

# THE INSIDE TRAIL



Voice of the Glacier Park Foundation  Fall 2023  Volume XXXIX, No. 2

## STEEPED IN HISTORY

### *An Epic Reunion at Glacier Park Lodge*



↑  
Roe Emery  
1916

(Photo courtesy of Ray Djuff Collection)

Roe Emery (lower left) with one of his original Red Jammer Buses in 1916. Emery was responsible for introducing the first authorized motor vehicles in the National Park system.

#### *Also in this issue:*

- *“Princess Dawn Mist” and other Great Northern Tomfoolery*
- *Climbing Mad Wolf Mountain*
- *Watch Your Step on the Ptarmigan Goat Trail*
- *A Close Call on Mount Allen*
- *Bison Return to Glacier Park*
- *Changing the Trout in Gunsight Lake*
- *The Trashman’s Ball in 1953*
- *Lodge Basketball in 1973*
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# INSIDE NEWS OF GLACIER PARK

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## May Mishaps

The 2023 summer season in Glacier Park began with dramatic mishaps. One ended well and one ended tragically. They epitomize the timeless perils of hiking in the park.

In mid-May, Matthew Read, 19, took a solo hike up the partially-snowbound Huckleberry Lookout trail. He slipped while crossing a snowfield and took a long slide down a very steep slope. He lost his cell phone during the slide.

Read was unable to climb back up the treacherous slope. He turned downhill and was swallowed up in

trackless forest. He was lost there for four chilly days.

The Park Service learned that Read was missing, found his vehicle, and made a search. A helicopter from the Two Bear Air rescue service located Read with a thermal scanner. A rescuer was lowered from the helicopter, and Read was hoisted to safety and flown out.

Two weeks later, a mishap unfolded more quickly and more tragically. Atheer Alquahtani, a 28-year-old student from Saudia Arabia, was hiking on the Avalanche Creek trail. She slipped off an overhang into the

creek, which at many points is a furious torrent.

Visitors saw Alquahtani's body wash under a bridge on the Trail of the Cedars. They pulled her out and applied artificial respiration, but she had drowned.

## Swiftcurrent Shutdown

The National Park Service proposes to close Swiftcurrent Motor Inn, the Many Glacier campground, the Many Glacier picnic area, and the road between Swiftcurrent and Many Glacier, from the fall of 2024 through the spring of 2026. This will accommodate renovation of the Swiftcurrent water system and improvements to parking. The Park Service believes that closure for one summer and the shoulder seasons is preferable to spacing the work and its disruption.

Many Glacier Hotel would continue to operate in the summer of 2025. The trails which radiate from Swiftcurrent (Iceberg/Ptarmigan and

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

P.O. Box 15241  
Minneapolis, MN 55415  
[www.glacierparkfoundation.org](http://www.glacierparkfoundation.org)  
[info@glacierparkfoundation.org](mailto:info@glacierparkfoundation.org)

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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.

Redrock/Bullhead/Swiftcurrent Pass) would remain open, as would the trails from Many Glacier (Cracker Lake; Josephine/Grinnell, Piegan Pass; Grinnell Glacier).

The Park Service invited public comment on this proposal during July 2023. The Glacier Park Foundation's Board of Directors submitted a letter expressing concern with the potential overcrowding of the Many Glacier Hotel parking lot. Elimination of all other parking spaces in the valley could flood the lot with hikers' vehicles.

### **Sun Road Reservations Contested**

For the third consecutive summer, Glacier required reservations for most vehicles using Going-to-the-Sun Road. Reservations were required for vehicles entering the road between 6 AM and 3 PM. Half

Some visitors were indignant at having come in ignorance of the reservation system, or having tried to use it unsuccessfully. Employees empathized, but stressed the unworkable conditions of recent years. Visitation to Glacier has increased by more than a million per summer, and lines of vehicles waiting to enter the Park have backed up dangerously onto Highway 2.

Montana Congressman Ryan Zinke (former Secretary of the Interior) has vocally opposed the present system. He argues that it makes access too difficult for local residents, and he deplores the amount of commissions paid by the government to a contractor (Booz-Allen) to manage online reservations. He urged the Park Service to end the reservation requirement at 1 PM rather than at 3 PM. He favors an expanded

trout which populated the lake were killed, and the lake is being restocked with native species.

Gunsight Lake historically had no fish. Waterfalls prevented them from migrating upstream in the St. Mary River, which originates in the lake. In the 1920s and 1930s, it was stocked with thousands of rainbow trout, which are not native to Glacier.

In recent years, non-native fish have outcompeted native fish species in Glacier. The Park Service has attempted to establish secure populations of native species. These include bull trout and westslope cutthroat trout.

Non-native fish have been killed and native populations established in Grace Lake, Camas Lake, and Evangeline Lake (all remote small lakes on the park's west side). Gunsight Lake is much more frequently visited, a large lake on the popular Gunsight Pass trail.

The Park Service used about six tons of rotenone, a natural fish poison, to exterminate the fish in Gunsight Lake. The Gunsight Pass trail was closed temporarily while the dead fish were sunk in the lake so as not to attract the attention of bears.

The rotenone is not harmful to humans or other mammals. It degrades rapidly with sunlight and water movement. The Park Service also added potassium permanganate (a neutralizing agent used in municipal drinking water) to Gunsight Lake and its outflow.

The lake is being restocked with westslope cutthroat trout, bull trout, and mountain whitefish. All are drawn from native sources in Glacier.

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the reservations were made available online 120 days in advance, and the rest one day before use. The long-term reservations sold quickly, and at peak season the day-before-use tickets also vanished within minutes.

Drivers turned back at the gates for lack of a reservation were invited to park nearby and consult with Park Service representatives. The reservation system was explained to them, and travel options (outside the park, or inside the park after 3 PM) were explained.

shuttle service.

Recently Zinke led the House Appropriations Committee to cut off funding for the reservation system in proposed legislation. Montana Senator Jon Tester opposes defunding, but wants to see the system improved. The Park Service solicited public input through an online campaign extending through September.

### **Restocking Gunsight Lake**

In September, the National Park Service conducted an initiative to change the fish population in Gunsight Lake. The non-native rainbow

## Bison Released

In June, the Blackfoot Tribe released a herd of nearly 50 bison onto the prairie near Chief Mountain. The bison are descendants of animals captured on Blackfoot land in the 1870s, when the mighty herds that once roamed the Great Plains were on a course toward extinction.

The small captive herd was preserved in western Montana and then was

## The Conservancy

The Glacier National Park Conservancy, which raises funds to supplement the Park Service budget in Glacier, recently released its list of funding projects for 2024. There are forty-one projects, organized under the headings of Wonder (interpretation), Wildlife and Wilderness.

The Wonder projects include outreach to youth through ranger-led

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transferred to Canada in the early 1900s. It was preserved at Elk Island National Park in Alberta. In 2016, bison calves were brought back to the Blackfoot Reservation in Montana and have been raised in captivity there.

The animals released last June are free-ranging. They likely will wander into Glacier. The Park will allow them to roam freely, like other wildlife, while taking steps to protect park visitors.

## Climbing Mishaps

Two late-summer climbing mishaps unfolded near Logan Pass. As with the May episodes, one ended tragically and one with a successful rescue.

On an evening in mid-September, a 911 call came to the Park Service. A party of nine hikers had become stranded, close to nightfall, on the Dragon's Tail, overlooking Hidden Lake. They were underdressed and unequipped for a bivouac.

Two Bear Air quickly answered a summons. Its helicopter was able to land near the stranded hikers. It transported them to Logan Pass in multiple trips.

field trips and classroom visits, distance learning, and Junior Ranger activity books and badges. There are several programs for tribal involvement in Glacier, and scholarships are provided for Park Service staff to take intensive courses in natural history through the Glacier Institute.

The Wildlife programs include improving bear management, protecting Glacier from emerging wildlife diseases, and protecting Glacier's birds and native trout. The Wilderness projects include removing some non-recreational structures, planting whitebark pine trees resistant to the blister rust that has devastated the species, and protecting Glacier's lakes from catastrophic mussel infestation.

The Conservancy seeks to raise more than \$3 million this year in private philanthropic funds. Detailed information is available on its website ([glacier.org](http://glacier.org)).

## What a Blast!

We all know tales of unfortunate tourists who thought that bear spray

was like insect repellent and applied it to their faces. A similar misadventure played out in a dormitory at Many Glacier this summer. An employee was annoyed by a buzzing insect. She saw a canister, thought it was insecticide, and gave it a blast. Yeoww! Employees were put to flight. A box fan had to be brought in to clear the red pepper out of the air.

## Pursuit

Pursuit (the former Glacier Park, Inc.), which operates gateway lodges, took steps last summer to encourage employee hiking. It rented backpacking gear kits to employees for a modest fee. The kits included a tent, two backpacks, and two sleeping bags with pads. They were offered at St. Mary Village, Glacier Park Lodge, the West Glacier facilities, and Prince of Wales Hotel.

Pursuit also started a Glacier Hiking Club to assist employees in linking up with each other and hiking together. The Club had a presence on Facebook and a WhatsApp link for the Westside properties. It hosted hikes of the month and encouraged people to share their photos and stories. At the end of the summer, a hiker of the year was announced for each property (one of whom tallied over 600 miles!).

Christmas in July was celebrated in grand style at Glacier Park Lodge. There was a cookie decorating celebration in the lobby, and some employees exchanged gifts. A Christmas golf cart parade was held, in which different departments decorated carts and drove around the lodge to greet the guests. Santa Claus himself put in an appearance (see the back cover of this issue).

# Steeped in History

## *An Epic Reunion at Glacier Park Lodge*



*Sage Olsen at reunion in historic 1927 Glacier vehicle. (Ray Djuff photo.)*

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

The great front lawn at Glacier Park Lodge was luxuriant in late July as alumni rolled in for a reunion. Alighting from their vehicles, they could ponder the legends woven into that lawn – the generations of Blackfeet tipis, the magnificent flower beds, the flag football games with Many Glacier and soccer games with other lodges.

Entering the front doors of the lodge, the alumni were welcomed by bellmen dressed like Great Northern Railway engineers, in overalls and

peaked billed caps. Memorabilia of the Great Northern, which built the lodge in 1913, still are prominent around the hotel.

Welcoming tables were placed in the middle of the lobby, beside a huge log. For more than a century, that log had been laid parallel to the front desk. It was gingerly repositioned this summer with pallet jacks to accommodate a new ice cream-and-coffee bar.

Behind the welcoming tables, John Dobbartin greeted alumni. Dobbartin (GPL '62-'63) was a professional organizer of conventions in

Chicago. He organized a memorable 400-person reunion for the centennial of Glacier Park Lodge in 2013. This summer's reunion of 150 people was in excellent hands.

John Bloem, the cordial lodge manager, stopped by the table frequently to greet guests. So did Glacier historian Ray Djuff. Bloem, Djuff, and Dobbartin had fascinating exchanges about subtle matters in the lobby décor. One of the tree-trunk pillars has strap marks on its bark where it was bound too tightly on a railroad car. At a couple of points in the lobby, saw marks are visible in the

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wallboards where structural modifications were made long ago.

Alumni continued to check in all day. Unexpected people happened by. Among them were Kathy Eiland, Bloem's gracious predecessor as lodge manager, who organized interlodge soccer games. And there was "Jammer Joe" Kendall, 94 years old and the namesake of Jammer Joe's restaurant at Lake McDonald. Dobbertin promptly recruited him for the reunion program.

As the afternoon waned, a storied vehicle rolled up to the hotel. It was red, like the jammer buses of Glacier's present fleet, but more compact – a predecessor bus from 1927. It took part in Franklin Roosevelt's famous Sun Road motorcade in 1933. Sage Olsen, the bus's owner, and Bruce Austin, an expert on Glacier's buses, had driven the vehicle to the reunion.

### **Mike Rihner**

Reunion activities started that evening. Mike Rihner, the longtime director of music at Glacier Park Lodge, gave a performance, singing and playing the grand piano. He played several songs from Broadway musicals in honor of Ian Tippet, the legendary personnel director. "Strangers in Paradise" from *Kismet* and "I Talk to the Trees" from *Paint Your Wagon* were two of Mr. Tippet's favorites.

