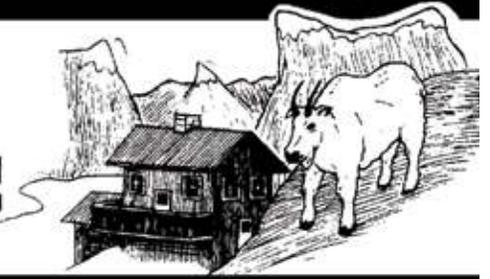
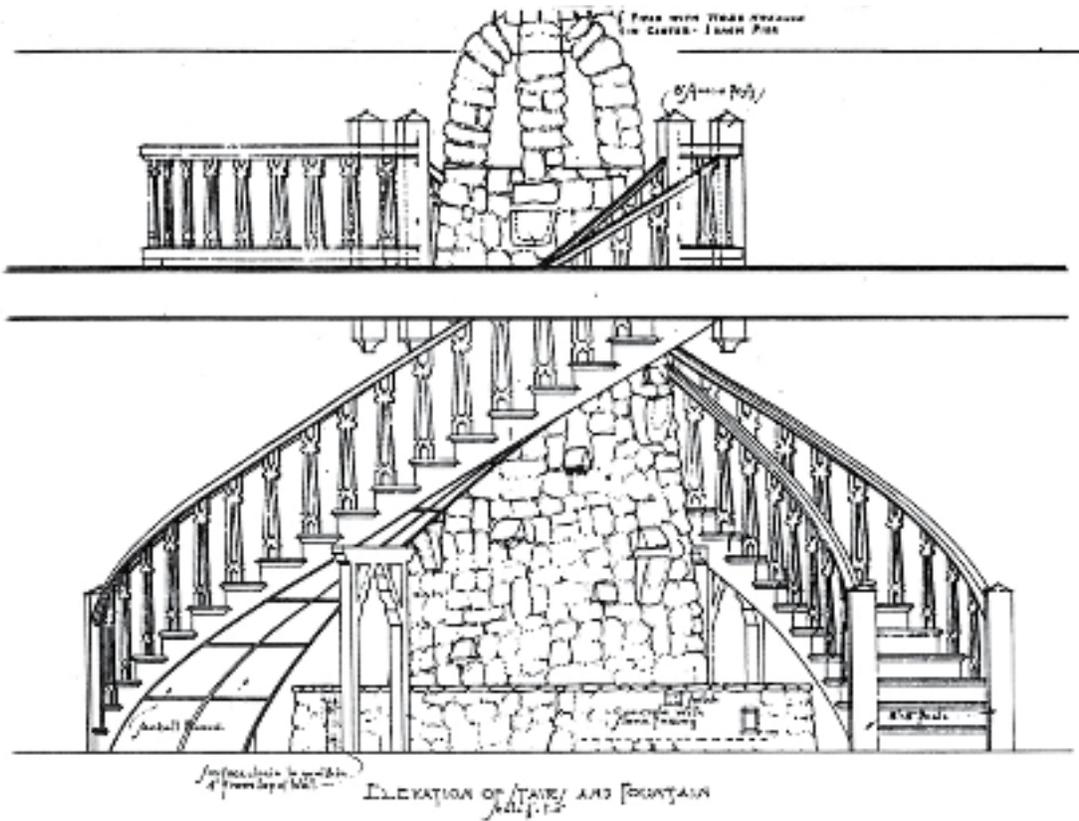


# THE INSIDE TRAIL



Voice of the Glacier Park Foundation □ Spring 2015 □ Volume XXX, No. 1



# Many Glacier's Centennial - and a Preservation Quandry

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*The Circular Staircase stood at the front of the current gift shop. The gift shop is to be moved downstairs to the St. Moritz Room.*

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2015 is the centennial of Many Glacier Hotel, the largest of Glacier National Park's historic lodges. A great community celebration will be held at the hotel. (See p. 32) It will complete a cycle of centennial celebrations for the Park itself (2010), for Glacier Park Lodge (2013), for Lake McDonald Lodge (2014), and most recently for Granite Park and Sperry Chalets. (See pp. 13-14)

The celebration will feature two historic musical programs in the

lobby – a Centennial Hootenanny and a Centennial Serenade. Those programs will commemorate decades of similar performances in the lobby and on the St. Moritz Room stage downstairs.

The performances dramatize a quandary in the historical preservation effort at Many Glacier Hotel. The National Park Service has invested millions of dollars in the building. The roof, the exterior, the dining room, and the Main wing all have

been renovated in an impressive manner.

The next step in the process involves Many Glacier's lobby. Rooms there will be upgraded, and changes will be made to replicate original décor. Most notably, the Park Service plans to reinstall the Circular Staircase, Many Glacier's iconic feature from 1915 until 1957.

The Circular Staircase stood at the front of the current gift shop. The gift shop is to be moved downstairs to the St. Moritz Room. The reinstallation of the staircase will destroy the performance space both in the lobby and in the St. Moritz.

The Glacier Park Foundation's recent annual meeting produced an intense debate on the wisdom of replicating the Circular Staircase. The pros and cons are discussed below. (See pp. 3-7) This is a difficult issue, involving closely-balanced, competing values. But those on all sides of it are earnestly committed to preserving the history of Many Glacier Hotel.

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*The reinstallation of the staircase will destroy the performance space both in the lobby and in the St. Moritz.*

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

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

# THE CIRCULAR STAIRCASE

## *Icon and Conundrum*



*(T.J. Hileman  
photo from  
the Ray Djuff  
collection)*

*By Ray Djuff (Prince of Wales 1973-75, '78) and John Hagen (Many Glacier 1970-80)*

When tourists arrived at Many Glacier Hotel following its opening in July 1915, they found a building bigger and grander than anything else they'd seen so far on their journey through Glacier National Park. The chalet colonies were welcome sights, offering a host of big city features in the midst of the wilderness, and Glacier Park Hotel (now Lodge) in Midvale (now East Glacier Park) was impressive. But they paled in comparison to the newly opened Many Glacier, the pride of the Great Northern Railway.

Outside, the site was sublimely beau-

tiful. The hotel lay beside the serene McDermott (now Swiftcurrent) Lake. Mountains rose thousands of feet from the lake in every direction, and between them three valleys converged, all meeting at the base of Mount Grinnell, immediately across the lake from Many Glacier Hotel.

Inside the hotel, guests walked into a lobby as grand as, though smaller than, the lobby at Glacier Park Hotel. It was a scene of confusing and conflicting elements. Huge Douglas fir logs, stripped of their bark, created a structural colonnade around

the lobby, soaring four storeys to ceiling skylights. Bulbous Oriental lanterns hung at various heights from the ceiling.

On each column was a bison skull and below it an Oriental lantern that would throw an eerie light on the skull in the evenings. On the wooden balcony railings were animal skins representing many of the major species in Glacier Park, dominated by the stuffed head of a moose looking down from the second floor balcony on the south end of the lobby.

The two most striking features, other than the tree-trunk columns, were a circular staircase with a fountain at its center, and an open "campfire" under a copper

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*The double-helix staircase was the first feature hotel guests and visitors saw when walking into the lobby.... The circular opening featured two sets of stairs that spiraled around the central fountain to the lake level of the hotel.*

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*The double-helix staircase remained a feature of Many Glacier Hotel's lobby for 42 years.*

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*(T.J. Hileman photo from the Ray Djuff collection)*



canopy and flue pipe suspended from the ceiling. While the campfire immediately drew appreciative travellers on cold days, the staircase and fountain were the architectural marvels.

### **The Staircase and Fountain**

The double-helix staircase was the first feature hotel guests and visitors saw when walking into the lobby, as it was almost immediately inside the front doors. The circular opening featured two sets of stairs that spiraled around the central fountain to the lake level (basement) of the hotel. The railing around the opening and down the stairs matched the gingerbread style used for the balconies above.

At the center of the two staircases was the cone-shaped stone and mortar fountain, a mass of greenery, featuring ferns and flowers tucked in niches along its height, which ran from the basement (lake level) up to a summit about five feet above the lobby floor. Water trickled from the top, down among the plants, to

a pool at the base of the fountain. In the pool were trout captured live from Swiftcurrent Lake.

Along the railing around the opening for the staircases were more potted plants, creating a refreshing oasis of greenery in the middle of the lobby's brightly painted orange floor. Visitors and hotel guests were amazed by the sight, which would have pleased railway boss Louis Hill Sr., who had overseen every detail of the hotel's design.

It's believed the double helix staircase and fountain were the handiwork of Thomas McMahan, an architect on staff with the Great Northern Railway. However, McMahan was not the only architect to have taken a crack at designing the hotel.

Spokane, Washington architect Kirtland Cutter was also asked to submit drawings. Cutter had just come off the successful construction in 1913-14 of his plan for the Hotel Glacier (now Lake McDonald Lodge), a private venture that the Great Northern would later acquire.

Cutter was also known to Hill and other railway officials overseeing the Great Northern's developments in Glacier for his submission of a plan for the initial Belton Chalet.

McMahon and Cutter visited the Many Glacier valley in the spring of 1914. Cutter is reported to have submitted two sets of pencil sketch plans and blueprints for a hotel on Swiftcurrent Lake. Cutter's effort did not impress Louis Hill. Hill wrote: "We have not the plans perfected yet and will not do anything on this building this year."

By fall, Hill decided to turn the project over to McMahon, who had done the design work for the railway's Glacier Park Lodge at East Glacier Park. We don't know whether the double-helix lobby staircase originated with Cutter and was adapted by McMahon from Cutter's drawings, or was McMahon's handiwork.

The double-helix staircase remained a feature of Many Glacier Hotel's lobby for 42 years. While admired,



(photo from the Ray Djuff collection)

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*While admired, it was also seen as a problem. Where the stairs landed ... was the site of a bar until Prohibition. Hotel guests would congregate for dances performed by bands hired by the hotel company each summer.*

---

it was also seen as a problem. Where the stairs landed in the basement was the Bamboo Room, later called The Grill. The room was the site of a bar until Prohibition. Hotel guests would congregate for dances performed by bands hired by the hotel company each summer.

The opening for the staircase proved perfect for carrying music from The Grill into the lobby. When dances went on later into the evening, early-to-bed guests with rooms around the lobby would either fall to sleep to the sweet strains of the songs or complain about the noise.

#### **Removal of the Staircase**

In 1957, operation of Many Glacier and the other hotels in the Great Northern chain in Glacier was taken over by Don Knutson. He ran the Knutson Hotel Corporation of Minneapolis, which did construction and owned hotels in Minnesota and North Dakota. He was brought in by the railway to modernize the facilities in preparation for sale, and also as a potential buyer for the hotel chain.

The double-helix staircase was ripped out by Knutson to expand the gift

shop. The workers who tore out the showpiece found a surprise in the hollow of the fountain. They discovered the inside was packed tight with bars of hotel soap that packrats had swiped and squirreled away. Removal of the staircases and fountain were justified by Knutson on the basis of increased sales that came from the enlarged gift shop.

An unplanned benefit of the removal of the staircases and fountain was the creation of the St. Moritz Room on lake level. That space proved perfect as an entertainment venue and became the home for Many Glacier Hotel's annual Broadway musical productions. The musicals were the idea of manager Ian Tippet and ran throughout his 23-year stint at the hotel, 1961-83. They were put on by the hotel staff, which Tippet selected personally for their capabilities to fulfill all the needed roles: singers, dancers, actors, stagehands, lighting and sound specialists, musicians and so on.

