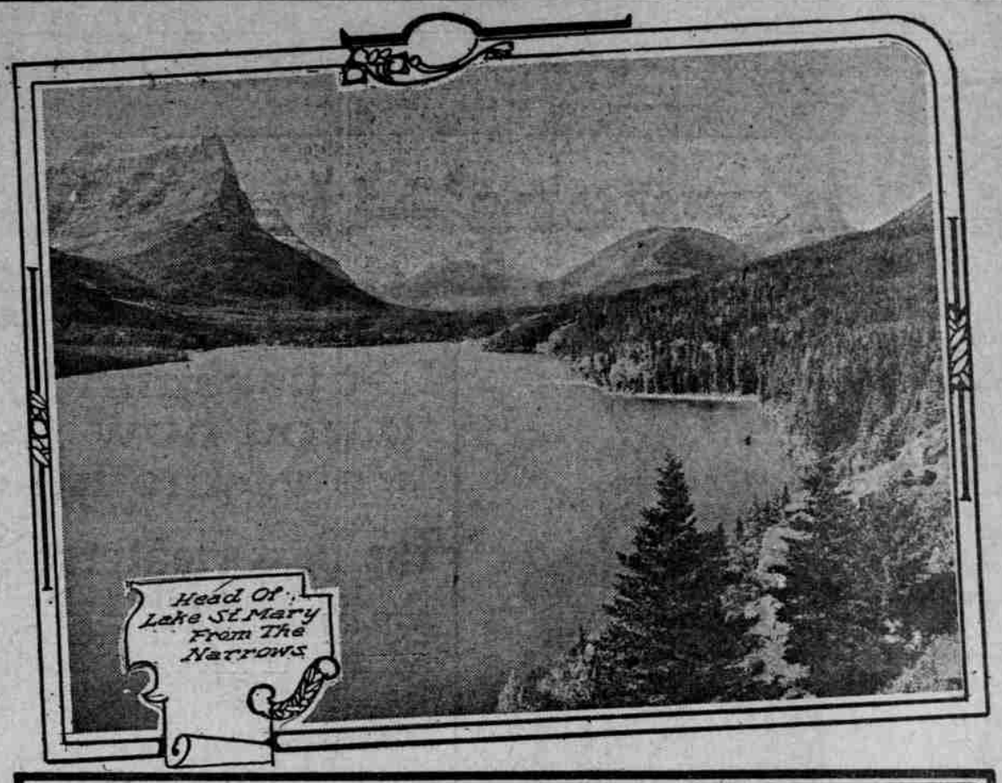
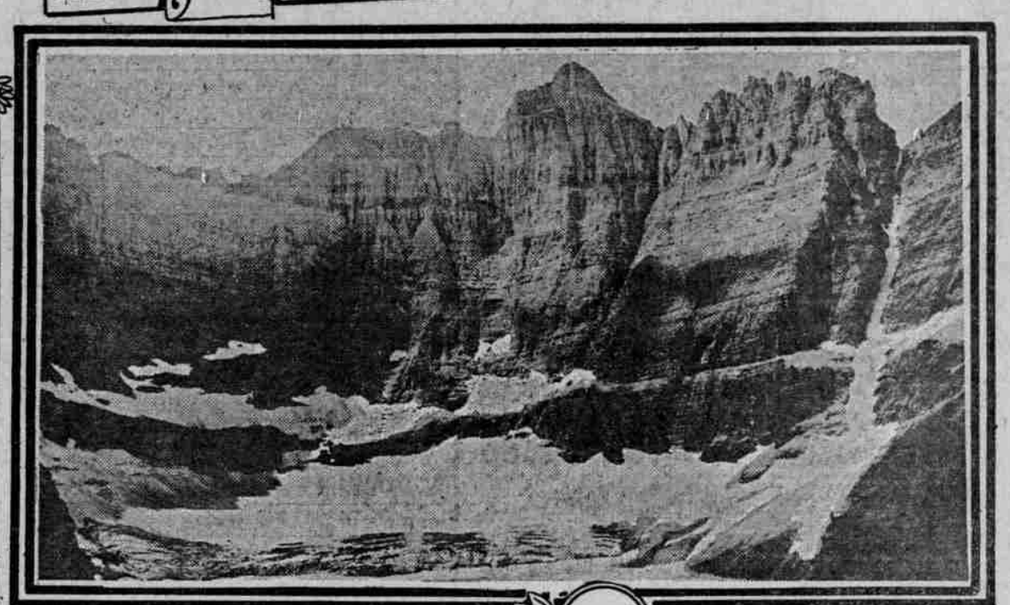
NEWSPAPER MEN OF EAST AND WEST MEET IN THE ROCKIES

Glacier National Park Is Visited by Press Representatives, Who Make Merry and Organize to Promote See-America-First Movement.



