

THE INSIDE TRAIL



Voice of the Glacier Park Foundation □ Winter 2008 □ Volume XXII, No. 1

CLIMBING with Mr. K *and other adventures with Rangvald Kvelstad*

*Rangvald
Kvelstad
admires the
view looking
west from the
summit of
Mt. Reynolds.
(Photo by Bob
Megard)*

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GPF Promotes Musical Revival at Many Glacier

Many Glacier Hotel's grand tradition of employee music enjoyed a revival last summer. Each Sunday evening, June to September, employees staged a show in the lobby. These performances were called Hootenannies, after the famous folk-singing shows at Many in the '60s, '70s and '80s.

The Glacier Park Foundation (GPF) supported these programs with funds supplied by generous donors. "Ian Tippet Awards," with cash stipends, were presented to employees who distinguished themselves in performance. These employees included the Hootenanny host, Levi Webb, Mark Stokstad (see his story on p. 17), and Henry Lethbridge.

Mena Reilly, the manager of Many Glacier Hotel, presented the Tippet Awards at the season's final performance and spoke about Many's musical tradition. Ms. Reilly and Cindy

Ognjanov, the president of Glacier Park, Incorporated (GPI), the hotel concessionaire, have given strong support to the music program.

GPF's Board of Directors decided recently to give additional support to the program in 2008. The most program's most obvious need is a dedicated sound system. (The fine system used at Many Glacier in the '70s and '80s has gone missing in later years.) Last summer, the Hootenannies depended on a traveling sound system which often was needed for banquets and special events at other lodges – leaving performers unamplified in the cavernous Many Glacier lobby.

GPF's Board authorized spending up to \$3,000 to purchase a new sound system with performance microphones and have it shipped to Many Glacier. The system will be loaned to GPI summer by summer to support the music.

GPF also plans to send a professional musician to Many Glacier early in the 2008 season. This person (a Many Glacier alumnus) will mentor employee performers and help to organize the music program. GPI kindly has agreed to cosponsor the mentor musician's visit.

Money for these initiatives will come from GPF's Terrie Stewart Bequest Fund. Ms. Stewart, a talented professional musician who worked at Many Glacier, died of cancer in 2002. She generously left a large bequest to GPF, and the Board has thought it appropriate to use these funds to promote music in the Park.

Planners of Glacier Park's Centennial in 2010 have discussed a potential Centennial Hootenanny program as part of the celebration. The current revival of music in Glacier – adding yet another decade to a grand old tradition – makes such discussions especially timely and such an event especially fitting.

Glacier Park Foundation

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

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

Inside News of Glacier Park

Margaret Black Dies at Age 105

Margaret Black, who cofounded St. Mary Lodge almost 80 years ago, died in Kalispell, Montana on January 12 at the age of 105. She was a distinguished and beloved figure in the history of Glacier National Park.

Margaret first came to Glacier in 1928 as an executive secretary for the Great Northern Railway. She met a young ranger named Hugh Black while on a horseback ride in the Park. They married in 1932. They bought 300 acres and a gas station at St. Mary, and constructed a café and a number of cabins.

The business flourished, despite hard times in the Depression and during World War Two. In 1952, the Blacks built the main structure of St. Mary Lodge. In subsequent decades, they expanded the resort to include a large grocery store, shops and restaurants, more cabins, and a second large lodging facility, the Great Bear Lodge.

Margaret handled the accounting for the business. She also did most of the hiring during the winters, which the family spent in St. Paul. Thousands of college students, primarily from Minnesota, spent summers working at St. Mary. A Christmas Reunion of former employees was held each year at the Blacks' large home on Summit Avenue in St. Paul.

Hugh died in 1983, and management passed to the Blacks' son Roscoe. Their other children (Hugh, Jr., James ("Lucky"), Sally, Patricia, and Terry) also worked at the resort at various times. Margaret continued

actively working at the lodge until the age of 97. She hiked in the Park well into her 90s.

Glacier Park Foundation member Steve Berg wrote a charming memoir of Margaret, Hugh, and life at St. Mary in the Fall 2004 Inside Trail (see *An Afternoon in the Brown-ing Jail and Other Tales of St. Mary Lodge* at www.glacierparkfoundation.org).

He recalls that after Margaret turned 101, her birthday was celebrated bi-annually (the icing on her cake once read "101.5 on your dial").

Just after Margaret's death, the Black family sold St. Mary Lodge to Alaska businessman John Blomfield. These events close a colorful chapter in the history of the Park.

Foundation all are represented on the committee.

This winter, the committee will be developing an application procedure for individuals and groups who would like to sponsor an official centennial event or activity. Applications likely will be accepted in the spring. A logo has been designed and adopted.

The Glacier Park Foundation's Board of Directors is considering possible projects which the organization might sponsor for the centennial. One suggestion is to publish an anthology of memories of former concession employees (many of which already have appeared in *The Inside Trail*). Another is to sponsor commemorative events at Park lodges,

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Planning Begins for Glacier's Centennial

2010 will be the centennial of Glacier National Park, and planning is well underway for the observance. A Centennial Committee has organized, including representatives of the Park Service, concessioners, local businesses, tourism agencies, the Blackfeet and Kootenai/Salish tribes, local colleges, and nonprofit organizations. The Glacier National Park Fund, Glacier Natural History Association, Glacier Institute, Glacier Associates, and Glacier Park

including a Centennial Hootenanny at Many Glacier Hotel. Ideas from the membership are welcome.

GPF Director Leroy Lott has proposed a Centennial Gearjammer Reunion, based upon the memorable gearjammer gathering of 2002. Energetic leadership would be required to organize such a reunion, even with two years' lead time. Former drivers interested in helping to plan such an effort are invited to contact Leroy at "www.gearjammers@tx.rr.com".

More Inside News of Glacier Park

By Tessie Bundick (MGH 1972-80)

Mining Interest Threats to Glacier

Mining threats to Glacier Park's pristine wilderness have many worried in Northwestern Montana and beyond. The Cabin Creek area, in Canada, a few miles north of Glacier, has been the site of exploration for phosphate drilling. The Creek, itself, is a tributary to the north fork of the Flathead River, which makes up the western boundary of the Park. Phosphate mines and subsequent spills have been known to destroy fisheries.

Also, the massive corporation, British Petroleum, has proposed to extract coal bed methane from Canadian Crowsnest Coal Field which drains into the North Fork of the Flathead River. Road construction during this venture could be very destructive and air quality and spawning habitat could take an enormous hit. Trout spawn in British Columbia and swim to Montana and would certainly be negatively affected. British Columbia has allowed other companies to discharge toxic water into rivers that are vital to native trout. This, of course, would be extremely damaging to the fishing industries and tourist activities of the United States and Canada.

As if that were not bad enough, Cline Mining Company has proposed an open pit mine in the Flathead headwaters. These ventures, while very lucrative for the companies involved, could be disastrous to the Canadian lands and waterways and catastrophic for Glacier National Park.

Sun Highway Renovation

In November of 2006, a major tropical storm system stirred up the Pacific and slammed into the Inland

Northwest bringing torrential rains and flooding to Glacier Park. Much damage was done to the trails, roads, bridges and buildings.

Going to the Sun Highway took a major hit. Large portions of the roads were washed out. A temporary, 125 foot, 2 lane bridge had to be installed on a portion of the east side road to allow spring plowing and traffic. The remaining east side stabilization was started in May.

Beginning in the summer, but really picking up steam in the fall, a 3.5 section of the road between the west tunnel and Haystack Creek is being completely rehabilitated. H_K Contractors of Post Falls, Idaho is doing the dangerous job using a crane perched on the highway with a basket containing a large drill. The drill is used to bore holes into the cliff face. These indentations are grouted, then bolted. All of this work is being done to stabilize the face so that boulders will not fall on and crush motorists. Often, the face will pull off and then large portions must be scaled away. To hold the rocks securely, a gray substance called Shotcrete is being utilized. For aesthetic purposes, later crews will actually use dye to blend the colors more evenly.

