

# THE INSIDE TRAIL



Voice of the Glacier Park Foundation  Summer 2022  Volume XXXVIII, No. 1

## Top of the Park

### *Summiting Mount Cleveland*



*(Jayne Ottman Photo.)*

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# INSIDE NEWS OF GLACIER PARK

## Sun Road Reservations

Half the human race plans ahead, while the other half of us improvise at the last minute. The National Park Service took account of this in devising a system of reservations to drive Going-to-the-Sun Road this summer. Half the reservations went on sale 120 days in advance, and the rest go on sale the day before motorists' arrival.

Vehicle reservations are required to enter the Sun Road between 6 a.m. and 4 p.m. from Memorial Day weekend to September 11. Vehicle reservations also are required for the Polebridge Entrance to the North Fork from 6 a.m. to 6 p.m. No

reservations are necessary to access the Swiftcurrent valley, Two Medicine or Cut Bank, or to access Rising Sun from the St. Mary entrance.

Sun Road reservations are effective for three days (Polebridge reservations are only effective for one). Reservations have a minimal cost (\$2), but an entrance fee or an annual pass fee must also be paid. Reservations are available through recreation.gov or (877) 444-6777.

## West Side Closures

The Sun Road is closed at night, between 10 p.m. and 6 a.m., from Apgar to Sprague Creek. The closure accommodates a major maintenance project,

replacing sewage lines running along the road.

This complicates life on the park's West Side. Guests at Lake McDonald Lodge, employees, campers, inholders and others have just one opportunity to cross the construction zone in the course of the night. A one-way convoy of vehicles is allowed to drive out and another is allowed to drive in, at midnight. Otherwise, people needing to leave (e.g., for an early flight at the Kalispell airport) must take the Sun Road eastbound to St. Mary and drive around the south side of the park. Lodging guests were made aware of this making a reservation.

Last summer, travelers without Sun Road reservations could rise early and have access to the road before 6 a.m. That is still possible on the East Side, but not on the West Side, due to the all-night utility closure.

## Glacier National Park Lodges (Xanterra)

Glacier's largest lodging, food and beverage, and transport concessioner, Xanterra, began the summer hoping

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

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## 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.

to operate on a relatively normal basis. The COVID-19 pandemic severely restricted operations in 2020 (when East Side facilities were shuttered) and in 2021 (when dining was takeout-only, masking and social distancing were required, and plexiglass surrounded red-bus drivers).

Park Service protocols for the facilities are based upon guidelines issued by the federal Centers for Disease Control (CDC). The Park Service looks to COVID transmission levels in Glacier County (which spans the park's East Side) and in Flathead County (west of the Continental Divide). When levels vary, it takes mitigation measures using the more conservative approach.

Matt LaSalle returns as manager at Lake McDonald Lodge. International employees, who mostly were absent the past two years, are working at the lodges again in large numbers. They come principally from Ecuador and Thailand, and (later in the summer) from Japan.

### **Pursuit**

Pursuit (the former Glacier Park, Inc.) operates facilities at the gateways to Glacier. Veteran managers return at most of those gateway locations, including John Bloem (Glacier Park Lodge); Helen Roberts (St. Mary Lodge); Todd Ashcraft (West Glacier) and Jayne Miller (Belton Chalets). Bronson Albano has become location manager at the Prince of Wales Hotel.

Pursuit made a major acquisition in March. It purchased the Glacier Raft Company in West Glacier from the Stoneman family, who founded it and have operated it since the late 1970s. They will continue in management roles.

### **Park Service Transitions**

Jeff Mow retired as superintendent of Glacier Park in December 2021. He

had served in that position for eight years. Kate Hammond of the Rocky Mountain Regional Office served as acting superintendent during the winter and spring.

Pete Webster, Glacier's deputy superintendent, is serving as acting superintendent through the early summer. He has a long history in Glacier, having worked there as a seasonal ranger, in law enforcement, and as a district ranger, prior to service in other parks.

In early July, Dave Roemer will become superintendent. Most recently, he has served as deputy superintendent at Redwood National and State Parks in California. In previous years, he worked as a biologist at Bryce Canyon and Carlsbad Caverns National Parks, and then as chief of resource management and science at Big Thicket National Park and at Redwood.

Roemer has a bachelor's degree in environmental communications from Antioch College and a master's degree in environmental studies from the University of Montana. He enjoys camping, backpacking and trail walks with his wife and two children.

Mary Wysong, Glacier's Chief of Concessions, retired last fall. The new chief is Steve Byrd, who has worked in Glacier's concessions department for nine years. He grew up near Glacier in Martin City, Montana, and has a background in construction and facilities management.

Bill Hayden, Glacier's longtime Visual Information Specialist, also recently retired. Regi Altop, longtime ranger in the North Fork, has retired from law enforcement. He's serving this summer as a backcountry ranger, based at Bowman Lake.

Bob Adams, Bob Schuster, and Diane Sine continue their many decades of

service as rangers at Many Glacier. Adams and Schuster both will celebrate their 80<sup>th</sup> birthdays this summer, in the company of their wives, Carolyn Adams and Betty Schuster.

### **The Conservancy**

The Glacier National Park Conservancy, which raises private funds to support the park, had a strong year financially in 2021. It received more than \$3 million in contributions and gave more than \$2.5 million in funding to the National Park Service. It supports dozens of environmental, historical and cultural projects.

One complex project is the proposed reintroduction of free-ranging bison to Glacier's East Side and the neighboring Blackfeet Reservation. A three-year study, involving the Blackfeet, the National Park Service, the Conservancy, and the Wildlife Conservation

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Society, is gathering data relevant to the reintroduction. The study focuses on the elk that presently roam on Glacier's East Side, grassland birds, vegetation, and archaeological sites.

Another partnership supports a summerlong exhibit of Winold Reiss portraits at the Museum of the Plains Indian in Browning. Weiss was hired by the Great Northern Railway to paint scores of Blackfeet Indians in the 1920s and 1930s, and he ran an art school at the St. Mary Chalets. Reproductions of his work have been featured for decades in Glacier's lodges. The exhibit

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is a partnership involving the museum, the Conservancy, the Blackfeet, the Burlington Northern Santa Fe Railway (the successor of the Great Northern) and its BNSF Foundation.

The Conservancy is funding an important historical preservation project, digitizing more than 100 reels of motion picture film of Glacier Park. These reels are preserved from as early as the 1930s, and are too fragile or obsolescent to be viewed in their original

form. They include, for example, film of the National Governor's Association Conference at Many Glacier Hotel in 1960.

The Conservancy supports a wide variety of wildlife initiatives, including studies to monitor avian flu, chronic wasting disease in ungulates, and the status of owls and wolverines. It also supports wide-ranging programs to preserve Glacier's native westslope cutthroat and bull trout from invasive species. It funds expanded Park Service efforts to protect Glacier's wilderness areas from illegal camping and drone use, improper human waste disposal, and social trail spread, among other threats from rising visitation.

### **Passings**

Eric Kendall, location manager at Many Glacier Hotel from 2016 to 2019, died in February 2022. He was the son of "Jammer Joe" Kendall (after whom the Lake McDonald coffee shop is named)

and Geri Kendall. Eric worked as a red bus driver in Glacier from 2010 to 2013, and as front office manager at Many Glacier from 2014 to 2015. During much of this period, he worked from October to February as a civilian contractor with the U.S. Air Force at McMurdo Sound, Antarctica.

Bill Rollie, a longtime employee at Many Glacier in the late 1960s and '70s, died in May 2022. Bill was an accomplished singer and actor. He played the lead role in *You're a Good Man, Charlie Brown* in 1972 and 1978. He also played Mortimer in *The Fantasticks* in 1971.

Glacier Park experienced a climbing tragedy early in the 2022 season. A teenager fell to his death while climbing Mt. Brown. He became separated from a climbing partner, who contacted the Park Service. Two Bear Air performed a helicopter search, located and retrieved the body.

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## **... More news from our roving historian, Ray Djuff ...**

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*After two years' hiatus during the pandemic, the Glacier Park Foundation sponsored history talks for employees at several lodges on the eve of the summer season. Ray Djuff, a historian, author, and member of GPF's Board of Directors, gave the talks and relates some observations here.*

### **Moose Duels a Grizzly**

The warnings about bears that park rangers gave Many Glacier Hotel staff during an orientation session the night before opening reinforced what they'd already witnessed a few days before. A grizzly had crashed into and broken a window in the hotel.

The bear had killed and dragged away one of two moose calves accompanying their mother on the lakeshore behind the hotel. Then it returned for the second calf. The

incident brought setup work in the hotel to a stop as staff gathered on the back porch and other balconies to watch the scene play out.

Video taken by staff of the standoff between the mother moose and grizzly was posted online. It shows the female moose eventually getting fed up and charging the bear, which retreated in such panic that it unwittingly careened into the hotel, breaking a St. Moritz Room window.

The grizzly's feeding on the first calf forced closure of the Swiftcurrent Lake Trail and hazing of the bear to relocate it away from the hotel. The multiple postings of videos of the incident made news across the state and country. My presentation to the staff about the history of the hotel was, by comparison, anticlimactic.

### **Talks at the Lodges**

During my presentations at Many Glacier Hotel and Lake McDonald Lodge, I had a chance to meet separately with front-end staff and had lively conversations with them about specific questions of hotel and park history. The sense of excitement they exhibited was heartening, and the mood was that this would, for the first time in two years, be a "normal" season.

The staff at Lake McDonald were especially inquisitive about their historic building. Matt LaSalle, the location manager, graciously allowed me to stay in one of the new dorms. It was very comfortable and a huge improvement from days of yore. The size of the room stunned me.

I got to take part in a "shakedown" dinner in the Many Glacier dining

room. Servers and kitchen staff were put through their paces on the day before opening by serving fellow staff and managers. The trial run gave staff the needed confidence to handle the next day's opening with ease.

