

THE INSIDE TRAIL



Voice of the Glacier Park Foundation □ Fall 2010 □ Volume XXV, No. 3

CENTENNIAL

REUNIONS IN GLACIER



(Photo courtesy of Ray Djuff)

Also In this issue:

• Renovation at Many Glacier • From Buses to B-17s and Back • A Feisty Fourth of July • A Close Call on Swiftcurrent Creek • Packrats Versus the Lake McD Boat Crew • Gearjammer Tales • East Glacier in 1940 • Plumbing Fiascos • Inside News of Glacier Park

Time to Plan Reunions to Celebrate Hotel Centennials

This issue of *The Inside Trail* is focused on the reunions held by Glacier Park employees to celebrate the Park's centennial year. More than 330 people attended a Gearjammer Reunion at Glacier Park Lodge. (pp. 25-31) And scores of former employees gathered at Many Glacier Hotel, staging musical performances in the lobby. (pp. 17-24)

As Glacier's 100th year draws to a close, we turn our attention to three more centennials which are fast approaching. They will commemorate the opening of three of the Park's great lodges -- Glacier Park Lodge (1913), Lake McDonald Lodge (1914) and Many Glacier Hotel (1915).

The hotels are steeped in history. Glacier Park Lodge (long known as Glacier Park Hotel or "Entrance") was built by the Great Northern Railway. Huge Douglas firs were brought from the Pacific Northwest by rail for the lobby pillars. A legendary 75th birthday party for the Great Northern's

As Glacier's 100th year draws to a close, we turn our attention to three more centennials which are fast approaching.

founder James J. Hill was held in the lobby that summer.

Lake McDonald Lodge (originally known as Lewis's Glacier Hotel) was built by John and Olive Lewis of Columbia Falls. Its timber was locally cut, and the other materials were brought by boat or pack train, since it was inaccessible by road. It competed robustly with the Great Northern until 1929, when it was bought by the railroad.

Many Glacier was opened by the Great Northern on the Fourth of July, 1915. The lobby featured a striking circular staircase surrounding a tall stone fountain. A sawmill, constructed near the hotel to produce its lumber, was famously blown up by the director of the National Park Service to resolve a dispute with the railroad.

The Glacier Park Foundation looks forward to commemorating these historic events. We hope to sponsor reunions of former lodge employees, like the reunions held last summer. Interested members of the Foundation have agreed to facilitate planning committees.

People interested in helping to organize a Glacier Park Lodge reunion should contact John Dobbertin (1962-63) at johndobb@mwt.net or Joe Blair (1966, '67, '72) at JBLAIR@mhc.edu. People interested in helping to plan a Lake McDonald reunion should contact Janet Eisner Cornish (1973-76) at janallyce@aol.com or Mark Hufstetler (1978-83) at pitamakan@aol.com. People interested in helping to plan a Many Glacier reunion should contact Beth Beckelhymer Hattox (1974) at bethhattox@yahoo.com.

We hope that you can help to celebrate one or more of these reunions!

Glacier Park Foundation

P.O. Box 15641
Minneapolis, MN 55415
www.glacierparkfoundation.org
info@glacierfoundation.org

Board of Directors:

Tessie Bundick
Laura Chihara
Janet Eisner Cornish
Carol Repulski Dahle
Joyce Daugaard
Ray Djuff
Glenn Elvig
John Hagen
Einar Hanson
Paul Hoff
Mark Hufstetler
Jeff Kuhn
Linda Young Kuhn
Rolf Larson
Leroy Lott
Greg Notess
Rick Taylor
Mac Willemsen

Officers:

John Hagen, President
Einar Hanson, First Vice President
Carol Dahle, Vice President - Membership
Mac Willemsen, Secretary
Tessie Bundick, Historian
Jim Lees, Treasurer
Laura Chihara, Webmaster
Rolf Larson, Inside Trail Editor

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.

BULLETIN BOARD:

Short Anecdotes and Letters to the Editor

Sliding Down Banisters at GPL

The bellman crew at Glacier Park Lodge had a large train tour leaving at 5:00 AM. The power went out at 4:00 AM, so we decided to slide the bags down the banisters. However, we did it too quickly.

When we all went down the stairs, we found the lone bellman who was supposed to put the luggage in the van cowering against a wall, looking at a pile of luggage that came down the banister so fast that he simply got out of the way. It took all of the bellmen to load the van and get it to the station. We made it by two minutes.

Jim O'Connor (Many Glacier 1975; Glacier Park Lodge 1976)

More Memories of "Sweeney Todd"

I just got my copy of the Summer issue of *The Inside Trail*. John Hagen wrote a great article about the interesting tour escorts we all dealt with at Many Glacier Hotel. I laughed out loud at his mention of the "Sweeney Todd" performance in the lobby, interrupted by a woman running screaming down the staircase -- that was Bill Hamer and me, performing a song from the show.

I spent all afternoon in the kitchen, making my apron look as gross as possible, as was befitting my character Mrs. Lovett. I remember Mr. Tippet chuckling as he watched me pour strawberry sauce and steak sauce on that pristine white apron so it would look like I had butchered people.

I had to learn my part listening to the LP show album over and over and over and over. Steven Sondheim is not a fan of having a note to grab onto when you make an entrance, so Nick Moore graciously hammered on my note so I could get it right.

I do remember the woman running down the stairs screaming (she really was in fear of her life) -- but John left out the part where the audience started clapping because they thought it was part of our act. Bill and I looked at each other wide-eyed, but kept on going so we could finish the performance. Many Glacier memories -- can't beat 'em!

Corie Jones (Many Glacier 1977-8, 80)

Remembering Elizabeth Roth

Elizabeth Ross, a GPF member who loved Glacier Park more than anybody I know, died at almost 87 years of age in July 2009. She worked there in '46 and '47, I think, and again in the late '50s and early '60s at Many Glacier and East Glacier. She was responsible for my going to the Park.

Jane Cusick (Many Glacier 1953; Glacier Park Lodge 1954)

Fire Drills in the Early '40s

The photos here show employees engaged in fire drills in the years before World War Two. I don't remember much about the drills, except that we all turned out as spectators!

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



Glacier Park Hotel fire drills of the early 1940s. (Photos courtesy of Ginny Leach Muow)



[T]he audience started clapping because they thought it was part of our act. Bill and I looked at each other wide-eyed, but kept on going so we could finish the performance. Many Glacier memories -- can't beat 'em!

Inside News of Glacier Park

By Paul Hoff (*Many Glacier 1976-7, 79*)

Park Service, GPI: concession properties worth \$25 million

Glacier Park Inc, the primary visitor services concessionaire in Glacier, has a \$25 million “possessory interest” in the park’s historic hotels and other visitor service properties, according to Park Service documents released earlier this year.

While GPI does not actually own these properties, possessory interest is a key factor in the concession contract process, and is the amount of money a different concessionaire would have to pay GPI to take over the contract. The \$25 million figure was agreed to last year after the Park Service and GPI each conducted appraisals.

GPI has operated Glacier’s hotels, motels and camp stores since 1981, first under a long-term contract and more recently under a series of one-year renewals, while the Park Service prepares to solicit bids for the next long-term contract in a few years. GPI fully intends to participate in the next contract process, GPI president Cindy Ognjanov told *The Hungry Horse News* in April.

Major rehab underway at Many Glacier Hotel

Renovation of half the guest rooms and other facilities at Many Glacier Hotel began this fall, continuing a multi-phase restoration effort at the historic lodge, funded in the Park Service budget and aided by federal economic stimulus funds. During the summer of 2011, guest rooms between the lobby and the dining room will be upgraded with electrical, plumbing and safety improvements using historically compatible fixtures.

In the Ptarmigan Dining Room, the dropped ceiling will be removed, exposing the original ceiling line and window configurations, and the big stone fireplace will be repaired. The kitchen, employee cafeteria, and the Swiss and Interlaken lounges will also be affected, but full dining services and menus will continue as work is staged in these rooms over the summer. During this period about half the guest rooms will not be available, but all the rooms in the south annex part of the hotel will be open. A good description of the entire project is available on the GPI website at www.glacierparkinc.com.

BC, Montana agree to end North Fork mining

The Flathead River’s North Fork watershed may soon get permanent protection from mining and oil drilling under an agreement signed this summer by Montana Gov. Brian Schweitzer and British Columbia Premier Gordon Campbell.

U.S. Senators Max Baucus and John Tester also have pushed legislation in Congress that would ban mining and drilling on federal lands in the North Fork, and provide funds if needed to compensate some mineral lease holders. Their bill awaits action on the Senate Floor. And several large oil companies have voluntarily retired their leases, and as of early September 80 percent of these leases had been relinquished, an indication

of support for long-term protection of the watershed.

The North Fork rises in BC and flows across the border into Glacier National Park in Montana, and park advocates have long worried about the prospect of water pollution from coal and other mining proposed on both sides of the border in the river basin. Officials in both countries hailed these developments as good for their tourism economies, water supplies, and the spirit of the Waterton/Glacier International Peace Park.

Reconstruction work on Glacier’s famed Going-to-the-Sun Road stepped up this fall as planned due to stimulus funds made available through the American Recovery and Reinvestment Act. Crews are carefully restoring the walls, bridges and pavement of the 70+ year-old road, which also has suffered damage in recent years from avalanches and heavy rains.

The multi-year project is a marvel of skill and logistics worthy of the original road carved out of the mountainsides, all done in a relatively short construction season before winter closes in. Crews work day and night near steep cliffs, and allow traffic to carefully move through work zones with minimal waiting times. Glacier Park staff regularly update the Sun Road status in news releases and other postings on the park’s website: <http://www.nps.gov/glac>.

During the summer of 2011, guest rooms between the lobby and the dining room will be upgraded . . . about half the guest rooms will not be available.

MAJOR RENOVATIONS at Many Glacier Hotel

*Mac Willemssen (Swiftcurrent
and Many Glacier, 1967-1970)*

As the last guests of the 2010 season were checking out, contractors were beginning work on a major renovation of Many Glacier Hotel. Cindy Ognjanov, President and General Manager of Glacier Park, Inc., explained to the Glacier Park Foundation what is being done and what impact the renovation work will have on guests at Many Glacier Hotel.

The contractors began their work on September 20, 2010. The main purpose of the project, which is technically Phases 4 and 5 (of 7 total phases) of work at Many Glacier, is to correct various life-safety issues. Included in the work is the removal of all the old wiring, plumbing and fire-safety (Grinnell System) materials and the installation of all new wiring, plumbing and fire-safety systems. In addition, the hotel will be stabilized by the construction of “shear walls” every four to six rooms. These shear walls will be made of engineered plywood and will reinforce the existing walls and support structures, running vertically from the ground up to the roof.

The areas of the hotel affected by this project are the main building north of the staircase behind the information desk all the way through the Ptarmigan Dining Room. Because of the areas affected, 106 hotel rooms in the main building will not be available to guests during the 2011 summer season.

This year’s work will continue, weather permitting, until around December 20. Work will then resume on or about April 15, 2011 (weather permitting) and continue

until around December 20, 2011. Work will start again on or about April 15, 2012 and if this schedule can be followed, the project should be done by the end of May 2012.

Some of the most interesting work will be done in the Ptarmigan Dining Room. The suspended ceiling will be completely removed. This will either prove or disprove the Many Glacier urban myth of what “souvenirs” generations of bats have left for the contractors to find. The project will then work to restore the historic features and design of the dining room.

The dining room will again have an open vaulted ceiling. The windows overlooking Swiftcurrent Lake will be restored to their original design, with a “pergola” in the middle. The lighting system will attempt to duplicate the original Japanese-style lanterns. The massive fireplace is being fixed so it once again will be usable. [The hope is to have the dining room look like the photograph in Ray Djuff’s book, *“A View With a Room”*.

The guest rooms will be restored to look as much like the original rooms as possible, with the historic wall coverings. The original sink and toilet fixtures will be removed and restored. For those rooms which had modern toilets and sinks installed, those items will be removed and will be replaced with replicas of the original fixtures. One amenity to be added is a fan on a corner shelf in each room.

