

White Grass Heritage Project  
“Sharing the Legacy”

INTERVIEWEE: Rachel Trahern (T)

INTERVIEWER: Matthew K. Heiss (H)

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Note: This transcript has undergone minor edits, e.g., false starts and some text were removed to make it more “reader friendly”. Rachel’s interview transcript is below.

H: We are here at the White Grass Dude ranch in Cabin, is this Cabin 15?

R: It was Cabin 15 in the original well that’s not what the National Park call it but we all knew it as 15.

H: In Cabin 15 and I’m here with Rachel Trahern who was part of the management of the White Grass Dude Ranch from 1953-1965. Also with me is Becky Heiss, my wife, who is indexing this interview. Rachel let’s begin by capturing some of your personal background. Why don’t you tell me a little about where you were born and raised and about the family you grew up in.



*Rachel Trahern (Seated R) with Frank and Inge Galey, checking packing list for a Pack Trip, circa late 1950.*

R: I was born in Coventry, England. I was the oldest of 3 children. Mummy and Daddy were always part of our lives obviously and think that we were nurtured through childhood. Granted, being born and at a very young age when the Second World War started, one’s childhood became, shall we say, a little

austere. But we didn't know what austere meant because we were in a loving situation with Mummy and Daddy and Granny, who was Mummy's mummy. We always felt safe, and we never came home unless there was a member of the family there. If Mummy was away, she'd leave a note on the kitchen table, so we always felt safe. It was probably very, very important to feel that way because once the war really started, Coventry was bombed so tremendously.

H: I wanted to ask about that.

R: The main bombing was on November the 14<sup>th</sup>, 1940. Churchill knew there was going to be an incredible raid on England because the Enigma had just been broken. He also knew that the Germans were going to come that night but to where they were going to come, nobody knew. Coventry, which was basically the home of British automobiles, turned into aircraft factories so therefore that was a prime,

H: Target

R: ...for the Germans to come. We had had air raids, so you got to know that you had to have a bath by 6:00 in the evening. There could only be 3 inches of water in the bath and then you know Mummy would bath 3 of us and zoom downstairs so we'd be dried off and go to bed. You got to know by 8:00 that the sirens would start and you knew each noise that they would make. If you were a child, you didn't have anything to compare it with. Anyway, things got so bad when it comes to air raids, that Daddy decided we should evacuate to Warwick, an old market town that was 10 miles away. In this day and age, someone would think well why 10 miles? It would be a stone's throw but, in that time, it was considered a safe place to be. We had a car and we were rationed with petrol. I remember thinking "AAAHH, I hope we have enough petrol to get there and back again. "What if we have to walk through the country lanes?" We rented rooms in this huge house that belonged to friends of one of Daddy's aunts. Daddy was one of 10 kids and these were 2 of his sisters who knew everybody. In this huge house with a basement, ground floor, first floor. Mike and I, my brother, were in the attic in this tiny little thing. It had a tiny window with iron bars on it. The night of November the 14<sup>th</sup>, we woke up and looked out the window. The sky was blood red because Coventry was burning.

H: (4:37) On fire, hmm.

R: Yes, it burned for a week because the Germans had hit the water systems so there was no water. Anyway, the next day we went from Warwick back to Coventry traveling through lots of like potbellied holes. They would be lighted at night to have smoke to deter what could be seen and also barrage balloons that look like a big sausage with wings?

H: Hmm.

R: Anyway, we eventually got home and home was fine. Then later that afternoon, we went back to Warwick, and this is the scene that still stays with me. Even when I go back now, I can see this road and there were hundreds and hundreds of people walking, babies were in their jammies just to get out of town. That was Coventry.

Then there was another big raid in April, 1941. Then, we had rationing for 15 years! 2 ounces of butter, 4 ounces of margarine, one or two eggs. My sister had never seen an orange or banana until after the war; so again, you know, you didn't know anything else. You knew you'd have meat one day a week probably. But we all survived.

And then there were day raids. We would go to school and you always had to have your gas mask. If there was a day raid, we'd all evacuate into the swimming pool of the school and sing songs and wonder what would happen? Oh, I think that in turn, you got so used to that kind of life. There was always a suitcase packed with clothes behind the front door. If we weren't sleeping upstairs, we'd sleep between an internal wall and the sofa. You slept there to be safer. And then apparently, I was so nervous that Daddy used to give me whiskey with some warm water.

H & R: (6:49) Laughing

R: I don't know where he got the whiskey. He'd give me just sip because, um, of my nerves. We would be in this inside hallway in the house and you'd hear the Germans overhead, the bombers and such. Daddy was an air raid warden which means he'd have to go out and see that the neighbors were OK. But again! You know, we survived!

I don't know what else happened except after that one went from preparatory school to high school. So, we would go on the bus to Leamington, where school was. To this day, I still have friends who I keep in touch with. Then after school, I thought you'd grow up and when you left school everything was going to be golden.

H & R: Chuckling

R: But, I didn't want to be a secretary; that would be so horrible.

H: Tell me, what you wanted to be? I mean, you were going to school during the war years. The war ends and England or Britain is still sort of rationing things. Is it fair to say as prosperous as...?

R: I don't think you'd use that word too much with a Brit or an old-fashioned Brit.

H: Chuckle.