At the Prince of Wales Hotel in Waterton, the bell staff has doubled from the usual four to eight, due to required staffing of a kiosk installed at the entrance to the hotel grounds where all visitors now must pay daily to park on the property. As well, the hotel has for the first time hired two women as bell staff.

### **Red Bus Upgrades**

I spoke with Andy Stiles, General Manager of Glacier National Park Lodges, about the ongoing rehabilitation of the Red buses. He says that 11 of the 33 buses now have been rehabilitated, which includes the installation of a hybrid electric pass-through system to improve fuel economy and reduce emissions. The project involves putting the bodies on new chassis with a larger, 6.2-liter V-8 engine, a new dash with gauges reminiscent of the original buses, and larger wheels and tires (increased from 16 to 19.5 inches), as well as other repairs and upgrades.

Returning driver Bill Trimble first drove bus no. 96 in the early 1960s. As he takes the wheel of his beloved no. 96 this summer, he likely is the only person to have driven every iteration of the Reds, from their original format to their renovation in 2001-02 to their renovation today. Bill himself looks remarkably like he did as a driver sixty years ago.

### **On the Roads**

Former staff who attend the Many Glacier reunion this summer are in for a treat when they traverse the Babb-Many Glacier road. Except for

a section between Sherburne dam and the park entrance station (which is still rough but graveled), the road is marked with dividing and side lines and paved so smoothly that it is unrecognizable from earlier decades. I've never seen the road in such good condition since I started visiting Glacier in 1973. Not a rough spot or pothole in sight.

The unfinished section, though, was always the worst part. It involves chronic instability and is going to need a lot of engineering to make a permanent fix. (Now if only someone would tackle Looking Glass Pass.)

The parking lot at Many Glacier has been remade, removing a dividing boulevard that split it into two rows, so it can handle more vehicles. (The increase in parking spaces, however, is reportedly still insufficient to handle the crowds.) The lot was fully repaved, as is the road by the lower dorm, which is now only one way as a means of exiting the parking lot. Incoming traffic must pass in front of the hotel and pass the port-cochere to enter the lot.

On the West Side entry to Going-to-the-Sun Road, the Park Service has set up a checkpoint before the gate, at the turnoff to the government compound. Drivers who don't have a reservation are directed into the compound, where Glacier National Park Volunteer Associates explain the system. The idea is to avoid requiring staff at the gate to deal with drivers unaware that they need reservations. In the past, this has aggravated back-ups of traffic extending far out onto Highway 2.

Also on the West Side, the Sun Road is shut down for utility work every evening at 10 p.m. When I held a book signing at Lake McDonald

Lodge on June 1 (one of the first nights of closure), I made a point of leaving at 9 p.m. to avoid any issues. When I got to the section where new sewage pipes are being installed, some eager road workers had already erected a barricade and were trying to turn back traffic from the lodge to Apgar.

A keen motorist took out his cell-phone and showed the workers a news release from the park that the shutdown started at 10 p.m. So the workers sheepishly took down their barricade and let traffic pass until the proper appointed hour.

### **Topo Map at Many**

I was tickled to see a 3-D topographical map of Glacier mounted just outside the downstairs gift shop at Many Glacier Hotel. This is similar to maps at Lake McDonald Lodge and Glacier Park Lodge, but an earlier iteration dating from 1912. It shows, in relief, mountains, trails, roads, and other geographical features of the park. What makes this map especially interesting is that it was made before 1927, and doesn't show Waterton or the Prince of Wales Hotel that was constructed in that year.

The map had been created by the Great Northern Railway and was owned by a railway group in Portland. In 2019, I heard that it was available and approached Marc Ducharme (Andy Stiles's predecessor). Marc took my suggestion to acquire it for Many, to tidy it up and paint over some flaking pieces, and not to worry about people touching it (since the Glacier Park archives have similar topo maps in pristine condition). It's a wonderful touchstone for folks to visualize the park as they make travel plans.

# GPF Produces Videos on Lodge History

Lake McDonald Lodge and Glacier Park Lodge, icons of Glacier Park, are a study in contrasts. The former embodies the park's West Side, on a tranquil lake in a towering forest. The latter embodies the open space and dramatic vistas of the East Side, where the windy high plains meet the Rocky Mountains.

These contrasts imbue two videos recently produced by the Glacier Park Foundation on those lodges. The Lake McDonald video opens with a moose wading in the lake beside a lushly forested shore. The Glacier Park Lodge video begins with drone photography passing high above the great roof of the lodge and scanning the mountain peaks beyond.

The videos are part of an ongoing project to train employees on the history of Glacier's lodges. For several years, GPF has worked with the National Park Service and with the lodging companies (Xanterra, which manages the lodges in the park, and Pursuit, which manages the gateway lodges) to educate employees. The employees, in turn, can educate the public.

GPF wrote detailed handbooks on the histories of Glacier Park Lodge, Lake McDonald Lodge, Many Glacier Hotel, the Prince of Wales Hotel, St. Mary Lodge, and the West Glacier facilities. Those handbooks are made available to employees and also are posted on GPF's web site. GPF historians Ray Djuff and Mark Hufstetler have given orientation talks to employees, often teaming with Park Service speakers.

In 2020 and 2021, the orientation talks could not be given because of the covid pandemic. Instead, the Foundation produced a video on the history of Glacier's lodges to share with the employees. That video (telling the overall story of the lodges and touching briefly on their individual histories) was given to Pursuit and to Xanterra. It also is posted on YouTube and can be linked through GPF's web site.

GPF is now creating a series of videos on the individual lodges. GPF's Board authorized a video for a lodge managed by each company (Lake McDonald Lodge for Xanterra and Glacier Park Lodge for Pursuit) in 2022. GPF hired Mimi Schiffman, the talented videographer who produced the first video last year.

Hufstetler and Djuff created the script and provided images. The videos weave together dozens of historic

*(Photo from the Ray Djuff collection.)*



photographs. Striking photos of Blackfoot and Kootenai/Salish Indians appear at the beginning of each narrative. Then we witness the lodges' construction, with portraits of prominent personalities.

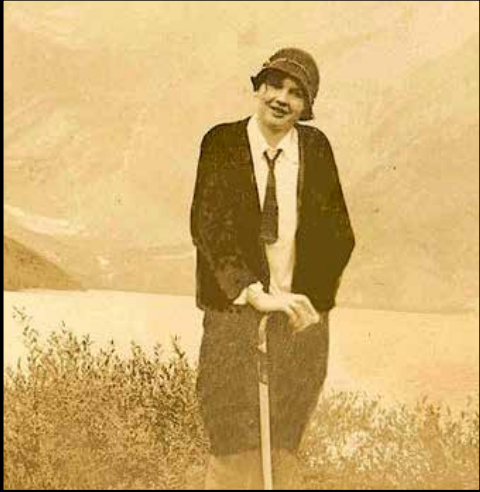
Glacier Park Lodge embodies the Great Northern Railway's role in the story of Glacier. The video highlights the Great Northern's president, James J. Hill (it literally highlights him, with a striking technique that distinguishes him from other figures in a photo). We see Great Northern flatbeds and crews transporting the monumental logs that gave rise to the nickname "Big Tree Lodge."

Lake McDonald Lodge, by contrast, was not created by the Great Northern. It arose by way of homesteading and entrepreneurship before the park was formed. The video recalls George Snyder, who built the original rustic lodge and transported his customers on a little steamboat, starting in 1895. The story then turns to John Lewis, who obtained the property from Snyder (possibly in a drunken card game) and constructed the present lodge.

The Glacier Park Lodge video features commentary by John Dobbertin, who worked there sixty years ago. He relates how, during construction, the Great Northern built a track to the front door of the lodge, for delivery of the massive log pillars. He says: "If you owned the railroad, you could put it anywhere you wanted to – and that's what the Great Northern did!" He discusses notable personalities, including the Blackfoot woodcarver John Clarke and the entrepreneur-politician Don Hummel, who bought the lodge from the Great Northern in 1960.

An intergenerational array of other lodge alumni appears in the videos. We thank them for their commentary. We warmly thank Park Service officers and officers of Pursuit and Xanterra for their input and assistance. We look forward to producing future videos on other lodges in and near the park!

# The Call of Glacier Park



(Gladys Johnson on the trail in 1926.)

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*The clouds whirled in around the corner into the lake basin and filled it in a twinkling of the eyes. Before we realized it, we were in the midst of a cloud with clouds far below us and above us.*

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## **“The Call of Glacier Park”**

*by Margaret Hasse*

*(22 poems about the park and excerpts from a historic diary). The diary was kept by Gladys, Margaret Hasse’s mother.*

**Available from Amazon.**

*Sections from the book are reprinted with permission from the press, the author, and the family of Gladys Johnson Hasse.*

*By Margaret Hasse*

In the summer of 1926, a 20-year-old Carleton College student from Minnesota named Gladys Johnson arrived in Glacier National Park. She’d traveled from St. Paul on the Great Northern Railway, which dropped her off right by Glacier Park Hotel (now known as Glacier Park Lodge). Her job working there as a waitress would soon begin. On her days off, Gladys threw herself into hiking, riding horseback, and visiting chalets in the wilderness landscape she ecstatically described in her diaries and documented in black and white photos. Years later, this young woman would become a mother, and her children, including me, would learn that she remembered her summer times in Glacier as among the most free and joyous of her life.

When my mother, Gladys Johnson Hasse, died in 1976, her six adult children inherited her diaries. We typed some of the most striking passages about Glacier Park to share with one another and with other fans of Glacier. Inspired by her love of the park, most of her descendants are frequent visi-

tors to Glacier. My sister Ann Nelson, on one of her trips to the park, shared diary entries and photographs with John Chase, a teacher from the area with a deep interest in local history. He created a panel exhibit about our mother which was situated in the lobby of Glacier Park Lodge.

