

THE INSIDE TRAIL



Voice of the Glacier Park Foundation Fall 2021 Volume XXXVII, No. 3

THE MANY MINSTRELS

Early Hootenanies at Many Glacier Hotel



*Many Minstrels
1968. Left to
right - Rob
Glover, Wes
Wallace, Annette
Hausler, David
Durham, Becky
Shoemaker,
John Kelly, Barb
Durham, Doug
Batson*

*John Kelly and fellow
Minstrels in their trademark
Madras plaid shorts. (Photos
by Frank E. Sharr, with
permission of the Sharr family;
Doug Batson collection.)*



In this issue:

- *A Special Section: Many Glacier Music in the '60s*
- *Driver's Training: A Gearjammer's Crash Course*
- *A Model-T Race Roars Off at Glacier Park Lodge*
- *Dishwashing Adventures*
- *The Calgary Stampede*
- *Inside News of Glacier Park*

The INSIDE NEWS for the Summer of 2021

Staff Shortages

The 2021 summer season in Glacier Park was notable for staff shortages. Concessioners and other businesses in and around the park, as well as the National Park Service and other entities, struggled to find or to house employees. Understaffing and attrition caused gaps in service.

Here's an illustrative tale. A couple in Great Falls woke early one morning and decided to go to Glacier for breakfast. They drove 150 miles (people do that sort of thing in Montana), taking the Duck Lake Road to St. Mary. They drove up the hill to Johnson's Café, which for generations has been famous for a robust ranch-house breakfast.

A sign on the door informed patrons that there was no service until dinner. Startled, they drove down the hill to

the townsite. Each eatery had a similar sign! They took the long winding road to East Glacier and encountered the same thing. Every café and restaurant was short-staffed, and nobody was serving breakfast. They ultimately went to the Browning supermarket and bought some trail mix.

The shortage of employees had complex causes. Dislocations from the pandemic, of course, had a predominant role. A shortage of housing was a factor, with Covid limits on dorm room capacities and limited housing outside Glacier. (The Flathead Valley has seen a large influx of residents from other places, many of whom can work remotely, and affordable housing is scarce.)

Sun Road Traffic

This summer, Glacier adopted a reservations system to help manage traffic on Going-to-the-Sun Road. Recent

years have seen a huge increase in visitation and vehicular traffic. The park required tickets, available online in limited quantities, for vehicles arriving between 6 AM and 5 PM.

Congestion on the road was less intense, but complications arose. Parking areas at Logan Pass and other popular venues filled even earlier than they had in previous summers. Large numbers of travelers without tickets rose early and entered before 6 AM.

Some travelers got around the ticketed entry restrictions by making reservations for boat and horse trips in the park which they did not intend to use. This made it harder for people who did want to use the boats to get reservations

Some savvy travelers bypassed the ticket check stations by entering the park vis the Camas Road, which hasn't had a staffed entrance gate for many years. The park is remedying this by adding a new entrance station there, which is expected to be staffed beginning next year.

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.

Glacier Park Foundation

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

Restricting access to Going-to-the-Sun also increased pressure on roads in the Swiftcurrent valley, the Two Medicine valley, and the North Fork. Drivers on the road from Babb to Many Glacier sometimes had hours-long delays, with construction and with shutdowns imposed by the Park Service because the valley was full. Scores of vehicles often were parked along the road from Many Glacier to Swiftcurrent.

Polebridge was overwhelmed with traffic for the second consecutive summer. In 2020, the surge was caused in part by a Big Tech algorithm error telling people who asked directions to Glacier to go up the North Fork Road. This summer, social media played a role, with individuals sending messages like “See the North Fork! Get a pastry at the Polebridge Merc!”

Park Service planners are pondering the summer’s experience and weighing approaches for 2022. One factor to be weighed is Glacier’s hiker shuttle system. It carried far less people last summer than it had prior to the pandemic, because of social-distancing rules.

Trails

Had the hiker shuttles been full, the Highline and other trails on Going-to-the-Sun would have had more usage than they did. The usage which did occur was heavy. However, the Park Service did not find it necessary to impose restrictions on access to the trails.

Glacier’s Going-to-the-Sun Road Corridor Management Plan (adopted in 2020) authorizes several measures for managing Highline usage. These include (1) monitoring entry at Logan Pass; (2) “foot traffic control at the cliff area;” (3) a permit system at peak season; and (4) one-way traffic northbound to Big Bend, where a trail would be constructed to a shuttle

stop on the road. These measures weren’t implemented last summer.

Other popular trails in Glacier, including Grinnell Glacier, Iceberg Lake, and St. Mary Falls, saw heavy usage this summer. Social media has helped drive increased usage of these trails. Grinnell Glacier seems to have had especially broad online promotion, and hikers venture onto dangerous snowy pitches before the trail crew has cleared them.

Hikers reported solitude on some less popular trails. Trail usage studies are ongoing. The Park Service is weighing the impact of the Sun Road vehicle reservations system and other data as it ponders trail management.

Tragedy

In late August, a visitor vanished while hiking from Logan Pass. Her vehicle was found in the parking lot there. Ground searches and helicopter searches continued for several days without success.

On September 5, her body was found in the bergschrund of Salamander Glacier. She seems to have lost her footing on the Grinnell Glacier Overlook, possibly while taking a picture. The overlook (once sparsely visited) has become a heavily-frequented, social-media-publicized destination.

Xanterra

Andy Stiles, general manager of Xanterra’s Glacier Park Lodges, reflects that the summer of 2021 “seemed like several summers rolled into one.” At the outset, the Covid-19 pandemic seemed to be receding, and some of the social distancing, masking, and other mitigation measures were relaxed. Then the delta variant took hold, and some restrictions were tightened again.

One variable was employee housing. At first, Xanterra was limited to one

employee per room. This posed immense logistical problems, and would have required that many employees be housed and transported from outside the park.

In late May, the Park Service gave permission for more than one employee per room. The permission was carefully conditioned on mitigation measures. It gave Xanterra vital flexibility to expand its staff.

Nonetheless, Xanterra, like almost all employers in and near Glacier, had summerlong challenges with staffing. It never was possible to find enough employees to fill all positions. The international employees who usually play a large role on the staff were mostly barred by Covid restrictions.

About twenty Ecuadorans finally were able to join the staff at late summer. They crucially filled in as American college students departed for school. Stiles reflects that this small group of international reinforcements, “upbeat, with fresh faces, lifted morale” among shorthanded staffs in the lodges.

The lack of employees forced operational adjustments. Campstores and gift shops had to operate on reduced hours. Guest rooms (in some cases, whole floors) had to be taken out of service for lack of housekeepers to clean them.

Xanterra regretfully had to cancel some reservations when rooms were shut down. Its central reservations staff endeavored to find guests alternative dates or locations. Some flexibility was possible where tour groups cancelled reservations because of the delta variant.

The lodges were able to maintain appropriate social distancing in their public areas. At first, Xanterra

anticipated having closely to monitor traffic in lobbies and retail spaces. But visitors tended to move quickly, and very few problems arose.

Food service was takeout only. At Many Glacier, the Ptarmigan Dining Room was opened as a socially-distanced seating area for people to eat takeout meals. This system, adopted in late June, was a great improvement over early meals, when guests often had to eat in their rooms.

The red bus fleet was in action for the summer after a later start, although full staffing was never possible. Drivers, including many veterans from previous years, staffed about two-thirds of the buses. They worked very hard, operating from housing in recreational-vehicle campsites outside the park.

Air Tours

In September, Glacier issued a draft Air Tour Management Plan. It limits sightseeing overflights to 144 per year and provides for their eventual discontinuance.

The plan ends a decades-long stalemate on this issue. In 1999, Glacier's General Management Plan provided that overflights should end. But the Federal Aviation Administration (FAA), which regulates airspace, declined to implement this ban and other restrictions in national parks around the country.

Helicopter overflights proliferated from pads in the West Glacier area. The noise caused widespread annoyance in the park. The Quiet!Glacier Coalition of some 30 organizations (including GPF), led by Mary McClelland, waged a campaign against the overflights. The retirement of the legendary Jim Kruger (a primary purveyor of sightseeing flights, who also assisted the Park Service with many

In East Glacier, the beloved Two Medicine Grill has still not reopened after closing at the beginning of the pandemic last year. The long-time favored haunt of East Glacier locals, it was the only remaining year-round restaurant in the town.

emergencies) reduced the extent of the problem, as did the relocation of another purveyor to Missoula.

The stalemate was broken in 2020, when a federal appeals court directed the FAA and the Park Service jointly to issue air tour management plans in many national parks.

Glacier's plan allows overflights by three established operators on a limited scale. Up to three total flights per day are allowed, with an annual maximum of 144. If the businesses involved are sold or cease operation, flights allocated to them will cease. Thus, the air tours eventually should end.

The Glacier plan designates specific limited flight routes, primarily over the Sun Road corridor. Hovering is not allowed. The annoyance of noise which has plagued the park in the past will be substantially reduced.

Odds and Ends

A longtime North Fork denizen observes that Polebridge, "once a quiet getaway for the most knowledgeable of travelers, was a madhouse all summer long." He reports that the iconic Polebridge Merc brought in a food truck and two large Yeti statues, confounding the rustic atmosphere of the place.

A number of businesses just outside Glacier are still in uncertain straits (or worse) thanks to the pandem-

ic. The Summit Mountain Lodge at Marias Pass is for sale, and the historic Tamarack Lodge near Hungry Horse closed at the end of October. In East Glacier, the beloved Two Medicine Grill has still not reopened after closing at the beginning of the pandemic last year. The long-time favored haunt of East Glacier locals, it was the only remaining year-round restaurant in the town.

As with last year, the Flathead National Forest suffered due to the park's restricted entry policies, with displaced park visitors packing campgrounds and boondock camping areas. (While the park opened more campgrounds this summer than last, it still kept Avalanche, Rising Sun, St. Mary and Cut Bank closed.) The forest doesn't have the staff needed to manage the overflow of visitors, which created an ongoing, stressful situation.

Glacier had no major fires inside the park boundaries this year. Smoke from fires in California and Oregon often impacted views and was noticeable on trails. The Hay Creek Fire, which ignited in the Whitefish Range west of Polebridge in late July, put much of the North Fork under an evacuation warning for the latter third of the summer. Glacier canceled overnight backcountry permits in the North Fork subdistrict as a precaution.

(Frank E. Sharr,
photo, published
with permission of
the Sharr family.)



The Many Minstrels of 1967!

left to right - Mark
Stockstadt, Barb
Durham, Becky
Shoemaker, Dwayne
Sagen, John Kelly,
Annette Haussler,
Mike Stephens,
David Durham, Judy
Pratt, Jim Morisey

THE MANY MINSTRELS

By David Durham (Many Glacier 1966-69)

In the spring of 1966, I was a freshman at Texas Tech University in Lubbock, Texas. I had played guitar for a number of years and had actively participated in several folk groups in high school and at Tech. My high school English teacher at Lubbock High, Mrs. Hancock, told me that her daughter, Sue, had worked at Glacier and that I should look into it as a summer job. I did and found that Many Glacier Hotel was interested in employees who were musically inclined, both instrumentally and vocally.

I loved the mountains and the outdoors and thought it would be fun to work in Glacier. I sent in my application and soon had been accepted for a high-level position in the bakery at "Many." I loved working in the bakery, and I learned a lot from Millie (the Baker) who inspired me to begin a life-long love affair with yeast!

