIER PARK

MAY 15 TO SEPTEMBER 15 • EAST GLACIER PARK, MONTANA 59420
 SEPTEMBER 15 TO MAY 15 • 1735 E. Ft. Lowell Rd., TUCSON, ARIZONA 85717

*Following
 the
 Dream*

EMPLOYMENT CIRCULAR

OFFICES:
 October thru May:
 Glacier Park Inc.
 1735 E. Ft. Lowell
 P. O. Box 4340
 Tucson, Arizona 85717
 Tel. 602 - 795-0377

GLACIER PARK INC.
An Equal Opportunity Employer

**OFFERS TEMPORARY SUMMER EMPLOYMENT IN
 GLACIER NATIONAL PARK, MONTANA**

OFFICES:
 June thru September
 Glacier Park Inc.
 East Glacier Park
 Montana 59434
 Tel: 406 - 226-4411

— Qualified Applicants Will Receive Consideration Regardless of Race, Creed, Color or National Origin. —

GLACIER PARK INC.
 OPERATING HOTELS AND MOTOR INNS AND AFFILIATED SERVICES IN
 GLACIER NATIONAL PARK, MONTANA, AND WATERTON LAKES NATIONAL PARK, ALBERTA

MEMORANDUM OF EMPLOYMENT

OFFICES:
 October thru May:
 Glacier Park Inc.
 1735 E. Fort Lowell Rd., P. O. Box 4340
 Tucson, Arizona 85717
 Tel.: 602 — 795-0377

OFFICES:
 June thru September
 Glacier Park Inc.
 East Glacier Park
 Montana 59434
 Tel.: 406 — 226-4411

NAME OF EMPLOYEE BUTLER, Michael R. AGE 21 SEX Male

PERMANENT ADDRESS 2817 South 118th Street
(Street Address)

Omaha Nebraska 68144
(City) (State) (Zip Code)

SOCIAL SECURITY NUMBER: _____

SOCIAL INSURANCE NUMBER
(Canadian Employees) _____

The above named person has applied for a position with GLACIER PARK INC., for the Operating Season 197... and has been accepted as Bus Driver/Tour Guide

at a rate of \$ 1.60 per Hour (prior to July 1) and at a rate of \$ 1.60 per Hour (July 1 and thereafter).

All wages will have necessary Federal, F.I.C.A., and Montana State Taxes deducted, and also with the exception of Employees working in Condo, a Room and Board charge based on \$24.50 per week.

Room and Board deduction for Canadian Employees (Prince of Wales Hotel, Waterton Lakes National Park, Alberta) is: \$ _____ per month.

All Employees with the exception of Canadians, must contribute through payroll deduction a charge of .16 cents per day for Medical Services which have been established by the Company.

Government Regulations require each Employee to report to Glacier Park Inc., in writing on the Form prescribed, the cash tips he or she receives IF THEY AMOUNT TO \$20.00 OR MORE EACH MONTH. These tips or gratuities are subject to Withholding for Social Security, Federal Income Tax, and Montana State Tax. Canadian Employees are governed by Canadian Law.

YOUR ASSIGNED LOCATION IS: Transport Company/Glacier Park Lodge

AND YOU MUST REPORT TO THE MANAGER OF THAT LOCATION ON: June 9, 1972
 AND NOT BEFORE THIS DATE.

YOUR EMPLOYMENT DATES ARE:

START WORK: June 10, 1972 WORK THRU: August 26, 1972 or later if able

SPECIAL PROVISIONS:
Michael - Please read over carefully Memorandum to Bus Driver/Tour Guides enclosed. As soon as convenient, have your Physical Examination Form completed and returned to me with your doctor holding one copy in his file and also return to me the Medical Examiners Certificate (the little white card.)

Gunfire at the Babb Bar

By Dirk Larsen (*Glacier Park Boat Co., 1955-56*)

The summer of 1955 was a very good year for the boat motor launch business in Glacier National Park. Crowds of people flocked to Glacier Park that summer. I was a boat captain working for Art Burch at Many Glacier between semesters of law school at the University of Montana.

Nearly every day we set a new record for the number of passengers boarding the boats for the Swiftcurrent and Josephine Lake cruises. There were so many passengers that we had to “double shift” the boats. Many times there were more passengers than the boat could hold so we would take one group to the head of the lake, drop them off, and then hustle back for the next load as fast as we could go.

With such large numbers of people and the size of our boat crews we needed more help. The hotel hired a band that summer to play in the lounge from 7 to 11 pm. The band’s members were four young men from Wisconsin. Since they only played at night and had free time during the days, Art hired them to help us work the boats. They were marvelous musicians, but they were very young and naïve.

The band finished their performances at 11:00 pm and then played at the employee parties that followed at the end of the working day. In 1955 the hotel bellmen had their own chalet just north of the bridge at the outlet of Swiftcurrent Lake. The hotel management forbade the band to play *Rock Around the Clock* in the hotel lounge, but the bellmen had no such prohibition, and so we would all *Rock Around the Clock* until sunrise. Who needs sleep when you’re having such a good time? Another number that really got the crowd moving was *When the*

Saints Go Marching In, with the band marching around as they belted it out, followed by the rest of the party.

The leader of the band, whose name has been lost to the mists of time, wanted to experience Saturday night at the legendary Babb Bar, which is on the Blackfeet Indian Reservation near the road that leads into the Many Glacier area of the Park. After their performance at the hotel one Saturday night, the bandleader convinced me to take him to the bar.

Now Saturday nights at the Babb Bar were a wild affair with a crowd of park employees, tourists and locals mixed together with a liberal amount of alcohol and dancing. The crowd was definitely shaken, not stirred! The first thing my friend noticed was the bartender’s method of disposing of empty bottles.

