

THE INSIDE TRAIL



Voice of the Glacier Park Foundation Fall 2009 Volume XXIV, No. 3



Christmas card drawing by John Hagen (1972)

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Merry Christmas and a Happy Centennial New Year!

This Christmas finds us on the eve of Glacier Park's centennial year of 2010. Glacier was established on May 11, 1910, when President Taft signed the bill creating it as the eighth of the American National Parks. Within a few years, Glacier's human history was in full flower – the Great Northern Railway had built its array of alpine chalets and lodges, the trail system had been constructed, Mary Roberts Rinehart and her colleagues were riding over the passes and camping beneath the stars, and the first generation of storied buses was pattering over the rugged roads.

This colorful history will be celebrated with dozens of events throughout the course of the coming year. See Glacier's Centennial website (www.glaciercentennial.org) for a detailed schedule. Among the more

formal ceremonial events, you can find creative and colorful sidelights – film festivals, concerts, art exhibits, poetry readings, storytellings, thematic parties, and a “GNP Murder Mystery” to be hosted at the historic Conrad Mansion.

The Glacier Institute, which sponsors educational programs, has planned an impressive schedule for the Centennial. See their website (www.glacierinstitute.org) for details of “100 Years of Riding the Rails,” “100 Years of Bears,” and other courses. The Glacier National Park Fund, a fundraising organization, is sponsoring several Centennial “legacy projects,” such as stabilizing the historic Heaven's Peak Lookout and creating a “People in Glacier” history program. See www.glaciernational-parkfund.org for details.

A book of Glacier tales, 100 Years, 100 Stories, has just been published by the Centennial program. The book includes stories from The Inside Trail. Copies are available through the Glacier Association (www.glacierassociation.org), which operates the Park's bookstores.

Employee reunions and various other Centennial programs will be held in Glacier's lodges next year. See page 14 for details on the Gearjammers' Reunion and of the Many Glacier Hotel Employee Reunion (including a Centennial Hootenanny). Coming next spring is a special Centennial issue of The Inside Trail, replete with history of the lodges and of the Park. A Best of The Inside Trail volume also is being prepared.

To our many hundreds of Glacier Park Foundation members and to all friends of Glacier Park, we wish a very merry Christmas and a happy Centennial new year!

Glacier Park Foundation

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

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

Inside News of the Summer of 2009

By Mac Willemssen (*Swiftcurrent*,
Many Glacier 1967-70)

Historic Avalanche

Hikers on the Highline Trail this summer got to see a bird's eye view of the effect of an historic avalanche which occurred the past winter. Called a "large-scale slab avalanche", it slid 4,000 vertical feet from the Garden Wall down and across Going-to-the-Sun Road in two places, both above and below The Loop.

Stimulus Money to Glacier

Glacier National Park will receive millions of dollars in Federal stimulus money. Going-to-the-Sun Road is to receive \$27.5 billion and the Many Glacier Hotel restoration project is to receive at least \$15.6 million (and maybe another \$8.5 million). Trails, backcountry campsites, bathroom remodeling and an historic building in West Glacier are to receive \$1.9 million.

Old Man Lake Bear Killed

Glacier rangers shot and killed a 17-year old sow grizzly near Old Man Lake campground. This bear had a history of going into back country campgrounds and became deemed by park officials as an "unacceptable threat to health and human safety." The bear had gone through aversive conditioning in the past and wore a radio collar. Sadly, one of her two cubs died after being tranquilized. The other cub was sent to the Bronx Zoo.

Glacier on Quarters

Glacier National Park will be featured on a new quarter to be issued by the U.S. Mint in 2011. The exact image to be used has not yet been

chosen. This quarter will be a part of a new "America the Beautiful" series of quarters which will begin in 2010.

Park Shuttle Bus Usage Up

Glacier's free shuttle bus service had a significant increase in riders this summer. In 2009 there were 156,726 riders, compared with 105,639 riders in 2008. Several new vans were put into service and the routes were simplified for more efficiency and rider satisfaction.

Triple Arches Stone Wall

For more than 20 years, the former stone wall above the Triple Arches on Going-to-the-Sun Road has been encased in unsightly concrete. After cracks developed in the original stone wall in 1987, the then-preferred "solution" was to cover the entire wall in concrete. This autumn's work above the Triple Arches aims to correct that unsightly blemish with a new stone wall in place of the concrete.

Lake McDonald Dorms to Move

Glacier Park, Inc. has awarded contracts for the relocation of three employee dormitories at Lake McDonald. The dorms will be moved from their current site near Snyder Creek to a site adjacent to the new Lewis Dormitory near the Post Office and Going-to-the-Sun Road. GPI is also making plans for another dormitory, new employee dining facilities and improved parking at Lake McDonald Lodge to be constructed in the fall of 2010.

Fatalities in Glacier

Sadly, the summer and autumn of 2009 saw at least three fatalities in Glacier National Park. On July 14 James Greene, a former Many Glacier Hotel employee visiting the park, drowned in Swiftcurrent Lake when the canoe he was in tipped over in the early morning hours. Dr. William Labunetz of Great Falls died from a fall by Ahern Pass above Helen Lake on August 22. Dr. Labunetz had climbed Iceberg Notch with four others and was attempting to hike out via the goat trails on the North side of the Ptarmigan Wall. George Zlatnik of Okotoks, Alberta, died on September 9 while riding his motorcycle on Going-to-the-Sun Road. It appeared Mr. Zlatnik drove his motorcycle off the road and fell 30 feet about a half mile west of the Wild Goose Overlook.

