

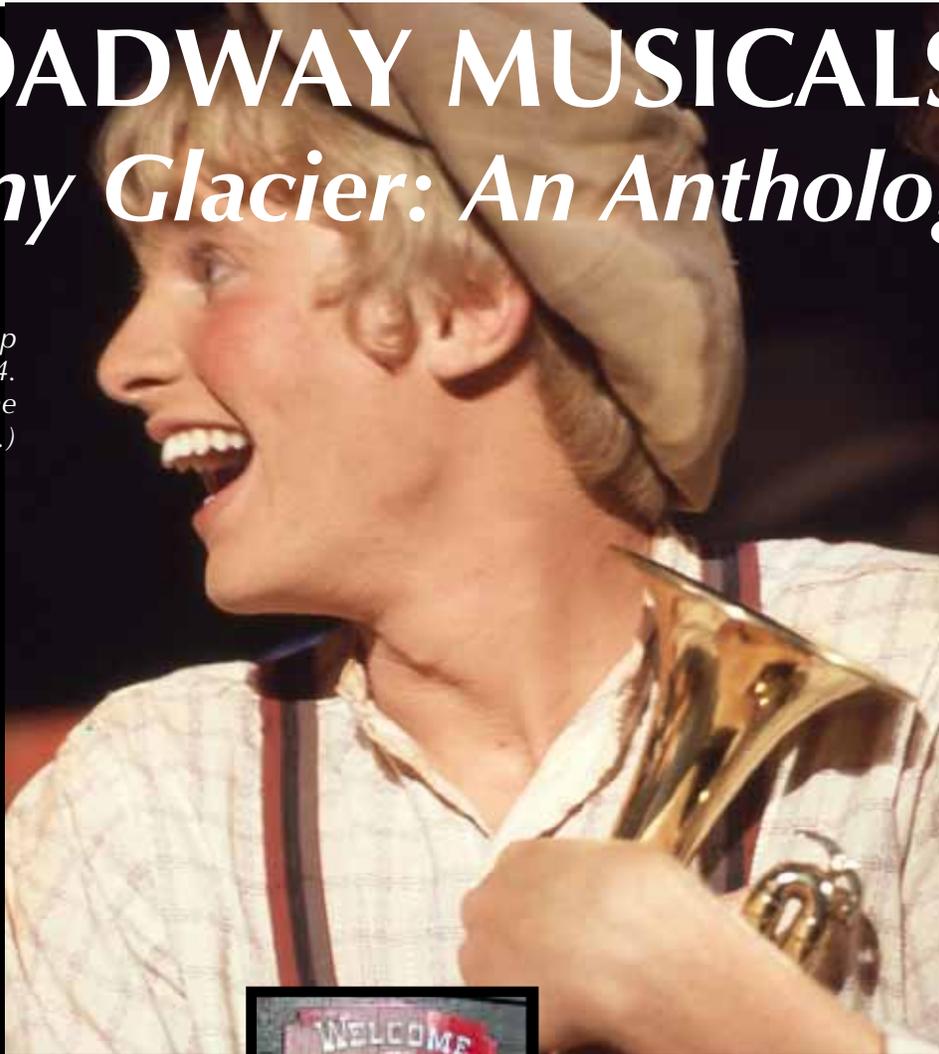
THE INSIDE TRAIL



Voice of the Glacier Park Foundation Summer 2018 Volume XXXIII, No. 1

BROADWAY MUSICALS *at Many Glacier: An Anthology*

Phil Reed playing Winthrop
in *The Music Man*, 1974.
(Photo courtesy of the
Paul Meierding Collection.)



*In this issue,
we remember
the people who
helped bring a
special energy
to Many Glacier
Hotel through
performance!*



In this issue:

- *The Night Seven Skunks Got Into Glacier Park Lodge*
- *Rebuilding Sperry Chalet*
- *"Manyting Up": Wrangling from Lake McDonald to Sperry*
- *Walking with a Grizzly*
- *Jammer Tales*
- *A Many Glacier Miscellany*
- *Inside News of the Summer of 2017*

EDITORIAL:

Support the Sperry Action Fund

Last August, the Sprague Fire burned the historic main building at Sperry Chalets. The wooden interior and the wooden roof, porches and balconies were destroyed. But the stout stone walls displaying the Great Northern Railway's logo survived the fire.

Public opinion overwhelmingly favored a prompt rebuilding of the chalet. The Glacier National Park Conservancy (which raises private funds to supplement the federal budget in Glacier) established the Sperry Action Fund. In a few weeks, the Fund raised more than \$120,000 to

stabilize the chalet walls for the winter with a trusswork of wooden beams.

An extraordinary public and private effort then expedited the Sperry project. It was bipartisan, involving the Department of the Interior and members of Congress from both parties. The Park Service solicited public comments through open houses and a scoping process. The comments decisively favored rebuilding the chalet on its original site and in its original form (modified to meet modern building codes).

The Park Service conducted an environmental impact study. In mid-May, it issued its Finding of No Significant Impact (see story, page 3). It also released a plan to rebuild the chalet in two phases, in the summers of 2018 and 2019.

The Park Service will spend some \$8 million to \$12 million on the project. The Conservancy has pledged to raise an additional \$2 million in private funds. Rebuilding is complicated by the need to transport building materials seven miles from the nearest road, by helicopter or by pack train.

The Glacier Park Foundation strongly supports the Sperry rebuilding project. We commend the Conservancy for its fundraising efforts, and we encourage our members to help. Donations can be made to the Sperry Action Fund through the Conservancy's website (www.glacier.org) or by checks to the Glacier National Park Conservancy at P.O. Box 2749, Columbia Falls, MT 59912.

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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.

REBUILDING SPERRY

The [building] design will rehabilitate the chalet dormitory reflecting its period of significance (1914-1949).

By Mac Willemsen (Swiftcurrent 1967, Many Glacier 1968-70)

Glacier National Park has announced its intent to rebuild the historic Sperry Chalet Dormitory. In a press release on May 17, 2018, the National Park Service (NPS) stated:

“The NPS will rebuild the Sperry Chalet Dormitory Building that was badly burned in the 2017 Sprague Fire. Specifically, the NPS will rebuild the Sperry Chalet Dormitory at its original site within the original stone walls. The design will rehabilitate the chalet dormitory reflecting its period of significance (1914-1949). Some critical updates will include meeting current building codes where applicable, and improvements to life safety features including seismic bracing and fire resistant materials. The visitor experience will be very similar to what it has been for decades by using as much of the remaining historic fabric and replicating historic finishes where practicable. Construction will be completed in two phases, proposed for the summers of 2018 and 2019. Cost considerations and other unforeseen events or other conditions could affect the construction schedule.”

The NPS considered two other alternative choices. One was to keep the existing stone walls as a historical ruin and build an all new dormitory building. The other alternative was to keep the existing walls as a historical ruin and do nothing more.

The decision to rebuild the existing stone dormitory building is great news to all friends of Glacier National Park. To come to this conclusion, Glacier National Park solicited public comment. The Glacier Park Foundation submitted the consensus of its Board of Directors that the dormitory building should be rebuilt as close to its original design as possible. The great majority of other comments concurred. The Park Service has come to that conclusion as well.

It is interesting to note all the environmental and bureaucratic “hoops” the NPS had to go through to come to its final decision. In the good-old-days, when the building was designed and built in 1913 and 1914, there were no such concerns. The Great Northern Railway Company simply had blueprints prepared and then sent a crew of men to the site. Using saws, picks, shovels, hammers, dynamite, and lots of nails and bolts, that crew harvested the materials needed from the rock and trees right there.

With today’s rules and regulations the NPS had to prepare a detailed Environmental Impact Statement showing all the concerns which needed to be addressed. The ultimate Finding of No Significant Impact came to the conclusion the dormitory building can be rebuilt with little ultimate environmental impact, so long as proper methods of transporting materials (by

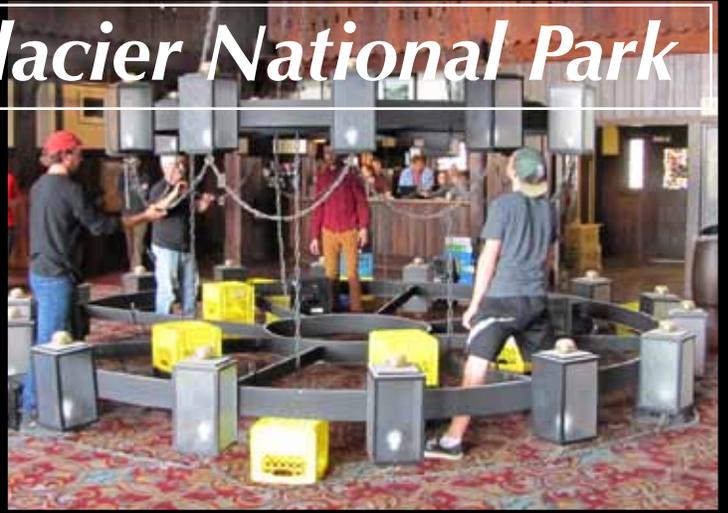
helicopter and pack train), careful on-site construction methods and final remediation efforts are used.

The concerns that needed to be addressed included the usual suspects such as grizzly bears and avoiding any needless deforestation. In addition, all sorts of esoteric endangered species of flora and fauna needed to be addressed. The input of the Blackfoot and Confederated Salish and Kootenai Tribes was solicited. Even concerns such as Dark Skies, air quality, water resources, environmental justice and archaeology had to be considered. Luckily, for all who will enjoy Sperry Chalet in the future, the plans to rebuild the dormitory building passed all the tests.

The Glacier Conservancy deserves the gratitude of the American public for its immediate involvement with the preservation of the dormitory building’s stone walls after the fire and during the past winter. Over \$100,000 was spent to haul wooden structural beams to the site and then construct those beams into an interior supporting structure to preserve the stone walls from the ravages of winter winds and snows. That immediate Herculean effort preserved the stone walls and helped lead to the decision to rebuild. The Glacier Park Foundation recognizes and applauds the Glacier Conservancy for its advocacy and generosity.

INSIDE NEWS of *Glacier National Park*

Longtime location managers are back at all the main lodges in and at the gateways to Glacier and Waterton: Kathy Eiland at Glacier Park Lodge, Bob Abrams at Lake McDonald Lodge, Eric Kendall at Many Glacier Hotel, Chris Caulfield at the Prince of Wales Hotel, Helen Roberts at St. Mary Lodge, and Todd Ashcraft at West Glacier Village.



The 2018 Summer Season got off to a solid start. The chandelier at Prince of Wales got its traditional annual cleaning,

In 2017, Glacier Park experienced a surge in visitation. Some 3.3 million people visited the Park – a million more than in 2015. A million visited in July alone (a monthly figure unprecedented in any of the western National Parks – not Yosemite, not Yellowstone!). Vehicular traffic was so intense

iters no longer can claim campsites for third parties not yet present at the site. Llamas no longer will be allowed to serve as pack animals in Glacier, to avoid spreading diseases to wildlife.

Renovation of Going-to-the-Sun Road is almost complete, after a decade of summerly work. This sum-

and Todd Ashcraft at West Glacier Village.

The Glacier Park Collection by Pursuit (formerly Glacier Park, Inc.) is replacing large support logs in the breezeway at Glacier Park Lodge. A local craftsman in Big Fork is hand-shaping the four main timbers to replicate historical details.

The Glacier Park Foundation presented historical orientation talks again this summer for staffs at the lodges in Glacier and Waterton. Ray Djuff (Prince of Wales 1973-75, '78) and Mark Hufstetler (Lake McDonald 1978-83), the historians and GPF directors who gave the talks at the lodges, offer the reports below.