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*The double-helix staircase was ripped out ... to expand the gift shop. The workers who tore out the showpiece found a surprise in the hollow of the fountain. They discovered the inside was packed tight with bars of hotel soap that packrats had swiped and squirreled away.*

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## *The Circular Staircase (continued)*

Upstairs in the lobby, Tippet inaugurated a cycle of evening performances in the open space directly in front of the gift shop. Monday night was the Hootenanny (folk-singing), Wednesday night was the Com-

drama majors from many schools. Hotel staffers went on to distinguished careers with symphony orchestras, on college music faculties, and in venues such as *A Prairie Home Companion*.

be expanded under Xanterra, Glacier's new hotel concessioner.

Those hopes now have been cast in doubt. The National Park Service is renovating Many Glacier and restoring its original decor. It plans to reinstall the stone fountain and the double-helix staircase and move the gift shop downstairs to the St. Moritz Room. These plans would eliminate the St. Moritz stage and audience area as well as the performance space in the lobby.

### **Renovation at Many Glacier**

The Park Service renovation work at Many Glacier throughout the past decade has been well-conceived and impressive. As of June 2013, the Park Service had spent \$25 million on the building. It performed large-

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*An unplanned benefit of the removal of the staircases and fountain was the creation of the St. Moritz Room on lake level.*

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munity Sing, and Thursday night was the Serenade (a variety show of classical music, choral music, show tunes, dramatic cuttings, and dance numbers). On other nights, recitals were given by individual performers. These programs were held all summer, except for the two weeks in August when the Broadway musical was shown.

In more recent decades, the concessioner, Glacier Park, Inc., hired professional entertainers to perform in the St. Moritz Room. The Hootenanny was revived in 2007 and has been held weekly in subsequent summers. Alumni have hoped that amateur musical performances could

The Tippet-era performances were amateur but of exceptional quality. Many Glacier acquired a national reputation and drew music and

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*That space proved perfect as an entertainment venue and became the home for Many Glacier Hotel's annual Broadway musical productions.*

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*Ferns were planted in the fountain at the center of the double-helix staircase in the lobby of MGH.*

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*(T.J. Hileman photo from the Ray Djuff collection)*

## *The Circular Staircase (continued)*

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*The musicals were the idea of manager Ian Tippet and ran throughout his 23-year stint at the hotel, 1961-83.*

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scale structural work to eliminate a dangerous lean that threatened to topple the north (“Main”) wing into the lake. It reroofed the building, renovated exterior siding, restored the Parmigan Dining Room’s original look, corrected problems with balconies, renovated the Main wing’s guest rooms, and ensured that the building met life, health and safety codes.

Two final phases of renovation will address Many Glacier’s lobby and southern wing (the “Annex”), at a cost of some \$18 to \$20 million. The work will restore some of the former glory of the building, which was declared a National Historic Landmark and listed on the National Register of Historic Places in 1976. The Park Service plans to reinstall the staircase in 2016 as part of this work.

The restoration is controversial because of the loss of performance space. Alternative venues for entertainment programs are problematic at best. The Lucerne Room convention hall has a stage, but it is shallow and has no wings. The dining room might be used for late-evening

programs, but this would involve logistical problems. Music still might be offered in the lobby, but the stairs would leave little performance space and produce disruptive traffic.

The Glacier Park Foundation recently was invited to help raise funds for the project. Reinstalling the stairs and the fountain would cost about \$100,000. The Park Service presently lacks those funds, and has asked the Glacier National Park Conservancy to raise them. The Conservancy, Glacier’s private philanthropic partner, asked the Foundation to take part.

The Foundation’s core mission is historic preservation in Glacier Park. Because the staircase project involves competing historic values, it has been intensely debated among the organization’s directors and members.

### **Pros and Cons**

Some directors favor reinstalling the staircase. “For the sake of the hotel, I think it’s crucial that the planned work be completed as originally envisioned – both the structural work, and the historic enhancements. A mix of 1910s and 1950s interior

design doesn’t give the property the level of respect it deserves,” said one director, a professional historian.

Other directors oppose the project. One said, “The [present-day] lobby is much more functional, even with the gift shop, both for guest enjoyment and musical programs. If the helical staircase goes back in, there is a zero-sum effect with where lobby space and the gift shop go, to say nothing of eating up a good portion of the St. Moritz Room and its non-use for programs.” He further noted that the hotel has been without the staircase feature (58 years) longer than it was with it (42 years).

The Foundation’s membership meeting last fall saw intense and sometimes impassioned debate on the issue. Numerous members spoke pro and con.

Proponents of reinstalling the staircase stressed the professionalism and excellence of the renovation work which the Park Service has done to date. Older alumni who had seen the staircase during the Great Northern era spoke in favor of the project. (One of those members, Bob Megard, gives his perspective in a sidebar with this article.)

Critics of the project questioned the emphasis on originalism. They argued that history is ongoing and that original designs may not be

good ones. (Many's original décor included numerous grizzly bear skins, which no one would wish to replicate now). They stressed functionality ("you don't want a beautiful lobby that's not functional"), the loss of space and the "sound tunnel" noise factor.

Members earnestly discussed Many Glacier's musical tradition. Some stressed the importance of the music in promoting a sense of community, uniting employees and guests. Others cautioned that maintaining the tradition would require "Tippet-like leadership," and questioned whether that is feasible.

The debate produced no consensus. The membership agreed that the pros and cons of the issue should be covered in *The Inside Trail*. Individual Foundation members who wish to help fund the staircase project may contact the Glacier National Park Conservancy, P.O. Box 2749, Columbia Falls, Montana 55912.

## Staircase Tales

### Memories of the Circular Staircase

*By Bob Megard (Many Glacier 1953-57)*

I think that the spiral staircase at MGH should be restored for the same reasons that the rest of the hotel is being restored. The staircase was an intrinsic feature that added quaint charm to the lobby. I worked in the lobby for five summers, first as a lobby porter, then a bellhop, and finally head porter.

The stairs coiled around a field-stone "mountain" that was a central rock-garden. It had small pools of water among the stones, complete with ferns and mosses that struggled to survive in the low-light environment. The gardener, who was more attuned to his larger outdoor projects, thought it was too "fussy" and sadly neglected it. With some careful attention to design, especially lighting, a restored spiral stair with an alpine rock-garden could be a striking visual feature of the lobby!

The staircase wasn't just decorative. It also provided a convenient alternate route to the convention hall and bar on the lower level. This was important architecturally because the main stairwell was located at the other end of the lobby, behind the Transportation Desk, where it was not easy for guests to find. You won't believe how many times I had to show our guests where the Convention Hall was, to say nothing about the Bar.

### Memories of the Staircase Fishpond

*By Ray Kinley (Many Glacier 1922-1987) as told to John Hagen*

One summer, the trout in Swiftcurrent Lake were not biting. You couldn't catch fish with dynamite. But there was a 12-year-old boy, a hotel guest, who came into the lobby day after day with strings of handsome fish. His success was the envy of all the dozens of frustrated fishermen, who swarmed around him and besieged him with questions. Oh, he was the man of the hour!

Many Glacier's gardener was a French Canadian named Jean Boutonniere. Jean noticed that the trout in the pool at the foot of the Circular Staircase seemed very sparse. He concealed himself behind a pillar in the Grill room to watch the pool.

Sure enough, it wasn't long before the boy appeared with a large dip-net in hand. He thrashed the water to frighten the fish off in one direction, and then ran around the pool the other way to catch them in the net as they swam by. Jean pounced on him and marched him up the stairs by the scruff of the neck, shouting in his French Canadian accent: "Dis de one! He do it!"



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

This is a recap of a talk by historian and Glacier Park Foundation board member Ray Djuff at last summer's centennial celebration of Granite Park and Sperry Chalets. Celebration organizer Kathleen Aasheim asked Djuff not to focus on buildings, but rather on stories of the people associated with them. His talk was a random collection of chalet-related stories.

Sperry and Granite Park Chalets are high mountain lodges unlike any others in Glacier National Park. They are the only ones made of stone, they are precipitously perched on ledges, and they have vast, exceptional views of the surrounding mountains.

Today, as in yesteryear, they are respites for hikers and riders – as they can only be reached by foot or on horseback.

Right from the beginning, the chalets were seen as backwoods retreats, for the extent of the services offered so far from civilization. Journalist W.O. Chapman wrote in 1911 of his saddle-horse tour of the park: "Lifeboat never brought more joy to shipwrecked sailor than the site of this camp brought to the city dwellers, who, in the role of explorers, arrived here at noon."

While Sperry was but a tent camp, as was Granite Park, in 1911, it was nonetheless a momentous occasion for Chapman: "It is a joy at the end of a hard ride, when all are tired and hungry, to learn that dinner or supper, with warm food and steaming coffee, is ready to serve."

Author Mary Roberts Rinehart had this to say of lunch at Sperry Chalets in 1915: "No more ham and coffee over a wood fire, the cutting of much bread on a flat stone. Here were tables, chairs and linen. Alas, there was a waitress who crumbed the table and brought in dessert."

As much as anything, it has been the managers and staff who have made these chalets memorable. They repeatedly surpassed the expectations of the Great Northern Railway officials who hired them. They came from all over and from all backgrounds.

In 1926, the Sperry Chalets were under the command of Mrs. Chester Healy, 39, working her first season. While she had no hotel experience, Mrs. Healy was selected personally for the job by H.A. Noble, president

of the railway's hotel company. Mrs. Healy had been a housekeeper in Noble's home for 15 years, so he knew well her strengths and weaknesses given the demanding task of operating a chalet so far from "civilization."

At Granite Park that same summer was Mrs. Jennifer Fancher, 45, starting her second summer. She "did well last season" and was brought back, Noble wrote to his railway boss Louis Hill, in assuring Hill about the qualifications of managers at the various chalets.

Irene Eldred was the manager at Granite Park Chalets in the early 1930s. A teacher, she and her staff are examples of outstanding service.

When journalist Ernie Pyle showed up at Granite, Pyle was the only guest and said he wanted to take a bath. There was no shower then, nor plumbing for a bath – just a well and a propane-fueled stove.

"Miss Patricia Whitwell said yes, indeed, I could have a hot bath" Pyle recalled in his book *Home Country*. "In a few minutes I saw her hurrying up the outside stairs carrying an old-fashioned tin washtub. Then she made trip after trip with porcelain jars, and she carried up a teakettle of boiling water for the finishing touch. It was the first time in more than 20 years I had bathed in a washtub."

On another occasion, Irene Eldred's mother, Mrs. Essenman, was pressed into service. She and Patricia disappeared into the kitchen, returning with some ice cream they had "made by the pioneerish process of stirring it with a spoon in a bucket set in unmelted snow."

The management and staff at the chalets put up with a lot, compared to today. At Sperry, for instance, there were chamber pots in the rooms to spare guests from making a midnight

trek to the outhouses and, hopefully, prevent male guests from using the sinks in the rooms as urinals. Each morning staff would collect the chamber pots to empty them. "The refuse is carried over [and tossed over] the face of a cliff," a 1920 report indicates.

And while both lodges had phone lines to major hotels below for daily notices on how many tourists were coming, the staff had to be ready for unexpected company.

