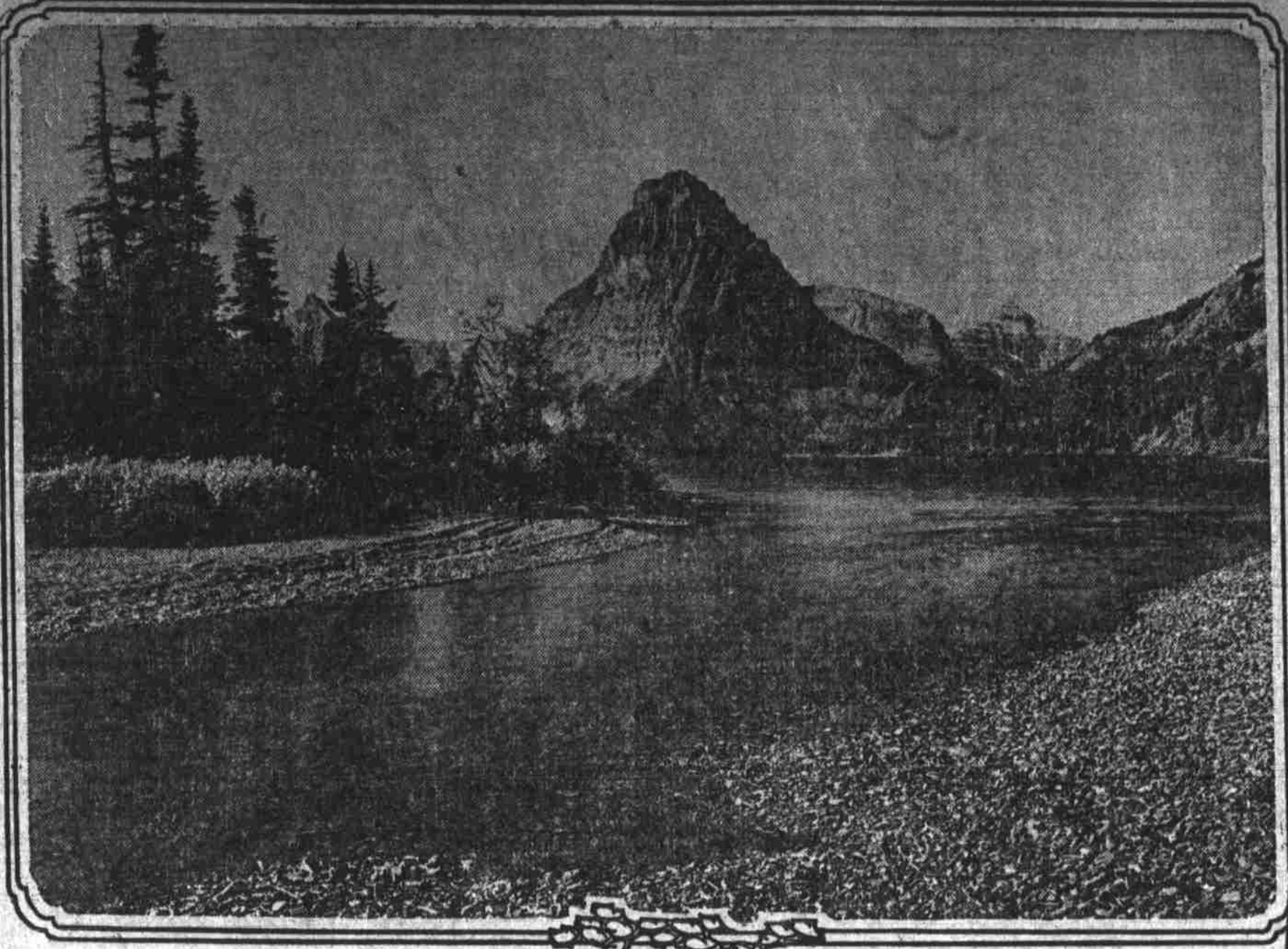