Prince of Wales Hotel *(By Ray Djuff)*

I got to see first-hand the destruction caused by last summer's Kenow Fire and how close it came to destroying "the Prince." The fire was snuffed out within a couple hundred yards of the hotel, but it did claim one outbuilding, a

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that shutdowns had to be imposed periodically in various valleys.

Unusual factors may have contributed to last summer's surge, but the Park Service cautions visitors to be prepared for crowding during the 2018 season. Glacier Park now has a Twitter page, which does not inspire universal rejoicing, but which will have the benefit of offering live congestion updates.

The Park Service has announced a few new regulations for 2018. Vis-

mer's projects will focus on turn-outs between Apgar and Avalanche Creek. Some delays in traffic are anticipated on the Road's west side.

Longtime location managers are back at all the main lodges in and at the gateways to Glacier and Waterton: Kathy Eiland at Glacier Park Lodge, Bob Abrams at Lake McDonald Lodge, Eric Kendall at Many Glacier Hotel, Chris Caulfield at the Prince of Wales Hotel, Helen Roberts at St. Mary Lodge,

woodworking shop to the west of the hotel. Charred trees and bushes within yards of other outbuildings revealed how close the fire came to causing more damage, fortunately stopped by the valiant effort of volunteer firefighters from across southern Alberta.

My presentation to the Prince staff was revised this year to include the Kenow Fire, and many individuals told me later that the photos I presented were some of the first they'd seen of the intensity of the blaze. Many of the staff attended a Parks Canada presentation a few days earlier on the fire, which gave everyone a good backgrounding on the damage caused and what to anticipate as the park wilderness recovers.

The number of new people on staff is higher this year than usual due to the Kenow fire. Manager Chris Caulfield said that the unanticipated early closure of the hotel due to the fire caused travel headaches for many staff trying to head back to school.

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Caulfield said that the biggest challenge in opening the Prince of Wales this summer was having to do two rounds of cleanup. "Every horizontal surface of the hotel was covered in soot," he said. It took a week to remove the soot and clean all the draperies, rugs and linens before a regular, season-opening cleaning could be undertaken.

Just before I left on May 23, the three-tiered chandelier in the lobby was lowered to the floor for clean-

ing. While I knew the chandelier is made of aluminum, I had to go over to touch it to confirm what I'd been told.

I'd never seen the chandelier lowered, so that was another first. In the 1970s, we used to hoist the lightest bellman on a boatswain's chair to clean each light fixture, with no real protective measures. In hindsight, it was a dangerous practice, and Caulfield wondered how it ever passed Occupational Health and Safety regulations. I suspect OH&S never knew, as it was never told.

Following my presentation on May 22, a group of bellman and other interested employees cornered me and I spent two hours answering further questions about the history of the hotel. Part of that involved walking them around to show them points of interest.

The next morning, I was cornered by a lone bellman who revealed that a relative of his had worked in the hotel decades before as the customs

officer who inspected passengers on the Motor Vessel "International". I told Brady stories about his relative he'd never heard, then took him to where his relative's office was located in the basement of the hotel. When I returned to Calgary, I sent him more information about his ancestor, some of which he now uses in a presentation. Each bellman, on a rotating basis, gives a talk to guests in the lobby each night.

Glacier Park Lodge

(By Ray Djuff)

Two weeks later I was on the road again, doing near back-to-back presentations at Glacier Park Lodge (June 3), St. Mary Lodge (June 4) and Many Glacier Hotel (June 6). Kathy Eiland, again at the helm at Glacier Park Lodge greeted me with a warm smile and embrace upon my return. My talk was relatively unchanged from last year, although shorter.

I spent a good three hours with the bellmen next morning of June 4. We went over notes that had been prepared in 2013 for walking tours of the hotel. I had discovered the notes the previous night, and I made numerous corrections.

It's always fun to walk the hotel and annex with the bellmen. Returning ones have told me the details I had pointed out that they, in turn, remarked on to the guests. One is how to distinguish the six John Fery paintings in the hotel from three non-Ferys. You can see brush strokes in the Fery paintings and the layering of paint. You have to step back to appreciate his Impressionistic style. The three other works, by unknown artists, are flat in comparison, with no brush strokes evident.

I pointed out original furniture in the "sun porch" leading to the annex, original door hardware and window latches, and a remaining skylight in one of the third-floor lobby rooms. I explained how transoms helped ventilate the hotel. We also touched on Blackfoot culture and stories while looking at Winold Reiss prints in the annex.

While wandering the fourth floor of the annex the previous day, I found

one of the original shared bathrooms. (Prior to Kuntson's renovations in the late 1950s, not all guest rooms had a toilet, just a sink.) The door to that room had always been locked on previous visits, but was open this time. The shared bathroom was a novelty to the bellmen, a piece of history under their very noses.

St. Mary Lodge

(By Ray Djuff)

At St. Mary Lodge, I was met by location manager Helen Roberts, back for another season. My talk for the St. Mary staff was much the same as it had been last year.

Roberts said that the new mini-houses, opened last year, have been well received by guests, with minimal complaints about the bathroom for each house being in a separate building some yards away from the actual mini-house. Guests are informed of the bathroom arrangement at the time of booking, to eliminate any surprise. The arrangement was put in place when there were rental teepees on the site.

Many Glacier Hotel

(By Ray Djuff)

Eric Kendall is back as location manager at Many Glacier Hotel, always a welcome face. Kendall told staff during the orientation that he's held to as high a standard as any other employee. In fact, for him it's even higher.

"People say to me that if I'm not up to par, they'll tell my parents," Kendall said, referring to the fact his parents, one half of whom is the now-retired "Jammer Joe" Kendall, have a long history in Glacier and are widely known. Kendall said he's expecting his parents to visit later this summer.

[Mark Hufstetler] decided to shorten [his] presentation slightly this year, for a fairly remarkable reason: "nearly everyone in attendance had heard me speak last year!"

I substantially revised my talk for Many as Kendall had asked me to keep it short, due to the number of other announcements that had to be made. I also wanted to change it to focus on the completion of major renovations last summer. So I related, in just over 20 minutes, how the three basic elements of nature – wind (driving snow up against the building causing it to lean and weighing on balconies), water (flooding and penetrating the building, causing warping and degrading the foundation concrete) and fire (the 1936 Heavens Peak blaze) – had made their marks on the history of the hotel and precipitated the need for renovations.

The night I arrived, the musical legacy, which the Foundation has been nurturing at Many over the past decade, was very evident. A group of about a dozen employees, under the leadership of assistant front-end manager Cooper, was practising by the lobby piano. Even at this early stage their efforts were polished and at admirable levels. The plan is for a Hootenanny to be held weekly in the lobby.

One of the last major upgrades to the hotel was completed just this spring, rejuvenating the kitchen. During the three weeks that the work was being done, a small crew of kitchen staff produced meals on a smoker under a canopy outside, rain or shine. Staff could take their meals inside to the employee dining room (EDR) to eat, but all the

cooking was done outside. Everyone was happy when the kitchen, lined in stainless steel and outfitted with new and upgraded equipment, was completed.

Lake McDonald Lodge

(By Mark Hufstetler)

I decided to shorten my presentation slightly this year, for a fairly remarkable reason: nearly everyone in attendance had heard me speak last year! Overall, more than two-thirds of the lodge's 2018 employees are returning from last year, and of course many of the others are partial-season employees or international students on work visas. This is in contrast to a typical Xanterra returning-employee rate of 20-25 percent, according to general manager Marc Ducharme, and I think is definitely a testament to Bob Abrams and his management of the facility.

I had good conversations with both Bob and Marc, who thanked GPF for its work. That night, at the Park Service segment of the orientation, ranger Bill Schustrom also gave GPF a warm shout-out for its history efforts, with a round of applause. Bill is turning 80 next month, and is as engaging as ever.

Both Marc and Bob talked briefly about the events of last fall, when the lodge was evacuated due to smoke from the Sprague Fire. I learned that after the closure, Xanterra transferred a number of LML employees to Yellowstone to finish out their contracts, while a smaller number

moved over to Rising Sun. The entire property underwent a massive cleaning over the winter to remove traces of smoke, and everything looked great. The effects of the fire itself are less apparent from the lodge area than I would have guessed, and the Park Service has reopened the Sperry trail, with new interpretive signage at

the trailhead. (The trails haven't yet been cleared, though.)

After the orientation, Bob asked me if I could stay for an extra day, until the lodge's official opening, and I happily accepted the offer. The dining room does an employee-only "soft opening" the evening before the season begins, serving complimentary meals to the staff, and I was able to participate in

that. (The food, both in the public dining room and in the EDR, is several notches above what I remember from 40 years ago.) The lodge also held a brief opening ceremony on Friday morning, though the opening itself was complicated when the electric substation at West Glacier failed, cutting power to the Lake McDonald area for much of the day.

A Many Glacier Miscellany

By Mac Willemssen (*Swiftcurrent 1967, Many Glacier 1968-70*)

Reading through the articles in the Spring 2017 *Inside Trail* called up some vivid memories from decades ago in Glacier. Here are a few of those reflections.

In 1968, the male lead in *Fiorrello* (opposite my wife Judy as the female lead) was Mark Jacoby. Google him and you will see a talented person who has had a career on Broadway. This may make him the most successful Many Glacier alum. I hiked to Iceberg Lake with Mark and several others in June of that year. During the hike, one of our companions slipped and fell into Ptarmigan Creek. I jumped into the creek to keep her from going over the nearly one-hundred-foot-high Ptarmigan Falls. That December I received a Christmas card from Mark, saying "Merry Christmas to the world's fastest hiker."

Many Glacier often celebrated "Christmas in July" on July 25 with a Christmas program in the lobby. This festive celebration was followed by a New Year's Eve celebration on July 31, which was a costume party and dance for the employees in the St. Moritz Room. The celebration was such a blowout in 1971, with raucous dancing and singing, that

Mr. Tippet cancelled it permanently, declaring "No more Bullfrog!" That was in response to a deafening rendition of "Jeremiah Was A Bullfrog," which floated up through the hotel's rafters. In subsequent summers, the Broadway musical held its opening night on July 31.

I loved Steve Waller's tribute to Maisie Nunan, the elderly and formidable First Cook. She could be a bear with the waiters and waitresses. However, I got along well with her and always made a point of saying "hi" and talking with her. Whenever I ate in the dining room and ordered prime rib, the waiters and waitresses would tell Maisie and I would get almost obscene bludgeons of beef ... sometimes two or more inches thick. I can remember people at neighboring tables telling their waiters and waitresses, "I'll have what he is having!!"