One evening during a Hasse family reunion of 36 relatives in Glacier in 2019, some of us were lounging on the back deck of the lodge facing a mountain now called “Dancing Lady.” (In my mother’s day it was “Squaw.”) Near us, a Glacier guide with a clear voice advised tourists about good hiking trails and other things to explore. Suddenly we heard him say: “Be sure to visit the display inside about Gladys Hasse.” Then he praised her prowess as an awesome hiker! We were thrilled to hear her honored, knowing that on one of her first days off, soon after she arrived in 1926, she climbed the very mountain we were looking at, getting relatively close to its 7,300-foot summit. Nothing was remotely like this height in the Minnesota landscape she came from.

Influenced by my mother, I, too, not only have visited Glacier often (backpacking, hiking, even bicycling Going-to-the-Sun Highway), but also have employed notebooks or journals to record, remember, reflect, explore. This practice has contributed to my life’s work as a writer, resulting in publication of seven books of poetry. The latest, in 2022, is a small collection (a chapbook) entitled *The Call of Glacier Park*. It contains 22 of my poems about the park and excerpts from my mother’s diary about a particularly dramatic hike she took.

The detailed description is of a trip on foot Gladys and her new friend Lenore made from the Going-to-the-Sun Chalet at Sun Point on St. Mary Lake. After dancing into the night at the chalet, the two young women headed off the next morning at 8 a.m. to Sperry Chalet, a rugged trip of more than 20 miles, encountering rain, snow, sleet, hail, and fog. My mother wore a velveteen jacket. Neither woman had hiking boots. They carried only a sandwich, an orange and a Hershey bar to share, but they arrived safely at 3:00 p.m. at the chalet where they stayed. The next morning, they

visited Sperry Glacier before heading down the steep trail to Lake McDonald – adding another 12 miles or so to their 2-day journey.

Almost ninety years later, in 2013, with four other family members, I made a similar hike, shorter yet still rigorous, up Gunsight Pass and on to Sperry Chalet for an overnight stay. In *The Call of Glacier Park*, my poems walk side-by-side with excerpts from my mother's diary to describe the experience of this trail and the historical chalet.

Here's a passage of my mother's writing followed by one of the poems I wrote to honor my mother and our shared love of this place.

From Gladys Johnson's diary about hiking to Sperry Chalet, in August, 1926:

Just out of sight of Gunsight Lake one suddenly comes upon beautiful Lake Ellen Wilson shut in by several mountains ... We loitered along the path and lay down on the long grasses for a while. Then we started hiking again. Before we had gone far, we were right at Lincoln

Pass just before one reaches the tippy-top of Gunsight – a dreadful storm came up without any warning.

The clouds whirled in around the corner into the lake basin and filled it in a twinkling of the eyes. Before we realized it, we were in the midst of a cloud with clouds far below us and above us. I had no idea the wind currents moved so rapidly. Then it began to hail. The hailstones struck us in the face and the wind blew so hard we decided it wasn't wise to stay on the trail. There was a large rock nearby. Fortunately for us there was a crevice in it large enough for both of us to slip in to it. There we sat for 15 minutes until the hail passed. We really weren't frightened much – we were enjoying ourselves watching the wind whip the clouds around in the lake basin.

When the hail stopped we decided we ought to attempt the pass, so we trudged on in the sleet. It is a very queer sensation to be on a trail and know that there is a sudden drop on one side of the path, but all that is visible is the white mist of the clouds!

Because of the clouds we could only see four or five feet ahead of us on the trail and we went along rather cautiously. Can't you see us, diary, on the top of the mountain with the wind and sleet blowing in our faces and making my velvet jacket flap about me? I went ahead for Lenore was almost exhausted at this time. Was it cold? I thought both my hands were frozen, for the fingers were beginning to turn white, but they were just numb, not frozen. We walked for over an hour in the sleet and now we were descending on the other side of the mountain. Just before we came in sight of Sperry, the clouds began to lift and in less than a minute we could see for a long distance. It seemed as if we were in an enchanted world. Directly in front of us was a miniature lake, silvery from the reflection of the mists above it. Tall stately pines and poplar bordered it. All the woods were breathing new life after the rain and were unusually green. Far away we could see part of Lake McDonald and as we went along the clouds rapidly lifted and we could see it all.



*(Gladys adventuring in 1926.)*

## **Gunsight Pass: Elevation 9,946 Feet**

*by Margaret Hasse*

As we climb we absorb light, like flowers.

Far below by the cold shoulder  
of a small lake, two slight tents are pitched.

The wind updrafts valley air scented  
with white pine. A hawk pierces the quiet  
with its scream. Two mountain goats bleat.

We wish we had goats' nimble way  
of stepping up the steep, narrow paths,  
steady on their four cloven hooves.

The goats continue climbing unmarked trails.

Turning back to look at us, their faces,  
bearded and bony, seem like those of wise men  
we'd like to follow to where earth ends in sky.



# HUNTING CAR HISTORIES

## *Detective work on Glacier's classic vehicles*



*(1940 Lincoln Zephyr once owned by Howard Hays. Ray Djuff collection.)*

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

*Editor's note: Ray Djuff, a director of the Glacier Park Foundation, is the leading historian of Glacier National Park. He has written ten books on Glacier and Waterton, including *View With a Room*, the definitive history of Glacier's lodges. He currently is writing a history of Glacier's iconic Red buses.*

My research into the history of the transport company in Glacier National Park for a book on the Red buses has had a side benefit I hadn't anticipated. The documents I've accumulated as part of my research hold information not only about the buses, but other vehicles that made up the transport company's fleet, particularly cars used to provide private tours of the park.

Many people may be familiar with the eight long-wheelbase Cadillacs that company owner Howard Hays Sr. ordered in 1927. They were most famously used to carry President Franklin Roosevelt and his family through Glacier in August 1934.

But there have been a host of other touring cars over the 100-plus years of the existence of the transport company. They include everything from White Motor Company GEC-7s (1914) to

three Peerlesses (1924), three LaSalles (1930), a couple of Packards (1939, with more added later), Chrysler sedans (1951-54) and others.

Only senior drivers, those who'd completed at least one season at the wheel of a bus and had proven themselves good guides with a thorough knowledge of Glacier and Waterton parks, were selected to drive "specials," as these cars were called when assigned for private tours.

I didn't quite realize all the information I had on all these "non-bus" vehicles in the fleet until I got two requests last winter from people seeking information about the cars they owned which had ties to the transport company.

The first call was from a representative of the Bonhams auction company who was handling the sale of a 1927 Cadillac Model 314 for a client. Bonhams wanted more information about the car, as the owner only had word-of-mouth stories and no documentation to verify anything.

The Bonhams rep initially turned to my friend Bruce Austin, who is the head of the Jammer Trust, a Montana non-profit that promotes the preservation of touring buses and cars used in Yellowstone and Glacier national parks. It happens that the 1927 Cadillac that Bonhams was selling was one of the eight cars

used in the Roosevelt tour. The Jammer Trust just happens to have two of its sister cars in its collection.

Austin could provide a lot of general information about the use of the Cadillacs in Glacier, and a lot of detail about their assignment to carry President Roosevelt, his wife Eleanor and a host of other dignitaries through the park for the one-day tour. What the Bonhams rep really wanted to know was who was in his client's Cadillac on that day in 1934. It would add some provenance and fame to the vehicle, presumably upping the potential sale price.

Bruce Austin has compiled a list of the serial numbers for six of the eight Cadillacs whose whereabouts he could trace. In some cases, he has records that cross-reference the serial numbers with the Glacier Park Transport Co. fleet numbers for the Cadillacs. Austin, however, didn't have a fleet number for the Bonhams Cadillac, although he knew of it and its owner.

The fleet number was a decal placed between the fender and hood of the Cadillacs. It was used to keep track of maintenance and other service work by transport company mechanics. It was frequently worn off due to its location or, later, removed during restoration. The significance of the number might

not be understood or recorded by the owner and therefore not reproduced.

Without the fleet number for the Cadillac, Austin couldn't say who was in that vehicle during the Roosevelt tour, so he directed the Bonhams rep to me to see what I might have. It took me a day or so, but I discovered a document in my collection that had all the Cadillac serial numbers and their fleet numbers. Woohoo!

From that fleet number, I discovered I also had notations on some mainte-

nance matters regarding the Bonhams Cadillac, a record of its mileage several times during its life with the fleet, and the approximate date it was sold by the transport company. All this was unknown to the owner of the vehicle.

I was told the family selling the car believed it had been picked up by a fellow who was among the passengers carried with the Roosevelt party through Glacier, and that he had bought it a few years later when it was sold from the fleet. Beyond that, the owner knew little else.

From my records, I knew that the Cadillac was not sold a couple of years after the FDR tour in 1934, but about 20 years later. One legend down.

The original buyer also had not been among the guests carried in the seven Cadillacs used by the president and his entourage. Poof! There went the other legend.

But I was able to tell the Bonhams rep the thing he wanted most to know, the fleet number of the vehicle. I could therefore tell him who rode in the Cadillac with the Roosevelt party. And I had pictures to prove it.

The Bonhams Cadillac was the third in the convoy. It carried the president's wife, Eleanor Roosevelt, two other ladies, and a Secret Service agent who sat beside the driver, Andrew Miller.

The Cadillac didn't sell at the October 2020 Bonhams auction. Presumably it is still available, if anyone cares to inquire.

The second request for information happened when a friend sent me a Facebook posting about someone wanting to know more about the history of his car, a 1940 Lincoln Zephyr convertible coupe. The owner had bought the vehicle a couple of years prior at an estate sale in Montana and all the new owner knew about the car was that it had some connection to Glacier Park.

His first step was to contact the historian at the park archive who could tell him nothing about the vehicle except that it didn't appear to be one that was used by the National Park Service. The owner next contacted the Henry Ford Museum. It had a build record for the Lincoln Zephyr and a notation that it had been sold by a dealer in Salt Lake City, Utah.