Successful Search and Rescue of Kayaker

A 13-year old boy from St. Paul, Minnesota, who was kayaking on Lake McDonald, went missing on August 4. High winds had churned the lake surface into 5 and 6 foot waves. Searchers utilized boats, a helicopter and volunteers on the shoreline. After a 4-hour search, the crew of the tour boat, DeSmet, spotted the boy on the eastern shore of the lake, about a half mile south of Sprague Campground. The boy had on a "wetsuit" and a personal flotation device, which saved him after he was capsized by a large wave and lost contact with his kayak.

Glacier National Park will be featured on a new quarter to be issued by the U.S. Mint in 2011.



Elves Chip Smith and Ron Rusthoven flanking diminutive Santa Peter Elbaum in 1976. (Laura Chihara photo)

Celebrating Christmas at Many Glacier

By John Hagen (Many Glacier 1970-80)

Many Glacier Hotel in the 1970s was a Dickensian venue. There was inexhaustible color and humor and merriment, revolving around our magnificent English manager, Ian Tippet. Prominent among the Dickensian features of that era was our celebration of Christmas in July. It was as festive as Fezziwig's party, as colorful as the shops of London, and sometimes as poignant as Tiny Tim.

The tradition of Christmas in July began in Yellowstone Park, as a response to a midsummer snowstorm. The celebration caught on elsewhere, and nowhere more robustly than in Glacier. For many years the lodges arranged to cut down Christmas trees outside the Park, to decorate them in the lobbies, and to put on Christmas programs on July 25th.

Many Glacier's Christmas decor was woven together every year from the materials at hand, with the fresh ideas of each new staff. One summer the Park Service banned

live trees, and a team of employees worked all night to paint an elaborate tree on bedsheets and suspend it in the lobby. (Live trees were allowed again in later years, but the bedsheet tree survived as a backdrop.) All manner of ornaments hung on the trees, including Christmas cookies baked in the kitchen. Whimsical gifts were piled beneath them. The lobby balconies were festooned with green-and-red streamers, evergreen wreaths, and fantastic collections of castoff socks.

atmosphere. "Reindeers and everything!" she said.

Santa and the Fireplace

One point of the Christmas décor was an endless source of merriment. We had a life-size Santa Claus mannequin, donated by the parents of an employee. This figure was placed on the raised stone hearth below the massive copper fireplace hood in the middle of the lobby.

Employees sometimes would climb beneath the hood and crouch there

There was inexhaustible color and humor and merriment, revolving around our magnificent English manager, Ian Tippet.

Tourists entering the lobby on a warm July afternoon were often startled to encounter this décor. One lady gaped around for awhile, and finally noticed the dusty moose head which had hung on the south balcony for 50 or 60 years. She assumed that we had tacked this trophy up to enhance the Christmas

on top of a stack of fire logs, invisible to the guests. From this spot, they could practice ventriloquism. A robust "Ho! Ho! Ho!" would seem to have been uttered by the Santa figure standing a few feet away.

The ventriloquist's act was first performed in 1974 by Paul Taintor. Paul



Many Glacier employees (Sue Ellen Estok, Sarah Poole, Gina Maurus, Julie Crist) pose with the Santa mannequin in 1976. (Laura Chihara photo)



Lloyd and Gjerta Seilset (with ukelele) beside the Many Glacier fireplace. (photo courtesy of Jackie Biebighauser Bakke)



The Housekeeping Christmas skit in 1980 (Tammy Malmberg and Pat Wontorski in the foreground). (Laura Chihara photo)

had a very deep baritone voice, and his “Ho! Ho! Ho!” rumbled up and down the copper chimney pipe like thunder. Paul read *The Night Before Christmas* from underneath the hood, with a little child beside him lighting the text with a flashlight.

In 1975, the ventriloquist was our massive bellman Chip Smith. Chip weighed 300 pounds, had played football for Nebraska, and was working into a distinguished career as an opera singer and a professor of music. Chip sang Christmas carols from beneath the hood, to great applause from the guests. When he was about to scramble out, however, the other bellmen mischievously pulled down the hood to fireplace level. Chip was trapped like a frog beneath a flowerpot. He kept his wits about him, however, admonishing the others in his Santa Claus voice: “Christmas won’t come if you don’t let me out!”

The following summer saw a creative twist on the Santa-in-the-chimney theme. This time, Chip appeared as a monstrous elf, with a monstrous elfin colleague, Ron Rusthoven, who was nearly as big as he. Our makeup artist Tessie Bundick dressed these enormous men in costumes reminiscent of Pinocchio -- small pointed caps, great bow ties, shorts, suspenders, and long arching elvish eyebrows.

During the evening program, the two huge elves cavorted to the delight of the audience gathered in the lobby. “Hi! We’re Santa’s little elves!” they squeaked. Then the voice of Santa was heard booming in the chimney pipe -- “Ho! Ho! Ho!” The elves sprang up onto the hearth, attempted to raise the heavy hood, and pretended that it wouldn’t move. “Oh! We can’t get him out!” they squealed in dismay. At last the hood creaked into the air. Out popped a tiny little Santa Claus, the good-natured Peter Elbaum. Peter was a talented rock musician, and brought that persona to his Santa act. “Ho! Ho! Ho! All right!!” he greeted the crowd.