In my free time, I hiked, fished and played music. I took part in the already established Thursday night Serenades and sometime that summer was instrumental in setting up and hosting the Monday night Hootenannies. Among the Hootenanny performers that first summer was the wildly popular Tomike-jimike Trio from Edmund, Oklahoma (University of Tulsa).

The group consisted of Mike Roark, Tom Briggs, Mike Stephens and Jim

Crawford. They were two guitars, a banjo and an upright bass and played the music of the Kingston Trio and Brothers Four that were so popular in the early and mid '60s. Their signature song, and one that became "the" Many Glacier song for the next several years, was "I'm Going Home," also known by lots of the employees ("emps" as we called ourselves) as "California". I can close my eyes and clearly remember the first time I heard them perform it. As they sang the final chorus, it was uplifting and magical:

*"California could not hold me, though I
loved her timbered mountains,*

*Worked her fields and worked her or-
chards, up and down her Central Valley,*

I'm ... goin' ... home!"

I have sung this song thousands of times since 1967 and am singing it to this day in Sun City Grand (Arizona) with a group we call The Salty Dawgs and with a larger group twice a year in sing-a-long Hootenannies on the big stage. Residents of our community (mostly in their 70's) still remember what a Hootenanny is and enthusiastically join in singing the songs with the words projected on large screens. I like to think we are doing our part to keep the music alive.

Also a regular at the Hootenannies was Bob Seale, who I knew as "Bob the Boatman." He captained the tour boats on

Swiftcurrent and Josephine Lakes. Bob had an enthusiastic way of singing and playing his 12-string guitar, but as I recall had a very limited repertoire - just one song that I remember him singing. It was a song about a clipper ship and a mermaid and was called "The Roving Kind". Bob would always slow down right before the chorus, which went like this:

*"She had a dark and a rovin' eye, and her
hair hung down in ring-a-lets,*

*She was a nice girl, a proper girl, but one
of the rovin' kind."*

For some reason, when I think about that song, Ray Kinley comes to mind. I remember Ray as someone who had that pirate mentality (Captain Hook?) and who would have been right at home on a big-masted sailing ship. I loved that song, and am thankful for the fond memories it gives me of Ray and of "Bob the Boatman."

I returned in 1967 as a waiter in the dining room. Dwayne Sagen (Northwestern) was a first year "emp", a bus boy. He remembers a conversation we had in the cafeteria early that summer. A trumpet player, he told me about a the success of a new group he and some others had formed. They were an all-brass bunch who called themselves The Marijuana Brass, a take off on Herb Alpert and the Tijuana Brass. Dwayne is emphatic that it was "just" a name and that "no one ever smoked the stuff at Glacier." Looking

back on it, I am a bit surprised that Mr. Tippet allowed them to use the name, but he did, and they were a “smokin” hot group and lots of fun!

I told Dwayne that I thought we should put together a group like the New Christy Minstrels to be part of the entertainment at Many. We came up with the name The Many Minstrels and I got busy putting the group together. Quite a few Texas Tech students came with me to Many in ‘67 and I immediately sought them out to be in the group. My sister, Barb, was one and another was good friend Annette Haussler, with whom I had been singing folk songs since junior high school. Becky Shoemaker was a Tech student whom I had not known before Glacier, but I had heard her sing (like an angel!) and she was one of the first that I asked to be part of the group. (Becky went on to

I don’t remember when we first got together, but it was early in the summer of 1967. We would rehearse at least once a week downstairs, either in the room behind the stage or in the storage area at the loading dock. We worked up quite a song list including memorable New Christy Minstrels and Serendipity Singers hits like “Denver,” “Follow the Drinkin’ Gourd,” “Billy’s Mule,” “Fire Down Below,” “Three Wheels On My Wagon,” “Preacher and the Bear,” “Love Hurts” (featuring the ladies), “Seven Daffodils” (featuring Kelly), “Hobo’s Lullaby” (my mom’s favorite Many Minstrels song), and one other little-known song that would soon become the unofficial end-of-the-campfire and end-of-the-summer song. It was “One for the Money”, and I still get tears in my eyes when I think of or sing the last verse and chorus:

and was also recorded by a group from Sweden that included Bjorn Ulvaeus who later was a member of ABBA. The group he was in during the mid ‘60s was called, appropriately enough, Hootenanny Singers. He should have come to work at Many!

For the remainder of that summer the Many Minstrels were the anchor group in the Monday Hootenannies and also performed regularly at the variety of musical events in the hotel lobby.

In the summer of 1968, I returned as a dining room waiter. Annette, Barb, Becky and Kelly also returned, but we needed to replace quite a few of the Minstrels who did not come back. Doug Batson (University of Texas) and Wes Wallace (Texas Tech) played banjo and guitar respectively, sang and had connections to some of us from Lubbock. Rob Glover (South Dakota) was a first-year lobby porter in 1968 and a member of a folk singing group called the Sunny Thoughts. Rob played a little bass (not his primary instrument as he recalls) and when he heard we were in need, volunteered to join us in midsummer. This newly re-formed group took off and never lost a beat. Doug’s banjo was perfect, Wes added an entirely new dimension to the group and Rob kept us all together with a steady bass.

We continued to rehearse in the loading dock area at least once a week. Doug remembers that hotel guests (“peeps” as we called them) who were strolling around outside would stop and listen to us and clap when we would finish a song. He also remembers that “unfortunately, those ‘cheap peeps’ never threw money.” Didn’t they know we were starving college students trying to moonlight as musicians?

That summer, the Minstrels were regular performers at the Thursday Serenades and the Hootenannies. In addition, we also backed up our very own John-Charles Kelly in several of his shows. He recalls us joining him in singing “I Ain’t Down Yet” from MOLLY BROWN, and that the only requirement for that performance

I told Dwayne that I thought we should put together a group like the New Christy Minstrels to be part of the entertainment at Many. We came up with the name The Many Minstrels[.]

become both “Miss Many Glacier” and “Miss Glacier Park.”)

Judy Pratt (Southern Illinois) was another talented singer and also my girlfriend, so she was in! Jim Morisey (Otterbein College) and Mark Stockstadt (from Wisconsin) were both bellmen who played the guitar and could sing. That was enough to get them into the group! John Kelly (a/k/a “Kelly”) was already making a name for himself as a vocalist and wonderful performer in the style of Perry Como, including the cardigan sweater. Once I found out that he had a guitar, he was in – didn’t matter whether or not he could actually play it! (Formally christened John-Charles Kelly by Mr. Tippet, he has gone on to have a remarkable career in musical theater.) We “borrowed” Mike Stephens from the TMJM Trio and filled out the group with Dwayne Sagen agreeing to help us out by playing the bass.

“When we are gone, may this song linger on, may its echo fall soft on your ears,

May your riches increase, may you all live in peace, may your happiness grow every year, my friends, happiness grow every year.

“One for the money, sing for a penny, two for the show, any song that you know,

Three to get ready, the wide road is callin’, and four to go, it’s been good to know you,

And four to go, we’ve a long way to go.”

We all did, in fact, have a long way to go.

A side note about “One for the Money”. It seems like a song that lots of performers would have recorded, but to this day I don’t know who wrote the song and can find very little in the way of lyrics, recordings or anything else about it. It was recorded by The Highwaymen of “Michael Row the Boat Ashore” fame



Here are the Many Minstrels helping out John Kelly (changing clothes and not in the photo) in *The Summer Music Hall* in 1968.

Left to right are: Becky Shoemaker, David Durham, Annette Haussler, Wes Wallace, Gary Miller (not in the MM but performing "Trouble" from *THE MUSIC MAN*), Shelly Cook (not a member of the MM), Barb Durham, Rob Glover (standing). (Photo courtesy of Doug Batson.)

was to wear plaid Bermuda shorts, which everyone had (or so he says!).

Annette remembers the Many Minstrels participating in "A Summer Music Hall", hosted by Kelly. He wanted us to learn "Up, Up and Away" by the Fifth Dimension (not exactly our basic, normal "folk song"). In addition, he wanted to choreograph some dancing! While we were NOT dancers and the song was more complicated than what we were used to, we thought we were up to the challenge. Apparently, we did not rehearse it nearly enough, as the performance was less than stellar and all of us had major issues with the words, the melody and the rhythm (is there anything else?). We were bumping into one another while trying to keep our mouths moving as if we remembered the words and at the same time trying to get back

in step with everyone else. When I asked him if he remembered it that way, Kelly said, "Yes, but that's what all Broadway actors do!" It was a disaster, and needless to say we did not do the song again. Like so many other things from way back then, I don't remember us ever doing it, and I guess that is a good thing!

We also performed as a group in the occasional Skit night. I remember us doing a skit which included several parodies to songs from OKLAHOMA. The only one I remember words to was to the tune of "Oh What a Beautiful Morning" and went like this:

"Oh, the hot cakes are cold cakes as usual, and the coffee could strike out Stan Musial,

[yes, I confess to writing the foregoing lyrics - it's hard to rhyme with "usual"!]

The highlight of the '68 summer for the Many Minstrels was our own show in the lobby in early August. The hour-long concert, staged on the precarious lobby tables, . . . using [a] not-so-sophisticated sound system, was a huge success.

*The toast is as stiff as an old jar of Jiff,
And the eggs look as though they've been
dropped off a cliff.*

*"Oh, what a horrible morning, I just
don't know what to say,*

*To think that meals such as this one, take
up two thirds of my pay,*

Oh, what a horrible day!"

Of course, the song was total tongue-in-cheek, as every day at Many Glacier Hotel was a great day.

The highlight of the '68 summer for the Many Minstrels was our own show in the lobby in early August. The hour-long concert, staged on the precarious lobby tables and using the not-so-sophisticated sound system (two mics and two speakers), was a huge success. The guys in the group all wore white turtlenecks and red blazers borrowed from the front desk staff, and the gals wore pastel-colored skirts that they had made with the help of Mrs. Daly.

Last year I discovered a reel-to-reel tape recording of that concert in my memorabilia drawer and had it converted to a CD to give to all of the former members of the group as a surprise. I had forgotten how much "comedy" (at least that's

(continued on page 27)

Minstrels, Musicals & Lobby Shows

Memories of Musical Performances in the '60s

By John-Charles Kelly (Many Glacier 1967-68)

At Many Glacier Hotel in 1967, I became one of the Many Minstrels. David Durham assembled this wonderful singing and performing group with four girls, five guys, a variety of guitars, a banjo and a bass. I don't remember auditioning for the group, just showing up to rehearsals with my guitar. We'd rehearse (or "practice") in the St. Moritz Room, the Ptarmigan Dining Room, or even in the laundry room (the "Many Mingle"). But the sounds we made were great! Kingston Trio, Limelighters, Peter, Paul & Mary, New Christy Minstrels and many written songs were learned, changed, practiced, changed again, arranged, and eventually sung to enthusiastic audiences.

Meanwhile, we staged two Broadway musicals. The "official" musical was HOW TO SUCCEED IN BUSINESS WITHOUT REALLY TRYING, directed by Roger L. Stephens. It was a terrific production! Bill Nielson and I were cast as the male dancers who lifted some of the four female dancers, especially in the "Pirate Dance" ("The First Clue ..."). I'm sure that we were swell! But the "roll up" scenery drops above the stage in the St. Moritz Room, which never got quite high enough, had to be constantly ducked under. The lights were iffy, but the costumes looked great, thanks to the crew and our seamstress Vera Daly.

