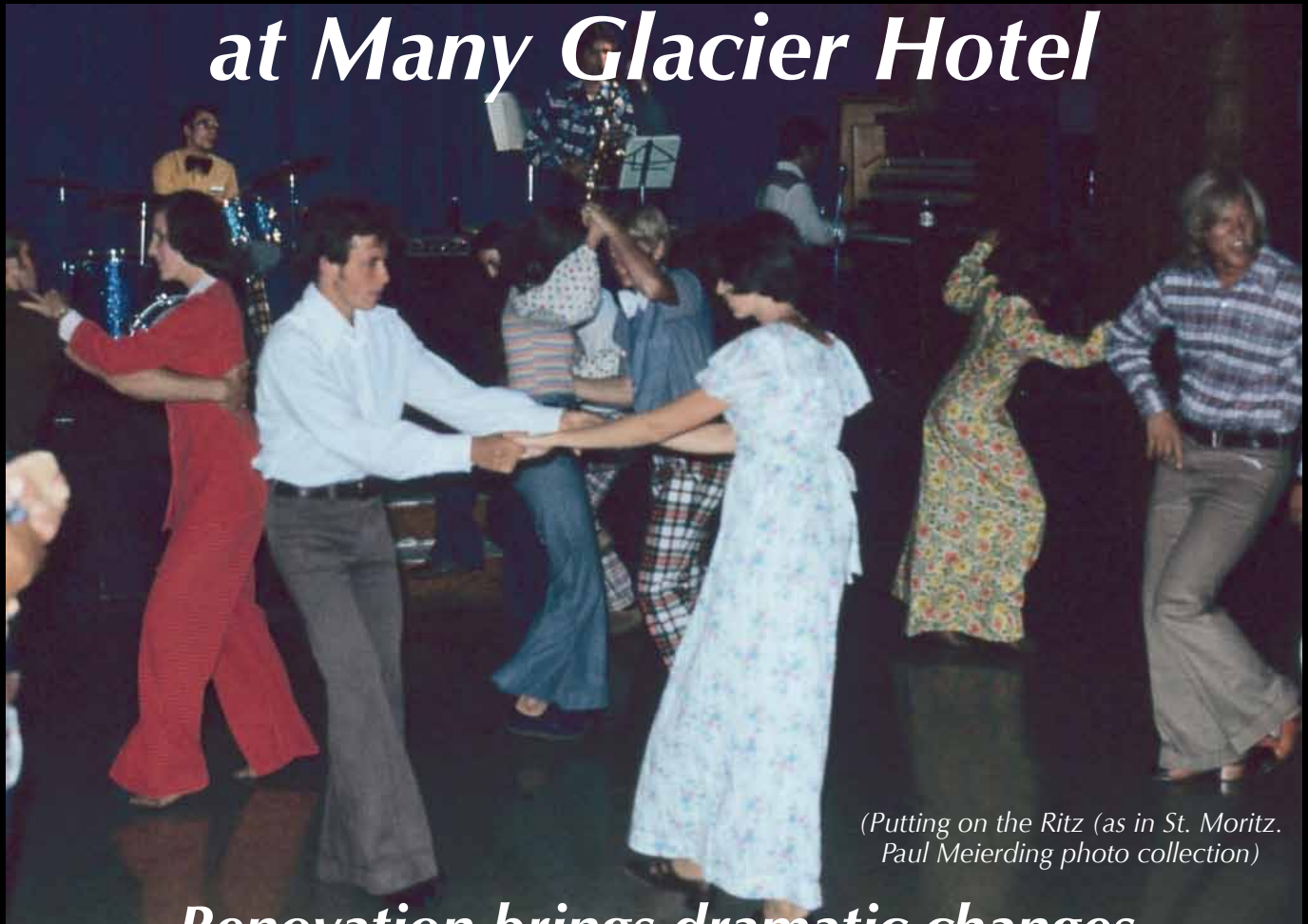


THE INSIDE TRAIL



Voice of the Glacier Park Foundation Spring 2017 Volume XXXII, No. 1

THE ST. MORITZ ROOM *at Many Glacier Hotel*



*(Putting on the Ritz (as in St. Moritz.
Paul Meierding photo collection)*

***Renovation brings dramatic changes
to a storied historic venue.***

In this issue:

• “No More Bullfrog, Mr. Waller” • “Do You Have Smelling Salts on this Bus?” • Bears on the Roof • Bunny Swartley of Lake McD • Adventures of Hugh and Margaret Black • An Honorary Wedding in 1912 • New History Handbooks • Visitor Experience as History • Inside News of Glacier National Park

INSIDE NEWS OF GLACIER NATIONAL PARK

Dramatic Renovations at Many Glacier

Many Glacier Hotel will reopen in June with dramatic alterations in its lobby architecture and décor. The lobby and the Annex wing were closed in 2016 for renovation. This was the final phase of a 15-year, \$42 million project to preserve the historic building.

The most striking element of this year's work is the replication of the Circular Staircase in the lobby. The staircase, connecting the lobby to the St. Moritz Room downstairs, was Many Glacier's iconic feature when the hotel first opened in 1915. It was torn out in 1957 to expand the lobby gift shop.

The replica staircase, like the original, includes two spiral flights. However, many changes were required to conform the stairs to modern building codes. The new stairs are mounted

on metal armatures. There are two handrails (a broad top rail like the original, and a lower, narrower rail to conform to disability requirements). The pickets supporting the handrails are closer together than the original pickets, so that children's heads can't fit between them.

The staircase was built by Northwest Cabinet Works, a Kalispell contractor. The 3.3 tons of steel for the armature were manufactured in Chicago, shipped to Kalispell for welding, and then trucked to the hotel. The metal armature is completely clad in fir wood (which likely was the sort of wood originally cut in the Grinnell Valley, shaped at a sawmill near the hotel, and used to build the original staircase).

The task of replicating the staircase was made easier when carpet was stripped from the Many Glacier lobby. The "footprint" of the original

staircase was clearly visible, patched over by carpenters in 1957. (See the photograph with this article.)

The Annex and lobby guest rooms all have been given new wiring, plumbing and sprinkler systems. (Rooms in the Main wing were given a similar renovation a few years ago.) The renovation project included other landmark episodes, including the straightening of the Main wing and of its famous hallway, "Stagger Alley."

Hootenannies Move to the Lucerne Room

Many Glacier's popular Hootenanny program of amateur music by hotel employees will continue this summer. For the first time, however, the program will be venues in the Lucerne Room, on lake level below the lobby.

The Hootenannies began in the early 1960s, as part of a weekly cycle of music programs in the lobby under manager Ian Tippet. Monday night was Hootenanny night. The program was devoted to folk music and

(Continued on page 14)

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.

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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.

(Photo from the Ray Djuff collection.)



THE ST. MORITZ ROOM *at Many Glacier Hotel*

*By John Hagen
(Many Glacier 1970-80)*

This summer will see a profound transformation at Many Glacier Hotel. As we walk through the doorway, our eyes will be struck by the Circular Staircase, recreated after sixty years, in the middle of the lobby. The floor (now hardwood – not tile nor carpet) will stretch away to the south windows. The gift shop which used to fill much of the lobby will have vanished like Brigadoon.

Actually, the gift shop will have slid down the banisters of the Circular Staircase into the St. Moritz Room below. The transformation of the St. Moritz will be even more profound than the transformation of the lobby. It's fitting to recall the history of that many-storied room.

The most striking feature of the St. Moritz is the colonnades of tree-

trunk pillars that run the length of the floor. On the west is a stone wall with arched picture windows overlooking Swiftcurrent Lake. On the east is a windowless stone wall, with an enormous nonfunctional fireplace. In the middle, for long decades, lay the dance floor.

with entrepreneurial vigor, festooned Many Glacier with Japanese lanterns, side-by-side with Blackfeet pictographs and skulls of buffalo. Eclecticism was everywhere. But even by Hill's standards, lining a room in the northern Rockies with bamboo was a wild flight of incongruity!

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The Early Decades

When Many Glacier opened in 1915, the St. Moritz was known as the Bamboo Room. The Great Northern Railway, which owned the hotel, owned a shipping line to the Far East. The Great Northern's president, Louis Hill, brimming over

The bamboo was discarded after a few years. The room became known as "The Grill." A short-order sandwich counter lay in a recess in the room's north wall. The grill on which hamburgers were fried was imperfectly ventilated and emitted blue clouds of greasy steam.