Joan Shipley, a waitress, and Dick Faricy, a busboy, both working at Glacier Park Hotel (now Glacier Park Lodge) in 1958, were determined to hike to Sperry Chalets on their day off. They were late hitching a ride to Lake McDonald Hotel to start the hike, but despite the late hour, pressed on. It would be an unforgettable adventure that Shipley recalled in the Fall 1998 edition of *The Inside Trail*:



Horseback party at Sperry - 1919



## The Chalets (continued)

First, there was the bear on the trail: “I looked up to see what was ahead, and there on this relatively level cutback about 50 yards away was a bear ... I said, ‘Maybe if we don’t bother him, he won’t bother us.’ There was a long pole-like stick that had fallen down the wall ... I remember saying, ‘I’ll take the pole, hold it out in front of us, and just try to keep him at bay ... There’s a rock, You carry that.’ ... As we got closer, we began to see that there was a huge, deep ravine. At the end of our cutback we saw a bear with two small cubs on the OTHER side ... My heart leaped with hope.”

Then it got dark and rained: “The dark clouds dumped cold rain on us, and we were especially worried about the trail getting slippery. We came to a trail marker that pointed to a log that was bridging another deep ravine. I was terrified ... I panicked. ‘Dick, I can’t walk that log even in dry daylight, let alone in this!’ ” Shipley eventually straddled the log and pulled herself across.

By that point, it was pitch black. “It was so dark that we started to crawl on

our hands and knees, so that we could FEEL the trail ahead of us.”

When the clouds cleared and the moon came out, Shipley and Faricy could see their way and walked upright the rest of the trail to Sperry Chalets, showing up at 10 p.m.

“When we knocked on the door of the chalet, we could hear Mrs. Black. As she came to answer the door, she exclaimed. ‘Who could that be? In all my years up here no one has ever climbed that mountain at night.’ ”

If there was ever a hostess with the “mostess,” it was Ema (Ma) Perkins at Granite Park Chalets. With all due respect for Kay Luding, Ma Perkins was unique.

Dick Schwab, a bellman at Many Glacier Hotel in the late 1940s and early 1950s, has written an ode to Ma Perkins, and her daughter Millie Jean. They ran Granite from 1936 to 1949, certainly one of the longer tenures as manager.

“The luminous spirit of Ma Perkins,” Dick Schwab wrote, “filled the chalet

and surpassed the mountains and everything else that was wonderful about the place in those days ... Evening



*Rum Cashman*

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*“They are amazing buildings, but more than that, it’s really about the people.”*

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*(photos from the Ray Djuff collection)*



*1936 - Ma and Millie Perkins and crew*

was the most enchanting time of all at Granite. After dinner, when the last morsel had been enjoyed, we repaired to the front porch to chat and joke, or strolled around the chalet area, watching the stunning sunset turn the sky and mountains all conceivable miraculous and brilliant colors. As darkness fell a campfire was kindled, when the weather permitted it; and we all gathered around it to talk, sing, and tell stories ...

“Then came the high point of the evening. Ma read everybody’s fortunes in the tea leaves. She adopted the manner of Madame Arcati at a séance. Her eyes glittered, and her voice became hushed and solemn. There was many a significant pause and a worried look. It was a perfect performance. Ma was one of the shrewdest students of human nature, and she could size up someone in an instant. Thus, some of her fortunes were eerily accurate.”

Not to be outdone, Martha Russell, the manager at Sperry Chalets, tried desperately to match Ma Perkins if not for style, at least for profitability of operation.

“Martha Russell was, temperamentally, the antithesis of Ma Perkins,” wrote longtime Glacier hiker and enthusiast John Mauff. “And [she] detested it when anyone called her ‘Ma Russell.’ The two managers had a certain rivalry: the railroad accepted the fact both were usually ‘in the red’ at the end of the season, and as I recall it was said each vied with the other as to which was less ‘in the red.’ ”

Ma Perkins was the hands-down favorite of the two women, as witnessed in the praise for Ma Perkins recorded in her “Big Black Book.” It is overflowing with effusive comments. Here’s just one notation:

“Many thanks, Ma, for your wonderful cooking, hospitality and every-

thing. I’ll never forget Granite Park and the time spent here.” Signed, Helen Miliner, Arlington, VA

When Ma Perkins failed to return in 1950 due to illness, she was replaced by Rosemarie Cashman. Rum, as everyone called her, was a sprite – effervescent, outgoing, a leader among the staff at Many Glacier Hotel, where she worked. Her story, though, is tragic, as told by her daughter, Bridget Tuma:

“From the best I can tell, Rum started working her summers in the park around 1933 continuing through 1951 ... Along with her hotel jobs, she managed to hike every trail throughout the park, and judging from [her] photo collection, I think she photographed most of it too along with all of the employees and guests ... My parents met in Glacier and after their marriage they spent the first winter ... as winter caretakers of Lake McDonald Lodge.

“The spring of 1952 my parents staked a homestead in Alaska and I was born there that summer. Unfortunately my mother Rum contracted hepatitis from infected plasma she received and she died ... My father raised me most of my life in Colorado where he taught me to love skiing, hiking and the mountains. We just never went to Glacier.”

Bridget Tuma did eventually visit Glacier, for the first time in 2005.

A tradition at Sperry that was never matched at Granite was roast turkey, served each week. On various occasions, seasonal park ranger Doug Follet brought the bird up, carried in his backpack. A high school teacher, he was incredibly fit and so fast hiking from Lake McDonald Lodge to Sperry that he could carry several insulated pails of ice cream to the chalet without them melting.

These weren’t just small birds that Follet would haul into Sperry:

“There was one time at dinner [Follet] came to me and asked if I could carve a turkey, the piece de resistance for that night,” John Mauff recalled. “I said I prided myself on my cutting up, so . . . they brought out a magnificent roasted bird of 23 pounds! I wasn’t daunted and carved and carved, and the pile of slices of breast mounted and mounted. I can say never before or since have I tackled that weight a bird.”

It’s fascinating, in my research, to discover just who has been coming to Granite Park and Sperry Chalets all these years. Amazingly, whether in the 1910s or the 2010s, I believe it’s the same type of person.

Here’s a description of a Glacier enthusiast written by Mathilde Holtz and Katharine Bemis from their 1917 book about the park. While nearly 100 years ago, it shows the appeal of the park is timeless, just like the chalets:

“He is here because he knows that in Glacier Park can be seen the most varied and awe-inspiring scenery of the American continent. He has read all available subject-matter and has a definite idea of what is to be seen. He possesses an appreciation of nature and loves it. The cold bracing air with its tang of balsam and pine is tonic to his nerves; the mighty mountains impart their strength to him; the glaciers impress him with their mighty silent work, the result of which will be known and seen ages hence ... The matchless beauty and grandeur of the combined wonders serve to develop in him a greater gratitude to the Creator whose hand has so bountifully equipped this marvelous place for the benefit and enjoyment of His creatures.”

Let’s hope it will always be such.

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*More than 250 people gathered on August 20, 2014 at the Glacier Outdoors Center, to mark the 100<sup>th</sup> anniversary of Granite Park and Sperry Chalets. But the events, orchestrated by Kathleen Aasheim, were more than a birthday party.*

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*By Ray Djuff*

*(Prince of Wales 1973-75, 1978)*

WEST GLACIER – More than 250 people gathered on August 20, 2014 at the Glacier Outdoors Center, to mark the 100<sup>th</sup> anniversary of Granite Park and Sperry Chalets. But the events, orchestrated by Kathleen Aasheim, were more than a birthday party.

Glacier enthusiasts, invited dignitaries, and former and current chalet staff also marked 60 years of the Luding family operating Sperry and Granite Chalets. And they further celebrated the National Park Service's announcement just days earlier that the Luding family corporation, Belton Chalets Inc., had been granted a new, 10-year concession contract to continue operating the buildings.

The celebrations kicked off in the afternoon with a public event at which two birthday cakes -- one white, one chocolate -- were cut and

shared with the 100 or so people who showed up.

The afternoon included a talk about the history of the chalets, given by interpretive ranger Diane Sine of the National Park Service, who recalled good, bad and funny moments involving the chalets. Sine, a former Many Glacier Hotel singing waitress, noted the efforts of Ross and Kay Luding to take on the chalets, starting with Sperry in 1954 (Granite Park the following year). The Great Northern Railway, which had built both chalet groups, had just turned them over to the Park Service, and their future was in doubt – until the Ludings took on the challenge.

In recalling that momentous decision, Kevin Warrington, who now heads Belton Chalets Inc., said Ross and Kay became “stewards on behalf of the U.S. public” to keep the facilities from being abandoned and likely

razed. “The Ludings came to the rescue and without intending it, they created a legacy,” Warrington said.

He further noted that Ross and Kay were able to do something the Great Northern had never been able to: “Suddenly they made money, which the railway couldn't do.” Congratulations for the Luding family came from Glacier Guides, which ran Granite Park Chalet from 1998 to 2004, and Jan Knox, chief of concessions management in Glacier.

Blackfeet singer-songwriter Jack Gladstone provided musical entertainment that wrapped up the public portion of the centennial party. Gladstone gave an insightful look through story and song at the history of Glacier Park and the Blackfeet. He was accompanied by Linda Kuhn and David Griffith.

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*Dunagan ... said she was thrilled when Sperry reopened in 1999 ... and was further elated when chosen to be one of the Sperry staff for that season. “I would have paid to be part of the staff,” she was later overhead telling a friend. “Lanny regretted paying me after he heard that.”*

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For anyone seeking a souvenir of the chalets, authors Bret Bouda and Beth Dunagan were on hand to sign their books. Kalispell photographer Bouda's book, *The Era of the Chalets*, offers stunning color images of both chalets. Dunagan, who has worked on and off at Sperry Chalet since 1954, had copies of her newly released remembrance, *Welcome to Sperry Chalet.*, with its insights into operation of the chalet and observations on Sperry's enduring appeal.

Dunagan worked for both Kay Luding and her son Lanny, who succeeded his parents in operating Granite Park and Sperry Chalets. She said she was thrilled when Sperry reopened in 1999 after a hiatus of six years, and was further elated when chosen to be one of the Sperry staff for that season. "I would have paid to be part of the staff," she was later overhead telling a friend. "Lanny regretted paying me after he heard that."

The evening was given over to a private dinner and celebration hosted by the Luding family, with Kathleen Aasheim as host. Aasheim, who is active in Belton Chalets Inc., ensured staff past and present were recognized for their services, handing out gifts. The role of now a third generation of the extended Luding family in keeping the chalets functioning was repeatedly recognized.

Aasheim lauded the leadership of Lanny Luding, eldest son of Ross and Kay Luding, who "pushed us hard to bid" on the concession 10 years ago and kept the company going through thick and thin. Luding's leadership was crucial when Sperry was closed for six years due to substandard sewage and water systems and lack of funds to correct the problems. She said that the fundraising push by the Save the Chalets campaign helped assure the future of the buildings by showing the Park Service the keen public interest in maintaining the facilities and having them continue to serve the public.

Of the fiasco that led up to the construction of the so-called "million dollar toilet" at Sperry, Aasheim recalled Lanny lamenting that "we can get a man on the moon, but can't come to terms with a decent crapper" at Sperry.

The featured speaker for the evening was Glacier seasonal ranger and naturalist Doug Follet, who had the audience in stitches for much of his talk.