Mac Seymour recalled that jammers in the 1950s used to have their passengers look for an imaginary bus at the bottom of the valley, thousands of feet below a vantage point on Going-to-the-Sun Road. That story later acquired some basis in fact. When a couple of us hitchhiked to Lake McDonald in 1968, we got a ride from a worker in a Park Service truck

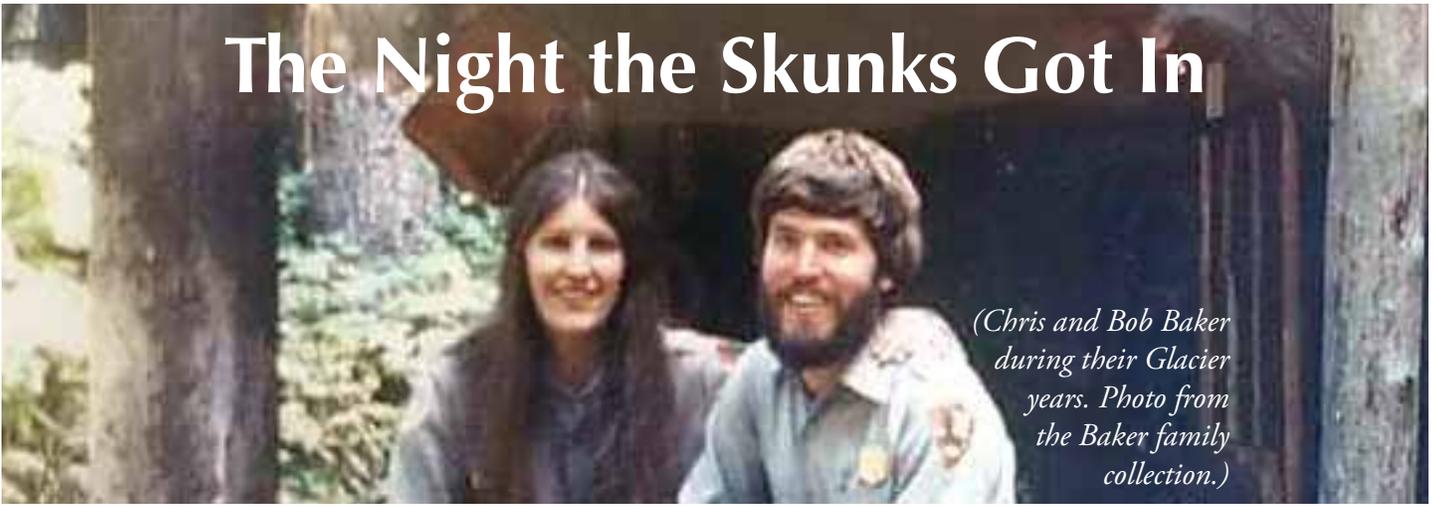
(this was against the rules, and we had to duck down anytime a Park vehicle came by us).

The driver stopped and showed us a green speck way down under Mt. Oberlin. He said it was a Park Service truck that had been driven by some guy in the early '60s who was drunk. He went off the road and rode the truck all the way to the bottom. Then he had to bushwhack back up to the road below the approach to The Loop. As the story goes, he was drunk when he left the road and was sober by the time he got to the bottom!! Over the years the vegetation at the bottom has covered the truck.

John Hagen recalled lobby porters sleepily cleaning up the St. Moritz Room at the start of their early-morning shift. That sure brought back memories for me. I remember how sticky the floor could get and how many beer bottles and glasses the bartenders seemed to miss at the end of their shift. One of my fellow lobby porters treated the bar glasses on the floor as throw-away trash. He would collect the various types of glasses and take them to our lobby porter closet at the end of Stagger Alley. He got boxes from

(Continued on page 26)

The Night the Skunks Got In



(Chris and Bob Baker during their Glacier years. Photo from the Baker family collection.)

By Bob Baker (National Park Service 1977-87)

Of all the adventures—and mis-adventures—from the mountains and valleys of my fifth winter in and around Glacier National Park, I'd guess the defining one was the December night in 1980 when the skunks got into the Glacier Park Lodge.

That night overshadows getting dug out of a snow cave by Hudson Bay District Ranger Bob Frauson and his rescue party at Three Bears Lake on the Continental Divide after a four-foot New Year's Eve snow dump. It surpasses the winter this white guy worked between park seasons as night dispatcher and jailer for Browning's Tribal Police, where two hours after most midnights when the saloons closed, the jailhouse was like a rerun of Cheers—where everybody knows your name. It even eclipses the winter the cast iron Monarch cook stove exploded like a bomb in the kitchen of the Belly River Ranger Station and took out part of the south wall, pieces of shrapnel landing up past the horses' feed boxes 25 yards away, miraculously killing no one.

The night the seven skunks got into the Glacier Park Lodge was different. It was somehow watershed: me and

my new bride against the rawest elements of nature. We persevered ... and won.

I suppose I was the final GPI employee ever interviewed by Don Hummel. The very next day he was off with his Glacier Park, Inc. entourage to GPI's winter quarters in Tucson, and later that winter my paychecks started arriving by Greyhound.

"Fine, fine, fine," Hummel said from behind his Mission 66-era desk in the shabby, fluorescent-lit basement of the hotel.

It was late August, I was applying to be the last winter caretaker of the historic lodge (the next year the position was replaced by a string of closed-circuit cameras), and I'd just explained to Hummel that I couldn't start for him until after I finished up my extended season as Park Ranger in Belly River in the extreme northeast corner of Glacier, six miles in by trail from Chief Mountain Customs.

"Plus I'm flying to Wisconsin the end of September to get married," I mentioned. (On October 4, 1980 I married Chris Metzger—GPI/Rising Sun '70-72, GNP naturalist '73-78, Goat Haunt backcountry ranger '79-'85, and Swifty and Huckleberry Lookouts forever—at her family home on Lake Michigan.)

"Fine, fine, fine," Hummel replied. He said that, really.

"And we're honeymooning back at Belly River Ranger Station the first two weeks of October," I added. "I'll be able to start as caretaker mid- to late-month."

"Fine, fine, fine," repeated Hummel Larry Gordon, of course, changed all those plans, when he got eaten by a rogue grizzly at Elizabeth Lake at the head of the Belly River on September 30. Oak Blair, Goat Haunt District Ranger overseeing Belly, called Chris and me in Wisconsin the day before the wedding to give us the news: the honeymoon was over.

We'd ridden in to Elizabeth on horseback with Jack Potter—then head of trails in the Park—on September 28, the day before we hiked out of Belly for Chief Mountain and the drive to Calgary to catch our prenuptial flight to Milwaukee. Coincidentally, the 28th was also the day before Gordon arrived at Elizabeth from Many Glacier via Ptarmigan Tunnel. We missed Larry by a day.

Jack, Chris and I were making the final patrol of the season up the valley to pull the three Belly River suspension bridges before the weight of winter snows. We left the bridge at the foot of Elizabeth for later be-

cause the autumn wind there that day was too ferocious off Ahern Pass.

Tiny Moke Chalet (later Tippet Cottage) at the entrance to Glacier Park Lodge was Chris's and my home for the next 7 months. Emily Moke, Hummel's private secretary, summered there. It looks the same today as forty years ago: steep-pitched roof, alpine frills, bright red trim and hanging baskets busting with red geraniums.

Inside, tiny Moke Chalet is even tinier than it looks. We had to crawl over the bed to get to the closet and walk sideways to go to the bathroom. The dining and living rooms comfortably sat one. Two was a crowd. Did we care? We were newlyweds! "Fine, fine, fine," we said.

The winter of '80-81 was brutally cold in East Glacier Park. One night in December the mercury bottomed out at 40 below in the bulb of the thermometer outside our door. Walking outdoors at night, you could hear aspen trees end their life in a crashing split as their heartwood froze. Break off a nostricle [nostricle: noun. an icicle hanging from your nostril] and you could get a nosebleed.

But in winter on the eastern slope of Glacier National Park, with ferocious Chinook winds—the Blackfeet called them "Snow Eater"—barreling down the Front Range, it could be 40 below at night and 60 above the next afternoon, a hundred degree temperature shift in less than 24 hours. True! Check the Guinness records!

And my job, it regrettably sank in, as winter caretaker of Glacier Park Lodge, was to patrol the premises, inside and out, all through the dead cold of night, the sole person bridging the gap between Don Hummel and higher fire insurance premiums.

There's 20-above cold, of course, and there's 30-below bitter cold, but then there's inside cold, and inside the cavernous Glacier Park Lodge, lights and heat extinguished for the winter, you could hang meat.

Which is just what James J. Hill, builder of great park lodges, did. Buffalo and elk, deer and bear, mountain goat and sheep mounts were just perceptible on the fringe

Doors creaked and slammed in the dark. Windows whistled at different pitches. Chandeliers swayed, logs settled; the lodge moaned under the strain of age and cold and wind.

It didn't help that it was the same year *The Shining* came out in theaters, Jack Nicholson as winter caretaker of a snowed-in Rocky Mountain lodge. Because on those windy nights, the Sheetheads came

[M]y job, ... as winter caretaker of Glacier Park Lodge, was to patrol the premises, inside and out, all through the dead cold of night, the sole person bridging the gap between Don Hummel and higher fire insurance premiums.

of my flashlight beam each night as I made my rounds, staring longingly down from above or maybe ready to leap at me just around that corner. Sheetheads, I called them, for the glowing white queen-sized linens they wore as their winter drapery.

Creepy enough, especially when your flashlight caught the glow of the occasional glass eye, but on windy nights any log cabin, tight as the craftsmanship might be, is drafty, and Glacier Park Lodge, built in 1913 with massive Douglas fir trunks reaching up into the lobby's heavens, was no exception, especially when the Chinooks roared in at 70 or 80 or even 90 miles an hour.

alive in their lair! Their lustrous white finery flapped and waved, fluttered and danced on the winds blowing through that great hall. It was my own personal Night at the Museum. Teddy Roosevelt and Sacajawea could have shown up at any moment.

As caretaker I walked a set route several times each night around and through the historic hotel—Creak! Slam! Whistle! Moan! Dancing Sheetheads!—checking doors, windows, stairs, alleyways, porticos, and window wells for anything out of the ordinary ... which is how I discovered seven skunks were inside the Glacier Park Lodge.

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If you can picture the Lodge, you know it perches on a little rise across the way from the old Great Northern rail station. Walk down from the station and across the highway that winds up past Two Medicine and on over Looking Glass toward St. Mary; stroll along the hotel's glorious perennial gardens with their lupines and larkspurs and gaillardias; climb the few wide steps out front; and the Bellman opens the door for you into the Lodge's historic lobby.

But what you can't see is the Lodge was built like a 1970s split level, the basement in front half below ground, opening to a full "daylight basement" out back facing the pool, golf course, Squaw Mountain, and Glacier National Park. In 1980, the dim basement at the front of the building was mostly service areas for the hotel: Hummel's and GPI's offices, work rooms, the switchboard, storage, guest services ...

Each of those front rooms has its own huge sunken window well with big paned windows, half above ground and half below, to let into the spaces what daylight they could. Those window wells, checking for intruders—window well ne'er-do-wells—were on my nightly patrols.

It was a particularly wintry wee of the night in late December when I

discovered a window in one of the big wells out front was busted out. Peering into the blackness of the room, my flashlight caught the reflection off shards of broken glass on a tidy bed, five feet below. (Remember, the front basement rooms were half below ground, half above, so I was peering into the dark room from halfway up the wall.) YRAMRIFNI was stenciled on the room's frosted glass door—with kconK esaelP underneath—and a big, broad red cross was splashed below.

I assessed the damage, noted the time (4:45 AM), and found no evidence of well ne'er-do-wells. I was just turning away when, inside, a skunk rounded a large standing white cabinet, stopped in the beam of my flashlight, and uneasily stared up at me.

"Hm," I thought aloud.

Then came a second skunk, by the same path, rounding the cabinet and stepping into my beam, next to her pal, quickly followed by a third, a fourth, a fifth, sixth and seventh. Seven skunks, shoulder to shoulder in the spotlight of my beacon, perky little faces, wet little noses, beady little eyes, luxurious business ends sweeping back and up in broad esses, front paws anxiously kneading in

unison. I felt like any moment they'd bust into some chorus line, the June Taylor Dancers meet Pepe Le Pew.

Their ingress soon became clear. Skunk tracks (I worked in Belly with Ranger Dave Shea, who wrote the book on animal tracks) ended at the lip of the window well. All seven had been making their rounds when they tumbled, one by one, into the deep recess. Trapped! Taking advantage of some small chink in the window, they worked and worked until they broke through the glass barrier, spilling four feet onto the bed below. And here they were, 14 eyes transfixed by my jacklight.