The beautiful, historic rock walls of Going to the Sun Highway are also being dismantled and rebuilt, stone by stone. The walls are photographed, each rock is numbered that can be saved, and then it is all put back together using modern mortar techniques. Unsalvageable stones are replaced by replicas that have been shaped by hand to fit. The next time that you drive this spectacular road,

please be grateful for all of the massive care that was taken to restore it.

Mick Holm Retires

Mick Holm, the Superintendent of Glacier National Park, will retire on January 3, 2008.

Holm, who has been honored numerous times in his career with service and special act awards, has truly enjoyed his time in Glacier. One of his best memories was being inducted into the Blackfeet Tribe of Montana, given the name "High Eagle".

Glacier Improvement Proposals

Four of Glacier National Park's centennial proposals are among 201 proposals announced by the National Park Service in August of 2007. (The Park Service will celebrate 100 years of existence in 2016). These are part of a full centennial initiative which includes a potential 2 to 3 billion dollars, a private and public investment in our national parks.

One of the certified projects is Celebrate Glacier's Centennial. (Glacier Park will be 100 years old in 2010). This effort will increase the public's awareness of the Park's history, with a museum exhibit at the Montana Historical Society and the development of an online interpretive exhibit.

Some other areas that will be given support are plant restoration volunteers, environmental education outreach at Lake McDonald Lodge, creation of a new recreation facility at Lake McD, and a mission to encourage cooperation in managing shared resources of the Crown of the Continent Ecosystem (Canada and the United States). The public will be very much urged to participate in all of these activities.

CLIMBING *with Mr. K* *and other adventures with* *Rangvald Kvelstad*



K and Jim Thrush relax near Boulder Pass, where the Mts. Kintla and Kinnerly dominate the northern skyline. (photo by Bob Megard)

By Bob Megard (Many Glacier 1953-57)

It was an historic year at Many Glacier. Dwight Eisenhower was the new president and it was time for renovations at the hotel. The lobby had new furniture. The old wooden floors were covered with new green tile. Installation of floor tile apparently was a new experience for contractors in northwest Montana. They used too much adhesive. It oozed up from between the cracks. Gangs of new employees, fresh off the bus, crept across the floor on hands and knees, armed with rags and cans of Tarzoff solvent, working day after day to undo the excess adhesive before the first guests of the season arrived. I know about this, because I was one of them, having been recruited at the Great Northern Building in St. Paul to be the lobby porter. Every morning, I arose before the sun and almost everyone else to navigate a rotary floor polisher across the lobby, into the sunroom and down the long corridor to the dining room, always vigilant to detect new adhesive eruptions before they sullied the pad on my polisher.

It was also the year they installed an automatic ice-maker in the downstairs

grill. Nevermore would they cut ice in Swiftcurrent Lake and cover it with sawdust in the icehouse until it was needed in the hotel. I helped move the new machine into the bar. We connected it to the water supply and plugged it in. I was amazed when it started to belch out hollow ice cubes. The bar manager, who was older and more experienced than I, explained that hollow ice cubes cooled drinks faster than solid ones.

had easy access to the ingredients of breakfast. Sometimes “K”, as we called him, needed an extra pair of hands to move things around, and I was there in the gray dawn to help.

K was a Norwegian bachelor school teacher from Poulsbo, Washington, having moved there from somewhere in North Dakota. He taught Pacific-Northwest history, and probably other things, but his first interest was regional

He came to Many Glacier to be storekeeper because, with an early morning job, he would have afternoons and evenings free to explore the Blackfeet Reservation and visit sites that were subjects of paintings by Charlie Russell.

Another new employee who began work very early every day was Rangvald Kvelstad, the storekeeper. His job was to keep the storeroom fully supplied with groceries and produce for Mrs. Rhody’s kitchen. His first job of the day was to wrestle bags and boxes into the kitchen and place them strategically so the cooks

history. He came to Many Glacier to be storekeeper because, with an early morning job, he would have afternoons and evenings free to explore the Blackfeet Reservation and visit sites that were subjects of paintings by Charlie Russell, the “cowboy artist” who once had a studio, now a museum, in Great Falls. He



Rangvald Kvelstad (Mr. K) leads the way through meadows east of Chief Mountain en route to the summit. On our first climb, in 1953, we found an easy route up a ridge on the other side of the mountain. (photo by Bob Megard)

also was a photographer and mountain climber, a member of the Seattle Mountaineers. He had lots of reasons to come to Glacier Park for the summer.

He knew the story about the young Blackfeet who climbed Chief Mountain for a mystical experience, so an ascent of Chief was a high priority. K had a car, which was forbidden for most other employees, and he recruited three of us to help find a route to the summit. The mountain rises abruptly above the plains and looks impossible from the highway that runs east of it, so his strategy was to explore a western approach. We made the long hike through meadows and clumps of aspen, passed below the steep southern cliffs, and traversed a big snowfield to reach the crest of the western ridge. From there we could see that the summit was easily accessible, just a matter of picking our way among modest cliffs to the top. We found a large cairn marking the summit, and all of us signed a summit register that had been left by previous climbers. I took a photograph with Jaydee Miller and Bill Roach perched on the cairn while K studied the register and took notes about previous ascents.

That was my “first ascent”. I didn’t have a mystical experience, but I was captivated by the summit vistas. Mt. Merritt and Mt. Cleveland dominated

the western skyline. East of Chief Mountain was the prairie and the Blackfeet Reservation; I imagined that I could almost see St. Paul on the distant horizon. Word spread in the employees’ cafeteria that the western approach to Chief Mountain was a “piece of cake” and Mr. K led many other novice climbers to its summit. He also was intrigued by Mt. Wilbur and Mt. Gould, both conspicuous from the hotel. His previous mountaineering had involved snow

and ice in the Pacific Northwest, but he quickly adapted to rock climbing and we climbed both Gould (once) and Wilbur (twice) during that first summer.

Gould and Wilbur were challenging climbs, so K decided they were adequate preparation for an ascent of the east face of Chief Mountain. As I recall, there was no indication in the summit register that the mountain had ever been climbed from that side, so it was an opportunity for a “first ascent”. We decided to explore possible routes that might lead through those awful eastern

cliffs to the summit. We set out after lunch one day for a reconnaissance, provisioned with left-over bag lunches from Mrs. Rhody’s kitchen. Instead of bypassing the cliffs, we scrambled toward them, up the talus slope in search of a climbing route. The cliffs were infested with mountain sheep. After a few promising routes ended at frightening exposures, we found a well-used game trail. It led us up steep gullies until we realized we were near the north summit. The sun was low in the west, but we decided to go for the main summit. Then we scrambled back down the sheep trail, but it was after sunset when we got safely to the base of the cliffs.

Summer days in northern Montana have long, delicious twilights, but this one wasn’t long enough. We still had to make our way to the highway where K’s car was parked. There was no marked trail. We normally followed game trails eastward through the groves and meadows to get from the mountain to the highway. We followed a trail until it ended in a dense thicket. It was dark now, and K decided we should stop where we were and wait until morning light to find our way to the highway.

After a few promising routes ended at frightening exposures, we found a well-used game trail. It led us up steep gullies until we realized we were near the north summit.

We sat shivering in the dark, enduring a miserable night in a thicket infested with mosquitoes. We heard ominous crashing noises in the bushes. The noises were especially worrisome for one of our companions, who had heard that there were grizzlies in the area. K told him not to worry. He said that we weren’t really lost; we just didn’t know where we were because it got dark too soon. The noises were probably made by horses or elk, because grizzlies move through underbrush silently. He thought this was so funny that he broke into uncontrolled laughter.