Lobby Programs

In the Tippet era, Many Glacier held nightly entertainment programs in the lobby. On July 25, we traditionally held a Christmas program under the tree. Here the Dickensian Christmas spirit would unfold in its full glory, in creative and colorful acts.

Mr. Tippet’s secretary, Mike Leach, did uproarious “Twelve Days of Christmas” pantomimes with various female sidekicks, in which they cavorted as Leaping Lords, squawked and flapped as Talking Birds, and contemplated eggs as Geese-A-Laying. One program

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saw a group of maids sing “Jingle Bells” in many cultural motifs -- Spanish, Russian, Japanese. Another saw the kitchen crew performing “Hurry Christmas, Hurry Fast” as the Chipmunks, under the direction of a harassed cook keeping time with a big wooden spoon.

It was traditional for the Housekeeping Department to perform a Christmas skit as part of the program. This skit often centered around the chronic linen shortage which plagued the hotel. In 1978, the story line involved Santa Claus arriving with a load of sheets, towels, and pillowcases to redress the shortage. In the final scene, maids and housemen were busily folding Santa’s linen for delivery to the rooms. The narrator, reading a parody of *The Night Before Christmas*, commented approvingly: “Fold away, fold away, fold away all!”

Another Housekeeping skit involved “Never-Pleaser Scrooge,” a character representing the owner of the hotel company (whom the staff believed was too parsimonious to purchase adequate linen). A “Tiny Tippet” character begged Scrooge for more towels and pillowcases, and Scrooge responded: “Bah! Whatever!” Ghosts led Scrooge around the hotel to witness the tribulations of guests

and employees. Repenting at last, Scrooge asked a ghost: “Y’ mean these here things are *goin’* to happen, or can I do somethin’ about ‘em?”

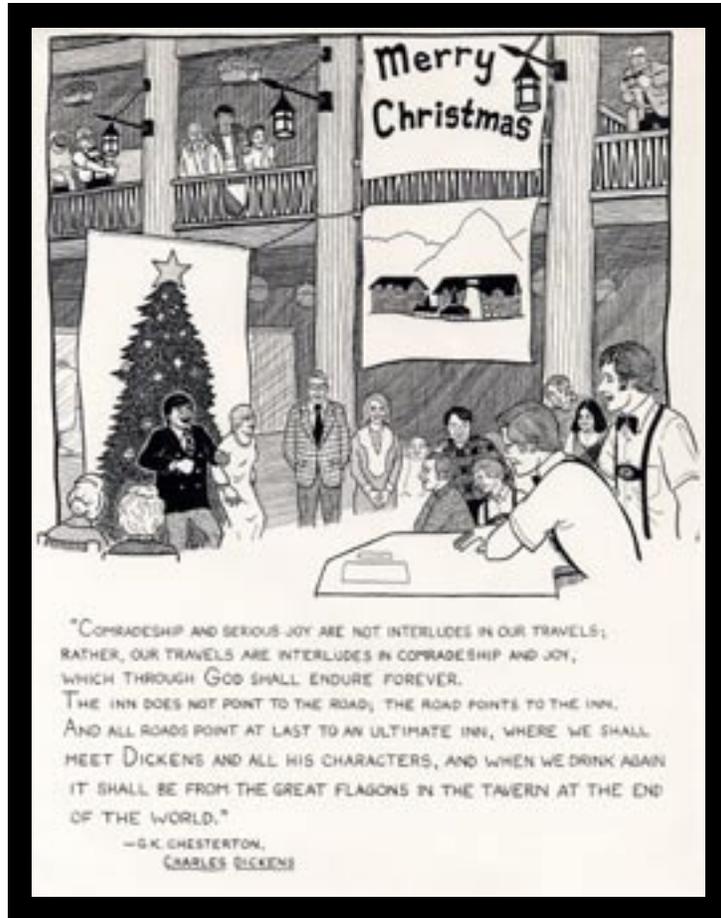
Worship and Spirituality

Christmas worship was made available at the hotel for those who wished to participate. The interdenominational Christian Ministry in

the National Parks sponsored services in the Lucerne Room after the evening program. Sometimes a Catholic priest from the Blackfeet Indian Reservation would finish the evening by celebrating midnight Mass.

I still have a program from a Ceremony of Lessons and Carols held on Christmas in 1977. It was a classical English service, beginning with “Variations on Greensleeves.” Dickens certainly would approved. Many Glacier’s grand array of instruments was marshaled for the carols -- harp, flute, English horn, French horn, trombone. There were readings from Isaiah, Micah, Luke, and Matthew. Finally the sublime “God is love” passage from the first Epistle of St. John was read by Mr. Tippet himself. I still can remember the Lucerne Room ablaze with candlelight as we closed the service by singing “Joy to the World.”

It was a joy to be at Many in those days of grand community spirit. Christmas in July epitomized the era. Guests and employees alike departed from Many Glacier with brightened lives, and the memories brighten us today. In Tiny Tim’s immortal benediction, God bless us every one!



The Christmas program at Many Glacier in 1975. (drawing by John Hagen)

Christmas in July epitomized the era. Guests and employees alike departed from Many Glacier with brightened lives, and the memories brighten us today. In Tiny Tim’s immortal benediction, God bless us every one!



A Night on Chief Mountain

Chief Mountain (photo courtesy of Bret Bouda)

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

The mysteries surrounding Chief Mountain have been enough to attract mountaineers for many years (bison skulls, etc.). First of all, its location on the eastern edge of the front and its imposing shape and isolation make it worthy of exploration.

