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University of Montana
GRINNELL'S GLACIER

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Chairman, Board of Examiners
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The history of the creation of Glacier National Park has been flawed by myth and misconception, in part due to the self-effacing personality of George Bird Grinnell. A more accurate picture can be uncovered by using Grinnell's file of approximately 31,000 personal letters, his diaries and journals, the weekly sporting journal *Forest and Stream* and other primary materials.

Grinnell, the editor of *Forest and Stream*, first heard of the St. Mary's Lake region in 1885 and went there to hunt. Fascinated by the rugged, unexplored country, he returned many times, abandoning hunting to explore the area, mapping and naming many geographic features and informing his readers of the beauty of the place in the pages of his magazine.

During earlier visits to the West, Grinnell witnessed the wholesale destruction of game animals and changes in Native American culture, stimulating interests that led him to become one of America's first conservationists and a leading Indian ethnologist. He founded the Audubon Society in 1886 and, with Theodore Roosevelt, organized the Boone and Crockett Club in 1887. From 1882 until the passage of the Lacey Act in 1894, he led a crusade to protect Yellowstone National Park from private exploitation.

In 1891, Grinnell first envisioned the preservation of the St. Mary's Lake region as a national park but discoveries of copper, silver and oil delayed his plans. In the meantime, he served on a commission that led to the purchase of the area from the Blackfeet Indians yet protected the tribe's interests. When the prospecting excitement subsided, he used his influence with important Montanans, members of the Boone and Crockett Club and the pages of *Forest and Stream* to secure the introduction of legislation to create the national park. Continued persuasion and pressure from him resulted in the ultimate passage of the bill.

Although Louis Hill and the Great Northern Railroad have been given credit for the creation of Glacier National Park, no evidence supports this view. Grinnell, because of his humility, has not received recognition as the Father of Glacier National Park.
LIST OF ABBREVIATIONS

CAS Connecticut Audubon Society
F&S Forest and Stream Magazine
FEM Francois E. Matthes
GBG George Bird Grinnell
GHG George H. Gould
GNRR Great Northern Railroad Collection
JBM J. B. "Jack" Monroe
LHN Luther H. "Lute" North
R Microfilm Reel Number
SWM Southwest Museum
THC Thomas H. Carter
To my Mother and Father for giving me an interest in history.

To my Wife for encouraging my curiosity.

To my Professor for teaching me the ways.
"The steps which led to the establishment of the Glacier National Park have already been forgotten by most people. That, after all, is not important. The great thing is that this beautiful region has been saved for the public..."

George Bird Grinnell, 1914 ¹
GRINNELL'S GLACIER

I

The Last Visit

George Bird Grinnell and his wife, Elizabeth, arrived at Many Glacier Hotel on July 11, 1926, "unheralded and unannounced." Also unrecognized, they were "given a noisy room by the boys acting as room clerks." 2

Morton J. Elrod, a professor of Biology at the University of Montana who spent his summers employed as the Glacier National Park Naturalist, discovered Grinnell in the lobby the following morning. The two men talked together until late in the evening. Grinnell learned of Elrod's little museum of labeled flowers and "a lot of named rocks," supplemented by photographs that illustrated Park geology. Elrod found that the visitor was anxious to travel to "his glacier" once more, having last ridden there with his wife three years before. Though Grinnell feared his age of seventy-six would prevent him from making the climb, he accepted Elrod's offer to accompany him. ³
The next day, July 13, Grinnell rode up under "his mountain" along the north side of Lake Josephine and observed that the glacier was melting very fast. "All these glaciers are receding rapidly and after a time will disappear," he predicted. When Grinnell returned to the hotel, Elrod, who had been at East Glacier to meet a party of geologists from Princeton University, proposed that they go to the glacier the next day. In typical self-effacement, Grinnell wondered in his diary, "Much talk about going there in my company. Why?"

A small party volunteered to accompany the two men. Elizabeth felt ill as she often did when accompanying her husband in the mountains and did not make the trip. They started for the glacier at about eleven o'clock the next day and traveled the first six or seven miles on horseback. The first part of the ride passed through the woods to Grinnell Lake, then crossed a ford on the old Kootenay Indian trail at the head of Lake Josephine. From there, a series of steep switchbacks, constructed before by copper prospectors, led up the great red cliffs of the east face of Grinnell Mountain. On a rocky shelf, a new trail turned off to the west. After about a half mile of level open travel, the party reached a small rushing stream, its cold water cascading down from several snowbanks above as it leaped down the cliffs to turquoise Grinnell Lake far below. A narrow trail due to protruding rock ledges made the remaining two miles impassable for horses and had to be
completed on foot. 5

The party stopped for lunch beside a small stream in a tiny valley bordered by the last grove of stunted Sub-Alpine Fir. Across the stream, the rubble of the lateral moraine rose abruptly on the north side of the glacier. Refreshed, they climbed over the moraine and up onto the ice of the glacier, the surface "covered with slush and running water." Elrod asked Hans Riess, a Swiss guide who had just conducted a party of twenty over the glacier, to accompany them and he roped them together, "all except Elrod." As they wandered over the ice, Grinnell noted great changes in the glacier since he had first visited it in 1887, thirty-nine years before. Then ice had extended over 100 feet higher to the top of the northern lateral moraine and against the face of the mountain to the top of the Garden Wall, while below it reached almost to the edge of the ledge where, on the ice, Grinnell had killed a huge ram sheep. Even the ice caves where he and Elizabeth had been photographed three years before had disappeared. 6

Their exploration completed, the party climbed down the moraine to the trail. "Leg weary," Grinnell fell twice. "Everyone was sympathetic about my progress..." He felt stronger after a rest of half an hour and some coffee, mounted his horse and "trotted all the way back," reaching the hotel about nine in the evening. 7

Earlier, while standing on "his glacier," looking east over the valley of the Swift Current, he could see Appekunny
Mountain standing out behind the bulk of Mt. Henkle, and
Allen Mountain guarding the other valley flank to the south.
To his right stood massive Mt. Gould and its shoulder, Mt.
Monroe. On his left, Mt. Wilbur and Grinnell, "my mountain,"
filled his view. He must have thought of them, as he often
did--those who had shared the out-of-doors life with him:

"...I see pass before me, as in a vision, the
forms and faces of grave, silent men, whom once I called
my friends.
"They have fired their last shot, they have kindled
their last camp-fire, they have gone over the Range,
crossed the great Divide. 'There were giants in those
days,' and of that heroic race how few are left alive!
Lingering illness, the storms of winter, the pistol ball
of the white man, the rifle shot of the savage, have
sadly thinned their ranks. And none have risen, nor can
arise, to fill places left vacant. The conditions which
made these men what they were no longer exist."
Endnotes, I

1 George Bird Grinnell Collection, formerly at the Birdcraft Museum, Connecticut Audubon Society, Fairfield, Connecticut, and now at Yale University, New Haven. The collection consists of 38 Letter Books containing letter copies of outgoing correspondence from August 2, 1886 to October 17, 1929. Each book contains one thousand pages, the total representing about 31,000 letters. In addition, the collection includes about one thousand incoming letters from a variety of correspondents and other miscellanea. The collection is held at the Mansfield Library, University of Montana, Missoula, on thirty-six reels of microfilm. This citation is on Reel 18, George Bird Grinnell to W. R. Mills, Advertising Agent, Great Northern Railroad, February 19, 1914, cited hereafter as R (reel) number, CAS, Correspondent (GBG) to Recipient, date.

2 Morton J. Elrod Papers, K. Ross Toole Archives, Mansfield Library, University of Montana, Missoula, Box 7, File 14, "George Bird Grinnell," 53. Hereafter cited as Elrod, Box, File number, Title, page. Grinnell Collection, Southwest Museum, Los Angeles, California. This collection contains a diverse set of materials including many letters to Grinnell, notes and manuscripts by Grinnell and others, newspaper clippings and most of Grinnell's diaries and field journals from 1870 to 1926. The collection is held on eight reels of microfilm at the Mansfield Library, University of Montana, Missoula. Reel 3, Item # 358, Diary of George Bird Grinnell, 1926, July 11. Hereafter cited as R (reel) number, SWM, Item Number, Correspondent to Recipient or Description, date.


4 R3, SWM, Item # 358, Diary, 1926, July 13.

5 Elrod, Box 7, File 14, "George Bird Grinnell," 54-55. In addition to Grinnell and Elrod, the party included Margaret Kenney, daughter of W. P. Kenney, vice-president of the Great Northern Railroad; Mrs. A. J. Binder, wife of the manager of Many Glacier Hotel; H. A. Noble, manager of the Glacier Park Company, and his wife.


7 R3, SWM, Item # 358, Diary, 1926, July 14.

8 George Bird Grinnell (Yo), "To the Walled-In Lakes, IX. Night in the Lodge," Forest and Stream, 26, February 4, 1886, 23. Hereafter cited as GBG, "Walled-In Lakes," F&S, volume, date, page. Throughout, I have used Grinnell's
spelling of place names such as Swift Current, Kootenay and Appekunney rather than the present forms, Swiftcurrent, Kootenai and Apikuni.
Grinnell's exposure to the fascinating world of the out-of-doors began early in his childhood. While still living in Brooklyn, where he was born September 20, 1849, the four year-old Grinnell first recalled his uncle, Thomas P. Grinnell. "Uncle Tom," a twenty year-old, had come to New York from the family home in Greenfield, Massachusetts, and worked in a dry goods store while living with the Grinnells. He readily seized the boy's imagination with stories of hunting and fishing illustrated with pictures of birds. A large collection of mounted birds and mammals kept in the family home in Greenfield fascinated the young Grinnell—"...up to the time when I was twelve or fifteen years of age, I had no pleasanter hours when at Greenfield, than those spent among Uncle Tom's birds in what was called the 'bird room.'" 1

The family moved to Audubon Park, an area along the Hudson River between future 155th and 158th Streets, when Grinnell was seven. The naturalist, John James Audubon, who had died about six years earlier, had built homes for himself, his two sons, Victor and John Woodhouse, plus several for rent. Here the young Grinnell found a countryside that provided killy fishing and crabbing in a nearby tidal pond as well as skinny-dipping to the embarrassment of passengers on the Hudson River trains. An
adjacent barn housed bats that he captured for investigation. Flocks of robins and wild pigeons made elusive targets for a hickory bow and arrows purchased as a gift by cousin George Bird from the Indians at Saratoga. The sylvan setting stirred the imagination of the Grinnell children—brother Frank, aged three-and-a-half, "made an Indian" of two year-old Mort by stripping him "stark naked in the chilly breeze" while George disrobed down to his shorts and stuck feathers from a feather duster in a handkerchief tied around his head. ²

The Grinnell children, along with others of the neighborhood, attended a school conducted by Madam Audubon in her bedroom in the southeast corner of the second floor of Victor's home. The walls of this house and that of brother John Woodhouse were filled with mementos of their naturalist father—antlers of deer and elk that supported rifles and shotguns, paintings of birds and animals and "trophies from the Missouri River, a region which in those days seemed infinitely remote and romantic with its tales of trappers, trading posts and Indians." In addition to bats, the barn held "great stacks of the old red, muslin-bound ornithological biographies and boxes of bird skins collected by the naturalist." John Woodhouse Audubon, who continued his father's work, frequently received boxes of fresh specimens that the fascinated boys gathered around "to wonder at the strange animals that were revealed." ³

Grinnell began hunting secretly with a neighbor boy
when he was eleven or twelve. From the village tailor they borrowed an old military musket "taller than either boy, and...so heavy that unaided neither could hold it to the shoulder." After purchasing powder and shot at the town store, they sneaked off to the woods and aimed at small birds and rabbits. The station agent at 152d Street sometimes loaned them a "more or less modern" single barreled shotgun that they used with "great joy and success." Uncle William Grinnell, learning of the boy's excursions, presented George with a light double-barrel gun that he used, with his parents' consent, to bag quail, English snipe, cottontail rabbits and an occasional duck. The gun provided the impetus for his first camping trip, across the river to the Palisades. The boys slept on the ground and carried their food since none of them knew how to make a fire. To add to their discomfort it rained during the night and filled the barrels of the shotgun that he had propped against a tree.

Young Grinnell graduated from "Grandma" Audubon's school in a few years and was sent to the nearby French Institute to complete his grammar schooling. In 1863, as preparation for college, he enrolled in a three year program at the Churchill Military School at Sing Sing (now Ossining). Grinnell was not interested in college but his father adamantly dictated that George attend Yale, the alma mater of several ancestors. When his teachers warned him he could not pass the entrance exam, George spent the summer
vacation studying Latin and Greek and passed the test in New Haven with conditions in Greek and geometry. 5

Little interested in academics, George found himself "perpetually in trouble." Hazing and hat-stealing occupied much of his time. In a demonstration of athletic prowess, he climbed the lightning rod on the tower of the Lyceum "one stormy night" and, with red paint, inscribed the numbers of the class year on the clock face. It remained for several days, "to the enormous pride of my class," until the college carpenter could devise a way to get to the clock to remove it. Soon he was suspended from school for a year for hazing a Freshman and was sent to Connecticut for tutoring. Instead, he spent most of his time "out of doors," taking long walks, rowing on the river and, on moonlight nights, tramping over the fields, and failed his exams. However, with diligent studying through spring vacation, he succeeded in reentering Yale, and finally graduated in 1870. 6

Toward the end of his senior year Grinnell heard rumors that Professor Othniel C. Marsh would conduct a Western scientific expedition to collect fossils. Inspired by the writings of Captain Mayne Reid "which dealt with travel on the plains, and among the mountains, between 1840 and 1850,..." and eager to visit these scenes, Grinnell "summoned up courage to call" on the professor. Marsh discouraged him initially but soon accepted him as a volunteer and then asked him to recommend other possible members. Grinnell suggested several friends, all of whom
Marsh approved. 7

The party left New Haven on June 30, 1870, spent several days in Omaha practicing with their new rifles for the first time and then traveled on to Fort McPherson. On their first day out they met Buffalo Bill Cody returning from an investigation of a Cheyenne Indian attack. Maj. Frank North and two of his Pawnee scouts accompanied the party to protect them from Indian danger. They crossed the torrid Sand Hills and Dismal River to the Loup Fork where they collected fossils of prehistoric horses, miniature camels and a mastodon. On their next outing near Fort D. A. Russell in Wyoming, Grinnell and a friend, without provisions and armed only with shotguns for duck hunting, became separated from the main party for two days. They encountered a prairie fire and, during the night, thought they were under Indian attack when one of the horses pulled a picket pin. The expedition made spectacular finds: ancient turtles, rhinoceri, giant sea serpents, the wing finger of the flying reptile pterodactyl, the four-foot jaw bone of a giant horned Titanotherium and the exotic remains of an oreodon, described as "a remarkable animal combining characteristics of the modern sheep, pig and deer." Grinnell saw his first elk but did not get a chance to shoot at one.

8

Moving on to Fort Bridger, the Marsh party found dinosaur fossils in the Tertiary lake-bed formations at the edge of the Uinta Mountains. Grinnell experienced a taste of
Indian life when he spent a few nights in the skin lodge of some trappers—"...the existence of these families seemed to me to be absolutely ideal. I desired enormously to spend the rest of my life with these people." However, the young man remained with the party and went on to Salt Lake City where he and the rest of the students met Brigham Young and admired his twenty-two daughters. A visit to San Francisco, Yosemite and "the Big Trees" completed the trip. Triumphanty, the expedition returned to New Haven with thirty-five boxes of fossil bones for the Peabody Museum; Grinnell arrived home in time for Thanksgiving dinner. 9

Grinnell's father, principal broker for Commodore Cornelius Vanderbilt, looked for his son to take his place eventually in the large and profitable business. Shortly after returning home, George entered the office as a clerk, without pay. Though "this seemed to be the proper thing to do," he maintained a deep interest in science and scoured the menageries and taxidermists' shops for fossils for Marsh and unusual birds for himself. He took these home to his basement workshop where he spent two or three hours each night skinning and stuffing the specimens. 10

By the summer of 1872 Grinnell yearned to visit the West again. Since Major North could not accompany him, his brother, Capt. Luther North, agreed to take out a small party. Captain North met Grinnell at the Union Pacific's Elk Creek station and they hurriedly started south to overtake the Pawnee Indians who had left for their summer buffalo
hunt several weeks before. They joined the Indians' camp near the Republican River, and participated in an attack on a herd by eight hundred men, almost all armed only with bow and arrow. The event, recorded later in *Pawnee Hero Stories and Folk Tales*, was the beginning of his lifelong interest in the American Indian. At the same time, Grinnell's meeting with "Lute" North was the start of an enduring friendship.

The next summer Grinnell returned to Nebraska. "Though I had been West two seasons, I had never shot at an elk, and like all boys, I was eager to do so." He joined Luther North at Columbus and together they hunted elk on the Cedar River and at the junction of the Loup and Platte. Upon his return home the first of September, his father retired and turned the business over to him. Three weeks later, the Panic of 1873 struck without warning. Facing several bankruptcy suits, the business would have collapsed had not Grinnell's father returned and supplied both money and influence. To divert his mind from his family's worries, Grinnell began to write short hunting stories for a newly established sporting newspaper, *Forest and Stream*. They published his first article, describing his recent elk hunt in Nebraska, in the October issue under the pseudonym of "Ornis." 12

By spring of 1874, George's father had stabilized the business and retired again. Without his father to keep him there, and possessing a "settled dislike for the business," Grinnell dissolved the firm and went back to New Haven to
work at the Peabody Museum, without pay, as an assistant to
Marsh. Grinnell had hardly settled in his new quarters when
Gen. Philip H. Sheridan asked Marsh if he wished to collect
fossils on a summer expedition to the Black Hills of the
Teton Sioux, "then an unknown and mysterious region." Marsh
passed the invitation on to Grinnell who accepted it without
hesitation. He took Luther North with him as an assistant
and proceeded to St. Paul where they received orders from
Col. William Ludlow, Chief Engineer of the Department of
Dakota. Previously, in New York City, Grinnell had met James
G. Blaine and Col. George Armstrong Custer at the old Fifth
Avenue Hotel. Now, on the train to Bismarck, he met the
Colonel again, this time with his wife. At Fort Abraham
Lincoln, across the river from Bismarck, he became
acquainted with the officers of the 7th Cavalry and the
celebrated scout, "Lonesome Charley" Reynolds.

During the three weeks before the expedition departed,
Grinnell collected birds along the Missouri River and the
adjacent high prairie, dined at Custer's house where the
Colonel delighted in relating his hunting exploits,
socialized in the billiards room with Capts. Myles Moylan
and Myles Keogh and Lt. Frank Gibson, and made expedition
plans with the other scientists. On July 2, sixteen
musicians on white horses played "The Girl I Left Behind
Me," as the command moved out, heading west and south for
the two month reconnaissance. Custer, "a man of great
energy," ordered reveille at four, breakfast at 4:30 and the
command to march at five. The scientists rode with Custer and the headquarters, followed by the cavalry a half-mile behind, then the wagons and the beef herd and, in the rear, the infantry units. The Indian scouts ranged far ahead and on both flanks. Grinnell noted the country was full of game, "antelope were everywhere in extraordinary numbers." At one point, he gave a shooting demonstration that must have astonished even Custer:

I saw immediately before me, and perhaps 75 yards distant, a buck antelope, at which—without very much thought—I fired, and the antelope fell. On going up to it, I discovered its four legs were broken, and then examined it with some care. The ball had entered the left side, just back of the shoulder, and so low down that it had chipped a piece of bone out of the olecranon, or point of the elbow. It had gone through the animal's body, broken the right humerus, turned at right angles, cut through four or five ribs about halfway up the side, broken the right femur, turned again at right angles, and struck the left hock of the antelope so severe a blow that it had unjointed the hock, the foot hanging to the joint by a little thread of skin as large as a piece of ordinary brown wrapping twine. Close to the animal's hind legs I picked up the rifle ball, flattened out to the size of a half dollar, quite circular, but, of course, thicker in the middle than at the edges. 13

Grinnell and North, on a couple of "old condemned cavalry horses," arrived in camp daily with freshly-killed deer thrown across their saddles. They watched the scouts kill two grizzly cubs, then chase down the old sow. Grinnell sympathized with a small camp of frightened Sioux, five lodges, found unexpectedly by the huge military column. Only once, where the lush mountains gave way to the dried plains and badlands near the Belle Fourche River, did the pair search for fossils. During a three day ride up and down the
steep ravines, their horses near death and supplies
exhausted, they found only a part of the lower jaw of a
rhinoceros. As the command began its return march, Colonel
Ludlow asked Grinnell to write a report on the birds and
mammals of the region. Ludlow and Lt. Fred D. Grant,
Custer's aide and son of the President, argued as to who
should receive it; Grinnell submitted the completed paper to
Ludlow. 14

Grinnell's report must have impressed Colonel Ludlow:
in the spring of 1875, he asked Grinnell to serve as
naturalist with him on a reconnaissance in Montana. Marsh
approved and Grinnell recruited his friend, E. S. Dana, an
instructor at Yale, to accompany him as geologist. The two
men met Ludlow in St. Paul and then traveled by rail to
Bismarck where Ludlow secured the services of Charley
Reynolds as scout. The steamer "Josephine" took the party
upriver to Carroll, Montana, a small settlement of two
trading stores and half-a-dozen cabins on the eastern edge
of the Judith Basin. While waiting for Ludlow, who was
delayed by his brother's illness, Dana and Grinnell hunted,
discovered some fossils, and had an encounter with "Liver
Eating" Johnson of fur-trapping fame. With supplies running
low, the party moved to Camp Baker without Ludlow; arriving
on the next boat, Ludlow and his brother found no horses in
Carroll and had to walk to Camp Baker. "It is better to
imagine rather than to describe the language which they used
during this walk," Grinnell noted. Ludlow finally caught up
with his command at Fort Ellis. 15

The expedition moved on to Yellowstone Park where Grinnell not only viewed the natural wonders of the region but saw firsthand the wanton destruction of animals for their hides. His report on the birds and mammals of the region is still regarded as pertinent; far more significant was his letter to Ludlow that accompanied the report and marked the initiation of his long career as a conservationist:

It may not be out of place here to call your attention to the terrible destruction of large game, for their hides alone, which is constantly going on in...Montana and Wyoming....Buffalo, elk, mule-deer, and antelope are being slaughtered by thousands each year, without regard to age or sex, and at all seasons....Females of all species are as eagerly pursued in the spring, when just about to bring forth their young, as at any other time.

It is estimated that during the winter of 1874-'75 not less than 3,000 elk were killed for their hides alone....Buffalo and mule-deer suffer even more severely than the elk, and antelope nearly as much....It is certain that, unless in some way the destruction of these animals can be checked, the large game still so abundant in some localities will ere long be exterminated. 16

In May 1876 Grinnell received a telegram from Colonel Custer asking him to be his guest on an expedition to be made up the Yellowstone toward the Big Horn Mountains. At the time, the museum was busy with new materials; also Marsh thought there would be no opportunity to collect fossils or even search for new locations on a military expedition, and so refused to let Grinnell go. Grinnell was shooting woodcock at his father's summer place in Milford, Connecticut, when he heard the news from the Little Big
Horn: "Had I gone with Custer I should have in all probability been mixed up in the Custer battle, for I should have been either with Custer's command, or with that of Reno, and would have been right on the ground when the Seventh Cavalry was wiped out. Very likely I should have been with Reno's command as Charley Reynolds and I were close friends and commonly rode together." 17

That spring, Charles Hallock, editor of *Forest and Stream*, argued with his Natural History editor and asked Grinnell to take the position. He accepted, noting he was "mighty glad" to get the salary of $10 a week. Hallock mailed material to Grinnell who edited it, wrote a page or two of material each week and some book reviews. At the same time, confident about the future of the sporting journal, Grinnell began to buy stock of *Forest and Stream*. 18

In the summer of 1877 Grinnell traveled to western Nebraska where Luther North's brother, Frank, and William F. Cody had established a ranch to run Texas longhorns on the source of the Dismal River. The ranch, "a couple of tents stuck up on the edge of the alkaline lake which was the head of the Dismal River" disappointed Grinnell but game was plentiful. While returning to the train station, Grinnell developed fever, chills and delirium, barely survived the trip home where he spent the next seven weeks in bed recuperating. "For a good part of that time I was always out of my head at night, and my delirium always took one form. I imagined myself riding about the cattle, saw great banks of
clouds coming up in the west with thunder and lightning, and then the cattle would break away, and, of course, we would all ride after them as hard as we could."  

The next summer, Grinnell and William H. Reed, future curator of the museum at the University of Wyoming, explored the Jurassic exposures of the Como Bluffs near Medicine Bow, Wyoming. Grinnell's brother, Mort, joined them later and they stayed at the railroad station, "shooting ducks during the day, sleeping on the floor of the station at night, and ...having a very good time." He stopped at the North ranch on his way home and found they had replaced the tents with "a fine sod house."  

Grinnell hunted in North Park, Colorado, in the summer of 1879 and found deer, elk, mountain sheep and bear in abundance. He described the trip in a nine part series in the September and October issues of Forest and Stream using the pseudonym "Yo" for the first time, and later used the trip as the basis for the first of his books for boys, Jack the Young Trapper.  

For several years, Grinnell suffered from insomnia and "what some people call 'nervous.'" His friend Dana, at Yale, had a similar problem, and the two took long walks each evening after work, hoping that the exercise would improve their sleep. Finally, Grinnell consulted a nerve and brain specialist in New York and was told he must either change his work, or "go to an insane asylum or die."  

