

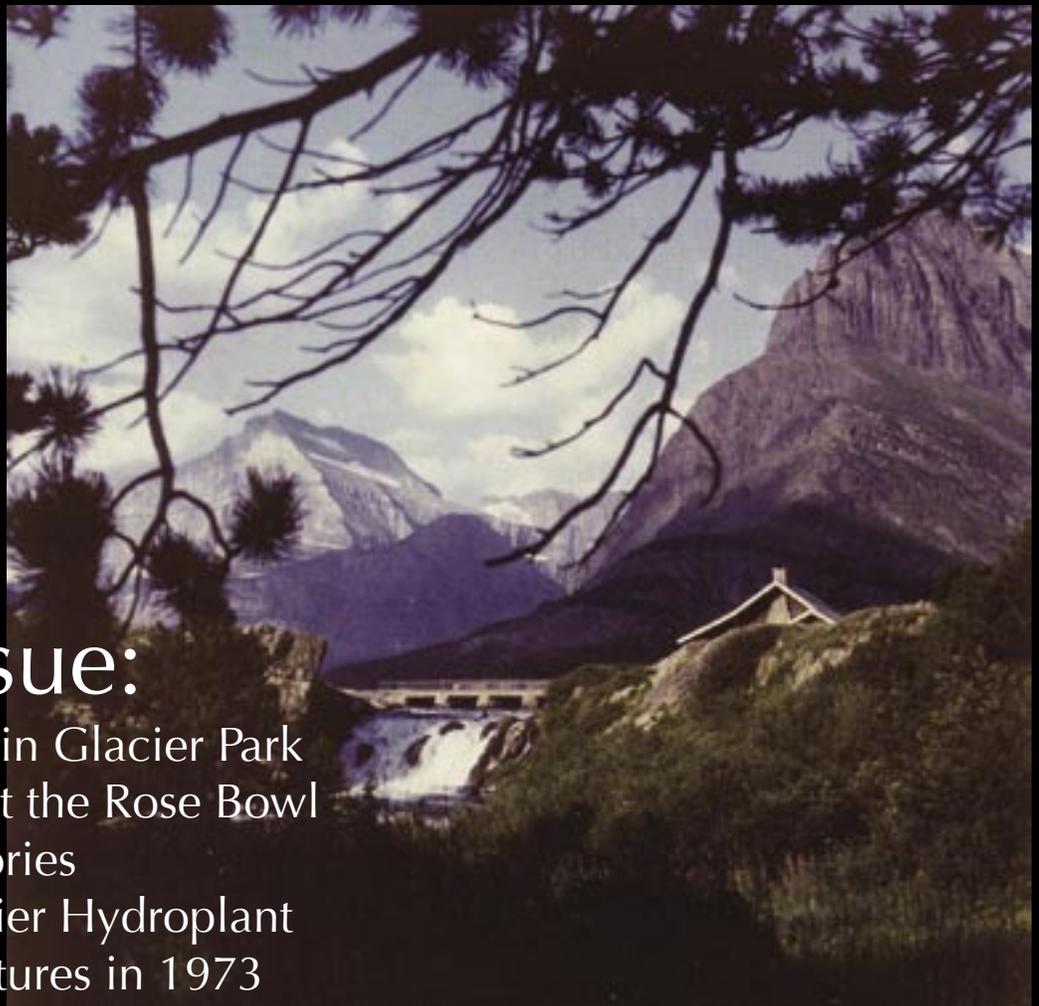
# THE INSIDE TRAIL



Voice of the Glacier Park Foundation ■ Spring 2006 ■ Volume XX, No. 1

## *Of Rivalries and ... Recollections*

Swiftcurrent Falls and Many Glacier's Chalet "I" have been guideposts to many a Glacier Park vacation and employee memory. This park is a place that makes ordinary experience exceptional and the unusual sublime. (*Bill Wanser photo from the collection of Dick Schwab.*)



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# Our Thanks for Memorials, Bequests, Donations

The Glacier Park Foundation thanks the family and friends of Charles A. Lee, Jr. for their generous memorial donations. Charles was a member of the legendary gearjammer crew of 1941 (most of whom went on to serve in World War Two), and also was for many years an active member of GPF. Charles died last year, and his wife Betty graciously suggested that memorial gifts be sent to the Foundation.

Two years ago, Terrie Stewart, a charter member of GPF, left a very generous bequest to the Foundation. Our Board of Directors has discussed using Terrie's gift to help renew the musical tradition at Many Glacier, of which Terrie was an exemplar. A possible use of the bequest is to fund stipends to encourage music students to work at Many and to give performances there. A final decision on this matter has been deferred

pending the award of a new concession contract in Glacier. Once the concessionaire's identity is known (in 2007 or 2008), we hope to arrange a fruitful long-term use of Terrie's gift.

GPF has received bequests or memorials for other deceased members, including Park photographer Larry Burton. We also have been given generous gifts by a number of members, including John and Patricia Case and Rick and Mary Jane Taylor. We deeply appreciate these donations.

GPF always has been run on a volunteer basis. For 25 years, the directors and officers of the Foundation always have served without compensation. The talented writers and editors who turn out *The Inside Trail* likewise have done so without pay. GPF has been a model of citizen volunteerism, promoting the public interest in the Park.

This volunteer model has enabled GPF to do a great deal of excellent work on a limited budget. Our only major expenses are, generally, to print and publish *The Inside Trail*, to send correspondence to members, and to maintain the GPF Web site. But printing and postage costs are substantial (*The Inside Trail* typically costs about \$1,500 to publish and mail). Our income from memberships alone barely serves to cover these expenses, and occasionally falls short.

For this reason, we deeply appreciate the generosity of donors who provide bequests, memorials, and special gifts. We will use all donations conscientiously to provide an excellent journal and to promote the public interest in Glacier.

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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.

# GRIDIRON GLORY

## in Glacier Park

### *The Great Glacier Park Lodge / Many Glacier Hotel Football Rivalry of the 1960s*

In the 1960s, Glacier Park's biggest lodges carried on a spirited football rivalry. Teams of young employees competed on the beautiful grounds of Glacier Park Lodge. On the sidelines, Many Glacier Hotel (with its famous musical tradition) marshaled elaborate brass bands. Glacier Park Lodge responded with impromptu ensembles of kitchen pots, pans, and spoons. There was robust cheerleading (Many Glacier's squad, shown at right, wore bellmen's lederhosen). Two participants recall the rivalry in the stories below.

*Above right: Many Glacier cheerleaders of 1969. Top to bottom, by tiers: Mary "Toots" Tudor; Janeen Puchore, Bizzy Ott; Becky Peterson, unidentified; Nancy Klumpus; Nedra Smith, Judy Shoup, Becky Shoemaker, Jane Sanderson. Many Glacier's manager and honorary coach, Ian B. Tippet, stands at left. (Mac Willemsen photo)*



## The Games of 1965 and 1966

*By John Slater (Glacier Park Lodge, Many Glacier, 1965-66, 68-69)*

Perhaps it is time that the football games—that heated rivalry between Glacier Park Lodge and Many Glacier Hotel—got some ink in *The Inside Trail*. These football games add richness to the lore of Glacier National Park. The teams from Glacier Park Lodge and Many Glacier Hotel met on the football field for five games—one each summer from 1965 through 1969. A sixth game scheduled in 1970 was cancelled because “the game was becoming too rough” as I understand it, and the series ended. As a player in four of these games (I missed the one in 1967), I think I

can provide a unique perspective of the rivalry and how it developed.

In the summer of 1965 life was good at Glacier Park Lodge. Entertainment for the seasonal workers at East Glacier was sparse as there wasn't much to do in our off-time, so we started playing touch football games on the lawn in front of the lodge in the evenings after work. Then one day, Jimmy Duffy suggested, “Why don't we challenge those wimps at Many Glacier to a football game?” There was the feeling among some of the East employees that we were second class citizens compared with the privileged and musically-talented employees at Many. With a “chip

on the shoulder” attitude, GPL threw down the gauntlet and MGH accepted the challenge. The game was on.

After it was limed off, the front lawn of Glacier Park Lodge (if one ignored a couple of deep holes containing spigots for watering the lawn and just waiting to break an unlucky ankle) made a nice playing field. Each team had seven men, and we played two-hand touch. The Many Glacier team arrived by bus. Mr. Tippet was on hand to witness this historic event. We had a good-sized crowd of employees from both locations and hotel guests as well to watch the game. The game was refereed by Murph

Epstein (a full-time Glacier Park, Inc. exec and a former college football player.) He had his hands full as the game was hotly contested with several incidents of pushing and shoving. Feelings did not improve after the game was over. Jimmy Duffy recollects that the laundry crew painted a sheet with “East 42, Many 0” and taped it to the warehouse truck that was going to Many the day after the game. The sheet was summarily ripped off the truck upon arrival at Many.

The final score as noted was 42-0 with East prevailing. Touchdowns counted 7 points as there was no point after. The players for East were as follows: OFFENSE—John Slater (QB, Vanderbilt), Doug Holm (blocking back, Arizona), Dave Nagle (wingback, Iowa), Jim Thompson (tight end, St. Olaf), Jim Seal (center, Georgia Tech), Bob Paperpus (guard, Albion), Jim Duffy (wide receiver, St. Thomas): DEFENSE—Mike Barnett (end, Texas Tech), Carl Knirk (nose guard, Marietta), Craig Manke (end, Mankato St.), Bill Parrot (cornerback, LSU), Tom Hippert (middle linebacker, Arizona), Steve Francis (cornerback, Cal State Fullerton), Dan Steininger (safety, Marquette), and John Valen and others.

The rivalry survived the off-season and was renewed in 1966 with another game scheduled. This summer, however, I was working at Many Glacier Hotel. Playing quarterback again against many of my former teammates felt very awkward. I had loved working at GPL, but I discovered that the esprit de corps of Many Glacier Hotel, which had been a topic of derision the summer before at GPL,

was very appealing to me. I really liked the fact that every night of the week featured a different program of some type—hootenanny, serenade, musical, songfest, skit night. There were more things to do at MGH, such as hanging out in the St. Moritz room with the combo and dancing every night. The musical talent was incredible, and I loved taking it all in. Mr. Tippet was the force that made all this happen. (Not only was he manager of Many Glacier Hotel, which entailed running the hotel and hands-on planning of the entertainment for the guests, but he was personnel manager for the entire park and responsible for bringing in the talented musicians at Many Glacier Hotel.) Also, the hiking from MGH was outstanding because numerous trails began at the hotel which was in the heart of the mountains rather than outside the park boundary as was Glacier Park Lodge. It was a special place to spend a summer.