The unofficial musical was THE FANTASTICKS (which has been done at Many Glacier three times!) Barbara Davis got Mr. Tippet's permission (and financial support, no doubt) to produce it at Many, and then at the three other main hotels: Glacier Park Lodge, Lake McDonald Lodge, and the Prince of Wales Hotel.

Our cast was stellar; Mike Stephens of the "Tom-Mike-Jim-Mike Trio" ("the World's Largest Trio!") was "El Gallo." David Knutson, a wonderful tenor, (who got the job in the Laundry Room that I'd originally turned down due to poor de-

cision-making) was "Matt." Mary Ann Long from Baylor (who was a former "Miss Texas" runner-up) was "Luisa." Nancy Klompus, a talented dancer from Baltimore, played "the Mute," and Gary Miller and I were "the Fathers."

The lights were iffy, but the costumes looked great, thanks to the crew and our seamstress Vera Daly.

cision-making) was "Matt." Mary Ann Long from Baylor (who was a former "Miss Texas" runner-up) was "Luisa." Nancy Klompus, a talented dancer from Baltimore, played "the Mute," and Gary Miller and I were "the Fathers."

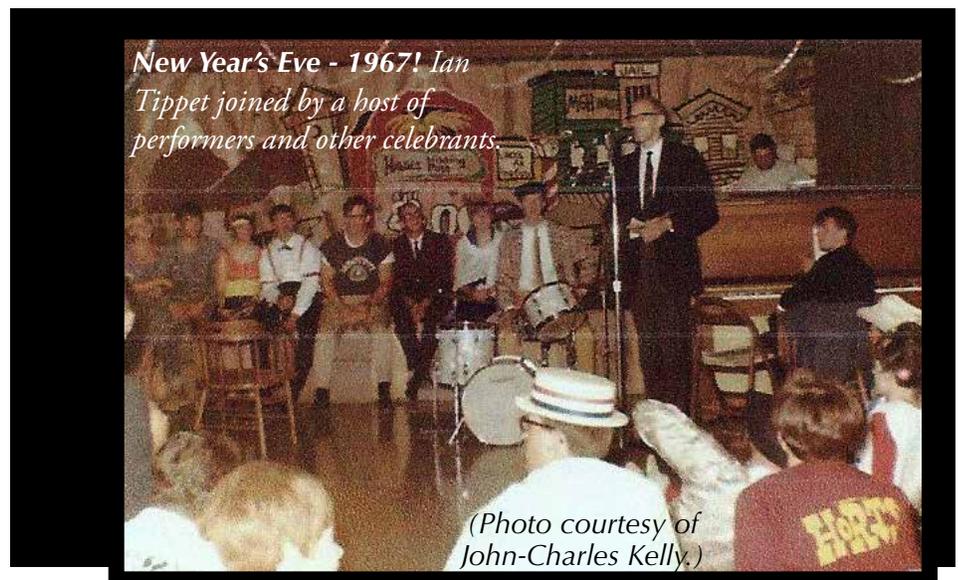
The following year, 1968, the musical was FIORELLO. My old friend, Mark Jacoby (at one time, the "Longest Running 'Phantom' on Broadway") played "Fiorello LaGuardia" and I played his manager, "Ben Marino." I had the two best comedy songs, "Politics and Poker" and "Little Tin Box" – with the ensemble men, of course. Again, I remember those roll drops being in the way, so

when Mark was lifted to the shoulders of two men in celebration, he had to duck!

In those summer seasons, Mark was a soloist with the Many Glacier Symphony and Chorus. But Mark didn't have his own show in the Lobby like I

did! We put together the lobby tables as a stage, with the smaller ones in front, to form a ramp. I thought I was going to be Andy Williams, with "Guest Stars" and the Jazz Trio! Not quite. But they were good shows, even if I say so myself.

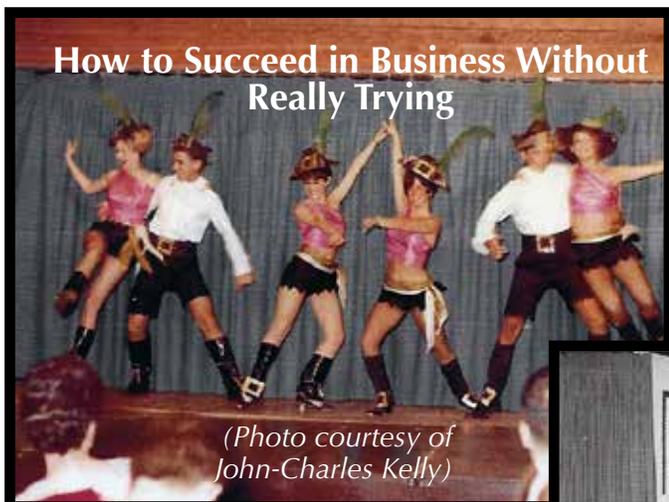
The first year was rather subdued: my Madras plaid jacket and a Front Desk jacket (probably borrowed from Mark!) for my costume changes. My guests were Tracy, from the Gift Shop, Marilyn Woods from the St. Louis Muni, and Ginny Tooke, our "Miss Jones" from HOW TO SUCCEED. The next year, I had the Many Minstrels join me – in Madras plaid shorts!



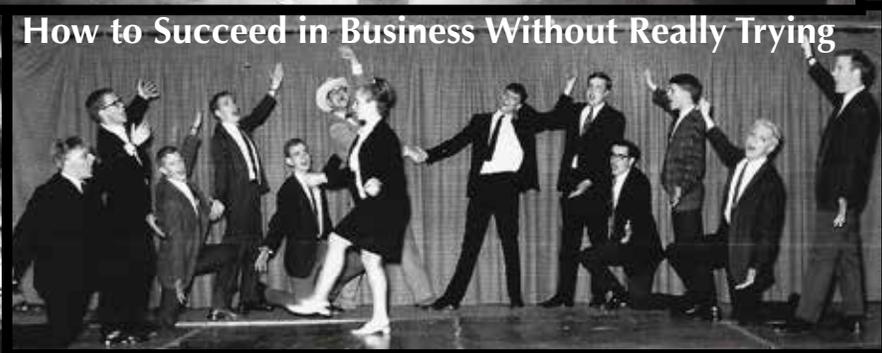
New Year's Eve - 1967! Ian Tippet joined by a host of performers and other celebrants.

(Photo courtesy of John-Charles Kelly.)

Photos from Broadway musicals at MGH: *How to Succeed in Business (1967), Fantasticks (1967), and Fiorello (1968)*



We staged two Broadway musicals. The "official" musical was *HOW TO SUCCEED IN BUSINESS WITHOUT REALLY TRYING*, directed by Roger L. Stephens. The unofficial musical was *THE FANTASTICKS*. . . . Barbara Davis got Mr. Tippet's permission (and financial support, no doubt) to produce it at Many, [as well as] Glacier Park Lodge, Lake McDonald Lodge, and the Prince of Wales Hotel.



(Black and White photos courtesy of the Frank E. Sharr family. The photo is from the John-Charles Kelly collection.)

Music in the '60s

By Hugh Morgan (*Glacier Park Lodge, 1963-64, Many Glacier 1965, '67*)

The show "Hootenanny" aired prominently on ABC in 1963-64, before the British invasion began a rapid take-over of popular music. When did it come to Glacier Park? Read on.

The Great Northern Railway sold its concession rights in Glacier to the Hummel brothers' Glacier Park, Inc. (GPI) in December 1960. Don Hummel had been the mayor of Tucson, Arizona. He also had been involved in park lodges since he was a young man, building a facility at Mt. Lassen and managing concessions there.

After GPI took over the lodges, there was a seismic shift in personnel from Minnesota (the Great Northern's headquarters) and the Upper Midwest to Arizona. Ian Tippet was an early hire there as Personnel Director. Aside from his excellent credentials in hotel management, Ian brought with him a love of music, performance, and flowers ... and most particularly the orderly performance of college kids at all the park properties. Many Glacier Hotel was his special focus, since GPI made him the manager there.

Different talents, attitudes, and individuals were gradually recruited from southern Arizona, The American West and South. The presence of employees from the upper Midwest continued as well. It was a national employee base for a National Park.

In high school in Tucson in the late 1950s, I had joined the choir and learned to play the guitar. Those interests deepened with the popularity of the Kingston Trio, Chad Mitchell, the New Christy Minstrels, Bud and Travis, Peter, Paul and Mary and many

others. I began singing with friends at school assemblies and pizza parlors with great enthusiasm.

In my first year at the University of Arizona, 1962-63, I cast around for a summer gig. I was persuaded by classmates Dave Rambow and Galen Maddy to look at Glacier, and in 1963 was granted a job as a bellman at East. I brought the guitar along and gave a few concerts in the lobby with and for fellow employees and guests. (And I am told, my private serenades late at night out in the trees on the golf course were appreciated by a shadow audience.)

The summer of '64 was a repeat. Then, realizing that the musical center

Fergus Prestbye helped build ("The Society for the Preservation of Folk Music at Many Glacier Hotel"). The MGH Folk Singers included Fergus, Frank Mathews, Johan Stokstad, Mike Durkee, Doug Harris, Marvin Barg, Prudy Parsons, and Marcia Wunderlich. Also aboard was Bob Seale of the Glacier Boat Company.

I also was technician for the musical performance, *South Pacific*.

By the summer of 1965, the draft was affecting the attitudes of young people. The lyrical popularity of the folk music genre was joined to songs of war protest and the legendary voices of Bob Dylan, Joan Baez, and others. Their words were jarring to our elders

Ian Tippet was an early [GPI] hire . . . as Personnel Director. . . . Ian brought with him a love of music, performance, and flowers ... and most particularly the orderly performance of college kids at all the park properties. Many Glacier Hotel was his special focus, since GPI made him the manager there.

of the park had become Many Glacier, I applied to work there the following year. I traded the cowboy outfit that bellmen wore at East for lederhosen as a Many Glacier bellman.

By that time, I had begun to support my college work as a television booth announcer for the University of Arizona's educational channel (later PBS) and as an "elevator music" disk jockey and ad hoc newsmen for a local NBC affiliate, KTAN. Arriving at Many and surrounded by musicians and performers of every sort, I shifted to the technical side of performance. I acted as MC for the folk-singing group that

and were not particularly welcome in the park. But the ballads of the Appalachian Mountains and old Irish and Scottish ballads were okay. Funny songs played on acoustic instruments went over well.

In the lounge, the Don Day Trio of Ohio played smooth jazz nightly. A string trio accompanied the evening meal.

I skipped the summer of '66 in Glacier to work full-time in radio and to help the family pack for a move to Washington, D.C. I had been deferred from service so I could

complete my bachelor's degree in print and broadcast journalism, but I knew a draft notice was waiting on my graduation in 1967.

At a Glacier employee holiday party late in 1966, I spoke with Mr. Tippet for a few minutes, saying I'd love to return to Many, but was concerned that I'd be drafted. It didn't seem to matter to him. "Would you consider being a barman?" he asked. "We'll write a contract that reads 'June 5th until drafted.'"

Deal done, I returned for a final summer at Many where fellow employees of the TomMikeJimMike Trio were the reigning folk group as of the summer before. Many still had its "Hoots," now with the charm and class of this professional Oklahoma-based folk group.