Behind the bar there was a 55 gallon drum with the top cut off and a large rock in the bottom. The bartender would violently throw empty bottles into the drum where they would smash violently into bits on the rock. This added a steady tinkling percussive beat to the wild revelry in the bar. Outside behind the bar was a veritable mountain of broken glass where the employees would dump the contents of the barrels whenever they got full of broken glass. There were obviously fewer environmental concerns in 1955.

Everything was going great that night until two of the local men got into a fist fight over a fair young maiden. The gladiators started the fight in the middle of the dance floor and due to their levels of alcoholic intake began throwing wild punches towards one another in the midst of the crowd. The young band leader from Wisconsin, being full of beer and poor judgment, decided it was his duty to break up the fight. He waded into the melee and did his best

to stop them from murdering each other by getting in between them.

About that time, a Glacier County Deputy Sheriff came through the door like a modern Wyatt Earp, complete with a large six gun hanging on his hip. The deputy drew that pistol and fired it directly into the midst of the three combatants who were still wrestling on the dance floor. Our fearless band leader from Wisconsin dropped like a stone to the floor clutching his chest.

The raucous bar fell immediately silent. Everyone froze. Then everyone broke into tears. Not out of sadness or worry, mind you, but rather because the deputy had fired a tear gas bullet! Wiping my eyes, I went and found the fearless Badger band leader clutching his chest and weeping. He was firmly convinced he was soon to die.

I dragged him across the floor to the men’s room and tried unsuccessfully to convince him that he wasn’t going to die there on the dusty floor of the Babb Bar. I finally got him cleaned up, and we hightailed it back to our lodgings near the Many Glacier Hotel. He never again asked me to take him to the bar, and as far as I know he never again darkened its doorstep.

I have been back to the Babb Bar in recent years and have noted that the place has lost that mid-fifties “ambiance.” There are no more bottle-smashing barrels behind the bar, nor is there a mountain of glass out back. But I swear I could still smell a whiff of tear gas on the air and see my young friend clutching his chest on what used to be the dance floor. While I have long since forgotten his name, I will never forget that magic summer of ‘55, nor will I forget the look on his face when he was certain he had been shot in a barroom brawl in the wilds of Montana!

By John Hagen (Many Glacier 1970-80)

The lobby at Many Glacier Hotel became a stage for performances several nights a week in the Ian Tippet era (1961-83). The bellmen would rearrange the furniture, scooting couches and armchairs into an auditorium arrangement. Microphones would be set up in the performance area in front of the gift shop.

The logistics were precise on Thursday evening, before the Serenade which was hosted by Mr. Tippet himself. That program was formal and concert-like. It featured classical music and show tunes. The scene was precisely set, with a podium, a grand piano, an upright piano, and risers for the Many Glacier Singers.

Arrangements on Monday night for the Hootenanny were much more relaxed, but full of anticipation and clamor and bustle. The Hoot (folk singing, bluegrass, and similar genres) was immensely popular. Dozens of listeners sat on the floor in front of the armchairs and the couches. Scores of others stood on the periphery and lined the upstairs balconies. Blue-jeaned performers squeezed through the crowd with their guitars and banjos in hand and tuned up in the Writing Room just off the lobby.

These charming scenes disappeared soon after Mr. Tippet was transferred to Glacier Park Lodge in 1984. Many Glacier began to offer professional entertainment nightly on the St. Moritz Room stage downstairs. The hotel's grand tradition of community-based, high-quality amateur music died away for a couple of decades.

In 2007, the tradition was revived by an energetic young musician named Emily Trapp. Emily had been hired in 2005 to play piano in the Interlaken Lounge at Many Glacier. In 2006, she witnessed a Hootenanny performed in the lobby during a reunion of former employees. She said to herself, "We can do that!" She revived the Hoots the following year.

For the past seven summers, Many has offered Hootenannies on Sunday nights. Emily has guided those performances, sometimes as their formal organizer and sometimes by encouraging others. She married another performer, James Hackethorn of the Glacier Park Boat Co.,

Hootenannies

Old and New



(photos courtesy of Laura Chihara)

Hootenannies Old and New (continued)

and they have a daughter Josephine (named, of course, for the beautiful lake which lies up the valley from Many Glacier).

The Sunday Night Hootenannies enjoyed consistent support from Helen Roberts, the long-time manager at Many, and from Cindy Ognjanov, the president of Glacier Park, Inc. The Glacier Park Foundation also has supported them, by providing a sound system and by giving Ian Tippet Awards to dedicated musicians.

One Sunday last July, I had the opportunity to attend a Hootenanny at Many Glacier. It was nostalgic to see the bellmen in their lederhosen scooting the couches around to prepare the space and to see the young musicians tuning guitars.

In some respects, the ambience was different from that of the Hoots in the Tippet era. In those days, the lobby performances started at 9:30 PM (when serving in the dining room was completed). The darkness outside and the limited lighting in the lobby gave some concert-hall gravity even to the informal Hoots. Nowadays the Hoots begin at 6:30, and the mood is lighter, with sun-

beams streaming in through the skylights and brilliant water visible through the windows.

In the Tippet era, the gift shop closed before performances began, but nowadays with the earlier start the gift shop is open. The shop is directly behind the performers, which gives rise to

droll scenes. Tourists issue out of the shop like automatons from a German townhall clock -- a hiker with bearbells, a woman in a yellow beach hat, a five-year-old girl pirouetting as she walks, a disgruntled man with arms fiercely crossed. A gift shop clerk leans on the counter and gazes out upon the audience over the heads of the seated performers.