However, as far as football was concerned, MGH had a fundamental problem: the lack of a practice field. The lush soft green grass of East was nowhere to be found at Many. We tried practicing on gravel in the horse concession area near the upper dorm, but the area was small and the surface was uneven, not to mention malodorous. By default, our practice field became the asphalt parking lot. Some guests who had the audacity to park their cars on our practice field found that we courteously moved their cars to another location in the lot at no charge. It is remarkable to me that we never heard repercussions from guests who had difficulty finding their cars. So after a warm-up

exercise of moving cars, we began practice on the asphalt field. For some reason, our receivers were hesitant to dive for my errant passes on this practice field!

As we began to prepare for the big game, I found that we had more than mere musicians at Many. Dan Schellhase was a talented basketball player from Indiana, and he made a quick and agile receiver for us. My cousin, Jimmy Morissey, was solid at flanker. John Wendt played center and could snap a beautiful hard spiral which really helped me handling the ball at quarterback; he was quite capable at catching passes as well. Doug Campbell played end as I recall. We had another receiver named Joe who was fast as lightning. Tom Briggs (of Tomikejimike Trio fame) played blocking back, and Jim Crawford (also of the TMJM Trio) played corner. [Note: If anyone knows how I can get a CD of the TMJM Trio, please let me know.] I wish I could remember all the players.

We played the ‘66 game again on the lawn in front of the Glacier Park Lodge. The later games would be played on the golf course, a much better location. Again we played two-hand touch. Subsequent games followed flag football rules. This year the game was refereed by a team of jammers. As the year before, the game was played with intensity from both sides. But this time MGH came out on top by 28-0. To reinforce the memory of the victory, the bellmen placing baggage tags on luggage going to Glacier Park Lodge frequently wrote the game score on the back of those tags as a reminder to the bellmen at East of the outcome of the game.

Page 5 – The Many Glacier squad of 1967. Front: Roger Stephens, Mac Willemssen, Pete Sheehy, Jim Morrissey, Dave Wise, Louie Gill, unidentified, Bill Nielsen. Back: Ken Hallock, unidentified, Gordy Foster, unidentified, Ian Tippet, Gary Newgard, John Wendt, Bill Coundus, Eric Norby, unidentified, Dave Durham, Tom Briggs. (Mac Willemssen photo)



## The Games of 1967, 1968 and 1969

By Mac Willemssen (Swiftcurrent 1967; Many Glacier 1968-70)

My career as a Many Glacier Hotel football player began very indirectly. In the summer of 1967, I joined two friends from Clarion, Iowa (Doug Hill and Norm Skadburg) working at Swiftcurrent Motor Inn. During our free time, a lot of us would play touch football in the large parking lot in front of the camp store. We had heard talk of the “big” game between Many Glacier and Glacier Park Lodge each summer and looked with awe at the guys at Many who would play on the team.

John Slater was gone the summer of 1967, so John Wendt and Jim Morrissey were the co-captains. In the first few weeks of the summer I got to know a lot of the kids working at Many. Because of that, I was asked by John and Jim if we could

put together a Swifty football team to come down and play a scrimmage game against Many’s team in the upper parking lot.

As it turned out, the day and time on which the scrimmage game was set up conflicted with our three best players’ schedule, since they were waiters who had to work the evening shift. I managed to cobble together a 7-man team and we came down to play the vaunted Many Glacier football machine.

I think the results of that scrimmage proved to be a portent for the later GPL – MGH game: The scrimmage ended in a zero – zero tie. I had intercepted a couple of passes and was asked after the game if I would like to play for Many as sort of their “ringer”.

Being young, gung-ho and sort of stupid, I would trot the mile and a quarter to and from Many each

day to participate in practices in the upper parking lot. We were all set for the big game with GPL. On the day it was scheduled, however, the world learned of the “Night of the Grizzlies” in which two young women, one working at GPL and one at Lake McDonald, were killed by grizzly bears at Granite Park and Trout Lake. Because of those tragedies our game was postponed for a week.

When we arrived at East Glacier, we saw a beautiful, lush, green football field laid out on the front yard of Glacier Park Lodge. After weeks of practicing on an asphalt parking lot and getting “road rash”, the soft green grass felt so good. I think most of us spent a good part of our warm-ups simply rolling around on the grass and envying the GPL players for their opportunity to play on grass every day.

Our game began auspiciously for Many Glacier. David Wise received the opening kickoff and ran it back for a touchdown on the game's first play. After that things sort of went down hill for the Choirboys.

GPL had a very effective offense (which they no doubt learned from John Slater in the years past). Without getting into too many "Xs" and "Os", their pass patterns simply bedeviled our Many Glacier defense. The most effective was when they would have two receivers on one side run fly patterns straight down field past the linebackers and then, once a single Many defensive back was confronted with the two, one would continue going straight and the other would make a cut to the sideline. The defensive back was then confronted with a Hobbson's choice, since whichever receiver he covered, the other would have the ball thrown to him by GPL's very accurate quarterback.

The game turned out to be a seesaw affair with one team taking the lead and then the other regaining it. As time

was winding down, GPL had a drive heading for a touchdown. I can still remember the play (and I have an 8 millimeter film to remind me) in which I had a crystal clear revelation of what was happening and went for an interception. Unfortunately, I had such a clear realization that I got too good of a jump and somehow the ball went right through my arms like a thread through a needle. Had I made the interception, there were 70 yards of clear field ahead of me and Many would have won the game. As it turned out, GPL scored and although Many put together a nice drive at the end, Roger Stephens (the assistant manager of Many and our center) caught a pass on the goal line, but he was "tackled" by having his flag pulled out just short of the goal as the gun went off to end the game.

In 1968, Mr. Tippet hired me as a lobby porter at Many Glacier Hotel and I was chosen to be the defensive captain of our football team. John Slater came back and was the offensive captain and put together a very effective offense. I

spent a good part of the winter trying to figure out an effective 7-man zone defense to guard against the type of play that killed us in 1967. We came up with an answer and spent a good part of the summer having our outside linebackers learn never to follow a receiver inside and if two receivers came out in a fly pattern, the linebacker would go in deep coverage and then take whichever receiver first went to the outside with the defensive back taking the inside receiver.

In 1968 we played on the golf course. John had the offense working very effectively and we easily won the game, 41-7. The only touchdown that GPL scored was on a kickoff return. John also scored on a punt return we had designed and practiced in the MGH parking lot as we waited for the Red Buses. Rich Slater, Ken Prater and David Wise caught passes almost at will and our defense worked perfectly.

In 1969, our Many Glacier team decided to get even fancier. I was a senior at Iowa State University in Ames and

*Right: Action photos of the 1969 game, on the lush grass of the East Glacier golf course (Mac Willemssen photo)*



*The 1969 Many Glacier squad in red game jerseys. In shadows at right foreground: George Groszko. Front: Eric Norby, Bill LeDain, John Slater, Mac Willemssen, unidentified, Rich Slater, Scott Vandell. Back: unidentified, Dave Durham, Platt Boyd, Gordy Foster, unidentified, David Porter, Paul Bjork, unidentified, unidentified. (Mac Willemssen photo)*





*Many Glacier's manager and honorary coach Ian Tippet being carried off the field by victorious players in 1968. (John Slater photo)*

we had a local company that made collegiate tee shirts and jerseys. I worked with them and designed a red Many Glacier Hotel football jersey that our team wore. Accordingly, when the time for the game finally arrived, we were a very well-dressed team and also had cheerleaders on the sidelines wearing our bellmen's lederhosen. As usual, Mr. Tippet was our "coach" and he greatly relished that role.

The 1969 score was 32-6 and the game was almost a carbon copy of the 1968 game. Many's offense scored lots of points and Glacier Park Lodge ended up with one touchdown. The details of that game are now fuzzy, but I do remember David Porter playing sick and spending time on the sidelines showing us what he had for lunch.

When the summer of 1970 rolled around, John Slater could not return to Many Glacier because of a medical school commitment. Accordingly, Mr.

Tippet named me as his Head Bellman and we started from scratch to re-assemble a Many Glacier football team. Just as we were getting organized, however, one day Mr. Tippet came out of his office with an ashen look on his face to talk to my bellmen and me. He had just received an official memo from Al Donau, the General Manager of GPI, stating that there would no longer be a football game between Many Glacier and GPL. It was at this time that I realized a valuable and disheartening lesson about the real world: Stuff from the septic system flows down hill. As all-powerful as we viewed Mr. Tippet, he did not have the power to reinstate the game and the football rivalry between Many Glacier Hotel and Glacier Park Lodge became just a pleasant memory.

It is fun to recall how devoted we were and how hard we worked in our football practices. We practiced virtually every night for a couple of hours in the upper parking lot at Many. As John stated,

sometimes you would have cars parked on our "field" and we would utilize the bellmen's technique of opening doors via a clothes hanger, putting a car in neutral and then pushing it to a different parking spot. Like John, I can only imagine the surprise people had when they went to find their car and it was parked 100 feet from where they had left it!

We tried to find a grassy area to practice. We even piled in cars one time and went to the Babb International Airport, figuring that if small single-engine airplanes had to land, there must be grass on the runway. We were disabused of this theory as soon as we arrived. The runway was strewn with gravel and rocks up to the size of softballs. Because of that revelation, none of us ever has any intent to fly into Babb during our lifetime.

***(Continued on page 24)***

# Gearjamming

## at the Rose Bowl

*Red Bus No. 94 at the  
Rose Bowl in Pasadena  
(Rich Bond photo)*



*By Rich Bond (Transportation Manager,  
Glacier Park, Inc.)*

It was a busy September afternoon in the Glacier Park Inc. Transportation office. All the red bus tours and shuttles for the day had departed on their routes and dispatch was being readied for the following day – when the phone rang. As I answered the ring, a gentleman identified himself as Christopher Bury of the Tournament of Roses Parade. It seems Mr. Bury had been at his son's swimming class in Pasadena and had mentioned to another parent that he was in need of a large classic vehicle to carry the Chairman of the Tournament's family of thirteen in the upcoming Rose Parade on January 2, 2006. This parent told Mr. Bury about the wonderful experience their family had had taking a Red Bus tour in Glacier Park that summer. He suggested that Mr. Bury call Glacier Park and inquire about using one of the buses.