This has been the case going back to the late 1700's when it first appeared on early English maps identified as King Mountain. Its name was changed to Chief out of respect for the Blackfeet Indian tribes who lived in the area.

Visible for a hundred miles away, this spectacular monolith stands out from the rest of the landscape with its vertical sides and flat top summit ridge. It is a perfect geological aberration exhibiting the mighty Lewis Overthrust. This makes it all the more intriguing to climbers.

Our story starts with a jeep ride from Many Glacier Hotel up over an overgrown truck trail to the slope of the mountain's south side. Our route followed an almost dry creekbed - Otatso Creek - to within three miles of the peak. At this point,

slope. Some of these were the size of a two-story house. We climbed one of these monsters to chart upward progress.

We figured out the safest way to work our way up to the ridge con-

We then discovered that what appeared to be a simple summit ridge was actually a series of closely spaced serracs. . . . We had planned to get to the summit ridge and merrily skip along a sidewalk in the sky - but the mountain responded: "Not so fast!"

we drove our jeep into some bushes and covered it with branches to hide its existence. (Though now that I think about it, who was going to be wandering about up there looking for something to steal?)

We encountered a very large boulder field with massive chunks of limestone that had separated from the mountain and rolled down the

necting Chief, Ninaki, and Papoose. The identities of those peaks were obvious considering their size and location. (Ninaki was called Squaw in earlier days.)

Once we reached this ridge, it was an easy hike to the northeast to the block of the mountain itself. We then discovered that what appeared to be a simple summit ridge was

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actually a series of closely spaced seracs -- free-standing columns about ten to twenty feet apart. Their tops were all at the same elevation, making them appear to be connected. We had planned to get to the sum-

with an occasional lightning flash. Time to get down from our perch up in the sky! These threatening storm clouds were moving in on us very fast. What to do? Take a chance on a rapid descent or stay put and

mountain, taking extra precautions to avoid the little ice pockets that had not yet melted away. After a couple of false leads, we crossed the large scree slope at the bottom of the monolith. We still had to find our way through a few scree slopes that ended with steep little cliffs. No real problems there.

The word HILTON was uttered regarding future night's lodgings as we returned home in the Jeep. We got back to Many Glacier Hotel just in time for dinner.

The section of the mountain on which we bivouacked was included in the great rock avalanche of August, 1972. The avalanche peeled off a section of the northeast face estimated at about one hundred thousand tons. The roar could be heard from Lake McDonald to Cardston, Alberta. The rock of the entire mountain is like a giant deck of cards with El Diablo doing the dealing.

We spent a strange night on the mountaintop, full of thunder and St. Elmo's fire dancing off everything metal that we had gathered together.

mit ridge and merrily skip along a sidewalk in the sky - but the mountain responded: "Not so fast!"

We could not locate a cairn to indicate the true high point of Chief Mountain. However, we did discover an interesting artifact. We found an old weathered golf tee where some enterprising duffer probably set a new world's record for the longest drive!!!

About 4 pm we noticed some disturbingly dark clouds, illuminated

hunker down against the oncoming weather? The visibility was dropping fast and the light rain was turning to ice crystals. After some discussion, we unanimously agreed that we must stay put.

We spent a strange night on the mountaintop, full of thunder and St. Elmo's fire dancing off everything metal that we had gathered together. The sun finally came up bright and clear. We started our way down the



Mountaineers' Departure: The Chief Mountain climbing party assembles outside the dormitory at Many Glacier. Left to right: Steve Farbotnik (Philadelphia), John Arthun (Norway), Don Loeffler (Minnesota), Al Jurciukonis (Philadelphia), unknown, Joe Obenski (Doylestown, Pa.). Don's future wife Barbara Burrets is in the background at left. (photo courtesy of Don Loeffler)



Blackfeet Hunting Rights in Glacier Park

By Steve Berg (St. Mary Lodge 1960-63)

A Blackfeet man poses with a spear at St. Mary Lake. The photo is picturesque, but probably inauthentic. The Blackfeet were seldom fish eaters, as they had made a pact not to harvest fish, seen as children of the Under Water People, in exchange for the Under Water People not taking Blackfeet children by drowning. (photo courtesy of the Minnesota Historical Society, J. J. Hill collection)

*. . . Indians hereby reserve
and retain the right to hunt
upon said lands and to
fish in the streams thereof,
so long as the same shall
remain public lands of the
United States. . . .*

I.
On the afternoon of January 18, 2000, two enrolled members of the Blackfeet Tribe, Bailey Peterson and Glenn Hohmann, shot and killed three Bighorn sheep on the eastern slope of Spot Mountain within the exterior boundaries of Glacier Park. Spot Mountain (7,831) is located between Mad Wolf Mountain and Lower Two Medicine Lake, several miles west of Kiowa Junction. Highways 89 and 49 intersect at Kiowa Junction on the Blackfeet Indian Reservation. In preparation for the hunt, both men scouted the area the preceding day. Both were generally familiar

with the location of the boundary between Glacier Park and the Blackfeet Reservation. Both held tags to hunt wildlife, including Bighorn sheep, issued by the Fish & Wildlife Department of the Tribe. Both believed their hunt was governed by tribal regulations. They also believed their kills occurred on the Reservation, not within the Park.