In the meantime, Grinnell continued his Forest and
Stream stock purchases that he began in 1876; by 1880 he owned almost one-third of the stock. In addition, in 1878 or 1879, Grinnell's father had purchased a small lot of the newspaper's stock that were offered for sale. Their stock, combined with that of Forest and Stream's treasurer, Edward R. Wilbur, was sufficient to gain control of the company. Hallock had become increasingly erratic due to drinking, and Wilbur, who discussed the affairs of the newspaper from time to time with Grinnell, asked him to take over as president and editor. When Grinnell agreed, Wilbur informed Hallock he would not be reelected at the annual meeting in May. Though Hallock objected, he finally consented to resign and sell his stock. Grinnell resigned from his position as Assistant in Osteology at the Peabody Museum and came to New York to begin this new venture, but not before he received his Ph.D in Osteology and Vertebrate Paleontology at the 1880 Yale commencement. 23

Grinnell quickly organized a competent staff with Charles B. Reynolds as managing editor, Fred Mather on fishing, C. P. Kunhardt on yachting, Franklin Satterthwaite on dogs and Josiah Whitley on hunting. T. C. Banks served as secretary, Wilbur as treasurer, and John Banks as the bookkeeper and cashier. "We printed a good paper, had a large circulation, and began almost at once to make plenty of money." 24

The new positions of president of the Forest and Stream Publishing Company and editor of Forest and Stream prevented
Grinnell from traveling West again until the summer of 1881. A. H. Barney, president of the Northern Pacific Railroad, invited him to see the country through which they were building. Reaching the western terminus of the line in Portland was an adventure in itself. Grinnell, along with Dana and another friend, E. H. Landon, took the Union Pacific to San Francisco, then caught a coastal steamer to Victoria. Here Grinnell met with two sportsmen who were correspondents for *Forest and Stream*, went deer and bear hunting, watched salmon fishing and packing and saw his first mountain goat at Burrard Inlet. He later reported his trip in *Forest and Stream* and used the experience as the basis for *Jack, The Young Canoeman*. Returning to Portland, they traveled on the Northern Pacific to the end of the tracks at the village of Spokane. From there the party traveled east on wagons and stagecoachs through Pend d'Oreille, "Jaco," Missoula and Deer Lodge to Silver Bow where they embarked on the narrow gauge railroad to Corrine, Utah, and the return to New York. 25

By 1881, the Northern Pacific Railroad reached Yellowstone National Park, making the region readily accessible to the public. Privately they organized the Yellowstone Park Improvement Company and obtained, from the Assistant Secretary of the Interior, ten leases of 640 acres each at prominent points of interest and natural wonders in the Park. As a first step, the company erected a sawmill to cut timber for the construction of hotels. Grinnell, through
Forest and Stream, opposed these efforts to monopolize public property for private gain from the beginning, and initiated, in 1882, a campaign to maintain the integrity of the Park by enforceable laws and regulations. He continued the fight until the passage of the Lacey Bill in 1894.  

In August 1882, Grinnell returned to Como, Wyoming, and hunted elk with William Reed in the Shirley Basin. While antelope were plentiful elk were scarce so the men spent several of their hunting days prospecting and locating fourteen claims in the quartz ledges, some with "queer yellowish green crystals." Assays of the various claims showed traces of white iron, silver and copper.  

In April 1883, Grinnell purchased a 1,100 acre ranch in the Shirley Basin and hired William Reed as "superintendent." The ranch was a financial drain from the beginning. One-third of his 3,000 sheep died during the first winter. During the summer of 1884 he arranged the sale of a carload of wool in Boston and then, selling the survivors, stocked the ranch with cattle and horses. In the terrible winter of 1886-87, he lost most of the cattle. When Reed left the ranch in 1888, Grinnell leased the property to several ranchers, often calling on Luther North to find a tenant and make the arrangements. He finally sold the ranch in 1903, having decided, at last, that the project was a "financial failure."  

Forest and Stream published James Willard Schultz' first article, "Hunting in Montana," which described a
hunting trip on the upper Marias River, in its October 14, 1880, issue. Schultz, a rebel since childhood, had come to Montana in 1877 at the age of seventeen and worked for Joseph Kipp at his trading post at Fort Conrad. Soon he married a fifteen year-old Piegan girl and was given the Piegan name Appekunny, meaning White (Buffalo) Robe. Schultz adopted the Piegan way of life, even participating in raids on other tribes. Four more papers, describing his hunting trips and Indian anecdotes were printed in 1881 and 1882, followed by a fourteen part ethnological series, "Life Among the Blackfeet," which appeared between November 1883 and March 1884. 29

One account, "To The Chief Mountain," published in *Forest and Stream* in December 1885, fired Grinnell's imagination. Printed after Grinnell had already returned from a trip to this "little known section of the Rocky Mountains just south of the international boundary line in northwestern Montana," Schultz described hunting bighorn sheep and mountain goats and catching twelve-pound trout in lakes "walled in by stupendous mountains...peak after peak of jagged mountains, some of them with sheer cliffs thousands of feet high." Too, he mentioned a glacier: "Beyond the head of the lake is a long, wide, densely timbered valley, and on the upper left-hand side of this valley is a mountain, the top of which is a true glacier...at least 300 feet thick. We could see large fissures in it..." 30
George Bird Grinnell left New York City in August, 1885, and after a week's pause at Mammoth Hot Springs in Yellowstone National Park, took the Northern Pacific train to Helena. There he caught the mail stage for the 116 mile trip to Fort Benton. Appekunney would be waiting for him with a wagon. 31
Endnotes, II

1 GBG, "Memories," a sixty-two page typed manuscript, dated November 26, 1915, is an autobiography of Grinnell, written "for the amusement of my nieces and nephews," as noted in line 1, page 1. The manuscript covers the period from his birth in 1849 to 1883 and ends abruptly in the middle of a word in the middle of a sentence. The manuscript is identical to the one given to the Glacier Park Archives by Grinnell's widow, Elizabeth, in 1956; this manuscript starts in mid-page twenty-four of the preceding one. A ninety-seven page manuscript, seemingly identical but for spacing of the typing entitled "Memoirs," is located at the Birdcraft Museum, Connecticut Audubon Society, Fairfield, see John J. Reiger, Editor, The Passing of the Great West: Selected Papers of George Bird Grinnell, (New York: Winchester Press, 1972), 156, Citation 5. The copy of "Memories" used for this paper was graciously loaned to me by Professor Duane Hampton, History Department, University of Montana, Missoula. This citation is on page 4. Hereafter cited as Memories, page number.

2 Memories, 6-9, 17. See also, GBG, Audubon Park: The History of the Site of the Hispanic Society of America and Neighboring Institutions, Printed by order of the Trustees, New York, 1927, a 25 page monograph.

3 Memories, 13.

4 Memories, 19-21, 13.

5 Memories, 10, 18, 22-23.

6 Memories, 23-24.

7 Memories, 24-25.


10 Memories, 29.

Indians North of Mexico, (New York: Rowman and Littlefield, Inc., 1965), vol. 2, 216, states the Pawnee nation numbered 3,416 in 1861 and 1,440 in 1879 after their removal to the Indian Territory. However, Luther North stated the Omahas numbered one thousand, making the figure of four thousand more likely: Robert Bruce, "Recalling a Great Hunt," The Fighting Norths and Pawnee Scouts, (Lincoln: Nebraska State Historical Society, 1932), 40 and Luther North, Man of the Plains: Recollections of Luther North, 1856-1882, ed. Donald F. Danker, (Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 1961), 170-73.

12 The quote, "Though I had been West..." is found in a chronology entitled "History of George B. Grinnell's Life." There are three versions, all three pages in length, all with added handwritten insertions. The second, the source of this quote, has more notations than the first. Both of these are typed to 1897, the second has handwritten entries for 1898, 1899 and 1902. The third is typewritten with only a few handwritten insertions, has entries to 1903 and blanks for each year 1904 to 1911. Some of the handwritten notations on the preceding two chronologies are included in the third, some are not. All are on R36, CAS. North, Man of the Plains, 182. Memories, 33-34.


14 Memories, 38-41.


18 Memories, 50. R28, CAS, GBG to Charles Sheldon, March 4, 1925.

19 Memories, 51, 54, quote on 54. Reiger, see above,
Citation 17 suggests Grinnell had Rocky Mountain Spotted Fever but the illness occurred too late in the season and there is no mention of the rash which is typical and prominent in rickettsial infections. Nor does the illness resemble Colorado Tick Fever: see Peter D. Olch, "Treading the Elephant's Tail: Medical Problems on the Overland Trails," Bulletin of the History of Medicine, 59, #2 (Summer 1985), 202-3.

20 Memories, 54.
21 Memories, 55.
22 R28, CAS, GBG to Charles Sheldon, March 4, 1925.
23 R28, CAS, GBG to Charles Sheldon, March 4, 1925. Memories, 56.
24 Memories, 56. R28, CAS, GBG to Charles Sheldon, March 11, 1925.
25 Memories, 57-59. R5, SWM, Item #297, Diary, 1881.
26 Memories, 60-62.
27 R5, SWM, Item #298, Diary, 1882.
The slender young man, dressed in well-worn camp clothes, stepped down from the mail stage carrying his canvas-covered bedroll, "war sack," Sharps .45 caliber rifle and light fly rod of split-bamboo. "No tenderfoot he," thought Appekunny, and he was not surprised to learn Grinnell owned a Wyoming ranch and had been with Custer in the Black Hills. They set out in the wagon on the ninety-mile trip to the Blackfoot Agency on Badger Creek which they reached on August 30, 1885. Grinnell paternalistically spent the next day investigating the local schools. Six boys and eight girls, neatly clad, "apparently happy," and fond of their teacher, Miss Nora Allen, attended the South Piegan Agency School in the afternoons. At the Day school, a low, fifteen by thirty-four foot log building, fifteen "blanket" Indians met with M. E. Bartlett, their instructor, and "sang songs, read nicely, wrote well and worked in the garden." 1

The following day, September 1, Grinnell and Appekunny, joined by Charles Rose, a mixed blood known as Yellowfish, left the Agency for the "Walled-In Lakes" or St. Mary's Lakes nearly one hundred miles away. Their wagon held a ten by ten foot wall tent, a sheet iron cook stove, bedding, provisions and a fourteen-foot skiff. Each man carried a rifle while Appekunny also brought a shotgun. 2
For the first forty-five miles, the party followed a road, a remnant of the Old North Trail. They crossed Two Medicine Lodge Creek six miles from the Agency, Cut Bank Creek in another twelve. There they secured two saddle horses. Grinnell's an old buffalo horse, "tough and wiry, and steady under fire," and Appekunny's, "a little blue, quite spirited, but a little run down from work." After unhitching the team and putting them out for the night, Grinnell set up his fly rod and caught half a dozen trout, each under a pound, "and, as is so often the case with fisherman, lost one which we imagined was larger than all the rest." Just before the sun set, the clouds lifted, giving them a glimpse of Chief Mountain, impressive though still seventy miles away.

Grinnell noted an "utter dearth of large game" because of the heavy hunting by the Piegan during the Starvation Winter of 1883-84. "...Even the jack rabbits and cotton-tails seem to have all been killed off, and there is hardly a prairie dog or a ground squirrel to be seen." They headed west toward the Milk River Ridge where they discovered great numbers of ducks in the swampy areas of the flat bottom. A violent rainstorm hit as they traveled along a branch of the South Fork of the Milk River, drenching them before they found a camping spot in the alder thicket.

Yellowfish entertained during the evening, "chatting away glibly," telling Blackfoot stories. As they settled in their bedrolls, "a glance outdoors showed that the rain had turned
into snow, which was coming down softly and slowly, melting as it fell." 4

The next morning a two hour climb brought the party to the top of the St. Mary's Ridge. Grinnell, for the first time, could see the valley of the St. Mary's Lakes. Through the changing clouds of mist he could make out "the stern black faces of tremendous escarpments which rose from the water's very edge....the occasional gleam of permanent snow far down the mountain sides, hint at a glacial origin for the lakes." Grinnell remembered Appekunny had seen "one or more glaciers when he was here last year." 5

The snow-covered ground complicated the steep descent to the Lower Lake. Log chains were secured around the rear wheels and the two saddle horses were tied to the back of the wagon. Appekunny handled the reins and wagon brake while Grinnell and Yellowfish pulled to keep the wagon straight. In spite of the preparations, the log chains acted like runners on a sleigh and the wagon skidded downhill, sometimes swinging backwards. They finally edged it into a grove of aspen that were chopped away to make a path to the bottom. From here, they drove to a curved bay at the head of Lower St. Mary's Lake and pitched their tent in an open, level meadow with knee-deep grass. Nearby, they found a boat Appekunny had cached the year before. After dinner Grinnell fished in the Inlet and caught a small whitefish while "the great fish lying on the bottom...paid no heed" to a variety of flies. 6
For the next two days, Grinnell and Yellowfish hunted unsuccessfully on the mountains north and west of Upper St. Mary's Lake. Above the tree line, a "keen wind...and drenching fog...penetrated to one's very marrow."

Yellowfish's toes protruded from his torn moccasins while Grinnell was wet to his knees:

The life of a sheep hunter is not one of luxurious ease. He must breast the steepest ascents, and must seek for his game over ridges, along precipices and up peaks, and follow it to its home among the clouds....The sheep hunter must have good lungs, tough muscles, a clear head and an iron nerve if he wishes to be successful in this difficult pursuit. Sheep hunting is no boy's play, and in these mountains it calls forth all a man's physical powers....Nowadays the man who kills a sheep usually earns it several times over before he gets the meat to camp. 7

The climbing was slow and difficult, in some places across talus composed of large, sharp cubes of rock. In other areas they encountered banks of loose shale that became a moving mass as they crossed. Even though sign was abundant, they saw no sheep and Grinnell recognized that the absence of vegetation meant the area was not a feeding ground. Discouraged, the two men turned toward camp. "I was glad enough after saddling up to clamber on to old Jerry and ride him down, even over the worst and steepest parts of the trail." 8

Stiff and sore the next day, Grinnell decided to "just loaf about camp all day long." By late morning, he wished he were back on the mountain again: "In theory, loafing is a most delightful way of passing the time, but in practice it fails to satisfy." He and Appekunny walked to the Inlet
where Grinnell fished while the other shot a few widgeons to supplement their dwindling provisions. A horseman appeared on a distant ridge and soon rode up to them. "He was a Kootenay" from a camp several miles below on the river. Though beaver trapping was their principal activity, they hunted to supply their camp. In spite of a scarcity of game they had "killed about forty sheep, two bears---one black and one grizzly---one moose, a few elk." Two years had passed since they had seen and killed eight buffalo east of the Sweet Grass Hills; sheep remained in the mountains, but were high up among the rocks and hard to reach. Later, Grinnell visited their camp and found the party had just killed four sheep, "the meat of which now hung from their saddles. The news of their success filled me with rage and envy," and he arranged for one of the Kootenay to hunt with him in the morning.

At ten o'clock, two "well grown boys" galloped up and offered to accompany Grinnell---yesterday's volunteer had lost his horses and had to search for them. It started to rain as he and Yellowfish saddled their horses and followed the Kootenay youths, who, with "blankets flapping and quirts flying," took "mischievous pleasure" in riding their mounts without mercy. After a steep climb, they left the horses at the timber's edge, and struggled up the slippery grass slope to a level spot:

At our feet the plateau ended, the ground dropped off sharply for a hundred feet, and a deep naked saddle extended from the spur on which we stood to the main mountain, which had all the boldness and ruggedness
characteristic of the range in this region. On the west the saddle broke off sharply in a very steep clay slope, and to the east by a more gentle descent into a deep ravine, in which grew a thick mat of stunted spruces, among which were the fallen and decaying trunks of some very large trees. Above the saddle for perhaps 1,000 feet was the gray talus slope, rocks piled on rocks in wild confusion, just as the fragments had fallen from the heights above. The slope seemed too steep for ascent, but faintly lined upon it in all directions could be discerned the sheep trails leading up and down. 10

A violent rainstorm suddenly arrived "with showers of cold rain and squalls of snow, and clouds of chilling mist" and assaulted the hunters on the bare mountainside. They found refuge behind a huge rock and decided to send the oldest Indian boy to the east end of the rocky wall in order to drive game toward the rest of the party. While Grinnell shared his pipe with the younger Kootenay, Yellowfish built a fire down in the ravine. The other Kootenay soon returned, reporting that sheep on the other side of the mountain were obscured by the snow and fog. Cold and wet, the hunters returned to camp. Yellowfish suggested that Grinnell, upon his return to the agency, give a Bear Pipe dance with a medicine pipe sacred to the Sun and other gods if he were successful in his hunt. 11

Grinnell returned to the same mountain the next day with two different Kootenay. Once they had tied the horses and begun the ascent on foot, Grinnell found he was a poor climber compared to the Indians. Out of breath, he had to stop to rest. With signs he tried to tell his companions to slow down but they did not understand and soon left him far behind, finally disappearing over the bench. "It began to
blow and snow furiously" when he heard three shots up the canyon and then saw the head of a sheep appear behind a ridge three hundred yards ahead. The animal, alarmed by the gunfire, tried to pass above Grinnell behind a rock wall and then stopped between two rocks, 150 yards away, only its head and neck visible. Through the blinding flakes of the snow squall, Grinnell fired, saw the sheep give a wild bound and then start headlong down the mountain. He had no chance for a second shot. Jumping from rock to rock, the aroused hunter followed the footprints and tiny drops of blood down the loose shale slope:

There is something rather horrible in the wild and savage excitement that one feels under such circumstances as these; the mingling of exultation over the apparently successful pursuit, tempered by the doubt about securing the prey, and then the fierce delight...when the capture is assured. These feelings seem to be those which the wolf must have when he is pulling down the exhausted deer, or the hound when the tired fox pants along just ahead of him, and the fierce triumph of success is heard in his exultant mellow bay. It seems shocking that a respectable civilized and well-ordered being...should...indulge in such brutal feelings. It shows how thin is the veneer of civilization which hides the brute in our nature and how easily this veneer is rubbed off, showing underneath it the character of the animal. 12

The yearling ewe lay dead below a twelve foot ledge, its windpipe and principal artery in the neck cut by the rifle ball: "...the shot was a very lucky one." Now Grinnell faced the task of carrying the meat, which, when dressed out weighed about ninety pounds, to the horses three miles away. The Indians had not returned so he would have to carry it by himself: "Now I am a little man, slight, and rather feeble than athletic, and usually find my own weight quite enough
to carry." Nevertheless, he decided to see how far he could carry the animal. Lifting it to his back, his rifle slung in front, he started up the hill, stopping every few feet to get his breath. Once he fell, but "getting mad," shouldered the game again and plodded on. Four times he threw his load to the ground before reaching the top of the long steep hill. From there, in sight of the horses, he dragged the carcass by a forefoot the rest of the way, then loaded it onto his horse. He finished just as the Indians arrived, each carrying half a sheep that they had shot. Still disgruntled, Grinnell amused himself by guiding the Kootenays back to camp by the trail he had used the day before. 13

That night in camp, as the party feasted on the "best and sweetest meat" of the ewe, Appekunny declared, "'That mountain shall be called Singleshot Mountain from this day forth....'" In spite of future claims, this was one of the few names that Appekunny gave to the area. 14

Two days later, Grinnell, Appekunny and Yellowfish moved along Upper St. Mary's Lake and set up camp in a driving rainstorm. Hunting became a necessity when they discovered Yellowfish had forgotten to pack the remainder of the sheep meat and they had only some damp bread and a few half-dried fish for subsistence. They followed a game trail up the creek that flowed at the southwestern end of Singleshot, and named the stream for Yellowfish, Rose Creek. His Blackfoot name, Otokomi, was given to the mountain where
he hunted. Grinnell and Appekunny, after leading their horses up a game trail worn into a precipitous ledge which they named the "Golden Stairs," looked for game on the mountain to the south where "goats are found." Working their way carefully over the ledges, "skirting the deep but narrow cañon whose vertical walls dropped off sheer for nearly 1,000 feet," they saw neither game, sign, "not even a fresh track." Yellowfish, a distant speck on Singleshot, was the only moving object they could find. Discouraged and hungry, they climbed down from "Goat Mountain" and returned to camp.

Up on the bench on Goat Mountain, Grinnell identified the "narrows" in the upper lake and saw the dim shadows of half a dozen stupendous mountains through a veil of driving rain. On the southern end of Goat Mountain he observed "a great mass of bluish white which looks like a tremendous glacier." The discomfort of wet clothes and an unsavory meal of scorched fish and soggy bread persuaded Appekunny and Yellowfish that they should return to their camp on the Inlet. Grinnell was reluctant--"There is nothing that I dislike more than giving up anything which I have attempted to perform..." but he agreed, not wanting to appear selfish. Traveling rapidly, they reached their camp at nine at night, cold, wet and hungry, after riding forty miles and walking ten that day.

The next day Grinnell and Appekunny fished the lower
lake where Grinnell took a five and a half pound lake trout, then a "small one" of four pounds with his fly rod. Appekunny trolled and caught three more, one of which weighed nine pounds, then boasted he had netted one weighing thirty-five pounds the year before. Further, he claimed a trapper had landed one "so large that when its captor ran a stick through its gills to carry it over his shoulder, its tail dragged on the ground as he walked to camp." 18

On September 14, the group left camp for a two day exploration of the Swift Current, a name coined by Grinnell from the Blackfeet words meaning swift flowing river; "...its fall is very rapid, and there are no quiet pools...near where it pours into the St. Mary's. The water is cold as ice." Grinnell noted immediately that the water differed from the usual clear mountain stream—the pale greenish tint of the water suggested the existence of glaciers at the head of the stream. As they advanced up the valley, the mountain slopes changed to vertical walls, three to four thousand feet high, their bases fringed with a talus of finely broken rock. At intervals, narrow canyons led to wide cirques created by ancient glaciers. Farther up the valley, "a superb glacier came into view." 19

They camped in a patch of green timber just below the falls at the outlet of the fifth lake, later to be named Swiftcurrent Falls and Lake. The falls disappointed Grinnell who noted they consisted only of a "series of broken cascades, each about twenty-five feet high." From a high
point they viewed the hour-glassed shaped lake; beyond, they discovered a sixth lake, its waters "very green and milky." Between the lakes stood a great mountain with a triangular base, "two of its sides facing the lakes being cut away vertically." Various rock strata, black, dull green, dark red and purple formed prominent ledges on the mountain's sides. Above the sixth lake, the glacier could be seen, "at least a mile in width," the ice several hundred feet thick and extending back to the summit of the mountain where it broke in two as it flowed over a tremendous cliff. 20

Grinnell rose before dawn, anxious to start for the glacier. Appekunny accompanied Grinnell while Yellowfish was sent to hunt. At the edge of the fifth lake they considered possible routes, finally deciding to cross to the east side of the lake. Just as they set out, Appekunny spotted two goats halfway up the great mountain to their south and argued excitedly that they should return to camp and pursue the game. Grinnell, although he came to hunt, would not be deterred: reaching the ice "just then seemed to me much more important than to kill a goat." They followed game trails beyond the fifth lake, attempting to find a crossing of the stream. Off the game trail, they could not penetrate the thick, entangled timber so they tried several trails, all of which eventually turned away from their objective. Finally they broke through the brush and timber and worked up a steep, slippery slope to the first ledge on the flank of the great triangular mountain. Angry clouds rushed toward them,
shortly hiding the mountains in a sheet of driving rain that intermittently changed to snow. They began to climb, hand over hand, up the ledges which rose one above the other in seemingly endless series, following the narrow benches until a place was found where the next ledge could be scaled. All the while the wind blew furiously, nearly blowing the climbers off the narrow ledges. One side offered smooth rock to cling to, the other a vertical fall of twenty to two hundred feet:

At one place where a gust rushing down a narrow gorge caught me I positively flattened myself against the rock. Appekunny had seated himself after a bit of rough scrambling, and I had gone on along a ledge to see what it led to. The ledge was only ten or twelve inches wide, and beneath was a drop of perhaps forty feet, while my shoulder brushed against the cliff that towered I knew not how far above me. A sheep trail followed the ledge and led me to hope the way would be an easy one to ascend. After going thirty or forty yards, I came to a narrow gorge only six or eight feet wide, and the trail turned sharply at right angles, about a projecting point of rock, the path being so narrow that I had to exercise a good deal of care to turn the corner without falling off. As I rounded it the wind caught me with a violence that for a moment sent my heart into my mouth. Back from the corner ran a deep narrow chasm or cåñon, cut out by a small mountain stream, and twenty feet in front of me the ledge on which I was walking ran out, and the sheep trail crossed the chasm. The distance across was only four or five feet——an easy leap for a sheep or for an ordinarily active man——but the landing place on the other side was on another narrow ledge about eight or ten inches wide and broken down on its outer side for several inches into a sharp slope to the edge of the cliff. Forty or fifty feet below I could see the gleam of the stream, and in the lulls of the wind hear the tinkle of the waters as they fell from rock to rock. The jump might well enough be made in the excitement of pursuit or flight, but I did not feel like attempting it in cold blood. One would have to alight on his feet just rightly balanced. If he went too far he would strike the cliff with his body and might rebound and fall off; if he did not go quite far enough, of course he would lose his balance and fall. I looked at the jump for a moment or two and then very gingerly turning myself about, went
back to look for an easier way. 21

By the time the pair had climbed nearly to the top of the mountain, they found themselves on the edge of a huge amphitheater of rock. Down through the middle of this great rock basin "foamed a great torrent, the sum of a thousand springs which trickled from the rocks, and as many rivulets, which crept out from beneath the snow banks...." Grinnell could now see additional lakes in the Swift Current chain, at least eleven in a continuous series. He also had an excellent view of the northern part of the glacier, its vertical face fluted as it fell over a great cliff. 22

Realizing they could not reach the glacier from this approach and they climbed slowly down the mountain to camp, tired, wet, hungry, once again without game. Yellowfish had been there since noon having fired all his ammunition, about twenty rounds, without hitting a single goat. He felt he was bewitched: "'Some moons it is so---a man cannot shoot---and when it happens so, one knows that the medicine is bad'..." 23

They had no food; breakfast on the morning of the sixteenth consisted of "whittling up a pipeful of tobacco apiece." Shouldering their rifles, they started for Yellowfish's hunting ground of the day before, the steep mountain to the north of their camp. At the foot of the talus slope, beneath the vertical cliffs they spotted a goat and her kid on a ledge far above. Grinnell clambered up the slope for about one hundred yards as fast as he could. Out
of breath, he could not steady his rifle but fired anyway and missed. The goats disappeared behind some rocks, then climbed an almost vertical ravine and were last seen eight hundred yards above. 24

A half mile farther on, they entered a small canyon that led to a small basin, divided by a stream which tumbled down in a series of falls. Vertical walls barred their progress but they began to climb. Appekunny wore rubber boots that would not hold on the narrow ledges so he turned back toward camp. Yellowfish and Grinnell continued on, one man climbing up six or eight feet to the next narrow ledge while the other held both rifles, then passed them up. Conquering the first wall, they passed along a steep half-frozen slope of shale to the next rock face where a crevice allowed them to brace their backs and feet against the sides. The top gained, they moved to the next, repeating the process several times. Grinnell became extremely tired with the difficult climbing and his legs "seemed almost incapable of motion." At a bench holding a small alpine lake, Yellowfish suggested that the best way back to camp was over a high saddle to the south, just west of the mountain's summit. Grinnell, in spite of his fatigue, was determined to follow as long as he could "put one foot before the other." On a higher bench, they passed another lake, this one's surface frozen and swept clear by the bitter wind that blew across the basin. Slowly they climbed across a snow field that led to the saddle. Adding to his
misery, Grinnell's shoes had been torn apart by the rock climbing and as he broke through the crusted snow, the ice cut his feet. 25

At last they stood on the top of the ridge and could view the Swift Current valley below, all the lakes above the fourth visible in the bright sunshine, the stream shining "like a band of polished metal." A great flock of gray-crowned finches, feeding along the ridge, "cheery and comfortable looking as they always are,...fluttered and hopped about us in the most confiding way." They descended over a steep slope of snow-covered, sliding shale, interrupted by vertical ledges that were slow and difficult. They started two blue grouse and Yellowfish killed one, then carried it to camp where, "long before it was cold, was roasting over the hot fire, and soon devoured." With nothing more to eat, they packed up the camp and left for the St. Mary's Lakes. As they crossed the last ridge before going down the valley, Grinnell looked back and could see only black clouds and whirling snow. 26

During the next two days, Grinnell lounged in camp, visited the nearby Kootenay camp and rode down the St. Mary's River valley to obtain a closer view of the "grand needle of rock," Chief Mountain. He caught several trout and, on cleaning them, found they were feeding on meadow mice. The discovery "greatly disgusted Appekunny, who foreswore trout from that time, and spoke of them thereafter in most indignant and contemptuous terms." After
considerable discussion, the hunters, except for the superstitious Yellowfish, agreed that the earliness of the season caused the poor hunting—game, still on their summer range had not yet been driven by winter's snow toward the lakes. On September 19, they started for the agency; Yellowfish, since the return from Swift Current, certain he had been visited by "bad medicine," had "Achilles-like, sulked in his tent," and had left for the agency the day before. 27

Adventures continued during the three day return trip to the agency. Late the first afternoon, Grinnell and Appekunny crossed the St. Mary Ridge and camped on a bluff on the South Fork of the Milk River. A fierce wind made setting up the tent and preparing dinner very difficult. During the night a loud crash awakened them when the tent blew down. Since the fire in the stove was out, they did not bother to raise the tent again, but slept under it until dawn. The last day, just north of Two Medicine Lodge Creek, they met a group of Piegan riders led by Many Tall Feathers. "Many horses stolen," he explained, 150 to 200 taken during the night by raiding Crows. Once the trail was found, a party of about twenty-five galloped away to follow the thieves even though they had a twelve-hour head start. Many Blackfeet returned the next day on exhausted mounts, driving the regained horses before them. 28

Grinnell remembered his promise to Yellowfish that, if he were successful in hunting, he would give a Bear Pipe
dance when he returned to the agency. Accordingly, Grinnell, Appekunny and Joseph Kipp, the owner of a trading post at the agency, rode over to the Two Medicine camp of Red Eagle, an uncle of Appekunny's wife, "the most potent of the medicine men of the Pegunny," and owner of the Bear Pipe. Grinnell had sent some tea, bread and tobacco, along with a large bag of dried service berries that were necessary for the ceremony. While waiting for Red Eagle to complete his preparations, they walked over to a nearby piskin. The ground beneath the sandstone bluff once used to jump the buffalo was "liberally sprinkled with minute fragments of the bones and teeth of buffalo." Adjacent to the cliff, a pile of weathered bones marked the place the Blackfeet still considered sacred. They looked in vain for arrow points and stone implements. 29

At last, Grinnell was called into the lodge. Red Eagle, a "large, fine looking man of majestic presence" and blind from extreme age, sat at the back, the fire between him and the door. The whites seated themselves to his left, in the place of honor. Bear Woman, the medicine man's wife, placed a fiery coal from the fire before him as he began a low, plaintive, monotonous chant. At intervals, Bear Woman dropped dried sweet pine needles on the coal, filling the lodge with fragrance. Both Bear Woman and Red Eagle grasped handfuls of smoke to rub over his head, shoulders and arms, then seemed to swallow some. Raising his blind eyes, Red Eagle prayed for health and long life of the assembled
group. "...Let the young people grow; increase their flesh. Let all men, women and children have full life. Harden the bodies of the old people so that they may reach great age."