It wasn't just his bad Norwegian joke. He was also laughing from embarrassment. Rangvald Kvelstad was a Seattle Mountaineer. He taught wilderness survival on weekends. He was embarrassed because he had led novice climbers on an excursion without any wilderness equipment whatsoever. No foul-weather clothing, no matches, no flashlight, not even a pocket knife among us. All that we had left in the car, for this was to be only an exploration. K's guilt was elevated, but we were in no danger otherwise, unless you believe the part about nocturnal grizzlies prowling noiselessly through the underbrush. The real hazard was back at the hotel. What would Mr. Sielset, the manager, think as he strode through the lobby on his way to breakfast and discovered dirty ashtrays, scruffy floors and no lobby porter? What would Mrs. Rhody do when the

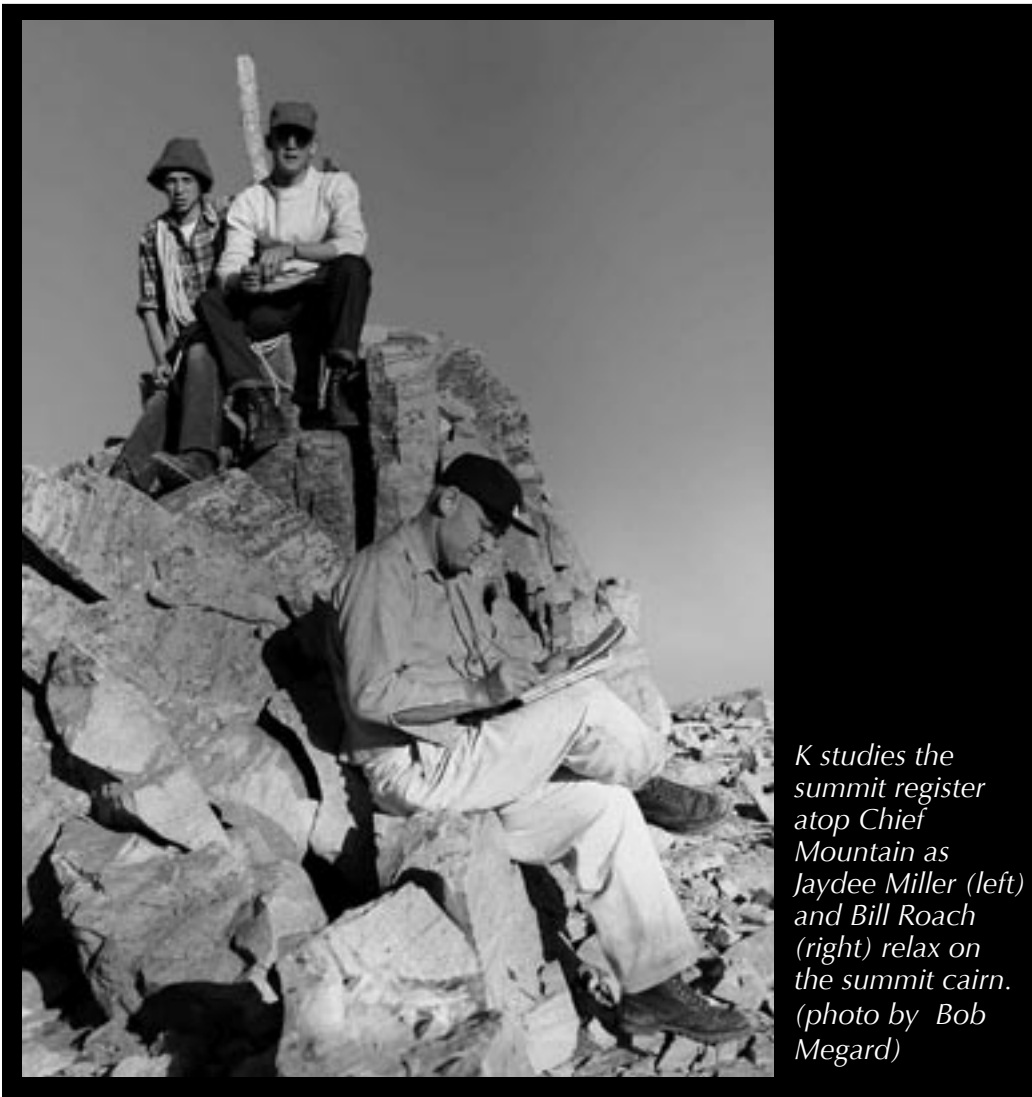
cooks reported that the pancake ingredients weren't where they were supposed to be and Mr. K wasn't around?

Eventually it got light enough to leave the miserable thicket and head toward the rising sun. We soon came to the highway and realized we still had a problem. Was the car north or south of us? Fortunately K had two keys for his car. He took one and headed north, and we headed south with the other. We walked for a very long time until K and his car came up behind us. He explained that the car was parked near a shepherd's trailer, and the herder wouldn't let him leave without breakfast. We got back to the hotel to find Sielset and Rhody beside the kitchen door, talking about what to do. They were enormously relieved. That was the first time Mrs. Rhody hugged me.

They had not yet called the park rangers when we arrived, so we avoided a scolding by the Chief Ranger at Swiftcurrent, who took a dim view of mountain climbers. Our supervisors were more concerned about our safety than our dereliction of duty, so we were not about to be fired. It wasn't easy for management to find student employees who reliably came to work every day at 5:00 am. It was still early, so K went to work on breakfast, and I got the lobby shaped up by noon.

K was storekeeper at Many Glacier Hotel for five summers. Every year he introduced dozens of student employees to the wonders of hiking and climbing. He developed a special affinity for Mt. Reynolds. It's an imposing spire, but easy to climb if you are patient and skillful at route-finding. He especially enjoyed photographing all those glaciers visible from its summit. At least once every summer, he organized a long weekend excursion to Hole-in-the Wall Basin and Boulder Pass in northwestern Glacier. In evenings between such outings, he would set up his slide projector in the downstairs grill or convention hall. We crowded in to see his spectacular photographic slides and listen to him talk about the Blackfeet, Charlie Russell, Lewis and Clark or other aspects of Montana history.

After the 1957 season, there was a change of management, and many "old guard" employees, including K, were not invited to return for another summer, so he worked for several summers at Yellowstone Lake Lodge. Later he developed an interest in Mexico, especially in colorful Christmas festivities in some of the colonial cities. He taught generations of students in Poulso, where everyone knew him and he was widely admired. They built a gazebo in the park, and dedicated it to Rangvald Kvelstad.



K studies the summit register atop Chief Mountain as Jaydee Miller (left) and Bill Roach (right) relax on the summit cairn. (photo by Bob Megard)

An Anthology of BEAR STORIES

A light afternoon snack. (Photo by Fred H. Kiser; from the collection of Ray Djuff)



By Don Loeffler (Glacier Park Lodge, Many Glacier, Sun Camp, 1940-42, 46-48)

I have not been scratched, clawed, chewed, or mauled by a bear of any kind. But I have observed their many unusual behaviors over the years. Here are some of my most memorable bear stories.

Battle on a Mountaintop

One summer I was substituting for a fire lookout on the top of Apgar Mountain. He had to return to his home town of Seattle in order to register for the draft prior to World War II. Before leaving, he showed me the routine – including how to deal with a pesky bear that came around once in awhile.

This particular bear was attracted to the foodstuffs that were hanging suspended from the lower level of the lookout tower. Sure enough, the first night I was by myself and Mr. Bear came a-calling. As instructed, I

grabbed the cast iron frying pan and quietly crawled out on the catwalk. When Bruno stood up and began clawing at the door to the provisions, I whacked him on the noggin with a mighty blow that they probably could have heard clear down at the ranger headquarters. He let out

Not wishing to argue right-of-way, we quickly scrambled up about 200 feet or so. We had heard that bears have difficulty going straight down a hill enabling one possibly to get away, but we were inclined not to test that theory. Momma and child acknowledged our forfeiture of pas-

Not wishing to argue right-of-way, we quickly scrambled up about 200 feet or so.

a loud bellow and took off on a run down into the woods. I never saw that bear again.

Avoiding Battle on a Mountaintop

While climbing Mt. Cleveland once, traversing a narrow ledge near the summit, we encountered a sow with her cub heading our way on the very same ledge. We were quite surprised to see a bear at that elevation (10,000 feet) – and on bare rock that far above the timberline!

sage and continued nonchalantly on their way across the slope.