Mr. Bury proceeded to go to the Internet, where he found Glacier Park Inc.

at [www.glacierparkinc.com](http://www.glacierparkinc.com). He then called Central Reservations at (406) 892-2525 and contacted a reservations agent named Josh. Josh referred Mr. Bury to his manager, Rita Andrews, who handed him off to me. See – sometimes it works! So began the connection between the 2006 Tournament of Roses Parade and the Red Buses of Glacier National Park.

I explained to Mr. Bury that the Red Buses are owned by Glacier National Park. I told him that I would need to seek permission from GPI President and General Manager Cindy Ognjanov and from Glacier Park Superintendent Mick Holm. I submitted the request to GPI and the National Park Service later that same afternoon. Within a couple of days, approval was received, and the process of transporting a Red Bus to Pasadena and placing it in the 2006 Tournament of Roses Parade was underway.

Red Bus 94 was selected for the Rose Parade by GPI Fleet Manager Bob Wil-

son. All the Red Buses are in pristine condition, but Red 94 has a few exceptional features. These include the 1936 style riding light scheme and louvers (instead of screening) on its engine hood. It also has been maintained exceptionally well by its primary driver since 1993, Vic Daniels.

With the selection of the Red Bus out of the way, it was now time to arrange its secure and safe transportation to Pasadena via a certified carrier. The width of a Red Bus – a bit larger than a semi-trailer rear door - makes it difficult to find an appropriately sized trailer to transport one in. With the help of Watkins-Shepard Trucking of Missoula Montana, a Conestoga trailer was reserved. Red Bus 94 was loaded and shipped to Pasadena, California on December 19, 2005. I flew to Los Angeles on December 21st and met the arriving truck. I placed Red Bus 94 on display at Pasadena Ford on East Colorado Boulevard – the Rose Parade route though downtown Pasadena. For the next six days, Red Bus

94 remained on display at the dealership. Hundreds of people stopped by to pay their compliments.

On December 28th, the bus was moved from Pasadena Ford to the Tournament of Roses Parade headquarters mansion. Professional floral designers from Holland and FTD International decorated it with flowers of all types. The bus was on continuous display during its five days at what the locals call the Rose House in Pasadena.

Preparations for an event the size of the Tournament of Roses Parade is a year round undertaking. A dedicated staff of over three thousand volunteers donates their time year round to make this event world class. I had the privilege of being given several behind-the-scenes tours of the float preparation areas. There I witnessed the extensive teamwork, coordination and planning that goes into this event. Many of these local Pasadena volunteers have been on the Rose Parade preparation committees for years. Every two years they change duties. To be the Chairman of the Tournament of Roses Parade Committee (like Libby Wright, the first female chairman in the 117-year history of the parade), you need to have volunteered for at least twenty-five years. It became obvious to me that these people are very dedicated to the event.

Very early on the morning of January 2, 2006, we lined up for the parade. Red Bus 94 was positioned twenty-second of eighty nine-entries, behind a horse-drawn carriage carrying the Rose Parade Chairman Libby Wright and her husband. I arrived with my assistant driver Dave Eglsear (Many Glacier Hotel driver supervisor) at 3:00 am in preparation for the 8:00 am start.

The final judging of the floats takes place during final parade line up, between 2 am and 7 am along Orange Grove Boulevard in front of the Rose House. It had started to rain heavily around midnight. All the floats must be covered with organic or natural materials. Most of the floats held up well under a deluge of rain (almost 2 inches) that fell over the next fifteen hours. Everyone and everything was soaked to the bones, but at no time did I see anyone's spirits falter. The parade participants' spirits remained high and the spectators – over eight hundred thousand along the five mile route of the parade – remained there during the entire event. It was inspiring.

During the first five minutes of the parade – before the Red Bus was on national TV – we were asked to move in front of the horse-drawn carriage carrying the Chairmen. It seems the horses were reacting badly to the band and flag girls in front of them. Positioning the Red Bus in front of the carriage – creating a separation from the band and flag girls – settled the horses down, and we proceeded safely onward. When we turned the corner from Orange



*Top: No. 94 in the Rose Bowl lineup (Rich Bond at far left; Dave Eglsear at far right). Middle: No. 94 with floral decorations. Bottom: The Rose Parade on East Colorado Boulevard, as seen from the driver's seat of No. 94. (Rich Bond photos)*

Grove Boulevard to East Colorado Boulevard and the TV commentators started to talk about our section of the parade, we in the Red Bus and the Chairmen (Libby Wright & Husband) in the carriage were in reverse position. This seems to have confused the TV commentators some, and their narrative of the Red Bus on TV was not as good as it could have been.

Riding in a Red Bus in Glacier National Park will create a lot of looks from the general public. Riding in a Red Bus in the Tournament of Roses Parade was an experience of a lifetime. No one really knew what to expect as we rounded the corner from Orange Grove Boulevard on to East Colorado Boulevard and started down the five mile parade route. We had decided at the last minute to put the canvas top back on the bus. It had been raining continuously since midnight and did not appear to be lightening up. The client family we were carrying appreciated this. The rain did not appear to have affected the crowd's spirits in the least.

As we toured down East Colorado Boulevard through downtown Pasadena we started to have a Jammin' time! The crowds were responding very favorably to the Red Bus, so we started to honk the horn and the crowds reacted even more to us. I honked that horn for the entire parade and the crowds loved us and we loved them back. To see eight hundred thousand people – standing, cheering and rooting us on – soaking wet to the bone - was awe inspiring. I'll remember those moments for the rest of my life.

My strongest impression of the event was the dedication that not only the Committee members, but also the locals and the crowd have for the Tournament of Roses. These people wanted to have a parade, and through hell or "high water" they were going to have a good time! Even after five miles,

the crowds were still there – cheering us on until the end. It gave me the warm fuzzies.

As our part in the parade came to an end, we dropped our clients off at the VIP building. After removing most of the flowers we proceeded back to Pasadena Ford. There we cleaned up Red Bus 94 and placed it back on display for the public to enjoy. We were hoping to be able to transport VIPs into the Rose Bowl game itself, but due to the wet conditions and possible football field damage (they used helicopters to dry the Rose Bowl field before the game) it was decided that no vehicle would be allowed to drive on the field. We were disappointed – but seeing the conditions, we fully understood.

Our last experience in Southern California was having Rose Parade participant tickets to the Rose Bowl game. Since my favorite team (the Ohio State Buckeyes) were not in the game, I really didn't care who won. I just was hoping for a good game. My assistant driver, Dave Eglsear, on the other hand, is a University of Texas alumnus. He definitely was rooting for Texas to pull off the upset. It was a great game – Vince Young, the Texas quarterback, pulled off the victory for Texas in a manner similar to that by which he beat my beloved Buckeyes

earlier in the season. You do it once, you may be lucky – you do it twice (like Vince Young), you may just be good!

On our final day in Southern California, we loaded Red Bus 94 back on its Conestoga trailer. We wished the driver a safe trip and headed for the airport to return to East Glacier and another tour season with the Red Buses and Jammer Drivers here in Glacier National Park. I'll never forget my two weeks with a Red Bus at the Tournament of Roses Parade. We'd like to thank Glacier Park, Inc. for footing the bills, Glacier National Park for allowing us to go, Ford Motor Company and TDM (Transportation Design and Manufacturing) for the wonderful restoration job they accomplished on the Red Buses, and the Tournament of Roses Parade Committee for inviting us.

We have something very special here in Glacier National Park. It is called the Red Bus fleet of touring buses. As the ongoing process continues to enhance the Red Bus Tours for the public here in Glacier, we will always remember those of you who came before us. Without your dedication and perseverance, the Red Bus fleet might no longer exist. We promise to carry on the tradition of the Gear Jammers and to be the best group of Tour Driver/Guides to be found in any National Park in the World.

*Many Glacier's transportation agent Dave Eglsear at the Rose Bowl, moments after the Texas Longhorns' upset victory (Rich Bond photo)*



By Don Loeffler (*Going-to-the-Sun Chalets 1946; Many Glacier 1947*)

Prior to World War Two, the only source of electric power in the Swiftcurrent Valley was the Many Glacier hydroplant. It was located downstream from Swiftcurrent Falls, about a quarter mile from the outlet of Swiftcurrent Lake. Water from the hydroplant flowed into conduits in the low concrete dam (still visible today) a short ways upstream from the plant. Wooden pipes brought the water through a drop of some 40 feet to the hydroplant turbines, which harnessed power for the generators.

The noise level in the hydroplant was tremendous, approaching that of a jet engine. At times, a branch would penetrate the intake screen and disintegrate in the turbines, with the sound of an explosion. Conversation was almost impossible. The hydroplant operators had an insulated telephone booth for communication with the outside world. A firehouse bell was installed to alert them when the telephone was ringing. Nothing else would penetrate the din.

The plant was manned in continuous shifts. On the midnight change of shift, the operators would carry a 25-pound wrench which was used to adjust the turbines. The homebound operator would carry the wrench and pass it to the operator coming down to work. The big wrench gave them some sense of security on the dark trail past the falls, which was habitually used by bears.

While watching the generators go round and round producing electricity for the entire Swiftcurrent Valley, it occurred to me that there was a lot of energy going to waste within 30 feet of where I sat while tending the hydroplant. Maybe, just maybe I could harness some of that water power to my advantage by rearranging some of the rocks in the streambed as it flowed by. I could create a flume and insert a small water wheel to produce a washing machine for my dirty work clothes.

# The Many Glacier HYDROPLANT

*View of the old hydroplant from above. Note the millrace, used by the author to create his "mountain Maytag." (Don Loeffler photo)*



I laid my hands on an empty nail keg that would serve as a tub. I also found an old automobile tire rim that could easily be transformed into a functioning water wheel. With a little carpentry, I built a crude plunger to go up and down in the tub.

