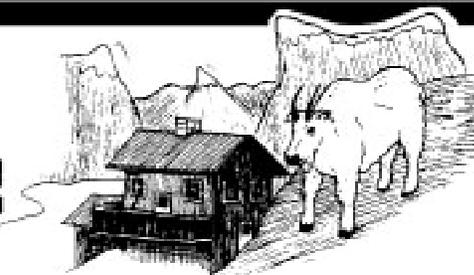
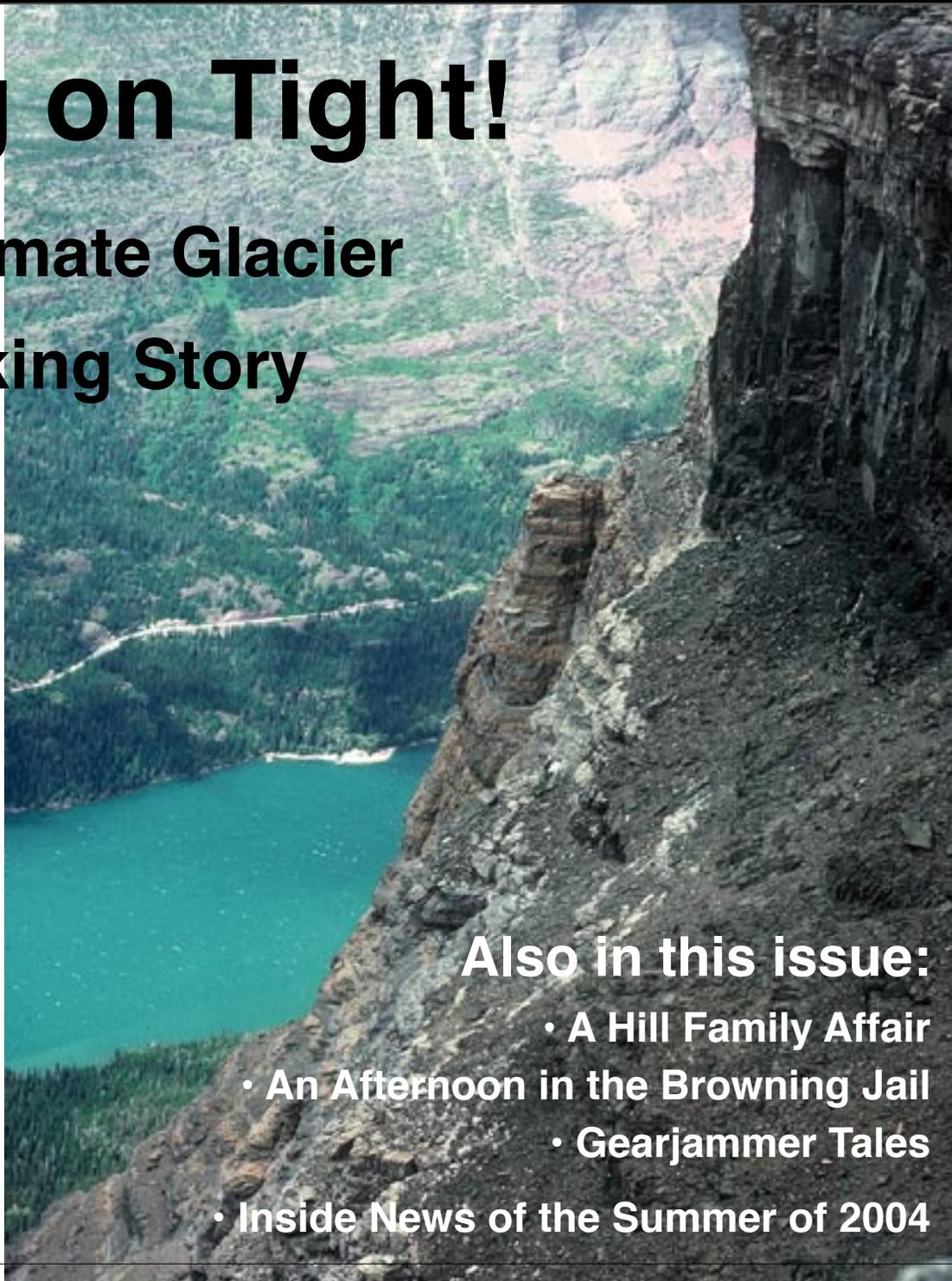

THE INSIDE TRAIL



Voice of the Glacier Park Foundation ■ Fall 2004 ■ Volume XVIII, No. 3

Hang on Tight!

The Ultimate Glacier Hitchhiking Story



*Looking down to
St. Mary Lake
from a gully
high on the slopes
of Little Chief
Mountain.*

Also in this issue:

- A Hill Family Affair
- An Afternoon in the Browning Jail
- Gearjammer Tales
- Inside News of the Summer of 2004

Farewell to Gordon Edwards

Dr. J. Gordon Edwards, author of *A Climber's Guide to Glacier National Park*, died on the trail on August 19th. Dr. Edwards was 84 years old. He was a legendary mountaineer and one of the most distinguished and famous figures in Glacier's history.

Dr. Edwards was setting out on a climb of Divide Mountain when he collapsed and died. He was with his wife Alice, his inseparable companion on Glacier's trails and peaks for more than 55 years. Their daughter Jane was leading a climb of Mt. Cannon at the time of her father's death.

Dr. Edwards leaves behind many hundreds of Glacier friends. Despite his fame, he was unassuming and wonderfully personable, always willing to discuss mountaineering with the greenest novice.

Dr. Edwards was a Glacier Park Foundation member from its beginning in 1980. He frequently wrote for *The Inside Trail*. Our next issue will feature a special memorial section dedicated to him.

Gordon Edwards leading a group on the Ptarmigan Wall, as always the consummate host, freely sharing magical places with those of us who had the incredible good fortune to share time with this gracious host. (Photo Dave Shoup)

Glacier Park Foundation

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

The *Inside Trail* takes its name from the famous old trail which connected Glacier Park Lodge with the vanished chalets at Two Medicine, Cut Bank, and St. Mary. The name thus emphasizes the publication's focus on the lore and history of Glacier National Park.

We invite submission of historical, scientific, or anecdotal articles, commentary, poetry, or artwork for publication in future issues.

INSIDE NEWS

of the Summer of 2004

Aftermath of the Fires

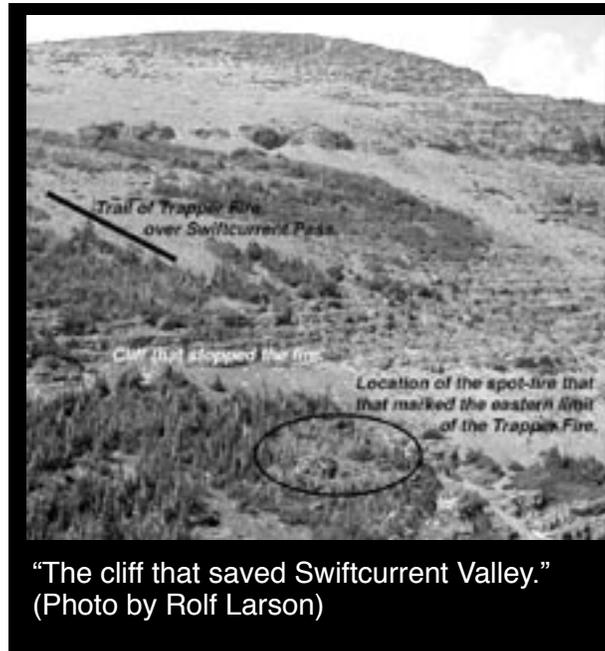
The record forest fires of 2003 have left extensive scars on Glacier Park's familiar landscape. Vast sectors of mountainside are rusty brown, with dead needles hanging limply from the scorched branches of the trees. In other areas, where the fires burned hotter, nothing remains but charred pines.