Smoke was applied overhead to a large package attached to an ornamented pack saddle hanging from the lodge poles. Red Eagle began a new song, more lively than before, while his hands made movements through the smoke to represent the antelope, the bear and the buffalo. The song ended, Red Eagle slowly and carefully removed the outer red cloth wrapping from the package, then peeled away ten or twelve silk handkerchiefs of various colors to reveal the Bear Pipe:

It was a handsome stem about four feet long, wrapped for a part of its length with large handsome beads, and profusely ornamented with white weasel tails and feathers, which depended from it in thick bunches. Near the lower or pipe extremity was a spread plume of twelve tail feathers of the war eagle, each one having its extremity wrapped with red or yellow horse hair, which hung down in a long tuft. Below this plume the stem was tied with red, green and yellow ribbons, and again below this was a cluster of brightly burnished hawks bells. The whole stem was very handsome and heavy.

After pressing his lips to the pipe and offering another prayer, Red Eagle passed the pipe to Appekunny who handed it on to Grinnell. Around the circle it went, each one earnestly praying to it. When returned to Red Eagle, he said rapidly, twenty or thirty times, "Pity, pity," and danced to the east, then to the west. Sitting down, he repeated his original prayers and concluded, "Let the Sun shine upon us and our lives be without shadows." The people
countered, "Yes, have pity, have pity." The Bear Pipe dance was over. 32

Back at the agency, Grinnell questioned the agent, Major R. A. Allen, about his management of Indian affairs and learned details about the Indian police. Allen and Almost-a-Dog, an old chief, gave him descriptions of the Starvation Winter of 1883-84 and the status of reservation Blackfeet. "They are willing to work, but sadly need instruction." Grinnell thought farmers and mechanics should be hired, about one to every twenty-five Indian families to teach them how to work to their best advantage. "Their will is good but they are very ignorant." 33

Two days later, as Grinnell sat in Kipp's store, Four Bears, the camp orator, approached him and bragged of his powerful medicine. With expressive gestures, the garrulous old Indian explained how he could open his side and have a wagon roll out onto the prairie from between his ribs. He could not be hurt in war. "...if the bullets hit me they will not go through my skin, they will glance off. I can not be hurt by them."

As they moved outdoors and behind the store, he invited Grinnell to see more of his magic. After blowing a whistle made of the leg bone of a beaver, Four Bears took a mouthful of water from a glass and blew it in a fine spray into the air, then seemed to vomit in his hand, which he then showed to Grinnell, wet but empty. The third time the act was performed, his hand held a polished pebble of white quartz.
Grinnell thought the exhibition worth a present and went back into the store to purchase a plug of tobacco. When he returned, the pompous Four Bears, eager to receive a gift from what seemed to be an important white man, said, "'Come, I will give him a name....your friend who comes from where the world meets the salt water.'"

Taking Grinnell's hand, Four Bears led him out into the sunlight, threw Grinnell's cap on the ground and began to pray:

"'Oh Sun, oh Old Man, look down. Have pity....when I was a young man, I went upon the top of the Sweet Grass Buttes, where all the Indians are afraid to go...while I slept my medicine [secret helper] said to me, "Take the name Pe-nut-u-ye is-tsim-o-kam [Fisher Cap]."...I do not longer need this name, and now I give it to this my son. Pity him. Give him long life....Hear, Sun; hear Old Man; pity, pity.'"

During the prayer, Four Bears grabbed at the sunlight, rubbing it over Grinnell's head, shoulders, arms and chest.

"'That is what you are called---Pe-nut-u-ye is-tsim-o-kam.'" The ceremony over, Grinnell gave him the tobacco. 34

During his last day with the Blackfeet, Grinnell watched them harvesting grain, operating the huge threshing machine with considerable incompetence, confirming his view that the Indians needed instruction. With Appekunny and Kipp, he rode over to the high bluffs along the south side of Badger Creek, an area used by the Blackfeet as a burial ground, and examined Bull Chief's grave. "There were a lot of quilts and coats on the coffin and I wanted to get into them but S & K were uneasy and thought there was a fresh body in there so I did not disturb them....the medicine pipe
was not in the outfit. What we took for its stem was a handsome medicine whistle....S. will try to get it." 35

As Grinnell prepared to leave for home, he mused:

The last nights in camp are to me rather sad, full of memories in which the bitter and sweet are oddly commingled....the recollection of these days and their joys is full of pleasure....The return to civilization is like the return to his dungeon of a prisoner who has been shown a glimpse of freedom....The old rifle has had its final cleaning and is put away, the knife is rusting in its sheath....Yo. 36

Clearly, from Grinnell's description, he came to hunt and live the outdoor life, not to check on the condition of the Blackfeet after the Starvation Winter of 1883-84 as suggested by Schultz. He may be credited with drawing Grinnell's attention to the St. Mary's Lake region by providing its first description in Forest and Stream, but his presence becomes insignificant hereafter in spite of his literary attempts to play a starring role. Schultz states in his stories that he named many of the geographic features of the region; as will be shown, he acted only as a guide in some of Grinnell's future outings, and more and more became a vexation to him. 37

The 1885 trip reawakened Grinnell's interest in Indians, a curiosity that had diminished since his summer with the Pawnee in 1872. With renewed dedication, he began to collect Pawnee folk tales and devoted parts of his summers to studying the Blackfeet and Cheyennes.

Finally, Grinnell, as an out-of-doors enthusiast, was stirred by the beauty and ruggedness of the St. Mary's region:
An artist's palette, splashed with all the hues of his color box, would not have shown more varied contrasts. The rocks were of all shades, from pale gray, through green and pink, to dark red, purple and black, and against them stood out the pale foliage of the willows, the bright gold of the aspens and cottonwoods, the vivid red of the mountain maples and ash, and the black of the pines. In the valley were the greens of the deciduous shrubs, great patches of the deep maroon of the changing lobelia, lakes, turbid or darkly blue, sombre evergreens; on the mountain side foaming cascades, with their white whirling mist wreathes, gray blue ice masses, and fields of gleaming snow. Over all arched a leaden sky, whose shadows might dull, but could never efface, the bewildering beauty of this mass of color.

He would taste of this grandeur over and over in the years to come.
Endnotes, III

1 James Willard Schultz (Apikuni), Blackfeet and Buffalo: Memories of Life among the Indians. (Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1962), 83. GBG to Robert Sterling Yard, October 27, 1927, Glacier National Park Archives. R5, SWM, Item # 302, Diary, 1885, August 31. In this chapter, James Willard Schultz is referred to as "Appekunny" since Grinnell used this spelling at the time, rather than the current, "Apikuni." The "Old Agency" of the Blackfeet was located on Badger Creek, a tributary of the South Fork of Two Medicine River. In 1876, the agency was moved from the "Four Persons" Agency near Choteau on the Teton River because the reservation boundary was moved by Executive Order in 1873 and 1874, leaving it far to the south and off the diminished Blackfeet lands. See William E. Farr, The Reservation Blackfeet, 1882-1985: A Photographic History of Cultural Survival. (Seattle: University of Washington Press, 1986), 13.

2 George Bird Grinnell (Yo), "Walled-In Lakes, I. Up Milk River Valley," F&S, 25, December 10, 1885, 382. Charles Rose, whose Blackfeet name Otokomi meant Yellowfish, was born in 1857 and so was twenty-eight years old at the time of this trip. His father, Albert Rose, an employee of the American Fur Company, helped construct Fort Benton. His mother, Ahkai Sinahki, was a full-blood Blackfoot, the daughter of Running Crane, a Piegan chief; Running Crane gave his other name, Apikuni, to James Willard Schultz. See Blackfeet and Buffalo, 85, and Jack Holtermann, Place Names of Glacier/Waterton National Parks. (Helena: Falcon Press, 1985), 113.


4 GBG, "Walled-In Lakes," F&S, December 10, 383. Grinnell relates a number of Yellowfish's stories in the series, "To the Walled-In Lakes," indicating his renewed interest in the Indian and his culture.

5 GBG, "Walled-In Lakes, II. 'Inside Big Waters'", F&S, 25, December 17, 1885, 402. Diary, 1885, September 4.

6 GBG, "Walled-In Lakes," F&S, 25, December 17, 1885, 402. Diary 1885, September 4. The Inlet is the area between Upper and Lower St. Mary's Lakes. It includes the present St. Mary's Glacier National Park Entrance Station and St. Mary's Campground.

7 GBG, "Walled-In Lakes, III. On a Mountain Side," F&S, December 24, 1885, 422. Grinnell and Yellowfish are hunting on East Flattop Mountain. East Flattop was named by Schultz
on his 1884 trip. See his article, "To Chief Mountain," F&S, 25, December 15, 1885, 362-63 and his note for October 29, 1884, 362.

8 Ibid.


10 GBG, "Walled-In Lakes, V. Hunting with the Kootenays," F&S, 25, January 7, 1886, 462. They are hunting on Singleshot Mountain.

11 Ibid.


13 Ibid., 482-3.

14 Ibid., 483. Diary, 1885, September 10.

15 GBG, "Walled-In Lakes, VIII. Big Fish on Little Rod," F&S, 26, January 28, 1886, 2.

16 Ibid.

17 Ibid.

18 Ibid. Schultz does not mention this fish in his article, "To Chief Mountain," supra, Note 7.


20 GBG, "Walled-In Lakes," F&S, 26, February 11, 1886, 42. Diary, 1885, September 14. The sixth lake is Lake Josephine. The glacier is, of course, Grinnell. The first four lakes were covered by Lake Sherburne, created by a dam just east of the Park boundary.

21 GBG, "Walled-In Lakes. XI. A Portent of Evil," F&S, 26, February 18, 1886, 62, quote and previous paragraph. The triangular mountain is Grinnell Point, called for many years Stark Point. The goats were seen on Allen Mountain.

22 Ibid.

23 Ibid., 63.

24 GBG, "Walled-In Lakes, XII. Goat Hunting and Grumbling," F&S, 26, February 23, 1886, 82. The party is climbing the southern slope of Altyn Peak, moving toward
Apikuni Creek.

Ibid. Grinnell and Yellowfish have climbed up Apikuni Creek to the lakes at its source; the highest, Natahki Lake, is named for Schultz's Piegan wife, Fine Shield Woman. Her hand was crippled at the Baker Massacre of Heavy Runner's camp on the Marias River in 1870. The saddle that Grinnell and Yellowfish cross lies between Altyn Peak and Mt. Henkel. Diary, 1885, September 16.

GBG, "Walled-In Lakes," F&S, 26, February 23, 1886, 82.

GBG, "Walled-In Lakes, XIII. 'Plenty Horses Stolen,'" F&S, 26, March 4, 1886, 102. Diary, 1885, September 17, 18 and 19.


Ibid., 123.

Ibid.

Ibid.


This, preceding three paragraphs and block quote.

GBG, "Walled-In Lakes," F&S, 26, March 18, 1886, 142.

Ibid. Quotes are from Diary, 1885, September 24 and 25.

GBG, "Walled-In Lakes," F&S, 26, March 18, 1886, 142. Grinnell used the pseudonym "Yo" for his articles in Forest and Stream.

The February 11, 1886 issue of *Forest and Stream* announced the founding of the Audubon Society "with the object of saving the birds of this continent, and especially song and other small birds...." Grinnell noted that the rapid disappearance of birds from the orchards, woods and fields was the result of a fashion fad: "nearly all the ladies wore bird skins or heads or wings; many men went shooting small birds to make money by selling the skins, and innumerable boys went bird nesting." By the end of the year, the Society had enrolled over twenty thousand members in thirty-nine states and territories, Canada and "a few stragglers from far and wide, who describe themselves as residents of England, Wales, France, Russia, Burmah [sic], Japan, with one red Indian to round off the list." 1

Grinnell did not return to the St. Mary's region in 1886. "I hope that you will get some bears," he wrote to Schultz. "Don't kill 'em all; save a few for me next year." In September, he hunted elk in the southern part of Yellowstone Park with Arnold Hauge of the United States Geological Survey, then moved on to his Shirley Basin ranch where he met his old friend, Luther North, and George H. Gould, a Santa Barbara, California, banker. Gould's brother, Charles, a New York attorney, had been a classmate of Grinnell's at Yale. Hunting that fall was not very fruitful.
"It was all business...an elk or two, a few deer and a few antelope being all that I killed." ²

At some point he fell in love and celebrated his infatuation in awkward verse:

Her face is as fair as the tinted light
That gladdens the weary watchers eyes.
Her gray orbs like new risen stars are bright
With looks that seem tender or merry or wise.

Her form is slender and supple and taut,
Graceful and queenly, rounded and tall.
How will I recall each dearly loved trait?
How firmly she held me in loves sweet thrill.

But something happened:

Now she’s false to the vows as often sworn
In words as fair as her sweet false face.
She is gone, and my aching heart is torn
By a grief time can never efface. ³

"My dear old Man," he wrote in despair to Luther North.

"Since I saw you I have had lots of money troubles and have lost the girl that I loved better, I think, than I did my life, but I have borne it all pretty well, because I have kept constantly at work." ⁴

He turned his thoughts to another trip to the St. Mary's region. "You don't want an extra packer or guide for your trip do you?" he asked Joseph Kipp. "I am open to any offers for any position except cook." He wrote both Gould and North, pleading that they come on an outing to the Chief Mountain country in October: "We must make that trip, old fellow, for you and I are getting so old that we cannot make many more trips. This one, I think, would be a grand one to finish off with, and I want to make it, and in your
company." At the last minute, North declined the invitation but Gould agreed to go. 5

Grinnell chose a different route to the St. Mary's country than he had traveled two years earlier: the Canadian Pacific had completed its transcontinental line in 1885. As a journalist, Grinnell obtained a pass to journey from Montreal to Lethbridge, Alberta, about sixty-five miles north of the lakes. Similar free travel was arranged from Vancouver for his "San Francisco correspondent," Gould. Schultz would meet them with a wagon at Lethbridge for the five or six-day trip to the St. Mary's Lakes, there to "behold once more the beauties of these mountains, to live over again...the old free life of other days...and thus to regain lost vigor..." He confessed to Schultz that he would like to kill a couple of goats, just to say he had done so. However, a new motive for making the trip dominated Grinnell: "...my main object is to spend a month or two among those stupendous mountains and to see something of the ice rivers which rise on their summits." 6

Grinnell met Gould and Schultz in Lethbridge on October 1; by October 8 they had reached Lower St. Mary's Lake and found a boat that Schultz had cached there the year before. Both Grinnell and Schultz note that Gould was "an invalid" and now they decided another man should be obtained to help with the hunting. As Grinnell had the strongest horse, he volunteered to ride to a "whiskey trader's camp" on Pike Lake, ten miles away, just south of the Boundary Line, while
the other two prepared to move their camp down to the Inlet.

J. B. "Jack" Monroe was away when Grinnell arrived at the camp late in the afternoon, but he returned soon after dark. In the meantime, Grinnell learned of the brisk trade in whiskey across the line that could be seen marked by piles of stones on the ridge only a quarter of a mile away. Liquor was illegal in the Canadian Northwest territories, and in great demand. Profits were high: a two-dollar gallon brought twenty dollars in Alberta. But the risks were also high—the Northwest Mounted Police patrolled constantly and the penalties were severe.

At their camp on the west side of the upper lake, the party divided in pairs for hunting, Grinnell with Schultz and Gould with Monroe. Now some of the unhonored mountains of 1885 were given names: "...Otu Komi and Goat Mountain, and Going to the Sun, and across the lake Red Eagle and Little Chief, Kootenay and Divide." They found no game after several days on Flat Top. Singleshot and Red Eagle, then spotted the "moving specks" of goats on Goat Mountain. Grinnell had success the next day in Rose Basin:

...there lay the goat on his little shelf....Yo was anxious to get the animal, it was his first goat at which he had ever had a fair shot and the camp needed meat....he took a careful and rather long aim, and as the shot rang out...the goat sprang to its feet....The goat ran to the edge of the shelf as if about to leap off....It turned and ran back to the crevice...and reared against the rocks as if to try to ascend,...and it again ran back to the edge of the shelf....its knees gave way and it pitched forward, whirling over and over through the air, struck a ledge and bounded out again,...down the mountainside and out of sight.
"Hurrah," shouted Appekunny, "You've got him, sure enough, and you ought to, for you took long enough aim."

...Down where the goat had tumbled into the ravine...the animal lay dead, the upper part of its heart torn to pieces. It was a female two-year-old, and had never bred. 9

By the time they had butchered the goat and divided the load between them, it was dusk and it had started to rain. As it grew darker, they hung their prize in a tree and picked their way through deep ravines filled with brush and slide rock. After reaching the horses, darkness made it impossible to follow the trail and they camped on the mountainside without food or water. All night geese could be heard talking on the lake not far below. 10

Gould and Monroe continued to hunt on the north side of the upper lake and remained unrewarded. Gould did fire several times at an object identified by Jack as a black bear; Gould's aim was true but the "bear" turned out to be a black stump. Meanwhile, Grinnell and Schultz took a side trip to Red Eagle Lake, following a well-defined Kootenay hunting trail. On the steep sides above the lake they climbed the step-like ledges where Grinnell shot two goats, but recovered only one of them. As they headed back to their camp, "Appekunny as usual led the way with the hide, head and shoulders, while Yo followed with the hams and saddles and a bag containing the heart, liver and ten or fifteen pounds of tallow." Snow and a violent blizzard forced their return to the St. Mary's Lake camp; they barely survived, leading their horses through knee-deep snow into a wind the animals refused to face. "Darkness was closing over the lake
when they reached the camp, but half an hour later, when
warm and with dry clothing, they were enjoying their
delicious supper, they laughed at the hardships of the day's
march...." 11

Bitter cold followed the blizzard and the men "hugged
the fire...." until a chinook arrived after three days.

Gould, still unsuccessful in the hunt, claimed he had to
return home for scheduled business appointments. There was,
perhaps, another reason:

I am a follower of St. Paul, being obliged for my
health's sake to take each day a certain fixed quantity
of spirit....At Lethbridge I had for sanitary purposes,
bought two gallons of whiskey at a great price....Some
bottles were smashed in transit; we stopped over night
in a snow storm at the house of a philosopher,
who...drank three bottles...., and some of the liquor,
too, was used up in a way...I can almost call
legitimate, but all was gone. 12

Gould left for Lethbridge accompanied by Jack on
October 26; Grinnell and Schultz hunted for sheep on Flat
Top and Singleshot without luck. One morning Grinnell
spotted, through his binoculars, a mounted man riding before
a four-horse team pulling a sky-blue wagon, followed by
several men on foot, "a soldier outfit." Lt. John H. Beacom
of the Third Infantry stationed at Fort Shaw visited their
camp the next day. After a enjoyable chat and receiving "all
the latest news from the States," the three men rode up the
lake to take some photographs with Grinnell's camera.
Finding him congenial, Beacom was asked to join them on a
planned trip up the Swift Current. When Monroe returned from
Lethbridge, the party ferried their supplies to the foot of
the lower lake, cached all but a week's provisions which they loaded on two mules, and headed up the Swift Current. It was quite dark by the time they found a good camp two miles below the fifth Swift Current lake. 13

The next morning the camp rose before dawn:

There was no sound heard but the crackling of the fire....presently Jack marched up to the fire with an armful of wood. As he threw it down he said:
"Yo reminds me of Gwenwynwyn the Bold."
"How so?" grunted Appekunny, who was kneading the bread for breakfast in the spare frying pan.
"Why, don't you know?" said Jack, "the Welsh hero 'sought night and day the philosopher's stone,' and Yo is just as bad about glaciers. He has been talking about them more or less ever since we've been out, and durned if I don't believe he dreams about 'em nights." 14

The four men rode past the frowning face of Appekunny's Mountain and the old campground beneath the falls at the outlet of the Fifth Lake. Looking for a pathway to the glacier they plunged into the forest along the north shore, their way blocked by thickets of willows, soft boggy mires and down timber. An old Indian trail led up a narrow valley toward the ice, then along a natural avenue between the tapered spruces to the vertical face of the huge mountain that stood between the two branches of the Swift Current. They soon emerged on a bare hillside, and, leading their horses, followed a little-used game trail to the head of the lake. The glacier lay just ahead, but below it, the mountain fell away in a sheer precipice of great height. 15

Grinnell took several photographs of the glacier from the head of the lake, then tried to breach the drift timber as they rode up the stream bed toward the glacier. Half a
mile brought them to the edge of a huge avalanche where splintered and broken logs barred their way. A marvelous view of the ice prompted more photographs. Since it was getting late in the day, they decided to return to their camp and make another attempt on the following day. At the head of the lake, the party divided—Beacom and Grinnell returned over their previous route; Schultz and Monroe followed the southern shore and found a good Kootenay trail that took them to camp quickly and easily. 16

With two mules and five day's supplies, the party made a fresh start for the glacier above the head of Grinnell Lake, the name given to "the one that flows into the 5th Swift Current Lake....Beacomb [sic] proposes to call this Grinnell glacier. I protested, and he may not carry out his intention." Lieutenant Beacom, unable to climb because of an old injury, returned to his camp at Lower St. Mary's Lake. After goodbye's, the other three men headed up the trail on a path so narrow that it tore the packs on the mules to pieces, leaving "fragments of bedding dangling from the branches and tree trunks...." 17

They left on foot before daylight, moving along the east side of the stream above "Grinnell Lake," Schultz carrying the camera on his back, Monroe the shotgun and Grinnell a cartridge belt and rifle. After a mile and a half they reached a wide, rapid mountain stream that entered from the southwest; Grinnell named it Cataract Creek. Soon they stood on the shore of a beautiful, circular glacial lake.
The glacier rested just above them, "while on the north and the south were stern snow-wreathed rock walls which seemed to forbid further progress.... a low, rocky pine-crowned promontory" jutted from the eastern side. On the south, the path to the ice was blocked by "a thousand feet of black precipice, divided into two nearly equal halves by the white waving line of foam" formed by the stream that flowed from beneath the glacier. To the north, a lofty mountain rose "abruptly in a series of rocky ledges, one above the other, to a great height," ending in "a knife edge of naked pinnacled rock, cold, hard and forbidding." After more photos, they moved cautiously over the rocky talus of the eastern promontory and reached the swampy meadow at the base of the falls. Tangled willow, great bars of gray gravel and debris from the glacier above checked their progress. Determined, they attacked the cliff, using old channels of the waterfall to find crevices and projections for foot and handholds. "So, inch by inch, foot by foot they made their way upward.... until they reached... the lower border of the glacier." 18

The glacier lay in a basin two miles wide and three deep, the lower border edged by high, ridged banks of snow. For a half mile the lower edge of the glacier was bare of snow and the grayish-blue ice gleamed in the bright sunshine. A smaller upper piece of the glacier lay on a ledge, over which it spilled to join the larger lower mass. Snow covered the top, dotted here and there with stones and
dirt. At the sides, huge blocks of fractured ice "shone like sapphires." Grinnell estimated the thickness of the lower mass at seven hundred feet, the upper at three hundred, and observed the laminated character of the ice produced by annual layers of compacted surface dirt on each winter's snow. The whole glacier occupied about three thousand vertical feet on the mountainside. 19

The men spent several hours climbing on the glacier and making observations. Close to the cliff where the upper mass flowed to join the lower, they looked down into "a seemingly bottomless abyss, where the ice had melted next to the rock..." Soft fresh snow near the edge provided good footing but they could not negotiate the glare ice near the middle of the glacier. Schultz carelessly tried to take a shortcut across an area of hardened snow, slipped and tobogganed down the steep slope, finally stopped by some soft snow "after going about a hundred yards at a high rate of speed." 20

They ate a lunch of bread and cheese at the foot of a great morainal ridge, then returned to the ice by a game trail that led up to the surface. Here they discovered fresh sheep tracks, and as they rounded a rocky point, Schultz exclaimed, "Jesus Christ, look at that ram!"