R: You'd say, it (Britain) hadn't kind of found its feet again.

H: Hadn't caught up, that's better, so what were you thinking that you would want to do with yourself?

R: I had no idea!

H: Because by the time the war is over, you are 14, 15 years old?

R: (9:00) Um, probably, I can't remember.

H: '41-'45?

R: Yes, um, so you left school when you were 17 though.

H: So you still had a couple more years of school...

R: Yes, so I was still a couple of years at school. I was NOT a good student because I'd much rather be outside than, you know, supposedly using the brain that I wasn't sure I had. Then because I wasn't going to be a secretary or use that dreaded typewriter, I went to this place called the Eastbourne School of Domestic Economy. It was a one-year course where young ladies would go to prepare themselves for married life or whatever they were going to do. You had to learn to cook on oil on the gas cooker and the electric cooker. You also had to learn to iron, not with an electric iron, but you had a stove with a solid top. You'd put these old-fashioned irons on and (when they were hot) you would pick it up with a cloth. You'd have a saucer of water, and you'd go like this to see if it was hot enough. It would go (spits); LAUGHTER; "Rachel, you do not spit on this".

So, and then you had to learn needlework and embroidery and how to clean a room. (Laughter) Maybe this was the forerunner of White Grass! But also think about it, to this very day, when you dust you don't dust with a cloth like this. You always turn in the corners so you have a nice pad. Then, when we'd clean these rooms, they would come with white gloves to inspect it. There were all kinds of people there, you know, with titles and non-titles and everything else. So that was kind of the exposure that started bringing me into this life of people. Then I became a chambermaid at this place called Cooden Beach Hotel. It was very proper, oh yeah, and Lord Tennyson was there. He was a resident. He was a big, plump soul who used to drink too much so you never knew when he might appear.

(11:10) Then from there I went to Parkhill Hotel in Lyndhurst which is in the New Forest, a beautiful, beautiful part of England. And that was where I met my friend, Elizabeth.

H: And Elizabeth's last name?

R: Hancock.

H: Good.

R: We went as hotel trainees. In this hotel, you changed from being a chambermaid to a waitress to a cook, heaven forbid and something else every 3 or 4 months. Elizabeth and I met there. Elizabeth was the County type with her tweed skirt and crepe sole shoes. I was the person who would blush every time I went into the room. I was very, very shy, very shy. In fact, it's taken me twenty years to gain confidence.

H: Wow.

R: Um and at Parkhill Hotel, there was Martin and Elizabeth, Luther Martin, sorry. He was over there for Standard Oil, building a new refinery at South Hampton. During that year, they invited Elizabeth to come to this country, the United States of America. Elizabeth chose a friend to come with her and the friend backed out. I stepped into the fray, and we immigrated.

H: (13:000) Under the sponsorship of the Martins?

R: Yes, so therefore the Martins sponsored us so that you did not become, what is the word, a public nuisance or a ...

H: Like a ward of the state? Or something like that...

R: Yeah, so in other words, they basically said OK, we will do that for the first year.

H: They'd vouch for you?

R: Yeah, yeah. So, then you had to get through immigration. I wasn't 21 so Daddy had to sign for me. When you went to the embassy in London, you had to swear that you weren't a member of the Nazi party.

H: Wow.

R: When it was time to leave England, Elizabeth and I and our parents left from Liverpool in this little boat. I suppose ship is what you call it (laughing) not a boat. It was a tiny thing and it took us two weeks to cross the Atlantic and we went to.

H: This is 1952?

R: Yes, in May. We landed in Boston in May, 1952 but we had gone through St. John's uh,

H: New Brunswick?

R: No.

H: Nova Scotia?

R: Newfoundland; St. John's, Newfoundland where Marconi sent his first signal across the water.

H: OK.

R: Then we went to Halifax, Nova Scotia and landed in Boston. I remember telling people I'd gone up the Charles River but, of course, that was totally impossible!! (Laughing) because that wouldn't have happened.

H: Right.

R: (14:25) The Martins met us. They lived in Westfield, New Jersey. We spent some time there but they also owned an island on Keysa (?) Lake in Maine. We spent the whole summer there. I was the child sitter, baby-sitter, to some of the relatives. We ate every meal outdoors. It was wonderful and that was when Elizabeth decided we should go to the mountains and work in a ski lodge.

H: What did you know about skiing?

R: Nothing, nothing, nothing! So, we ended up in Vermont, near Montpelier and we worked a lodge there. Elizabeth was in the kitchen cooking, and I was waitressing, housekeeping and all that. We learned to ski, God forbid. Anyway, it was on a rope tow. We weren't allowed to go up the mountain until we conquered the rope tow. Rachel had to learn to bend her knees 'cause that was the way you have to...

H: Otherwise.

R: Yes, head over heels yes. Then you needed to know - carnivals on the mountain and dirt roads up to the mountain. That is when Elizabeth decided we should go west.

H: Let me interrupt right here because this is where the White Grass story picks up. But there's something I want to ask you about. In one of our phone conversations, I got the impression that you were probably not the typical British young woman growing up, going to this domestic college to learn how to be the proper mother and wife, that you had this adventuresome soul or spirit about you. I just want to get a sense of where that came from? Um, were your parents that way?