Follet is uniquely suited to talk about Kay and Ross Luding. He grew up in their Whitefish neighborhood, considered himself a family friend. (Kay's mom regularly made doughnuts, which was the reason he befriended Kay's younger brother.) He remembered when Kay and Ross

were going steady in high school.

Of the many skills Kay Luding possessed, Follet said he most admired her as a blister treatment specialist. Over the years, Follet, said, she'd seen it all when it came to hikers with blisters. So many of those who came over Gunsight Pass were neophyte outdoor enthusiasts "who should never have left Main Street," he said.

Follet said Kay kept a roll of two-inch tape at Sperry and used it to wrap the feet of hikers so they could make it to Lake McDonald Lodge. While some hikers balked at the treatment, Kay assured them that the tape would do the trick – and come off easily in a hot bath.

Follet had his own memories of Sperry Chalets, among them of one evening he stayed over and of conversations inadvertently heard through the notoriously-thin walls between rooms.

"I heard this one girl say she had to go – badly. 'If I don't go soon, it'll run down my leg,' she exclaimed. It was fun to go out later and see if I could figure out who had said that."

Lars Phillips, a third generation Luding relative to work at Granite Park, summed up the thoughts of many at the centennial celebrations for Granite Park and Sperry Chalets. "They are amazing buildings, but more than that, it's really about the people."

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*Lars Phillips, a third generation Luding relative to work at Granite Park, summed up the thoughts of many at the centennial celebrations for Granite Park and Sperry Chalets. "They are amazing buildings, but more than that, it's really about the people."*

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From top right: Diane Sine; Bret Bouda and Doug Follet; Kathleen Aasheim; Jack Gladstone (with Linda Kuhn and David Griffith); and the Cast of the Celebration. Event hosts for were the Luding family.

**... once upon a time**

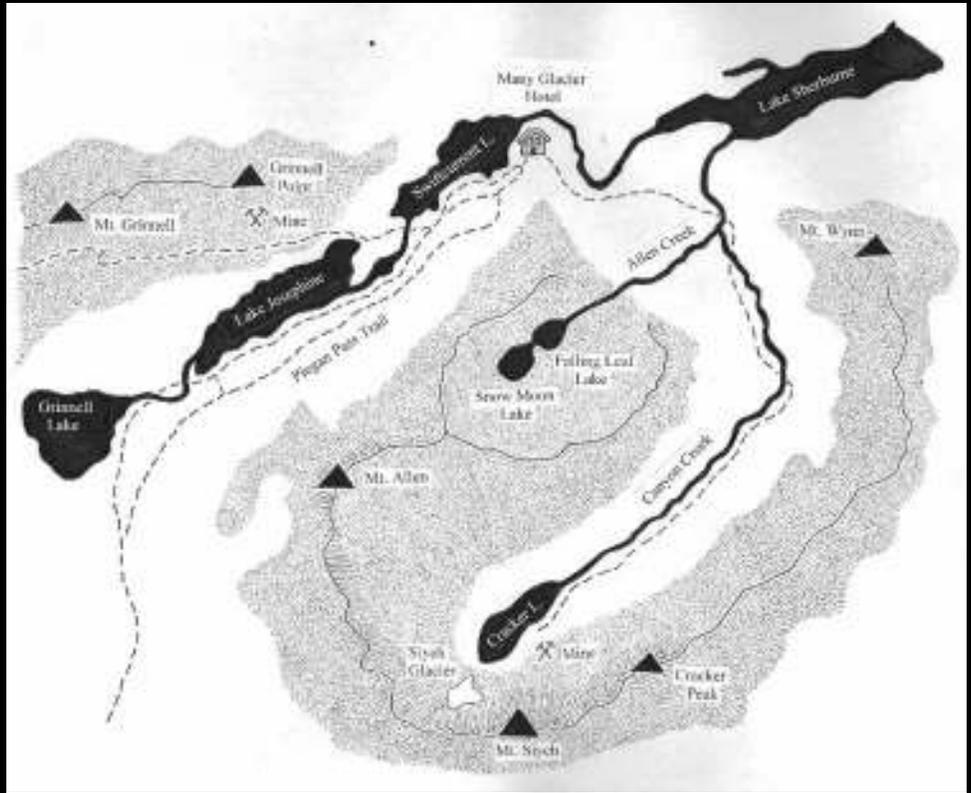


**... and they all lived happily ever after!**

*(photos courtesy of Ray Djuff)*

# A Harrowing Night on Mount Allen

*This is an account of how three otherwise not mentally challenged young men turned an ordinary hike into a harrowing, life-threatening, ridiculously dumb decision to “take a short cut.”*



*By Jim Vienneau*

This is an account of how three otherwise not mentally challenged young men turned an ordinary hike into a harrowing, life-threatening, ridiculously dumb decision to “take a short cut.” But first, let’s set a little context.

In 1974, my sisters Jeanne and Lori parlayed their considerable performing arts talents and their ability to carry a plate full of food and deposit it onto a table without dumping it onto the laps of unsuspecting diners, into a summer job at Many Glacier Hotel. They returned in 1975. Jeanne’s husband-to-be, John Wade, also got a position that summer pumping gas at the Many Glacier fuel station.

In August 1975, my parents, my three younger sisters and I drove to Glacier to visit Jeanne, John and Lori. I was 16 years old at the time. Another teenage boy, Chris Adams, a friend of the family, also made the trip with us.

On August 25, John had the day off. He and Chris and I decided to hike to Cracker Lake. The lake lies in a giant cul-de-sac at the head of a canyon between Mt. Allen and the cliffs of Mt. Siyeh. The trail leads up the canyon, and the only practical way out is to reverse course. That, of course, was our plan, and we studied the map carefully before setting out at around 8 a.m.

We planned to be back by 4 p.m., and therefore brought nothing but some sandwiches for lunch. We planned to drink glacial creek water on the trail, so we didn’t bring a canteen. We dressed for the climate: flannel shirts, blue jeans, hiking boots. We didn’t have fire-making implements, rain gear, or a tarp to create a shelter. We didn’t even have a

small backpack to put such things into, had we brought any along. It appears, in retrospect, that we didn’t have brains or heads in which brains would be put. But off we went, telling my parents we would be back around 4 p.m.

Our hike to Cracker Lake was pleasant and uneventful. We saw plenty of birds, marmots and other critters along the trail, but thankfully, we encountered no angry bears. The lake is a stunning blue-green color which is caused by the sun refracting through the suspended glacial silt carried into the lake from the slowly melting Siyeh Glacier.

We found a large rock outcropping on which we settled to eat our lunch. We spent much of the afternoon

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*We were still at the lake, 6.3 miles from the hotel and we needed to get back fast.  
John had an idea.*

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climbing around on the rock face of this outcropping and taking photos of each other on the small cliffs. As the sun began to dip behind the huge vertical wall of Mt. Siyeh, we decided we should get in our last sightseeing before heading back. We walked to the back side of the lake where there was old equipment left over from an abandoned copper mine dug around the turn of the century. Among the

stood between us and the hotel, we agreed to give the short cut a try.

As we started to move up the side of Allen, we found long, steeply pitched fields of large rocks. These rocks ranged in size from the size of the average desk chair to the size of the average desk. Footing was precarious, and each up and down motion taxed our legs far beyond what we were used to. Progress was slow, and we tired quickly.

our elation was short-lived. A massive thunderstorm was bearing down on the area. With no shelter, no rain gear, and no way to start a fire, we knew that we could be in trouble.

Standing on the summit, we peered down a sheer cliff face of at least a thousand feet. We moved northeastward along the ridgeline to a negotiable slope. It was scree, which allowed us to descend quickly, but it abruptly came to an end above more cliffs. The sun had long since dipped behind the peaks, so we couldn't see how far down the cliffs went. I picked up a rock, heaved it over the edge and waited for it to strike the rocks below. We waited. And waited. After what seemed like many moments, we heard the distant crack of rock against rock.

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*Progress was slow, but steady. We finally reached the summit around 8:30 p.m. The view was incredible, but our elation was short-lived. A massive thunderstorm was bearing down on the area.*

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detritus of days gone by, an old ore car still stood on the rails at the mouth of the mine.

At this point, we had spent a bit more time at the lake than we expected and realized that we were already overdue at the hotel. We had told my folks that we would be back around 4 p.m. and it was already almost 4. We were still at the lake, 6.3 miles from the hotel and we needed to get back fast. John had an idea.

He knew (without consulting the map that we of course had failed to bring with us) that the hotel was just on the other side of Mt. Allen, at which we were now staring. All we needed to do was climb up this apparently small mountain and traverse down the other side, and we would be home in half the time.

Among the many things wrong with this idea were the following. Mt. Allen is actually pretty high at 9,396 feet above sea level, with a rise from Cracker Lake of 3,486 feet. The "peak" we were looking at was actually just the first rise. With the illusion that a relatively small mountain was all that

As we got to the top of the first rise, another false summit rose ahead of us. After making it to two or three such points, we knew that we had a long way to go. Upon reaching each rise, we encouraged each other, saying, "The real summit is just over the next rise." We said those words many, many times that afternoon and into the evening.

I had just recovered from a bout of

We moved both left and right as far as we could, hoping to find a way around the cliffs. Since there was very little light left, we didn't get very far. We quickly decided that we were not equipped to scramble down. And we were not about to climb back up the scree field, down the other side of Allen, and back onto the Cracker Lake Trail. Therefore, we decided to huddle

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*The rain fell steadily for at least an hour, soaking us through and through. We began to shiver. Shivering gave way to more violent shaking as our core temperatures dropped to hypothermic levels.*

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mononucleosis, and wasn't in peak form. John and Chris were well-conditioned, but also began to show signs of the altitude, dehydration and fatigue. Exacerbating this was the fact that all we had eaten for lunch was a couple of ham sandwiches, and all we had drunk was water from the glacial stream.

Progress was slow, but steady. We finally reached the summit around 8:30 p.m. The view was incredible, but

up on the cliff edge under some pine trees and tough out the night. The light was all but gone, and the storm clouds we had seen in the distance were now descending upon Mt. Allen.

Within minutes, we felt the first drops of rain. Steadily, the rain increased and we began to see lightning flashes that temporarily lit up the surrounding area. At times, the lightning would light up the valley below, showing us

## *Harrowing Night (continued)*

the immense distance between where we were and where we needed to go. We saw how impossible that distance would be to traverse under these circumstances.

We didn't have a thermometer, but during lightning flashes we could see

The rain continued to fall. With no other light besides the frequent lightning flashes, John began to carefully pick his way down fissures in the rock face. He called out the locations of footholds and handholds he found. Like an Army Ranger, he called to us, "Follow me!"

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*We simply kept going because there was no alternative. Stop and die. Keep going and live, maybe. Just don't fall.*

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the vapor from our breathing. The rain fell steadily for at least an hour, soaking us through and through. We began to shiver. Shivering gave way to more violent shaking as our core temperatures dropped to hypothermic levels. I felt a fever from my mono kick in and began to feel nauseated. We knew we had to get out of the rain or we would be in serious trouble.

During a lightning flash, Chris spotted a rock outcropping nearby which had vertical fissures big enough for the three of us to squeeze into. We squashed ourselves in and huddled together to conserve our warmth. Over the next thirty minutes or so, Chris developed such violent shaking that he could hardly remain standing. He began to babble, exclaiming that he was going to jump and John and I held him close, rubbing his arms and legs to generate heat. This activity helped Chris and also helped John and me get a bit warmer too.