A bighorn stood on the white snow, outlined against the sky. "How far, Jack?" Grinnell asked.

"About two hundred," Monroe replied.

Grinnell dropped to one knee and fired. The animal disappeared in the smoke of the shot. They hurried up the
slopes, Monroe in the lead. "Presently Jack sang out, '
'Hurrah, Mr. G., blood on the snow and lots of it.'" 21

Grinnell tried to follow the bloody trail and scrambled up a rocky ledge, then forced his way through a drift of snow up to his waist. Breathless, he turned the task over to Monroe and, with Schultz, returned to explore the glacier, again more interested in this marvel of nature than in hunting. Monroe took the rifle and worked his way down the rough precipices, and after traveling about a mile, rounded a point of rock and found the animal lying down, its head lowered. With his approach, the sheep rose, staggered a few steps and fell over a ledge into a snowbank at its base, dead:

He was a beauty. Four years old with a coat that was perfection brown and smooth, a pair of horns not very large, but perfectly symmetrical, short of limb, strong of back, sturdy and stout, plump and round....He was very fat and just the meat we needed.... 22

Under an overcast sky, the wind began to howl across the peaks, suggesting a snowstorm was near. Grinnell and Schultz took a few more photographs, then started down the mountain, led to Monroe by the smoke of a fire in a little valley below. Jack had roasted some of the sheep's fat ribs which were consumed with enthusiasm, "the best piece of meat in the mountains." Their hunger satisfied, they tried to carry the rest of the carcass but could only manage the shoulders because of the weight of their other equipment. On the mountain to the north, they found an easier route down than that used for the ascent. Schultz and Monroe returned
the next day, lowered the remainder of the animal from shelf to shelf with ropes, then packed it to camp on the horses. The weather continued to deteriorate so they returned to their camp at the foot of Lower St. Mary's Lake in time to bid Lieutenant Beacom goodbye. Grinnell gave the young officer a sketch-map of the area while Beacom replenished the camp's supply of sugar, bacon and coffee. 23

Bad weather persisted and prevented hunting. Snow fell daily and the wind blew, bitter cold, with a rare ferocity—fifty-foot pines and spruces were bent until the upper thirds were horizontal and birds were thrown to the ground when they tried to fly. They sat in their tent, day after day, in awe of the noise:

Last night the wind blew a perfect tornado, and I thought that the tent would go down at any minute. The rattling of the stovepipe against the poles, the noise of Appekunny's swinging yeast can, the pounding of the waves on the beach, the rush of the wind through the trees and the flapping of the canvas made a noise which made it hopeless to try to sleep....Out in the open...the fury of the wind was felt in its full force....Sometimes it took me up out of the saddle and threw me forward on the horse's neck....My horse was often thrown to one side by a gust....Dung from Jack's horse, voided as he walked along, was caught as it fell and whirled away as if it were bits of pepper. Down in the stream, I saw water caught up by barrelsful and whirled away into the air first as white spray, then as mist and then as nothing. 24

After ten days of storm, with snow six to eight inches deep and still falling, the hunters surrendered and headed for Lethbridge. They spent the first night at Sam Bird's ranch house on the South Fork of the Milk River. The sixteen foot square cabin sheltered the three hunters, three ranch hands, a woman and her baby, uncounted cats, dogs and hens
and one rooster. "The rooster crowed pretty much all night, and the baby cried." Intimidated by this civilized setting, Jack Monroe left for his camp in the morning. Grinnell and Schultz continued on, crossing the International Boundary later in the day.

At the station at the crossing of the St. Mary's River, Northwest Mounted Police passed them through without incident, and the two traveled on, slowed only by the pace of the wagon. The next afternoon, the same Mounted Police overtook them, having been informed that Grinnell was smuggling whiskey. After a search produced no evidence, the police suspected the informant, a whiskey trader himself, had probably transported his own contraband across the boundary during the diversion.

During a visit to Victoria, British Columbia, before heading home, Grinnell was praised publicly and credited with discovering of the first glacier in the United States though Clarence King had claimed that honor over a decade earlier. Nevertheless, he personally added more names to the geographic features of the area:

Gould's Mountain and Grinnell's Basin will probably appear on a map of the St. Mary's region, which is to be made by a young army officer who was with us for a day or two about the Lakes. He went up Swift Current with us and from afar saw the glories of my glacier, and after my return I saw him again and made a diagram of the country....The reason I possess a basin and a glacier is because this young man insisted in naming both after me. I, having secured these pieces of property, could do no less than sprinkle the names of other members of [the] party over the adjacent territory.

In the next few years, George Bird Grinnell would
refine his map and provide more names for landmarks in the St Mary's country.
Endnotes, IV


2 Ri, CAS, GBG to James Willard Schultz (JWS), August 24, 1886. SWM, Item # 304, Journal, 1886, September 3-23, September 29-October 2. Ri, CAS, GBG to JWS, November 3, 1886. Hunting in Yellowstone National Park was not prohibited until regulations were developed after 1894.

3 SWM, Item # 304, Journal, 1886. The poem of ten stanzas, one (the third) crossed out by Grinnell, follows an accounting of September expenses and several notes to himself. The woman has never been identified but Grinnell, on a sketch-map published in Forest and Stream, 30, May 24, 1888, 349, names Florence and Virginia Falls. Holterman, Place Names, 53 and 138, states these falls may have been named for daughters of Senator [Joseph] Dixon. This could not be the origin of the names: Dixon did not marry until March 1896; Virginia, the first of six daughters, was born in December. Jules A. Karlin, Joseph M. Dixon of Montana, Part 1, (Missoula: University of Montana, 1974), 23-24. Since no known friends or close relatives had these names, this could be Grinnell's lost love.

4 Ri, CAS, GBG to Luther H. North (LHN), January 29, 1887. Grinnell, like many other ranchers in the Montana, Wyoming and Dakota Territories, lost most of his cattle in the "Winter of the Blue Snow" of 1887, see Edmund Morris, The Rise of Theodore Roosevelt, (New York: Ballantine Books, 1980), 363-4 and 801 for a brief summary of this economic disaster. Grinnell had problems with the United States Land Office in proving usage requirements of his land, and placed the ranch up for lease. He tried to recoup some of his losses by arranging to collect specimens for the Museum of Natural History in New York and selling articles to Harpers, Century Magazine and Scribner's. To add to his woes, a facial neuralgia caused unremitting pain in April, May and June. See Ri, CAS, for numerous letters about these problems.

5 Ri, CAS, GBG to Joseph Kipp, January 18, 1887. Ri, CAS, GBG to LHN, February 17, 1887. Grinnell is at the "advanced age" of thirty-seven. Ri, CAS, GBG to George H. Gould (GHG), May 19, 1887.

6 Ri, CAS, GBG to GHG, September 3, 1887. R35, CAS, K. V. Skinner, General Eastern Agent, Canadian Pacific Railway
to Frank Mason, Business Manager, F&S, September 20, 1887.


9 "The Rock Climbers. I.," F&S, 29, December 29, 1887, 442. Otokomi, Yellowfish in the Blackfoot language, was named for Charles Rose, the half-breed who accompanied Grinnell and Schultz in 1885. Schultz claimed he had named Going-to-the-Sun Mountain, and since he was present in 1887, he may have had a part in the event. Later Schultz said he and Tail-Feathers-Coming-In-Sight-Over-the-Hill (Brocky) named the mountain while butchering a ram but this had to be later than 1887 as we will be shown later. See Holterman, Place Names, 56. Joseph Kipp maintained the mountain was called "Pulls Down the Sun," but gives no hint as to the origin of that name, see R15, CAS, GBG to JWS, May 29, 1911. Red Eagle was named for the Blackfoot medicine man who performed the Bear Pipe Dance for Grinnell in 1885. Grinnell told L. O. Vaught that Little Chief was named for a famous Pawnee warrior "of old times" but Little Chief was the Pawnee name given to Luther H. North, and Grinnell clearly named this mountain for his close friend. See R24, CAS, GBG to L. O. Vaught, March 14, 1919, and Robert Bruce, "'Pawnee Chief' and 'Little Chief'," The Fighting Norths and Pawnee Scouts, (Lincoln: Nebraska State Historical Society, 1932), 56 and 68. Kootenay, now Curly Bear, was named for the Indians who hunted in the region. The Blackfeet were a Plains tribe and feared the mountains though they held Chief Mountain in reverence. Divide, like Chief, is an old name, indicating its slopes divert water to the Gulf of Mexico, Hudson Bay and Pacific Ocean. George H. Gould (H. G. Dulog, "The Rhymer"). "The Rock Climbers. VI. Cliff Dwellers," F&S, 30, February 2, 1888, 22. "The Rock Climbers. VII. A Piece of Meat," F&S, 30, February 9, 1888, 42-3.


15 Ibid. Diary, 1887, October 31. They are at the head of Lake Josephine, initially named Grinnell Lake, see Note 17, infra.


18 "The Rock Climbers. XIV. A River of Ice," F&S, 30, March 29, 1888, 182. The "promontory" extends down from Angel Wing, a shoulder of Gould Mountain. Angel Wing was called Monroe Peak by Grinnell. The mountain to the north is Mount Grinnell with the east face of the Garden Wall behind.

19 Ibid. Diary, 1887, November 2.


22 Ibid.


26 "The Rock Climbers. XVIII.," F&S, 30, May 3, 1888. Diary, 1887, November 18. R1, CAS, GBG to Corporal Simmons, Northwest Mounted Police, Fort McLeod [sic], December 20, 1887. R1, CAS, GBG to LHN, December 24, 1887. R4, SWM, Item # 478, consists of a nine page account of the whiskey trade in the Northwest Territories and describes his "arrest" in 1887.

27 R8, SWM, Item # 369, Victoria, B. C. The Colonist, November 26, 1887. R1, CAS, GBG to GHG, December 23, 1887. R22, CAS, GBG to M. W. Beacom, May 3, 1917. Grinnell, always humble, was pleased to receive this confirmation that he did not name the glacier for himself. The entry from Lieutenant Beacom's diary, dated October-November 1887, is in a letter to Grinnell from M. W. Beacom, April 30, 1917, preserved at the Glacier National Park Archives: "I had the good fortune to fall in with Mr. Grinnell, Natural History Editor of Forest and Stream, and I enjoyed his hospitality and society for three days. I accompanied him up Swift Current and we photographed the glacier at the head of that stream, which in honor of him I called Grinnell Glacier."
The Concept, 1891

On an evening in December 1887, eleven men gathered around the dining room table at Theodore Roosevelt's Madison Avenue home to discuss the formation of a sportsman's association for the preservation of big game animals. Like Roosevelt and Grinnell, the other men were avid hunters, came from venerable New England families, had been educated at Ivy League schools, were wealthy or financially well-off, and were influential New York leaders. Enthusiastic with the idea the group appointed Grinnell, Roosevelt and Archibald Rogers to formulate the organization's purposes; they exude the distinct flavor of Grinnell:

(1) To promote manly sport with the rifle. (2) To promote travel and exploration in the wild and unknown, or but partially known, portions of the country. (3) To work for the preservation of the large game of this country, and, so far as possible, to further legislation for that purpose, and to assist in enforcing the existing laws. (4) To promote inquiry into, and to record observations on the habits and natural history of, the various wild animals. (5) To bring about among the members the interchange of opinions and ideas on hunting, travel, and exploration; on the various kinds of hunting rifles; on the haunts of game animals, etc.

The group, named the Boone and Crockett Club after America's most famous hunters, was the first such club in the United States, according to Grinnell, and "perhaps in any country." 1

As early as 1884, Grinnell advocated an "association of men bound together by their interest in game and fish, to take active charge of all matters pertaining to the
enactment and carrying out of laws on the subject." In other editorials, he campaigned against such practices as the killing of game animals in traps and the use of torches at night, emphasizing the "fair chase" and the "code of the sportsman." Grinnell promoted the same ideas when, in 1885, Roosevelt called at the offices of *Forest and Stream* to discuss Grinnell's review of his book, *Hunting Trips of a Ranchman*. Grinnell had complimented the author for his "exceptionally well-balanced mind, and calm deliberate judgement" but suggested that Roosevelt's limited experience in the West lent only charm and freshness to his book. "We are sorry to see that a number of hunting myths are given as fact..." That Grinnell appeased Roosevelt at all is a tribute to his social skills:

...we talked freely about the book, and took up at length some of its statements. He at once saw my point of view, and after we had discussed the book...passed on to the broader subject of hunting in the West....My account of big-game destruction much impressed Roosevelt, and gave him his first direct and detailed information about this slaughter of elk, deer, antelope, and mountain-sheep. No doubt it had some influence in making him the ardent game protector that he later became, just as my own experiences had started me along the same road.  

Grinnell deserves more than the title of charter member or co-founder of the Boone and Crockett Club. All the members agreed he was the most active and influential. He formulated almost every idea the club came to stand for; he brought up most of the issues the group became involved in; he did most of the work on the Boone and Crockett book series on hunting and conservation; and he effectively used
**Forest and Stream** as the "natural mouthpiece of the club."

The movements for the preservation of game and their forest habitat grew out of the creed of the Boone and Crockett Club and led to the organization's long campaign for the protection of Yellowstone National Park, a cause also carried out by Grinnell in the pages of *Forest and Stream.* Finally, only Grinnell used the club's aim for the exploration of the only "wild and unknown...portion of the country" that still existed, the St. Mary's Lake country. 3

Grinnell returned to the St. Mary's country in the fall of 1888; this time, in addition to his usual camp gear and rifle, he carried a barometer. At every opportunity, he measured altitudes and took bearings on mountaintops, improving the sketch-map he had started the year before. Gould accompanied him again, along with Schultz and Jack Monroe; this trip, he had persuaded Luther North to join them. Tail-Feathers-Coming-In-Sight-Over-the-Hill, but called Brocky for short, a Blackfoot friend and storyteller, came along from the agency.

They headed first up the Swift Current where "Lute killed a goat which fell 1000 feet and was lost behind a waterfall." Gould, finally triumphant, killed one also. Grinnell, less interested in hunting, recognized that the glacier, extensively crevassed and covered with running water, was melting rapidly and had diminished in size from the year before.
The glacier was vocal with the sound of running water. The musical tinkle of the tiny rivulet, the deep bass roar of the dashing torrent, the hiss of rushing water, confined as in a flume, fell upon the ear, and up through the holes and crevasses in the ice came strange hollow murmurs, growlings and roarings....Yo, who was very anxious to reach the crest of the mountain...started up the slope, walking carefully, and supporting himself by means of the stock of his rifle....The ice grew more and more steep and more and more slippery....it was each moment more difficult to plant his feet on the ice....a wide chasm yawned between the ice and terra firma--a chasm too wide to be jumped....A slip of the foot might result in a fall, and the man if he fell would go sliding down the ice with no hope of stopping before the crevasses were reached....he must continue to climb....a slow, toilsome and very delicate journey....Making his way to the edge of the ice, he at length found a place where a shoulder of rock projected out...within 3 or 4 ft. of the ice, and by a careful spring he crossed the gap....

From here, Grinnell climbed easily to the top of the saddle where he could see far to the west. At his feet, the steep mountainside gave way to a park country of open meadows and timbered streams. Farther on, half hidden in the smoky haze of nearby forest fires, ran two deep canyons, one pointing northwest and the other southwest. "Far to the south stood a tremendous mountain, and in a great basin to the west of it lay a mighty mass of ice and snow--no doubt a glacier." The party spent the night at the glacier; the next day Grinnell and Jack Monroe climbed to the saddle between Gould Mountain and Monroe Peak, now named Angel Wing, to view the valley of Cataract Creek.

The hunters moved on to Upper St. Mary's Lake where Grinnell and North both killed sheep on Singleshot Mountain; while carrying one of them back to the horses, Grinnell fell and wrenched his back, an injury that would plague him.
repeatedly thereafter. Later Grinnell scaled Otokomi and, with his barometer, found it measured 3800 feet above the lake, then turned to another task—"We named peaks on southeast side of lake. The first as you go up the lake is Red Eagle. Then Four Bears, then Little Chief, then Almost-A-Dog." An early November snowstorm drove them back to the agency. After discussions with the Indians, he rode with Monroe and Gould to Great Falls, then continued "on the East bound train with only $30 to take me home." 6

In 1889, Grinnell made a brief three-day visit to the Blackfeet Agency after spending three weeks with friends in Yellowstone National Park. Following a council at the Two Medicine camp with Bear Chief, White Calf, Running Crane, Many Tail Feathers and others, he had a "good talk with Major Catlin," the new agent. For two years, Grinnell had applied political pressure and had obtained finally the dismissal of a dishonest agent. Grinnell spent the next month hunting for sheep and goats with Gould near Hope, British Columbia. In addition, he devoted considerable time to preparing his first book, Pawnee Hero Stories and Folk Tales, published by Scribners in 1889. 7

In July, 1890, Lt. George P. Ahern, stationed at Fort Shaw, asked Grinnell about the feasibility of crossing the Continental Divide at the head of the Swift Current. Grinnell believed it would be difficult to cross above the North Fork but offered precise directions for a possible route. Though Grinnell had not yet explored the North Fork
he had included this area in his plans for his 1890 trip. He suggested to Gould that they explore the Kennedy Creek drainage first, then cross over to the Swift Current and investigate its North Fork, mapping the Continental Divide and, finally attempt to reach the head of the St. Mary's by way of Cataract Creek. To entice Gould, Grinnell added a float down the Missouri from Great Falls or Fort Benton to "hunt in the badlands," the only hint of his old pastime. Here he would be near enough to visit the Arikaras on their Dakota reservation to record stories and history to supplement his Pawnee book, could spend two weeks in the Indian Territory with the Pawnees and finally go to the Cheyenne, Arapahoe and Wichita agencies. "If I do all that and fill a lot of notebooks with this material, I think that I shall have done enough to satisfy me for the year 1890." 

Grinnell met Jack Monroe on Kennedy Creek in early September; Gould arrived a week later. Meanwhile, wind and deep snow combined with down timber and steep gulches limited the exploration of Kennedy Creek so they bagged a few blue grouse and then sat around camp in front of the fire telling stories:

"The female [blue grouse], in calling her brood together, utters a continued trilling peeping which I never heard before. The head and neck are held very erect and the mouth widely opened so that it looks as if the bird were gasping. Jack says that the males in spring strut like a turkey cock, the wings trailing, tail held erect and spread, ruff erected and...the air sacs dilated. At all counts he thinks that he saw yellow spots under the ruff." 

Because of the weather they did not attempt to cross
over to the Swift Current but returned to Joe Butch Henkel's cabin, just above the creek's mouth, and then proceeded upstream to the northern branch:

On the head of the fork...is a glacier, the foot of which is in a lake, below that is another lake, both blue. In the upper one this process of icebergs making [is] exemplified by the foot of the glacier breaking off constantly and the lake being full of floating fragments of ice.

His horse, going through the tangled down timber, fell, trapping his leg against a log. In spite of pain and lameness, he and Jack climbed to a lofty point "behind Rose's basin" on Appekunny Mountain, where they could see the heads of the Belly River, Kootenay, the valleys of both Kennedy and Swift Current Creeks, Cataract Canyon and the St. Mary's drainage:

A most superb prospect lay before us....Glaciers were on every Mt. almost. A number on the Mts. about head of St. Mary's were very large. One especially on S. Fork of St. Mary's covers the whole Mt., a very large one, from summit as far down as we could see it without a break. We call it the Blackfoot glacier and the Mt. the Blackfoot Mt. 10

Grinnell took bearings on Chief Mountain, Gould, Grinnell, Wilbur, Going-to-the-Sun, Divide and Flat Top before returning to the agency. During the next two months he visited several Indian reservations, including his first contact with the Northern Cheyennes, and collected stories and history of the tribes. He did not accomplish as much as he had hoped because of "the new religious excitement that is now raging among many of the Western tribes." By the time he had returned to New York he had already decided the goal of next year's trip: that huge glacier he had named
In early 1891 Major Steele expelled Jack Monroe from the Blackfeet Reservation for selling whiskey. "I have not the slightest sympathy for your misfortune....It would have been a great thing for you, if you could have made a few more trips over the mountains at the same profits that you made in the first two," Grinnell observed, as pragmatic as ever. Jack's banishment meant he would have to rely on someone else to accompany him on his autumn visit. He decided to take Schultz along as cook and hired William "Billy" Jackson to climb with him and carry the camera.

Grinnell had met Jackson the previous year and, perhaps, at an earlier date: Billy, a grandson of Hugh Monroe, had been a scout with Custer in 1874 on the Black Hills expedition. After that, Jackson stayed with Custer and participated in the attack made by Reno at the Little Big Horn. Separated from the rest of the troops during Reno's retreat, he witnessed the deaths of Charley Reynolds and Bloody Knife, then made his escape by putting on Sioux clothing and returning to Reno's entrenchment under the cover of night. Before he returned to the reservation and built a home on Cutbank Creek, the Canadian government had used him as a scout during the Riel Rebellion.

Grinnell informed Schultz of his goal: "The mountains on the south side of the Upper St. Mary's country, which I saw last year from the high mountains that I climbed on Swift Current, were just covered with ice, and the glaciers
there beat anything in the whole country." 13

By the time Grinnell was ready to leave for the St. Mary's country, he had acquired two young companions: William H. Seward, Jr., a young attorney from Auburn, New York, and the grandson of Lincoln's Secretary of State, was an avid amateur photographer; Henry L. Stimson, a classmate of Seward's at Yale, had just passed the New York bar exam. Grinnell's baggage contained some new items: a surveyor's compass and a plane table would supplement his rifle which he did not plan to use. In fact, Grinnell suggested that Schultz take the young men hunting for sheep on Flat Top, Singleshot, possibly Boulder Creek and then try Red Eagle and Kootenay for both sheep and goats; he was more interested in mapping. 14

Grinnell arrived at Billy Jackson's cabin a day ahead of Seward and Stimson so he spent this extra time in an exciting sport, chasing coyotes with Joe Kipp and his greyhounds. Once assembled, the five men headed for Henry Norris's cabin at the Inlet between the two St. Mary's Lakes. Haze from forest fires hid the nearby mountains but they set out immediately along the west side of the upper lake, following the blazes of an old Kootenay trail. On Goat Mountain, at a narrow ledge, they met with an accident:

For a few yards below the crossing, the sharply sloping mountainside is overgrown with alders, and then breaks off in a cliff one hundred feet high. The trail is twelve or fifteen inches wide, but appears narrower, for the summer growth of weeds, grass, and alder sprouts extends out over it. The man who was in advance was on foot, leading a pack-horse. After him came another loaded animal, and this was closely followed by two
horsemen. When these were within a few yards of the brook crossing they heard a yell of dismay from the man in front, and then a shout: "The black mare has rolled down the hill!" Slipping off their horses and leaving them standing in the trail, they ran forward, and reached the scene of disaster just in time to see the second pack-horse spring upon a large flat rock which lay in the way, and as its four unshod feet came down on the smooth stone, it slipped, lost its footing, and rolled slowly off the trail. It had not fairly got started before the men had it by the head and had stopped its descent, holding it by the loosened hackamore. The animal made one or two struggles to regain its footing, but the brush, the slope and its load made it impossible for it to rise, and it lay there while the three men held it. Meanwhile the black mare by a lucky chance had regained her feet before reaching the precipice, and was now making her way up the slope toward the trail. 15

They removed the pack from the horse, got it back on its feet and continued along the trail to a camp where the damage could be repaired. The next day, the trail blazes could not be found so Grinnell led the party to the head of the lake where they set up their lodge. While Seward and Stimson hunted in the "Colonel's Basin" the following day, the others tried to force a trail up the South Fork of the St. Mary's River. The area was "absolutely virgin ground...no sign of previous passage by human beings; no choppings; no fires; no sign of horses." They used two days to travel the short distance: "nothing but Billy Jackson's good nature and my profanity pulled us through...." They started to climb around the point of a huge mountain on their left that Grinnell called Citadel:

"The timber was thick, and much of it down; lots of mire in the river bottoms; plenty of rocks and willow and alder brush, as high as a horse's head, and so thick that often it was impossible to get an animal to face it until the man in the lead had gone ahead and either chopped out or broke down the way for them."
They were rewarded for their efforts: "Up on the head of the South Fork is the biggest glacier in the whole country and it runs down off what is about the biggest mountain."  

He named the glacier and mountain for Billy Jackson. The two men climbed about on its slopes taking bearings while their young companions hunted. Seward, climbing up to a ledge, met, face to face, a goat coming down; both retreated. Fog hampered their visibility the following day so Grinnell, with Stimson and Schultz, rode farther up the stream and found a small lake below a pass that looked like the rear sight of his rifle. He named the pass, lake and mountain to the north, Gunsight. Beyond, a tall, square topped mountain was named for Forest and Stream's managing editor, Charles B. Reynolds while the mountain to the east of Blackfoot was called Mt. Stimson. He gained the top of the pass and realized he was on the Continental Divide: "On the west side of this pass is another little lake, from which a stream runs southwest toward the Pacific Ocean. The wall of rock separating these two lakes is not more than one hundred yards in thickness, and to tunnel it would afford a passage for a railway with but slight grade."  