The musical talent at the Hoot I attended last summer was impressive, comparable to that of our era. As in the old days, there was plenty of bluegrass, mingled with other genres. The host said, "It's an open secret that we really like John Prine," which also was true of performers on Hoots in the 1970s.

James and Emily (introduced as "Jamily") performed an impressive duet. Emily was at the grand piano and James played an emerald-colored mandolin. The piece was an original composition entitled "See You in Montana."

Dan Robbins, a professional musician, played a striking instrumental called "Symphonic Gypsy" on an electric violin. Two bellmen in plaid flannel shirts played guitar and sang John

Prine's "Angel From Montgomery." One said, "I'm just back from three days in the backcountry, sunburned and tired, but I feel really good!"

Gazing upward as these numbers proceeded, I saw the old familiar sight of guests leaning over the upstairs balconies, engrossed in the performance. They clustered there by the dozens, among the colorfully-painted Swiss canton shields, the golden lanterns, and the tree-trunk pillars. High up on the fourth-floor "Crows' Nest" balconies, heads were thrust out beneath the great log crossbeams supporting the roof overhead.

In the old days, the Hoots always ended with the Kingston Trio's "Goin' Home." Alumni poignantly remember how scores of employees would come forward and join in the lyrics that so embodied Many Glacier's community spirit: "Well, no matter where I wander, I know I'll always find a welcome. At the end of every journey, there'll be friendly people waiting ... I'm goin' home!"

The Hoot I attended last summer ended with the singing of John Prine's "Paradise." It also is a powerful, evocative, communitarian number,



(photo courtesy of Maggie Jech)

(Continued on page 26)



'Only if we Get Married at Many'

Ed and Susan perform at a 2010 reunion.



A Many Glacier Wedding Story

by Ed Krebs (Many Glacier 1970, '72)

(photos courtesy of Ed Krebs)

"Do you really want to go?"

It was March of 1970 and I had been drafted into the U.S. Army. I was a violin performance major at the University of North Texas and I was supposed to play my senior recital in April. I had decided to make use of the Deferred Enlistment Program, which would give me time to play my recital and graduate.

When one enlisted, one had to endure the Army's humiliating physical exam. I was 6'1" tall, weighing in at 140 pounds and standing in my underpants talking to the doctor who had just watched me walk up to him.

"You have the flattest feet I have ever seen. Do you really want to be in the Army?"

"No," I said, "I have no desire to be in the Army."

"Okay, then, I'm going to classify you as 4F. You may put your clothes back on and forget about the military." I was gone in a flash!

When I got back to the university, it occurred to me that I now had a summer free to do anything I wanted. I went to the music building's bulletin board to see if there might be interesting employment lurking there.

"Musicians Needed in Montana," or something of that ilk, caught my eye.

The posting talked about employment opportunities at Many Glacier Hotel and directed interested persons to talk to Professor Roger Stephens. I went to see him right away, and in late May I was on my way to Montana.

Performing at Many led to a teaching fellowship at Washington State University. I also auditioned for the Spokane Symphony, securing a spot in the orchestra. That is where I spotted the pretty, curly-haired violinist sitting a few chairs away in the orchestra. I learned that her name was Susan Finnegan and that she had been a member of the orchestra for several years. She was working on getting a teaching certificate and taking lessons from the same teacher as I was.

As I got to know her, we discovered that we both had worked at Many, though at different times. She had worked at Many for two years in 1967 and '68. The past summer when I was having my first experience in Glacier, Susan had gone to Texas to work at a dude ranch in Bandera County. It wasn't long before we started dating and I fell for her. With persistent effort, I finally convinced her to marry me. She did say, however, "Only if we get married at Many."

So for the summer of 1972, we were both hired again at Many. Susan was a waitress and I was a bartender.

Mr. Tippet and I enjoyed having little jam sessions together. He played the piano and I played the violin. Several times we performed on the Serenade, as did Susan and I. We asked Mr. Tippet if we could have our wedding at the hotel at the end of the season. After much consideration on his part, he decided that it would be okay! Yea for us!

We set the date for August 27, 1972, and began rounding up all the help we could get. Several employee musicians asked to be part of the wedding. Mr. Fred Russell, the baker, volunteered to make the cake for us, and Mr. Tippet offered the Lucerne Room for the reception.

My brother Scotty had been a late hire at the hotel and was my best man. Susan's sister Janis was also an employee at Many and she was Susan's maid of honor. Susan's family drove up from Spokane bringing Susan's wedding dress, Janis's dress, ties for Scotty and me, and bouquets of flowers for the aisle and the altar -- all made by Jean, Susan's mom.

To make the eve of our wedding even more memorable, the bar crew gathered me up and threw me into Swiftcurrent Lake!

The wedding was held on the shore of the lake. We used a table from the bar as the altar, with a cross which I had made out of beaver wood and twine. A

I am a Happy Wanderer

*by Dan Manka
(Many Glacier 1975)*

I am a happy wanderer
In lovely mountains tall.
I am a cheerful traveler
Upon the Garden Wall.
I've climbed to lofty notches where
I've seen the waters fall.
I've met a standing grizzly bear,
the fiercest of them all.

chorus:
At home in Glacier, what thrill it gives
To climb up high where goats still live,
And then return to lodges grand -
My favorite park in all this land.

I am a happy wanderer.
The mountains are so grand.
I climb 'neath peaks of beauty rare,
The crown of our whole land.
I've hiked on up to Ptarmigan
And tunneled through the wall.
I've seen the sunset on Mount Gould -
The grandest of them all.

chorus:
At home in Glacier, what thrill it gives
To climb up high where goats still live,
And then return to lodges grand -
My favorite park in all this land.