A Grizzly at Play

Several years later, my wife Barbara and I were on the home stretch of a hike from Logan Pass to Granite Park Chalet to Redrock Falls. We looked across the valley and there on the north slope of Grinnell Mountain was an adult bear enjoying himself sliding down this huge snow bank in a sitting position. As soon

as he bottomed out, he would hustle himself back up to the top of the bank for another glissade. This snow bank was about 350 feet in length. After half a dozen round trips all by himself, he wandered off into the brush and disappeared.

We got back on the trail and made our way down to the Swiftcurrent Campstore. While we were enjoying a couple of well-earned ice cream

is fair play! The next day I saw one of the rangers who was involved in that foray and asked him if they had considered tranquilizing his treed buddy in order to drop him to the ground. He just pulled his ranger hat down about an inch and walked away – probably thinking to himself “How can I get that dude into my cage and drop him off about 20 miles north of Polebridge....?!”

on the north slope of Grinnell Mountain was an adult bear enjoying himself sliding down this huge snow bank in a sitting position. As soon as he bottomed out, he would hustle himself back up to the top of the bank for another glissade.

bars, some hikers came up to us and inquired as to whether we had seen the big grizzly on the trail near Redrock Falls. He was ahead of them and obviously behind us. Maybe he was looking for us in order to extract a tip for his unique performance!

Turnabout

After a day of scrambling around Goat Basin, we returned to our cabin at Rising Sun to find park rangers trying to coax a treed bear down to the ground. We watched the rangers spread netting below the tree, shoot the bear with a tranquilizer dart, and place him in their wheel mounted cage. When we inquired as to his disposition, they told us that they were going to give him a ride up to the Bowman Lake area and turn him loose.

Just three days later, the same rangers were pursuing the same bear up the Roes Creek trail when the bear turned around and treed one of the rangers. I guess turnabout

Running the Gauntlet

On an outing to check out a proposed climb of Kintla, Kinnerly, and vicinity, we arrived at the ranger station at the foot of lower Kintla Lake just in time to see the resident ranger and his wife reinstalling the iron bars over their windows. The bars had been demolished by bears the previous spring. We told them of our plans. They suggested that we hang around for an hour or so, and that he would give us a motorboat ride to the head of the lake – thus saving us about seven miles of hiking through uncleared trail. We accepted his gracious offer.

After hiking a short isthmus between Upper and Lower Kintla Lakes, we took off for Boulder Pass. The ranger told us that if we made it back to his boat by 5 PM the next day, he would again give us a ride to our car that we had parked next to his station.

The next day we tarried too long in the hills. By the time we got to the west end of Upper Kintla Lake it was already 4:45 PM. We started to trot, then lope, then full-on sprint down that trail – ignoring the ominous piles of bear scat. By the time we could see our ranger’s motorboat, the piles of scat appeared very recent and steamy. We were really exhausted and wanted that boat ride, so we opted to ignore the telltale signs of a local bruin.

We never saw the bear but I am sure he was watching us! I have always made it a point to make plenty of noise when in bear country by attaching bearbells to my ice axe and doing plenty of loud singing, including a complete repertoire of songs ranging from country-western to gospel hymns. Bears don’t care about the selection of music as long as they can hear you!

Think Twice Before Kicking

The Glacier Park Hotel Company hired a Marine Corps veteran in 1946 for the position of night watchman and fire guard. His sole job was to circle the hotel and dorm looking for fire. I think this was a condition imposed by the hotel’s insurance company. Once in awhile he would (probably under the slight influence of John Barleycorn) borrow one of the many bear skins which graced the hotel lobby railings, get down on all fours, and proceed on his rounds. He was never really aggressive in his posture when wearing the bear skins. About half of the tourists he came across were scared, while the other half were very excited about seeing a real live bear up close! Omar Ellis, the hotel manager, was well aware of this charade and told my Marine friend that it was “OK” as long as he knew

that he stood a good chance of being shot by an overly eager park ranger!

One night, down in the grill, the bartender was bragging to me that he had just kicked the bear-costumed night watchman in the butt while out on the boat dock. I thought that was rather strange. I pointed out my Marine friend, who was standing over by the bandstand

ment can tell you a great deal about the glacier.

At any rate, the figure turned out to be a guy sunning himself - au naturel! He was starting to turn pink. This pitiful English tourist had hiked all the way up from the hotel, crossed the terminal moraine, got out on the ice, and then hoisted himself up onto the top of this flat

shed, so the tracker went back to the Walton Ranger Station and got an armed ranger to return with him to dispatch the bear. Their concern was over the potential locomotive derailment and possible collapse of the entire snowshed – which would completely have shut down the main line of the railroad. They were left with the problem of how to get the remains off the tracks and out of the snowshed. Reinforcements were sent for, and finally five men removed the bear from the tracks.

The bartender turned ashen and had no trouble shaking cocktails for the rest of the evening!

talking to a couple of waitresses.

The bartender turned ashen and had no trouble shaking cocktails for the rest of the evening!

Bear With Me

A couple of rangers at the Swiftcurrent Ranger Station asked me if I wanted to join them on their annual survey of Grinnell Glacier to record the changes in size and movement of that body of ice. I had climbed with them previously, so I felt honored by the invitation. We approached the top of the glacier via Swiftcurrent Pass, Granite Park, and then through an opening in the headwall down onto Salamander Glacier.

After checking out some benchmarks, we descended to the huge bergschrund at the top of Grinnell Glacier. We noticed a figure sunning himself on top of G-1, a rock so named by the National Park Service because of its prominence atop the ice. This erratic probably broke away from the headwall hundreds of years ago and was slowly drifting down toward the snout. It was the size of a good one-car garage – without any doubt the largest one I had ever seen! Keeping track of its move-

ment can tell you a great deal about the glacier. At any rate, the figure turned out to be a guy sunning himself - au naturel! He was starting to turn pink. This pitiful English tourist had hiked all the way up from the hotel, crossed the terminal moraine, got out on the ice, and then hoisted himself up onto the top of this flat rock! No ice axe, rope, or crampons – just a tee shirt, shorts, and tennies. We got him off this rock and back onto dry land by roping up between us so he wouldn't slip into the crevasses. He no doubt had quite a story to tell back at the North Wales Solar Society!

A Poor Choice of Dens

Around the year 1926, one of the Great Northern Railway's track walkers came across a huge grizzly bear inside a snowshed uphill from Essex. The bear refused to leave the snow-