At this point, we realized that staying where we were would likely mean death. We were going to have to take our chances with the cliffs if we hoped to survive. Chris had recovered enough for us to agree on a plan to free-climb down the cliffs, using lightning flashes to guide our way.

We had no way of knowing how far down we had to climb before clearing the cliffs. We simply kept going because there was no alternative. Stop and die. Keep going and live, maybe. Just don't fall.

But I fell. John and Chris had made it down to a ledge big enough to hold them both, with a bit of room to spare. I was ten to fifteen feet above them when one of my handholds broke loose. I tumbled toward the ledge. John and Chris had been looking up at me, guiding my every move. When the rock broke free, I fell directly into their arms, and we all collapsed on the ledge.

We continued to descend. Ledge after ledge. Handhold after handhold. The rain continued. We were cold. Our muscles ached and our hands were raw from the rocks.

As we descended further, beneath the timber line, we started to encounter

small pine trees that had taken root in the crevasses, clinging to the soil that collected there. We avoided using these little trees as handholds, believing that they were likely not rooted firmly enough to hold our weight.

John and Chris were about twenty feet below me, picking their way down and shouting out where the best hand and footholds were. Once again, I faltered. My foot slipped off a small toehold and I reacted instantly by grasping for anything to stop my fall. My hand found one of those baby trees. For several seconds, my whole body was suspended, hanging by one hand. The tiny tree was anchored well enough to stop my fall, and that gave me time to scramble onto other holds.

Oddly enough, these close calls felt like nothing more than losing my grip on monkey bars, four feet above a soft sandy playground. It just seemed part of the ride. In the dark, with only lightning to show us our next move, it was impossible to grasp how close to disaster we were.

After several hours of scrambling, we were still a long way from the safety of the valley below. But there was some good news. The rain was stopping.

With the end of the rain came a clearing of the skies, which revealed a large, incredibly bright moon. The moon's appearance was the biggest morale booster we could have imagined! We could now see what appeared to be the

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*John was in the lead, and I watched him disappear on a regular basis, only to reappear exclaiming, "I'm okay. Drop here! Traaaayyy-aaaallll!"*

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*Just then, a ranger arrived to inform the group that another hiker was missing.*

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end of the cliffs below us and a large sloping meadow reaching all the way to Lake Josephine.

Moving down the rest of the cliffs now became much simpler. Hand over hand, we continued to descend until we reached a field of long grass the height of our waists. We moved off in the direction of the lake and the Piegan Pass Trail that we knew was between us and the water.

We had been in the mountains enough to know that we should make a lot of noise to warn bears that we were coming. Chris, who was a classically-trained baritone, provided a thunderous two note mini-song using the word, "Trail." He broke the word into two syllables, sang the first syllable at a higher pitch, and lowered the pitch for the second syllable.

The grass we were moving through was tall and it obscured the ground below. It also hid drops of several feet. John was in the lead, and I watched him disappear on a regular basis, only to reappear exclaiming, "I'm okay. Drop here! Traaaayyy-aaaallll!"

Finally we reached the Piegan Pass Trail. We immediately turned northeast toward Swiftcurrent Lake and the hotel. Our eyes darted left and right continuously, searching for movement that would indicate that we were not alone. This, quite frankly, was what frightened us most. The thought of encountering a grizzly was much scarier than all the mountaineering we had just done. A family had been attacked and mauled a few weeks before on the Grinnell Lake Trail, across the valley,

and that knowledge made us sing our trail song even louder.

At about 4:25 a.m., we saw the glimmering lights of the Many Glacier Hotel parking lot. My family, along with a number of other hotel employees, was gathered just inside the lobby, hoping and praying for our safe return. As we marched in, Jeanne was the first to see us. She squealed her relief. The rest of the group, including my mom and dad, surrounded us and we all engaged in a group hug.

As the crowd around us wiped away

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*At about 4:25 a.m., we saw the glimmering lights of the Many Glacier Hotel parking lot.*

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tears of relief, they began to tell us an amazing story. The previous evening, while we were overdue and stranded on Mt. Allen, another hiker also was stranded there! His cries were heard at the hotel, and everyone thought that they came from us.

Around 8:30 p.m., my father and my sister Ruth had been standing outside in the Many Glacier parking lot. They heard eerie calls for help above them on Mt. Allen. My Dad called back asking, "How many are you?" The response was hard to understand, but Dad and Ruth thought that they heard, "Three." Naturally, they believed those calls were from us.

As twilight fell, a ranger rescue operation was organized in the hotel lobby. Suddenly, the power failed and the hotel went dark. My family and the rangers spilled outside, just in time to

see a fleeting signal fire on the side of Allen Mountain. It was no more than a flash, and then it was out. But it let them pinpoint where they thought we were. Given the calls and the signal fire, everyone was certain that one of us was seriously injured.

Just then, a ranger arrived to inform the group that another hiker was missing. His planned route loosely conformed to the location of the signal fire. My family was convinced that the search party would come upon all four of us together. They figured that we three must have heard the calls for help and come to the other hiker's rescue.

The rescue party was delayed by the onset of heavy rain and lightning on the mountain. They left the hotel

when the storm subsided at about 10:30 p.m. My family and other onlookers watched for about five hours as the rescue team's head lamps made their slow ascent. The team was in radio contact with those on the ground. Upon reaching the fallen hiker, the rescuers announced that he was ALONE. He had suffered a broken leg, but would be fine once they had carried him down.

My family and friends now feared the worst for us, probably involving a bear attack. My father was a man of action. He began to organize his own search and rescue operation. John Hagen, the head bellman at the hotel and a good friend of Jeanne, Lori and John, set gathered gear for a trek to Cracker Lake. As they were making their final preparations for departure, we emerged out of the dark – wet, cold, dehydrated and very weary. Ah, but alive!



*By Leroy Lott (Gearjammer 1949-50)*

John Turner's 99<sup>th</sup> birthday party was held at Angelo's Restaurant in Chatsworth, California on October 17, 2014. John is the dean of Glacier Park's gearjammers, having driven a red bus from 1936 to 1939 and then served as a transport agent in 1940 and 1941. He was honored by fellow gearjammers, as he has been on his birthday for several years.

John's recent parties have been hosted by Don Perry and Ed Baretta, who met as law students at the University of Southern California. They worked together as Red Bus drivers in the summer of 1959. Decades later, in 2012, they learned in a conversation that John was about to celebrate his 97<sup>th</sup> birthday.

Once a gearjammer, always a gearjammer! Ed and Don wanted to honor their elderly colleague on this momentous occasion. They contacted John, introduced themselves, and took him to dinner at Angelo's (John's favorite restaurant).

When I learned of this unique event, I discovered that John was the oldest living gearjammer. My thoughts went to making the birthday especially memorable for John. I e-mailed all those who had attended the 2010 Gearjammer Reunion. I asked each of them to send letters, e-mail congratulations, or phone

It was appropriate for club members to wish John a happy birthday, so I sent a message to them. John was inundated with calls (one from Japan!), letters and e-mails, and a thick album with dozens of personal birthday wishes. When the album arrived, John cried.

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*John is the dean of Glacier Park's gearjammers, having driven a red bus from 1936 to 1939 and then served as a transport agent in 1940 and 1941.*

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calls to John. A great number of them contacted him with birthday wishes.

I also realized that if John was the oldest jammer, he likely was also the oldest Tejas Club member. The club is a character-building and service fellowship founded at University of Texas in 1925. Its members are known as "Tejas Braves." It has a long tradition of providing red bus drivers for Glacier Park.

Perhaps the most special greeting came from a Tejas Brave missionary in South Sudan. A photo attachment included the Tejas Club alumnus with about ten Sudanese children and 3 adults. The children held a large chalk board with the message "Happy 97<sup>th</sup> John." All of this in vivid color!

John eventually learned that I was the culprit who had generated these greet-

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## *John had vivid adventures in Glacier. He helped fight the 1936 Heaven's Peak Forest Fire at Many Glacier.*

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ings. When the e-mails, cards, letters, and telephone calls began arriving for his 99<sup>th</sup>, John, who is wheelchair bound, persuaded me to fly to his home so that we could meet for the first time.

Another person entered this story decades ago. Her name was Donna Cooper. Donna worked as a maid at Lake McDonald Lodge in 1949 and as a waitress there in 1950 and 1951. I got to know her while dating another Lake McDonald waitress in 1949 and 1950.

I'll fast forward to the time when three of us were organizing the great Gearjammer Reunion in 2010. We were having difficulty locating former drivers because there were no records to be found. One of my colleagues (then driving in Glacier as a second-career, senior gearjammer) met Donna. He learned about her background at Lake McDonald and told her of our need for the names and addresses of former drivers.

Donna remembered me and mailed me the complete lists of Glacier Park Transportation Company employees for 1949-1951. Those lists were a great boon in creating our jammer database and in recruiting drivers for the reunion.

Telephone calls and e-mails were exchanged, and a close friendship ensued. Donna's married name is Tripp, and she and her husband Doug live in Anaheim. During one of our phone calls we learned that she and Doug had been married on June 20, 1953 – the same day that Billie and I became man and wife!

John knew about my friendship with Donna and invited Doug and Donna to attend his 99<sup>th</sup> birthday party. Also attending were several members of his family, Ed Baretta, Don Perry, and Bruce Austin. Bruce is a national authority on historic buses. He owns or

cares for several buses that ran in Glacier in the 1920s and '30s.

In recent years, Bruce has provided two historic Glacier Reds to drive in the Tournament of Roses Parade on New Year's Day. Bruce arranged for the chairperson of the parade to go to John's home and invite him to ride as a passenger. Needless to say, John was excited. He rode in a front seat wearing a red cap from the Gearjammers' Reunion.

John referred to the vintage Red (manufactured in 1925) as a "cranker." He'd driven a similar bus in Glacier in 1936, and had been obliged to start it with a hand crank.

John met his wife Mary in Glacier in 1941. As Transport Agent at the Entrance (now Glacier Park Lodge), John was furnished an advance list of employees arriving on the Great Northern's Empire Builder. John perused the list and ran across the name of Mary Treacy. He says that he fell in love with her name.

John tried diligently to cross Mary's path on her arrival at the depot. He missed her there and first encountered

her three weeks later at a dance at the hotel. He asked her to dance, he was ever so pleased when she provided her name! They began their courtship while walking on the golf course at night, sipping from one bottle of beer.

John and Mary were married that same year. They had a 62-year marriage, raising five children, until her death in 2004. John had a distinguished engineering career in California. He developed ejection seats for military jets and worked on the Gemini space capsule. During the latter project, he met all of the Mercury astronauts.

John had vivid adventures in Glacier. He helped fight the 1936 Heaven's Peak Forest Fire at Many Glacier. He has shared that experience in the pages of *The Inside Trail*.

At his birthday party, John shared some other hair-raising escapades from 1936. First, he went swimming in Iceberg Lake. Second, he slid down Grinnell Glacier and stopped inches from a crevasse (he dropped a rock into the crevasse, and never heard it reach the bottom!). Finally, he climbed out on a tree limb above a 300-foot drop and *stood on his head!*

I assume that John didn't tell Mary any of those stories until long after their marriage!