The owner, who was the head of his local history association, then had some volunteers at the association do Internet checks to see if they could come up with anything further. That proved a dead end. Then someone suggested that the owner post a notice on Facebook seeking information.



*Glacier Park had eight long-wheelbase Cadillacs that were most famously used to carry President Franklin Roosevelt and his family through Glacier in August 1934. . . . The Cadillac pictured here was the third in the convoy. It carried the president's wife, Eleanor Roosevelt, two other ladies, and a Secret Service*



*agent who sat beside the driver, Andrew Miller. Below, is a recent photo of the same vehicle.*

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*The Bonhams Cadillac was the third in the convoy. It carried the president's wife, Eleanor Roosevelt, two other ladies, and a Secret Service agent who sat beside the driver, Andrew Miller.*

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A friend of mine in Seattle spotted the posting and thought I might know something about the car. In fact, I did.

What I discovered was that the car was the personal ride of Howard Hays Sr., the president of the Glacier Park Transport Co. He would have it transported each summer from his home in Riverside, California, to Glacier Park for his use during the four months (June to September) that he spent there running the bus company's tourism operations.

As president of the bus company, Hays wanted a car that reflected his status, and one that was powerful and comfortable enough to provide personal tours of Glacier Park and its signature Going-to-the-Sun Road, which crosses the Continental Divide at 6,600-plus feet and offers spectacular mountain views. An upmarket, roomy convertible with a V-12 engine was just the ticket, especially for sunny days when the top could be dropped and guests could get an unrestricted, 360-degree view of the scenery.

I knew from my research that Howard Hays had once owned a transportation business in Salt Lake City. He maintained connections there and, in his thrifty way, finagled a friend at a local dealership to get him the car for less than he'd pay if he'd bought it through a dealership in his home state of California.

Lincoln only made Zephyrs for a short time (1936-42). This particular convertible coupe was one of only about 800 made in 1940, with few surviving today.

The new owner realized the rarity of the car and, following a restoration, began his search for more background on the vehicle. He hoped to enter it in the 2021 Pebble Beach Concours d'Elegance, the premier show for rare and exotic cars in North America.

So when I replied to the Facebook posting with news that I had details about the car, the owner was elated. We sorted out what documents he wanted, and then he asked if I had any photos of the car. Unfortunately, I did not, but I

thought I knew where I could get one or more.

I had three possible sources for photos: from the Hays family; from a man who had once worked for the bus company in Glacier and had driven the car in 1949 from California to Glacier for Howard Hays; and from the family to whom it was sold when the Lincoln was retired from the fleet in 1957.

I tried to reach out to one of Hays's grandchildren, the historian of the family with whom I'd been corresponding about my book project. I was stunned to learn that she had died unexpectedly a few months before. I next tried her brother, who was handling his sister's estate, and again was surprised to discover he had died a few months after his sister. So I left the family to mourn and went elsewhere.

I knew about a driver, John Ridgway, who had taken the Lincoln from California to Glacier for Howard Hays, from my research for the book. Mr. Ridgway had written about his experiences in Glacier for *The Inside Trail*. I tried unsuccessfully to contact him.

The final possible source of a photo was from a clue in a transport company letter that was written just before the Lincoln was sold from the fleet. The letter indicated that a certain person was interested in buying the car, which was up for sale for \$150. (Restored versions today can fetch over \$100,000.)

This is where my long-time research came into play. I suspected that I knew who the person named in the letter was. On a hunch, I wrote to a woman whom I believed was his daughter.

She didn't reply for four months, but when she did I learned that my hunch was correct. Her dad had indeed bought the 1940 Lincoln Zephyr. However, the daughter never got to use it, being instead relegated to a lesser family vehicle.

She said that it was a terrible letdown! What teenage girl wouldn't have loved to

have a convertible to drive as her first car, scouring the urban landscape with her girlfriends looking for boys. And before she might have been allowed to get behind the wheel of the Lincoln, it was sold when her mother complained about the cost of maintaining its V-12 engine.

As for a photo, she said that she'd look through her collection to see if she might have one. But unfortunately for the current owner, I wasn't able to turn up a picture in time for the Pebble Beach Concours d'Elegance.

The car was not selected for any awards, but the fact it was chosen to be displayed is honour enough. And I am tickled to know that the documentation I have about the car was likely a small factor in it gaining entry into the prestigious show.

That information is not private, but comes from public institutions. It's readily available to those who know where to look, but that's the key. Call one of those institutions and ask if they have something about a particular vehicle and it's highly unlikely that the person responding can answer with any authority.

That's not unexpected. Public museums and archives can have millions of documents and it's impossible for staff to know in detail what might be where, even with the help of finding aids. Museum staff might recommend that the inquirer pay a specialist researcher to go through a particular collection. This can be hit and miss, depending on the researcher, and then there's the cost for the researcher's time.

I'm that odd duck researcher who, if you ask me about something in my collection, I can usually put my finger on it quickly. That was the case with these two inquiries.

It's a fun side benefit of my writing: to get to explore a subject in greater detail and then share that with people who might otherwise have never known ... the rest of the story.

# “RED BUS” MASQUERADE

## *Old Yellowstone Buses Pose as Glacier Buses*

*This red-painted bus has double doors in the back – a feature found on Yellowstone Model 706 yellow buses, but never found on Glacier’s historic red buses.*



*(Jim Klosterman photo.)*

*By Jim Klosterman (Gearjammer 1978, Bus 98)*

When most of us think of the historic and iconic Red Buses (“Reds”) of Glacier, we envision being in the park or its close environs. Therefore, I was quite surprised one sunny day last fall when I was driving alongside Spokane, Washington’s municipal airfield and saw what appeared to be a beautifully conditioned Glacier Red Bus there. It was sitting out front of the Historic Flight Foundation museum on the tarmac of the airport. I probably shed a few thousand miles of tire life as I did a very abrupt U-turn into the parking lot of the museum to confirm what my eyes saw!

By all appearances this red beauty appeared to be a stunning example of Glacier Park history. I marveled at the shining paint, the beautiful restoration of the interior and an engine so clean it looked like it just had left the assembly line the day before. On a later visit to the museum, I took many pictures

of the “Red Bus,” which was now inside to protect it from the weather.

I’m a World War II aircraft enthusiast, and the museum features such planes. One Saturday morning, I attended a course there on the Mustang P-51 fighter. Talk about another day of surprise! I found a second beautiful red vehicle in Glacier Park Transport Company colors amongst the restored aircraft.

This vehicle was a 1927 Cadillac Phaeton Touring Car, exquisitely restored inside and out! It is apparently one of seven Cadillacs used on August 5, 1934 when Franklin D. Roosevelt and his family visited Glacier Park. Several vehicles were needed for the Secret Service detail and for distinguished entourage members. They included Montana Governor Henry Cooney and his wife, U.S. Senator Burton Wheeler and his wife, Park Service Director Arno Cammerer, and Glacier Park Superintendent Eivind Scoyen.

After traveling over the Going-to-the Sun Highway with a stop at Logan

Pass, the President continued on to Many Glacier Hotel for lunch. Then the entourage traveled to the Two Medicine Chalets for dinner and a radio broadcast where the President extolled the beauty of Glacier. Finally they drove to East Glacier where the President’s private rail car was located, to spend the night. Talk about a whirlwind tour!

The 1927 Cadillac Phaeton has an extra-long wheelbase of 150 inches. It was powered by a 314 cubic inch V-8 producing approximately 85 horsepower. Given the vehicle’s hefty weight of 4700 lbs., its top speed was about 70 miles per hour. Apparently it had an onboard air pump powered by the engine that could quickly reinflate a flat tire. The vehicle could seat up to seven passengers when the rear facing jump seats were put into use.

Now let’s get back to the original red apple that caught my eye last fall. It appeared to be an authentic Glacier Park “Red Bus.” Glacier’s Reds are White Motor Company’s Model 706,

which was produced in the late 1930s. The Reds are still plying the Glacier's roads 85 years later!

The Model 706 was powered by straight six-cylinder motors with manual unsynchronized transmissions. Double clutching was necessary for gear changes, which sometimes produced an audible grinding of gears. Glacier's drivers thus came to be known as "gear-jammers." The buses still are called "jammer buses," although they were modernized on Ford chassis with automatic transmissions, power steering and power disc brakes, for safety 20 years ago.

White produced the Model 706 buses not just for Glacier but also for other National Parks. Yellowstone had the largest fleet of 98 vehicles, painted yellow and black. However, Yellowstone sold its fleet, and many ended up in the hands of private individuals. Here the story gets complicated. A key to understanding it is small differences in the body design of Glacier's buses and Yellowstone's buses.

In January of this year, the Mecum auction offered what appeared to be a 1936 "Glacier Park Transport Company" Model 706, painted in the familiar red and black. It sold for \$1,300,000! This bus, however, was not actually one of Glacier's Reds, but was a Yellowstone bus restored and repainted in Glacier's color scheme. Mecum was upfront and professional. It noted in its pre-auction listing and during the auction that this bus had been placed into service at Yellowstone and later restored and repainted in Glacier's colors.

Shortly after the Mecum auction, I reported seeing the "Red" bus in Spokane. I circulated my photos in anticipation of writing for *The In-*

*side Trail*. I received an education from Glacier Park historians Bruce Austin and Ray Djuff. Ray is incredibly knowledgeable about Glacier's history, and Bruce is an expert on the history of vehicles owned and operated by Glacier.

Bruce reviewed my photos, and he instantly knew this was not an original Glacier bus. It is indeed a beautifully restored Model 706 bus, but it never was a Glacier Park Transport bus nor ever saw service on Glacier's roads. Just like the bus sold at the Mecum auction, it is a Yellowstone Model 706 restored and repainted to look like a Glacier "Red."