With enough provisions left for four more days, they moved their camp up to Gunsight Lake. In the evening, they spotted a number of goats high the ledges north of the lake, a mountain Grinnell had called Foresight. Stimson and Seward "fired fifteen or twenty shots a long range, but killed
nothing." The goats, who had never heard gunfire before and did not understand the noise or the dust from the balls that struck near them, jumped about and slowly climbed over the crest, only to return when the firing stopped. Grinnell changed the name of the mountain to Fusillade in honor of the event. 18

The next day, Grinnell and Jackson climbed the big timbered mountain that separated the north and south branches of the St. Mary's River to chart the northern source. Again rough and difficult country with thick fallen timber, steep slopes, snow slides and alder brush slowed their progress. At the summit a park-like plateau extended from the foot of Mt. Reynolds. To the northwest, they named another imposing square-topped mountain Mt. Piegan and north of that, they correctly identified Gould Mountain. Grinnell drew a sketch of the various branches of the North Fork and the surrounding mountains. By 4:30 they started down the mountain but they "got into a perfect confusion of down timber, alders and vine brush," fought through it until dark and then camped on a level spot where they could tie their horses and build a fire. At daylight, they set off for camp and soon reached it, tired and hungry, only to find that the horses in camp had eaten the baking powder, the sugar was gone and only some flour and bacon remained. "Appekunny looks back on the trip with entire disgust for the reason that...we lived principally on mush and glaciers." 19

The trip back to Norris's cabin at the Inlet took two
days. On the way, Grinnell and Stimson disagreed: "I have
not liked some remarks made by Stimson and shall let them go
to Kootenai alone....On strength of his few weeks spent in
Colorado thinks that he 'knows it all.'" When the others
left to hunt, Grinnell stayed behind at the cabin to work on
his map and notebook. On a page dated September 17, he
wondered to himself:

How would it do to start a movement to buy the St.
Mary's Country, say 30 x 30 miles from the Piegan
indians at a fair valuation and turn it into a National
reservation or park. The Great Northern R.R. would
probably back the scheme and T. C. Power would do all he
could for it in the Senate. Mr. Noble might favor it and
certainly all the Indians would like it. This is worth
thinking of and writing about. 20

Grinnell and Henry Norris went up on Flat Top the next
day to trace the course of Boulder Creek and take bearings.
From the summit he recognized, looking to the northwest, Mt.
Wilbur, Appekunny Mountain, the valley of the Belly River
and Mount Merritt; to the south he identified Mt. Jackson,
Mt. Stimson and Blackfoot; Piegau Mountain stood in the
west. While crossing some slide rock on the return trip,
Grinnell's horse got the lead-rope of the pack horse under
his tail, began to buck, then fell with the rope tangled in
his legs. Grinnell jumped, landed on his head and "turned
about a dozen sommersaults." He cut his head, scraped one
leg with the rope and bruised the other. 21

In the following days, the party separated into pairs
to hunt. Stimson with Jackson, Seward with Schultz while
Norris accompanied Grinnell up to Red Eagle Lake. Here he
recognized Blackfoot Mountain and Mt. Jackson, took bearings
on the Upper Lake, Red Eagle Mountain, made a sketch of all
the drainages he could see and named a mountain after
Norris. Stimson left for home a few days later; Seward,
Schultz and Grinnell set out for the Swift Current. 22

After setting up their camp below the Swift Current
Falls, Grinnell and Seward hunted for goats on the large
mountain to the south of their camp; Grinnell proposed
naming it after Seward but the young man objected and
suggested it be named instead for his sister, Cornelia
Allen. When Seward finally found a goat, he fired eight
shots before bringing it down, "a somewhat reckless
expenditure of ammunition," his host observed. Meticulously,
Grinnell used rocks to prop up the carcass in a life-like
position, then piled up a column of rocks on which to set
Seward's camera so the background would show the stratified
rock ledges; later he presented the photograph to F. M.
True, a curator at the United States National Museum who was
building a diorama to display mountain goats but had never
seen one alive. They spent the next day in camp, resting
from the labor of carrying the meat back to camp "after
having fallen down all the cliffs on Mount Allen, and having
waded all the streams and swamps in Swift Current Valley,
and having scratched off most of our skin and clothing,
wandering around in the dark in burnt pine thickets." Snow,
too deep for travel, kept them in camp listening to Billy
Jackson tell Blackfoot stories. 23

When the weather improved, Schultz and Grinnell climbed
Cataract Mountain, presumably to hunt, though Grinnell actually wanted to see if he could identify anything to the south; he recognized the heads of the St. Mary's River, Blackfoot Mountain, Citadel, Jackson, a shoulder of Reynolds, "our old camp and other points." Another day, Grinnell, Seward and Schultz climbed to the summit of Grinnell Mountain where Seward shot a goat but could not recover it because it fell over a high cliff. "Long after it had disappeared I saw, half a mile below us, a tuft of white hair carried along by the wind, showing where, in its frightful fall, the goat had struck some point of rock...."

They spent their last day on the Swift Current scaling Mt. Allen where Grinnell took numerous bearings and discovered a remarkable hole at the head of Canyon Creek where lofty cliffs towered over a small glacier and narrow lake. He called the glacier and mountain Siyeh for a Blackfoot chief.

At the Inlet, they found Norris's cabin filled with soldiers of Lt. W. C. Browne's C Company, First Cavalry, stationed at Fort Assinniboine. Browne was away, up on the North Fork of the St. Mary's River with ten men, eight pack horses and Henry Norris as a guide. Grinnell left a sketch map of the St. Mary's valley for the lieutenant; Browne "felt dreadfully over it," to find that Grinnell had just come from "the undiscovered country that he had hoped to penetrate." By the time Browne returned to the Inlet, Grinnell had departed to ride up Boulder Creek, the only
drainage he had not explored and then left for the agency so they did not meet. During the next year Grinnell and Browne corresponded frequently and exchanged each other's map. Grinnell made a number of suggestions about the placing of features in Browne's map, particularly in the Swift Current region. He believed, with typical humility, that Browne's labeling of Grinnell Mountain as "Swift Current Mountain" was "much better than the name of an individual. I have no ambition to see my name on the map." Nevertheless, he suggested that Browne name a particular peak and Browne chose Mount Merritt to honor General Wesley Merritt, Commandant of the Dakota Department of the Army. He also substituted Grinnell's name on his map.

In May, 1892, Grinnell wrote Century Magazine to see if they might be interested in an article about the St. Mary's country. "The scenery...is wonderfully grand; the mountains high and remarkably bold....Some day it will be a great resort for travelers....The mountains...lie within the boundary of one of the proposed forest reserves, and some day I hope may be set aside as a National Park...." The magazine was interested, especially after viewing Seward's pictures. Grinnell suggested a title, "The Crown of the Continent." Grinnell asked Seward for other photos, especially those he took from Mt. Allen looking down into Canyon Creek and cautioned him about mentioning the article to others since the manuscript might be rejected. "I should like to
have the knowledge of my failures confined to as small a number of people as possible." By mid-July, he had written only a few notes for the article, and had not worked on his map for a month; by the end of November, the manuscript, which described the St. Mary's country and some of his adventures, had been completed and accepted by Century, to be illustrated with photographs and his map, on which he corrected old mistakes: "I am working on a map of the St. Mary's region," he wrote to Jack Monroe, "and have got a lot of fresh material to add to the old map, which was hopelessly wrong." He knew that publication of his account would be delayed: "...this article will not see the light before midsummer. It certainly seems as if it were a summer article since it deals with snow covered mountains." Indeed, many summers would pass before "The Crown of the Continent" appeared. 27
Endnotes, V


3 Reiser, American Sportsmen, 120.


5 "Slide Rock from Many Mountains," 206. Grinnell is looking down on Granite Park and into the valleys of McDonald Creek, then south to Sperry Glacier.

6 GBG, "Slide Rock from Many Mountains. IV. Meat in the Pot," F&S, 34, March 6, 1890, 122. Grinnell refers to his back injury again in R2. CAS, GBG to Orin Belknap, January 3, 1891. Otokomi is 3451 feet above Upper St. Mary's Lake. Diary, 1888, October 12 to November 12. Quotes on October 17 and November 12. Red Eagle is named for the Blackfoot medicine man who performed the Bear Pipe dance, see Chapter III. Four Bears, according to Holtermann in Place Names, may honor a Mandan chief painted by George Catlin in 1832, father-in-law of James Kipp, Joseph's father; the name was changed to the Mandan, Mahtotopa, in 1932. It is more likely that Grinnell named it for the tribal orator. Four Bears, who gave him his Blackfeet name, Pe-nut-u-ye is-tek-o-kam or Fisher Cap, in 1885. Little Chief was Luther North's Pawnee name. Almost-a-Dog was a Blackfoot elder, see Endnote 33, Chapter III.

7 R5, SWM, Item # 309, Diary, 1889. R8, SWM, Item # 369, "Three Letters," New York Evening Post, July 31, 1889; the letters were written by Blackfeet to "Fisher Cap,"
thanking him for helping to get the dismissal of M. D. Baldwin. His hunting trip in British Columbia, guided by R. (Dick) V. Griffin, is described in "Slide Rock from Many Mountains," F&S, 33 and 34, April 10 to September 4, 1890.

8 R2, CAS, GBG to Lt. George P. Ahern, United States Army, Fort Shaw, Montana, July 3, 1890. R2, CAS, GBG to JBM, January 4, 1890. R2, CAS, GBG to GHQ, June 10, 1890 and June 27, 1890; the quote is in June 10 letter.

9 R5, SWM, Item # 318, Diary, 1890. The quote is on September 7.

10 Diary, 1890, quote is on September 20.

11 Diary, 1890, September 20. See also R5, SWM, Item # 321, Map Notebook, 1891 for bearings taken on September 20 and 24, 1890. R2, CAS, GBG to George L. Huntress, November 17, 1890. Grinnell is referring to the Ghost Dance religion that spread through the western tribes in 1890.

12 R2, CAS, GBG to J. B. Monroe (JBM), April 13, 1891. R2, CAS, GBG to GHQ, May 23, 1891.


William Jackson's grandfather, Hugh Monroe, was born at Three Rivers, Quebec, in 1799. Hired by the Hudson Bay Company in 1814, he was sent south from Edmonton House to the Sun River to trade with the Piegan. He was adopted by a powerful chief, Rising Head, given the name Rising Wolf and remained with the Blackfeet the rest of his life. See Warren L. Hanna, Stars Over Montana: Men Who Made Glacier National Park History, (West Glacier, Montana: Glacier Natural History Association, 1988), 1-22.

14 R3, CAS, GBG to JWS, July 23, 1891. Stimson went on to a distinguished career in public service: after working for a time in Elihu Root's office, he was appointed United States District Attorney for southern New York. Taft appointed him Secretary of War, Coolidge chose him to head a special commission to Nicaragua and then named him Governor-General of the Philippine Islands to replace General Leonard Wood. He served as Secretary of State under Hoover and Secretary of War under Franklin Roosevelt and Truman. See Elting E. Morison, Turmoil and Tradition: A Study of the Life and Times of Henry L. Stimson, (Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1960), 51. R3, CAS, GBG to GHG, August 19, 1891. R3, CAS, GBG to JWS, August 11, 1891.
R35, CAS, GBG, untitled manuscript of fifty-nine pages in three parts, dated August 2 to August 10, 1928; it describes the 1891 trip in detail and includes a number of Blackfeet folk tales obtained from Hugh Monroe; his son, John and Siyeh, a Piegan chief, 1. GBG, "The Crown of the Continent," 664 and Manuscript I, 5 and R5, SWM, Item # 320, Diary, 1891, September 5.

Diary, 1891, September 11 and 12. "Colonel's Basin" refers to Robert Baring who, with his brother, Thomas, of a British banking family, hunted with Schultz in this area in the fall of 1886. Grinnell records the name, Baring Creek, in his Map Notebook, 1891, September 11. R3, CAS, GBG to GHG, November 12, 1891. R3, CAS, GBG to JBM, February 25, 1892. R3, CAS, GBG to LHN, December 9, 1891.

Diary, 1891, September 11 and 12. R23, CAS, GBG to William H. Seward, Jr., March 16, 1918. GBG, "The Crown of the Continent," 667. One hopes Grinnell was not serious about a locomotive here and is only attempting to give the reader a visual image of the geography. Still, he had traveled through the Rocky Mountains on the Canadian Pacific, and being a pragmatic man, may have seen some value in such a means of transportation through the region, particularly after their recent struggle up the St. Mary's valley. See Leo Marx, The Machine in the Garden, (London: Oxford University Press, 1968 paperback reprint), 209-10. Manuscript, II, August 3, 1928, 1.


Manuscript, II, 2-4. R3, CAS, GBG to GHG, February 25, 1892.

Diary, 1891, September 16. The block quote is in the entry for September 17.

Diary, 1891, September 18.

Diary, 1891, September 20 to 25.

Ibid., September 26 to October 3. R23, CAS, GBG to William H. Seward, Jr., February 10, 1918. R3, CAS, GBG to GHG, April 27, 1892. R3, CAS, GBG to F. W. True, March 12, 1892. The photograph is published in F&S, 38, April 7, 1892, 321.

Diary, 1891, September 26 to October 3. Manuscript, III, August 4, 1928. 2. The small glacier is Siyeh, the narrow lake, Cracker.

Diary, 1891, October 8. R3, CAS, GBG to LHN.
December 9, 1891. R3, CAS, GBG to W. C. Browne, November 24, 1891. December 8, 1891. January 7, 1892, February 17, 1892, March 4, 1892, April 13, 1892, April 14, 1892, August 19, 1892, September 7, 1892. The quote is in the last letter. The naming of Mt. Merritt has one inconsistency: Grinnell mentions Mt. Merritt in his map notebook on September 18, 1891, almost a month before learning of Browne's presence; taking bearings from Flattop, he notes, "I could see Mt. Wilbur, Appekunny, Belly River Mt. Merritt etc etc." It is difficult to understand how Browne named the mountain later but both men make reference to Grinnell asking Browne to provide a name: SWM, Item # 386, W. C. Browne to GBG, October 16, 1905 and R11, CAS, GBG to W. C. Browne, October 23, 1905. Possibly the notebook entry was made or corrected later.


Captain Lorenzo Cooke, Acting Agent for the Blackfeet, summoned the "most prominent Indians" on the reservation on January 25, 1894. For the past two years, increasing numbers of prospectors had been slipping illegally into the mountains on the western edge of the reservation, looking for mineral deposits. Each rumor increased the value of the copper, silver and gold said to be "locked up" on the Indian land and stirred the imaginations of the Blackfeet who further magnified the worth of their land. Capt. Cooke suggested the tribe might consider selling the mountains as a solution to the constant trespassing of the whites and, after Cooke had assured them that he "had no interest in their decision one way or another," the Indians retired to discuss the idea. A roll call found twenty-nine in favor and three opposed; after more discussion they asked that George Bird Grinnell negotiate for them. They also named Charles E. Conrad, a Kalispell banker who had known the Blackfeet "through having traded with them in the 'buffalo days.'" 1

White invasion of the Blackfeet country and the St. Mary's region came later than other parts of the West. The Blackfeet acquired horses from the Shoshoni and guns from the Canadian fur traders just before American western expansion. Though frequent confrontations occurred along the borders, Blackfeet fierceness, augmented by their new
weapons, kept their homeland on the northern plains of Montana and Alberta intact. The 1870 Baker Massacre, augmented by disease and the disappearance of the buffalo, ended Blackfeet aggression. The first prospecting parties accompanied this fall from power: in 1870 the Frank Lehman party crossed Marias Pass from the west and searched for copper before moving on to Alberta; in 1876 a group of Texans under William Veach prospected around the St. Mary's Lakes and found a large gold nugget near Quartz Lake; Henry A. Kennerly "washed for gold on Swift Current and Kennedy's Creek, perhaps about 1880." Even Schultz, on his 1884 trip to the St. Mary's country, reported his companion, Jim Rutherford, "picked up several pieces of float quartz, which were rich with gold and silver...but as we were tired, and as this country is an Indian reservation, we concluded we didn't want a gold mine." 2

The news of the finding of mineral deposits in the St. Mary's country disturbed Grinnell. "Paradise may soon be invaded by mines," he wrote to Gould. Further, he was dubious about the actual presence of any valuable find: "I have been running around over those mountains for the last eight or ten years, and never saw any great sign of mineral." However, Grinnell did not consider himself an authority on geology and urged the Secretary of the Interior, Hoke Smith, and the United States Geological Survey to send a mining expert to evaluate the discoveries. "If the mines are there, it is useless to attempt to keep
the people out." If significant mineral wealth were present, a commission should be appointed to negotiate with the Blackfeet for the purchase of the land. Disappointment loomed: "I had hoped that it might be practicable to set off the mountain park of the Piegan reservation as a national park, or a forest reserve, but if minerals actually exist there,...there is of course no hope that my plan can be carried out." 3

In 1887, the Blackfeet had signed a treaty that gave away most of their reservation, that part north of the Missouri River and east of Cut Bank Creek. In return, the tribe received $150,000 annually for ten years, designed to produce economic independence and cultural assimilation through the purchase of livestock and farm equipment, and the construction of schools and homes. Instead, a series of incompetent and inexperienced agents wasted the money. As the final payments approached, the welfare of the Blackfeet concerned Grinnell. He rejected the suggestion that he serve on the commission though he offered to provide the names of candidates. "...they will be in serious need of further aid....Indians are not competent to meet white men in business....The only motive that can influence me in this matter is the good of the Indians, and no other consideration can enter into my view of the case." 4

Over and over, Grinnell asked that a competent geologist and mining expert visit the St. Mary's region. Hesitant to "move further in the matter without some
encouragement." he planned another trip to the mountains, this time to see for himself the rumored minerals. Jack Monroe was still banished from the reservation, but Billy Jackson agreed to accompany him. After viewing the mines, he wanted to go "directly up the head of the river and try to climb the Blackfoot mountain." Grinnell realized this trip required additional preparation—he did not know the Blackfeet agent, Cooke, but the Indians complained that he was keeping whites out while sending out his own employees and his son to prospect. "There are no picnickers in the country. The discovery of the mines has resulted in a continuous chasing around by Indian police, who are active in driving white people out of the country..." Grinnell asked the Secretary of the Interior for a letter to permit him to travel in the reservation and agreed to "look into matters with the Blackfeet..." Just before leaving for the West, he discovered Century Magazine had his only map. He asked the editor, C. C. Buell, if he might make a copy, and, if they planned to publish his article soon, to forward any proofs to him. Still reluctant to give up his idea for a national park, he interrupted his journey in St. Paul to talk with F. J. Whitney, General Passenger and Ticket Agent for the Great Northern Railroad

...about the attractions of the St. Mary's country and its adaptation for a public park and pleasure resort, somewhat in the nature of Yellowstone National Park, or the Banff National Park on the Canadian Pacific. I presume you are familiar with the St. Mary's Lakes. I am sure that Mr. Hill is, for I remember a year or two ago having quite a long talk with him on this subject. The matter is one of great interest to me and
to other men in the east, and it should be of interest to intelligent persons of Montana.  

Blackfeet friends, including Siyeh, Bear Chief, Brocky, White Calf, Double Runner and thirty to forty others welcomed him when he arrived at Willow Creek where the new agency was still under construction. Though they were anxious to council, he headed for the mountains with Billy Jackson. He had not seen them since 1891: "These mountains are grand beyond words; I had forgotten their sublimity. They are truly sky reaching." Bad weather with rain, "hard and steady," and deep snow in the mountains caused them to abandon the trip to Blackfoot Mountain. At his cabin on the Swift Current, Joe Butch Henkel was enthusiastic about the mines which he predicted would "make a bigger camp than Butte." Grinnell and Jackson moved up to their usual camp below the Swift Current Falls but they could not find the mines in the snow so that sat in their lodge, protected from the snow and rain, and smoked and told stories until Henkel arrived the next day. Joe Butch showed them a prospect hole on the North Fork but snow cover hampered their investigation. Grinnell took some ore samples from the dump and from three seams two to five inches wide that appeared to be rich in copper. Henkel said eight of these seams came together to form the main lead, eight to ten inches thick while Billy Jackson claimed that this was not the mother lead but only a spur. Weather forced them back to Henkel's house and then to the agency. 

Grinnell met with the Indians, "a long and tiresome
council" with twenty-five to thirty present. He "tried to explain the bad things and praised the good" but the meeting was not rewarding. In Blackfoot, he found Monroe had returned to the reservation--"the same old Jack." The agent, Capt. Cooke, drove him over to Badger Creek to see the irrigation ditch that the Indians were building under the supervision of engineers from the Bureau of Reclamation. Then back at the agency, he spoke again with the Indians. He was disappointed with the gains they had made toward assimilation: "White Calf made the same old tiresome kick and I had to shut him off as I also did Siyeh."

Nevertheless, Grinnell, in a long letter, told Hoke Smith that the Blackfeet were "making satisfactory progress toward civilization." Though the Indians disliked Capt. Cooke for his military ways, he had encouraged them to take care of their cattle, required them to work regularly, supervised the traders so the Indians were not cheated, kept whites off the range and limited the whiskey trade. Grinnell found their rations inadequate and recommended that the beef issue be increased by twenty-five percent. Three thousand cows with calves should be delivered the next spring and three more threshing machines. The schools needed repairs and additions. Finally, he described the mineral leads he had seen and again asked that a competent mining expert evaluate the area in the spring after the snow had cleared. 7

Prospectors continued to invade western mountains of the Blackfeet Reservation. Farther east, on the Fort Belknap
Indian Reservation, Pike Landusky rediscovered gold in a small stream on the southern slopes of the Little Rocky Mountains in 1893 and created a stampede of miners and stockmen who named the settlement in his honor. By the fall of 1894, the illegal town had its complement of saloons, a post office and regular stage service. The Indians Appropriations Act of March 2, 1895, authorized the Secretary of Interior to appoint a commission to negotiate with the Blackfeet and Belknap Indians to sell these portions of their reservations.  

The Secretary asked Grinnell to serve on the commission but he hesitated, suggesting that he name some candidates and participate as an advisor. He was surprised when Smith sent a telegram, again offering him a position so he finally accepted, believing he might do more for the Indians by being a member of the delegation and helping them "toward self support and civilization." Grinnell gave Smith another chance to change his mind by asking whether the Department wanted the commission to drive a hard bargain or offer a fair price. "I assume, of course, that you wish to have justice done in the matter."  

Smith also appointed William C. Pollock of the Bureau of Indian Affairs and Walter M. Clements, a Georgia attorney, as members of the commission. Grinnell decided the commission should spend two or three weeks in the mountains, looking at the mineral leads and asked Billy Jackson and Jack Monroe to go along. At the same time, he contacted
Pollock and Clements and suggested they meet at the agency about September 1. Grinnell expressed surprise that they were to negotiate at the Fort Belknap Reservation as well. When Pollock wondered if accommodations were such that he could take his wife, Grinnell advised that she would find comfortable lodging at the agency and that the mountain scenery was beautiful. In fact, he was bringing his brother along—Mort's wife had just died and Grinnell thought a trip to the Northern Cheyenne Reservation at Rosebud in August and then to the St. Mary's country would help ease his grief and loneliness. 10

On August 30, Grinnell and his brother boarded the train in Shelby and found both Pollock and Clements there. The commissioners spent the following day at the agency, observing government issues to the Indians. Even before their arrival, Major George Steell, along with Charles E. Conrad, A. B. Hamilton and Joseph Kipp, had visited the Swift Current with ten Piegans. "We saw very little, and in fact, did not try to see much." 11

The commissioners had hardly arrived when an unruly horse caused Clements to be thrown from the agency wagon onto a pile of rocks where he injured his knee and was confined to bed for the next three weeks. Grinnell and Pollock held an informal council with about two hundred Indians on September 2. At Grinnell's suggestion, the Piegans asked the commission to visit the lands involved and selected four full bloods and four mixed bloods to accompany
the party. The agency engineer, Ross Cartee, who was supervising the construction of an irrigation system, was asked to go along to survey possible boundary lines and make maps. Jack Monroe and brother Mort completed the group. "This whole expedition was arranged far in advance by Grinnell. The other two commissioners knew nothing of this, but he carried the day," Steell reported. 12

The party left the agency at three in the morning on September 3 and arrived at the Thomas ranch by breakfast time—"Lots of milk and butter." On the way to the Swift Current, Grinnell and his brother hunted prairie chickens and killed eleven, "M 4, G 7....Mort caught a lot of trout." They spotted a large female grizzly on a hillside about forty yards above the trail. Mort and Monroe went after it: "She chased Jack up a tree, wounded both dogs and came near killing Jack. Mort shot her the last time and she fell at Jack's feet. Jack had fallen down, his gun wouldn't work—a most exciting and dangerous scrimmage." 13

The group visited the large lead at the foot of Mt. Wilbur near Bullhead Lake, then moved on toward Grinnell Glacier. A cold rain interrupted the investigation—some of the party hunted sheep on Monroe Mountain while others stayed in camp, waiting for the weather to clear. The next day, while some examined a lead that passed through Mt. Gould, Grinnell, accompanied by Cartee, Monroe and three of the Indians, rode up Cataract Creek and climbed to the summit to look down into the St. Mary's valley. The bitter
cold wind chilled Grinnell so deeply he could not get warm until crawling into bed that night. The party left for the St. Mary's Lakes the next morning and reached Norris's after dark. The rain and wind continued, making travel miserable but Grinnell climbed to the top of Flattop to take compass sightings before the party moved up the St. Mary's Lakes. "I was never wetter in my life,...terrible rain and wallowing through wet brush." When the sky cleared, Grinnell, Monroe and Cartee climbed a shoulder of Little Chief to view Blackfoot Glacier and the valley of Virginia Creek. The group started back for the agency on September 17, two weeks since their departure. Grinnell and Monroe stayed behind for a day to hunt on Divide Creek and visit Kootenai Lick but they saw no game. 14

As soon as Grinnell returned to the agency, Indians flocked to him, each with a different story. "The whole thing is amusing but sickening," he noted in his diary, then added with empathy. "See both sides of the game." On September 20, the commission met with the Indians who asked for additional time to select a committee of thirty-five to represent them. "Councils...come to nothing yet." Grinnell observed. 15

The next day Pollock opened the meeting, explaining that the Indian representatives' actions must be approved by a majority of the male tribal adults. Grinnell and Clements spoke, reassuring the Indians that anyone could present an opinion and that they would receive fair treatment from the
commissioners. Considerable verbal sparring over land value ensued but no one was willing to suggest a price. "My eyes were long ago opened to the purposes of the Government," claimed White Calf, the tribal chief. "...No other reservation has as valuable land as that which you came to buy." Three Suns submitted a different view: "We are to sell some land that is of little use to us....If you wish to give a good price, we will be pleased." Pollock displayed Cartee's map that defined a boundary running from Two Medicine Creek near the railroad to the Inlet area between the St. Mary's Lakes, then to Chief Mountain and finally north to the border. White Calf wanted to delay a decision for two days until Cartee could determine a line that included no prairie land. Little Bear Chief disagreed and indicated they were there to make a treaty and should do so immediately; he did not want to sell timber or grazing land and suggested that Cut Bank Creek be the southern border. He made an offer—"...I would ask $2,000,000. When the Government has important transactions to make it sends smart men." 16

The meeting recessed until late afternoon to allow the Indians to find some area of agreement and for the commissioners to consider the proposal for a different southern boundary. When they reconvened, White Calf said that the Indians had agreed that Cut Bank Creek should be the southern boundary. He commented that the Indians would have liked some advice but that neither Grinnell or Conrad
had offered any. Faced with a proposal for a boundary that would not prevent white trespasses, Grinnell suggested a postponement of further proceedings until the commissioners could discuss the problem. Publicly, he offered no advice but noted in his diary that the Indians had asked "two millions and told it is absurd." 17

The Blackfeet delegation arrived at the Monday morning council, scheduled for 10:00 A.M., at 11:45. Disgusted, the commissioners admonished the Indians for their tardiness, adjourned without conducting any business and rescheduled the meeting for 2:00 P.M. "At 1:45 every man in his seat," Grinnell noted. Little Dog acted as a new spokesman for the Blackfeet; he started the discussion by asking Pollock what would they offer for the land if the boundary was north of the railroad. Up to then, the commissioners had avoided quoting a price but they had discussed the amount at a meeting of their own the day before: "We have decided to propose to pay for the lands north from the railway $1,000,000, and from Birch Creek north $1,250,000...." 18

Little Dog presented the Indians' offer:

I am about to make a proposition on that land and I think it will surprise you; make you faint and fall down....We ask for the land north from the railroad $3,000,000, so we will be able to maintain ourselves and care for our wives and children. There are so many things in which the Great Father has cheated us. Therefore we ask $3,000,000 for that land. Those mountains will never disappear....This money will not last forever. I knew that you would be afraid when I told you our price.... 19

Grinnell explained that Congress would have to approve any proposed treaty and this offer would make the Blackfeet
look like fools. He felt $1,000,000 would allow the tribe to "grow fat and rich and your children to be happy." If they stayed with their offer, the commissioners would leave and they would have gained nothing. "The Great Father told us to come here and treat with you....If you don't want to trade with us, we must get on the train and go...." 20

One after another, the Indians reaffirmed their offer: "I will not go out of the trail marked out by Little Dog," declared Little Plume--"...we are all willing to stand by him," said Three Suns. "We have set our price."--Middle Calf was firm, "We will not recede from our $3,000,000 offer."--Four Horns noted the mountains contained the metal of watches, "something that is worth money....I don't believe the Indians will deviate from their proposition or price."--"Open your ears," urged Yellow Wolf, "and give us the $3,000,000 and we will all be happy." White Calf, Mountain Chief and Mad Wolf agreed--"...we will not change."--"we will not change from the price set,"--"we want $3,000,000. Now, you are going to decide what you will do. That is all." Until long after dark, they remained resolute. 21

Grinnell reminded them of his long association with them and suggested he would be lying to them if he told them Congress would pay this price. "If you think the Government will make money by selling this land, you can let the Government take the land and sell it for you...." He continued to feel the land had little value in minerals and
would not be purchased for settlement. ". . . I think you will do better to take the $1,000,000." Pollock suggested they meet again in the morning. 22

"For what object shall we meet again?" asked Little Dog. "...You have named your price and we have named ours... Why meet again, then?"