# mories



THE MUSICIANS IN THE RESTURANT



MANAGERS - MC DONALDS



MC DONALD LAKE

PASSENGER'S IDENTIFICATION AND RESERVATION COUPON		Conductor's ★ Perch
NOT GOOD FOR PASSAGE TO BE SHOWN TO CONDUCTOR ON REQUEST. IF YOU LEAVE YOUR SEAT PLEASE TAKE THIS WITH YOU.		
IMPORTANT IF YOU CANNOT MAKE TRIP ON TRAIN AND DATE SPECIFIED PLEASE IMMEDIATELY CANCEL RESERVATION.		
TRAIN NAME	WESTERN STAR	
RAILROAD	GREAT NORTHERN	
SEAT	H244 CAR 301 TRAIN NO. 3	
FROM	ST. PAUL, MINN.	
TO	GLACIER PARK, MONT.	
LEAVE	8:45 AM	
VALID ONLY WITH RAILROAD TICKET NO.		
CODE NO. IF ON DIAGRAM	QHG 149	
Form C. R.	GOOD ONLY ON DATE	
Not valid unless stamped by Railroad Ticket Agent and good only on the date indicated herein.		
STAMPED HERE		
Issued by GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY CO.		
Which acts only as agent and is not responsible beyond its own line.		



*By Mary (Bigelow) Connelly (Lake McDonald Lodge 1952-53)*

In 1952, I was taking a summer class at the College of St. Catherine in St. Paul, where I was earning a degree in education. Towards the end of the class my friend, Fran, asked me if I would like to work at Glacier National Park with her for the last half of the summer season.

I don't know what Fran's connection was to the Park, but she got jobs for my sister Ann and me. We did not have to go through the ordinary application process. On July 26, Fran, Ann, and I boarded the train called The Western Star at St. Paul's Great Northern Depot.

Ann and I were assigned to the laundry at Lake McDonald Lodge, while Fran worked at a different hotel. We had never traveled outside of the Twin Cities in Minnesota, so we were very excited about this new adventure.

The laundry was in a separate building away from the lodge. Our job

was to take the sheets that had just been washed and feed them into a series of metal rollers. These rollers were several feet long and about a foot in diameter. They were very hot, and if you touched them you would get burned. We would feed the wet sheets into the rollers, and they would exit dry and pressed.

We had so much fun working in the laundry! It was very hot and steamy,

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*[M]y friend, Fran, asked me if I would like to work at Glacier National Park with her . . . .*

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and the work was hard, but we found ways to make it fun. The people on the other side of the rollers would fold the clean linens. For a laugh, my sister and I would feed the bed sheets into the rollers all scrunched up, just to watch the reaction of the people folding on the other side!

I remember taking cat naps during our morning break. I was so tired because we would stay up late partying some nights. I had no problem sleeping deeply for 10 or 15 minutes on the folding tables in the laundry and then getting back to work.

We spent a lot of our free time exploring Glacier Park. We would often go on long hikes to St. Mary Lake and to Many Glacier, taking the Garden Wall trail. The trails were very narrow in places with a long fall if you stumbled. When we were too tired to hike anymore, we could always get a ride home from the “gearjammers” who drove the Park’s red buses.



My sister and I came back to work at Lake McDonald in 1953 as waitresses. We were all young and trim, because waitressing involved a lot of walking and lifting. The serving trays were huge and carried five plates full of food. We would carry them shoulder high through the dining room on one hand. When we arrived at a table we would swing the tray down to a nearby service table. You were very fit by the time you left that job!

The kitchen was crowded, but the process there was streamlined. I remember a neat contraption that was used to cook eggs for breakfast. It had a series of metal cups that dipped into boiling water to soft-boil or hard-boil the eggs.

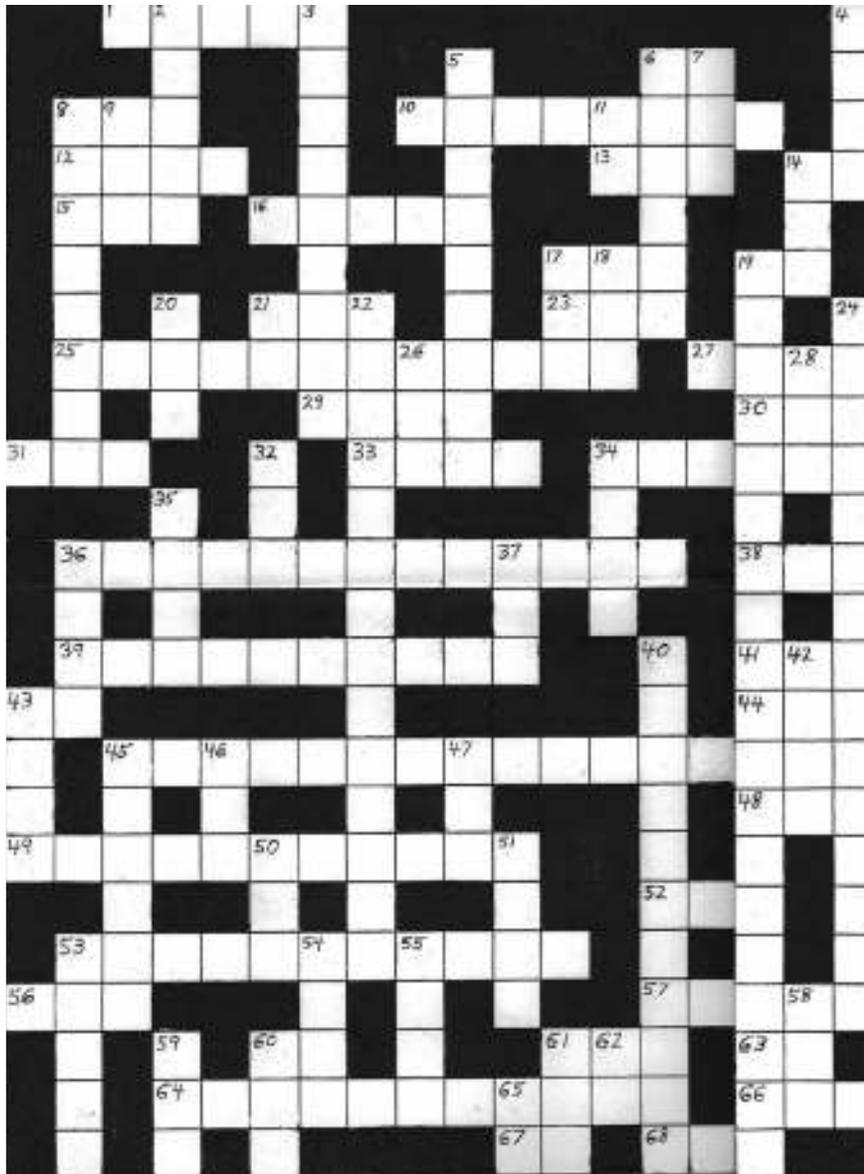
We had a quintet of professional musicians in the dining room for the evening meal. They played classical music with string instruments (piano, violin, bass, cello). It was

beautiful to hear that music as we worked.

One time I served a family with a daughter who was trying to decide where to go for college. They asked me where I went and I told them that I attended St. Catherine’s. I later found out that she decided to go there in part because of our conversation, and we ultimately became friends.

The vivid memories of my time at Glacier show how much the experience meant to me. Prior to working there I had been so wrapped up in my studies that I didn’t have much time for fun. Although the work was hard, there was plenty of time to hike in the Park and spend time with other workers from all over the world. It has been over 60 years since I worked at Glacier, and I still cherish the memories. I can almost smell the air perfumed with the fragrance of the outdoors!





ACROSS

- 1. nickname for hotel on Swiftcurrent Lake
- 8. activity necessary to make the Ptarmigan Tunnel
- 10. last name of "the father of Glacier Park," one taught by Mrs. John James Audubon, George Byrd \_\_\_\_\_
- 12. mountains like the Lewis Range in Russia between Europe and Asia
- 13. special government land consisting of the Lewis Mountains
- 14. Going \_\_\_\_ The Sun Mountain
- 15. the most common mode of transportation of Glacier Park visitors
- 16. Rocky Mountain \_\_\_\_\_ ; often found in herds at Many Glacier and other Glacier valleys
- 17. can come from snow; sometimes called firn
- 19. motivational word for determining to attempt a challenging hike or climb, "Let's \_\_\_\_ !"
- 21. a young grizzly
- 23. what one does when recounting an old story from our past experiences in Glacier
- 25. destination of a short hike east of the road to Many Glacier near Lake Sherburne
- 27. a character trait necessary to hike on the Highline Trail and the Swiftcurrent Pass Trail
- 29. term for a big hike
- 30. mode of transportation used by FDR in touring Glacier Park
- 31. adult female ptarmigan
- 33. mule or white-tail for examples
- 34. Indian name for elk
- 36. commanding prominence just south of U.S. customs building north of Babb

38. name for fish eggs
39. mountain named for a Imazi-imita, a 1879 survivor of the Baker massacre, though crippled for life
41. a variety of broadleaf tree made popular by the old song "The \_\_\_\_\_ Grove"
43. symbol of the state in which Glacier Park, Inc. headquarters was located
44. Smoky The Bear's middle name
45. a large flow of firn that was named by G. B. Grinnell for the local tribe; originally known as "Old Man Ice" by the Kootenais
48. a nocturnal predator fowl
49. the other name for Bosporus; the narrow spot in the Canadian part of Waterton Lake near the Prince of Wales Hotel
52. a piece of information displayed on a G.P.S. that tells the driver when they can expect to pull up to Lake McDonald Lodge
53. beautiful mountain of alternating curves of snow and rock seen best from Granite Park Chalet
56. what one pays for and looks forward to at Lake McDonald Lodge after a strenuous all-day hike
57. what a horse does when it goes faster than a trot
61. the call of a Rocky Mountain Sheep
63. first word in the hymn title "\_\_\_\_\_ The Deer"
64. a high shelf just below Swiftcurrent Pass on the Garden Wall; it has a commanding view of Heavens Peak
66. "\_\_\_\_\_ Eagle Pass"
67. "\_\_\_\_\_ Mary Lake"
68. large hoofed mammal
- DOWN:**
2. village at the south end of Lake McDonald named for Milo B. \_\_\_\_\_ who crossed Marias Pass with a two wheeled cart in 1892
3. Southern port for the launch International, just south of the Canadian border; summer home of a U.S. customs agent
4. alternate name for Governor's Pond; named for Montana Governor \_\_\_\_\_ Aronson, the Galloping Swede
5. name for a body of water in Waterton Nation Park; this body of water is hidden in the mountains, can be reached by passing through a tunnel, and extends to the U.S. border
6. mountain near Many Glacier named for Joseph \_\_\_\_\_ who lived near Lower St. Mary Lake; He was known to the Blackfeet as Red Sore Eyes.
7. a high meadow in glacial mountains; a hanging valley like Shangri-La; or a high pointed mountain; a glacial horn
8. body of water in the plains near Babb
9. what some senior citizens raid in order to pay for their trip to Glacier
11. initials for a pinnacle on Chief Mountain which means "North Soldier"
14. \_\_\_\_\_ Medicine Lake
17. what a hiker can become if he does not use water purification tablets in his canteen
18. stands for "cosine" in geometry; used by government surveyors for triangulation of inaccessible points in mountainous terrain
19. land west of the current Blackfeet Indian Reservation
20. what a mountain climber does just before he "zags" on the way down from the peak
21. symbol for metal for which miners sought
22. towering falls seen from the Going To The Sun Road on The Garden Wall
24. explorer for whom the mountain range in Glacier is named
26. what tourists pay to enter the park
28. a small mammal whose presence is undesirable in and around the lodges and cabins
32. organization that prints The Inside Trail
34. a typical reason for visitors to suddenly choose to travel to Glacier National Park
35. quality of snow necessary for traversing without causing an avalanche
36. a group of Blackfeet Indians banded together by ancestry or birth
37. what one does on a climbers rope before committing oneself to depending on the rope
40. a beautiful body of water up above the former town of Altyn and thousands of feet directly below Mount Siyeh; this body of water is known to have snowbergs that can roll over in the middle of the night
42. Elizabethan English for "show"
43. a large number of girls are hired each year, each one to be a "Many \_\_\_\_\_" at Many Glacier Hotel; they prepare and clean from room to room each day
45. the condition of George Kootenai Brown now in Waterton National Park
46. what we did at Johnson's Cafe
47. a large animal that came into a room in Many Glacier Hotel when I left the door open for a minute
50. one of the 16 points of a compass
51. what tourists used to pay for in the lower level of Many Glacier Hotel during one of their musical dramas
53. \_\_\_\_\_ Runner Mountain
54. typical time visitors congregate for lunch at Many Glacier Hotel's Ptarmigan Dining Room
55. generic term for an aggravating mosquito
56. a compass direction
59. what we now have and lacked much of when we worked in Glacier
60. Mr. Tippet's first name
61. nocturnal flying mammal
62. symbol for Arkansas
65. what one writes at the end of a letter home just before adding one more thought about Glacier National Park

