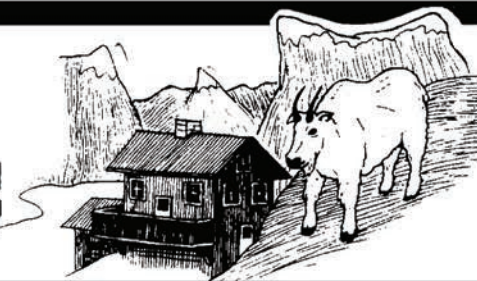
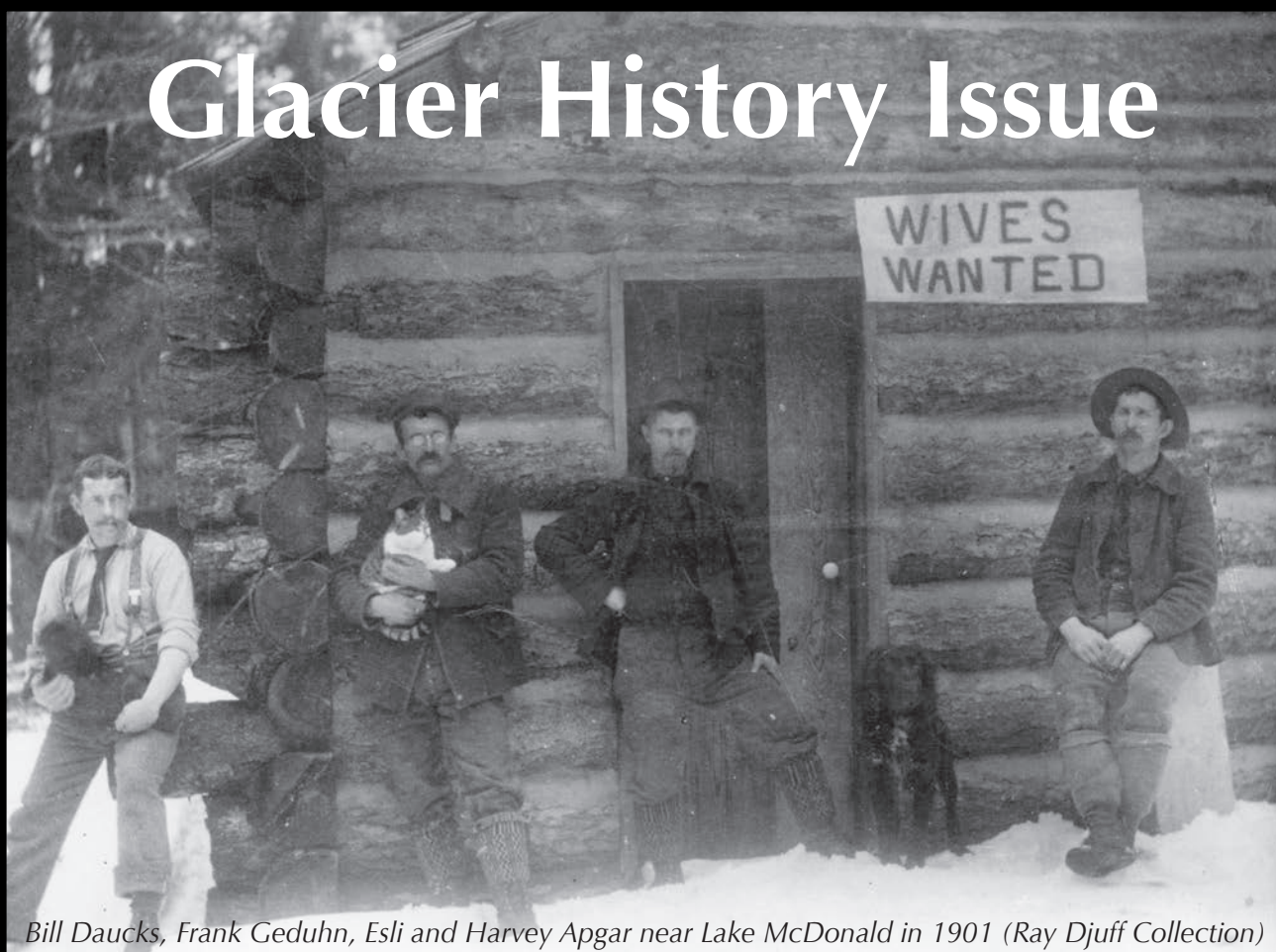


# THE INSIDE TRAIL



Voice of the Glacier Park Foundation  Fall 2016  Volume XXXI, No. 2

## Glacier History Issue



Bill Daucks, Frank Geduhn, Esli and Harvey Apgar near Lake McDonald in 1901 (Ray Djuff Collection)

*In this issue:*

- *Ranger Tales: An Anthology* • *A Rescue on Mount Siyeh*
- *"Death on the Trail" Reynolds* • *The Capture of Joe Cosley* • *A Holdup at Glacier Park Lodge* • *The Night of the Grizzlies*
- *E.J. Evensta, Builder of Many Glacier* • *Mr. Tippet's Buffet* • *Jack the Germ* • *Bearing Fools Gladly* • *Dancing on the Tables: A Lake McDonald Reunion* • *Employee Life in the '40s* • *A Gearjammer Revue in 1950* • *GPF's History Project* • *Inside News of the Summer of 2016*

# An Ongoing Celebration of Glacier Park History

The Glacier Park Foundation was inspired by two great personalities, both of whom spent more than five decades in Glacier Park. One was Ian Tippet, who hired thousands of young employees and instilled them with a powerful sense of community. The other was Ray Kinley, a storyteller to the generations.

Ray imbued the imaginations of employees with his tales of old days in the Park – the fires and the floods, the escapades and the endeavors, and the endless array of colorful person-

alities. Glacier's lodges and trails took on an air of romance and high adventure from the stories that Ray supplied. Every staircase had a suggestion of Camelot, every busload of tourists seemed to have stepped out of a Dickens novel, and every hike in the backcountry felt like a foray into Middle Earth.

Since its inception, the Glacier Park Foundation has sought to foster that vivid historical sense. We've sought to use picturesque storytelling to transmit the history of the Park. We've

tried to convey the wonderful color of personalities that renders Glacier (and every other tightly-bonded community) so intriguing and so precious.

In the past few years, we've enjoyed a parade of centennials to help us focus our work as Park historians. *The Inside Trail* covered Glacier's centennial in 2010 and the subsequent centennials of five lodges. The Glacier Park Foundation helped to organize reunions at several locations. We published *Glacier from the Inside Out*, a wonderful anthology of stories still available on Amazon. We supplied many tales for *One Hundred Years, One Hundred Stories*, Glacier's official centennial anthology.

This issue embodies our long focus on the history of the Park. We honor this year's centennial of the National Park Service with "Ranger Tales," an anthology of stories. We cover our project to develop historical handbooks for employees at all the lodges around the Park. And we offer many other vivid features. We hope you'll enjoy this issue. And thanks to all our members for helping to transmit the legacy of Glacier Park!

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Glacier Park Foundation  
P.O. Box 15641  
Minneapolis, MN 55415  
[www.glacierparkfoundation.org](http://www.glacierparkfoundation.org)  
[info@glacierfoundation.org](mailto:info@glacierfoundation.org)

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

*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.*

# RANGER TALES

## *An Anthology of Park Service Stories*



*(Albert Reynolds, National Park Service photo.)*

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*This year, 2016, is the centennial of the National Park Service. To mark the anniversary, we offer this anthology of ranger tales from Glacier National Park. . . . They capture the color and variety of human experience in Glacier, as well as the enormous challenge of managing this complex National Park.*

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

### **A Rescue on Mt. Siyeh**

One of the most heroic episodes in the history of Glacier was a rescue on the north face of Mt. Siyeh. That face is a nearly sheer cliff of about 3,500 feet above Siyeh Glacier and the Cracker Lake basin. In 1997, a reckless adventurer “base jumped” off the peak, deploying a parachute as he fell. The chute snagged an outcrop of rock and left him dangling helplessly on the cliff 400 feet below the summit.

The man’s companions called for

help on a portable telephone. A Park Service rescue team helicoptered to Mt. Siyeh. They set a belay position on the peak with hundreds of feet of rope. Ranger Charlie Logan rappelled down the fearsome cliff to rescue the helpless man. The deed was daring and courageous, with perils of falling rock and of sharp projections that might have severed the rope.

The rescued man pleaded guilty to violating federal law, since base jumping is forbidden in the park. He was fined \$9,000 to cover the cost of the rescue, placed on probation and temporarily banned from the Park. (This example failed to deter another

man from base jumping off Mt. Siyeh and dying there in 2014.)

The rescue epitomizes the best traditions of the National Park Service. Charlie Logan had an illustrious career, including many other rescues, responses to grizzly bear attacks, and the capture of a sniper who fired at cars on Going-to-the-Sun Road. The *Hungry Horse News* quoted Logan as saying that rangers are called upon to “protect the park from people, the people from the park, and the people from the people.”

### **The First Rangers**

If ever foxes were hired to guard a hen house, it was some of the original rangers hired for Glacier Park. Joe Cosley and Dan Doody had been avid trappers before the Park was founded, and they were notorious poachers afterward.

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*If ever foxes were hired to guard a hen house, it was some of the original rangers hired for Glacier Park.*

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Josephine Doody

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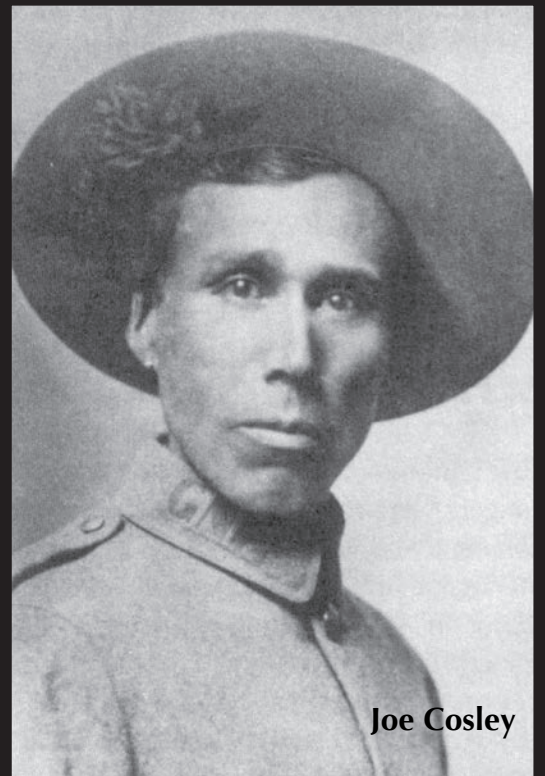
*“The Doodys had three stills on their ranch, and their booze became so popular that railway men would stop trains at Doody Siding and blow the whistle to number the quarts they wanted.”*

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*Joe Cosley named lakes in Glacier after his lady friends [likely including Bertha, Lois, Elizabeth and Helen].*

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Joe Cosley

Glacier had rangers six years before the National Park Service was organized. Congress and President Taft created Glacier Park in 1910. Major William Logan was appointed as its initial Superintendent. Logan hired six rangers, including Cosley and Doody, and assigned each man to patrol a large sector of the Park's border.

Doody had the Nyack area, where he maintained a homestead. Jack Holterman's *Place Names of Glacier National Park* relates of Dan and his formidable wife Josephine: “The Doodys had three stills on their ranch, and their booze became so popular that railway men would stop trains at Doody Siding and blow the whistle to number the quarts they wanted. Josephine would row her merchandise across [the Middle Fork of the Flathead River] to the siding and sometimes have the railway men to dinner. ... Dan did not remain a park ranger for long. He was more interested in his mine and poaching

and even led poaching expeditions into the park.”

Joe Cosley had the Belly River area (where he apparently named Cosley Lake and Cosley Ridge after himself). He was a flamboyant personality. Holterman relates: “He named lakes in Glacier after his lady friends [likely including Bertha, Lois, Elizabeth and Helen] and carved arrows through hearts on a trail of trees. ... Tall and good-looking, he sported mustachios and a goatee, a red voyageur's sash and earrings, and the fanciest clothes his trapper's skins would buy.”

