

CROWN OF THE CONTINENT

THE UNIVERSITY OF MONTANA

MAGAZINE

Summer 2012 Issue 8



THE UNIVERSITY OF MONTANA CROWN OF THE CONTINENT INITIATIVE

The University of Montana

Royce C. Engstrom
President

Perry Brown
Provost & Vice President for Academic Affairs

David Forbes,
interim Vice President for Research and Creative Scholarship

Christopher Comer, Dean
College of Arts & Sciences

Rick Graetz
Initiative Co-Director
Geography Department Faculty

Jerry Fetz
Initiative Co-Director
Professor and Dean Emeritus
College of Arts and Sciences

Joe Veltkamp
Graphic Designer
veltkampstudios.com

Susie Graetz
Editorial Consultant
International Programs

Cover Photo:
In the northern Flathead Valley near
Creston – Swan Range in the background
– Rick & Susie Graetz

Background photo: St. Ignatius and the
Mission Mts - Rick & Susie Graetz

Table of Contents

- 3 Introduction**
- 4 The Crown of the Continent - Floods of June 1964 and a Pulitzer Prize**
by Rick & Susie Graetz
- 10 Piegans in Paradise**
William E. Farr
- 31 Photography Spotlight**
Tony Bynum and Rick & Susie Graetz
- Crown of the Continent Weather
Extremes and Records**
Courtesy of Dave Bernhardt – National Weather Service Great Falls, Montana
- 39 THE SCAPEGOAT WILDERNESS
CELEBRATES 40 YEARS**
BY Erin Madison of the Great Falls Tribune

Welcome!

Welcome to our Summer 2012 issue of the University of Montana's Crown of the Continent E-Magazine! As we begin another academic year on our lovely and remarkable Missoula campus by greeting new students and new colleagues, as well as welcoming those who are returning, we are happy to be able to send to you the link to this issue that again provides you with what we hope are interesting, accessible, and inspiring articles and images that focus on the Crown of the Continent ecosystem and some of the diverse ways we and others seek to explore, understand, respect, and celebrate it. Some of our UM students are enrolled in courses in which they will study the Crown overall as well as in several of its individual aspects, doing so from numerous disciplinary and interdisciplinary angles. We anticipate that most of those students will soon be infected with excitement about and anxious to get "out into the Crown," exploring it and its wonders with fellow-students, friends, or on their own. Why wouldn't they?

Before briefly introducing those articles and images in this current issue alluded to above, we want to say that we hope most of you have had your own opportunities this summer to explore and celebrate the magnificent Crown by visiting, hiking, camping, studying, rafting, photographing and just plain enjoying it in its unmatched diversity. And we hope that you are also able to continue your activities there as we move into the autumn and winter seasons when the Crown and its many exciting corners undergo magical transformations that provide us with new lenses through which to view them.

In this issue of the Crown E-Magazine we present to you the work of numerous collaborators and contributors. The central piece is a slightly shortened version of a key chapter from Bill Farr's masterful book, Julius Seyler

and the Blackfeet: An Impressionist at Glacier National Park (2009). We are confident that you will enjoy and learn much from reading this piece, titled "Piegans in Paradise," and hope that it leads you to read the rest of this richly and informatively illustrated study. It focuses on one major example of the fascinating tradition of artists who, collectively, have sent their diverse images of the Crown and its people across the world during the past 100+ years and thereby created in part how the Crown is viewed and understood, rightly or wrongly, throughout our country and around the globe.

We also want to express our gratitude to the Great Falls Tribune for granting us permission to reprint, in a slightly revised form, "The Scapegoat Wilderness Celebrates 40 Years," a wonderful and informative article written by reporter Erin Madison. You will also find an article by Rick and Susie Graetz on "Water on the Rampage – The June 1964 Crown of the Continent Floods," which tells the story of some of the most devastating floods in Montana in modern times. And we are certain that you will enjoy and be inspired by the marvelous photography we are featuring in this issue by Tony Bynum and Rick and Susie Graetz.

Finally, we are pleased to let our readers know that our Crown Initiative is in the process of expanding its reach and will begin to include the other major "double National Park" ecosystem in our region, the Greater Yellowstone in our publications and other work. This will involve new partners and collaborators from several organizations, agencies, and educational institutions, and we very much look forward to working with them over the next months and years to bring our readers the same kinds of reports, articles, photographs, and information that have characterized the Crown E-Magazine over the past three years, but focusing soon as well on the Greater Yellowstone. Stay tuned, and enjoy this issue! ■



Water rushes over Gibson Dam on the Sun River – the dam held – Great Falls Tribune

THE CROWN OF THE CONTINENT FLOODS OF JUNE 1964 AND A PULITZER PRIZE

Spring 1964 ... Heavy and continuous high country storms create a healthy snow pack. In June, with the first warm weather, the white stuff commences to melt, and creeks, tumbling off the mountains throughout western Montana, begin to swell.

by Rick & Susie Graetz

In conjunction, an extraordinary meteorological event develops in the Gulf of Mexico and massive amounts of atmospheric moisture head northwest. A storm of the century prepares itself, seeking conditions to be let loose. On June 7th, when it reaches Montana, the catalyst is found. Here, the beast collides head-on with a south moving accumulation of cold Arctic air; condensation of high proportions was about to begin (in other words, we were go-

pest, but the drainages of Birch Creek, and the Sun, Dearborn, Teton, Marias and Two Medicine rivers east of the Continental Divide and the Flathead system on the west side of the Divide saw the greatest damage. The floods and rampaging water that resulted, were, in the opinion of the National Weather Service in Great Falls, the worst Montana had experienced since record keeping began. President Lyn-

Below: Flathead Valley – Mel Ruder



Above: Bridge across the Middle Fork of the Flathead and the west entrance to GNP – GNP Archives

ing to get wet). The gulf humidity was immediately released over Montana; raindrops grew to their maximum size and fell at an incredible rate -- in some places, it measured one inch an hour. The southern reaches of Glacier National Park experienced 16 inches of rain in 36 hours.

Misery was not without company. Much of Montana shared in the tem-

don Johnson declared Montana a National Disaster Area as 34 people lost their lives and more than \$62,000,000 in damages was assessed.

In Glacier National Park, roads, trails, bridges and buildings were destroyed. Nearby, in Bear Creek's valley, barren swaths were created as the torrent took out trees, soil, rock and parts of US Highway 2. Twisted, sluiced out

railroad track could be seen for six miles along the Middle Fork of the Flathead, and water filled the Great Northern Tunnel. The Middle Fork itself was a sight to see, as floodwaters were 78 feet above the normal level of the river. At West Glacier, the swell went over a bridge almost 80 feet higher than the water in ordinary flow. In some places, debris was found stranded on the cross arms of power poles 20 feet off the ground. Seventeen continuous miles of

enced extensive flooding. *The Great Falls Tribune* of June 14, 1964, showed a poignant photograph of a rabbit stranded on a plank floating down the raging Clark Fork River near Plains in the northwest part of the state.

East of the mountains, dams were breached on the Lower Two Medicine River and Birch Creek. When the Swift Dam on Birch Creek gave way, a 20-

and homes isolated. Today, close to 50 years later, some of this widespread damage is still evident.

Choteau, Augusta and Great Falls flooded, and at Lewistown, Spring Creek went over its banks. Creeks and rivers changed channels. Portions of bridges were moved to fields while some were completely lost and never located. Many small towns were cut off from food and medical supplies; churches and schools became temporary shelters. Air Force cargo planes landed on highways and in grass fields to deliver supplies where they could. The Blackfeet Reservation in particular was hard hit. Heart Butte, a reservation community, had a number of residents injured. The only early aid available came from a nurse who did what she could while receiving instructions from

a physician via the phone.

In an effort to prevent less damage, the gates on Helena's Canyon Ferry Dam were closed to hold back the Missouri River's flow until the surging waters from the Sun River receded and the flooding passed through Great Falls.