I ruled out getting my .22 to shoot them, of course. I remembered from my days as a young teen shooting squirrels in upstate New York that getting shot—as in dead—is generally a muscle relaxant. And I remembered from Zoology 101 with Professor Molnowski back in Orono, Maine, who occasionally wildly flailed his left arm over his head because of damage from a Nazi prison camp, that a skunk's sphincter is a muscle. Putting those life lessons together: combining a muscle relaxant and a skunk's sphincter was not such a good idea, conceivably releasing the skunk's bag of delights, and that—times seven—well, let's just say the aura of the Glacier Park Lodge would never quite be the same.

No. I was duty bound by some primal code to extricate them, but how? Leaving from whence they came was out of the question: to coax them up onto the bed, then up four feet of wall to the busted window, then up through the broken panes into the deep window well where their mishaps began? Skunks are poor jumpers, and not quickly trained.

There was one frosted-windowed door between my seven minions and the cavernous bowels of the grand hotel. I knew, however, the only exterior doors leading to freedom on that level were on the back “daylight basement” side, facing the park, and those exits were tightly battened against winter’s fury with heavy wooden shutters. Besides, even if I managed to pry one of those shutters open, those exits were doubly barred by dunes of snow, drifts ten and fifteen feet high against the lee of the lodge from the winter’s gales. My wards needed another way out—up!

I had all that day to hatch a plan. My night shift was over and my day job began: rebuilding an old salt-box Great Northern station house brought by rail—numbered true 2x4s and square cut nails all—in 1880 from Minneapolis to Summit on the Continental Divide; then relocated to the southeast corner of East Glacier Park where you can see it on Edkins Street. (Edkins Street was named for Helen Edkins, whose adopted uncle was Tom Dawson, Mountain Man, of Winold Reiss litho and Dawson Pass fame. Helen, born in 1898 and extremely prim and proper in her white gloves and fur coat, would stop in and regale us with tales of East Glacier Park in the 1920’s.)

The next night Wife-of-a-Hundred-Days Chris and I sprang to it. We’d

construct an impermeable skunk chute starting at the top of the wide staircase that led up from the basement in the back corner of the Lodge’s main floor, winding a path through the columned grand hall to the hotel’s front doors. We dragged anything and everything with a flat surface to line the course: dining and coffee and end and writing tables, laid on edge. Mattresses from first floor guest rooms, propped enroute. Over-stuffed couches tipped on their backs like beached walruses. Six panel doors off their hinges. All strung in a double-walled gauntlet, forming a two-foot wide channel to funnel seven skunks from detention to deliverance.

It was easy to secure the basement, closing doors and blocking hallways, so there was nowhere for the malodorous seven to go but up.

Now for the lure: a ten pound bag of Purina cat chow, borrowed from Rover, our cat, would do the trick. We spread Ocean Fish kibbles from just outside their cell, down the hall, up the stairs, all along their highway to liberty, not enough for a feast, just enough to keep seven hungry stinkers on the hunt for more.

All was set. It was time. We gently knocked on the INFIRMARY door because that’s what the sign politely told us to do, flung it wide, propped it open with a chair, then bolted.

+ + + + +

We’re not exactly positive if the skunks ever left. Great winds the next three nights blew away any possible sign of tracks. All that’s certain is, the morning after, ten pounds of kibbles were gone, every one; we had a lot of furniture to remember where it came from and put back; and the skunks that got into the Glacier Park Lodge were never seen again.

Of course, the buffalo know for sure. And the elk and deer and bear and mountain goats, gazing nostalgically from above or watching from around the corner, glass eyes aglow, waving their white gowns in the wind, Sheetheads cheering their fellow creatures on to freedom.

One morning right before he sold GPI to Greyhound, Don Hummel surprised me with a call on the phone from Tucson to check in.

“How’re things?” he queried. “Quiet?”

“Well...there was a window busted out in the basement of the Lodge. But nothing got in,” I lied.

“Fine, fine, fine” is what I remember him saying.

Chris is still married to me, 37 years later, even though I’ve brought home everything from raccoons to weasels to owls to a newborn cow (in the back seat of her VW, rescued from the middle of Highway 2 between Browning and Cut Bank.) It wasn’t too long after the skunks episode that I diverged ever so slightly from my trajectory in wildlife management to pursue children’s and youth ministry, where I remain still.

They say youth ministry is like herding cats. But then, They weren’t there the night the skunks got in.

We’re not exactly positive if the skunks ever left. Great winds the next three nights blew away any possible sign of tracks. All that’s certain is, the morning after, ten pounds of kibbles were gone; every one; ... and the skunks that got into the Glacier Park Lodge were never seen again.

The Broadway Musicals at Many Glacier Hotel

The stage on which the shows were acted was built in 1957. It took the place of the Circular Staircase, a legendary feature of the hotel. . . . It remained for six decades, until the staircase was installed again last summer.

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

One evening in 1971, the musical *I Do! I Do!* was in progress in the St. Moritz Room at Many Glacier Hotel. There are two characters, a husband and a wife. They were sitting side-by-side, conversing, in a big four-poster bed. Suddenly, a packrat emerged from the wings and marched across the stage in front of the audience! The husband, (Roger Stephens, who also was director of the musical) leaped out of bed in his nightgown. He rushed to the front of the stage and shouted down to the conductor of the orchestra: "Hey, Mister Leader! You got any D-Con [rat poison] down there?!"

This episode captured the spirit of Many's Broadway musicals, which ran every year from 1961 to 1983. The venue was rustic, and startling events like the appearance of the packrat were not uncommon. But the performers were talented and spirited, and the shows were always impressive. They are a proud chapter in the history of the famous old hotel.

The stage on which the shows were acted was built in 1957. It took the place of the Circular Staircase, a legendary feature of the hotel. The staircase was torn out to expand the lobby gift shop, and a stage was built in the St. Moritz Room downstairs. It remained for six decades, until the staircase was installed again last summer.

The stage was used for employee talent shows in its early years. But its era of glory began with Ian Tippet's arrival as manager in 1961.

Mr. Tippet was born in Devonshire, England and went to hotel school in London. He won a contest that brought him an internship with America's Hilton hotels. He learned about the lodges in Glacier Park and applied to work there. He then spent several summers as manager at Lake McDonald Lodge. Don Hummel of Glacier Park, Inc. acquired the Glacier concession in late 1960. He hired Mr. Tippet as full-time personnel director and as manager at Many Glacier Hotel.

Mr. Tippet had a lifelong love of music and had come to enjoy Broadway musicals. When

given the reins at Many Glacier, he decided to stage a musical there. The first production (*Oklahoma!* In 1961) was hastily improvised, with light bulbs in number-ten cans for stage lights and a few bales of straw for props. In subsequent shows (*The Boy Friend*, *Brigadoon*, *Carousel*, *South Pacific*, and twenty more) the stagecraft grew more complex and ambitious.

The logistics required to put on stage shows were very demanding. Everything had to be done in the off-hours of employees. Rehearsals had to accommodate the shifts of dining room waiters and cooks and room clerks. If the linen truck broke down and maids had to go back to work in the evening, a rehearsal might be disrupted.

Besides the actors and the musicians, all sorts of employees helped with the shows. Backdrops were painted on old bedsheets. Elaborate sets were hammered together – the village of Anatevka for *Fiddler on the Roof*, Snoopy's doghouse and Schroeder's piano for *You're a Good Man, Charlie Brown*, the railroad car full of travelling salesmen for *The Music Man*. Props had to be scavenged or purchased in Kalispell. Old Mrs. Daly, the hotel seamstress, fitted costumes for the actors.

The costumes were picturesque. Who could forget the violently-colored oversized plaids worn by the salesmen in *The Music Man*?

Or the preposterous marching-band uniforms worn by the troupe of forest rangers in *Little Mary Sunshine*? The Army-surplus uniforms from *South Pacific* were kept for years in a closet on Fourth Floor Main, and were sometimes pulled out for costume parties.

A wonderful spirit of community animated the whole enterprise. It emanated from Mr. Tippet. People's willingness to pour off-duty energy into the musical sprang from his work ethic and his colorful personality. The big red calendar of events posted outside his office ("Many's Months of Madness") fired employees' imaginations and motivated them to volunteer. But the primary motivator was Mr. Tippet himself, striding through the halls and exhorting us with his British accent and his incomparable diction.

Mr. Tippet introduced every show, standing in a spotlight on the curtain in front of the stage. He disarmingly would welcome guests to our "rustic old barn" of a lodge, describe its musical tradition, and praise the employees for donating time. He loved to describe walking down the hallways and hearing a flute or a cello being practiced in a vacant room. Concluding, "Ladies and gentlemen, I give you *Brigadoon!*" (or whatever the show might be), he would stride away, as the orchestra struck up and the curtain rattled back.

We all have favorite memories from those colorful shows. One of mine is from *The Music Man*. There's a scene where Mayor Shinn attempts to make an Independence Day speech. Repeatedly, the mayor begins, "Four score and seven years

ago —," and then is interrupted for frivolous reasons.

One night, the actors playing his audience conspired *not* to interrupt. They wanted to see if the mayor (Alan Robinson) knew any more of the Gettysburg Address than was in the script. Alan was equal to the test. When the first interruption failed to occur on cue, he paused momentarily and then snapped: "Our forefathers put forth 'pon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty and dedicated t' the proposition-all-men-created-equal!!" He glowered at the other actors, who dutifully returned to the script.

The guests provided memories, too. In *The Fantasticks*, there's a character called The Mute, who wanders about and strikes statuesque poses, but does not speak. One morning during a run of the show, I checked a couple out of a room. The wife remarked brightly, "We certainly enjoyed the show last night. We particularly liked the Mutant!"

The Broadway musicals ended with Mr. Tippet's departure in 1983. The St. Moritz Room stage is no more. But the memories endure, and the Broadway shows fill a distinguished place in the heritage of Many Glacier Hotel.

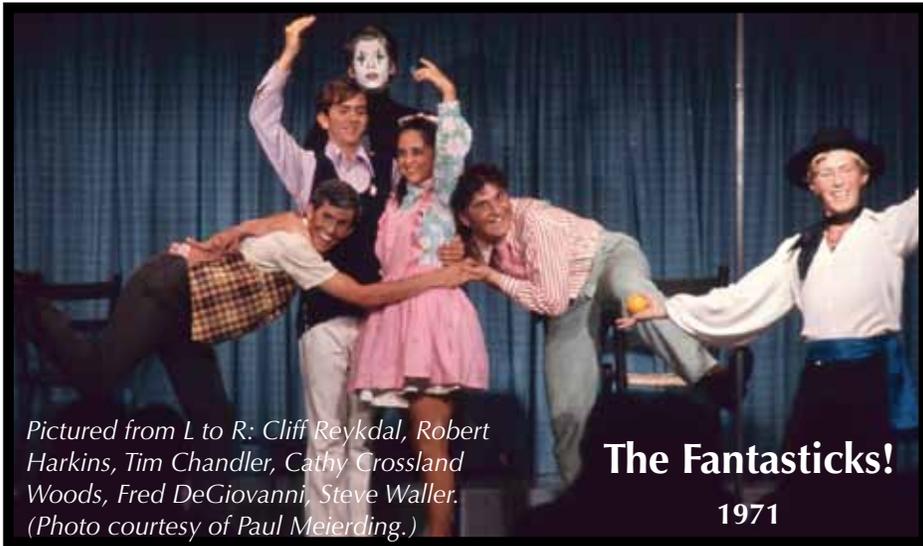
[T]he primary motivator was Mr. Tippet himself, striding through the halls and exhorting us with his British accent and his incomparable diction.