Their images are picturesque, but the life of the early rangers was hard and arduous. David Robinson states, in *Through the Years in Glacier National Park* (1960): “The ranger force during those early days was a rugged, hard-bitten outfit. Each foot of the

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park boundary was assigned to one particular man and he was responsible for the patrolling of it, winter and summer, often operating from small, crude cabins that would make the present-day patrol cabins seem like mansions. These men travelled their beat alone, and many are the tales of accidents, even deaths, resulting from these lone patrols through the mountains in the dead of winter. One ranger froze to death on the trail between cabins on the eastern side of the park; another was buried in a snowslide for twenty-four hours, yet managed to dig himself out and work his way back to the station; still another slid down a snow bank and broke his hip, which resulted in a grueling twoday trip back to his cabin, unaided. Such were the odds against these men, yet they liked the work and would have no other.”

#### **“Death on the Trail”**

Albert “Death on the Trail” Reynolds was one of the early rangers. Originally he served as a ranger with the

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*Reynolds looked like an Old Testament prophet, with a great snowy beard. His photographs give him a feeble appearance, but he had phenomenal energy. His nickname came from his vigor as a hiker. He disdained horses in an era when almost everybody rode, and covered great distances on the trail.*

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Forest Service (which had jurisdiction over the area before the Park was formed). He was not among the first six rangers appointed for Glacier Park, but was hired when the ranger force was expanded to sixteen men in 1912.

Reynolds looked like an Old Testament prophet, with a great snowy beard. His photographs give him a feeble appearance, but he had phenomenal energy. His nickname came from his vigor as a hiker. He disdained horses in an era when almost everybody rode, and covered great distances on the trail.

Reynolds worked in the McDonald Valley as a Forest Service ranger. In 1905, he and one other man constructed a 180-foot bridge across McDonald Creek, which was sturdy enough for loaded wagons. He also cleared many miles of trail. He invited hikers to make themselves at home in his cabin on Lake McDonald ("the latch string hangs on the outside of the door; eat all you want but don't carry away any more than you can lift; and don't leave any fire burning in the stove").

After being hired by the Park, Reynolds was assigned the Waterton Valley. He lived in a cabin at Camp Creek, about two miles south of Goat Haunt at the head of Waterton Lake. He formed a close friendship with John "Kootenai" Brown, the legendary Canadian who was Superintendent of Waterton National Park. He often walked some seven-

teen miles to visit Brown, with whom he developed the idea of an International Peace Park.

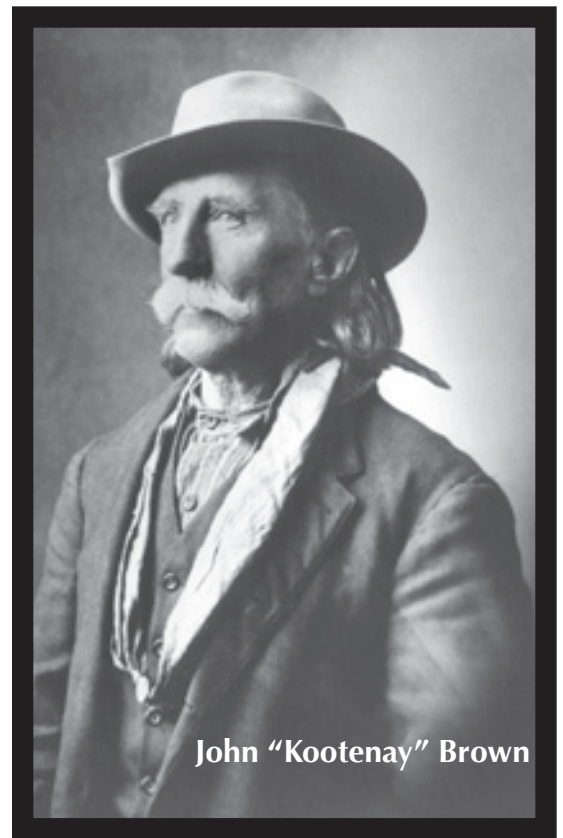
Reynolds' primary duty was to patrol a broad sector of Glacier's boundary, keeping watch for poachers, forest fires and other threats to the Park. In late 1912, the superintendent ordered an arbitrary increase in the mileage of these patrols, in subzero cold and deep snow. Reynolds, hobbled by frostbite, said that his assignment was "a Patrol no man can make."

One day that winter, Reynolds snowshoed down the Waterton Valley to visit Kootenai Brown. He arrived at Brown's cabin half-frozen and ill. Brown tended him all night and then transported him to Pincher Creek, Alberta. He died there on in February 1913, at the age of 65, fulfilling the augury of his nickname.

### **Elrod and Ruhle**

Naturalist programs were established in Glacier during the 1920s under the leadership of Dr. Morton Elrod and later Dr. George Ruhle. These men are justly renowned among the leading figures in the history of the Park.

Dr. Elrod, a professor at the University of Montana, established a program of free guided nature walks in the Park in 1922. In subsequent summers, he and some colleagues also gave evening talks with slides as well at Many Glacier Hotel, the Lewis



John "Kootenai" Brown

Hotel (now Lake McDonald Lodge) and Going-to-the-Sun Chalets.

Elrod wrote a famous handbook for Glacier, which became known as *Elrod's Guide*. His memory still is preserved through Elrod's Rock, a huge boulder at the side of the trail approaching Grinnell Glacier. (In Elrod's day, the rock was at the edge of the glacier, but the dramatic loss of ice now leaves it about half a mile away, across a stony moraine and a broad meltwater pond.)

In 1929, Ruhle was named as Glacier's first permanent naturalist. He established evening programs in the campgrounds to supplement those in the hotels. Ruhle was a robust outdoorsman, who soon became intimately familiar with Glacier's hundreds of miles of trail. The Glacier Park Transport Company enlisted him to write its famous Drivers Manual, which grew to some 350 pages.

Ruhle served in the Navy during World War Two. Returning to the

Park Service, he was asked by its Director to write a Guide to Glacier National Park, which was published in 1949. Ruhle then went to serve in Crater Lake National Park and in Hawaii. In 1969, he returned to Glacier and spent three years traveling all its trails in order to update the book.

Ruhle's revised *Roads and Trails of Glacier National Park* (1972) is a classic work of Glacier lore. It abounds with vivid descriptions of the landscape, wildlife, vegetation, history, and all sorts of Ruhle's personal reminiscences of the Park. For example, he tells how a capriciously windy lake in the Cut Bank Valley at first was called the Lake of Seven Winds. Then, topographers "gave the name Jonas (sic) Bowl to this little gem, because personnel at Two Medicine had labelled it a Jonah for fishermen." (Ruhle convinced them to change the name back again.)

A bowdlerized version of *Roads and Trails* still is in use in Glacier Park. It is advertised as "the Ruhle Guide," but much of the personal color has been taken out of the current edition.

### **The Capture of Joe Cosley**

One of Glacier's most famous tales involves Joe Cosley's capture for poaching. Cosley enlisted in the Canadian Army and served with distinction during World War One. Then he returned to the Glacier area, working as a guide on the Canadian side of the border and poaching game on the American side. For years, the rangers kept watch for Cosley, but his woodcraft eluded them.

In May 1929, a young ranger named Joe Heimes found Cosley's camp, replete with mink and beaver hides. Cosley resisted arrest but Heimes subdued him, banging his head on a tree.

Heimes now had to transport his prisoner around the Park to Belton (and Going-to-the-Sun Road was not yet complete). The easiest route would have been through Canada, to Cardston and then into the United States to board a westbound railway train. But when Heimes called the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, he was told: "The minute he steps over the line he's a free man."

Heimes and another ranger therefore were compelled to put Cosley on snowshoes and take him over Gable Pass to Babb. They transported him by car and rail to Belton, where he pled guilty and was fined \$100 and given a suspended jail sentence.

Cosley had friends on the west side of Glacier, who promptly came to his assistance. They paid his fine, drove him to Avalanche Creek (at which point the road was blocked by snow), and gave him a pair of snowshoes. Cosley then raced off northward up the valley. Belatedly, someone warned the Park Service that he was headed to the Belly River to retrieve his cache of furs.

Joe Heimes and another ranger took the first train eastward, drove as fast as they could from East Glacier Park to the Belly River, and hustled to the poacher's camp. Cosley had gotten there before them, retrieved his cache of furs, and escaped. Warren Hanna observes, in *Montana's Many-Splendored Glacierland*: "He had snowshoed from above Lake McDonald over dangerous Ahem Pass to the Belly River at the age of 59 in less than 20 hours, a feat at any age."

### **A Hard Choice at Granite Park**

Anyone who has read Jack Olson's *Night of the Grizzlies* will recall the fateful decision which confronted a Park Service naturalist on August 12, 1967. The naturalist had guided

a party of hikers along the Highline Trail from Logan Pass to Granite Park Chalet. She and most of the hikers stayed overnight, and observed the spectacle of grizzlies feeding on garbage from the chalet.

Shortly after midnight, a bear attacked two Glacier Park Lodge employees, Julie Helgeson and Ray Ducat, in the campground near the chalet. Their screams were heard by a chalet guest. Amid much confusion, a rescue party of about a dozen people went from the chalet to the campground with flashlights and a fire tub — a metal tub filled with flaming scrap wood — to ward off the bear.

At the trail cabin near the campground, they found three able-bodied people tending the badly wounded Ray Ducat. Ducat implored them to "find the girl," whom the bear had dragged away. There were two doctors in the party. They bound Ducat's wounds, and one doctor returned to the chalet with several stretcher bearers, carrying the wounded boy.

Now perhaps ten people were left with the naturalist and the fire tub near the campground, a few hundred yards from the chalet. The naturalist had a two-way radio, and after agonizing difficulties contacted a ranger at Park Headquarters. The second doctor ordered medical supplies, including blood transfusion equipment. The officer told them that help was on the way.

Then an intense debate took place. The doctor and a priest in the party urged that they make an immediate search for Julie. The naturalist disagreed and ordered that everyone return to the chalet and wait for armed rangers to arrive. She said that there was no point in risking other lives when help was on the way. The chalet manager supported her, pointing out that their flashlights were dimming.

The party returned to the chalet where the doctors stabilized Ray Ducat. The priest and one of the doctors again argued urgently to search for the girl. They organized a party of volunteers, but the naturalist and the manager forbade it.

A helicopter arrived with an armed ranger wearing a headlamp. He led a party of about 15 people, with flashlights and the fire tub, to the campground, two hours after the attack.

Searching nearby, they found Julie Helgeson, near death but still able to speak. They carried her to the chalet, where the doctors desperately tried to transfuse and save her. She died there within about half an hour.

In retrospect, most of us likely would say that the naturalist made the wrong decision. Julie Helgeson might have lived if a search had been promptly carried out with the fire tub and courageous volunteers. But it's easy to make that judgment in hindsight, with the book in hand, rather than in the menacing darkness at Granite Park. The episode epitomizes the battlefield uncertainties, the deadly risks, and the grim responsibilities that often attend Park Service decisions.

### **A Wild West Adventure**

In 1985, the Park Service had to respond to jaw-droppingly audacious and lawless behavior. A couple of cowboys decided to tour the North Circle Trail on horseback, with pack horses, firearms and dogs. They camped without permits in unauthorized places, built campfires, and chopped down trees.

The cowboys were travelling northward on the Highline Trail at the Ahern Drift when a pack horse stumbled and broke a leg. They shot the horse and left its body on the trail -- a magnet for grizzly bears.

Distant hikers observed this episode and notified the Park Service.

Rangers dealt with the dead horse by vaporizing it with dynamite. Then they laid plans to capture the cowboys, who had turned eastward over Stoney Indian Pass down the Mokowanis trail to the Belly River. They evidently meant to leave the Park through the trailhead at Chief Mountain Customs.

The rangers planned to arrest the cowboys at Three Mile Campground. One ranger was stationed up the trail from the ambush site. He was equipped with a two-way radio, and was to notify the others when the cowboys passed him.