Finally, when the storm's energy was spent and the skies showed clear, Montanans began the arduous task of cleanup and repairs. Some of the toil took months and even longer. The Great Northern Railway fixed its route rapidly with an industrious seven-day-a-week track building effort. On June 29, 1964, trains were again crossing the Continental Divide at Marias Pass.

Many folks blamed the ample snow in the mountains for the flooding - there

Right: Middle Fork Valley near Nyack-Mel Ruder

Below: Flathead Valley - Mel Ruder



foot high wall of water bulldozed its way downstream, taking out all that came in its path. In the same area, refrigerators, washing machines, sinks, dead ranch animals, wrecked trucks and all manner of the other rubble was scattered over the prairie. Pavement on a highway in Birch Creek Valley was lifted off the roadbed and deposited in the burrow pit 45 degrees off its original direction. Along the Rocky Mountain Front, cattle were stranded

At Apgar at the foot of Lake McDonald GNP - GNP Archives



highway between Marias Pass and West Glacier was completely washed out.

Sections of the Flathead Valley at Kalispell and Columbia Falls resembled lakes. Elsewhere in western Montana, the water was high as well. The Deer Lodge and Bitterroot valleys experi-



At Kalispell – Mel Ruder

certainly had been plenty of it. Although this contributed to the problem, it was not the main culprit since the pack was still quite evident after the storm ceased. All analysis showed it was clearly the amount of and intensity of the unleashed precipitation, in such a short time frame, that was the cause of this natural catastrophe.

While all Montana papers carried news and photos of the June, 1964 storm and its aftermath, one newsman in particular covered it in a way that brought acclaim to him, his newspaper and to Montana journalism overall. The late Mel Ruder, owner, publisher and editor of the *Hungry Horse News* of Columbia

Falls, won the coveted grand award of his profession ... the Pulitzer Prize, for his reporting and photography of this episode.

This wasn't just an ordinary case of high water; Ruder knew people needed the story to be recorded. Crisscrossing flooded areas, he detailed the unimaginable power of water on the loose, showing the losses and devastation as well as the human side. Using a large Speed Graphic camera, this newsman captured photos by air, boat and land. And Ruder and wasn't selfish with the information, he supplied reports to the Associated Press and gave live radio updates.

For a week, Mel survived on three hours of sleep a night; he was energized. By Friday, June 12th, Ruder and his small staff had all the material they needed and the weekly *Hungry Horse News* published 6,250 copies - two times its normal run, selling them out immediately. Saturday and Sunday saw additional printings. In all, 12,500 copies, three times the usual press count, were sold.

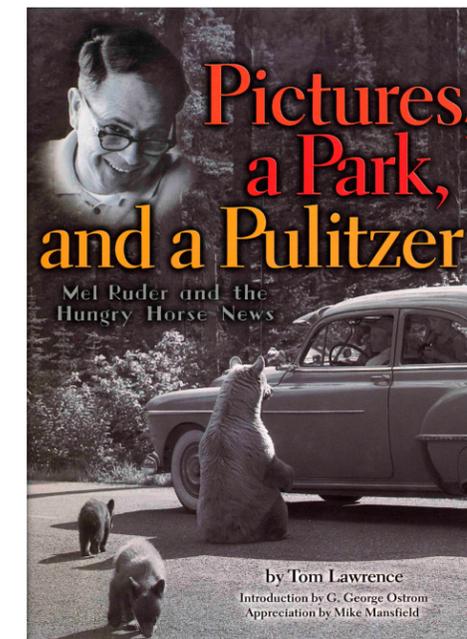
The story was out. Folks who had been isolated until waters receded, as well as all Montanans, could now see what happened and read why. This epic account was now profiled by one of Montana's best newspaper photographers and it was accomplished in an unequalled way!

Dorothy Johnson, herself a prominent Montana writer, nominated Mel Ruder for the Pulitzer Prize. On May 3, 1965,

Mel received word that he was a winner.

The story of Ruder's reporting on the flood and other subjects, as well as a collection of his delightful and famous photographs of life in northwest Montana, coupled with its beautiful scenery, including portraits of Glacier National Park, is available in an outstanding book ... *Pictures, a Park, and a Pulitzer* - Mel Ruder and the *Hungry Horse News*. It belongs in your Montana collection; you'll find yourself reading and viewing it often. Thomas Lawrence penned it and Far Country Press - (1 800-821-3874) of Helena, Montana is the publisher.

A man and his newspaper have insured that this incredible 1964 storm, Big Sky Country's mightiest, is forever etched in the archives of Montana's and the Crown of the Continent's history. ■



It is our great pleasure to be able to offer our readers a substantial excerpt from the exciting and informative book, *Julius Seyler and the Blackfeet: An Impressionist at Glacier Park*, written by William E. Farr, long-time Professor of History and Associate Director of the Center for the Rocky Mountain West at the University of Montana.

This coffee table-sized book was published by the University of Oklahoma Press in 2009 as Volume 7 in "The Charles M. Russell Center Series on Art and Photography of the American West." A well-known scholar whose previous work has focused in part on the Crown, especially on the Blackfeet and on Indian migration in the region, Farr is also the author of *The Reservation Blackfeet, 1882-1945: A Photographic History of Cultural Survival* (1984) as well as numerous other books and articles, including, most recently, "The End of Freedom. The Military Removal of the Blackfeet and Reservation Confinement, 1880," that just appeared in the Summer 2012 issue of *Montana. The Magazine of Western History*.

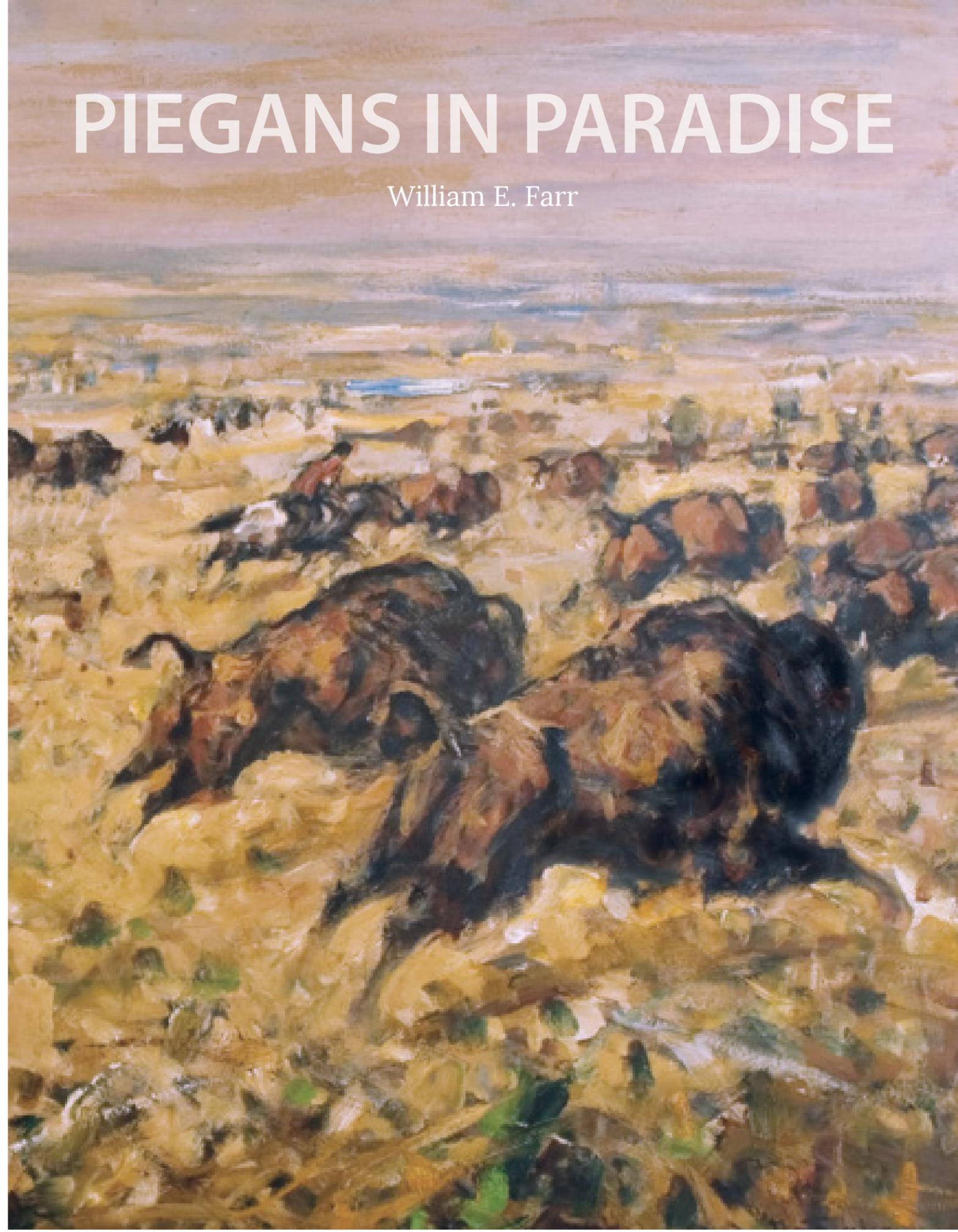
In this excerpt, which represents a shorter version of Chapter Seven in the book, titled "Piegans in Paradise," Professor Farr places the Late German Impressionist painter Julius Seyler into the context