My Most Poignant Memory

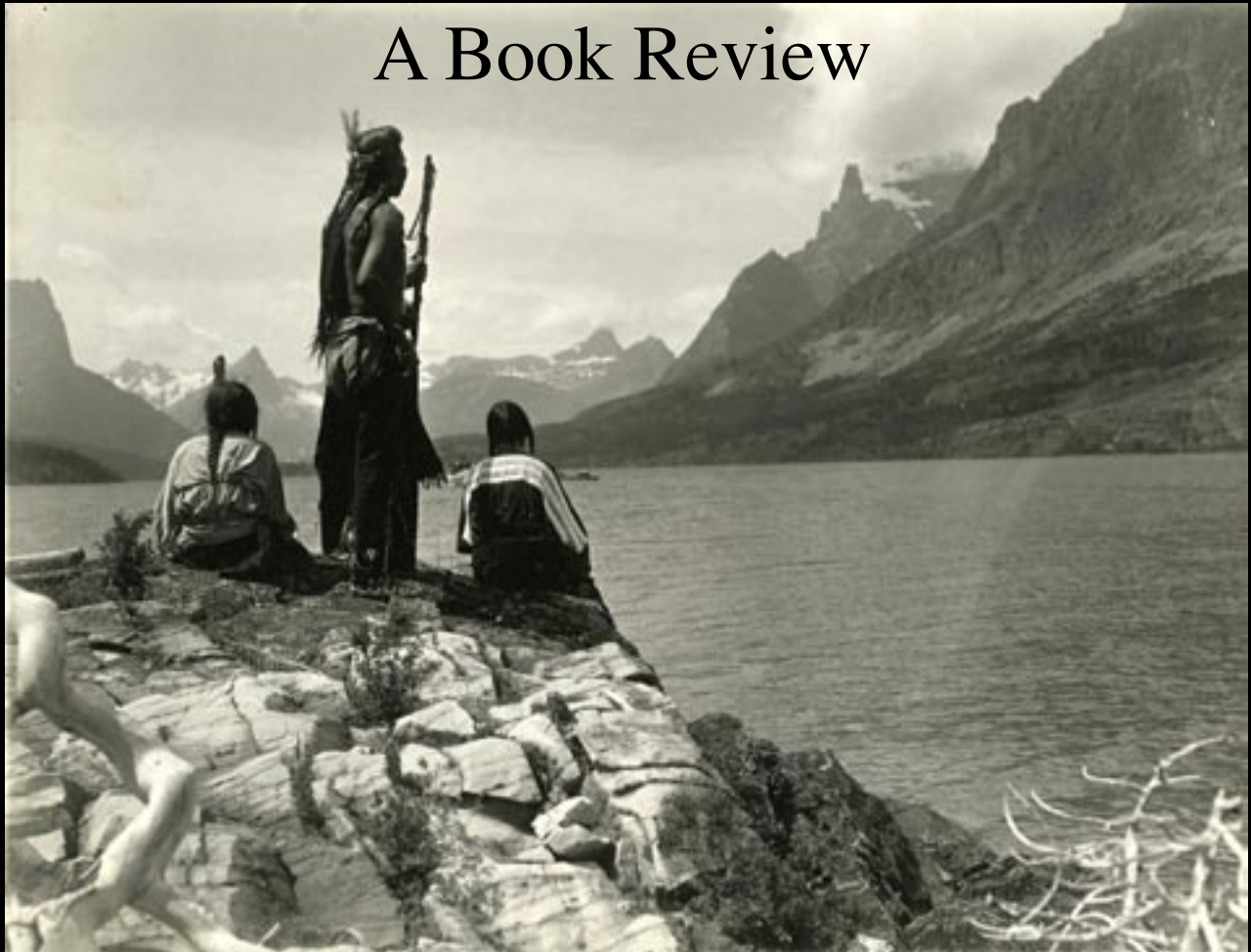
Many years ago, when I maintained an office in La Jolla, California, I had a very pleasant secretary by the name of Mrs. Koons. She had a big picture of Lake McDonald in her office. Her beautiful daughter Michele had lost her life at Trout Lake on the Night of the Grizzlies in 1967. Michelle had been working in the Lake McDonald Lodge gift shop. They both loved the park. We talked at great length about Glacier National Park – both before and after her tragic loss. She never removed the picture from the wall of her office.



Photo of Jammer bus and bear along Going-to-the-Sun Road. (Photo T. J. Hileman, courtesy of Glacier Park Archives.)

PLACE NAMES OF GLACIER

A Book Review



(Photo courtesy of the James J. Hill Reference Library)

By John Hagen (Many Glacier 1970-80)

One of the best books ever written about Glacier National Park is Jack Holterman's "Place Names of Glacier/Waterton National Parks" (1985). Holterman recently died at the age of 91, shortly after Place Names was revised and republished by Riverbend Press.

Place Names of Glacier is organized as a reference book, with some 650 entries set out in alphabetical order. One tends to snatch it off the bookshelf at odd intervals in response to some passing thought about the Park or to some allusion in The Hungry Horse News. What is the meaning of "Mokowanis?" ("Digestive system of the buffalo.") Is Mount Reynolds named for "Death on the Trail" Reynolds, the legendary early ranger? (Disappointingly, it is not.)

(Continued from previous page)

Holterman was a writer of great talent and extraordinary learning. Stanford-educated, he served in the Navy during World War Two and then taught school on the Blackfeet and Kootenai-Salish Reservations. He mastered several Indian languages, talked to legions of old-timers, and immersed himself in documentary archives.

peaceful Heavy Runner early on a winter morning. 173 Blackfeet died, including many women and children. Almost-a-Dog, Natahki, Red Horn and Big Horn were among those in the camp; Joe Kipp was a scout for Baker who unsuccessfully tried to stop the attack; Isabel and Helen were daughters of the murdered trader Malcolm Clarke – all namesakes of places in Glacier Park.

Holterman remarked that, in reviewing Glacier's place names, "a chaos of tiny vignettes" builds into "a grand mosaic."

All this research produced a masterful episodic history of Glacier. Holterman remarked that, in reviewing Glacier's place names, "a chaos of tiny vignettes" builds into "a grand mosaic." And that is the sense one has of *Place Names* – a grand mosaic, in which large themes emerge from hundreds of vivid anecdotes.

One of these themes is the tragic decline of the Blackfeet who once ruled the high plains of northern Montana. Through brief biographies, Holterman describes the rising tensions of the 1860s, valiant efforts by chiefs like Crowfoot, Little Dog and White Calf to keep the peace, the Baker Massacre of 1870, and the last desperate hunts for the buffalo on which Plains Indian culture depended.

The Baker Massacre is related to many place names in the Park. Col. Eugene Baker led an Army expedition to take vengeance on the hostile band of Mountain Chief for murdering a white trader. Instead of the hostile band, however, they attacked the smallpox-ridden band of the

Place Names incorporates scores of other vivid vignettes of Indian history. We find Jim Bridger breaking a truce and racing for safety, with his buttocks bristling with Blackfeet arrows. We meet the Piegan chief Lone Walker, who kept two pet bears in his camp (he would spit in a visitor's hands and rub them over the faces of the bears in order to guarantee safe conduct).

A lesser-known ethnic theme in Park history is the role of black "buffalo soldiers," many of them former slaves. A troop of them went with Lieutenant George Ahern over the pass that bears his name (a route fit only for "a crazy man," said Ahern) in 1890. In 1910, "unnamed and unsung," they fought "the most appalling of forest fires," which burned more than 100,000 acres on the south side of the Park.

Holterman tells wild tales of this fire as it burned near the town of Essex. "Local citizens," he states, "deliberately restarted forest fires out of resentment of the new national

park or because local lumber companies tried to get fallen timber for free. But when the game literally back-fired and the village of Essex was almost burned down, the good citizens appealed in desperation for the troopers to save them! Logan was superintendent at the time and has his name all over the place, but the black troops and their officers who did the job are now uncommemorated except by this simple name: Soldier Mountain."

Another name derived from the fire of 1910 is Skeleton Mountain, which the intense heat left "white as bone." Holterman remarks, "This sounds like one of Evans' names." R.T. Evans, a surveyor in the early 20th century, left dramatic names throughout the southern region of the Park – Vigil, Caper, Statuary, Peril, Despair. (Later, Holterman remarks that Surprise Pass also "sounds like something Evans would think of").

Holterman excels at brief biography. He offers anecdotal sketches of many scores of local characters. Foundational figures like George Bird Grinnell, James Willard Schultz, Hugh Monroe, and Kootenai Brown are rendered deftly in a page or so apiece. There are endless surprises – Tom Dawson, portrayed in pioneer garb in the famous portrait by Winold Reiss, was born on the frontier but sent to school in Edinburgh and Liverpool, and "donned a coon-skin cap for the first time" when sitting for Reiss. Jefferson Pass is named for Thomas Jefferson, "but not the man you are thinking of" – this "Uncle Jeff" was a reformed horse rustler who fled vigilante parties into the North Fork and then made a career as a guide and a packer.

(Continued from previous page)

Place Names relates all sorts of other colorful stories. We are reminded that the prospectors' rush of the late 1890s in Swiftcurrent Valley was triggered when James Willard Schultz hoaxed a man with an ouija board (Schultz purported to have learned of gold in the valley from "the ghost of Bedrock Jim"). Of Maggie Howe (the wife of Charlie Howe of Howe Ridge), we are told: "When Mrs. Howe was substituting for a Japanese cook at the Belton Hotel, she drank by mistake a cup of poisoned wine or coffee that had been prepared for

someone else," and died as a result.