Charlie Tichenor as Snoopy in "You're a Good Man Charlie Brown", 1971. (Photo courtesy of Paul Meierding.)

The Imaginariu

25 Musicals performed over a 23-ye



Pictured from L to R: Cliff Reykdal, Robert Harkins, Tim Chandler, Cathy Crossland Woods, Fred DeGiovanni, Steve Waller. (Photo courtesy of Paul Meierding.)

The Fantasticks!

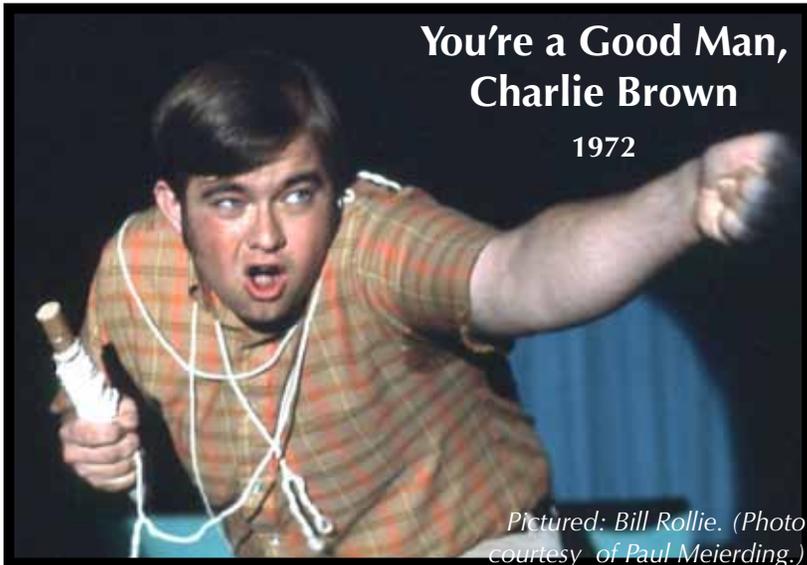
1971



I Do! I Do!

1971

Liz Riddell H... (Photo courtesy of...)



You're a Good Man, Charlie Brown

1972

Pictured: Bill Rollie. (Photo courtesy of Paul Meierding.)



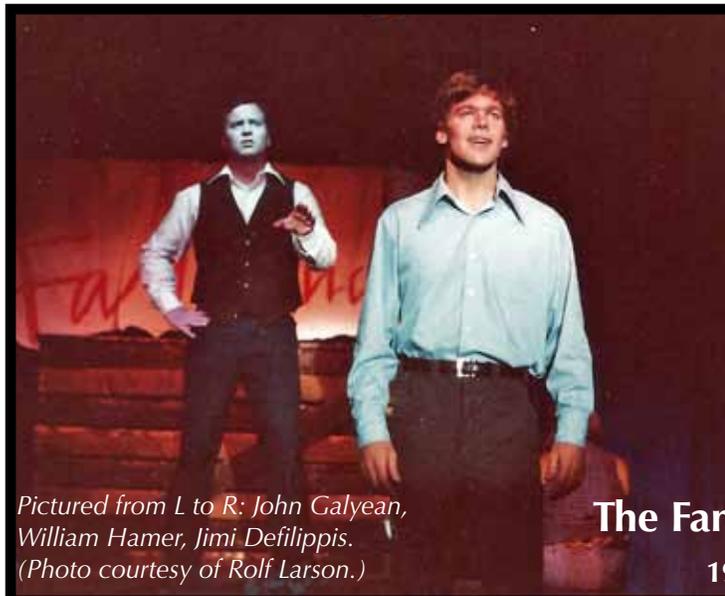
Pictured from L to R: Steve Anderson, Paul... (Photo courtesy of...)

(Row 1, L to R: ???, William Hamer, Jeff Menzies, Bonnie Brown. Row 2: L to R: Mary Bassingthwaight, Marlena Osborne, ???, Ron Serlen (w/banjo), Jennifer Downing, Scott Zinter, Deitz Wolfgang. (Photo courtesy of Rolf Larson.)



Half a Sixpence

1979



Pictured from L to R: John Galyean, William Hamer, Jimi Defilippis. (Photo courtesy of Rolf Larson.)

The Far

19...

Life of Ian Tippet

near period between 1961 and 1983



Pictured from L to R: ...allagan, Roger Stephens. (Photo courtesy of Paul Meierding.)

Note. There are many wonderful performances not pictured here. This selection is only limited by available photography.



Pictured from L to R: Drew Metcalf, Gretchen Johnson, Tessie Bundick, Chris Vick. (Photo courtesy of Paul Meierding.)

Barefoot in the Park

1972

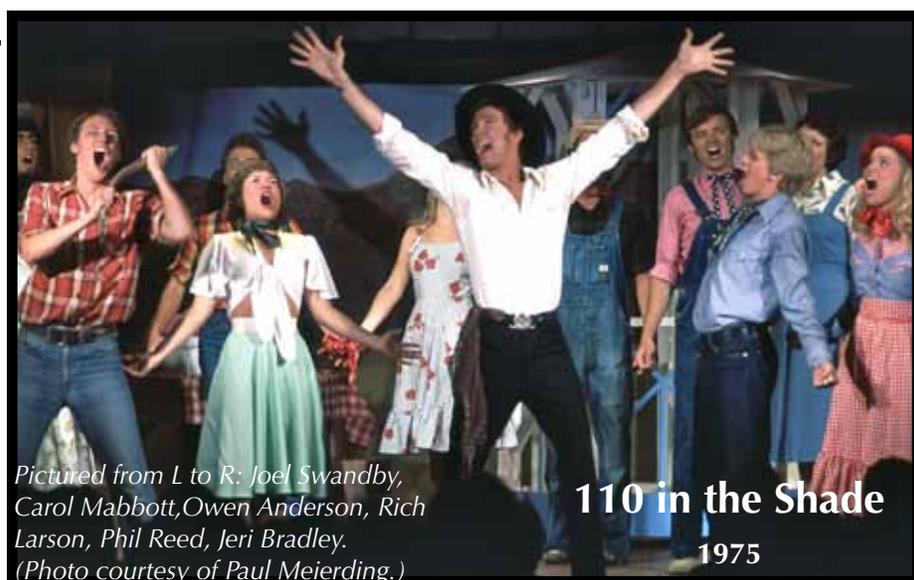


Music Man
1974

Pictured from L to R: Thom O'Reilly, ...ul Taintor, Bill Rollie. (Photo courtesy of Paul Meierding.)

What Ian Tippet accomplished when the identity of the spiral staircase disappeared in the mid-1950's was nothing short of magic!

The artistry of the hotel's woodcraft was replaced by the creative energy of those who brought the magestic chalet to life each summer.



Pictured from L to R: Joel Swandby, Carol Mabbott, Owen Anderson, Rich Larson, Phil Reed, Jeri Bradley. (Photo courtesy of Paul Meierding.)

110 in the Shade

1975



Fantasticks!

1980

Directors and Crew

...those responsible for everything you don't see; (choreography, music, staging, sound, lighting, makeup, etc.)

Pictured: Byron Willford. (Photo courtesy of Rolf Larson.)

The Broadway Musicals: *An Anthology of Stories*

We were all “created” by Mr. Tippet, and did not fully exist until he plucked each of us from our mortal existence and plopped us into that magical setting, Swiftcurrent Valley.

Glacier itself as the “musical”

By Ken Latta (Many Glacier 1974)

I played trumpet in the pit orchestra for Music Man. Terri Saunders Long was the Orchestra Director.

I think the whole experience of working at MGH was a “musical” in our lives. That we had the added dimension of music and theatre arts wonderfully complicates how anyone can sort out what wasn’t theatre.

Indeed, the musical was but a side show among a continuum of staging and song running non-stop the entire summer. John Hagen’s 100-mile trek was an epic. Different people took on dramatic personas (e.g., “Esteban,” “Nurse Nancy,” “The Wizard,” “The Mad Chef,” and, of course, Ray Kinley – in a class by himself!). And just who and what was Ian Barry Tippet but the “wise old man” archetype, our Gandalf or Dumbledore?

We were all “created” by Mr. Tippet, and did not fully exist until he plucked each of us from our mortal existence and plopped us into that magical setting, Swiftcurrent Valley (ice fields and *Ursus Horribilis* – did I ask for this?). To most of us during

the summer, he would appear with some snippet of wisdom and instruction. Somehow we knew that he was behind the whole thing!

Fiddler on the Roof

By Clark Bormann (Many Glacier 1972-73)

In 1973, at Many Glacier Hotel, we performed the musical *Fiddler on the Roof*. I played the role of the young revolutionary from Kiev. We performed 13 shows in 14 nights, which even then seemed a killing pace. It was a stressful experience.

One night, after a very long day with the bellman crew, I got backstage, put on my make-up and dressed in most of my costume. before I stretched out on the floor for a quick nap before my entrance. This was a big mistake. I was suddenly and violently shaken awake by another actor who said they were ad-libbing and awaiting my entrance!

I jumped up, hastily buttoning my vest but forgetting completely about checking my prayer shawl before I raced around the corner and onto the stage. The line they were waiting to deliver, and the one which first acknowledged me, was “Say, you’re

not from around here.” This time, however, the circumstances permitted the speaker to say “Say, you’re not from around here. Around here we don’t wear our prayer shawls around our ankles!” I followed his gaze and saw, to my horror, that that was exactly where my prayer shawl was – around my ankles! I don’t remember what happened after that inauspicious beginning!

None of the stresses on stage, however, equaled the strain of sharing a production with “The Wizard,” Chris Vick. In *Fiddler*, Wizard played the Russian Cossack who was ordered to wreck the wedding of the oldest daughter. In this scene, I was to confront him angrily before being clubbed from behind by one of his troopers.

Unfortunately, in the moments when I had to face the Wizard, he had his back to the audience, and no one but those of us upstage could see his face. There I was, ready to attack him, furious and violent at the havoc wreaked on the wedding celebration. What did Wizard do? He made kissy-doll faces and grinned wickedly at me! At first, I was so startled that I did not react as he had hoped,

but from then on, night after night, I had a constant struggle to keep a straight face in that scene!

Audience Interactions

By Sean Williams (*Many Glacier* 1978-81)

In the four summers that I worked at Many Glacier, I was involved with the orchestra just one season. However, everyone learned all the songs every year because every employee involved in the musical was singing constantly. Whether from a bellman carrying bags down the hall while lustily belting out “You’re a Good Man, Charlie Brown” or from one of the ladies in the pantry singing “Try to Remember,” those of us in maid uniforms or in the employee cafeteria learned everything. Many of the people involved in the musicals – being a creative bunch – would quickly develop parodies that focused on our lives as Many Glacier employees. Sometimes those new words would supplant the original lyrics in our minds!

Some of the people in the orchestra would leave their instruments backstage to avoid carrying them back and forth, to and from the dorm. One afternoon I found some guests playing instruments that employees had left in the St. Moritz! I was in my cafeteria employee uniform, so I went up to them and suggested that those instruments belonged to other people. They ignored me and kept playing, so I got very close to them and stood with my arms folded, staring at them. After about five minutes, they stopped and put the instruments away.

The female lead in one of the musicals – a waitress by day, lead singer by night – overheard a guest complaining about having to go watch the musical rather than relaxing in front

of a TV. The guest further speculated that the evening would be boring and amateurish. News got around the cast. That evening, every singer directed his or her songs right at that guest with exaggerated facial expressions. To everyone’s surprise (and delight), the guest came up to the cast afterward and said how thrilled she was with the performance.