of the other artists and photographers who were brought to the area that would become Glacier National Park by the railroad builder James J. Hill and others to "record" visually this spectacular place and the Indians for whom the area had been home and who would be touted as the "Glacier Park Indians." We have included in this excerpt numerous illustrations, both photographs

and paintings by this remarkable artist and several other artists of the time and in this place. Through the text of this piece we know that readers will learn a great deal not only about these artists, but about the landscape and, as importantly, the Blackfeet during this early 20th Century period, the newcomers, and the rather complicated interactions between them. Readers will also get a glimpse into some of the ways that a European artist from Germany adapted the late Impressionist style in his effort to depict this very non-European landscape and its non-European inhabitants. We also hope that our readers will be inspired in such a way that they will want to read and learn about the "whole story" that this exceptional book offers and either check it out of a library or, better yet, purchase through their favorite local bookstore. Our many thanks go both to Bill Farr and to the University of Oklahoma Press for their permission to print this piece in our *Crown E-Magazine*. ■

PIEGANS IN PARADISE

William E. Farr



The Glacier Park Indians had come bouncing and rattling up the last rutted incline of the automobile road to the Many Glacier Camp in a cavalcade of rickety, hard-used wagons. Kerchiefed women in red calico dresses and kids hung on in the wagon boxes among and on top of feed sacks, tepee poles, bundles, and crates. The men, in big-brimmed reservation hats, hunched up on the wagon seats, whips in hand, yelled at harnessed teams of mismatched horses. It was a colorful lot, with scrawny dogs and extra horses and colts trailing behind, between, or alongside.

There were four sets of families, headed by Medicine Owl, or Natuye-sepistot; Eagle Calf, or Pita-onesta (John Ground); Yellow Medicine (Phillip Wells); and Jack Big Moon, or Omachk-kisoum. All, except perhaps Yellow Medicine, were well known to Julius Seyler, the German Impressionist painter in August of 1914, especially, of course, his adopted father, Big Moon. As “Glacier Park Indians,” Medicine Owl and Eagle Calf had traveled extensively on the Great Northern promotional

tours in Chicago and cities of the East Coast, and, like Big Moon, they were thoroughly at ease performing for white tourists in Glacier Park or posing for professional photographers.

Upon arrival they had considerable discussion as to where they should set up camp on Lake McDermott. Photographs taken by Seyler and fellow artist Deming show the Indians bustling about, unloading long lodge poles from the wagons, as well as canvas lodge



Cover: Julius Seyler. After Buffalo. n.d. Oil on Board. 32 X 40 inches. Sigrid Reisch and C.M. Russell Museum, L1995 1.3.

Left: Yellow Medicine (Phillip Wells) driving his family's wagon to the Tepee Camp in Lake McDermott, 1914. Photo: Julius Seyler. Sigrid Reisch Collection.



Unloading tepee poles wagon at the Tepee Camp in Lake McDermott, 1914. Photo by Julius Seyler. Sigrid Reisch Collection.

covers, camp gear, and wooden boxes full of supplies. They had been persuaded to “put up” their painted lodges close to the plain reproduction ones belonging to the Great Northern Tepee Camp. Their lodges were far enough away, however, to require first clearing away the downed and bleached fire kill of the 1910 disaster that still lay scattered about on the ground. The men, dressed in the bricolage of their “civilian” and reservation apparel, fed their horses from buckets, piled the heavy harness into the wagon boxes, and erected a makeshift but functioning corral. The women assembled camp, gathered firewood, built fires and set up their cooking tripods. Seyler took two dozen photographs and saved them for future reference on the unfolding aspects of Piegan camp life.

True to his word in June, Louis W. Hill had ordered his hotel management to release these members of the Glacier Park “tribe” from their other obliga-

tions and to see that they made the appropriate arrangements to leave the “Big Hotel” at East Glacier Park and travel with their families by wagon to the Swift-current Valley. Such arrangements were not always easy to realize. Inevitably they involved logistical challenges and coordination,

as well as simple scheduling questions—to say nothing of who got paid and how much. Hill was aware of these issues, having faced them before, but chose nonetheless to forge ahead. It was important to him to have a new array of Indian paintings featuring the Piegan in the new tourist attractions and centers of the park; still photography and documentary moving pictures were not enough. His efforts to attract a large assemblage of artists had not elicited the response he had expected. Julius Seyler, Edwin W. Deming, and Joseph Scheuerle were fine artists who had been invited to the park, and the expectation was that either Seyler or Deming, or both, would come through and give the advertising campaign more artistic cachet than John Fery, an employee of Hill's, had been able to muster.

Judging from the photographs, the two artists made the most of the situation once the Indian families had set

up camp. Communication proved easy because John Ground, a Carlisle Indian School graduate, spoke English well and had often worked as a translator. Yellow Medicine and Jack Big Moon spoke some English too, and Seyler's English was much improved over the previous year.

Parking their dilapidated farm wagons behind the horse corral and shedding their everyday reservation clothing, in effect their modernity, the Blackfeet men pulled out pipes, paint, and feathers, put on warbonnets and beaded war shirts with ermine tails, or wrapped themselves in a single old buffalo hide they had brought along for the purpose. They knew what was expected. They dressed themselves after the

old ways as much as they could, given what was still available, and with as many props as possible. Outfitted, they then slipped back into a mythic time of tribal life before the modern world, before "everything began to change." They became "other men from another time." Decked out, trumped up, skinned down, they could now "be" what they were supposed to be and perform or pose for cameras, sketchpads, or canvases, in effect "playing Indian" for their hosts, imitating not only what tribal elders had told them of buffalo hunting or intertribal warfare but also what non-Indians so clearly expected.

The old game of "Let's Pretend" was rampant in the Great Northern's presentation of the Glacier National Park.

First, there was the Swiss Alpine theme of the hotels and chalets that relied on mimicry, hoping to convince visitors they were in the European Alps when they were not. Then, there were the horse camps. Dude wranglers, camp cooks, and young laborers, with rakish bandannas, boots, and spurs, like Old Dutch, easily became rootin'-tootin', open-range western cowboys of two generations earlier. Indians especially were expected to become visible time shifters, delegates walking out of another time, people who had lived a nomadic life, hunted black buffalo, and, in broad daylight, daringly stolen prize horses staked in front of tepee doorways. Glacier National Park functioned as Louis W. Hill's public theater—a place of modern enactment where dramatic

performances and masquerades were commonplace, where Indians could still be discovered.

