

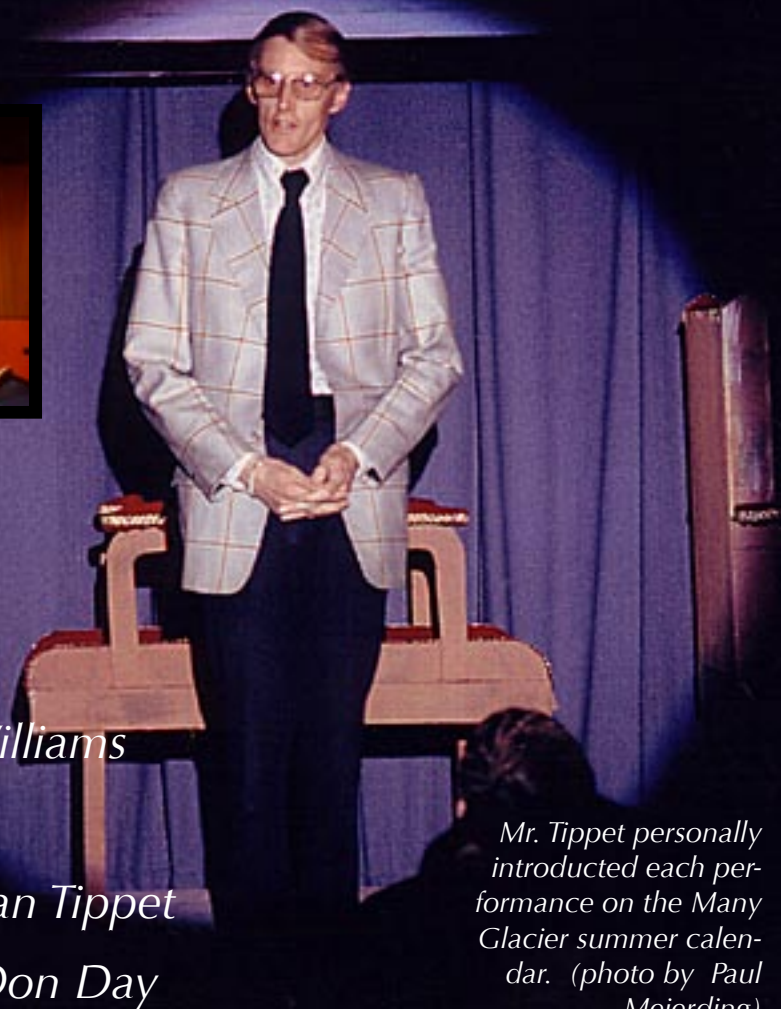
THE INSIDE TRAIL



Voice of the Glacier Park Foundation Summer 2008 Volume XXII, No. 2

Special Issue:

MUSIC at MANY GLACIER



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Mr. Tippet personally introduced each performance on the Many Glacier summer calendar. (photo by Paul Meierding)

(Insert photos courtesy of Paul Meierding and Rolf Larson)

MUSIC AND COMMUNITY: 25 years since the Tippet Era

Ian Tippet, a legendary figure in the history of Glacier National Park, will turn 78 this July. He spends his summers in theoretical semi-retirement at Glacier Park Lodge. In fact, he remains remarkably active, running the mail room for Glacier Park, Inc., supervising banquet preparations, working predawn hours with the lobby porters, and fostering community spirit among the staff.

25 years have now elapsed since the end of Mr. Tippet's storied career as manager of Many Glacier Hotel. From 1961 (the end of the Great Northern Railway era) to 1983, he served in that capacity. In 1983, he was transferred to administrative work at East Glacier, and a grand era came to an end.

Mr. Tippet did not invent the musical tradition at Many Glacier. Bands played there during the early decades, and the staff staged occasional shows. But Mr. Tippet took those nascent, sporadic performances and brought them to extraordinary heights. An amazing variety of fine music was presented in

the hotel on most evenings during the Tippet Era.

The remarkable thing is that those performances were purely a volunteer effort. Nobody was paid to put them on (except that the assistant manager doubled as a musical director). Employees whose energy already was being poured into hotel jobs and hikes put thousands of hours into performing, rehearsing, setting up and breaking down the lobby, covering work shifts for performers, and supporting roles of all sorts. The whole

ing. The friendships endured. And for hotel guests, the memory of being involved in a happy, close-knit community endured.

Such community spirit, of course, has been present in many other locations and eras during Glacier Park's 98 years. The other lodges, the transport company, and other entities all have bonded enduring friendships. But Ian Tippet deserves special praise for showing how one person's vision and energy can foster a community spirit embracing thousands of people.

Mr. Tippet led by example. Others were motivated to work hard by his enthusiasm and penchant for working harder than anyone else.

staff strove together to bring the ambitious productions (especially the annual Broadway Musicals) about.

Ultimately, the Tippet Era was more about community than about music. The music was often sublime but fleet-

Mr. Tippet led by example. Others were motivated to work hard by his enthusiasm and penchant for working harder than anyone else. Those qualities are evident in his personal recollections of the music program, published in these pages. As the revival of the music at Many Glacier Hotel proceeds this summer, we dedicate this issue of *The Inside Trail* in his honor.

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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.

HOOTENANNIES *and other Memories*



The Host Band for weekly Hootennannies in 1980 included Cary Black, Milt Crofts, Rick Taylor and Sean Williams. Many others also took part as were needed (photos courtesy of Rick Taylor).

By Sean Williams (Many Glacier 1978-81)

When I first spotted the ad – a half-page photo of Mt. Gould – with its invitation to spend a summer playing music (and working) at Many Glacier Hotel in the Rockies, I was enchanted. I was in my first year of college as a music major at UC Berkeley. I rushed back to my dorm and asked a friend for a letter of recommendation. He kindly wrote one and had the entire dorm sign it as a petition! According to Mr. Tippet's offer of employment, it won me the job (and thanks, Dwight, wherever you are). And for four summers I found my "voice," matured as a human being, and met both my dear husband (Cary Black, bass player in the house band) and my best friend forever, Gloria Hatch (then known as Tib, who worked first as a maid like me, then as Mr. Tippet's secretary).

I packed up my banjo and guitar and got myself out to Montana from California to begin what was unquestionably the most important developmental experience as a musician and performer that I could have hoped for. Yes, I had a job ("relief maid," which meant the 5 am to 2 pm shift, no tips, and virtually no contact with the rest of the housekeeping staff). But the really extraordinary "work" at Many Glacier was the combination of musical rehearsals, performances, and opportunities to learn stagecraft.

In front of transient hotel audiences night after night, I completely lost any sense of stage fright that I'd brought to Glacier. I learned about timing, covering up mistakes, polishing an act, and interacting with other performers. I learned what to do when the sound system failed. I had the chance to expose audiences to a wide variety of musical styles and to gauge their reactions.