"...I am sorry we could not agree..." answered Pollock. "We would willingly stay longer, but do not wish to urge you or force you to sell. The land is yours." 23

Almost as soon as the council adjourned the Indians were "sorry for their folly," Grinnell observed, "and desperately afraid lest we should go away." Late that evening Major Steell and Joe Kipp persuaded the Indians to reconsider their position. The commissioners and the Indian representatives counceled again on Wednesday, September 25, and White Calf asked for $1,500,000 for the land with some conditions:

Chief Mountain is my head. Now my head is cut off. The mountains have been my last refuge. We have been driven here and now we are settled. From Birch Creek to the boundary line is what I now give you. I want the timber because in the future my children will need it. I also want the grazing land. I would like to have the right to hunt game and fish in the mountains... We don't want our land allotted... I shake hands with you because we have come to an agreement, but if you come for any more land we will have to send you away. 24

Pollock accepted the offer and read a treaty that he and Grinnell had written the day before, already aware of the Indians' wishes. Since payments would not begin until the previous treaty ended in 1897, Conrad suggested that interest be paid on the money in the interim. Pollock stated
the $250,000 over the commissioners' original offer took the place of interest. Conrad disagreed and told the Indians that the treaty was good "but you should get interest. [Great applause.] You have asked me to come and help you, to give you advice, and I want to do the same for you that I want any white man to do for me....you must look out for your own interests. It is your right to do so." 25

At lunch, Major Steell and Kipp joined Conrad in arguing for interest payments. The commissioners finally agreed to make the payment for the first year $300,000 instead of $150,000 and allow four percent on any money not spent from the annual disbursements. "In the afternoon it was accepted," Grinnell said of the treaty, "and tonight everybody is glad. Many Indians made good speeches to me thanking me." 26

Grinnell read the document to the council the next morning. The treaty defined the boundary line and provided for a survey. Indians would be allowed to cut timber for agency, school and personal use as long as the area remained in the public lands. The game laws of Montana were to govern the hunting and fishing rights of the tribe. Employment preference for agency jobs was to be given Indians. Cattle issued for stock-raising could not be sold or slaughtered and would be given preferentially, along with other goods, to those who showed appropriate industry and a willingness to lead a pastoral life. Rights for projects in the public interest such as highways, railroads, telegraph and
telephone lines and irrigation canals were granted. After the commissioners signed the document, the Indians, full bloods and mixed, began signing that afternoon and continued for the next two days. 27

Their work finished, the commissioners boarded the train at Blackfoot, traveling to the Fort Belknap Reservation to complete their duties. At Harlem, "a dreary place," they met the agent and left for the Little Rockies. Clements, ill with a cold and fearing he had pneumonia, remained on the train and returned to Georgia. At Landusky, Pollock and Grinnell met with the Mining Committee, then examined the land that was to be purchased. The following day, Pollock, sick with a cold, was confined to bed. Grinnell borrowed a transit from a local engineer working on an irrigation ditch. With a dozen Indians, two interpreters and "a white man to pack the transit," Grinnell surveyed the boundary line, then councild with the tribe. The Indians signed on October 9 and 10. 28

Back home in New York, Grinnell reviewed his effort in the St. Mary's country: "It grieved me to think of that beautiful country being defaced by civilization and improvements so called, but there seemed no way to avoid facing conditions which existed." 29
Endnotes, VI

1 Museum of the Plains Indian, Browning, Montana, Letter-Press Book 60, Captain L. W. Cooke, Acting Agent to Commissioner of Indian Affairs, January 29, 1894, 255-60.


4 R4, CAS, GBG to Major Steell, July 2, 1894.


6 R5, SWM, Item # 323. Diary, 1891, October 22, quotes on October 24 ("rain"), 25 ("mountains"), 29 ("Butte") and November 1-3 for size of leads.

7 Diary, 1891, November 6, 8 and 9 ("White Calf"). R4, CAS, GBG to Hoke Smith, December 12, 1894. Instead of three small threshing machines, the Indian Bureau sent one large one "of so great a size and weight as to make it practically stationary." R4, CAS, GBG to Hoke Smith, May 25, 1895.


9 R4, CAS, GBG to Hoke Smith, June 1, 1895. R4, CAS, GBG to Hoke Smith, July 11, 1895.


R5, SWM, Item # 325. Diary, 1895, August
30-September 1. Museum of the Plains Indian, Letter-Press
Book A-62, George Steell to Commissioner of Indian Affairs,
October 5, 1895, 255-6. The "full bloods" were Eagle Rib,
Wolf Tail, Tail-Feathers- Coming-In-Sight-Over-the-Hill
(Brocky) and Long Time Person. The "mixed bloods" were
actually whites married to Blackfeet women: George Cook,
James Perrine, Frank Bostwick and James Billedeaux. Museum
of the Plains Indian, Letter-Press Book A-18, George Steell
to L. W. Cooke, September 11, 1895, 399.

Diary, 1895, September 3-6, quotes on September 4
and 6.

Diary, 1895, September 7-17, quote on September 13.

Diary, 1895, September 19-20. United States
Congress, Senate, An Agreement Made and Concluded September
26, 1895, with the Indians of the Blackfeet Reservation,
Montana, By William C. Pollock, George Bird Grinnell, and
Walter M. Clements, Commissioners Appointed under the
Provisions Contained in the Indian Appropriation Act of
March 2, 1895. "Proceedings of Councils of the Commissioners
Appointed to Negotiate with Blackfeet Indians," 54th Cong.,
1st sess., 1896, S. Doc. 118, 8, Serial 3350. Hereafter
cited as Proceedings.

Proceedings, 8-11.


Diary, 1895, September 23. Proceedings, 12.

Proceedings, 12.

Ibid., 13.

Ibid., 13-17.

Ibid., 17-18.

Ibid., 18.

Diary, 1895, September 23. Proceedings, 18-19.

Proceedings, 19-20.

Ibid., 20. Diary, 1895, September 25.

Proceedings, 21-23.

Diary, 1895, September 29-October 2. RA, CAS, GBG
to JBM, November 19, 1895.
29 RA. CAS, GBG to W. H. DeWitt. October 28, 1895.
Congress did not ratify the treaty for the ceded strip until June 10, 1896, and provided that a survey of the boundary be completed before the area was opened to settlement. Grinnell, concerned about the "disturbing influences" of constant incursions by prospectors that began as soon as whites learned of the purchase, urged that the survey be completed as soon as possible. In the meantime he worried about the possible effects of settlement on the watersheds in the St. Mary's country, sources of both the Missouri and Saskatchewan Rivers. Though the area contained little merchantable timber, fires started by the miners could destroy the small pine that retarded the snow melt. He at the United States Geological Survey, to persuade the Forestry Commission to include this "important though not very extensive tract on the eastern flanks of the Rocky Mountains" in their recommendations. If a forest reserve were planned for the region "between Macdonald [sic] and Flathead Lakes--a region from which I understand timber is rapidly being cut and burned off--the St. Mary's reservation...might be made an eastern extension of this larger reserve." Grinnell included a copy of his map, the western border of the Blackfeet Reservation marked in blue pencil. "The whole of this region ought to be protected." Either Grinnell presented a persuasive viewpoint or his
friendship with Hague was significant: President Grover Cleveland included the St. Mary's country in his proclamation of February 22, 1897, that created the Lewis and Clark Forest Reserve. 1

The government started the survey of the boundary in the summer and fall of 1896, completed it in the spring and summer of 1897 but did not open the area for prospecting and settlement until April 12, 1898. In the meantime, "sooners," sneaking into the area in increasing numbers, kept the Blackfeet Indian Police and military detachments from Ft. Assinniboine busy chasing the trespassers. Wild tales produced feverish preparations by nearby prospectors who demanded immediate entry. Even Jack Monroe, who supplemented his income from ranching, guiding and smuggling whiskey, and by prospecting in the Sweet Grass Hills, investigated the mineral leads in the Swiftcurrent valley and offered to stake a claim for Grinnell. The idea of defacing his paradise disgusted Grinnell: "...I should not care to take up a claim in the St. Mary's unless it positively threw itself in my face." 2

Grinnell missed his annual trip to the St. Mary's country in 1896 so he planned a spring outing in 1897 and looked for a guide. "Jackson has always stood well up to the collar.... Schultz, of course, is not worth anything except as cook, and he irritates me even in that humble office." Jack Monroe eventually offered to provide two pack horses and accompany Grinnell to the head of the St. Mary's River.
While crossing Reynolds Creek, the high water of the spring runoff swept them away:

Jack lost his axe and the thumbnail of his right hand. I lost my gun, overcoat, various small articles of clothing, and for quite a long time my breath. For the rest of the day we were, of course, very wet, and matches and tobacco pretty well soaked, so that we could not smoke which was a deprivation.

In spite of the mishap, they succeeded in scaling Mount Jackson. Starting in the early morning, they reached the summit after seven hours. Far to the north, a huge mountain stood out, higher than any nearby. "Here, that is the biggest mountain anywhere around here, and Cleveland is the biggest man in the country; let's call it Mt. Cleveland," Grinnell suggested.

"Cleveland it is," agreed Jack whose political affiliation was sympathetic. The climbers returned to camp, passing a topographer from the Geological Survey. Grinnell gave him his notes and the name, Mount Cleveland, was retained by them. Later in the year, Monroe recovered the axe, gun and overcoat.

That fall Monroe guided Henry Stimson and Gifford Pinchot into the Upper St. Mary's River. They intended to climb Blackfoot Mountain and Grinnell worried about this invasion of his private playground; he asked Pinchot about their trip after their return. "Blackfoot Mountain still remains unconquered," Grinnell wrote with relief, "...and until somebody goes up that I shall still regard myself as chief of the St. Mary's country." In response, he made his own plans for the following July: "I shall not carry a gun,
or even a fishing rod but shall take an alpine stock, and have a try at Blackfoot Mountain." 4

Grinnell arrived from New York in late June, 1898. After attending the Blackfeet Medicine Lodge, he and Jack Monroe packed into the head of the St. Mary's River. They left their camp at the foot of Mt. Jackson at eight in the morning, crossed over the Blackfoot Glacier, making occasional long detours around crevasses, to a ridge on the northeast. Scaling a twenty-five foot ice wall, they traversed a steep ice field using ropes and ice axes and reached bare rocks. A "long crawl took us up to the crest" where Grinnell discovered a freshly overturned rock and feared they were not the first to reach the top. "A second glance, however, served to show that the stone had been turned over by a bear searching for mice." The climbers spent three hours on the summit, making compass sightings and noting, on the southeast, Pumpelly Glacier's attachment to Blackfoot Glacier. They then descended easily and rapidly to camp. 5

Earlier, in April, about five hundred prospectors raced up the Swiftcurrent valley when troops from Fort Assinniboine dropped the bars on the gate. Ten to twenty feet of snow on the heads of the streams delayed the staking of claims though a number of those that were located before the opening were promptly recorded in Choteau, the Teton County seat, 130 miles away. The Cracker claim at the south end of Cracker Lake and the Bull's Head on Mt. Wilbur seemed
the most promising locations and both prompted wild expectations. Boomers offered $97.50 for Cracker Mine stock with a par value of $1 and were refused. The town of Altyn at the mouth of Canyon Creek rose from a tent city to a typical mining town with false-fronted stores, a billiard parlor, two saloons and a dance hall. "...Altyn will be one of two things," speculated the Swift Current Courier, "viz: the richest and biggest camp on earth or nothing...." Little copper and even less gold and silver were found. By 1902 the boom was over and the miners, shopkeepers and Loun Sing, Altyn's laundryman, had moved away.

Grinnell made his first contact with Senator Thomas H. Carter of Montana in February 1899, discussing the management of the Blackfeet Indians and the appointment of a new agent. Grinnell found him "a great and good man for whom I have much respect. He was patient and polite, and I gave him my views with a certain amount of freedom." In addition to the visit in Washington, he sent the Senator several letters including the names of several candidates for the agent position. Grinnell did not vacation in the St. Mary's country that year; instead he spent the summer as a member of the Harriman Expedition to Alaska. "I had a very delightful trip...but did not fire my rifle at any living thing....The seal islands, the Indians and Eskimos, and the bird life which we saw at different points were most interesting, and well repaid for the time taken from other duties."
Occupied with Indian affairs and the publication of three books, Grinnell had little time to think about the St. Mary's country. In March 1900, Century Magazine informed him his article, written for them over seven years before, would soon be published but nothing appeared. He had not visited the region since 1898 and had learned little about affairs in the area other than occasional reports in the newspapers of its copper mines. "I have heard of the richness of the St. Mary's mines but have supposed that this was merely a scheme to work off claims and stock on an innocent and confiding public," he suggested. In Forest and Stream he campaigned for the use of the Forest Reserves for game preserves and urged the public to pressure Congress to establish another national park in the Appalachian Mountains. He spent several weeks during the summer of 1901 studying the Blackfeet and Northern Cheyenne. When he returned home he discovered his article, "The Crown of the Continent," had been published in the September issue of Century Magazine.

The proofs sheets of the article arrived while he was visiting the Indians and Grinnell had not seen the paper until it appeared in print. To make it more timely, the editor had added a paragraph at the end about the addition of the area to the forest reserves in 1897. The map, "which was made a dozen years ago," he told F. I. Whitney, "does not represent anything like the current state of my knowledge of the region, and is in some degree misleading." Grinnell left for his first trip to the St. Mary's country.
in three years, a bit dismayed by this event, though pleased by the compliments he received from several friends.

His cousin, Ashbel Barney, and his brother-in-law, Newell Martin, accompanied him; Jack Monroe joined them as guide and companion. They camped at the base of Mt. Jackson and tried to climb Mt. Stimson (now called Mt. Logan) but found the way blocked by broken ice. While Ashbel and Jack hunted goats, Grinnell and Martin rode up to Gunsight Pass. Grinnell wanted to view the area west of the divide and try to orient himself, having received from Professor Lyman Sperry a description of this area. Sperry had climbed to Avalanche Lake in 1895, then returned the following year and succeeded in reaching the glacier named for him.

The valley on the other side is filled almost by a large rectangular lake...mts on N & S of lake come down to water's edge. Rough jagged mts extend out from Jackson and Fusillade on N & S of valley. On N side, one a little back from valley had a snow cap with cornice....Write Geol. Survey people....Look up Sperry's description of Avalanche Basin. Jack is clear that this is A. basin.

They climbed Hairy Cap, the low shoulder between Fusillade and Reynolds where Ashbel Barney killed a goat and Grinnell identified the pass between Piegan and Reynolds Mountains—but he doubted a trail passed over it because of the steep walls. From vantage points, he could see Mts. Cleveland, Merritt, Grinnell, Gould, Pollock, Allen, Siyeh, Going-to-the-Sun and, 125 miles away, the Sweet Grass Hills. On the way down they discovered twin lakes in the valley between Fusillade and Hairy Cap. Threatening weather forced their return to the Inlet where the tiny town of St. Mary's
had sprouted, nurtured by the prospecting boom. 11

On the trip up the Swiftcurrent, the party passed "Alton [sic], a dead camp." Other signs of civilization abounded: "...buildings, prospect holes, stumps, etc." He found comfort also: "...Mtns. and my ice as beautiful as ever." Early the next morning he and Martin climbed to Grinnell Glacier, passed over the west arm to the low sag in the Divide, then moved south on the west side of the Garden Wall to the base of Mt. Gould. Ascending the west slope, they reached the summit about seven in the evening. After building a small monument of rocks, they turned about, their way back to camp lighted by the moon. The moon set at 3 A.M., just as they reached a series of tangled ledges about a mile from camp. "...unable to find our way in the dark we sat on a ledge by a small fire until daylight came, and reached camp about 8 o'clock in the morning. I confess that I was tired." 12

Before returning to the agency, Grinnell discovered other signs of the pillaging of his treasured country which he reported to Chief Forester Gifford Pinchot:

On Swift Current I noticed that while a great deal of green timber had been felled, presumably for legitimate purposes, the tops were lying about unburned, and a good portion of the forest between the head of McDermott's Lake—the lake above Swift Current Falls—and the lower lake on my stream was in such a condition that the careless throwing down of a match or a cigarette, might have burned up the whole country.

I also noted that a very considerable number of fine straight green trees had been systematically peeled apparently in order to kill them. I imagine that dry timber may be cut without a permit, and I rather took it for granted that these trees had been girdled in order to make them dry in the course of the next two or three
years.

The mines on Swift Current seem to be in a most discouraging condition and the town is moribund, for all of which some people are duly grateful. 13

These two discoveries, the impending destruction of the St. Mary's watershed by settlement in the area and the collapse of the mineral exploration, reawakened Grinnell's desire for a national park. Further, the publication of "The Crown of the Continent" uncovered an ally, Francois E. Matthes, a topographer in the United States Geological Survey. Matthes, along with his associate, Bailey Willis, had surveyed the St. Mary's region in 1901 and, impressed with its natural beauty, recommended that the area be preserved as a national park. In December Matthes sent Grinnell a photograph of a map similar to the one that appeared in the article in Century. Grinnell apologized again for the errors in his map and referred Matthes to his several articles on the St. Mary's country in Forest and Stream. By mail they compared their drawings; Matthes's Mt. Cannon was Grinnell's Mt. Clements; Matthes's Mt. Comeau, Grinnell's Gunsight; Mt. Pinchot, south of Mud Creek and west of Cut Bank Pass on Matthes's map appeared to be Mt. James on Grinnell's; Mt. Stimpson should be spelled without a "p." In March, when Jack Monroe was in Washington, D.C., he visited Matthes and they discussed the discrepancies in place names. Meanwhile, Grinnell encountered another distraction. 14

"I have not been engaging a cook....time is sliding swiftly by and the days are coming when cooks may decline to
be engaged by you and me..." he wrote to Gould. The
discussion did not die:

...I cannot agree with you on the question of
cooks. It is true that devotion to the battle may often
postpone the need of a cook, but inevitably the day
comes when the battle ceases to cheer or even inebriate.
When that time arrives, the system calls loudly for a
cook...You are perhaps too young to realize its truth,
but I who have lived longer have my weather eye wide
open for a cook...

Grinnell's "weather eye" landed on Elizabeth Curtis
Williams, a twenty-four year-old widow who was interested in
photography. Elizabeth had become attracted to Grinnell at
the age of fourteen when she read an article of his in
Scribner's Magazine on the vanishing buffalo. In the spring
of 1902, she volunteered to go with him to the Southern
Cheyenne Reservation in Oklahoma Territory. "She wants to
take pictures of people doing regular things that they all
used to do in the old times....These photographs I hope will
go in my book of the Cheyennes when it is finished."
Grinnell's arrival was delayed when he traveled to Standing
Rock Reservation at the request of President Roosevelt to
investigate cattle-grazing leases. He joined Elizabeth in
Oklahoma in June and they returned to New York City in
mid-July where they were married in mid-August. 15

The young bride accompanied her husband to the St.
Mary's country for the first time in July 1903. They
attended the Piegan Medicine Lodge on the Fourth, then
headed for Kennedy Creek with Jack Monroe and another
couple, Mr. and Mrs. John White. Grinnell lost little time
in initiating Elizabeth in mountain climbing. Billy Upham,
who, in 1892, had accompanied Henry Stimson in the first ascent of Chief Mountain, was asked to come along on another attempt to reach the summit of that prominent spire of rock.

We started at 7:30 and...rode to back of Mt. as far as horses could go. Then up slide rock to comb...reached summit after some labor....The women climbed with extraordinary pluck and facility. At the very first they had a little difficulty, but in a very few minutes Elizabeth came to understand how to walk and balance. 16

Later the infatuated groom wrote about the mountain flowers:

The grass we call soap grass is here called pine grass or sneeze grass. It has a tall flower stalk bearing a very delicate large oval blossom 8 in. high and two or three in diameter. Often when horses enter a patch of these blossoms--it flowers in July--they begin to snort and sneeze; hence the name.

Saw a beautiful small purple clementis; it grows high up. The dogtooth violets have instead of a big single flower on a stalk...two, three and sometimes even four blossoms....There are three columbines, a yellow, a white and a purple....Yellow violets abound. 17

The party moved up the Swiftcurrent and camped below the falls, then climbed to Swiftcurrent Pass and along the Garden Wall to a point above Grinnell Glacier. "The way was long and hard. The women did splendidly," wrote Grinnell, never realizing that Elizabeth feared heights. She later confessed she sat in the library of their home each year before they started for the West, shivering in fear as she contemplated the high, narrow trails. Such terror led to Elizabeth's frequent illness in camp. Still, she delighted in the wild beauty and freedom of the St. Mary's country and almost always accompanied her husband, looking forward, with some trepidation, to the excursions and feeling "that nobody else had ever seen these things before." 18
Back in the office of *Forest and Stream*, Grinnell found his business manager, Edward Wilbur, seriously ill and his managing editor, Charles Reynolds, away for the spring and summer of 1904; the absences dictated that Grinnell remain in New York. "Sometimes I feel as if I should like to drop work for two or three months and simply go off to the Rockies and loaf and camp until I was tired of it," he confessed to his old friend at Yale, E. S. Dana.

Confined to New York, Grinnell occupied himself with thoughts of the St. Mary's country. The April 1904 issue of *Appalachia*, the journal of the Appalachian Mountain Club, contained an article, "The Alps of Montana," by Francois Matthes. At the same time Grinnell was delighted to receive a copy of the new map of the Chief Mountain Quadrangle from Matthes and to find that the Appalachian club was interested in creating a national park in that area. "I should be very glad to do anything that I could to help forward a project to make a national park of any part of the region....," he answered. However, a new obstacle appeared: In 1902, oil was discovered near Kintla Lake; now the owner of the Altyn hotel reported traces of the substance in his mine shaft and the oil boom was on. Prospectors staked claims all along the floor of the Swiftcurrent valley from the falls to the St. Mary's River. Three drills were at work, another three planned. "...everyone has a pocketful of certificates of oil stock," Grinnell observed."...I believe this oil excitement will pass as the copper passed," he added, hopefully.
"...the people cannot get oil enough to dip the mangy cattle that are on the reservation." 20

In spite of the petroleum speculation, Grinnell started his campaign for a national park in the St. Mary's country in 1905. He could not interest Senator Carter in introducing a bill to create a park so he turned to friends in Montana and urged Carter's constituents to write him and persuade him to introduce a bill. Carter, in the manner of a good politician, acceded: "I will be glad to take the matter up on my arrival in the east with our mutual friend Mr. George Bird Grinnell and trust that some good may come of the conference," Carter replied in one letter. In addition, Grinnell began to use the pages of Forest and Stream to push actively for a national park in northwestern Montana:

Still another country—practically without inhabitants—yet marvelous in its wonderful beauty and grandeur—is that known as the St. Mary's country....It is a region of marvelous lakes, towering peaks, vast glaciers and deep, narrow fiords. Few people know these wonderful mountains, yet no one who goes there but comes away filled with enthusiasm for their wild and singular beauty. 21

The Great Falls Tribune, noting Grinnell's editorials, supported the proposal. With the public now generally favoring forest reserves and national parks, they felt "it would not be so much of a task" to preserve both the grand scenery and the valuable watersheds. Local citizens must take the initiative—"That is a hint that should not be lost on the people of the Flathead valley, Teton county and northern Montana. If they stir actively...they will receive the powerful support of the president,...Mr. J. J. Hill and
the Great Northern Railroad." 22

But no one moved; neither the citizens of northern Montana, Senator Carter or Grinnell advanced any further. Finally, in May 1906, Grinnell contacted Matthes who was examining the California coast for the State Earthquake Commission. "I have not succeeded in achieving anything with regard to the proposed National Park in the Montana Rockies," Matthes answered, "and there is no bill to be introduced for it..." He had, however, aroused interest among the members of the Appalachian Mountain Club and suggested Grinnell contact them. Since he had no Land Office map of Montana he drew no boundary lines but he did consider possible borders:

...the southern boundary...just north of the Great Northern....The west boundary was to start...near the mouth of McDonald Creek in a N.W. direction along the foot of the main scarp on the east side of the valley of the North Fork of the Flathead,...a straight line...parallel to the Blackfoot boundary. The Park proposed would contain roughly 1500 sq. miles, containing upward of 50 ice-bodies and over 200 lakes. It might fitly be called Glacier Park. 23

Grinnell followed Matthes's lead only to find the Land Office's supply of maps had been exhausted. He contacted his Congressman, William S. Bennett, looking for another source. At the same time he reassured Matthes that the oil boom had come to nothing--"hundreds of oil claims have been staked out...not one pint of oil has been taken from the ground."

And he contacted the Secretary of the Appalachian Mountain Club, Rosewell B. Lawrence, and offered information about the St. Mary's region. Matthes would lay out the boundaries
and draw up a bill for a national park:

I am reasonably confident that we can get a Montana member of Congress to introduce the bill, preferably in the Senate....I may say that Gifford Pinchot, United States Forester, and I believe President Roosevelt, will be heartily in favor of the establishment of such a Park. 24

Grinnell found a Land Survey map of Montana and forwarded it to Matthes. He did not realize there were many more chasms to cross and cliffs to climb. 25
Endnotes, VII

1 Agreement with the Indians of the Blackfoot Reservation in Montana, Statutes at Large, 29, Ch. 398, 353, (1896). R5, CAS, GBG to Arnold Hague, December 14 and December 16, 1896. - Proclamation No. 29, Statutes at Large, 29, February 22, 907-8, (1897). The reserve included the present Kootenai, Blackfoot, Flathead and Lewis and Clark National Forests.