An expert on vintage buses like Bruce can readily discern the difference. The double doors on the back of the bus, giving access to the storage compartment, was a Yellowstone design. No Glacier bus ever had that feature. There is also a minor trim difference on the back of the two parks' buses.

Moreover, every one of the thirty-five Glacier Park Model 706s is accounted for. Thirty-three are still in operation. One, in original condition, sits safely in storage. One was damaged beyond repair in an accident 45 years ago.



*Detail features of those 1927-vintage Red busses. (Jim Klosterman photos.)*

Given the sales price of a Model 706 at the Mecum auction, it won't be surprising to see additional repainted "red" buses being offered for sale. If this occurs, rest assured that Glacier is not selling off a part of its motoring history. Very likely, any such bus was originally placed in service in Yellowstone. But given the value of these buses, the next time you take a ride in a true "Red" at Glacier, be sure to wipe your shoes off first!

# THE DAY THE MUSIC DIED

## *Glacier Park Lodge and the Buddy Holly Story*

(Photo by permission of Kelly McTeague.)

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

February 3, 1959 will – for pop music fans – always be the day the music died. Buddy Holly, Ritchie Valens, and “the Big Bopper,” J.P. Richardson, died in an airplane crash after performing at the Winter Dance Party at the Surf Ballroom in Clear Lake, Iowa. The tragedy is immortalized in Don McLean’s 1971 anthem American Pie.

time Chicago broadcast personality on WLS-AM and WMAQ-TV. (As a sideline, in the early ‘70s I produced a radio show on Chicago’s WCFL-AM).

Our March 9, 2013 telephone conversation went on for 30 minutes and could easily have gone on for hours. Well into the conversation, Bob talked about the night in 1959. He had been the master of ceremonies at the Surf Ballroom. Most stunningly, as Bob recalls, he took a



me (about 13 seconds worth of coaxing, as I recall) into joining the Great Northern at Glacier in the summer of ‘55 and again in ‘57. Those two summer assignments are still running in my DNA.”

And Bob offered: “If such a summer railroad experience would be of interest, I’d be very comfortable sharing it with groups or audience during your celebration. I went on to a radio and TV career in the Midwest – 24 years in Chicago – so I am comfortable with public presentations.

“I would share a brief overview of what the Great Northern desk did, but more important, how the railroad and hotel staffs meshed; some of the exciting chapters (the day the fire alarm went off – one day BEFORE the drill was scheduled); the difficult assignment of making a reservation for a guest who passed away overnight at Glacier Park Lodge; the snowman building and snowball fight contests of July 4th 1957; and subsequent hike to Two Medicine for a staff plunge! And the exciting 15 hours one day in 1957 when we lost a train!”

Then Bob posted on the Glacier Park Lodge Employee Centennial Reunion’s Facebook site: “A 1957 recollection: About 12:30 p.m. on a Monday in July, a man sticks his head in the Glacier Park Lodge Great Northern office and says: ‘Hale, I’m Ed Murrow. You’re a graduate of the University of Wisconsin and WHA (the UW radio station). Great school, and historic radio station.

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*“In 1955 and 1957 I was a summer passenger agent for the Great Northern Railway, working out of the lobby of Glacier Park Lodge. . . . Those two summer assignments are still running in my DNA.”*

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And there is an amazing Glacier Park Lodge connection. The master of ceremonies that night at the Surf Ballroom was a very young disc jockey, Bob Hale. The same Bob Hale was the Great Northern Railway desk person at Glacier Park Lodge in the summers of 1955 and 1957.

In early 2013, I scoured through 800 pages of telephone notes and tons of emails generated in our Glacier Park Lodge Employee Centennial Reunion planning. One item jumped from the pile.

I had set the note aside because the person, Bob Hale, had been a Great Northern Railway employee, and not a Glacier Park Lodge employee. I googled “Bob Hale, Chicago.” That did it! This required a telephone call. Bob Hale knows a lot of Chicago people I know because he was a big-

coin from his pocket and flipped it to determine who got on the airplane that fateful night.

Here is Bob Hale’s first e-mail to me: “In 1955 and 1957 I was a summer passenger agent for the Great Northern Railway, working out of the lobby of Glacier Park Lodge. The role of the Great Northern is obvious. What we summer employees had to do was unique, in that we had to operate as if we were a full service railroad desk. The boss was W.J. Gaiety, passenger agent whose home office was Havre, Montana.”

Bob continued: “I came to Glacier Park Lodge from my previous three years as a reservation agent for the Burlington which, of course, was owned by the Great Northern ... and the Northern Pacific. The Chicago office of the Great Northern coaxed

Good for you. How about a cocktail when I come back from a little fishing with the Park superintendent?”

And Bob recalls: “For the rest of the week Edward R. Murrow and this kid fresh out of the University of Wisconsin hang out in the bar. And I even have a cocktail when his wife and son, Casey, hop off the Western Star a couple of days after Murrow arrives. Murrow gave me a load of broadcasting tips, and a couple of names, with the promise he’d pave the way for an interview or two. And he did just that! For a young guy fresh out of college, to be in the proximity of Edward R. Murrow, and an offer of a little help,

stars Ritchie Valens, “The Big Bopper” (J.P. Richardson), and Frankie Sardo.

The performers suffered through long, sub-zero bus rides between performances. Buddy Holly decided against a bus ride from Clear Lake to Moorhead, Minnesota (the performance was to be in Fargo, North Dakota). He would fly, and there was room for two others. J.P. Richardson had not been feeling well, and Waylon Jennings reluctantly agreed to give Richardson his seat on the airplane. That left one seat.

There are several versions of the coin flip. This is Bob Hale’s recollection

“Heads it is. Ritchie, you’re flying.”

The Beechcraft Bonanza crashed shortly after the 12:55 a.m. February 3<sup>rd</sup> takeoff, killing Holly, Richardson, Valens and the pilot.

Bob Hale was back at KRIB-AM for a 9:00 a.m. to noon show, unaware of the airplane crash. The owner of the Surf Ballroom telephoned with the sad news. Then the world heard the news and Bob Hale was overwhelmed with telephone calls from the media.

The musical *The Buddy Holly Story* still tours. And Variety reported (Oct. 8, 2020) that the Buddy Holly biopic *Clear Lake* is scheduled to

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*‘Let’s flip a coin.’ It’s at this point that two versions of the coin flip emerge. Tommy maintains he flipped the coin. I maintain that as soon as he suggested it, he reached into his pocket and realized he had no money . . . He asked me if I had a coin.*

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was the high point of the summer!”

In 1958, Bob moved to Mason City, Iowa hosting the Top 40 pop music afternoon program on KRIB-AM. And that brought him to the Surf Ballroom at nearby Clear Lake to be master-of-ceremonies that fateful night.

The 1959 Winter Dance Party Tour of eleven scheduled performances in 24 days is a legendary saga in the pop music business. There were two bands: Buddy Holly and his band – Waylon Jennings, Tommy Allsup, Carl Bunch (even though their name appears on the promotional posters, the original “Crickets” group had folded); and Dion and the Belmonts. And pop

of events as he related in a February 3, 2017 radio interview:

“After the show was over that night, Tommy Allsup, pressured by Ritchie Valens, said, ‘Let’s flip a coin.’ It’s at this point that two versions of the coin flip emerge. Tommy maintains he flipped the coin. I maintain that as soon as he suggested it, he reached into his pocket and realized he had no money – he was still in his stage clothes. He asked me if I had a coin. I took out a 50-cent piece, said to Ritchie, ‘OK, Ritchie, you want to go, you call it.’”

“Heads!”

start filming in the near future. Six decades after his death, Buddy Holly and the seminal event in rock music still resonates.

Bob Hale had a successful broadcast career including hosting “East of Midnight” on Chicago’s WLS-AM, and 16 years as host of “Today in Chicago” on WMAQ-TV. He returned frequently to the Surf Ballroom as master-of-ceremonies for the annual Winter Dance Party.

Bob was unable to attend the 2013 Glacier Park Lodge Employee Centennial Reunion. But we’re pleased to share his memories of adventures long ago at Glacier Park Lodge.

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*I took out a 50-cent piece, said to Ritchie, ‘OK, Ritchie, you want to go, you call it.’” “Heads!” “Heads it is. Ritchie, you’re flying.”*

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# Ray Kinley of Many Glacier Hotel



*(Photo courtesy of John Hagen.)*

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

Do you remember *The Five Hundred Hats of Bartholomew Cubbins*, a story by Dr. Seuss? That tale had a corollary at Many Glacier Hotel in the 1960s and '70s. Ray Kinley, the legendary gardener, had an immense collection of hats, which he changed incessantly, all day long.

The hats had mostly been left behind by guests at the hotel across the decades. Ray had hoarded all sorts of them – hats with brims, and caps with bills, and tam-o-shanters, and baseball caps, and fishing hats, and Sherlock Holmes hats, and disreputable hats of no nameable kind. He kept them in closets and crannies and hideaways all over the hotel compound, and he switched them whenever he chose.

Ray worked at Many Glacier for 55 summers, and this year is his centennial! The Great Northern Railway hired him in 1922 as a night clerk and fishing guide. He worked until 1977, missing only the summers in World War Two when the hotel was closed and one summer when he worked in Yellowstone. For many years he was assistant manager,

and in his seventies he became the gardener and men's dormitory supervisor.

Ray had only one arm. He had lost his right forearm in a railroad accident in his youth. The handicap didn't daunt him! Until the age of 86, he trundled wheelbarrows and rowed boats around Swiftcurrent Lake with alternate strokes of his one hand.

Ray was a notorious practical joker. He used to put dummies (made to re-

semble drunken cowboys) into the beds of fellow employees. Once he changed the pieces in an unattended chess game so that, when the players returned, neither one of them could move.

A famous tale from the 1920s epitomizes these practical jokes. An employee at Many Glacier had been a sculling champion at an Eastern college, and he boasted it. Ray suggested that they have a rowboat race.