Much of Howe Ridge, on the west side of Lake McDonald, is completely burned and blackened. Further north, where the fire was less hot, the ridge takes on the appearance of a worn, brown, bristling doormat. On Mt. Stanton, near the head of the lake, burned and unburned areas interlock in a complex mosaic.

At the Loop, where the Trapper Fire struck Going-to-the-Sun Road, travelers encounter a stark charred stand of lodgepole pine. Up the Loop Trail, there is startling erosion. Stripped bare of vegetation, the hillsides were gouged by spring runoff which cut gullies across the trail in many places and washed down heaps of earth, deadfalls and stones. The Glacier Park trail crew will be heavily occupied there and in similar locations in coming years.

Those who observed the Trapper Fire blazing near Swiftcurrent Pass last year were amazed to find that both the pass and the area around Granite Park Chalet remains unburned. The main fire stopped well below the chalet, but embers blew uphill and

ignited a large spot fire just above the pass. A band of small cliffs stopped the fire from burning into Swiftcurrent Valley (See Photo below).



The Commercial Services Plan

The National Park Service released its final Commercial Services Plan early in the summer. The plan provides guidelines for the future of Glacier's lodges and for various other services in the Park. A draft of the plan had been circulated for public comment in 2003. For the most part, the draft plan is unchanged.

The Park Service states that, of all the services discussed in the draft plan, "the future of Granite Park Chalet generated the most interest and controversy." Several hundred comments were received, almost evenly divided between maintaining the chalet as a hikers' hostel and returning it to its historic character as a full-service inn. The Park Ser-

vice recognized "compelling arguments" on both sides of the issue. It retained the draft plan's preference maintaining Glacier Park as a hikers' hostel. However, the final plan does provide for optional meal and bedsheet services.

Projections for Many Glacier Hotel, Lake McDonald Lodge, Swiftcurrent, and Rising Sun remain essentially the same as they were in the draft plan. At Many Glacier, the Circular Staircase will be reinstalled in the lobby, the Lower Dorm will become a chalet for guests, and a large part of the staff will be housed off-site at Swiftcurrent. Swiftcurrent guests will be housed exclusively in cabins, with the motels becoming employee accommodations. At Lake McDonald Lodge, the coffee shop and the Stewart Motel will be replaced, and employee housing will be consolidated in the northern part of the compound. At Rising Sun, employee housing will be consolidated in the lower compound and a few new cabins will be provided.

Many Glacier Renovation Continues

Comprehensive renovation has proceeded this spring and summer on the exterior of Many Glacier Hotel. All of the exterior balconies are being rebuilt with steel reinforcements. The exterior walls are being renovated, preserving the original siding where possible. Chain-link fences enclose hydraulic lifts, heaps of building supplies, and much of the hotel structure. The lawns have been replaced with gravel.

The shingled roof of the hotel has been replaced with large brown

Continued on page 20.

Glacier Park

. . . A Hill Family Affair

*By Eileen B. McCormack
Associate Curator, Hill Papers
James J. Hill Reference Library
Saint Paul, Minnesota*

To Louis W. Hill, Glacier National Park was much more than just a tourist destination that would enhance the reputation and financial ledger of his Great Northern Railway. Accounts of the establishment of the area as a national park, and the railways' subsequent activities to make it an accessible and desirable travel option for early 20th Century vacation-goers, always give credit for this initiative to Louis Hill. Numerous articles and books have documented the building and sustaining of the hotels and chalets, the artists, photographers, and writers who provided visual and narrative images of the park and its Native American inhabitants, and the contributions of Hill. In many of these accounts Hill's love of Glacier Park is front and center. This short narrative will give examples of how he passed this love on to his family...in their own words.



Maudie Hill, Cortlandt Hill, and Jerome Hill at Iceberg Lake, ca. 1912 (from a private collection, courtesy of the James J. Hill Reference Library)

the railway intimately. However, as was the case with many second-generation-wealthy, his passions took a different track than that of his father.

Hill was a painter and photographer, and he loved the outdoors with the camping, hunting and fishing it provided. He had a strong interest in architecture, landscape gardening, travel, Native American life and philanthropy. Unlike James Hill who spent most of the hours, of most of the days, of most of the years, of his

frequent, and many of them included Glacier Park as a destination, or as a stop on frequent travels west on the Great Northern. Hill's wife Maud had family members living in Seattle, and after 1914, the Hill family owned a home in Pebble Beach, California.

Because the family was usually together on these travels, we do not have a great number of letters from Glacier Park visits. However, those we have show how much they enjoyed the area. Louis Hill, Jr.'s brief accounts of visits to the Park are especially informative. Perhaps the first recorded family visit to the area was in 1908 (two years before the creation of the Park). Hill's private railway car, A-22, was traveling back to Saint Paul following a family vacation in California. Maud Hill noted in her diary, "Left Seattle April 14th at 9:30 p.m. for St. Paul. Big Indian Chief shook hands with children at Wolf Point, and children gave him

To Louis W. Hill, Glacier National Park was much more than just a tourist destination. . . . In many of these accounts, Hill's love of Glacier Park is front and center.

Louis Hill worked alongside his father James J. Hill, whose passion was the all-consuming adventure of building the Great Northern, and the challenge of its expansion, maintenance and operation. Louis knew

adult life working, Louis spent a lot of time with his family. Louis and his wife Maud had four children, Louis, Jr. (1902), Maudie (1903), Jerome (1905), and Corty (1906), and he was very involved in their lives. Family trips and vacations were

bananas. Arrived St. Paul Friday, 5:15 p.m.”

There are photographs of the family in the Park from earlier years, but it is not until 1913 that written documentation is found detailing their Glacier experiences. Louis, Jr. kept a diary of a family trip in July of that year:

- July 18th - We arrived in Glacier Park and shortly afterwards we went to the store to select the provisions for the trip. After lunch we went a little way up Mt. Henry and after that we went in swimming, the water was 45 degrees.
- July 19th - The next day Dad and I started for Two Medicine to look for a good camping place. After lunch we saw some bucking broncos and then went in swimming.
- July 21st - We started for Trick Falls about 9:30. We got 13 trout and one sucker. That afternoon we climbed Rising Wolf.
- July 22nd - The next day we started for Buttercup Basin. We took turns walking and riding and we ate lunch up there. The walkers beat the horses home. That night we all slept well.
- July 23rd - The next day we were to break camp so we got up early... when the wagon came it was not long before we had it loaded and then we went to the chalets for breakfast. After breakfast Maudie, Corty, Dad, and the two-wheeler set out for Cut Bank camp. From there we had a beautiful climb to the top of the ridge when nearly to the top we could see lower Two Medicine.

