

THE INSIDE TRAIL



Voice of the Glacier Park Foundation Spring 2016 Volume XXXI, No. 1

A Close Call at Rising Sun

*The Reynolds Creek Fire just misses
the Motor Inn*



(Photo Chris Peterson, Hungry Horse News)

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Glacier Park Foundation Pursues New History Projects

For 36 years, the Glacier Park Foundation has worked to preserve the history of Glacier's lodges and its historic red buses. The past five years have provided extraordinary forums for those efforts, in the centennials of Glacier Park (2010), Glacier Park Lodge (2013), Lake McDonald Lodge, Granite Park and Sperry Chalets (2014), and Many Glacier Hotel (2015). We also cohosted a massive gearjammer reunion (2010), and led a successful public campaign to preserve the red bus fleet (2013).

As Glacier continues its second century, we enjoy more opportunities to share the Park's history. One is the extraordinary restoration work at Many Glacier Hotel. The National

Park Service is investing \$13.5 million there this year. The Circular Staircase, which was Many Glacier's original iconic feature, will be reinstalled in the lobby. Much other preservation work will be done in the lobby and the Annex.

Glacier's concessioner Xanterra wishes to replicate historic furnishings in the rooms at Many as closely as possible. We invite members of GPF who worked at Many before 1957 to share any photos or memories that you may have of the décor in the rooms.

GPF also has made arrangements to give historical orientations to employees at lodges in and around the Park. Xanterra and Glacier Park,

Inc. have graciously agreed to these arrangements. In June 2016, GPF director and historian Ray Djuff will give talks on lodge history to the staffs at Glacier Park Lodge and at the Prince of Wales Hotel. In 2017, additional orientation programs are planned for Many Glacier and Lake McDonald Lodge. In future years, we hope to add programs for Rising Sun, Swiftcurrent and St. Mary Lodge.

GPF will supplement these talks with historical handbooks for the employees. Handbooks for Glacier Park Lodge and the Prince of Wales already have been compiled. The books are about 20 pages long. They include a brief history, a timeline of events at the hotel, a half dozen good stories, and sections on Architecture and Art and on Personalities.

The handbooks and orientation talks are meant to enhance the employees' experience and to help them interpret the lodges for Park visitors. GPF is pleased to share its resources and the experience of its members to promote these worthy goals.

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

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

Evacuating Rising Sun



(Diane Sine Photo.)

July 21, 2015 was a typical midsummer day for me at our company offices in Columbia Falls.

By Marc Ducharme (General Manager, Glacier National Park Lodges)

July 21, 2015 was a typical midsummer day for me at our company offices in Columbia Falls. Then, around 4:00 PM, I got a call that a fire had been reported in Glacier Park around the head of St. Mary Lake. It was being blown rapidly in the direction of the compound at Rising Sun. We assembled our Incident Command Group.

We'd trained for this sort of a situation. It was a below-average moisture year, and we knew that fire danger would be high. The previous winter, we had developed a master

plan and done tabletop planning. Each of the members of our Incident Command Group had a role.

My role was to relay communication between the National Park Service and our team. For about an hour, they deliberated whether to evacuate Rising Sun. That time was very valuable to us as we waited in our company board room.

Dave Eglssaer, our Transportation Manager, is responsible to have off-duty vehicles ready to assist with an evacuation. During the hour of waiting, Dave assembled red buses and shuttle vans at Rising Sun.

Around approximately 5:00 PM, we were called by our Rising Sun location manager, Hallie Brown. She told us that the Park Service had ordered the staff and guests out. It was a no-nonsense, leave-your-toothbrush evacuation, which was completed in half an hour. Hallie and her managers closed the compound, locked the doors, took a roll call of employees, and got them into vehicles. There was no time to pack up anything from the campstore or anybody's personal gear.

There were about 65 employees at Rising Sun. Many American employees had cars. The international

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employees joined them or boarded the red buses and the vans, along with those guests who had no private vehicles.

The evacuees drove around the south side of Glacier on U.S. Highway 2. They assembled at our company's recreational vehicle park in Coram, near West Glacier. (The recreational vehicle park houses employees who work at Lake McDonald Lodge or the Village Inn and prefer not to live in the dormitories there.)

While the Rising Sun staff was taking the long drive around the Park, other members of our Incident Command Group were in action. Our Human Relations director, Lynette Franks, was in charge of getting camping gear. She drove to the nearest Walmart and bought up all the tents she could find, along with sleeping bags and toiletries.

Our Controller, Linda Updike, was responsible to organize the first meal. She and her accounting staff bought a lot of pizza, salad and soft drinks. It was heartwarming to see the Rising Sun employees arrive and find warm pizza and tents awaiting them.

The first hours went by very smoothly. The advance planning really paid off. Of course, the employees had a million questions ("Will I be sent home?" "Will I be paid?").

We chose to pay the employees for 40 hours a week of standby time. We didn't know whether we could reopen Rising Sun, but we hoped to have the staff intact if that proved possible.

Day by day, we were briefed by the Park Service about the state of the fire. Our Food and Beverage Department, Jim Chapman and Jeremiah Hook, had the duty to feed the evacuees. The employee dining room staff at Lake McDonald Lodge prepared the extra meals, which then were transported to Coram.

About a week after the evacuation, the Park Service let us make a quick foray to Rising Sun. We took a large warehouse truck and about a dozen employees to the site. The Park Service granted us two hours there.

We systematically ransacked the place. We went from room to room, quickly packing employees' belongings into garbage bags for transportation to Coram. We gathered the guests' belongings as well, and followed our protocol for getting lost-and-found items to the owners.

We visited the kitchen to be sure that the equipment was turned off. (The kitchen crew had dropped their spatulas and left as soon as the evacuation was ordered.) We took perishable items out of the refrigerators. It was quick and efficient work.

About three weeks into the event, with the fire under control but still smoldering, we were authorized to reopen daytime operations. There was too much smoke settling into the valley at night for us to offer lodging. We opened the campstore and provided breakfast and lunch in the restaurant.

After a couple of days, we decided that this plan wasn't going to work. The smoke was too thick for employees to stay in the compound overnight, and anyone with any sort of a breathing problem was impacted severely. It didn't make sense logistically to bring employees back and forth from Coram (a four hours' daily commute). We were able to place nearly all the Rising Sun employees who wanted to stay at other locations.

Great credit goes to our Safety Manager, Terry Bailey. Terry has more than twenty years of experience firefighting in the Great Falls area. He developed our master plan for dealing with fire events, trained our staff, and led tabletop exercises for our Incident Command Group. His hard work enabled us to respond effectively when the Reynolds Creek Fire suddenly menaced Rising Sun.

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By the Dawn's Early Light . . .

Rising Sun Alumni Ponder the Reynold's Fire



(Diane Sine Photo.)

By Joe Stevenson (Rising Sun 1970-76)

When the Reynolds Creek Fire started, I was preparing to attend a Rising Sun reunion. The Motor Inn was built in 1940, and former employees were about to gather in Glacier to observe its 75th Anniversary. As the fire raced down the valley and forced evacuation of the Rising Sun area, we were confronted with the possibility that the entire complex might be destroyed.

Even though it has been four decades since we worked there, the memories are cherished. I tracked the fire's movement and relayed information to a group of former employees. Here are some of their responses:

My oh my. Fingers crossed.... - Neshe North

I'm speechless. You never know about Nature. - Cindy (Boyd) Allgood

Let's all hope and pray for a positive end to this mess. - Dick Bridegroom

This is not good!! It's mind-boggling, all of it! Very scary--hope they can get it under control - Sue (Sanders) Prunty

It hurts to think of a fire in Glacier, especially here. For all of us, and our memories, a tragedy. - Chester North

This is a nightmare. It really, really makes me sad. Just unimaginable. It breaks my heart. Not our dear Glacier!! - Maggie (Rosin) Pelischek

I think of Glacier as the one place I can always go back and it'll be the same, but that's obviously not true. - Helen Bresler

The following day was fraught with uncertainty and the fire seemed unstoppable. I felt like Francis Scott Key awaiting the dawn's early light to make my report. (This was not easy since my vantage point was in Oregon.)

Is Rising Sun still standing? Does anyone know? - Becky (Chapman) Weaver

Rising Sun is in its path? What's the prognosis? - Lloyd Anderson

It appears that Rising Sun is fighting for its survival. It's hard to imagine the power and danger of fire. - Peter Soli

I'm already in mourning for Baring Creek cabin. Please! Not Rising Sun too! - Chris (Metzger) Baker

(Expletive deleted.) - Gus Chambers

Hope they contain the fire soon. Rising Sun will survive! - Bruce Adams

Although the fire continued to burn, its progress was being controlled. Credit goes to the firefighters for their heroic efforts and the Park Service, state, county and tribal law enforcement for their support. The first hard evidence that Rising Sun had survived appeared in *The Hungry Horse News* more than a week later when they ran a photograph of the Camp Store. The picture was picked up by the wire services and ran nationally.

The feeling of relief allowed for some levity. We questioned the efficacy of saving the dorm we called "Rat Haven." Surely a tent in Coram would be an upgrade! It was tongue-in-cheek because our experi-

ence was a sum of all the parts and any loss would have been devastating.

With the immediate threat reduced, our thoughts turned to more practical matters.

So what does this do to the reunion plans? - Bill Muth

Holy crap! We may have to cancel our trip!!! - Bruce Adams

We stuck to the original plan with minor adjustments. We found accommodations at Johnson's, Red Eagle Motel and the KOA in St. Mary. We were six miles from where we wanted to be, but closer than we had been for many years.