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*An employee at Many Glacier had been a sculling champion at an Eastern college. . . . He boasted it. Ray suggested that they have a rowboat race.*

*The employee accepted[!]*

*The night before the race, Ray and his friends attached a sunken log to the bottom of one of the boats, with well-concealed hooks and wires.*

*The boastful employee got that boat.*

*When the race began, he was dead in the water, while Ray cruised away with alternate strokes of his left hand.*

*Recalling the episode, Ray would laugh, "Paul Bunyan couldn't have rowed that boat!"*

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The employee accepted, in the spirit of Goliath answering David, contemplating Ray's one hand.

The night before the race, Ray and his friends attached a sunken log to the bottom of one of the boats, with well-concealed hooks and wires. The boastful employee got that boat. When the race began, he was dead in the water, while Ray cruised away with alternate strokes of his left hand. Recalling the episode, Ray would laugh, "Paul Bunyan couldn't have rowed that boat!"

Ray was a master storyteller. Employees sat at his feet to hear him tell tales of old days in Glacier Park. The personalities, the episodes, and the color of Glacier's history fired our imaginations.

Ray loved to describe the blowing-up of the Many Glacier sawmill in 1925.

The sawmill had been used in the construction of the hotel a decade before. Stephen Mather, the director of the National Park Service, wanted it removed, but the Great Northern Railway procrastinated. Mather came to Many Glacier, laid dynamite charges and blew the sawmill up, to the indignation of the Great Northern. Ray was a witness, and he recalled watching the machinery turn cartwheels as it flew into the air.

Ray also vividly described the Heavens Peak Forest Fire, which roared down the valley and very nearly destroyed the hotel in 1936. Employees fought the fire with hoses and brooms, as embers rained down on the lodge. Ray said that "when the boys weren't putting water on the fire, they were putting it on each other" – engaging in water fights

with the hoses! When the danger was over, the sodden employees sat around the fireplace wrapped in blankets, "like an Indian council." Next morning, Ray said that the burned-over Swiftcurrent Valley "looked like Dante-land – the Inferno, don't you know."

Ray Kinley's tales were a principal influence on the Glacier Park Foundation. Ray was a charter member of the group in 1980. His stories were featured in many early issues of *The Inside Trail*. We honor his memory in promoting community spirit and historical preservation in Glacier Park.

*For more stories of Many Glacier, see the Glacier Park Foundation's handbook on Many Glacier history. Click the dropdown "Park History" menu on our website, glacierparkfoundation.org.*

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## Foiling the Flirtatious Butcher (yet another Ray Kinley Story)

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In Ray's heyday as a fishing guide, he took out many celebrities. Among them was Harriet Parsons, a Hollywood columnist. Around 1940, Parsons and a beautiful actress visited Many Glacier. Ray took them fishing on a cold and blustery day.

Back at the hotel, Ray took the ladies to the "steam room" on Stagger Alley to warm up. They were discovered by the hotel butcher, called "Butch," who was a notorious chaser of women. He brought them hot coffee and aggressively sought to join their fishing trip the following day. He couldn't keep his eyes off the gorgeous actress. The ladies listened to him coolly. "We'll leave it to your good judgment, Ray," said Parsons, as they went to their rooms.

Early next morning, Ray went to Lydia "Casey" Jones, the hotel chef. He explained the situation, and asked if

she could lend a hand. "Why, that womanizing so-and-so!" said Casey. "I tell you what I'll do, Ray. I have steak listed on the menu tonight, but I'm going to change it to chicken. East Glacier just phoned and said they have 300 fryers on ice down there, to send whenever we want them. I'll have them sent up this morning and set Butch to cleaning the batch of 'em. That should hold him until you've gotten those ladies safely out of here!"

Noon came, and Ray escorted the ladies to the boat dock, where they were going to catch the launch to Lake Josephine. Ray asked the skipper to hold the boat while he ran an errand. He also asked him to sound a tremendous blast on the whistle in about five minutes' time.

Ray walked to the kitchen, and found

a scene that defied description. Chickens were everywhere, on stoves, tables, and window ledges. In the midst of them stood Butch, beside himself with indignation, hacking off heads and gutting carcasses and hurling scraps into garbage cans. Ray burst in, looking much surprised. As he did so the boat whistle sounded impatiently in the distance. "Why, Butch! What are you doing?" Ray said. "We're supposed to be on that boat right now!"

"I know, Ray!" sobbed Butch. "You go along without me! I'll get even with Casey if it's the last thing I ever do!"

Ray could see Casey Jones behind the coffee urns, smothering uncontrollable laughter. He turned to hide his own amusement and ran to the boat dock. The ladies expressed relief at being spared the company of Butch.

# THE TOP OF THE PARK

## *Summiting Mt. Cleveland*



*(Photos by Jayne Ottman and Ron Zahn.)*

*This is the unlikely adventure of a maid, a nurse, and a garbage truck driver working at Many Glacier Hotel in 1973 and their insatiable love for mountains and their ultimate GNP adventure – summiting Mt. Cleveland.*

*By Jayne Ottman (Many Glacier 1973-74), Ron Zahn (Many Glacier 1972-73) and Karin Abromaitis (Many Glacier 1973)*

There is no higher place in all of Glacier National Park than the summit of Mount Cleveland. Waterton Lake is more than a mile below. The vertical distance ranks Cleveland well among mountains in the lower 48 based on prominence.

They say people climb the mountain because it is there. Yes, and the view from the summit is unbeatable. It is an opportunity to gain perspective; to get the long view. Summit time must be savored, a time to soak in the view and get lost in thoughts.

It was a clear enough day with a high ceiling, and you could see for more than 100 miles. There is also a sense that we are each quite a small part of it all. It is a proud moment and a humbling one at the same time. Some days the world is just beautiful, and this was one of those days.

The high plains of Montana and southern Canada are to the east. Chief Mountain stands out there by itself. The towns of Cut Bank and Shelby in Montana and Cardston in Alberta were not discernable in the daytime, but you know they are out there, and try to guess their location. The curvature of the earth is easy to see from 10,000 feet looking over the high plains to the east.

The Rocky Mountains continue into Alberta and British Columbia to the north and northwest. We specifically looked for and located Mount Assiniboine. It is a distinctive pyramid structure about 130 miles slightly west of north. Mount Assiniboine is on the Continental Divide forming the border between Alberta and British Columbia near Banff and Lake Louise.

The view to the west and south shows the density of the many mountains in Glacier National Park. They say the mountains of Glacier look like a sea of peaks because they are so close together. If that is so, then it is an angry sea. The snow and ice of the mountains' north faces are like whitecaps on the big waves. The Stoney Indian Peaks especially look like they have crested

and will soon crash into the beaches of Canada. Legend has it that grizzly bears frequent the summit of Mount Cleveland. We saw bear scat around the summit area. It was not real fresh, nor had it seen its first winter.

There is a special peaceful feeling that comes with achieving a summit. Good weather is a bonus. This was a good weather day. The wind energy seemed to be wafting upward with the warming of the sun. We spent much of two days to climb Cleveland, and now we were standing at the top of all of Glacier and it felt good to be there. It took a lot of work and we made it safely. In this summit scene there are enough mountains to fill a lot of states. This is where the rivers begin.

Oh my! Look where the shadows are!  
We need to get down off the mountain  
and catch the last boat to Canada.

And as we all know, every mountain  
top experience has a story. Here is ours.

This is the unlikely adventure of a maid, a nurse, and a garbage truck driver working at Many Glacier Hotel in 1973 and their insatiable love for mountains and their ultimate GNP adventure – summiting Mt. Cleveland. But first, let us tell you a bit about ourselves.

**The Nurse:** Jayne Ottman ran the Many Glacier dispensary (1973-'74). A '73 nursing graduate from the University of Portland in Oregon, she provided urgent care to anyone who might limp her way. She was bound for adventure from the git-go. Jayne had hiked in the Bob Marshall, Scapegoats, Bitterroots, Yellowstone, and the Mission Mountains in Montana and did some climbing in Oregon.

She had a baptism by fire with her first nursing job at MGH. Heart attacks, dying cancer patients at the hotel for their “make-a-last-wish,” kids with ticks, elderly people on bus tours over-

heated and fainting in the dining room (thank you, waiters, for getting these dear folks to me), sprained ankles and wrists, road rash from scree tumbles, blisters the size of silver dollars, injections, and one bear mauling, just to name a few. Cardston, Canada was an hour away across the border and she would make the decision whether to transport a patient to the hospital there. The ambulance was the green Park Service station wagon (no seats), with a stretcher from the dispensary (circa 1900's), an oxygen cannister and one park ranger to help if needed.

She worked with the rangers her first summer at MGH, taught “First Aid” and was invited to train with them on climbing and helicopter rescues. Bob Frausen, Chief Ranger and Glacier Park legend, had sole access to the border gate key and would hide it at the gas pumps at St. Mary's for her to pick up enroute. The key was put back in the same place upon return.

Unbeknownst to her that a Mt. Cleveland trip was in the makings for later that summer, her daily lunch break was hiking up to the “South America” snow field.

That summer, John Hagen and some lanky blonde-headed jammer and Jayne succeeded in hiking to Hole-In-The-Wall after dinner one evening, arriving around 8:30 as the day's light was fading. Sitting in “the hole”, we watched the last light fade as we all gazed down on Helen and Elizabeth lakes. Thankfully, there was a full moon to guide our way down the scree ledges.

In '74, she climbed Mt Wilbur with Dave Manzer, Chris Andersen and Phil Miller, the “new gas man”, accomplishing a goal she had set her sights on.