3 R5, CAS, GBG to Emerson Hough, April 17, 1897. R10, CAS, GBG to Grover Cleveland, August 5, 1904. R5, CAS, GBG to GHG, July 8, 1897. GBG, "Climbing Blackfoot," F&S, 51, October 8, 1898, 282.

4 R5, GBG to JBM, September 3 and November 19, 1897. R5, CAS, GBG to Gifford Pinchot, December 15, 1897, quote. R6, CAS, GBG to GHG, June 20, 1898.


7 R6, CAS, GBG to Senator Thomas H. Carter (THC), February 24, 1899. R6 CAS, GBG to JBM, February 24, 1899, quote. R6, CAS, GBG to THC, April 24, 1899. R6, CAS, GBG to C. Hart Merriam, April 28, 1899. R6, CAS, GBG to Dr. J. C. Merrill, September 25, 1899, quote.


9 R8, CAS, GBG to GHG, September 6, 1901. R8, CAS, GBG to F. I. Whitney, Great Northern Railroad, September 20, 1901.
10 R8, CAS, GBG to JBM, October 2, 1901. R2, SWM, Item # 336, Diary, 1901, October 12-17, quote on 17. See also R8, CAS, GBG to F. I. Whitney, December 4, 1901 concerning Grinnell's uncertainty about the geography west of the Continental Divide.

11 Diary, 1901, October 18-20.

12 Diary, 1901, October 22-24. R8, CAS, GBG to GHG, December 6, 1901.

13 Diary, 1901, October 24 and November 1. R8, CAS, GBG to Gifford Pinchot, December 4, 1901.


16 R9, CAS, GBG to GHG, August 21, 1903. R2, SWM, Item # 339, Diary, 1903, July 7-10, quote on 10.

17 Diary, 1903, July 14.


19 R10, CAS, GBG to E. S. Dana, July 28, 1904.

20 R10, CAS, GBG to FEM, July 23, 1904. Missoulian (Missoula, Montana), B-1, August 13, 1889. R10, CAS, GBG to FEM, August 5, 1904. R10, CAS, GBG to JWS, August 4, 1904.


22 Great Falls (Montana) Tribune, October 30, 1905, 2.
23 R35, CAS, FEM to GBG, May 20, 1906.

24 R11, CAS, GBG to William S. Bennett, June 4, 1906. R11, CAS, GBG to FEM, June 1, 1906. R11, CAS, GBG to Rosewell B. Lawrence, June 4, 1906.

25 R11, CAS, GBG to FEM, August 13, 1906.
The Grinnells visited the Northern Cheyenne Reservation in September 1906, then traveled on to the Blackfeet Indian Reservation. The Bureau of Reclamation had employed Blackfeet to work on the big irrigation ditch that was being built between the St. Mary's and Milk Rivers. The day before the Grinnells arrived "the Indians—faithfully striving to follow the white man's road—had struck for higher wages." Grinnell talked with the Indian leaders, wrested a promise of higher pay from the engineer, Cyrus C. Babb, and the men returned to work. The dispute settled, the Grinnells moved on to the Narrows and camped on Rose Creek. "E. has been quite ill with indigestion..." Grinnell noted in his diary, "probably knocks out the trip." Rain and fog the following day further dampened Elizabeth's enthusiasm so they left to visit the Blood Reservation in Alberta, then crossed Crowsnest Pass, went up Kootenay and Arrow Lakes to Revelstoke, and finally departed for home on the eastbound Canadian Pacific. Grinnell was astonished at the change since 1887 and described it in a letter to Gould: "...people are raising wheat there, on the prairie mind you, and making a fortune. Cardstone [sic]...has a good steam heated electric lighted hotel--what do you think of a migration to Abyssinia, or to the mountains of the moon?" 1

Grinnell was not alone in his concern about change; in
the fall of 1907, rumors that the Lake McDonald region would be included in a national park prompted protests in the Flathead valley. "There may be some local people who favor the park plan, but we have observed only two," noted the Kalispell Inter Lake. Many residents, especially those who vacationed in the Lake McDonald region, felt the area was best served by remaining a national forest that permitted settlement. Though preservation seemed important, the development of promising oil discoveries around Kintla Lake offered another reason for opposing a national park. 2

The Great Falls Tribune criticized the Inter Lake for its narrow view: a few might enjoy the forest reserve by obtaining land for a summer home but

...ten thousand would find enjoyment...if good roads were built and the scenery made accessible at a moderate cost....the country belongs to all the people of the United States, and...patriotism and citizenship should dictate a policy that would make the country accessible and available to the most people. A national park would undoubtedly serve that end.

The Tribune emphasized the economic benefits to Kalispell, local farmers and businessmen all along the Great Northern route. Great Falls expected to prosper as a "sort of half way station" between the new park and Yellowstone National Park. The paper urged the endorsement of the project and predicted Kalispell would be "well satisfied with their action in the future." 3

The arguments of obstructionists intensified once Senator Carter introduced a bill, S. 2032, on December 11, 1907, to create Glacier National Park. The Kalispell Journal
opposed the removal of harvestable timber from the market while the Whitefish Pilot spoke against the loss of good hunting grounds. The Kalispell Bee wanted the exclusion of previously surveyed lands from the proposed park. The Inter Lake repeated their previous arguments and noted a railroad, planned by the Canadian Pacific to connect with Kalispell through the North Fork of the Flathead, would be prohibited. A prominent Kalispell attorney, Sidney M. Logan, offered his views in a letter to Senator Carter, published in the Inter Lake. As a national park, the benefits to the people of the United States would not be commensurate to the injustice done to the residents of Flathead County. He cited the loss of possible valuable minerals and feared control of the park by the military as had occurred in Yellowstone National Park. Carter replied, stating geological surveys had found no significant mineral deposits and suggested that the park, under the control of the Secretary of Agriculture, would be managed with the "sympathetic touch of forest rangers." Letters poured into Carter's office, opposing the park or suggesting modifications of the bill. 4

Carter's original bill simply outlined the boundaries of the proposed park and placed it under the jurisdiction of the Secretary of Agriculture. The western border followed section lines in a stair-step configuration, making about two dozen angles and producing an imperfect margin. The southern border followed the Middle Fork of the Flathead River, the eastern along the Blackfeet Reservation and the
northern along the International Boundary. Even before the bill was reported from the Committee on Public Lands, because of the many objections, Carter introduced a new bill, S. 5648, on February 24, 1908. This bill, much more specific and liberal, provided for rights of entrance and exit to legitimately settled lands and mining claims and allowed leases for summer cottages. The western boundary followed section lines between surveyed and unsurveyed lands until it reached the North Fork of the Flathead River. Surveyed lands were thus excluded from the park and reserved for settlement. 5

The Committee on Public Lands, where Senator Joseph Dixon of Montana managed the bill, made further alterations. They changed the western border to the middle of the North Fork of the Flathead River, feeling a natural line would cause less confusion in the patrolling for big game violations. They added a clause to permit the Secretary of Interior to authorize the construction of a railroad along the North Fork. James R. Garfield, the Secretary of the Interior, recommended that jurisdiction for the park remain with the Secretary of Agriculture and suggested that mature timber be harvested to improve the forests. The Secretary of Agriculture, James Wilson, took a more utilitarian stance and recommended that additional timber be cut from areas planned for water power reservoirs. Further, he felt the Canadian Pacific Railroad could use either Kishenehn or Starvation Creeks in the northwest corner as a route for a
railroad. The amended bill, along with the Secretaries' comments and a description of the area by R. H. Chapman of the United States Geological Survey, passed in the Senate without debate on May 15, 1908, and went to the House the following day. There it was referred to the Committee on Public Lands to be managed by Montana's Congressman, Charles N. Pray. That committee changed the jurisdiction of the park from the Secretary of Agriculture to the Secretary of Interior and removed the clause allowing railroads access to the North Fork. They recommended that the bill be passed.

A week before Carter introduced S. 5648 Grinnell wrote to him and asked for a copy of the bill. Carter filled the request at once; the proposed boundary, which included the best natural features and protected the major watersheds, pleased Grinnell. He was even more enthusiastic that Carter had initiated legislation: "...this action of yours will be heartily approved by the citizens of Montana...and by a large number of people...who have been fortunate enough to visit the territory," he applauded.

Grinnell had not remained idle while observing the Congressional process. He contacted Madison Grant, Secretary of the Boone and Crockett Club, asking that the Executive Committee discuss supporting the bill. At the same time, he drafted a resolution for the club and forwarded it to Grant, requesting that one copy be sent to Carter. Since Grinnell could not attend the annual meeting of the club to be held the following month in Washington, D.C., he asked Grant to
present it to the meeting and suggested that both Montana
Senators, Carter and Joseph M. Dixon, be invited as guests.
Finally, Gifford Pinchot and other members of the club who
were familiar with the St. Mary's region were contacted and
asked "to tell the Club something about why Senator Carter's
bill should pass." 8

Grinnell continued the campaign with an editorial in
Forest and Stream and requests for support to every possible
ally: the Appalachian Mountain Club, sportsmen who were
familiar with the area, and friends in Montana:

I have been trying to get Senator Carter to
introduce this bill for a good many years, and at last
he has done it. I want now, if I can, to arouse in his
mind sufficient interest in his own bill to get him to
push it to a vote....a generation hence it will be as
great a resort as is the Yellowstone Park.

His offensive uncovered an unexpected supporter;
Carter's wife had visited the St. Mary's Lakes and was
enthusiastic about the scenery. "The bill ought to have a
potent ally in her," he observed. 9

S. 5648 passed in the Senate and moved on to the House
just as Grinnell left New York to spend the summer studying
the Southern Cheyenne Indians on their reservation in
Oklahoma. When he returned to the East, he found the bill
still sitting in the House, apparently neglected. Bailey
Willis of the Geological Survey suggested Grinnell seek help
from A. C. Harvey of Philadelphia, District Passenger Agent
for the Great Northern Railroad, who had spoken hopefully to
Willis about the passage of the bill in the House. Harvey's
reply turned Grinnell's request for help back to where it
started: Carter had assured Harvey that the bill would go through the House: "If you have any influence with House members, I wish you would bring it to bear," Harvey advised.

Grinnell might have gone directly to the Congressmen with his arguments but he had always been reluctant to use this approach. Over twenty years before, while working for a bill to protect Yellowstone Park, he had indicated his dislike for this activity:

Lobbying is the meanest work I ever did--I would rather break bronchos for a living than talk to Congressman about a bill. It makes me feel like a detested pickpocket to do it. And then--after having undergone this shame--to find that after all the bill for which you worked will fail.

Instead he turned again to his comfortable vehicle, Forest and Stream, with a series of articles in late 1908 and early 1909. He described the St. Mary's Lakes and the Swiftcurrent region, pictured the area's mountains, streams and lakes, detailed the birds and game, reviewed the history of the mineral exploration period and reminded his readers that he had been telling them about the region for twenty-four years. "...it is of the highest importance...that the bill should pass." 11

Local opposition in Montana metamorphosed between the introduction of the first and second bills with many of the objections satisfied by the latter. The Inter Lake now directed its concerns to the "throngs of wandering tourists" who would invade the wilderness. "Extracting the dollars is apparently much more to the point than keeping a wilderness
unspoiled for a few nature lovers." The Great Falls Tribune
countered, stating the people of the Flathead county would
look back on the passage of the bill "as one of the most
beneficent acts of the present congress....In many ways it
is far more attractive as a pleasure resort than Yellowstone
National Park." The House passed S. 5648 in a slightly
different form. In spite of local support and encouragement
from sportsmen and conservationists, the Congress did not
try to reconcile the differences and the bill died with the
end of the Sixtieth Congress. Even so, Grinnell was hopeful:
"No doubt it will be reintroduced in the next Congress, and
will finally be enacted." In addition, Canada now seemed
willing to set aside an adjacent tract on the other side of
the boundary.

It is gratifying to see the readiness with which
Canada appears disposed to co-operate with the United
States in the work of conserving the natural things of
this continent. Two such good neighbors may wisely work
together for so good an object. 12

Carter introduced a third bill to create Glacier
National Park, S. 2777, on June 26, 1909, and it was
promptly referred to the Committee on Public Lands under
Montana's Senator Joseph Dixon. This bill encompassed all
the previous suggestions and amendments: the western border
followed the middle of the North Fork of the Flathead River;
valid existing property claims were protected; mature, dead
or down timber could be harvested; and the Secretary of
Interior, who controlled the park, could execute leases for
parcels of ground for buildings to accommodate visitors. 13
For the moment, Grinnell directed his attention to the region itself. He had not visited there for three years and he asked his friend George Gould to accompany him, expecting he would be turned down:

The trip will be one for invalids, children and weak women, and there will not be excitement enough in it to appeal to you. I shall like, if I can, to see once more the snow capped mountains, and craggy peaks of the upper lake and river, but I shall hardly be in shape to climb either for the mountain's scalp, or for that of any animal making its home high up among the rocks.

Their departure was delayed briefly: the New York, New Haven and Hudson Railroad dropped off a carload of manure for Grinnell's Milford farm on the wrong spur, a half-mile away from the proper site. Once he had redirected the manure delivery, they traveled to St. Mary's where Elizabeth, a symbol of "weak women," shortened the trip--when they camped on Upper St. Mary's Lake below Baring Creek, she became ill again. Grinnell tried to continue but could not: "E. sick in the night. This is the third night she has been sick and for the three I have had no sleep." As they passed the Inlet on their way back to the agency, Grinnell softened. "E. happened to remember my birthday." 14

Grinnell contacted Senator Carter in December, wondering about the status of the Glacier Park bill and found it was still in the Senate Committee on Public Lands. He urged Carter to push for its passage: "I know of no opposition to the bill, and there is certainly a strong feeling in its favor in Montana." Senator Dixon reported it from committee on January 20, 1910, amended to allow right
of ways for railroads along the North Fork. The Senate added provisions for the United States Reclamation Service to utilize water flow from the area before passing it and sending it over to the House Committee on Public Lands on February 9. 15

Immediately, Grinnell asked readers of Forest and Stream to write Congressman C. N. Pray of Montana for a speedy vote. "Let everyone now put his shoulder to the wheel and push." At the same time he decried the attempts of San Franciscans to use the Hetch Hetchy valley as a source of water, feeling, as he had since he led the fight to protect Yellowstone Park, that national park lands should never be diverted to the use of a special group. A few days later, hampered by a temporary memory loss, he asked Madison Grant to look through a batch of old letters and find the one "which mentions the name of the Congressman from Montana, in whose hand the Glacier National Park Bill now is....It is something like W. D. Lang or H. D. Lane." He wrote friends, asking them to write their Congressman and the Montana Congressman, now "C. M. Lane." "If we can get the Glacier Park bill established, it will be something to talk about, and the question of making the forest reserves game preserves is always with us." Meanwhile, he wrote a draft of a letter for members of the Boone and Crockett Club and forwarded it to the club's Executive Committee. Eventually he found the correct name of the Montana Congressman and sent Pray a lengthy letter, explaining his concern for the
bill and suggesting maintenance expenses, a source of recent opposition, could be put off for years as had been the case in Yellowstone National Park.

The establishment of this Park will, I believe, be a great thing for the state. Its great natural beauty will attract...a multitude of visitors, while the vast quantities of water...will in time benefit a great population living on the arid plains to the east and to the west.

I venture to hope that you will do everything in your power to bring this bill to an early vote... 16

Pray informed Grinnell that the bill had been reported out of committee to the House on March 15. A blizzard of letters flew to friends, Boone and Crockett Club members and Congressmen. Using any angle to his advantage, he reminded his own Congressman, William S. Bennett, "that my old friend Mr. Stiles, your uncle, went through that region something like forty years ago with Prof. Pumpelly," and suggested that Stiles, if he were alive, would be enthusiastic about the bill. He wrote popular magazines such as Century and Outlook asking for "a favorable word." He drafted a letter to be sent to influential citizens throughout the United States for the Game Committee of the Boone and Crockett Club and recommended that the club make Senators Carter and Dixon associate members. Still unsure about Pray, he hedged: "I would scarcely go so far as this with...the Congressman from Montana, though I understand he is a good man." At the end of March, he visited Washington to speak with Pray and came away reassured: "...I was most favorably impressed. He seems a frank, downright man, not at all like a politician," then suggested that Pray, too, be invited to the annual
Washington, D.C., Boone and Crockett Club dinner in late April, "and thus have the full Montana delegation." 17

Again Grinnell contacted A. C. Harvey, District Passenger Agent for the Great Northern Railroad, asking for help with the bill, "which, if it becomes law, must be of great value to the Great Northern Railroad." The railroad was, in fact, a major key to the creation of Glacier National Park since it provided easy access to the region after the transcontinental line was completed in 1893. Before that time the area lay between two transcontinental railroads, the Northern Pacific and the Canadian Pacific, but both were too distant to allow easy public visitation. With completion of the railway Great Northern Passenger Agent F. I. Whitney sent Professor Lyman B. Sperry of the University of Minnesota in 1894 to search the Lake McDonald region for evidence of glaciers and other tourist attractions. After discovering Sperry Glacier, his party cut a saddle-horse trail into Avalanche Lake, financed by the railroad. 18

Because the Great Northern early recognized the commercial value of the region, historians have magnified the role of the Great Northern Railroad in the creation of Glacier National Park. Since the railroad opened the area to public access and later developed extensive tourist facilities after the passage of the enabling legislation, it seems logical that it would have been involved actively in the legislation itself. Further, major participants engaged
with the three bills imply that the Great Northern played a significant political role. Finally, the idea fulfills the anti-corporate "robber baron" perception of current conservationist-preservationists. 19

One historian, Donald H. Robinson, states "...Louis W. Hill, Sr., then president of Great Northern, was foremost among the sponsors of the bill...." James W. Sheire, in the National Park Service's official Glacier National Park: Historic Resource Study, noted "there is little doubt that Louis Hill was the railroad official responsible not only for promoting the park movement and the legislation, but also the development of the park itself." Buchholtz hedges with his view: "Grinnell and other influential preservationists apparently carried their cause to James J. Hill and other Great Northern officials, who in turn gave the Montana Congressional delegation the task of advocating legislation for a park." Even Madison Grant, Secretary of the Boone and Crockett Club at the time, recalled "...Mr. L. W. Hill, who had visited the region, became an enthusiastic partisan of the bill, and Congressman Pray, of Montana, took it up. Mr. Hill saw in it great possibilities for the public benefit as well as important material advantage to the Great Northern Railroad." Finally, the most involved person of all, George Bird Grinnell, said, ten years later, "There is...no doubt that Louis W. Hill did much to drive the Glacier Park bill through the House. He was perhaps one of the most important...." In 1929 he suggested again that the
railroad played an active role: "Important men in the control of the Great Northern Railroad were made to see the possibilities of the region, and after nearly twenty years of effort, a bill setting aside the Park was passed by Congress...." But, other than these ambiguous statements, Grinnell never mentioned any involvement of the Great Northern Railroad in the legislative process that created the Park and did not meet Hill until 1912. 20

In fact, evidence exists that indicates Louis W. Hill and other Great Northern Railroad officials played only minor, low-key roles. During the time, the railroad directed its attention primarily to programs that covered its operational costs and produced its profits: North Dakota irrigation projects, Central Montana townsite and homestead developments and Washington orchard ventures. During the early phases of Glacier Park legislation, Hill's General Traffic Manager, W. W. Broughton, kept him informed of the bill's progress in Congress:

Senator Carter says that he does not want any publicity made of this [S. 2032] at the present time, also that several vigorous protests have been forwarded to him from parties in Montana relative to the outlines as described in the Bill...he wishes as little publicity as possible on the subject, and in that way avoid adverse agitation which he anticipates will arise. 21

Hill replied directly to Carter, recognizing his delicate political position:

I realize that the question of advocating a National Park in the Lake McDonald District is one which should not be given any particular publicity at this time, as such a course would naturally tend to bring out local opposition....

Our people all understand that there would be no
advantage to us in stirring this matter up, and are
being very quiet about it....

These are not the words of a heavy-fisted, corporate
"robber-baron."

While the Great Northern maintained a low profile, Hill
had Broughton initiate a "grass roots" letter campaign from
communities along the line. In February 1909, when House
inaction threatened to kill S. 5648, Hill telegraphed his
father, James J. Hill, who served as Chairman of the Board
of Directors of the railroad, and asked that he contact the
Speaker of the House, Joseph G. Cannon:

COMMERCIAL BODIES OF ALL CITIES IN NORTHWEST FROM
HERE TO COAST HAVE WIRED AND WRITTEN THEIR
REPRESENTATIVES URGING FAVORABLE ACTION ON GLACIER PARK
BILL PARTIES IN CHARGE OF BILL ASK IF YOU CANNOT WIRE
SPEAKER CANNON ASKING HIS ASSENT FOR RECOGNITION OF
CONGRESSMAN PRAY TO BRING UP BILL MONDAY IS UNANIMOUS
CONSENT DAY

The Chairman of the Board did not sway the Speaker;
Cannon used local Flathead opposition to criticize the bill
and actually wished to hamper the Great Northern because of
his own business ties with its competitor, the Northern
Pacific Railroad. At the same time, Cannon faced increasing
opposition from Republican "House Insurgents" and, a month
later was stripped of his power to appoint members to the
Committee on Rules, an action that latter facilitated the
movement of S. 2777 out of committee. This time, however, S.
5648 died in March 1909 with the end of the First Session of
the Sixieth Congress.

The Great Northern Railroad maintained its low
visibility after Carter introduced his third bill, S. 2777,
in June 1909. However, in March 1910, just when Grinnell became alarmed because the bill appeared to be stalled in the House Committee on Public Lands, the railroad stirred again. Hill's private secretary sent a telegram, the message considered to be of enough importance to be coded:


Hill wired Gronna and Volstead at the same time that Grinnell contacted Pray and other Congressmen. The committee reported the bill, with amendments, out to the House on March 15. Nothing more was heard from the Great Northern Railroad.

To Grinnell's delight, the House passed the bill on April 13 and he sent congratulations to both Carter and Pray, recognizing the latter's "energy and adroitness....I am greatly rejoiced that you have succeeded in bringing the bill to a vote." Grinnell celebrated this advance with an editorial in Forest and Stream: "...We believe that the day is not distant when great crowds of tourists will visit this wonderful region." Even though this multitude of tourists would need accommodations, Grinnell fought off suggestions that an appropriation needed to be appended to the bill, asking friends to send reassurance to the Chairman of the House Appropriations Committee.

Senator Dixon informed Grinnell at the annual Boone and
Crockett dinner that the Conference Committee had agreed on the bill after the House deleted their amendment that prevented railroads and the Bureau of Reclamation from entering the Park. When the Senate and House accepted the Conference report on May 4, Pray telegraphed the news to Grinnell. A temporary absence of President William Howard Taft from Washington worried him. "I shall be a little bit easier in my mind when I learn that the President has signed the Glacier National Park Bill." 27

While Grinnell waited, Edward VII died in England and Halley's Comet delighted thousands of nocturnal viewers. Taft finally returned to Washington and signed the Glacier National Park Bill into law on May 11, 1910. In Forest and Stream, Grinnell thanked Carter, Dixon, Pray and the Boone and Crockett Club but took no credit for himself:

To receive credit for good work well done is pleasant but a reward far higher...comes from the consciousness of having served the public well...

Congressman Pray and Senator Carter both sent letters congratulating Grinnell and thanking him for his efforts. No one sent congratulations to Louis W. Hill. 28
Endnotes, VIII

1 R12, CAS, GBG to LHN, October 27, 1906. R3, SWM. Item # 345, Diary, September 1906. R12, CAS, GBG to GHG, November 2, 1906.


3 Great Falls Tribune, October 3, 1907.


7 R12, CAS, GBG to THC, February 18 and February 28, 1908.

8 R12, CAS, GBG to Madison Grant, February 28, March 6 and March 31, 1908. "Resolution of the Boone and Crockett Club," Glacier National Park Archives, is quoted below in its entirety:

"WHEREAS Senator Thomas H. Carter of Montana has introduced in the Senate a bill S. 5648, setting aside the Glacier National Park, within whose boundaries as fixed there is no agricultural or grazing land, nor any known paying mines or claims; and

"WHEREAS the bill protects the rights of any and all settlers and bona fide miners in that region, does not infringe on the rights of any citizen or citizens, and will be a lasting benefit to the state of Montana, and to the United States at large; and

"WHEREAS it is within the personal knowledge of many
members of the Boone and Crockett Club that the proposed Park, lying within the main range of the Rocky Mountains, between the Great Northern Railway and the International boundary line is one of the most beautiful regions in the United States, comprising high rough mountain peaks and narrow valleys clothed with forests which, while commercially unimportant, protect its water supply; that among its summits lie some of the largest glaciers known in the Rocky Mountains from which flow important rivers, heads of the Saskatchewan, Missouri and the Flathead; that it is the region of many lakes; that it is from the abundant waters flowing from its mountains that a great area in northern Montana is proposed to be irrigated by means of the St. Mary's canal project and other irrigation projects, therefore be it

"RESOLVED (1) that the Boone and Crockett Club record itself as heartily in favor of this measure, and urge the speedy passage of this bill, and (2) that a copy of these resolutions be sent by the secretary to the Honorable Thomas H. Carter." R12, CAS, GBG to Gifford Pinchot, March 25, 1908.


19 See David Walter, "Early Glacier-Area Developments, 1800-1910," 36-38 for an more extensive discussion of these ideas. This unpublished manuscript is in the Mansfield Library, University of Montana, Missoula.


21 Great Northern Railroad Collection (GNRR), File 4325, Folder 25, General Traffic Manager W. W. Broughton to President Louis W. Hill, January 10, 1910, as cited by Walter, "Early Glacier-Area Developments," 48.

22 GNRR, File 4325, Folder 25, Louis W. Hill to THC, January 15, 1908, as cited by Walter, 49.


24 Walters, "Early Glacier-Area Developments," 50.

25 GNRR, File 4325, Folder 24, H. H. Parkhouse to Louis Hill, March 5, 1910, as cited by Walter, 53. The three Senators were Republicans from states served by the Great Northern Railroad. Gilman, as an Assistant to the President of the Great Northern, served as a lobbyist in Washington, D.C. R14, CAS, GBG to C. N. Pray, March 3, 1910. Glacier National Park Archives, C. N. Pray to GBG, March 17, 1910. R14, CAS, GBG to F. Burton Harrison, House of Representatives, March 11, 1910.