I am a happy wanderer
On Glacier's crowning crest.
I've seen our nation's Switzerland
And hiking at its best.
And when, some day, I cannot climb
To lofty paradise,
I'll find a lodge, then sit a spell,
and scale peaks with my eyes.

chorus:
At home in Glacier, what thrill it gives
To climb up high where goats still live,
And then return to lodges grand -
My favorite park in all this land.

(Wedding, continued from previous page)

preacher from White Horse officiated at the service.

The ceremony went on for some time because there were several beautiful performances as well as a bride and groom so overcome with happiness that they couldn't stop crying, rendering them unable to speak their vows. It was quite a spectacle.

When we had finally been able to pull ourselves together and finish the ceremony, friends and family adjourned to the Lucerne Lounge and had a grand time

at a reception hosted by the hotel. After opening the gifts, eating cake, and wishing each other much success and happiness, we said goodbye to our friends as we began our new life together.

Susan and I had new jobs as members of the Guadalajara Symphony. The day after the wedding, we got into her new

Datsun 1200 and started driving to Mexico -- but that is another story.

We still visit Glacier often. Naturally, we consider it the most beautiful place on earth. And you might like to know that, after 41 years, we are still making beautiful music together!

It was quite a spectacle.

An Unusual Friendship

The West Glacier Bear

(photo courtesy of Chris Nunnally)



By Chris Nunnally (West Glacier Mercantile 2012-13)

When I came to Glacier National Park to work seasonally in the summer of 2012, I was already something of a self-taught bear expert. I had read dozens of books on the subject and even worked with captive grizzlies in Alaska, so I reacted with less dread than some of my colleagues at the news that a 400 pound black bear had taken up residence in town two years prior and was especially enjoying the cornucopia of huckleberries and dandelions that were growing around the employee cabins where I would be living. “He’s a sweet bear,” I had been assured by some who had already been face to face with him on more than one occasion.

Despite all the stories I had been told, the bear – who had been

described to me as “enormous” – remained elusive. I can recall lying in the bed at night and listening to a large animal moving around outside, snapping sticks as he foraged. Then one evening, while I was watching a movie in the dark, the bright flickering light of the screen on the window drew him to the cabin and he stood up, placing his paws on the glass, peering in at the light. Where others may have reacted with fear and panic, the exhaustive research I had done helped me to understand a bear’s curious nature and I knew he would not be able to resist investigating this new phenomenon. After a few moments at the window, I heard his claws slide off the glass and he resumed his business.

We finally met only a week or so later. It was a late mid-August evening and thunderstorms were threatening in the thick summer heat. A friend

and I were returning to the cabins from our favorite hangout spot along the river and were greeted by a large black shape coming up the road toward us.

My friend was excited but nervous and asked me what we should do. Considering the drive to the cabins was very narrow, I advised we should move back and allow the bear plenty of space and a way out lest he feel cornered.

We backed away near a street light (it was dusk at this time) and watched in awe as the silhouette of one of the largest animals I had ever seen casually passed in front of us, taking the exit we had given him and simultaneously giving us a clear path back home. The stories I had heard were all true: this bear was huge! With a heavily muscled, trim body and thick tree trunk legs, this guy could give just about any grizzly in

The West Glacier Bear (continued)

the park a run for its money in the size department. Needless to say, my friend and I spent a very late night excitedly chatting up the encounter.

Some days later, I was walking alone down the drive to the cabins in early afternoon and had almost arrived home when suddenly from what seemed out of nowhere there was a large animal moving through the thick brush off trail, just about to emerge onto the path right in front of me. I calmly and firmly called "Hey, bear!" I couldn't see him in the brush but he instantly stopped moving, clearly startled. "It's just me, bear!" I announced, by now assured that my voice was well known in these parts due to the many late nights I had spent walking this trail in the dark after work, calling out the whole way. At that, the bear made a slight course correction and instead of popping out on the trail, he followed it until he was behind me, then crossed, giving me only one casual glance in the process.

I only saw him once more that first year. He returned to the cabins in September with a mysterious foot injury and spent several days bedded down in the woods nearby while he healed. In all the time he had been down there, we had never been aggressive towards him or tried to haze and frighten him away, so he clearly felt this was a safe place and that he was welcome.

Truth is, he was welcome all over town. Each morning it was not hard to find excited talk about where the bear had been seen the previous evening and what he had been doing and if he failed to appear for a few days, concern for his well-being

spread throughout the little community. Never once did he damage property, raid garbage, or ever attempt to gain access to anything other than natural foods. Never once was he exposed to human violence or aggression and he returned that respect to everyone he met, even during unexpected close encounters. Perhaps there's a valuable lesson there that should be taken to heart in our dealings with bears elsewhere.

When I returned to Glacier in the summer of 2013, the issue of his whereabouts was the first and most burning question on my mind. By this point I had used my experiences with Glacier's bears the previous summer to deepen my knowledge, had written two articles and a book on the subject, and considered the black bear of West Glacier to be a rare enigma, a fascinating and complex creature, and I wanted to know more about him.

Apparently he felt the same way about me because, inexplicably, he began seeking me out.

It was late June/early July before we met again. I was sitting on the porch of my cabin after a long day when I looked up to my left and saw him fifty feet away watching me with a gently curious expression framed below his Mickey Mouse ears. He reacted almost apologetically, as if he were saying "Oh, sorry to bother you", and moved on with his usual calm demeanor, disappearing somewhere behind my cabin. "I bet he bedded down back there," I remarked later to my friend from the previous year. To this day, I don't know why I said that and I don't

even know if I was serious but I certainly couldn't have predicted how ironic that statement would become.