The rest of his family went back to the Park in September, after Louis, Jr.'s classes had begun. His siblings wrote him of their activities:

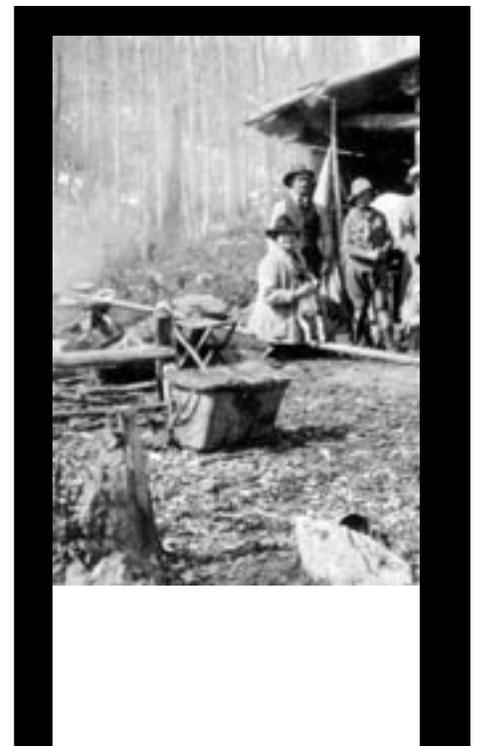
- September?, from Jerome - I hope you are having a nice time. When we were at McDermott [now Swiftcurrent Lake], Mother and Daddy went up to Cracker Lake and the next day we went up to Grinnell Lake and took a picnic lunch, then Mother and the others went on up to Cataract Falls.
- September 14th, from Corty - I am going to Havre with Dad to meet grandfather & grandmother. We are going to Two Medicine when grandfather comes. (Note: James J. Hill's 75th birthday was celebrated at Glacier Park Hotel in 1913)
- September 15th, from Maudie - We are all still staying at the Hotel. Last night there was an Indian dance and there is a little girl that could speak English and Indian, her name is Louiceal [sic]. She can dance and sing very well and we gave her a shawl.

During some visits Louis would come and go on railway business, while his family remained in the Park. Everything was arranged for their stay, as seen in this 1916 telegram to C. B. Griffin: “My family expect to leave tomorrow night for the park and want the same guide, George, I believe his last name is Jennings, to meet them and they will take him up to Many Glacier where the horses are. Will you please arrange? L. W. Hill.”

During one of these absences in 1917, Hill's children wrote him

about their activities at Glacier:

- August?, from Maudie - Dear Daddy, The day after you left Louis, Corty and the guide went fishing alone the river to Cracker Lake. They caught 16 fish. Corty caught 8 of them. Jerome and Dobby went painting. The next day we all walked up to Appekunny Basin. There was a good trail. Mother rode horseback, when we came to a bad place she got off and Corty and Jerome pulled her up and I pushed. Today we all went to Cracker Lake. The trail is better than it was last year. They caught 7 trout. We are all well and happy.
- August 6th, from Maudie - We are having a lovely time here. We go in swimming about every day. The boy who is in charge of the pool is a wonder and is teaching the boys different strokes.



Louis Hill, Jr. fishing in Glacier in 1918 (Laurence Dorcy Collection, courtesy of the Hill Library)

Cortlandt, Maud,
Louis, Jr., Maudie,
and Jerome hill
with unidentified
others, ca. 1918
(Laurence Dorcy
Collection, courtesy
of the Hill Library)



The Goodrich Tire salesman is the champion swimmer of the Pacific coast. He ate an orange under water last evening. There are lots of pretty places along the river here. Mother has had her first Red Cross sewing bee today, making pajamas. There was quite a crowd. They have been showing the "Dog Races" moving pictures for the last few evenings, also the Hawaiian movies.

We just missed an Indian Pow-Wow at Cut Bank. We were just in time to see them have a watermelon competition among the squaws to see who could eat their piece first. "White Calf's" wife won the prize of one dollar. Old Mrs. White Calf, the mother of "Two Guns", had a terrible time because she did not have any teeth. Everybody is well. Come here quick. With heaps of love, Maudie Hill

- August?, from Jerome - We are having lovely weather out here, it snowed quite hard yesterday in the mountains and when the clouds lifted the peaks were nearly white. We took a long walk yesterday up to George's [George Jennings'], seven miles south of here. Before we got there we had to cross a river on a little swing suspended from a cable, it was loads of fun.

George and his wife have a sweet little ranch up in the hills with two dogs, two cats and a canary, some chickens, horses & cows. When we got there it was snowing but we had mackintoshes on and we were very warm. They gave us a lovely time and then we came home, took a hot bath, and all voted it the best day yet. There are no more forest fires now and the atmosphere is clear. I am doing quite a lot of drawing. Much love, Romie

Louis, Jr. joined his father on many hunting and fishing trips to Glacier, and wrote an account of one of these in 1921:

- July 12th - No one but George and I were stirring so we decided to take a trip up Altyn peak. The blue haze was beginning to show and it was fairly warm, but we took it easy and had a very pleasant climb. We came to a big overhang...here we ate lunch in a very peculiar position, our feet over hanging a 10 foot drop, with a small stream running parallel to the edge some 2 feet behind us. We only had to reach behind for a drink, and in front lay a fine view. From our lunch place we went up to Josephine...Dad was up there with Corty and they had very good luck bringing home a nice mess.
- July 20th - Corty and I went over Peigan, on top of the summit

southeast of the pass. It was very windy and we had quite a time coming down from the pass to Morning Eagle Falls. The wind was so strong that at times the water off Dawn Mist went up instead of down.

- July 22nd - The Elks came thru on the way from a convention in Los Angeles. They had some fair musicians with them and we sat around a little in the afternoon listening to them. Took the evening train west at 9:12.

Those who have spent time at Glacier Park often talk of the lasting impression the area made on them. This “Glacier Effect” is shown in letters Louis Hill, Jr. sent his mother years after his childhood visits.

In 1929, he worked for the Great Northern Railway and often stopped in the Park, for a day here and there:

- August 17th - Apikuni in the morning. I had the most glorious walk in the warm morning sunshine. Up past the falls, into the basin by a short cut. I swiped huckleberries from God and the bears and came home. It was the most beautiful day – just turning from summer to autumn – hot and dry with a wind that raised dust far below in the valley.

And in 1952 when Louis, Jr. brought his own family for a Glacier Park vacation:

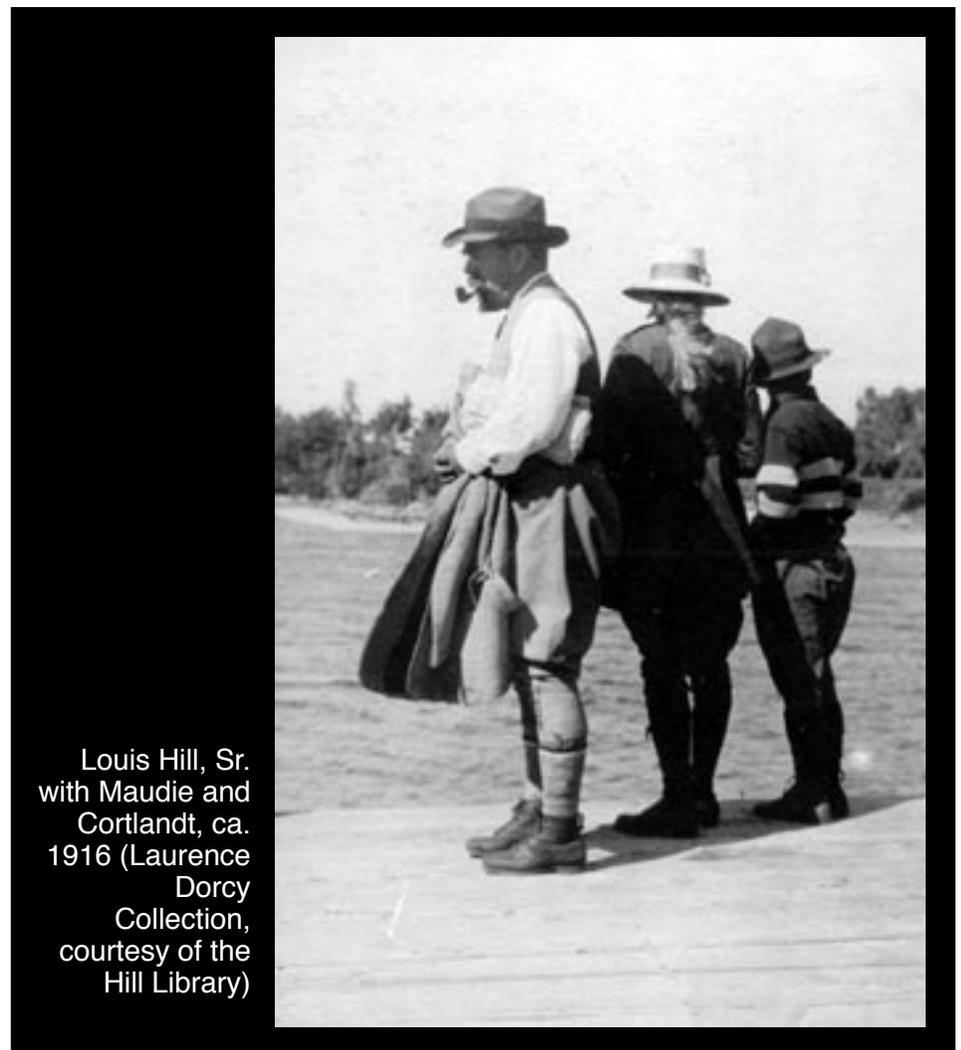
- August 10th - Yesterday we went to Morning Eagle Falls. It was a beautiful day, lots of clouds, sunlight, and the “Feather Plume Falls” that comes right out of the sky over the cliff was disappearing again into the air. They call it Horse Tail Falls now, but I like the old name. Morning Eagle is always beautiful.