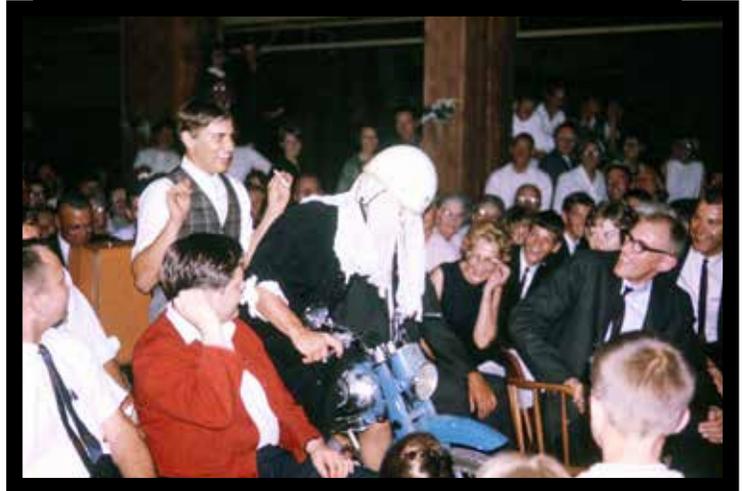
1967 was the summer of the fatal bear attacks in Glacier, in August after much lightning and some fires. Trio member Mike Roark (a fellow bartender) and I with our lady friends piled into a jammer late one night and crooned the mountain tune "Julie Ann" to mourn the loss of Julie Helgeson and Michelle Koons with a song about a gal who'd been killed by a bear.

By the time my draft notice arrived, the summer was over for me. With full knowledge I would be called up, I enlisted in the Air Force and was on my way to basic training in January 1968. My college degree and practical experience paid off and I was assigned to print and broadcast assignments.

When my term in uniform was over, I moved to Minnesota and a job in Public Radio with my Minnesota bride, Ann Kirkman (Many Glacier Gift Shop, 1967). A new companion on the prairie was a young Garrison Keillor, early morning host at KSJN in St. Paul.

Different talents, attitudes, and individuals were gradually recruited from southern Arizona and across the South. The presence of employees from the upper Midwest continued as well. It was a national employee base for a National Park.

1965 Bellman Skit Photos



(Photos courtesy of Hugh Morgan.)

Jazz, Blues, and Friendships at Many Glacier Hotel

By Gary Newgard (*Many Glacier* 1967, '68, '71)

I am thrilled to contribute my personal retrospective of Many Glacier Hotel's musical history. Many Music's impact on my life cannot be overstated. The musical opportunities at Many Glacier were of incalculable value for my subsequent development as a musician, songwriter, performer and human being. Many Glacier was the first musical venue where I could demonstrate my talents, receive encouragement from employees and guests, and thrive in an unstructured environment of creativity.

Pre-Employee Years

Although I ought to get right to the point – praising Many Glacier's uncommon musical offerings – I cannot overlook the factors that led to my discovery of Glacier Park. I was a “peep” during the summer of 1966 when I first laid eyes on Many Glacier. As a high school graduation gift to me, my father took the family on a grand tour of every national park in the northwest. This was a gift to end all gifts; it changed my life in profound ways.

My father was a native of Kalispell, and Many Glacier had a meaningful place in his heart. He spent every college summer as captain of the *Chief Two Guns* on Swiftcurrent Lake for “Cap” Swanson in the 1930s. Had he not fallen in love with one of his passengers during the momentous summer of 1932, my mother might not have been quite so vocally supportive of his decision to include Many Glacier in our northwest itinerary.

Driving over the rise into Swiftcurrent Valley for the first time took my breath away. Many's entertainment had a similar impact. Folk music had never appealed to me (my musical tastes ran to jazz, blues, rock and pop), but listening to a lobby performance by the “Tomike-

jimike” Trio, donned in Swiss lederhosen and applauded enthusiastically by hotel guests, convinced me that I too wanted to join in the next summer.

A timely visit to the hotel manager was my first step. Mr. Tippet listened with laser-like attentiveness to my personal history, my music background and my fervent hope to carry on my father's Many Glacier heritage. He encouraged me to apply.

I soon learned that my father had other motives for bringing us to Many. This was a chance for him to revisit his launch and the boathouse, relive romantic times with my mom, and reconnect with a former Many Glacier coworker and friend, who was still an active employee. Dad introduced me to a one-armed man, Ray Kinley, his close friend thirty years before. Shaking his left hand with my

The following spring, I applied for 1967 summer employment. Had I not met Mr. Tippet in 1966, I doubt that I would have been considered. I was told that most employees were expected to be music or drama majors, so my architecture major seemed irrelevant. But in view of my four years of jazz, rock and pop performances in high school, Mr. Tippet granted me a coveted bus boy position in the Ptarmigan Room.

Employee Years

1967. After arriving by the Great Northern, my first summer was given to experiencing independence away from home, befriending people from across America, and absorbing the majesty of Glacier Park. Observing the wealth of Many's musical and dramatic talent, I was inspired to jump into the talent pool. The weekly Serenades showcased the accomplishments of trained col-

I was inspired to jump into the talent pool. The weekly Serenades showcased the accomplishments of trained college musicians – way out of my league! Hootenannies were perfect for casual, less “refined” performers like me, but too folksy for my taste.

left hand felt a bit awkward at first, but Ray's smile and twinkling eyes set me at ease. This latter-day Will Rogers took us fishing on the lake, where his ability to row with a single arm while baiting hooks and snaring fish was astounding.

lege musicians – way out of my league! Hootenannies were perfect for casual, less “refined” performers like me, but too folksy for my taste. A stage production of *How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying* in the St. Moritz Room, cast

A stage production of How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying in the St. Moritz Room, cast with stellar college talent, inspired me to return with my saxophone the following summer to find a place to contribute.

with stellar college talent, inspired me to return with my saxophone the following summer to find a place to contribute.

1968. During the off-season, I made plans for a 17-piece jazz band concert at Many Glacier. I spent the spring juggling architecture studies with these arrangements. I assumed that there would be abundant instrumental talent, but I felt some uncertainty. To my relief, Mr. Tippet hired high-caliber horn players ready to blow the roof off the Lucerne Room. The concert was a success and I continued playing my sax in the pit orchestra for our production of *Fiorello!*

The diversity and professionalism of Many's semi-pro performers included vocalist John Kelly's Broadway variety shows and the foot-stomping Many Minstrels. Most remarkable was the level of time and effort spent by fellow employees, preparing and rehearsing for performances while devoting ourselves to demanding hotel jobs. I was now a waiter in the Ptarmigan Room.

We marveled every day that we even got paid for this. As if the joy of making music wasn't enough, a lakeside wedding of two fellow employees, a New Year's Eve costume party, dunking tardy employees in the icy lake, partaking of world-class Canadian beer in Waterton, and hiking some of the most dramatic trails in the Western Hemisphere collectively characterized the perfection of our Many Glacier experience.

1971. After the summer of '68, it seemed my glory days working at Many had run their course. It was time to get "responsible" – interning with architecture firms. More significantly, during spring of 1970 my high school sweetheart Linda and I married. Deliberating what we might do during summer of 1971, we imagined working together as Ptarmigan Room servers. Mr. Tippet hired us both!

Employees generally shared dorms with two or three roommates, but Mr. T honored our marriage with a room in the hotel's main building – not a substandard basement closet with banging pipes, but a fourth floor "Crow's Nest" overlooking

the lobby. During these "between years", my musical passions morphed into singing and piano accompaniment in a blues rock style, a la CSNY, Leon Russell and Joe Cocker. I considered myself a lesser talent among world-class Many Glacier performers, but Linda's encouragement helped me to be all I could be as a musician and performer.

The summer of '71 was a time to showcase this new style. It was also a summer that permanently cemented bonds between employees and Many Glacier. Employee music continued to excel with Broadway musicals *The Fantasticks* and *I Do! I Do!* Lobby concerts featured Terrie Stewart, wringing tears with "My Father," folksy Me and Elmer Fudd, Bill Rollie's renditions of Charlie Brown and Jabberwocky, Lee Flath's "Okie from Muskogee," and the MGH employee anthem, "Goin' Home". We sang in the lobby beneath the watchful gaze of the goat – "You've Got a Friend," "Southern Man" and "Ohio" with Kathy Randles and Kathy Stapleton – but our preferred venue became the lake level laundry room, dubbed the "Many Mingle." Even guests took part in the music as their hiking shorts spun and rinsed.

The free exchange of talent, technique and time during free hours between dining room shifts was an inspiration. My favorite illustration was Dave Paulus, a classically trained pianist with technique light years ahead of mine, sitting at the piano with me to understand how I did what I did and vice versa. This was indicative of the joy of music flowing freely through the veins of Many musicians.

Post-Employee Years

The problem with working three summers at Many Glacier was its addictive consequence – falling in love with the place and its people – and interference with mundane home life. Spring of 1972 meant college graduation and transition to a life of responsibility, but the music did not stop. That spring I penned my tribute to the Park, calling it "Montana, I'm so Helpless," the title expressive of our common inability to get serious about our chosen careers with Many in

our rearview mirrors. Linda and I determined to postpone real life at least until autumn, devoting one last full summer to Swiftcurrent – camping, hiking and playing unencumbered by a dining room job.

Thus, our commitment to returning every other year began in 1972 when more than a dozen of us, self-christened the Fudd Family of Fine Folks – now many sporting long hair and beards (clear violations of employee standards) returned for a full summer of camping. Many music did not stop. That August I wrote an anthem to the Many Mingle called "The Midnight Laundry." Responsibilities eventually reduced the time of our gatherings to a week every other year.

I don't recall when I first played "You've Got a Friend." It came to express the love that endures for the people I still consider my closest friends, fifty years later, despite being spread around the nation from California to New Jersey. Semi-annual gatherings at Swiftcurrent have endured through campground closures, grizzly threats, relocation to Rising Sun, forest fires, divorces, remarriages, closure of the precious Many Mingle due to noise complaints, and the tragic deaths of two whom we never fail to honor.

Credits

The problem with trying to reconstruct history is that it is viewed from the historian's singular perspective. Half a century later, I cannot possibly credit the plethora of great musicians with whom I worked and played and learned from at Many Glacier. You know who you are, and I hope you will forgive my oversight. I will limit my credits to just a few basics: my parents for introducing me to the hotel, Ian B. Tippet for giving me a chance to be myself on the shores of Swiftcurrent Lake, and earlier generations who demonstrated that it's okay to commit your heart and time to a single place year after year for the duration of your life. So here we are, fifty years later, singing the same songs and sharing the same memories, never having dreamed that Many Glacier and Many Music would become a passion for life. But it is.

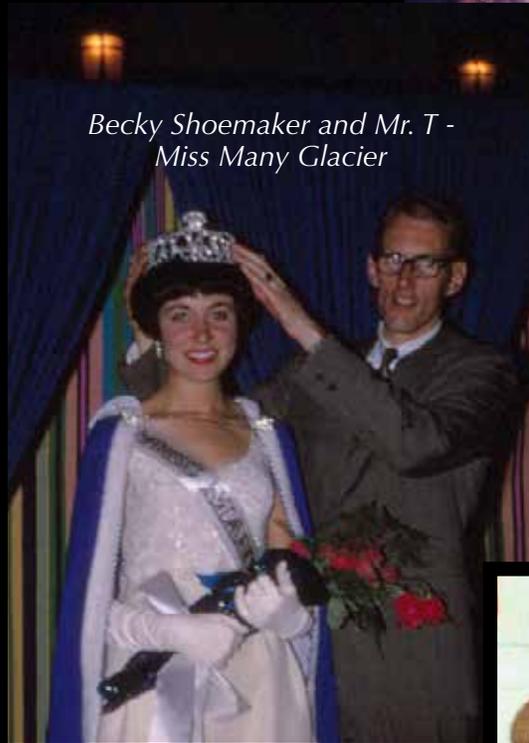
Mr. Tippet introducing Summer Music Hall



The 1967 tom
Crawford, Tom Bri



Becky Shoemaker and Mr. T -
Miss Many Glacier



(Photos courtesy of
Doug Batson)

Advertising the 1968 Many Minstrels

Back row - Barb Durham, David
Durham, Becky Shoemaker. Front
row - John Kelly, Annette Haussler.