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A low stage for dance bands stood by the eastern wall of the room. Regrettably, sound boomed up through the well of the Circular Staircase, and guests in the lobby rooms were annoyed. Many Glacier’s manager Omar Ellis was known to march down the stairs and up to the bandstand waving an alarm clock to put the merriment to an end. By tradition, the closing number of each Many Glacier dance was “Good-night, Irene.”

Tales of Ray Kinley

Ray Kinley worked at Many Glacier from 1922 to 1977. He was a master storyteller. Ray’s tales evoked every corner of the lodge, and many arose in the St. Moritz.

For several years in the 1920s, Many’s head bellman was Fritzie Schade, who later became a prominent doctor. The transport agent was Sid Couch, who held that job till the 1950s. When traffic was slow, the two used to slip down the Circular Staircase and play chess. If a bus arrived, they would scramble upstairs and leave the board, to resume the game later.

Ray was a notorious practical joker. He noticed a chess feature in a newspaper which depicted a situation where neither player was able to move (since any move would put someone in check). The next time that Fritzie and Sid left a board set up, Ray rearranged the pieces according to the newspaper chart.

Ray hid behind a tree-trunk pillar when the two returned to resume their game. There was an indignant inquiry (“Say, have you rearranged these pieces?!”), an indignant claim of innocence, mutual wonder at the novel situation on the board, and then eventual comprehension (“They finally caught on that something was fishy – that somebody was doing it, don’t you know!”).

“Something fishy” calls to mind another of Ray’s tales from the early years. One summer, a stretch of very hot weather made the trout in the lake lethargic. Ray (who was an expert fishing guide) recalls that “you couldn’t catch fish with dynamite!”

While Ray and others went empty-handed, however, one small boy repeatedly came marching into the lobby with a string of rainbow trout. Everybody marveled at his skill. But Jean Boutonniere, the hotel’s aged French Canadian gardener, thought something was amiss.

Ray was a notorious practical joker. He noticed a chess feature in a newspaper which depicted a situation where neither player was able to move (since any move would put someone in check).

The Circular Staircase was built around a tall mound of rock adorned with ferns. Surrounding the base of the mound was a narrow circular pool, a sort of moat. The pool was stocked with rainbow trout. Jean saw that the trout had grown very sparse.

The old gardener hid behind a tree-trunk pillar near the foot of the stairs. Sure enough, the small boy soon appeared. He reached into the water and drove the trout in one direction, then ran in the other direction and dipped a net in to catch them.

Jean pounced, grabbed the boy by the scruff of the neck, and indignantly marched him up the stairs. “Zees ze one! Zees ze one who steal ze feesh!” he shouted in his French Canadian accent.

The Cowboy Riot

Ray told a vivid story of a melee long ago in the Grill. Beer was served in the evenings, but the rangers insisted that drinking stop promptly at midnight. The hotel security guard or “house dick” would stroll around at ten minutes to twelve and caution everyone to “drink up.”

One night, two cowboys were drinking with Many’s legendary wrangler Blackie Dillon. As midnight approached, the “house dick” told them, “Drink up, boys; we’ll be closing at midnight!” The cowboys pointedly ignored him.

Midnight passed, and the cowboys kept drinking. The guard whisked the bottles off the table. The cowboys

then leaped up and attacked him. Blackie, who was a peaceable fellow, slid prudently underneath the table.

Five airmen on leave from Malmstrom Air Force Base fortunately were in the room. The airmen all piled onto the cowboys. Hotel em-

ployees came rushing up, too. Ray loved to describe the grill manager, Webster, wielding a miniature baseball bat that the grill crew used to crush ice for drinks. He aimed terrific blows at the cowboys, but kept relenting at the last moment and just delivering a tap.

The cowboys put up a furious fight. Ray said that “one of them was like a coiled spring – no matter how many people grabbed hold of him, they couldn’t hold him down.” At last, however, the employees and the airmen subdued the cowboys and escorted them out the back door.

Things might have quieted down, but the cowboys came back intent on thrashing Blackie for not helping them in the fight. The “house dick” imprudently tried to restrain them and was flattened with a punch. But just at that moment, rangers finally came on the scene and arrested the cowboys. And that put an end to the wildest episode in the long and colorful history of Many Glacier Hotel.

The Knutson Era

In the 1950s, the Great Northern Railway was desperate to sell the Glacier lodges, which continually lost money. The Great Northern hired the Knutson Hotel Company to renovate the buildings, hoping to interest a buyer. Don Knutson, the company’s owner, made sweeping changes at Many Glacier.

Knutson decided to highlight the Swiss theme drawn from the lodge’s architecture. Swiss canton shields were placed in the lobby. Swiss names were given to various spaces – the Swiss Room, the Interlachen Lounge (formerly the “Rainbow Room”), the Lucerne Room (formerly the “Convention Room”), and the St. Moritz Room.

Knutson removed the Circular Staircase in order to expand the lobby gift shop. In the St. Moritz, he erected a stage where the Circular Staircase had been and removed the bandstand. He also removed the hamburger grill and simplified the menu at the counter.

The Broadway Musicals

Ian Tippet arrived as Many Glacier’s manager in 1961. Mr. Tippet was an ardent lover of music. He greatly expanded prior programs of amateur music at the hotel. Performances were staged in the lobby, in the dining room, and on the St. Moritz stage.

Mr. Tippet conceived the idea of staging a Broadway musical each summer, entirely on an amateur

South Pacific (1965), *Guys and Dolls* (1966), *How to Succeed in Business* (1967), *Fiorello* (1968), *Three Penny Opera* (1969), *Little Mary Sunshine* (1970), *The Fantasticks* and *I Do! I Do!* (1971), *Barefoot in the Park* and *You’re A Good Man, Charlie Brown* (1972), *Fiddler on the Roof* (1973), *The Music Man* (1974), *One Hundred and Ten in the Shade* (1975), *Promises, Promises* (1976), *Company* (1977), *You’re A Good Man, Charlie Brown* (1978), *Half a Sixpence* (1979), *The Fantasticks* (1980), *Brigadoon* (1981), *How to Succeed in Business* (1982), and *Kiss Me, Kate* (1983).

Other St. Moritz Productions

Besides the musicals, many other productions were staged in the St. Moritz. The creative energy of

Mr. Tippet was an ardent lover of music. He greatly expanded prior programs of amateur music at the hotel. Performances were staged in the lobby, in the dining room, and on the St. Moritz stage.

basis. The first year, he put together cuttings from *Oklahoma!*, with primitive staging. Employees improvised stage lights by putting light bulbs into #10 cans and hanging them from the overhead rafters.

In subsequent summers, the Broadway musicals were much more sophisticated. A theater professional, Roger Stephens, was hired as the assistant manager and the entertainment director. Costumes were rented from a national agency. Mr. Tippet recruited performers from college music and drama departments.

Some twenty-five musicals were performed from 1961 through 1983. They included *The Boy Friend* (1962), *Brigadoon* (1963), *Carousel* (1964),

young employees was channeled into sundry entertainments for the guests.

Throughout the 1960s, Friday night was Skit Night at the hotel. The various departments (e.g., Front Desk, Dining Room, Housekeeping, Bellmen, Kitchen) took turns in presenting elaborate skits. The shows were usually based on the work of the department, and they often adapted songs from Broadway musicals. Thus, for instance, a Dining Room skit employed the following variation of “Where is Love?” from *Oliver*:

*“Whe-e-e-e-re are tips?
Must we always suffer gyps?
Is it underneath the coffee cup
That I’ve been filling up?
“Whe-e-e-e-re, whe-e-e-e-re are tips?”*

The skits almost always involved a Mr. Tippet character, employing the manager's British accent and manner. This would inspire delight in the audience. (And, as Ray observed in his distinctive diction, often "Tibbets himself was in stitches!")

Sometimes a New Year's Eve party was held in the St. Moritz on July 31. (This was an extension of "Christmas in July," which was observed on July 25.) New Year's Eve involved a dance and a costume party. Mrs. Daly, the dignified elderly seamstress, used to come attired in a flamboyant gypsy costume.