Best of all were those glorious moments of musical collaboration – performing Faure's Pavane on cello, guitar and flute

The really extraordinary "work" at Many Glacier was the combination of musical rehearsals, performances, and opportunities to learn stagecraft.

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because it was the instrumentation we had on hand, for example. Watching a talented singer-songwriter perform “Dust in the Wind” with a full complement of chamber players was transcendent. And playing “Stayin’ Alive,” one of the great disco anthems, as a bluegrass tune complete with hot dancers Ellen Rockne, Tib Hatch, and Bonnie Brown in overalls, was a highlight of my first summer. Being able to call on the collective musicianship of each summer’s hotel workers was an experience that I have not been able to replicate since.

I was in the host band for the Hootenannies each year, with various members including John Galyean, Rick Taylor, Milt Crotts, Cary Black, and many others. From the beginning I never did understand why we closed each performance with “California cannot hold me, though I love her timbered mountains, worked her fields and worked her orchards, up and down the Central Valley...” Huh? California? Aren’t we in Montana? John Galyean patiently explained that we were evoking the “folk scare” of the late 50s and early 60s with the likes of the Kingston Trio and others. I finally got it. We were part of a larger tradition that hotel guests would instantly recognize. Imagine my delight when my husband Cary eventually got the call to be a member of the Kingston Trio’s backup band in the 1980s! He certainly knew the repertoire by that point!

Looking back on those performances now, I can see the flaws in my earnest passion. I suspect that our “Concert for the Earth” in 1982 (in which Cary and I performed Gordon Lightfoot’s “Ode to Big Blue” with Cary playing whale sounds on his bass, and in which Alan Philips sang multiple songs by Pete Seeger) was more of a set of dirges than a call to action. I cheerfully sang IRA ballads in honor of the Catholic hunger striker Bobby Sands, then imprisoned in Northern Ireland. At the time I had no idea of the complexity of the issues that I and others were trying to present to

audiences who probably expected little more than “Irene, Goodnight.” And yet, I learned from those experiences the hazards inherent in trying to put out a message when the message isn’t entirely clear. At the same time, I had my first attempts at performing world music in public by 1980, and before long found myself heading into my chosen career path as a professor of ethnomusicology. Coincidence? Maybe not.

I can’t be the only one harboring funny memories of specific performances, or of rehearsals after midnight – often the only time that all of us were finally finished with our “day jobs.” Rick Taylor had the most uncanny way of keeping us “on task”: if our attention began to flag in rehearsal, he would immediately launch into yet another Dan Fogelberg tune. I learned to recognize every Fo-

stage. Surprise! Out came the iconic first notes of... “Tennessee Stud.” Gasp. We rushed down the hall and in about a minute and a half prepared something else in hushed voices without even giving it a try out loud. “Can you sing lead on this?” “Sure. Could you do a solo before the bridge?” “Got it.” Whew. Luckily we pulled it off; otherwise it could have been “Another One Bites the Dust.”

In 1980 four of us got together to create The Magnettes, a “girl group” in the old style: Alex Sokolov, Tammy Kohn, Tib Hatch, and myself. Alex had brought loads of sheet music from the Boswell Sisters to the girl groups of the early 60s to the Manhattan Transfer. We all took turns singing lead and close harmonies on songs like “Java Jive,” “Hold Tight,” “Operator,” and “Birdland.” With the exceptional professional assistance of the

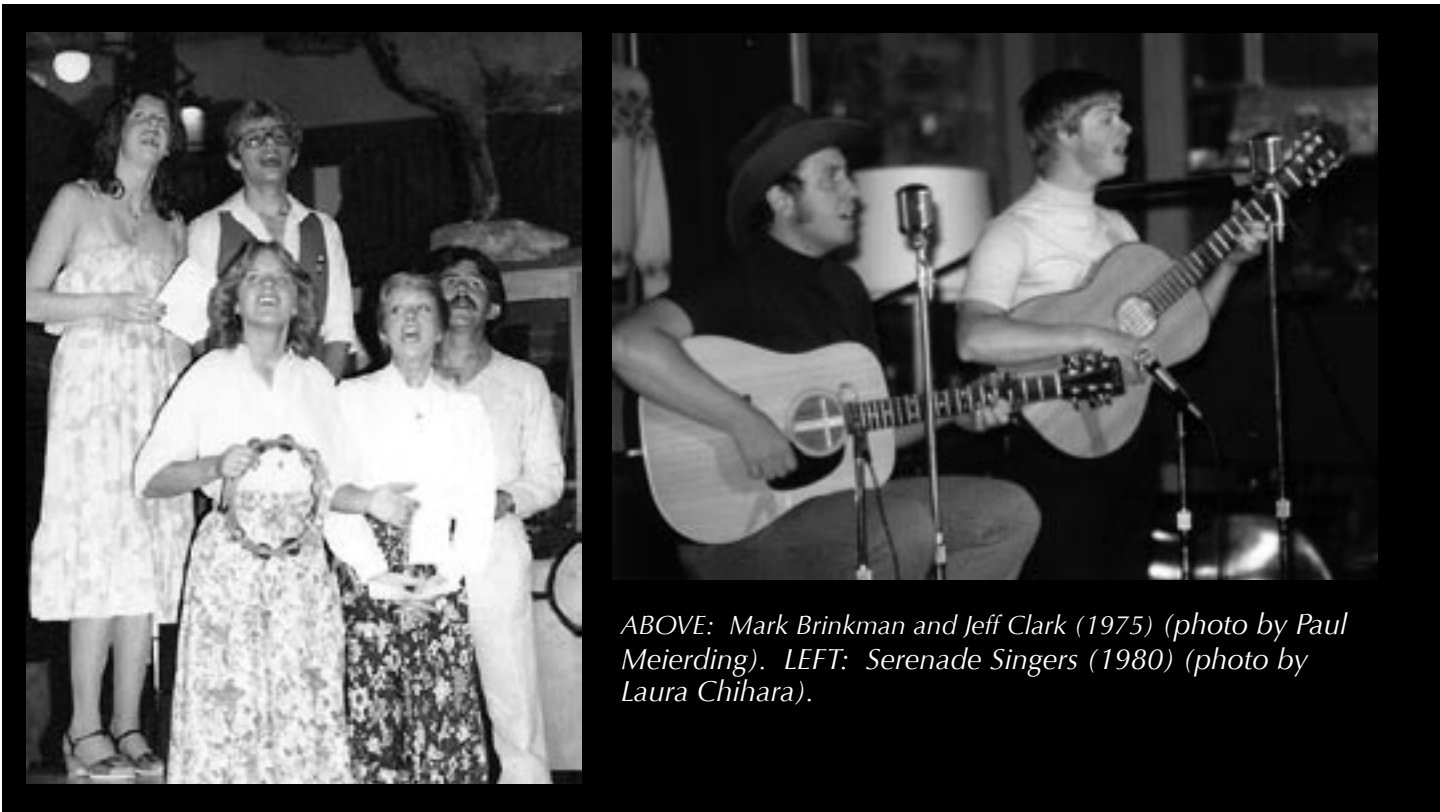
In front of transient hotel audiences night after night, I completely lost any sense of stage fright that I’d brought to Glacier. I learned about timing, covering up mistakes, polishing an act, and interacting with other performers.