The ranger was disguised as a tourist, in Bermuda shorts, an unearthly yellow shirt, and a broadbrimmed hat, with a huge camera strapped around his neck. (The radio was out of sight.) When the cowboys rode by, he hailed them cheerily and said with a gawking smile, "Wow! Are those real guns?"

When the cowboys arrived at Three Mile Campground, they were confronted by several armed rangers. They meekly submitted to arrest. They still were agog at their previous encounter, and inquired, "Who was that tourist?!"

### **Jack the Germ**

Park Service personnel give orientation talks to the employees of the park concessioners each summer. The talks cover safety, public health in the visitor facilities, and laws and regulations.

In the early 1970s, the Park Service took an ill-considered approach to the public health aspects of the talk. A concessions officer showed a filmstrip which would have been suitable for a grade school. The filmstrip featured a scowling cartoon bacterium called "Jack the Germ."

It explained how Jack could infiltrate food preparation areas through improper hygiene.

Employees naturally disliked being patronized, and took a derisive attitude to the filmstrip. That attitude regrettably extended to the concessions officer himself, whom the employees dubbed "Jack the Germ."

The officer had the thankless task in enforcing regulations in the archaic kitchens and snack counters of the hotels. The refrigerators, stoves, and other equipment were obsolete, and it sometimes was impossible to satisfy the letter of the rules. Inspections tended to leave the chefs, the employees, and the officer alike all feeling frustrated and harassed. Throughout the season, when the officer came to inspect, the employees would warn each other: "Jack the Germ is here."

### **Interacting with an Amazing Public**

Every Park Service veteran has some amazing tourist stories to tell. Here's a classic from Laura Shearin, who worked as a seasonal ranger in the Many Glacier valley in the 1990s:

"One day, while I was relaxing with my lunch at Iceberg Lake, a group of hikers approached carrying fishing poles. After polite greetings, I broke the news: there are no fish in Iceberg Lake, except for the fur bearing trout pictured on local postcards next to the Jackalope and other mythical creatures.

"The fishermen replied, 'We know that. But we're from Minnesota.'

"Seeing my dazed expression, they continued: 'If we tell folks back home we hiked five miles to see a lake full of ice, they'll think we were crazy. But if we tell them we hiked five miles to fish and didn't catch anything -- well, that's normal.'

# A GPF History Project

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

Imagine that you're a new employee at one of the historic lodges in Glacier National Park or at Canada's historic Prince of Wales Hotel. A guest inquires about the origins of the hotel, or points out some unusual feature in the lobby (say the wooden Indian at Glacier Park Lodge or the pictographs in the fireplace at Lake McDonald). Could you provide an articulate answer?

a brief history, Art and Architecture, Personalities, Stories, and a timeline of events at the lodge.

Next spring, GPF will add handbooks and orientation talks for the staffs at Many Glacier Hotel and Lake McDonald Lodge. In future years, we hope to add programs and handbooks for Rising Sun, Swiftcurrent, and St. Mary Lodge.

The handbooks for Glacier Park Lodge and the Prince of Wales are posted on GPF's website, [www.glacierparkfoun-](http://www.glacierparkfoundation.org)

ties – the deaf-mute woodcarver John Clarke, the German artists Winold and Hans Reiss, the Blackfeet notable Two Guns White Calf (who greeted guests at the lodge for decades, travelled widely with the Great Northern, was incorrectly lauded as the model for the buffalo nickel, and posed for the wooden statue in the lobby).

Other personalities featured in the handbook include the legendary, cantankerous chief engineer Cy Stevenson and Arizona businessman Don Hummel, who saved the hotels from closing down and managed them for two tumultuous decades. One story features Stevenson telephoning Hummel in the middle of the night and snapping, "Hummel, you're out of business! They just blew up the power plant!" (The boiler room had indeed been blown up by a blundering worker, but through dogged and desperate effort the lodge was kept open.)

The handbook abounds with anecdotes and colorful stories. In 1929, for example, the Great Northern sponsored a national radio show ("Empire Builders," on the NBC network) to promote Glacier National Park. But constant vigilance was required to correct the ignorance of New York scriptwriters, who referred to "Glacier Mountain Park" and the "Big Tree Inn" (which was characterized as a "tavern" – in the midst of Prohibition!)

Other stories involve the Gibson-Dempsey heavyweight title fight of 1923 (Tommy Gibbons was the first guest of the season at Glacier Park Lodge); the Hebgen Lake Earthquake of 1959 (which rocked the lodge, 400 miles away); the Night of the Grizzlies in 1967; and the ceremonies to wel-

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The Glacier Park Foundation (GPF) decided a year ago to create a historical orientation program for employees at each of the hotels. The general managers of the two hospitality companies (Ron Cadrette of Glacier Park, Inc. and Marc Ducharme of Xanterra's Glacier National Park Lodges) kindly gave this plan their approval.

In June 2016, GPF director Ray Djuff gave orientation talks to the staffs at Glacier Park Lodge and the Prince of Wales. Djuff is coauthor with Chris Morrison of *View With a Room*, the definitive history of the Glacier/Waterton lodges. He also wrote *High on a Windy Hill* (a history of the Prince of Wales) and *Glacier/Waterton in a Snap* (a collection of anecdotes) and edited GPF's anthology *Glacier From the Inside Out*.

In conjunction with these talks, GPF provided the employees a detailed handbook of the history of each lodge. The handbooks are about 20 pages long, and contain five sections:

[dation.org](http://www.glacierparkfoundation.org). A few points of interest are as follows.

## **History of Glacier Park Lodge**

The Glacier Park Lodge handbook stresses the lodge's ties to three entities – the Great Northern Railway, Glacier Park, and the Blackfeet tribe. The man who wove together those elements was Louis Hill, the Great Northern's president in Glacier's formative years and a friend and promoter of the Blackfeet.

The handbook speaks of Hill as "garrulous, dynamic, and creative, full of ideas for promoting the railway and Glacier Park." It tells how he micromanaged the lodge's design and "bombarded the architect with books about Swiss architecture." It recalls Hill's famous feuds with the Park Service ("He issued a volcanic protest when a new superintendent absurdly suggested spending one-sixth of Glacier's annual budget to plant trees on barren Mt. Henry").

The handbook describes several other colorful and prominent personali-



# E.G. Evensta, Contractor

## *Building a Legacy in Swiftcurrent Valley*

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*One of his (Contractor E.G. Evensta's) employers was the far reaching Great Northern Railway Company of St. Paul .... The GNR hired Evensta and Co., to construct a huge hotel in 1912-13, near the entrance to this beautiful vacation land.*

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*E.G. Evensta and his wife Carrie.*

*By Tessie Bundick (Many Glacier  
1972-73, 76-80)*

Edwin G. Evensta was born in Norway in 1862. He migrated to the United States in 1889 and ended up in Minnesota. He lost very little in this midwestern state, engaging in his chosen profession – the building trade. As early as 1892, he was already a partner in the firm of Lindstrom and Evensta Building Contractors, located at 2309 Washington Ave N. in Minneapolis. By 1898, Evensta was associated in the

business with Charles E. Hagstrom, with two offices at 606 3<sup>rd</sup> Ave N. and 1514 Emerson Ave N. He hooked up with a new partner, Ole C. Evenson and in 1910 was head of the firm E.G. Evensta and Company. All of these headquarters were in Minneapolis and there are extant houses in the northern part of the city that were built by this company.

One of his major employers was the far reaching Great Northern Railway Company of St. Paul. Louis Warren Hill, chairman of the board by

1912 and son of the famous founder, James J. Hill, was instrumental in gaining national park status, in 1910, for the magnificent Rocky Mountain paradise in the northwestern corner of Montana, named Glacier National Park. His railroad ran just under the border of this new playground and he wished to exploit this. Thusly, the GNR hired Evensta and Co., to construct a huge hotel in 1912-13, near the entrance to this beautiful vacation land.

Wasting no time, Hill planned another great inn, as tourist demand was growing. This even larger hostel would be deep in the interior of the park in the McDermott Lake area (later called Swiftcurrent Valley). Hill wanted to use Evensta again, who by this time was located at 2135 California St N.E. in Minneapolis. Perhaps one of the reasons was that Evensta did have a reputation of employing old country Norwegian mechanics who were great on log work.

bridge at McDermott Falls as supplies could not be transported in without this means. The crew occupied one of the tourist chalets (a chalet colony had already been built in 1911). After July 12<sup>th</sup>, however, the company had to abandon the chalet and set up their own camp, as the vacationers were coming for the summer. These seasonal visitors, by the way, received a front row view of the raising of the magnificent new hotel and outbuildings.

dry kiln and planer. The June 11, 1914, progress report noted that the sawmill was complete except for the planer. Cut logs were taken from the lakes where Brown had floated them and the wood started to be sawed.

The first board was sawed on May 28<sup>th</sup>. A 300 foot strip was cleared around the mill for fire protection. Evensta's crew was responsible for seeing that the timber was cut and dried and planed, ready for construction. Mr. Hill was very pleased to be using the local lumber, as it was certainly convenient, looked better than oak and kept the costs down.

The actual site for the new hotel was staked out, the trees cut down and by September 15, 1914, 95% of the stumps had been blasted out. The location was chosen by Hill because it afforded unmatched scenic views across the lake, but also because there was little danger of devastating snow slides. There seemed to be some delay with getting the blasting powder to the area and Mr. Hill complained that Evensta was not ordering some equipment swiftly enough to get the job done. Even so, before all of the stumps had been blasted, Evensta had started to excavate the guest

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*Wasting no time, Hill planned another great inn, as tourist demand was growing. This even larger hostel would be deep in the interior of the park in the McDermott Lake area (later called Swiftcurrent Valley).*

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This most recent undertaking would be even more difficult to construct, as the McDermott Valley was very isolated and the roads were not that good. Undaunted, Evensta and his crew left Browning, Montana, on April 15, 1914 for Camp # 8 (the working name for the valley). A permit to cut 1 million feet of timber had been obtained from the government and Evensta had contracted James Brown of Blackfoot, Montana, to do this work. Brown and men were already at the site and had cut 300,000 feet.

Work did not begin on the hotel proper right away, as the helps' dormitory had to be started, plus other projects needed to be gotten under way, such as the building around the sawmill, an ice house, storehouses, a road from the mill to the hotel and so on. The extremely heavy sawmill had been hauled to the site from

There were all sorts of restrictions concerning the logging, such as, no timber could be cut within 200 feet of a watercourse or any road or traveled trail and a suitable method of burning sawdust and waste had to be submitted.

Evensta and his fifteen crewmen immediately set to work to build a

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*Many Glacier Hotel was erected to a large extent, during a Montana winter. There was a story about Evensta that stated that he did not allow anyone on his crew to wear gloves while they worked. It is a little hard to believe this, but it does demonstrate that he expected fine labor from his crew.*

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Browning and arrived on December 3, 1913. It was skidded across the frozen lake and set up. On March 14, the boiler arrived and later the

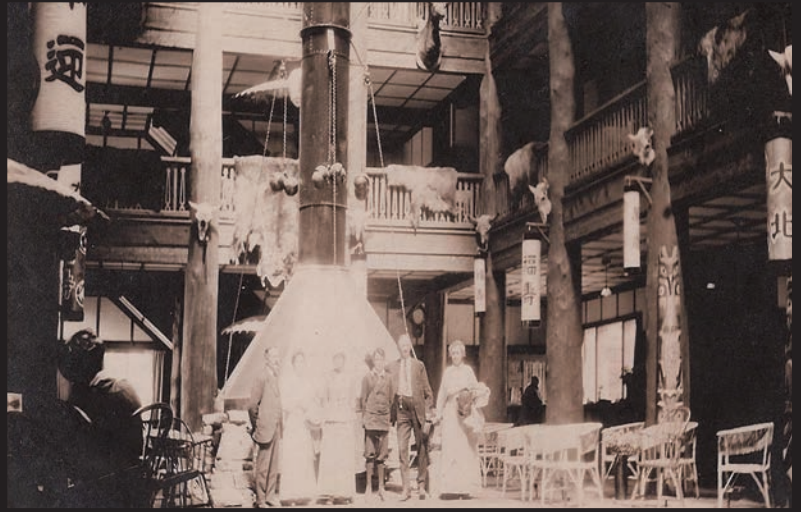
rooms (then called the dormitory) and lobby part of the hotel by September 4<sup>th</sup>. On this date, there were ten loads of lumber on site.