Employees would improvise costumes from anything at hand – bedsheets, cardboard boxes, items left behind by guests. (Ray kept an immense trove of such items, and always was pleased to hand them out.) Photographic evidence shows that similar costume parties were held in the St. Moritz in the lodge's early years.

In the 1970s, an Oktoberfest-in-July was held, with an oompah band attired in lederhosen and abundant hot dogs and beer. For several seasons, a formal dance called the Bellmen's Ball was also held. Employees telephoned home to have suits and gowns shipped out to the hotel.

Days and Nights in the Moritz

The daily routine in the St. Moritz began with sleepy lobby porters arriving with brooms and mops and buckets at an early hour. Each day, the porters were responsible for cleaning acres of floors upstairs and downstairs in the hotel. The St. Moritz was especially challenging, with its dozens of tables and chairs.

Periodically, the porters had to strip, mop and buff the tile on the dance floor. One morning, a sleepy porter

brought the wrong can from the closet, and the floor accidentally was waxed with antifreeze. This produced a very slippery finish, and dancers whizzed around like hockey pucks for the next several nights.

Just behind the lobby porters, a sleepy counterhand would arrive with a big metal tray of Danish rolls and cookies, fresh from the Many Glacier bakery. The counterhand would brew coffee, warm the rolls and raise the heavy wooden shutter above the counter. A menu board above her head detailed the continental breakfast items.

One morning in 1970, a counterhand said to herself: "H'mm! These peeps [people; tourists] are stupider than usual! They're looking right at

One morning in 1970, a counterhand said to herself: "H'mm! These peeps [people; tourists] are stupider than usual! . . . Expectant lobby porters, lurking nearby to observe the prank unfold, collapsed with laughter.

the menu and talking about all sorts of things we don't offer – omelets, hash browns, pancakes and waffles!" Then she looked up and discovered that fellow employees mischievously had crept in after hours and changed the menu. Expectant lobby porters, lurking nearby to observe the prank unfold, collapsed with laughter.

The ancient milkshake machine at the counter was defective and sometimes gave nasty electric shocks. Prudent counterhands held the metal cups one-handed to avoid electrocution. A "Zap Sheet" scoreboard was posted, recording the number of shocks each worker received. (In that era, Glacier's lodges were full of antique, dysfunctional equipment. Imagine what OSHA would say today!)

When evening came, the St. Moritz bar would open adjacent to the counter. After the ranger talk concluded around 9:00 PM, the room would fill rapidly with people. Off-duty employees sat on the "employee side" and visitors sat on the "guest side," on either side of the central dance floor. The hotel combo would tune their instruments, and dancing would begin. Dances were held on most evenings until the Broadway musical began in August.

Recent Decades

Large changes came to the St. Moritz Room when Greyhound Food Management (GFM) bought the concession rights in 1980. GFM shut down the old-fashioned snack counter with its soda-fountain atmo-

sphere. It replaced the counter with "Heidi's," a convenience shop with self-serve hot dogs and all sorts of prepackaged snacks.

Mr. Tippet departed after the 1983 season and the Broadway musicals ceased with his departure. Professional entertainment replaced them. The St. Moritz Room stage became a venue for American Cabaret Theater and then the performer David Walborn.

These artists appeared on the St. Moritz stage for six evenings a week throughout the summer. Rows of chairs were set up permanently on what had been the dance floor. That, of course, put an end to the dances which had been held for seven decades. It also put an end to

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Oompa band at the 1975 Oktoberfest. (Paul Meierding photo.)

the amateur music programs upstairs in the lobby.

Those programs resumed in 2007, when Emily Trapp revived the Hootenanny program. In 2015, Many Glacier's centennial year, the Hootenannies were venues on the St. Moritz Room stage, with extraordinary amateur talent. It was a fitting way to close out six decades of entertainment there.

With the Circular Staircase reconstructed and the gift shop transferred downstairs, large changes will come to the hotel. The Hootenannies will be venues on the small stage in the Lucerne Room, adjacent to the St. Moritz. The St. Moritz itself will have an atmosphere different from any we've known. But the stories of its colorful past will endure, as will the community spirit which has been fostered there throughout the decades.

The Inside Trail's Summer issue will feature an anthology of stories of Many Glacier's Broadway musicals. Readers are invited to send favorite memories and anecdotes to johnhagen@usfamily.net or to GPF, P.O. Box 15641, Minneapolis, MN 55415.



ABOVE: 1920's costume party; BELOW: band in the Bamboo Room. (Photos from the Ray Djuff collection.)





(Paul Meierding photos.)



An Honorary Wedding in 1912

Robert & Helen Heint get Married Blackfeet Style



(Photo from the Ray Djuff collection.)

By Ray Djuff (*Prince of Wales* 1973-75, 77)

Thirteen years ago *The Inside Trail* ran the article “Through Glacier Park in 1912.” The article featured a letter written by Helen Heint, the wife of journalist Robert Heint, about their visit to the park as guests of Louis Hill. It’s a compelling look at the

about Two Guns White Calf, the Blackfeet man who helped the Great Northern Railway promote Glacier from 1912 to 1932. A major focus of the biography will be about how railway publicist Hoke Smith utilized (some might say exploited) the

Robert Debs Heint (1880-1950) had an idea for a feature magazine story.

The Washington correspondent for *Leslie’s Weekly* thought Louis W. Hill Sr., the president of the Great Northern Railway, was a deserving subject. The story would focus on the man and his obsession with developing the recently created Glacier National Park.

Leslie’s, founded by illustrator and publisher Frank Leslie (1821-1880) in 1855, was always on the lookout for illustrated stories, and Great Northern, courtesy of railway publicist Hoke Smith, was releasing photos steadily as contract photographer Fred Kiser shot and printed new scenes of Glacier.

Leslie’s prided itself on being the country’s first illustrated newspaper, and upon launch jumped to the media forefront through the use of

It’s a compelling look at the early days of the park and of how they were “married” by the Blackfeet and then made honorary members of the tribe at a ceremony at St. Mary Chalets.

early days of the park and of how they were “married” by the Blackfeet and then made honorary members of the tribe at a ceremony at St. Mary Chalets.

Author and Glacier Park Foundation board member Ray Djuff took a fresh look at the letter recently as part of his research for a biography

Blackfeet to promote the park. The Heints became unwitting publicity fodder for Smith, who for two decades sought every means possible to keep Glacier and the Great Northern in the news.

As radio commentator Paul Harvey used to say: Now, here is the rest of the story ...

engravings, then daguerreotypes and finally photographs at a time when pictures in newspapers were a rarity. Its circulation was a respectable 60,000, with numbers rising dramatically during wars and catastrophes.

Following an initial interview with Hill, possibly in November 1911 when Hill was in Washington to discuss a congressional bill to get land on the Blackfeet reservation for what would become Glacier Park Lodge, Heidl appeared reluctant to burden

complied, however, and when the story ran in *Leslie's* in March 1912, it featured both pictures prominently.

Heidl was especially proud of the cover illustration for that week's magazine. It featured a color painting of an eagle soaring among snow-capped mountains with the caption "See America First." A photograph survives of Hill inspecting a proof of the cover of *Leslie's*, a possible indication that he also saw a copy of the article before it ran, contrary to then developing journalism standards that let no one interviewed for a story see the news article before it was printed.

The article was entitled "The Man Who Is Building a Great National Park" and it praised Hill as a selfless idealist devoting his time and money to singlehandedly developing Glacier for the benefit of the country, downplaying Hill's commercial motives.

"He believes in publicity. He dotes on getting it for his country. It is a passion with him—an art, a religion, his life's blood. The detail of running a railroad bored him. Being boss of seven or eight thousand miles of rails didn't seem worthwhile.

"What he wants to do is to develop his territory, both for the advantage that will accrue to the road and for the advantage that will accrue to the territory. He believes in the Northwest, as does every other man who knows it; and he will now spend his time developing the whole territory."

On Hill's other attributes, the article states that he's an artist, expert chauffeur, a musician, a booster, "the greatest press agent in the country," a joker and a story teller. "He can play the violin well enough to keep his

The Heidls became unwitting publicity fodder for [railroad publicist Hoke] Smith, who for two decades sought every means possible to keep Glacier and the Great Northern in the news.