gelberg tune that Rick knew, and would snap to attention even as I was staggering on my feet from lack of sleep. We often rehearsed in the Many Mingle, a bit of a euphemistic term for the laundry room. We also rehearsed on the stage downstairs after hours. But we never, ever, rehearsed in the dorm. Dorm matron Thelma’s ultra-strict policy of no music (no instruments, no singing, no humming) now seems like a strange policy to keep in a place where music was flowing from everyone’s hearts.

At one point we were backstage, waiting to be “on” for a hootenanny performance of “Tennessee Stud.” Jack Gladstone, the fine singer-songwriter who was living in Babb at the time, went on ahead of us. We were ready to go, and we liked Jack and were eager to hear what he would perform so we clustered near the

John Damberg Trio (John Damberg on drums, Nick Moore on keyboards, and Cary Black on bass), we actually sounded okay! Even in the cold light of 28 years gone by, I can look back on those performances with some genuine satisfaction. It was all something of a revelation to me: I, a Berkeley girl, had never even worn makeup or heels before and didn’t know the first thing about them.

My parents, who happened to be visiting on the night of The Magnettes’ big concert, were shocked. In a good way, I hope. At that point, my mother had learned by heart every word of “Coming to the Rockies Again” from my battered cassettes of previous years’ concerts, and I’m pretty sure she was expecting a rousing chorus of “Rocky Top,” not Ellington’s gorgeous “Sunday Kind of Love.”



ABOVE: Mark Brinkman and Jeff Clark (1975) (photo by Paul Meierding). LEFT: Serenade Singers (1980) (photo by Laura Chihara).

On the Fourth of July each year, we held a parade in which various sets of musicians would gather in the park's jammer busses and make the rounds between the hotel and Swiftcurrent Lodge. One summer I found myself in a jammer bus with a bunch of other people playing bluegrass. It was a gorgeous day and spirits were high; the top of the bus was rolled back. Our jammer bus was gaily decorated with posters representing the girls who worked in the employee cafeteria (my "day job" for my last three years).

There was a young woman named Betsy Dimick, whom I have never met because she had worked at Many Glacier prior to 1978. According to all reports, she was an excellent fiddle player. She must have looked something like me, because for years people would compliment me on my fiddle playing! This continued even after I moved to Seattle in 1982. "Didn't you perform at Glacier National Park?" "Why, yes, I did." "You're a great fiddle player!" "Um, thank you, I think." As it turned out, I did eventually become a fiddle player, but not until 2001!

I have to do a shout-out to the John Damberg Trio, especially to Nick Moore, whose keyboard skills in virtually every genre supported countless young musicians. They played in the lounge every evening from 5 to 8, then downstairs for dancing until midnight. What I saw, again and again, was this: patient guidance with fledgling singers or instrumentalists preparing for the Thursday Night Serenades, first-rate support for people who wanted to sing a rock, blues or pop song for the dances, congenial hosting of performances of all kinds, and endless, professional contributions to everyone's musicianship, stagecraft, and friendship.

The band's humor was delightful. When I asked them if they would please stop playing "Put On a Happy Face" during their lounge time, they responded by playing it in 5/4 whenever I stopped by. And during the dances at the end of one of the summers, "Too Fat Polka" was changed into "Too Weird Polka" ("she's too weird, she's too weird, she's too weird for me"). Of course, many of us learned to dance like grownups under the bemused eye of those three. Sorry, guys. The three were a model of generosity,

and I am sure every one of the people they supported was grateful.

In the thirty (gulp!) years since I started that first summer at Many Glacier, I have held it in my heart as the perfect – perfect! – model for how to support young musicians. To this day, the skills I use in my daily life as a professor (for every lecture is, in fact, a kind of performance), and in my other moments as a performer, stem from the experiences I gained in those four short summers. If Mr. Tippet had not had the profound wisdom, generosity, and willingness to generate a staff of performers and nurture them year after year, I strongly believe that all of our lives would be dramatically different. We all learned from his gentle, dry humor, from his gracious kindness to both guests and employees, and from his acceptance of a certain level of background chaos in the name of effective musical entertainment. I would not be the person I am now without Mr. Tippet's willingness to take on someone who knew little more of the adult world than how to play music well. To Mr. Tippet and all the musicians of Many Glacier, I offer my sincerest thanks.

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There was never a shortage of guitars at Hootennanies. (photos by Paul Meierding and Laura Chihara)



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SERENADES *and other Memories*



Barb Kaiser performs for a Serenade. Sheila Wilson is the accompanist with the help of John Sauer (photo by Rolf Larson).

By John Hagen (Many Glacier 1970-80)

I once heard a story about a concert of classical music in a ranch town in rural Montana. A symphony orchestra had traveled there as part of a cultural tour. As the crowd applauded politely after the final number, a raucous cowboy climbed on a chair and shouted, “Clap real hard, and they’ll play some more!”

This episode did not occur at Many Glacier Hotel, but it easily might have. It captures the whimsical incongruity that often surrounded our efforts to perform fine music in rustic surroundings during the Ian Tippet era. In those days (prior to the recent renovations), Many Glacier had a distinctly tumble-down air – missing balconies, leaking

roofs, weathered siding, the sagging hall known as “Stagger Alley.” It wasn’t the sort of venue where travelers would expect to find classical music.

What fanciful sights and sounds accompanied the nightly entertainment that was performed at the “old barn!” Bats periodically would flit through the darkened performance areas, looming

up in the spotlights and causing whoops and bobbing of heads among the crowd. Lobby shows were ringed around with distractions – doors banging, pedestrians trooping and talking, old-fashioned cash registers ringing and clanging, bellmen’s carts rumbling over the tile. In harsh weather, lightning would flash through the skylights, thunder would echo off the mountains, and wind

Lobby shows were ringed around with distractions – doors banging, pedestrians trooping and talking, old-fashioned cash registers ringing and clanging, bellmen’s carts rumbling over the tile.

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would howl through cracks in the doors. (I remember Chip Smith, now a music professor, morosely commenting that the howling wind was incessantly B-flat, and complaining: “It could at least change pitch!”) Yet amid all this chaos and hubbub, the programs were utterly charming and incorporated high levels of talent and skill.