The setting for such a romantic theater could hardly have been more dramatic or powerful for American sensibilities than Glacier National Park. Against the backdrop of mirrored lakes and glaciated mountains stood not only the tourist tepees of the Great Northern Tepee Camp but also a number of distinctively painted and spiritually potent lodges the thespian Indians had brought with them.

Seyler's adoptive father and patron, Jack Big Moon, now camped at Lake McDermott, was a holy man, sometime leader of the warrior society Crazy



Eagle Calf (John Ground), presenting himself at the Many Glacier Camp, 1914. Photo: E.W. Deming. University of Oregon Archives



Eagle Calf (John Ground) in communal "prop" buffalo robe at Many Glacier Camp, 1914. Photo: Julius Seyler. Sigrid Reisch Collection.

Dogs, and the eldest of the Glacier Park Indians at the camp. His experiences predated confinement on the reservation, reaching back to the end of the buffalo days, when he had compiled a distinguished war record that was documented pictorially on canvas in 1914 for display at the Glacier Park Hotel. Big Moon, a Thunder Medicine Pipe owner, also owned the unusual Bald Eagle Tepee. It depicted the solid silhouette of an outstretched bald eagle at the back

and had as well, somewhat to the side, an eagle's leg, culminating in a talon. Two identifying and distinctive circles appeared on either side above the doorway. This design had been given to Big Moon in a dream visit many years before, and he had painted his spiritual gift on a lodge cover when he first married in 1884. Unlike owners of other powerful lodges that were often transferred, Big Moon had kept his Bald Eagle Lodge over the years and had brought it with him to the Many Glacier Camp.

One of the other painted lodges was the buffalo-head tepee and probably belonged to Medicine Owl. He had



Julius Seyler photographer. Medicine Owl, Many Glacier Camp, 1914. Sigrid Reisch Collection.

formerly owned the impressive Snake Tepee, with its two large serpents, one male, the other female, and their four bands of trails. A third, belonging to John Ground and family, appeared to be a more modern adaptation of the famed Black Buffalo Lodge. It showed two large buffalo positioned diagonally, in a manner that was quite novel. The tepee of Yellow Medicine and his wife featured a bizarre design. The bottom border had two circling bands, above which were colorful looping half circles, representing rainbows. Above this border pattern, to the left of the entrance, was what appeared to be a horned bird, with a large beak, wings, a long curling tail, and cloven hooves. Although clearly a dream figure, a composite resembling nothing so much as a devil, it was a peculiar rendition of a Piegan thunderbird that was said to “rope the rain,” thereby creating the arcing rainbow.

Two of the painted tepees, with the exception of Big Moon's, were probably tourist editions of older and more traditional designs. They did not appear in other settings or in photographs taken before or after. Nonetheless, with ei-

ther lake or mountains behind them, they were striking and became the backdrop for a great range of activity. Seyler, Deming, and the photographer Lawrence Denny Lindsley all took snapshot after snapshot, attempting to capture the evocative images. The resulting photographs show the Blackfeet families comfortably going about their camp chores, “dressing up” and posing in war shirts or Hudson Bay blankets, or demonstrating how to construct dog or horse travois and how they were used. Dramatic reenactment of events and deeds became a favorite interpretive pastime. Nor did these Glacier Park Indians feel that their ceremonial rituals and songs were necessarily antiquated artifacts, essentially divorced from and incompatible with their modern reservation life. Whites may have felt that, but these Glacier Park Piegan did not. Instead, they took advantage of their Great Northern employment to convincingly teach the artists and the tourist spectators who crowded about them that their language and culture persisted and was remarkably adaptive. This was a welcome

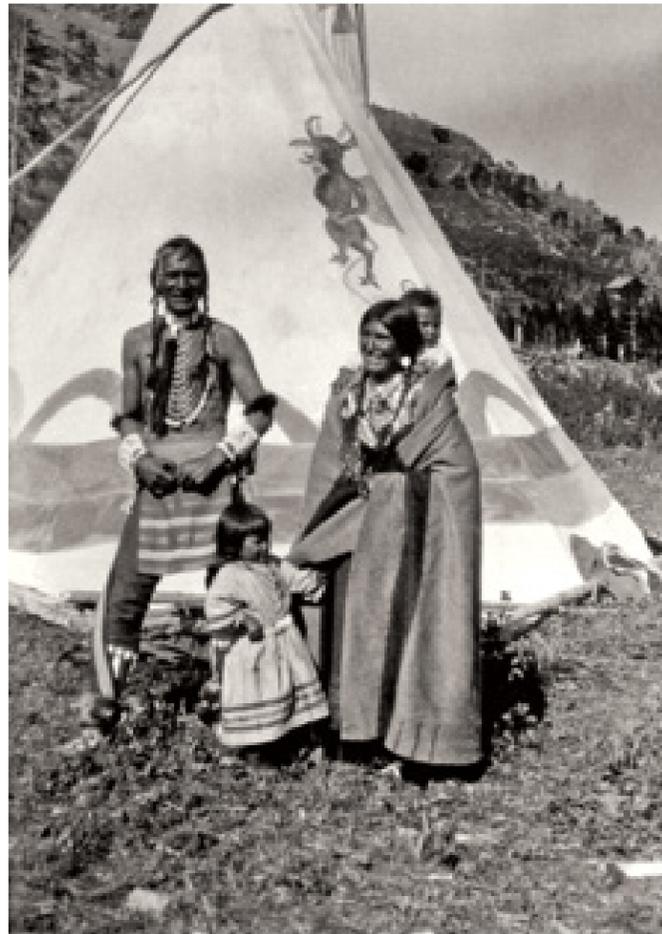
opportunity to speak for themselves—a chance to occupy center stage, usually unavailable to them. In front of an interested audience, the Blackfeet conveyed in song and story who, in their own minds, they had been historically—before the shattering changes after the near extinction of the buffalo and the confinement of the reservation. In the case of Big Moon and Medicine Owl this was not much of a stretch—they were old enough to have engaged in risky horse raids, had been on war parties against the Cree and the Crow, and had, as veterans do, stories to tell. For John Ground or Yellow Medicine it was a bit different; although they

had not been active participants in that earlier period, they had heard of those experiences all their lives, had known battle-tested men who came home to acclaim, and were fully steeped in their language and songs and their moral guidance.

Was this activity in the Many Glacier Camp pantomime and performance? Of course it was. That was the way the Blackfeet communicated with whites, yet it was also squarely in the

Jack Big Moon and his wife, Long Time Calf Woman, with weapons in front on Bald Eagle Tepee, Many Glacier Camp, 1914. Julius Seyler photo. Sigrid Reisch Collection.





Blackfeet oral tradition of song and sign, of sham battles and the dramatic public recounting of coup and war record. In this setting the Blackfeet became their own cultural historians and conveyed to the visiting white artists and photographers what they and their relations had done in these mountains—just as earlier that summer they had communicated their reverence and religious traditions at the Medicine Lodge outside of Browning.

Blackfeet efforts to bridge the gap of understanding at the turn of the century were not unusual. Indians in a welter of settings sought opportunities to protect their interests by attempting to enlist the support of sympathetic whites. Help could be political, legal, or economic in nature. It was all welcome.

Indians also formed alliances or partnerships with visitors who could help them to document and preserve important aspects of their threatened cultural ways and teachings. Indians were as interested as anthropologists in critical cultural salvage efforts. Black Elk, the famous Lakota holy man, for example, quite consciously decided

Top photo: YellowMedicine (Phillip Wells) with wife and children in front of the Tepee with its exceptional design, 1913. Julius Seyler photo. Sigrid Reisch Collection.