Lake McDermott.



Two Medicine Lake.

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Iceberg Lake.

Going to The Sun Mountain Lake St Mary, As Seen From The Narrows.

WHAT NEWSPAPER MEN DID IN GLACIER NATIONAL PARK.

Rode 150 miles on horseback.
Organized Elevated Order of Glacials.
Agreed to promote see-America-first movement.
Issued the McDermott Blizzard.
Held session of court.
Gave a minstrel show and dramatic performance.
Met Indians in pow wow; smoked the pipe of peace, and danced war dances.
Indorsed plan to show American scenery on postage stamps.
Appointed delegates to see-America-first convention to be be held in Chicago.
Sang songs and made merry and feasted upon beautiful scenery.

BY O. C. L.

EAST and West met in Glacier National Park.

Two parties of newspaper men, guests of Louis W. Hill, chairman of the board of directors of the Great Northern Railway, had been journeying separately in the "Nation's playground," wondering "what the other crowd was like." The Western men pictured the Easterners as newspaper men of the Van Bibber type who drawled, smoked cigarettes and sat up all night playing poker and drinking whisky and soda.

The Easterners, maybe, thought of the Westerners as a combination of Dead Eye Dicks who rode horses to death, climbed mountains before breakfast, slept with their boots on and ate with their knives.

Both crowds were agreeably disappointed. We of the West found the East represented by a jolly crowd of alert gentlemen, ready for a good time, with none of the proclivities of the newspaper man of fiction. The East found us—well not too wild and wooly and no more daring than they were on horseback.

Put a spark to gunpowder and you have the result of the meeting of the two parties. The novelty of Eastern men and Western men traveling several thousand miles to meet each other made the event one long to be remembered. The Eastern men were at St. Mary's Lake, a beautiful spot in the heart of the American Rockies. The Western men were riding to meet them. As we passed a village of old log huts, we trotted by a dozen Indian tepees. The Indians rushed out, their dogs barked, tomtoms beat and as our horses jumped up on their toes we heard the cries of welcome from the Eastern party. In the next few minutes of handshaking, we looked each other over. The keen eyes of the Westerners saw no signs of aloofness, no trace of feeling of superiority, but all kinds of neighborliness and good will.

"I say, they're all right," said W. P. Strandborg, of the Evening Telegram, voicing all our thoughts when the Westerners were alone. "They're a fine bunch of fellows and we're going to have the time of our lives."

And we did.

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What we needed was Homer to write an epic of the gathering of our clans, a Boswell to take notes of the flashes of wit, an Innes to paint the scenic wonders that met our eyes. There we were on the top of the world, traveling in the midst of the most beautiful scenery, under the most delightful circumstances. Glacier Park is in Montana, on the main line of the Great Northern, about 1600 square miles in area, and it is in the heart of the Rocky Mountains. Snow peak after snow peak meets your eye, lakes greet you after a long day's ride, castles and battlements carry your mind back to feudal days, glaciers flash their green and white faces at you from the bases of mountains, panorama after panorama enfolds before you to your delight and amazement. We saw the park at its best as we traveled on horseback from lake to lake and camp to camp, for we saw it under all kinds of weather—in the clear bright sunlight, in the soft, cool mist, in the driving sleet and the falling snow, by moonlight and at dusk, before the dawn and at sunrise. And the colors would enchant a painter or enrapture a poet. I am not going to attempt to paint in words the scenes I saw, nor to draw comparisons with other scenic wonders of our own state. Words are futile. Glacier Park is magnificent, unique and inspiring—a place of perpetual surprises.

Traveling through the park by easy stages is done on horseback. A part of the trip may be made by stage or by auto and trips may be arranged to suit the convenience of the tourist. Accommodations are excellent in log chalets, which harmonize charmingly with the landscapes. But to begin at the beginning:

SEPT. 16.—We're off. W. P. Strandborg, J. L. Wallin and I, for Glacier National Park. Strandborg is already worrying about breakfast. He suggests wiring F. W. Graham, of the Great Northern, that a party of nine is on the way and for Graham to have nine Roosevelt breakfasts ready. Just after Strandborg has retired, after being appointed on account of his size, chief of the commissary department, a telegram comes from Graham that breakfast would be served at 9 A. M. in car A 7. Superintendent Bowen's private car, on which we will go to the park. This settles Wallin's and my anxiety, but I know Strandborg must have passed a restless night.