The conversion of rotational motion to vertical travel was a little tricky, since the connection had to be interruptible

in order to load and unload the washing machine. The timing of these operations had to be exact or one would risk skinned fingers. Being ambidextrous sure helped! The agitation of blue jeans, socks, and chambray shirts was sufficient to restore cleanliness to these garments, but I made no attempt to offer my laundry services to any of the other employees at the hotel.

*Barbara Loeffler standing at the former hydroplant site, below Swiftcurrent Falls. (Don Loeffler photo)*



# HIGHLINE MEMORIES



*On the Highline near Haystack Butte (Don Loeffler photo)*

*Barbara Loeffler on the porch at Granite Park Chalet (Don Loeffler photo)*



*By Don Loeffler (1939-42, 46-47)*

One day I led my tribe (children and grandchildren) on a hike from Logan Pass to Granite Park and down to Many Glacier Hotel. We had hardly started down the Highline Trail when we came across an English tourist who had a death grip on the cable provided by the Park Service for the faint of heart along the cliffy first pitch of the trail. He was frozen in place facing into the rock face at a spot where the trail is carved into the cliff above a long drop to the road. He was pleading, "Help me! Somebody please help me!" Providence had brought us there to assist him out of his predicament.

Our twin granddaughters came to his rescue. They took his hands – one in front and one behind – and inched him back off the exposed ledge. Shortly afterward, a climber slipped off the face of Mt. Clements, directly above the Visitor Center. We sat on the trail and watched the proceedings as he was rescued by a helicopter. When the rescue was concluded, we continued the trek. My youngest granddaughter asked, "Mr. Trail Guide, what other events do you have planned for us today?"

On another occasion, Barbara and I were hiking the Highline ourselves in the vicinity of Haystack Butte. We rounded a corner of the trail and came across a middle-aged couple dressed for an afternoon stroll in Central Park. They were trying to photograph a large bighorn ram standing directly in front of them. The first words we heard were, "Sylvia, make him pose! Get him to turn his head this way!" The man (who tipped the scales at a good 300 lbs.) was fumbling with his 4 by 5 speed graphic. I informed them that they were in a very dangerous situation. No sooner had I spoken these words than the ram sprang off for the Continental Divide, sending down a small shower of stones on us from above. We often wondered what this couple was doing miles from the road with inappropriate clothing and no food or water – but they did have a big beautiful camera and lots of film.

Many years ago, on still another section of the Highline, we stopped for a tasty repast of pemmican, Kool-Aid, and crackers. As I spread the crackers with my trusty sheath knife, a couple of marmots closed in on me. I carried this K-Bar knife in a sheath that I had

crafted while on Guadalcanal during World War Two. I had it on my person all through the war in the Pacific, and it had great sentimental value to me.

As I admired the beautiful view of Heavens Peak, one of those little buggers made away with my sheath. He was most likely attracted by the years of sweat imbued into the leather. The marmot scrambled off over the rocks with me right on his furry tail. I was not about to let him get away with my World War Two keepsake. Up and down the scree we went. I pelted him with rocks as he eluded me, my sheath in his mouth. Finally he dropped it and scurried under a ledge. He presumably thought, "That dude wants this thing a whole lot more than I do." All this action took place amid catcalls of "Run!" "Faster!" "Hurry!" etc, etc. I knew they were meant as words of encouragement – but for whom?

On that trip, we planned an overnight stay at Granite Park. The thought of tucking ourselves into bed with those stove-warmed rocks was a pleasant vision indeed – particularly after the exhaustion of going a couple of rounds with that furry one at close to 8,000 feet!

# A Many Glacier Bellman's Log

## June 1973

*Bellmen in lederhosen on the sun deck at Many Glacier Hotel. Foreground: David Manzer, Clark Bormann. Background: rainbow on Grinnell Point. (John Hagen photo)*



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

I recently came across a pocket notebook which I kept at Many Glacier Hotel in 1973. The brief notes called up a host of memories of life at the old hotel. The following episodes all were recorded within the first few weeks of June.

### **Welcome to Many Glacier!**

Ray Kinley, the 81-year-old dormitory supervisor, met a bus full of new employees. The train on which most of them had come to East Glacier had fallen behind schedule, and so the bus was extremely late. It pulled up to the Lower Dorm after midnight, and Ray (compelled to stay up for hours past his bedtime) was terrifically cranky.

Ray vented his ire at a young woman who had brought along considerable luggage (she had been hired for a job where she was required to dress up). A spirited verbal duel ensued – Ray squawking like an indignant parrot, the young lady completely unflappable:

Ray: “*Another* one?! You got more suitcases than Greta Garbo!”

Young Lady: “I know. I brought you a present.”

Ray: “What, a hole in a doughnut?!”

Young Lady: “I can’t tell you. It’s not your birthday yet.”

### **Icy Evening**

On one of our first days open, an Arctic wind came roaring down the valley. Many of the lakeside rooms had cracks around the balcony doors or cracks in the wallboards, which let in icy drafts. The front desk was besieged with complaints. The bellmen were sent from room to room with masking tape to slap over the cracks and with extra blankets to soothe the guests.

Mr. Tippet fired the boilers until past midnight to keep the lakeside visitors warm – but this had the effect of roasting the mountain-side visitors as they were trying to sleep. Demands for extra blankets alternated with demands to turn down the heat into the small hours of the night.

### **Wizard and the Rookies**

Veteran bellman Chris Vick, a famous practical joker known in Many Glacier legend as “the Wizard,” gave errand sheets to two first-year bellmen. One called for a crib to be delivered to Room

425, and the other for a crib in Room 219. The rookies accordingly lugged cribs (which in those days were big and cumbersome) up narrow stairways to the Crows’ Nest and down the breezeway to the Annex – and discovered that these rooms do not exist!

### **Shades of the Old West**

An intoxicated cowboy came riding into the Many Glacier compound, hitched his horse in the parking lot, and roistered down to the hotel. He bought a bottle of wine at the bar, danced on the roof of the Receiving Room, and then began to sing in the lobby. When the security guards ejected him, he drunkenly announced that he was going to get his gun. Instead, he wandered into the Lower Dorm and passed out on a couch. Meanwhile, the security guards checked his horse and found a carbine strapped to the saddle! They quickly impounded it and called the rangers, who handcuffed the cowboy and transported him to West Glacier, still fast asleep.

### **A Failure to Communicate**

It was a raw, rainy, windy, miserable morning. Three old ladies asked an

employee in the lobby for directions to the “washroom.” The employee thought that they wanted to wash clothes in the Many Mingle laundry room. He directed them to go out the back door, down the rainswept steps, and through a hundred yards of muddy puddles on the back lawn. The poor old women (who, of course, only wanted a lavatory) looked blankly at the rain gusts rattling the windows. “Isn’t there *any* way to get there without going outdoors?” they asked sadly.

### “No Bellman, Please!”

A family checked into the hotel and declined the services of a bellman. The room clerk gave them the key and described the way to their room on Third Floor Main. Ten minutes later, the family’s small son appeared at the desk requesting help. He led bellman Steve White to the third floor, where Steve found a remarkable sight.

Misunderstanding the directions, the guests had pushed through a doorway and gone outside onto a rickety old balcony overlooking Swiftcurrent Lake. There they tried to unlock “the first door on the left,” as they had been instructed by the room clerk. The key, of course, did not fit the door. Steve found the people vainly working the key in the lock and grasping the railing for dear life in a howling wind.

### “We Must Have First-Class Rooms!”

A tour which was supposed to have first class rooms was accidentally booked into standard. The escort discovered this while the people were unpacking, and raised Hail Columbia. Because it was still early summer, the hotel was not full, and the front office staff was able to scrounge up just enough vacant first-class rooms in the Annex.

The bellmen rushed from room to room explaining, and asked the guests to repack their bags. We marched them all over to the Annex and showed them into the new rooms. Then a new complication presented itself. The Annex’s

outside walls were being repainted with spray paint. The day was swelteringly hot, and the guests were indignant to find that they could not open windows or go out onto the balconies because of the flying paint.

### “You Did *What!*!”

A shower pipe in the women’s dormitory broke very late one evening and created a sudden flood. An excited telephone call went to a security guard at the front desk. Not knowing which water valve to shut off, the guard decided to shut them *all* off, and then went to waken engineer Clayton Dunning. Clayton leaped out of bed and rushed away to the rescue at top speed. The shut-down valves cut off water to the boilers, which might have blown up the hotel.

### A Wild Midnight Shift

I returned from a hike to work the midnight shift, and found the hotel in con-

fusion. Bellman Clark Bormann and the security guards were chasing seven or eight bats in the area of the Swiss Room. Bats flitted up and down the Long Hall, as if we were in the Castle Dracula. There were all sorts of errands to run, broken suitcases to repair, and an assortment of unhappy people.

In the midst of all this chaos, we discovered that some malicious prankster had plugged a lavatory toilet by flushing down a handful of soap cakes. This caused a monumental overflow, a huge mop job, and a delicate task of explaining the drips to people in Room 48 downstairs. Engineer Don Hall routed out the toilet pipes and instructed us to remove all supplies (extra paper towels, extra rolls of toilet paper, disinfectant wafers, etc.) from the restrooms. “None of this stuff shouldn’t be left in here,” he grumbled. “It’ll all wind up right there in the toilets!”