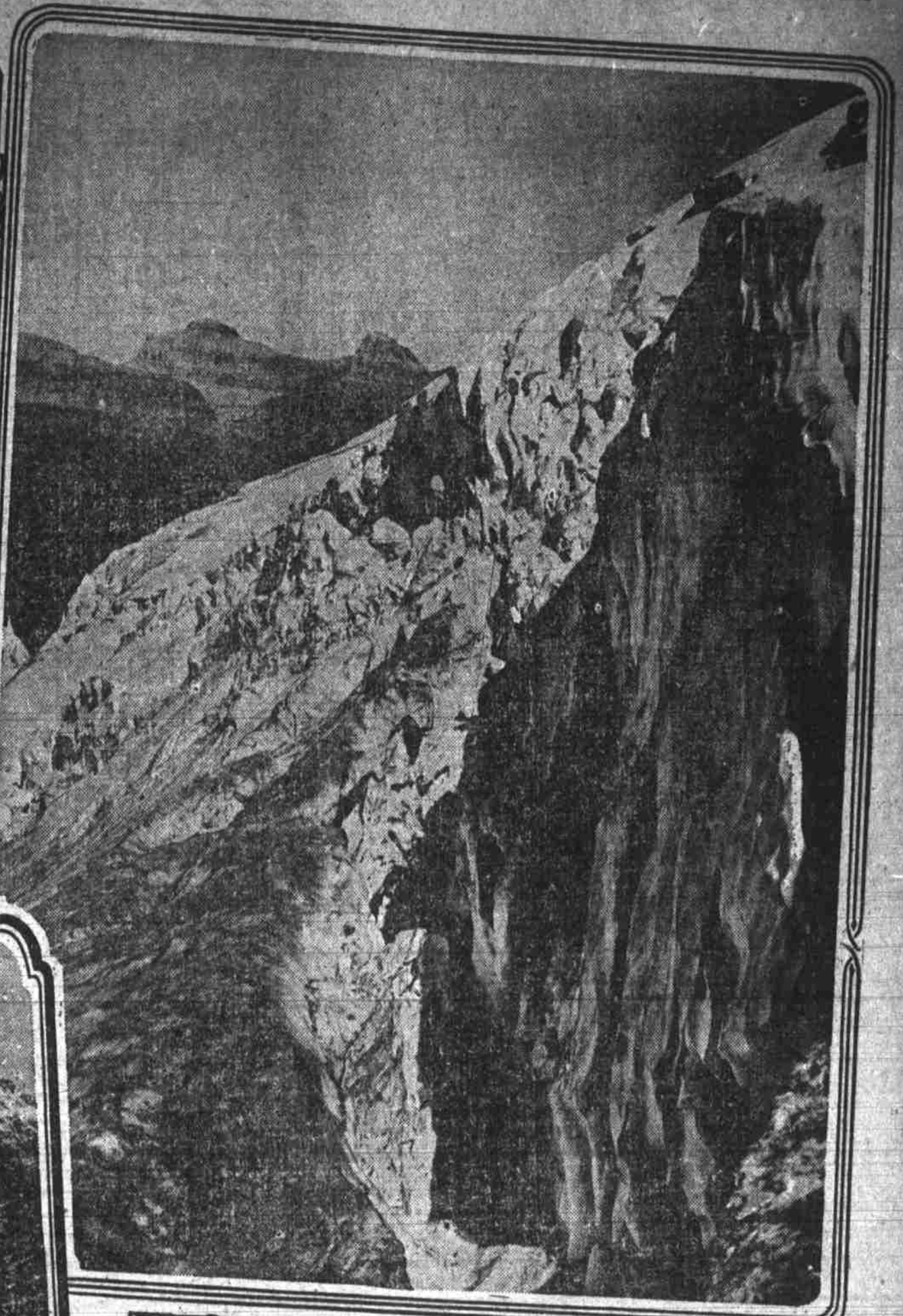