I was catching up on email late one night when I heard the familiar cracking and snapping of sticks that marked the bear's approach. I listened as he sat with a *whuff* outside my bedroom's back exit. He leaned his massive frame against the door, the wood creaking and groaning, then slid onto the ground. After several minutes I heard deep breathing and then light snoring as the bear slept. I was amazed, overjoyed, and more than a little bit mindblown. I couldn't believe this was happening to me! Once in a while, I would hear him shift positions, swat at bugs, and even moan in his sleep before the soft snoring resumed. A not unpleasant animal odor was present throughout and when I awoke sometime later after dozing off, the smell was gone. So too, I knew, was the bear.

When I related this experience to my colleagues, they didn't seem too surprised. "Of course he came to you," they said. "You're the bear man. He likes you." Initially I laughed this off but I had heard more than one bear researcher say that even wild bears seem to be like cats, able to identify their benefactors and that they even sometimes gravitate to these people. Could that be the case with this black bear? Was it just coincidence he ended up at my door or was he picking up on something?

I'm only aware of two or three other occasions in which he slept outside my door, but I often awoke in the middle of the night to thumps, bumps, and scrapes on my side of the cabin. I checked the area for a

daybed or any natural foods that might be growing there and found nothing that would hold his interest. His choice to sleep there seemed completely random.

Because of the unusually dry summer, the huckleberry crop was very meager and with its failure, the bear abandoned the cabin area and moved on to greener pastures. I spent one evening around dark standing on the beach at the river watching his enormous silhouette patrolling the high bank of the far shore. Otherwise, he seemed to have disappeared.

The last time we met in broad daylight was in late September. The summer season was ending, fall was coming, and I was getting ready to move on to another job. I was walking along the road and, to my surprise, found the bear sitting upright alongside a small pine tree next to the road, watching me as I approached.

I stopped some distance away and let him see me, then I slowly pulled out my camera. When he saw the strange object pointed at him, he jumped into the road and started running. "It's okay, bear," I called out to him. "It's just me, bear!" At the sound of my voice, he stopped and turned to look at me, cartoon ears raised high. "It's okay, buddy," I implored, kneeling down in what I hoped would be a peaceful gesture. "Don't be afraid."

He visibly calmed, mouth dropping open, a body language sign of total relaxation. I snapped a couple of bad, blurry photos and then we watched each other for a few minutes. He made full eye contact with me for a long moment, with an expression that I can't quite define, then walked away, coolly as ever, and followed the railroad tracks out of

town. I watched until he rounded the corner and disappeared from view.

It was not long thereafter that I moved across town to take a new job. All my things had been transferred to an apartment on the roof above my place of work and the old cabin was empty. Near closing time on my second night of work, one of my fellow employees came in to tell me that a very large black bear, "the size of a small car" was hanging out near my apartment.

It can't be, I thought and I followed him out to take a look. There, in the dark, was the familiar silhouette of a large healthy bear with thick tree trunk legs and a white patch on his chest. I couldn't help but smile. "Don't worry about it," I said to my slightly shaken colleague. "I know this guy."

With winter just around the corner, I expected the bear would move

on to a den soon, though probably one not too far away. Going to bed late one night, I switched off all the lights in my apartment and looked out the door. There, to my astonishment, on the roof of the building, was the bear following the wooden walkway up to my door. He came straight to the glass and we made eye contact through it. He put his nose to my face and curled up right there for a nap. My jaw was on the floor and I was too blown away to sleep. He was actually on the roof! Why would he come up here? Perhaps he really did know I was his benefactor and felt that he should stay close. Maybe he was just saying hello or goodbye for the winter. Either way, I could no longer use the word "coincidence" to explain away these encounters.

With a big grin on my face, I raised a toast to this remarkable animal. "Have a good winter's sleep, bear," I told him. "I'll see you next year."

For more colorful Glacier tales, order

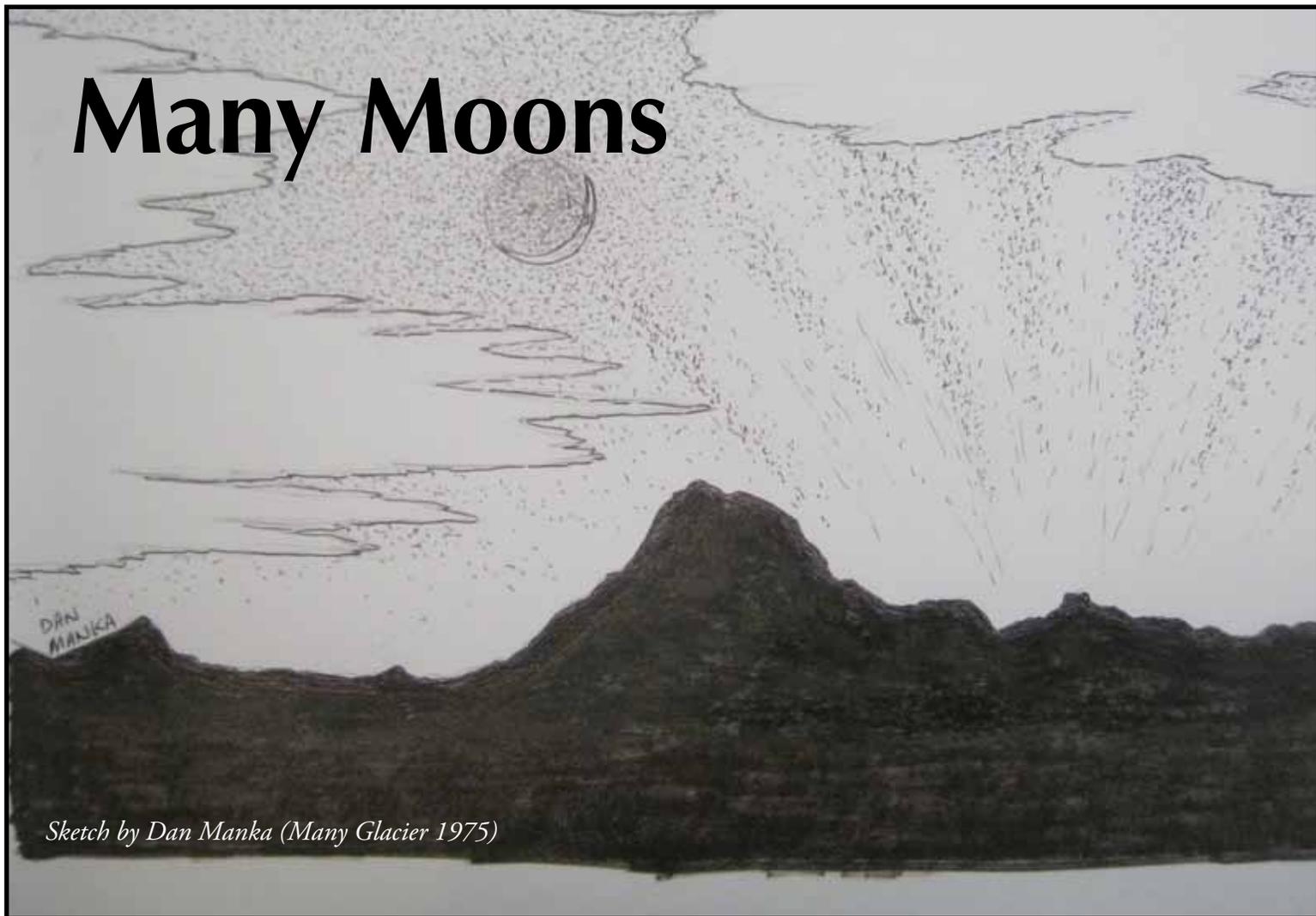
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Many Moons