*Many Glacier bellmen John Harris, Tim Vadheim, Chris Vick, David Manzer, and Steve White escorting gardener Ray Kinley (John Hagen photo)*



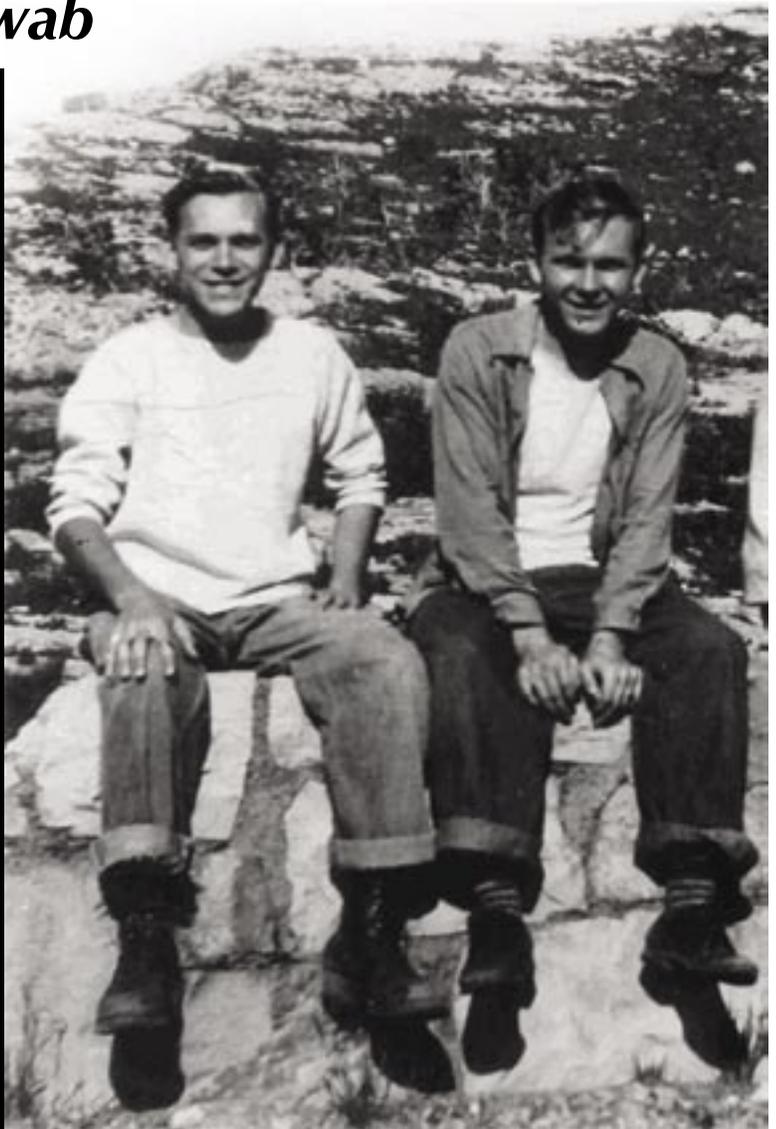
# Young Brothers in Glacier

## *A Memorial to Phil Schwab*

*By Richard Schwab (Many Glacier 1947-52)*

In August I had to say a last goodbye to my much-loved brother, Phil, who had been my best friend and comrade for over seventy-six years. We spent a memorable part of those good years adventuring in Glacier Park, first as student employees at Many Glacier Hotel and later with our families during some forty colorful summers in the Swiftcurrent Valley.

It has now been close to sixty years since Phil and I first discovered the wonders of Glacier in the 1940s, and no part of our lives has been brighter or more packed with rewarding memories than the golden days we have spent there. I stumbled upon the Park quite by accident in 1947 when I took a job as houseboy at Many, with no inkling whatever of the huge and happy impact it would have on everyone in our families for the rest of our lives. Realizing almost immediately how magnificent the place was, I wanted to get Phil out there as soon as possible, and that happened the next summer when he got a job at the hotel too. The result was that our young spirits soon became so deeply drawn to everything about the Park that I believe we must be ranked among the greatest Glacier enthusiasts of our era.



*Phil and Dick Schwab, 19 and 20 years old, as Many Glacier houseboys in 1948 (Dick Schwab photo)*

Several years ago I put together an account of our first round of summers in Glacier from 1947 through 1953, and what follows are some anecdotes about Phil from that history, which I set down here for those who prize his memory as I do.

### **Omar the Terrible Relents**

Only a stroke of good fortune at the outset prevented the year 1948 from

being Phil's only one at Glacier. He was originally hired as a busboy, a job whose unreasonable demands at that time wore out and drove away more than one busboy every year in the Glacier Park dining halls. Phil was very slight of stature then, not much over one hundred and ten pounds. Week after week of endlessly running back and forth morning, noon, and night with huge trays

of dishes cleared from the tables in the great dining room began to pare down his weight. Fairly soon it became evident that however game Phil was he would be reduced to a shadow if he continued. Since there was a rule against switching jobs, he reluctantly decided when he hit one hundred pounds that he would have to leave.

Nobody wanted to see him go. On the eve of his departure we had a goodbye party over at the Swiftcur-



*Phil on Mt. Allen, overlooking Lake Sherburne (Dick Schwab photo)*

rent picnic grounds. For the occasion I made a huge investment in an excellent twelve-inch model of a teepee made of deer hide for sale at the Gift Shop, and friends at the picnic autographed it for Phil as a farewell gift. The next morning I watched with dismay as he trudged with his bags like Charlie Chaplin's little tramp down the road from the dormitory past the Chalet to the intersection with the road to Babb, where he was going to start the long hitch-hike back to Minnesota. Then the great miracle, *deus ex machina*, occurred. When Miss Leah de Zouche, the gentle Head of Housekeeping, heard the story a few minutes later in the Linen Room she exclaimed, "Stop him! Stop him!" and rushed down to "reason" with the despotic little manager, Omar Ellis (Omar the Terrible), the original author of that ironclad rule that employees were never permitted to switch jobs. The brave Miss Leah bearded him in the lion's den and demanded that he hire Phil at once to replace a worthless houseboy she was planning to sack. To everyone's astonishment he gave in. Happily,

Phil had not yet got a hitch-hike ride before we tore down the road to get him, and we brought him back victoriously to the Housekeeping Department where Miss Leah gave him one of the frayed white uniform jackets we all wore. That made it possible for him to have a great, carefree Glacier summer after all. It has been villainously suggested that I attempted to get Phil to pay me back for the teepee, in view of the fact that he had not actually left!

Only last spring I found an old photo of the shiftless young houseman he replaced and sent it to Phil. He told me again how he shivered every once in awhile at the thought that he might have got a hitch-hike ride before we stopped him. That would have changed our lives altogether, for he would never have met Jo and there would have been no Eric, Sara, and Annie. And the whole saga of our two families' annual trips to Glacier and all the grand world of adventures tied in with them would not have happened.

To our surprise, when we were clearing out our parents' house after

our mother died we found that she had saved the letters Phil and I had faithfully sent home when we were in Glacier. One of the features of these letters that became evident as we read them much later was that we were always greatly concerned about causing our parents any worry, and thus we avoided altogether any mention of difficulties or dangers. In this case, Phil reported his Great Reprieve with this one mild sentence: "As far as the latest developments out here are concerned I am now a *house* boy. I got the job last week. I like it a lot more because the hours are better and fewer." No mention of weight loss, the decision to leave, or the cliff-hanger reprieve! Earlier in the same letter he had included this remonstrance: "Say, Mom, I want you to quit worrying about us so much. It isn't good for you."

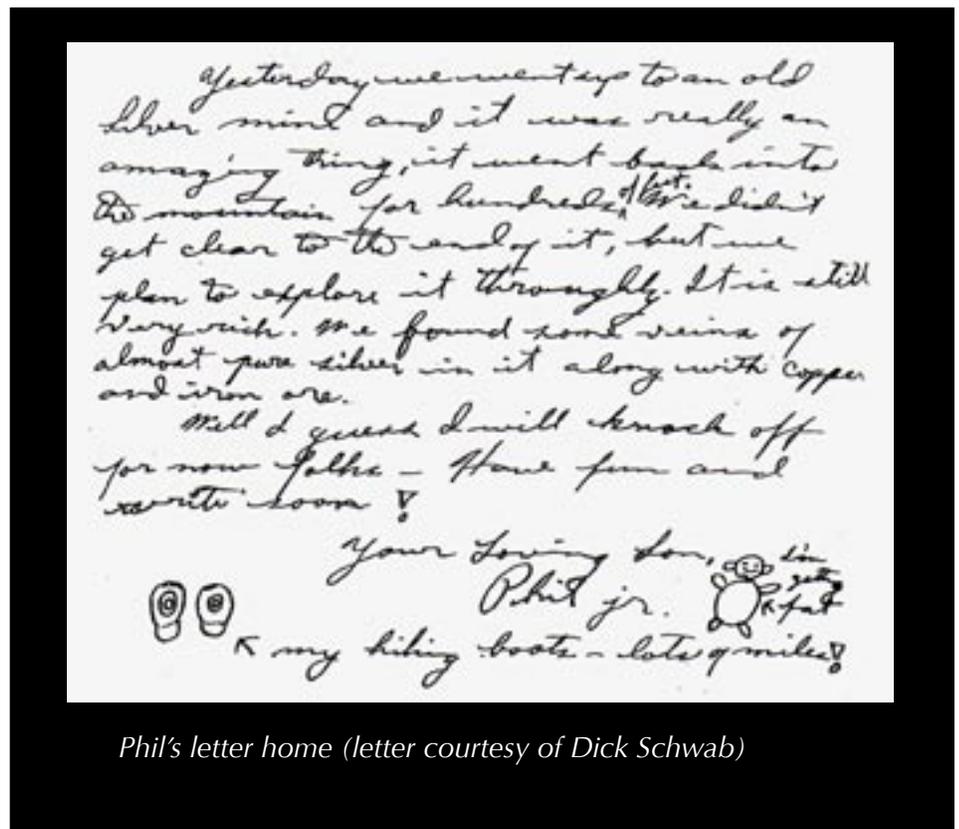
#### **A Close Call on Grinnell Point**

All the hiking and scrambling we did at Glacier added strength and muscle to us both. Thus when we became bellhops a few years later we had no trouble handling huge loads of bags up and down the hotel stairs. And Phil came back to work on the Trail Crew in 1953, so that he could continue to court Jo. Being on the Trail Crew was far and away the most physically demanding job in the Park, but wiry little Phil was able to keep up with the best of the biggest lumberjack jocks – something I doubt whether many of the rest of us bellhops could have done.

This was entirely characteristic of Phil. A case in point was his conquest of the effects of acrophobia. I, being a trifle reckless, did not think twice about heights then. Phil's fear of heights and my lack of it is the centerpiece of one of the most well-

worn of the family anecdotes about the adventures we two had the first year Phil was at Glacier. The previous summer, 1947, I had climbed a shoulder of Grinnell Point to get to a fascinating old mine on the east slope of the mountain. This was a good scramble for a half-day off, such as we lucky houseboys often had. After Phil had transferred from the busboy to the houseboy job I interested him and another houseboy, Hugh Langevin, in doing it, with stories of the huge bellows, the picks, axes, little ore cart, shovel ends, and iron tracks that were still up at the mine.