R: I don't think so. I think Granny was a very sensitive person. She had 8 children and brought them up by herself - Mummy was one of eight and Daddy was one of ten. He was the youngest, so he was kind of forgotten. But the sensitivity was in Mummy's side of the family. They enjoyed life and they teased each other to pieces. You know like the boys were in the choir at Holy Trinity Church, they'd end up on the roof in their classic attire.

The first cake that Mummy ever baked, her brothers got a nail and hammered it to the wall because it was so awful (big guffaw). So I mean there was all of that going along. But I remember I can still see myself as a child thinking 'What am I made of? Why?' And so, there's something within me that I can't understand - even later in life going into hospitals and operations and even going to Nepal, there were 2 instances that happened that I knew I was perfectly taken care of. Do you want it now or later?

(17:43) OK. Well, first of all, when I went in for a hysterectomy, that's right, I knew I was going to be perfectly safe because I was here, I was like in a peapod. It was green velvet and it was safe. Around that was my family and around that were all my friends. So, it was like circling the wagons and I knew that nothing dreadful was going to happen; I was safe. I remember when I was in my bed, there was Granny and Daddy and Mummy and they washed me; I was safe. So, you know, there's something within me, in all of us, that we don't understand.

And the second thing was before going to Nepal. Judy (Schmitt) and I went in this group and I remember...

H: Judy Schmitt (kiddy wrangler at White Grass)?

R: Yeah, and Judy and I.



*Judy Allyn Schmitt (former kiddy wrangler) & Rachel Trahern, White Grass Reunion, 2014*

R: And so therefore, I feel you have to have bruises in life to understand the other things.

H: Hmmm, hmmm.

R: So, there were those things that were kind of within you, but I think it's the old story that what does one recognize in oneself? Or what does one want to recognize. So, if you don't have the bruises you can't learn. Three years ago, I had a horrible illness that took me totally by surprise and, you know, I was twelve hours from saying tootle-loo.

H: Wow.

R: But in turn, in that recovery, you realize that you're thinking in a totally different, not a realm, in a different phase of life. So, what you might consider today feeling good doesn't happen because you're

in another strata or something. I don't know what you call it, but there's no fear. No fear. I also believe in circles. You have this circle, and you live this circle and maybe the next circle might be like this or it might be like this.

H: The notion of circles is that things come back and things that are significant cycle back through your life? Or, explain that a little bit.

R: I think the circle is that you have this experience and its pretty wonderful or it could be repulsive and so but there's a time to put it to bed.

H: (21:36) Hmm, hmm, OK

R: Then open up another circle. (For example) maybe in my hotel business of one year, the owners decided that they were poor managers of those of us who were working for them. They brought in this incredible psychologist, who was a real human being. He had experiences in South America and various places all over the place. He would kind of talk to us and peel us, not like the Esalen, you know because we are all layers of onions. You can't peel them back suddenly; you have to do it gently, layer by layer. This was what Dan would bring to us. But you don't' always go full sail. I learned little things from him that helped me gain confidence shall we say? You've got to listen (to one's self) and hear. and if you don't listen (you miss the)-little magical things that make up life- I feel sorry for lots of people such as my sister, we're both Pisces. I'll say, "Sue, look at those trees aren't they marvelous" and she'll say, "But I don't see that".

H: Laughs.

R: You know, so there's curiosity and everything around us is alive.

H: Well, that's fascinating because it helps me to understand what would take a young woman from England, out of a comfortable situation, a career path to the United States of America then up to a ski resort and now out to the Wild West.

R: 'Wild' in quotations marks, maybe I thought it was going to be wild. You know when you're twenty, twenty-one or whatever, twenty-two, I wasn't thinking that way. I used to think well somebody offered me this to do. I was very lucky to have this opportunity, so I better make the best of it.

H: So, talk about coming out west. Talk about Elizabeth's decision and first of all how did you even know about dude ranches and Wyoming.

R: Because Elizabeth told me (laughter). Elizabeth, remember, was the guiding light and so therefore I was led by Elizabeth. 'WE' bought the Willis Jeep and Rachel didn't know how to drive. So, I had to learn to drive; then we drove across the country. Elizabeth would only let me drive on straight roads not up hills 'cause I was too dangerous probably, who knows.

So, the last night before arriving at White Grass, we spent the night in Dubois (WY). It was rainy and snowy and muddy and horrible. (The next day) we came over Togwotee Pass and then down into this area thinking well it (White Grass) must be here somewhere (Laugh). Anyway, the road into White



Grass was totally, totally different from what it is from Moose (WY) now because Moose has moved 3 times in my day. We came in by Windy Point and came up to the lodge here - no signs. It was all dirt road, dirt road, dirt road. At the Galey house, which was in that last stand of trees, we knocked on the door. It was opened by a white-haired gentleman, Mr. Freitag, who was Inga Galey's father.

H: Who's buried down here at the ranch cemetery.

R: Yeah. I remember saying, "Is this the White Grass Ranch?" (Laughter). And then, Frank and Inga finally appeared from the living room. This creature (me) had arrived with these broad (a reference to her English/British accent). It was lunch time so, I must have been given lunch. Then Inga brought me up to this cabin. I think just about everyone of us started in this cabin.

H: And were you hired on the spot? Had you responded to an ad?