With Going-to-the-Sun Road closed at the St. Mary entrance, the only open trail in our vicinity was the 3.5 mile Beaver Pond Loop. The trail head was an ideal spot for viewing Rising Sun across the lake. Active flames were producing columns of smoke from the Rose Creek Basin and other points near Two Dog Flats. There was a yellowish haze in the sky, and we could smell smoke. The conditions weren't ideal for a hike, but we remembered what it was like to have a single day off per week and made the best of it.

The trail begins behind the 1910 Ranger Station and climbs to the terminal moraine of the glacier that carved St. Mary Valley. We followed this low ridge through the 2006 Red Eagle burn. It was significant to us because even

(Continued on page 13)

A Close



Call at

*Retrieving Precious
Items from the
Path of the Fire*



Rising Sun



(Diane Sine Photos.)

*By Jacquie Hjelmseth Fennell
(Many Glacier 1978, '81-'82)*

I was blessed to have grown up in Missoula, Montana – a beautiful 2½ hour drive from Glacier. Working at Many Glacier Hotel in the summers of '78, '81, and '82 gave me countless memorable experiences and lifelong friendships. I've had the good fortune to visit the Park nearly every summer since, in conjunction with visiting my parents.

Almost all the visits have been short – usually only 2-3 days, due to work and kids' schedules. But last summer, using the MGH reunion as a catalyst, I carved out time to spend 10 glorious days in the Park. My dear friend Kathleen (Lawrence) McPhearson (MGH '80,' 81) and I started planning a year in advance to hike for a week before the reunion.

I booked Sperry Chalet (after hitting re-dial 167 times the morning reservations became available!). I also booked a cabin in Polebridge, so that we could explore a part of the Park unfamiliar to us. Those hikes to Numa Ridge lookout, Sperry Glacier and other trails were spectacular and memory making. But that's not why I'm writing ...

In October 2014, one of my closest friends passed after a 9-month battle with brain cancer. In November, her husband, David, expressed an interest in traveling to Montana with us the following summer. Of course he had to see Glacier!

I determined to book another trip to the Park, but I knew that November was late to get accommodations. After checking all the lodges, I found that only Rising Sun had rooms still

available. In our 37 years of visiting Glacier, we'd never stayed at that location, but we were thankful to find rooms available relatively close to the Many Glacier valley.

On Monday, July 20th - 10 days before the reunion - David, my husband Scott, my mother, daughters and I all headed to Rising Sun. What a joy it was to see the Going-to-the-Sun Highway through the eyes of our friend, viewing its indescribable majesty for the first time! I ended our first day in the Park by retreating to the creek behind Rising Sun and playing worship songs on my violin, giving thanks for such remarkable creation.

We rose early the next morning and headed to MGH to hike the Grinnell Glacier trail. Again, it was very enjoyable to share this stunning hike

A Close Call (continued)

with David, who was moved by more beauty at every turn. It was a clear, sunny day - very hot. As we rode the boat back to the hotel, we noticed dark smoke clouds over Mt. Allen.

Walking into the hotel, we were met with much commotion. We soon learned about the Reynold's Creek fire and were informed that Rising Sun had been evacuated. Many concerns and questions ensued. Foremost on my mind was my violin. Was there any way of getting into Rising Sun quickly to rescue it? And also the rest of our belongings - 7 suitcases filled with clothes, personal items as well as MacBooks and iPads. David expressed concern that his prayer journal was left in the cabin - where he had processed the last year of his wife's life.

And where would we stay that night? I knew that all the lodges and motels had been booked for months. With the evacuations, finding alternate lodging would be impossible.

We camped out in the lobby, speaking frequently to the very helpful woman at the information desk. We were on the phone often with rangers assessing fire danger at Rising Sun. Around 9 PM, MGH's assistant manager, Angel, somehow found us two rooms.

This kind, helpful man lived up to his name many times during our adventure, as well as in the following week during the reunion. We were offered a large room with two queen beds and a rollaway on the 3rd floor and a lakeside balcony room with 2 twin beds. (Since there were 5 women and 2 men in our party, I'll leave it to you to guess who were the lucky recipients of that lakeside balcony room!)

[T]he wind apparently shifted and suddenly he saw flames within 60 feet! (The flames were coming from the very location where I had played my violin that first night.)

The following day we learned that Rising Sun was in danger. There was absolutely no way that we could get access there to rescue our belongings. So we decided to drive back to Missoula and pray - first for the safety of the firefighters and rangers, but also that Rising Sun (and our stuff) would be saved.

For two days we were in touch with rangers who kept us informed of conditions around Rising Sun. At 9 AM on the third day, a ranger called to inform us they were letting people go in from 11:00-11:30 AM to collect belongings. But since the Sun Road was closed at Logan Pass, we would have had to travel around Highway 2 - a 4½ hour drive. It was impossible to get there in time.

I called my friend Barb Burch (of the Glacier Park Boat Co.) while my mom called Kristen Johnson (of Johnson's of St. Mary) to see if anyone could go in for us. I couldn't reach Barb immediately, but my mom reached Kristen. She said that one of her employees, Sam, was planning to go to Rising Sun during that half hour window to get his car. She connected us, and Sam said that he'd be happy to collect our belongings.

It occurred to us that there might be an issue with someone else going in to claim our possessions. We were in the process of faxing a document to Johnson's giving Sam permission to collect our things when Diane Steele Sine called. (I had worked with Diane at MGH in '81 and '82,

and she is now a ranger). She had overheard my conversation with the ranger that morning, learned about my violin, and called to offer her assistance. She said that she'd give Sam clearance to go into Rising Sun for us. Help from all sides!

I wish I could have seen "the rescue." Sam had half an hour to collect all our stuff from two cabins, as well as to remove his car. While he was in our second cabin, the wind apparently shifted and suddenly he saw flames within 60 feet! (The flames were coming from the very location where I had played my violin that first night.) Rangers began yelling for everyone to get out. Sam scooped up the last armful of gear and ran to his car. All was retrieved. Everyone was safe.

My husband and David drove to Johnson's that afternoon. They thanked Sam profusely and enjoyed a great dinner there. When they arrived home with our belongings, we found that the bags included Rising Sun's towels, information books and an iron. (Sam was very thorough!)

A few days later I was back in the Park for the Many Glacier reunion. I returned the mistakenly evacuated items to Rising Sun. And I was thankful to be reunited with my violin, playing with good friends at that amazing reunion. Our family is very thankful for all the people who helped us, as well as the firefighters and rangers who risked their safety to preserve Rising Sun.

Lake McDonald Memories



(Alice Greenwald
Zimmerman
Photos.)

*Andrea Adams
(Lake McDonald 1978-79)*

One daffodil-strewn May day in 1978, a thin letter from Ian Tippet arrived in my mailbox. I was a 19-year-old student at University of Massachusetts. The letter contained an offer of a job at the general store at Lake McDonald in Glacier National Park.

The idea to apply to Glacier occurred to me five months earlier when our college outdoors club spent the month of January visiting National Parks throughout the Southwest, ending in California --- 12 people, 2 vans, \$200 dollars each. Montana beckoned hard. The adventure, the excitement, and the sheer joy of setting forth on my own made every cell in my body vibrate with electricity and magic.

I started out on Amtrak's "Lake Shore Limited" --- the train name for the leg from Boston to Chicago.

Then I transferred to the "Empire Builder" line from Chicago to Montana. Tingling with anticipation, I soon discovered that my train car included a park ranger for the Belly River (who entertained us on his autoharp), a jazz musician from Detroit (who looked like he was from the band Earth Wind & Fire and would be working at Many Glacier), a recent Cornell graduate (who was going to meet his Kalispell roommate and hike across the Continental Divide), and a girl named Leslie who was heading to Lake McDonald Lodge with me, assigned to the Garden Court dormitory with Bunny Swarty as our housemother.

We arrived at the Belton train depot and were picked up by the shiny red jammer buses. Leslie and I were

dropped off at Lake McDonald Lodge. Soon thereafter, we wandered down to "the Stockade" where we met "the Wranglers." Some were real cowboys and some were just playing the role for the summer. It didn't matter to me. They took me under their wings and I was theirs for the summer (and in some aspects for the rest of my life as one of them is the Godfather to my now grown daughter).

My boss at the General Store was Mrs. Twamley. She pursed her lips with disapproval regarding my choice of companions. Wranglers, after all, had cars. They went to the Belton Chalet, drank beer and danced on the tables. They played softball against the Park Service employees on Friday nights. Sometimes I'd take my sleeping bag down to the

One daffodil-strewn May day in 1978, a thin letter from Ian Tippet arrived in my mailbox.

wrangler beach where the stars hung low, huge and brilliantly in the black sky, sparking wonder we were part of a vast network of interconnecting galaxies. Mrs. Twamley especially did not like that idea as young girls like me were supposed to be tucked up at the Garden Court with Bunny, our darling 80-year-old housemother.

Nevertheless, I showed up for my shifts at the General Store. I dusted off vintage post cards, and moved tomahawk toy kits and shot glasses printed with grizzly bears around on

rolled double sixes in backgammon. His eyes sparked hazel green like the big ponderosa pines as he tossed the dice. In the driveway, his old aqua GMC pick-up truck held the fishing pole we'd rowed out with earlier that evening, to catch trout from Lake McDonald. A sturdy peeled log staircase led up from the lake to the screened in porch where teasing passed around among the wranglers like a fast ping-pong game. After he won, we went outside, where the stars and the lake beamed at each

Food obtained from the General Store for the hikes was abysmal. The cheese substance adhered our teeth with equal tenacity as it did to the pasta. Because of bears, we didn't dare to bring anything with a wafting aroma. The employee cafeteria wasn't much better — lots of mystery meat and gravy. I survived on peanut M&M's and Dr. Pepper that summer.