Hohmann's kill took place near the bottom of Spot Mountain. Following the kill, he severed the sheep's head and began carrying it northeasterly toward the boundary between the Park and Reserva-

tion. Shortly after Hohmann's kill, Peterson killed two sheep from a herd of over forty. These kills were near the top of the mountain. The men did not tag their kills with their tribal permits. Peterson then joined Hohmann, and the men began walking toward the boundary. None of the three sheep was field dressed in the usual fashion for the preservation of meat. The men did not know they had been observed for over two hours by two National Park Service biologists surveying Bighorn sheep on Spot Mountain. The biologists immediately radioed the hunters' location to Park Service personnel.

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II.

In 1895, Congress authorized the Secretary of the Interior to negotiate with the Blackfeet Tribe for the sale of a portion of the Tribe's Reservation including the area east of the Continental Divide to the Park's present eastern boundary. Three commissioners were dispatched by the government for this purpose. One commissioner was George Bird Grinnell. Negotiations culminated in an agreement, ratified by Congress in 1896, by which the Blackfeet agreed to transfer title to the United States of a strip of land on the western edge of their Reservation for \$1.5 million. This land is sometimes referred to as the "ceded strip." The agreement contained the following proviso:

"Provided, that said Indians shall have, and hereby do reserve to themselves, the right to go upon any portion of the lands hereby

conveyed, so long as the same shall remain public lands of the United States, and to cut and remove therefrom wood and timber for agency and school purposes and for their personal uses - for houses, fences and all other domestic uses; and provided, further, that *said Indians hereby reserve and retain the right to hunt upon said lands and to fish in the streams thereof, so long as the same shall remain public lands of the United States, under and in accordance with the provisions of the game and fish laws of the State of Montana.*" (Emphasis added).

In 1897, President Grover Cleveland included the ceded strip in the Lewis & Clark Forest Reserve, withdrawing it from the public domain, but expressly preserving the Tribe's right to use that land under the 1896 agreement. The ceded strip was opened to mining, but by 1903 interest

in mining in the area disappeared. On May 11, 1910, President William Howard Taft signed legislation creating Glacier National Park on lands including the ceded strip. This Act creating the Park provided that lands abutting the Reservation were "reserved and withdrawn from settlement, occupancy, or disposal under the laws of the United States, and dedicated and set apart as a public park or pleasure ground for the benefit and enjoyment of the people of the United States . . ." The Act also directed the Secretary of the Interior to promulgate regulations which "shall provide for the preservation of the park in a state of nature. . . and for the care and protection of the fish and game within the boundaries thereof."

The State of Montana ceded jurisdiction over the lands included in the Park in 1911. Congress accepted



Blackfeet instructing tourists on the use of a bow and arrow near Glacier Park Lodge in the 1920s. A few years earlier, the tribe had ceded the nearby mountains to create Glacier National Park. (photo courtesy of the Minnesota Historical Society, Great Northern Railway records)

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Montana's cession in 1914. The Act of 1914 expressly prohibited "all hunting or the killing, wounding, or capturing at any time of any bird or wild animal" within the Park.

Spot Mountain lies within the territory ceded by the Blackfeet to the United States in the agreement of 1895.

III.

Hiking toward the Kiowa Junction area, Bailey Peterson and Glenn Hohmann stashed the severed sheep's head in willows before arriving at Highway 89 in darkness. There they were apprehended by Park personnel accompanied by two tribal game wardens. Upon questioning, both men first denied they had killed any game. Hohmann then admitted he had killed a sheep, and described the location where the men had stashed the severed head. The next day, Park personnel retraced tracks in the snow, located the severed head, located the carcass from which the head had been severed, and also located the two sheep killed by Peterson. All three sheep bore evidence of scavenger activity. At a Tribal Council meeting several days later, both men acknowledged they shot the sheep, and believed they had a right to do so pursuant to their tribal permits, and the location of the kills which they said they believed to be on the Reservation. Both men told the Council it was their intent to utilize snow machines to remove the sheep from Spot Mountain the evening of the kills, and properly prepare the meat later for consumption. They also said they intended to sell the sheep heads.

In an April 2000 letter to the editor of a local newspaper, Hohmann wrote that his kill occurred in a "questionable area" in which he had no business hunting.

IV.

Bailey Peterson and Glenn Hohmann were indicted on April 6, 2000 in the United States District Court in Missoula, Montana for conspiracy to violate the Lacey Act, and for committing substantive Lacey Act violations. The Lacey Act, one hundred years old at the time of the indictment, prohibits the sale or purchase of wildlife, with a market value in excess of \$350.00, knowing that the wildlife was "taken, possessed, transported or sold in violation of, or in a manner unlawful under any underlying law, treaty, or regulation."

reviewing the legislative history of the Act creating the Park, particularly language prohibiting hunting within the Park, the court concluded it was the intent of Congress to create a "sanctuary" for animals in Glacier Park. Since Blackfeet hunting within the Park is incompatible with the realization of that intent, Judge Molloy found congressional abrogation of the Blackfeet treaty right to hunt within the Park. The decision of the court is reported at 121 F.Supp.2d 1309.

At trial, Peterson and Hohmann contended they each believed they

The Act of 1914 expressly prohibited "all hunting or the killing, wounding, or capturing at any time of any bird or wild animal" within the Park.