R: No, oh sorry. Elizabeth got everything. Elizabeth was offered this so Elizabeth was getting it all through the Dude Ranches Association or people she knew. Remember, I was this quiet person who didn't say anything.

H: Right.

R: So, Elizabeth was offered the job at White Grass; she didn't want it, so it was all by default that I seem to have gotten along in life.

H: Yeah.

R: So, Elizabeth went down to the Broken Arrow with the Willis Jeep and I stayed here. This is where you know, ignorance was total bliss, because I hadn't a clue what was going to happen in this horrible cold place with no running water no, nothing because there was no bathroom here.

H: Right.

R: Anyway, and so I guess, June progressed. One particular night was the birthday of Bob Lewis and

H: Bob Lewis was the head wrangler?

R: (27:35) No, no, no. Bob Lewis is a totally other story. George Clover was the head wrangler. We're talking about somebody from Utah compared to somebody from upstate New York who, when his father died, the Navy Auction House, had the biggest auction courtesy of Bob Lewis' family so you see.

H: The financial differences (of Bob compared to George Clover).

R: Yes, but I mean characters both; I mean characters capitalized. Anyway, it was Bob's birthday and supper was in the Galey house and this fellow, Bob Lewis, never took his hat off. I know I mentioned this before. When he did, he had a Mohawk haircut, so he obviously had been having a little giggle

juice in town and his friends decided to give him a haircut (chuckling). Anyway, that was the sort of the Bob Lewis story.

As June progressed, it was June the 4<sup>th</sup> because Bob Lewis and Judy's are both June the 4<sup>th</sup> OK. So, then my life started by figuring out when were the first dudes coming so, Frank and Inga, I'll progress in my story now and not go into the Frank and Inga.

H: Yeah, yeah, let's talk about you.

R: OK.

H: First, let me get something straight. Bob Lewis was he working on the ranch?

R: Yes, but he was one of those who was born with a platinum spoon in his mouth and his parents didn't take much notice of him. So, he was sent to boarding school and then he ran away to the Navy and signed up before he was of age. Then he ended up in Tennessee, and then he ended up here, and then

H: Working for the Galeys?

R: Yes, and also in Nevis in the British West Indies (resort owned in part by Frank and Inge).

H: And he'd follow them down to Nevis.

R: Yeah, he had a Land Rover called Bridget (chuckling) yeah. I mean he was a character, well, another story; I have pictures for you to look at

H: OK we'll look.

R: So, Bob Lewis was working at the ranch. You see everything - there was nothing happening, no water was running in any of the cabins. I was introduced; Inga was my leader. Inga by the way, you mentioned people were frightened of her. I don't think that's appropriate. I think she was respected, and she carried herself you know, full chested. As Bob Lewis said, "She couldn't dive for lobsters because she couldn't get down there because she'd float back up". (Laughing).

H: (31:08) Yeah, yeah. But you also said something about her being very German, you know, which is,

R: Oh yes, Germanic, but to me as a Brit, that was, it all came naturally. But again remember, with the rest of the people here, I was that 5-years older. I was the employee to open the ranch and make everything, but the horses, work. So, when you speak of housekeeper into manager, the two just go together. One wasn't here to (someday) be the manager. You just did everything that had to be done 7 days a week.



*Inge Galey, circa late 1950s.*

H: Right, and you just had your staff under you to which you would delegate.

R: (13:20) Yes, but we never thought that. Rather, (I thought) we were working together even though they called me the “Whip”, which I didn’t realize till years and years later. You know, and then there was a fellow, Jay Scattergood (smile in her voice). He wrote me the other day. He was the chore boy and he used to take all the swill and go down to the pigs and put it over Rachel, the pig!! (Laughter)

H: Named in your honor!

R: Named in my honor of course! You know, and they’d see the dust behind my car as I came up the driveway and there’d be nobody here to help me unload supplies (because they all scattered) (Laughter).

H: Well Rachel, let me ask you this question. Were you, were you the “Whip” because you were sort of European and not laid back western?



*Rachel Trahern, “The Whip” at the WG Barn with organizing papers in hand, circa late 1950s.*

Or were you the “Whip” because these were kids and they wanted more to have fun rather than to work? You know, and then there was a fellow, Jay Scattergood (smile in her voice). He wrote me the other day. He was the chore boy and he used to take all the swill and go down to the pigs and put it over Rachel, the pig!! (Laughter)

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R: Named in my honor of course! You know, and they’d see the dust behind my car as I came up the driveway and there’d be nobody here to help me unload supplies (because they all scattered) (Laughter).

H: Well Rachel, let me ask you this question. Were you, were you the “Whip” because you were sort of European and not laid back western? Or were you the “Whip” because these were kids and they wanted more to have fun rather than to work?

R: Well, I think I’m both probably from the fact that (1) one was brought up and you know it was your responsibility to do things and having gone to the School of Domestic Economy, that sort of stuff. If you had said you were going to do something or signed on for it, you better do it!! And so to me (2) meeting these young people here, I couldn’t understand why they weren’t serious in doing their things. So again, I think it’s a European against a non-European, definitely. So therefore, I had to learn what this was about so to speak and understand that they were obviously college kids and were out here for a good time. We truly had good times amongst ourselves really and truly, you know we did. But then on Saturday night... we’re getting a little off balance here, so

H: Keep going, keep going.