THE GLACIALS IN GLACIER NATIONAL PARK



TWO MEDICINE LAKE



BLACKFOOT GLACIER

How This Scenic Wonderland Is Discovered By Visiting Newspapermen Who, in Turn, Discover Themselves

Written for The Journal By J. L. Wallin.

"Glide! Glide! Glide! Along the Great Divide! Slide! Slide! Slide! Along the mountain side! Slip! Slip! Slip! There's a hot time every trip When the Glacials do their Glide! Slide! Slip!"

THIS is one of several songs of the Elevated Order of Glacials. To fully appreciate this spontaneous outburst of sentiment to the tune "A Hot Time" one should cling to the back of a wall-eyed Indian cayuse carefully and cautiously feeling its way down the perpendicular mountain-trail over slippery logs and mossy crags in Glacier National park.

It was under such circumstances that a party of eastern and western newspaper men recently explored Glacier park as guests of L. W. Hill, chairman of the Great Northern railway, and "Guardian of the Glacials" as now known to the members of the order of which he was made honorary member as were also James and John Whitecalf, Fred Big Top, Big Moon, medicine man and other braves of the Blackfoot Indian tribe who live lives of ease raising horses on the adjoining reservation in Montana.

The trip was a vacation and a revelation, for the trail leads far from civilization into a most magnificent wilderness that knows no newspapers, no mail, no telegraphic reports and no telephone messages unless absolutely imperative.

Leaving Midvale on the Great Northern at the southeastern corner of the park for the first camp at Two Medicine lake it was with the understanding that all means of communication with the outside were destroyed. So filled with anticipation, we boarded our respective ponies.

Midvale is but a short distance from the summit of the Rockies, with an elevation of more than 5000 feet. The warm and pleasant weather of Wenatchee valley which we had enjoyed for the 24 hours previous, was exchanged for a crisp, cool breeze that seems to blow up every evening in the mountain region.

The eastern newspapermen had left Midvale that afternoon for the park, the program being for the westerners to join them at St. Mary's a couple of days later where there would be a big pow wow.

At Midvale, sometimes referred to as Glacier station, the Great Northern is now completing its elaborate hotel, after plans of Portland's famous forestry building, and it is said to be the finest and most magnificent rustic hotel in the world. Many of the huge log pillars were brought from Oregon. The structure will reflect great credit upon Portland, for invariably the questioner is told that its general exterior is a replica of the Portland building.

A smaller hotel, but equally modern in every respect, an annex to the main structure, will serve during the opening and closing days of the season, when the tourist travel is lightest. During the present season, which closes this week, tourists were accommodated with heavy canvas tents at Midvale, and it was in these that our party spent the first night after leaving the cars.

Evening turned cold with a blinding snow storm in full sweep before midnight. This started the coyotes and they serenaded us most of the night. Their music reminded the voice of an autumn gale whistling through a network of loosely strung telephone wires.

Our first real sensation was experienced the following morning, after we had broken through the ice in the wash basin, breakfasted in the temporary



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dining room and selected our saddle ponies. Jim Selvaige, guide, and the half-blood, Donald Monroe, in charge of the pack animals, found themselves short a pony and to fill out introduced a three-year-old, fresh from the range, that never had felt the bit. Donald, with his reputation for breaking broncos, would not mount him and as none of the tenderfeet volunteered to do so, he was booked to convey the baggage. With much difficulty the pack was placed. Then with a snort the animal broke away and struck out over the prairie, Selvaige and Monroe in pursuit on the swiftest of the herd. The chase ended when the wild packhorse plunged into a barbed wire fence and collapsed. All hands thought he had been killed, but fortunately he escaped without a scratch.

Thrill number two occurred a few miles out from Midvale after we had forded some streams when J. E. Norcross, the only member with us from Vancouver, across the line, tried the British method of steering a Montana mount. It worked contrary to his wishes and before he could prevent it the milk-white steed bore him over a mass of broken down wagons and other junk into the midst of a cluster of tepees to the left of the road. The sudden and unexpected attack and invasion aroused the slumbering Indian dogs and astonished the stoic squaws and frightened the children. But for the instinct of the horse to quickly retreat Norcross would probably have been eaten alive by the dogs which leaped high on the horse and snapped at the rider's heavy boots.