Holterman is tart and spirited, and full of ironic commentary on various revered historical figures. This tone is notable in his comments about Schultz, whom he considers most unreliable (he refers to Schultz's *My Life as an Indian* as an "autobiographical novel"). He notes that "Schultz, as usual, claims to have given the 'ibex' the name of 'mountain goat,'" and elsewhere observes that on a particular detail "Schultz and [Blackfoot chronicler Walter] McClintock agree (for once!)."

The 2006 version of *Place Names* lacks some of the freshness of the original. One winces to look at the cover and see some marketer asking rhetorically, "Why is there Two Dog, Little Dog, and Almost a Dog but no Cat?" One also gets the impression that Holterman, in his old age, was besieged all manner of people wanting to change his original text in order to advance their own personal crochets and agendas. Nevertheless, it's a great benefit to Glacier to have this invaluable reference work back in print once more.

Holterman excels at brief biography. He offers anecdotal sketches of many scores of local characters. Foundational figures like George Bird Grinnell, James Willard Schultz, Hugh Monroe, and Kootenai Brown are rendered deftly in a page or so apiece.



Left: George Bird Grinnell (Photo courtesy of the Glacier National Park archives).

Above: James Willard Schultz interviewing Blood Indians in 1927 (photo courtesy of the James J. Hill Reference Library).

Slip-Sliding Away

An Adventure on Mount Grinnell

By Barry Lott (*Many Glacier 1975*)

In the summer of '75, at the age of 18 and having just finished high school, I worked as a dishwasher on the evening shift at Many Glacier Hotel. It was just about perfect, for I had all morning off to explore the park and didn't start my job till just before the evening meal. The boys on our shift got together frequently to hike the trails that surrounded the hotel. I have long since forgotten the names, but not the faces of my three comrades in adventure.

We decided to get an early start and hike to the top of Mt. Grinnell. So we started up the trail to the east base of the mountain and began our climb. Nothing with ropes or requiring skill, mind you, just lots of effort and a lot of luck.

About halfway up the east face, there is an abandoned copper mine. (You can see the tailings from Many Glacier Hotel's west balcony that overlooks the lake.) We stopped there to explore the mine's depths. The rails were still in place for the ore cars, and even the trucks for the cars remained. So into the dark mine with flashlights we went, following the tracks ever deeper into the cold, dark mine. Eventually, water in the mine began to cover the tracks and visions of old scary movies about things that live in such places began to invade our minds. On that note we figured we had done enough exploring of the mine and retraced our steps quickly back to the entrance, where we resumed our journey up the slope.

Upon making it to the top (yes, we actually made it!), there was offered to us the most breathtaking view of tiny Many Glacier Hotel. We were also surprised to find a pile of rocks holding a small American flag. Within that pile of rocks was a sealed tube. We opened it up, and inside

viding that you could control your descent rate. That was factored by the amount of heel digging, elbow gouging and hand dragging that you could muster on the way down. This was all predicated, however, on the administration of a scientific test. The theory was that if you threw a

*Nothing with ropes or requiring skill, mind you,
just lots of effort and a lot of luck.*

were a pencil and notepad with the names of those who had preceded us. It dated back many years. Each taking our turn, we all placed our names into the log. (I hope that the names of our crew are still there, in case you should be overcome with curiosity and feel the need to know who was in our party!)

Having accomplished that milestone into our manhood, we departed. This time we planned to descend the western face, which we hoped would be easier going down than the east face. Noting that the sun was lower in the sky than we had hoped, we hastened our departure, not wanting to make any part of that journey home in the dark.

Now here's where it gets more interesting. We had come upon a "snow chute" that went down for perhaps 150 yards. We debated the possibility of using it for our descent to save some time. One of the crew mentioned that he had heard from someone (who had heard from someone else and so on) that you could descend the chute, pro-

rock out into the center of the chute and it stuck (as opposed to sliding on down) the snow was soft enough to control your descent. So out the rock went, and it stuck in the snow.

Now, I need to develop for you a visual of what lay before us. It was a large steep crevasse in the mountain about 30 yards wide and 150 yards long. There were boulders sticking out in the middle of the crevasse about two-thirds of the way down. And there also were boulders galore at the bottom of the snow chute. Not the greatest prospect for a safe descent under the best of conditions. But I digress.

The rock stuck. Before I could comment upon the fact that the rock was flat and that it had landed on edge, and that of course it would stick under those conditions, the first of our crew jumped. Down he went, obviously out of control. He continued to gain speed -- that is, until he hit the boulders in the middle of the chute. Flying into the air, falling back again and resuming his acceleration to the bottom, he slammed

(Continued from previous page)

into the boulders at the end. The remaining three of us stood at the top and watched in amazement as the man at the bottom arose, jumped up and down while waving his arms, and yelled "I made it!"

Now, before I could say anything, the second man jumped. I have to admit that this second man gave a better show. He did what looked like a half-gainer upon hitting the rocks in the middle. He made a spectacular body-slam into the first man, which of course softened his final stop. A great finale would have been for the two of us remaining at the top to have raised white cards with the number 10 printed in black

to signal our appreciation of this stunt. However, I was busy physically restraining the number three man from jumping.

The two of us worked our way down to the first two men. We found that they were only scraped up a bit and otherwise unhurt. Amazing, isn't it, that in our youth, we feel immortal -- impervious to our own stupidity, relying on Lady Luck to keep us alive.

We made our way down the west face of Mt. Grinnell, taking what seemed like forever to cover the miles that remained. The sun was low on the horizon during these last miles. We all suffered from sun-

burn on the right sides of our faces, leaving us white on the other side. Believe me, it was difficult to explain how we survived yet ended up with only a half-faced sunburn to show for it.

That sunburn is long gone, but the memory of the events that led up to it will remain forever in my heart. Maybe someone will take a spare pencil and pad up to the top to augment the one that was there. Someone else will explore the copper mine on the way up the east face and report whether or not there are "things" living in that mine. But hopefully, no one will try our snow chute stunt again!

A SWIFTCURRENT HOMECOMING

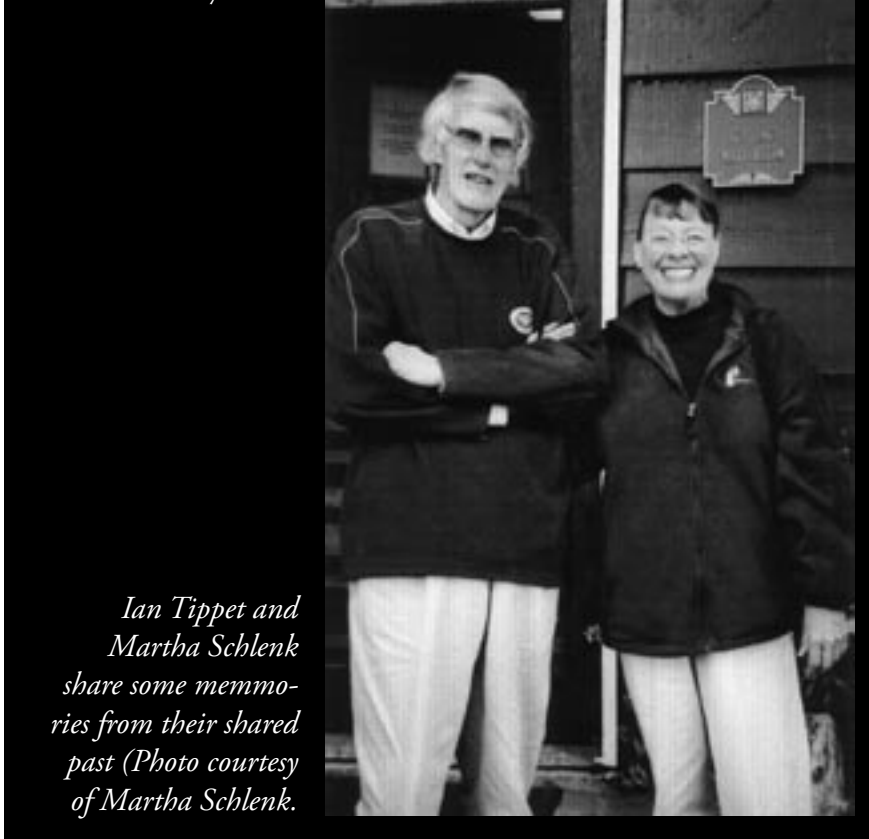
By Martha Schlenk (Swiftcurrent 1958-60)

A fellow Swiftcurrent employee, Marcia Monthey, and I made a return visit to Glacier last summer. It was wonderful to revisit old haunts and see the Park as beautiful as ever despite shrinking glaciers. I had not been back in 44 years! Hopefully I'll get back again sooner than that! And Marcia and I hadn't seen one another in that time either, although we obviously had stayed in touch.