**The Maid:** In '73, Karin Abromaitis, then a recent graduate of St. Olaf College in Minnesota with a Performing

Arts degree, was hired to “snap sheets” and to choreograph Many Glacier's Broadway musical *Fiddler on The Roof*. She was known in the climbing world in college, and in her spare time she managed to scale a few technical ascents in the Ely area. She had (and still does have) the most wonderful belly laugh, and was always up for something a bit different to pass the time at MGH. She brought her baseball and mitt along with a cache of climbing equipment, including a rope, brake bar and carabiners. Karin gave us lessons in cliff rappelling and free rappelling off the bridge by the lower dorm.

Her entire world then (and now) is one of creativity, artistry, movement and directing. She is and was incredibly calculated and precise, but in a fun way, with whatever she attempted. We usually won the “canoe race” for employees because of this. In other words, she knew exactly when to paddle, switch positions to gain the lead and how not to fall out or tip the canoe. She was determined and fast yet thorough.

Watching her climb was like watching a ballerina dance. Always cool and calm and extremely knowledgeable about rock surfaces, best routes, and her abilities, Karin was a reassuring person to have on this climb. Her red suspenders, a gift of dry humor and being the only person we knew who didn't own a Brownie Instamatic, but rather a Nikon, made her stand out. Despite insane shenanigans with Jayne in tormenting the bellmen, she managed her MGH job with sincerity and respect; she cleaned Ian Tippet's room. She even “covered” the dispensary for a day when Jayne had to leave. She grew up in a medical world – her father was a physician. And she could fix about anything.

**The Garbage Truck Driver:** Ron Zahn (1972-'73) was in between colleges in '73. He was the guy who

came up with the idea to climb Mt. Cleveland. But first you must understand that his constitution is made up of fierce doggedness, loyalty, and determination. And that is why our Mt. Cleveland ascent was successful.

When Ron made up his mind, nothing got in his way. He made decisions logically and with good reasoning skills. He was the quiet guy in this trio but was the key person who methodically had every detail figured out ahead of time.

Wilbur. (Check out their story in the Summer 2010 edition of *The Inside Trail*, on the GPF website.)

In the MGH environment, friendships were easy to develop – as hiking partners, pranksters in crime, and eventually for the three of us, a trusted and supportive relationship that allowed us to climb Mt. Cleveland. There our mountaineering skills got pushed up a notch or two. During the climb, we became a team and fiercely loyal to each other and fully committed to

our backs and began to hike south on the Waterton Valley Trail from Goat Haunt. The initial part of this trail went through dense forest and thick understory and was relatively easy. At about 2.5 miles we came to the Kootenai Lakes, which are somewhat shallow, providing optimal moose forage and habitat. No moose sightings.

Jayne recalls crossing a freezing and gushing cold stream hanging on to a cotton-type clothesline cord stretched across it, once we left the Valley Trail and began our hike upwards towards base camp. Ron helped with our packs as the stream was deep (over our knees) and fast, and the rocks were very slippery. A bridge now has replaced the clothesline.

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While at MGH, Ron spent hours researching the safest route, the most agreeable weather patterns, and the best month to accomplish this feat. He was fortunate his first summer in '72, as he worked at the not-so-busy gas station where the famous Dr. J. Gordon Edwards would come and chat. This provided a perfect opportunity to ask the climbing icon questions while they poured over Dr. Edwards' book, *A Climber's Guide to Glacier National Park*.

More conversations continued with Dr. Edwards in '73 when Ron was employed as the garbage truck driver. Topographical maps were also acquired and deployed in the planning. The garbage truck, a beast of a vehicle for the times, was one in which both Karin and Jayne had the pleasure of driving occasionally unbeknownst to anyone other than Ron.

With two summers of conversations with Dr. Edwards about mountains to climb, it was finally decided to attempt Mt. Cleveland in August '73. Earlier that summer, Dave Manzer, Karin, and Ron had climbed Mt

making every best decision.

It was Ron who, after two years of researching facts about this mountain and endless conversations with Gordon Edwards, brought the concept to a reality. One day, as Karin and Jayne were eating lunch in the employee cafeteria, most likely discussing what prank they would pull on the bellmen that night, Ron approached and asked if they wanted to climb Mt Cleveland. No hesitation. We were all in.

#### **Mt. Cleveland-our interpretation**

**Jayne:** We left early one August morning from MGH before sunrise to catch the first tour boat out of Waterton to Goat Haunt. We packed light and shoved our packs into the camper of Jayne's '67 Chevy truck with a "three on the tree" and pulled into Waterton just in time to catch the first launch. It was a gloriously sunny morning with Cleveland's huge mass staring at us as we lumbered down the lake. We were ready.

After departing the boat (back then, no customs or passports), we hoisted our Keltys (external frame packs) on

**Ron:** We ruled out the West Face Route because it involved too much bushwhacking. It also is where the Mount Cleveland Five had died a few years earlier and it was too haunting. The Stoney Indian Route described by Dr. Edwards was also ruled out. This route traverses the Stoney Indian Peaks primarily on the east side along a narrow ledge for two miles.

Dr. Edwards cautioned that it required finding the correct ledge when approaching from the south. There are many ledges that dead-end. Then one must carefully navigate the narrow ledge with loose rock and high exposure for a substantial distance. One wrong step can terminate a lifetime of good steps. In recent years there have been at least two casualties on this route. It is better to have some mountain to fall into if there is a stumble on the loose rock.

We studied the topographical maps and opted to improvise. We took the trail south from Goat Haunt to the Stoney Indian Pass Trail. Proceeding eastbound on the Stoney Indian Pass Trail, we exited the trail before the pass but above the tree line to establish base camp.

**Karin:** The break-away that first morning from MGH left some butterflies in all our stomachs. We knew this would be challenging, especially since none of us knew any fellow employee who had done this climb. We were relying solely on Ron's conversations with Gordon and his deep understanding of the appropriate topo maps (the three of us were proficient with topos).

It was an easy hike to start. Gorgeous, quiet, and stunning all in one. I have long legs, so it was easy for me to set a good pace down the trail. We had a strict timeline, just two days to do this and get back to MGH. So rest stops were few and far between. Thankfully, we could drink surface water without fear of getting sick. Hydration was key. As a physician's daughter, that concept was imbedded in my brain since I was a child.

After we left the Stoney Indian Pass trail, it was a slog as we maneuvered our way off-piste! We had over 6,000 vertical feet to conquer overall and it was all uphill from here.

**Jayne:** Base camp was at 7000 feet. Our elevation gain for the day was about 3000 feet. We arrived exhausted and just in time to set up our tent before nightfall. The views from here were extraordinary! It seemed we could reach out and touch Mt. Wahcheechee across the valley. Snow fields, thick forest smells, waterfalls and summer flowers delighted our senses most of that day. We went over the route on the topo, making darn sure we all knew where we were headed, reviewing parts of the route that required extra caution.

With just a little daylight left, we eagerly feasted on our sack lunch dinners, usually bear-bait-type sandwiches like tuna fish or ham. I am sure we coerced one of the kitchen employees to add an extra sandwich or two and more cookies.

Just as the light finally faded, so did our energy, so we quickly set up the tent and rolled out sleeping bags over the one-inch ensolite pads, which we all thought were the cat's meow back then. Camping comforts have certainly changed over the decades!

I don't recall any of us having the luxury of a down sleeping bag, but we stayed warm. We hit the sack and slept soundly. A long day ahead.

**Ron:** Our route would feature the bowl south and slightly west of the summit. Base camp was situated below a ridge west of the Stoney Indian Peaks. In the morning we would achieve the immediate ridge and then drop into the bowl south of the summit. The plan was to maintain a route high in the bowl as we traversed to the ridge southeast of the summit block.

Staying high in the bowl was important to reduce the opportunities for the mountain goats to kick rocks down on us. It also had the advantage of the best view. I expect that is why the goat trails tend to be high in the bowl. Following the wisdom of mountain goats is like taking a shortcut. Two years of map reading, conversations with Dr. Edwards and reviewing his book have now culminated in this moment. We are ready for this.

**Karin:** Dawn. Not yet sunrise. We eat our cold breakfasts, pack up our camp and leave everything in a neat heap for pick up later that day on our return. It was chilly when we left so we wore our flannel shirts – must have been the décor of the day back then as we all had them. We filled water bottles, packed our sandwiches, and took all food with us.

We warmed up quickly as the terrain was steep. Soon we came to a reddish ledge that required some climbing skill to get up and over.

**Ron, Karin, and Jayne:** Ron powered up the slope and Karin skipped

like a grasshopper. Jayne needed help, with her short frame (5'2"), to grab decent handholds. We had just come up from the west side above Stoney Indian Lake to the south bowl ridge. The views opened and we were treated to the Stoney Indian Peaks as we travelled northwards.

Every step that day was "up" until we reached the summit. All of it was a brutal slog, particularly because of the scree and falling rock. We were all super careful not to knock debris down on each other. The goat trails we followed were steep and slanted and left no room for error.

Our legs and ankles ached because of the degree of the slope, but no one complained. We were too busy getting solid footholds and at times secure handholds. Several places along these endless goat trails, we crossed over gullies that were thousands of vertical feet down. At one point, Ron dropped his water bottle into one of them and for seconds that seemed like minutes, we could hear the clanking as it bounced down. No bodies, thankfully!

Hydration was one of our main concerns. Gratefully, water trickled down the mountainside frequently from snowmelt, so all of us refilled throughout the day. Drinking this pure snow melt water was glorious.

Hours later (guessing three-plus, but it seemed like an eternity), we stepped off the south bowl ridge and onto Mt. Cleveland's summit block. Upon arrival there, all the trudging was over. Once at the summit ridge, the thrill of victory started to build and the good reality of it all began to sink in.

The views in every direction were breathtaking and so very humbling, knowing we were just a dot on the map for a very short time on this incredibly beautiful and generous earth. Finally, seeing that the summit was before us, knowing that in minutes we would be on top, was one of the most

thrilling moments in our lives. So, after taking in a few deep breaths, giving thanks for the gift of health and time to accomplish this, it was certainly a lighter time in the final minutes of our summit bid up that enormous mountain. We had a burst of energy and could relax in the sheer joy and beauty of this magical place where few people had gone before us. We could taste the sweetness at the top before we got there. Karin and Jayne felt Ron should be the first to summit.