Sketch by Dan Manka (Many Glacier 1975)

By Dan Manka (Many Glacier 1975)

The school year after I worked in Many Glacier, I student taught in a planetarium. I could not return to Glacier the following summer, because I was required to take an astronomy class and a class in planetarium management for my next job as a planetarium director.

When I worked in Yellowstone (1972-74), I thought it a great place to learn my constellations. I worked at Canyon Village and had a star chart. On a dark night, three of us walked a mile and a half out to the rim of the Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone to find some constellations. We lived at 7734 feet (above much of the earth's atmosphere) in a pollution-free environment. It was so dark and there were so many

stars that we could not even find the Big Dipper. We hiked back to the village parking lot with all its street lights, and there we could easily find the Big Dipper and other constellations.

At Many Glacier, in 1975, there was another hindrance to studying the constellations. Glacier is so far north (just south of the 49th parallel) and the days are so long in June (near the Summer Solstice) that the sky hardly gets dark at night. My favorite place to look at the nighttime sky was at the end of the boat dock out on Swiftcurrent Lake in front of the hotel, but even there at 11:00 at night the sky was only dark enough to see the brightest stars. I was a breakfast cook and had to be at work in the kitchen at 5:30 every morning, so I could not afford to stay up much

later than that 11:00 hour. Therefore, learning constellations at Many Glacier in June and July was not a real possibility for me.

As an up and coming astronomy teacher, what else could I observe in the sky in Glacier? Well, from the prairies the moon is up half the time. In the mountains the moon should be visible about forty percent of the time. At times it is up in the daytime when we usually do not notice it, but it is often up in the evening when we can notice it well.

The New Crescent Moon

The crescent moon looks like a curved banana in the sky. At Many Glacier it would be noticeable after sunset. The sun would set to the right of Mount Wilbur and often provide glorious sunset colors over

the Ptarmigan Wall where a ray of sunlight can shine through one or two holes in that thin arete. Would it not be interesting to be in just the right spot on the trail to Iceberg Lake and have light from the moon or Venus shining right through one of those holes in that thin ridge? What a picture that would make! In the early evening the New Crescent Moon would drop down and set behind Mount Wilbur.

Sometimes earthshine can be seen with this phase of the moon. Sunlight shines on our planet and some of it bounces off the earth and hits the near side of the moon. During this phase most of this side of the moon has no direct sunlight, but it has a little light that bounced off our planet. A tiny portion of that earthshine reflects off the dim part of the moon and comes down to our eyes here on earth. Therefore, we see not only the bright crescent, but faintly we see where the rest of the “circle of the moon” is in the sky.

The New Quarter Moon

This phase looks like the capital letter “D.” It is brighter than the crescent phase and the lit part is wider, too. Also this phase is farther away from the place where we see the sun setting on our horizon and is in our dark evening sky longer (and higher) than the crescent phase. Typically, an observer from Many Glacier should see this moon before, during, and after sunset. It will be high in the sky over Grinnell Point. As the evening progresses the sky darkens and this phase of the moon tilts over to its right as it slowly lowers heading for the Ptarmigan Wall and “moonset” after midnight.

The New Gibbous Moon

This phase looks like a lopsided football. From Many Glacier it rises above Mount Allen or to the left of Mount Gould, over the left part of the Garden Wall. This phase rises later than the quarter moon, but it is wider and brighter. Soon the sun will set and this phase of the moon will be bright and high in the sky until almost everyone at Many Glacier has gone to bed.

The Full Moon

How many times in the last 38 years have I told folks that Many Glacier is but 12 miles from the flat, rolling prairies, but it is almost completely surrounded by mountains a mile high. That “almost” is important. I can remember looking out the northeast window of the Ray Kinley Dorm early in the morning in June. At 5:00 a.m. the sun is already nearing the northeastern horizon beyond the Blackfeet Indian Reservation. At sunset, during certain times of the month a full moon will rise in this little “mountain-less” niche. In the evening it will ascend higher over Mount Allen.