The main hallway will remain open for guests, along with the Swiss Room and Interlaken Lounge. The modern

restrooms installed by GPI in 2003 will also be available to the public. To accommodate guests’ meal needs, the Swiss Room and Interlaken Lounge will be used as dining areas. It is the hope that with the hotel occupancy being diminished by approximately 50%, these two rooms will handle the meal needs of the hotel.

The 2011 guest season at Many Glacier will be shortened to only 82 days, as compared to the 2010 season’s 108 days. Swiftcurrent Motor Inn will have its 2011 season extended to accommodate more guests. The menu at Swiftcurrent will also be changed and expanded to offer another dining option for Many Glacier guests.

This renovation project has been in planning for eight years. The anticipated cost is between \$10-\$12 million. The funding is from both the American Recovery and Reinvestment Act (the “Stimulus”) and line-item budget items of the National Park Service.

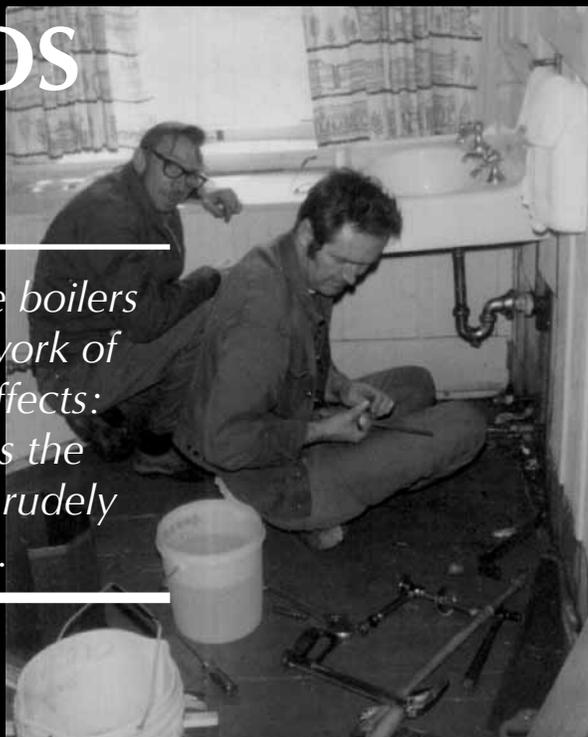
The remaining renovation of Many Glacier Hotel (Phases 6 and 7) calls for the same types of life-safety work to be done to the main building in, above and below the lobby, along with the annex building to the south. At the current time there is neither funding nor a schedule for these final phases.

For more information about this project, Glacier Park, Inc. has a detailed question-and answer link on its website: www.glacierparkinc.com/many_glacier_hotel.

PLUMBING FIASCOS at Many Glacier Hotel

Each morning, the engineers would fire the boilers to send steam through the sprawling network of pipes. This set off boiler-factory sound effects: "BONG! PING! GROAN! CLANK!" – as the old pipes bounced around in their joints, rudely jarring scores of hotel guests awake.

Don Hall kept the hotel functioning during the 1970s. Whether it was creaky pipes or the ancient wiring, he kept the grand old hotel in service. (John Hagen photo)



By John Hagen (Many Glacier 1970-80)

Many Glacier Hotel will soon undergo a major renovation, replacing worn-out pipes and wires in much of the building. This project calls to mind bygone adventures with the hotel's eccentric plumbing.

In the 1970s, Many Glacier's foremost plumbing annoyance was the obsolete steam radiator system. Early each morning, the engineers would fire the boilers to send steam through the sprawling network of pipes. This set off boiler-factory sound effects: "BONG! PING! GROAN! CLANK!" – as the old pipes bounced around in their joints, rudely jarring scores of hotel guests awake.

The crude old radiators had to be endlessly fussed with. Pipes, valves, and traps got clogged with decades of dust and corrosion, so that some radiators were always red-hot and others were always stone-cold. Sometimes maintenance men would clean out traps and release a gush of pent-up water, which would leak into the rooms below. At other times, radiator sections had to be trundled off to the shop for repairs – backbreaking labor, since the cast-iron sections were heavy as a bank safe.

Another recurrent source of engineering adventure was showers in guest rooms. A lot of the fixtures (valves, handles, shower heads) were wearing out, and they sometimes would fail in spectacular fashion. A handle popping off a pipe could send a geyser of pressurized water across a hotel room.

Bellmen and maintenance men had to fight through these geysers of water to try to plug the leaking pipe, like the Dutch boy plugging the hole in the dike. My notebooks record several scenes of this sort: (1) Chip Smith, a 300-pound bellman and former football center, stripped to the waist in sodden lederhosen, wrestling with a monstrous leak, and looking like a bear in a water-fall; (2) Don Hall, our chief engineer, attacking a leak in a shower pipe, calling out to an assistant for clamps and tools, as if he were doing open-heart surgery; (3) a bellman opening a closet door and discovering a naked guest who had fled there to escape a gushing leak.

One night a shower pipe broke in the women's dorm and caused a major flood. The night security guard thought the best response to the problem was to shut

off the water coming into the dorm. Not knowing which valve was which, he shut off the water supply for the whole hotel. Then he went to wake up Clayton Dunning, the elderly assistant engineer. When Clayton heard the story, he leaped out of bed and sprinted for the valves. (Shutting off the water to the boilers might have blown up the hotel.)

Human error gave rise to a plumbing fiasco one year when a new engineer was hired. He didn't realize that the Grinnell fire protection system (a network of pipes and sprinklers snaking through all the rooms) required draining for the winter. When the temperature plunged, the water in the pipes froze, bursting joints and sprinkler heads in dozens of places.

When spring came, the maintenance crew was overwhelmed with the task of repairing all those dozens of leaks in the Grinnells. The hotel's sparse supply of spare parts was exhausted, and the crew was reduced to clamping garbage bags over the leaks with C-clamps. Sometimes they hung buckets over the pipes to catch seepage from these jerry-rigged patches. The buckets would overflow, and the maids would set other buckets

(Continued from previous page)

on the floors beneath them to catch the drips. Imagine the feelings of guests walking down the hallways and encountering these tiers of buckets and leaks!

Occasionally plumbing fiascos were caused by malicious conduct. This particularly was true in the public restrooms on the Long Hall on first floor. Malefactors would flush incongruous objects down the toilets – bars of soap, clothing, disinfectant wafers. The plugged-up toilets would overflow and send gallons of water into the unlucky rooms below.

My most memorable plumbing story arose one afternoon when a flurry of guest complaints came in to the Front Desk. The guests all reported scalding water coming out of the hot water taps – and (much more alarmingly) hot water coming out of the cold water taps!

We concluded that the building was on fire. What else could explain hot water coming out of cold water taps than a fire lurking in the walls and heating the pipes? Bellmen hunted through the Long Hall and Stagger Alley, looking for signs of such a fire.

Before long we learned the truth of the matter. Old Lewis, the “stationary engineer” who presided in the Boiler Room, had boiled the hot water tank! The chef had called down to complain that the water wasn’t hot enough, and Lewis irascibly had overheated the tank (so that he could complain: “You just can’t please ‘em!”). Consternation ruled for awhile until the tank could be cooled down.

For decades, I’ve wondered how Lewis’s boiling of the hot water tank had also heated the cold water lines. I thought that the boiling water had somehow backed up into the cold water system. But Ray Mann, a maintenance man from that era, lends insight in his story below. As Ray explains, Lewis was able to send steam from the boilers directly into the cold water pipes. It seems that he expressed his pique at the chef by

using various techniques to heat all the water in the hotel!

Renovations at Many Glacier over the past 30 years have improved the guests’ experience, and the current ones will too. It is good that guests no longer

are subjected to geysers erupting from popped-off handles or waterfalls from radiators upstairs – let alone to steam in the cold water lines! But tales of those bygone fiascos add to the fascination and the romance of the historic old hotel.

Lewis the Boilerman *Why Many Glacier’s Radiator Pipes Clanked*

By Ray Mann (Many Glacier 1980)

In regards to Lewis the boilerman and his daily battles with steam and management I recall two major incidents. The first was the daily, early morning banging of the radiators and pipes. Lewis was adamant about “waking them up” every morning with his own personal call. Since the boilers were high pressure steam and operated at about 175 psi and the hotel radiators ran on about 60 psi he would bypass the regulator by pulling down a long three foot handle in the boiler room. This would allow the high pressure steam to race through the hotel causing rapid expansions and contractions in the whole system. Cy Stevenson (chief engineer for the company) tried to stop this behavior, but couldn’t be at Many Glacier all the time. Lew respected and feared Cy, but not to the extent that the opportunity to “alarm” guests each morning could be missed.

*Lew was able to open one of his many
“secret” valves and send the steam
through the water lines. It was ingenious,
in a demented way.*

I recall the steam in the cold water lines quite vividly. The first thing I saw and heard was a first floor toilet hissing and yelping with each flush. I think this went on for some time. Again, Cy Stevenson, by phone, solved the problem. Lew had been “injecting” steam, at 175 psi, into the cold water lines. I can’t recall the details exactly, but he accomplished this by using the old steam-driven water pumps, which predated the boilers, and were installed when the hotel was built. They were used to keep water in the boilers if power failed by using the steam to pull water from either the lake or the domestic supply.

I don’t think many people knew of these pumps. They were actually quite beautiful pieces of work. Lew was able to open one of his many “secret” valves and send the steam through the water lines. It was ingenious, in a demented way. As I recall, Cy Stevenson spoke to Lew by phone and his subsequent screwing of valves and mutterings brought everything back to normal.

I befriended Lewis as much as one could. I think his life had been hard and he responded with pranks (which actually were dangerous at times) as a way of balancing his life with the world. Lew certainly might have been considered a strange sort, but he was never malignant.

*A July 4 parade at
Many Glacier Hotel.
(Rolf Larson photo)*

*“That was so much fun,”
said one grandmotherly
guest “Are all of your
parades like that?”*

*“Uh, no, not exactly,”
I replied.*



A Feisty Fourth of July Bellmen Tangle with the “Samurai Maids”

*By Einar Hanson (Many Glacier
1976-77, 79)*

Ring...Ring....Ri

I groped for the alarm clock. Four a.m. Lobby porter duty. Ugh. Of all the duties of a hotel bellman, I hated this drudgery of sweeping, mopping and polishing the hotel floors while the rest of the world slept.

I dragged myself off the dormitory bed and threw on some clothes. My

lederhosen were lying across the chair, where I'd thrown them only a few hours earlier. They were soaked.

What the heck... ? Oh. Yeah.

Just a few hours earlier, I was working the midnight shift, helping Mike Accardo, my fellow bellman. It was the Fourth of July, and the hotel was packed. Guests kept ringing for more towels, more ice, even more blankets. My regular shift had ended hours earlier, but with the crush,

I just kept going, to help Mike keep up. *Least I could do*, I thought, considering what we had just gone through. It had been a parade to end all parades. Still, running up and down stairs in soaked lederhosen was far from pleasant.

“That was so much fun,” said one grandmotherly guest I was helping. “Are all of your parades like that?”

“Uh, no, not exactly,” I replied.

Many Glacier Hotel is a strange and wonderful place. Styled as a Swiss lodge, it houses up to 400 guests, on the shores of a pristine alpine lake in the heart of Glacier National Park. In the 70's, its Fourth of July parade was a yearly tradition. Each year, the hotel employees, college kids mostly, assisted by the Park Service, would stage a parade past the front of the massive lodge to celebrate our nation's birthday.

First would come the mounted Park Rangers, looking impressive in their Smokey the Bear hats and gray-green uniforms. Then, each hotel department (Housekeeping, Front Desk, Dining Room, etc.) would drive past in one of the vintage red touring cars with its canvas roof pulled back. Decorated like parade floats, they would roll past, with chosen representatives seated in and on the car, like so many small-town royalty. Finally, the Park fire truck, lights flashing and siren blaring, would finish off the annual event. Given that the parade was so short, sometimes they would loop through the upper parking lot and sweep past the hotel once again, just to make the parade last longer.

Accardo and I had schemed to make this parade more memorable than most. We had an innocently simple plan: ambush the maids. We would sit in wait by the parade route, buckets of water in hand, and when the Housekeeping bus came by -- kersp-loosh!