(John Kelly photo)

tomikjimike trio - left to right - Jim
 Briggs, Mike Roark, Mike Stephens.



• SEP 67

*The 1968 tomikjimike trio - left to right - Jim
 Crawford, Tom Briggs, Mike Roark, Mike Stephens
 with Barb Durham.*



*The 1967 tomikjimike trio - left to right - Jim
 Crawford, Tom Briggs, Mike Roark, Mike
 Stephens and friends.*



• SEP • 67

The 1968 tomikjimike trio



*MGH Folk
 Singers 1965
 (Early season -
 the group grew)
 Left to right:
 Mathews,
 washtub bass;
 unidentified,
 guitar; Fergus
 Prestbye, banjo;
 Johan Stokstad,
 guitar; Mike
 Durkee, bass,
 Hugh Morgan,
 M.C.*



DRIVER'S TRAINING:

A Crash Course in Handling a Red Bus

By Gary Barron (*Gearjammer 1975*)

My parents, younger brother and I went to Glacier in the summer of 1972. My two older brothers were working there – Bob as a jammer and Tom at Lake McDonald Lodge. I rode in a camper shell on a pickup truck, so I didn't see much of Going-to-the-Sun Road.

My brothers told stories of their good times in the park, and I really wanted to return as an employee. In 1975, in my final year in college, Bob helped me with the application. He encouraged me to apply as a jammer. I had serious doubts, since I never had driven in the mountains (I'd lived in Missouri all my life!) and I didn't have a lot of experience driving a stick shift. But Bob said it was the best job in the park.

I'd played around my freshman year and had to take 36 credit hours to graduate. This included a four-week summer class, so I recorded July 9th as my start date. Fortunately, Mr. Tippet was agreeable to this, since I could stay through September 20th (the end of the season).

I arrived a couple of days before starting work and met Bob and his wife Karen, who were on their honeymoon. Bob drove us over Going-to-the-Sun, and at last I saw what I was facing. Yikes, that is one scary drive! What had I gotten myself into?

Bob reassured me and provided lots of information, including bad jokes that the jammers told during tours. He told me you should scare the passengers a little. As an example, he crossed the double line and went under the water gushing off the Weeping Wall.

Back at Glacier Park Lodge, I was assigned to work in the laundry for two days, as they needed help there. Meanwhile, I was given books to study. I also

was told to practice backing a Red Bus into a stall of the garage. There was not much clearance for side-view mirrors, so this exercise was very helpful.

I was assigned to ride along on some tours with second-year drivers (Gary Johnson and Don Knott). We went to all the hotels and took all the possible roads. Finally, I was allowed to drive a Red Bus to Kiowa Junction and back (with Allen Bell) and to Two Medicine and back (following Brad Calley).

On July 15th, I was assigned Bus #86 and given an afternoon tour to Two Medicine from Glacier Park Lodge. I parked the bus on the driveway in front of the Lodge and set the parking brake, as I was on the incline. The passengers were loaded. Then, when pulling away, I developed "Hill-it is." I couldn't coordinate the clutch with driving up the incline! Brad had to save me, taking the wheel and driving the bus to the other side of the driveway.

While the passengers took the Two Medicine boat ride, Brad counseled me. He encouraged me not to be rattled by this terrible start to the tour. He told me that I had missed a detailed two-week training for all new drivers, which included driving solo on the Sun Road. (Arriving late, I was instead receiving a "crash course" for my training – no pun intended!)

My assignment next day was my first tour over the Sun Road, as Brad had recommended that I was ready. Gulp! It was an overcast and rainy day, so the canvas top would not be rolled back. Dino Natta, the Transport Agent at Glacier

Park Lodge, dispatched us over Highway 2 to Lake McDonald Lodge, with the Sun Road leg to follow that afternoon.

George McEldowney, the Lake McDonald Transport Agent, gave me great advice for the Sun Road: Take your time, don't cross the double line, and watch your side-view mirrors to keep within your lane. If a vehicle coming the other way is over the line, just stop so that the driver will return to his or her lane, and don't panic!

Off we went, and I was doing okay. But when we rounded the Loop, my right back fender "kissed" the stone barrier and made a grinding noise (which the passengers heard). When we were approaching the Weeping Wall, the driver ahead of me decided to cross the double line and go under the waterfall. Since there were no cars going west, I decided to try it also. Not a good idea! The passengers were getting scared by then. When we got to the Visitor Center, some didn't want to continue in my bus. They had learned that it was my first tour.

Fortunately, they all got back on and we continued to Many Glacier Hotel. I knew that some of them had complained. I was sure that I was either going to be fired or reassigned to another job. I really didn't want to work in the laundry again, but I wasn't ready to go back to Missouri.

Thankfully, I was scheduled for a day off. I wasn't fired or reassigned! On the next day (clear and sunny!), I was assigned with two other first-year drivers (Craig Mapes and Bob Spencer) to deadhead

*I decided to try it also. Not a good idea!
... Fortunately, they all got back on and we
continued to Many Glacier Hotel.*

to Rising Sun. We picked up some high school students, drove east on the Sun Road, and stopped at the Visitor Center. Those young people were excited to be in the Park, and they were very vocal. Their enthusiasm was contagious.

When the bus got to Oberlin Bend and that spectacular vista came into view, the students were jumping up and down! We drove down to the Loop and they all got off, as they were going to hike to Granite Park Chalet on the Loop Trail. While they were gone, we had to turn the three buses around. I thought that we should drive down to a flatter and wider section and turn around there, but the other drivers talked me into doing this at the Loop.

Fortunately, there was not much traffic that day in the Loop parking area. It took us each 15 to 20 times of maneuvering forward and backward, but we all did it! The students returned and we drove them back to Rising Sun. This tour was exactly what I needed to help me gain confidence in my driving abilities.

During the next few weeks, I gained a lot of experience driving on the Sun Road. I had learned my lesson after that first tour, and I followed George's rules. By early to mid-August, some of the drivers were already leaving, so I was kept busy with all-day tours on most days. Starting around August 16th, the weather often brought continual rain with chilly temperatures.

On August 24th, I was assigned to a 3-bus tour with Jim Burfeind and Jim Sheehan, leaving from Many Glacier in the morning. It was raining when we left and it got worse while we were going east on the Sun Road. As we got near the East Side tunnel, the rain turned to snow. At the Pass, there were about three inches on the ground! I was the lead bus, and only one of the other two buses followed mine into the parking lot.

The tour escort was in my bus. He threw snowballs at some of his party at the Visitor Center. The passengers were

enjoying the surprise of seeing snow in the month of August. We kept looking for the third bus, which showed up 20 minutes after we arrived. We learned that as that bus had pulled out of the Jackson Glacier Overlook area, it had a collision with another vehicle. The driver was able to proceed to the Pass, but after a call to the Transport Office, he was told not to drive any further. He was instructed to wait with his bus, which would be towed back. All his passengers were loaded onto the other two buses, which were overcrowded.

Again, I was the lead bus. As I turned out of the parking lot onto the Sun Road, there was slushy snow on the pavement. I had dealt with snow before in Missouri, but never on a mountain road. I was concerned that there might be ice under the snow. And then we went into some very dense fog. You couldn't see anything on the left, and I couldn't see ten feet ahead!!

I put my bus into first gear and told the passengers that there would be no tour for a while. They were all very quiet and you could literally hear a pin drop.

The good news was that there were very few vehicles coming the other way and that we were on the right side of the road, away from the cliff. As the lead bus, we had the disadvantage of not having another vehicle to follow so as to anticipate any problems. I was going about 10 miles per hour and was very cautious on the curves.

It seemed to take forever, but we broke through the fog about a half mile before the Loop. Now we had better driving conditions. I could resume my tour, and all the passengers were clapping and shouting compliments. I was just relieved that we had made it through the bad sections. We got to Lake McDonald Lodge and reported what we knew to the Transport Agent. After lunch, the tour group proceeded to Glacier Park Lodge, using an off-duty gearjammer to drive a third bus.

I remember attending a small party that night and feeling good about my driving abilities. There would be some more bad weather days ahead, but none like that day. And I was now a fully-trained jammer!!



(Photos courtesy of Gary Baron.)



The Great Model-T Race

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

The capper for my 1962 summer at Glacier Park Lodge was a Model-T Race. When I first heard the words Model-T and Race together, it sounded incongruous. Was I wrong!

In the last week of August, Model-Ts began arriving in the Glacier Park Lodge parking area. They drew our immediate attention, leading to my meeting a very interesting and persuasive gentleman, Ed Towe.

A banker in Circle, Montana, Ed Towe was the instigator, organizer, and driving force behind what he called the 590 Mile Cross-Country Model-T Ford Race. Still going 60 years later, it is now called the Montana 500. Ed also collected Model-T's, eventually owning one of every model ever made.

I walked around looking at the Model-Ts with Ed. He learned that I was the public relations person for Glacier Park, Inc. That was all he needed. He said: "You need to come along with us."

At the age of 19, I had arrived at Glacier Park Lodge with two University of Michigan fraternity brothers. I started in the laundry. When owner Don Hummel dismissed the public relations director, I immediately applied for the job and he gave it to me.

Now the summer was almost over, and fellow employees were leaving in droves to return to college. It would be a squeeze for me to go on the three-day race, departing August 28 and ending three days later on the east side of Montana. I would have to return to Glacier Park Lodge in a hurry and somehow arrange transportation to Michigan. Classes started in Ann Arbor the day after Labor Day.

"Really, you need to come with us," Ed Towe repeated. "You can ride in one of the chase cars." The call of adventure was impossible to resist.

It has been six decades since the race. My memory is jogged by articles I wrote. As best as I can recall, I rode with Ed's daughter, Kristy. She knew all the cars and drivers and was an enormous help in preparing the daily reports I telephoned to the Associated Press in Helena. Meals and housing were Spartan. Hotel rooms were scarce and we bunked-up. I remember one night sleeping on a hotel room floor. What you can survive when you're 19!

I also remember arriving at the race's destination, Circle, Montana. Not much there. The population was less than a thousand and there was one flashing caution light at the main intersection. There was, however, a very large bank ... Ed Towe's bank. When I was shown the basement, it became apparent why the bank was so large. Here was Ed's fabulous Model-T collection.

The article that follows is a draft I prepared hoping to have it published in the Ford Times. University classes and editorship of the college humor magazine (Gargoyle) interrupted those plans. Fortunately, I kept a Model-T Race File all this time. Here's the article, 60 years later.

The capper for my 1962 summer at Glacier Park Lodge was a Model-T Race. When I first heard the words Model-T and Race together, it sounded incongruous. Was I wrong!

Chasing Model T's Across Montana

By John Dobbertin, Jr. Written in August, 1962

The Montana countryside offers some of the most rugged terrain in the United States. The Rocky Mountains cut a swath through the western part of the state from the Canadian border through to Wyoming. The rolling plains to the east offer a constant roller-coaster effect to the landscape. This was the scene of the world's second longest Model-T Ford race.