Bottom photo: Artists and Glacier Park Indians in front of dining hall. Left to Right: Yellow Medicine (P. Wells), Medicine Owl, Julius Seyler, Jack Big Moon, E.W. Deming, Eagle Calf (John Ground). University of Oregon Archives.



that he would work with a fellow mystic, the poet and celebrated Nebraska writer John G. Neihardt. As Black Elk put it, “He has been sent to learn what I know, and I will teach him.” Black Elk later adopted Neihardt, and the subtitle of their subsequent book, *Black Elk’s Teachings Given to John G. Neihardt*, captured both the dynamic and the purpose of the relationship. Their collaboration took place in the 1930s.

Much earlier, in 1898, the Piegan spiritualist Mad Wolf had decided to do much the same thing and for the same reason—he adopted the young Yale graduate Walter McClintock, thinking that, like George Bird Grinnell, McClintock would become influential, “a chief among your people,” and therefore politically helpful. At the same time, McClintock asserted that Mad Wolf also wanted to find a sympathetic white student who had “become familiar with their customs, religion, and manner of life, and would tell the truth about them to the white race.” This may have been wishful thinking on McClintock’s part.¹¹ Yet without Mad Wolf’s initiative and teaching, McClintock would have remained as superficially informed as others and could not have served as a popular conduit for Blackfeet instruction.

Seyler and Deming took dozens of photographs. Many of them were taken in every conceivable pose—bareback on horses, with feather bonnets, telling the old animal stories to the Deming

children, cooking over an open fire, and reenacting with brio earlier war exploits. The Piegan curried horses, made fire with a strike-a-light, made offerings, pulled bows as they pointed arrows into the sky, and in general offered a version of as many of the powerful Indian and western stereotypes as they could think of—set within the panorama of the park, against the backdrop of scenic tarns, a ragged horizon, and cliffs held up by long, sloping bases of shale.

It was a good time. The Indians enjoyed themselves. They felt flattered at the attention. What they knew was considered valuable and worth knowing. And while they had not doubted its essential validity, others, especially of the younger generation, had. Seyler spent a good deal of time under this casual tutelage, learning how to put up tepees, how to use a short ladder to attach the two tepee flaps together with wooden pins called “buttons,” or how to adjust the tepee’s “ears” in a shifting wind to keep the fire drawing. As always, he did so, as photographs attest, while biting on his pipe.

Much of Seyler’s eagerness to learn was predicated on his assumption that his painting required it. His representations did not need to be realistic in the manner of Remington or Russell, but they did need to be credible, however abstract or dissolved the final results might become. Western authenticity was mandatory if his artistic work, as



Julius Seyler pinning the front of Yellow Medicine's Lodge, Many Glacier Camp, 1914. Photographer unknown. Sigrid Reisch Collection.

dresses with yokes of pony beads, the distinctive shape of running bison, how their bulk settled when resting, the preferred color of beads, the drape of a dozen ermine tails, the shape and pattern of feathers (whether owl, hawk, or eagle), the color of sacred paint. He had to know what he was representing. He also took photographs as Big Moon demonstrated how members of war parties painted their horses with symbols of guns they had captured or how they braided the tails of their horses and tied them up short to give themselves courage.

These Blackfeet were replicating, modeling if you will. But they were also teaching the painters how Blackfeet lived before the buffalo were gone, when the Sweetgrass Hills were still theirs, before the edge of their mountain world, the backbone, had been sold to the federal government. The Blackfeet had inhabited an enormous territory. Termed "Ahwahsin," or "where we eat," their land was their dinner plate; it fed them, nourished them as they seasonally visited its constituent parts to berry, gather, hunt, and renew their sacramental gifts and religious commitments. In these mountains they cut new tepee poles in the fall to replace the worn-out ones; they visited the high places, especially Ninastako (Chief Mountain), for particular vision quests

a German national, as a Late Impressionist-Expressionist in an exotic land, was to be accepted and valued. The public had to be convinced that Seyler had been there and knew what he was representing, for this was an age when there was more than a little fakery and misrepresentation, when the earlier frontier reality had been succeeded by frontier deception in the form of Wild West shows, theater, and self-promotion.

To achieve this credibility, Seyler made a great many drawings in pencil, charcoal, and watercolor that could be described as ethnographic studies—beadwork patterns, fringes on hide gun cases, horse gear, women's

and spiritual renewal, and they sought shelter and firewood from the winter blizzards of the High Plains.

Seyler wanted to get it right, to be convincing, to be authentic—and for Seyler, that was hard. He did not entirely trust his limited understanding of Indians, nor did he trust popular American myths and stereotypes of either idealized or demonized Indians. Most assuredly Seyler rejected both the mystical subject matter and the Victorian painting style of his companion E. W. Deming. Instead of these questionable sources, Seyler tacked back and forth, trying first one style of painting and then another, hoping to break away into his own personal form of artistic representation. Part of this

experimentation was to rely upon a few Blackfeet elders and informants to educate him and to give a more accurate cast to his emerging idiom. They told him, frequently with a combination of sign language and broken English, their traditional stories, showed him how they did things, what was right and what was wrong. Seyler wanted to know about them and this landscape from their perspective, as had Grinnell and the anthropologist Clark Wissler before him.

Blackfeet Indians were not the artist's only teachers. Seyler and Deming were smitten with the many cowboys or more accurately, dude wranglers, with the horse concessions at the Many Glacier Camp. These were energet-



Julius Seyler painting. Beaded Yoke, Woman's Dress. n.d. Watercolor on paper. 10.25 x 15.75 inches. Sigrid Reisch Collection.



Photo on left: On the Ptarmigan Lake Trail, 1914. Photo: Julius Seyler. Sigrid Reisch Collection. Photo of Right: Ptarmigan Lake expedition, 1914. Photo: L. D. Lindsley. Minnesota Historical Society, neg. 70135.

ic young men, dressed up in western attire, who guided the growing number of tourists eager to explore the exciting new horseback trails throughout the northern reaches of the park. As Deming's daughter, Alden, later remembered: "Right back of the studio and by the big picture window was the road leading to the corrals and each evening as the cowboys would take their horses back to their camp they would go racing and shouting cowboy calls as they passed the big window." Deming would be there, waiting, sketchbook or camera in hand. Seyler too, was infatuated. He loved the brightly dyed angora chaps then fashionable and made the ten-gallon cowboy hat a signature. In a few deft broken strokes, he caught the shape of a loaded mule, the angle of the shoulder as the packer twisted in the saddle to check the trotting string of animals behind him. If Deming and Seyler were not in the Indian village, as Deming's children later remembered it, the Indians and the cowboys were in

their studios, either to pose for them or to see what they had drawn or painted the day before.

Seeking an alternative to the camp scenes and portraits available from the Many Glacier Camp, the Blackfeet and the artists decided on Saturday, July 11, to do something different—to take a seven-mile horseback trip to Ptarmigan Lake. Evidently it was not easy to get everyone going. Lindsley remarked in his diary: "Was up early as we were going to Ptarmigan Lake with the Indians today. We waited until afternoon before they came. Mr. Deming, Mr. Schyler [Seyler] and I are going to make pictures."

It was not a hard trip, and the Indians led the way to provide better camera opportunities. Seyler, Deming, and Lindsley, as well as McDonald Gill, the moving-picture photographer from International News who had tagged along, and the Many Glacier ranger

brought up the rear. Gill was in Glacier Park on behalf of the Great Northern to film the annual outing of the Mountaineers Club of Seattle, who were scheduled to arrive, 150 strong, on August 2 for a three-week tour of the "high places." Gill had brought with him two newspaper boys from Portland, Oregon, Irwin Hansen and Wayne Houston, winners of a subscription contest sponsored by the Oregonian, with a

and cameras, indicating to the uninformed that here, deep in this mountain fastness, the Blackfeet were on home ground. That afternoon the camera shutters clicked away as the Blackfeet men again became warriors, acting out scouting rituals, war party events, and how they had driven horses stolen on the west side of the divide across the high passes and down the steep scree. When there was a cigarette



Wayne Houston, Portland Oregonian newspaper carrier, with Blackfeet contingent, 1914. Photo: Julius Seyler. Irmingard Halbreiter Collection.

tour of Glacier National Park as the prize.