**Key on page 29.**



*By Jill Smith (Eddie's Cafe 1986-88)*

When I was a child, my family vacationed a lot in Glacier National Park. My father was a wheat farmer from the prairies of northwestern Minnesota who loved to go and visit

The summer after 9<sup>th</sup> grade, I decided I wanted to work in the Park when I got older. My family had been dining at Eddie's Cafe in Apgar, and I asked a waitress there how she had gotten her job. She wrote down the owners' address on a little sheet

brought me to my home for the summer. It was a rundown building tucked just behind the cafe and adjacent to their home. I was told that it had been the original post office for Apgar Village.

Some eight to ten girls lived in the dormitory building with a few mice. The Larsons could keep a good eye on us from their home a few feet away. Boys were NOT allowed inside the dormitory, and that was made very clear! The girls had a sign made that hung above the front door – "The Manless Mansion."

It was my first waitress job. The Larsons trained us to their high standards, and mistakes were not an option. The job was hard work, and I hated wearing the checkered yellow, green or orange pinafore outfit. But the money was good (it allowed me to put myself through college). And the views of Lake McDonald out the windows were amazing!

Some of the signature items on the menu at Eddie's Cafe were the "bear paw pie" (Oreo cookie crust, coffee

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*The summer after 9<sup>th</sup> grade, I decided I wanted to work in the Park when I got older. My family had been dining at Eddie's Cafe in Apgar, and I asked a waitress there how she had gotten her job.*

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the mountains. In the last week of June, when the crop was planted and before the harvest, my parents would load four kids into the car for the long drive west on Highway 2.

The Village Inn in Apgar Village was our first stop on the west side. There was always a race to see who could get their swimsuit on first and run into the cold water of Lake McDonald!

of paper and told me to write them when I was ready. I saved that little sheet of paper as if it were a piece of gold! Four summers later, after my freshman year at the University of North Dakota, I was working at Eddie's Cafe as a waitress.

I travelled to the Park that summer by Amtrak with a few bags and my bike. The owners of the cafe, the Larson family, picked me up and

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*he wrote down the owners' address on a little sheet of paper and told me to write them when I was ready.*

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ice cream, caramel fudge, whipped cream) and the homemade apple pie with cinnamon ice cream. The trout dinner was very popular, and we often were asked if it was caught in Lake McDonald (the rangers certainly would have frowned if fishing had been done on that scale!). We had to fillet the trout at the customers' tables, which always impressed them.

The Larsons always hired a nice group of young women. We were a bright cheery group known as the "Eddie's Girls." We had two-and-half days off per week, and for me that was always hiking time.

I remember my first hike, up Mt. Brown with its many switchbacks, in June of 1986. My Nike tennis shoes got my up the 4,305 feet of elevation gain. Two summers later, when

I had my own car, my sister (a new Eddie's girl) and I hiked a lot in the Waterton and Banff, Canada areas. I loved the flexibility the car gave.

A few times over the summer, the Eddie's Girls would get dressed up and head into Kalispell or Bigfork for dinner and a show at the Bigfork

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*The Larsons always hired a nice group of young women. We were a bright cheery group known as the "Eddie's Girls."*

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Playhouse. On the way, we would stop at the many bars along the road. I'll never forget an occasion when we stopped at the Dew Drop Inn. Within a few minutes, we all were rushing out of the bar to escape the aggressive "mountain men." We

couldn't get into the car fast enough, screaming and laughing all the way!

Working at Eddie's and spending three summers in Glacier was one of the best experiences of my life. We worked hard and played hard. The memories of daily bike rides from Apgar to Lake McDonald Lodge, of hiking the many trails in Glacier and Waterton, of making wonderful friendships and of meeting people from all over the world, are priceless and never will be forgotten.

Glacier National Park will always be

my special place. To this day, I continue to hike and bike there with my family and friends. I often said that those summers working in Glacier were the best ones of my life, and after all these years I still agree!



By John Dobbertin (*Glacier Park Lodge 1963-65*)

Three 1960s-era Glacier Park Lodge alums shared memories over a Christmas breakfast in Las Vegas in early December 2014. Jim Duffy ('63-'64-'65), Paul Nordberg ('63-

food and beverages. It had a long counter with 12 stools. The working area was a back-bar arrangement so customers could clearly see how their orders were being prepared.

There was nothing for Jim and Paul to do but start preparing orders!

laundry when we heard a rumor the Glacier Park, Inc. public relations director had been fired for some major infraction of the rules," Dobbertin said. "I walked directly out of the laundry to the office of the company's owner, Don Hummel, in the basement of Glacier Park Lodge. I said to Hummel, 'I have journalism experience and I can do that job.'

"I was 19 and covered in laundry lint from head-to-toe. Hummel must have been amused, but he said: 'The job is yours.'"

Following law school, Jim Duffy moved to Hawaii and practiced law there before becoming a member of the Hawaii Supreme Court. Now retired from that position, Jim finds satisfaction in mediation work. Paul Nordberg was in the U.S. Air Force for many years and is now retired.

John Dobbertin, Jr. began his career in journalism, moved to public rela-

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### *All three GPL alums received major promotions in their first year at the Lodge.*

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'64), and John Dobbertin, Jr. ('62-'63) were joined by their significant others (who found other things to discuss!) at the Las Vegas Orleans.

All three GPL alums received major promotions in their first year at the Lodge. Dobbertin moved from the laundry to become Glacier Park, Incorporated's public relations director, and Duffy and Nordberg moved from washing pots and pans to running the Tipi Room.

"Our move from potwashing to the Tipi Room was sudden," said Duffy. "I'm not certain what became of the Tipi Room staff, but management needed someone in there right away. Paul and I were selected. There was no time for training ... and we had no experience running anything like the Tipi Room."

On the west side of the GPL lobby – now converted to the gift shop – the Tipi Room for several decades served

One of the first orders was for one of the Tipi Room's wonderful milkshakes.

"I took one of the old-fashioned tins used to mix the milkshakes and filled it to the top with the necessary ingredients," Jim said. "Filling the tin to the brim was a mistake. I turned on the blender and splattered everyone in the Tipi Room, including myself." As the summer progressed, Jim and Paul became proficient in

running the Tipi Room to the point of receiving compliments from the management.

Dobbertin's promotion was also abrupt. "I was working in the

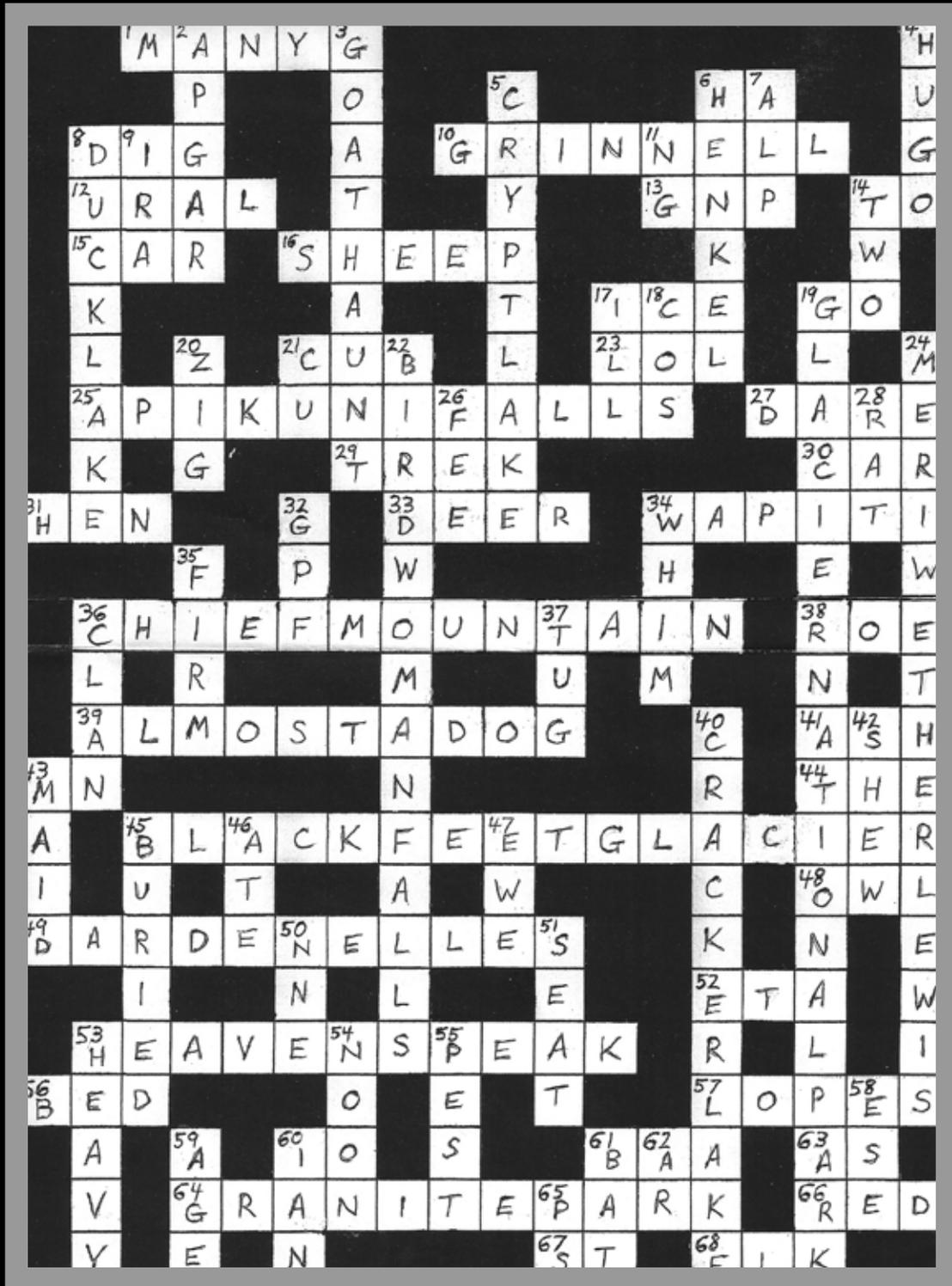
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### *Dobbertin moved from the laundry to become Glacier Park, Inc's public relations director, and Duffy and Nordberg moved from washing pots and pans to running the Tipi Room.*

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tions, and then to trade show and public event management. He now is retired and involved in projects of interest to him, including having organized the 400-person Glacier Park Lodge alumni reunion in 2013.