Rihner told of graduating from college, wondering how he would support himself with a degree in music theory. A friend suggested Glacier Park. He applied, and he fondly recalled a brisk telephone call from Mr. Tippet, who said: "It will be the greatest summer of your life!" He's come back for more than 30 years.

Rihner is a distinguished composer. He played portions of his "Waterton-Glacier Suite." It has musical sketches inspired by several locations in the park, with widely contrasting moods and tempos. "Two Medicine: Valley of Mystery" has deep dramatic tones, remindful of *Sinopah* and *Never Laughs* and other peaks brooding over the valley, and of Matt Truszkowski, an employee who vanished there in 1997. "St. Mary Lake" is reflective and slow. The last number, "Polebridge," was described by Rihner winsomely as sketching "a little country dance at the Northern Lights Saloon, interrupted by the aurora borealis."

Toward the end of his performance, Rihner gave the microphone to Jammer Joe. Joe recalled his first summers working in Glacier in 1948 and '49 and his second career there in the late 1990s and early 2000s. He recited John Muir's famous tribute to Glacier: "Take a month there at least – the time will not be taken from your life!"

### **Historical Videos**

Next morning, alumni gathered in the Feather Room, beneath the lobby of the hotel. They enjoyed three videos created by the Glacier Park Foundation (all accessible on our web site, but particularly striking on a large screen). One video tells the overall story of Glacier's lodges. One focuses on Glacier Park Lodge and one on Lake McDonald Lodge, replete with stories and antique photographs.

A final video was created by Jane Gelston Bucks, a Glacier Park Lodge alumna present at the reunion. She was assisted by Mimi Schiffman, the Foundation's videographer. Bucks (1963-67) told the story of her brother Ken Gelston, who preceded her in Glacier. Ken was a remarkable young man, a student at Stanford Law School, who worked for several summers at Rising Sun.

In Jane's first summer, Ken tragically slipped and fell into St. Mary Falls, and his body was never found. Don Hummel, the owner of Glacier Park, Inc., was compassionate in giving word to Jane. The tribute she paid to her brother in the video is deeply moving. It recalled for us all the fragility of life and the perils of our Glacier days.

### **Ray Djuff on Lodge History**

After the videos were shown, Ray Djuff took the podium. He gave a vivid presentation on Louis Hill of the Great Northern and his dynamism in building Glacier's lodges. Here are a few of the colorful details which Ray wove into his narrative:

Hill was stirred into furious action shortly after Glacier became a national park in 1910. A flamboyant potential competitor for the tourist business appeared on the scene. It

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was the Wylie Camping Company, which operated picturesquely in Yellowstone, with big striped pavilion tents. When Wylie came to investigate Glacier, Hill embarked on a surge of construction, putting up eight groups of chalets by 1912 and a grand hotel in 1913.

When Hill selected Midvale as the site for the Glacier Park Hotel (now Glacier Park Lodge) it had only a few motley houses. When tourists got off the train, they were led into tents to change into horseback attire (available for rental from the Great Northern) and then were whisked off to the chalets.

Hill wove all manner of eclectic, eccentric elements into the lodge – totem poles (unknown to the Plains Indians), Navajo rugs, and Japanese lanterns! He put a bison-hide tipi on the mezzanine in the lobby, but it eventually began to rot and stink. It was replaced with one made of canvas.

Hill wanted to install decorative pools between the train station and the hotel. One was dug but he didn't add a fountain, which was essential to aerate the water. The pool became stagnant and weed-infested. It was filled in.

Djuff regaled the audience with such tales, often casting Hill in a malaprop light. But he also emphasized Hill's virtues: his vision, enthusiasm, and drive to see demanding projects through. Hill played a key role in creating Glacier Park and then in

building its great lodges, handling hundreds of details while also running a railroad and an intercontinental shipping line.

Djuff and Dobbertin followed up the morning's program by guiding walkarounds of the lodge that afternoon. They led alumni parties up and down the familiar halls of the lodge, around the lobby and its mezzanine, and through the Great Northern Dining Room, telling more historical tales. (See "A Historical Walkaround," in this issue.)

### **Red Bus History**

Numerous gearjammers attended the reunion, and Glacier's red buses were a strong theme. Alumni enjoyed taking rides in Sage Olsen's 1927 bus. Ray Djuff gave an epic talk on the buses on the reunion's final day.

Djuff is writing a history of the red buses. He marshaled his research, including striking photos and colorful anecdotes. He focused on Howard Hays, who operated Glacier's buses from 1927 to 1955.

Hays was a dynamic personality who worked in Yellowstone, Glacier, Sequoia and King's Canyon National Parks. He helped run railroads when

the government took them over during World War One, published newspapers in California, and promoted Blackfoot culture. Here are a few of the stories Djuff shared about Hays's life and his career:

Hays got his start in 1906 as a sales agent for the Wylie Camping Company in Yellowstone. Wylie competed fiercely for customers with the Yellowstone hotels. Djuff related: "Sales agents like Hays would descend on the poor souls getting off the train and solicit them to ride their company's carriages into the park and stay at their accommodations. It was absolutely cut-throat, the arriving passengers overwhelmed by the chaos of it all, sales agents practically pushing them into their carriages and telling the drivers to take off before people knew what was happening."

After ten years in Yellowstone and his service with the railroads in World War One, Hays went into partnership with a couple of entrepreneurs. One was Walter White, president of the White Motor Company, which manufactured buses. The other was Roe Emery, who ran the fledgling bus company in Glacier.

Hays, White and Emery had grandiose visions of buying up all the concessions in Glacier, Yellowstone and Rocky Mountain National Parks. They pursued that scheme for several years, with very limited success. In

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1927, Hays took over management of the Glacier buses from Emery.

The buses were red when Hays acquired control, but he adjusted the color. His son Dan collected ripe mountain ash berries, which were used to define the red hue for the buses.

Hays also refined the drivers' attire. His gearjammers wore brown boots, tan riding-style breeches, light grey shirts, blue ties and blue jackets.

Hays knew that his drivers had a habit of inventing information (e.g., of making up names for roadside wildflowers) when giving tour talks. To remedy this, he enlisted George Ruhle, Glacier's Chief Naturalist, to create a Driver's Manual in 1937. The manual was famous, and it set a standard for other national parks.

Hays was a leader in numerous projects that impacted Glacier's history and the broader history of the national parks. Djuff described these projects, including the building of Going-to-the-Sun Road. Hays helped drive the founding of the Museum of the Plains Indian in Browning, the National Park Service's purchase of Lake McDonald Lodge, and the problematic concept of a "possessory interest" acquired by concessioners in national park lodges.

Hays also played a lead role in designing the famous buses which now run in Glacier. In the mid-1930s, bus companies in several national parks jointly made a call for design proposals. They chose a design submitted by the White Motor Company. Hays refined it and then purchased the fleet of buses that still operate today.

Djuff's research on all these matters will appear in his forthcoming book on the Reds. Alumni at the reunion were privileged to have a preliminary look.

### **Jack Gladstone**

The history of Glacier Park Lodge is intimately linked with that of the Blackfeet, on whose reservation it stands. That link was honored and embodied in the reunion's final event, a lobby performance by Jack Gladstone.

Gladstone is a Blackfeet troubadour, a talented singer and composer. He has performed in numerous Glacier venues for almost fifty years. He founded Glacier's Native America Speaks program, and he was the first musician inducted into Montana's Music Hall of Fame.

Gladstone's programs are steeped in history. He gives historical narratives (e.g., on Lewis and Clark or Charlie Russell) and reflects on Blackfeet culture, with good humor and a light touch. His compositions mostly are on historical or cultural themes.

Louis Hill sometimes is accused of exploiting the Blackfeet, whom he enlisted to greet trains and to perform on the grounds of the lodge. Gladstone, however, told the alumni that he is "forever grateful" to Hill for actively promoting Blackfeet culture when many others sought to destroy it. This is an important counterpoint in a complicated historical tale.

Gladstone's program involved several picturesque genres. Among them were these:

*Blackfeet fables.* One tells of a grizzly that stole the warm Chinook wind,

sewed it into a sack, and then went into hibernation. While all humanity suffered an unrelenting winter, an orphan boy and several small animals invaded the bear's den and took the wind back. Gladstone's ballad relates this tale in several stanzas, each one concluding (sung by the audience): "The bear that stole the Chinook!"

*Ancestral reflections.* Gladstone spoke about his great-grandmother, Mary Red Cloud, born in the era of Blackfeet military dominance on the Rocky Mountain front. He recalled his grandmother, who saw stagecoaches as a young girl, and his father, who was a boxing champion in the U.S. Navy during World War Two. He sang an ode to his grandmother, composed just before her funeral, which described the cross held in her fingers, the wind in the St. Mary Valley, and "the vision of St. Mary on the lake" (an allusion to the clifftops of Singleshot Mountain, which appear to form the silhouette of a face overlooking the water).

*Historical satire.* A Gladstone ditty recalls the Blackfeet being seduced by the Hudson's Bay Company's trading posts in the 1800s ("gin and brandy and hard rock candy ... we couldn't stop shopping!"). He relates that experience to big-box shopping today (calling Target, Walmart, Costco and the rest "trading posts on steroids ... we can't stop shopping!").

Thus an epic excursion through history and memories came to an end. Great thanks are due to Dobbertin, Djuff, Rihner, Gladstone, and many others, as well as to Pursuit for its hospitality. Dobbertin generously has begun to organize another reunion (inviting alumni from all locations) at Glacier Park Lodge in 2025.





**GLACIER PARK LODGE  
PRESENTS**

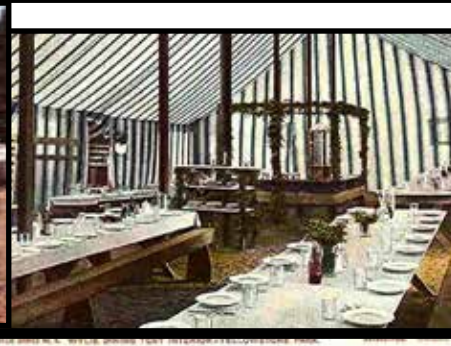
**MIKE  
"RHINESTONE"  
RIHNER**



**PIANO, GUITAR, AND VOCALS**

**REUNION PHOTOS:**  
(Clockwise from top):  
Dobbertin at reservation,  
Gladstone performing, Hagen  
and Rihner discussing a Tippet  
relic, Two Guns.

*Hill wove all manner of eclectic, eccentric elements into the lodge – totem poles (unknown to the Plains Indians), Navajo rugs, and Japanese lanterns!*



**The Wylie Camping Company operation that 'spooked' Louis Hill.**

# Lodge History Orientations in 2023



Glacier Park Lodge gardeners Hank Huisking and Diane Ensign at Tippet Cottage.

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

It was a pleasure to represent the Glacier Park Foundation at staff training talks about the history of the major hotels in Glacier and Waterton prior to their opening. Any excuse to visit the parks is a pleasure.

This year, my presence was requested at the Prince of Wales Hotel, Many Glacier Hotel, and Glacier Park Lodge. I spoke to selected front-line workers: bell, front desk, gift shop and concierge staff, depending on the location.

## **Prince of Wales – May 15-16**

At the Prince of Wales Hotel, a bell staff member traditionally gives a nightly talk to guests in the lobby about some aspect of hotel and/or park history. Manager Bronson Albano and assistant manager Duncan Poulsen have developed a slightly more structured talk outline that the bell staff can tailor to their liking. The idea is to have certain points to cover, letting the bell staff decide on which items to emphasize, gearing it to their interests.

I went over one of the scripts with Bronson and suggested tweaks. The script was very interesting, touching on subjects I normally wouldn't (like geology).

Bronson and Duncan also developed a walking tour for the hotel. Over the winter, we had discussed some points of interest. To that end, they acquired stands where they could place information related to a point of interest or an item on display.