All summer, the traditional war between the bellmen (not bellboys, thank you) and housekeeping had raged delightfully. One by one, we had thrown practically every maid into the lake, hauling them from

their duties in guest rooms, out the lakeside doors, down the stairs, onto the boat dock, and then with a hearty heave-ho, into the icy waters of Swiftcurrent Lake. Salvos of pranks of impressive creativity had been hurled back in retaliation by the maids and housemen (not house-boys, thank you).

We knew the maids had planned something particularly derogatory for the bellmen for this parade. Pasty Wontorski, the head maid, had bragged about the ditties they would sing of the bellmen's defects while going by the hotel. Pasty was an amazing adversary. A petite, wiry brunette from Tok, Alaska, with a wisecracking air you would think came from Brooklyn, Pasty was fearless and witty.

For example, earlier that summer, I was lunching in the employee dining room with my fellow bellman, Steve

When I told this to Accardo, he agreed that we needed some fitting response. Pouring cold water on the maids' Fourth of July fun would be perfect. We would wait by the front of the hotel, buckets at hand, and pounce when they came by.

That it might make sense to enlist more than Accardo to take on the entire housekeeping department never occurred to me. Mike was a son of Chicago, a short, broad-shouldered guy, with a swagger like a young James Cagney. His ringing early-morning renditions of "Nine-pound Hammer," as we swung through the hotel's hallways in the early morning, picking up luggage for departing bus tours, was a great favorite of mine, though in later years, I've sometimes wondered if his singing was enjoyed as much by the guests trying to catch a little more shut-eye.

We knew the maids had planned something particularly derogatory for the bellmen for this parade.

Kern, a gentle bear of a man. Pasty sauntered over and sat down across from him. Without a word, she reached for the catsup bottle, unscrewed the top, and looking straight into Steve's eyes, poured it into his drink. Steve stared, nonplused. Calmly, she screwed the cap back on, smiled mischievously, and sashayed out of the dining room. I was furious. "We have to do something!" I hissed at Steve. Steve, though, recovering his usual bonhomie, just shrugged, rose, and got another drink.

Anyway, the parade was scheduled to start at 4. I had worked the early shift, and had gone to my dorm room after lunch. I'll just lie down and rest a little, I told myself. I listened to the mountain breeze, breathed in the smell of warm pine, and drifted off.

Suddenly, I heard the siren of the rangers' fire truck. Rats! I was late!

I leaped out of bed, still in my lederhosen, and ran to the front of the hotel. The maids' red bus was parked in front of the building. Pasty, sitting

(Continued from previous page)

on the back of the bus like an elf princess, was leading the full busload of maids in a song, whose lyrics seemed specially designed to delight the large crowd of guests in front of the hotel with the pathetic qualities of bellmen.

I saw Mike, who had come prepared with an impressive arsenal of four cottage cheese containers of water. "That's it?" I cried. "Well, it's all I could carry!" he shot back. "Where were you?"

I shut up and grabbed two; so did he. We strode out, intent on ending this outrage. Suddenly, out of the bushes sprang a crew of housemen, armed with five-gallon buckets of water. We had been outthunk! In the ensuing meleè, our pitiful supply was quickly gone, and Mike and I were sloshed with bucket after bucket.

We stood there, dripping, as Pasty turned from us, back to her busload of maids, to lead another chorus of her Bellman ditty. In unison, the maids waved toilet brushes, and crowed (to the tune of *The Stars and Stripes Forever*): "Oh, we are the Samurai maids! ..."

I firmly believe that sometimes, in moments of crisis, you can read another person's mind. Mike looked at me; I looked at him. We both looked at the pile of soft, brown balls at our feet, a gift of the wranglers' horses that had passed by only moments before.

In a flash, Mike and I both reached down and scooped up a handful. The choir of maids in the bus, facing Pasty, saw us, their eyes widening in disbelief. As we wound up, their heads descended into the bus, like gophers ducking for shelter.

Pasty, her back towards us, was complete unaware of the oncoming bom-

bardment. My first volley caught Pasty right between the shoulder blades with a completely satisfying *splat*. The driver scrambled to jam the bus into gear and drive off, but could not before a couple more of our volleys had hit home.

The crowd of tourists gathered for the parade gasped and roared at our onslaught. Now, the ranger fire truck came zooming up behind us. At its rear, stationed at the turret water gun, was Ray, the maintenance man. Ray, carried away by the excitement, turned on the water, and though aiming for Mike and me, instead shot a rope of water across the crowd of tourists. I was soaked again, but so was the crowd, which swayed like a wheat field in the wind as they tried to avoid the spray.

John Hagen, our head bellman, now ran up. "Let's return the favor!" he yelled. We ran into one entrance of the hotel, and unrolled the standpipe fire hose hanging in the hallway. I ran out the door with the business end, while John waited for my signal to turn on the water. Ray, in the fire truck, having circled through the upper parking lot, approached for another run. I yelled, "Turn on the water!" Nothing happened. "Turn it on!"

"I did!" yelled John. "There's no water!" As so often happened at Many Glacier in those days, the plumbing had failed. The fire truck zoomed past, unscathed.

And with that, the Fourth of July parade fizzled to an end.

Or so I thought.

Through the dark pre-dawn chill, I stumbled the next morning from the dormitory to the hotel. I heard someone softly swearing by the road. Oh, my. It was the maids' driver. He had a bucket of water, and was stooped over, trying to wash away every bit of horse debris from his jammer bus before he took that day's group of guests on their morning tour. Suddenly, I felt very guilty. I slipped by him unnoticed in the dark, ducked into the rear hotel entrance, and went downstairs.

I stumbled down Stagger Alley, the basement hallway renowned for its lack of right angles, to the lobby porter closet, where our brooms, mops and other implements of cleanliness were stored.

I opened the door, flicked on the light, and reached for a floor mop. My hand closed around the handle, but instead of smooth hard wood, it felt squishy and sticky. Jolted awake, I jerked back my hand, and looked closer. Thick brown goop covered the handle. I sniffed my hand. Peanut butter. The handle was coated in peanut butter. So were the handles of every other broom and mop in the closet.

Oh, well, I thought. It could have been worse.

Thick brown goop covered the handle. I sniffed my hand. Peanut butter. The handle was coated in peanut butter. So were the handles of every other broom and mop in the closet.

Oh, well, I thought. It could have been worse.

CLOSE ENCOUNTERS WITH THE FURRY KIND

The Packrats Versus the Boat Crew

By Marit Hanson (*Glacier Park Boat Co., 2008, 2010*)

College students are not meant to feed themselves. Seriously. Sticking a college student into a fully-equipped kitchen and telling her to prepare a balanced meal is tantamount to giving a chimpanzee the keys to a Ferrari and telling it to take you to the mall. Case in point: the summer after my freshman year of college, I shared a tiny cabin in the wilderness of Glacier National Park, MT, with four other college students. Our col-

my friend Ali and I treated ourselves by basting a chicken with butter and Frank's hot sauce, cooking it, and eating the dripping meat straight from the pan.

It was during one of these cobbled-together meals that I first encountered The Creature.

It was the skittering that caught my attention. My hand, already grimy with salt from my Chex Mix dinner, paused halfway into the bag. There it was again: *skritch skritchity*

shrewd like a rat's, and its feet were naked and pink. The creature began to scurry along the rafters against the wall, which jutted out farther than those around them, creating a sort of platform. Then suddenly it went rigid, spotting me. I must have been quite the sight: eyes bulging, jaw hanging slack, hands suspended awkwardly over the kitchen table.

I don't know how long we locked eyes. Most likely it was less than a second, but I can't shake the image in my head of an epic staredown, à la *The Good, the Bad, and the Ugly*. The creature and I, sizing each other up, hands (or paws) fingering our holsters. I shot first.

It was during one of these cobbled-together meals that I first encountered The Creature.

lective cooking wisdom amounted to a working knowledge of a can opener, and so, if it had to be sautéed, baked, chopped, or even boiled in water, we didn't make it.

As tour boat captains working on Lake McDonald, one of Glacier's busiest lakes, mealtimes were thirty-minute wedges placed like awkward bookmarks throughout our twelve-hour workdays. We didn't have a glimmer of foresight to share among the five of us, so we never packed meals. Lunch was an apple from the fruit basket with a handful of trail mix, a giant muffin swiped from the counter, a swig of milk from the jug (taken when no one was looking), or, once, stick after stick of string cheese.

Dinner was a similar affair. Trudging into the cabin at 7 or 8 o'clock at night, we pawed at whatever was available, ravenously indifferent to its nutritional content. Several times,

skritch. I glanced up at the rafters in the corner of the kitchen. The logs in that particular area didn't quite fit the contours of the slanting metal roof, and insects and other vermin often stole inside through the small gap between the two. But there was nothing there.

Probably just a mouse, I thought absently. There were often mice in the cabin, little grey furballs that were more fluffy than fearsome. Just as I was about to turn back to my sodium binge, something poked its large, furry head through the hole in the roof. I froze. Unaware of my presence, the creature squeezed the rest of its body through the hole.

At a glance, I might have mistaken it for a squirrel; its size, fur, and long, bushy tail were identical to those of that particular rodent. The other features, however, were hideously distorted. Its face was pointed and

“AAAAAAUUUUGGGHHHH!!!!!!” The shriek that tore from my throat – a thing of pure terror that ripped through at least three octaves before I ran out of air – would have made Hitchcock proud. The squirrel-rat-thing spasmed as if I had jabbed it with a cattle prod. Flipping itself around, it shot out the hole in the roof before I had time to refill my lungs, leaving me gawping in its direction, hand still poised over the bag of Chex Mix.

I leapt up from the table and dashed into the living room to break the horrible news to my fellow boat captains only to remember that I was alone in the cabin, the victim of her own day off. Curling myself into a corner of the sofa, I closed my eyes and willed the day to end quickly, the skittering of little clawed feet echoing in my mind.

By the time my coworkers finally made it back to the cabin, I had

(Continued from previous page)

become so paranoid that I had retreated into my room and was attempting, like a child warding off the Bogeyman, to zip myself into my sleeping bag. My dramatic revelation, however, didn't have quite the effect I had hoped for.

"Oh, that. It's a packrat," said Anna with complete calm.

"A Pack Rat?" I echoed, my mind immediately going to my grandma's garage, crammed to the roof with ever-growing piles of lawn ornaments, old furniture, and the occasional nest of mice.

"Yeah. They always try to move in at the end of the summer," she sighed. "Guess we'll have to buy a trap."

Technically, it wasn't a packrat. That term – drawn from the rodent's habit of collecting odds and ends for apparently no reason – is as much a colloquialism when applied to the animal as it is for little old hoarders like my grandma. The scientific name for it is a *Neotoma cinerea*, or Bushy-tailed Woodrat. Nocturnal by nature, the large rodent (at 1 to 1 ½ feet in length, it's the largest of all its subspecies) spends most of its time eating and gathering tidbits it finds attractive. It then stores its treasures in its midden, a shelter it makes by heaping debris, plants, and feces into large mounds and gluing the whole mass together with its own urine. In exploring the contents of middens, scientists have found everything from feathers and tinfoil to a diamond ring and human skull.

Years later, as I looked for pictures to demonstrate to my friends the true horror of the creature, I was profoundly disappointed by the results of my search. The images that

populated my computer screen were all of plump puffs of fur making goo-goo eyes at the camera – nothing at all like the raw-nosed, gimlet-eyed beastie I remembered. The only picture that even remotely resembled the image I had in my mind was a photograph I found of a packrat caught in a trap – one of the "humane" models that catch the creature instead of killing it. Legs splayed in all directions, fat toes gripping the bars of the cage, the rat sneers sidelong at the camera, the look in its eyes seeming to say, *Sure, you've got me now, but just wait till I get out. Then we'll have some fun.*

The trap that Anna brought back to the cabin the following day was a monster in its own right. The toothed maw of grey plastic was longer than my hand and could have snapped my wrist if I was stupid enough to trip the spring. Brett – who usually took care of setting the variety of mouse, fly, and now rat-traps we had scattered about the cabin – lathered the inside with chunky peanut butter, set it beside the fridge, and assured me that the packrat would soon be dead. Despite this, I refused to spend more than five minutes alone in the kitchen for the next few days, convinced that at any second I might find myself face-to-face with the packrat. Brett, Dan, and Anna, seasoned veterans of critter-killing, found my jitters hilarious.