While hiking, we encountered new tastes such as tart, sweet thimbleberries that slid like ruby red caps from rounded heads, melting softly as they reached my mouth. Tiny bursts of favor exploded from wild huckleberries that looked like a blueberry with a flat circle versus a star on the end farthest from the stem from which it was plucked. Sometimes the musty smell of steaming bear scat reminded us that we had competition for those scrumptious berries.

I ran into competition for my sweaty t-shirt once. While I was taking a quick jump in a freezing cold, clear blue green alpine lake, a marmot grabbed my t-shirt with his big front teeth. It was in the process of pulling the shirt down into its burrow when my nimble friend entered a tug of war and got it back, intact except for some small holes on the left shoulder. That was lucky or I'd have had to complete the hike wearing my day-pack across my front.

Back at U Mass, after that magical summer, I took up horseback riding. For an hour or two, I could pretend to be down at the horse corral at Lake McDonald where the snuffle and snort, foot stamping, leather saddles and sweaty wranglers mixed with tangy country music and the cold clean water of that beloved lake's water lapping the shore.

Days off were precious and we tried to fit in all the hiking possible. Often, we'd finish work at 3:00 in the afternoon the day before our day off. We'd be likely to set forth on the first leg of a hike, say to Sperry

the shelves to look enticing. I worked with Alana, whose husband was the Lake McDonald ranger, and she kept us entertained with her husband's stories of the interactions between bears and tourists. Visitors to the park loved our store's cigar store Indian and carved mountain man.

Sometimes it got slow and boring in the store and we'd make bets. "I'll bet you a bag of peanut M&M's that they'll ask for a sack, not a bag," I'd say quietly to my co-worker, as a big-bellied man and his skinny wife approached the cash register. We made up the norm that Easterners asked for bags while Westerners asked for sacks. And those Eastern women were more likely to be rotund with a skinny husband, whereas Western men's odds of a portly physique and a wiry wife were higher.

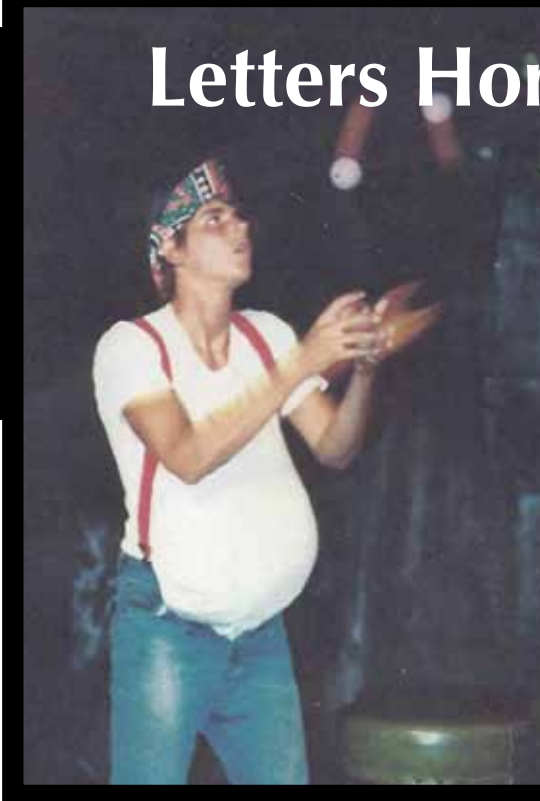
Steely Dan's "Asia" was playing at the Wrangler Cabin when the New York cowboy I fell for that summer

other, dancing across our hearts.

Days off were precious and we tried to fit in all the hiking possible. Often, we'd finish work at 3:00 in the afternoon the day before our day off. We'd be likely to set forth on the first leg of a hike, say to Sperry Chalet, to camp and then complete Gunsight Pass on the full day off, hitchhiking back before dark. White mountain goats and bighorn sheep populated the dry grasses and the steep gravelly mountain paths with us. We were lucky that it stayed light until almost 10:00 in early summer.

Perpetual euphoria was novel for me. I had tremendous energy and used it to push my legs up into the mountains. The perfume that came in wafts of clean pine pitch was intoxicating. Icy glacial streams highlighted the pink and green rock ubiquitous to Glacier Park. We'd crunch through duff and sometimes patches of snow in our hiking boots.

Letters Home from Lake McD



An employee famously hired an Information Desk clerk to write home for him, after which his mother wrote back to the clerk!

By Jeff Yoest
(Lake McDonald Lodge 1976-78)

Editor's Note: These passages are excerpted from an impressive set of letters Jeff Yoest sent to his parents and grandparents during his first summer in Glacier. Many alumni may feel a guilty start seeing the effort Jeff put into these letters (especially the employee who famously hired an Information Desk clerk to write home for him, after which his mother wrote back to the clerk!)

We've been working hard lately; the tourist season is really beginning to peak. Many tours. The job gets kind of old sometimes, but on the whole, it's great. We have really a fine cook, but he's quitting soon (15 hours a day, no days off, no overtime pay, etc.). The concessioner is tighter than the bark on a tree when it comes to money — sometimes to the point of foolishness. They really have a deal with student labor.

Last night most of us working in the dining room stayed till about 1:30AM waxing the floor and cleaning the room. It was not so bad, because we had music and the manager brought wine and we all had a good time just goof-

ing around while we worked. Thank goodness today is my day off.

Last week, Dan, Bruce and I hitched into Whitefish, a town about 30 to 40 miles away. We did it after supper so we did not have much time. People are not overly anxious to pick you up, but we managed to get enough little rides to make it there. We threw a Frisbee in between rides (Dan went to the Frisbee national championships this spring). So we had a lot of fun just fooling around on the road. I think it helped get rides, too. Anyone throwing a Frisbee around can't be too dangerous!

There was a party in one of the girls' dorms which we thought was a costume party, so we made makeshift Arab outfits. We went, and were about the only ones in costumes. We felt like fools, but it was a lot of fun and good for lots of laughs!

Last night was a talent show in the lobby, and one of our busboys, Paul,

from California, appropriately did a juggling act. He ate an apple as it came around, juggling all the while. At the end was an employee sing along, which was much fun.

At next week's talent show, a few friends and I will perform our own version of "Camp Grenada" by Alan Sherman, only it is "Lake McDonald." We made up our own new lyrics. It will be done at one of the periodic talent shows.

We've really had problems in the kitchen lately. Our good cooks quit, for they were definitely not paid what they were worth. Then they hired a cook they had already fired from the Prince of Wales and a goofy guy as a second cook. They lasted a big two days before they were canned.

Last Friday Dan and I hitched to Many Glacier over the Divide. The change was amazing! At Lake McDonald it is mild, very lush and green. There it was very windy and very barren by comparison. No big cedars or great forests like here. When we held up Dan's harmonica it played by itself. One of our rides was an older couple from Utah. Since Dan is studying ecology and I biology, he asked us if we thought we should sacrifice "progress" for ecology. We both said yes.

He kinda got hostile at that and said if we go along with the foolish ecologists, we'll be as bad as the Indians who didn't even have the sense to wear pants (I wonder if Aristotle wore pants).

Mom, Dad and Kyle had a really good visit here. On Sunday the three of them took a horse ride up to Spery Chalet. I guess the trip up was uneventful, but the trip back down

I guess the trip up was uneventful, but the trip back down was a regular rodeo.

was a regular rodeo. The horses began acting up, fighting and running off, and the cowboys couldn't control them. Dad's horse took off into the woods at a fast gallop, Dad yelling "Whoooooah!" But they all returned safe and sound, although sore, from a fun, exciting trip.

Two nights ago was Christmas in July. After I got off work (10PM) everyone met in the lobby where Christmas carols were sung in anticipation of the arrival of Santa Claus. After a long embarrassing wait, he finally arrived...a little bit "tight" (he was portrayed by a dressed-up employee). At this point all the gifts under the tree were handed out for the employee gift exchange. Afterwards, there was an employee dance in the "Wreck Hall" (Rec Hall) with wine, cheese and good music, not to mention some beautiful ladies I had the pleasure to dance with. I haven't had so much fun in a long time!

Last Monday, three of us hiked up to Heaven's Peak Lookout. Rusty drove us to Packer's Roost, where we began our hike about 8AM. Here we fol-

lowed a little used, but fairly decent trail in the McDonald Creek Valley. The dew on the brush was so thick that by the time we reached McDonald Creek to ford it, I had no need to take off my boots, they were so wet.

After crossing we looked for an old pack trail that led up to the lookout, which was abandoned long ago in the 1930s. As we could not pick it up anywhere, we began bushwhacking straight up the ridge. The brush was unbelievably thick like a jungle — so that you could only see 20 to 30 feet in front of you. We kept from getting lost by simply going up.

After several hours of scratching bushes, hordes of flies and mosquitoes and summer sun, we finally got high enough that climbing became easier, and soon we hit the old trail

Bill, the old cowboy who used to lead the pack trains up there when it was still in use, said the trail had to be rebuilt every year, even back then.

on the saddle beneath the ridge. It was a pretty good trail for a ways. We celebrated by eating lunch, then began our climb again. The higher we got the rockier it became, and soon the trail could only be detected in a few isolated places, for rock slides and erosion had obliterated most of it. Bill, the old cowboy who used to lead the pack trains up there when it was still in use, said the trail had to be rebuilt every year, even back then.

The ridge here was about 60 degrees and covered with powdery loose scree and rock, with nothing to hold on to. Here, I turned chicken. I thought it just too dangerous to go on. Seeing the lookout was not worth my life,

for I knew coming down would be much more difficult than going up. I waited behind for about 40 minutes as Rusty and Dan went up, took a few pictures, and came down. I was so relieved they made it. As I waited, I watched a moose in the Camas Valley far below, feeding in Camas Lake.