I helped them pick out items to use for the stops on the walking tour, things to help illustrate a point. Those included a copy of a 1933 Alberta liquor permit so staff could explain the complexity of post-Prohibition Alberta and why one staff member, head bellman Victor Harrison, was the legal rum-runner for the hotel.

Duncan purchased two stubby beer bottles for a locally produced brew that would have been served in the hotel tavern. Beer in stubby bottles is no longer widely produced.

Bronson has a spike pulled from one of the front balcony timbers when it was

replaced due to rotting. The spike was used to talk about how the hotel was constructed.

I donated a Blue Willow pattern saucer from my collection to show the original pattern used at the hotel from opening in 1927 to the 1980s. I also made a copy of a 1928 dining room menu.

I always show the bell staff the transoms over the room doors and tell about their importance for ventilation. Duncan and the bell staff took it upon themselves to check every nook and cranny in the hotel and found the original hardware to operate a transom still in place in a fourth floor hotel closet. There was discussion about relocating the hardware to a guest room for show and tell use.

The Prince is now part of the Pursuit Banff-Jasper Collection, although it maintains contact with its Glacier brethren for various purposes. The switch was made because Pursuit found that a continued "hardening of the border" made it increasingly difficult for Glacier Collection staff in Montana to handle matters in Canada.

Pursuit appears to be making a concerted effort to have the Prince in fine condition for its 100<sup>th</sup> birthday in 2027. Among the planned changes to the main floor and most rooms is replacement of the windows. That includes the three 18-foot-tall lobby windows, which are original. It's an ambitious project.

Work began this fall on replacing the hotel roof,

Bronson was pleased to announce a new position at the hotel this summer. The head of bell staff, Brady Cahoon, took on additional responsibilities as Guest Services and Staff Support Supervisor.

In this elevated role, Brady was put in charge of the bell staff, but he also handled guest concerns regarding their customer experience. He further served as a mental health counsellor for staff. Brady has worked seven seasons at the hotel, including on the bell staff, leaving for a period to widen his training, and he brings a wealth of knowledge to the new position.

His expertise is centered on cognitive behavioural therapy as well as organizational psychology and the psychology of learning. With his specialized training, Brady supported staff with mental health issues and provided needed counselling and guidance.

### **The Open Top Buses**

After a successful experiment late last summer, an Open Top bus from Pursuit's Brewster operation in Banff was based at the Prince of Wales Hotel and offered tours of Waterton beginning July 1.

The Open Top buses are a modern

design based on the White Model 706 bus, otherwise known to us as Glacier's famous red buses. Four Open Top buses were custom built in Michigan for Brewster and began work in Banff in 2020. They are about 30 feet long (five feet longer than the Reds), almost eight feet wide (about the same as the Reds) and seat 22, versus 16 for the reds.

One Open Top bus returned July 1 to Waterton, running two tours, one to Cameron Lake, the other to Red Rock Canyon. Two of the buses remained in Banff and one was sent to Jasper.

I helped train the drivers in 2022 on the history of Waterton so they could develop their monologues. Like red bus tours in Glacier, drivers doing the Open Top tours in Waterton offer commentary that's a mix of information about local history, geology, flora and fauna.

### **Chief Mountain and Goathaunt**

For cross-border travellers, the U.S. and Canadian Chief Mountain customs stations were reopened this year after being closed for three summers, 2020-22, due to the COVID-19 pandemic. In 2022, U.S. visitors to Waterton had to go through the customs station at Carway-Piegan and drive to Waterton via Cardston, as was the case prior to the opening of the Chief Mountain International Highway in 1936.

In a related matter, hikers can now enter and leave the United States through the port of Goat Haunt at the south end of Upper Waterton Lake. The border crossing port had not been available since 2018, when a nearby forest fire closed the operation. Staffing issues followed

by the worldwide COVID-19 outbreak in 2020 saw the crossing remain closed.

The reopening of the Goat Haunt border station is a definite boon to hikers: those coming from U.S. destinations destined for Waterton townsite, and those wanting to access the trails in the north section of Glacier by taking a boat from Waterton to Goat Haunt.

### **Glacier Park Lodge – May 22-23**

John Bloem was back as manager of Glacier Park Lodge, his 10<sup>th</sup> year at the hotel, assisted by Keegan Matavillas. The hotel has been undergoing minor changes.

The confectionary store in the Glacier Park Lodge lobby, originally a malt shop and off-hours cafeteria opened in 1957, is no more. The space opposite the front desk was expanded by removing the telephone booths next to the stairs. It was set up as a coffee shop that also sells a limited selection of confections. Unlike the previous confectionary, the coffee shop is open to the lobby.

The coffee shop replaces a temporary coffee bar that was set up in the lobby near the doors to the Arrow Room/lounge. The temporary coffee bar intruded on the lobby space and seemed out of character with the building. The new coffee shop is more discreet in its placement, but will be evident to everyone with clear sinuses.

The telephone booths were kept and moved to the south end of the lobby. They are placed by the gift shop just before crossing the bridge, or sun porch, to the Annex.

The outside deck of the Chalet at Glacier Park Lodge was replaced this spring after structural problems were identified related to age and winter snow loads. The new deck wraps around two sides of the building.

The swimming pool outside the chalet was filled in last year. It had opened in 1963. While varyingly popular with hotel guests, it was favored by staff during their off hours.

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*The Prince is now part of the Pursuit Banff-Jasper Collection, although it maintains contact with its Glacier brethren for various purposes. The switch was made because Pursuit found that a continued "hardening of the border" made it increasingly difficult for Glacier Collection staff in Montana to handle matters in Canada.*

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Pursuit is planning further upgrades to rooms in the Annex. It started two summers ago with a couple of large rooms with fireplaces being renovated. More rooms on other floors in the Annex were done last year.

All the painted original woodwork in the rooms was replaced with fresh wood that was stained and clear-coated rather than painted. That includes the baseboards, window surrounds and sills, and door frame surrounds. The walls received new paint, with wallpaper on feature walls where the bed is placed.

The bed and all the other room furnishings are new, as are the bed coverings. The bathrooms in these rooms were totally made over, with glass walk-in showers, tiled walls and floors, new sinks and other fixtures.

Bellmen reported that the reaction of guests was very positive. Some guests said they didn't mind paying a premium price for the upgraded rooms, given their quality appearance.

Guests found no physical printout of hotel services in their rooms at either Glacier Park Lodge or Many Glacier Hotel this summer due to continuing concerns about COVID-19 and other easily communicable diseases. At Glacier Park Lodge, a QR code was placed either on a bedside table or on the table where the telephone is located so guests could scan it to see what services are offered. The QR codes save the cost of reprinting the guest services menu every time there are substantive changes.

The gardeners for Glacier Park Lodge took over the upper floor of the garage once used for repairing red buses in the former transport company compound. The main floor of the garage is still used for vehicle maintenance. The second-floor space, originally a dorm and recreation hall for drivers, is now used by the gardeners for handling plants, small equipment, and parts storage. This second-floor space had been little used in recent decades.

As I had done at the Prince of Wales Hotel, I printed off exact size replicas of historic hotel dining room menus. At Glacier Park Lodge, the menus were from 1914, 1930 and 1953. Manager John Bloem was to display them near the dining room for the interest of guests, and so bell staff could point them out to visitors during hotel tours.

### **Glacier Park Lodge Garden**

During the summer, Diane Ensign and Angel Bieri, gardeners at Glacier Park Lodge, asked me for copies of photos of the garden between the hotel and railway depot over the ages. I was able to send them photos from the 1930s through the 1980s.

The garden was in need of a lot of work due to the closure of the hotel in 2020 because of COVID-19. Staff had not really been able to catch up in the meantime.

Their idea was while doing garden maintenance to get rid of invasive species, they could start restoring the look of the flower bed to how it was historically and ensure colorful blooms all season long. Using photos supplied by me and Peter Huisling, a former hotel employee, Ensign and Bieri were able to persuade management to let them undertake the project starting near the hotel.

Bieri, who was later promoted to head gardener, started installing a new underground irrigation system and then applied a landscape tarp and mulch. She and her crew then planted more than 80 new flowers, including oriental poppies and delphiniums, all the types selected based on historical pictures and zone requirements. They were also able to salvage many existing plants and flowers.

Before closing for the season, the gardeners were working on irrigation

on the left side of the upper beds. In the spring, Ensign said they will plant a second load of annuals and perennials into the right side of the upper bed and assess the changes done this year for effectiveness and development. She said GPL is assessing this project one portion at a time, which will determine whether work will continue on the section of the flower bed from the flagpole to the road.

### **Many Glacier – June 1-2**

Rochelle Becker was the new manager at Many Glacier this year. She was assisted by Joseph (J.J.) Tucker. They graciously arranged for me to speak with staff.

As at the other hotels, I reproduced old Many Glacier Hotel menus that I left with management for possible display. With the hotel now owned by the National Park Service, permission is needed before the menus can be mounted anywhere. The copies I created, on a stiff paper that closely matches the original, will be kept safe until a secure display can be arranged.

I was fortunate to be invited to the "shakedown dinner" in the Many Glacier dining room, where dining and kitchen staff were put through their paces serving fellow staff, who were told to put on the nines for the occasion. There was a limited menu, served in both the dining room and Swiss Lounge, and all the food tasted great.

The reconstruction and repaving of the Babb-Many Glacier Road that I reported on last summer remains unfinished. All the road has been completed except for the section between Sherburne Dam and the park entrance station. That two-mile stretch is still rough, graveled, almost one-lane narrow in places and dusty to travel. The speed limit on that section is 25 m.p.h.

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*The reconstruction and repaving of the Babb-Many Glacier Road that I reported on last summer remains unfinished. All the road has been completed except for the section between Sherburne Dam and the park entrance station.*

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# WALKAROUNDS

## *Guided Tours on Lodge History*

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

The Glacier Park Foundation sponsors historical “walkarounds” for front-of-the-house employees (bellmen, room clerks, concierges, etc.) at the lodges every spring, to assist those employees in interpreting lodge history for guests. At this summer’s Glacier Park Lodge reunion, alumni were treated to the walkarounds.

Tours were given by historian Ray Djuff and by John Dobbertin, organizer of the reunion. These genial guides regaled us with insights and colorful anecdotes as we strolled around the lobby, up on the mezzanine, and through the halls of the lodge. Here are a few of those flashes of color.

We begin at the feet of Two Guns White Calf, a Blackfoot leader who welcomed guests to the lodge in the 1910s, ‘20s, and ‘30s. Two Guns is memorialized in a stately wooden figure that stands in the lobby. For many years it stood outdoors, but rainwater caused the feet to deteriorate, and it was brought inside.

A lobby exhibit relates the controversy over whether Two Guns’s profile was placed on the Buffalo Nickel (minted from 1913 to 1938). Two Guns himself thought that it was, and the notion was vigorously promoted by Louis Hill of the Great Northern Railway and by his publicist, Hoke Smith. But the nickel’s creator denied it, and the coin had been designed before Two Guns first was photographed in 1912.

We enter the Great Northern Room, the dining room, which hasn’t changed much since 1913, when the lodge was built. Ray Djuff points out the large wooden icebox. For several decades it was cooled with blocks of ice from Two Medicine Lake, preserved in sawdust in an icehouse. He notes that in the first year, 1913, the kitchen was in the basement, and meals were hoisted to the Great Northern Room with a dumbwaiter.

Ray critiques what he calls the “mythology” surrounding James J. Hill’s birthday party in September 1913. Louis Hill, J.J. Hill’s son, supposedly brought 600 guests to the

lodge to celebrate his father’s 75th birthday. But photos of diners at long tables in the lobby reveal only about 180 people. Ray believes that total attendance probably was about 250. Even that number would have been a logistical challenge, with the dumbwaiter supplemented by squads of waiters running upstairs from the kitchen.

High on the wall in the Great Northern Room is a painting by John Fery. Fery, an Austrian immigrant, was hired by Louis Hill to paint scenes of Glacier for Great Northern stations and other properties. He produced 350 paintings, never satisfying Hill, who constantly hectoring him to work faster. The dining room painting is of Red Eagle Pass, a destination for horseback parties in Glacier’s early years, but rarely visited now due to deadfalls blocking the long-abandoned trail.