The Wayward Bass

By Terri (Saunders) Long (*Many Glacier* 1972-74, ’79)

Being a part of the musical was one of the highlights of working at Many Glacier. For my first two years, 1972-1973, I played French horn in the pit orchestra under the direction of Roger Stephens. What a wonderful experience! Every night was a new experience of laughter, tears, and camaraderie.

After Roger left, Mr. Tippet asked me to direct the pit orchestra in 1974. I was both scared and proud that he had enough confidence in me to do something that was so close to his heart. Working with such great musicians was a total blast! I even had some members who were jammers who came to rehearsals and performances even when they were not stationed at Many Glacier for the night. I appreciated all the hard work and dedication of all the musicians ... it made my job easy!

Not everything was rosy, however. One year I borrowed a string bass for the summer from a high school in Kalispell so that one of our musicians did not have to bring an instrument from home. Everything went well, but I had to leave before the season was over to return to my teaching job.

I had made arrangements to have the string bass returned to Kalispell. But

after I left, the bass was stolen from the hotel and ended up in the Babb Bar! The FBI was called, and the instrument was taken as evidence. To this day, I don’t know if the bass was ever returned to Kalispell or if it is still in an evidence locker somewhere.

I’d like to thank all those employees who played in the pit, the regular Many Glacier Orchestra, and the Many Glacier brass choir. It was a blast!

Editor’s Note. Reinforcing Terri’s sentiments, the energy volunteers injected into *Many Glacier* by Tippet’s leadership was just one of many sparks that brought the extra measure of delight to enchant hotel visitors!

Vignettes of Brigadoon and The Fantasticks

By Paul Schwendener (*Many Glacier* 1980-81)

The impetuosity of young love fuels the fairy-tale plot of *The Fantasticks*, the compact little show that was produced at Many Glacier in 1971 and 1980. A boy and a girl are led through rituals of love, loss, suffering and reunion by “El Gallo,” an omnipotent narrator who is assisted by a mute and by two impoverished actors: Mortimer (“the one who dies”) and Henry the old actor.

I played the latter in 1980, and I recall the following vignettes. Costuming and make-up all had to happen in the cramped space behind the St. Moritz stage. To create Henry’s wing-like hairdo I would lie backwards over a chair with my hair nearly touching the floor as I sprayed it white and hard. It had to keep its shape while Mortimer (Lisa Carstens) and I were shut up in a box onstage waiting for the grand

sword fight.

The darkness of that box was lightened by the ethereal music provided by harpist Nick Newcomb and the John Damberg Trio. My favorite memory is of a moment of calm that occurred each night after Mortimer and I made our final exit following a raucous romp through Venice and Bombay. Rushing through the startled audience, we burst out the side door of the St. Moritz Room. There we suddenly found ourselves alone on the shore of Swiftcurrent Lake, under a canopy of stars, or bathed in moonlight. As we walked around to the backstage entrance (via the Lucerne Room) I would look up at the peak of Mt. Henkel that seemed to lose its outline in the Milky Way. Fantastical indeed.

Mt. Henkel also conjures up a memory from the following year's production of *Brigadoon*, for which I conducted the orchestra. The play's story concerns a magical community in the Scottish highlands that appears out of the mist, and all too quickly vanishes – rather like a summer at Many Glacier. In the midst of the show's run, several of us decided on a lark to climb Mt. Henkel after one of the performances. Thus on a midnight in August we set out from the St Moritz Room, and under a full moon made our ascent, reaching the peak sometime after 3:00 am. The air was warm and balmy, and we slept soundly on top of the world. After watching the sunrise, we descended quickly to report for our morning shifts at Many.

*Brigadoon, Brigadoon,
Blooming under sable skies.
Brigadoon, Brigadoon,
There my heart forever lies.*

*Let the world grow cold around us,
Let the heavens cry above!
Brigadoon, Brigadoon,
In thy valley, there'll be love!*

Death by Potato Chips

By Steve Waller (Many Glacier 1969, '71, '76)

I was in two of Many Glacier's Broadway musicals, *Threepenny Opera* in 1969 and *The Fantasticks* in 1971. The best part of participating in both was to be involved with so many (pun intended!) talented people with great voices and acting ability and putting together a quality production with limited resources. *Threepenny* had a large cast and I was in the minor role of a cop in the chorus numbers. The leads were very good and we cast members had a great time together.

In 1971, I was fortunate to play El Gallo in *The Fantasticks*. While that role was that of a narrator/scoundrel, it had one of the great songs. "Try to Remember" was a treat to sing, accompanied by a harp. And a fantastic harpist made that a musical memory I'll never forget.

That was a wonderful show with fantastic (also pun intended) performers overall and excellent musicians in the small orchestra. One particular number which I sang was entitled "Rape." The play made clear that the word was used in the sense of "abduction," and we went ahead and performed it as written. But I have noticed that the song was wisely cut from the movie, and it probably has been removed from the musical altogether in later years.

Cathy Crossland Woods played the daughter, Chris Vick was another scoundrel, and Fred DiGiovanni and Cliff Reykdal were the fathers.

Bill Rollie was an actor, the Man Who Dies. It was arranged that he should die a different death at each performance. My favorite episode was when he choked to death on a bag of potato chips. (I wonder if they were brand name or generic?)

The Fantasticks

By Cathy Crossland Woods (Many Glacier 1971)

Playing the role of Luisa in *The Fantasticks* was on my bucket list before I had ever heard of a bucket list! It was a double thrill since actually getting to do the show meant that Texas Tech University was well-represented two years in a row. My TTU roommate, Terrie Stewart, had played the title role in *Little Mary Sunshine* the summer before, and she had convinced me to apply for a job in 1971. I'm so thankful that she did!

I remember so clearly standing on the small stage rehearsing at lunchtime or late in the afternoon after getting all my rooms cleaned – with my maid partner extraordinaire, Joyce Daugaard. Looking out on the beautiful lake and the mountains certainly helped spark my imagination as I sang lyrics such as "I'd like to swim in a clear blue stream where the water is icy cold..." or "Hear how the wind begins to whisper. Smell how the velvet rain is falling out where the fields are warm and dry..."

Luisa is such a fanciful character, but another joy of doing that intimate little show was being the only girl in the cast! Bill Rollie, Steve Waller, Cliff Reykdal, Chris Vick, Tim Chandler, Fred DeGiovanni, and Robert Harkins were a hoot to work with – and so talented! The musicians who played for the show were incredible as well. Imagine trekking across the country with a harp! (And

I don't mean a harmonica!) After the last performance, I learned another of the many crazy fun traditions of MGH: the throwing of the cast into the lake!!! BRRR!!!

Tom Jones and Harvey Schmidt wrote another great small cast show that was also presented that summer: I Do! I Do! The two characters were well played by Liz Riddell and Roger Stephens. Roger was the assistant manager of the hotel and the director of the musicals for many years. I think I enjoyed watching their performances as much as I loved being in *The Fantasticks!*

Carousel

By John Mark Sanman (Many Glacier 1975-76)

My recollection of the 1964 musical, *Carousel*, was from the point of view of a child – because I was one in that show. There were several Many Glacier rangers and ranger naturalists that year who had children, and we were recruited for the play. This was not a big deal as there were but two scenes in which we were needed. The first scene was the Overture, where Billy Bigelow is shown to be a great carnival barker. The second scene (pictured) was Mr. Snow's "fleet of little kids" that taunted Louise Bigelow years after the death of her father, Billy.

The cast was wonderful. I recall one guy who had particularly devilish-looking makeup serenading us with "There's No Business Like Show Business" at post-show cast meetings.

Carousel was one of the early musicals that took place just a few years after the "reign of terror" that eliminated the spiral staircase, which made room for the St. Moritz stage. Performances were on a shoestring

budget, with a minimal set and a few musicians, or just a piano. But it worked, and for us kids it was great! We got to stay up well past our bedtime, which was quite a treat for a 9-year old!

For the kids, it was a special ending to an unusual summer. The 1964 season was the year of the great flood. It started with the Many Glacier Road being washed out partially or totally in several places, as were several key trail bridges. Everybody had to get a series of three Typhoid shots. And for me, it was the last full summer I would spend in Glacier until young adulthood, when I spent five summers working for GPI, culminating as Many Glacier's Night Auditor in 1976.

The Entertainment Experience

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

When I remember my participation in the entertainment programs at Many Glacier Hotel in the 1970's, I recall great joy and fun. Mr. Ian Tippet, the manager of this Rocky Mountain inn, instigated these diverting amusements to give the guests a happy experience while on their vacations in this isolated Glacier Park location. He hired collegiate theatre and music majors and we all convened in those magic summers to do hotel jobs and put on shows.

Conditions were not ideal. Rehearsals for the full blown musicals that we produced were often at late hours in cramped quarters. Our St.

Moritz Room stage was tiny with no fly space and hardly any wings. Our dressing room was a bathroom. None of these obstacles seemed to matter, however, as we had a wonderful director, Roger Stephens, for many of these theatrical ventures. Roger also helmed the full orchestra which was crammed to the gills with marvelous young musicians. The student actors and singers were so talented. Many of them went on to stellar careers in the arts.

In 1973, we mounted a memorable production of the beloved musical, *Fiddler on the Roof*. I was cast as Golde and I enjoyed every minute of the whole process. There was a great spirit amongst the cast, crew and musicians. Everyone worked so hard under sometimes trying circumstances. We rented the costumes, scenery was made on site and somehow placed on the small stage leaving enough room for the actors. We had good lighting equipment.

The production was a resounding success. *Fiddler* was just one of many musicals and plays presented in the St. Moritz Room. I was personally cast in two more shows and did technical work on others.

The actors were not paid with money, just delightful memories. We happily gave up many hours of hiking and personal time to devote to the entertainment programs at this wonderful, historical hotel. The proceeds were used to buy new equipment for future presentations.

Indeed, the musical was but a side show among a continuum of staging and song running non-stop the entire summer.

Producing the Musicals

By Ian B. Tippet (*Glacier Park 1955-2014*)

I was the location manager in 1960 at Lake McDonald Lodge. One sunny Sunday afternoon, I was approached unannounced by a gentleman who introduced himself as Don Hummel. He told me that he was the new concessioner for Glacier, starting in 1961.

Mr. Hummel had plans for me, seemingly mapped out weeks before. He told me that I would be his Vice President for Personnel and his location manager at Many Glacier Hotel. I would be his “chief right hand,” along with his nephew and General Manager, Al Donau. My first responsibility was to eliminate 400 of the 1,200 jobs in the Glacier/Waterton operations.

I had organized amateur talent shows by employees whilst managing Lake McDonald Lodge. I decided that such programs could be vastly improved at Many Glacier if I recruited performers for the staff there.

In the fall of 1960, Mel Ruder of *The Hungry Horse News* took his Leica camera aloft on a mission for me. He took an aerial shot of Many Glacier Hotel, which I used on a brochure that was sent to all

career planning placement offices at colleges nationwide. It advertised “Summer Jobs in Glacier National Park,” with an emphasis on students in hotel and restaurant work, culinary arts, accounting, transportation, and music and theater.

I used Peterson’s Guide for my mailing to placement offices – a massive task. The mailing brought me over 25,000 application requests every year. The mail came in daily in grey postal bins. It took two of us three hours or so, daily, to open and organize the mail!

I selected the Broadway musical for Many Glacier one year in advance. That way, I knew what instruments were needed for the pit orchestra when I hired staff for the hotel.

Don Hummel gave me a fat loan each year to cover royalty and rental fees to New York agents. The loan had to be paid back from box office receipts. The most we charged was \$3.50 per seat for around 175 to 200 seats. After paying back the loan, profits went to purchase lighting equipment, sound equipment, costumes,

makeup, programs, printing, and fees for shipping instruments (harps, etc.).