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SEPT. 17.—ON BOARD CAR A 7, EN ROUTE TO GLACIER NATIONAL PARK.—This morning we arrived at Seattle and were met by F. W. Graham, the genial Western Industrial and immigration agent of the Great Northern. Strandborg's alarm about breakfast was further allayed, and we strolled about Seattle getting up an appetite and seeing the breezy Western city, getting underway for a full day's work. Seattle may be quiet, but it looks like a city and we saw plenty of men who looked as if they were carrying full dinner pails and doing hard day's work. Back to the Great Northern depot we boarded car A 7 and there sized up the other members of the party and they looked good to us. Robert H. Mattison, publicity secretary of the Seattle Chamber of Commerce, representing the Seattle Times; A. L. Sommers, editor of "See America First" magazine, of Tacoma; Charles H. Dickson, artist and writer of the Seattle Post-Intelligencer, and W. A. Ross, assistant general passenger agent of the Great Northern. A little later on a substantial, bright faced man joined the party. He turned out to be J. Edward Norcross, managing editor of the Vancouver, B. C., World, and his clothes and slight accent told us he came from across the line. Soon we were seated at breakfast, a marvelous meal prepared by that master of culinary art, Lee Yuen, 65 years young, who watched with delight the keen appetites of his guests. And at this meal all of our anxiety vanished. If anything Bill Strandborg's delight was equalled by Mattison's when waffles were served that melted in our mouths and Pullman car coffee. Mile after mile rolled away and our eyes feasted on the scenery as we listened to the explanatory remarks of our hosts. We began to see the advantages of a personally conducted excursion as we heard of the wonders of the country through which we passed. Wenatchee we reached in the afternoon and as we looked at the beautiful orchards Graham told us of owners of ten acre tracts who ran their own automobiles and wintered in California.

Norcross was bubbling over with interest as we rolled off mile after mile of road, well ballasted and neat as a diligent housewife's kitchen.

"It's a bloomin' tidy road, don't you know," he exclaimed.

It was so pat that we all adopted it as a slogan to describe the Great Northern roadbed.

Like all Anglo-Saxons, the first thing we did was to organize, and we did so by choosing Norcross chairman. We had a hazy idea of forming a Glacier Park Newspaper Men's Association, but this idea was soon changed to forming an order to be called "The Glacials."

As we neared Spokane we were joined by S. H. Brown, chief dispatcher of the Spokane division, with whom we spent a pleasant evening listening to railroad stories and getting an insight into railroading. At Spokane we were joined by H. R. Chapin, art editor of the Spokesman Review, whom we found to be a likeable chap, bearded like the pard, but bright as they make them. It was Chapin who added a realistic touch to the order of Glacials by addressing the "Duke of Vancouver," as Norcross had grown to be called, as "Lord High Avalanche." The title stuck.

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GLACIER PARK, Montana, Sept. 18.—As the wind blew and sleet falls, the Duke and I are lodged in our tent after an eventful day, and we are looking ahead to our tomorrow's ride into the park. We are snug as can be, and those big, thick blankets look good to us as we listen to the moan of a freezing wind. We arrived here at noon and met a jolly crowd of fellows—H. A. Noble, general passenger agent, and Hoke Smith, publicity man of the Great Northern; A. G. Burgoyne, of the Pittsburg Gazette-Times, and Frederick C. Barber, city editor of the New York Press. They constituted the rear guard of the Eastern newspaper party. They were all dressed like Arctic explorers, and they looked more wild and wooly than any member of the Western party. It wasn't long before we were rigged out at the commissary in heavy mackinaws, slickers and big heavy boots. We all looked like Michigan loggers. The Order of Glacials was in full sway and we soon had initiated Noble, Hoke Smith and Burgoyne. The latter was suffering from an attack of lumbago, and was in severe pain, but he bore it like the good old scout he is. A frolic of song on the Easterners' car, and then a walk in the night to our tents.

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TWO MEDICINE CAMP, Sept. 19.—This has been a day of days, beginning early this morning when the Duke awoke with his face in a snowdrift (the snow had sifted in through a window in the tent), to tonight when we have just looked out of our snug log chalet at Rising Wolf Mountain towering over Two Medicine Lake in the moonlight. Breakfast over, we all had an anxious moment. Riding full tilt we saw two cowboys driving a bunch of wild horses toward us. Rippity-snort they came. These were the beasts we were to ride into the Park.