When Marcia and I checked in at Swiftcurrent a funny thing happened. We couldn't believe it. Not only had they booked us into our old dormitory building (now a motel), but they booked us into the very room that we had lived in while working there. How serendipitous was that?!

Enclosed is a photo of Ian Tippet and me, taken during the course of our trip. It was fun to visit with our old "boss" from those days of long ago!

(Photo courtesy of the Glacier National Park archives)



*Ian Tippet and
Martha Schlenk
share some memmo-
ries from their shared
past (Photo courtesy
of Martha Schlenk.*

MAMA FRASE of Lake McD

by Carol Lindsay (*Lake McDonald Lodge 1952; Glacier Park Lodge 1955*)

Some years ago, I saw a newspaper story about the restoration of Lake McDonald Lodge in Glacier National Park. The architects claimed that the renovation was carried out with attention to the smallest detail from the latches on the bathroom stalls to the weathered rocks in the dining room fireplace.

her affluent guests year after year as members of an exclusive club reserved for the rich and famous. How many others could command a staff of hundreds in a setting renowned the world over?

Mama had two weaknesses, as far as I could see. One was a singular devotion to the head cook, and the other was a myopic attachment to her niece, who was employed as the

Toward the rest of us, Mama was a tyrant – a female General Patton. Woe to the hapless waitress or bus-boy who displeased the aging monarch. Termination of employment was often swift and brutal: “The bus leaves for Belton in half an hour and I want you on it.”

A withering stare from Mama could upset the delicate balancing act of the most accomplished waiter, sending a tray and its contents clattering to the floor. This might set in motion a dissonant counterpart to the romantic violin concerto in the dining room, as the bearer collapsed in tears in the kitchen.

Cleanup under Mama’s watchful eye often lasted until 10:30 p.m., throwing evening rendezvous plans of the college-aged staff into chaos. We were called to account for every errant crumb on a chair or fingerprint on a salt or pepper shaker.

The summer parade of tourists continues. New faces greet guests in the storied old lodge, but when a fully stacked tray rattles to the floor in an otherwise peaceful dining room, the ghost of a corpulent dictator smiles. And I remember Mama.

*The summer parade of tourists continues.
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And I remember Mama.*

But I beg to differ. To be authentic, they would have had to resurrect one of the hostelry’s most colorful characters – Mama Frase. In her heyday in the ‘50s, Mrs. Frase personally hired or fired every employee assigned to Lake McDonald.

Who could forget Mama? You didn’t need her picture on a snapshot taken on a beautiful day with the lodge and tour buses as a backdrop, nor would you want one. She had only two characteristics worth noting – her size and an absolute knowledge of who she was. But that was enough.

She was built like Texas, her native state: colossal in every aspect except height. Her fleshy layers, tightly corseted, tended to escape unfettered in her limbs.

From her throne room, the dining room, this dowager queen greeted

dining room hostess. The hostess’s long dark hair and olive complexion were ideally suited to her role as an Indian Princess. Her lovely facial features, however, were usually overpowered by heavy pancake makeup and layers of mascara, while her southern drawl was evident the moment she spoke the words, “Good morning, y’all.” No matter; she could do no wrong in Mama’s eyes.

New! The Glacier Park Foundation has added a forum section to the website. Add this new link:

[“http://www.glacierparkfoundation.org/forums”](http://www.glacierparkfoundation.org/forums)

This should be a great communication tool for all Glacier lovers!

Add your ideas and stories for all to enjoy!

A Second Career in Glacier

By Mark Stokstad (*Many Glacier* 1967, 2007)

Spending the summer of 1967 as a bellman at the Many Glacier Hotel was a high point in my young life. Forty years later, my wife and I found ourselves asking, "Can you go back?" We now know the answer. Absolutely!

In December 2006, having recently retired, we found ourselves completing the on-line application. We requested assignment at Many Glacier and hoped to be staying in the crow's nest as couples did in the 60's. We were tickled to have a phone interview in February and be offered positions. Mary was to work in the gift shop and I in Heidi's convenience store downstairs.

We arrived in the park with every toy we owned – camper, kayaks, bikes, backpacks, etc. Since so many couples now work at Many G, part of the upper dorm had been converted to couples housing. We were assigned a room there. Our first challenge was to figure out how to store all of those toys. The room was 12 feet square, with a small dresser, desk and tiny hanging space. Did we really need all that stuff? Fortunately, the folks at Johnson's campground had allowed us to store the camper there for a reasonable fee.

I was delighted to see how little has changed at Many G in 40 years. The shared baths were about the same, though a brand new one had been added for the ladies. The EDR (employee dining room) looked exactly the same. And just like 1967, there were 200 talented, bright, energetic and hard working kids (of all ages) to get to know. At some point I noticed

I was living in the same dorm, eating the same food, sitting on the same porch and singing the same music as in 1967. Not a whit of progress in 40 years!

The work was really quite demanding, a full forty hours and most of it on your feet. With the flood the previous fall, there was plenty of cleaning needed as well as light repairs to get the stores open. The hotel filled almost immediately and stayed full through September. Work days started early or ran late. At times we'd wonder why we were doing this for Montana minimum wage. Then we'd look at the view across Swiftcurrent Lake to Grinnell Point and Mt. Wilbur. Or we'd join the kids on the steps of the dorm for a cigar and toddy. The question was easily answered.

One nice change has been made since 1967. We had 2 days off each week! So in 4 months we were able to do a great many of the day hikes, a bit of backpacking and a couple of easy climbs.

Downsides? Sure. After a lifetime of fine home cooking, we found the institutional food to be tiresome. No criticism of the cooks, they were great! The material they had to work with was just ok. And one does get a bit tired of having to get dressed to go potty.

Would we do it again? In a heartbeat! We'll likely be applying at another park this winter, as volunteers or employees, though likely for a period shorter than 4 months. Can you go back? We're delighted that we did!

At some point I noticed I was living in the same dorm, eating the same food, sitting on the same porch and singing the same music as in 1967.



Before and after. Mark Stokstad alone from 1967 and with his wife, Mary, in 2007.

Closing the Hotel

by Dick Schwab (*Many Glacier 1947-1952*)

In 1948, the last year I was a houseboy, I stayed on after the hotel had closed to be a part of the crew that put the place to bed for the long, fierce winter. This was a very pleasant, nostalgic time. The Indian summer weather, following an earlier cold cycle of frost and even snow, was gorgeous. Poplars, alders, and broad-leafed shrubs on the mountainsides had turned golden yellow, and there were patches of red and orange among the greens and soft tans on the slopes. The skies were a cobalt blue, and everything in view was more luminous than at any other time of the year. The lakes glistened more brightly.

In the mornings and evenings the air was cold and bracing, and the light of day through a soft haze added a lovely aura to the mountains, lakes, and forests, enhancing all the colors. The smell of smoke in the atmosphere gave me the cozy feel-

ing associated with the warmth of fireplaces and wood stoves in forest cabins. In the late afternoons, long shadows and muted colors in the valleys contrasted with the glorious displays of the fall sunsets.