Back in the lobby, we climb the stairs to the mezzanine to examine more paintings by Frey and various other artists. Ray notes that Frey “plastered the paint on.” The thick strokes and dabs of paint on his canvases set them apart from those of

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*Ray shows us spots on the lobby pillars where bison skulls hung for decades. The skulls were mostly plaster of Paris. (Louis Hill sent a minion onto the prairie to find real bison skulls, . . . but the herds had been gone for 35 years. . . . The minion could only find a couple.) The skulls on the pillars were backlit with electric lights, and they looked macabre.*

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the other artists, who used a lighter touch.

Frey painted impressionistically, and his Glacier scenes involve inaccuracies and wild flights of fancy. The viewer finds familiar mountain peaks reshaped and repositioned. A painting of Swiftcurrent Falls shows the humble cabin by the falls as a grand chalet. (Frey casually inserted one of the big chalets that stood on the slopes of Mt. Altyn and burned in the 1936 forest fire.)

Ray shows us spots on the lobby pillars where bison skulls hung for decades. The skulls were mostly plaster of Paris. (Louis Hill sent a minion onto the prairie to find real bison skulls, but the herds had been gone for 35 years and their skeletons had weathered away. The minion only could find a couple.) The skulls on the pillars were backlit with electric lights, and they looked macabre.

High overhead in the lobby are massive chandeliers. They famously swayed in 1959 when the Hebgen Lake earthquake struck Yellowstone National Park, about 400 miles away! Ray recalls that when the lodge was built, the rafters were hung with Japanese lanterns. He says that those lanterns apparently came down immediately after Pearl Harbor – they do not appear in photographs from 1942.

We walk through the breezeway into the Annex. Ray points out writing desks from the lodge's early days. The desks had inkwells! The wells are clearly defined in some desktops, though some are now filled with blocks of wood.

Behind the lodge is the site of the former swimming pool, which (like the inkwells) recently has been filled in. Nearby the Park Service kept a fish hatchery, which spawned tens of thousands of trout for stocking in the lakes of Glacier. The trout were non-native species, which frequently outcompeted native trout. The Park Service now is adjusting the ecology by killing the nonnative fish and replacing them with native species.

The bright white walls of the Annex are hung with Blackfeet portraits of Winold Reiss. Reiss, from the Black Forest region of Germany, was captivated as a boy by tales of American Indians. He came to America and found his way to the Blackfeet reservation, talented, but naive. He slept in the lobby of a sold-out hotel, arose next morning and said "How!" to the first Blackfeet man he met. The man, whose name was Turtle, compassionately gave assistance to Reiss. In due course, his paintings came to Louis Hill's attention. They were featured on Great Northern calendars from 1928 to 1958.

Ray tells us this history and leads us through the halls, amid Reiss portraits of Angry Bull, Bird Sings Different, Nobody Has Pity on Me, and others. He points out one portrait that became the subject of a couple of lawsuits.

Evening Star Woman was the Blackfeet name of Eileen Gilham (nee Schildt). Reiss painted her in 1948 when she was 14 years old. Her image was used on the 1954 Great Northern calendar. Her husband Lawrence was one of five Gilham brothers who served in World War Two.

The Great Northern Railway gave a copy of the painting to Fate magazine, without consulting Gilham. Fate published it to illustrate a story entitled "Crow Woman Died for Love." This angered Gilham, who is of Blackfeet ancestry, and she won a jury verdict of \$12,000 from Burlington Northern, the Great Northern's successor. The magazine prudently settled her claim.

These tales are just a smattering of the lore which Ray and John imparted in walkarounds at Glacier Park Lodge. They show the value of the orientations which Glacier Park Foundation historians give to lodge employees. The richness of Glacier's history is passed on to them, and they impart it to guests.

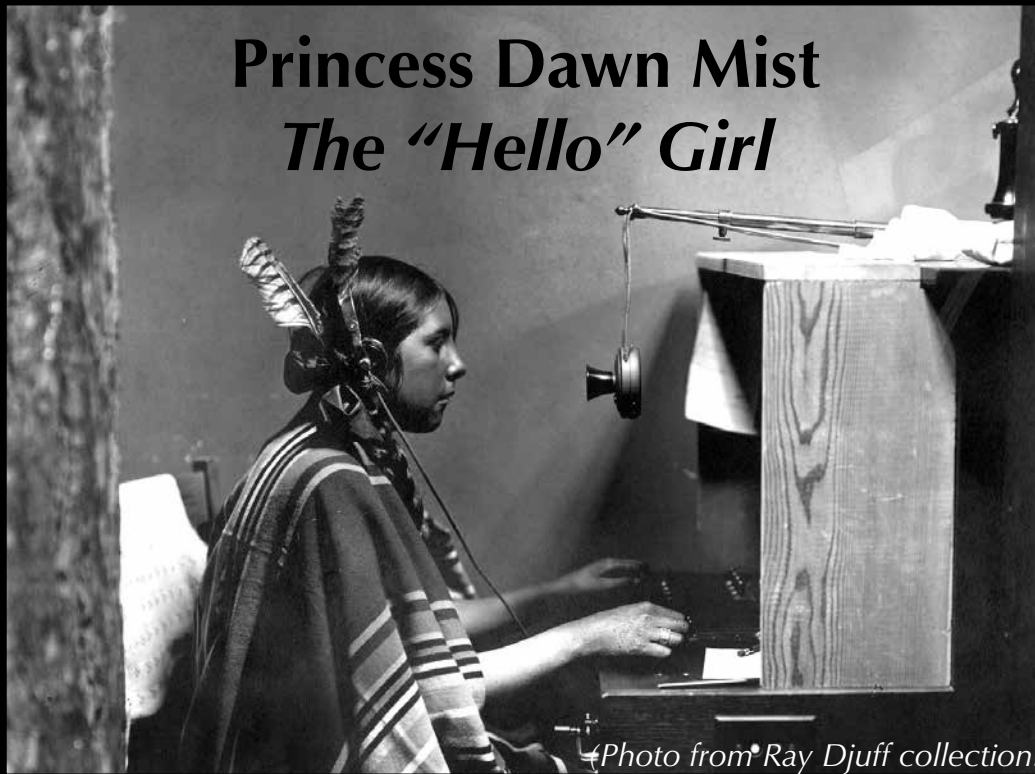
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# Princess Dawn Mist

## The “Hello” Girl



(Photo from Ray Djuff collection.)

By Ray Djuff (*Prince of Wales* 1973-75, 1978)

Almost as regular as clockwork I’ll get an inquiry about a photograph of a young Native American woman seated at the switchboard at what appears to be one of the Glacier hotels. Here’s an example that came to the Glacier Park Foundation as a general inquiry:

“I found a photograph of a female Native American switchboard operator dressed in Native regalia on the Library of Congress’s website. It was taken/published in 1925. The title says she’s Helen of Many Glacier Hotel. I’d like to feature this photograph on my website.

“Is the hotel referenced in this photo your hotel? If so, is there a possibility you might have some historical information related to Helen?”

I do have some background on this striking, widely distributed and viewed image. There are several matters to tackle. Let’s do the easy one first, the location.

Anyone familiar with Many Glacier Hotel knows that the lobby pillars were peeled of their bark during or before construction. By contrast, the bark was left on the log pillars at Glacier Park Lodge. If you notice the sliver of pillar behind “Helen,” it’s obvious the location would have to be Glacier Park Lodge.

Second is the date of issue. Yes, the image on file at the Library of Congress indicates it was issued in 1925, but a little digging will turn up news stories about a young Native woman working the switchboard of Gla-

acier Park Hotel (now Glacier Park Lodge) in July 1913. That would be shortly after its opening and before construction began on Many Glacier Hotel, which didn’t open until 1915.

The photo was, in fact, taken in 1913. At the time, Great Northern Railway boss Louis Hill had his advertising and publicity department working in overdrive. Much of that work fell to Hoke Smith, a former Minneapolis Tribune editor hired by Hill as his personal publicist. Smith – dubbed a “western development agent” – was nominally an employee of the railway’s advertising and publicity department.

A lot of the “western development” Smith handled had to do with the railway’s recently opened operations

in Glacier National Park. Smith publicized them in his own inimitable style. Trained in the Hearst tradi-

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*[S]hortly after the opening of Glacier Park Hotel in June 1913, [Great Northern Publicist Hoke] Smith arranged for the taking of a photo and writing of a “news” story about a Blackfeet woman manning the hotel switchboard. “Dawn Mist a Hello Girl,” read the headline.*

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*So shortly after the opening of Glacier Park Hotel in June 1913, Smith arranged for the taking of a photo and writing of a “news” story about a Blackfeet woman manning the hotel switchboard. “Dawn Mist a Hello Girl,” read the headline. “Beauty of the Blackfeet Indian Tribe Presides at Hotel Telephone Desk.”*

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tion of newspapering – where sensationalism always won out over truth – Smith never let the facts stand in the way of a good story.

So shortly after the opening of Glacier Park Hotel in June 1913, Smith arranged for the taking of a photo and writing of a “news” story about a Blackfeet woman manning the hotel switchboard. “Dawn Mist a Hello Girl,” read the headline. “Beauty of the Blackfeet Indian Tribe Presides at Hotel Telephone Desk.”

The story about how Dawn Mist, the “fairest of all the maidens of the Blackfeet,” got the “reluctant consent” of her father Three Bears to take the job was pure fabrication by Hoke Smith. It was as fake as the “Helen” photo.

Dawn Mist is a made-up name, taken from a character in the book *The White Quiver* (1913) by Helen Fitzgerald Sanders (1881-1955). White Quiver (1860-1931) was a real member of the Blackfeet tribe and renowned for leading horse raiding parties. Sanders had visited the reservation to interview him, but for her novel she fictionalized White Quiver’s life and gave him a love interest, Dawn Mist. The name Dawn Mist likely came from a waterfall in the Belly River district of Glacier Park.

Great Northern’s advertising and publicity department co-opted the Dawn Mist name and, adding a royal title, it became Princess Dawn Mist. She was described as a young lady “so beautiful that among all the maidens of the tribes of North America there is said to be none to compare with her.”

The first Blackfeet woman chosen to be Princess Dawn Mist by the Great Northern was 16-year-old Daisy Norris, a mixed-blood youth whose parents were Henry (Hank) Norris (ca. 1860-1919) and Rachel Running Crane (ca. 1872-1928). Hank Norris had been one of the miners who flooded into the Ceded Strip – reservation land the Blackfeet tribe sold to the U.S. government in 1896 – when it became public. Unlike the miners who left when they found no minerals of value, he stayed, living near St. Mary Lake.

Daisy Norris and her older sister Rosa Belle (1888–1949) came to the attention of Great Northern officials through the posing they did for photographer Roland Reed (1864-1934).

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The Great Northern had hired Reed to take photos of the Blackfeet in Glacier Park.

Reed posed the Norris sisters and other Blackfeet in settings that mimicked an earlier era, when bison still roamed the plains and Euro-American influence was limited. The pictures had the Blackfeet pitch their tipis at various locations in the park and then enact scenes dreamed up and set up by Reed.

Daisy and Rosa were both tall and strikingly pretty. Their mixed-race heritage better fit the then-prevalent Euro-American ideals of womanly beauty, giving the Norris sisters a face up on young full-blood women in the tribe when it came time for Reed to select his models.

Daisy and Rosa were repeatedly featured in Reed photos, the only two young Blackfeet women depicted. The rest of the Blackfeet women who were photographed were older and mostly the wives of Blackfeet men selected to portray warriors.

When the Great Northern selected members of the “Glacier Park Indians” troupe to tour eastern states to promote Glacier starting in the fall of 1912, Daisy Norris was chosen and given the title Princess Dawn Mist. The fact that she was not only comely, but fluent in English and had received a Euro-American education again came to her advantage

over other possible rival full-blood girls. Daisy could easily converse with reporters the troupe met on the tour—many of the older tour participants had only a halting command of



Based on a fictional character, Great Northern co-opted the Dawn Mist name, adding a royal title (Princess). Daisy Norris was selected as the original Princess Dawn Mist.