Not wanting to backtrack through the hell we had ascended, we decided to return via the Camas Valley, across the ridge from whence we began. Again bushwhacking, we went straight down the ridge several thousand feet, using gullies as trails and bushes as "railings." Soon we were in the valley above Camas Lake, a flat marsh with many small beaver ponds and dams, which we also used as bridges. Luckily, we encountered no angry moose or bear, though undoubtedly they were all around us. (Note. The valley is a concentrated area for grizzly). Tracks and dung were everywhere. I looked up from the trail at one point for a second, slipped in a pile of dung, and almost broke my neck!

The valley trail is very sparsely traveled and the place where it crossed the creek, I almost cried at many places because I was thought how hard it would be to follow. We started, lost it once and were bushwhacking again. We almost did not have enough time to get back even with a good trail. But Rusty found it again, and off we went. Soon we came upon Arrow Lake, a beautiful spot, and behold — people! We stopped at their camp... three young men, two from North Dakota and one from London, England.

We took a short break to talk with them, then continued on down the valley to Trout Lake and over Howe Ridge. I didn't know if Rusty or Dan were going to make it, since they were on the verge of blacking out. We



(Jeff Yoest and Alice Greenwald Zimmerman Photos.)



We weren't always working.

tramped down to the Lake McDonald Ranger Station, where we got a lift back home. The ranger said it was one heck of a hike. Some of the rangers had attempted it before and

I looked up from the trail at one point for a second, slipped in a pile of dung, and almost broke my neck!

had to make it a two day hike. To say the least, we were really worn out, although I didn't feel the full effects until work for the next two days.

Recently I couldn't locate my sleeping bag. I had lent it to some girls who hopped a freight to Spokane. When the one who used it returned, she told me she had left it somewhere for me to pick up, but I didn't get it then and later forgot where she said it was. In the meantime, she left for Ohio for good. I looked everywhere conceivable for it, but it was nowhere to be found, and everyone I asked knew nothing of

its whereabouts. I considered it gone for good, when at lunch today one of the dorm mothers brought it in to me. The girl had left it in Cobb Cabin . . . not her dorm, which is why I couldn't find it.

I added up my tips for the past two weeks and found that they amounted to \$1.25 short of \$100 . . . not bad for part time money, like an extra paycheck. I had to turn in 35%, \$34.47, which still leaves me a good bit of money. Glad I won't have to buy another sleeping bag with it!

Last Thursday, seven other Lake McD employees and I hitched (in small groups) to Glacier Park Lodge at East Glacier. That night, we went to the bar (sounds like we've really been boozing it up here, I suppose, but not really), drank a beer, and played hearts. At 9PM there was a square dance downstairs, so we went down to get some dancing started (everyone just sat around, embarrassed to get up and dance). We were

the only ones out on the floor . . . a square of just Lake McDers. After a while we went out in the crowd, pulling people out to get them to dance. When the dance finally ended, we headed for the jammer buses, our sleeping quarters for the night.

Next morning, we hitchhiked to Two Medicine. The weather was quite foul, cold and very windy. We made it up to Dawson Pass, where the winds were unbelievable . . . as windy or windier than Waterton.

The wind chill must have been well below freezing. Most of us hiked back down instead of traveling the ridge to Pitamakan Pass in the terrible winds. My hands were numb and useless, in late August!

Work is getting better, for business is really slowing down now. It's so much more pleasant when you don't have to run your tail off, and have time to talk to the people and give them good service. Take care at home. See you in less than two weeks!

Upcoming: A 40th Year Reunion



By Alice Greenwald Zimmerman
(Lake McDonald 1976-77)

This coming summer (Aug. 26 to Aug. 29) will see the return to Lake McDonald for many employees who called Glacier National Park their home during the summer of 1976. Those of us who spent our summer waiting tables, changing bed linens, waiting tables in the Coffee Shop, preparing salads in the kitchen, serving cocktails in the Stockade — plus many other savory jobs — will be gathering to reminisce about our memorable summer together! Our schedule will allow for social time to reconnect, as well as free time to hike,

sightsee, raft, fish or whatever beckons everybody's hearts,

This is not our first reunion together, although this reunion will see the addition of some new faces that have not joined us for previous reunions. In 2008, Joanie (Vigil) Saltzberg (Linen Crew) had a dream that she needed to bring all of the Lake McDonald employees from that summer together. Working off our typewritten copy of the original roster from 1976, Joanie, Jeff Yoest (Dining Room) and I put on our detective hats to locate long lost employees from that summer.

We gathered for our first reunion in July of 2009. And because we enjoyed

ourselves immensely, We convened for another reunion in August of 2012.

It was then that we targeted 2016 for our next reunion since that would be our 40th year anniversary for working in the park!

We currently have made contact with 84 former employees from that summer, but we know that there are many other employees from 1976 that we have been unsuccessful in locating. If you worked at Lake McDonald in 1976 and we have not yet found you, please contact me (alice_izimmerman@yahoo.com; (614)738-5445) so that we can get you onboard with our reunion fun!

By the Dawn's Early Light (continued from previous page 5)

though there are many dead trees, there are also stands of untouched forest. The regrowth is abundant with meadows and flowers on display, likely to be the future of the Reynolds Creek Fire Zone. The beavers are no longer at the pond and it isn't particularly scenic, possibly explaining why this trail is seldom used.

As we turned west to intersect the Red Eagle Lake Trail, we crossed paths with Chris Peterson and his son. Chris is Mel Ruder's successor as Managing Editor of *The Hungry Horse News*. He had been given access to Rising Sun and took the picture that convinced us the buildings were safe.

Chris also is a prodigious hiker and last summer accumulated 240 miles in attempting to retrace the route Mary Roberts Rinehart had taken in 1914. (His book *Through Glacier Park 1915-2015*

has just been published and is available through the Glacier Park Conservancy.) We talked about the fire, Rising Sun, and the extremely fresh bear scat on the trail. He wasn't concerned about the latter because our group had made enough noise to send all bears into full retreat.

I believe the reunion was a success. The magic was still there; years melted away as we picked up where we had left off. We hiked familiar and unfamiliar trails, attended the concerts at Many Glacier Hotel and explored old haunts from Glacier Park Lodge to the Prince of Wales.

We didn't make it back to Rising Sun — the road reopened two days after our departure. That was a disappointment, but it will serve as an incentive to return and witness the rebirth. Here are some reflections from our group:

If you receive an invitation for a Rising Sun reunion, I strongly recommend you take the opportunity. Relive memories and make new ones. There was never a dull moment and very little down time (unless one chose it). A good time was had by all.
- MoJo Zygmund

I had such a wonderful time hiking, eating, and sharing memories. It will be fondly remembered. - Marilyn (Buffy) Buffinga

I can't stop thinking about the extraordinary days we had together. It was so wonderful to see everyone and catch up with your lives. It was non-stop yakking, (except on the trail when I was too winded to talk). I still didn't have enough time with each of you. We look forward to our next meeting. - Coleen (Dolan) Lucachick



*(Alice Greenwald
Zimmerman Photos.)*

Now & Then
*(It must be
time for a
Reunion)*



**Lake McD
employees in
1976 and at
the 2012
reunion.**



Many Glacier Hotel Memories

Hootenannies of the Mid-60s

By Fergus Prestbye (Many Glacier 1965-66)

At the bottom of the stairs in the St. Moritz Room was a small closet with recording equipment for anything coming from microphones in the main lobby. Because of this, I've had the pleasure of enjoying Monday Night Hootenanny music for the last 50 years from the two years I performed in them, 1965-66.



The first year, we called our group “The Society for the Preservation of Folk Music at Many Glacier Hotel”. The second year the group name was “Fergie and His Friends.” In ‘65 we were the only group, other than soloists, including one of the boatmen who performed with guitar and harmonica.

In ‘66, our group was made up of all new employees. I was the only repeat performer – and that was after having been fired by Chef Wilson and immediately re-hired by Mr. Tippet and given a different job! A college bluegrass group had been hired as bellmen to beef up the Monday Night experience.

I remember that during the summer of ‘66 on Hootenanny Night people were crammed into the lobby and hanging over the railings all the way up to the Crow’s Nest. They enjoyed such tunes as “Cigarettes and Whiskey and Wild Women,” “Kilgary Mountain,” (the Robert DeCormier Folk Singers version) and “Going Home.”



The Many Glacier Gas Station

By Carl Henkel (Many Glacier 1971)

I worked at Many Glacier during the summer of 1971, but where I worked no longer exists! Younger folks don't know that there used to be a gas station above the Many Glacier parking lot. I, a Lutheran seminary student from Wisconsin, was the manager and sole employee of said station. It was a great job, and the whole summer was an absolutely wonderful experience.

*[W]here I worked no longer exists!
Younger folks don't know that there
used to be a gas station above the
Many Glacier parking lot.*



(Fergus Prestbye Photos.)

MGH Memories (continued)

I don't recall ever being bored. I had plenty of customers, and for "tip money" I'd wash cars for \$2.00. I also had a walk-under oil changing pit (which was basically a large hole in the ground, but it worked!) and a supply of oil cans for those wanting fresh oil in their cars. My service station was small but cozy, complete with a radio that pulled in a Kalispell station and a comfy bench that had been pulled from a red bus. Fellow MGH employees would pop in during the day, some staying for an hour or two. That summer, I also learned to play the guitar in my little service station on an instrument purchased from another fellow employee.