Just before lunch I took a walk way up near the top of Piegan Pass, to the place you and Dad and I went and

watched Mr. Stevenson climb up the rock chimney – as he was looking for the correct way over the Piegan Pass. I remember, as you sat watching him, you started counting flowers and you got over a dozen different varieties as you sat there.

“Yesterday reminded me of the old days.”

(The letters and diary entries quoted are from the Louis W. Hill Papers and a private collection.)



Louis Hill, Sr.
with Maudie and
Cortlandt, ca.
1916 (Laurence
Dorcy
Collection,
courtesy of the
Hill Library)

An Afternoon in the Browning Jail ... and Other Tales of St. Mary Lodge



The author with St. Mary cabin girls, 1961 (photo courtesy of Steve Berg)

by Steve Berg (St. Mary 1960-67)

On May 21, 2004, I attended the 101st birthday party of Margaret Black at the Kalispell, Montana home of her daughter, Sally Black Welder, and Sally's husband, Terry Welder. Superimposed on Margaret's ice cream birthday cake was a 1930 photo of Margaret and her horse, Midget, on a trail in Glacier Park. The icing on the cake read "101.5 on your dial." Since she turned 100 on November 21, 2002, we've taken to celebrating Margaret's birthday biannually. When she asked if we did this anticipating the expected, I told her we did not, but that after she turned 105, and we began celebrating quarterly, she would know she had something to worry about.

I was born in St. Paul, Minnesota

and grew up across Summit Avenue from the Black family. Lucky Black, fifth of the six Black children, was my close friend and classmate at St. Mark's Grade School. Following a two-week visit to St. Mary in 1956, I was hooked. Because of my relationship with Lucky, Hugh and Margaret Black made a major exception to their employment policy and hired me to work in the laundry at St. Mary during the summer of 1960. Lucky and I turned 16 that summer.

For varying periods each summer, I was employed by the Blacks at St. Mary during the summers of 1960 through 1967. After a few years in school, and some time in the Marine Corps, I moved to Kalispell in 1977 where I now live. At St. Mary,

I transitioned from laundry worker to garbage boy to fry cook to bartender and, in more recent years, to director and secretary of the Black family-held corporation which owns St. Mary and leases its facilities to Roscoe Black, Lucky's older brother. This will be a picture of life as an employee of Hugh and Margaret Black during the 1960s.

The Blacks have owned and operated St. Mary since the early 1930s. By the time I arrived in the sixties, the place was under control — almost. For \$100.00 per month (or \$125.00 per month for college-age employees) plus a bonus paid at the end of the season to those who worked satisfactorily and stayed to their departure date, about 125 employees ventured west each summer, often

on the *Western Star*, from midwestern colleges for an unforgettable summer.

A disproportionately large number of employees were Catholic, reflecting Margaret's preference, although a few Lutherans snuck in from time to time provided they had sound Catholic references. Hugh was not of this mind, but left employment matters to Margaret except as to when to fire a recalcitrant employee. A different type of religious experience occurred each Sunday. Orthodox Catholics left their jobs with impunity to attend Mass at the St. Mary R.S. fire cache requiring unorthodox Catholics, Protestants and unbelievers to attend to the tourists. The potential was there for a religious revolt, but all was forgotten by powwow time Sunday night.

We worked six days each week. Days off were spent hiking, visiting the swimming pool and LP in Waterton, Dusty's Bar west of East Glacier and, of course, the Babb and Harwood Bars in Babb. The rare trip to the Calgary Stampede, Kalispell (Moose's Saloon - still a great place to have a beer), and to any Chinese restaurant in Lethbridge, was a treasure. Hitchhiking in and around the Park was easy and reliable if accompanied by a co-ed. Few employees had cars.

Powwows at St. Mary River, then known as Dark River, and the old St. Mary Chalet dock, were popular, this being the apogee of folk music and guitars. The Blacks hosted several employee parties: a talent show, Sadie Hawkins dance and, late in August, a Christmas party in their home. This Christmas party is not to be confused with the Christmas Reunion at the Blacks' Summit Avenue

home in St. Paul each year, a well attended and much appreciated event. Unlike Park hotel employees, St. Mary employees did not entertain tourists except in their occasional fumbling efforts to try to meet a tourist's needs.

Putting aside various romances for a moment, the summer of 1964 was my most memorable summer because of the flood, still talked about in hushed tones in northwestern Montana. Warm rain was unceasing. Divide Creek inundated the lodge and motels. Power and sanitation

facilities were erratic. We worked hard under Roscoe supervision as foreman, but played hard too. The goal was to open by July 4, and we met this goal with one day to spare. Camaraderie was at its height as everyone pulled together to pull the Blacks out of a tough position. Airmen from the Malmstrom facility on Lower St. Mary Lake helped us out and provided several pumps.

One night while we were drawing water and debris from the basement of St. Mary Lodge, a case of muscatel wine floated down the corridor. We assumed it had floated down the creek after being dropped from the sky, and then into St. Mary Lodge. Naturally we salvaged it and later took it to the banks of the creek to drink periodically over the next few nights after work. Perhaps in this present era of unnatural fascination with wine, people still drink musca-



Hugh and Margaret Black (photo courtesy of Steve Berg)

tel, but I'm not one of them.

Many friendships were made that summer with Blackfeet hired by the Blacks from the Babb-St. Mary area. They served us venison in their homes, let us play with their kids, tried to teach us the stick game, and protected us in the two Babb bars when things erupted, which was not unusual.

There was a family atmosphere at St. Mary in those years and some degree of *in loco parentis*. However, Hugh and Margaret were referred to as Mr. and Mrs. Black, not mom and dad. There was nothing corporate about St. Mary. Planning was pragmatic. People who could fix things, I not among them, were held in high esteem. Hugh, who died in 1983, and Margaret complemented each

An Afternoon in the Browning Jail continued

other in their skills and personalities. The six Black children, their cousins, and many friends of both groups, returned annually as I did, but new employees were not excluded from the fun merely because theirs was a first-time appearance. There was little attrition in the sense that an employee stayed until the initially agreed upon departure date unless exceptional circumstances required an early return to civilization.