I watched the members of our party sidle up to the guide and ask for mild-mannered, smooth-tempered, broken-to-the-saddle animals that would eat out of their hands. No sooner said than done.

Fred Graham and I were left to the last.

Not from bravado we called out: "Give us two bucking broncs with fire in their eyes and their ears turned back." We knew if there were any bad horses left we were stung anyway.

I drew a fine little horse that answered to the name of Mike, who was true blue; not too gay, nor did he have all the glamor of youth worn off.

Graham's horse was the slowest in the bunch. All he would do was walk. For that we named him Bucephalus. I always will have a picture of Graham bringing up the rear, trying to urge his horse into a trot.

Much as we dreaded the hardships of the hurricane decks of mountain cayuses, we reveled in the glories of the scenery, the crisp mountain air and the bright, gay Autumn coloring of the foliage.

Today the versifiers got into action. Sommers, of Tacoma, warbled this one to the tune of "Love Me and the World Is Mine":

Of all the great parks of our time,
Glacier National surely is sublime!
So give me Glacier National!
That Park! And the world is mine!

And to the tune of "Sailing, Sailing, Over the Deep Blue Sea," I heard Chapin's tenor carolling:

Humping! Bumping! Over the scenic trail!
Up and down, and down and up
On a Mountain Cayuse rail!
Hacking! whacking! with legs and body sore,
And many a story tall we'll tell
When we reach home once more!

Here's another one that enlivened the trail:

Cheer! cheer! we're all here!
In Glacier Park! in Glacier Park!
Cheer! cheer! we're all here!
In Glacier Park now!

As we neared the reclamation dam on Two Medicine River, Graham and I saw a strange sight. The Duke dashed up full speed ahead toward an Indian village. He looked like a knight of old on a fiery steed, and we had visions of him making a foray upon the village, seizing an Indian maiden and riding boldly away. As he neared the village the Indian dogs ran out barking, the Indian women yelled, the men ran out, and the Duke's horse kept on going. We learned later that one of the party had laid the whip on the Duke's steed and created the diversion. Twelve miles passed only too soon for us, but not for Graham's horse, and by 1 o'clock we were at Two Medicine Camp, ready for a steaming hot dinner and repose in our comfortable log chalets. In the afternoon we rowed on the lake, several miles long, mountains rising on every side, and casting their reflections in the emerald blue. It all seems like a dream staged by a master. Some minute when I open my eyes wide I expect to see the curtain fall and the vision fade away.

CUT BANK CAMP, Friday, Sept. 20.—Bruised, but defiant, we refuse to eat off the mantle-piece. The wonder of it all is that we got here—18 miles of riding over steep mountain trails was our joy today, but the wizardry of the scenery sustained us when knees developed cricks and muscles that were unknown commenced to send out signals of distress. But this keen mountain air gives us all, fat and lean, new strength, and we went into battle determined to do or die. Already we are getting acquainted with our horses. Up and up, and then some more we climbed over divides and across mountain brooks. Some places so steep we walked up hill and down, but always, no matter where we glanced, vistas challenged the artists to pull out their notebooks. Dickson, of the P.-I., who is a neat little phrase-maker, called the scenes "the poetry of perspective."

A few miles out of Two Medicine Camp, we turned out of the trail to see "Trick Falls," one of the strangest freaks I ever saw. Out of a solid wall of rock gushes a large waterfall, as if it were the very rock indeed that Moses smote in the olden days.

Away we go over "Old Whisky Trail," over which formerly flowed the firewater which was smuggled to the Indians, over ridges, through pine timber, and finally arrive at Cut Bank Camp, overlooking Cut Bank Creek. We met some old friends today, the hotel men who were on their way out: Seattle—J. C. Marmaduke, Washington Hotel; W. G. King, Hotel Butler; James H. Davis, Washington Annex; Al D. Short, Seattle Hotel; Charles Perry, Rainier-Grand Hotel, and William G. Potts, Hotel Arlington. Tacoma—Benjamin Norman, Hotel Tacoma. Spokane—W. S. Norman, Spokane Hotel. Portland—N. K. Clarke, Portland Hotel. The party was in charge of M. J. Costello, assistant traffic manager of the Great Northern. They had just had lunch, but they treated us to trout and ham and coffee that were delicious. After lunch they all lay in the grass and rested. I heard Patsy Clarke say to Strandborg: "Bill, I am ashamed to look my horse in the face after carrying my 215 pounds all day."