Henry Ford had great faith in his Model-T, but even he probably never would have ventured a statement that the Tin Lizzies would still be whizzing over the state of Montana in 1962 at speeds clocked at 55 to 60 miles per hour. Montana residents found themselves looking twice and pinching themselves to make certain they were not dreaming.

Startled drivers pulled their cars over to the side of the roadway as they saw a stream of Model-T's roar over the highway. Some looked in their rear-view mirrors and saw the Tin Lizzies gaining on them, and they watched subdued as the peppy old cars overtook them. The event was the second annual *Cross-State Model-T Race*, a 600-mile endurance test for Henry Ford's pride and joy.

The only other known Model-T race – and that's stretching the point – was the New York-to-Seattle race in 1909. Actually, that race involved cars of all different makes, but, as is well known, ended up as a duel between two Model-T's.

Seventeen of the old cars lined up at the starting line in East Glacier Park, Montana on a dismal Tuesday morning in late August. Snow had fallen on the mountains that night and the white peaks could be seen from the starting line.

Car number one pulled up to the starting line shortly prior to 9:00 a.m. Ray Habel of Dutton, Montana, hunched down in the seat and waited as the timer

Seventeen of the old cars lined up at the starting line in East Glacier Park, Montana, on a dismal Tuesday morning in late August. Snow had fallen on the Rocky Mountains that night and the white peaks could be seen from the starting line.

shouted out the count-down. The checkered flag rippled and car number one was on its way. Seventeen minutes later the heated, three-day race was on the road, with the cars separated at one-minute intervals.

Trouble along the way was inevitable. Sure, the old cars have a lot of spunk, but they weren't designed to be run at wide open throttle over tortuous mountain roads. As we followed the race in our big eight-cylinder cars, we anticipated finding a "T" halted along the roadway at any point. However, we had not anticipated finding one as soon as we did.

Fifteen miles from the starting line we found Ray Habel's T sitting forlornly by the wayside. Ray waved everyone on as he waited for his crew to pick up his car and trailer it home. A broken rod had claimed the first car.

In the stretch of highway between Browning and Choteau, Montana, four of the T's dropped out of the race with broken rods. The grueling first 75 miles of highway had taken its toll of the old cars. Drivers pushed them too much.

George Fitzgerald of Jordan, Montana, broke down within sight of Habel's car. John Frick of Dutton had the unhappy experience of having a rod break and go through the engine block. Worst of all, the chairman, instigator, and promoter of the race, Ed Towe, of Circle, Montana, dropped out of the race in Choteau with a burned out bearing. (Strangely enough, the four cars that broke down in the first four hours of the race gave out before reaching the first day's most rugged terrain.)

After the first four breakdowns, the race settled into a duel between the Hi-Line Antique Auto Club of Rudyard, Montana, and LeRoy Schelly of Great Falls, Montana. Schelly and the five members of the Hi-Line crew pushed their cars to the limit and held them there.

Schelly and the Hi-Line crew dueled crossing the Continental Divide twice in the first afternoon — once over Rogers Pass and then over Fletcher Pass. The Hi-Line crew pulled in to Helena, Montana, with a time for the 225 miles of four hours, 16 minutes and 42 seconds.

The road over Fletcher Pass was still under construction at the time of the race and the 6,000-plus-foot pass was paved with loose gravel. Half way over the pass the skies opened up and soaked cars and drivers.

Wet, jarred, and cold, 13 drivers pulled their cars into Helena for a parade through the city and a trip to the State Capitol building. Governor Tim Babcock shook hands with each driver, examined the T's and even helped give one a push when it wouldn't start.

The second day's run from Helena to Roundup offered more wet, cold weather and tough roads for the Tin Lizzies. The slowest car from the first day's lap started first from Helena.

In the first stretch of the second day's run, Dick Schuler of Dutton, driving a T for Ray Habel, became the fifth and last victim of the race. Schuler's T suffered the same fate as the other four – a burned-out rod.

(continued on page 26)

Epilogue: “When the Beer Runs Out ...”

It was quickly determined that the radiator was leaking, and leaking a lot. We were on a forlorn stretch of two-lane highway in the middle of nowhere. There was no sign of water.

“Only one thing to do,” one of the fellows said. “Not that!” another replied. “Yup. Pour beer in the radiator.”

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

When I returned to Glacier Park Lodge from the Great Model-T Race, I was in serious need of an expeditious ride back to school in Michigan. Serendipity! A note posted on the bulletin board in the employee cafeteria read: *U.S. Air Force members Cut Bank seek passenger willing to share gasoline costs to Chicago.* It included a telephone number. From Chicago, I could catch the Greyhound bus to Battle Creek, Michigan...and home.

Most Glacier Park, Inc. employees were unaware that there was a U.S. Air Force base in Cut Bank. During the Cold War it was a super radar installation site watching for Russki bombers. Its job was to direct U.S. interceptors to shoot them down. The site was mothballed in 1965.

While at Glacier I had already hitchhiked all over the place, so connecting with some Air Force fellows seemed reasonable. Following a few goodbyes, my ride arrived. The make and year of the car are lost in the fog of years. However, I vaguely remember a 1950s four-door in apparently reasonable condition.

And we were off. The plan was to rotate drivers and go straight through to Chicago. I can’t recall any food items. However, there was a case of beer.

Anyone riding shotgun was responsible for finding something worth listening to on the radio. That was a challenge. As we rolled across Montana, the occasional 250-watt radio station would be in range and quickly fade. The real hope was to tune in to a 50,000-watt boomer from the Twin Cities or Chicago. As night fell, those big radio signals boosted their output and we finally connected to decent music.

Those in the back seat dozed in preparation for their turn at the wheel. Everything was going well until about two o’clock in the morning somewhere in North Dakota. Then the person driving said: “Idiot light on. We’re over-heating.”

The car pulled over and everyone got out. It was quickly determined that the radiator was leaking, and leaking a lot. We were on a forlorn stretch of two-lane highway in the middle of nowhere. There was no sign of water.

“Only one thing to do,” one of the fellows said. “Not that!” another replied. “Yup. Pour beer in the radiator.”

Beer was poured in. The engine started, the idiot light went out, and we drove on into the night. Then the light came on again. More beer! The question became, can we find a gasoline station with a garage before the beer runs out?

About dawn, and with the beer almost gone, we wheezed into a North Dakota crossroads village. Eureka! There was a gas station. It wasn’t much. A small office, a one-car garage with some sort of lift, and one gasoline pump. It was closed for the night. We dozed.

There was a tap on the car window. It was a fellow dressed in work clothes, the age of someone who might have landed on Omaha Beach. He looked like the kind of man who with a pair of pliers, a crescent wrench and a blowtorch could fix anything. Just what we needed!

We explained the situation. He opened the hood, took one look and said: “Let’s look out back.” We were hopeful he had a solution. (This was before FedEx with next-day delivery by ten a.m.)

“Out back” we saw a plethora of cars, some of recent vintage and others possibly going back to the beginning of the horseless carriage. It appeared to be a gold mine of potential radiators. One was soon found that would work.

Our new North Dakota friend did the job, and within two hours we were on our way. One of the Air Force fellows commented: “What a waste of good mountain beer.”

One of the Air Force fellows commented: “What a waste of good mountain beer.”

A Dishwasher's Memories

By Paul Novelli (*Many Glacier 1980*)

In the summer of 1979, I had just finished my junior year of high school. My dad, a geophysicist, was on a business trip to Wyoming. As his trip wound down, he phoned home and made some arrangements with my mom. The next thing I knew I was on a plane to Jackson Hole. I don't remember a lot of detail from that trip, but I do remember going to Glacier National Park after winding around in northern Wyoming and western Montana.

Glacier was an incredible place! We traveled Going-to-the-Sun Road, seeing all the amazing scenery that we could take in in just a couple of days. We were having dinner at Lake McDonald Lodge when the question came to mind – where do these people come from who are working here? How did they end up working in a hotel in a such a beautiful place? We asked that question of the waitress, who gave us contact information for an outfit in Arizona.

I applied for a job in 1980 and was hired as a kitchen assistant at a place called Many Glacier Hotel. It was one place that Dad and I had not visited the prior summer. I thought that was so cool – I'm going to be in a beautiful place and learn some cooking! I couldn't wait.

The early June plane trip took me to Great Falls and a van took me to East Glacier where I was processed. Then there was another bus ride to Many. The hotel was a marvel to me with its vast open lobby and huge tree trunks for the pillars. I learned later that those trees were brought from Oregon. I wondered how such large timbers were brought such a distance to a remote location so early in the 20th century.

I was lodged in the Ray Kinley Dorm, over the hill to the east and on the other side of the parking lot. My roommate was Dwight Anderson, a cellist from Ari-



Dishwasher: Dwight Anderson, Paul Novelli, Darryl Aaberg, Jeff Thomas, Tim Brown, and Al Stone. (Paul Novelli photo.)

zona attending the New England Conservatory of Music. Dwight would delight many a guest and visitor with his talent, playing the classics with ease and expertise. Occasionally, when guests were not around, Dwight would play and sing Led Zeppelin with equal ease and expertise.

My first day of work, I was shown to the kitchen and introduced to Chef Ray Gillander. He seemed a fine gentleman, and his wife Mary was the pastry chef. But I ended up not working with him as I had hoped. My duties as “kitchen assistant” turned out to be dishwashing. But that was not so bad. Our shift alternated from week to week and, as a result, every other week we had two whole days off for extended hikes and sightseeing. Dwight was a coworker along with Darryl Aaberg (Kalispell, Montana), Jeff Thomas (Oregon), Tim Brown (Colorado), and Al Stone (California).

The dishwasher was a commercial Hobart machine about eight or ten feet long. One of us would arrange dishes in racks that were perhaps 20 inches square, then shove the racks into the machine. The Hobart would take the racks through a pre-rinse, a wash, and a final rinse, including an anti-spotting treatment, in a few minutes. The guy at the end of the machine would stack the dishes and deliver them to a staging area for the cooks.

When the season began, the dishes were not coming out clean, not by a long shot. We had to rewash them by hand or put them through the Hobart again. I

looked inside the machine to investigate.

The Hobart had jets above and below the path of the dishes. Each consisted of a main arm with several cross-arms with orifices placed along them. At first, I thought there was no water pressure in the jets. Then I realized that the jets were all plugged! After finding a way to remove the arms, we had to clean out the arms and the jets. It was a nasty job, as it appeared that they never had been cleaned. Perhaps prior dishwashers simply shoved racks of dirty plates through without first taking time to rinse off the heavy residue. In any event, there were no problems with clean dishes the rest of the summer.

A stainless steel table led to the Hobart. Bus staff would bring tubs of dishes, uneaten food, glasses, napkins, and other detritus to the table, where we quickly would sort it out. Paper, trash, some food items, and disposables went into a trash container. (Yes, they're recyclables today, I get that! But back then they were called “disposables” and treated accordingly.) I was dismayed to see how much food was wasted, uneaten.

The remaining items in the bus tub were rinsed off into a very large disposer, the likes of which I'd never seen before. It was big enough to take a whole head of lettuce at once. It made quick work of whatever was placed in it. It even had its own set of water jets on the sides of the large bowl surrounding the opening. However, the jets never came on.

I found the solenoid switch for the jets. While it did feel like it was activating, no water flowed. I found a valve leading to the solenoid which was turned off. It was a large ball-cock affair with no handle – just a blade protruding like a municipal water supply valve with several layers of paint on it.