The construction crew varied from week to week. On June 13, Evensta had thirteen men, eleven from the work site at Glacier Park Lodge. By October 24<sup>th</sup>, he averaged seventy one men. They actually built fairly quickly, but there were days when the weather was so bad, that they had to slow down. After all, Many Glacier Hotel was erected to a large extent, during a Montana winter. There was a story about Evensta that stated that he did not allow anyone on his crew to wear gloves while they worked. It is a little hard to believe this, but it does demonstrate that he expected fine labor from his crew.

Some of the titles given to his roster of workers were foremen, carpenters, handymen, laborers, millwright, sawyers, engineers, setters, stonemason, road boss, powder men, blacksmiths, teams scalers and so on. Wages were shockingly low by modern standards. By August 18, 1914, \$13,238.55 was totaled for labor. The work was extremely difficult, dangerous and uncomfortable and a man had to be very hardy to withstand it.

One example of the steps that Evensta's team followed in construction was the hotel's grill room floor. The area consisted of the finished flooring, one layer of asbestos paper, common boards for the sub floor, all laid on 2" x 8" joists. The lumber used was spruce.

Everything had to be hauled in under trying circumstances. Never the less, Evensta seemed to have equipment at his disposal. Allis Chalmers Manufacturing out of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, provided some of the machinery, arriving on March 15, 1915, including turbines, gate valves, alternators, belted exciters, switchboard equipment, transformers and so on.



*Evensta (far left) and friends in the Many Glacier lobby.*



*Evensta (seated, second from left) and crew at Glacier Park Lodge.*



*Evensta (far left) with friends and relatives. (All photos courtesy of Barbara Robertus.)*

Louis Hill, who visited the site in May of 1914, kept close tabs on his hotel. Many Glacier (Swiftcurrent Valley) was his favorite spot in the park and he intended this lodge to be a showplace. He sent forth many

Because they were so isolated, Evensta tried to use everything he could from the actual location. Rock that was quarried from the site, and used in the building process, was set into place with no dressing on the face of

Northern archives from an official on the building site to Mr. Hill, complaining of the stubborn nature of Evensta. Perhaps he was, but perhaps that was the kind of nature that was needed for such a difficult task.

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*Louis Hill, who visited the site in May of 1914, kept close tabs on his hotel. Many Glacier (Swiftcurrent Valley) was his favorite spot in the park and he intended this lodge to be a showplace.*

---

memos and directives as to how things should be done. For example, he wanted wooden floors instead of cement, wooden pipes for the sewage instead of cast iron, and untapered boards for the siding of the hotel. He was quite concerned with the

the stones.

It is rather astonishing to us today to realize the speed with which this massive undertaking was accomplished. E.G. Evensta worked his crew very hard, but not as hard as he

The hotel opened to the public on July 4, 1915. There was still a lot of work to be done on it by that date. The sawmill was in operation until October of 1915. Even on the opening day, the kitchen and the dining room were not completed. And the hotel itself was not really done until 1917, when Evensta came back to build the annex. He worked for the Great Northern for a while after the enormous Glacier National Park adventure, constructing railroad type edifices such as terminal buildings, store houses, scrap bins, oil houses, lumber shed, sand dryers and so on.

Those of us who love this charming, Swiss style old lodge, Many Glacier Hotel, owe a great debt to Louis Hill for making his dream come true set against such odds. But we also owe a lot to E.G. Evensta and his tough crew of builders for realizing that dream and giving us a wonderful legacy to cherish and enjoy for years to come.

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*Because they were so isolated, Evensta tried to use everything he could from the actual location. Rock that was quarried from the site, and used in the building process, was set into place with no dressing on the face of the stones.*

---

transportation of the huge log pillars that were to be used in the lobby of Many Glacier. They were to be brought in by train to Browning from the west coast of the United States, and then basically skidded up to the hotel site using teams of sixteen horses. These logs had the bark peeled off of them in transport.

worked himself. There was a letter in the Minnesota History Center Great

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*The hotel opened to the public on July 4, 1915. There was still a lot of work to be done on it by that date. Even on the opening day, the kitchen and the dining room were not completed.*

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# The Gearjammer Revue of 1950

It's widely believed that the tradition of stage entertainment in Glacier Park began when Ian Tippet became the manager of Many Glacier Hotel in the 1960s. Mr. Tippet's Broadway musicals stand in a class by themselves, but there were notable precursors to his work at several locations in previous years.

Ginny Mouw (whose memoir, "Seven Summers," appears in this issue) offers us a record of one of those earlier productions. In her files, she found a program from a Gearjammer Revue which was performed in 1950 at Lake McDonald Lodge. We reproduce that program here, along with lyrics which the gearjammers creatively adapted from popular songs.

The program indicates that gearjammers put on earlier revues at Many Glacier in 1947 and 1949. Obviously, those shows were full of energy, and they must have been great fun.

The characters include legendary figures – Sid Couch (transport agent at Many Glacier from the 1920s to the 1950s), Ino Belsaas (longstanding transport agent at Lake McDonald Lodge), and "Mama" Frase (the formidable manager at Lake McDonald). Employees must have reveled in playing the parts of those figures, not to mention the archetypal camera-wielding tourist, Mr. Elmer Schnook!

Note the jammers' preoccupation with "deadhead" runs. On these unpopular assignments, jammers were sent without passengers to spend nights at other locations, so as to be available there to pick up passengers the next morning. A deadhead run often disrupted a driver's plans to socialize at a "pow-wow" or campfire party at the original location. Lake McDonald obviously was a favored "pow-wow" location in 1950.

**THE G.P. CANNONBALL**  
(Tune: "The Wabash Cannonball")  
List to the roar of the engine,  
Hear the lonesome jammer's call.  
We're rollin' to McDonald  
On the G.P. Cannonball.

*From the snows of Many Glacier  
To the shores of Lake McD,  
We roll our big red buses  
Down the Pass at nintey-three.*

## Gear Jammers' 1950 Program

GEAR JAMMERS OF 1950  
PRESENT  
THE  
GEAR JAMMER REVUE

SCENE I: Gearjammer Dormitory at Glacier Park

SCENE IIA Line-up at Many Glacier Hotel

SCENE IIB: Impersonations

SCENE III: Road to St. Mary's Junction Squaw Mountain Stop

SCENE IV: St. Mary's Junction--Blackfeet Indian Craft Shop

SCENE V: Logan Pass

SCENE VI: McDonald Valley and Hotel

SCENE VII: Line-up at Lake McDonald Hotel

FINALE

DEDICATION

The Gearjammer Revue of 1950 is fondly dedicated to all the Agents of the G.P. T. Co. who have endured so much from so many for so long.

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ACKNOWLEDGMENT

To the Gearjammers of 1947 and 1949, many glaciers for permitting extensive plagiarism from the script of their own famous Revues. We wish they were here tonight--Jim Mahon, Art Gredtzer, Sid Howard, John Pix, Floyd Wade, J. P. Porter, and all the others.

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PRODUCTION Lorna Bruning

LIGHTS & SCENERY Wray Wilson

MUSIC ARRANGEMENTS Howard Christopher

MUSIC The McDee Ensemble  
Sherm Plepler Pat Koempel  
Dorothy Talbert

SCRIPT Tom Yates and Jim Hanson

DIRECTOR Leroy Lott

THE GEARJAMMER TRIO THE WAITRESS TRIO

Jim Erickson Joan Baldwin  
Ed Turnquist Donna Cooper  
Howard Christopher Sonja Penne

THE CHARACTERS  
(And We Do Mean Characters)

--In Order of Appearance--

NARRATOR.....Jerry Baldwin

THREE GEARJAMMERS.....Woody Chandler  
Eugene "Red" Langston  
Jim Cook

SPECIAL DRIVER.....Jim Erickson

NUMBER 99, A G.P. Jammer.....Jim Hanson

SAM STARFAS, Many Glacier Mechanic.Sam Starfas

SID COUCH, The Agent's Agent.....Sid Couch

CORINA ASTERBILT, Frem the Shining Mountain Camp for girls.....Vaughn Merrell

PROFESSOR GEORGE BIRD PEAIRS  
One of Minnesota's Outstanding Geologists, and an Authority on Everything.....Dick "Pierre" Peairs

MR. ELMER SCHNOOK, A Camera Fiend on an "Amazing America" Tour.....Jerry Baldwin

POTENTATE POWHALL, A Shriner.....Sandy Moss

CHIEF E. PLURIBUS UNUM, A Blackfeet Scalper at St. Mary's Craftshop.Jim Erickson

BEAR NO. I, Beast of the Forest.Woody Chandler

BEAR NO. II,  
Beast of the Virgin Forest.....Red Langston

THE CHARACTERS  
(Continued)

INO BELSAAS, The Most Conscientious Agent G.P.T.Co. Ever Had...Harris "Big Hunk" Olson

BILL ROBBINS, Bellhop.....Jim Robbins

MRS. BEATRICE D. FRASE,  
A Transplanted Texan.....Vaughn Merrell

WAITRESS.....Toni Novotny

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THE SONGS

The G.P. Cannonball...Tune: "The Wabash Cannonball"

Gearjammer's Lament...Tune: "Springtime in the Rockies"

Deadhead Chant.....Tune: "Detour"

Ghost Buses on the Pass... "Ghost Riders in the Sky"

*We tour the Reservation  
Spinning tales of Indian lore.  
If the dudes don't like our stories  
We fabricate some more.*

*We never use our schedules  
We drive just as we please.  
We can't name any mountains  
Nor recognize the trees.*

*Listen to the grinding,  
The rumble and the roar,  
As we drive up through the mountains,  
Thru the woods and by the shore.*

*When this life's trip is over,  
And we dwell in Heaven's hall,  
Saint Peter will be agent  
For the G.P. Cannonball.*

### **GIRLS' TRIO**

*Farewell, my dear gearjammer,  
I hate to see you go.  
I'm oh, so brokenhearted  
Because I'll miss you so.*

*But I can't resist a pow-wow  
When the moon is shining bright.  
So I'll find another jammer  
To take your place tonight.*

*I'll roast another hot dog,  
And as the fire grows dim,  
I'll kiss that other jammer,  
And be true to you – and him.*

### **DEADHEAD CHANT**

*(Tune: "Detour")  
Deadhead!  
There'll be no pow-wow date.  
Deadhead!  
It's a tragic kind of fate.  
Deadhead!  
Couldn't slip that deadhead trip.*

### **GHOST BUSES ON THE PASS**

*(Tune: "Ghost Riders in the Sky")  
A big red bus came rollin' down  
the pass at ninety-three.  
The jammer was a-dreamin' of  
a pow-wow at McD.*

*When all at once a flash of red  
showed him the Cannonball,  
A-roarin' over Heaven's Peak  
and up the Garden Wall.*

*GPT Co.! GPT Co.!  
Ghost buses on the Pass.*

*The bus was black with oil  
and the road was soakin' wet,  
The jammer drove like mad  
and the dudes were soaked with  
sweat.*

*For he's way behind the schedule,  
and the future he does dread,  
For Ino at McDonald  
will make him dead head.*

*Yippee Ino! Yippee Ino!  
Dead head over the Pass.  
As the buses roared on by him,  
the agent he could hear.  
"If you want an invitation  
to drive again next year,  
Then jammer read those driver's rules,  
or we'll slap you on Garage,  
And pow-wows at McDonald  
will be a sad mirage."*

*GPT Co.! GPT Co.!  
Ghost jammers on Garage.*

### **GEARJAMMER'S LAMENT**

*(Tune: "Springtime in the Rockies")  
I'm rollin' from McDonald  
over Logan Pass Highway,  
I'm thinkin' now of Ino  
and what he had to say.*

*"For you there'll be no pow-wow,  
for you there'll be no spree,  
For you it's Many Glacier  
after meeting Number Three."*

*So think of me, my darlin',  
while I make this deadhead run.  
I'll be playing bridge with Sidney  
while you are having fun.*

*So roast another hot dog,  
and think, my dear, of me,  
And dream of another pow-wow  
when that deadhead won't be me.*

### **GHOST BUSES ON THE PASS**

*(Reprise)  
George McManus drove his bus  
from Glacier Park one day.  
Tom sent him out to Many  
to take the shortest way.  
George started out for Many G;  
the Farmers were his load.  
Arriving at St. Mary,  
he took another load.  
He made a left turn from the road  
and headed for McD.  
The tour had twelve red buses;  
the rest they did not see.  
"What happened, George?" his dudes  
did cry. "We've lost the way, I think."  
When George saw old East Glacier,  
his face turned very pink!*

*Yippee, George Mac!  
You're off the track!  
Headed for old McD!*

*He quickly turned his bus around  
and flew back fast as hell,  
And there was Mr. Noble  
with George upon his tail!  
George followed him to Many G;  
he knew he'd soon meet Sid.  
"How come you're at the end, George?"  
And then he blew his lid.*

*"You'd better sharpen up, young man,  
or you will get the truck."  
"Now, Sidney, don't get mad at me.  
I have the toughest luck."  
Then Mr. Noble said to Sid,  
"What is there we can do?"  
"I'll deadhead George McManus  
o'er Highway No. 2."*

*At Glacier Park there's lots to do.  
We have a lot of fun.  
We drive from Prince to Many G,  
then Going-to-the-Sun.  
There's not a jammer on the crew  
who never goes astray,  
We only tease McManus  
To pass the time away.*

*Yippee, George Mac!  
We welcome you back.  
Gearjammer, you're okay!!*

# A Holdup at Glacier Park Lodge

*By Ken Dahl (Glacier Park Lodge 1967)*

In 1967, I was the night clerk at Glacier Park Lodge. Roger Bartlett was the night auditor. Roger and I would do the night audit after the lounge closed and the hotel had quieted down.