The director was paid a \$500 fee. No other employees were paid at all. The actors, musicians, and others generously donated thousands of free off-duty hours. We had great community solidarity. Many guests planned their hotel reservations every summer around the dates of the Broadway musical performances.

Many Glacier Hotel Musicals

- 1961 *Oklahoma!*
- 1962 *The Boy Friend*
- 1963 *Brigadoon*
- 1964 *Carousel*
- 1965 *South Pacific*
- 1966 *Guys and Dolls*
- 1967 *How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying*
- 1968 *Fiorello*
- 1969 *Three Penny Opera*
- 1970 *Little Mary Sunshine*
- 1971 *The Fantasticks / I Do! I Do!*
- 1972 *You’re A Good Man, Charlie Brown / Barefoot in the Park*
- 1973 *Fiddler on the Roof*
- 1974 *The Music Man*
- 1975 *One Hundred and Ten in the Shade*
- 1976 *Promises, Promises*
- 1977 *Company*
- 1978 *You’re A Good Man, Charlie Brown*
- 1979 *Half A Sixpence*
- 1980 *The Fantasticks*
- 1981 *Brigadoon*
- 1982 *How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying*
- 1983 *Kiss Me, Kate*

I had organized amateur talent shows by employees whilst managing Lake McDonald Lodge. I decided that such programs could be vastly improved at Many Glacier if I recruited performers for the staff there.

Directing the Musicals

In our youth, we had the energy, drive, and love of performance that made the experience of those Many Glacier musicals magical.

By Chip Smith (*Many Glacier* 1975-76, 78, 84)

My friend Tessie Bundick has always described Glacier as “magical!” Having spent the prime of my youth in Glacier, I think that my soul has an understanding of that word. To experience the physical beauty of the park is one thing, but to spend a whole summer working hard, with no TV or radio (or, God forbid, social media), you had to rely on interpersonal communications. Friendships were made that last for a lifetime.

I have spent my life being able to create music as a singer, conductor, teacher, and director. I was blessed to have as a mentor Mr. Roger Stephens at the University of Nebraska-Lincoln. Roger set my path to being a musician when I was a freshman taking a music course. I had come to UNL to play football but found my way into the Men’s Glee Club for an easy A. I thought that maybe I could sing, and I found my way.

In 1975, Roger cast me as the King in *The King and I* at UNL. Then he told me about Many Glacier Hotel, where he had worked for years as Musical Director. He needed an assistant to help prepare the music for *110 In The Shade*. He said that he would recommend me for a position if I was interested. So I signed a contract as a Bellman/Lobby Porter (normally a 2nd or 3rd year job) with the added position of Musical Assistant. This was a major life lesson for me – good teachers provide op-

portunities for students to learn by doing and to grow from experience.

The summer of ‘75 began with a huge flood. Roger came to Montana in the midst of it on what was supposed to be a quick trip to cast the musical. He could not get to the hotel due to washouts on the road from Babb. A group of us hopped into the laundry truck and drove down as far as the road would take us. We crossed the washout on foot and hiked the rest of the way into Babb. I met Roger at Thronson’s Motel and sat down for a crash course on how to cast a musical.

The talents of so many fine performers made the job of casting difficult. However, we assembled a superb cast, and rehearsals were soon underway. Roger came back

[My Glacier family] has always held a great piece of my heart. Roger [Stephens] left this earth a few years ago. I have been so blessed by his teaching and his gifts and by so many Glacier experiences. Mr. Tippet, you are in my heart and soul. You are the reason that there is music in the Rockies!!!

a month later to stage the show and prepare the orchestra. But he unexpectedly had to go home to Nebraska, and so I was given another crash lesson in how to conduct a show. That summer set the foundation for my forty-year career teaching college music and directing college musicals. Meanwhile, I returned to Many Glacier for *Promises, Promises* in ‘76 and *Company* in ‘77.

In our youth, we had the energy, drive, and love of performance that made the experience of those Many Glacier musicals magical. Rehearsing during off hours for a month and a half while putting in a full day’s work, then doing evening shows that started around 9:30 (if the dining room got out on time), with the quality and joy it took, was remarkable. Those of you who know how demanding it is to do a full production even if you are resting for most of the day will understand. But it was certainly one of the best times of my life. Sneaking into the kitchen to scarf leftover desserts in the wee hours of the morning with cast mates is a lasting memory that I have always treasured.

I’ve been blessed with many wonderful students in my teaching career. Students that I have so much pride in. Students that I have had the privilege to see grow and turn into fine young men and women.

Students who have been successful raising their own families.

My family of Glacier friends has always held a great piece of my heart. Roger left this earth a few years ago. I have been so blessed by his teaching and his gifts and by so many Glacier experiences. Mr. Tippet, you are in my heart and soul. You are the reason that there is music in the Rockies!!!

“Mantying Up:” Wrangling to Sperry Chalet



Lake McDonald wranglers of 1976: Ed Guers, Dave Gant, Bill Yenne, Jim Scottorasano, Rusty Hendrickson, and John Gilbert. Photo courtesy of John Gilbert.

By John Gilbert (Lake McDonald 1975; Wrangler 1976-77)

During the summers of 1976 and 1977 I was part of a team that worked the horse concession at Lake McDonald Lodge. We were employed by Rocky Mountain Outfitters, owned and operated by Bud Ellman of Columbia Falls, Montana. Bud was a classic Montana cowboy right out of central casting; tall and lean, with an omnipresent black Stetson always cocked to the side, mischievous grin and wicked sense of humor.

We were led by Rusty Hendrickson, a native son of Montana and an amazing horseman who went on to have a legendary career in the movie business participating in literally every major western over the past 35 years. His latest and last project, a Netflix miniseries entitled “Godless,” showcases his broad talent and skill over seven hours of film. This work reveals all that Rusty brought to the art of story telling, incredible horse training and the impact that this four legged animal had on the develop-

ment of the early American West. Rusty will go down in movie history as one of the most influential horsemen of our generation although you will never hear him say that.

Other team members included Bill Yenne and Dave Gant, both from Montana, Jim Scottorasano from California, Ed Guers from Pennsylvania and my childhood friend Dan Lennon from Buffalo. Debbie Schoenfeld Hendrickson was our amazing cook and house manager. Rusty had assembled a terrific group of solid individuals who always had each other’s back.

One of our main responsibilities was to supply both Sperry and Granite Park Chalets with fuel and food throughout the summer. Every week we would refresh their cupboards and pantries with 2000 pounds of supplies including eggs, flour, butter, meat and propane. Transport was made via horseback – ten packhorses, 200 pounds each. Eggs were carted in panniers, groceries mantied in rope and canvas, while propane tanks were secured on pack saddles with an

ingenious chained link harness designed by Rusty.

These boxed supplies were dropped off the night before by Lanny Luding, organized in 100 pound stacks. Then the science of “mantying up” was taught to us by Rusty and Bill Yenne. The word “manty” is derived from a Spanish word that means “blanket.” For a packer, these large pieces of waterproof canvas are used to wrap boxed groceries and supplies.

Supplies are weighed and organized for similar shapes and sizes with the heaviest boxes on the bottom and lighter at the top. Manty ropes are then used to tightly wrap supplies into a waterproof cocoon using rope and diamond hitch knots.

Rusty had done this work the summer before and Bill had spent fifty years of his life packing horses and repairing trails in Glacier. He was 67 years old when he worked with us. He is a member of the Cowboy Hall of Fame and worked as hard as the rest of us twenty year olds did. He was also a great storyteller of the history of Glacier. We were all better people having known him.

These were amazing days, filled with sweat, anticipation and ultimately the smiling faces of the lucky women that worked the chalets all summer. Rides up were filled with constant fear of a wreck. The two one hundred pound packs on each horse had to remain balanced throughout the ride. You had to constantly monitor the D-rings on the ten pack saddles behind you or trouble would ensue. Wrecks were really ugly and dangerous and avoided at all cost.

Once the successful trek up the mountain was complete, time spent at either of these magical places was always memorable and epic. Each had a unique energy and vibe and both stirred ancient emotions rooted deep inside one's soul

The Sprague Creek Fire last summer and the ultimate burning of Sperry Chalet brought back many memories. As I monitored the fires from my office in New York City via the Internet, I was struck by the fact that although the physical side of Sperry burned, this special place was so much more than just a stone walled building with a wood beamed supported roof. It had its own spirit and energy derived in part from the people who had worked there, the hardy folk that visited, and all the collective, cherished moments people had experienced while visiting. Its physical location deep in the wilderness that is Glacier National Park allowed generations of people to experience the serene power of nature for more than one hundred years.

Kay Luding ran Sperry for decades beginning in 1954. We would take her crew up in the late spring and bring them down in the late summer. She was an amazing leader and ran the chalet with a firm hand. This was her happy place and nothing tasted better than a big piece of her fresh baked pie after a successful pack trip.

I never really knew where I stood with Kay. She was all business, but one trip after I had finished lunch and went to check the horses, there was an extra piece of pie waiting for me when I came back into the Chalet to say good bye.

At that moment I knew I must have done something right.

Kay was petite, not even five feet tall, had long silver hair and wore wire rimmed glasses. She had a quick wit, clear focus on what needed to get done and a really strong opinion on how to do it. She never hesitated to let people know how she wanted things done and people always listened. I am not sure when she instituted the policy of women employees only but I am sure it was the result of some larger strategic plan.

There is a plaque at Sperry in Kay's honor quoting her saying to a guest in 1981 how important it was to "pay attention" while at Sperry because "whatever happens to you today will never happen again." If nothing else, Kay was always in the moment. She left us in 2000 in Fort Collins, Colorado but I am confident her gentle spirit will be guiding the carpenters and other craftsmen as they rebuild the chalet.

As wranglers, we were the chalet's lifeline to the outside world, bringing not only supplies but also mail and messages from the valley below. In appreciation of us being reliable couriers, several of Kay's employees would fill Sprague Creek Valley with the wafting music of flute and fiddle as we made the final ascent through the pines, past the waterfalls of Sprague Creek and finally to the stone walled chalet. On horseback, reaching the crescendo of the ride and hearing this heartfelt serenade still warms my heart today, over four decades later.

In addition to our weekly pack trips, round trips were made daily to bring families from around the United States and world to Sperry. We brought up soon-to-be brides and grooms, families on reunion and urns filled with the ashes of loved ones to be scattered in the westerly winds. People wanted to hear stories

of bear, eagle and moose and squealed with delight when they saw the mountain goats that thrived around the chalet.

Some visitors did the round trip in a day and others hiked on to Lake Ellen Wilson and Gunsight Pass, using the chalet as a base camp. Sperry Glacier was a unique highlight enjoyed by many, and due to its close proximity, the original reason for the chalet's location. These were people who yearned to drink up Sperry's ancient spirit, to sense the energy of those that had come before and to feel the power of nature at its finest. This is the legacy of Sperry – not stone, mortar, wood and glass but Sacred moments of clarity and love shared among family, friends and strangers.

I firmly believe that every time I left Sperry I had become a different person, enriched with a new found energy and humbled by the majesty that was and still is Sperry. Always so grateful for the opportunity to have been there. Always a bit sad to leave. Despite the fires this spirit of nature cannot be taken away. In fact, in the future it will become more poignant than ever. There is a reason this place was chosen to be what it is and it has nothing to do with architecture, engineering, roofs or walls. It has everything to do with what connects all of our hearts as One.