I asked around the kitchen if there were any tools I could use to open the valve. I was told to go and ask the guy in the boiler room. This instruction was offered with a slight grin, suggesting that I should be wary of the Boiler Room Guy.

The boiler room was below the employee mess hall. It was a dark, hot, somewhat noisy, and foreboding place, smelling a bit like fuel oil. I found the guy to whom I had been referred, a slight man with a severe spine condition resulting in a severe hump in his back. This condition prevented him from looking up. Even to look forward, he had to crank his neck slightly, and raise his eyes as though looking over reading spectacles.

He was a bit grumpy when I asked if I could use a large wrench, but was accommodating once I explained the task. When I suggested that I could also use the wrench to knock sense into some kitchen staff, he seemed particularly amicable. With the wrench, I succeeded in turning the valve on. The disposer jets and the disposer then were in proper working order.

We kitchen assistants would rotate a couple of times a day into an area we called “Siberia” (though it had the opposite temperatures). There we cleaned pots and pans with food burned onto them (including burned scrambled eggs) and bacon trays. This was a grueling and difficult job. It involved lots of really hot water, lots of soap, and lots of scraping and scrubbing. Sometimes we were afforded time to let things soak, which helped somewhat. The gentleman responsible for ordering kitchen supplies was kind enough to get us some good rubber gloves for this task.

The wait staff would carry meals, often

for an entire table, on large trays perfectly balanced on extended arms high above their heads. I marveled at a delicate and attractive young woman doing this. Hot dishes with the main course would be covered with a plastic cover to help keep the meal hot (and maybe to impress the patron by uncovering the meal as it was served).

I recall that a few times wait staff would carry trays loaded with plastic dishes and covers but with no food, and would stage a crash in the dining room. This would initially alarm the guests, but then they understood and thought it entertaining.

While I had played saxophone in high school, I otherwise had no talent, musical or otherwise, for entertaining guests. I could work a hammer and saw, however. I helped build the set for *The Fantasticks*, the Many Glacier musical performed by the staff in the summer of 1980. The set

was a simple affair, a 2x4 structure with rough planks on top in a chevron shape sloping upwards from front to back, with a crate-looking prop in the rear.

I enjoyed the round of hikes typically enjoyed by Many Glacier staff: Snow Moon Lake, Iceberg Lake, Swiftcurrent Valley, Grinnell Glacier, the Highline Trail from Logan Pass to Many Glacier, and others. I was grateful to the experienced employees for letting this high schooler go along with them.

I applied again for the summer of 1981, but did not get hired. I had started college, and was unable to work the whole park season due to the stop and start dates for school. In the South, school started right after Labor Day (it’s even earlier now) and limited my work window. But I’ve introduced many folks to Glacier National Park over the years, always sending them to Many Glacier.

He was a bit grumpy when I asked if I could use a large wrench, but was accommodating once I explained the task. When I suggested that I could also use the wrench to knock sense into some kitchen staff, he seemed particularly amicable.

Thanks to our generous donors!

The Glacier Park Foundation gratefully thanks the generous donors who’ve recently 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.

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David Sanderson
Byron Schwab
Mark and Meg Schneider
Shirley Waselk
(In memory of Marcia Monthey)



(Photo courtesy of Annette Walker.)

ROAD TRIP '67

Adventures at the Calgary Stampede

By Annette Haussler Walker (Many Glacier 1967-68)

It is said that memories are inaccurate. As time passes, they tend to become edited and altered by events and perceptions developed between the original event and the present time. That is probably true, but in the midst of national and international uprisings against police brutality and racial injustice – all afloat in the stew of a pandemic – I have distracted myself with memories from the 1960s, an era steeped in events similar to those of current times.

During the summers of 1967 and '68 I was sheltered from the turmoil and having the time of my life working at Many Glacier Hotel. It's especially comforting to recall those memories with the recent passing of Mr. Tippet, the man whose dedication and love for Glacier Park gave all of us lucky enough to know him opportunities and inspiration to experience life to its fullest.

I recall the first road trip I ever made that did not involve my dad behind the wheel of an old Chevy, driving all night on cigarettes and coffee to get us to Grandma's house in Nebraska for our annual week of vacation. It was the road trip I somehow was invited to join in July of 1967.

There were eight of us who were privileged to climb into a snazzy new Chevrolet Impala convertible. It was sort of like putting a dozen eggs into a carton made for a half dozen. The plan was to make a two-day road trip to Alberta, for the Calgary Stampede. Yes, two days! Normal days off were taken one at a time, once a week, so some scheduling modifications were made.

Among the eight were four of us girls from Texas (Leslie Duckworth, Krete Jeffrey, Pat Smith, and yours truly) and four guys from places as far flung as Wisconsin and Georgia – Randy Hohenberger (the one with the idea and the means), David Wise,

Dwayne Sagen, and Jim Morisey. We arranged, or should I say packed, ourselves into the convertible for an 8 a.m. departure from Many Glacier, and with joy and considerable fanfare launched the Impala toward the north border.

The crossing into Canada involved the eight of us exiting the vehicle, but those always-nice Canadian officials soon had us on our way to Calgary. After pausing long enough to climb onto the "Welcome to the Province of Alberta Drive Carefully Enjoy Your Holiday" sign for a photo op, we pressed on, arriving at the Stampede. We had plenty of time to find the midway for a tour of entertainment and food offerings before going to the arena for the main attraction, the Rodeo.

Now, despite having spent ten years of my life in Texas, I confess I had never been to a rodeo. Quite honestly, I was soon looking for a distraction

from calf torture and crazy guys riding bulls like that was normal. Luckily, a rumor filtered down to where the girls and I sat that Cary Grant was in the stadium watching the show. Game on! With utter restraint and casual moves, we took pursuit! Our reward was in the bleachers not far away. Apparently, security was on the job, for there was a halo of emptiness around Grant and his lovely lady (turned out to be his mother!) and entourage just wide enough for a good look and some nonchalant snapping of photos.

The guys had been off on their own tour of events, so we met up when it was time to get lodging. I don't remember worrying about where we would stay for the night, but photographic evidence shows us four girls in front of a lodge that I recall being connected somehow to a YWCA or similar organization. Whatever it was, we had a clean and decent place to sleep. Turned out a good night's rest was a good idea given our agenda for day two.

Before arctic summer light had saturated the sky, we were back in the convertible heading north by northwest. I had never been to Canada, so I had no idea how far out it went, but, heck, we had a whole day before we had to be back at Many Glacier.

Our first stop would be Lake Louise, Banff National Park. We walked around the beautiful Lake Louise Chateau, strolled the path along the water, and marveled at the grand, snowy peaks surrounding the lake. After a visit just long enough to qualify for telling everyone we had been there, we stopped in the gift shop for souvenirs and snacks and repacked ourselves into the convertible. I'm pretty sure the top was up for this stretch of travel, taking us to up-close snow and ice! Next stop, Jasper National Park.

What better way to experience a glacier than to ride over it in a snow coach, saturating the senses with the smell of ancient ice and experiencing a chill never dreamed of with July winds! Clad in light jackets and loafers, we were nevertheless impervious to the glacial elements. Admittedly, I never stopped shivering, but I'm still unsure whether it was the cold of the Columbia Ice Fields or the thrill of being with such a fantastic group of new friends, the farthest from home that I had ever been.

Youthful joy overrode any suffering. We prolonged the joy and suffering as long as possible, but the day was aging. We had a long run back from whence we came, so finally we reluctantly turned to retrace our route.

The hours passed with lively chatter and spates of quiet until fatigue began to set heads nodding in brief naps. There were a couple of obligatory pit stops, and finally it was growing dark. Somewhere along the ribbon of two-lane road on the vast Alberta plains south of Calgary, a voice was heard to say, "Hey guys, doesn't the border close at – what – midnight?!"

Anyone napping at that moment gasped to attention. Even with the convertible top up, Randy blew our hair back as he gripped the wheel like he had just entered the Daytona 500, and he floored it. Except for the fresh Alberta air whistling by our vehicle,

there was dead silence. The dread and tension were palpable. Eventually someone spotted the border station way off in the distance, and shortly after, we noticed that a light had been turned off. Then another and another! Within 200 yards (okay, meters on the Canadian side) another light dimmed.

The Impala screamed up to the stop sign before the place went dark, and after a few stern words a nice officer waved us through. Back in the USA, we sighed our relief, but now we had to ride the roller coaster road to Many Glacier. Even worse, we had to face the women's dorm supervisor Jeffie, keeper of the curfew. By the time we got there, the curfew would be so far blown, we might be sleeping in the car.

I had never seen Jeffie in her nightgown, nor did I ever expect to. But there she was, sitting in a rocking chair with her reading light on and a book in her lap, as we tiptoed up the stairs and through the unlocked door. She rose slowly, looked us over, and issued the obligatory reprimands peppered with questions and comments. To this day, I think I saw as much relief as disapproval in her eyes when she wished us good night and turned toward her room.

That thing I said at the beginning – about old memories – does not, of course, apply to Road Trip 67. It's still as fresh in my heart as if it happened just yesterday.

It is said that memories are inaccurate. As time passes, they tend to become edited and altered by events and perceptions developed between the original event and the present time. . . . That . . . does not . . . apply to Road Trip 67. It's still as fresh in my heart as if it happened just yesterday.

Changes in Progress at the Prince

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

From a plan to make major revisions to the main floor of the Prince of Wales Hotel, to new staff accommodations, charging guests and visitors for parking, and creation of a new plaza on the hill where the hotel sits, there's plenty of change in the works at this historic site.

The most ambitious proposed change is an effort by Pursuit's Glacier Collection, in conjunction with architect Kate Allen with the Calgary design firm of Frank, to reconfigure and repurpose the Prince of Wales's lobby and main floor east wing.

The proposal, under review by Parks Canada, would see the gift shop greatly reduced in size, the Windsor Lounge moved from the east wing to the lobby, where tea service now happens daily by the main windows, and the tea service moved to a new dedicated, multipurpose entertainment space in the east wing.

The new tearoom, with seating for about 50 people, would have a small attached kitchen. Tea service staff now have to walk from the lobby through the dining room to the kitchen for food and supplies. The new tearoom could also be used for small, private banquets and parties.

A further change under the proposed lobby realignment would see the bellman's desk moved from the west wall of the lobby, near the front desk, to the middle of the lobby in front of the north doors. It would act as a reception centre for arriving guests and visitors.

Having the liquor lounge in the lobby would not affect sightlines of the view of Upper Waterton Lake. A run of booths in the lobby would act as a barrier to separate the lounge from the public seating area, preserving views of the lake.

Moving the Windsor Lounge to the lobby and reducing the size of the gift shop would allow for the restoration of the original staircase to the upper

floors of the hotel. It also would allow the lounge fireplace to be fully exposed. During renovations in 1959 to create the Windsor Lounge and expand the giftshop, half the staircase was removed and boarded up, and the north portion of the fireplace was walled in.

There would also be changes to the dining room under the proposed main floor revamp, with the dining room annex revised and better opened to the main room. The space could be dedicated for use as a buffet line, while the bar that provides beer, liquor and wine service to the dining room would be dismantled and repurposed as an office for the dining room manager.

The bar was a legacy from 1957 when the dining room annex was the Maple Leaf Lounge. It was decommissioned, returned to use for dining room overflow and private parties. The Windsor Lounge was created in 1959 across the lobby.

Hotel manager Norm Duchaine explained that the purpose of the renovations is to increase the revenue per square foot for the main floor through improved food and beverage service. Expansion of the gift shop in the hotel between 1957 and 1959, under Donald Knutson's auspices, was made for exactly the same financial reasons. How circumstances have changed over the decades!