A favorite story: One day a man and his family drove up to the pumps (there were two, regular and ethyl) and wanted me to fill his empty tank with regular, but when he saw the price, he changed his mind and hastily decided to go elsewhere. I told him it was a long way to the next station, and that the price of 40.9 cents was the same outside the park, but his mind was made up. He drove off with an empty tank. I'm glad I wasn't in the car to hear what his wife had to say when they were sitting somewhere by the side of the road, in the mountains, out of gas because of her husband's stubbornness!

I was also privileged to lead the Community Sing, which was held each Wednesday evening in the Many Glacier lobby. Janet Jorstad, a fellow midwesterner from Minnesota, was my very capable piano accompanist and each week guests would fill the lobby and join in singing, by request, their favorite

old songs. We adapted the words of "On Top of Old Smoky" because Mt. Henkel was right outside the window. I remember telling some really lame jokes and people actually laughing!

Ah, yes! Great memories! Great friends! Great times!

*Ah, yes!
Great memories!
Great friends!
Great times!*

Bathing a Bellman

By Laura Shearin (Many Glacier 1980)

For a few weeks in the summer of 1980, we maids carried on a series of skirmishes with the bellmen. A bellman would throw a maid in the lake, and the maid would seek revenge. One morning, I called up the front desk from a lake level room, and using my best old-lady voice asked for a bucket of ice. A few minutes later, there was a knock on the door. A bellman stood there in his lederhosen, with a bucket of ice and a winning "please tip me" smile on his face. My accomplice and I flung the door open, doused him with two big buckets of water, and ran for our lives.

For a few weeks in the summer of 1980, we maids carried on a series of skirmishes with the bellmen.

As I ran shrieking with laughter up the stairs, who was coming down? Mr. Tippet had not been seen on lake level that entire summer, but of course there he was. I braced myself for the tirade (or even firing?) to come. All he said was "Does anyone at all work in this hotel?" I shrieked and laughed and continued to run – answering his question, I'm sure! I don't know why he re-hired me, but I'm glad he did.

Heavenly Hash

By Jana Hjelmseth Baker (Many Glacier 1980-82)

This story is embarrassing but needs to be told – true confessions! In the summer of 1982, the Hjelmseth sisters (Jacquie and Jana) were working as waitresses in the Dining Room. If we happened to stay up late, there were mornings when we skipped breakfast in the Employee Cafeteria to get a few more minutes of sleep. Alas, by the end of our morning shift, as we were breaking down the buffet and clearing one section of tables for waxing, we found ourselves faint with hunger and exhaustion. The baskets of club crackers only increased our desperation.

As the chef was usually lurking around, we'd surreptitiously claw some cold corned beef hash onto

We'd proceed to very quietly snarf that famously disgusting hash like it was manna from heaven.

a plate and rendezvous in a ladies' restroom stall. This is where the story gets a little awkward. One of us would sit on the toilet (lid closed), and the other on her lap. We'd proceed to very quietly snarf that famously disgusting hash like it was manna from heaven. Taking a pre-lunch nap after that was even more delicious. Happy times together at Many G!

My Memorable Hike with Head Bellman John Hagen

by David R. (Dave) Butler, Jammmer#100, Summers 1973 and 1974

It was June 13, 1974, early in a summer with a lot of snow still lingering. Most trails out of Many Glacier were still heavily snow-covered, but the trail to Cracker Lake was open. I had the day off, and John Hagen, Many Glacier Head Bellman, had time off also. We set out together toward Cracker at about 8:15 A.M.

At 9:40 or so, we came around a blind corner on the trail after having gotten around the base of Allen Mountain. We got our first glimpse at the sweeping diorite sill on the face of Mt. Siyeh, and we were quietly looking at that instead of going noisily up the trail. Suddenly, I saw them, and said something like "John, there's a bear ahead!" And then something like "Oh damn, it's a sow grizzly with two cubs!" The Momma bear woofed her cubs up the hillside, and bounded towards us. John and I, backing up slowly at first, violated all Park Service advice (but remember, in the 1970s there was no mandatory bear training) and ran like maniacs back down the trail, running as long and as far as we



(David Butler photo.)

We got our first glimpse at the sweeping diorite sill on the face of Mt. Siyeh, and we were quietly looking at that instead of going noisily up the trail.

could. I was with John step-for-step the whole way, although John was a marathon runner!

After we stopped, John commented how he'd never seen anyone strip their pack off their back so quickly, because I was prepared to drop the pack in the trail if needed to distract the bear. Needless to say, the bear did not actually pursue us but used what I later learned was a "bluff

charge" mechanism to get us to leave the area - and leave we did! After our hearts came down out of our mouths, we laughed about it, and reconstructed the attached photo of John "running for his life" down the trail. We walked very briskly back to The Showplace of the Rockies, and had a story to tell, one I've never forgotten!

Needless to say, the bear did not actually pursue us but used what I later learned was a "bluff charge" mechanism to get us to leave the area - and leave we did!

Louis Hill vs. Washington, D.C.

The Struggle to Make Glacier Park Accessible

By Tessie Bundick (*Many Glacier* 1972-73, 76-80)

Louis Warren Hill was the board chairman of the Great Northern Railway in 1912. He had many duties in this capacity, but his influence reached far beyond railroad concerns. Some of his many concerns included oil, transportation industries, land development, especially in California and Montana, copper mining, finance and collecting (in particular materials associated with the Blackfoot Indians).

Those great appreciators of the beauty of Glacier National Park today are lucky that one of his many interests was the development of this gem of the Parks system. He had a very forceful nature and also a wonderful sense of vision. We are the grateful beneficiaries of his single minded determination to make his beloved Glacier Park a paradise for visitors. Hill was very instrumental in the creation of national park status for this magnificent Rocky Mountain land in Montana, circa 1910. His railway ran at the southern tip of the park and he built accommodations for visitors with a splendid eye for mountain architecture and charm.

Constructing chalets, tent camps, and magnificent, enormous hotels from 1911 to 1915, was one thing. However, getting guests from one point to another in this rather primitive outback was another.

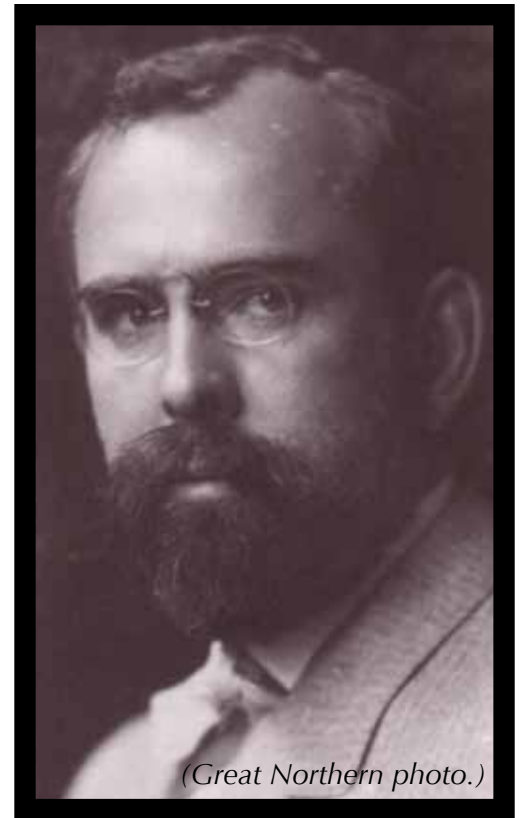
Hill was a man of action and urgency and his perception of the snail's

pace of the government annoyed him to no end. Since Glacier was a national park, the United States government was supposed to appropriate funds for roads and trails, which were vital if the new national playground was going to be a success.

First of all, Hill felt that he needed to get good information to the appropriate authorities. He rightly knew that first hand knowledge of the problems of transportation would probably hasten the loosening of purse strings and cause more federal involvement in the day to day travel needs of the tourist. Dealing with Washington D.C. on this level was a source of great frustration to him. He needed actual, in person personnel, on the ground, in Glacier to see for themselves. And it seemed to him that Washington was just about ignoring Glacier.

Not only were there not enough roads and trails, but the ones that existed were in poor condition. In a letter to Franklin Lane, Secretary of the Interior, dated August 4, 1916, Hill complained that the Great Northern (and its hotel company) was unable to open most of its camps and hotels for most of June (1916) because of the bad transportation routes.

No matter if they were accepting guests or not, the Great Northern



(Great Northern photo.)

was paying for the concessions based on a June 15th opening date. The Department of the Interior charged the Great Northern so much an acre for location,... "So much a cord of fuel (wood), royalty on water power, commission on sales, curios, tobacco, clothing, news, etc., and still we are unable to reach our camps, although an appropriation sufficient to put roads in good condition is available."

Another bone of contention concerned the heavy equipment that the government was purchasing,

[Louis Warren Hill] had a very forceful nature and also a wonderful sense of vision.

such as a \$5000 White automobile tractor, to haul gravel over the roads. However, it was of no use because it was too big to turn around on the narrow routes. To Hill, this was a squandering of the Glacier Park appropriations. There was already a lot of expensive machinery that was not being used because it was not the correct purchase for a place like Glacier Park. Hill suggested that a large tractor could be just the thing to haul gravel.

Trails were also being neglected. There was very little signage, so hikers and trail riders got lost. There were few foot bridges over streams. In another August, 1916, letter to Lane, Hill claimed that four men from Chicago walking from Cut Bank to Red Eagle currently would endanger their lives because there were not foot bridges over Red Eagle Stream!

The federal government was actually the one responsible for making sure that trails and roads were built and maintained. But according to the impatient Mr. Hill, "Your people in charge in Washington have not made proper use of last year's appropriation, no prompt use of this year's." He was always thinking of the experience that the tourist would have, and he realized that new trails needed to be built as those guests returning year after year would get tired of the old ones.