One night in August we were at work on the audit around 1:00 am. Suddenly, Gideon the security guard ran in through the front door. He was dazed and there was blood on his forehead. Behind him came two robbers with shotguns, wearing “kiddie” cowboy hats, with bandanas over their faces.

We found out later that the robbers had captured Gideon and had held him at gunpoint while burglarizing the management office downstairs. They had attempted unsuccessfully to break into the safe there. Gideon ran when their attention was fixed on the safe, and they had chased him around the building and into the lobby.

I turned to Roger and tried to say something, but found that I couldn't speak. Finally, I managed to tell the robbers that they could have the money we had, which was a few hundred dollars at most. They weren't really interested. It was the day before payday, and they said they knew that there was cash in the office safe below. (In those days, Glacier Park, Inc. cashed employee paychecks onsite.)

Just then, a young honeymoon couple walked into the hotel. Now there were five of us held at gunpoint! The robbers clearly were uncomfortable, and didn't want to be in the lobby.

Now a telephone call from a room rang at the switchboard behind the front desk. It was an old-fashioned switchboard at which I had to plug cords into holes in order to make connections. I could see that the caller was the hotel nurse, Mary MacDonald. She had a room on the top floor with a direct view of the front desk.

The robbers didn't want me to answer, but I told them that the caller was a guest and that guests knew the front desk was open all night. When I answered, Mary said that she could see the robbers. She asked for an outside line so that she could call the police. I told her that the kitchen was closed and that room service was not available.

The robbers wanted to leave. They decided to take us all through the dining room and the kitchen and out the back door. Roger and I told them

that a second security guard was on patrol, but they didn't believe us.

As we emerged from the back door of the hotel, there was a gunshot. Joe, the second security guard, had been waiting outside, and he fired his pistol into the air to frighten the robbers. (Management later told us that they were unaware that Joe carried a gun.)

As the shot rang out, one robber grabbed me and the other one grabbed Roger. The honeymoon couple and Gideon fled. We pleaded with the robbers to let us go.

The robbers told us to start running and not look back. Roger and I sprinted halfway down the first fairway of the golf course. Finally we stopped in the inky darkness and realized that we were safe. We slowly made our way back to the hotel.

Next morning, Joe the security guard put a felt cowboy hat on the floor outside my room and knocked on the door. I opened the door, saw the hat, and slammed the door shut. Joe started laughing. Real funny! The robbers were never found.

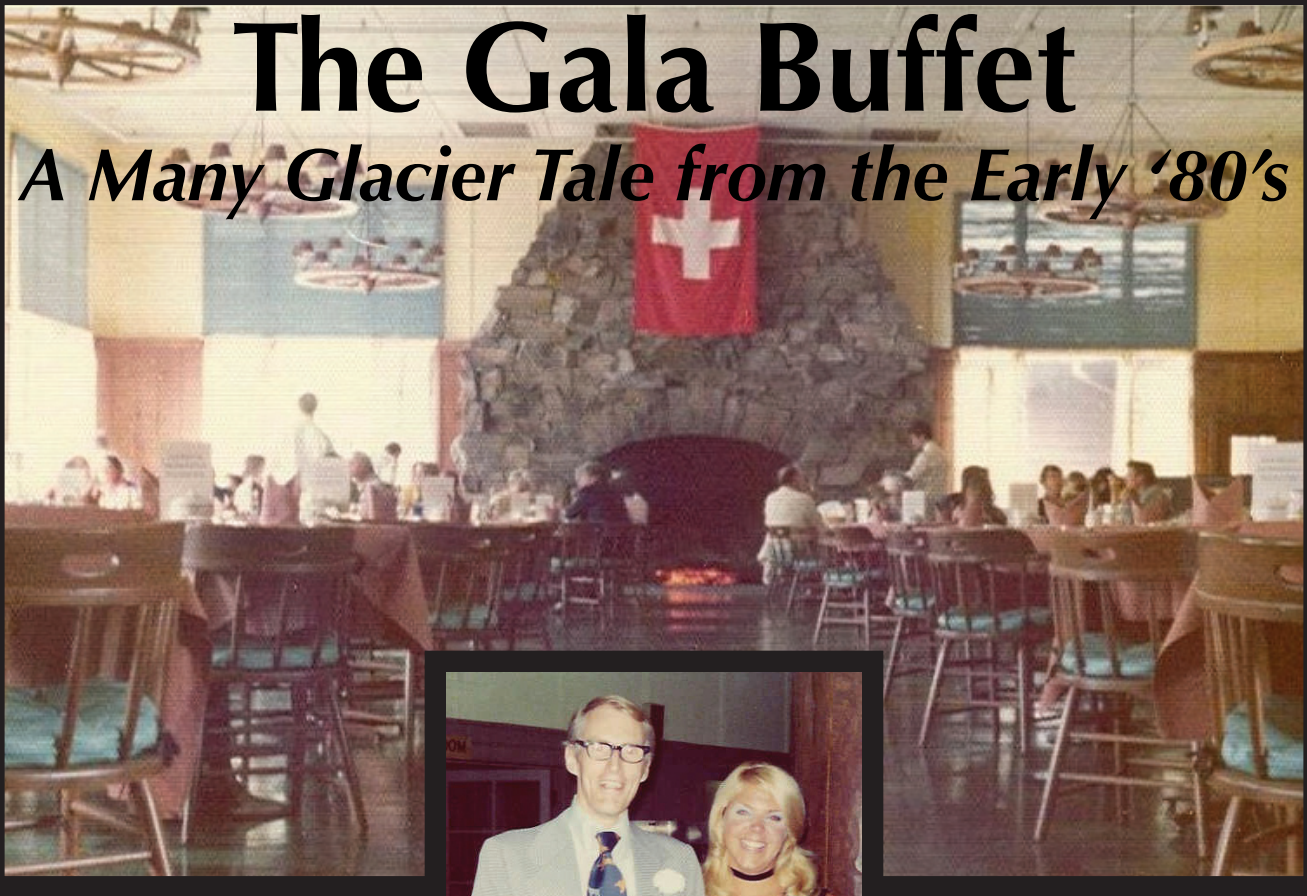
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*Suddenly, Gideon the security guard ran in through the front door. He was dazed and there was blood on his forehead. Behind him came two robbers with shotguns, wearing “kiddie” cowboy hats, with bandanas over their faces.*

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# The Gala Buffet

## *A Many Glacier Tale from the Early '80's*



*Paul Schwendener (MGH 1979-1980)*

Long after the last dinner guest had trudged out of the Ptarmigan Dining Room, Chef Ray could still be found in a small office that was hidden behind the battery of 1920s-era kitchen equipment used to churn out thousands of meals a day at Many Glacier Hotel. With a tall chef's hat still perched over his furrowed brow, he peered through the half-light at a clipboard in his lap, flipping through the pages, and making notations with a hand-sharpened pencil.

Ray Gillander was a majestic figure, despite his age and diminutive size. His white hair and piercing blue eyes were ever-present reminders to all the kitchen and dining room staff that we were expected to be on our toes. He had been a chef to President Eisenhower. But now, late at night, he appeared slightly crumpled in his oak swivel chair. He was ordering meat and produce for upcoming meals, and as always was forced to do so within



limits of a parsimonious budget allotted by the hotel concessionaire. "We're supposed to do a brunch buffet this Sunday," he sighed, "and there is no money to do anything."

The chef's lament reminded me of the announcement Mr. Tippet made earlier in the day as the DR staff was folding napkins prior to the mid-day onslaught of bus tour passengers: "This Sunday we shall reinstate the BUFFET brunch at Many Glacier. This hasn't been done for YEARS, and we need to make sure that it is done RIGHT. You will need to arrive early

to set up the serving tables. I want you all to look SHARP. Wash the stains out of those uniforms. This must be a GALA buffet!"

The cherished culinary dream of our hotel manager seemed in danger of being compromised by the meager victuals circumscribed by Chef Ray's budget, but there was at least one bright aspect that could be looked forward to: the pies and pastries prepared by Mary Gillander, the chef's wife. A bustling dynamo, she was in charge of the pantry, from which a never-ending procession of delectable sweets emerged. While her husband at times projected a severe image, Mary had a cheerful good humor that made her beloved of the pantry staff. And she would make huckleberry pies for

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*"This Sunday we shall reinstate the BUFFET brunch at Many Glacier. This hasn't been done for YEARS, and we need to make sure that it is done RIGHT."*

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(Chef Ray Gillander, Paul Schwendener Photos.)

the employees who picked berries on their hikes.

This delicious prospect was in my mind as I hit the trail the following morning with a fair companion, en route to Grinnell Glacier. It was perfect weather for a day off, and I imagined that the mountainside would be flush with huckleberries. A fresh breeze was blowing off Lake Josephine, and the snow-capped splendor of Mount Gould mirrored in the rippling water. A full day lay ahead of us. To quote the poet: *"Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive, But to be young was very heaven!"*

Mid-afternoon found us exhilarated from a trek to the lofty snowfields. We descended from the glacier's cool

shadow to the sunny slopes of Mt Grinnell. Verdant bushes above lured us off the trail, and after scrambling over some rocks, we arrived at a high field covered with huckleberries. Dropping our backpacks, we began filling whatever containers we possessed with the ripe fruit. Our joy, however, was not unalloyed with fear. The ever-present possibility of

a towering grizzly rising up from the bushes kept our eyes darting from side to side, while our fingers grew stained from the bountiful harvest. (The previous week I had turned a sharp corner on the Ptarmigan Creek trail, and come face to face with a female grizzly eating berries. She dashed away faster than a horse, while I picked up my heart off the ground and replaced it in my chest.)

A gentler vision appeared now as my companion stood looking over the mountainside, her flaxen hair billowing in the summer wind, a trace of dark blue on her lips. We had filled every vessel to overflowing with berries, including our canteens. Silently we descended to the trail, as the purple haze stalked us from the mountain walls. Ar-

riving back at Many Glacier in the early evening, we went straight to the rickety balcony at the back of the pantry, and gave the huckleberries to Mary.

The sky over Swiftcurrent Lake has been documented by a billion photographs, and has taxed the descriptive powers of countless authors. But words fail to convey the surreal atmosphere to which we awoke the following morning. Sweeping brushstrokes of cirrus rent the sky above Mt Wilbur, while a glowering anvil of thunderclouds lurked behind the Garden Wall. A sickly orange-green pallor hung over Mt Gould. The animals seemed to have retreated deep in the forest, and all was still.