The common belief, true or false, was that our living conditions were inferior to those employed in the Park hotels, but at that age, no one cared. The Blacks were blessed with loyal ageless senior managers who acted as links between them and their employees. Like staff NCOs in a military unit, these managers, often a husband/wife team, were the glue to the success of this operation. And successful it was, and is. I've often thought there is no better location in or near the Park for the tourist-on-the-move than St. Mary as distinguished from the destination orientation of the Park hotels.

significant exertion. He was a wonderful person to work for because he respected the employee who worked hard, did not respect those few who did not, and let you know which camp you were in. He was a prescient businessman, anticipating events before they occurred. I dealt with Hugh in both Montana and Minnesota as the father of my good friend, neighbor, employee, and mentor. Most of his time was spent in Montana while the children attended school in Minnesota or vacationing with Margaret at the family's home in Redington Beach, Florida.

Because he tended to fall asleep while driving any distance, I often drove Hugh to the Hutterite colonies near Cardston, Alberta where we purchased eggs and produce. This always led to a few glasses of rhubarb wine while the elders talked business and goose hunting with Hugh, and I flirted with the girls. Dinner at the colony sometimes followed. Trips to Cut Bank and Browning were also common. Hugh had a great sense of humor, and a temper. It was never dull when he was around.

appropriate that Hugh pay the ticket, and noting the fine represented half my monthly income, I gave it to him for payment. Until a couple of arrest warrants were sent to me implying nonpayment, I thought no more about it. I informed Hugh of the increased tension and understood he would pay the mounting fine.

A few weeks later, I was arrested and taken in the paddy wagon to the Browning jail with four miscreants from Babb. After five hours behind bars in a facility not approved by the Geneva Convention, and failing to engage my cellmate with my views on Camus, we got the word about 6:00 PM of our imminent transfer to the Cut Bank jail. Convinced I was spiraling into the gulag, I asked to use the telephone. I called an old friend of Hugh's, Don MacRae, who was in the lumber business in Browning. He agreed to bail me out for \$100.00, and by 6:30 PM I was again 18 years old and free.

I hitchhiked back to St. Mary, and en route saw Hugh headed in the opposite direction toward Browning. Arriving at St. Mary, I was heralded as a hero, and ordered to report to Margaret. She was angry with Hugh for not paying the ticket. Since I hadn't eaten, she treated me to a steak dinner in the dining room. There I held forth to the waitresses embellishing this story to include torture and other perfidy. Hugh and I never spoke of it, but Don MacRae later told me Hugh reimbursed him. Hugh was one of the great men in my life. He viewed life as black or white with gray appearing perhaps once or twice each year.

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As the result of a near-fatal car accident in the 1950s, Hugh walked with a pronounced limp in the 1960s, and was clearly in pain much of the time. His labored breathing indicated the simplest tasks required

Hugh occasionally acted in strange ways. While driving the company truck to Browning one sunny day in 1962, I was ticketed by the Highway Patrol for driving without a chauffeur's license. Thinking it was ap-



St. Mary Lodge and townsite during the 1964 flood. (Mel Ruder photo courtesy of Patsy Morton)

From my lofty position on the board of directors, I can see the evolution of St. Mary between my laundry work in 1960 and the present. Although more corporate now in structure and planning, the business continues to be owned by the Black family and indelibly stamped by family members on the board and Roscoe Black's able management.

At her recent birthday party, Margaret told the story of the lady tourist in the 1930s who had seen the highway advertisement for the Hugh Black Cabins, and wanted to see one of them. Returning to Margaret, the lady said she had seen the cabins, which were white, and felt she had been misdirected. She wanted to see the huge black cabins, not the white ones.

Hugh and Margaret have been huge in my life and influential in a positive sense on all my fellow employees in the 1960s, or so they say when the subject comes up as it often does. Hard working, honest, funny and fair - they had it all. In Margaret's present position at 101, she is 101.5 on the dial of all her former employ-



Hang on Tight!

(Even after a climb up Little Chief Mountain!)

Mike and Dan at Summit. (Photo Dave Shoup)

By Dave Shoup (Swiftcurrent 1973-1975, Many Glacier 1976)

Using simple math, I only had about 48 days off to hit the trails and peaks during my four memorable years of Glacier. I was one of the fortunate few who almost always had beautiful weather on my one day off per week. My long-time hiking and climbing buddies and I used to laugh that

1974, 1975) and Mike Scarano (Swiftcurrent waiter 1974–1976). Generally, most think that the pinnacle of the day would be to finally reach the summit. Not on this day. The real excitement began after we returned to Going-to-the-Sun Road in the middle of the night!

The day did NOT get started off well. The early morning skies ap-

was the clock. We knew that Gordon Edwards had specifically warned in the Climber's Guide that Little Chief was a deceptively long climb and that climbers should start at the crack of dawn to ensure returning before nightfall. I had always respected Edwards' advice in the past. But this time, we stubbornly "went for it", trucking down the trail at about 9:00 a.m.

Little Chief is climbed by leaving the trail near Virginia Falls, bushwhacking up the north and northwest slopes, and then following a steep gully that takes one up close to the very big notch on the northern face. Then, (the time consuming portion of the climb) one skirts around the massive vertical cliffs on the west side all the way around to the southwestern slope where a series of class 3 and few class 4 cliffs ascends fairly easily to the summit.

We reached the steep gully by late morning. Then the rain began. Although discouraged, we knew justice had to prevail, so we huddled under some overhanging rocks, and decided to wait it out. We waited for over an hour. Fortunately, the mountain gods blessed us on this day, as the rain stopped and the skies cleared. I don't remember what made us continue the climb, since the clock, not the mountain, had become our biggest nemesis. I guess we stubbornly felt that we had just gone too far to turn back...and besides, it was our only day off!

I had done several Glacier mountain adventures that could be put in the "kind of crazy" category, but nothing

Generally, most think that the pinnacle of the day would be to finally reach the summit. Not on this day. The real excitement began after we returned to Going-to-the-Sun Road in the middle of the night!

we rarely got rain on our day off and thus had no good excuses to be blobs and veg out - which sounded good at times at the break of dawn! Deep down inside, however, I always despised wasting my day off.

Here's one of the memories that I put in my "Longest Day" category - a climb up Little Chief Mountain in 1976 with two of my regular hiking companions, Dan Vandell (Swiftcurrent waiter 1970, 1971,

peared very "iffy." Were the clouds going to open up or burn off? On this particular day, I was the optimist (this was not always the case). It took me almost an hour to convince Dan and Mike that we should "go for it" and at the very least get our ride to the St. Mary Falls trail junction, and then make our final decision.

Unfortunately, upon our arrival at the trailhead, nothing had changed - the weather still was hauntingly unpredictable. Another BIG hurdle

Hang on Tight continued

like this before. We ended up “enjoying” a sinking sun on the horizon a little past 7:00 p.m. on the summit of Little Chief. We obviously had ignored the basic safety rule of always ensuring a safe retreat! (I can’t even imagine how exhausted climbers on Everest must feel being at the summit well after their scheduled time, with knots in their stomach about the dangers of the climb down).

Dan, Mike and I “ran” down Little Chief. The adrenaline was flowing freely as we steadily witnessed darkness fall. Fortunately we got down through the big gully and the other bigger cliffs before the orange clouds above had faded into darkness.