The government, for its part, was full of excuses. Joseph Cotter, acting superintendent of the Parks, and Horace Albright, assistant to Stephen Mather (superintendent on leave) claimed that "up until the 1st day of July their hands were tied because there was no money available for the needed work." Actual funds HAD been appropriated (this might have

been news to Mr. Hill) for projects in Glacier. There was \$3000 for improvement of Two Medicine, \$6000 for the road from Old St. Mary's to Many Glacier and so on, including \$4600 for trails. Also, any money that the Great Northern had spent was to be reimbursed.

Very slowly, the trails and roads of Glacier Park took shape as the years went by. Certainly, way too slowly for Louis Hill. By 1916, Glacier was being heavily advertised, which meant an increase in visitation. Funds were being spent on improvements, but Chairman Hill felt that, not only was the government too negligent in doing the necessary work to make roads and trail accessible to this influx of vacationers, but that the appropriations were being incorrectly channeled.

Hill complained that money earmarked for transportation needs was

Goodwin, out of a Federal government appropriation of \$950,000, for Glacier Park for roads and trails. It was specifically earmarked for Belly River country, to connect with Waterton Lake and nearby points. Louis Hill must have been gratified to know that a congressional committee arrived in Glacier in July of 1920 to oversee this expenditure, since he was so adamant about more involvement by the Feds.

However, it was still apparent that Hill (and the Great Northern people) did not really trust the government to do a decent job. A letter sent to him by Great Northern Vice President W.P. Kenney dated July 19, 1920, seemed to express some doubt about the efficacy of this congressional oversight group. Kenney explained, "I enclose a copy of the itinerary of the Committee on Appropriations of the House of Representatives while in Glacier

[Louis Hill] was always thinking of the experience that the tourist would have, and he realized that new trails needed to be built as those guests returning year after year would get tired of the old ones.

going to government employees that did not do their jobs. Rangers, for example, who accomplished practically "nothing during the year in the way of helping tourists by building and maintaining roads and bridges." He felt that the local park superintendent should be given more confidence and authority. This would go a long way towards solving the problems.

Things did improve. By 1920, Hill was still calling for better trails. During that summer, \$17,000 was set aside by acting Superintendent

Park ... Mr. Goodwin feels that it is very important that either you or I be with this party while in the Park as their attention can be directed to the necessities of the Park to much better advantage than if it is left entirely to government people. I can appreciate how Mr. Goodwin or other government people would be hesitant about pushing forward too much their ideas of the necessities of the Park, which could be done by someone connected with the Glacier Park Hotel Company."



THE HUMMEL ERA

The End of the Line for the Great Northern Railway and a Tumultuous Two Decades

By John Dobbertin, Jr. (Glacier Park Lodge 1962-63)

It has been my opinion since the summer of 1962 that had Don Hummel not purchased in 1960 the Glacier National Park concessions, we would most likely have lost several of the great properties we have today. More recent research reinforces my earlier view.

Following the establishment of Glacier National Park in 1910, a great chain of lodges and chalets is envisioned by Louis Hill, son of *Empire Builder* James Jerome Hill. Yale-educated Louis Hill is instrumental in behind-the-scenes influence in establishing the park, and personally supervises construction of the Great Northern Railway's Glacier Park properties.

Louis Hill believes Glacier Park and the Great Northern's lodges, hotels, and chalets will bring profit to the railway. He said: "Every passenger that goes to the national parks... represents practically a net earning." In 1914, the Great Northern creates the Glacier Park Hotel Company "to take over the investment which has been made in Glacier National Park."

Almost from the beginning, the railway's Glacier operations fail to produce profits. From 1918 to 1933, there are just three profitable years—1923, 1925, 1931—and losses in all the others totaling \$258,659 (\$4,731,000 in 2016 dollars). Other documents show losses continuing through the late 1930s.

There are internal memoranda among senior Great Northern officials about how to constrain the losses, or move them over from the hotel company to the railway. A 1940 railway memo reports the IRS rules it will not permit the railway to write off the losses of the Glacier Park Hotel Company "therefore, no benefit has been received from this contract by the GNR for tax purposes."

of all these parasites as quickly as possible." Whether he is referring to some of the chalets that have fallen into disrepair, or the whole Glacier operation is not clear...but the sentiment cannot be disputed.

The hotels and lodges close for three years during World War Two. Following the war, vacationers travel to Glacier Park by automobile. Recreational train travel to Glacier Park dries up.

To reduce costs, the railway gives Sperry and Granite Park to the National Park Service, sells Belton Chalets, razes chalets at Two Medicine, Cut Bank, St. Mary and Sun Point. In 1946 the railway begins trying in earnest to sell the renamed Glacier Park Company. There are no buyers.

It has been my opinion since the summer of 1962 that had Don Hummel not purchased in 1960 the Glacier National Park concessions, we would most likely have lost several of the great properties we have today.

William Kenney serves as president of Great Northern from 1932 to 1939. In the depths of the Depression he is challenged to constrain costs and complains about the Glacier Park hotels, saying "we must rid ourselves

Railway Merger Forces Sale

To understand the timing of the December 1960 Hummel purchase of the Glacier Park concessions—and what a close call it was—it is important to look at an enormous

merger involving the Great Northern Railway. This has a direct impact on the railway's money-losing, wholly-owned subsidiary the Glacier Park Company.

In 1955 Great Northern President John Budd and Northern Pacific President Robert McFarlane agree to merge the two railroad companies. Tessie Bundick states in *The Inside Trail*, Spring 2004: "According to the terms of the merger, the Federal government insisted that they (the railroad companies) divest themselves of all unprofitable subsidiaries except raw land."

Once the merger discussions begin, it is clear Great Northern will soon have to rid itself of the Glacier Park Company. They could cancel their contract with the National Park Service and walk away, or spend a great deal of money in a short time and upgrade the Glacier Park hotels, lodges and motor inns to increase the chances of finding a buyer. Great Northern President John Budd—with a soft spot for the Glacier Park operation—opts for the upgrades.

The railway retains the Don Knutson Hotel Company in 1956 to manage and modernize the Glacier operations, budgeting \$3 million (\$25 million in 2016 dollars) to make them more attractive to a buyer.

In his book *View With A Room*, Ray Djuff notes: Most guest rooms have shared baths. Some kitchen refrigeration is provided by blocks of ice cut from Glacier lakes in the winter. Cooking stoves are old navy oil burners. Gift shops are tiny or non-existent. Electrical systems are almost a half-century old. All this changes.

Toward the end of the modernization project, in 1959 Don Knutson offers to take over the Glacier Park

Company concession only if the railway will subsidize him for a period of five years. Great Northern notes: "During the four years under Knutson corporation's management substantial sums have been spent on the properties while gross revenue has increased expenses have also risen." The railway incurs losses from 1956 to 1959 of \$477,000 average per year (\$3.8 million in 2016 dollars). They turn down Knutson's offer.

At the eleventh hour in 1960, with the cancellation date of the Glacier Park concession contract imminent, railway executives reach out to a person with experience operating National Park concessions: lawyer and Mayor of Tucson, Arizona, Don Hummel.

Bleeding money from their Glacier Park Company—and under pressure to comply with Federal regulations for the proposed merger—the Great Northern in 1960 notifies the National Park Service "that effective December 31, 1960 Glacier Park Company will terminate its operation of the properties within the Park..." It is my belief that certainly would have been the end for Many Glacier Hotel, Swiftcurrent and Rising Sun. It would most likely also have been the end for Glacier Park Lodge, the Red Buses, and possibly the Prince of Wales Hotel. It is difficult to see how any of the Glacier Park Company entities—inside or outside the Park—could have survived without the core support of a centralized reservations system, warehouse, transportation center, laundry, and management team.

Great Northern scours the nation's financial centers in search of a buyer, with no results. It is almost impos-

sible to sell an enterprise that is running huge annual deficits. You have to find a customer who believes a turnaround is possible. And that customer will have a nagging question: If an enterprise like the Great Northern can't make this work, how can I?

Great Northern considers selling off individual properties. They turn down an offer from Brewster Transport of Banff for the Prince of Wales Hotel and the bus company.

Following years of discussions with Federal agencies, the official agreement to merge involving the Great Northern, the Northern Pacific and two other railroads is announced in 1960. The incorporation of the new company named Great Northern Pacific & Burlington Lines is scheduled for January 1961, to be immediately followed by the formal merger application to the Interstate Commerce Commission.

Great Northern Turns to Hummel
At the eleventh hour in 1960, with the cancellation date of the Glacier Park concession contract imminent, railway executives reach out to a person with experience operating National Park concessions: lawyer and Mayor of Tucson, Arizona, Don Hummel. Great Northern believes Hummel would be acceptable to the National Park Service.

In his book *One Man's Story*, published in 1988, Hummel notes that

when he saw the books his enthusiasm for the Glacier Park operation cooled. He sees the railway had not made a profit on the Glacier Park concessions since 1940.

With the clock ticking, Great Northern property manager James Kenady tells Hummel the railway is informing employees they will not operate the park facilities in the following year. If Hummel is really interested in the Glacier operation, the key employees need assurances they will have jobs at Glacier. In late summer, Hummel meets Kenady in Montana and takes a one-day tour of all the Glacier Park Company holdings except the Prince of Wales Hotel. Hummel is overwhelmed by the beauty of Glacier Park.

Ian Tippet—at the time general manager of Lake McDonald Lodge—remembers his first meeting with Hummel on this tour. Tippet recalls it is a Sunday and “Hummel already seemed to know a lot about me.” Hummel invites Tippet to manage Many Glacier Hotel, to be his personnel manager, and to come to Tucson for the winter.