The bravery displayed on this occasion ultimately led to his selection as Lord High Anvilane of the Glacials which position he filled admirably during the entire trip.

We covered the 18 miles to Two Medicine lake in five hours where the jingle of the triangle in front of the dining hall chalet sounded good. After the trip on horseback, it was a painful moment when all sat down before that bountiful spread but no one whispered a word, even "Big Bill," the beef trust of his feelings.

This was our first introduction to the entrancing scenic beauties of the park and the chalets that have been built by the railroad company for the comfort of travelers. The chalets are ideal, being built of pine logs, with low broad-eyes

and huge fireplaces of vari-colored stones.

The accompanying pictures must suffice for a description of the panorama that spread before us. But striking as they are they fail to give the rich, wonderful and weird coloring that will make this park a mecca for artists. It was this sublime coloring that caused the two artists in our party, when summoned for the third time from their easels, to dinner to exclaim, "Oh boys, never mind dinner, this is fun," with a big accent on "fun."

The next morning we were off for Cut Bank camp. The trail led over the hills, a 1500-foot climb at one point, into the snow line where dwarf firs, poplar and birches wage a constant battle with the winds. Here the bunch grass grows luxuriantly and our horses willingly made the climb if allowed to browse along the trail. To Cut Bank the trail leads over the Milk river valley and there, seated by the side of the stream, we met the hotelmen's party from the northwest. They were on their way out from St. Mary's to Midvale, a ride of 32 miles, and they had made half the distance by horse. The rest of the trip was taken in two automobiles over a road in building which the railroad has expended some \$60,000.

We made Cut Bank one day and next St. Mary's, the largest of the camps within the park proper. There we joined the easterners for the balance of the trip and the reception was spectacular for they had enlisted a half hundred Indians in war attire to help them whoop it up. We reached camp over the old famous Whiskey Trail, where all kinds of strange animals, Indian legends tell, are supposed to hide. We saw the boulders that mark the last resting place of "Old Bill" Smith, a character of smuggling days when the trail was the main highway between the states and Canada. Artist "Dick," always bubbling over with sentiment, exclaimed "Happy Bill Smith!"

The big Indian powwow that evening toward which we had looked with the keenest of interest came up to every expectation. Big Chief Whitecalf spoke of the great spirits and the glorious history of the tribe and others, Fred Big Top, and Big Moon, who made the weather, delivered addresses. Clark Lester of Portland spoke for the westerners and in true western style, J. E. Norcross of Vancouver, B. C., represented the country north of us. Charles E. Howe bore a message from Washington, D. C., and J. C. Barber and Dr. James spoke for the Atlantic coast. Interpreter George Star did nobly until one of the speakers referred to the "great" something or other when George became impatient and told him "to cut out the jaw breakers and use plain language. If you mean 'big,' say so, don't say 'great.' I can't translate that."

The dancing was animated and lasted till midnight. At first only the chiefs participated, but eventually each and every one of the party kept time to the rhythmic beat on the tom toms.

Then the newspaper men had to give a dance of their own and as there were no instruments on which to produce the music it became necessary to have two of the members beat time on the tom toms. This was disastrous for one was the medicine drum and in beating out a rag time the performer accidentally produced the very vibrations that call for a storm. The storm came the following afternoon, overtaking the party enroute to Camp McDermott, still farther up in the mountains. One of the Indians who joined the party that day, confided how it happened.

"You see," he explained, "that fellow was beating the medicine drum and by the way he beat it I knew it would bring the storm and snow."

"With a foot of snow on the ground and a Christmas atmosphere, it was deemed best to spend a day in camp at McDermott. There the happy thought of getting out a newspaper without type and presses was conceived. The tale of this is told by A. G. Burgoyne in the following lines:

BIRTH OF THE BLIZZARD.
"Come listen all ye people,
While the story I relate.
Of a journalistic stunt, I'll tell ye true,
How the new McDermott Blizzard, up to snuff and up to date,
Was born and bred within an hour or two."