"It's not like it's going to crawl into your bed," Dan laughed.

But it did crawl over them. Lying in our bedroom at night, we could hear tapping of its claws as it navigated the rafters above our heads. We had put the food in the refrigerator and the cupboards, so it spent the majority of its time trying to figure out

how to open the doors. Most of the time these efforts consisted of exploring the dark crevices behind the kitchen counter and banging around in the walls like a possessed pinball, though every once in a while it got creative and would attempt to steal our pots and pans for midnight jam sessions. After a few nights, I began wearing earplugs to bed.

Then, scarcely a week after the whole mess had begun, it was over. I entered the kitchen one night to find Dan seated at the table with grin on his face so smug it would have made a cat sick. The packrat was dead, he informed me, its head crushed in the jaws of the trap.

That night, Ali and I celebrated the defeat of the beast over cans of Pabst Blue Ribbon and triumphantly returned the fruit and bread to their rightful places on the kitchen counter. Later, as I crawled into bed, a wonderful sense of relief spread through my chest. Finally, *finally*, I could drift to sleep without the lingering dread that I would awake to feel sharp little claws digging into my sleeping bag.

I was naïve, of course. We may have rid the cabin of one packrat, but to the rest of its brethren, we may as well have put up a vacancy sign.

Two days later, we awoke to find our apples etched with tiny bite marks – or rather, I woke up to Dan cussing at the top of his lungs over the bite marks on our apples. Upon further investigation, we discovered that the second packrat had not only sampled the apples, but had also tipped over the cereal boxes, ripped open the flat of muffins, and gobbled up the top of a jumbo blueberry muffin. We threw out the rest of the muffins

(Continued from previous page)

when Anna discovered droppings mixed in with the crumbs.

Though the others took this new assault more or less in stride, I was shaken. For some reason I had assumed that the Battle of the Packrat would be an isolated incident – one lone showdown between Man and Beast. I hadn't been counting on a full-blown siege. Even if we did get rid of this new pest, how many more would follow? How many packrats were in Glacier National Park, anyway? No matter how I looked at it, the odds weren't good.

Brett re-baited the trap with peanut butter and placed it next to the fridge. Word must have gotten out in the packrat underworld, though, because this latest interloper was wise to our ways. Even after we added a chunk of cheese, it refused to go

to worry about looking up to find a pair of beady eyes peeking around the corner of the fridge, ogling my handful of gorp. If it wanted to stay out of sight, that was fine with me.

It was around this time, of course, that the Lurker got adventurous and decided to abandon its reconnaissance act. Its first stop: the boys' bedroom in the upstairs loft. In retrospect, I suppose we shouldn't have been surprised. Given that the loft itself might have been mistaken for the world's largest midden, the packrat probably thought it had stumbled upon the home of some distant, oversized relative. Nevertheless, Dan nearly had a heart attack when, wandering upstairs one night, he uncovered a large, furry body spelunking in his laundry pile.

Several things happened at once. An

our eyes changed to, *What the hell?* No one else seemed to want to find out what sort of violent renovation Dan was attempting in the kitchen, so I reluctantly went and peeked over the back of the stove that served as a partition between the kitchen and the living room.

Dan was on his hands and knees, one hand clutching the folding knife he kept on him at all times, the other positioning a large bucket that he had procured from who-knows-where about an inch from the hole in the mopboards through which I assumed the packrat had disappeared. Satisfied, he moved a kitchen chair so that it faced the hole and sat down.

"What, exactly, are you doing?" I asked, even though the answer was obvious.

"I almost had it. Then it ran under the counter. I'm waiting for it to come out," Dan replied, eyes trained on the bucket. Out of the corner of my eye I saw Anna roll her eyes and flop back onto the couch.

"Don't you think it will, oh, I don't know, *see* you sitting there?"

"No," he said flatly. "Not if I'm quiet."

I stared at him, struggling between diplomacy and honesty. Ali, who had come up behind me and heard the whole exchange, spoke for both of us. "Wow. You are such a dumbass."

An hour later, Dan was still playing Davy Crockett in the kitchen. He had moved the bucket away from the hole, because, as he told me in whispers, he had realized that his quarry wouldn't come out if it couldn't see the light at the end of the tunnel. His new strategy, probably copied straight from the Boy Scouts' man-

Word must have gotten out in the packrat underworld, though, because this latest interloper was wise to our ways.

near the trap. This one was a lurker, choosing to slink behind the mopboards of the counter at night rather than bump about like the first one. After about a week of this behavior, I began to have the sinking suspicion that it was studying us, laying low until it figured out all the nooks and crannies of the cabin and could use them against us when it came time for the inevitable face-off.

Other than the unnerving sensation that we were being watched, though, I couldn't deny that this quieter, shiftier strain of packrat was infinitely preferable to its predecessor. Sure, it might have been plotting a rodent coup d'état, but at least I didn't have

explosive yell, followed by a thump, sounded from the loft, causing those of us who had been relaxing in the downstairs living room to jump. A fat bundle of grey fur went careering down the stairs, Dan in hot pursuit. Anna and Brett leapt to their feet. Ali and I leapt onto the couch. The packrat streaked past us into the kitchen. Dan raced after it, bellowing like a wounded bull. "*That's* it! I am *killing* that little bastard!"

There was a moment of silence, in which the four of us remaining in the living room exchanged a glance. *Did that really just happen?* Then a series of thumps and thuds came from the kitchen, and the look in

(Continued from previous page)

ual, was to take the hunk of cheese and peanut butter from the rat trap next to the fridge, place them under the bucket, prop the edge up with a stick, and wait for the rat to run out and take the bait. I was shooed from the room – apparently my snickering was scaring the rat away.

No sooner had I settled back on the living room couch than Dan's battle cry announced the return of the Lurker. There was a clatter of plastic on wood, and then for the second time that night the packrat was speeding through the living room with Dan at its heels. As the Lurker charged toward me, I got a good look at it for the first time. My eyes bugged. Packrats are a sexually dimorphic species, which isn't nearly as kinky as it sounds. What this means is that one of the sexes is significantly larger than the other. For packrats, males are generally twice as large as females. Considering the girth of the thing that scabbled by my feet, the Lurker was definitely male.

To Dan's credit, it was a close chase. Trying to change directions, the packrat slid on the hardwood floor, giving Dan the chance to come within striking range. But too late! With a burst of speed, it bolted up the stairs, and though Dan nearly upset his table lamp trying to nab

Dan looked sheepish. "Shut up," he said as we all collapsed into giggles. He marched into the kitchen, muttering, "I'm going to kill it. I'm seriously going to kill it."

During the next two nights, the cabin became a war zone. The packrat had climbed on top of the fridge! The packrat was rooting through the garbage! The packrat was in the loft again! In one particularly intense encounter, Brett and Anna cornered the creature on the kitchen counter, and Brett, in a moment of valiant stupidity, lunged forward, trying to grab it. The Lurker responded by launching itself into Brett's chest, clawing its way up his body and springboarding off his face. After that incident – and the subsequent ribbing he received for shrieking like a 12-year-old girl – Brett decided to leave the sport of packrat-slaying to the more foolhardy members of the cabin. Not surprisingly, Dan volunteered to take up the mantle.

He never did manage to kill the Lurker, though. None of them did. The Saga of the Packrat ended much as it had begun, with me sitting alone in the cabin, eating Chex Mix at the kitchen table. I had my earbuds in, the sweeping strings and ethereal vocals of *The Chronicles of Narnia* soundtrack filling my head, so it was a while before I noticed there was another sound filtering through the

of a bag. *Heew huh huh huh heeew...*

Goosebumps ran down my arms. It was the packrat. After weeks of skillfully eluding the trap, the Lurker had finally given in to temptation and tried to snatch the peanut butter from between its sharp teeth. For whatever reason, though, the trap had not brought about the quick death that its massive jaws promised. Instead, the panting breath coming from behind the fridge conjured up an image of the packrat lying on its side, the trap's spikes imbedded in its neck, slowly crushing the life from it. *Heew, heew, heeew.*

I wanted to check the trap, make sure that I wasn't imagining things. Instead I sat horribly transfixed by the death rattle, a pit forming in my stomach. My reaction confused me. With all that had happened in the past two weeks, I should have been rejoicing to finally witness the packrat's demise. But all I felt was cold.

Twenty minutes passed; the gasping cries from behind the fridge gradually slowed, then stopped. Steeling my nerve, I grabbed a flashlight and climbed up on the counter, sending a thin beam of light behind the refrigerator. The light fell upon a grey bushy tail and splayed back feet, both unmoving. I let out a shaky breath; I hadn't realized until that moment that I had been holding it. It was over.

I stayed in the living room until the others returned. Maybe I was being squeamish, but I didn't want to be in the same room as the body.

I waited until all four of my cabinmates had trooped through the door before I broke the news. "The packrat's dead." My voice came out strange and strained. The others didn't notice; they were too busy whooping and hollering.

Grinning from ear to ear, Brett broke out the cans of Pabst Blue Ribbon and passed them around. When he offered one to me, though, I did not accept. Somehow, I didn't feel like celebrating.

Steeling my nerve, I grabbed a flashlight and climbed up on the counter, sending a thin beam of light behind the refrigerator.

it, the Lurker slipped through his fingers, diving into the rafters and out into the night. Defeated, the hunter clomped downstairs, sulking.

"I'm going to put more peanut butter in the trap," he grumbled.

"Why?" I asked, but Ali was quicker on the uptake. "Wait, it got away *and* ate the bait?" she said.

music – a quick huffing, almost as if the track I was listening to had air bubbles in it. I took out my earbuds. The sound continued: *Huh huh huh huh.*

I cast around, searching for the source of the huffing. There – behind the refrigerator. Even as I pinpointed its location, a new sound joined the first, a sort of wheezing cry, like air slowly being let out

A Close Call on Swiftcurrent Creek

I remember laughing as I turned around on my tube, only to find them both on the bank, yelling at me to get out!

By Diane Caylor Smith (Many Glacier 1973)

Upon arriving at Many Glacier in 1973, I was pretty excited and intimidated too. I had never really been “away” from home since my university was only 80 miles from there. This was a real adventure for me and I loved the high country as much as anyone. I didn’t know one other person on my arrival. I was assigned to the job of switchboard operator (a job that had us resembling Medusa with all those cords coming in and out!). The 2010 reunion was my first and I was very disappointed to see that my job had been outsourced to technology.

About mid-summer, Pete Johnson, a front desk clerk, and Mike, another employee, were telling us a tale of tubing down Swiftcurrent Creek. I immediately asked them to take me!! They said, “No, it’s too rough for girls!” I immediately felt that feminist hormone crawling all over me and insisted that since I was 5’ 10”, I could certainly handle anything a guy could! So ... they agreed to take me on our next afternoon off. They did tell me that there were rapids and that I just had to “get out” at the right place. It didn’t sound like a real concern. I would just stay behind them and get out at the appropriate spot!

Off we went, tubes in hand. I don’t remember exactly where we got in, but I believe it was right below the Sherburne Dam. Within five seconds I lost my tube. Pete helped me back on and we were off. We laughed

and floated lazily for about a half hour before I somehow got ahead of them. I remember laughing as I turned around on my tube, only to find them both on the bank, yelling at me to get out!

I immediately started paddling but couldn’t overcome the current. Then, around a bend I went and to my horror saw that the river had changed course. I was now in the midst of young tree saplings growing over very fast-moving whitewater rapids. No matter how hard I tried, I couldn’t grab a tree due to the swift current -- and I couldn’t reach the bottom of the river. I was now hanging on for dear life. Then suddenly my tube flew out from under me and was gone. I was pulled underwater by the current and kept hitting rocks as I was carried downstream. (My life was definitely passing before my eyes. So this was how it going to end ...)

I did have a strong religious faith and as I came up gulping for air at one point, I looked upward and begged God to not let me die this way. I still had so much to live for! That prayer was answered. Soon after, the water became a little shallower, and unaccountably my hand grasped a small rock on the river’s bottom. That gave me time to catch my balance and maneuver my way to a small island in the middle of the river. I lay there in shock, crying and sobbing and shaking from the cold. I

couldn’t stop the hysteria.