R: The boys would live in BQ (Bachelor Quarters) which is no longer; another horror scene.

H: Why do you say that?

R: Well, it was always so filthy once they moved in there, you know,

H: Was it one big building?

R: No, no, it was 2 joined together, so semi-detached or whatever you call it - one single one, and then there were wood planks we’d pull around for the other side. You know you’d make it nice and clean in the beginning of the season but that would be the end. They’d have to walk to the Bath House so the boys’ side was where that truck is (today); the girls side was on the other side; then the Boiler House was in the middle. The chore boy would have to put enough wood in (the boiler) to make hot water and take the slops from the kitchen to the pigs.

The wranglers, so George Clover was the head wrangler. Then there was Jay Matthews, Freddy Matthews from Princeton University, then there were other kinds of college types. One came from Tennessee, Ben Norman. He broke his neck one day and I remember driving him to the hospital. That was pretty dicey. Oh, and then, we had an Indian and that was an eye opener. He was working in the

corrals, but, you know, Indians can't take liquor like white people can. He'd go stark raving crazy (when drinking). Also, they could only stay away from their home base shall we say, for a certain length of time, because they would miss their home base.



*Rachel Trahern, Frank Galey, George and Elsie Clover, circa 1950s.*

H: So, he had to leave? Or what?

R: I don't know what happened. Then we'd have a chore boy who wasn't too sure what a milk cow was against a beef cow. In the spring, when the flowers, what they called blue flowers (maybe flax) were blooming anyway, the flavor from those flowers went into the milk.

H: Good, good. Rachel let me ask you a question. You mentioned that some of these wranglers were Princeton University students. What did these students know about horses and horsemanship?

R: OK. They had been dudes.

H: Ahh ha, OK.

R: (36:20) They had been dudes. The Matthew boys had both been dudes (as were) the Strawbridge grandchildren whom you'll meet, we love Fran (Strawbridge), and dudes, dudes. Bernie Huebner won't be here (at the reunion), (he was a) dude turned into wrangler.

I was terrified of horses and the Matthews boys put me on a horse, and slapped it on the rear end and the thing would take off. Then, they'd put me in a race, oh god, awful.

H: Let me ask you just a couple of sort of encyclopedic questions. Define the roles: cabin girl, chore boy, wrangler, talk about what each of those did. I'm assuming that you were responsible not so much for the wranglers but for the chore boys and the cabin girls. Is that right?

R: So, really as the housekeeper/manager or general fact-totem, it was up to me to see that the cabins were all clean and ready for dudes to come. They were inspected before anybody came. It was up to me to know that the dining room was in good condition and that cook hopefully hadn't gone off the deep end and

H: Why would the cook go off the deep end?

R: Oh, we had one (cook) stay, Ellen Anderson, and she was the one that stayed longest. There were some men who were, who'd been into town and who knows whether they'll be in the kitchen the next morning. All of that kind of stuff but I can't remember all of those things. Anyway, so it's up to me to be sure that the menus are put together and that we had enough food. In the beginning of the season, Sexton, who was a big grocery company, would come. We'd put in a big order for the whole season.

So where were we? Oh, what I was doing...

H: What you were doing and what did the others do. If I was hired as a chore boy, what would be my role?

R: The garbage would be up to you (laughter).

H: The low-level job?

R: Yes, hence the word chore! So, you'd be sure that all the garbage cans, which were outside the kitchen, would be taken down to the dump or fed to the pig - that was your morning duty. You had to be sure that there was enough wood into the furnace room so that it had a good fire going. On each cabin's steps, you had to be sure there was a pile of wood for the pot-bellied stoves and fill a number 10 can, like a big coffee can or fruit can, with Pep - which was kerosene and sawdust to start the fires. Those were the main jobs that he did. Oh, and then, if there was any grass to mow, or there was a fence to repair or other various things around needed doing, it was up to him to do those things, I don't know if he did them morning, noon or night or whatever happened.

H: Was it one chore boy? Or,

R: (39:45) One chore boy and then there was the barn group which I didn't have anything to do with. We'd have say two cabin girls. It was up to them with their mops and their brooms and everything else to make the beds up every day and clean the cabins. Then when the dudes left, it was up to them to change everything. I would come and inspect and say OK.

In those times, dudes would normally stay a month. You'd see these would be high pressured businessmen. Literally, you could see the first week, you could just see them for meals and then maybe they'd do a few more things and then a little riding or a little hiking. It would take until the 4<sup>th</sup> week for them to really unwind.

H: And then just to go back home and?

R: Yeah, start all over again (build up stress).

H: I understand.

R: But there was nobody here for under a week. Later on, you could stay on a dude ranch for the night, or something like but not here.

In the days even before I came, before anybody made a reservation, it would be letters exchanged to be sure that you were of the right ilk, you know.

H: That was an interesting thing. It really was almost transporting some of that Eastern hierarchy.

R: Yes, so therefore the White Grass probably had Philadelphians; where 4 Lazy F, Pittsburg; and Bar BC probably Pittsburg, New York 'cause that was the Pittsburg. As I think I mentioned before the Four Lazy F was a wedding present to Emily Oliver by her mother. Who had a lot to do in Pittsburg, with what's his name, from Scotland?