The lower third of Little Chief is a descent through thick alders, intermingled with 5- to 8-foot cliffs. That was an adventure in itself. In near-total darkness (Where’s the moon when you really need it?), we painstakingly inched our way down these class 3 cliffs. We hung onto alder branches and lowered ourselves over cliffs. Several times we had to jump a foot or two to rocks or ground beneath cliffs that we could not see. It felt like jumping into a black abyss. THAT was scary and something I’ll NEVER do again!

As we descended lower and lower, the silhouette of St. Mary Lake below grew larger and larger. Eventually, we were bound to reach the trail that was our ticket back to Going-to-the-Sun Road. Our total focus was on locating the trail in the darkness. I’ll never forget hearing Dan, about 20 feet behind me, say, “What’s this? Look at this! Is this the trail? I’m not sure!”

Our flashlights revealed that it was indeed the trail. Mike and I had

bushwhacked right across it and were headed lower toward the lake. If Dan had not found the trail, we surely would have ended up wandering through the alders all night long, with visions of rangers’ flickering flashlights searching for us in the distance. Never, ever did a trail (at about 1:30 in the morning) feel so good beneath my feet!

At this point I had had enough “adventure” for one day...but that was not to be. We arrived at Going-to-the-Sun Road exhausted at about 2:30 a.m. We had no access to transportation home but our right thumbs. We HAD to get back to

At the driver’s invitation, Dan and I climbed on top of the car and lay down gripping the small luggage rack, with our feet dangling on the rear window.

Swiftcurrent by daybreak in order to work the morning shift.

As most Inside Trail readers know, there’s not much traffic on Going-to-the-Sun Road in the middle of the night. Eventually, a couple of cars passed us by. We (rather forcefully!) waved down the next car. It was driven by a young lady 25 to 30 years of age, who was willing to offer us a ride. Unfortunately, the small vehicle was jammed full of luggage and other belongings. There was only room for one person in the passenger seat. At the driver’s invitation, Dan and I climbed on top of the car and lay down gripping the small luggage rack, with our feet dangling on the rear window.

At first, the ride seemed tenuous, but fun. Lying on the car’s roof with the cool air rushing over us felt good. The young lady started out at a moderate rate of speed (although I

wished she were going slower). My biggest fear was whenever we saw the headlights of an approaching vehicle. At that time of night, the probability seemed very, very high that it would be driven by an unsympathetic ranger.

Then it happened. Our driver, for some unknown reason, developed a lead foot. Was she on drugs or something? I’ll never know, but off she sped, with Dan and I hanging on for dear life as she swung around the twists and curves of Going-to-the-Sun Road. I can attest to the fact that to keep from sliding off the roof of a car, one must hold on very tight

- - especially to counteract centrifugal force when hurtling around the hairpin curve near the Rising Sun Boatdocks! We banged on the car roof and yelled for her to slow down, but to no avail. Maybe she thought it was funny, but we did not – although in retrospect the vision of us draped on top of a small car speeding to St. Mary is sort of comical.

We made it back to Swiftcurrent shortly before our morning shifts. This was thanks to Ann Martinson (a Swiftcurrent cook), whom we dragged out of bed with a telephone call and convinced to drive to St. Mary to rescue us. I don’t clearly recall heading off to work that morning, but I’m sure that Dan, Mike and I were not very productive employees that day!

Going to the Sun in a Little Red Bus

(Gearjamming from 1969-1971)

By Tommy Doc Raye (Glacier Park Transport 1969-71)

We were younger then. And beautiful. All of us thin with silky shiny hair, usually jet black or at least very dark. Except for the Nordic beauties with voluminous quantities of magnificent blond curls. What we lacked in experience and wisdom, we made up for in spades with laughter, enthusiasm and boundless physical energy. It was 1969.

Sonora, my hometown, is a small, isolated southwest Texas town (population 2,500). Even after adjusting to a big university, Montana seemed a long way away. But, friends at the Tejas Club in Austin shared pictures of Glacier and relayed stories of the fun they had. If they could do it, maybe I could get to Glacier. Besides, the following year it was either the draft and Vietnam or possibly graduate school on a fellowship. Either way, no longer the need to earn as much money as possible and save

What we lacked in experience and wisdom, we made up for in spades with laughter, enthusiasm and boundless physical energy. It was 1969.

every cent for school the following year. So, what the heck, let's go to Montana. The trip up was an adventure in itself; it was a long way from home. But I did have a dependable car.

seemed like a lot of money in those days. Next night, somewhere in Utah I think, we pulled off a lonely road and threw down the bedrolls on the ground in some wide-open pasture.



The author with his bus at St. Mary Lake. (Photo by Tommy Raye)

First stop El Paso to pick up Charlie Vinson, a college friend. Then north. We wanted to see the Grand Canyon. First night we talked our way into crashing at a fraternity house in northern Arizona. We thought it was free, but they captured us before we left at first light and charged us \$5 each, which

Then a long day into Glacier. Arriving from Browning, we could see the majestic peaks. Our excitement grew and we wondered what the summer would hold. We were going to be Jammers. It was a dusty, dirt road through lodgepole pines to the Jammer dorm and warehouse where the buses were stored during the winter. It seems only yesterday.

Most Jammers arrived about a week prior to the beginning of the touring season. We were given a small history book on Glacier, a flower book (in color yet) and attended lectures given by the boss and prior year Jammers. We had to take the Montana driving test to get a Montana driving license. We drove the beautiful vintage buses to get the feel of the road. Not over the mountains, but

on the prairie roads near East. I don't remember anyone washing out. If you could get up in the morning, eat breakfast, wear the shirt and tie, you could be a Jammer. Also, you had to be over 21. In hindsight, it didn't seem rigorous enough for the high mountain roads (and passengers' lives). But 90% of the Jammers were upstanding people. A few I questioned, but they made it and all became my friends.

We were given individual rooms at the Jammer dorm in East. A sense of privacy that vanished once assigned a bus. That bus became our baby. We lovingly took care of the 1936 buses that were painted red and black with the transportation company logo, a sure-footed mountain goat, affixed to each front door.

During the first week, the Jammers were more or less a team. We hung out together and played a lot of ping pong in the Jammer dorm, separated from the other employee dorms at East. That first week was the last time we were all together, except for one evening each summer when the Transportation Company bussed all Jammers to one location for the social event of the summer, the Jammer Steak Fry.

When the tourists arrived and we began driving to different locations, we lived out of the back of our assigned bus. We traveled from hotel to hotel and slept in quarters set up in dorms at each location. Lack of privacy was compensated by noise and cramped quarters. But it was fun.

I don't remember how Jammers kept clean clothes, but I do remember we were issued plastic chips to be

used in the company owned washing machines. Our uniform was black pants, white shirt, black tie and a company-issued red windbreaker with the Glacier Park Transport Company emblem (the same mountain goat as on the doors of the

names and other features visible from the road. We were supposed to take notes. With the tops rolled back on the little red busses, we gaped at the beauty as we drove through the park. Awe-inspiring, or in a word that didn't exist then: "Awesome!" Tall, almost vertical

The majesty of the park will be there forever, but most of my memories have more to do with the fun I had with other employees.

busses) sewed on the front. Yea, we kinda looked like a team.

And then the day came to be driven through the park for the first time. Novice Jammers were passengers on the first trip with returning Jammers driving and pointing out mountain

mountains, snow drifts 20' high, waterfalls everywhere, bright blue skies, crystal-clear lakes. Who could take notes?

My God, I'm from Texas where everything is supposed to be bigger and better, but I was humbled by



The author with a group of his fellow Jammers.
(Photo by Tommy Raye)

Little Red Bus continued

my first trip over Going to the Sun Road. And many years and most national parks later, Nothing, but Nothing, compares to the glory and majesty of Glacier. I was blessed. We all were.