The Thursday Serenades

Ian Tippet poured great energy into the Thursday Serenades. Amid the demands of running the creaky old hotel, he always found time personally to organize this ambitious variety show, which involved about ten acts each week. He would write an elaborate script, full of detail about each of the performers. Then he would emcee the show, assisted by an employee as co-host.

The Serenades were wonderfully diverse. A string quartet playing Bach might be followed by a duet from “The Sound of Music,” Scott Joplin ragtimes on the piano, a pantomime, a trumpet solo, an aria from an Italian opera, modern dance, and a reading from Shakespeare. Romantic duets from “Porgy and Bess” or “West Side Story” might involve one singer on the lobby floor and another on an upstairs balcony. Once a violinist climbed onto the beams above the gift shop to play the theme from “Fiddler on the Roof.”

A hustle and bustle of rough stagecraft accompanied the Serenade. Employees would trundle an ancient upright piano from the cocktail lounge to the lobby and back again after the performance (wreaking havoc upon the painstaking adjustments done by an aged piano tuner from Kalispell). Coffee tables were stacked up in front of the gift shop as tiers for the Many Glacier Singers. Scores of folding chairs were passed up the stairs hand to hand from the St. Moritz Room and then passed down again after the program.

Often the Serenades were bedeviled with unseemly clamor. Boisterous people would come tramping into the lobby and be shushed by indignant employees. Sometimes Mr. Tippet himself would take to the microphones and admonish the rowdies: “We pray that we might have some pleasant silence!” But much of the time there *was* pleasant silence, with hundreds of people hushed and focused on a talented performance. The second and third floor balconies typically were crowded with people leaning attentively over the rough wooden railings, amid the Swiss canton shields and the lanterns – young campers, elderly tourists, families with children – all enthralled by Mr. Tippet’s marvelous show.

“My Foot Won’t Stop Tapping!”

Among other memorable Serenade acts, I recall a fine Dixieland band that performed in 1976. There were seven musicians, dressed in oversized straw hats, vests, and white shirts with rolled-up sleeves. They played the clarinet, drums, piano, banjo, trombone, saxophone, and trumpet. There was no piano music, so the pianist transposed from a tuba part.

The most challenging task, however, fell to the trombonist, Bruce (“Goose”) Emerson. Bruce was nearsighted and unfortunately had lost his glasses that afternoon when he capsized a canoe. He was very tall and lanky, and had to do a deep knee bend and crouch to read the music on his stand. It was droll to see him squatting and squinting mightily under his straw hat, while pumping the long slide of his trombone.

The sextet improvised for several minutes, then took a bow and walked off to enthusiastic applause. One of the trumpeters, however, seemed strangely agitated, and lagged behind in the spotlight, shuffling around as if he were stamping out a fire. His cohorts, looking alarmed, turned back and grabbed him

by the chest and arms. They dragged him off bodily through the crowd, with one of his legs spasmodically twitching. As he was carried away, he was shouting, “My *foot* won’t stop tapping! My *foot* won’t stop tapping!”

Lively Memories of the Hoots

The second cornerstone of the weekly lobby programs was the Monday Night Hootenanny. The Hoots were informal and were focused on folk music, broadly defined. In the 1960s, there was a lot of Kingston Trio music, Peter, Paul and Mary, and the like. In the ‘70s and ‘80s, bluegrass was dominant. But there was a wonderful variety of music from other genres – British Isles, Dixieland, country and western, folk rock, black spirituals, ballads, and what have you.

In the early ‘70s, the Hootenannies frequently featured “Lieutenant Marsupial and the Freddy Bear.” The Freddy Bear was Fred DiGiovanni, tall and roly-poly, with dense black curly hair and an impish smile. Lieutenant Marsupial was Rex Richardson, quiet and whimsical, ordinarily attired in an Australian bush hat, and much given to puns.

Fred and Rex sat side by side on tall stools, and Rex accompanied on guitar. Rex sang in a deadpan manner, while Fred would roll his eyes and leer at the audience while singing a gruesome lyric. They liked to sing songs which were good-naturedly macabre, such as “Hang on the Bell, Nellie” (wherein a young woman lashes herself to the townhall bell to keep it from ringing at midnight and triggering her father’s execution) and “Rickety-Tickety-Tin” (a sort of Lizzie Borden lampoon involving the demise of numerous relatives).

Later in the ‘70s, a memorable act on the Hoots was Jim Singleton (now a Presbyterian pastor) manipulating the “Limber Jack.” Jim was from Tennessee, and the Limber Jack was an Ap-

palachian folk-toy. It was a marionette, about ten inches high, with its arms and legs articulated on strings. Jim held a thin wand which was attached to the Limber Jack's head, and its feet rested on a strip of wood perched on his knee.

Jim would sit on a stool amid a blue-grass band at the Hoots. He would cause the Limber Jack to dance by twitching the wand and making its feet bounce on the wood. As the band would crank up the tempo on "Foggy Mountain Breakdown" or "Turkey in the Straw," Jim would make the Limber Jack leap and caper, swing its arms, and run in place. Jim always wore a look of rapt fascination, as if the puppet had come alive and was rollicking along without any guidance on his part.

Broadway Musicals

Dozens of people poured time and energy into each weekly Hootenanny and Serenade. But virtually the whole staff was involved in the tremendous project

of staging a full-scale Broadway musical in August. It was community theater at its most impressive -- actors, stagehands, musicians, set-builders, costumers, prop-crafters, sound-and-light people, program designers, ticket-takers, all working as volunteers in their off-hours.