All went well until we got to the narrow goat trail that hugged a cliff where we had to cross. As Phil got on this tricky part he recognized what I had forgotten to tell him: that the footing in the crumbly scree on this route was not solid and that your feet tended to slide out from under you toward the lip of another sheer cliff just below. You had to move fairly fast, counting upon finger holds on the upper cliff to keep from plunging a thousand or so feet down toward Lake Josephine. Even a minor case of acrophobia could have caused paralysis in these circumstances, and Phil's was not a minor case. The danger of it began to soak into my consciousness, but I took the position that I should encourage Phil with the most optimistic assurances that all would be well and that the end was just around the next corner. Phil was turning greener and greener, and about the fourth time I cheerily explained that we were just about there Phil lost his usually even temper. He snarled back shakily, "You say 'it's just around the next corner' one more time and I'll kick you off the blankety-blank mountain, if I



Phil's letter home (letter courtesy of Dick Schwab)

could get my fingers loose from this blankety-blank cliff!" This alarmed me seriously, for Phil never used such language. I looked down at our feet and could see the miniature figure of the Lake Josephine launch cutting through the turquoise lake a thousand or so feet directly below. I later joked to Phil that I was beginning to formulate this letter to Mother:

"Dear Mom,

*The weather has been beautiful, and we have been having fun. A rather unfortunate thing happened today, however, which I think may cause you some pain. Phil fell a thousand feet to his . . . etc., etc."*

Of course Phil made it across, we explored the mine, found an easier way down, and the letter was rendered unnecessary. Because so many employees have subsequently taken that route across the cliff, a completely safe and solid path with no sliding

scree has now been established there.

But note Phil's consideration for our parents' feelings when he described this affair in his letter home [see above], without the slightest suggestion that there was any risk at all.

At the time we had been told it was a silver mine, although later we found out it was a copper mine. And fraternal decency requires that I take responsibility for the part in Phil's letter about the rich veins of silver, copper, and iron ore. In those youthful days my enthusiasms occasionally got somewhat out of hand, and the gentle Phil was only reporting my speculation that we had seen deposits of real metals, as light had probably been reflected off the crystalline particles of something like fool's gold on the dark walls of the mine.

In our later round of summers at Glacier when we brought our young families, Phil became a far better climber than I, and he did a number of things I would have hesitated to undertake. With Eric he climbed all but two of the peaks above 10,000 feet in Glacier, and

he was up Wilbur several years before I got the courage to do it. Finally, I was shamed into climbing it with Joe Steffen, who was taking his granddaughter, Valah, up. She was a ripe old seven years of age, and he wanted me along to entertain her. I could not find a good excuse to get out of it.

### **The Friendly Bowman Bear**

Phil also had great endurance as a hiker. In 1952 he, Ellie Bentzen, Bugs Boyer, Sam Harvey, and I made an epic one-day hike from the end of Bowman Lake over Brown and Boulder Passes and down along Upper and Lower Kintla Lakes to the Kintla campground at the foot of the lake. That was well over thirty miles, and it was grueling. As we approached the upper end of Bowman Lake after a long hike in the morning, we were astonished to hear a *telephone* ringing in the heart of one of the most inaccessible wilderness areas of Glacier Park. At last we saw the ringing telephone incongruously hanging on the trunk of a tree in the middle of the forest. Without hesitation Phil marched up to it, picked up the receiver, and said in a Ranger Rick voice, "Hello! This is your friendly Bowman Bear speaking." This caused us all to throw ourselves on the ground in a long bout of laughter. It is one of the unforgettable moments of our Glacier experience. The amusement of it buoyed up our spirits and strength all the way through the endless switchbacks to Brown Pass and Boulder Pass, where we rested and had a few more rounds of laughter.

Forty years later when I got together again with Bugs Boyer and Sam Harvey at Harvard and at Buzzards Bay on the Atlantic Coast they brought up the incident as one of their best Glacier memories, and we all had one more great laugh about Phil as the friendly Bowman Bear.

### **The Moving Handrail**

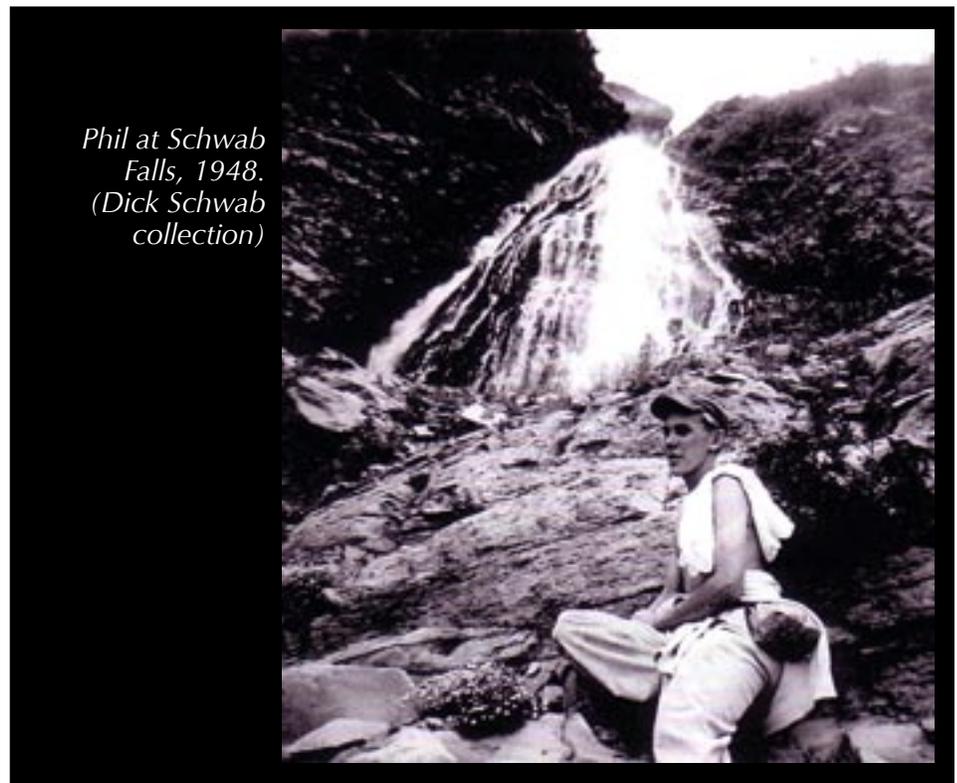
Phil and I particularly liked the hotel manager in 1952, Lloyd Seilset, and his charming wife, Gjerda, and the feeling

was mutual. They were an outstanding management team, by far the best we ever experienced. Without sacrificing the respect they merited from the employees, the Seilsets occasionally joined them to enjoy some of the adventures of the Park. They were game hikers and excellent company on the trail. I remember especially one expedition with them because it was the occasion of our discovery of what we called "the moving handrail". This was a hike over the splendid Carthew Pass trail going from Cameron Lake in Canada down to Waterton. As we got up toward the pass it became evident that Mrs. Seilset was suffering seriously from fear of heights on the narrow track across a very steep scree slope. Phil suddenly got the brilliant idea of using a five or six-foot pine pole lying along the trail to give her a sense of security. He got on one end, grasped the pole with his right hand, and I got on the other end, doing the same thing. Mrs. Seilset walked in between us, resting her hand on the pole, and lo! she had a moving handrail as the three of us marched smoothly across the scary part of the trail. Just the existence of the pole between her

and the steep slope did the trick. It was quite an amusing sight for other hikers passing us on their way down. We were all delighted by the success of this system. Phil and I used it later to help others of our friends who suffered from the vertigo of heights, and it always worked well. Again, as so often before and since, the judicious and considerate Phil came through with an intelligent and original solution to a problem. It was in his nature very early on.

### **How Schwab Falls Got Its Name**

Tucked in with that trove a letter our mother saved was an old orange Kodak Film envelope with "Schwab Bros." and "Employee" written on it in pencil by the Glacier photo lab at the Entrance and the price of fifty-nine cents. In it were a number of tiny photographs and a hundred or more negatives from the Brownie Reflex camera our parents had given Phil and me. It contained most of the Glacier photos we took in 1948. When I had the negatives printed they came out beautifully, and the photograph shop man commented on the excellence of the lens that must have been in the camera.



*Phil at Schwab Falls, 1948.  
(Dick Schwab collection)*

Among the historical treasures in this cache was a series of photos Phil and I took in 1948 when I first took him up to Snow Moon and Falling Leaf Lakes. That magical location was already one of my favorite spots in the Park, and I wanted Phil to see it as soon as possible. The photographs showed our step-by-step progress, first up the ever steeper lower slope of Mt. Allen to the base of a forbidding sheer cliff on the north. There we found the beginning of an irresistible game trail winding off to the east at the base of the cliff and along its whole length. Then the route cut precipitously up a sharp rocky cleft that gave access to a steep shoot ending at the first of two successive cirques on the north side of Allen. There we rested and took pictures looking out over Sherburne Lake and toward Mt. Wynn in the background. A short clamber upward through some woods and we came to a great slope of heavy shale. Suddenly, far ahead of us across a high valley we saw a splendid tall cone-shaped cascade that drained out of Snow Moon and Falling Leaf Lakes and plummeted straight down into a clear pool below, surely one of the most beautiful falls in the Park. They dominated the high valley and drew us southward toward them. The first picture we have of them shows Phil pausing on the approach to their base a few benches below. The photo was taken at an angle that did not give a just indication of how high the falls were. When we got to the foot of the cascade we sat down to eat our bag lunches next to the limpid pool, and we looked straight up the falls, occasionally being refreshed by the spray from the dancing, plunging streams of water, which threw out great spinning blue globules that caught the sun and glistened as they whirled wildly downward. Phil asked whether the falls had a name. I didn't think they did. And as I recall it, he jokingly proposed we call them "Schwab Falls". That is how it all got started, and eventually the name stuck.

*Dick and Phil at the Lower Dorm, after returning from Snow Moon Lake ("Whew!" Phil wrote on the back of the photo). (Dick Schwab collection)*



From the falls Phil and I worked our way up to the other-worldly Snow Moon and Falling Leaf Lakes sitting like turquoise jewels in the snowy upper cirque of Allen, separated by a natural dam of red rock. In those days our route back from the Valley of the Snow Moon was to go straight up a shoot immediately above the lake to the west, passing through a cleft on the ridge, and then descending through much tangled alder to the Josephine trail leading back to the hotel. Much of this part of the 1948 trip was also recorded in our photos.