While designated as a "correspondent," Robert Heidl was a freelance writer, constantly on the prowl for ideas for articles to submit to *Leslie's*. Heidl had gotten his start early in the newspaper game, garnering a reporting spot at the *Star* newspaper in his hometown of Terre Haute, Indiana, while still in high school.

After learning the ropes, he moved to the *Indianapolis Sentinel* and then, in 1905, joined the New York City News Service before quickly jumping to *The Sun*, one of New York's premier newspapers.

Heidl had been a stringer for *Leslie's* since 1910, with his fingers on the pulse of news wire services in the hunt for inspiration for stories to write.

Reports of Louis Hill's work in Glacier caught Heidl's attention. Who was this man who was obviously investing so much of himself in the park? Heidl may have figured he had an inside track on doing such a story, since he was known to the Hill family, having been invited in 1908 to attend the 70th birthday party of Louis Hill's father, James J. Hill (1838-1916).

the obviously busy railway magnate with follow-up requests or questions.

Instead, Heidl turned to Montana rancher and Northwestern Development League president Lewis Penwell (1869-1948), asking Penwell to approach Hill. Heidl knew Penwell from when a special Great Northern train carrying the governors and representatives of 10 western states did a tour of eastern cities, including Washington, in December 1911. Penwell was a key figure on the train trek, which had been organized by the Northwestern Development League, itself underwritten by Louis Hill and the Great Northern.

Penwell, for his part, was confused by Heidl coming to him rather than Hill directly, but for Hill's sake passed on the letters. The request from Heidl was for a photo of Hill at his desk and for a photographic copy of Hill's painting of Iceberg Lake, which had been on display in New York during a land show in November 1911.

Heidl was late in making the request for the photographs to Penwell and Hill, as the article was scheduled to appear less than a month later. Hill

hearers from turning in a fire alarm. He is one of the main supporters of the St. Paul Symphony Orchestra and is now president of the association having that orchestra in charge.”

Heinl took numerous liberties with the truth, such as claiming that Hill was the “author” of “the magic slogan” *See America First*. Hill had not created or coined the slogan, but adopted it from the See America First association originally launched by Utah businessmen in Salt Lake City six years prior.

Hill was reportedly tickled by the coverage Heinl gave him, especially the cover art. In a fit of generosity, Hill invited Heinl and his wife to tour Glacier in September. The trip was a gift from Hill, a delayed honeymoon for the couple, who had been married earlier in the year.

Robert Heinl and his wife, the former Helen Corbin (1882-1968) of Indiana, arrived at Midvale (now East Glacier Park) in a cold rain on September 7, 1912, their train 10 hours late. Hill, his wife and children had not waited for the Heinls, instead leaving their staff to keep vigil.

Upon debarking the Great Northern train the Heinls were taken to Hill’s private railway car, parked on a nearby siding, to spend the night. Glacier Park Hotel was under construction and the chalet by the hotel was for outfitting visitors with clothing they might need (boots, slickers, hats etc.) for their park visit, not for overnight accommodations.

The next morning the Heinls were off by automobile (Hill traveled with an automobile in his private railway car, A-22) to St. Mary Chalets, where they were met by Louis Hill

(1872-1948), his wife Maud (1870-1961) and some Blackfeet.

“[Imagine] our surprise and delight to see coming down the [road] six or eight fine big Indians, painted and feathered and beaded and bedecked in the most gorgeous blankets, etc.,” Helen Heinl wrote later in a letter to her mother. “They came up in front of us and sang a song of welcome.”

A reception followed in which a native headdress was placed on Robert Heinl’s head and it was announced by Three Bears (1854-1918) that Robert would be made an honorary member of the Blackfeet tribe and given an Indian name later in the day.

For the induction ceremony, Robert Heinl put on an Indian costume. Helen also put on a “gorgeous” dress

that his tribe had decided to name their white brother ‘Black Eagle,’ after one of their famous braves. . . . Three Bears approached me and led me into the circle, saying that I, too, was to be made one of the tribe and would be christened ‘Small Woman’ and that since Black Eagle had married Small Woman before we all became Indians, that we would have to be married again by their service.

“So Robert and I joined hands, and Three Bears performed the ceremony. It was really impressive. Medicine Owl and his wife stood by me, and Cream Antelope and his wife by Robert. Three Bears said a prayer for us in which he asked for our long life and happiness and that Small Woman might get along with Black Eagle ‘as well as she could.’ ”

For the induction ceremony, Robert Heinl put on an Indian costume. Helen also put on a “gorgeous” dress “trimmed with shells, beads, and thimbles that clink together.” She had been given the outfit earlier in the day by Sheep Woman, wife of Medicine Owl (1866-1919).

“trimmed with shells, beads, and thimbles that clink together.” She had been given the outfit earlier in the day by Sheep Woman, wife of Medicine Owl (1866-1919). The Heinls were then each wrapped in a blanket and led by the Medicine Owls from their chalet to the ceremony.

“Robert sat on the floor with the men on one side of the room and I on the other side between Mrs. Medicine Owl and Mrs. [Susan] White Calf (1862-1945). There came more dancing and singing and speech making. [Three Bears] said

At that, the ceremony was over. Lazy Boy (1857-1948) presented Robert Heinl with a beaded belt and Two Guns White Calf (1872-1934) gave Heinl “the finest tobacco pouch [I] ever saw.” A party followed, with dancing and singing by the natives long into the night.

Publicist Hoke Smith later put his own spin on the wedding in railway news releases: “The strange wedding, which means the adoption by the Blackfoot tribe of the ‘pale faces,’ was witnessed by about 100 tourists, including several from the old world.”

Smith further wrote: “Thirty Indians, mostly grass dancers, took part in the ceremony, which, of course, took place in the open.”

Photographs taken by Roland Reed (1864-1934), and possibly Fred Kiser (1878-1955), during and after the ceremony give the lie to what Smith wrote regarding attendance. About a dozen natives encircled the Heins during the wedding, not 30. There appear to be only the Blackfeet and the Hill-Heinl party present, about two dozen people in all, not 100 as Smith claimed.

There was a group of American journalists on a tour of Glacier who were present at St. Mary Chalets that day, but there’s no evidence from surviving photos that they had any part in the ceremony.

The reference to grass dancers was a Smith fabrication, as was the mention of tourists from overseas. About the only thing that was truthful in the news release, other than the wedding happening, is that it took place outside.

When Robert Heinl got home to Washington, he wrote several pieces about the wedding and his take on it. Only two papers, the *Brooklyn Eagle* and *Washington Star*, picked up his submissions, despite “many copies” being sent out. His best luck in terms of wide readership was with *Leslie’s*, which ran the story on October 17, 1912, under the title, “What it feels to be an Indian.”

The timing of the story in *Leslie’s* was perfect for Hoke Smith, who was trying to drum up interest in the upcoming St. Paul and Chicago land shows at which some of the Blackfeet mentioned in Heinl’s article would be present.

[Hoke] Smith never let the facts stand in the way of a good tale.

In Smith’s version of the Heinl wedding story, he hinted that being adopted into the Blackfeet tribe had legal status: “It is said that if their adoption by the tribe is regularly certified to the Department of the Interior, they will be allotted their share of the Blackfeet tribal money, quite a tidy little sum.”

The editor of Heinl’s story in *Leslie’s* must have seen one of Smith’s “news” items because the Department of the Interior was contacted for clarification.

The editor’s note with the article “How it feels to be an Indian” stated that “Acting United States [Indian] Commissioner [F.A.] Abbott, in Washington, pointed out that Mr. Heinl took the ceremony as an honor which the Indians desired to accord him because of their friendship. Commissioner Abbott gave it as his opinion that Mr. Heinl never thought of such a thing as falling heir to tribal funds.”

Not one to let an opportunity pass, Hoke Smith came out with another news release/story calling Uncle Sam “money grubbing” and saying the Heins wouldn’t qualify for an allotment on the reservation or any money after all.

Smith’s item got play in the nationally syndicated “National Capital Affairs” column as “Uncle Sam Spoils an Indian Adoption Romance.”