Also new at the hotel was the implementation in August of parking fees for hotel guests (\$15 per vehicle) and daytime visitors (\$10 per vehicle). The parking lot, north of the hotel, was doubled in size to address chronic overcrowding. A kiosk was also built, at the top of the drive from the park entrance road to the hotel, so an attendant can direct traffic, collect fees and provide parking passes to guests and visitors.

The additional parking goes hand-in-hand with work by Parks Canada to create a plaza on the hill, on the east side of the hotel. Pathways for visitors have been laid to prevent soil erosion

and protect the natural grass on the hill. They lead to a lakeside viewing area where a peak identification chart will be erected, copying one that had been there for decades, until the 1960s.

Also part of the upgrades was a rehabilitation of the Linnet Lake loop trail, north of the hotel. The trail from the Linnet Lake parking lot to the hotel (on a path originally created by hotel construction workers going back and forth from their bunkhouses by the lake) will be paved. Paving also will be done on a path down the hill in front of the hotel to Waterton townsite.

About ten of the hotel's approximately 90 staff spent their off-hours at a rental residence in the townsite, on Fountain Avenue, rather than in the three dormitories to the west and below the hotel hill. Manager Duchaine said the use of the rental facility in the townsite to house staff addressed overcrowding in the dorms (an acute issue during the current pandemic) and offered improved accommodations. First-year staff pay a daily room and board charge of \$12.75, regardless of whether they are in the dorms or at the townsite location.

A final major change in Waterton, unrelated to the hotel, was the end-of-summer completion of a \$17.3-million visitor centre/government office building on Windflower Avenue, under construction for more than two years. The location, just to the south of the business district, was controversial with townsite residents, who protested its scale and siting.

Park employees are expected to move into offices in the new building over the fall and winter. The visitor centre replaces the one on the park entrance road that was destroyed in the 2017 Kenow wildfire, and will mean the shutting down of a temporary visitor centre office in the former Lion's Hall on Fountain Avenue.

(Model-T continued from page 19)

The remaining 12 cars chugged along through driving rain most of the day on the always tough mountain roads. The racers stopped for one-hour rest breaks at White Sulphur Springs and Harlowton before stopping for the night at Roundup. There all the drivers were offered free dry storage for their cars at the local Ford agency.

The Hi-Line Club held down first place with a two-day time of eight hours, 22 minutes and 52 seconds. Schelly was making a real race of it, running in a time of eight hours, 24 minutes and five seconds. Bill Walters of Bozeman was next closest with a time of eight hours, 50 minutes, and 13 seconds.

Schelly's dogged determination began to pay off on the third day. The Hi-Line car developed ignition wire trouble in the first stretch of the day. The crew

pulled their T into a garage in Winnett, tore down the engine and had it back in running order in 15 minutes. But the delay in the first stretch before the rest stop in Winnett had been costly. Schelly had picked up nearly three minutes on the Hi-Line crew.

The Hi-Line car didn't run well the rest of the day. The Hi-Liners didn't dare push the T and Schelly kept gaining. With his throttle still wide open, Schelly pushed his car to the limit as he roared across the finish line in Circle – only one minute and 46 seconds ahead of the Hi-Line crew.

Schelly's total elapsed driving time in the three-day endurance test was 12 hours, one minute and 57 seconds. That gave him an average speed of 50.7 miles per hour – highly respectable for today's cars under the same circumstances.

*Racing
without a
windshield
was cold, but
faster.*



(Photo courtesy of the Towe Antique Ford Collection.)

2023 Glacier Park Lodge Reunion

There is a unique opportunity to reserve your room now for the Glacier Park Lodge Employee Reunion to be held July 18-21, 2023. Glacier Park has been discovered and the lodges and hotels sell out far in advance. Glacier Park Lodge 2023 reservations open to the general public on January 2, 2022. Meanwhile, reunion reservations are available.

The reunion will include all who worked at East: Jammers, transportation center, laundry, distribution center, corporate office and of course Glacier Park Lodge. For details on being certain you have room reservations please contact John Dobbertin, Jr. by email at johndobb@mwt.net

'22 MGH Reunion

A reunion of former Many Glacier Hotel employees will be held at the hotel from July 21-24, 2022. This reunion was originally scheduled for August 2021, but was postponed due to pandemic restrictions. Musical performances in the lobby should be possible in 2022.

The reunion has been organized through the Glacier Friends page on Facebook. Accommodations at Many Glacier and at Swiftcurrent Motor Inn were sold out within minutes on July 1 of this year, when reservations for July 2022 became available. Reservations may be available at facilities in St. Mary, in East Glacier Park, near Duck Lake, and at nearby campgrounds. Cancellations also may occur at Many Glacier and Swiftcurrent (check reservations at the Glacier National Park Lodges website).

If you plan to attend the reunion, you may inform Carol Dahle at CarolDahle@yahoo.com. She will keep you up to date via email regarding reunion plans and events, and she will do her best to answer any questions you may have. If you've already received Glacier emails from Carol, she will be keeping you on the group email list unless you request to be removed. No need to reply again.

(Minstrels continued from page 7)

what we thought it was!) we attempted to incorporate into the performance. Numerous supposed-to-be-funny bits were woven into the show, including short “spoken” responses by Barb, Doug and Annette in “Three Wheels on My Wagon.” Kelly took the lead in a forgettable tale about a chicken, a rooster and a milk cow; and Wes (our designated resident comedian) went full-on impromptu in “Billy’s Mule.” The last verse of the song was supposed to go like this:

*And four to go,
we’ve a long way to go.”*

*“I get so mad when I draw my pay and
all my money’s spent,*

*I called up the White House and I told
the President,*

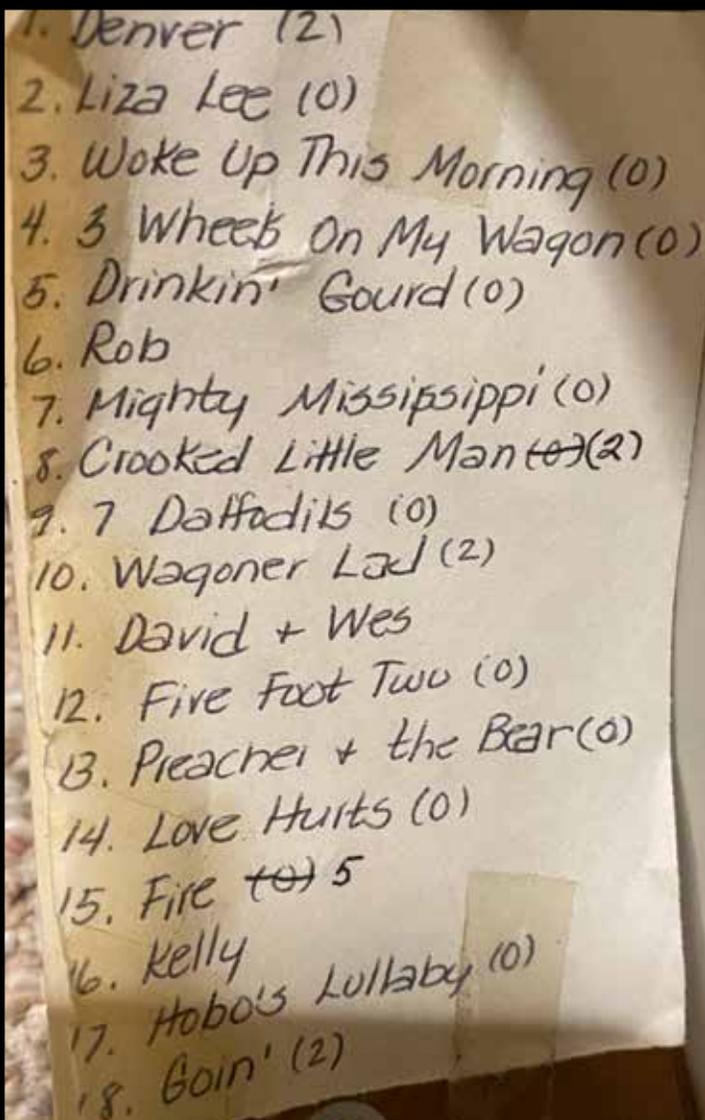
*If you don’t repeal that income tax you
ain’t no friend of mine....*

*He said, I’ll speak with Billy’s Mule, he’s
on the other line.”*

Wes instead changed the last line into a rambling “LBJ” impersonation, beginning with “My fellow Americans ...” and ending with the slowly spoken words: “I promise to give every American man what he truly wants ... an American woman!”

Some of our “humor” would not be politically correct these days, but back then it was very funny, and the audiences loved it. In fact, that particular audience, made up of not only the MGH guests, but also the “emps” who were loyal Many Minstrels fans, was totally immersed in the show. Several thunderous standing ovations and encores (I remember the hotel shaking!) made it a truly memorable event. We ended the show with “I’m Going Home,” and the encore was our medley of “Billy’s Mule/Out Behind the Barn.”

Doug remembers that after the concert, a guest approached me (how come I don’t remember it?) and indicated that he had a friend who owned or managed a famous LA folk music coffee house. He said that he enjoyed our show and that he planned to tell his friend about us, and that it might possibly turn into an opportunity for us to perform at the famous coffee house. Needless to say, we did not hear from the coffee house and the show that evening in the MGH lobby was our one and only time “in concert.”

- 
1. Denver (2)
 2. Liza Lee (0)
 3. Woke Up This Morning (0)
 4. 3 Wheels On My Wagon (0)
 5. Drinkin' Gourd (0)
 6. Rob
 7. Mighty Mississippi (0)
 8. Crooked Little Man (2)
 9. 7 Daffodils (0)
 10. Wagoner Lad (2)
 11. David + Wes
 12. Five Foot Two (0)
 13. Preacher + the Bear (0)
 14. Love Hurts (0)
 15. Fire (5)
 16. Kelly
 17. Hobo's Lullaby (0)
 18. Goin' (2)

*This is a photo of an “Original”
set list from a Many Minstrels
concert.*

*Doug Batson still keeps it
in his banjo case!*

(Photo by Doug Batson)



(Photo by Kristen "Kristy" Towe Undegraff.)

Ed Towe at Sun Road's 50th

Ed Towe, the creator and impresario of the Great Model-T Race, is pictured here at the 50th anniversary celebration of the opening of Going-to-the-Sun Road. The event took place amid rain and snow on July 15, 1983.

Fords were Ed's love. He owned about 300 cars, mostly Fords. This model is a 1933 Ford Phaeton. He purchased it in Buenos Aires, Argentina (which explains the right-hand drive) and drove it home! Lettering on the car door reads: Driven 10,500 miles in 1979 – Buenos Aires to Deer Lodge, Montana.

In the back seat, on the left and wearing a cowboy hat, is U.S. Secretary of the Interior James Watt. Beside him is Montana Governor Ted Schwinden.

The photo was taken by Ed's daughter Kristen "Kristy" Towe Undegraff, and is published with her permission. She remembers that it was cold and everyone bundled up in winter coats. A mid-July Logan Pass snow event can be seen in the distance.

JOIN THE GLACIER PARK FOUNDATION

All friends of Glacier Park are invited to join the Glacier Park Foundation. Membership includes a subscription to The Inside Trail and the right to vote for directors. Please download a membership form from our Web Site (www.glacierparkfoundation.org) or send your name, address, phone number, and park experience to Glacier Park Foundation, Box 15241, 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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END