From then on we called that beautiful high cascade Schwab Falls, returning to it again and again each season, taking all our friends, visitors, and relatives there, and then to Snow Moon and Falling Leaf Lakes above. Because it was so close to the hotel it could be visited in an afternoon. It was a favorite sentimental spot of Jo's and Phil's. Our nephews and niece who worked in the Park adopted the name, and it spread among their friends. One day in the late 1970s after our families had started to come back to Glacier every summer

and after young Eric and Phil had put up Eric's small rustic carved Schwab Falls sign on a tree close by, I was sitting in the hotel lobby when I heard a young employee, entirely unknown to me, ask another where he was going on his day off. "Schwab Falls," was the response. Then I knew the name would probably stick. Later our children worked for the hotel company and carried on the tradition.

On the first of August of 1977 someone, probably John Mauff, decided there should be an official dedication of Schwab Falls, and John wrote a splendid ode for the occasion. The following year he composed a second equally excellent one. Both are family treasures. Then Gordon Edwards actually called them "Schwab Falls" on p. 153 of the 1984 edition of his *Climber's Guide*. On the 29<sup>th</sup> of July 1985 the Glacier Mountaineering Society arranged for an expedition whose goal was officially to christen the falls "Schwab Falls". This was done in a small ceremony that was lubricated by a couple of bottles of champagne. Finally, Gordon Edwards pretty much clinched things by mentioning "Schwab

Falls” once again in the 1995 edition of the *Climber’s Guide*, and he even included the name in his index, right along with all the names of mountains and other geographical features he discussed in the book.

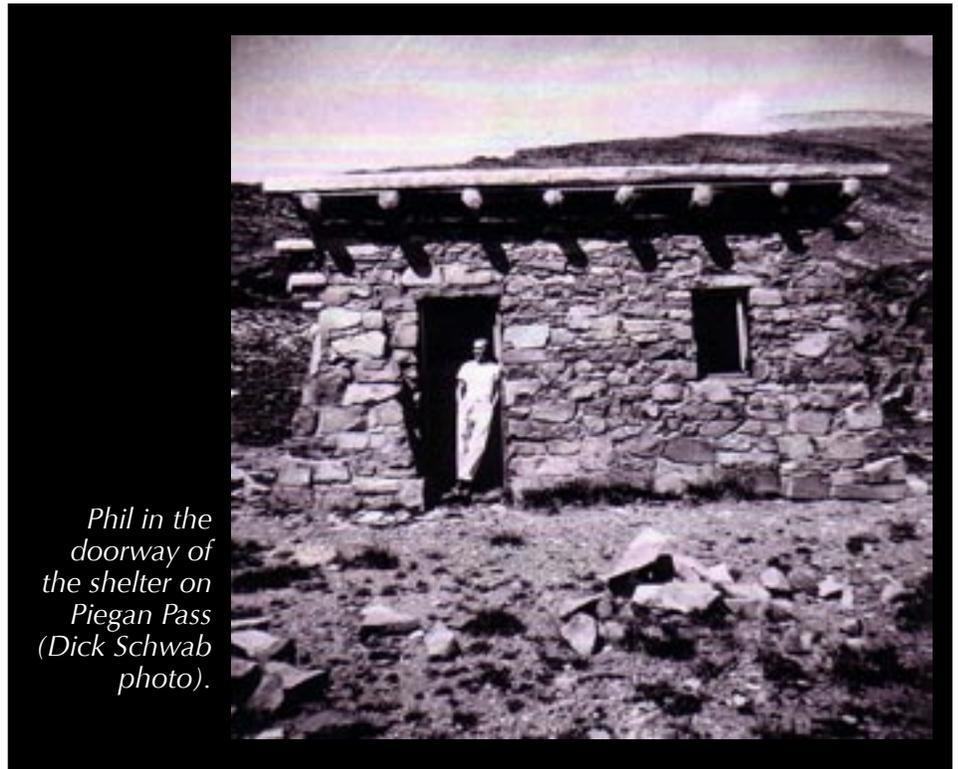
### **Piegan Pass to Many**

Soon after the trip in 1948 to Snow Moon Phil and I hiked over Piegan Pass from the Going-to-the-Sun Road, taking the long trek back on the Mount Gould side. This too was well recorded in our mother’s trove of negatives. On that particular trip I took a good picture of Phil standing in the door of the rustic stone shelter at the Pass. Later, some administrators apparently decided it looked too artificial and got rid of it by declaring it unsafe and dynamiting it, leaving the appalling pile of rubble that lies there now – presumably more environmentally desirable than the neat shelter had been when it was still standing.

The year 1948 was the beginning of Phil’s lifelong Odyssey in Glacier. He and Jo were the first to start coming back for long summer vacations when their children were young. It was a perfect idea, and as soon as Mark, Paul, and Heidi were older we decided to join them. Glacier was the best place in the world for the cousins to grow up together. And now it is the turn of the generation of our grandchildren. Families of our friends and our children’s friends often joined us on the regular summer Hajj so that a couple hundred people have been introduced to the Park because Phil, Jo, and I were lucky enough to find our Utopia there in the 1940s and the 1950s.

### **Alter Egos**

In 1951 and 1952 Phil and I were bellhops, having progressed to the most privileged and most lucrative of all the Glacier hotel jobs. Our family resemblance, which was more evident to others than to us, paid off when we wore the bellhop uniforms. Guests



*Phil in the doorway of the shelter on Piegan Pass (Dick Schwab photo).*

who found they lacked change when we got them and their bags up to their rooms often said, with the most honest intentions, that they would take care of us downstairs. Because they were not able to distinguish between us, the possibilities of one or the other of us being found and remunerated went up considerably. And we two always pooled our earnings. It was not unusual for each of us to be tipped in the Lobby by people who were complete strangers to us. Thus, over the summers we seemed to succeed better financially than our contemporary bellhops. It all helped get Phil through law school at the University of Minnesota and me through Harvard Graduate School.

Our resemblance was something we had also taken advantage of as students back at the University of Minnesota. Phil found out about a job as usher at Northrup Auditorium, which brought no pay although it offered a splendid opportunity to see great symphonic and operatic performances that we could never have afforded. But the job would have occupied many more long evenings per quarter than either of us as serious students could afford. And so we

decided to share the job, counting on the fact that people thought we looked alike. This stratagem required that we go down to the Golden Gateway area of Minneapolis, where there were lots of second-hand stores, to find a tuxedo that was slightly too large on Phil and a bit too small on me. I was somewhat heavier and a good deal more talkative than Phil. After a few weeks the other ushers began to notice a cyclical personality change from night to night. When we were at last found out, they laughingly told us that they had begun to comment on “Schwab’s puzzling mood swings.” “Sometimes he will be animated and talking all the time,” they said among themselves, “and the next time he’ll hardly say a word; and he looks thinner.”

### **Bellman Adventures**

One of the great privileges we enjoyed as bellhops was living in the beautiful Chalet I perched on the rocks just above Swiftcurrent Falls with an open front porch looking out on the spectacular views up the Swiftcurrent and Josephine valleys. It was a perfect place for parties

because the roar of the falls camouflaged any noise, and it had a large rustic lobby with a stone fireplace. The accommodations were better than the guests had. Phil and I slept in the front southwest bedroom looking out on the lake. This was idyllic, save for the fact that at the outset we could see the lake through the cracks in the log walls as well as through the window. At the beginning of each season those icy winds from the Swiftcurrent Valley, driving rain, sleet, and even snow, whistled right into our room. We hustled to get oakum from the maintenance department and spent many hours caulking the leaks like British swabbies always were doing in the hulls of old sailing ships. Pretty soon we defeated the interior winds and occasionally were even cozy, although there was no heating in the Chalet. On the many cold days we got out of there as soon as possible.

It was exciting to be bellmen, and good hard work, with lively companions and almost always kindly guests who looked on us favorably as deserving students. Occasionally, though, each of us would encounter a very unpleasant traveler. The usually even-tempered Phil showed us how to deal with emotions riled by a fractious customer. He rushed into the bellhop room one day, hung a cardboard tag on the faucet in the sink, and burned a misanthropic guest in effigy. We all laughed heartily and occasionally did the same thing ourselves. It helped.

Some days we worked so hard lugging bags up the many stairs that our shirts and even uniform coats were soaked. Keeping white shirts presentable was a major problem. Our up-to-date mother solved the problem by sending each of us one of the nylon washable shirts that had just come on the market. Sometimes after a hard day we would simply wear them into the shower to wash them and ourselves with the same soap. Then we would carry them on hangers and let them flap in the often howling winds as we ran from the dormitory showers down the road to the Chalet.

Because of the chemistry of the fabric the shirts turned rather yellow in short order, but at least we had the feeling that they were clean.

#### The Golden Shift

The year 1952 was our last season as employees in the Park and by far the best. We were on what we called the Golden Shift, made up of Jim Hooley, Melroy Hostager, Phil, and me. Jim used to say that the main thing he remembered about 1952 was that we laughed all summer long. From the standpoint of personality and easy compatibility the four of us could not have been better teamed up. We were all from small backwater Scandinavian towns in Minnesota. Melroy was the most Scandinavian; Jim was Scandinavian only "by adoption". Phil and I were half-Scandinavian.

We had such a good time that it gets into an area where it is hard to do an adequate job of evoking the quality of the experience. Melroy was in many ways the focus of it. We soon discovered his near fatal weakness. Quiet and modest in manner, he was unusually susceptible to jokes, which often threw him into prolonged, silent convulsions of laughter. This went far enough so that sometimes we would become alarmed that he might come to harm before our very eyes. But we could not resist precipitating these tempests because they spread immediately back to us as well. Our bouts of liberating laughter made each day at work something to look forward to.

Jim remained one of the best friends of both our families until his untimely death five years ago. He too was an outstanding laughter and as good willed as Melroy. Like Phil and me he faithfully came back to the Park summer after summer with his family. Of all of us he accumulated the most titles in his career: Doctor of Dentistry, Professor, Dean of the University of Washington Dental School, then of the U. C. L. A. Dental School, and finally Captain in



*Phil in Many Glacier  
bellman's regalia, 1952  
(Dick Schwab photo)*

the Naval Dental Service on active duty. We used to reprimand him for not making it to Admiral.