*[T]he attention of Great Northern officials through the posing they did for photographer Roland Reed. The Great Northern had hired Reed to take photos of the Blackfeet in Glacier Park.*

*(Photos from Ray Djuff collection.)*

English—and she was comfortable in Euro-American social situations.

Great Northern publicist Hoke Smith laid on the baloney thick regarding Princess Dawn Mist when the Glacier Park Indians arrived in Chicago in late 1912 as part of an eastern tour. A “young girl of rare beauty,” Smith wrote, Princess Dawn Mist had “set one hundred savage hearts aflame.”

“The descendants of a hundred generations of painted warriors and stately chieftains are striving for the affections of ... Daisy Norris. To the tourist’s eye she is a rarely beautiful little savage, a veritable Minnehaha of the Rockies.”

So following the opening of the Great Northern’s first big lodge in Montana, Glacier Park Hotel, Smith had a photo taken of a young Blackfeet woman seated at the switchboard. He wrote a news story/press release about Dawn Mist getting her father Three Bears’ approval to take the job.

Was it possible a Blackfeet woman worked the switchboard at Glacier Park Hotel? Yes. Likely? No. There were two, possibly three women who had the job of switchboard operator that summer of 1913. One was a woman who would go on to marry the hotel’s assistant manager, O.J. McGillis. McGillis would eventually become the head of the advertising and public relations department for the Great Northern.

The fact was, while members of the Blackfeet tribe were hired by the railway to make up the “Glacier Park Indians” and put on cultural performances each night at the hotel for guests, the displays were done on the hotel’s west deck, outside the lobby. The Blackfeet were seldom allowed inside the hotel.

The prevailing sentiment among white hotel guests at the time was not to mingle with Natives inside the hotel. Outside was fine, not inside. So the chances of a Blackfeet person being hired in 1913 to work in the hotel was highly unlikely given societal norms of the day.

Just as the telephone switchboard job Dawn Mist supposedly had was a fraud, so was the relationship between Dawn Mist and Three Bears. In the 1907-08 Blackfeet census, Three Bears is recorded as having had seven children with his wife Crow Head. Only two children were alive at the time of the census, a son Joseph, 16, and a daughter Cecile, 15.

Could Cecile have been the Dawn Mist/Helen depicted in the photo of the woman at the hotel switchboard? Possibly, but unlikely as she would have been about 20 years old and the woman in the photo appears younger, a teenager.

The woman in the photo looks to be Daisy Norris. Unfortunately, I’ve never found a photo of Cecile Three

Bears to be able to compare them.

It was also normal for publicist Hoke Smith to make up facts about the Blackfeet if it suited the railway’s promotional purposes. For instance, Smith claimed that Three Bears’ father (also called Three Bears) was the man who guided Corps of Discovery leaders Lewis and Clark through a pass in the Rockies to present-day Helena. Smith reported that Three Bears said his dad remembered well Sacagawea, the Shoshone woman whose help was critical to the success of the Corps of Discovery.

To make such a claim, Smith had to lie about Three Bears’ age, making him out to be 83 years old when he was in fact about 58, born about 1855 according to several Blackfeet census sources. If Three Bears’ father had met Lewis and Clark in 1805, and was at least age 18 at the time, he would have fathered Three Bears at age 68 – an unlikely scenario.

On top of all that, many of you know well the story of a deadly encounter between some Blackfeet teenagers and Capt. Lewis’s party in 1805. That soured relations between the tribe and whites for generations. It was apparently the only meeting between members of the Corps and the tribe. Knowing that makes Smith’s report all the more doubtful.

Smith was able to get away with lying about Three Bears’ age because of the

Native's wizened visage, which made him appear much older than he was. It also helped that Three Bears spoke almost no English. He could not directly answer reporters' questions, and it would have been doubtful that Three Bears would have ever seen any reports about him in newspapers.

A question I haven't been able to properly answer regarding the switchboard photo is why Hoke Smith released it in 1925. In looking back through my research files, I find repeated instances where the Dawn Mist switchboard story was published in various U.S. newspapers in 1913. However, the photo taken to accompany the story does not appear with it, as if only the story was released but not the photo.

At some point it would appear Hoke Smith rediscovered the image, realized the oversight and felt comfortable in releasing it 12 years after it had been taken. Smith records the photo in his list of news releases as being carried in newspapers between June and September 1925.

Just to be safe that no one remembered the 1913 Dawn Mist story, the name of the telephone operator was listed as Helen since Daisy Norris was now married and had been succeeded in the role of Princess Dawn Mist. The location was moved to Many Glacier Hotel. There's no reference to Three Bears, who had died in January 1918, a victim of the so-called Spanish flu.

Why did Smith do it? He explained to railway boss William P. Kenney in a November 1925 letter that during the past 12 months there had been 20,200 newspaper stories about the railway and Glacier Park in newspapers "in cities of all the 48 states, and some in Canada, Hawaii and

the Philippine Islands. Only 2,750 of those clippings were from independent sources, showing that the publicity would have been a mere drop in the bucket if we depended entirely upon voluntary publicity."

So Smith fed the media beast. He cranked out as many as 50 stories and photos a month to keep Glacier Park in the news and at the top of mind for potential travellers.

As I said at the outset, inquiries about the Helen of Many Glacier Hotel photo make their way to me regularly. An earlier one came from Cathleen D. Cahill, then an associate professor of history at Penn State University who was doing research for a book on American women getting the right to vote.

She had found a 1913 story about Dawn Mist apparently planning to attend a Suffragette rally in Washington, D.C., and inquired about it. Our correspondence covered much of what I've related here, plus more.

The material became the basis for Chapter 5 in her book *Recasting the Vote: How Women of Color Transformed the Suffrage Movement* (2020). The chapter title is "The Indian Princess who wasn't there:

The strange case of Dawn Mist." As I explained to Cathleen Cahill, the story she had read about the Princess Dawn Mist trip was fabricated by Hoke Smith to tap in to news of the day, very much in the tradition of Smith's other writing for the Great Northern's publicity department.

Daisy Norris only played the role of Princess Dawn Mist for three years, until her marriage in September 1916 to William H. (Bill) Gilham. Married Blackfeet women were ineligible to fill the role of Princess Dawn Mist. Daisy and Bill Gilham would have 11 children, nine boys and two girls.

Daisy died in 1953. She did not live long enough to see her daughter-in-law Eileen, married to her son Quinton Gilham, featured in 1954 on a Great Northern Railway calendar. Eileen (a.k.a. Evening Star Woman) had been painted by artist Winold Reiss as one model in Reiss's series of Blackfeet portraits featured by the railway on calendars and other publicity material.

There's a lot more to the story about the photo of switchboard operator Helen of Many Glacier Hotel than meets the eye. The picture is worth a thousand words, once you know the back story.

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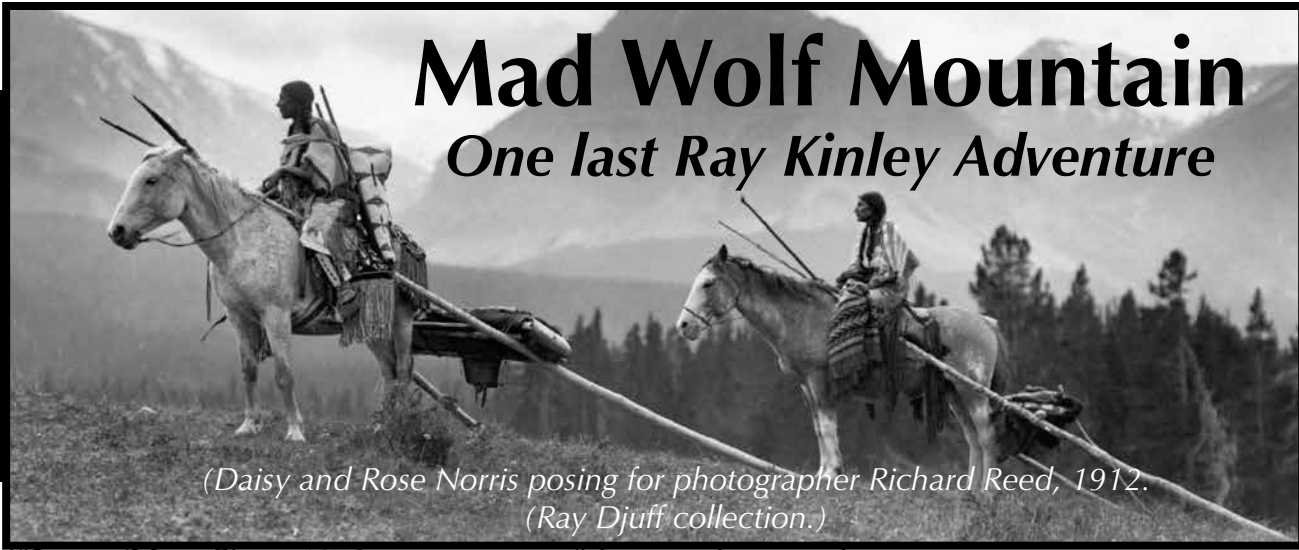
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*There's a lot more to the story about the photo of switchboard operator Helen of Many Glacier Hotel than meets the eye. The picture is worth a thousand words, once you know the back story.*

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# Mad Wolf Mountain

## One last Ray Kinley Adventure



*(Daisy and Rose Norris posing for photographer Richard Reed, 1912.  
(Ray Djuff collection.)*

By Rolf Larson (*Many Glacier 1975, '77-80*) and Joe Haugstuen (*Glacier local with close ties to employee and guest outings in the 1970s*)

### Foreword

My Many Glacier Hotel seasonal contract had expired, but not ready to depart, I volunteered to assist Men's Dorm Supervisor Ray Kinley close down the men's dorms in exchange for room and board.

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*All of Ray's tales were a wonderful collage of history and his flair for including local gossip.*

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After a delightful week, listening to Ray's stories of the park's early years and legends, his departure came too soon.

Many of those stories led me to explore the sites of many of his wonderful stories (one of which is presented here).

His departure was Saturday, October 1, 1977. I gave Ray a ride to the train in East Glacier. When Ray settled in to my luxury vehicle (which means it still started). I settled in for one last master class in Glacier lore. He did not disappoint.

He pointed out the building foundations of the town of Alytn, telling

me stories of the town that existed before the Sherburne Dam was built in the 1930s. Foundations of the buildings would appear as waters receded each summer. Water released from the dam generated electricity and released water irrigated high prairie crops.

That was followed by 'Babb' stories (especially the Babb Bar). In turn, this was followed by St. Mary stories,

especially contrasting the Johnson's Restaurant and Motel operation with its strong ties to the Blackfoot tribe and St. Mary Lodge with its ties to mainstream tourism. All of Ray's tales were a wonderful collage of history and his flair for including local gossip. Once past St. Mary, Ray's Master Class switched to Blackfoot stories along Glacier's East Slope.

The one detail that stuck in my memory was of a travois trail that followed the front range of Glacier's Rocky Mountains, the legendary Old North Trail. Ray mentioned that "if you know where to look, you can still find traces of travois ruts in protected areas." That image lingered in my

memory.

Alas, Ray and I reached our destination, the East Glacier Amtrak Depot. As he proceeded up the car steps, he paused to take in one last view of the mountains; "Oh, I'll probably be back next summer", he wistfully added. Sadly, it was his final departure.

### FOUR YEARS LATER

In 1981, I had moved from GPI (now Pursuit) to a Seasonal Park Service position. On our August 9 climb, I was joined by long-time mountain companion Joe Haugstuen to spend a day exploring Glacier's East Slope.

It was our hope to scramble up Mad Wolf Mountain. We approached the mountain from U.S. Highway 89, entering the park from the west edge of the Blackfoot Reservation.

First, we asked the landowner for permission to cross his land. With his permission we were off! It was to be a day full of wonder and surprises.

### Scorecard (Joe)

I'm not sure what was going through my mind back in 1981. When a friend suggested a climb of Mad Wolf Mountain on the eastern front of Glacier National Park. To tell the

truth, I never gave the invitation much thought.