In an oral history for the Lyndon Baines Johnson Library taken January 13, 1969, Hummel states:

“During my last term as Mayor of Tucson...I was called by officials of the Great Northern Railroad, advising that they wanted to get out of the operations in Glacier National Park and wanted to know if I was interested in purchasing their interests.

After negotiating with them I decided to take over the operation and set up the company, Glacier Park, Incorporated. I had some difficulty raising the money in that many of my friends thought I had lost my marbles

in that the operation of Glacier had been entailing losses up to \$580,000 a year...I took that over in 1960 and have been operating it ever since... Without losses, I might say. Any single kind of loss of that kind would have been the end of my career.”

Hummel possesses several positive strengths that make him able to see there is opportunity in the Glacier Park operation. It started when he was young and with friends built the concession at Lassen Volcanic National Park. The concession at Mount McKinley National Park had been a loser before Hummel took over, the prior concessionaire having gone bankrupt. Hummel knows how to identify losing parts of a concession and turn them around.

Hummel is no doubt one of the more controversial persons in Glacier Park history. I know some found him to be cold and stern. I have personally always attributed much of that to Hummel the businessman struggling with the challenge of making the Glacier operation at least break even...and we employees doing our best to enjoy a summer in the most magnificent place in the world.

My opinion of Don Hummel may also differ from that held by others. In 1962 Hummel provides me one of the greatest professional breaks a 19-year-old could have. He promotes me from the laundry to be his public relations director. Much later I learned the *old-school-tie* probably had a hand in my landing that job. When I walked into his office at Glacier Park Lodge and told him I could do the *suddenly available* public relations job and that I was a student at the University of Michigan I had no idea he was a Michigan Law School grad!

Since I am under the legal drinking age and unable to join the nightly procession of several GP, Inc. office folks over to one of East Glacier Park's better known watering holes, I am not privy to prime office gossip. One item was shared once in 1962 by an office exec: “Hummel acquired the Glacier Park concession for less money than you have in your pocket right now.” It didn't take a lot of calculating to know Hummel had acquired the concession for *zip*.

Purchase Made With No Hummel Money

Hummel goes into great detail in his book about the negotiations with the Great Northern. Here is the short version of how he acquires the Glacier Park concessions with no personal money involved.

- In the autumn of 1960 the Great Northern and Hummel agree on a price of \$1,300,000 for the Glacier Park concessions. The deal: \$250,000 down payment and the balance over 10 years. Hummel names his company Glacier Park, Inc.
- Union Oil operates a refinery near Cut Bank, Montana and wants its products sold in Glacier Park. The president of Union Oil meets with Hummel. Hummel offers to have their products sold by Glacier Park, Inc. And he offers Union Oil 25 percent of preferred stock in Glacier Park, Inc. in return for \$250,000. The deal closes and Hummel has his down payment for the Great Northern.
- Glacier Park, Inc. takes possession of the Glacier facilities at the end of December 1960. Now Hummel needs operating cash to carry through until cash flow begins in the 1961 season. He finds \$100,000 cash in Glacier Park Transport

Company, operated by the railway as a separate company and part of the concession deal. He asks Great Northern to leave the \$100,000 in the account and increase the purchase price to \$1,400,000 (\$11 million in 2016 dollars). Great Northern agrees and Hummel has his operating cash.

For their time and effort in attempting to find investors and other assistance, Hummel apportions his brother Gail and his old University of Michigan roommate Don Ford each seven percent of the Glacier Park, Inc. stock.

To the plus side for Great Northern on the sale to Hummel, “the tax benefit from loss of approximately \$700,000 from (below) book value (\$5.6 million in 2016 dollars) could be recovered by the Glacier Park Company in two or three years.”

Hummel Challenged

There are many financial and managerial adventures ahead. One of the more trying is almost continuous governmental *discussions* that preclude Glacier Park, Inc. from securing bank financing for long-term improvements to facilities inside the boundaries of Glacier Park. Banks believe those holdings inside the park are not secure as they are subject to the whim of the government. When Hummel needs funds, he mortgages East Glacier Park holdings—including Glacier Park Lodge—as these are outside Glacier Park. It does not help that there is growing pressure from environmental groups to eliminate buildings inside the National Parks and to return everything to wilderness. Hummel struggles with this through almost the entire time he has the Glacier Park concessions.

Before the 1961 park season begins, to cut costs Hummel reduces the employee head count by 400. As the vast number are seasonal jobs, and most young people sign up for just one year, this is not a mass layoff. The impact of the reduced staffing is felt by returning and full-time employees. According to Ian Tippet: “Lodge staff had their work ethic tested in 1961. We were expected to work our butts off. Great Northern didn’t make a profit, where Hummel had to.”

1961

In 1961 Hummel is mayor of Tucson, and actively involved in national mayoral issues. This includes a visit to President Kennedy in the White House Rose Garden on May 28, 1961.

At 1:30 a.m. Glacier Park, Inc. Chief Engineer Cy Stevenson calls and tells him: “Hummel, you’re out of business. They just blew up the power plant.”

Being mayor of Tucson, Hummel visits Glacier Park every other weekend. He later recalled the visits were very frustrating. “I was disturbed to see the lack of organization and control, the failure to control costs and the overabundance of employees for the amount of business we were doing.”

But Hummel is afraid that if he dismisses employees in the brief times he is there, the word will spread and he will “lose control of the employees.” In an effort to control costs, all expenditures—other than routine expenses—require his approval.

Another challenge is the obligation to pay \$52,000 a month for four months for the gift shop inven-

tory. Hummel believes the Knutson Company—which managed Glacier Park Company from 1957 to 1959—intended to take over the Glacier operation and loaded up inventory for the gift shops. Hummel holds a 50% off gift shop sale and dumps the merchandise, retiring the debt.

At the close of the 1961 season Glacier Park, Inc. has accumulated \$200,000 in cash on a total income of \$1,400,000. Hummel is quick to point out that is not profit, but positive cash flow. This is a fantastic achievement in view of the annual losses stacked up by the Great Northern.

Union Oil wants out of their stock ownership in Glacier Park, Inc.

Hummel secures a bank loan by mortgaging property at East Glacier for \$100,000 and that—together with \$150,000 from accumulated cash—buys out Union Oil’s 25% stock ownership. Hummel apportions 10 percent of that stock to his brother Gail, and 10 percent to his old college roommate Don Ford, keeping five percent for himself.

1962

In the early part of the 1962 season, Hummel flies to Washington, D.C. for a meeting of the Advisory Commission on Intergovernmental Relations (he is a member). He checks into a hotel. At 1:30 a.m. Glacier Park, Inc. Chief Engineer Cy Stevenson calls and tells him: “Hum-

mel, you're out of business. They just blew up the power plant."

Cyril "Cy" Stevenson was a longtime employee of the GNR. He stays on at Glacier after Hummel takes over, and Hummel considers Cy one of his most valued employees. Hummel knows Cy's summation of events is always terse.

Hummel immediately heads back to Glacier Park. Here is his description

Later in the morning Hummel begins learning the extent of the flooding. At East Glacier it takes out the water system. All communications within Glacier Park are cut off.

of what he finds: "The boiler room was a total disaster, with the roof raised some three feet and all of the sides pushed out, except the one in front of the boiler. Fortunately, this was the place where the boiler engineer stood and he was uninjured.

"The man on duty was a professor who had every type of certificate for boilers that you could get, but he did not have much common sense. An electrical storm had cut off the igniting flame and the warning in the boiler that the fire was out was a large Klaxon sound. Instead of following procedure of shutting off the fuel and starting the exhaust fans, this professor put a torch down into the boiler and promptly blew up the entire system."

Cy and his assistant Howard Olson temporarily patch things together to keep the Glacier Park Lodge kitchens functioning so the guests can be fed. Cy knew the Great Northern still had specialist crews to repair boilers. Hummel calls the president of the railway, John Budd, who in two

hours has a boiler crew on the way to Glacier Park. They work round-the-clock and the boiler room is put back in operation. Hummel is profuse in his thanks to the Great Northern.

1963

This is my second season at Glacier Park. If Hummel has a worried look it is for good cause. A threatened rail strike has been hanging since early in the year. The threat teeters on-and-

off. The end result is one-third of the tour groups intending to arrive by rail cancel for fear of being stranded in Glacier Park by a strike. Hummel makes adjustments, but it hurts the financials for the season.

On the plus side, Hummel installs a swimming pool out by the Chalet. Even that is not accomplished without difficulty as the contractor skimped on the cement mix. Hummel cancels the contract and successfully defends against a lawsuit brought by the contractor. Hummel has the pool finished.

1964

This is the year of *The Flood*.

Others have covered this subject in prior issues of *The Inside Trail*. From Don Hummel's viewpoint the flood of '64 is an enormous financial blow.

In a 2011 article recalling the flood, *The Daily Inter Lake* said: "As of May 1, gauges across Northwest Montana were registering snow depths as much as 75 percent above average, with above-average water content.

Four days later...storms dumped up to 13 inches of snow across the western half of the state."

Then come warm weather and the deluge. On June 7 and 8 Essex gets 11 inches of rain in 30 hours. The combination of the heavy rain and rapidly melting snow brings on the worst flooding in northwest Montana in modern times.

At 4:00 a.m. June 8, Cy Stevenson pounds on Hummel's door with the news that "there is a torrent of water coming down Midvale Creek."

Later in the morning Hummel begins learning the extent of the flooding. At East Glacier it takes out the water system. All communications within Glacier Park are cut off.