Prior to trial, the defense moved the presiding judge, Donald W. Molloy, to dismiss the indictment on the ground that the Blackfeet Tribe reserved hunting rights on the ceded strip even though the land was sold in 1895, and Glacier Park created in 1910. Judge Molloy held the Tribe did retain hunting rights under the 1895 agreement, but Congress abrogated those rights in the Act creating Glacier Park in 1910. In its decision, the court reviewed decisions of the United States Supreme Court which establish a test in considering congressional abrogation (cancellation) of Indian treaty rights. Applying the test to the facts of this case, the question was whether there was clear evidence that Congress actually considered the conflict between its decision to establish Glacier Park on the one hand, and Blackfeet hunting rights in the ceded strip on the other, and elected to resolve the conflict by abrogating the hunting rights. After

were hunting on the Reservation, were ignorant of the location of the boundary at the time of the kills, and therefore did not know the kills were unlawful in violation of the Lacey Act. The jury exonerated Hohmann, but convicted Peterson of violating two counts under the Act with his two kills. Peterson was sentenced to five years probation under various conditions, four months home detention, 100 hours of community service, and \$6,500 restitution.

Peterson appealed his conviction to the Ninth Circuit Court of Appeals in San Francisco, California. The case was fully briefed by Peterson's attorney, Daniel R. Wilson of Kalispell, Montana, and attorneys representing the United States. Date and time were set for oral argument. At the suggestion of the Tribal Council, Bailey Peterson withdrew his appeal shortly before argument thereby ending the case.

A Gearjammer's Hike in 1959

By Elmer Gaudet (*Gearjammer 1959*)

I am a retired orthodontist. During my training at Loyola University School of Dentistry in New Orleans I had only one summer free, the summer of 1959. This would turn out to be the best summer of my young life and a summer I would never forget. I would be a gearjammer!

I arrived at East Glacier Wednesday, June 17, 1959 on Great Northern Train #4, The Western Star at 5:13 pm. I was met by David Deterly, a lifetime friend from our hometown of Natchez, Mississippi, who had arrived before me. David and I shared a room in the East Glacier Gearjammers' Dorm. The rooms had central bathroom facilities, no heat and no air conditioning. There was no need for air conditioning, but heat would have been welcome!

The Glacier Park Transport Company started our training on the following day. I enjoyed driving my red bus (#84) around the park. The scenery was spectacular, with snow in the mountains -- scenery that is forever embossed in my mind. All the jammers and other workers with whom I came into contact were wonderful people and a pleasure to be around.

On Friday morning, July 24, I carried 14 passengers from East Glacier to Many Glacier. My bus developed ignition problems, so it was retired to the garage for maintenance and I had the afternoon off. I would end up spending the next four nights at MG. The MG Gearjammers' Lodge was a very nice heated two-story

dorm across from the hotel, north on a hill.

Our great jammer mechanics quickly fixed my bus. The next day, Saturday, I carried 14 passengers to Prince

Two of my fellow gearjammers were discussing hiking the high trail from Logan Pass over the Continental Divide to Many Glacier Hotel, a distance of 16.3 miles. They invited me

I had only one summer free, the summer of 1959. This would turn out to be the best summer of my young life and a summer I would never forget. I would be a gearjammer!

of Wales in the morning, deadheading back to MG that afternoon. On Sunday I had morning call and the afternoon off. I also had Monday off. My next scheduled trip was to be Tuesday, July 28.

to accompany them. Everybody had been telling me how beautiful and spectacular the scenery was on these backcountry hikes, and this was an opportunity to hike with good partners. Bill Lloyd had recently been in



*Elmer Gaudet
with Bus #84
during the
summer of 1959.
(Photo courtesy
of Elmer Gaudet.)*

(Continued from previous page)

the Army. Dave Pretz had recently been in the Marines.

On Monday, July 27 the three of us boarded a red bus at Many Glacier bound over Logan Pass to Lake McDonald. The bus left at 8:15 and arrived at Logan Pass at 10:15.

We started our hike from Logan Pass on Trail 121, called the Highline Trail. It lies on the west side of the Continental Divide, crossing between Haystack Butte and the Garden Wall. There was snow on the trail at this high elevation. The trail was narrow, just wide enough for two people to walk side by side and at times only wide enough for single file walking. The dropoff to our left went a long way to the bottom of the valley. At one spot, a fall from the trail would probably have been fatal. The sheer possibility of falling off the left side kept us walking on the right side of the trail.

I kept thinking, "What will we do if we meet a grizzly bear on the trail?" There had already been attacks by grizzlies in the park that year. We carried water but no food, as park rangers told us that food attracted bears. We hoped that hiking food-free would protect us.

Our minds were occupied with the spectacular scenery. The views of the mountains, valleys, and streams, and of Lake McDonald in the distance were beautiful. The meadows were full of glacier lilies, monkey flowers, wild heliotropes and gentians. We saw eagles and other birds.

Arriving at Granite Park Chalet after a 7.4 mile hike, we rested 1½ hours and ate lunch. I was very tired and

my feet were sore. Granite Park Chalet is located on a lava flow which poured out from the earth when the sea covered this region, before the rocks now composing the summits of the Garden Wall and surrounding peaks were deposited as ooze.

Then we started the second part of the hike heading eastward an additional 8.9 miles over the Continental Divide. The trail climbs 500 feet from Granite Park Chalet to Swiftcurrent Pass at an elevation of 7176 feet. The summit of Swiftcurrent Mountain is a thousand feet above the pass. Thankfully, from there the rest of the trail is downhill.