In June the sun is in its highest arc of the year. The full moon is always opposite the sun. In the summer, the full moon will not travel as high as the sun. It will take the path that the sun takes just before Christmas (a lower and shorter arc across the southern section of the sky.)

An Eclipsed Moon

The three summers before I worked in Glacier, I had the wonderful privilege to work at Canyon Village, in Yellowstone. On July 25, 1972, a group of us traveled about 45 miles up to the Hoodoos (a group of huge, unusual rocks.) We wandered a very short way into these rocks which

had a silvery appearance in the light of the full moon that night. After a few scary stories and shaking a little from the cold, we noticed that the silvery rocks had become rather gray and dull. We looked up and to our surprise the full moon was about one fourth eclipsed in the shadow of the earth. How odd, especially after midnight in the Hoodoos! We quickly headed for the car and I was able to watch the rest of the partial lunar eclipse from the car window on the way home. At one point half of the full moon was dark.

If the sky was clear, that eclipse must have been visible in Glacier. Maybe some of the former employees remember seeing the same lunar eclipse from northern Montana.

A Blue Moon

We hear the saying, “once in a blue moon.” A blue moon is the second full moon in any given month. Since it takes 29 and a half days from one full moon to the next, a blue moon does not happen very often. Glacier employees are most likely to see a full moon on July 31st. By the way, there is nothing “blue” about a blue moon!

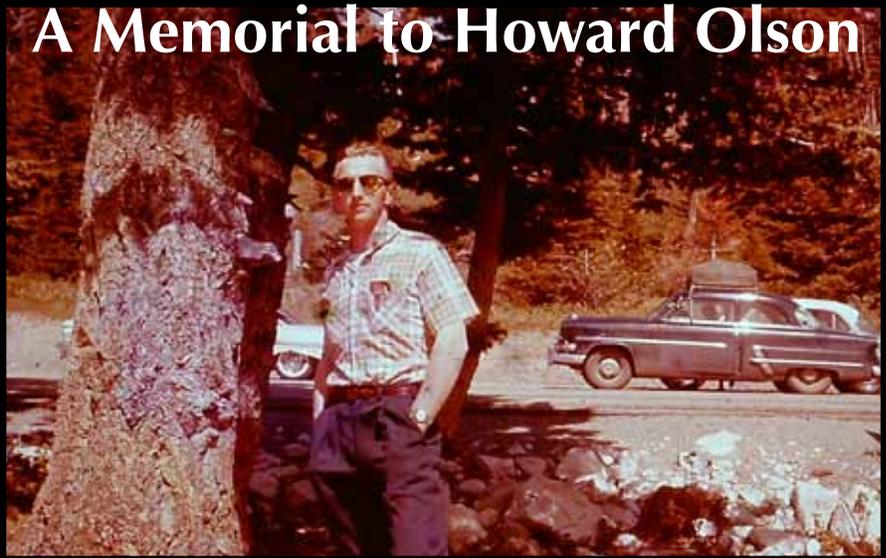
Snow Moon Lake

This high altitude lake is up on the eastern slope of Mount Allen high above Cracker Lake. John Hagen has an exciting story about it in an old issue of *The Inside Trail*. We nearly lost John coming down the other side of Mount Allen that day. He was out of control, sliding down a steep snowfield, when his feet slipped over the edge. John is still with us due to a convenient sapling to which he clung while his feet dangled over the cliff.

A Memorial to Howard Olson

(photo courtesy of the Howard Olson family)

Howard Olson, a writer of vivid stories for The Inside Trail, passed away in April 2013 at the age of 79.



Howard Olson, a writer of vivid stories for *The Inside Trail*, passed away in April 2013 at the age of 79. Howard worked at Glacier Park Lodge as a maintenance man and then as location engineer from 1959 to 1965.

Howard's boss was Cy Stevenson, the legendary Chief Engineer for the Glacier Park hotels. Cy was famous for his energy and ingenuity in keeping the old lodges running, and also for his temper. He was a picturesque figure in Howard's stories for *The Inside Trail*.

One of Howard's most memorable tales involved Cy and the tour boat *International*. The boat was drydocked every year in an A-frame shed on Waterton Lake. It was hauled up tracks into the shed by a cable attached to a Model T motor which was started with a hand

crank. Howard told the story as follows: "Pulling the boat in and out of the shed was a fun duty, and a welcome change of pace for members of GPI's maintenance crew. It had occasional hazards, however. One time, Cy was cranking the Model T motor when it backfired and almost broke his arm. Cy was so mad that he threw the crank into the lake – too deep in to retrieve it, and they had to bring another one up from East Glacier."

Howard told his wife Marita that it was sometimes difficult working for Cy, but that they had a mutual respect for one another. Marita observes: "Cy appreciated Howard's aptitude, reliability and willingness to do a large variety of jobs. Howard benefited greatly from work-

ing with Cy to keep everything up and running at those old hotels. He learned how to fix most anything, developed a "can-do" spirit, and took on many challenges throughout his life, most notably building his own house."

After leaving Glacier, Howard moved to Rochester, Minnesota, where he and Marita raised three children and he worked for many years with IBM. He was active in 4-H and in many other community and church activities. He took his family hiking in Glacier and gave one son a week-long honeymoon there as a wedding gift.

Howard's family graciously named the Glacier Park Foundation as a charity for memorial donations. We're grateful to the many relatives and friends of Howard who made donations in his name.

Hootenannies Old and New (continued from page 18)

but more wistful: "Daddy, won't you take me back to Muhlenberg County, down by the Green River where paradise lay – I'm sorry, my son, but you're too late in asking; Mr. Peabody's coal train has hauled it away." Six musicians, playing an array of instruments, joined in this closing song.