Will the chalet be rebuilt? I believe so. Will it be difficult and expensive? Without a doubt. But when the final nails attach the last shingles to a rebuilt chalet and its new support timbers (lumbered from this year's national Christmas tree in Washington, DC) once again provide shelter to hikers and riders of all ages, new stories will be created and new adventures experienced. Most importantly the spirit of Sperry will continue to live on and grow ... available to all those who are blessed to see and feel her wonder.

These were people who yearned to drink up Sperry's ancient spirit, to sense the energy of those that had come before and to feel the power of nature at its finest.

“One Small Step” at Sperry Chalet

By Dr. Albert Manville (*Many Glacier 1969*)

I’m a wildlife biologist. All told, I’ve spent all or parts of seven summers doing independent grizzly bear research in Glacier National Park (primarily on human-grizzly interactions). My interest was first motivated by two summers in the Many Glacier valley, where my father was a Park Service ranger-naturalist.

During the late 1960s I worked with colleagues on the challenges of grizzly management. This coincided with issues leading up to and following the “night of the grizzlies.” In 1969, I worked as a bartender at Many Glacier Hotel and played there in a mediocre rock band (“Crazy Al and the Midnight Raiders”).

During the 1970s and 1980s, I continued field research in Glacier. During the summer of 2016, I taught a graduate Wildlife Management and Conservation Biology

class in Glacier for Johns Hopkins University. (I’ve been an adjunct professor for Johns Hopkins for 18 years.) I hope to teach this class again in 2019.

Glacier, for me, is an incredibly special place with some wonderful memories (and yes, some very frightening, too-close, too-personal encounters with grizzly bears – fortunately, just bluff charges). One memory, however, truly stands out.

On July 20, 1969, a friend and I who had just “limited out” on our quota of brook trout fishing in Lake Ellen Wilson arrived at Sperry

Chalets. The guests and the staff were all tightly gathered around a battery-powered radio. To our astonishment and surprise, we heard the live transmission from Neil Armstrong on the moon: “... one small step for man, one giant leap for mankind.” It still sends shivers down my spine.

To have lost the Sperry Chalet bunkhouse to the Sprague Fire is deeply saddening. I only hope that this loss will provide a wake-up call for our urgent need to address climate change. I will continue to do my part as an educator, biologist and advocate to make this happen.

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Thanks to our generous donors!

The Glacier Park Foundation gratefully thanks the many generous donors who’ve contributed funds beyond their membership dues. GPF remains an all-volunteer effort. We deeply appreciate the extra contributions which help fund our projects and our publications.

Rick and Mark Beatty (in memory of Donald Beatty)
Peter Bechtel
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Jane Scribner (in honor of Homer and Kassie Rae Owen Scribner)
McNeil Seymour
Benjamin and Kristan Sias
Jim Thompson
Carl Van Valkenburg
George and Carolyn Woodbury

Walking with a Grizzly

In the confusion of scrambling to get on the boat, my daughters ended up with both bear sprays, but for such a short hike we weren't concerned.

By Sarah Gates (Visitor 1965-2017)

I've had a long history with Glacier Park. When I was sixteen, I took a summer geology course taught by an Explorer Scout leader at Lewis and Clark High School in Spokane. Afterwards, he led twenty of the students on a two-week backpacking trip through the park. It was an arduous hike. One day we walked twenty miles, each of us carrying our own tents and clothes. We spent one night sleeping in the campground at the Granite Park Chalet, where they fed the bears at dusk so the tourists could see them. We shined our flashlights in their eyes from the campsite. Two years later, two girls were killed by a grizzly near the same campground.

Our son and daughter both worked at Many Glacier Lodge the summer after their first year in college. Several years later, Wendy taught math to the Blackfeet Indians in Browning and bought a home in East Glacier Park. She now rents out two VRBO houses and we visit her often.

We just finished a trip there with our older daughter, Kimber, and her two girls. On the last day, my husband and I decided we would take our grand-daughters on the boat ride to the north end of Two Medicine Lake, while our daughters hiked up the trail to meet us at the boat dock. We knew it would take them longer, so after arriving

at the dock, we headed out on a short hike down the lake, thinking we might meet them on the trail.

In the confusion of scrambling to get on the boat, my daughters ended up with both bear sprays, but for such a short hike we weren't concerned.

After twenty minutes of running and jumping, Scarlet (12) and Annie (5) were still full of energy and I felt wary, asking them to stay close in case there was a "bear", which I spelled out so I wouldn't alarm Annie. She paid no attention and a minute later was skipping down the trail twenty feet in front of us when I saw a grizzly bear coming around the next bend in the trail only thirty feet in front of her.

In a firm, low voice, I said, "There's a bear! Get back here to me right now!" Oblivious that she was headed right into a bear, she turned, stalled, and then walked towards me. We hustled them in front of us, and told them to walk as fast as they could without running. I looked back and the bear was still coming only fifty feet

It was a beautiful bear, probably 2 years old, with a perfectly round head and small round ears, and a golden hump. We didn't get a photo. Didn't really care to at the time! Charlie said it was almost cute, and it never threatened us. Just walked down the trail with us!

CORRECTION:

The Fall 2017 Inside Trail included a photograph (on page 6) of horses approaching Granite Park Chalet. The photo, mistakenly credited to the Ray Djuff Collection, was taken by Chris Peterson, editor of The Hungry Horse News. We sincerely regret the error.

away. I kept talking loudly and, after the next bend, told the girls to run all the way back to the boat dock. Charlie, my husband, with a partial paralysis, is only able to walk slowly, and every time we had a short straight-away, I would look back to see the bear following us. It took us about ten long minutes to reach the boat dock to find the girls alone and hysterical, because they thought the bear had killed us!!

Meanwhile, Kimber and Wendy were hiking up the lake towards us when they saw fresh bear tracks which finally exited the trail shortly before the cut-off to the boat dock. When we saw them, my greatest fear was telling Kimber that her five-year-old daughter had literally almost run into a grizzly bear!

It was a beautiful bear, probably 2 years old, with a perfectly round head and small round ears, and a golden hump. We didn't get a photo. Didn't really care to at the time! Charlie said it was almost cute, and it never threatened us. Just walked down the trail with us!

An Unscheduled Stop

By Dan O'Connor (Jammer 1964-65)

It was the summer of '64, my first year as a jammer. When we arrived the park had had massive flooding, and we weren't even sure that we would have a job. But after a long delay, the Park finally opened. We had been studying our geology and park history and funny park stories, because as you know we often had to entertain our peeps for hours at a time.

When our first trip finally arrived, off I drove from Glacier Park Lodge (our headquarters then) with one fellow jammer. We nervously headed out on our very first adventure.

About 40 minutes out, but before we got to anything really scenic, the other jammer pulled over and stopped. I wondered, why would he stop here in this flooded barren spot?

After a minute or so, he sheepishly walked back to my bus, leaned in, and said in total embarrassment, "I ran out of gas." I had to laugh at that. After all of our extra time to prepare, he had forgotten the most basic essential – FUEL!

I had to explain to my peeps what had happened, and then I had to drive them back to our point of departure. I told Deacon, the transport agent, what had happened. He had quickly to send another bus (full of gas this time) to pick up those poor folks who were stuck!

Of course, my poor fellow jammer had to entertain his passengers all the time that I was gone. He told them, "I told you that this would

be a memorable trip, folks, and I doubt you will ever forget it!" Then he used EVERY bit of the material that we'd been studying the last few weeks, and a lot of improv!

When we got back with the new bus, he and his passengers climbed aboard, and off we went. His peeps were very nice and understanding.

He got good tips, and his peeps had a story to tell. Soon all the jammers knew and were telling the story, and it became jammer lore forever.

The other jammer and I have remained friends over the years. We even attended the 2010 jammer reunion together, where he reluctantly allowed me to tell this story on him!

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("Many Glacier Miscellany" from page 7)

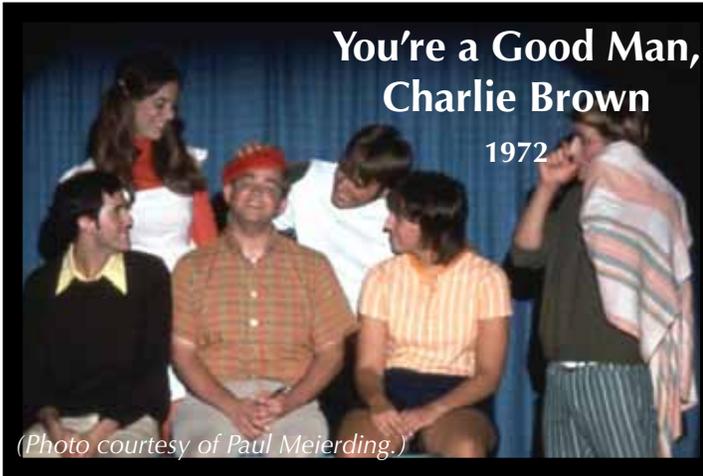
the Gift Shop and would collect a boxful of each type of glass and then ship them to his home. He was still working on his box of brandy snifters when Mr. Tippet inspected our closet and discovered what he was doing. Mr. Tippet had to explain the fact that the glasses could be washed and used again!!

My other, and more dear, memory of sleepily cleaning the St. Moritz is seeing and meeting my wife Judy for the first time. I groggily looked over towards the employees' side of the room early one morning, and there was this good-looking girl I had not seen or met. She seemed to be looking for something. So to help, and more importantly to meet this girl, I went over to her. Judy had borrowed earrings and had lost

one. I ended up looking all over the place and through the trash for that earring. No luck with the earring; lots of luck with Judy!! We celebrated the 50-year anniversary of that meeting on June 17th.



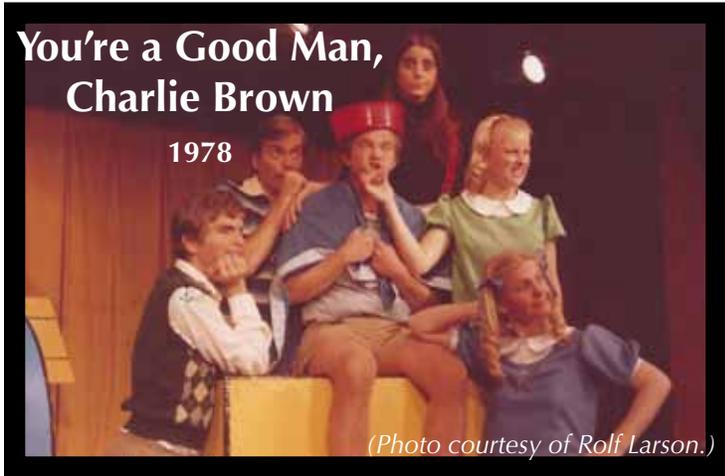
(Photo of the Moke / Tippet cabin in East Glacier. Photo from the Baker Collection.)



**You're a Good Man,
Charlie Brown**

1972

(Photo courtesy of Paul Meierding.)



**You're a Good Man,
Charlie Brown**

1978

(Photo courtesy of Rolf Larson.)

For 23 years, casts large and small filled the St. Moritz Stage six days a week during the month of August. The experience was live. Be it poignant or bewildering, it was alive with drama, music and youthful practical jokes.



The Fantasticks!

1980

(Photo courtesy of Rolf Larson.)



Music Man
1974

(Photo courtesy of Paul Meierding.)



The Fantasticks!

1971

(Photo courtesy of Paul Meierding.)



Half a Sixpence
1979

(Photo courtesy of Rolf Larson.)





Sperry Chalet dormitory, June 2018, after burning in the Sprague Fire nine months before. The outer walls made it through them winter. Now is the time to add the structure within those walls. (Photo courtesy of the Glacier Park Conservancy.)

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