None of this phased Mr. Tippet, who as he strode toward the dining room, brushing a stray lock from his tall forehead, could be overheard quietly but firmly repeating one word, "*Boo-fay, Boo-fay, Boo-fay,*" as if intoning a sacred mantra. He imagined perhaps that by sheer force of will he could transform the hotel's humble brunch into the "gala buffet" of his dreams. Surveying the wobbly long tables that we had just set up in the center of the dining room, I had my doubts. "Mr. Schwendener, don't just STAND there. Please adjust that tablecloth so that the rip is facing AWAY from our customers. Everything must be FIRST RATE here!" I leapt to adjust the offending tablecloth, which like all the others had seen better days. Even the pristine linens had to contend with the peculiar color that had been chosen for them: a pallid chocolate milk tone that was also redolent of gastric distress.

As the hour of the inaugural Sunday Buffet drew near, a shuffling of feet outside the dining room heralded the arrival of several tour buses, their aged passengers valiantly contending with a non-stop cycle of meals, rides and rest-stops. Inside the DR the long tables

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*"You will need to arrive early to set up the serving tables. I want you all to look SHARP. Wash the stains out of those uniforms. This must be a GALA buffet!"*

---

were now populated with a motley assortment of chipped and mismatched plates and bowls, each holding a single serving of something. Cold mayonnaise-based salads were prevalent, with macaroni elbows and diced ham competing against cole slaw with carrot shavings. Here and there a sprig of parsley had been added, like a flag over a desolate little island. Bright bowls of yellow and red Jell-O assayed to add zest and vim to the outlay. Mixed bean salads and opaque tomato aspics emerged from a 1950s time warp. Culinary redemption awaited, however, at the hot table; here Chef Ray had expended his meager budget where it counted most: a row of standing prime ribs, perfectly marbled, gleamed proudly under the red heat-lamps while Doug, the sous-chef, whetted his carving knife. Crowning the buffet was the dessert table, piled high with cakes, pies, and assorted dainties – a treasure trove from Mary’s pantry.

All was ready – and then the cheeping started. It was soft at first. Our eyes rolled up towards the false ceiling that spanned the length of the Ptarmigan Dining Room. The fiberboard panels had long ago faded from brilliant white to dingy yellow, and evil-colored stains formed several dark blotches that could be seen in the middle where the panels noticeably drooped. The cause was already known to some of us, but now an increasingly rhythmic cheeping revealed the dark secret to all: thousands of bats were nesting in the vast space between the false ceiling and the original high-timbered arches of the hotel. Decades of neglect had effectively invited these winged squatters to take up residence, and some mysterious occurrence was now causing them to chant in unison. Perhaps it was the leaden air and darkening sky outside that made the midday seem like evening. The DR staff stood as in a trance. Ever-louder pulsed the chirping overhead, and it seemed as if the sagging ceiling was visibly throbbing directly

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*CRASH!!!!!! The floor shuddered as if a lightning bolt had struck the hotel. Forks dropped. Coffee spilled. Heads spun. The catastrophe revealed itself . . .*

---

over the gala buffet tables, like a heavy-laden belly about to give birth to a load of bat guano. We held our breaths. The locked-out diners were fidgeting, wondering why the delay. Distant thunder rolled, and then the first thick raindrops smacked against the tall windows facing the lake. Within a minute the cries of the bats were drowned out by the crazy rattle of rain on glass and shingle. The outbreak of the tempest provided sufficient aural cover for us to let the guests inside without them becoming aware of the flying creatures ten feet above their heads.

The wagon-wheel chandeliers flickered briefly as hungry guests streamed into the dining room. We heaved a sigh of relief when power returned, and then rushed to fulfill the drink orders of our aged patrons. Sanka was outpacing regular coffee 3 to 2. Soon the long tables were swarmed about with quizzical stares and grasping hands. Slabs of Prime Rib jostled with crispy Trout *Almondine* on many a proud plate, while the pitiful mayonnaise salads were abandoned like orphans in the storm. The rain had now turned to hail, and flashes of lightning were punctuated by sharp thunderclaps. Yet Nature’s fury blended harmoniously with the cheerful clatter of forks and knives, and the steady progress of mastication. The eerie music from above had ceased. Moving toward the center of the room amidst a sea of happy diners, Mr. Tippet seemed to be savoring the triumphant rebirth of the Many Glacier gala bu...

CRASH!!!!!!!!!!!! The floor shuddered as if a lightning bolt had struck the hotel. Forks dropped. Coffee spilled. Heads spun. The catastrophe revealed itself: there, in the middle of the floor, a vast work of abstract expressionism spread out in every direction; a masterpiece

of chaos worthy of Jackson Pollack, only executed with cherry cobbler and banana cream pie instead of paint. The dessert table...*the dessert table...* had buckled under the weight of its own sweetness, and turrets of serving plates had practically exploded amidst a melee of luscious fillings and pastries. “The BOO-FAY!!” Mr. Tippet’s wail could be heard above the pandemonium, tinged not only with alarm, but also with an aspect of Attic tragedy. He rushed forward to survey the wreckage. Mouths agape, the waiters and waitresses drew close to the dread scene. “DO something!” commanded our fearless leader, and we scurried to find napkins with which to mop up the mess. In several minutes the floor was passably cleansed of shards and sugar glaze (although days later we were still finding stray nougats lodged in nooks and crannies of the battered linoleum.)

Chef Ray looked especially tired that evening as we passed by his office. He wore a thoughtful expression, and his eyes seemed to be gazing inward. Perhaps he was recalling the warm smile and pat on the back from Ike after the buffet he had prepared in the Rose Room for General DeGaulle’s visit: *Lobster Thermidor and Boeuf Wellington had been on the menu... ah yes... and Baked Alaska for dessert, to celebrate the new state just added to the Union...*

Despite the mid-day disaster, Mary informed me after clean-up that I should stop by the pantry before dinner. The sky was still clearing over Swiftcurrent Lake as my fellow berry-picker and I ascended the balcony, and knocked on the back door. A heavenly aroma rose into the crisp air as Mary brought out two huckleberry pies. We spirited them away, already anticipating the feast that awaited us.

# Dancing on the Tabletops

By Jeff Yoest (Lake McDonald 1976-78)

Forty years ago a bunch of kids from all over the country were hired by GPI to staff the many needs at Lake McDonald Lodge. For many, like me, it was the first time “Out West,” going to a strange place where I did not know a soul. I remember thinking on the train, “What have I gotten myself into?”

I “got myself into” one of the greatest experiences of my life. Although bussing tables in the dining room wasn’t all that exciting, my experiences in befriending co-workers and hiking the mountains I had previously only seen in pictures and movies were never to be forgotten. My fond recollections of that special summer are shared by many others who experienced that magic time.

The end of August saw another reunion of the 1976 Lake McDonald employees. Through the planning and efforts of Alice Greenwald Zimmerman, a four day gathering was enjoyed by 30 people who made the trip back to Glacier.

Friday, August 26<sup>th</sup> was the kick-off event at the Lodge. Manager Bob Abrams took the group on a tour of the complex, showing everyone the many changes that have occurred in the past four decades. Most notable were the luxurious dorms and cafeteria now enjoyed by the employees (many from other countries). Not only did we enjoy learning about all the changes, but Mr. Abrams had fun listening to our stories about how things used to be ... a common topic with old people, or “Raisins” as we used to call them.

I had lived in the Snyder Dorm in a very small room with three other bunkmates (not counting resident mice), with two bunk beds side by side. Snyder is now rented out as

a very nice hostel. Our old employee cafeteria, an area behind the kitchen, is now a storage room. It was just a fraction of the size of the new employee cafeteria and sitting area. After viewing it, we all went to Jammer Joe’s, once known as “The Coffee Shop,” for dinner.

Saturday morning and afternoon were “free.” What did we do in Glacier with free time? Hike! Some took the trek to Avalanche Lake, while others hiked the Siyeh Pass Trail. From a distance (preferred), we watched two grizzly bears romping and playing in Preston Park. We could see the effects of last year’s Reynolds Creek Fire as we descended to the road at Sunrift Gorge. As the park is now very busy and crowded, three of us were unable to get on one of the shuttles because it was full. Luckily, with two very attractive women, we immediately got a ride. The hitch-hiking was just like old times!

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*The special connections we formed at Lake McDonald can be appreciated by most everyone who was lucky enough to spend a summer at Glacier National Park. Strange how after so many years people can just “pick back up where they left off.” We agreed to do it again.*

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That evening we met at Randy Gayner’s Glacier Guides just outside West Glacier. Randy, an Ohio boy like me, never left Montana after that summer and has built a very successful guide and raft business. He hosted a wonderful dinner, and everyone had fun socializing and catching up on the previous four decades.

Sunday was another open day, again spent hiking. Most of the group drove to Logan Pass to hike the

Highline Trail. The weather was perfect and just right for the incredible views this hike provides. That evening, Alice arranged a boat ride for all on the *DeSmet*, with food, drink, and lots of laughs.

Monday was the goodbye brunch at Randy’s. For those who did not have flights back home right away, an impromptu invitation was offered by one of our number to meet at her lake house at Lake Five, just outside the border of the Park, for water skiing and more fun. It was then suggested that everyone go to Polebridge to have dinner at the Northern Lights Saloon.

This remote spot on the west border of the park was surprisingly busy, with many patrons enjoying the beer, spirits and good food (especially the pies). The small interior was crammed with people, and many were dining outside, despite a thunderstorm that passed through,

culminating with a double rainbow. By the end of the evening, there was dancing on the tables!

The special connections we formed at Lake McDonald can be appreciated by most everyone who was lucky enough to spend a summer at Glacier National Park. Strange how after so many years people can just “pick back up where they left off.” We agreed to do it again. Glacier, here we come in 2019!

# A Lake McDonald Reunion

*Twenty-one employees from 1976 were able to join our reunion festivities this past August 26-29.*

*By Alice (Greenwald) Zimmerman (Lake McDonald, 1976-77)*

Forty years ago, I celebrated America's Bicentennial with a festive Fourth of July picnic on Lake McDonald aboard the mighty *DeSmet!* Captain Bill Schustrom graciously invited me to join the other boatmen and his family for a sumptuous buffet on the top deck of the *DeSmet* with Mt. Stanton and the Garden Wall off in the distance. It was a highlight of my summer in 1976 – to be surrounded by friends from Glacier on the 200<sup>th</sup> birthday of our country! This August, I found myself revisiting the past and returning to Glacier to rekindle friendships from that glorious summer from long ago.

It was with both excitement and trepidation that I headed to Lake McDonald this summer for an employee reunion to celebrate the passing of 40 years since we had worked at Lake McDonald! While not everybody was able to partake in every reunion event, twenty-one employees from 1976 were able to join our reunion festivities this past August 26-29. Bob Abrams, the current manager of the Lake McDonald Lodge, gave us an eye-opening tour of the Lake McDonald campus. As he showed us what was formerly the employee cafeteria (now storage for the kitchen), we were dumbstruck over how such a cramped space was able to accommodate the dining needs of roughly 125 employees on the GPI staff in 1976!

As Bob proudly showed us the new employee dining room across from the camp store -- complete with a flat panel television, a spacious lounge chair area, and connectivity for electronic devices -- we knew that in some ways, life for the 2016 employees was far better than it was for us in 1976. Their comfort-

ably built modern dorms -- complete with a cheery, well-appointed laundry room -- are so much more inviting compared to the lack of creature comforts that we had in 1976. (Back then, all 125 of the employees somehow managed to do their laundry with only a couple of laundry machines located in a dimly lit room behind the nurse's office.) Plus, the employees today are welcome to bring their own cars to Glacier, a luxury we could only have dreamed of! However, the overwhelming consensus of our reunion group is that we would not have traded our 'primitive' existence and the resulting experiences from 40 years ago for the employee creature comfort experiences of today.

It infuriated us that we could not have cars back in 1976! You had to be 23, which most of us were not. At the time, we did not realize that the GPI 'no car mandate' was a blessing in disguise. It forced us to stay in the Lake McDonald area on our days off! We were basically stuck near the lodge unless we held our thumb out to hitch a ride! Because we were mostly confined to that valley, we had to generate our own fun, and those clever activities that we created that summer bonded us together! Without those bonding activities, we may not have been standing at a reunion in Glacier to rekindle friendships from four decades ago.