“The acting chief of the Indian Bureau says the adoption is not legal because the Indian bureau will not confirm it when it comes before

them official. Therefore, Mr. Heinl and his bride will be cut out of their share of the Blackfeet allotment of lands and money which their red-skinned brothers were anxious they should have.” The Indian Bureau boss was quoted as saying, “Only people descended from the tribe who have Indian blood in them are ever admitted to the tribe.”

Unknown to Smith, there was an undercurrent of truth in his reference to Blackfeet allotments. In January 1912 the Blackfeet had held a meeting to discuss their land situation, with particular reference to adopting people into the tribe and how that might affect future allotting of parcels to tribal members.

“A few weeks ago we had a big meeting to consider something which we thought was very important,” Jack Big Moon (1856-1917) told amateur ethnologist Walter McClintock (1870-1949). “The chiefs decided not to adopt any more white people into the tribe.” Big Moon did not state what influenced the decision or who the chiefs were, but the last allotments were being parceled out on the reservation and a popular topic of discussion was what to do with the surplus land.

All of the adoptions done by the “Glacier Park Indians,” who worked for the Great Northern, were honorary, with no legal basis. From time to time, though, the Blackfeet superintendent would get inquiries from relatives of those who had been adopted about their status as Native Americans – all to be disappointed

after being told the adoption was honorary.

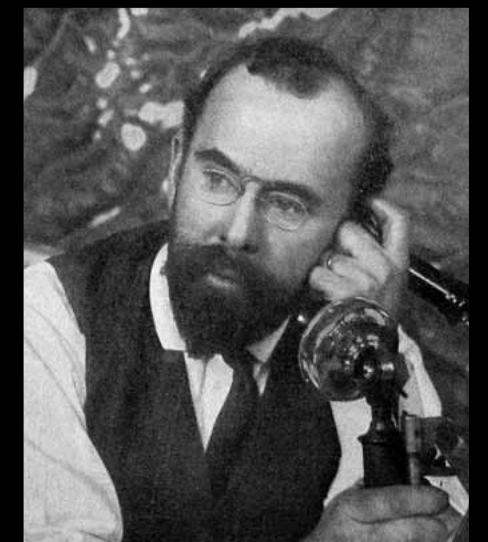
In his coverage of the Heintz wedding, Smith further reported that only 10 white people had ever been adopted into the Blackfoot tribe “in its history,” but where he came up with that number or claim is unknown.

Rev. John Maclean of Missoula, who studied the Blackfeet prior to their involvement with the railway, said they do “not have any adoption ceremony. I have seen women belonging to the Cree and Kootenay tribes, and men who in their youth were

Ojibways and Crees, and these were treated as members of the Blackfoot Confederacy, no distinction being made between them. None of these had ever gone through any adoption ceremony.”

None of that mattered to Hoke Smith (1875-1940), who would later boast: “One of the reasons I now treasure as contributing to whatever success I had in spreading the written word was that I always loved a good story so much that I never could become mercenary minded in the weaving of it.”

Namely, Smith never let the facts stand in the way of a good tale.



Top to bottom, Roland Reed, photographer, Hoke Smith, publicist, and Louis Hill, Chief of the Great Northern Railroad. (Photos from the Ray Djuff collection.)



(Continued from page 2)

was famously informal, by contrast to the classical performances on the Thursday Serenades and the Sunday concerts.

The lobby programs ceased for more than two decades after Mr. Tippet's departure in 1983. Alumni staged a memorial Hootenanny at a large reunion in 2006. That performance inspired Emily Trapp (now Emily Hackethorn), a pianist then on staff at Many Glacier, to revive the Hootenanny program.

For the past ten years, the Hootenannies have flourished under Emily's leadership, involving a wide range of musical genres. They were held in the lobby until the hotel's centennial year, 2015. That summer, the Hoots were venues twice weekly on the St. Moritz Room stage, and were of superb quality. They served as a grand finale for six decades of performances on that stage, which was removed the following year.

Two-thirds of Many Glacier Hotel were shut down in 2016 to accommodate the renovation program. The Hootenannies were held, on a much-reduced scale, in the Interlachen Lounge. This summer, because of changes in the lobby and the St. Moritz, the Hoots will move to the Lucerne Room, which can hold a substantial crowd.



The blank slate upon which the circular staircase has been built at Many Glacier Hotel. (Photo from the Ray Djuff collection.)

The program will see a change of leadership, as Emily Hackethorn focuses on raising two small children. Stephanie Miller, assistant manager of the Swiftcurrent gift shop, will organize and lead the Hoots. She is a Hootenanny veteran and a versatile musician, who plays piano, accordion and ukelele.

Xanterra Renovates Lake McDonald Lodge

Glacier's lodging concessioner, Xanterra, extensively has renovated Lake McDonald Lodge and its outbuildings. Xanterra has invested about \$3 million at the Lake McDonald site under its contract with the Park Service.

Last year, Xanterra renovated guest rooms and replaced exterior railings. This winter, it has replaced exterior beams and balcony supports. It also has renovated the kitchen at the lodge and the floor at Jammer Joe's restaurant across the driveway.

GPI Expands St. Mary, Plans for West Glacier

Glacier Park, Inc. (GPI) has done extensive renovations this spring. It has added a circle of cabins at St. Mary Lodge, designated the "Tiny Homes." It also has refreshed the Royal Stewart Room and other spaces at the Prince of Wales Hotel.

GPI is contemplating a major expansion of lodging at West Glacier. In plans submitted to Flathead County, it proposes to build 25 new rental cabins and a recreational vehicle park. The development would be slightly east of the existing townsite of West Glacier.

If Flathead County approves these plans, construction will begin in the

Two-thirds of Many Glacier Hotel were shut down in 2016 to accommodate the renovation program. The Hootenannies were held, on a much-reduced scale, in the Interlachen Lounge. This summer, because of changes in the lobby and the St. Moritz, the Hoots will move to the Lucerne Room[.]

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NEW HISTORY HANDBOOKS

GPF Expands its Program of Historical Orientations for Current Employees

By John Hagen (Many Glacier 1970-80)

In 1926, a college student named Hugh Black drove a Model T Ford from his home in Michigan to Glacier National Park, where he hoped to find work. He was placed on a Park Service fire crew. He nearly lost his life in a runaway fire near Polebridge,

but enjoyed the adventure and came back as a ranger for an additional five summers.

In 1928, Hugh was assigned as the initial road-patrol ranger on Going-to-the-Sun Road, which then was under construction. He recalled: "The main job of the road patrol in those days was to keep the speed down on this highway and to keep the bears out of the Government Road Camps. They furnished me with a Ford pickup and a shotgun with birdshot to move the bears out of the camps. The bears were real pests at that time, because [construction crews] had just moved out [of] huge camps that had been there to build the road and the bears had been raised eating out of their garbage pits. So, they immediately took to the Park Service maintenance camps. The garbage collection wasn't up to what it is now and, consequently, it meant shooting the bears with birdshot a few times to let them know they weren't welcome around the road camps."

In 1926, a college student named Hugh Black drove a Model T Ford from his home in Michigan to Glacier National Park, where he hoped to find work. He . . . enjoyed the adventure and came back as a ranger for an additional five summers.

Later, Hugh was assigned as a seasonal ranger at Cut Bank and Two Medicine. One day, while patrolling a trail on Mt. Henry, he met a beautiful woman on horseback by the name of Margaret James. She was an employee at the Glacier Park Hotel (now Glacier Park Lodge). A romance developed, and the two were married in 1932.

Hugh and Margaret pooled their modest resources and went into business at St. Mary. They leased a 12-foot by 18-foot building which served as a gas station and a general store. They bought some additional land, and Hugh began erecting little one-room cabins there as fast as he could. Hugh recalled: "I was able to rent them as fast as I could build them. We would rent them out

The foregoing stories, and many more, are told in a new historical handbook published by the Glacier Park Foundation.

before they were finished. Someone would come in and ask, 'Do you have a cabin?' We'd answer, 'No, but we'll have one by tonight.' We'd rent them at noon while the carpenters were still working on them."

Hugh painted a big sign that read "Hugh Black Cabins." This led to comical misunder-

standings. Hugh said, "We used to get a kick out of people who would come in asking about the huge black cabins they had heard about. They could only see little white ones."