H: Carnegie?

R: Yeah, Andrew Carnegie and so there was that ilk. Also, it was pre-war when those people, probably in the early 30's, when people of monetary value or whatever you call that, would come west. So, they'd take the train to Chicago, stay in the Drake (Hotel) overnight, then come by train to Rock Springs (WY). Probably pre-that, they'd come over the hill from Idaho Falls or something but, in turn, they came here and discovered this rough life.

Also thinking back onto White Grass, the Philadelphians, and I met a lot of them here the first summer - I thought they really looked dirty and mucky. You'd go to Philadelphia and, I mean, they were so well dressed; I looked like the mucky one. But again, because they had had this regimented life, shall we say, because it was their normal life in the East - so to walk around with holes in your sweater or looking a mess was the way to be (at the ranch).

H: Yeah, part of the experience.

R: The experience and was that telling us something psychologically within? We don't know.

H: Interesting. OK, so we talked about what the chore boy did, the cabin girls were basically just keeping up the,

R: (40:20) Keeping up the house keeping side. Then, (there was) getting the laundry ready for me to take to town to get washed twice a week. When it comes to waitresses, they were waiting on tables for breakfast, lunch and dinner, so their's was a much longer day. I don't know if I have it here when the hours for breakfast, lunch and dinner were.

H: I've seen an old schedule but I guess they really had to be on-call.

R: Oh yeah, they had to be there. Also, I think did we start breakfast at 7 or 8. I can't remember its in another book anyway, but their job was pretty intense. Also, in the morning when people would come in for breakfast and go into the dining room area, we had a clip board. It had a pencil on the piece of ratty old leather. They (guests) would sign in whether they were going on a picnic and how many there would be. We would go into the staff dining room and make them lunches and put their names on all the brown paper bags. We would put them in the ping pong room so that they would pick their lunches

up. You had to be sure you didn't have too many squashy tomatoes because they would be squashed by lunch time.

R: Then we had this person who used to come into the kitchen. He was rather a heavy drinker. One morning, he came in the kitchen and there was a glass with some Clorox in it and (Laughter) he got a big shock there and then.

(46:00) Oh, I remember putting bananas in somebody's boots. Yes, horrible!!! (Laughter)  
So those were all the little things (that) happened. The Dudes were going in the kitchen; everybody was together. There wasn't (Snooty voice: doo, do do to the waitress, doo to do). We washed all the dishes for the meals by hand. There was no such thing as a dishwasher. Inga had these heavy, heavy plates, you know. There would be water all over the place but, you know, you look back and think gosh, how did I do that? But everybody was having a blast!

H: Why? What was it about,

R: Because it was communication, camaraderie, and its this magical thing that this area had, this White Grass. Did the Indians bring something here?

H: I don't know.

R: There's a ranch over on this side of Dubois. Some of the Indian groups won't go back there 'cause they feel it is spooky. But, you know, this is called White Grass because of the sagebrush. So, who was here? Who left something that we don't know? Maybe they did. But there's something here that feeds or attracts people of all types of life, again, something that we will never understand.

H: But does that have something to do with one of two things or maybe two things? (1) It breaks down some barriers? So, there isn't this hierarchy. (2) Is there this feeling of, call it family?

R: Yes, yes. Well, we can go back to this Philadelphia thing. They were here and they let down their guard, shall we say. But then when I went to visit them in Philadelphia, they were back to their old starchy self!

It was just like I remember Brits on the Queen Mary going from America to England. We all had a blast and there were high officials (on board). But the closer we got to England, the crustier they became! (Laughter). So, its something called humanity that we don't understand; or, I'll speak for myself.

H: So, you were the manager and responsible for the waitresses, the cabin girls, the chore boy and making sure the cook had all the supplies that were necessary. Were you also the chief errand runner?

R: Yes, I was the chief marketer (one who went to the markets).

H: Did they know you in town?



R: Oh yeah, every Tuesday and Friday, Rachel would go to town with a long, long list of things for the kitchen, the laundry, what we needed for the cooling house and the barn. I would arrive in town and go to the grocery and place my order at Fred's Market and go through everything I needed; then be back later to get it. Then I'd go to the hardware store and this particular day, I think I mentioned this, I'd gone to the barn and they'd said, "Oh, we need a sky hook and a left-handed monkey-wrench".  
(Laughter)

(50:00) So Rachel goes into the hardware store and asked for these things. Blake Van de Water said, "Where you working?" I told him and he said, "Oh"

H: It only happened once.

R: Yeah, it only happened once. Then they wanted a bucket with a tit on it. So, you know I was walking into all these pitfalls, so you can tell I was a green creature who was supposed to be in charge.

And then Bob Lewis would say, "I warned Woody Runnel." (Woody was the only policeman in town.) "Told him you're coming and to put a red flag on every corner of the car." (Laughter) Well, of course, there wasn't true. But I had to get my driver's license from Woody, who was kind of like a cottage loaf. I'd say, "I have to get my driver's license"; And he'd say, "OK, honey, now go into the post office and fill it in and I'll be come in a while to help you." And that was it!