From the pass the trail descended on the east side of the Continental Divide a gradual 2,300 feet to the valley floor. It ran diagonally down the shoulder of Swiftcurrent Mountain, below the east face of Mt. Wilbur and along the north side of Bullhead Lake and Redrock Lake. Snow banks were on all the mountains. Glaciers could be seen on some of them, along with many waterfalls.

We saw mountain goats grazing on the opposite side of the valley on the west side of Mt. Grinnell, with its 8838 foot peak. The slopes were covered with shrubby alpine fir. Buttercups, carpet pinks, dryas, heathers, wild heliotropes, saxifrages, and alpine erigerons were in bloom.

I was having difficulty walking because I was so tired and my feet hurt so badly. It was all I could do to put one foot in front of the other, again and again. I had no idea mountain hiking could be so tiring! It would take all the energy I could muster to finish this hike.

I was a flatlander from Mississippi with no hiking experience -- and having no hiking shoes, I was wearing regular shoes. It had become evident that regular shoes were not meant for mountain hiking. I had to frequently stop and rest, slowing down my two hiking partners. Bill and Dave were very patient. Their military experience had conditioned them to long hikes. We slowly continued down the clearly marked trail. The sights were beautiful and the air was clear with a slight breeze.

At Redrock Lake, I told Bill and Dave to go on and that I would catch up with them at the hotel. They left and I started on my solitary way for the remaining 4 miles. My thoughts drifted to the grizzly bear attacks in the park. Oh my!!! I was scared for the first time in my life! What would I do if I ran into a bear? I decided that I was so tired I would probably just sit down and say, "Eat me." I do not think I would have had the energy to fight or run.

I continued past Redrock Lake and followed Swiftcurrent Creek past Fishercap Lake to the campground on the west side of Swiftcurrent Lake. There I had a Coke and a candy bar. I then finished the last 2 miles to the Jammer Dorm.

I will forever be indebted to Bill and Dave for allowing me to accompany them on this fantastic hike. On my first hike ever I had walked 16.3 miles through the mountains, an unbelievable accomplishment! I was ill-prepared for this trek and I paid a price for it. It took me two days to recover.

The next day I ate breakfast and brought my bus to the hotel front

(Continued from previous page)

on time. I was so stiff I could hardly move. This was noticed by station agent Robert F. Haase. He saw that I was not able to load the tourist luggage in the bus, so he had the bellmen do it for me.

Ino Belsaas of Coeur d'Alene, Idaho met me there. Bob had forewarned him of my condition. After lunch, Ino assigned me to drive the same 11 tourists to the Belton train station in West Glacier. Then I deadheaded

natural salt lick on the north side of the river to observe a large herd of mountain goats licking the salt. After supper I went to bed early and really slept well.

Then there were the pow-wows, but that's another story! Needless to say, my total 1959 summer experience was the best ever. The details of my summer in Glacier have stayed with me all these years. What fond memories are embossed in my brain!

I am so excited and looking forward to renewing friendships with my fellow jammers at the Gearjammers' Reunion next September at East Glacier after 51 years. Make reservations NOW while discounted room rates are still available at Glacier Park Lodge!

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Bob assigned me to drive 11 tourists from Many Glacier over Logan Pass to Lake McDonald. Station agent

my bus back to East Glacier, following the Flathead River on the south side of the park. I slowed at the large

**Register now for the
2010 Many Glacier
Employee Reunion**

Enjoy the Centennial Hootenanny and much more! The reunion is scheduled for July 29-Aug. 1 at Many Glacier. For applications, contact Terri Saunders Long, 164 Trout Drive, Murray, Kentucky 42071; (270) 436-5588; tfstone@wk.net.

**Register now for the
2010 GearJammer's
Centennial Reunion**

The reunion is scheduled for Sept. 8-10 at Glacier Park Lodge. For details, see the reunion website at www.glacierjammers.com.



**Send us a
Christmas Story**

If you have memories of celebrating Christmas in July in Glacier, please post them on the Forum at www.glacier-parkfoundation.org. We hope to publish a selection of these stories in a future issue of **The Inside Trail!**

Hitchhiking in the '40s

(By Ginny Leach Muow, *Glacier Park Hotel, 1940-42, 48; Glacier Park Transport Co. 1950*)

Everyone who ever worked in Glacier Park in the early days surely has hitchhiking stories. We were all forced to do it as we were allowed no transportation of our own. We'd get out on the road early, sack lunch in hand, to stake out a good spot. It didn't help that there might be several other twosomes with the same goal in mind. Once in a while we might have to change our hiking plans. It always helped to have a backup hike in mind.

Once two of us were on the road early, and the man who stopped frisked us. I don't get angry very often, but that day I was furious, and I thought there was no way I would get into that car. But then, well, a ride was a ride, so I suppressed my homicidal rage and accepted the offer.

The road over Looking Glass Hill was one of the worst in the Park, with sharp twists and turns along with the ups and the downs. There were guardrails in some places but many stretches without them. We were riding along that road one summer with a young couple and their son who was probably five or six years old. His mother was absolutely hysterical with fright, and the little boy knew just how to get to her. Every time we came to a break in the guardrail, he'd say "Look, Mama, that's where the car went over". We were all happy, except probably the little boy, when we got past that stretch.

The first time we ever went up to Waterton was such a treat. We walked all over town, enjoyed the spectacular view from the Prince of Wales Hotel, took the boat trip up

the lake, and treated ourselves to English tea, after which we went out on the roadside again. We didn't have much luck hitchhiking.