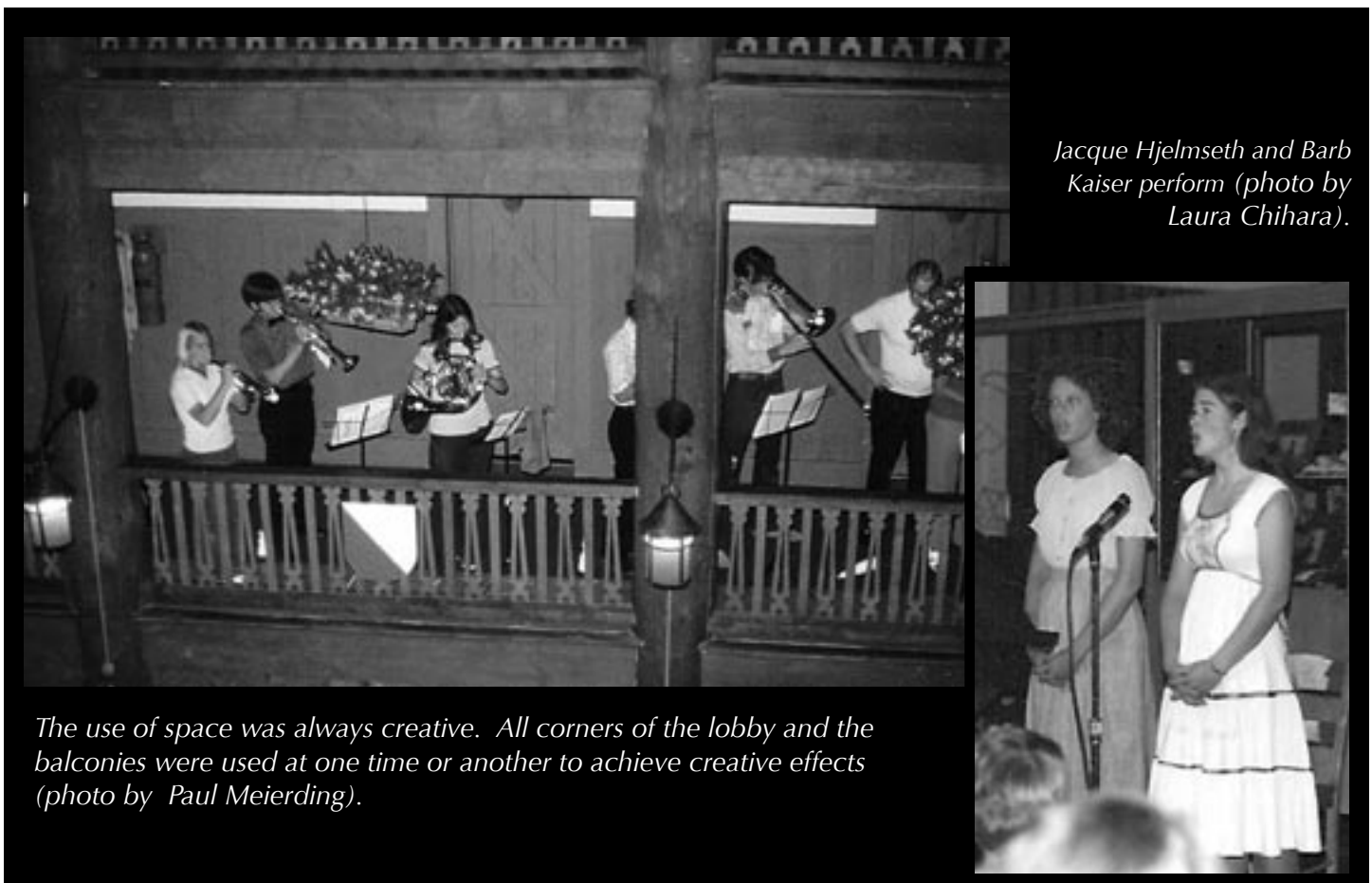
The St. Moritz Room stage was rustic, with its rough battens and tree-trunk pillars. The sound and light controls had the look of something that Boy Scouts might cobble together in a basement -- rough fiberboard, jottings in Magic Marker, mysterious levers and cables and dials.

The musicals always involved superb acting and choreography. I recall the chorus of Forest Rangers (costumed in old band uniforms that looked vaguely like Canadian Mountie outfits) marching to and fro in "Little Mary Sunshine," the pathos and grandeur and intricate Russian dancing of "Fiddler on the Roof," the train car full of travelling salesmen in "The Music Man" dressed

in outrageous plaids and bouncing up and down to simulate riding rough rails.

Most memorable, though, were the ad libs. During a performance of "I Do, I Do," a packrat came out of the woodwork and went brazenly parading across the stage. Roger Stephens (the male lead as well as the director) walked to the front of the stage and called to the orchestra conductor, "Hey, Mister Leader! You got any D-Con [rat poison] down there?!"

Life at Many Glacier was a grand adventure, full of merriment and color and human interest. The music program was a vital part of it, even for those of us who had no talent. It was a well-spring of community spirit, bonding us together as we labored on ennobling and generous projects. It broadened our musical tastes, and it gave us the blessing of scores of lifelong friends. May the musical traditions of Glacier Park continue to enrich the lives of generations to come!



Jacque Hjelmseth and Barb Kaiser perform (photo by Laura Chihara).

The use of space was always creative. All corners of the lobby and the balconies were used at one time or another to achieve creative effects (photo by Paul Meierding).

BROADWAY MUSICALS

and other Memories



"110 in the Shade" was the featured musical for 1975 (photo by Paul Meierding).

By Ian B. Tippet (1955-2008)

To offset the many physical deficiencies of the Many Glacier Hotel and the lack of some "comforts" due to old buildings, weather conditions, droughts, wind, noises, no elevators, half the rooms not on lake-side where all guests wanted lake-side, and similar matters that we could not change anyway, I felt as General Manager at Many Glacier Hotel and as company Personnel Director that it would help to offset guest complaints and to enhance enjoyment of their stay, to employ college and university students for Many Glacier who were majoring in music/drama and the fine arts, or to make sure they possessed a real talent, for our nightly programming, including lobby shows,

the Ptarmigan Room dining room dinner service, and musicals/plays and skits on stage in the St. Moritz Room downstairs.

I did not take this lightly, and to start things off in the winter months notified every single college and university in the USA (and Canada for our Prince of Wales Hotel in Waterton, Alberta) of our need at Many Glacier for music/drama majors as employees, to fill all the hotel positions. Employees were paid for their hotel jobs and gave of

themselves voluntarily to the various musical programs. We also sought out talented accounting majors, hotel/restaurant majors, and culinary arts majors, who wanted to help us in the musical program too: building sets for Broadway plays, manning the light boards, the sound systems, the box office, and all the facets of a first class production. The employment applications came in by the thousands literally, along with their theatrical or musical resumes and 8"x10" portraits, and we had to make certain that the right instrumentalists were hired

Employees were paid for their hotel jobs and gave of themselves voluntarily to the various musical programs.

For year after year, students and others gave up thousands of hours of their free, off-duty time to the entertainment music program at Many Glacier in all its countless forms. Rehearsals would go on often into the early morning hours.

for the hotel orchestra, the Broadway Musical Orchestra, lots of guitarists and banjoists for the Monday night Hootenannies, super voices in the dining room wait staff, all the theatrical tech talents, conductors, directors, and the like.

We put on twenty-seven Broadway musicals in twenty seasons. We selected dates on the calendar for major productions/concerts such as Brahms Requiem and "Carnival of the Animals" for full choir and orchestra.

The **Monday Night Hootenannies** became a sensation.

Tuesday night was movie night and needed projectionists,

Wednesday night was Community Sing which needed song sheets made up and produced and great pianists.

The **Thursday Serenade** was often a massive production with contrasting talents and in a more formal atmosphere in the lobby, with scripts, lights, sound, etc.