And then there was Jim Jensen, who got another layer of back stories. There were times when Jim would tend bar at the Wort Hotel. He's say, "Oh, wait a minute, I have to go and check to see if they need me, because he was a sheriff type. There was only one traffic light in town, the main cross roads where all those Asians are walking all over the place (today). Anyway, if he looked up and the light was blinking, it meant he was wanted at the office, or jail.

H: Oh my gosh.

R: As I say, this was it. And then there was gambling in Jackson, illegal! But it happened! And Frank Galey was a great gambler.

H: Tell about that.

R: Well, Frank was a Princeton boy and,

H: Do you know what he majored in or studied?

R: Cindy might know, Cindy is going to talk a little about,

H: Tomorrow.

R: I have asked it to say on Saturday evening (at the reunion), a lot of people don't know Frank's childhood and how Mrs. Galey went to the Bar B C and that's how she kind of procured Mr. Hammond.

H: Yes.

R: So, Frank, I think, gambled his way through Princeton.

H: What was his game of choice? Poker?

R: Oh, any old thing - oh, poker. He played poker in the Wort Hotel where the bar is (the Silver Dollar Bar). They'd all have drinks. Behind them there was a door They'd all go down to the basement where the canned goods were, into the back room where they all gambled. High dollars and so Galey would be there for quite a long time. In those days, you could buy a drink in one bar and you could walk all around town with it. It didn't make any difference to anybody.

Anyway, I was doing the grocery shopping, wasn't I. So, I'd get all the groceries and the sky hooks and everything else. My last stop was to the cold storage where we did have drawers in the cold storage place. George Walker worked there. He always was making the ice cream so I could always get a little ice cream. My last pick up was a 300-pound block of ice and that was (put) in the back of the car. So, I had my cooling system coming home. So, when I would arrive, the boys would have to take the ice out first with the grabbers.

H: The hooks.

R: We had the cooling house which was in two sections, and it worked on propane, is that right?

H: Propane and ice?

R: No. Propane, that's not the right word, what's that thing when you cool something? What's that called?

H: Yeah, it used to be used for the old air conditioning in cars (Freon).

R: Yes, so it was for this, like the old generator house where we'd put (substitute) pennies in backwards, (instead of) fuses, to make the generator (keep running).

H: Connection?

R: Yeah, so let me think, so that would happen on Tuesdays and Fridays, this trip to town. Then on Sundays, we had our main meal at 1:00 and the cook had half day off as did the horses and the wranglers. It was up to me to get all the girls, cabin and such-like. We went to the north pasture and had a big Bar BQ every Sunday night. Has anybody told you about that?

H: Nope, tell me.

R: (56:12) We would go, the girls and I, would go up there (north pasture) and get the Bar BQ ready. We'd have, you know, old pieces of wood, on wood horses, whatever you call those.

H: Saw-horses?



*Setting up for the Sunday Barbecue in the North Pasture, circa late 1950s.*

- R: Saw-horses and tablecloths and salads and whatever. The best thing we did Sunday morning, we put foil paper on (we'd do this in the help kitchen) chicken, butter, lemon, and wrap it up and so this was ready to go to the pit. Well, the pit was obviously a hole in the ground. We had four post holes with wire that attached to bedsprings (laughter). Then you'd put all of these foiled wrapped chickens on the bedsprings.
- H: Bedsprings?
- R: Yea, and I probably had chaps on. We had these long tongs so that you could turn these the main course.
- H: Wow.
- R: And then Curt Winsor, from Philadelphia, would be the one who'd get out his guitar, and they'd sing and everything else. Then, if we had a pig roast, well that meant they'd have, you know the boys would have to take over. That would be an over-night special so you can't tell if they're half-awake or half asleep whatever they were the next day. But, anyway, that was only very rarely happened. But say you had 50 dudes and with help it was 60, just for argument's sake, but then you never knew if you were going to have a hundred people 'cause if Frank had been in town,
- H: He'd invite friends?
- R: He'd invite all of these people and you'd say. You never quite knew who was going to appear. When there were big things (parties), there were these liquor things, you know those old milk churns? Well somehow, he'd have ice and vodka and something in there. Then there were all these little parties from time to time.

(58:48) So I'm happy to dig deep into some of these things or recap them later. So, we started with a small count (guest) of end of June, then July you know, more dudes, August was mostly Philadelphia. But again, everyone got along well with everybody else. Freddy Matthews took a family from Boston on a pack trip, and I remember going up to car camp. I'll talk about pack trips; preparing them.

H: Good, good.

R: In days when we used to have to take laundry to town, this lady (to whom we took our personal laundry) used to think my name was Hazel Tureen (Chuckle). So, my sister got called Soup Tureen. She was here one summer; so, the name Hazel has always stuck with Freddy and myself and one other person who's now dead.

As I remember, I was sitting in a restaurant in Sheridan, Wyoming with Chick Galey, Frank's cousin, and the manager came and said, "There's a phone call for Hazel Tureen" (Laughter). It was that kind of fun. So there were those things. So really and truly big dude season, July, and then we get into August. Towards the end of August, kids had to go back to college which meant the dudes fell off (went back to college). So really it was a season of ten weeks. Then comes hunting camp.

H: What did you have to do with hunting camp; were you still employed? Talk about that. Hunting camp, as I think I read, was a little bit distant from here so you have the White Grass Dude Ranch here but didn't Frank have, like cabins or a place further?