Once on top, the air was sucked out from our lungs from seeing the immense beauty in all directions. We were filled with humility, grace, and gratitude. We were all speechless for a while, not thinking about blisters, thirst, hunger, or aching muscles.

### **The Descent, the Boat Ride, and the Border**

The descent traced our steps back to base camp. Gravity is your friend on the descent, but you must be careful so that it does not suddenly become your enemy. Most mountaineering accidents happen on the descent. We were careful and arrived at base camp in due time and picked up our gear. We viewed the remaining terrain to get back to the Stoney Indian Pass Trail and opted for a course correction with a slight adjustment to the east. The trail and Stoney Indian Lake were below us.

Then suddenly Karin called an audible. Out came her rambunctious belly

laugh and then her sprint to Stoney Indian Lake as she began shedding clothes to jump in and cool off.

After a very refreshing dip in the lake there was still the matter of catching the last boat to Canada. We loaded up our gear and headed down the trail.

We all seemed to float down the trail ... for a while anyway, until we realized we could not make the last boat to Canada. The mosquitoes were beyond fierce. Jayne made a swat on her thigh at one point and counted 24! Sweaty, exhausted, and wrestling with reality at that point, we discussed camping on the shore at Goat Haunt or walking the seven miles to get back to town. We needed to be over the border by 10 pm and back to work at 8 the next morning.

About that time a young couple on an evening cruise in their boat offered to take us back to Waterton. The boat had only four seats, and with our gear it meant that Ron sat on the hull the entire way back. No one complained. They were angels for sure. Their gesture, a reminder to extend a hand to others when we can.

It was dark when we arrived in Waterton. We loaded up the old Chevy and high-tailed it across the border by 9:45, then rolled into the MGH parking lot late and piled into our cushy beds.

On the drive back to Many Glacier, we agreed that we must go to the infamous and now former Babb Bar for a proper celebration. About a week later, on a Tuesday night, the nurse, the maid, and the garbage truck driver walked into the Babb Bar. Schnapps and beer were the order of the evening. We replayed the whole thing in conversation and offered toasts to the mountain, to ourselves, for an adventure well done and a safe return.

Almost 50 years have passed since our glorious adventure on Mount Cleveland. While we might not remember all the details, the feelings of awe and inspiration and a connection to something in this universe so much bigger than us will never fade.

We have recently reconnected after all these years, sharing our life stories filled both with joy and anguish. While our lives have moved forward, our memories from MGH are sealed in our hearts forever. And for that, we are most grateful.

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*There our mountaineering skills got pushed up a notch or two. During the climb, we became a team and fiercely loyal to each other and fully committed to making every best decision.*

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*They say the mountains of Glacier look like a sea of peaks because they are so close together. If that is so, then it is an angry sea.*

# Reunion Notices

## July 2022 Many Glacier Reunion

A reunion of former Many Glacier Hotel employees will be held at the hotel from Thursday, July 21 through Sunday, July 24 (check out on the 25th). Group events (assuming no pandemic complications) include a social hour on the sundeck on Thursday (7:00-9:00 PM), a Hootenanny in the lobby on Friday (8:00-9:30 PM), a picnic at Johnson's of St. Mary on Saturday, with group photos (5:30-8:30 PM, bring your own food/snacks for dinner), and a Serenade in the lobby on Sunday (8:00-9:30 PM).

A memorial service for Ian Tippet will be held on the shore of Swiftcurrent Lake on Friday at 1:30 PM. If the weather is inclement, it will be held on Saturday or Sunday at the same time. Church services also will be available on Sunday morning. We'll have lots of time to socialize and hike!

## 2023 Glacier Park Lodge/Gearjammer Reunion

One year from now we will hold an employee reunion to celebrate Glacier Park Lodge's 110<sup>th</sup> year. We will also be celebrating the 90<sup>th</sup> anniversary of the opening of Going-to-the-Sun Road.

All who worked at the Lodge, in the laundry, warehouse, reservations, accounting, other support operations, or drove the Red Buses are invited to join the celebration.

Our dates: July 18-21, 2023. Plan to arrive Tuesday, July 18 and depart Friday, July 21, 2023. We are planning evening meals Wednesday and Thursday to be followed by entertainment in the Great Lobby. We will have Wednesday and Thursday daytime presentations on the history of the Lodge, building of Going-to-the-Sun Road and art of Glacier National Park. And there will be tours of the Lodge.

A very few guest rooms are still available at Glacier Park Lodge for our reunion.

For more information please contact:  
John Dobbertin, Jr.  
Email: [johndobb@mwt.net](mailto: johndobb@mwt.net).

## Glacier Park Foundation Membership Meeting

An Annual Membership Meeting of the Glacier Park Foundation will be held on Monday morning, July 25, at 9:30 in the Lucerne Room at Many Glacier Hotel. All GPF members are encouraged to attend. This meeting incorporates the annual membership meetings of 2020 and 2021, which were postponed pursuant to the bylaws because of the COVID pandemic.

Reports will be given on GPF's activities, membership, and treasury. Members can offer comments, questions, and proposals. Nominations will be taken for seats on GPF's Board of Directors.

## 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.

Stephen Berg

Donna Bernard

Clark and Mary Bormann

Richard Bridegroom

John and Patricia Case

Laura Chihara

John DoBroka

Brian Dutcher

Fat Robin Orchard and Farm

Sondra and Bill Fondren

Mike and Val Ford

Greg Hagen

John Hagen

Karen Riker Harned

*(in memory of George Riker)*

Ron Kolb

Donald Loy

Earl and Mary Ann Morgan

Ann Nelson

Gail Sonnemann

James Thompson and

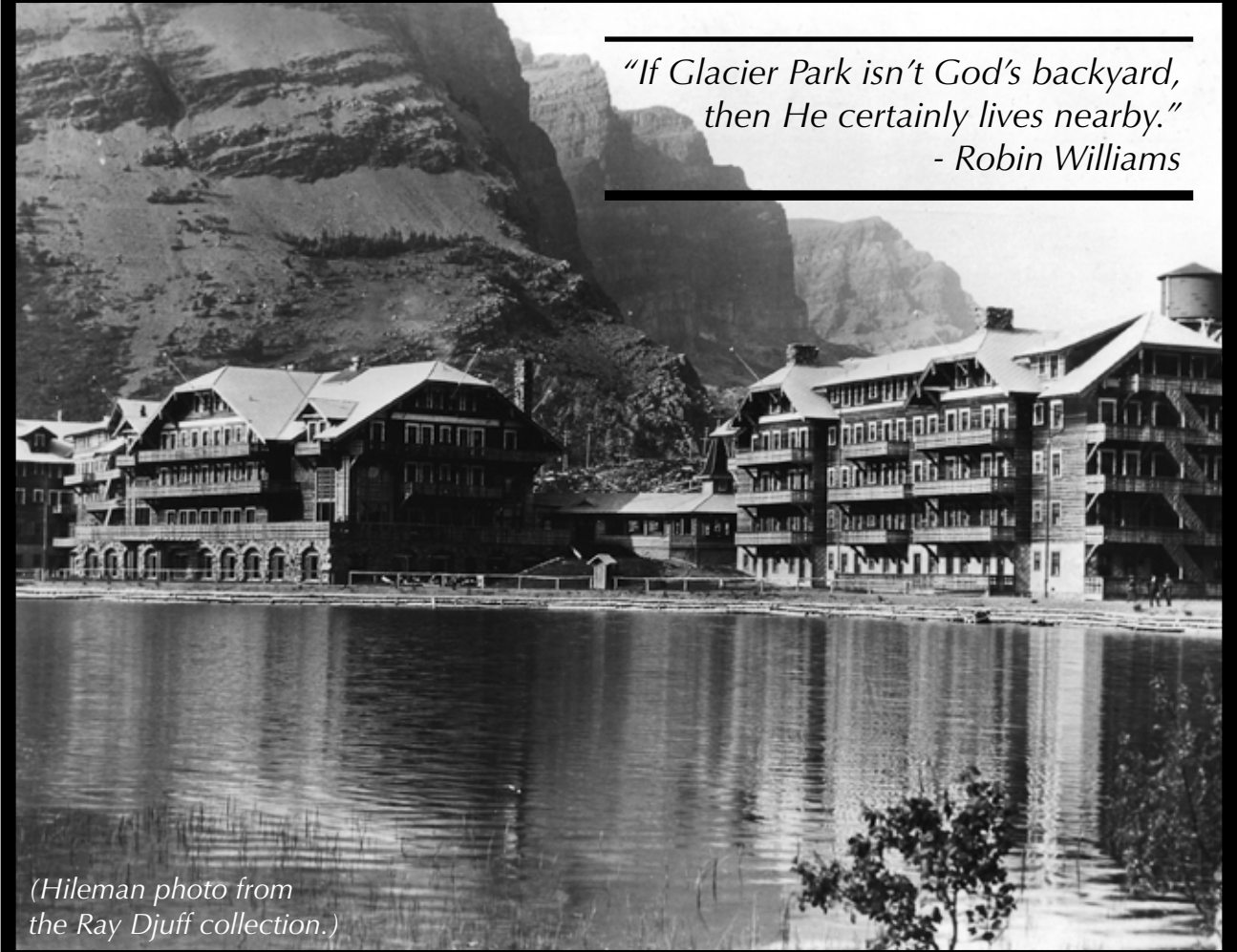
Margaret Dowling

Annette Walker

Mac and Judy Willemssen

Ann Williamson

*"If Glacier Park isn't God's backyard,  
then He certainly lives nearby."  
- Robin Williams*



*(Hileman photo from  
the Ray Djuff collection.)*

## 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](http://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.

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