Friday Night is Skit Night was a chance for all departments in the hotel to write and produce their own amusing skit, and book out their date on the calendar.

Saturday night was Big Dance Night in the St. Moritz Room featuring our resident combo, and they also played the nightly cocktail period in the Interlaken Swiss Room.

Sunday night was Concert Night which gave students the opportunity to prepare their own evening in concert/recital in the lobby formally, in evening gown, with printed programs and the like.

The calendar reflected non-musical events too such as the Many Glacier Olympics, flag football contests against Glacier Park Lodge teams and all kinds of other events such as employee birthdays and the annual Miss Glacier Park Pageant, a massive formal production at each lodge with the final at Many Glacier. I drew in all kinds of "outsiders" to help us out: the former governor of the state of Montana, Mr. Tom Judge, who often adjudicated events, and his mother Mrs. Blanche Judge who "coached" the girls for the pageants. Countless outsiders got involved, the superintendents of Glacier National Park and Waterton National Park, many of the local NPS rangers, etc. The Broadway musical needed a director, a conductor, singers, dancers, actors, an orchestra, program producers and assemblers, box office, publicity experts and many other areas such as set builders, lighting and sound technicians, and make-up artists.

One specifically challenging thing was making sure I had all the various musical instruments that were needed for the orchestration of the Broadway musical: violins, violas, cellos, double bass, oboes, bassoons, trumpets, French horns, harpists, clarinets, etc. etc. and all the percussion stuff that was needed. One season we had decided to do two smaller musicals in one summer -- "You're a Good Man, Charlie Brown" and "The Fantasticks." "The Fantasticks" requires harpists in the orchestra and I worried all winter if and how I was even going to find college student employees majoring in harp. After many sleepless nights, I won over my worrying problem. I received a call at Many Glacier from the bemused agent at the Great Falls Airport who said to me, "Mr. Tip-

pet, what are running up there, a hotel or a music camp?" I gulped and said, "Well, both really; we're in the hospitality business which includes both!" He laughed and replied, "Send a large truck up here, there are three massive harps awaiting pick up!"

For year after year, students and others gave up thousands of hours of their free, off-duty time to the entertainment music program at Many Glacier in all its countless forms. Rehearsals would go on often into the early morning hours. The carpenters' shop was busy with set building and a kind hotel engineer would give of his free time, too, to make certain there was proper guidance over the machines. There were rehearsals going on all the time for the many calendar events, in all parts of the building, and on nice weather days, even on the lake shore!

We were always being featured in various newspapers. One season *The Minneapolis Star Tribune* sent out journalists to take pictures of what was going on: shots such as four French horn players with their music and music stands in a canoe in the middle of Swiftcurrent Lake, rehearsing for their upcoming Sunday night concert night. Over the years I built up a massive support from countless professors at many of the well-known music/drama schools who sent me obviously some of their best talented students. On some occasions the student was able to earn credit hours for participation in the Many Glacier Singers, the Many Glacier Orchestra, and the like.

Dining room wait/bus people had to have great singing voices. We entertained our diners twice during the dinner menus, four-part stuff which raised

the roof and often included choreography. We trained employees from other departments to also wait tables, as often dining room employees had to leave their station to get down for make-up and costuming for the evening Broadway musical, so we needed two teams, for first and second guest seating.

We were very proud of our annual main event, the Broadway Musical. I took a loan from Glacier Park, Inc. in order to secure the title, royalty and rental fees, and orchestration. As soon as the box office opened in June, I started to repay all of our debts, so in fact the employees at Many Glacier were self-sufficient with all the expenses of the show. We

put any profit back into more theatrical equipment such as lighting, sound, music stands, make-up, etc. Even the grand piano that is still in the lobby at Many Glacier was purchased through ticket sales for Broadway musicals.

Professor Roger L. Stephens was the director of many of the Broadway musicals as well as being my hotel assistant manager. Other directors included John G. Galyean, who directed "Half a Sixpence" in 1979, "You're a Good Man, Charlie Brown" in 1978, and "The Fantasticks" in 1980. Derek Coleman directed "Brigadoon" in 1981, and William M. Hamer directed "Kiss Me Kate" in 1983, which I always thought was

our biggest challenge ever due to the large numbers in the show and in the orchestration. B. Lee Drew was another of our directors with his "Three Penny Opera" which was maybe controversial to some and a challenge to do also.

We did many of the great shows from the library of Tams-Witmark, the New York agents, and Music Theatre International N.Y., under the huge capabilities of Professor Stephens, who was also busy with the Many Glacier Singers. The hotel became renowned for the quality of its productions and guests often made their hotel reservations around the dates of the musical as did the tour group companies. The Montana newspaper journalists were very kind to us. Most all of the Many Glacier Hotel, employees were involved in some aspects of the annual Broadway show. The whole idea started in 1961 with the smash hit "Oklahoma," followed in 1962 with "The Boyfriend," and on and on from there. Favorites of mine were "Little Mary Sunshine," "How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying," "Fiorello!," and "The Pajama Game." All our works were super class productions, with the best college and university students that America had on its employment rosters.

We have employed brilliant young student conductors from Eastman School of Music in New York, Julliard in New York, etc. to lead the orchestras. Brilliant contributors, year after year, included Terri Saunders, Rolf Larson, William Hamer, Tessie Bundick, Carol Dahle, William Rollie, Greg Notess, Milton Crotts, and Rick Taylor, amongst the thousands of others. A dedicated effort was made to include minority students in our rosters, and we have heard fabulous singing voices amongst them and super instrumentalists. The fabulous tradition of music at Many Glacier subsided after 1983. However, it is good to know that currently there is an effort to get some of those old traditions back again.



"The Fantasticks!" was performed on two occasions, 1972 and 1979. This picture is from the 1979 production (photo by Rolf Larson)



"The Music Man" was performed during the summer of 1974. (Photo by Paul Meierding.)

Tales of the Combo

By Don Day (*Many Glacier 1964-65*)

Arriving from Ohio, we stepped off the Great Northern Railway's Empire Builder at East Glacier on the early, sunny Sunday morning of June 14, 1964. We were unaware that the biggest flood in the history of Glacier Park was in progress. We had been on the train since Friday morning and now were told that we would not be able to reach Many Glacier for several days.