The majesty of the park will be there forever, but most of my memories have more to do with the fun I had with other employees. The tourists (peeps) were wonderfully polite, fun, and inquisitive, but just thoughts of the other employees brings back great memories and the sense of adventure that we all had. At first, the Jammers were held apart from the other employees. It was natural. Statistically, we were at each hotel every fourth day, so it was difficult to form friendships with the hotel employees. I think many envied us, but we felt shunned or held apart, at least initially. But as the summer wore on, we were just ordinary mistreated, mis-fed, mis-housed employees like all the others. We complained along with the other employees, but daily, we jumped in our busses and were invigorated by the thrill of the park. The peeps were treated grandly, enjoyed the majesty of the park and retired each evening to the comforts of wonderful hotels. The hotels are also national treasures and each unique to its own setting.

The best part of our job was the time off. Particularly the summer of 1969. Usually, we had only one three-hour tour in the morning. As soon as we washed our buses and

put them in line for the next day, we were free for the remainder of the afternoon. So what to do in the most magnificent corner of the world with bright sunshine and plenty of time: hike, and hike we did! Unfortunately, it was several weeks before I really got into hiking. Only two summers before, two girls had been killed by Grizzlies. I never saw a bear on the trail. At first I was extremely wary of running into any wild animal half my size or more and probably hungry. But after my first hike, I was hooked. The rule was to make noise so not to surprise some overly protective Mama Bear with Baby Bear. We must have cut up and hooted and hollered too much for any animal in the valley not to notice; none ever appeared on the same trail we were. Blessed are the

noisemakers for they shall not be eaten by bears.

At least one lesson came the hard way. Another Jammer and I headed over a pass behind Two Medicine Lake in early July. The sun was blazing. It was probably 95 degrees in the shade. I didn't think it was possible for it to get so hot at that latitude. We were strong and hadn't rested. Suddenly a beautiful mountain pond. How inviting! Off came the clothes. The momentum of my

dive carried me at least fifteen feet from shore. Instant rigor mortis! I was lucky to get my body to move back to the shore. Duh! One look around at the snowfields on the far bank that continued to feed this beautiful mountain lake would have told any half-wit that the water might be a tad cool. This ain't Texas.

Another great feature of Glacier: girls everywhere! Young coeds came from all over the country to work in Glacier as maids, waitresses, dishwashers (I understand young women can now drive the buses, the domain of men back then). Of course there were young men employed as waiters, dishwashers, bellmen and other jobs I never thought about; I was too busy looking at the women

I encourage all young men and women to work at Glacier in some capacity. Check out some books and learn about our best national park. Then go.

to notice. It was such fun. I met young people (men and women) from all over and learned Northerners were nice, Midwesterners honest, Californians had a sense of humor. In short, we were all the same; there's good in everyone.

Often, a group of employees would gather after supper (or dinner as I then learned to call it) and build a fire by a creek, tell stories, laugh, drink beer, etc. What fun. I encour-

Little Red Bus continued

age all young men and women to work at Glacier in some capacity. Check out some books and learn about our best national park. Then go. You make minimum wage, but money is not the objective. You go for the experience and the fun. I'd just like to see others have as much fun as I did.

As I pass 58 and consider someday slowing down, my thoughts drift to Glacier. I hope to drive one of the refurbished buses one more summer. Why not? My wife would enjoy Glacier as I did 35 years ago. I will stick out like a sore thumb amongst the beautiful young people, but I

know more now and will enjoy the peeps more and give a better tour. Maybe not as much hiking, but nothing will diminish the joy of Going to the Sun in a Little Red Bus.

“Mauling Mike” (Gearjamming in 2004)

By Robert Lucke (Gearjammer 2002-2004)

One of the drivers of the famed red busses in Glacier/Waterton International Peace Park has the nickname of “Hiking Mike” because to start work he walked cross-country all the way to Glacier from Utah. But, gentle readers, I am sorry to report that after yesterday he now has a new nickname. And therein lies a tale.

It started out like any other day for poor Mike, who had to haul a reunion family from Lake McDonald Lodge to the top of Logan Pass and back in one of the red busses. That he did – but unfortunately, and unknown to either him or his passengers, he ran over a marmot close to the top of Logan Pass. We other drivers at the pass heard the gruesome story long before he did, for when getting to the top with his bus full of people, he hightailed it to the rest room.

First a mother and daughter stormed over to us other drivers, and demanded to know who the driver of bus 88 was and where he was.

When she got no response, she went on screaming that the driver had purposely driven over the marmot, leaving it wiggling in the middle of Going-to-the-Sun Road. She went on, her voice cracking with emotion, insisting that her daughter had been scarred for life by seeing the episode.

She left. A nice ranger lady took her place and told us that she had a complaint about a marmot mauling. She understood how this

He was even more irate than the woman and child had been. He told us drivers to get off our duffs (all of us were standing at the time) and to find that murdering driver and punish him for his dastardly deed. Further, he screamed at us, “You know that we people cannot kill anything in the park or we will be thrown in jail. You drivers can just nonchalantly kill anything you want and nothing will happen to you!”

When she got no response, she went on screaming that the driver had purposely driven over the marmot, leaving it wiggling in the middle of Going-to-the-Sun Road.

could happen, she said, and she told us that “Hiking Mike” would not be facing a criminal investigation. But she was disturbed that “Hiking Mike” had not disposed of the body by throwing it over the cliffs. Now she would have to go down there and do that.

She wandered off on her mission of mercy, and a man took her place.

Finally they all left. “Hiking Mike” came back from the bathroom, got into his bus, and drove back down the road with his happy reunion people. He was oblivious of the deed he had done, and equally oblivious that from now on he will not be known as “Hiking Mike.” From now on, “Mauling Mike” is the nickname that undoubtedly will follow him as he rambles from park to park.

Backbone of the World

By Malcolm R. Campbell (*Many Glacier 1963-64*)

In the high country of Montana and Alberta, the sun makes Waterton-Glacier International Peace Park new each day with the tints and shades on its palette of light. The rough mountains of the continental divide rise up from the great plains on broad brush strokes of grey, green, brown, red, and the gold of dawn's alpine glow.

Waterton-Glacier is the only park in the world that crosses a national boundary. Waterton was established in Alberta in 1895, Glacier in Montana in 1910. The two parks combined, under separate administrations, into a 2,000-square-mile wilderness in 1932.

The Pacific cordillera has been called the backbone of the world. At the 49th parallel, the rocky vertebrae began as sediment deposited in a Proterozoic sea 800 to 1600 million years ago. Ripple marks created by water and wind are suspended in time within the stone. About 100 million years ago, massive movements of the earth's crust slammed the bedrock forty miles eastward

are framed by whitebark pine and subalpine fir. Of the park's remaining glaciers, Sperry and Grinnell are the largest.

Water, wind and ice shape and re-shape the rocky spectrum of limestone, quartzite, diorite, and argillite that stretches from valley floor to mountain summit. The wonders of this rock unfold along every trail. East of the divide, thousands of

with Engelmann spruce, Douglas fir, western larch, subalpine fir, and lodgepole pine. Designated as a Biosphere Reserve by the United Nations, the Peace Park supports over 1000 species of plants. Yellow and pink heather can be found at Logan Pass. The kinnikinnick's bright red berries complement aspen near Swiftcurrent Lake. A sea of flowers—alpine laurel, buttercups, blue columbine—rolls in great swells

In the high country of Montana and Alberta, the sun makes Waterton-Glacier International Peace Park new each day with the tints and shades on its palette of light.

hikers stop below the face of Going-to-the-Sun Mountain, Natósi-áitapo, where some say the creator of these mountains watches over his world from within the living stone.