About a half hour later, Pete and Mike came hiking through the brush on the opposite bank. They said they had been hiking the whole time trying to find me. Pete attempted to cross over to the island. He lost his footing and went underwater, being carried by the rapids. I remember him shouting, “Whoa, whoa, whoa!! “ He then caught his balance and was able to reach the island. He gave me a hug since I was still so hysterical and then helped me across the creek. We were all a little spooked and reverent. We knew that my life had been spared after dangling by a thin thread.

We hurried back to the dorm to change and get back to work for the evening shift. We didn’t dare tell Mr. Tippet! I had quite a few bruises and scratches but came out just fine! I learned a lot of lessons that day ... especially about the power of water. I went back a few days later with a friend to that area of rapids. We agreed that there was no way I should have survived. To this day, I have never been able to raft or be on white water. It absolutely terrifies me.

I think God watched over all of us who worked in the park. He knew we were a little bit crazy, full of youth and lacking in wisdom. I will always be grateful to Pete, Mike and God for getting me back safely that day.



The activity that was the most fun was going down to the railroad station to greet the incoming passengers (always referred to as “dudes” in those days).

(Photos courtesy of Ginny Leach Muow)

East Glacier Memories of the 1940s

By Ginny Leach Muow (Glacier Park Hotel 1940-42, 46-50)

People who worked at Many Glacier Hotel always seemed to feel that it was the best place to be in the park. I concede that you have a wonderful view as you are in the midst of the mountains with a lake close at hand and Grinnell Glacier in sight. The only advantage, as I see it, is that you don't have to spend a lot of time hitchhiking, sometimes not at all or at other times only one way. At the outset, that is where I wanted to be. June Pearson, the friend who talked me into applying, was a waitress there. It would have been nice to know someone when I arrived.

It was pretty much understood that one needed some kind of pull to get a job, and I knew no one. The only thing I could think of was to have my grandfather, who had been a freight claim agent for the Soo Line, write a letter of recommendation. What can I say -- it worked!

I arrived for an interview, the letter from my grandfather clutched in my hot little hand. The procedure was that you simply lined up and went to the first hotel manager who was free to talk with you. In my case that was Fred Sayles for the Glacier Park Hotel. I was happy to get a job, happy with the location, and I never regretted my initial placement.

One big advantage was the village itself and the residents, many of whom went out of their way to make us feel welcome, and a few of whom joined the employees in a lot of their activities. Jay Staley, an outrageous Texan, and Lyle McMullin from the Glacier Park Transport Company took it upon themselves to introduce the newcomers to the local customs and traditions. The restaurant across the tracks operated by the Lutz family was always open to us. Buzz Lutz and his dad were also Glacier Park employees, and Buzz did most of the baking for years after I was there. It was a fun place to congregate. Then there was Dusty's, that dingy bar

down the road which we were not supposed to frequent. There was a general store operated for many years by Leona and Brownie who were especially friendly and helpful to the hotel employees.

We had the only golf course in the park, and that was another plus. You could always spend a few hours hiking to Dawson Falls or hunting fossils at Two Med Falls. It was the only place where I found fossils were plentiful.

The activity that was the most fun was going down to the railroad station to greet the incoming passengers (always referred to as “dudes” in those days). Anyone who wasn't working at 11:30 am was always there when the Great Northern's Empire Builder arrived from the east. The Blackfoot Indians were there in full regalia, beating their drums and singing. We all watched the passengers disembark and then head up the walk to the hotel. The path was lined with a spectacular floral display, tended by Herk, the gardener, and his staff. It was simply breathtaking and I don't think there was anything like it in any other location in the park.

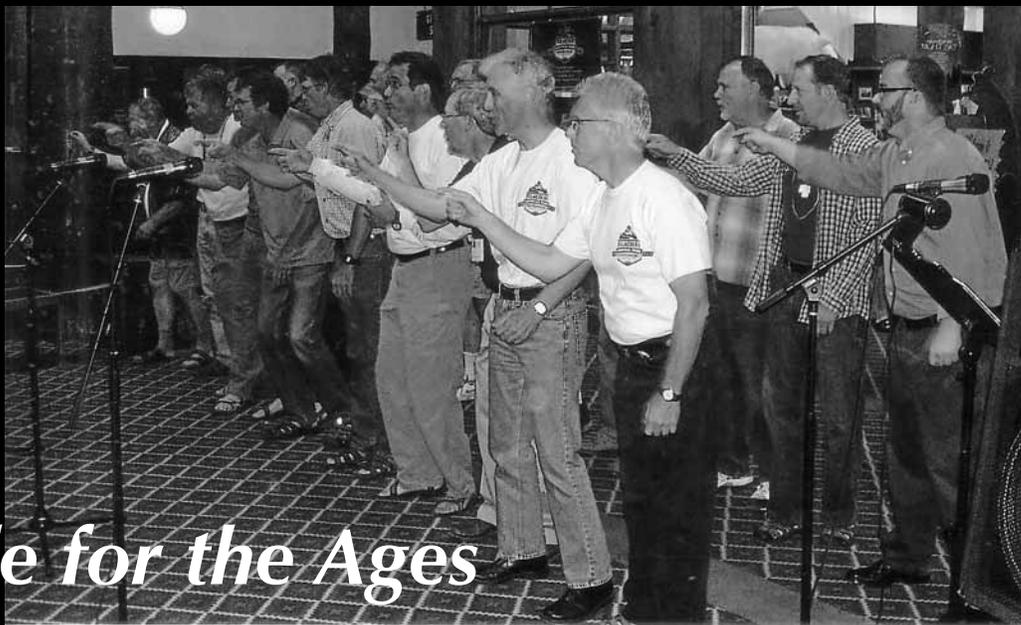
These are some of the things that made working at the Glacier Park Hotel such a delight. I never wanted to trade places with anyone. So - let's just say that the place where you worked was simply the best place to be. Whether it was Many, Lake McDonald, Glacier Park Hotel, or one of the chalets, you were just happy to be in your own little niche.



MANY GLACIER REUNION SECTION

Alumni bellman of the '60s, '70s and '80s serenade the lobby audience with the traditional "Bellman Song".

(Photos courtesy of Joe Woods)



A Serenade for the Ages

By Carol Dable (Many Glacier 1970-75, 77, 79-80; St. Mary 1981)

Memories of decades gone by returned to Many Glacier Hotel with a massive reunion of former employees in August 2010. Almost 100 veterans of staffs of previous eras attended with a retinue of spouses, children, and friends. The festivities focused on reacquainting friends with friends, hiking, and recreating two of the great lobby shows that flourished at Many Glacier in bygone decades – the Hootenanny and the Serenade. Here is a synopsis of “A Serenade for the Ages. . .”

The Serenade had been the signature program of Ian B. Tippet, Many Glacier’s legendary manager from 1961 to 1983. Mr. Tippet famously defined the Serenade as tailored to the audience’s “easy listening enjoyment” – classical music, show tunes, and other relatively genteel acts, by contrast to the rowdier and more informal Hootenanny fare. Mr. Tippet is long retired from manage-

ment, but still works actively every summer at Glacier Park Lodge. The reunion attendees were exuberant when Cindy Ognjanov, president of Glacier Park, Inc., personally drove Mr. Tippet to Many Glacier for the evening’s Serenade.

Having worked with Mr. Tippet for almost a decade in the ‘70’s, I was well acquainted with the style in which he had organized and arranged the Thursday Serenades. With accepting the task of organizing this

Glacier Hotel? What path has their career chosen? As luck would have it, in preparing the notes for this program, I found a script from a 1978 Serenade when I had co-hosted a Serenade with Mr. Tippet. What fun it was to use so many of his words in opening the program!

Prior to the start of the program, an instrumental group organized by Ken Latta, calling themselves Glacier Winds, presented the “Earl of Oxford March,” in honor of Mr. Tip-

Having worked with Mr. Tippet for almost a decade in the ‘70’s, I was well acquainted with the style in which he had organized and arranged the Thursday Serenades.

Serenade, I attempted to recreate it in a style and flavor that reflected Mr. Tippet – What was the performer’s home town? What college did they attend? What was their job at Many

pet, written by William Byrd. This was a great way to start the evening!

Glacier Winds was followed by another pre-Serenade performance – a song and dance written by em-

ployees Chip Smith and Steve White back in the '70's, and performed this evening by former Many Glacier bellmen - "The Bellmen's Song." This Song is a sort of gorilla chorus line created for the purpose of welcoming group tours. A motley array

deserved standing ovation. He had elected not to speak to the audience at this Serenade, explaining: "I prefer to leave it to all of you young ones now!"

The Serenade featured an array of distinguished performers - singers,

zart's "Sonata in Bb major for Bassoon and Cello," and a beautiful arrangement of "Be Thou My Vision."

Emily (Trapp) Hackelthorn presented a piano solo, "Themes from Eurasia," by David Brubeck.

David Pearson followed with a baritone solo, "No One Is Alone," from Sondheim's *Into the Woods*.

Sue and Ed Krebs, performing on electric violins, presented "Aria" from Suite in G, by G.F. Handel, and "You Raise Me Up," arranged by Ed Krebs. (Sue and Ed not only worked at Many Glacier, they were married at Many Glacier in 1972.)

I performed next, singing "Over the Rainbow," accompanied by Ginny (Tooke) Herrick on piano and Ken Latta on trumpet. Ken and I had performed this arrangement in 1974 - it was a lot of fun to do it again.

Glacier Winds, the instrumental ensemble that had performed pre-Serenade music on the program, and directed by Ken Latta, now presented a medley of "Jeannie With the Light Brown Hair," and "Loch Lomond." Members of this group included Laurie Heidt, Jim Kuster, Sharon (Brandolino) Kuster, Rolf Larson, Ginny (Tooke) Herrick, Gail Sonneman, Greg Notess, and Zachariah Spellman.

Barb (Kaiser) Burch, Andrew Metcalf, and Max Hanson sang "Journey On," from the musical *Ragtime*, accompanied by Emily (Trapp) Hackelthorn.

The next performer, Fred Newman, who is a regular on "Prairie Home Companion," presented a piece called "Music Sounds."

"The Bellmen's Song." This Song is a sort of gorilla chorus line created for the purpose of welcoming group tours. A motley array of a couple of dozen former bellmen rushed in upon the audience to belt out the Song together:

of a couple of dozen former bellmen rushed in upon the audience to belt out the Song together:

Welcome to Many Glacier; We're glad you're here!

We are the bellmen crew.

We hope you find your stay enjoyable - After all, we're here to please You! - You! - You! - You!

For blankets or ice or anything at all, Please don't hesitate to call!

We deliver things right to your door At any hour of the day.

For we're the bellmen, of Many Glacier

So-o-o if you need attention,

Don't forget to mention,

The bellmen of Many G-G-G!

As mistress of ceremonies, with my co-host Terri (Saunders) Long, I then welcomed the guests to the evening's program and presented a short expose on the history of Serenades at Many Glacier Hotel. Following that, Mr. Tippet was introduced to the hotel guests, explaining who he was, how he had hired all of us, and how much we all love and respect him. We congratulated him on his 60th year in Glacier National Park - for which he received a richly

music educators, instrumentalists from symphony orchestras, university music professors, and professional entertainers. It spanned a broad array of musical genres.

Shelley (Cook) Sobey opened the program with singing "Someone to Watch Over Me," by George and Ira Gershwin.

Linda (Kuhn) Young, her daughter Kelly Kuhn, and Diane (Steele) Sine, accompanied by Emily (Trapp) Hackelthorn, presented "Requiem, Op. 66, for 3 cellos," by David Popper.

Next on the program were Linda Kuhn (cello) and her two daughters, Kelly (cello) and Kinsey (flute), joined by Jacquie (Hjelmseth) Fennell (violin) and her daughter Anna (violin), performing "Palladio," by Carl Jenkins.

Cathy (Crossland) Woods sang a vocal solo, "Moments to Remember," for which she had written her own lyrics specific to the Glacier reunion.

Jes (Swihart) Hagale and Sharon (Brandolino) Kuster performed Mo-

(Continued on page 21)



A Hootenany, a Serenade, a Tribute, tireless organizers, and the Audience that always completes the magic circle. (photos courtesy of Carole Dable, Rolf Larson, Terry Long, and Dan Saunders.)