The road from Babb to Many Glacier had been washed out at the point where Boulder Creek enters Swiftcurrent Creek from the south. After some creative discussions, it was decided that they could send us up to the washout in a jammer. We would hike past the washout and be picked up by another jammer which was

8 P.M. to midnight, we played for dancing in the St. Moritz Room. Our day off was Sunday.

Because of our schedule, we were not able to participate in the musicals, *Carousel* and *South Pacific*. They were directed by Mike Durkee, featuring Dave Hague, Sharon Ronan, and Sharon Moody, and were accompanied by the String Trio. During cocktails, we performed light jazz versions of selections from the shows, which were favorites of the employees and guests alike. Those waiting for dinner listened either while waiting in line or while seated in the strategically placed lounge. Mike would occasionally join us playing flute while he was tending bar. Dave, also a bartender, would sing "Serenade" from

suit coats, pants, shirts, and ties to wear. But one day (probably on the way back from a pleasant hike to Iceberg Lake) we decided to wear matching madras shorts with our coats and ties in the Interlaken Lounge. The bellmen wore lederhosen so we guessed this would be permissible. No one seemed to pay attention to the outfits one way or the other.

Predictably, that evening turned out to be one when Don Hummel, the president of Glacier Park, Inc., made an infrequent visit to Many Glacier. While playing in our madras shorts, we saw Mr. Tippet and Mr. Hummel walk past on their way to dinner. Not knowing when they might walk past again with a better view of us, we concealed our bare legs as best we could. Bob never stood up to play his sax and stayed behind the drums, I kept my legs beneath the piano and never turned around, and Bert played his string bass standing behind it instead of alongside of it. This worked, we thought. Mr. Tippet and Mr. Hummel left the Dining Room and walked past us side by side on their way to the lobby. As their figures started to disappear behind the wall of the hallway, Mr. Tippet's height enabled him to lean back as he walked and give us a look that we knew said, "Nice going, guys!"

Music and talent was everywhere. Nearly half the staff participated in the musical, and each department presented a skit one night during the summer. Throughout the hotel you could hear guitar players, piano players, and vocalists, or eight singers with bass and drums singing Bach in the laundry room, or classical music during the day in the lobby, or Peter Wernick's 5-string banjo driving the numerous Hootenanny performers.

Larry Burton was responsible for telling us of all the hiking and mountaineering opportunities available in Glacier. Since we worked until midnight, we were

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stranded at Many. What a beginning to our wonderful two summers as the Combo at Many Glacier Hotel!

We will always be grateful for the opportunity that Ian Tippet gave us, surrounded by so many musically talented people. Bert Moyer, Bob Barlow, and I, playing bass, alto sax / drums, and piano, majored in Physics, Business, and Geology -- but we were actually employed to play music. We performed from 6 P.M. to 8 P.M. for cocktails in the Interlaken Lounge, at the entrance to the Ptarmigan Dining Room. From

The Student Prince and melt the hearts of the ladies with his high G on the last three notes.

For dancing in the St. Moritz Room, the guests sat on the lake side with the employees on the other. The guests were our main concern and enjoyed dancing to the standards, but we would also include some songs for the employees, using guitar, bass, and drums. I can still see "Easy Ed" dancing the pony with his hands clasped in the small of his back to "Help Me Rhonda" or "Eight Days a Week".

We had several matching combinations of

given a nice box lunch for our third meal, on the assumption that we would not be awake for breakfast. We would, however, get up in time for breakfast and would use the box lunch for hiking. Other employees often joined us on hikes to destinations like Cracker Lake, Grinnell Glacier, Highline Trail, Iceberg Lake, Ptarmigan Tunnel, Belly River, and Poia Lake. Dr. Gordon Edwards would camp at Many Glacier for several weeks and graciously share his enthusiasm with us. We were able to do multiple ascents of Mt. Gould, Grinnell Point, and Mt. Henkel.

Like most other employees, we felt that we were ambassadors for the Park -- after all, most guests held us responsible for everything. I once heard a woman ask a maid as she walked towards the hotel, head down and holding her hat, "Young lady, does the wind always blow this way?" "No, ma'am," replied the maid (but I suspect that she wanted to add, "Sometimes it blows the other way!").

On another occasion, I passed a woman in the hallway to the Annex as she was

writing a letter. She looked out the window and said out loud, "Would you look at the *rats!*" Fortunately, I was able to tell her that they were Columbian ground squirrels. And how many times did people ask the information desk, "What times do the glaciers move?"

the lounge and rush down the steps to the lake to cast for 10 minutes, knowing we would not catch anything that would delay us in getting back to work.

One day on a trip to Babb, we were given a ride by a gentleman who asked

It was so good to be back, but even better to know that the music is back at Many Glacier.

(You know that they wanted to say "10:00 and 2:00, except on Sundays!")

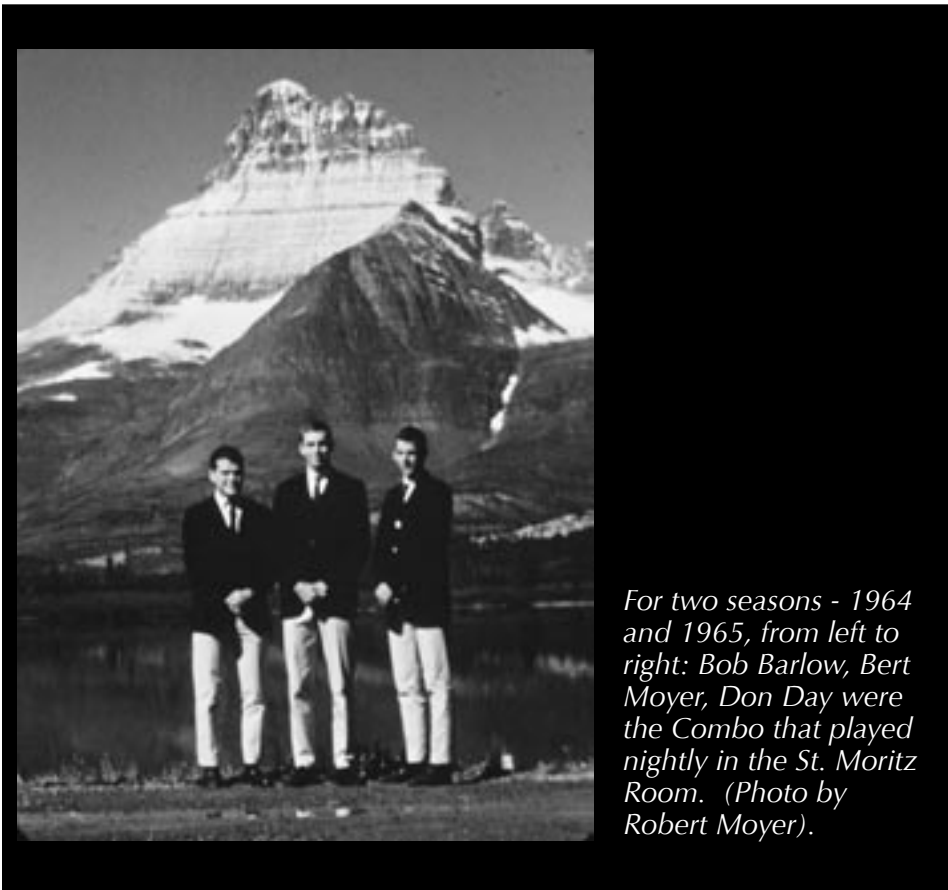
We would hitchhike around the Park with our Park Employee signs. In those days families would give us a ride so they could ask us which hikes to take or where to fish. Everyone wanted to fish Swiftcurrent Lake. We would suggest other places where they would have a much better opportunity to catch one.