The Blacks energetically expanded their business year by year. They built a motel and "modern" cabins (with electricity and bathrooms!) in the 1930s. During World War II, gas rationing curtailed tourist traffic. Hugh supported the family by running cattle and cutting ice from frozen lakes for the Great Northern Railway's refrigeration cars. When the war was over, tourists returned, and the Blacks resumed their business, constructing St. Mary Lodge in 1952.

The foregoing stories, and many more, are told in a new historical handbook published by the Glacier Park Foundation. The handbook was written by Terry and Sally Black Welder, Steve Berg, and Ray Djuff. Sally is the youngest child of Hugh and Margaret Black, Steve is

The St. Mary Lodge handbook is one of four which have just been created for the Glacier Park Foundation's lodge history project.

an attorney who worked at St. Mary Lodge for much of the 1960s, and Ray is a GPF director and coauthor of *View With a Room*, the definitive history of the lodges of Glacier Park.

In compiling this handbook, the authors drew in part on an interview conducted with Hugh Black in the early 1980s by Rolf Larson for *Going-to-the-Sun* magazine. The foregoing quotes are from the interview, used with the kind permission of Larson and of Denis Twohig, who published that magazine.

GPF's History Project

The St. Mary Lodge handbook is one of four that have just been created for the Glacier Park Foundation's lodge history project. GPF began this project in 2016 in cooperation with Glacier Park, Inc. and Xanterra, the two companies which manage historic Glacier and Waterton lodges.

The project is meant to give summer employees an orientation on the history of their lodge, including a handbook and a talk at the start of the season. The talks are delivered by historians and include a slideshow featuring historical photos. The handbooks (each about 20 pages long) include a brief narrative history of the lodge, a timeline of significant events, and sections on "Architecture and Art," "Personalities," and "Stories."

The talks and the handbooks will give employees accurate information to use in giving orientations to guests. The employees also will be given some colorful stories to en-

tertain the guests, to stimulate their interest in Park history, and to give them a sense of being part of the history of the Park.

Two lodge handbooks,

for Glacier Park Lodge and for the Prince of Wales Hotel, were created in the spring of 2016. Ray Djuff gave historical orientation talks to employees at those lodges. He will repeat those talks this year and also will give the talks at Many Glacier Hotel and at St. Mary Lodge. Another GPF director and professional historian, Mark Hufstetler, will speak at Lake McDonald Lodge.

This spring, three more handbooks were created through volunteer work by several members of GPF. Mark Hufstetler created the Lake McDonald handbook, and Tessie Bundick, Ray Djuff, Dan Manka and John Hagen created the Many Glacier handbook. Much of the material used first appeared in recent issues of *The Inside Trail* which honored the centennials of those lodges.

Ray Djuff is the principal author of the "Timeline" features included in each of the handbooks.

Those timelines go year-by-year, listing major events and brief tales from the histories of the lodges. Here's a quick excerpt from the Many Glacier timeline:

1969: Mr. Tippet spends a night away from Many Glacier, attending the annual managers' meeting at Lake McDonald Lodge. The staff takes advantage of his absence for a good-natured practical joke. They effusively welcome a couple checking into the lodge as "Many Glacier's

Millionth Visitors" (a designation not founded in fact). The employees fete the lucky couple with trumpets from the balcony, a parade, free room and meals (paid by the employees), and a farewell serenade.

1970: A couple checks into an Annex guest room with a four-foot pet alligator, which they keep in the bathtub. Mr. Tippet contacts the Park Service for guidance, and is told that there's no rule against it. The owners feed the grinning reptile several chickens and assure the dubious housekeepers that it's safe to clean the room.

1972: A tremendous winter snow-pack tears down several exterior balconies along the hotel front. Thereafter, for many years, the exterior doors of some second- and third-floor rooms open onto vacancy, like the doors of a cuckoo clock. The doors are nailed shut to prevent unsuspecting guests from opening them and marching out into thin air.

The Lake McDonald Lodge handbook also includes many whimsical anecdotes and insights. Here are a few striking points from the book:

The lodge's founder, George Snyder,

This spring, three more handbooks were created through volunteer work by several members of GPF.

built a small hotel on the site in the mid-1890s. He sold the business to John Lewis after a few years, but continued to run a hotel and saloon near Apgar. His career in Glacier ended in 1923, when a car he was driving collided with a horse-drawn Park Service wagon. "Too drunk at the time to even answer investigators' questions," he was sent to jail

for reckless driving and illegally transporting liquor, and he never returned to the Park.

The essayist and humorist Irvin S. Cobb (for whom Cobb Cabin was named) spent the summer of 1925 at Lake McDonald. He made many visits to the Blackfoot Indians on the Park's east side. Cobb's biography asserts that he was made an honorary member of the Blackfoot tribe, with the Indian name "Fat Liar."

The Garden Court cabin is *not* named for the gorgeous flowers which long have been placed around

the Lodge. In its early years, the Lodge's "front door" was on the lakeside, since most visitors came by boat. The mountain-side entrance led out into an extensive veg-

etable garden, from which the cabin takes its name.

The final handbook published by GPF this spring is a general handbook ("Visitor Experience as History") to accompany the handbook for each lodge. This general handbook was written by Rolf Larson. It develops broad themes – the significance of wilderness, the responsibilities of being a lodge employee, and the importance of sharing information through stories. The handbook includes an appendix of stories from

The Inside Trail and Glacier from the Inside Out.

The general handbook includes many points of advice for employees. It encourages them to cultivate Park history and to see themselves as playing a role in the history of the Park. It also encourages them to keep hiking journals and includes a Hiking Journal Template.

The handbooks are posted on GPF's web site, www.glacierparkfoundation.org. In future seasons, GPF intends to add historical handbooks for Rising Sun and Swiftcurrent

Motor Inns. GPF is pleased to use its resources to assist employees in learning and in communicating the history of the Park.

GPF began this project in 2016 in cooperation with Glacier Park, Inc. and Xanterra, the two companies that manage historic Glacier and Waterton lodges.

INSIDE NEWS (continued from page 14)

fall. The development will involve careful measures to avoid attracting bears (e.g., bearproof garbage cans and a fenced-off sewage lagoon). The project would increase traffic on U.S. Highway 2 and Going-to-the-Sun Road, and the intersection of those roadways may need to be modified.

Boating Restrictions in Glacier Park

Glacier Park has imposed restrictions on boats because of the threat of invasive zebra mussels. Private motorized watercraft are banned (except for those of the Glacier Park Boat Company, the concessioner). Hand-powered boats, including kayaks and canoes, can operate after careful inspection by the Park Service.

Boats will be inspected at Apgar, Two Medicine, St. Mary, and the Many Glacier Ranger Station. Waterton National Park in Canada will require a similar inspection protocol.

Last fall, mussel larvae were discovered in the Tiber Reservoir, on the Marias River about 100 miles east of Glacier. Suspicious larvae also were found in the Canyon Ferry Reservoir near Helena. Montana's governor

Steve Bullock declared a natural resource emergency.

The mussels spread from Europe into the Great Lakes about 20 years ago. They dramatically have impacted American waterways. The mussels proliferate, consume aquatic plants on which small fish feed, and disrupt the ecology of lakes and rivers. Sometimes they virtually sterilize lakes, eliminating plant life and starving fish and leaving heaps of malodorous shells.

Boats will be inspected at Apgar, Two Medicine, St. Mary, and the Many Glacier Ranger Station. Waterton National Park in Canada will require a similar inspection protocol.

BUNNY SWARTLEY'S

Lake McDonald Days

By Mark Hufstetler (Lake McDonald 1978-83)

For nearly all of us, it was the lure of Montana's shining mountains that led us to apply for summer jobs with Glacier Park, Incorporated, and as we look back on those seasons now the park's magnificent scenery remains a focus of our memories. More than the mountains, though, our experiences in Glacier were shaped and made special by the remarkable people we met while we were there, the fellow employees who arrived as strangers, briefly shared our lives, and often became lifelong friends. Without those people, our summers would have been just a bit less memorable.