# Crossword Key



# A Glacier-Themed Beatles Mystery

By Cindy Lou Schobert (*Gearjammer 2006-2010*)

“Hi, Mom! I met the most amazing guy today! His name is Mr. Ian Tippet!”

Our eldest son had finally found a summer job as a Red Bus Driver in July of 2003. His phone calls home revealed his interest in the photographic scenery and diversity of the job. His love of Glacier National Park always bubbled over at some new area that he had found. Then he met Mr. Ian Tippet. His weekly phone call home never failed to give an update on his most recent conversation with the longest-employed worker for GPI.

Chad had found “the perfect summer job” through Cool Works. Without hesitation he had submitted an application. Even though it was already July, Richard Bond was in desperate need of drivers. Since Coeur d’Alene, Idaho is only a 4-hour drive to the western edge of the park, his dad and I agreed to take him over to “begin immediately.”

Chad’s first week was spent in East Glacier training to drive and care for the newly restored Red Buses. At each meal time, he would seat himself near the storytelling Mr. Tippet to hear his latest recollections. He told stories of hiring young college students majoring in MUSIC and the challenges of keeping the guests entertained in the desolate area of Many Glacier, especially on a rainy day! Ian kept the whole table interested and wanting to know more about his career as the manager of the “Showplace of the Rockies.”

Fast-forward: three years later, my freshly-retired husband, Rod, wanted to join our son as a jammer. Then, after crunching the numbers, he declared that I had to have a job as well.

Before long, “Mama Bear, Papa Bear and Baby Bear” were conducting tours in those fabulous red Whites. Mr. Tippet was so pleased to tell us that there had never been a whole family working as drivers – there had been a mother-and-son team not long ago, but never a father-and-son team or three members of the same family.

A curious memory surfaced one day when I was visiting Mr. Tippet in his mailroom office. Glancing about the room, I saw many photographs and newspaper articles about Rear Admiral Sir Anthony Tippet – Ian’s oldest sibling and only brother. Admiral? Royal Navy? Hmm ...

edge of such a thing. I was not a fan of the Beatles’ music.” But, I ran with the story as part of my commentary to passengers aboard my bus whenever the Tippet cottage came into view.

Last summer on XM Radio a new program debuted – “Talk-Talk,” hosted by Lou Simon, long time rock-and-roll DJ and music trivia guru. The audience was asked to call in with questions. After dialing the toll-free number several times, I finally got through to the call screener. He was quite interested in my question, and I was put in the queue for the broadcast. When Lou heard the question he was stumped! “Whenever I don’t know

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*Well, without a definitive answer from either Paul or Ringo, I am going to suggest the possibility and continue telling the story... with only the smallest of caveats.*

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Flashback: when I was attending college, I went to a special showing of the Beatles’ cartoon movie *The Yellow Submarine*. The Peter Max-style artistry and lively, toe-tapping music made the evening fun and enjoyable. During the showing, as the reels were switched (yes, it was that long ago!) the student host/activity director held trivia contests.

One of the trivia questions concerned the title song. In the bridge, various background noises and words can be heard – name them! Chain rattles, dive alerts, bubbling, steam releases, and a voice (John’s, maybe) saying “Tippet! Tippet!” Our host commented that it was a salute to *an admiral* in Her Majesty’s Royal Navy.

Deja vu all over again!! Was Ian’s brother the admiral? I asked Mr. Tippet, who responded: “I have no knowl-

an answer I go to the experts,” he said, “so I will have to call Beatle Bob for this answer. Tune in next week!!!”

The following week, my husband and I listened with rapt attention. My question was the lead story that evening. Beatle Bob said it was an unusual question, but after listening to the record he was sure that the words were “Captain, Captain!” and that it was John doing the speaking. He did state that he had not asked the surviving Beatles for a definitive answer.

“Curses! Foiled again!” was my only thought. It makes for a REALLY interesting and personal story, if that long-ago student’s interpretation were true! Well, without a definitive answer from either Paul or Ringo, I am going to suggest the possibility and continue telling the story... with only the smallest of caveats.

# Inside News of Glacier National Park

## **Many Glacier Centennial; Expanded Employee Music**

Glacier Park's new concessioner, Xanterra, is making plans to celebrate the centennial of Many Glacier Hotel. A centennial ceremony is planned for July 4, the date on which Many Glacier first opened its doors to the visiting public in 1915. Xanterra also is working with the Glacier Park Foundation to host a reunion of former employees the weekend of July 31 to Aug. 2. (See p. 32)

Marc Ducharme, Xanterra's general manager for Glacier, has made commitments to expand employee music at Many Glacier to mark the centennial. The Hootenanny program will be presented two nights a week (Tuesdays and Saturdays) at 9:00 PM in the St. Moritz Room. Additional music may be offered on some Sundays and Mondays as well.

These programs will embody a very significant change of venue, time, and emphasis. In recent years, the Hootenannies were held at 6:00 PM in the lobby on Sundays. This restricted their effectiveness, conflicting with the dinner hour. No other times were available, due to professional entertainment downstairs. This summer, the professional entertainment has been discontinued, with expanded amateur entertainment instead.

Xanterra has hired Emily Trapp Hackethorn to coordinate the Many Glacier music program. Emily revived the historic Hootenannies (a mainstay at the hotel from the '60s to the '80s) in 2007, and has helped lead them through the intervening summers. Xanterra is still hiring for the summer, and Emily encourages former employees who know young musicians to encourage them to apply!

## **Veteran Managers Rejoin Glacier Park, Inc.**

Familiar faces will be rejoining Glacier Park, Inc. (GPI) as managers of two of its gateway facilities on the borders of the Park. Todd Ashcraft will be the location manager for GPI's recently-acquired properties in West Glacier and Apgar. Helen Roberts will be the new location manager at St. Mary.

Ashcraft spent many summers at Lake McDonald Lodge, including the last 11 years as location manager there. He now will oversee 106 rooms of lodging at the Motel Lake McDonald, Apgar Village Lodge & Cabins and the West Glacier Motel. Ashcraft will also oversee the West Glacier Restaurant & Bar; the West Glacier Mercantile; the West Glacier Gift Shop; the West Glacier Gas Station; the Cedar Tree Gift Shop; and staff housing units in Apgar and West Glacier.

Roberts managed Many Glacier Hotel for the past seven seasons. She now will oversee St. Mary Lodge & Resort (116 guest rooms and cabins); the Snowgoose Grill; Curly Bear Café; St. Mary Grocery Store; St. Mary Gift Shop, Trail & Creek Outfitters; and the Loose Moose C-Store & Gas Station.

## **GPI Donates Historic Art to National Park Service**

Glacier Park, Inc. has recently donated 21 pieces of historic artwork to the National Park Service. The art will be displayed in the hotels and motor inns of Glacier National Park. It includes 21 paintings which have been on display at Lake McDonald Lodge, Many Glacier

Hotel, Rising Sun Motor Inn and the Two Medicine Campstore. The artists include John Fery, Frank Stick, Reinhold Palenske, and Charles Defeo.

The pieces, originally were owned or commissioned by the Great Northern Railway, depict iconic scenes of Glacier Park. All are believed to have been created between 1909 and 1915.

"We greatly appreciate the willingness of the National Park Service to ensure that the original paintings be displayed in the lodges and properties within Glacier National Park, as they were intended when the Hill Family of the Great Northern Railway commissioned the paintings in the early 1900s. We are pleased that these beautiful images of the park's history will continue to be enjoyed by many more generations," said Glacier Park, Inc. Vice President and General Manager Ron Cadrette.

"We are thrilled to receive this wonderful gift from Glacier Park, Inc.," said Glacier National Park Superintendent Jeff Mow. "These paintings help tell the story of the early tourist accommodations in the park and the connection the railroad had in promoting this area to the nation."

## **Park Facilities Renovated**

Extensive renovations at Swiftcurrent Motor Inn and the Village Inn will be completed for the 2015 season. The rooms there will appear brand new. Xanterra also is completely renovating the Two Medicine Campstore, which will offer a more robust food and beverage service.

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*Xanterra has hired Emily Trapp Hackethorn to coordinate the Many Glacier music program.*

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# Many Glacier Celebrates its Centennial

In the year 1915, Babe Ruth hit his first home run for the Boston Red Sox, Alexander Graham Bell made the first transcontinental telephone call, the liner *Lusitania* was sunk by a German submarine, and hundreds of thousands of soldiers died in the terrible trench warfare of World War I. On July 4, Many Glacier Hotel first opened its doors to the visiting public.

Many Glacier's centennial will be observed with many events this summer. Centennial themes will be incorporated in ranger talks, tours, and photographic displays by the National Park Service. Xanterra, which presently manages the hotel, plans a much-expanded program of amateur employee music involving centennial themes.

A formal centennial celebration and rededication event will be held on the Fourth of July. Speakers there will include Jeff Mow, the superintendent of Glacier Park; Marc Ducharme, the general manager for Xanterra; Mark Priess, executive director of the philanthropic Glacier National Park Conservancy; and

Ray Djuff, historian and member of the Glacier Park Foundation's Board of Directors.

Finally, a Many Glacier alumni reunion will be held on the weekend of July 31 to August 2. Hundreds of people will attend, including former employees from the 1950s to the 2010s.

The reunion will be anchored by two major musical programs in the lobby – a Centennial Hootenanny (folk music and bluegrass) on Friday night and a Centennial Serenade (mostly classical music and show tunes) on Sunday night. Those programs will celebrate the great musical tradition of the hotel, especially under Ian Tippet's management from the 1960s to the 1980s. The Hootenanny is being organized by Tessie Bundick and the Serenade by Carol Repulski Dahle.

On Saturday, August 1, there will be several history programs. The principal speakers will include historians Bundick and Djuff of the Glacier Park Foundation and Diane Steele Sine of the National Park Service. Other programs may include a panel discussion

by employees of the Great Northern era (pre-1960s), a panel discussion on the musical tradition, and a session on Ray Kinley, the great storyteller who worked at Many Glacier for more than 50 years.

Saturday evening will include a community picnic dinner on the grounds of Johnson's restaurant at St. Mary. Potential activities that evening also include boat cruises on St. Mary Lake and an alumni photo show at the hotel.

Alumni who haven't yet registered for the reunion should contact Corie Jones at [cjmath@gmail.com](mailto:cjmath@gmail.com), or by mail at 5325 Black Lake Blvd. SW, Olympia, WA 98512, or by phone at 360-753-9612. Reunion participants must make individual rooming reservations. Rooms at the hotel and at Swiftcurrent Motor Inn are sold out, but rooms may be available at St. Mary Lodge (call Glacier Park, Inc. reservations at 406-892-2525), Johnson's of St. Mary (406-732-4207), or Thronson's of Babb (406-732-5530).

## JOIN THE GLACIER PARK FOUNDATION

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

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

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

*(Panorama  
by Christine  
Baker)*