We actually kept three fishing rods behind the drapes next to the piano in the Interlaken Lounge. During our 7 PM break, we could exit through the back door of

if we knew Ray Kinley. "Do we know Ray Kinley?" we replied. "We live in his dorm!" (Ray was always sharing his now-famous stories with us, punctuated with his favorite expression, "Don't 'cha know.") The gentleman asked us about Redgap Pass, and I thought that he said something like "I built it." That did not make any sense until we arrived at Babb and he said, "Please tell Ray that 'Doc' Ruhle said to say hello." Dr. George Ruhle was chief naturalist from 1929 to 1940 and wrote the *Guide to Glacier National Park*. That gentleman sure knew more than the three humbled hitchhikers did!

My wife and I camped at Many Glacier campground this past summer and had the opportunity to meet Mena Reilly, manager of Many Glacier Hotel. She was enthusiastic about the return of music to the hotel, and said, "You must come to our first Hootenanny this Sunday." We did come, and were entertained by Mark Stokstad, a bellman in 1967 who had returned with his wife to work another summer at Many, and Levi Webb, who was a current bellman.

At the conclusion of the concert, Ms. Reilly asked all employees, both on and off duty, to come to the front and join in singing the Many Glacier Hotel Anthem. She added, "We also have one returning employee, if he would please join us." It was a pleasure to join these fine people in singing the words that Vera Daly wrote years ago. It was so good to be back, but even better to know that the music is back at Many Glacier.



For two seasons - 1964 and 1965, from left to right: Bob Barlow, Bert Moyer, Don Day were the Combo that played nightly in the St. Moritz Room. (Photo by Robert Moyer).

Remembering Rehearsals

By Tessie Bundick (*Many Glacier* 1972-82)

Most of the employees at Many Glacier in the 1970s were hired because they were theatre or music majors. Mr. Ian Tippet, the mastermind behind these entertainment programs, searched colleges throughout the nation to find these talented students. I was one of the lucky ones hired to come to this beautiful hotel on the Continental Divide to work at a regular job and also to act and put on shows during my off hours.

down on the basement theatre of the hotel. I participated in three shows there under the direction of Roger Stephens, who remains to this day one of the best directors I ever had.

One of my most distinctive memories concerning the entertainment program at Many Glacier had to do with rehearsals. In 1972, I was cast as the lead in "Barefoot in the Park," a full-length, non-musical play. We could never begin play practice until after nine o'clock

So we were tired before we started and we had to compete with a very loud band in the St. Moritz Room, next to our rehearsal venue, the Lucerne Room. We had to shout our lines and really had to learn to concentrate and focus. It was a tough situation, but with the superb direction of Roger Stephens, goof humor, youthful excitement and enthusiasm, we were able to pull it off and present quite a good piece of theatre.

In 1973, we presented "Fiddler on the Roof," and it was a wonderful experience. Our stage was tiny; we had no wings or fly space. The conditions were less than ideal, but the productions were full of energy and talent and the audiences were appreciative. Our shows were full-scale, complete with rented costumes and sets made on site.

It is a good thing that we were young, because this schedule was very demanding, but most rewarding. These entertainment programs at Many Glacier created a marvelous bonding experience amongst the participants that lasts to this day, in the form of lifelong friendships and very rich memories.

It is a good thing that we were young, because this schedule was very demanding, but most rewarding. These entertainment programs at Many Glacier created a marvelous bonding experience amongst the participants that lasts to this day, in the form of lifelong friendships and very rich memories.

There were many opportunities to hone one's talents at Many Glacier. I personally put most of my energies into the Broadway Musical presented in August

in the evening, because cast members who worked in the dining room were not finished until then.

The Dixieland Band

By Joe Miller (*Many Glacier* 1963-4, 66)

In the summer of 1963, my twin brother Jack and I left Anchorage, Alaska to work at Many Glacier Hotel. During that first summer, Jack and I worked as lobby porters, housemen, and bellmen. We also worked the summers of 1964 and 1966 as bellmen.

In those years, Mr. Tippet always made sure that there was abundant talent among his summer workers. We employees enjoyed providing entertainment of one form or another every evening for the hotel guests. Each night

of the week had a set theme of entertainment, so we always knew when to prepare for a classical musical evening, a hootenanny, or a talent show. Employees practiced for their approaching performances all over the hotel – in the employees' laundry room (the "Many Mingle"), in the St. Moritz Room (which doubled as a coffee shop by day), and in the third floor Linen Room.

Jack and I had the opportunity to form a Dixieland band from among the employees at Many. Jack played trombone and I played the clarinet.

Our favorite song was "A Good Man in Hard to Find," and our greatest fan was Chef Wilson. During our summers in Glacier, the Dixieland band toured different locations within the Park for performances. Many times we received standing ovations.

If I had to choose a life career again, it would be playing the clarinet. I should have gone to New Orleans and lived my music rather than having to live it through my son and daughter who are "living the dream." They make their living in the music industry. I must say I'm a little jealous. Oh, well!



There has always been a special romance to evening programs at Many Glacier. Virtually every night for a quarter century, evening programs enchanted guests with energy and creativity. Areas that were not crowded with performers were filled by guests. The magic of a summer evening, a moon-lit night or raging storm was transformed to yet something else by the unexpected delights of performances, a gift from Many Glacier employees and management. (Photos by Paul Meierding.)

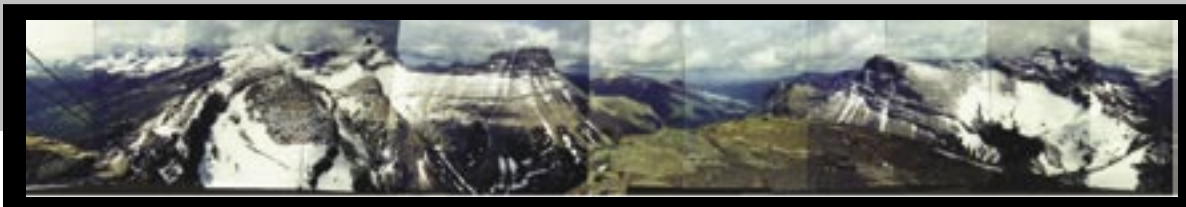


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(Panorama by Christine Baker)