Hummel's friend Stewart Udall, Secretary of the Interior, is scheduled to speak that day in Browning. Udall takes Hummel by U.S. Army helicopter to Many Glacier Hotel, landing in the hotel parking lot. Hummel learns that Swiftcurrent Lake rose and put one-and-one-half feet of water in the lower floor of the Many Glacier Hotel. Manager Ian Tippet has furniture moved to banquet tabletops, saving the furniture. The Many Glacier water system and sewer systems are out. Swiftcurrent Motor Inn is completely flooded.

As Udall and Hummel fly south they follow the rail tracks and see vast stretches of washed-out Great Northern roadbed. Further south, parts of U.S. Highway 2 are destroyed for a distance of 15 miles.

Lake McDonald rose six feet in eight hours, putting the Village Inn's first floor under water to a depth of three feet. Lake McDonald Lodge took a major hit when Snyder Creek turned into a river wiping out half the kitchen, the dining room fireplace,

and leaving four feet of silt in the entertainment building.

To add to the disaster, the manager of Glacier Park Lodge is found wandering the halls saying: “Gee, what a beautiful hotel.” Hummel believes he has had a stroke and sends him home. And the manager of the Two Medicine Camp Store, Mr. Sweet, dies of a heart attack trying to drive from Two Med to East Glacier.

Through herculean efforts of many agencies, Glacier Park opens June 29. And Glacier Park, Inc. opens the facilities one-by-one. A significant part of the season—and revenue—is lost.

The great flood makes national news. Doris Stalker, the director of the Montana Highway Commission’s advertising department—a friend of Glacier Park, Inc. and a friend of mine in 1963—calls in some favors and is able to place articles in major newspapers. *Glacier Park Still in Business* is the headline in an article appearing in the June 28 *Chicago Tribune* travel section:

“Widespread reports that Glacier park facilities will be closed for the summer are completely untrue and damaging to one of Montana’s most popular vacation areas,” Stalker said in the article. “Three of the four major hotels—Glacier Park Lodge, Many Glacier Hotel, and the Prince of Wales hotel—are open and in complete operation.”

It is another tough year for Don Hummel and Glacier Park, Inc.

1965 and Beyond

In 1966 Hummel is appointed Assistant Secretary for Housing and Urban Development. He hesitates to accept, but his wife encourages him to do so. Hummel’s nephew Al Donau—who had been running the Lassen operation—agrees to take over at Glacier while Al’s wife runs Lassen. Turmoil

continues with the fires of 1967 and the tragedy of *The Night of the Grizzlies*.

Upon leaving HUD in 1968, Hummel is invited to merge his three National Park concessions—Lassen, McKinley, Glacier—with U.S. Natural Resources. USNR is an oil and gas exploration and development company, which had branched out into investments in recreational lands. Hummel sees this as an opportunity to have stock in a *hot* company providing security for his family, something the concessions could not do.

Hummel agrees to merge Lassen and McKinley, but not Glacier, and signs a five-year contract to manage Lassen, McKinley and Yosemite. He finds that USNR is good at mergers, but poor at operational ability, and heavily leveraged. When he departs U.S.N.R. and returns to Glacier in May 1974, he says “the stock made attractive wallpaper.” He loses the McKinley and Lassen concessions.

Three of the four major hotels—Glacier Park Lodge, Many Glacier Hotel, and the Prince of Wales hotel—are open and in complete operation.” It is another tough year for Don Hummel and Glacier Park, Inc.

By 1977 Hummel is ready to sell Glacier Park, Inc. In his book he says: “Watching private enterprise in the parks being eroded by government zealots pained me.”

Hummel comes close to a sale to TWA Services. Through tortuous twists and turns, incredible battles with the National Park Service, and another deal almost made with Del E. Webb Corporation, Hummel finally sells to Greyhound Corpora-

tion. The deal closes in March 1981. Hummel is no longer a national park concessionaire.

(Thanks to Tessie Bundick and Ray Djuff for their help with historical information. The opinions expressed are strictly those of the author.)

Sources for information in this article are: Don Hummel’s books *One Man’s Life* and *Stealing the National Parks*; Ray Djuff and Chris Morrison’s book *Glacier’s Historic Hotels and Chalets—View With a Room*; Ray Djuff’s book *High on a Windy Hill—The Story of the Prince of Wales Hotel*; Christine Barnes’ book *Great Lodges of the National Parks*; Tessie Bundick, *The Adventures of Harlan Bernston, Renovating Glacier’s Lodges 1957-1959—The Inside Trail, Spring 2004*; *Chronology of the Northern Pacific & Related Land Grant Railroads*, July 24, 2001; Missoulia, March 28, 2010, *Parallel Tracks: Glacier National Park born from Great Northern Railway*; Hungry Horse News, Oct. 2, 2013, *Concession Contract Will ‘Pull Apart the Lodges’*;

Burlington Northern Santa Fe Railway (p. 106), by Brian Solomon; *Minutes from Great Northern Railroad Executive Committee meeting August 24, 1960*, and various GNR internal memoranda, Minnesota Historical Society Library; General Services Administration National Archives and Records of Service, Gift of Personal Statement by Don Hummel to the Lyndon Baines Johnson Library, January 13, 1969. Opinions expressed are strictly those of the author.

Remembering Alice Edwards

(September 26, 1924 - July 17, 2015)



For the many of us who were welcomed into the Edwards' Glacier family over the years, Alice you are missed!

A shot from the summit of Mount Gould. This group was a collection of Summer visitors together with Many Glacier and Swiftcurrent employees. Alice is circled. (Rolf Larson photo.)

Rolf Larson (MGH 1975, '77-80)

Alice was the spirit within a family of climbers who gathered each summer in Swiftcurrent Valley of Glacier National Park. For the better part of 50 years, the Edwards' family shared their enthusiasm for exploration with others who shared their love of Glacier. The magical days spent with them in the backcountry were "a slice of life" of shared by young and old, alike!

Alice Althaus Edwards was born in Kuhling, China, of missionary parents. When she was two years old, the family returned to the United States and settled in Bethel, Ohio, where she grew up.

Alice attended Ohio State University where she met J. Gordon Edwards.

Shortly after Alice received her Bachelor's Degree in 1946, the couple was married. Their daughter Jane was born in 1952.

Upon earning his doctorate in entomology, Gordon accepted a teaching position at San Jose State University. Their life together centered around living in San Jose during the academic year and spending summers as a Ranger Naturalist for nine years in Glacier Park.

Thereafter, summer after summer, the Edwards just kept on coming back to the place they loved so

much, their adopted summer home. Gordon led climbs, hikes, and always sought alpine insects, especially beetles. Also, during this time, with Alice's support, Gordon pioneered routes to more than 70 peaks and authored "The Climber's Guide to Glacier National Park".

Originally, Alice joined Gordon on adventures because she was worried about him. She didn't worry as much when she came along. She quickly found that she enjoyed climbing. This became a family tradition. By age 8, Jane became a full partner in these family expeditions.

Thereafter, summer after summer, the Edwards just kept on coming back to the place they loved so much, their adopted summer home.

Alice was a quiet, soft-spoken person. She never sought out the spotlight but do not be fooled, once you saw her on a mountain, she was very capable. She was always in control of herself and surely one to be consulted when working out a route or recalling details of a day in the mountains. She was a true mountaineer.

She climbed all of the 10,000-foot peaks in Glacier, as well as a majority of the peaks that found their way into 'The Climber's Guide to Glacier National Park,' She also climbed the Matterhorn in Switzerland, as well as many climbs in the Grand Tetons.

All three members of the Edwards family were also excellent musicians, playing the piano for their own enjoyment, as well as for friends and family. I remember Gordon occasionally playing the piano in the St. Moritz room on stormy nights. Alice and Jane were also coaxed to show their keyboard skills. If my memory is correct, Jane also accompanied an occasional Serenade or Band performance in the St. Moritz.

After her husband and daughter preceded her in death (Gordon dying in 2004 and Jane in 2005), Alice

Just remember, the soul of the Edwards family was in just that – the family. Gordon and Jane were Alice's inspiration, her joy in life. Together, they chose to celebrate their lives as a family experiencing wilderness adventures. It was their genuine love of the mountains, their open view of what makes a family that enriched and expanded so many of our lives. For the many of us who were welcomed into their Glacier family over the years, Alice you are missed!

(My thanks to Sylvia Geshell for her assistance writing this tribute.)

Alice was a quiet, soft-spoken person. She never sought out the spotlight but do not be fooled, once you saw her on a mountain, she was very capable. She was always in control of herself and surely one to be consulted when working out a route or recalling details of a day in the mountains. She was a true mountaineer.

Occasionally, she didn't go with Gordon, but if the destination proved to be special, Gordon would share it with Alice. In Gordon's words, "I climbed a ridge behind Clements and found another route that continued on over to Mount Cannon. I liked the trip so much that the very next day I took Alice over the same double climb. She liked it as much as I." They were a special team!

remained in San Jose for the rest of her life, maintaining a beautiful garden. As was true throughout her life, she shared her garden with the local wildlife and neighbors.

In early 2015, she moved into a care facility, where she died peacefully on July 17th after a brief illness.



A photo from an exciting day following a goat trail along the back side of the Ptarmigan Wall. In characteristic fashion, Gordon led, followed by Alice. Jane was always at the back. (Rolf Larson photo.)

*The soul of the Edwards family was in just that – the family.
Gordon and Jane were Alice’s inspiration, her joy in life.*



*The Edwards’ family enjoyed climbing as a family unit. Here they are on the slopes of Mount Gould.
(Rolf Larson Photo.)*

JOIN THE GLACIER PARK FOUNDATION

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

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

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*(Panorama
by Christine
Baker)*