Among all the remarkable people who worked at GPI over the decades, there are a few who returned to Glacier year after year, and whose summer lives were such a part of the park that their memory became the focal point for an entire generation of fond employee thoughts. For those of us who worked at Lake McDonald in the 1970s and 1980s, that person was Bernice Swartley, a.k.a. "Bunny," the beloved matron of the Garden Court girls dormitory at the lodge. Bunny was the heart of Lake McDonald's employee summer life

[W]hen Bunny's husband died in 1977 she found herself alone and at loose ends. On impulse, she followed one of her sons to Montana. . . . [She] found a new home, and it ended up changing her life.

for a dozen years, and her memory still helps unify the lodge's alumni today, nearly 40 years later.

At first glance Bunny might not have seemed like the sort of person likely to become a Glacier Park institution. A diminutive and well-bred Philadelphia girl, Bunny graduated from Penn, married a dentist, and settled into a quiet, upper-middle-class adult life in the Main Line suburbs. Her children grew up restless, though, and ended up moving west, and when Bunny's husband died in 1977 she found herself alone and at loose ends. On impulse, she followed one of her sons to Montana, and spent the summer working for



Roscoe Black in the gift shop at St. Mary Lodge. It must have been a dramatically different experience for her, but she had found a new home, and it ended up changing her life.

Bunny hired on with GPI the next summer, driving west in a little Honda Civic to begin her new career as Lake McDonald's dorm matron. Within a matter of weeks, she became the center of the lodge's employee life, a tiny, late-60s woman in blue jeans, a button-down shirt, and permed hair. Bunny took her job seriously and watched over Garden Court like a proverbial hawk, remarkably successful at keeping forbidden males out of the building, especially the troublesome jammers and wranglers. She was a regular presence on the dorm's front porch, usually with a little group of employees sitting around her, engaged in animated gossip and conversation.

Within a matter of weeks, she became the center of the lodge's employee life, a tiny, late-60s woman in blue jeans, a button-down shirt, and permed hair.

Her careful management of the dorm, though, belied the fact that Bunny also loved to have a good time, and that she thought the rest of us should, too. Age differences didn't seem to matter to her, and though most of the other employees were a third her age she was a regular at all the employee social events. It wasn't uncommon to see Bunny's little Honda, packed with her and a crew of college-age dorm girls, heading out for a night of beers at the Belton Chalet or country swing dancing at the Dew Drop Inn. (In later years, she sometimes relinquished the wheel to one of us, and she would sit in the back, encouraging the driver to go faster!)

Bunny and her Honda were a ubiquitous team, and always up for an employee adventure, big or small. There were frequent morning trips to West Glacier for cinnamon rolls and coffee; afternoon runs to the B&B and Moose's Saloon in Kalispell; and hiking trips almost anywhere in the park. With her unflappable and outgoing personality, she became one of those people who pretty much everyone knew, and everyone liked – bartenders, store clerks, park rangers, the local inholders. More than anyone else at the lodge, she was a member of the broader community, and if you were out with Bunny you were part of the Glacier scene.

She also had an occasional knack for misadventure, and everyone who worked at the lodge during those years has a favorite “Bunny story” or two. One summer, for example, she loaded a bunch of her girls into the Honda and headed to the annual Jammer steak fry at East Glacier ... where she somehow got disoriented and was apprehended by Don Hummel while driving along one of

the golf course fairways. Another story, perhaps partly apocryphal, recalls a day when she was ticketed for parking illegally near a Kintla Lake trailhead when the lot was full. She contested the citation and went before the park magistrate to plead her case. Her son was a Missoula attorney, and during the hearing she received permission to call him for some legal advice. Afterwards, she told the judge her son's recommendation was to plead insanity.

Bunny's career at Lake McDonald lasted until 1989, but the hundreds of employee friends she made there continued to be a major part of her life. She was a regular at the triennial LML employee reunions for the rest of her days, and for a number of years she made annual summer visits to the park with some of her closest

employee friends. She hiked Glacier's trails well into her 80s. Finally retiring to Missoula to be nearer her son, she went back to school and became one of the oldest students attending the University of Montana, building another circle of friends there.

Although age didn't matter to Bunny, it finally did catch up to her, and she spent her last days in a bright room next to a large, framed collage of photos from her Glacier days. She passed away in December 1999 at age 88, and the following summer her ashes were scattered on Lake McDonald, the place where she made so many memories for herself and everyone she met. “She loved us all,” an employee said later, “and we all loved her.”



Bunny took her job seriously and watched over Garden Court like a proverbial hawk, remarkably successful at keeping forbidden males out of the building, especially the troublesome jammers and wranglers.

BEARS ON THE ROOF!

Elsie Williams was a gifted poet who hiked in Glacier Park in the 1940s. *The Inside Trail* has published some of Mona's poems in the past (see the Summer 2000 and Winter 2000 issues).

Elsie's daughter Mona Williams Brown, who accompanied her mother in Glacier, recently came across some other poems. She sent *The Inside Trail* a poem and a reminiscence from a trek long ago. Mona recalls:

"Once we hiked from Waterton to Goat Haunt thinking that there

was a camp there. Not so, but the colorful folks stationed there to do repairs took us in and gave us their beds, while they went outside to sleep on the dock. Come morning, they asked Mom if she could make pancakes. 'Of course!' she said – but she didn't realize what the altitude would do to her creation. We all had a good laugh and a wonderful, somewhat nutty experience that was never forgotten.

"The next day, we hiked to Granite Park. We stayed in what were called

'the cribs' [rooms in low ground-floor wings at the back of the chalet, which since have been removed]. Bears would come and walk *on our roof* at night!"

When Elsie and Mona reported this experience to the chalet staff, they were told about a previous episode where the staff had chased away a bear. That tale inspired the poem below. (The staffers involved all presumably were young, but one likes to imagine Ma Perkins, the legendary manager of the chalet, as a protagonist in the adventure.)

Ah, the brave, brave staff at Granite Park!

When a grizzly climbed upon our roof
We were so brave we cried, "Oh, poof!"
But our flesh was just a mass of tingles
While that bear clawed away at Granite's shingles.
When we heard those shingles slide and clatter
We knew darn well what was the matter.
A bear was after our precious meat,
But we chased him away. Now, wasn't that neat!
We chased him away with his light brown fur,
And the dudes still talk of how brave we were.
We're the brave, brave crew who frightened a bear
In the dead of night in our underwear.

“No more *Bullfrog*, Mr. Waller!” ... and other Many Glacier memories

By Steve Waller

(Many Glacier 1969, '71, '76)

I started at Many Glacier on June 1, 1969. I was a member of the Kristmenn Quartet, a group of male vocalists from St. Olaf College. St. Olaf has a great musical tradition, and Many Glacier's manager Ian Tippet recruited many employees from there. (Our group's name was drawn from St. Olaf's Norwegian slogan, "Fram, fram, Kristmenn, Krossmenn!")

The Kristmenn essentially were a barbershop quartet, doing songs like "Goodbye, My Coney Island Baby" and "Lida Rose." We also did some standard show tunes arranged for four male voices like "Hey, Look Me Over." We gave concerts in the Many Glacier lobby and sang on the Thursday Serenade.

The Monday Night Hootenannies that year were exceptional. They always ended with "Four Strong Winds" and "Going Home." Thanks to our leader, Dave Durham! And who could forget Todd and Barbara, a fabulous folk duo. So many names from that summer are memorable, in fact. Herschel Augsperger and Diane Tudor will always be cracking up the dining room in my mind. And Byron Schwab and I have reconnected this year when I joined the church choir he is in.

Later that summer, while horseback riding in Waterton National Park, I was thrown off my horse like Christopher Reeve. Luckily, I was not hurt badly – but I was bruised enough to trigger tender sympathy

from my date and spark a summer romance! Francie and I hiked to Grinnell Glacier, Iceberg Lake, Ptarmigan Tunnel, the Highline, and Piegan Pass (late in August in shorts and sweats, running into a snowstorm at the top!).

I skipped a summer and then returned to Many in 1971. The Kristmenn were no longer together. However, I had a chance to play El Gallo in our Broadway musical, *The Fantasticks*, alongside some very talented actors – Chris Vick, Cliff Reykdal, Cathy Crossland, Fred DiGiovanni and others.