Fairy Dust in the Glacier Winds



Before the reunion, I sent out an “all-call” e-mail to form a “Glacier Brass” ensemble. Replies came from many Glacier alumni. Some belonged to symphonies, while others had to search for their dusty instruments.

(Photos courtesy of Dan Saunders.)

By Ken Latta (Many Glacier 1974)

If Many Glacier’s lobby audience for the August 1 Serenade gasped at the magic of the ceremonial brass opening, honoring Mr. Tippet – well, something quite unbelievable really had just happened. The Glacier Wind musicians pieced together this story later, and we bring it to you now.

Before the reunion, I sent out an “all-call” e-mail to form a “Glacier Brass” ensemble. Replies came from many Glacier alumni. Some belonged to symphonies, while others had to search for their dusty instruments.

At first, we had trumpets and French horns, keyboard, an oboe – but no lower brass. To cover all the parts, I transposed voices, working long-distance with Laurie Heidt, a Seattle horn player. Laurie agreed to cover the tuba parts on her horn.

As I wrapped up my own travel arrangements, I included a fellow Boy Scout hiking friend for my son. This

Scout was also a tuba player but did not own an instrument. I hoped to rent one in Montana, rather than in Washington, DC. (My dear spouse already faced lugging extra bags and instruments “back east” – I was to leave Glacier for work in Boston.) I searched the Montana yellow pages and contacted music shops on my planned route from Great Falls. I was finally resigned that there would be no tuba for the British “Earl of Oxford March” selected in honor of Mr. Tippet. But... a part of me yet hoped.

Fairy dust started sprinkling just before departure. Gail Sonneman, a fellow Washington metro area resident, opted at the last minute to bring her French horn mouthpiece. Meanwhile, Dan Saunders threw an extra French horn in his luggage. (That in itself required a nice Harry Potter spell!).

We all arrived. At our rehearsal, I saw that Ginny (Tooke) Herrick’s keyboard could practically read

hieroglyphics as she “filled in” parts from the crazily-keyed scores I threw her way. Greg Notess showed up with his horn, and that freed Dan Saunders, who was suddenly available to cover one of the trumpet parts.

The night before the Serenade, trumpeter Jim Kuster’s wife Sharon (Brandolino) Kuster offered to play bassoon. Had she said nothing, I would not have discovered a missing quintet trombone part. Early Sunday morning, Rolf Larson happily accepted a bagpipe assignment when I located him in the rain at the Swiftcurrent Campground.

Like the tinkling of sudden sunlit icicles shimmering, gently shattering in a freshening breeze at Iceberg lake, Fairy Dust swished through Gail Sonneman’s hotel window about mid-afternoon before the Serenade. She decided to warm-up on the balcony of her hotel room. Warm tones lilted, siren-like, over the valley, calling, calling...

“Emps” know better, of the mysterious beauty of the mountains, of dancing lights in the sky, of how we feel awe swirl through the day’s ordinary work. For me, I have never, ever, stopped clapping for Tinkerbell. I know that this was Fairy Dust in the Glacier Winds.

Came the Serenade.

About 15 minutes before Carol Dahle signaled us to play, the door swung open in Many G’s lobby behind the Glacier Winds musicians. A rather exotic, “Lord-of-the-Rings” looking fellow walked in, accompanied by breezes rustling our music. He looked around and announced, “I am Zachariah Spellman, and I

play tuba with the San Francisco Opera. Do you need a tuba?”

“Sir, we play Byrd’s ‘Earl of Oxford March’ in about ten minutes,” I replied. “I know it well”, said he.

So it was that Zachariah’s tuba anchored the British march for our beloved Mr. Tippet. And if later in the program you wondered how

Fred Newman included a gently “whonking” foghorn in his sound effects, it was Zachariah, impishly entering the act.

How did all this happen? Quite simple. Zachariah had been hiking, and heard Gail’s hotel balcony warm-up from across the valley. He came in search of the musicians that he knew must be there. A very easy explanation, you see. It will do for outsiders.

“Emps” know better, of the mysterious beauty of the mountains, of dancing lights in the sky, of how we feel awe swirl through the day’s ordinary work. For me, I have never, ever, stopped clapping for Tinkerbell. I know that this was Fairy Dust in the Glacier Winds.

(Continued from page 18)

Gary McKercher and I sang a humorous duet, “Matilda,” from *Four Cautionary Tales and a Moral*, by Liza Lehman, accompanied by Ginny Herrick.

The penultimate act of the Serenade involved the Many Glacier Singers, a choir of some three dozen voices. The Many Glacier Singers were created by Roger Stephens in the 1960’s, and were directed by me in their two final summers (1979 & ‘80). The Singers wryly acknowledged their advancing age by putting on reading glasses in unison at the start of the performance. They sang Mr. Tippet’s British school song,

“Jerusalem” (based on the poem by William Blake and made famous by the movie *Chariots of Fire*), and they performed the African-American spiritual, “Ride the Chariot.”

At the conclusion of “Ride the Chariot,” Cindy Ognjanov, president of Glacier Park, Inc., stepped to the microphone to present Mr. Tippet with a special memento in recognition of his 60 years of service to Glacier Park, Inc. When she had finished, Mr. Tippet received yet another standing ovation. He then rose from his front-row seat, saying he felt he needed to address the audience after such an emotionally charged

evening.

Mr. Tippet talked to the audience of his intent years ago to provide the hotel guests with a memorable visit to Many Glacier Hotel. In specifically hiring theater and music majors, there was always something happening on the Many Glacier calendar! His heartfelt sentiment is that this could still be happening today. He then joined the returning employees in singing the Many Glacier Anthem, “Hail to Thee, O Many Glacier,” to conclude the Serenade. Fred Newman provided fireworks and skyrocket sound effects for the Anthem (sung to the tune of “High Above Cayuga’s Waters”):

Mr. Tippet received yet another standing ovation. He then rose from his front-row seat, saying he felt he needed to address the audience after such an emotionally charged evening.

*Hail to thee, O Many Glacier,
In the mountains tall,
Nestled in Swiftcurrent Valley –
Hear the echoes call.
Gould and Allen and Mount Wilbur
Stand in majesty,
In our hearts, O Many Glacier,
You will always be!*

GUARDIAN ANGELS

on the Grinnell Glacier Trail

By Diane Caylor Smith (1973)

It is evident by the attendance at the reunion that all of our lives have been powerfully impacted by the summers we spent at Many Glacier. The types of friends and co-workers we met were of the highest caliber. I was married a year after my summer at "Many." I would have loved to have returned and worked there again. I did take my new husband back to Many the summer of '76 and we had a wonderful time. I remember Mr. Tippet was so friendly and invited us to dine in the employee dining hall! (He was not nearly as scary as I found him to be when I worked there)!

My journey back to Glacier this past summer was a bittersweet one. I was overjoyed at coming back and hiking in the high country and hoping to see old acquaintances. I had flown to Oregon from Philadelphia and was spending time with my middle son and his family before making the trek. I was recently divorced after 36 years of marriage and still was overcome with emotion from it. I drove from Portland to Glacier alone and marveled again at the beautiful country in which we live. It was such a welcome contrast to the urban blight I am surrounded by each day in Trenton, New Jersey, where I teach. I was in heaven.

After our gathering on the first night of the reunion, I knew I wanted to go on a hike. Let's see ... it says here on the agenda that the hike to Grinnell Glacier is a "medium" hike. I thought: "Heck, I do the ellipticals 3-4 times a week ... I'm certainly up

to more than an 'easy' hike around the lake!" So ... up and ready I was the next morning and met the group in front of Swifty. They looked a little more like pros! They had on hiking vests and camel packs and everything! I was getting a little uneasy but decided to go for it. (I did not even consider altitude difference -- I've lived at sea level for the past 33 years.)

Entering Grinnell's trailhead, I saw Clark and Mary Bormann. I was psyched that they were going because I knew them and I had hiked once with Clark and some friends back in '73 to Iceberg Lake. So ... I kind of teamed up with them and the previous group was ... gone! I found Clark and Mary to be the best of hiking companions. I just loved Mary almost instantly and regretted that I hadn't known her those many summers ago. We shared stories all the way up the mountain. I have to say...it was a bit of a struggle to make it to the resting area on top. (Wow ... when did they put outhouses on the trails??? That was a novel idea!)

As spent as I was, I was confident about the hike down. It was downhill!! But as we proceeded down, I started really feeling upset to my stomach and the arthritis in my knee started to ache. The downhill impact was worse than the hike up! About a mile down from the top is a waterfall ... one where you either hike through it or have to go down off the trail and back up, sliding on rocks. Mary and I decided to walk around and Clark followed. The rock was really unstable. Here

we met a guardian angel -- a 13-year-old boy from Ann Arbor, Michigan. His parents were back up the trail watching a moose that was lying in the meadow. The young man told Mary and me to just follow him ... he would show us the way. He proceeded to help us with each step until we were safely back up on the trail. He said, "Just follow me...I know the way because I helped some other people too." He was so sweet and kind and I will never forget it!

As we continued on down the trail, I knew I was in trouble. The sickness was getting worse, my knee was getting worse, and my body was not responding the way I had anticipated. I don't think I've ever had my body "just give out" before ... but it did that day. I kept telling Clark and Mary to just go ahead and I'd be fine. They wouldn't hear of it. They stayed with me, step by step to the end. When the sign said 1/2 mile, I knew that I was out completely. My legs would not move. Just then the boat appeared to take people back to Many. Clark got me a seat onboard and then he and Mary finished the hike. They picked me up at Many to take me back to Swiftcurrent Lodge. I went in and collapsed. When I awoke a bit later ... I was fine. The sickness had passed and my knee was well again.

Clark and Mary Bormann are examples of the type of people who worked and return to Many Glacier. They are caring, loving and selfless. My gratitude is deep and I am so sorry I slowed them down that day. They never did anything but be supportive and helpful. Thank you, Clark and Mary.

MEMORIES OF THE REUNION

We Will Have Moments to Remember

January to December, We'll have moments to remember.

The friends we made from far away...

The work we shared from day to day...

We will have these moments to remember.

The July snow and the snowball fight...

The bear grass blooms, oh, what a sight!!

We will have these moments to remember.

Though we didn't make much money

And the summer too soon was gone,

The laughter we were blessed to share

Has echoed on and on.

The hikes to Iceberg Lake and up The Garden Wall...

The icy swims, how we loved it all...

We will have these moments to remember.

The flight at dawn in that little plane...

The Serenades, all the folk songs we sang...

We will have these moments to remember.

Little Terrie Sunshine who lit up the place...

Oh, how we miss that special face...(and too many others).

We will have these moments to remember.

I Do! I Do! think it was much too Fantastick

To put into just one song.

If I tried to share every memory,

The song would go on and on...and on and on.

Though other nights and other days

May find us gone our separate ways,

We will have these moments to remember.

We will have these moments to remember.

*(lyrics written and performed by Cathy Crossland Woods
at the Reunion Serenade,
adapting the song by Robert Allen)*

Memories Beyond Value

It's amazing to me how even one summer as a Many G employee can have such a lasting impact! I remember a co worker on the bar crew of 1971 writing in a Christmas card, "Glacier was so much more than we realized during our stay!" That is demonstrated by the numbers of return "reunionites!" Some people could care less, but for me, my summer in Glacier was truly one of the highlights of my life. How can you put a value on the friendships, the fresh air, the beauty and the thrill of "the hike?" It can NEVER be replaced! I just wish it could have been more years! Maybe I'll return to work when I retire!

Kathleen White (Many Glacier 1971)

Spanning the Generations

Although no one at the Many Glacier reunion had worked with me at that particular hotel, it was really great meeting all of the other enthusiastic people that had worked there. I loved going on the Lake Josephine hike and it was every bit as beautiful as I had remembered it. Also I finally got to spend some time at Logan Pass and see mountain goats (almost up close and personal) and see a herd of mountain sheep running down the mountain. The music programs were outstanding! What a group of performers!

Shirley Sinko (Many Glacier 1957-58)

Crown of the Continent

I had never been on a Red Bus, and I have never liked the idea of a bus tour. Nonetheless, when I returned to the park for the first time in nearly forty years, I was willing to try something new. My wife and I were at the park this past summer for just three days, so we decided to spend one of those days on a Red Bus Tour over Going-to-the-Sun Road. The Crown of the Continent Tour was better than we could have imagined!