Cut Bank Camp is another gem, the mountains, peaks rising on three sides and a fine stream running by. The Great Northern has built here four pretty log chalets and here we are eating and making merry over a good dinner and sitting before big blazing log fireplaces, forgetting bumps and bruises of our day's ride in the joys of rest amid good fellowship. It is almost too good to be true.

ST. MARY CAMP, Saturday, Sept. 21.—Before we left Cut Bank camp this morning Norcross conceived the idea of sending some fake news bulletins to the Eastern newspaper men at St. Mary's. We phoned them there as "Great Northern" bulletins purporting to come by telegraph to the railroad station. They told of Roosevelt's retirement from the Presidential race. Of a brush between British and German torpedoboat destroyers in the North Sea, and of a mysterious disaster at Panama. Today's ride has been the most enjoyable. We seem to be getting in harmony with our horses and the 22-mile ride had no terrors for us. With the thoughts of meeting the Eastern newspaper men at St. Mary, we pushed ahead at a lively rate, still amid scenes of splendor.

Shortly after 4 o'clock into St. Mary's we rode. We had planned to gallop in style but Bill Strandborg's horse was carrying weight for age and we straggled into the Indian camp where we met the Eastern men and got a royal welcome.

Then things commenced to pop. In five minutes we had taken possession of the Eastern headquarters, and the Order of Glacials was initiating the Eastern candidates. They were a game bunch. No sooner was one man initiated than he entered into the spirit of the ritual and helped initiate his fellows. It was a scream. No rough work but keen cross-examination and bright, witty answers.

That night came the Indian pow wow and we met the Indian chiefs—John Whitecalf and Jim Whitecalf, sons of the Great Blackfoot chief, Whitecalf, and also Chief Fred Bigtop, handsome, stalwart men, clad in full regalia, Big Moon, the medicine man, and all their braves and squaws. It was a session of solemnity. We sat with the Indians, smoked their pipe of peace, listened to their songs and watched their war dances. In a ceremony that was impressive Norcross and I were initiated into the medicine lodge of the Blackfeet. Kneeling on an Indian blanket we watched Big Moon make medicine, call out his prayers, mark us with a burning stick, finally shoving us off the rug, telling us "we had lost our old names." Norcross was then christened "Deep Lake," while I received the cognomen "Bear Shirt." The latter, they say, is considered a very good name because a bear shirt, with the furry side inside, is a very precious possession among the Indians, especially in the Winter.

Then the Indians danced, and finally we all were invited to learn the Indian war dances. Maybe that isn't hard work to dance all night after riding all day. But we danced and sang with spirit. Then the squaws danced and chose their partners from the white men. To show that we were some dancers ourselves the white men danced the grizzly bear, which made a hit with the Indians and they soon learned it. Finally as a climax, Chapin, of the Spokesman-Review, did his Russian jig—a very difficult dance. Much to our surprise an Indian picked it up immediately, and the two had a dancing contest that pleased the Indians immensely. It was a big night.

Our war bulletins, we found, had been charged up against poor Burgoyne as fakes by the other Eastern men. He had obligingly copied them off for the camp manager.

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LAKE M'DERMOTT, Sept. 22.—Up bright and early I heard Barber's baritone a-calling to the air of "Fiddle-up":

Saddle-up! Saddle-up!
Hit the trail again!
Time to strike it!
Make believe you like it!
Dog-gone! But you better begin!
Bobbing up and down
Upon your old pigskin!

Hurry up! Hurry up!
Buck the gale again!
Ford the rivers!
Climb the hills with shivers!
Sad-Sad-Sad-Sad-
Saddle for the straddle
On your "See America First" pigskin!

We now have a large cavalcade, for the Eastern and Western parties have merged. And we have a new revelation, the keen zest of the Easterners in the wonders of Glacier National Park. "A trip of perpetual surprises" Barber called it.

Another day of magnificent panoramas. We are up in the real mountains now. On the knoll, Barber's knoll, we christened it, about 6500 feet high, we counted 45 snow peaks in a circle of 250 miles—every one imposing with a grandeur all its own.

About 4 o'clock in the afternoon we rode into a snowstorm, and soon we got a glimpse of the park in its Wintry garb. Another hour brought us into Lake McDermott camp by the side of Lake McDermott, with the log chalets nestling on the sides of a hill overlooking the series of beautiful falls that pour from the lake. This, like every other camp we have visited, we pronounced the most beautiful of all. We did not even feel tired after our 22-mile ride.

Tonight after dinner the Glacials were soon in full swing again, and by

(Concluded on Page 12)