On our days off, instead of driving to town or checking our email like current employees do, we worked together during our free time to organize talent shows for the guests! To the tune *Hello Mudda... Hello Fadda*, we had a blast brainstorming humorous lyrics for the talent show that were specific to that summer. We huddled together to keep warm at the auditorium's weekly movies such as *True Grit* or *David Copperfield*. We joined the guests and do-si-doed together at the weekly square dances that were held in the Lake Mc-



Donald auditorium. The employee rec room was a popular spot for impromptu gatherings and for grooving to juke box songs like *Dream Weaver* or *Play that Funky Music*. Of course, many parties were held that summer -- such as the famous costume party where one employee came dressed as a female breast! We even held employee slide shows as a way to entertain ourselves! Rather than sleeping in our subpar dorm rooms, our nights were often spent laughing and sleeping together underneath the stars of Cobb Beach where we had to carefully position large rocks at the bottom of our feet to prevent us from slowly sliding into the lake over the course of the night.

Christmas was joyfully celebrated on July 25 – complete with a visit from our rosy-cheeked Santa and his talented singing elves! Each employee drew a name of another employee in his or her department and we held a gift exchange that special evening. Lee Minor (Camp Store) recalled for me that his Christmas gift was from Marvin Twamley, the year round caretaker of the lodge. Marv skillfully carved an image of the Lake McDonald Camp Store into a piece of driftwood and presented it to Lee in the gift exchange. To this day, Marv’s masterpiece still hangs on the wall of Lee’s home, and he considers it one of his most treasured possessions!

On our days off, we hiked! (Allegedly, it is a fact that it rained EVERY DAY in June of 1976, so hiking that month was a soggy venture.) For most hikes, that meant we had to stand by the road, hold up our “Park Employee” sign, and stick our thumbs out! We would either end up piling into the crowded backseat of a van or perhaps climbing into the dirty bed of a pickup truck. Through those hikes, we bonded with nature, we bonded with Glacier, and most importantly, we bonded with each other!

Those of us at the reunion couldn’t help but wonder if the current Xanterra employees will be planning a Lake McDonald Reunion in forty years. Only time will tell. It is our belief that our group from 1976 is stronger because we did **not** have

the modern conveniences like texting, emails, and cars to occupy our time. Instead, we focused on getting to know each other. Without those distractions, we bonded as a family that summer – forming friendships that have stood the test of time for over four decades. For that, we are forever grateful!

Diane Ellingson (Lake McDonald, 75-76) eloquently summed up our 1976-2016 reunion experience:

“During our Lake McDonald Reunion in August, I was delighted to find out that not only are those past friendships not lost, but they were fanned back into flames by the shared significance that time had in all our lives. One never knows what impact they have on someone else’s life, only on our own. It takes reunions to give that perspective and to revisit our younger selves with the grace of age.”





# *You CAN Go Home Again*

*By Jim Monson (Gearjammer 1952-53)*

In 1952 and 1953, my last two summers before college graduation and military service, I was a gearjammer — that is, I drove a red bus in Glacier National Park. Like most every person who has worked in the Park, I fell in love with the place and Glacier has been a second home to me ever since. Despite Thomas Wolfe, I did go home again, many times. After my service in the Air Force in 1956, my new wife and I spent our honeymoon in the Park, hiking to and staying at both Granite Park and Sperry Chalets. Since then, we have returned to the Park several times with our family, recently on the occasion of our 50th wedding anniversary in 2006. Truly, you can go home again, multiple times.

In 2016, after the passing of my wife, my widowed sister and I decided that we had to see Glacier Park one more time. I have a daughter who lives in Alberta, so we decided to meet her in Calgary and tour Banff first and then Glacier. My daughter decided that while in Glacier we should travel in a red bus as paying passengers, something we had never done. When the bus arrived at St Mary to pick us up, the driver, on hearing that I had been a gearjammer, asked me to sit in the front seat with him. On the way up to the pass he gave us a very colorful commentary with lots of stories and humor and very few pauses. He didn't name and point out every mountain and pass as I would have, but it was very enjoyable. When we made our stop in Logan Pass, he and I talked

about the old days. He was very interested in the old buses as they were before refurbishment, and especially what it was like to drive them. He asked me if I would give a little talk to the passengers on the way down about driving the old buses and about doubleclutching, which seemed to be something no one was familiar with.

In my day (1950s), all the drivers were college students with little or no experience driving heavy vehicles. Nowadays, if you turned a bunch of 21-year-olds loose with thirty buses, I think you might be a little concerned, but surprisingly the Transport Company had an unblemished safety record over many years with those young drivers. The second-year drivers were our teachers, both about the park and the operation of the bus. We learned

from them mostly during an inaugural two-day student trip through the Park.

In 1936, when the red buses were built, passenger cars did not have hydraulic brakes or sealed-beam headlights. Automatic drives were unknown and trucks, even small ones, did not have synchro-mesh transmissions and needed to be double-clutched. To double-clutch, when changing gears you first depressed the clutch and shifted into neutral and let the clutch out. Next, you gunned the engine to match the speed that the bus was moving, depressed the clutch a second time and shifted into the desired gear. If up-shifting to a higher gear, the bus was moving slowly and the gunning in neutral was hardly noticeable, but when down-shifting at speed a higher RPM was needed and the gunning was considerable. Our learning period was interesting, and noisy, hence the name “gearjammers”. It’s not as hard as it sounds and we soon developed the rhythm. I can still do it. It’s especially fun to do it in a sports car. Since the mechanical brakes on the buses were not very effectual, we controlled speed on the hills by downshifting before we started down. The great fear was that if the bus got rolling too fast, you couldn’t gun the engine enough to make the downshift possible and you couldn’t rely on the brakes. Therefore, we had certain points on the road where we always

downshifted. As far as I know, no bus ever got out of control in that way.

The bus drivers today are all older than we were and they drive more than one or two seasons. I assume that they all have regular jobs for the other nine months of the year. They seem to each be based in one location and somehow get back there each day. In our time, even though we had a fixed room at East Glacier, we actually lived out of the bus. We stayed where we ended our trip each day. At Many Glacier we stayed in the dorm building above the parking lot, at Waterton in a lakeside cabin, and in a tent at Lake McDonald. Each place had bunks for us and we used the bus blankets to make them up. We kept our clothes in a locker in the back of the bus. At Many Glacier and East Glacier the Transport Company had mess halls with cooks and helpers. While in Canada we ate in a local café with an allowance and in Lake McDonald we ate in the hotel employees’ mess hall.

We all developed our own “tour” or spiel for the passengers as we drove. We learned a lot from older drivers, on our student tour, and by reading the company manual and any other literature we could find. Then, as now, I think each driver’s tour was different, constantly changing. I liked to name the mountains, lakes and passes as we

encountered them. I felt that naming them drew the passengers’ attention to them. There were also the scenes of past fires which led into an explanation of fire-fighting methods and then a talk about post-fire forest regeneration. Some of the drivers talked about the Indian legends and some told a lot of jokes. A few drivers actually got their passengers into group singing. It depended on the personality of each driver (and his passengers).

In 2016, besides our ride on the bus, I constantly watched for the two buses that I drove so long ago, numbers 88 and 109. I did find both of them and I was able to spend some time with their drivers as well as with some of the other drivers that I met while they were washing their vehicles. In fact, I became somewhat of a minor celebrity among the drivers as word of my presence spread among them. I always asked if they would let me drive, but of course they couldn’t. Today’s drivers were as varied in personality as the group I worked with in the 50’s. Some were more outgoing than others and I expect their tours varied as well.

I don’t know if I will ever get back to Glacier. Travel is difficult for me now, but who knows, I might go home again one more time.

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# Seven Summers in Glacier Park

By Ginny Leach Mouw (*Glacier Park Lodge 1940-42, 46-50*)

From the first moment that I saw the mountains of Glacier Park from the Great Northern's Empire Builder, I was determined to see as much of them as I possibly could. I worked that summer of 1940 in the employees' cafeteria. At least that was what I signed up for, as did two others. It turned out that one of us was to work alternate shifts in the cafeteria serving line, in the cafeteria washing dishes, and in the kitchen washing silverware and glasses, in order to provide days off for those in each department. To my regret, Annie, the curmudgeon chef, chose me. I was so happy just to be there that I didn't protest, not that it would have done me any good.

For three summers I worked these rotating shifts. Annie also had me substituting in the salad department many times, and occasionally in the bakery. I never did know whether Annie did this because she just didn't like me, or whether she thought I as capable of everything. I got used to her style and was even able to kid her now and then.

The national parks closed down for three years during World War II. I was delighted to come back when they reopened in 1946. By then I thought I should try a different job, and after thinking it over, I applied for an office job. The best of these positions were held by year-round Great Northern employees, and the lesser jobs were given to summer employees.

I was put to work on payroll, and I knew in the first week that I had made a serious mistake. The problem

was the hours. I had been working at mealtimes, thus having time off both morning and afternoon when I could do necessary chores and take short hikes. Now I was working nine to five and didn't have time for anything but work. The mistake was of my own making, and there was nothing to do but put up with it.

After a couple of weeks my luck changed. The girl who had been hired to handle telegrams failed to

Flathead to Polebridge. Hiking every day was a lot harder than hiking one day a week, but I covered a lot of territory in a short time.

When the summer of 1950 came along, I wanted to work again. The only possible place for me by then was the Glacier Park Transport Company. There were only four jobs available — one as assistant chef, one in the kitchen serving meals to the gearjammers, one as secretary to Mr.

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*1950 was my last summer there. It was time to get on with life in the real world. I wouldn't trade my summers at Glacier for anything.*

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show up. I immediately asked for that job, and it was given to me. I had a little cubicle in the lobby, where everything was going on, and had hours that corresponded with dining room hours. I made several trips a day to the railroad station to pick up the telegrams, located the recipients in the Park and sent the messages out. This, to me, was absolutely the best job I could have had. After a couple of summers, I was unable to return, thus losing my telegram job for good.

During one of those summers, I returned to Glacier to take a hiking trip with Frank and Edna Evans. Our trip covered areas that I could not reach in my days off as an employee — Bowman Lake to Brown Pass, then down to Stoney Indian Pass and through the Belly River country. We camped along the way at some of the early tent-camp sites. We then retraced our steps and went to Kintla Lake via Boulder Pass. We rafted down the North Fork of the

Hays, and one as office help which was the one that I was hired for. My main responsibility was keeping the red bus log books up to date after which I helped out wherever I was needed. It was a far cry from working at the hotel. The four of us had our own house and ate meals in the dining room with the gearjammers. We spent a lot of evenings sitting on our porch, conversing with whatever drivers were on hand. Days off were spent hiking trails that I had missed in other years, and I completed all the major trails in the Park, as well as most of the minor ones.

1950 was my last summer there. It was time to get on with life in the real world. I wouldn't trade my summers at Glacier for anything. They led me to a life of travel, and to seeing a great deal of the world. I still return to Glacier whenever possible, my last trip being for the Centennial Celebration of the opening of the Glacier Park Hotel. It remains the place I love the best.



# An Inside Look at Glacier Park for the Summer of 2016



*Bob and Betty Schuster.  
(Photo by Diane Sine.)*

## **Going-to-the-Sun Road**

When the Reynolds Creek Fire roared down St. Mary Lake in July 2015, friends of Glacier imagined a grim impact on the landscape. We all know that fire is part of the natural progression, but no one looked forward to seeing ten miles of charred stumps along one of the loveliest highways in the world.

Motorists on Going-to-the-Sun Road in 2016 found the impact dramatic, but less desolate than many had foreseen. The fire's impact had varied with wind and weather and suppression efforts. The miles of hose deployed from the lake, the retardant dropped on the fire by bombers, and the helicopter water-drops had major protective effects. Some parts of the roadway are starkly burnt, but in other areas the forest is partly or completely preserved.