Early in the summer of 1911, crews built right-of-way for a twenty-four foot wide macadamized road from Belton [West Glacier] to Lake McDonald. Though limited by a Congressional appropriation of only $15,000, trails were cleared and widened to eight feet on the St. Mary's River and Swiftcurrent, Red Eagle and Cut Bank Creeks. Even with work slowed by heavy spring rains "...by the first of July...I hope to have the trails all in fairly good shape," wrote William R. Logan, the Park Superintendent, in answer to Grinnell's inquiry. New telephone lines ran from Belton to the headquarters near the foot of Lake McDonald, then around the lake, up McDonald Creek to its junction with Mineral Creek and over to St. Mary's. Belton had "a very nice, first class hotel, at moderate rates," the Great Northern Railroad had "Swiss Chalets" under construction and both John E. Lewis and Frank Geduhn had accommodations for tourists at the head of Lake McDonald. "At the foot of the lake there is nothing." 1

Still busy with conservation, Grinnell lobbied for a national park on the Olympic peninsula, supported a bill to combine Grand Canyon National Monument and the Cocomino National Forest into another national park and pressed for a forest reserve in the Appalachians. After hearing that the railroad planned a road from Midvale [East Glacier] to the
Lower St. Mary's Lake, he decided to visit the new national park to "see what is happening in the country which I felt for many years was my private estate.... Is there a trail out from Altyn up to my lake, which is on my glacier?" he asked Logan. Somewhat dismayed by the extent of development already under way, he wished to see "Glacier National Park for the last time before it gets full of wagon roads and hotels." Elizabeth planned to go along to visit their Blackfeet friends but he doubted she would go into the mountains: "her courage seems to fail her where the big hills cast their shadows." Still, he asked Jack Monroe to provide as much comfort in the camp as possible: "a cook, tents, reasonably good food, and generally someone to do the hard work."  

They attended the Blackfoot Medicine Lodge celebration over the Fourth of July where Brocky, blind and gap-toothed, gave Elizabeth his walking stick. On a side trip to Belton they met Major Logan and studied a relief map of the park in his office, then rode in the rain with Dr. Charles B. Reed of Chicago to Avalanche Basin. "The Sperry Glacier was sometimes visible through clouds. It seems to lay on Gunsight Mt.," he observed. While Elizabeth stayed at Flower's boarding house in Midvale, Grinnell packed into Red Eagle Lake with Joe Kipp and Henry Norris and then up the St. Mary's River. Civilization had penetrated his wilderness: in camp he was "reading newspaper--can buy now," he noted with a hint of incredulity. A horse rolled over a
cliff and fell over one hundred yards into the St. Mary's stream bed, saved from serious injury by landing on its packs; Elizabeth was no doubt happy she was not along. 3

Grinnell sold Forest and Stream to Charles Otis in the fall of 1911 so that he could devote more time to his investigation of the history and culture of the Cheyenne Indians and to write a definitive study of the tribe. "Take a good rest," advised Jack Monroe:

   go and see how those old countries are (you have never blowed about seeing Europe around our campfires) and don't go to work until the Spirit calls Hard.
   I believe, to drink a little whiskey to help break the old habit of Hard work would be wise, and help break the High Tension under which you have been living so long.... 4

But old habits remained: in the next fifteen years, he established himself as a leading historian and ethnologist by producing four books on the Cheyenne, the popular The Fighting Cheyennes (1915), The Cheyenne Indians (1923) in two volumes, When Buffalo Ran (1923) and By Cheyenne Campfires (1926). Photographs by Elizabeth Grinnell illustrated most of the Cheyenne books. In addition to these, Grinnell wrote numerous papers and several other books on Indian ethnology, produced Two Great Scouts, the story of Frank and Luther North and edited two more books for the Boone and Crockett Club, Hunting in High Altitudes (1913) and Hunting and Conservation (1925). 5

Jack Monroe kept him abreast of changes at Glacier National Park: "Jim Hill is building a number of hotels and camps...one lot of cabins at the foot of the Lake--one at
the Narrows, and one at the second Narrows, and some at
Gunsight Lake." Grinnell viewed the developments with
ambiguity: "I shall not greatly enjoy seeing them; but after
all, that is what the Park is for—the benefit of the
public—and those of us who knew it in its wild days are a
very small portion of the public." At times the public's
enthusiasm for the Park amused Grinnell: "I have already met
one or two persons who described it to me and told me I
ought to go see it!" And even Grinnell saw a personal
benefit in the accommodations under construction: "...last
summer I put in two or three days packing, and made up my
mind that I was too old for that sort of work." 6

The Grinnells met Luther North and his wife at
Browning, planning to share their 1912 vacation with these
old friends. Grinnell rode horseback, following the
automobile road under construction from the train station to
St. Mary's. "over 30 m. Tired, stiff on arrival" at Jack
Monroe's ranch. Two days later, as they rode toward Flattop,
they met a party of three horsemen:

The leader spoke and at length asked if this was
Mr. Grinnell's party and if I was Mr. G. Just before we
turned off to McDermott, they stopped again and the
leader introduced himself as Mr. Louis Hill. We had a
long talk....Hill seems a very bright, energetic and
determined fellow. He will do much for the Park, and I
told Jack he is a good man to tie up to... 7

At Swiftcurrent the party camped a mile below the falls
and, except for Elizabeth who stayed at the tent hotel at
the lake, visited Iceberg Lake. Illness continued to haunt
their excursions, but this time Elizabeth was not at fault:
"Lute had one of his spells last night and Mrs. North is sick. They will go to the railroad tomorrow morning." After their departure, the Grinnells, with Jack Monroe's children, climbed to Kootenai Lick to look for sheep:

...Mabel and I. gave out half way up slope and Jesse stayed behind with them....Hattie and I went on and went to the top of the ridge--Hattie climbed vigorously and went on ahead fast. I followed more slowly. From top of ridge we looked down into lick which extends for several hundred yds. along side of mts. coming out of sandy clay in shape of smelly salt springs...usually only a little dampness of soil. I tasted the water which had a distinct salty taste....the mountains rise in abrupt cliffs...On SW face...there are bold vertical cliffs above and...another wide surface of broken rock, more or less level and without vegetation, where at some ancient date the whole side of the mt slipped away....I recognized the place where I came with the Kootenais 27 years ago. 8

Before leaving the Park, Grinnell discussed the proposed dams on the St. Mary's, Sherburne and McDermott Lakes with an engineer of the Reclamation Service. "They need 2,000,000 ft. timbre [sic] for their construction work....Unless they log with discretion they may do much to mar the Park, which, according to this story, is to be turned into a series of storage reservoirs and logging camps," he predicted. "Utilitarian Americans," he added sadly. 9

The Grinnells returned to the Park the following year. "The force of habit keeps me still going to that dear place, though reasons for going there grow constantly fewer," he observed. "...I continue to visit it even though it has been made a national park and is now more or less full of tourists." After a stay at the new hotel at Glacier Park
they traveled to St. Mary's in only two hours by automobile, then camped at the head of Red Eagle and climbed toward the glacier. "The effort of climbing the hill and some carelessness about her eating, laid Mrs. Grinnell out, and before long we had to turn about and slide down, and took the automobile, if you please, for the big hotel." There they were unable to obtain the luxury of a "room with bath."  

Mrs. Grinnell spent the summer of 1914 in a cottage at Woodstock, Vermont, while her husband went to the Northern Cheyenne Reservation at Lame Deer, Montana. He skipped his trip to Glacier Park where "you are pushed off the trail every few minutes by the multitude..." The Great Northern Railroad, with their wholly owned Glacier Park Hotel Company, had hotels or camps at Glacier Park, Belton, Two Medicine Lake, Cut Bank River, the Narrows (Going-to-the-Sun) and foot of Upper St. Mary's Lake and Gunsight Lake. The stone Sperry Chalet had been completed and another was underway at Granite Park. A huge hotel had been started at Swiftcurrent to replace the Many Glacier camp, served now by a new wagon road from St. Mary's. Autos, saddle horses or wagons could be rented at most sites; even motor launch service was available on Upper St. Mary's Lake and Lake McDonald.  

In 1915 James Willard Schultz started a campaign to change the names of the geographic features of the Park and touched off a minor controversy with Grinnell who objected
for practical reasons: "...the white tourists cannot handle such names as Siksikakwan. They have already dropped a syllable out of the mountain which I think is called Apistotoki and now call it Apistoki." Since the Blackfeet were Plain Indians they "scarcely ever ventured into the mountains and identified by name only a few of the most prominent landmarks." Further, he believed some of the "old-timers" like Norris, Dawson, Kuteni Brown and Crow Quiver should be remembered and he found Schultz's petition "comic but sad:"

Schultz, it seems, has the privilege of naming, or renaming, the mountains, lakes, peaks, etc., in the park. I have seen a partial list of the names, and they include those of his friends; old coffee coolers who used to lie around Ft. Benton or Ft. Conrad--regular scrubs--not one old time, respected chief in the bunch.

The petition "was signed by only nine people, of whom three or four were schoolboys and only one, Curly Bear, was a person of any particular standing." Robert Sterling Yard of the new National Park Service recognized the problem:

A splendid front range in the Rocky Mountain National Park is named for a local prostitute. Others bear the names of farm hands and casual summer visitors...Does James Willard Schultz deserve consideration?...They laugh at him in Glacier...everyone tells me he is a frightful drunkard. He writes a good letter and he has imagination--but that is the point; has he too much imagination? 12

The Grinnells took brief trips to Glacier National Park during summers of 1915, 1916 and 1917, staying most of the time in the comfort of the new Many Glacier hotel. From this base they took short hikes up Canyon Creek, Cataract Creek to Morning Eagle Falls, toward Iceberg Lake and into Apikuni
Basin, Grinnell carrying a pack with their lunch, camera, sweaters and notebooks. "I am not accustomed to a pack and found it hard on my wind." On one outing he observed, rather wryly, "E. greatly tickled because a Mr. Adams to whom she spoke asked if she was Mr. Grinnell's daughter or his granddaughter." On the other hand, he was pleased to see a trail to Grinnell Glacier under construction during the 1917 visit though ambiguous feelings persisted: "...the scenery was as beautiful as ever but the crowds there were larger than usual, and I became rather weary of the place after a time...."

Grinnell provided much of the information for Madison Grant's "Early History of Glacier National Park, Montana," originally published by the National Park Service in 1919 and later included in the Boone and Crockett book, Hunting and Conservation in 1925. Grant described Grinnell as representing

...the now disappearing class of educated easterners who went to the frontier in the buffalo and Indian days and devoted their lives to the welfare of the great West. Many men...did the same, but...they were not unmindful of their own material interests, and the credit they deserve...is perhaps to be qualified somewhat by the fact that they...profited substantially.... Mr. Grinnell, on the other hand, from the year 1870 has freely given his time, his money, his scientific and literary attainments, and his talents to the cause of preservation of the forests, the wild life of the country and, above all, the welfare of the Indians of the West.

He credited Grinnell with broad views on conservation that were unusual at the time, noted the idea for the Park was "born in the brain of George Bird Grinnell" and outlined
his leadership and guidance in its creation. In addition, he recognized Grinnell as the source of many of the geographic names. Grinnell thought the references to him sounded like an obituary and lectured Grant on why the general public would not be interested in his article, rather unusual remarks for an historian:

...if you are preparing a history of the Glacier national park which you expect to have appear in a Boone and Crockett book under my editorship, your labor is in vain....You and I are like the rest of the public, in that we wish results accomplished. It is for that reason we struggle and sweat and fight for fifteen or twenty years or more, without apparently making any progress, and then of a sudden the things we were working for come to pass. We, ourselves, remember something of the time and energy and money expended to bring about the results but no one else knows of these efforts....Moreover, no one else cares. People are interested in their own affairs, and most of them have little or no concern...for what may bring good to the public. Except for the few who think much about these matters, the question of what happened in Yellowstone Park forty years ago, or in Glacier Park twenty years ago possesses no possible interest.

The National Park Service printed the brief history unchanged. The editor omitted many of the references to Grinnell from the article in Boone and Crockett book. 15

Three years passed before Grinnell returned to Glacier. This time he was alone; Mrs. Grinnell had been ill since Christmas, and though she was feeling better, she remained in New York at a country hotel, Briarcliff, with a nurse. Her husband left, wondering "whether the mountains are still standing firmly on the other side of the St. Mary's Lakes." He stayed five weeks, riding the "red hotel car" between Glacier Park Hotel and Many Glacier, chatting with Schultz who had arrived at the same time to write a book about "old
times" and reminiscing with Jack Monroe. With Elizabeth absent, he was "absolutely without responsibility, and had a very delightful time." 16

If the 1920 outing was delightful, the trip the next year was sour. "The place was crowded so full of people that I got sick of it and moved off," he reported to Luther North. But crowds were not the problem. After visiting Charlie and Nancy Russell at their Bullhead Lodge on Lake McDonald and discussing the automobile road proposed by the National Park Service to cross the Divide, the Grinnells returned by train to Glacier Park Hotel and then traveled on to Many Glacier. "Trouble to get a satisfactory room, overcharged for horse and had a squabble about horses with a new man who wished to give me a guide. I told him I would not have one." Irate, the Grinnells left, promising to write Stephen Mather, Director of the National Park Service and George W. Noffsinger, owner of the Park Saddle Horse Company. 17

In his letter to Mather, Grinnell made several complaints. The hotel and saddle horse concession monopolies exploited the public, especially the average man who had to watch prices. Hotels were so expensive only the "well-to-do" could afford to use them. The rental of a horse, $3.50 a day, was exorbitant: at $20-29 for a horse, and $30-40 for a saddle, costs could be recovered in but a few days. Hotel employees were discourteous, do not provide Park Service information and discouraged the walking tours to promote the
saddle horse business. Still angry, he did not mention the item of needing a guide—yet. 18

Grinnell did not go to Montana in 1922; instead, he visited Luther North in Columbus, Nebraska. The next year he planned another stay in Glacier, but not without advance preparations: "The last time I was there...I had so uncomfortable a time that I rather made up my mind I would not return there," he explained to A. B. Cammerer, Acting Director of the National Park Service. Though Grinnell recognized the helplessness of many tourists, the "wooden headed Park Ranger" had refused to allow him to rent a horse without a guide and showed him printed regulations to enforce the decision. He asked for a letter of exception and stated he planned to obtain another from Park Superintendent J. Ross Eakin. "Without such protection I do not care to go into the park." 19

Grinnell got his letter immediately:

Mr. Geo. Bird Grinnell...is one of the early explorers of the Yellowstone and Glacier National Parks. He knows both of these parks as well as he does his own backyard, and is to be afforded every facility of seeing Glacier Park....Above all the regulations requiring a registered guide to accompany his saddle horse party on the trails will not apply in his case.... 20

Someone passed the word; when the Grinnells arrived at Many Glacier Hotel, they were greeted by the Hotel Manager, the Park Ranger and a Mr. Crawford, in charge of the horses, all of whom offered their services. After spending several days taking short trips, the Grinnells left for Grinnell Glacier, accompanied by two young men and a photographer who
wanted to take pictures of ice caves. They followed the
south side of Lake Josephine, crossed at its head, then rode
up to the small spring where they stopped for lunch. They
made the rest of the trip on foot:

    The trail was very steep in many places but the
footing good. I had to stop rather often to get my
wind....E. and I went on toward the ice...reached and
climbed the terminal moraine and sat down to await the
others. Presently I went on under the lateral
moraine...and found a small black cave....I went back to
E. who felt no disposition, as she said, to go further.
I told her that she must at least stand on the
glacier....

He persuaded her to climb up on the ice and they walked
slowly and carefully up to its highest point. Halfway
across, a deep hollow formed by sinking ice was peppered
with deep potholes into which the water from melting ice
poured. "While on the glacier, we saw five goats
appear....On the way up saw a brood of golden eye duck...on
the way down a water ouzel." 21

After several years of coaxing by Elizabeth, the
Grinnells toured Europe in the spring and summer of 1924.
Even with a change of scenery, he continued to feel isolated
from Glacier Park, like visiting a house in which one once
lived. "I knew...that if this was made a National Park that
fact would mean my practical expulsion from the region...."
Though he thought Yellowstone and Glacier had been "ruined
by the tourists," he saw the good in the action:

    If we had not succeeded in getting these regions
set apart as National Parks, by this time they would
have been...cut bare of timber, dotted with irrigation
reservoirs, the game would have been all killed off, the
country would have been burned over. 22
In 1925, in recognition of his efforts in conservation and for the promotion of outdoor life, Grinnell received the Theodore Roosevelt Distinguished Service Medal. With two other recipients, Gifford Pinchot for conservation and Martha Berry, a teacher, Grinnell stood in the East Room of the White House as President Calvin Coolidge remarked:

Mr. Grinnell, I am struck by the fact that this year I have the pleasure of presenting these Roosevelt medals to three pioneers. You and Miss Berry and Governor Pinchot have all been trailblazers. In the case of Miss Berry and Mr. Pinchot, however, it is true only in a figurative sense.

But you were with General Custer in the Black Hills and with Colonel Ludlow in the Yellowstone. You lived among the Indians; you became a member of the Blackfoot tribe. Your studies of their language and customs are authoritative. Few have done so much as you, none has done more to preserve vast areas of picturesque wilderness for the eyes of posterity in the simple majesty in which you and your fellow pioneers first beheld them.

In Yellowstone you prevented the exploitation, and therefore the destruction, of the natural beauty. The Glacier National Park is peculiarly your monument.

As editor for thirty-five years of a journal devoted to outdoor life, you have done a noteworthy service in bringing to the men and women of a hurried and harried age the relaxation and revitalization which come from contact with nature. I am glad to have a part in the public recognition which your self-effacing and effective life has won. 23

Self-effacing as ever, he told Luther North, "I went to Washington and with two other people stood up, listened to a speech by the President, and received the medal....The medal is big enough to knock a man down with, and, I suppose, is actually something to be gratified about." To another who congratulated him, he suggested, "It has seemed to me that the people awarding it must have made a mistake. but, after all, it is not for me to complain." 24
That summer he stopped briefly in Glacier after a trip to the West Coast. At Browning he saw Jack Monroe, Schultz and many old Blackfoot friends and talked with Curly Bear of "various Piegan problems. It seems a shame that the P's have never been paid anything for the game and timber rights guaranteed them by the treaty of 1895 and taken from them when the park was established," he wrote in his diary. On the way out of the Park he visited C. M. Russell and looked at several unfinished paintings--one of a prospector discovering gold at Last Chance, another of Father Desmet addressing a great camp of Indians and a third of an Indian riding up to a wounded cow buffalo. Russell would die later that year. 25

The Park Superintendent, Charles J. Kraebel, drove him to Polson to catch a stage for the train in Dixon where he traveled to Yellowstone National Park. Not used to riding horseback, after six or seven miles, his bones cut into the skin of his buttocks, leaving his underwear spotted with blood. "One longs for a woman's strong cushions to sit on." he remarked. 26

In spite of his ambivalence about Glacier National Park, by 1926 Grinnell concerned himself with conservation full time. He served on the Board of Directors of the American Game Protective Association and as President of both the National Parks Association and the Boone and Crockett Club. To his friends he wrote in words that now seem familiar:
Most of us began as ardent hunters, but later our viewpoint changed.
To look back on wild life as it was half a century ago is saddening, but the change of sentiment in recent years brings cheer. Many of us now recognize that we are trustees of this wild life for a coming generation.
Within the term of the life of one man, species that formerly swarmed here in the wild state have disappeared. The natural inhabitants of the soil have been killed or crowded out, and man occupies the places where they once roamed, and fed and bred. Their homes are gone. We have cut down our forests, cleaned up our fields, drained our swamps and plowed up our lakebeds. Yet a new era has begun, and more and more people demand that refuges be set aside where the wild creatures may live and man may not encroach on them. This, as I see it, is the question of the day.

Though he did not know it, his journey to Glacier National Park that year, and the climb to "his" glacier would be his last. He talked again with Jack Monroe and saw Schultz who gave him a copy of his new book, Signposts of Adventure. "It has much good stuff in it," he observed, "but some mistakes." Elizabeth was ill until they left for the East.

Tributes from the public arrived regularly at his home on Stuyvesant Square on East Fifteenth Street. "Greetings to the Father of Glacier National Park," said the inscription below a snapshot of Grinnell Glacier. And on the accompanying card, "My 'Brownie' snapped this view while we hiked to Grinnell Glacier and I want to send it on to you as a slight token of appreciation for having founded this noble wonderland for us." Another thanked him for his effort in establishing the Park and its "being a cure" for her grief due to a death in the family.

As he grew older, his world changed and the excitement
diminished:

With the passage of years, the West has ceased to be wild and lost much of its attraction to me....Most of the old Indians have passed on and the young fellows that have grown up do not know as much about Indian matters as I know, myself. In fact, they often come to see me for information."

Then the excitement disappeared:

Here in New York, life goes on it its usual commonplace way. Every two or three years I get out a new book, and my life seems to be devoted chiefly to keeping up a large correspondence and making a certain amount of copy for the printer. 30

The heart attack struck on July 14, 1929. He lay in his bed in grave condition for a month. "The doctor held out very little hope for recovery but...he has surprised the doctors and is coming around in good shape." Still very weak, he began to walk a few steps to his chair, then sit for hours, looking out to the big trees in the park, littleleaf linden and tall oaks, and down the street to the statue of Peter Stuyvesant. 31

He never regained his spirit and vigor. "So far as I can see there is no prospect of my ever getting out to Montana again," he wrote Jack Monroe. Jack tried to entice him West:

We went over the St. Mary's Lake-McDonald Lake Auto Road last fall, and it is great. You can go in an auto, sleep in a feather bed, and live in a Steam Heated Room on most of our old campgrounds. Better come out and take a real pleasure trip and bid the scenes of our youth Good bye--" 32

Grinnell stayed in his chair, looking out the windows of his study until, except for "Apikuni [who] has avoided most of the responsibilities of life," and Jack Monroe,
"always up early and always ready to rustle stock," he was the only one left. "Lonesome Charley" Reynolds went in the Battle of the Little Big Horn. Billy Jackson died of tuberculosis on the last day of the century,—and Joe Kipp and old Brocky, gone too. Business manager Wilbur and editor Charles Reynolds. Partner Gould, and "bully Teddy," dead almost twenty years. And Lute, Lute North, went three years ago.

"...I see pass before me, as in a vision, the forms and faces of grave silent men, whom once I called my friends.

"They have fired their last shot, they have kindled their last campfire, they have gone over the Range, crossed the great Divide. 'There were giants in those days,' and of that heroic race how few are left alive! Lingering illness, the storms of winter, the pistol ball of the white man, the rifle shot of the savage, have sadly thinned their ranks. And none have risen, nor can arise, to fill places left vacant. The conditions which made these men what they were no longer exist. 32


The passing of Dr. Grinnell cuts a strong strand in the remnants of the thinning cable that still links America with the age of its frontier....his happy and penetrating gifts as a naturalist gave George Bird Grinnell his peculiar foresight with reference to the fate of natural resources....he could visualize and work toward the everlasting sanctuaries of the Yellowstone and Glacier National Parks....his outstanding characteristic was that of never-failing dignity, which was doubtless parcel of all the rest. To meet his eye, feel his iron handclasp or hear his calm and thrifty words--even when he was a man in his ninth decade--was to conclude that here was the noblest Roman of them all. 33

We mold our heros in images to suit our needs; some
soon disappear, replaced by others in popular memory. George Bird Grinnell strayed into obscurity, humble to the end.
Endnotes, IX

1 R36, CAS, W. R. Logan to GBG, May 23, 1911. R36, CAS, R. A. Ballinger to GBG, January 17, 1911.


3 R3, SWM, Item # 350, Notebook, 1911, quotes on July 8 and 14. R15, CAS, GBG to JWS, September 13, 1911.


6 R35. CAS, JBM to GBG, March 5, 1912. R16, CAS, GBG to Daniel Doody, April 26, 1912. R16, CAS, GBG to Daniel Doody, May 21, 1912. R16, CAS, GBG to LHN, May 20, 1912.

7 R3, SWM, Item # 351, Diary, 1912, quotes on August 7 and 9.

8 Ibid., August 20, 1912.

9 Ibid., August 23, 1912. Swiftcurrent Lake and Falls were named for a miner-lumberman, Frank P. McDermott. J. H. Sherburne was a licenced trader with the Blackfeet with a store in Browning and speculated in oil in the Swiftcurrent valley.

10 R17, CAS, GBG to Charles B. Reed, M.D., May 16, 1913. R17, CAS, GBG to Edward S. Sawyer, May 29, 1913. R17, CAS, GBG to Charles B. Reed, M.D., September 26, 1913. R3, SWM, Item # 352, Diary, 1913, August 6.


15 Madison Grant, "The Beginnings of Glacier National Park," Hunting and Conservation, ed. GBG and Charles
This was not a new complaint, see R26, CAS, GBG to Stephen Mather, February 9, 1921, where Grinnell had complained about the price of horse-rental. National Parks were preserved so "they may be useful to the average man, the man of small means who may have to do considerable figuring on expenses to enable him to make a trip to the parks;" this represents another example of Grinnell's ambivalence about the creation of Glacier National Park.

R28, CAS, GBG to A. B. Cammerer, National Park Service, July 16 and July 24, 1923.

R35, CAS, Arno B. Cammerer, Acting Director, National Park Service to Assistant Superintendent and Rangers of Glacier National Park, July 26, 1923.

R3, SWM, Item # 358, Diary, 1925, September 13.

R28, CAS, GBG to L. O. Vaught, July 30, 1924.


R29, CAS, GBG to LHN, June 2, 1925. R29, CAS, GBG to W. F. Whitehouse, June 4, 1925.

R3, SWM, Item # 358, Diary, 1925, quote on August 29.

Ibid., quote on September 4.


R3, SWM, Item # 358, Diary, 1925, quote on July 6. See also Chapter I, "The Last Visit," for other details of this visit.

R36, CAS, Inez L. Ponsche to GBG, August 29, 1927.
R36, CAS, Lucy A. Sweeney to GBG, September 4, 1927.

30 R30, CAS, GBG to E. W. Sawyer, September 11, 1928.
R34, CAS, GBG to Nonnie Lyon, April 10, 1929.

31 R6, SWM, Item in #95, Secretary of Mr. Grinnell to J. W. Schulz [sic], August 19, 1929. R14, CAS, GBG to JWS, November 19, 1909 and John G. Mitchell, "A Man Called Bird," Audubon, 89, # 2 (March), 1987, 82, provide descriptions of the house on East Fifteenth Street.


33 R34, CAS, GBG to JBM, November 22, 1928 ("Arikuni..."). R3, CAS, GBG to GHG, November 9, 1892. GBG, "Walled-In Lakes, IX. Night in the Lodge," F&S, 26, February 4, 1886, 23.

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_____. "Glacier National Park." Forest and Stream 72 (February 20, 1909): 287.


_____. "The Glacier National Park." Forest and Stream 74 (March 5, 1910): 367.

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