Suddenly we saw two Royal Canadian Mounted Police in their red coats approaching, to our dismay. I remember shaking in my saddle shoes and wondering if hitchhiking was illegal in Canada. They asked where we had been and where we were going, but really all they wanted was just to talk to a couple of girls. Finally they went on their way. We never worried again about hitchhiking in Canada.

The worst experience I ever had was just a measure of my own stupidity.

Everyone who ever worked in Glacier Park in the early days surely has hitchhiking stories. We were all forced to do it as we were allowed no transportation of our own.

I had gone to Lake McDonald with a friend who was staying over, so I was hitchhiking by myself, hoping for a ride home. The nice thing about McDonald was that you gave yourself a time limit to hitchhike back over Going-to-the-Sun Road. When time expired, you simply crossed the road and tried for a ride to Belton where you would catch the evening train back to East Glacier.

That particular day my time limit was about up, when a car stopped. It was a man alone, and I never should have taken such a chance, but he was going over the Pass all the way to East Glacier. In I got and off we went. The danger turned out to be not what could have been expected. This man was crazy about bears, and we saw them on three separate

occasions. He stopped, jumped out, and wanted to pet them.

Now I was the one who was hysterical. I kept trying to reason with him, point out the danger, and at least keep him close to the car. It was late enough in the day that there was just no passing traffic. In those days I didn't drive, and all I could think was that he would be maimed or killed, and I couldn't get us out of there. (Today you'd have a cell phone and call for help.)

By the time we got to the third bear, he had given up on trying to approach, probably just tired of listening to me. We made it back to safety, and I had learned a good lesson.

I always said that in later years I was going to return to Glacier in my own car, pick up any hitchhikers I saw, and take them wherever they wanted to go. To my regret, that didn't happen until 2002, when I got to Glacier on the heels of a tremendous blizzard. A lot of the roads were closed, but I drove wherever I could. Alas, no hitchhikers. All the employees had their own cars. What a disappointment!

It would have been great to have had a car all those years ago. There would have been a lot more leeway in planning hikes, but on reflection, it would have taken something away from the fun and suspense of getting yourself to and from a trailhead. I wouldn't have wanted to give up the fun of hitchhiking.

THE ROOSEVELT RUN:

Recreating FDR's Historic Ride Through Glacier

By Leroy Lott (Gearjammer 1949-50)

The date was August 5. On that same day in 1934, Franklin Delano Roosevelt had boarded a red bus and driven over Going-to-the-Sun Road -- the only sitting president ever to visit Glacier Park.

tures and interviewing former Glacier Red Bus drivers and enthusiasts.

Kate Roosevelt, a great granddaughter of FDR, was present for the trip. She was "Kate Roosevelt" the first night when she spoke to the group of over

cupied all eight 1927 Cadillac 7-passenger Touring Cars and six of the model 1545 White Motor Company Red Buses then in service. August 5, 1934 was a glorious day with the tops down on all cars (and the same was true in 2009!).

After FDR's party of 88 had lunch at Many Glacier, they continued on to Two Medicine Chalet. (A little known fact is that Eleanor was pushed into Two Medicine Lake by her sons!) FDR gave a radio address from the chalet -- one of his famous "fireside chats" with the American people. Included were these words: "Today, for the first time in my life, I have seen Glacier Park. Perhaps I can best express to you my thrill and delight by saying that I wish every American, old and young, could have been with me today. The great mountains, the glaciers, the lakes and the trees make me long to stay here for all the rest of the summer."

FDR never had the opportunity the Glacier Gearjammers had, because we spent the whole summer in the Park providing tourists (called dudes) their best ride of a lifetime. Our reward was to declare: IT WAS THE BEST JOB I EVER HAD! Join us at the Centennial Reunion -- sign up at GlacierJammers.com, and make sure to tell your fellow Gearjammers!

For this fourth recreation, on the 75th anniversary of FDR's ride, we had four of the original vehicles.

Bruce Austin, Dale Duff and I had organized three prior re-creations of the "Roosevelt Run." Each one involved several of the classic vehicles which had carried FDR's entourage. For this fourth recreation, on the 75th anniversary of FDR's ride, we had four of the original vehicles. They included three restored Cadillacs and the one 1925 White Motor Co. bus, all restored and fully operational for another Sun Road trip up to and over Logan Pass.

The iconic vehicles and drivers were parked just west of the Belton Chalet ready to go. Gearjammers Sage Olson, Bruce Austin, 'Skeeter' Adams and Dale Duff were eager to man the steering wheels, but were asked to wait. They were besieged by the media taking pic-

20 participants. After that she was just "Kate" to everyone. Kate drove Dale Duff's Cadillac -- double clutching with some gear grinding. Thereby, she qualified to participate in the Centennial Celebration and Gearjammer Reunion from September 8-10, 2010 at Glacier Park Lodge. (Kate, by the way, is a Glacier Park veteran. Twenty years ago, she worked at Granite Park Chalet. She and her chalet friends once wanted an ice cream cone so badly that they hiked over Swiftcurrent Pass and down the valley to Many Glacier Hotel and back!)

The night before the rerun, Dierdre Shaw, Curator of the Glacier Museum, provided an informative and entertaining talk on FDR's historic visit in 1934. The president's family, dignitaries, friends and Secret Service agents had oc-

JOIN THE GLACIER PARK FOUNDATION

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