Once at the lake they saw "about twenty-two head of mountain goats" before setting up a small tepee decorated with a painted buffalo head. The short green tepee poles with their tufts of evergreen had been cut on the approach to the lake. The travel tepee, too small to shelter themselves and their gear, was another theatrical prop for the artists

pause or horseplay, the multiple cameras, supposedly even movie outfits, recorded those engaging, unguarded moments as well. All was grist for the Great Northern publicity mill.

The excursion to Ptarmigan Lake did not result in identifiable paintings on Seyler's part. As usual, he took a great many snapshots but failed to transform them directly into painted landscapes. Historically, the Blackfeet had



Top painting: Scouting for Buffalo, n.d. Oil on board, 20 x 27 1/2 inches. William Farr Collection.

Bottom painting: After Buffalo, n.d. Oil on board. 32 x 40 inches. Sigrid Reisch and C.M. Russell Museum, L1995.1.3.



preferred the plains country over the rough, angled, snowy, and cold mountain country that remained harsh even in summer. The Blackfeet were equestrians, buffalo people, and it was in this capacity that Seyler preferred to paint them. His favorite Piegan theme was to show them as mounted scouts and warriors, isolated or in twos and threes—in open country, atop a swell of land, in buffalo country, against a windy and tumultuous “big sky.”

On the way back to Many Glacier Camp, the party took a detour to visit famed Iceberg Lake, with its magnificent view of Mount Wilbur and Cathedral Wall. It is unclear whether Seyler had been to this amphitheater before or not. Iceberg Lake became the scene of one of Seyler’s most powerful landscape paintings. Void of humans, the view is at eye level across the icebergs floating in the lake to the broken edge of the small hanging glacier on the other side. Instead of emphasizing the height of the towering Cathedral Wall, as have other artists, including Louis W. Hill, Seyler has chosen to crop top and bottom of the scene to a concentrated slice. The mood is an interior one. The two spare, green/red backlit alpine firs or limber pines are dramatic, silent witnesses in this refrigerated air, while the brushstrokes of the small white tongue of the glacier, thick and wide, and especially the rough quick rendering of the grasses and krummholz of the foreground and edges, reveal the effects of wind and exposure in

this most alpine setting.

Upon returning from the excursion, Seyler continued to work. “I have already captured some of the groups of Indians,” he noted. “Three Bear–Yellow Medicine–Eagle Calf [John Ground] as well as one Indian on horseback, on a real Indian pony, a pinto, as they like to have. Now I am concentrating on the landscapes.” Then, almost as an aside, Seyler disclosed much of what his meditations and the appeal of his Blackfeet artistic productions were about. “Oh, by the way,” he wrote, “I also painted a buffalo hunt. One day as we rode over the prairie, we saw in the distance a heavy dust cloud coming towards us. In my imagination I believed I saw a buffalo herd, driven by Indians, galloping toward me. The vision was so powerful that I thought I had really seen them. I tried to paint the scene. It is not easy from all of these strong impressions to create something powerful.”

Obviously Seyler saw no herds of buffalo on the Blackfeet Reservation in 1914—they had disappeared from the northern plains of the Marias, Milk, and Missouri some thirty years earlier. The annual report of the Blackfeet agent in 1879 had registered one Piegan leader’s dire prediction: “The time is close when the tail of the last Buffalo will be seen disappearing from the prairie.” The absence of the buffalo, essentially gone since 1882, inaugurated starvation among the Blackfeet and increas-

ing federal dependency. Yet this High Plains country was conducive to ghostly historical dreams. It always has been so and still is.

The remainder of July passed quickly. The Blackfeet camp at Lake McDermott broke up, with some of its members, John Ground and Medicine Owl, returning to the Glacier Park Hotel for other assignments. John Ground, for example, was to interpret for the Glacier Park Indians that were to accompany the Seattle Mountaineers on their outings, beginning August 2. There was as well a makeshift exhibit of Seyler's paintings, held in the Glacier Park Hotel. This resulted in two wonderful photographs of Seyler and many of his Blackfeet teachers, who had taught him so well. Two Guns White Calf and his wife, Susan, are standing in one, with White Calf appearing to instruct Seyler as he listens, his palette of paints and brushes in his left hand. Sitting cross-legged on the floor in front of the paintings, six others, including Fish Wolf Robe, Lazy Boy, Medicine Owl, John Ground, and Bird Rattler, listen attentively, or perhaps patiently, to White Calf as well. With the exception of Medicine Owl and John Ground, none had been at the Many Glacier Camp; instead, they had remained at the Glacier Park Hotel, where they greeted the incoming trains and escorted the tired tourists to their lodgings or provided for the entertainment in the evening. The paintings that appeared in the photograph, roughly

fifteen, were unframed, and done not on canvas, but on board or on paper, and represented a small selection of Seyler's efforts that summer.

After returning to the Many Glacier Chalets, Seyler settled back, though uneasily, into his previous routine. One reason for his unease had to do with the Seattle Mountaineers—more than one hundred of them were scheduled to arrive at the Many Glacier Camp, en masse, on August 11, and their descent on the camp for three days would be organized bedlam—a good time for Seyler to be absent. Second, the Many Glacier Camp had already turned into a construction site for the new \$500,000 four-story luxury hotel that was to be completed by the following year. Crews were everywhere. Bridges, roads, excavations, kilns, and sawmills had created great congestion and commotion. Even more disturbing was the startling news from Europe.

Predictions of war in Europe had swirled about for most of July and were difficult to ignore. On Sunday, August 2, 1914, the Great Falls Daily Tribune had bluntly announced: "Germany Declares War against Russia: France Is Preparing to Join Her Ally." Seyler later wrote that news of the actual outbreak of war had caught him by surprise—"like a bomb"—and had forced him to interrupt his stay at Many Glacier. "It is impossible to find the words," he said, "to describe the horrible impression this world-shattering news made



An Exhibit of Julius Seyler's paintings in Glacier Park Hotel, 1914. James J. Hill and Family Papers, Minnesota Historical Society, neg. 3502.

upon me, so far from home, in the American West."

Yet what to do? There was much that recommended a rapid return to Germany. As a German citizen, Seyler already found himself in awkward situations that were likely to get worse. Forty-one years old, Seyler was beyond military age and not worried about conscription, but there were other considerations: economic, professional, and personal. What about his mother and his sister, Emma, whom he had not seen for two years? What about repercussions regarding his gallery representation, his professional career, and his income? All things considered, he

needed to get back.

Conventional wisdom, on the other hand, predicted that the European war would be over quickly. As Germany's Kaiser Wilhelm II so famously put it in the first week of August to his troops, "Before the leaves fall, you'll be home again." (Ehe die Blätter fallen seid ihr wider zu Hause!). Perhaps, thought Seyler, he ought to wait, at least for a while. As early as August 11, however, Lawrence Lindsley noted, "The war in Europe is making a big difference in travel." Glacier National Park was feeling the pinch. "Daily news bulletins covering the war were posted on blackboards at Glacier Park Lodge," Lindsley



Camp Conversation, n.d. Oil on board. 20.0625 x 16.3125 inches. Sigrid Reisch Collection

added, “and were also posted at the camps.” Employees were laid off and facilities closed as tourist visitations fell away. Filled with second thoughts, Seyler now considered leaving.