The area of greatest desolation along the road is near Sunrift Gorge. There the fire clearly was very intense, and all the trees are denuded and charred. Going-to-the-Sun Mountain, Fusillade Mountain and Little Chief loom dramatically through the blackened trunks where they were never visible before. Purple sprays of fireweed catch the sunlight and soften the starkness of the view.

Elsewhere the fire ran in complex patterns. Live trees stand interspersed with charred trees and with trees that were killed by ground fire, still bearing rusty needles. At many points, including the Wild Goose Island viewpoint (supposedly "the most photographed spot in America"), the forest stands unburned.

After many years of labor, the quarter-billion-dollar reconstruction of

Going-to-the-Sun Road is complete (excepting minor details). The project was challenging, and everyone is glad to see the last of flagmen and pilot cars, hundred-vehicle queues, dust and deconstructed parapets.

## **Many Glacier Hotel**

Guests arriving at Many Glacier this summer found the lobby-and-Annex renovation project in full swing.

Green metal fences surrounded the portico, the Writing Room, and the whole Annex wing of the hotel. Inside this barrier were hydraulic lifts, stacks of sheetrock, lumber and rebar. A four-story scaffold was erected all around the big front chimney. The sound of power tools filled the year.

With the lobby and the St. Moritz Room closed, key facilities were moved to new locations. A small front desk was placed outside the Swiss

Room door; the Swiss Room itself became a temporary gift shop; a cocktail lounge was placed in one quarter of the Ptarmigan Dining Room; the Bellmen's desk (a podium) was placed outside the exterior door near the Ptarmigan Room, which became the hotel's front door.

A major element of the project was to replicate the Circular Staircase, Many Glacier's best-known original feature. This double-helix staircase connected the lobby and the downstairs area now known as the St. Moritz. It was torn out in 1957 to expand the lobby gift shop. Its reinstallation required the removal of the stage in the St. Moritz Room, where the gift shop will be relocated next summer.

### **Hootenannies in the Interlaken**

Many Glacier's employee music program continued this summer, despite the loss of its longtime performance spaces in the St. Moritz Room and the lobby. Great thanks are due to Marc Ducharme, the general manager of Glacier National Park Lodges, and to Emily Trapp Hackethorn, Many's musical director, for their good work in preserving the program.

The traditional Hootenanny program was held twice a week in the Interlaken Lounge, an elongated space outside the dining room. Picture windows on one side look out on Mt. Albyn and Swiftcurrent Lake; on the other side a long chest-high partition separates the

lounge from the corridor between the dining room and the first-floor guest rooms. Guests could take seats in the lounge or lean on the partition like a Dutch door to enjoy the Hoot.

The musicians used a charming niche amid the tree-trunk pillars by the stone fireplace at the south end of the lodge. This niche included an antique barber's chair where one singer could whimsically perch, in addition to an upright piano. The atmosphere was intimate and informal, like a coffee-house performance, by contrast to the shows of past years in the spacious St. Mortiz Room or the lobby.

### **Bob Schuster's 50th**

Generations of employees at Many Glacier and Swiftcurrent Motor Inn know Bob and Betty Schuster.

Bob has been a seasonal interpretive ranger since 1967, almost always stationed in the Swiftcurrent Valley. Bob and Betty were honored at a gathering of some 200 Park Service veterans and other friends at Johnson's Campground in St. Mary in July. The gathering was hosted by Diane Sine, another longtime interpretive ranger.

Bob was given an award (a handsome plaque in the shape of the National Park Service arrowhead, commemorating his 50 years of service) by District Interpreter Mark Wagner. Mark described how Bob humbly calls him every January, inquiring whether he

might be hired back. Other speakers then paid tribute to Bob, while the bracing winds of Glacier's East Side whistled around Johnson's picnic pavilion.

Longtime ranger Bob Adams recalled having climbed Mt. Wilbur with Bob and his sons Ryan and Scott. The climbers were slow descending ("not in danger, just slow") and had to bivouac on the cliffs. The ranger community was alarmed when the party did not arrive by nightfall, and busied themselves with firing off signal flares which the climbers couldn't see. Next morning, they summoned the Kruger helicopter, which buzzed within feet of the climbers as they rappelled down the last low cliffs, "with Ryan waving him off like a fly." Bob Adams concluded this tale by giving Bob Schuster a beribboned ceremonial cane.

The final speaker was Don Halloran, another longtime interpretive ranger who is a gifted actor. He sometimes gives campfire talks in the role of a wrangler from Glacier Park's first years. He assumed that role here, attired in a black slouch hat and suspenders. The wrangler calculated that Bob's five decades of leading Grinnell Glacier hikes amounted to over 8,000 miles of hiking, or about three times the distance from Los Angeles to New York. Expressing a wrangler's incredulity at this waste of time and boot leather, he exhorted Bob to get a horse.

### **Glacier Park Lodge**

Visitors to Glacier Park Lodge this summer enjoyed a focus on the lodge's ties to the Great Northern Railway. The bellmen wore old-fashioned railway attire – a tall billed pinstriped cap and pinstriped overalls, with a red bandana. (In recent years, the bellmen had worn old-fashioned

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## *Glacier Park, Inc. (GPI) invested heavily in renovations at the lodge this summer.*

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golfing attire, with knickers and knee socks, or western attire with pearl-buttoned shirts.) Male front-desk employees wore whimsical suspenders embroidered with railway designs – tiny locomotives, cross-arm signs, and yellow “Railroad” signs.

Mike Rihner returned as the lodge’s entertainment director. He has worked every summer in Glacier since 1990, playing piano and guitar and singing, and mentoring employee musicians. Mike performs nightly in the lobby at Glacier Park Lodge, in a wide

variety of genres from cowboy songs to classical pieces like his “Waterton-Glacier Suite.” He credits Ian Tippet for inspiring his long career in Glacier and his efforts to mentor musicians there.

Glacier Park, Inc. (GPI) invested heavily in renovations at the lodge this summer. It added a new roof, a new parking lot, a new dish machine in the kitchen, and state-of-the-art equipment in the laundry. The lodge was repainted (as was the Great Bear Lodge at St. Mary). General manager

Ron Cadrette could be found leading by example, touching up the lodge’s pillars with a paintbrush in hand.

GPI did extensive work in its newly-acquired facilities at West Glacier. It converted the old Glacier photo shop (obsolete now) into a Sweet Treat shop with espresso and ice cream. It also added take-out options at the West Glacier Café and the Cedar Tree and built new facilities for employees.

As in recent years, soccer matches were played among teams from the various lodges on the lush grass of the lawn at Glacier Park Lodge. The Rio Olympics also inspired employee Olympics at the lodge and at other facilities.

## *Many Glacier in the 1940’s*

*By Elsa Carpenter (Many Glacier 1947)*

My sister Sue Mannheimer Gruenther and I, Elsa Mannheimer Carpenter, worked at Many Glacier Hotel in the unforgettable summer of 1947. My sister made box lunches for the guests and I worked three shifts in the employee cafeteria.

There was no music show in 1947 in the Grill. However, each night we gathered in the road in front of the employees’ quarters and sang to the guitar of a Norwegian exchange student, John Aarthun. Guests requested us to sing in the dining room, which was frowned upon by the management under the tyrannical rule of Mr. Ellis. Folk songs popularized by Burl Ives and others were sung loudly and late. I learned to sleep standing up at the steam table in the morning.

Pack rats looked down at us sleeping from holes in the ceiling in the dorm. Of course the men and women had separate sleeping areas, although the door between was often used.

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*Pack rats looked down at us sleeping from holes in the ceiling in the dorm.*

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One group of three boys from Philadelphia arrived in a jeep with a sign, “Alaska or Bust.” They stayed the summer.

We made many hiking trips, including the Garden Wall, of course, and Grinnell Glacier, Granite Park Chalet, Sperry Chalet, Lake MacDonald. My sister made the long trek to Prince of Wales after the boat ride to the end of the lake. Swiftcurrent Lake was freezing and I even got hypothermia one time after swimming.

All travel was by hitchhiking, since none of us were allowed to have a car. We were given one free trip in the red bus as well as round trip fare on the

train if we stayed the entire season. (Many did not.)

My first husband and I made many camping trips to Glacier ... before children and then with children. My sister Mary Mannheimer Hauser and I and our husbands came out recently by train from St. Paul and visited East Glacier, Prince of Wales, Many, Swiftcurrent, and Lake MacDonald, returning from West Glacier. We used the shuttle service between hotels. We recommend it!

The nine mile hike we took, spooked by a moose, was quite an accomplishment for us octogenarians. My three sons also have worked at Glacier and have their own wonderful memories.

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*I learned to sleep standing up at the steam table in the morning.*

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## ***GPF History Project (continued from Page 8.)***

come back the refitted red bus fleet in 2002. The handbook and the orientation talk will equip employees with a wealth of detail to orient hotel guests.

The handbook was compiled with input from numerous GPF members. Special thanks are due to Joe Blair, John Dobbertin, Ray Djuff and Mike Rihner for their contributions. The handbook will be revised and updated for use in future summers.

### **History of the Prince of Wales**

“It’s a little hard to understand today the importance liquor played in the early days of the Prince of Wales Hotel. The availability of booze was the very reason for the existence of the hotel, so Americans could come to Alberta and skirt Prohibition in the United States.”

Ray Djuff makes the foregoing blunt observation in the prince of Wales history handbook and provides additional detail. Louis Hill visualized a lodge

on Waterton Lake in 1913, but the project was shelved for years. Then, in 1923, Prohibition was repealed in Alberta. Hill built the hotel so that tourists in Glacier (where Prohibition would still be in force until 1933) could be lured to Canada to drink.

Hill micromanaged construction of the Prince of Wales, as he did for the other lodges. The Prince, however, underwent radical revisions while construction was underway. It was planned to look like Many Glacier – four stories tall, with two rambling wings and a low-sloping, gabled Swiss roof. Complications caused Hill to abandon the wings and build just a lobby section, expanded to seven stories with a high-pitched roof and spire.

Djuff’s handbook sketches numerous colorful personalities in the history of the hotel. The Prince’s first manager, Captain Rodden Stanley Harrison, is described as a “Colonel Blimp” who wore tweeds and smoked a pipe. His

successor Harley Boswell (who managed with his wife Anna for 23 years) would go horseback riding on the great prairies east of the lodge and lie in the grass to dispel the pressures of the lodge

An intriguing point in the Prince’s history is that for many years a customs inspector had an office in the basement. American saddle horse riders visited the Waterton townsite in droves, riding the launch *International* from Goat Haunt Chalet at the south end of Waterton Lake. The Canadian government required the Great Northern to provide office space for an inspector to monitor the boat (insofar as the boat was owned by the railway), and the railway grudgingly provided a tiny subterranean office. A colorful inspector named Ab Cahoon made the best of the situation by inviting all manner of people down for a drink.

The Glacier Park Lodge and Prince of Wales handbooks are full of such stories. They will brighten the lives of employees and enable them to regale guests with a colorful tale or two. GPF looks forward to preparing historical handbooks and orientations for other lodges around Glacier Park.

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*The general managers of the two hospitality companies (Ron Cadrette of Glacier Park, Inc. and Marc Ducharme of Xanterra’s Glacier National Park Lodges) kindly gave this plan their approval.*

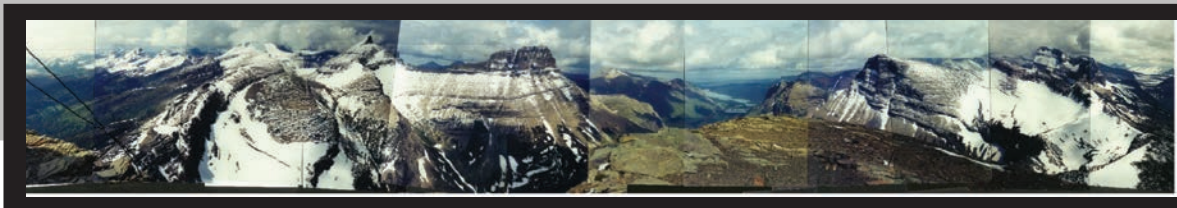
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## **JOIN THE GLACIER PARK FOUNDATION**

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

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

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*(Panorama by Christine Baker)*