Rolf was a favorite hiking companion. His knowledge of the Park far exceeded mine, since he'd been a concessionaire employee and later a seasonal ranger.

Any invitation he might have given would have been met with an unqualified YES! LET'S DO IT!

Mad Wolf isn't one of those "imposing" peaks along the Going-to-the-Sun corridor. Gordon Edwards, in his famous Climber's Guide to Glacier National Park, hardly gives it a mention, let alone a detailed description to the summit. Evidently, the mountain offered no unusual challenges nor objective dangers. We had high hopes this was going to be a "walk in the park," so to speak.

Our journey started innocently enough. We worked our way up a gentle slope of prairie grass and standing brush.

### **Beavers 1 – Climbers 0**

the first of many surprises came at a good-sized beaver pond we had failed to notice from below. There was a dam conveniently extending across the pond's midpoint. We recklessly chose this route. After all, it was the simplest and most direct route.

Struggling across this bramble of brush, Rolf took the lead. We were disappointed to discover that the dam broke up just before reaching the other side of the pond. The final stretch of 10 feet was open water, separating us from a smooth sloping rock slab. This rock was topped by alder branches teasing us from a few feet above waterline. "We can do this!" we thought.

Rolf leapt the abyss. His feet found the rock and his hands grasped branches. "Good," and then, "not so good." The rock was deceptively slippery. Down he slid backwards, sinking in the pond's grimy abyss to a depth above his waist. A duet of cussing (Rolf) and me, (laughing) interrupted the gentle refrain of nature's wetland sounds.

Rolf hauled his now mud-spattered body back up the rock. Meanwhile, I took the same leap. My fate would have been much the same but for the handful of shirt Rolf grabbed to pull me to safety.

Above the pond, through a layer of alder bushes, grass appeared to extend toward the cliffs before us. We stopped at a cluster of boulders, so Rolf could empty his boots and scrape some of the grime from his clothes.

### **Geologists 1 – Climbers 0**

Our next obstacle was of a mechanical nature. Near the boulders, we found a string of wires extended across our path. We didn't give it much thought until a substantial "BOOM" detonated close to us. This was followed by a posse of linemen with hard hats scurrying toward us. They hadn't noticed us until after the blast.

**Note.** At that time, oil exploration companies were blasting to get a picture of rock structures below the park and reservation.

The linemen first asked if we were all right. Next, they tried to tell us that we were trespassing. We answered that there were no posted warnings and that the property owner didn't even mention their activity when he gave us permission to cross his property.

Next, they tried to scare us. They told us of watching a grizzly chase down a horse the evening before. Finally they went away with our promise that we had no interest in following the wires any further. 'Nuff said. We weren't stupid!

From that point forward, our eyes searched for faint signs of ruts (the Old North Trail) . . . or wire clusters. We found neither.

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*Next, the [detonation crew] tried to scare us off. They told us of watching a grizzly chase down a horse the evening before.*

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*(Joe Haugstuen Photo)*

*Near by, one of the wild horses appeared to meet our gaze with a look of skepticism.*





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*What I saw was the carcass of a dead adult male goat splayed out on a rock shelf, the victim of recent poaching.*

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*(Rolf Larson Photo)*

The prairie's gentle slope ended abruptly in a wall of rock. Glacier's East Slope has no foothills, so the rolling topography ends abruptly in the Lewis Overthrust. (This is where two tectonic plates collide, with one being forced above the other.)

### **The Cavern (Rolf)**

There were no obvious routes up the cliffs. The only break was a tangle of boulders stacked at the cliff bottom. Some of the boulders were the size of houses. At the front of the pile, an opening extended into the mass of rock. This short tunnel led to a grotto, lit by sunlight appearing between breaks in the stacked rock that formed the enclosure's ceiling.

We took a few moments to explore the cave. It was an enchanted space: still, cool, and damp with snow drifts pushed against the back walls. This was the last sign of moisture we would find on the mountain that day.

### **The Overthrust Wall**

Now climbing, the wall offered ample breaks leading upward. Finding a rhythm, we quickly scrambled upward. That is, until Joe reached

for a hold above his head. What he found was a handful of fur.

This stopped us in our tracks. Joe abruptly sounded an alarm. Several feet to one side of him, I crept up to a spot where I could cautiously peek above the bench. Once again, we encountered the unexpected.

### **Poaching**

What I saw was the carcass of a dead adult male goat splayed out on a rock shelf, the victim of recent poaching. When shot, it probably had tumbled down to where we found it. It had a prominent entry wound, doubtless from a high-powered rifle, to the middle of its chest (brisket). The exit wound in the back was much larger. It was left where it fell, a tragic sight.

We were surprised that the body was still intact. Typically, when wildlife is shot by poachers, at least the trophy head is taken. Mounted, such

trophies are worth a lot of money. We, however, would have rather seen that majestic beast moving through the rocks!

### **The Crest**

On reaching the top of the ridge, the mountain largely flattened out into a talus slope. Gentle spires defined the mountain's crowns. We were disoriented and unsure which of the spires was the summit. We hiked up them one by one. On our third "summitting attempt" we were finally rewarded by what appeared to be the ruin of a summit cairn.

From the top, we gawked at the "ocean-like" expanse of prairie and clouds to the east. We then were mesmerized by the Montana prairie sky. A sea of peaks surrounded us from all other directions. That is the view one learns to expect from a journey to the top of the world. The marriage of prairie and sky added an

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*I took a long look down the narrow break. Joe finally asked, "What are you looking for?" I answered, "Dead goats!"*

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element of both surprise and mystery. Once again, we were visited by the unexpected.

Of course, we spent too much time at the top. When we finally departed, the sun was sinking in the west, our canteens were close to empty and we were in need of creature comforts

### **The journey down**

Joe spotted a prominent animal trail near the summit. I wanted to back-track the way we had come. Joe was determined to follow the wildlife trail. Joe liked what J. Gordon Edwards had taught us about the animal trails. The high-country wildlife were the real masters of the mountains. This trail had been seen a lot of use. After a short discussion, he just took off down that trail. What could I do? He took off. I followed.

### **Animal Trails**

The trail ended at the cliff, disappearing into a narrow chimney. I took a

long look down the narrow break. Joe finally asked, "What are you looking for?" I answered, "Dead goats!" At that, he let out a growl of exasperation and started the climb down. I waited for him to exit the gully so as to avoid hitting him with rocks dislodged as I followed him down.

Finally, there was a pleasant surprise! At the bottom of the gully, a green ledge led us down the remaining cliffs. We followed this gentle grassy ramp down to the prairie.

From our higher vantage point, we were able to spot a better way around the beaver pond. For once, we agreed! The pond no longer was a problem. We didn't spot the detonation cables. My guess is that they moved them soon after we departed.

### **Joe**

The Mad Wolf adventure taught me something. The size of an adventure isn't measured in meters and miles.

Mad Wolf isn't the highest mountain in the Park, nor the most remote. With better judgment in choosing our route, we wouldn't have faced any objective dangers either. But I'm having almost as much fun sitting in my easy chair retelling this tale as I did on that day almost a half century ago. Also, the company I shared on that adventure was better than I could ever imagine or hope for. When my friend reads this, I hope he feels the same.

### **Rolf**

I do.

### **Epilogue**

Ray Kinley was always full of surprises. This adventure started with a tale about an ancient travois trail. We found no traces of that travois trail, but there was so much more!

*Ray Kinley was always full of surprises. This adventure started with a tale about an ancient travois trail. We found no traces of that travois trail, but there was so much more!*

*(Both photos courtesy of Rolf Larson)*





# Watch Your Step

## *On the Ptarmigan Goat Trail with J. Gordon Edwards*

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

J. Gordon Edwards, author of *A Climber's Guide to Glacier National Park*, had a favorite goat

We met at the Swiftcurrent front porch at 6:00 a.m. Without any fanfare, we headed out at a brisk clip. We never stopped once for a break or to catch our breath until

Ptarmigan Wall. It mostly crosses fairly benign slopes. Only near the far western end do you enter the sphincter-tightening area shown in the accompanying photo.

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*We did this hike about a week after Gordon's hand was bitten by a grizzly while bushwhacking below Feather Plume Falls on the face of Mt. Gould.*

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trail on the north side of the Ptarmigan Wall. It runs about four miles from the ridge above Ptarmigan Tunnel to Ahern Pass.

In 1974, Gordon Edwards invited me, my brother-in-law Dave Shoup, and his two Swiftcurrent employee roommates to take this trail with him. Also in the party were Gordon's wife Alice, his daughter Jane, and John Mauff (one of Gordon's climbing buddies over the years).

We did this hike about a week after Gordon's hand was bitten by a grizzly while bushwhacking below Feather Plume Falls on the face of Mt. Gould. His swollen hand was bandaged and padded so it looked like a white boxing glove. He was eating painkillers all day like candy.

we were on top of the ridge above Ptarmigan Tunnel.

We followed Gordon along the ridge. He led us up a Magical Mystery Tour of indistinct gullies and couloirs. Talk about huffing and puffing! No rest stop anywhere along the way. I have never done such an extended nonstop exertion in my life as we did following Gordon that morning.

We finally popped out atop Ptarmigan Spire. That's the "mountain" on the ridge west of Ptarmigan Lake. It's a great spot for lunch, looking down upon the lake and the Ptarmigan trail.

After lunch, Gordon led us westward. We set foot on the goat trail – quite distinct on the north side of

The trail follows narrow, scree-covered ledges, just a couple of feet wide. Sheer cliffs fall away to Helen Lake, 1500 to 2000 feet below. Obviously, the exposure was extreme and we tried hard not to look down. (The Mt. Reynolds goat trail used by climbers seemed like a four-lane highway by comparison.)

At the end of the goat trail, we had to climb up Ahern Glacier. There was no way to go around it. Gordon had each of us find the two largest triangular shaped rocks we could hold. Those became our de facto "ice axes." If we started sliding, we were to dig those rocks into the ice and snow to ... hopefully ... arrest the slide.

Ahern Glacier had no scree field below it, just the enormous drop to Helen Lake. If you couldn't stop, you'd fall off the edge of the world. This was literally and figuratively white-knuckle time.

We all safely ascended the glacier.

Because of his hand, Gordon didn't want to climb up and over Iceberg Notch to go back to Swift-

current. There-fore, we went over Ahern Pass and descended to the Ahern Bend on the Highline Trail, leading south from Fifty Mountain to Granite Park.

Being safely on a trail again felt good. Then we realized that all our adrenaline was gone. We still faced a nearly 12-mile hike back to Swift-current via Granite Park Chalet and Swiftcurrent Pass.

We four "guests" skipped stopping at the chalet and just kept slogging along to get back. The Edwards family and John Mauff stopped in hopes of getting pie and other refreshments. However, they hit the dead hour before supper was to be served to the overnight guests, and no ala carte food was available.

Gordon was famously even-tempered, but he was quite put out at this lack of accommodation for hungry adventurers. He wrote an angry Letter to the Editor of The Hungry Horse News bemoaning how he had been treated at the chalet. To Gordon's way of thinking, a slice

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*Dave Shoup and I took my wife Judy on the goat trail 12 or so years later. . . . After that, I figured two times in one lifetime was enough exposure for me.*

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of pie at Granite Park was almost a National Park constitutional right!!

Dave Shoup and I took my wife Judy on the goat trail 12 or so years later. Judy and I brought mini-crampons for Ahern Glacier. After that, I figured two times in one lifetime was enough exposure for me.

In 2009, a hiker named William Labunetz died along this route. From what I can infer from the news accounts, he started from the west end and got into trouble near Ahern Glacier. He may have tried to avoid a perilous descent of the glacier by doing a high traverse above it on the sheer rock face. (Gordon told us that he never had been able to find a safe alternative to climbing up or down the glacier.)

About five years ago, I took a day-long Red Bus tour in Glacier. Our jammer got talking about his summer's climbing adventures, using his "bible," Gordon Edwards' Climber's Guide. He said that he hoped to do a legendary hike called the Ptarmigan Wall Goat Trail.

At the next pull off, I showed the jammer the accompanying photo

on my iPhone. I told him it was taken by Gordon Edwards. For the rest of our ride, he treated me like I was Sir Edmund Hillary!