Our trip was an eight-hour ride from Many Glacier Hotel to Lake McDonald Lodge and back. The Red Bus was beautifully upholstered and very comfortable. More importantly, we didn't have to worry about driving and instead heard some great stories. The views were magnificent, even with a slight mist in the air. We saw sheep, goats, deer, and a bear. It was particularly fun to see the hikers along the Highline Trail and to recall the hike that I took on that trail many years ago. At that moment, though, I was glad to be inside the Red Bus!

We arrived at Lake McDonald Lodge in time for lunch and had plenty of time to look around the beautiful setting of the Lodge before we began our return trip. The trip back was even better because our jammer had rolled back the top of the bus. There were several places where the bus pulled over and we were able to stand up and see the full panoramic view around us. The tour was very enjoyable, and I recommend it.

John Bork (Many Glacier 1971-72)

Longing for a Shower

I've been to all the reunions since Ray Kozel began to organize them. Thanks to Terri, Tessie and Carol for keeping the lamp burning for us to come back to our mountain home. Being back for the 100th was truly wonderful. My partner Max has felt included enough to come to all of them. This one marked a new first for Max and me. We were dropped at Siyeh Bend on Going-to-the-Sun and hiked into the hotel over Piegan Pass. Beautiful weather. We saw marmots, moose and goats. Barbara Burch took everything but our day packs forward to make it easy. It was a last minute adjustment since bears had closed Swiftcurrent Valley and our much loved Highline to Granite Park would have not allowed us to go over. I have always wanted to walk into the hotel from a Continental Divide pass.

It was wonderful to hear everyone on the porch catching up and laughing as we approached the hotel. I must say, however, now that I am in the second half of my life, I wanted a hot shower before I greeted fellow reunion members. I would not have been so concerned about that 35 years ago! It was great to have another Hootenanny and Serenade. I never tire of good music and memories. Thanks to all who helped make it great.

Andrew Metcalfe (Many Glacier 1972-77)

A 36-Year Rainbow

Like a phoenix rising from the ashes, the 2010 Many Glacier Centennial Reunion brought people together, fired memories and resurrected traditions from a different time. Not least among them was a performance of "Somewhere Over the Rainbow", performed by Ken Latta and Carol Repulski Dahle. Pictures show a 1974 performance and a 2010 reprise.



Cathy Crossland Woods performs "We Will Have Moments to Remember". (Dan Saunders photo)



Deja Vu!



Carol Dable sings "Somewhere over the Rainbow", accompanied by Ken Latta on trumpet. The two performances spanning a millenium -- 1974 and 2010. (photos courtesy of Carol Dable)

GEARJAMMER REUNION SECTION

Overflowing Glacier Park Lodge: Memories of the Great Gearjammer Reunion of 2010

By Ray Djuff
(*Prince of Wales 1973-75, 78*)

From the moment the registration table opened for the 2010 gearjammer reunion until the final farewells, the conversations never stopped. Small groups of jammers would congregate and the grouping would grow larger as more friends recognized each other, exchanged hellos and joined the talk, with large groups breaking into smaller ones, growing and hiving off again. It was a scene repeated countless times at Glacier Park Lodge as friends from up to 70 years ago met and renewed acquaintances during the gearjammer reunion, September 8-10. I'd witness the same gatherings in the morning, when the reunion activities began, and late in the evening, with groups of jammers and their spouses and partners having a rollicking good time in the hotel lounge. It was, to my mind, a sure sign of the success of the reunion.

The gathering of 320-plus gearjammers, family members and friends was the brainchild of former jammer (1949-50) Leroy Lott of Texas. He had organized, on short notice, a gathering of jammers in 2001 to welcome back to Glacier the red buses following their refurbishment by Ford. In the wake of that very successful event, there were suggestions to hold another, larger reunion.

Leroy begged off until late June 2008, when he, red bus aficionado Bruce Austin, and I met for the party in West Glacier marking the 75th anniversary of the opening of Going-to-the-Sun Road. A meeting in East Glacier the next day with Cindy Ognjanov, president and CEO of Glacier Park, Inc., sealed the deal. We were committed to finding 250 people who'd be willing to meet for a reunion in September 2010 to cel-

brate the contributions of gearjammers to Glacier and, not coincidentally, mark the park's 100th anniversary.

The yeoman's work of finding former gearjammers was undertaken by Leroy, whose wife Billie graciously accepted Leroy's preoccupation. With the aid of volunteers (who worked to find jammers from their decade or era), Leroy worked through personal challenges and family tragedies to track down as many former gearjammers as he could. It was an effort of immense personal sacrifice by Leroy.

To promote the event, Leroy and Bruce Austin arranged to have Kate Roosevelt, the great-granddaughter of President Franklin Roosevelt, take a tour of Going-to-the-Sun Road in 2009 on the 75th anniversary of her esteemed relative's visit to Glacier. Kate gladly went along with the plan, riding in one of three 1927 Cadillacs used in the original tour. The event brought the reunion effort untold publicity.

As attendance grew, we soon realized we'd outgrown the facilities at Glacier Park Lodge. There was no room big enough to hold us all. We were fortunate in that the Great Northern Railway Historical Society was holding its convention immediately after our reunion, and the society, facing the same problem, had rented a tent for the occasion, placing it on the hotel's front lawn. We were able to piggy-back on that rental, for a reduced cost.

The price reduction was critical. As reunion organizers, we had no cash with which to front expenses. We had only the \$45 attendance fee per family, which nowhere neared the amount we'd need. Bruce Austin came to the rescue with a loan from The Jammer Trust, a Montana non-profit he'd set up to buy and

restore the historic buses of Glacier and Yellowstone Parks. A grant from the Glacier Fund further aided us in our efforts. Sales of jammer-related merchandise gave us a further financial cushion.

There were only three planned events for the reunion: a Cowboy Cookout to welcome attendees, a tour of Going-to-the-Sun Road on red buses, and a Tall Tales session at the end so jammers could swap stories. During the day and on two evenings there were several optional events: talks about the park, historical walking tours of Glacier Park Lodge, and tours of the bus barns. Presentations by Mike Buck (on the history of gearjamming in Glacier) and Bill Dakin (on the history of Going-to-the-Sun Road) were highlights.

The bus barn tours were led by the head of GPI Transport, David Eglsaer. Reunion attendees got to see the garage where repair and servicing is done, the "barn" where the buses are stored, and the dorm. The latter proved a very emotional experience. Tears welled up as drivers walked the dorm stairs and hallways, with some getting to see their old rooms (some rooms were occupied by GPI staff).

The Tall Tales session that ended the reunion Friday night, September 10, was full of laughter and much good-natured joshing. There were final cheers for Leroy Lott for a job exceptionally well done. There was talk of another reunion, within five years. A new crew will be needed to shepherd the project through, although Leroy, Bruce and I are certainly willing to share any knowledge that we can, as well as Leroy's extensive gearjammer database.

Here's hoping this is the start of a tradition of gearjammer reunions!

Once a Gearjammer - Always a Gearjammer!



(Ray Djuff photo)

By Leroy Lott (*Gearjammer 1949-50*)

What a glorious reunion celebration it was! Untold numbers of gearjammers reunited with their friends from their college age Red Bus driving experience in the revered Glacier National Park. They brought their jammer friends up-to-date with their family members, including pictures of their grandkids, their careers, where they now live, and retirement travels as they swapped stories and memories.

They all celebrated Glacier's 100th birthday and the slogan written on the back of the white T-shirts given by Ford Motor Co. to jammers who attended the previous reunion in 2002 (celebrating Ford's restoration of the buses). Ford's slogan, *Once a Gearjammer – Always a Gearjammer*, was again prominently displayed on banners in the lobby of Glacier Park Lodge and inside the meeting tent to celebrate Glacier's centennial and the gearjammer reunion.

Jammers and their families and friends, numbering over 330, met in a huge white tent erected on the front lawn of Glacier Park Lodge. The lodge meeting rooms were too small to hold anywhere near this number.

The centennial provided other meaningful goals. Former Red Bus drivers wanted to show off *their* park and *their* bus to their spouses, children and/or friends. Most did not realize the strong desires and need for just such an occa-

sion until they encountered long-ago friends in the lodge lobby, corridors and in the tent. Those that met with their fellow drivers picked up conversations as if they had just returned from delivering their dudes to Many Glacier or Lake McDonald Lodge in 1950, 60 years ago.

One jammer's wife said she had as much fun or more than her husband. There was nothing that could have taken the place of this reunion – so much so that toward the end there was considerable talk about holding another one or variations of this giant of reunions. Superlatives were used to express appreciation to the 2010 Gearjammer Reunion Steering Committee. None expressed a disappointment.

Oh yes, they wanted to enjoy the panoramic views from a Red Bus one more time, for old times' sake. All wanted to have the opportunity to share their families and lives lived since Glacier with their old driving buddies. Yes, some were old! The oldest was John F. Suttle, 1939-40 whose son, John C. drove in 1968. This was one of the two father-son sets of jammers. The other was Bob and Lindsey Kopp. Numerous jammers – male and female – brought the spouses they met in Glacier while college students or after graduation.

Several groups held private gatherings to show their driving year pictures, their *Driver's Manual*, and their "trip tickets," and to reminisce. Some had group pictures of fellow driver/guides to share.

Some even had photos of the sweethearts that they met and dated while jammers. The hook-ups in the lobby were interesting to view.

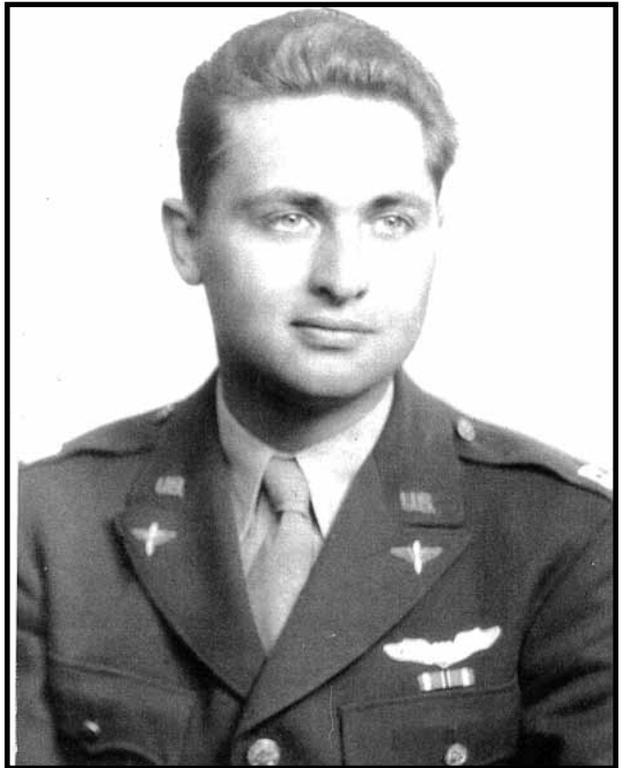
Programs of keen interest to returning gearjammers seemed to perfectly provide what they wanted to see and hear. Ray Djuff delivered a preview of his coming book on Two Guns Whitecalf, a Black-foot chief who was utilized extensively by the Great Northern Railway and Glacier Park Lodge during the heydays of railroad passenger arrivals at Glacier. Bruce Austin made The Jammer Trust's vintage Glacier vehicles available for photos and for trips to Logan Pass and back to Glacier Park Lodge. Included on the back of his large, bus-hauling truck was a life-size picture of Leroy lifting a curtain exposing the right front area of the famous Red Bus.

Mike Buck enjoyed his opportunity to present an interesting and informative Power Point presentation of his 16 summers in Glacier. Mike had this to say about the event: "My sincere gratitude for being part of a truly spectacular 'jammer' reunion in 2010. It will never, ever, be surpassed and probably will never, ever be equaled."

Most jammers this writer spoke with felt the same way about Mike's vast materials and professional presentation. Mike continued: "What a wonderful way to bring closure to sixteen never-to-be-forgotten summer seasons."

FROM BUSES TO B17s Gearjammer Memories of the '40s

(Photo courtesy of Chet Bowers.)