Above the timberline, light dances across glaciers and snowfields that nourish the park with melt water. The song of this wild water is a pure song. Listen for it at Cameron Falls, Morning Eagle Falls and Siyeh Creek. At Triple Divide Peak, the

down the high meadows. The soul of these mountains rides the wind: a warm caress, a howl of ice, a never-ending breath across cirque lakes and ridges.

Iceberg and Ptarmigan Lakes, Baring Falls and Sunrift Gorge, Two Medicine Pass, Rising Wolf Mountain. Walk gently here, brother to the grizzly bear and eagle, for the trails through this fragile ecosystem are trails through consciousness—the gem that catches the cascading light in the center of this crown of shining mountains.

Malcolm R. Campbell is the author of 'The Sun Singer', a novel for adults and young adults with a setting inspired by the mountains of Glacier National Park. 'Backbone of the World' originally appeared in the World of Wonder series of the Rosicrucian Digest in September, 1986 and is reprinted here with permission.

The rough mountains of the continental divide rise up from the great plains on broad brush strokes of grey, green, brown, red, and the gold of dawn's alpine glow.

over the younger rocks. During the last ice age, glaciers plucked and scraped the rock along this thrust fault into horn-shaped mountains, hanging valleys, delicate arêtes, amphitheaters where turquoise lakes

song flows down into the veins of the earth to the Pacific Ocean, Gulf of Mexico, and Hudson Bay.

The green blanket draped around the rock below the timberline is woven

A Memorial to Bob and Terry Stokes

By Betty Foos Borman (*Many Glacier* 1947-49)

The friends of Carol “Terry” Mowery Stokes were saddened to learn of her death on July 24th after a brief illness. Terry worked at Many Glacier Hotel in the 1948 and ’49 seasons. Perched up on the second floor over the lobby where her job was to send telegrams for guests and employees, we dubbed her “Terry Telegram.” She had an ideal vantage point up there

from which to see the arriving buses each day – vital information that she passed along to the girls who were dating gearjammers!

Bob Stokes was a gearjammer those same two years but he and Terry only began dating in ’49. By the end of that summer, they had fallen in love and weremarried the following June. Terry and



Bob and Terry Stokes, 1949. (Photo by Betty Foos Borman)

A Memorial to John Mauff

By Rolf Larson (*Many Glacier* 1975-80)

I am greatly saddened to hear of the death of John Mauff. Though he was 92 years old – a full life by any measure – it is a shock to hear of his passing because there was so much life in him!

I have had the pleasure to know him for the past 20 years. In that time I experienced his great energy in outdoor pursuits, in music, and in causes that stirred his great passion.

As a rock climber, he was legendary in the long line of impressive ascents

he compiled. Many of them were first ascents with his lifelong friend, the late Gordon Edwards, author of *A Climber’s Guide to Glacier National Park*.

As a musician, he shared his considerable keyboard skills at what seemed to be spontaneous performances. My favorite images are of the four-handed recitals he did with Washington State composer Michael Young. They were full of life, energy, spontaneity and showmanship.

As a thinker, he wrote humorous poetry and articles for special occasions as well as detailed treatises on many topics that touched him deeply. His energy was boundless and his expertise and beliefs were shared by all.

The image of John that will stick in my mind is a photo of him on the summit of a remote peak in Glacier National Park. In it he is standing with one foot placed on a boulder, an arm draped over his leg. A fireman’s cap is propped at a rakish angle on his head. His face is dominated by the broad grin that was his personal trademark.

Bob both grew up in the Twin Cities, Terry graduating from the University of Minnesota and Bob from Hamline University. Bob was also a good friend and classmate of Gordon Swenson and Bruce Braden, both gearjammers in ’48 and ’49 as well. The Stokeses eventually moved to LaCrosse where Bob worked for the Trane Company. Much later, Terry taught hearing-impaired children. They had three sons – Tom, Dan, and Jack and five grandchildren.

Many of us kept in touch over the years, and when the fifty-year gearjammer reunion was planned for 1998, they looked forward to being there. Unfortunately, Bob became ill just the week before they were to leave for Glacier and were unable to attend. He died the following February. Terry came to all subsequent reunions and get-togethers with Glacier friends, and we know it made her happy to be with everyone, reliving those glorious days.

It is always sad to lose an old friend, especially one with whom we shared so many special and wonderful times. In memory of Terry and Bob, contributions are being made to the Glacier Park Foundation by their friends.



John Mauff, 1995. (Photo courtesy of *Going-to-the-Sun Magazine*)

Inside News continued from page 3.

metal plates, overlapping one another in a honeycomb pattern. This is meant to replicate the appearance of the original hotel roof (which was made of asbestos tile). Construction workers in hard hats and cowboy hats have swarmed about the roof removing shingles, nailing down plates, and regaling guests in the hotel with loud radio music.

The hotel is being repainted to resemble the original color scheme. The gold trim is being removed in favor of a more austere brown-and-white (the brown being notably lighter than before).

Casino at Glacier Park Lodge

The march of cultural progress has brought casino gambling into the downstairs area at Glacier Park Lodge. The casino is run by a Blackfoot tribal entity in space loaned by Glacier Park, Inc. (GPI). The lodge is located on the Blackfoot Reservation, not in the Park.

The casino consists of some 30 Rocket Bingo machines. It appears

to have been very scantily patronized. GPI reportedly reconsidering its decision to host the casino, out of concern for the image it projects on Glacier Park.

Concession Contracting Process Pending

GPI's contract to manage the Glacier Park lodges expires at the end of 2005. The National Park Service is in the very early stages of preparation for bidding on a new contract. Under present law, contracts are let for a maximum of 10 years, or 20 years if major capital investment is required of the concessioner (the new Glacier Park contract very likely will require such investment).

By law, the Park Service has the option of extending GPI's present contract for up to three years. Because of the complexity of the Glacier Park concession (including changes called for by the Commercial Services Plan), such an extension may well occur.

A potential point of controversy in the contracting process is GPI's possessory interest in Many Glacier Hotel and other facilities in the park. If another entity were to bid successfully for the new contract (or if the Park Service were to buy GPI out), GPI would be entitled to compensation for the "sound value" of the buildings.

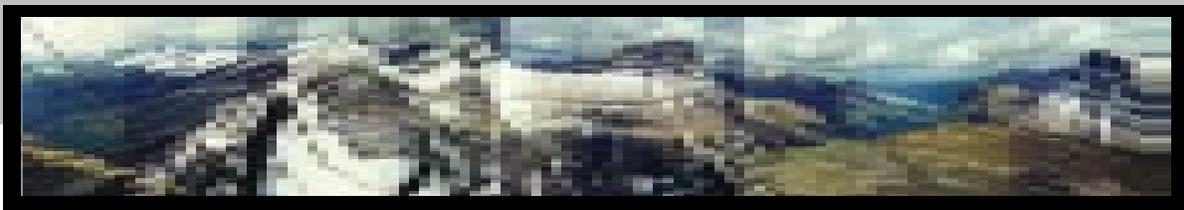
GPI's possessory interest is to be reduced by the amount of the federal government's expenditure in renovating Many Glacier Hotel. However, GPI and the Park Service made no agreement on a "baseline" figure for the possessory interest before renovation began. Thus, a major dispute could emerge among GPI, the Park Service, and potential competing bidders with regard to a fair buyout price.

JOIN THE GLACIER PARK FOUNDATION

All friends of Glacier Park are invited to join the Glacier Park Foundation. Membership includes a subscription to The Inside Trail and the right to vote for directors. Please download a membership form from our Web Site (www.glacierparkfoundation.org) 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)