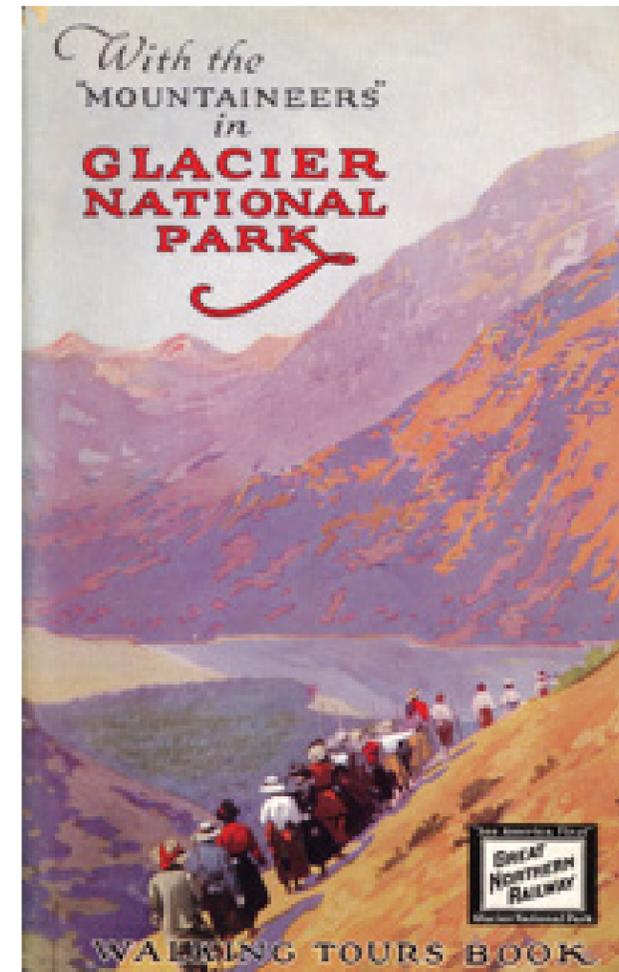
In fact, Seyler stayed on until the end of August, when he returned to St. Paul. While he waited, a major storm struck Glacier National Park on the night of the August 16. James Shoemaker, the manager of the hotel facilities, reported, “It rained throughout the Park and at some points there was considerable snow. There was twelve inches of snow at Sperry and about the same depth at Granite Park Camp. The storm did not

interfere with the automobile transportation, but there was no movement out of Many Glacier on side trips.” Seyler found the storm and the new fallen snow in the Swiftcurrent Valley, at Lake McDermott, and at Chief Mountain to be transforming. He took many photographs of the chalets in snow, as well as of the horses and the surrounding countryside. He also painted a number of these snowy landscapes in his familiar loose and looping style. The photographs, in conjunction with the date of the unexpected August snowstorm, provide a welcome answer to earlier questions as to when Seyler had encountered these unusual wintry

environments at Many Glacier in the summer of 1914.

By late August Seyler felt the summer to be over. He had done all that he could do. It was time to go. Besides, the romantic bubble had burst. Reality had set in—it was no longer easy in some quiet reverie to imagine stampeding buffalo, warriors setting out on a raid against the Crows with little more than ropes and extra moccasins, or a wilderness untouched by a human hand. This was visibly becoming twentieth-century tourism. Like Hans Castorp in Thomas Mann’s famous novel *The Magic Mountain*, Seyler felt that it was

time to leave the timeless world, the elevated world of the mountains. Seyler too had enjoyed the removal from the hubbub of the world, he had embraced the legendary West with its cowboys and Indians and almost unmarked natural world. Glacier National Park had been an asylum. Now, however, the mountains had lost their magic. It was time to go home, to heed the call of the world, even if that meant war. Perhaps the lingering romance could be sustained in the paintings, in the confines of a Munich studio. Here the enchantment was gone, the spell broken. The distant world could no longer be held at bay. ■



Cover of Great Northern Railway Tour Book, *See America First: With the Mountaineers in Glacier National Park*, 1914. William Farr Collection.

Bibliography

Blackfeet Indian Agency. General Letters Sent, 1875–1915. Annual Report of Blackfeet Agency to Commissioner of Indian Affairs (Washington, D.C., July 28, 1879), Records of the Bureau of Indian Affairs, Record Group 75, National Archives and Records Administration, Rocky Mountain Region, Denver.

Bundick, Tessie et. al. A History of Many glacier Hotel, 1910–1960: The Great Northern Years. Production of the Glacier Park Foundation, Minneapolis [1987].

Chapman, Effie Louise, ed. Mountaineer 7 (1914): 1-23.

Deloria, Philip J. Playing Indian. New Haven, Conn.: Yale University Press, 1998.

Demallie, Raymond J., ed. The Sixth Grandfather: Black Elk's Teachings Given to John G. Neihardt. Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 1984.

Deming, Alden. "The Life of Edwin Willard Deming." Typescript, 39 pp., n.d. Edwin Willard Deming Papers, Archives of American Art, Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D.C.

Diem, Eugen. Julius Seyler: Briefe und Bilder. Munich: Hugo Schmidt Verlag, 1928.

Fabian, Johannes, Time and the Other: How Anthropology Makes Its Object. New York: Columbia University Press, 1983.

Hoxie, Frederick E. "Exploring a Cultural Borderland." Journal of American History 79, no. 3 (1992): 969-95.

Hungry Wolf, Adolf. The Blackfoot Papers. 4 vols. Skookumchuck, B.C.: Good Medicine Cultural Foundation, 2006.

Lindsley, Lawrence Denny. Diary dated July 1-August 21, 1914. Special Collections, accession no. 2179-5, box 12, University of Washington Libraries, Seattle.

McClintock, Walter. Old Indian Trails. Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 1923.

McClintock, Walter. Painted Tipis and Picture Writing of the Blackfoot Indians. Southwest Museum Leaflets, no. 6. Southwest Museum, Los Angeles.

Mountain Chief. "Life of Mountain Chief as Told by Mountain Chief." Compiled by Christian F. Schuster and translated by Red Boy, Mountain Chief's grandson, 1931.

Unpublished manuscript, Christian F. Schuster Family Papers; courtesy of Philip F. Schuster II, Portland, Oregon.

Smith, Sherry. Reimagining Indians: Native Americans Through Anglo Eyes, 1880-1940. New York: Oxford University Press, 2000.

Tuchman, Barbara. The Guns of August. New York: Dell, 1962.

Warren, Louis S. Buffalo Bill's America: William Cody and the Wild West Show. New York: Alfred Knopf, 2005.

VIEWS OF THE CROWN

Photographs by Tony Bynum and Rick & Susie Graetz



On Glacier National Park's Rocky Mountain Front – Tony Bynum



Left: The southern reach of the Mission Mts. Above the Jocko Divide – 9000' Grey Wolf Peak on the far right – Rick & Susie Graetz

Following Pages: Early summer blooms above Two Medicine Lake – GNP – Tony Bynum

In Preston Park, looking towards the Piegan Glacier – Siyeh Pass Trail in GNP – Rick & Susie Graetz

Mt. Reynolds 9125' in GNP – Rick & Susie Graetz



From Beartop Mountain in the Bob Marshall Wilderness looking east towards the Rocky Mountain Front and Old Baldy – Rick & Susie Graetz







CROWN OF THE CONTINENT WEATHER EXTREMES AND RECORDS



Canola in bloom northern Flathead Valley from Whitefish Stage Road – Rick & Susie Graetz

Temperature:

Maximum:

100°F at several lower elevation locations

Minimum:

-70°F near Rogers Pass, MT

-63°F at Lake Louise, Alberta

Out of season extremes

-5°F at Polebridge, MT in May

-30°F at Summit (Marias Pass), MT in October

Temperature change:

Temperature change: In less than 24 hours at Browning, Montana in January the temperature dropped from 44 degrees above zero to 56 below zero – a 100 degree swing.