I recently heard that the goat trail had been rendered impassable by rock and mud slides. I asked Greg Notess of the Glacier Mountaineering Society about its status. Greg said that the route in fact is passable all the way to Ahern Pass. But it has undergone dramatic changes.

Greg sent a photo showing that Ahern Glacier has dramatically shrunk. Rock is exposed all around a basin that used to be filled completely with ice. The glacier no longer extends to the scree at the basin's top or to the precipitous drop-off to Helen Lake at its bottom.

Everything is a tradeoff. Greg said that instead of worrying about a slide and tumble over the cliff, you're now confronted with a Class 4 climb from the top of the glacier to Ahern Pass. I was absolutely shocked to see how much of the glacier has melted away.

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*In 2009, a hiker . . . died along this route. . . . Gordon told us that he never had been able to find a safe alternative to climbing up or down the glacier.*

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# A Close Call on Mount Allen

By Jack Butt (*Many Glacier 1968-70*)

In 1968, Eric Norby, David Wise, Louis Gill and I decided to ascend Mt. Allen. According to Gordon Edwards's iconic climbing guide, it was a long, tedious, steep trudge,

with limited exposure and steepness, to one of the higher peaks in the Park. The trudge would be rewarded

with awesome summit views of the Swiftcurrent Valley and southward across the St. Mary Valley.

Our "team" was, as with most such outings, defined as much by who had the day off as by who really wanted to go. But we did have a very copasetic group, all of whom were primed for the adventure of the climb. It was not a pleasant weather day: coolish, windy, cloudy, foggy, intermittently rainy as we ascended.

We hiked a mile or two from Many Glacier along the well-used trails to Grinnell Lake, bearing to the south side of Lake Josephine. About halfway up the lake, we departed from the trail, heading straight up the steep flank of Mt. Allen in an avalanche chute. We had a grueling, soaking, scrambling fight through almost impenetrable scrub and

shrub. We finally hit a rocky band of bluffs. As described by Edwards, they were not difficult to scramble up.

We were hugely relieved to be out of the scrub. Topping

the rocky band, we came to a steep scree and talus slope above. We finally arrived at the summit ridge, a very long, not-too-steep walk up. We were exposed to buffeting winds, swirling fog, and driven drizzle. It

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*Our "team" was, as with most such outings, defined as much by who had the day off as by who really wanted to go. But we did have a very copasetic group, all of whom were primed for the adventure of the climb.*

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was not pleasant.

The summit did not reward us. The views were totally obscured by fog and clouds. We signed the summit register, congratulated ourselves, and quickly exited the unfriendly peak, trekking down the summit ridge.

As we approached the bluffs descending to the horrible avalanche chute, a discussion arose. Could we not turn right and descend the cirque to Snow Moon Lake, and thence scramble down to Cracker Lake, avoiding the hell of the scrub and shrub?

The map showed Cracker Lake and its trail much closer than Lake Josephine. We weighed the fact that it showed a lot of closely packed contour lines, and that Gordon Ed-

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*Eric, having graduated from the University of Colorado and skied the mountains there, suggested we might "ski" down the snow. We might point our booted feet to the right and slightly downhill, slide for a ways, and then hop to point our feet to the left and slightly downhill. In this way, we might zigzag down the steep slope by keeping the degree of descent at a tolerable angle.*

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wards did not describe such a route, but what the heck. Anything to avoid the damned avalanche chute! So we veered east down the scree and talus. After several hundred downward yards, we reached the top of

the same geologic member, the broken bluff line, that we'd encountered on the other side of the summit ridge.

Halfway down the bluffs, things changed. The cirque of Snow Moon Lake, being shaded from the sun, had a snowfield that started a ways below the top of the bluffs. It ran very steeply for several hundred yards downward to a talus field at its bottom. From that point it appeared that we could continue the descent to the Cracker Lake Valley and its trail. The snowfield was between us and the direction we needed to go. The snow was very steep, maybe 45 degrees.

It was a cold, windy, wet midafternoon. We all were feeling depleted of energy, body heat and patience. We'd brought too few of the right kind of clothes for the day.

We now faced three choices. We could (1) backtrack half a mile back

up the bluffs, scree and talus to the summit ridge, and then retrace our steps of the morning, through the wet, slippery thickets of the avalanche chute to Lake

Josephine; (2) descend the 45-degree snowfield to the sharp talus without any kind of suitable gear (ropes, crampons, ice axes or even trekking poles); or (3) wedge ourselves between the bluff line and the top of the snowfield, then scramble several hundred yards to our right to where we could see the snowfield peter out into a descendable talus slope – without gloves, and necessarily being soaked and chilled by the snow on one side and the water running down the cliffs on the other.

Eric, having graduated from the University of Colorado and skied in the mountains there, suggested that we might “ski” down the snow. We might point our booted feet to the right and slightly downhill, slide for a ways, and then hop to point our feet to the left and slightly downhill. In this way, we might zigzag down the steep slope by keeping the degree of descent at a tolerable angle.

None of us but Eric had ever snowskied. David from Georgia, Louis from Indiana, and I from Arkansas pondered this proposal from a point of total ignorance.

Eric stepped out on the snow, tested it, looked at the long, steep drop, and stepped back to the safety of the cliff ledge we were on. He said he had to think about it for a minute. We again reviewed our set of options, none of which were pleasant.

David Wise, strong as an ox, well-built, and a good athlete, said he was ready to give it a go. He stepped gingerly onto the edge of the snowfield. We breathed a sigh of relief. If David could do this and thus show us how, we’d be down and safe soon. David began sliding to his right with a tolerable degree of pitch

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*Do you remember the iconic image of the ski jumper used for so many years on TV to illustrate not the “thrill of victory” but the “agony of defeat?” That was David. We watched in horror as accelerated with no control whatever, backside over elbows.*

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and speed, just like Eric had said.

That worked for about two seconds. Then David was down. He slid down the snow with increasing speed, on his back, on his stom-

We were hours and hours away from summoning help. We had to figure out how to get ourselves, somewhat exhausted and not far from hypothermia, down and back to Many Glacier.

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*None of us but Eric had ever snowskied. David from Georgia, Louis from Indiana, and I from Arkansas pondered this proposal from a point of total ignorance.*

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ach, headfirst, feet first, grabbing with his hands, trying to brake with his feet. After 30 or 40 yards, he went into a full, free-falling, head-over-heels tumble.

Do you remember the iconic image of the ski jumper used for so many years on TV to illustrate not the “thrill of victory” but the “agony of defeat?” That was David. We watched in horror as accelerated with no control whatever, backside over elbows. He crashed into a pile of sharp talus at the bottom of the snowfield.

We were speechless with terror. We had no way quickly to get to him.

Then we saw David move. He hollered: “I’m okay!!”

“Are you sure?” we responded. “Yeah, I’m okay.”

We began our soaking, freezing, ploddingly careful way along the margin between the cliffs and the top of the snowfield. At its far edge, where we clambered down the talus to where David was, and thence down the mountainside to Cracker Lake, and back to Many Glacier. Miraculously, David was bruised, cut and sore, but not broken. Miraculously.

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# Many Glacier Hoops In the Summer of '73

By Robert Slater  
(Many Glacier  
1973)

When the referee tossed the ball into the air for the opening tip off, the noise in the tiny gym in

Browning was so loud that I will never forget it. The occasion was the culmination of a summer of basketball for the Many Glacier hoopsters who were facing off against a confident squad from Glacier Park Lodge ("East"). Here's how this basketball game came to be and what happened.

How it all began I cannot say. There was a basketball goal near the upper dorm in the Many Glacier parking lot. I don't recall whether we put the goal up or whether it was there. After a made shot the ball would hit the curb and bounce across the parking lot and down the driveway toward the dam unless someone could capture it first.

A number of us played pickup basketball. We decided it would be a fine thing to form a team and challenge the other lodges. And so off to Mr. Tippet, Many Glacier's lodge manager, we went. Mr. T was an enthusiastic supporter of our basketball team from the outset. He willingly provided bus transportation and time off as needed to take on other lodges.

Some of you may remember that in the 1960s Many Glacier Hotel played Glacier Park Lodge in flag

*When the referee tossed the ball into the air for the opening tip off, the noise in the tiny gym in Browning was so loud that I will never forget it. The occasion was the culmination of a summer of basketball for the Many Glacier hoopsters who were facing off against a confident squad from Glacier Park Lodge ("East").*

football. Now competition between the lodges was returning in the form of basketball. Our roster included the following characters (and apologies in advance to any whom I miss): Mike Anton, Paul Brushwood, Russ Groves, John Harris, R.A. Meyer, George Montgomery, and yours truly. There were several others.

We needed someone to scrimmage before we risked playing a game against another lodge. Our first action was against a team from Babb, on the nearby Blackfeet Reservation. We played in a school gym with a linoleum tile floor.

The Babb team was tough opposition. The person who covered me was playing in high-top work boots. The game was physical. We persevered, departed with mutual respect, and began to gel as a team. (Aside to gentle readers: Many Glacier also sported an undefeated softball team that summer. We played on a rustic diamond in Babb where the entire field was dirt, and the outfield was full of rocks and potholes.)

Next, we needed jerseys. The lovely and talented Bette Miller was up to the task. Some of you may recall her rendition of Elvis's Blue Christmas, which has to be one of the all-time

greatest performances at a Many Glacier Hootenanny. With magic marker in hand and painting on a canvas of blank white V-cut T-shirts, Bette made jerseys for the team that said: "Ian's

All Stars." She included each player's name and number – and the logo of her alma mater, Texas Tech, randomly placed everywhere!

With a scrimmage under our belts and jerseys in hand, we were as ready as we were ever going to be. Our first challenge was issued to Lake McDonald Lodge, which they accepted. The game was played at Lake McDonald on a full-sized, outdoor basketball court with two goals.

The game was refereed by jammers due to their neutrality. We thought we would beat Lake McDonald badly, but we did not. We did win, by 10 points or so if memory serves me correctly. Some of us were convinced that the wind had adversely affected our otherwise deadly outside shooting. But we prevailed and duly reported back to Mr. T that Lake McDonald had been vanquished.

The stage was now set to challenge Glacier Park Lodge. We understood that they too had a basketball goal in their parking lot and had been practicing mightily. The game was a big deal not only for our team but for Mr. Tippet. He let us know that he had made a friendly wager on the outcome of the game with the general manager of Glacier Park Lodge.

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*I had to inform Mr. T that one fellow unfortunately couldn't participate in the game because he was performing in the musical that evening in the St. Moritz Room. Mr. Tippet loved his music, but this answer was not well received. I fear that it was career-limiting for the budding thespian who chose music over the rivalry against East.*

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He contacted the kitchen staff, who provided us with an unexpected steak dinner on the afternoon of the game.

Mr. T held a pregame conference with me to discuss the status of our team's preparedness and in particular who would be playing. I had to inform Mr. T that one fellow unfortunately couldn't participate in the game because he was performing in the musical that evening in the St. Moritz Room. Mr. Tippet loved his music, but this answer was not well received. I fear that it was career-limiting for the budding thespian who chose music over the rivalry against East.

Mr. T ended our discussion by instructing me to call him promptly after the game to report the outcome. Soon afterward, we took a quiet jammer bus ride to Browning, Montana. No longer was this just a basketball game that we wanted to win, but one that we had to win or we would disappoint Mr. T.

The game was played in the gym at the Little Flower Catholic Church. Priests from Little Flower came to Many Glacier every Sunday for Mass in the Lucerne Room. They kindly granted us use of the gym.

Due to the musical, only a very few fans from Many Glacier attended. These included Bette, Ray Kinley

(the elderly gardener), and Dave Armbruster (Mr. T's secretary). Not so for Glacier Park Lodge! Being much closer, they brought several buses loaded with fans to the game.

The gym was a crackerjack box, with about four feet between the sidelines of the court and the concrete wall, with more room on the ends. The East fans filled the area under their basket and the sidelines on their half of the court. They apparently assumed that Many G fans would fill our end and sidelines. But alas . . . our end had no one under the basket and just a few fans on the sideline near our bench. With all but a handful of people rooting for East, the noise reverberating off the walls was deafening as the game began.