#### Epilogue

Most important of all for Phil, the notable year of 1952 was the year he met Joanne Hanson, who was a waitress in the Dining Hall at Many. They were married in 1953 and eventually produced three of the most faithful of all



*Phil and Dick at Schwab Falls, 2002, at the ages of 73 and 74. (Sara Trask photo)*

being professors, and Phil became a California Superior Court Judge. Melroy taught in a college in Oregon. Jim was a professor at the University of Washington and U. C. L. A., and I at the University of California at Davis.

In addition, Doug George, who had been on an earlier shift with Phil and me, became a professor at the University of New Mexico. Brad Jeffries, our Head Bellman, was an attorney and a highly successful businessman. The same was true for two other bellhops who shared Chalet I with us. Jack Lee was an excellent business executive, and Earl Ehrenberg, one of our best lifetime bellhop friends, was a Captain in a major international airline and a successful businessman. His wife, Judy, who had

returned regularly with our families to spend parts of summers at Swiftcurrent together.

But from the outset I was the luckiest of all of them, to have been born in the same family with Phil. Throughout our early Glacier years in the forties and fifties he was a great comrade, as he continued to be for the rest of his life. Over the seasons we worked together in the Park we covered a good share of its best hiking trails and non-technical climbs, except those in the most southerly area, which was out of hitch-hiking range. We enjoyed and depended upon each other's company without quarrel or complication. This was such a natural part of our lives that I remember being surprised when one of our friends there made a point of saying how much he liked the way we looked after each other and worried when one or the other was late in returning from some adventure. I thought, "What else?" We were brothers. Everyone who knew Phil instantly liked him, and it was always rewarding and great fun to be with him. Above all, he had a natural decency about him that appealed to all.

Glacier devotees: Eric, Sara, and Annie, who themselves have produced several other little enthusiasts for the Park. The same thing happened in my family with Mark, Paul, and Heidi. Jo turned out to be the best of us all at keeping in touch with our old Glacier friends, some of whom we might otherwise have lost contact with. Brad Jeffries, who was the Head Bellhop in our time, noted this in a toast to her as "the glue who held us all together" at a dinner during one of our reunions at Many. It must be one of the few times when being called "glue" could be considered the highest compliment.

Almost all the bellhops we worked with had privileged and happy lives. I suspect this fact is connected somehow with our experiences in Glacier. Three of us on the Golden Shift ended up

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been a waitress in 1952, became an attorney and a successful businesswoman as well.

None of us expected to have such rewarding and privileged lives, for we were from modest backgrounds with modest ideas of what we might anticipate in our careers. But ever since those happy summers in Glacier we have all known we were luckier than most of the rest of the people in the world. Glacier bound us together for the rest of our lives. We

We bellhops in those days were still more boys than men, and it simply would not have occurred to us to imagine Phil as the distinguished judge he became. But looking back at it, one can see that the man was already present in the boy; that the quiet youth of those bright years in Glacier carried within him the admirable qualities that justified the title later conferred upon him -- the Honorable Philip Schwab.

# Bulletin Board

*In addition to articles, The Inside Trail welcomes letters from readers. Here are some that have been sent to us recently.*

## **Gearjamming in 1942**

As I was reading the Fall 2005 *Inside Trail*, the photo on page 14 caught my attention. There was my bus, number 97! I drove it during the World War II summer of 1942. [Editor's Note: the hotels and buses were shut down for the other three summers of the war.] In 1942 we had *no* automatic transmissions and had to double clutch – not a monumental task, but it was different. Also, a loud voice substituted for any audio system.

We jammers were mostly draft-deferred college students who would soon be in one of the services. It was a great farewell summer for us. I went on to spend three years in the Army, including time in Europe. I'm 85 now, and have been back to the Park several times. It's been 63 years since I had number 97 – we've both aged well!

*Joseph P. Funk*

## **The Many Glacier Entrance Road**

Each summer since 1972 I have been coming to Glacier to see its vast beauty and relive old memories. Like for all of us, Glacier is home to me and I look forward to that visit each year.

One persistent memory I have is of driving from Babb to Many Glacier and experiencing the rugged stretches of unpaved road. For 33 years I have said to myself, "When are they

going to fix this road?" Last summer, I finally decided to ask about it. The ranger at the Many Glacier entrance station gave me a comment form to send in to Park Headquarters. A few weeks later, I received a very nice reply which I thought I would share with you. Here it is, in pertinent part:

"I share your concern with the condition of the road. Repairs to the road have been a priority of the park for many years, but are overshadowed by the importance and magnitude of the Going-to-the-Sun Road repairs. The cost to repair the road into Many Glacier is estimated to be approximately \$6 million dollars and is part of our ten year priority listing for the park. The road into Many Glacier does not have a high enough Regional priority to be repaired at this time within the Regional park roads budget.

"The park's highest road project priority is the Going-to-the-Sun Road. These comprehensive repairs, beginning in 2006, total approximately \$100 million dollars and are scheduled to be completed within eight years. I anticipate that the repairs to the Many Glacier road will not occur until after the Going-to-the-Sun Road repairs are completed.

"Our maintenance crews do their best to keep the road in a passable condition, but the underlying soil conditions make this a very difficult task. In some high moisture years the road will settle up to two feet in

locations. Park crews grade the road on a regular basis throughout the summer and will continue to do so into the future until repairs can be made."

Apparently my 33 years of waiting will go on and maybe someday (hopefully in my lifetime) the Many Glacier Road will be fixed. Until then, enjoy the beauty of the Park and the good memories of the old days!

*Dick Bridegroom (Rising Sun 1972-75)*

## **Employee Reunions**

Two large employee reunions are planned for the summer of 2006. Swiftcurrent employees of the 1970s will gather at Swiftcurrent Motor Inn from July 13-17. (For details, contact Dan Maturen, 12822 Echo Lane, Apple Valley, MN 55124)

Many Glacier employees from the summers of 1970-80 will gather at Many Glacier from August 3-6. The reunion will include a Hoote-nanny, a Serenade, group hiking, a boat ride on St. Mary Lake, and dinner at Johnson's. (For details, contact Ray Kozel, 3565 N. Yuma Dr., Chino Valley, AZ 86323, rkoz86323@yahoo.com).

## **Gridiron Glory** **(Continued from page 7)**

I know I will leave out members of the teams we had at Many Glacier (and, sadly, I do not know GPL's team members), but I would like to recall (as best as possible) the teams we had in 1967, 1968 and 1969. Since I was a ringer in 1967, I cannot remember my teammates' positions.

The guys I recall from 1967 are Roger Stephens, Mac Willemssen, Pete Sheehy, Jim Morissey, David Wise, Louie Gill, Bill Nielsen, Ken Hadock, Gordy Foster, Gary Newgard, John Wendt, Eric Norby, Dave Durham and Tom Briggs.

In 1968, the Many Glacier offense was as follows: Center – Ken Prater; Tight End – Lee Hollister; Wide Receivers – Rich Slater and David Wise; Blocking Backs – Eric Norby and the student minister from Swiftcurrent (whom John got to be our ringer that year). Our 1968 defense was: Rushers – Gordy Foster and David Porter; Outside Linebackers – David Hancock and Dale Lebsack; Middle Linebacker – Mac Willemssen; Defensive Backs – Louie Gill and Bill Nielson.

In 1969, our offense was: Center – David Porter and Mac Willemssen alter-

nated; Blocking Backs – Eric Norby and Scott Vandell (my neighbor kid from Clarion, Iowa, whom I recruited); Tight End – Lee Hollister; Receivers – Rich Slater and Jack Potter (who went on and continues to have a long and distinguished career with the National Park Service at Glacier and was our 1969 ringer); Quarterback – John Slater. Our 1969 defense was: Rushers – Gordy Foster and David Porter; Outside Linebackers – Dale Lebsack and John Slater; Middle Linebacker – Mac Willemssen; Defensive Backs – Bill LeDain and Rich Guidry.

Although we did not have a game in 1970, I would like to list several of the guys who spent a considerable amount of time practicing and would have been our Many Glacier team: John Hagen, John Moffat, Chris Vick, Tim Schultz, Mark Boydston, Jim Brownson and Scott Vandell.

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*I would like to echo that sentiment right now and once again say "Thank you, Mr. Tippet" for being the means by which so many of us have such good memories of our summers at Glacier National Park.*

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As a personal aside, it is interesting to note what playing football at Many Glacier Hotel led to for both John Slater and myself. John was "recruited" by Mr. Tippet to come from GPL to Many Glacier. At Many Glacier John met his future wife, Becky Shoemaker. Similarly, because of football my Glacier Park career shifted from Swiftcurrent to Many Glacier and, just like John, I met my wife, Judy Shoup, in 1968.

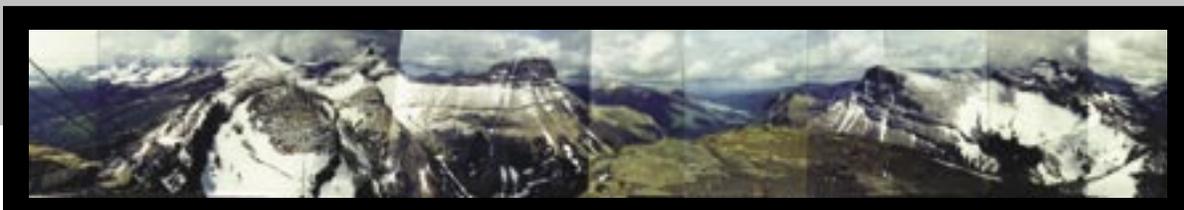
Although I am sure it is understood, all of us owe a debt of gratitude to Mr. Tippet for his role as our hotel manager and our "coach". The bellmen in 1969 presented him with a red Many Glacier football jersey, "No. 1". It was a small way of saying "Thank You" for all that Mr. Tippet did. I would like to echo that sentiment right now and once again say "Thank you, Mr. Tippet" for being the means by which so many of us have such good memories of our summers at Glacier National Park.

## **JOIN THE GLACIER PARK FOUNDATION**

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

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

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



(Panorama  
by Christine  
Baker)