Precipitation:

Extreme maximum one-year total:

138.2” at Grinnell Glacier GNP in 1953-54

Maximum average: 79.75” at Flattop Mountain, GNP

Greatest monthly precipitation total”

28.30” at Flattop Mountain in December 1996

Greatest one-day precipitation in mountains: 6.00” at Flattop Mountain on Nov 6-7, 2006

One day extreme: 6.30” during a thunderstorm in June 1995 in southeastern Alberta

Snowfall:

One Storm - 77.5” at Summit (Marias Pass), MT Jan 17-22, 1972

One month: 131.1 at Summit, MT 1972

Maximum average annual: 242” at Summit, MT

151” at Waterton Lakes, Alberta

Winds:

Peak Gust: 143 mph at Miller Colony, (Rocky Mountain Front) MT

133 mph at Heart Butte (Rocky Mountain Front), MT

133 mph at Logan Pass GNP

Highest monthly average wind speed: 24.8 mph at Deep Creek (11 miles SSE of East Glacier)

Editors' Note: A couple of years ago we featured "The Scapegoat Story" describing this western Montana Wilderness and we outlined the fascinating story of how it came to be established. With this issue we revisit this southern segment of the 1.5 million-acre Bob Marshall complex – a gathering of three federally designated wilderness areas – the Bob Marshall, Scapegoat and Great Bear. Forty years ago, on August 20, 1972, through an act of Congress, the Scapegoat gained the lofty status it has today. Recently, Montana's Great Falls Tribune featured a story on the event and interviewed the man who was the lead in getting this piece of wild country protected. It is reprinted here with permission.



THE SCAPEGOAT WILDERNESS CELEBRATES 40 YEARS

Scapegoat Mountain in winter – Rick & Susie Graetz

Earlier this summer, Cecil Garland was treated to a flight over the Scapegoat Wilderness. As he looked down from above on the 239,936-acre area, he was overcome with emotion. "Much to my own disappointment I became kind of a weeping old man," said Garland, 86. "I hadn't witnessed that kind of emotion, maybe in a lifetime."

BY Erin Madison of the Great Falls Tribune

Garland has a unique connection to the Scapegoat Wilderness. He was the driving force behind creating that wilderness area, which celebrates its 40th anniversary this summer. Garland moved to Lincoln in 1951 to open a general merchandise store, and soon after, began to hear about an area of nearby land then called the Lincoln Back Country. Being the “outdoors type,” Garland eagerly explored the area.

“The more I found out about it, the more I liked it,” he said.

One night on a camping trip, Garland got out an elk bugle and heard animals calling back from every direction. “All through the frosty fall air the calls echoed back and forth, and I knew that I had found wilderness,” Garland said in 1968 during a congressional hearing on the wilderness’ designation. “I would not sleep that night, for I was trying to convince myself that this was really so; that there really was wild country like this left and that somehow I had found it. But all was not at peace in my heart for I knew that someday, for some unknown reason, man would try to destroy this country ... That night I made a vow, that whatever the cost, for whatever the reason, I would do all that I could do to keep this country as wild as I had found it.”

Garland kept that vow.

Forty years ago, after a long battle, Congress voted to designate the Lin-

coln Back Country as wilderness, creating the Scapegoat Wilderness and granting the area enduring protection. That designation was significant because it was the first time a group of citizens successfully proposed and created a wilderness area, said John Gatchell, conservation director for the Montana Wilderness Association. Prior to that, the fostering of areas to become wilderness was controlled by the Forest Service and other land managers. “It broke the mold,” Gatchell said.

Around 1960, word started to spread in Lincoln that the Forest Service planned to build roads in the Lincoln Back Country in order to log the land. “They were ready to road it up, and we had to do something to save it,” Garland said in a recent interview.

The locals who knew the backcountry knew it didn’t have timber in quantity or quality and also knew it was prime habitat for grizzlies, cutthroat trout and elk, he said.

“We formed a little group called the Lincoln Back Country Protective Association.”

The group had about a dozen members who, after the Wilderness Act was passed in 1964, worked to drum up community support and to lobby the congressional delegation to designate the area as wilderness. “I took my slide projector, moved around and told as many people as I could about it,” Gar-



Cecil Garland August 1972 – courtesy of Becky Garland

land said.

Eventually the group attracted the attention of then Montana’s Republican Congressman Jim Battin. He sent his aide to Lincoln, and Garland and others showed him around the backcountry. “He came out and said ... ‘it shouldn’t be disturbed; it should be left as it is,’” Garland said. The group also gained the support of Montana’s two senators at the time, Mike Mansfield and Lee Metcalf. Mansfield ended up being a driving

force in getting the bill passed, Garland said. “Mike Mansfield was the power behind the whole thing,” he said. “He was Senate majority leader.

Despite the delegation’s support, the bill didn’t sail through Congress.

“It was held up for eight years,” Gatchell said. Part of the reason for that hold up was because of trepidation about the precedent the bill would set by having a group of citizens go directly to

their congressmen to request a wilderness designation.

“This wilderness area ... was created in



Jim Heckel on the trail to Steamboat Mountain northern Scapegoat – Tom Kotynski

a living room in Montana,” said Smoke Elser, Missoula-based outfitter who at the time was working as a wrangler for Tom Edwards, another major supporter of the Scapegoat Wilderness. “This is a grassroots wilderness. This started in a living room over a cup of coffee.”

Finally, in 1972 a bill passed, designating the Scapegoat Wilderness, located north of Lincoln and adjoining the 1 million-acre Bob Marshall Wilderness on its south end.

Elser sees many parallels between the

push to create the Scapegoat and the current effort with the Rocky Mountain Front Heritage Act.

The Heritage Act, sponsored by Sen. Max Baucus and currently making its way through Congress, would add 16,711 acres of the Rocky Mountain Front to Scapegoat Wilderness. The additions would include the headwaters of the Dearborn River, the Devil’s Glen area along the Dearborn River, Falls Creek and other land.

Another bill, the Forest Jobs and Recreation Act, sponsored by Sen. Jon Tester, would

add about 28,000 acres to the Scapegoat, including the headwaters of the North Fork Blackfoot River.

“Both of these bills were developed with a great deal of collaboration and dialogue at the local level before being introduced by their respective sponsors in the Montana congressional delegation,” Gatchell said.

Like the original bill to create the Scapegoat Wilderness, the Heritage Act was developed in a living room, Elser said.

When pushing for the Lincoln Back Country to become wilderness, Garland left out some areas he would have liked to include. “When I drew the boundary, I knew we were up against some tough opposition, that it had to be a conservative boundary,” Garland said. “I left out some areas that I regretted I had to do so. “If they can get those in today, then more power to them,” he added.

Garland, who now lives in Utah, grew up in North Carolina, where most wilderness had been eaten up by roads. “As a young man, I read about Daniel Boone and Lewis and Clark,” he said, and he hoped there’d be some place left in the West like the landscapes in those stories. He found it when he moved to Montana. “The Lincoln Back Country was still pretty much the way the good Lord made it.”

The Scapegoat is a wonderful example of wilderness designation successfully protecting an area, Gatchell said. “We see from the Scapegoat that wilderness works,” he

said. “It’s every bit as wild and wonderful as it was then.” The Scapegoat Wilderness is also an example of democracy at work and of Montanans’ commitment to their land, he said. “Part the beauty of American democracy is that an ordinary person can go to their congressmen ... and leave a legacy,” Gatchell said. “I think that the story of the Scapegoat says everything about our democracy and about Montanans and how committed they are to their wild places and original Montana.”

The last time Garland was in the



Cecil Garland August 2012 – courtesy of Becky Garland

Scapegoat was in 1972. After it became wilderness, he took a three-week trip into the area. He knew that likely would

be his last time there because he was moving to Utah. Having the chance to see it one more time from the air this summer was quite an opportunity, Garland said. “Being 86 years old, I think we all recognized that’s probably the last chance I’ll get to see it,” he said. “But I didn’t really need to get to see it,

because imprinted in my mind is every facet, every bit of the Scapegoat.” ■



Mark Hertenstein below Red Mountain southern Scapegoat - Tom Kotynski