Enough prattling on, you exclaim. "What happened in the game?!" Play was intense as both sides were fired up. With jammer referees doing the best they could to control the intensity, everyone on both sides was there to win and playing hard. We quickly built a 10-point lead, even though we weren't shooting particularly well despite the absence of any wind. We maintained that lead throughout the game but couldn't build on it much.

We had a tip-off to start every quarter. On the fourth quarter tip off the opposing center – their "big" man

– either sprained or broke his ankle. By necessity our opponents switched to a smaller, quicker lineup. This proved to be highly effective, especially as we were tiring. Momentum shifted, and it soon became apparent that Glacier Park Lodge would win the game with this new lineup if they had enough time.

We missed more shots than we made, and East seemed to score every time down, so the lead kept dwindling. Finally, it was down to one point. The crowd was going nuts! As our opponents' final attempt clanged off the rim and was secured by a Many G player, the buzzer sounded and the game was over!

Huzzah! The visitors from Many Glacier had won, and all was as it should be in the park. The bears and beavers and chipmunks could sleep soundly. A special moment in my life was having the bus driver pull over before we departed from Browning so that I could insert a dime in a pay phone and inform Mr. T that his "All Stars" had won by one point. Despite his understated manner, it was clear that he was most pleased.

An 8 ½" by 11" photograph was taken of our team. I had one for many years but now I cannot find it. If anyone reading this (perhaps an Ian's All Star) has that team photo I would love to get a copy (bobslater@lookoutabove.com). Love to all who served at Many Glacier or Glacier Park Lodge in 1973. What a great game, and a magical summer!

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*What a great game, and a magical summer!*

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# Glacier Memories of the 1950s

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

Editor's Note: Tessie Bundick, a Glacier Park Foundation director and historian, ardently interviews Glacier employees of bygone eras. Here are the memories of two employees, now in their nineties, who worked in Glacier more than seventy years ago, in 1952 and 1953. Many of their experiences resonate with those of employees today.

**An Unforgettable Summer at Lake McDonald at 1952** (*as related to Tessie Bundick by Carolyn Wacker, daughter of Audrey Pull*).

Audrey Pull was a junior biology/physical education major at St Catherine's University in St Paul, Minnesota, when she received a job notification letter from the Glacier Park Company. The year was 1952.

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*Employees, including the dining room staff, gave generously of their time and talents to help entertain guests at Lake McDonald Lodge, and Audrey, with her musical background was all in on this endeavor.*

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Audrey already had two summers of experience, along with her older sister, working in Yellowstone National Park. Employed as a maid, who cleaned cabins, she avidly hiked and was active in the entertainment programs. One of her more unsavory housekeeping duties was emptying chamber pots every morning.

Nothing like that awaited her in her new position, as she was hired as a seasonal waitress at the charming Lake McDonald Lodge, located on the western side of beautiful, pristine Glacier National Park, nestled in the stunning northern Rocky Mountains of Montana.

The Glacier Park Company managed the hotels and motels of the park for the Great Northern Railway Company of St. Paul. Audrey's father worked as a machinist for the Great Northern in

St. Cloud, Minnesota, so she was able to secure a discount pass for her train transportation to her new employment. Her brother, Dave Pull, was also hired as a dishwasher at Lake McDonald. Dave, by the way, met his future wife, Sigri, another waitress, at the lodge.

When she was not working in the dining room, Audrey, who was tall and athletic, took full advantage of the gorgeous scenery, and hiked and climbed extensively. Years later, she told her children that she had swum across Lake McDonald, followed by a friend in a canoe.

Audrey played the bass fiddle in her high school orchestra and she claimed that this musical activity made her fingers strong so that she could carry the heavy trays when she waitressed. She also enjoyed singing into her adult years, and was involved in several choirs.

Employees, including the dining room staff, gave generously of their time and talents to help entertain guests at Lake McDonald Lodge, and Audrey, with her musical background was all in on this endeavor. One fine example of these presentations was a special show featuring the "Gay Nineties," a community sing with an extensive song roster including "When You Were A Tulip," "Shine On Harvest Moon," and "East Side, West Side." A girls' quartet was part of the line up. There was even a song, complete with original lyrics, set to a familiar tune.

Most of the staff were young college students having the times of their lives, and Audrey was no exception. She reminisced often about her adventures in Glacier Park to her children. Her appreciation of

the beauty of nature was core to taking her family on many fondly remembered camping trips throughout the years. Most recently, her daughter, Carolyn Wacker, took a tour of Glacier and stayed at Lake McDonald Lodge, which had changed very little since Audrey's wonderful summer of 1952.

**The "Trashman's Queen" at East Glacier in 1953** (*as related to Tessie Bundick by Alene Vail Leyden*)

Arlene Vail Leyden was 23 years old in the spring of 1953 and had been teaching at Gall Elementary School in White Bear Lake, Minnesota. It was a challenging year, and Arlene's doctor advised her to apply to work in Glacier National Park. She thought well of this recommendation and travelled down to St. Paul to interview with Mr. Red Keller of the Glacier Park Hotel Company (a subsidiary of the Great Northern Railway). He turned out to be the manager of the Glacier Park Hotel (now Glacier Park Lodge). He hired her to be an assistant clerk (really a secretary) at \$85 a month, plus room and board. Not a large sum, but salary was not important to Arlene at this juncture.

So during the first week of June, she arrived at the Great Northern Depot in St. Paul, dressed in a navy suit and heels to catch the train for Glacier. There were college students on board bound for employment in the Park. She remembers them as being very loud and lots of fun. It seems some of the group knew each other previously.

When she got to East Glacier Park, she recalls one of the first things to strike her was the beautiful landscaping in front of the massive hotel. She was assigned a double room in the inn (instead of the dorm) because she was a bit older than most of the college students. Later on, she was asked to move into a triple room and this is what she did.

She checked in and started work quickly, directly for Red Keller. Her job included taking lots of dictation and sending many letters. She enjoyed her situation very much, but at times she overslept. Mr. Keller was a tolerant boss and never scolded her. She had Sundays off and she ate almost all of her meals in the staff cafeteria, although there was a burger stand in the town that was very close to the hotel, and the employees would sometimes go there to satisfy their cravings for hamburgers, fries and malts.

On days off, Arlene would, with other employees, hitchhike to different inns around the Park, even up to the Prince of Wales Hotel in Canada, enjoying seeing the gorgeous mountain scenery along the way. It seems none of the young employees had a car, so hitching was the way to go. Sometimes they were given a ride by a red jammer bus driver (jammers were the Park's official transportation vehicles).

Once she and a fellow worker were picked up by some students from St. John's University. The guy behind the steering wheel drove at a crazy fast speed and scared the two hitchhikers badly, so that they were very relieved when they were able to disembark, with their bodies intact.

Employees would often stage "powwows" on the grounds of the hotel's golf course. Someone had a guitar. They would sing such ditties as "Gear Jammers Song," "Old Paint," "Foggy Dew," "Take Me Back to Old Montana" and "The Pig Got Up and Slowly Walked Away."

Paying attention to her spiritual side, Arlene would often attend Mass on Sundays at the hotel with other Catholics on the staff or if this did not work out, they would travel to Browning, which was a town that was close by.

In July, R.K.O. Studios filmed a portion of their movie, "Dangerous Mission" in Glacier. It starred Vincent Price, Victor Mature, Piper Laurie and William Bendix. The actors stayed at the Glacier

Park Hotel in East Glacier, and Arlene had an opportunity to meet them. The movie poster claimed the film had an "Avalanche of Action." Another celebrity that visited the Park that summer was Groucho Marx.

Arlene subbed as a waitress in the dining room at the hotel towards the end of the summer and made good tips. The hostess in this eatery was an employee dressed up in an "Indian Princess" costume.

The guys who hauled the trash away from the hotel decided to hold a Trashman's Ball in the hotel's community room in the basement, and to choose a Trashman's Queen to reign over the affair. To win this coveted title, a young woman had to write a letter of love and gratitude to them. The letter deemed the best would garner the monarch's scepter and crown. Arlene did just the opposite. She penned a distainful missive and they liked it so much that she was chosen. She went into the kitchen and got a bur-lap sack that had held produce or sugar, and fashioned a dress for herself. She was given a coffee can for a crown.

Arlene also wrote some scripts for the "talk shows" that the employees staged for their own entertainment. In one of the segments, she impersonated the actress Tallulah Bankhead. These shows were very popular and provided the staff with lots of laughs.

Another distraction was to go a couple of miles down from the hotel to a roadhouse called Dusty's. There they listened to music provided by a band made up of students from St. Thomas College of St. Paul.

Arlene had a wonderful, soul stirring time in Glacier National Park. The months that she spent amongst these astoundingly beautiful mountains and in the company of many fun young people, in a grand old hotel, made a lasting impression on her and gave her lifetime memories that can be resurrected and enjoyed over and over.



*(Photos courtesy of Audrey Pull and Arlene Vail Leyden.)*



*Arlene had a wonderful, soul stirring time in Glacier National Park. The months She spent amongst these beautiful mountains in the company of many fun young people, in a grand old hotel, made a lasting impression on her; . . . lifetime memories that can be resurrected and enjoyed over and over.*

# REUNION NOTICE:

## *Ten Years is too long to wait!*

A Glacier Park Lodge Employee Gathering is scheduled for Tuesday, July 15 through Friday, July 18, 2025. Several attending the 2023 Glacier Park Lodge Employee Reunion asked when the next one would be held. Ten years is too long to wait!

Pursuit Glacier Collection is offering those attending the opportunity to reserve rooms at Glacier Park Lodge now. Reservations for 2025 will open to the public January 3, 2024 and will sell out quickly.

To make your Glacier Park Lodge hotel reservations now, call Pursuit's Central Reservations Office toll-free: 1-844-868-7474. Reservations open Monday through Friday 8:00 a.m. to 5:00 p.m. (Mountain Time). Tell them you are attending the Glacier Park Lodge Employee Gathering 2025. Reservations at Glacier Park Lodge are highly recommended.

Jammers and all those who worked at East are welcome to attend.

And — as a true gathering-of-the-clans — we invite all

Glacier Park concessionaire alums to join us. No matter what lodge, hotel, motor-inn you worked in we all shared the wonderful experience of working in (and around) the Waterton-Glacier International Peace Park. Our Glacier Park Lodge reunions (2013 and 2023) featured terrific programs, a grand buffet banquet, and superb evening entertainments. If you would like to join the fun, please contact John Dobbertin, Jr. at [johndobb@mwt.net](mailto:johndobb@mwt.net).

## 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.

Cynthia Brown

Mona Brown

John and Patricia Case

Rosella Dambowy

John Dobbertin

John and Patty Endicott

Jean Florman

*(in memory of Betty Schneider)*

Mike and Val Ford

Steve Franzen

John Hagen

Jim Knox

*(in memory of Keith Raykowski)*

Susan Krebs

Steve Marquardt

Ann Nelson

Peter Nelson and Mollie Rothwell

Susan Rich

*(in memory of Betty Schneider)*

Judy Robertson

Thomas and JoEllen St. Aubin

*(in memory of Voleta Willford)*

Dean Sayles

*(in honor of Bill and Maria Blunk)*

Mark Schneider

*(in memory of Betty Schneider)*

Jane Simpson and Anne Kuras  
*(in memory of Voleta Willford)*

Rob and Cindy Schobert

Byron and Susan Willford  
*(in memory of Voleta Willford)*

Mark and Elizabeth Willford  
*(in memory of Voleta Willford)*

*[A] Christmas golf cart parade was held, in which different departments decorated carts and drove around the lodge to greet the guests. Santa Claus himself put in an appearance!*



Grant Farquhar, head bellman at Glacier Park Lodge, arrives as Santa Claus to celebrate Christmas in July. aboard the historic Checker van. Santa's beard looked impressively authentic! Grant always sports a full beard, but it was deftly whitened for this occasion. (Pursuit photo.)

## JOIN THE GLACIER PARK FOUNDATION

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