We sometimes were asked in the old days how a song about California came to be the theme song for a

Montana hotel. No doubt the present employees are asked why their theme song involves a county in Kentucky. The answer, then as now, would be that the theme is universal and expresses the spirit of Many Glacier's community.

It's been heartening to see the tradition of excellent employee music at Many still robust after all these decades. We look forward to a continuation of this proud tradition under Xanterra.

It's been heartening to see the tradition of excellent employee music at Many still robust after all these decades.

Garbage Truck Tales

By Bob Werner (*Many Glacier 1970-71*)

In 1971, I had the opportunity to be the “lead camp truck driver” at Many Glacier – the garbage man. The Swiftcurrent Valley was our territory, a hard place to work. Don Dunscomb was my partner in grime. We drove a Red Chevy Stepvan with a new 327 Chevy engine that replaced a worn-out old six-banger. (This oversized, overpowered engine was retrieved from an Impala that was wrecked in an accident in the park.)

In those days, the Park Service burned garbage in an incinerator located near the horse concession compound along Lake Sherburne. The seasonal ranger who ran the incinerator used to scrounge through the garbage bags and salvage silverware that the dishwashers accidentally threw away when emptying bus tubs at the hotel. He told us that he melted the silverware down and used it in his off-season jewelry business.

Don and I were very good friends with Karen Heller, the Many Glacier nurse. One day we picked her up at the women’s dormitory and delivered her to the portico of the hotel in her bleached-white, immaculate nurse’s uniform. Mr. Tippet, the manager, observed this and exclaimed in horrified tones to the front office staff, “The nurse is riding in *the garbage truck!!!*” Next morning, Don and I were ordered to meticulously clean the truck out with a powerful disinfectant.

At the end of the season, the Park Service shut down the incinerator. We had to haul the last loads of trash left

The Swiftcurrent Valley was our territory, a hard place to work. Don Dunscomb was my partner in grime.

by the closing crew to a landfill close to Babb. The hotel and the campground were closed, the tourists were gone, and the road was free of traffic. We decided to see what that overpowered Impala engine would do.

The starting line was at Don and Shirley Hall’s winterkeeper cabin by the bridge over Swiftcurrent Creek. The finish line was at the stop sign near the Babb Bar. I mashed the pedal down and off into the curves at Windy Creek we flew. The Entrance Station (unstaffed) was a blur as we left it in the dust. The wash-outs were “hang on to your hats and hope that the gravel doesn’t let go.” Down the “Dam” hill and on to

the last stretch to the stop sign that Red Van flew. If it had wings, we would not have touched down until Cardston.

We came to a blazing stop at the stop sign, with the rear tires rolling with smoke. I peered under the truck to see if we were on fire, but nope – just melting tires. We won the gold medal for stupidity that day.

How fast did we go? HA! The speedometer did not work (that’s the truth) so the next time you see me in Glacier I’ll tell you the time it took. The garbage truck really did fly that day. Don found religion riding with me and went on to be a minister. I went on to fly hang gliders.



CLASS OF 1936! John Turner, the oldest member of the Glacier Park Foundation, drove a red bus in Glacier from 1936-1940. John recently celebrated his 98th birthday with two gearjammer alumni from the 1950s, Don Perry and Ed Baretta. (photo courtesy of Ed Baretta.)

Reserve Rooms Now for the Many Glacier Centennial!

Many Glacier Hotel will celebrate one hundred years of history with a reunion of former employees from July 31 through August 2, 2015. Several hundred people are likely to attend (a similar reunion at Glacier Park Lodge last summer involved about 400 people). Reservations are now available, and alumni are encouraged to make them promptly!

Large blocks of rooms at Many Glacier and Swiftcurrent Motor Inn have been set aside for reunion participants. Prior to June 1, these rooms can be reserved exclusively by e-mail. Please send reservation requests (check in and check out dates, desired room type and number of rooms) to sales-glacier@xanterra.com, and specify that you're attending the Many Glacier reunion. Xanterra will check availability and respond to you.

Here are the rates and room types available at Many Glacier:

- Value - \$159
- Value Refurbished - \$170
- Parkside - \$179
- Parkside w/ Balcony - \$185
- Lakeview - \$189
- Lakeview w/ Balcony - \$195
- Lakeview Refurbished - \$199

Swiftcurrent rates are as follows:

- Motor Inn - \$136
- Pinetop - \$128
- Cottage - \$79
- Cottage w/ 2 Beds - \$89
- Cottage w/ Bath - \$96
- 4-Person Cottage - \$130

Once all the rooms reserved for the reunion have been taken, alumni can apply for other rooms along with the rest of the general public. Those rooms will become available 13 months before the month of the visit. Call reservations (855-733-4522) on or after June 1, 2014 to reserve for dates in July 2015. Call again on or after July 1, 2014 to reserve for dates in August 2015.

In addition to reserving rooms, alumni should contact Corie Jones, the chair of the Many Glacier reunion planning committee, at ajuga50215@mypacks.net. Please send Corie your name, address, telephone number, e-mail address, Glacier Park experience, and lodging plans. The reunion committee will keep alumni informed as plans are developed for reunion events in the course of the coming months.

More details about the reunion will be published in the Summer issue of *The Inside Trail*. Tessie Bundick will organize a Centennial Hootenanny and Carol Dahle will organize a Centennial Serenade. There also will be history programs, developed in cooperation with Xanterra and with the National Park Service. We look forward to a memorable gathering of the Many Glacier community!

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) or send your name, address, phone number, and park experience to Glacier Park Foundation, Box 15641, Minneapolis, MN 55415.

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

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

(Panorama
by Christine
Baker)