Large herds of bighorn sheep came down to the base of Mt. Altyn in the fall from their remote summer ranges back in the mountains. The heavy-horned rams, which had grazed in

bachelor groups high on inaccessible cliffy meadows, now joined the ewes and lambs in preparation for their jousting matches. They were all making for protected winter retreats. At the time I speculated, perhaps wrongly, that some were headed toward the well-defined game trail that would take them up along the base of the cliff on Mt. Allen to the isolation of Snow Moon and Falling Leaf Lakes. We had happened upon this Snow Moon trail in 1947 and have regularly followed it since then to the two high lakes in the lap of Mt. Allen, passing the beautiful falls at their outlet, which we had the effrontery to name after ourselves.

The bighorns faced a nervous passage over the bridge that spanned Swift-current Falls down by the Bellhops' Chalet. They would gather in herds of up to fifty or sixty north of the falls and mill about for a long time before twos and threes of the courageous ones would clatter across the bridge and break free at a gallop

across the low cream-colored shoulder of Altyn limestone rising just behind the hotel. It was a magnificent sight to see formation after formation of the great rams with their massive horns held high running across the long ridge of limestone, silhouetted against the blue sky.

After a season of ceaseless bustle and activity, the hotel and all around it stood silent and deserted. The tran-

quil and vacant place suddenly belonged entirely to the lucky few of us who had stayed on. Quiet reigned outside as well, broken only rarely by the sound of a maintenance truck. The isolated sounds of our voices and our small operations echoed in the lifeless Lobby and halls. Our crew shared a cheerful mood of intimacy as we worked to store furnishings, beds, linens, blankets, bear pelts, and other decorations in various places in the hotel.

After we left, the windows were boarded up and sealed against the winter. We were kept very busy every day, but I cannot recall just exactly what we did, only the strangeness and the tranquil, expectant mood of the place. When I was walking alone in the empty hotel I actually seemed to feel the presence of "a host of phantom listeners" like those in Walter de la Mare's poem, although I was at the time an eighteenth-century Enlightenment kind of skeptic and rationalist. At some time during those years there must have been a discussion of this doctrine among us. A fellow employee, Homer Saetre, revisiting the hotel thirty years later, told Mark he had been shocked to discover I was an agnostic, possibly even an atheist.

The evenings were especially memorable for the crew who were closing the place. We all ate a supper of delicious dining room food together. Then we would gather around a fire crackling in the great rock fireplace in the Lobby and talk quietly as the night air outside grew more and more frigid. Mrs. Rhody or one of the other cooks brought out delicious

The tranquil and vacant place suddenly belonged entirely to the lucky few of us who had stayed on.

pastries and steaming coffee. It was a quiet party, of sorts, and the hotel looked more beautiful to me then than at any other time I can recall.

We had already had a taste of what winter was like in the Park with the blizzard of July 28th of 1948, as a result of which people all over Glacier, including four of us trapped at Lake McDonald, were snowbound for a day or two. When it cleared up, the snow-covered mountains were spectacularly beautiful, whiter even than they had been when we first arrived at the beginning of the season before the great melts.

Although several of us talked occasionally of returning to see what Many looked like in the winter, only Doug George made it back to visit the caretakers one December or January. For part of the winter the road to Babb was closed by deep snow, and the only way out was by skis, snowshoes, and later by snow cat and snowmobile. The weather was ferocious, with howling blizzards building up immense drifts that covered the chalets and sometimes a good share of the hotel. During one of the winters a bear somehow broke in, and, I think it was reported,

settled down to hibernate and give birth to cubs. Whatever the exact circumstances were, it left a horrendous mess to be cleaned up before the hotel opened. According to people who spend most of the year in the area, there are few good days during the winter in the Park. The sun rarely comes out. When that happens, however, it is incredibly beautiful, as many photographs by Mel Ruder and Brian Kennedy show.

In a Mountain Valley

(An Invisible Inscription)

*By Dick Schwab (Many Glacier 1947-52)
To the Memory of Phil Schwab (Many Glacier 1948-52)*

I have come to rest here, where peaks first welcomed me.
This quiet place is mine now, before a splendid scene.
Far winding trails I walked here, then sat beneath a tree,
And was content in the forest's green.

And now I have full peace here, for peace comes sighing low,
Down from the crags of the mountains, to where the marmot sings.
Here midnight's bright with moonlight, dawn a red-gold glow,
And dusk is full of the swallows' wings.

And I will stay and rest here, and through each golden day,
I'll hear the west wind whisper to the water's lapping sound;
And strangers who walk by here, will pause along the way,
And sense they stand on sacred ground.

This poem is in memory of my brother, Phil, whose ashes now lie in the Swift-current Valley. I thought it would be good here to echo the sounds and some of the spirit of one of the finest and most tranquil of poems: Yeats' "The Lake Isle of Innisfree" (1893).



A New Photographic Glacier Journal

fully composed – a green hummingbird feeding on purple fireweed, its body crisply defined and its wings a ghostly blur, a mountain bluebird with all the down on its chest fluffed out like blue hairs on a paintbrush, a hawk owl gliding like a warplane.

Glacier Geographic's first issues contain other striking wildlife shots. A black bear peers from its den in the trunk of a huge dead cottonwood tree – 150 feet in the air, according to the caption (a tremendous height – is that a typo?)! A weasel tussels with a ground squirrel while transferring its young from den to den near Logan Pass. Mountain sheep graze amid flaming mountain ash in autumn shots in the Cut Bank Valley.

Peterson also presents some vivid landscapes and skylines. A full moon sets in an indigo sky above rosy alpenglow on the southwest ridge of Mt. Cleveland in “Good Morning, Belly River.” Ranger Lyle Ruterbories (87 years old) poses smiling before a shimmering panorama of Kintla Lake and Long Knife Peak. There are sev-

eral fine photos of wildflower meadows – blue-purple camas, groundsel wafting around in the breeze like yellow bumblebees, a whitetail deer with a rapturous expression on its face amid a field of blossoms.

One of Peterson's most striking photos is a close-up of the long-abandoned Heaven's Peak Fire Lookout, with green and orange lichens encrusting its stone base and the jagged peaks of the Livingston Range tossing in the background. Peterson describes a nightmarish seven hour bushwhack to reach the lookout, which he rates as possibly the worst hike in Glacier Park. He recalls: “We even managed to bust a can of bear spray. I guess you could call that motivation to get out of there.”

The magnificent photos in *Glacier Geographic* are well worth the subscription price (\$19.95 a year, of which \$4.00 is donated to the Glacier National Park Fund). For more information on the journal, go to “www.glaciergeographic.com”, or write to 80 13th St. E., Columbia Falls, MT 59912.

By John Hagen (Many Glacier 1970-80)

Glacier Geographic, a new photographic journal, has begun publication on a quarterly basis. Its creator is Chris Peterson, a former editor of *The Hungry Horse News*.

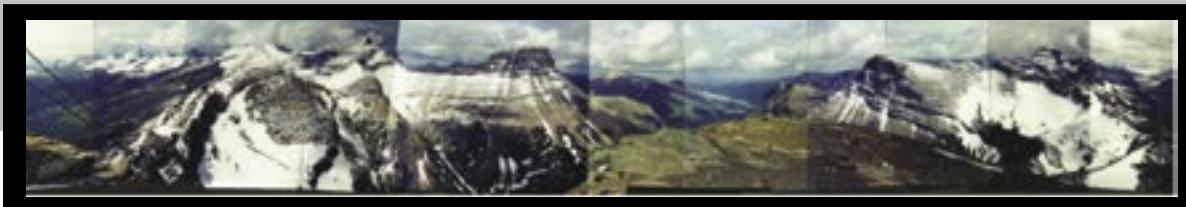
Peterson is a superb photographer, known especially for his skill in taking telephoto pictures of birds. Bird photography is prominently featured in the first two issues of *Glacier Geographic*, with photo essays on bluebirds, hawk owls, hummingbirds and black-backed woodpeckers. The bird shots are vividly colored and master-

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

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

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(Panorama by Christine Baker)