A bunch of boys from east and west, The very brightest and the best, That ever rustled copy night and day, Met up in Glacier park and got To work, and in that classic spot Got out the sheet without a cent of pay!

"With a bearing duly insolent, One Barber took the management, And Mattison the city desk held down. They cursed and fought about the news And then went out to take a booze. A system used in every decent town, Bill Ross was added to the staff To monkey with the telegraph, And Sommers to the drama was assigned."

And as each man got on the job, Says Barber with a husky sob, I see we'll simply have to go it blind!"

"McLellan took the writing Of the editorial guff, And sports were gamely done by Dr. James."

The social slush was Letter's. And he turned out classy stuff Concerning Glacials' noble squires and dames. Burgoyne and Mallory, those two— As copy readers always do— Read copy in a feeble-minded way. Genung became the makeup man; The Art department also ran. With "Dick and 'Chafe' a-sogering for pay."

"The special work of Howe and Kihm And Gortatowsky was a crime. And Wallin in the post's corner sat, Along with Coldburn. Nothing worse is known of in the line of verse Than what this pair of Pennycuins begat. What Graham did, and Birchall, too, And Wilson's Dawson interview, Sufficed to stand the office on its head. When there was need or coin to spend, Swore up and down he didn't have a red!

"Bill Strandberg was the office boy, A sort of vallet kid. That bonned the boys and seemed to own the shop. Upstairs was Foreman Norcross, And the saints above forbid That a hint of how he swore, should be let drop. Big ads that came like saving grace

Pushed local scareheads out of place. Sweet Alice kept stenogging all the time! Instead of going all to smash, And ending in a hopeless crash, The finish proved successfully sublime."

"The copy all was handed in, The presses with a fearful din, Cut loose (somebody worked 'em, with his feet!)

Five little minutes did the trick. An extra on the double quick. Cut loose (somebody worked 'em, with his feet!)

Ah, that was one triumphal sweep, McDermott's bears and goats and sheep And wimpuses joined in a big hooray! They have a family paper now. Worth taking home and that is how McDermott's Blizzard saw the light of day!"

From McDermott side trips were made to Cracker lake, Iceberg, and a point near Grinnell glacier, and then back to St. Mary's and Midvale. Gunsight pass, the most dangerous climb of all, was dropped from the itinerary because of reports of seven feet of snow up there. At St. Mary's an impromptu minstrel show was put on with great success, as was the publication of the newspaper. From St. Mary's we proceeded to Midvale by horse, thence by trail to Belton at the western end of the park, two miles into the park by horse, and a launch ride on Lake McDonald to Sperry

camp. Thence we returned to Belton and the trip ended with a touching farewell.

Members of the party included: A. G. Burgoyne and J. T. Hudson, Pittsburgh; Archibald McLellan and J. Arthur Coburn, Boston, Mass.; F. T. Birchall, F. C. Barber, F. A. Mallory and Edward F. Allen, New York; Harry Wilson and A. S. Genung, Philadelphia; B. B. James, Baltimore; Charles E. Howe, Washington; J. D. Gortatowsky, Atlanta; F. Kihm, Brooklyn; J. E. Norcross, Vancouver, B. C.; O. C. Lester, William P. Strandberg and J. L. Wallin, Portland; R. H. Mattison and C. H. Dickson, Seattle; A. L. Somers, Tacoma; H. R. Chapin, Spokane.

The railroad men elected members of the Glacials, the purpose of which is to promote the "See America" propaganda, are: L. W. Hill, chairman of the Great Northern; A. H. Hogeland, chief engineer; J. A. Noble, general passenger agent; O. W. Bowen, resident engineer at Spokane; W. A. Ross, assistant general passenger agent; F. W. Graham, western industrial and immigration agent; Howe Smith, Robert Mills and L. A. Brown, of the Seattle, Astoria, and Clifton routes; C. C. Morrison, traveling passenger and immigration agent, and F. M. Culbert, superintendent of Glacier Park.