By Chet Bowers (*Gearjammer* 1941, 46)

Editor's Note: Between his gearjammer summers, Chet Bowers served in the Eighth Air Force as copilot of a B-17 "Flying Fortress." He flew 35 combat missions over Nazi-occupied western Europe, the last of which was in support of the landings on D-Day. His plane was several times struck by flak and by enemy warplanes' machine-gun fire. Now 90, Chet lives in Boise, Idaho with his wife Maida, where he still teaches classes, hikes, hunts, fishes, and canoes.

What a great celebration for the grandest national park of them all! Congratulations to Glacier on its 100th birthday! I had the good fortune and privilege of driving the red busses in 1941 (pre-war in the U.S., but wartime in Canada) and again in 1946, after the war.

1941 was an exciting, romantic, and dangerous time. Britain and Canada were fully engaged against the German juggernaut whose land and air forces had overwhelmed Poland, the Netherlands, and most of France in a matter of days and months.

Three events were pivotal in determining the world's future. A different outcome in anyone of these three would have changed the geography and culture of our sphere, and would have affected the lives of everyone.

First: A British expeditionary force of almost 400,000 men had been pushed back to the beaches of Dunkirk, on the French coast. The

Royal Navy and every civilian craft that would float crossed the channel, and in the "Miracle of Dunkirk," evacuated 225,000 of these men who would live to fight again. This was in late May and early June of 1940.

Second: Immediately following Dunkirk, Hitler was advised by his very capable field commanders to immediately launch "Operation Sea Lion" -- a land, sea, and air invasion of England which would probably have been successful. Instead Hitler took the advice of his Luftwaffe Chief, Herman Goehring, who claimed that his air crews, already making up to 1,000 aircraft raids day and night, would bomb the Brits into submission. He didn't figure on Winston Churchill and the stout will of the British people.

Third: "The Battle of Britain" commenced in the summer of 1940 when 750 young airmen climbed into their Hurricanes and Spitfires, attacking Luftwaffe formations with such ferocity that a humiliated Goehring, suffering huge losses, had to call off his dogs. "The Battle" peaked in October of 1940. Churchill's statement, "Never have so many owed so much to so few" stands true today. Had any of those 1940 events turned out differently -- If we had not achieved air superiority -- there never would have been a "D-Day," and Hitler would have

owned everything from Scandinavia to Africa.

Against this dramatic background, we "jammers" in 1941 enjoyed our association with the great kids, mostly from the Twin Cities, who worked for the hotel company. Many lasting relationships were formed.

In Waterton's international atmosphere, the Royal Canadian Mounted Police wore their scarlet tunics, jodhpurs, and polished leather boots, mounted on horses, not Chevrolets. We jammers also wore britches, boots, shirts and ties ... pretty classy!

Royal Canadian Air Force cadets from Ft. McCleod came down to chase the lovely and talented girls of Waterton. They also enjoyed the ground level view of this magnificent lake and valley (contrasted with their aerial view as they "buzzed" the Prince of Wales Hotel in their twin engine bomber trainers). With this mix, breakfast at the Tourist Café was an experience in itself.

We Jammers did our best to impart our newly acquired knowledge about the geology, botany, forestry, and animal life of the park to our passenger guests. They, in turn, gave us – a bunch of college kids from 15 different states – a glimpse of what the rest of the world was like.

In 1946, trying to adjust to civilian life after four years of war, I called Fred Noble, asking if he needed another driver. His reply was, “Come on out!” As a senior driver, I was given special assignments, such as driving visiting dignitaries. One such assignment involved driving an Italian countess and her secretary

– in the Lincoln Continental convertible, of course! I had the envy of every other jammer! We imagined that the countess probably looked like Sophia Loren, and the secretary was a cute blonde.

Waiting at Glacier Park Station as the passengers disembarked and walked up to the hotel lobby, I didn’t see anyone of our perceived description. I asked my friend at the front desk if a countess had arrived. He pointed across the lobby with a grin, and there she was. In terms of feminine beauty, she would have treed a bullfrog at 20 yards, and her secretary was a white Russian male

who wore perfume! In the three days I drove them, they seldom addressed me and seemed to have little interest in the park ... so much for celebrities!

Another memorable experience was driving the mayor of Philadelphia and his entourage over Logan Pass in old #104, with a stop at the top for lunch. Their chef opened a couple of huge wicker baskets in the baggage compartment, and prepared to serve delicious sandwiches and finger foods, plus a couple of buckets full of dry Martinis. I still feel offended that the mayor didn’t offer me a small glass or two of that delightful beverage. They were a wonderful group of fun people.

Driving the red busses was a unique, wonderful experience – the best job I ever had!

In 1946, trying to adjust to civilian life after four years of war, I called Fred Noble, asking if he needed another driver. His reply was, “Come on out!”

Chet Bowers, lower right, and the crew of his B-17 “Flying Fortress” at their Air Force base in Thorpe Abbots, England in 1944. (Photos courtesy of Chet Bowers.)



GEARJAMMER MEMORIES OF THE '50s

By Don Perry (*Gearjammer 1954-59*)

“One-Passenger Wilson” and the Hollywood Entourage

St. Mary Lodge opened in 1954, my first summer at Glacier. Early that summer, they were filming a movie, “Cattle Queen of Montana,” starring Barbara Stanwyck and Ronald Reagan. The cast and crew (and equipment) were staying at the new lodge.

One of the other new drivers took a run from East Glacier to Many Glacier carrying only a single passenger, a little old lady. I believe that his last name was Wilson. He was a pre-med student at Case Western Reserve in Cleveland. He was a very nice person, but didn't always seem to be well concentrated on the task at hand.

Sid Couch (my high school teacher who got me my job) was the transport agent at Many. Wilson was more than one hour late arriving there with the little old lady. Sid called Fred Noble, the General Manager of Glacier Park Transport Company. Poor Mr. Noble didn't know what to do. He was about to send our chief mechanic, Gene, in his pickup to look for the missing bus. Then Sid called again and told him that Wilson had finally arrived with his very hungry passenger.

The next day we got the whole story. Our normal rest stop on the East Side run was at the Blackfeet Indian Craft Shop at St. Mary Junction. When Wilson approached the Junction, he noticed a lot of activity in front of the new lodge. The cast and crew were loading up to go out for a day of shooting film. They appeared

to be a little behind schedule. Wilson thought that his single passenger would enjoy stopping for awhile to watch the commotion, so he parked right beside the front porch.

Nothing was moving. Then Barbara Stanwyck walked out onto the porch and in a very loud voice that could probably be heard throughout the entire Junction yelled, “Let's get this *@#&% show on the road!!” Everyone started jumping. Wilson thought the little old lady might faint. In those days morality was a lot different than now and language like that was not all that common in public. It was such an interesting stop that Wilson lost track of time, and that is why they were so late getting up to Many.

A few months ago I was talking to Elmer Gaudet and he reminded me of his fender bender in 1959 and how he was concerned that he might be fired. I told him that that was not such a big deal as some other problems management had with some of the drivers -- like Wilson and his single passenger.

When I took my wife for her first visit to Glacier Park in 1972, we stayed at all four hotels. While we were in the bar at East for cocktail hour, the Hotel Doctor walked in. It was “one passenger” Wilson from 1954! We had a nice long visit. It seems he enjoyed the tourist trade so much that he worked as a doctor full time at various hotels, on cruise ships, etc., all year around. He was (and I hope still is) a great guy.

Some 1953 drivers told me that during that summer they were filming

another movie, “Dangerous Mission,” starring Victor Mature and Piper Laurie. The filming of the outdoor scenes was beautiful, but not geographically correct. For example, someone might walk out the front door of the East Glacier Lodge and suddenly be at the foot of Grinnell Glacier. There are several scenes like that in the movie. Also that summer, Groucho Marx toured the Park with a very young lady. He was very funny (using language more appropriate for comedy clubs of today than for 1953).

The Great Rotary Club Tour of '54

In my first summer, 1954, the Glacier Park Transport Co. (GPTCO) probably had the largest one-day, one-organization tour in Park history. It came on the Great Northern Railway (of which GPTCO was not yet a part). The tour arrived at East early in the morning. All its members had had breakfast on the train before it arrived, so when they got off the train they just walked up to the Lodge. A multitude of red busses were waiting to take them all over Logan Pass to Belton. Their luggage stayed on board the train, so that they could reboard quickly and then have a leisurely lunch while they traveled to their next destination. No hotel in Glacier could have handled such a large group for even one quick meal.

Mr. Noble did not have enough busses to handle such a large group, even after taking every spare bus from the other hotels. He had the mechanics get four or five of the “old” busses (retired vehicles from the 1920s) ready for the tour. And

(Continued from previous page)

he hired four or five retired locals who once had driven for GPTCO and knew how to operate the old busses. The temporary drivers had dinner with us the night before and breakfast with us in the morning, in our great private dining hall. They each told stories of their driving days and they had a captive audience. We enjoyed every story.

One story I will never forget. I was sitting right across the table from the speaker, a retired Montana State Police officer. One day he had to arrest a drunk. He was, of course, working alone, and he had a real struggle getting his prisoner handcuffed with his hands in front. He stuck him in the back seat of his patrol car and set off for a long drive to the particular jail he had to take him to.

The prisoner was verbally abusive from the beginning. Then, as they were driving down a steep hill, the prisoner jumped up from his seat and reached his hands, and the cuffs, over the officer's head. He pulled back as hard as he could against the officer's throat, using the cuff's chain like a garrote. The car went over the side of the steep hill at full speed with both of them locked in a struggle. The next thing the officer remembered was waking up in an ambulance or the hospital. He never mentioned what became of his prisoner.

The officer suffered numerous broken bones and his State Patrol days were over. It was some time before he could even drive. He drove very little in his retirement, but enjoyed coming back to Glacier for a day and getting to drive an old red bus again.

The Rotary Club tour was a huge project. Mr. Noble was very con-

cerned with what might happen if every single bus was on the road at the same time and one of the busses broke down. Fortunately, when the final lineup was prepared, there was one empty bus at the end of the list. If the last bus broke down, the passengers could be transferred to the empty bus. Guess who was the last bus -- good old # 103, me.

The chief mechanic at East in those days was named Gene. He was Native American, presumably Blackfeet. All the drivers feared him. At the end of the season when we had to steam clean our busses, he would inspect them very carefully and if he found even a speck of grease, he would make us start over. It was like being in the military again.

As an extra precaution, Mr. Noble had Gene follow the last bus (me) in his pickup truck with appropriate tools in the bed. What an experience that was! Every foot of the trip, on every single curve, I had Gene the Terrible just a few feet behind my rear bumper. I spent as much time looking in my rearview mirror as I did watching where I was going. I think that drive was more nerve wracking than my seven months in Korea during the war.

At Belton everything went smoothly. There was no luggage to deal with, and the train arrived a lot earlier than we did. A lot of the drivers probably made good tips from the tour, but I didn't receive a single dime for making that stressful drive! I never had a passenger that day.

After the train left, Ino Belsaas (the Lake McDonald Transport Agent) called GPTCO headquarters at East, as he normally did. Awhile later he came out with a lineup in his hand. Since all the busses were now at Belton, most had to deadhead to other locations in the Park.

Ino went down his list. The first big bunch of busses he sent to East on Highway 2. The next bunch he sent to Many over the Pass. At the bottom of the list there was a single bus left -- once again, # 103! Ino said, "Sorry, Don, but you are deadheading to Prince of Wales by way of the Pass." I had a girlfriend at PW, but that was a long trip, Belton to the Prince nonstop.

I feel fairly certain that no driver in Park history deadheaded more miles in one day than I did on my Rotary Club adventure. If someone did, I sure would like to know the circumstances!

Mr. Noble . . . had the mechanics get four or five of the "old" busses (retired vehicles from the 1920s) ready for the tour. And he hired four or five retired locals who once had driven for GPTCO. The temporary drivers . . . each told stories of their driving days and they had a captive audience. We enjoyed every story.

The JAMMERS Unite!

*(Gearjammer photos courtesy of Ray Djuff,
Leroy Lott and Judy Fuglestad)*



Centennial Gatherings!



(Photos courtesy of Carol Dahle, Ray Djuff, Judy Fuglestad, Rolf Larson, Leroy Lott and Dan Saunders.)



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.

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



(Panorama by Christine Baker)