There was a lot of talent that summer. Liz Riddle memorably sang the 1920s hit "How Ya Gonna Keep 'Em Down on the Farm (now that they've seen Paris)." I'd pay a thousand bucks to hear that again! Liz and Roger Stevens starred in "*I Do! I Do!*," the second Broadway musical that summer. The Many Glacier Orchestra and the Many Glacier Singers performed Bruckner's *Te Deum*.

An especially vivid memory is "No more *Bullfrog*, Mr. Waller!!" That was a reprimand from Mr. Tippet, delivered to me in the aftermath of our New Year's Eve party in the St. Moritz Room on July 31st. A few of us guitar hacks joined Rene Clausen's combo to play rock and roll at that party. We sang Three Dog Night's "Joy to the World" ("Jeremiah was a *BULLFROG*; he was a good friend of mine") in uproarious tones that penetrated the guest rooms upstairs and generated indignant complaints.

On the evening of June 20 that summer, Bill Rollie, Mark Tain-

tor and I decided that it would be cool to climb Mt. Altyn to view the sunrise on the summer solstice. This wasn't the smartest thing to do, but we did have sense enough not to climb straight up beside the "South America" snowfield (we knew that there was a vertical wall on that route where we would get stuck in the darkness).

Bill and Mark and I headed down the road to Swiftcurrent at about midnight and took the gentler route up the ridge. We reached the summit about 3:45 AM. We were very sweaty and then quickly freezing, as the wind was quite strong from the north. We took turns wrapping up in a sleeping bag which we fortuitously had brought along. Before long, the sky was aglow with sunrise, and we took dramatic photos of Many Glacier far below.

I had one more brief stint as a Many Glacier waiter in 1976. I was between jobs and Mr. Tippet gave me a holler. I met great friends again that summer.

My greatest memories of Glacier are certainly of the people I worked with. Notables like Maisie Nunan. She was head cook under Chef Wilson and insisted on quality work. I think a lot of people were in fear of her. But I thought that she was just a sweetheart and tried to treat her as such. I discovered that she was really warm and fuzzy under her gruff exterior. From that interaction, I learned that everyone deserves love and kindness and that being kind to others is probably your most important mission in life.

“Do You Have Smelling Salts?”

Adventures in Glacier in the 1950s

By McNeil Seymour (*St. Mary 1953, Gearjammer 1956*)

In 1953, having just completed high school at St. Paul Academy, I worked at a filling station at St. Mary. In 1956, when I was in college at Princeton, I returned as a gearjammer. On both occasions I worked with friends from school, and we took the Great Northern Railway's Empire Builder train from St. Paul to East Glacier and back. I have good memories of both summers.

St. Mary (Summer of '53)

When I was at St. Mary I did lots of hiking (much more than when I returned as a gearjammer). Some of the hikes were of 15 to 20 miles. One was a 30-miler from Logan Pass to Goat Haunt, in which we had to run at the end to make the last boat to Waterton.

Many of our hikes were planned several days in advance. Once there was a party to celebrate a hike to be taken the next day by two girls and two boys, of which I was one. Food was provided, including a cake. Unbeknownst to me, the cake was laced with X-lax. It tasted good, and I ate much of it, not noticing that no one else had touched it.

Next day, the four of us left early in the morning for a day-long hike that took us above the timber line. I noticed some smirks among my companions, but I paid no attention to it. After about two hours, I felt significant discomfort. In the absence of an outhouse, I looked for trees,

but there were none. The smirking intensified. I asked the others to go ahead on the trail while I stayed behind, but they would have none of it. Finally I threatened them, and they agreed to proceed while I obtained a modicum of privacy.

Hugh and Margaret Black, who owned St. Mary Lodge, were devout Catholics. Most of the employees they hired also were Catholics from St. Paul, and were expected to attend Mass on Sunday. Although I was from St. Paul, I was not Catholic. I often hiked early on Sunday morning with other employees, and I recall the Catholic hikers' fear of being late for Mass, under the watchful eyes of the Blacks. It did not help when I told them that there was no hurry.

needed a car. We bought a “heap” for \$50. It did not run well, sometimes would not start, and could not safely travel over Going-to-the-Sun Road. But it served its purposes.

We marvelled at the Many Glacier scenery. When we gambled with the Blackfeet, we had a good time and enjoyed their company. We usually lost, but the stakes were not high. At the end of the summer, we knew that the car would not get over any elevation, including the road to East Glacier. We sold it at a profit for \$75 and took the train home.

Steve Berg mentions in a story in *Glacier From the Inside Out* that he was paid \$100 a month at St. Mary from 1960-67. For us in the early '50s it was much less. The pay did

During one of my trips over Going-to-the-Sun Road, I asked my passengers to look over the brink of the cliff along which we were driving and tell me if they could see a red speck about a thousand feet below. Most of the passengers laughed or groaned. . . . To my chagrin, a voice from the back of the bus said that . . . the person sitting next to him had just fainted. He asked if I had smelling salts in the bus.

I travelled to Glacier by train that summer with two friends, John Milton and Wally (Doc) Mayo. In order to get around (whether to go to Many Glacier, or to Babb to gamble with the Indians, or otherwise) we

not leave anything for romantic endeavors and not much for gambling.

Gearjamming (Summer of '56)

I returned to Glacier with another friend from high school, Jim Stevenson, in 1956. We drove red buses

for the Glacier Park Transport Company. I had just finished my junior year at Princeton. I was happy to leave behind my college exams and take the Transport Company's exams in geology, flowers, trees and history to qualify to talk from behind the wheel.

I was able to memorize most of the famous Drivers' Manual in order to pass those tests. I also was able to pass the driving proficiency test. But some of my fellow gearjammers might contend that I never was good at the simplest of all the tests, which was to wash my bus thoroughly at the end of every day of driving.

The jamming of the gears (double clutching while shifting downward) caused an unbelievable amount of noise and false starts. But most of the passengers seemed to tolerate my driving and to appreciate the stories about Glacier which I told over the loudspeaker. Most of those stories were educational, but some were fictional and were meant to make passengers laugh and to pass the time.

One such story must have been repeated by others, since a similar tale is told by a driver in *Glacier From the Inside Out*. During one of my trips over Going-to-the-Sun Road, I asked my passengers to look over the brink of the cliff along which we were driving and tell me if they could see a red speck about a thousand feet below.

Most of the passengers laughed or groaned and said that they could not see the (nonexistent) speck. To my surprise, however, a few people said that they saw it, and they asked me what it was. I said that it was rumored to be a bus that was missing,

thinking everyone would know that this was a joke.

To my chagrin, a voice from the back of the bus said that he was a doctor and that the person sitting next to him had just fainted. He asked if I had smelling salts in

I was on the board of the Dodge Nature Center in Minnesota, and for a time was its president. My learning experience in Glacier has made it easier to appreciate and understand some of the issues that have arisen there and elsewhere.

Several years ago I hiked with my son Neil to Sperry Chalet. . . . The hike was much more difficult than I had expected. Several younger hikers who overtook us offered us water, offered to help us with our gear, and suggested that we consider turning back. One middle-aged lady said a prayer on my behalf.

the bus. Someone had been wise enough to put some smelling salts in the glove compartment. The passenger quickly revived, but I had learned my lesson and did not use that joke again.

I have very positive memories from my gearjammer summer. They include the opportunities I had to educate my passengers about Glacier,

Epilogue

Several years ago I hiked with my son Neil to Sperry Chalet, where we spent the night. It was hot and we got a late start. The hike was much more difficult than I had expected.

Several younger hikers who overtook us offered us water, offered to help us with our gear, and suggested that we consider turning back. One

When we finally arrived at the chalet, the lady and her friends gave us a round of applause. It was a much harder feat than the run to Goat Haunt sixty years before!

its beauty, its challenges, and its history. I also enjoyed the opportunities to mix with other employees and to enjoy one of the most beautiful places in the world.

My Glacier experiences have assisted me in other places. For many years

middle-aged lady said a prayer on my behalf. When we finally arrived at the chalet, the lady and her friends gave us a round of applause. They were convinced that we wouldn't make it. It was a much harder feat than the run to Goat Haunt sixty years before!



(Photos courtesy of Paul Meierding and the Ray Djuff collection.)

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(Panorama by Christine Baker)