R: (1:01:31) OK. You had to be an outfitter to run a hunting camp. Frank was an outfitter. If you had had hunters coming to hunt elk or deer, which is probably all we had up there, you'd have to be a registered resident of Wyoming. A guide could only have two hunters. Frank had a camp in Pacific Creek, which is north of Moran, and later in Pilgrim Creek, which is at the base of Togwotee, near Turpin Meadows. (In preparation) we would take the horses from here, (on about) September 10, was the beginning of hunting season. It was a seven-hour ride back (to one of the hunting camps).

H: Wow.

R: One year, I decided that I would like to do it. Well, when I got off the horse I practically collapsed on the ground. You had to ride high in the saddle, (which was hard). So, we left the horses at car camp. We thought we could have supper (that night) at Jackson Lake Lodge. Because we were looking so beautiful, when we asked for the dining room, they asked if we could sort of clean ourselves up. I knew the manager there, so it was pretty nasty of us to do this, but anyway, we did it.

So, hunting camp was placed, so September the 10<sup>th</sup>, maybe the hunters would come here on the 8<sup>th</sup> and they'd supposedly sight their guns or whatever they do with these things. They'd get to camp and the whole week would take place; they'd be there for a week.

H: You'd drive the horses up and car camp. Was the same as base camp? Frank could just drive the guys in to where the horses were?

R: We drove into Pacific Creek, car camp; that's where it is. Then we'd ride (horses) for two hours over these thirteen streams to camp. And camp was one big tent probably as big as here and the bathroom.

Then there would be separate tents for the hunters. And then those of us who were the working group, would have a teepee and the teepee had a base which was nice and warm. It had a piece of a rope on the top which they tied to the branch of a tree.

(1:04:49) Sleeping on saddle pads was much warmer than sleeping on a cot 'cause the draft. And then you'd probably be getting up at 4:30, 'cause remember water boils at a different, lower temperature at higher altitude. And so, you'd make them breakfast, pack them their lunch, and they'd go off. You wouldn't see them till later afternoon. But then, you'd have to start cooking dinner at two o'clock in the afternoon. And I was up there as a cook for one week; they must have been hard up (Laughter). And then Elise Clover and I went up for one week. Elise went the first week with "Joy of Cooking" under her arm, then I was the 2<sup>nd</sup> week, then the third week we did it together. And that was when they lost a hunter.

H: Whoa!

R: Well, George was guiding him (Clover, Elise's husband); anyway, Elise and I were given the job of shooting 3 shots every 6 minutes so that's what we did.

H: As a signal?

R: Hoping he would answer so we could find him. But there was no answer. So the story is you always find a stream and go down stream and you'll end up in the right place, so he was found the next day. He was OK.

And then I think I told you, the day that I went up to hunting camp, Paul Lawrence had been the cook the previous week. He meant me in car camp and took me up and that the pressure cooker had exploded and there was elk stew (all over the camp). (Laughter)

H: Oh my gosh.

R: I'm not sure what happened beyond that. Then (at camp), we had the outhouse, which was a hole in the ground and, you know, a piece of wood and plastic, then an old chair with the rattan middle no longer there and the can of lime. So that was that. And then we would kind of have a bath type thing when the hunters were all away. And then one day, they sent me to town. I had to ride from camp to car camp (by horse) so that took an hour and a half. I left the horses, got in the car, drove to town, 50 miles, got all the goodies, drove back. It was nearly dusk, I had to load the horses, and supposedly tie a diamond hitch. I don't know how you do that. But anyway, the horses and I took off at dusk, heading to camp. I was sure they'd come and find me, you know, thinking, "Where is she?" but they didn't. And when I got to camp, they said, "Where's the whiskey?" So that was more important than me.

H: Thank you.

R: Well, obviously I'd arrived so that was all they cared. So that was camp and then it would go, probably for a month depending on how many hunters you had.



*Fall Hunting Camp, circa 1960s.*

Oh when we were in Pilgrim Creek, George Clover got badly hurt one year. He was really hurt and couldn't get on a horse, way up near Bridger. So, it was a case, of coming out, riding out to Turpin Meadows, making a phone call and saying George needed help to get out. I think there was a helicopter in West Yellowstone, something like that, but it took another 23 hours for us to get to him. By that time, they'd had to make a stretcher, you know, out of boughs and suchlike, and so, it wasn't instantaneous helping somebody at that time.

- H: (1:08:55) So did Frank have a hunting camp every year? And would you stay on as an employee until hunting camp was done?
- R: Yes, but I only went on that one week, 'cause I had to put the ranch to bed.
- H: OK, OK.
- R: And that took until October. And then we'd go into another story of the West Indies and me staying here and putting it (the ranch) to bed.
- H: Yes. Let's finish White Grass and then we'll do West Indies and we'll do a little bit more about Frank and Inge.
- R: OK.
- H: I've got a couple of things. One of the things you talked about was the pack trips, preparation for the pack trips. Lets talk about that. And was that a regular part of every week? Explain what the pack trips were.
- R: OK. A pack trip was giving somebody, or a group of dudes, the experience of living under canvas and going and having their dinner prepared on an open fire and all of that business. I don't know that everybody sang. This was an experience that they would probably take after being here for 2 weeks.

So, say Mr. and Mrs. Smith and their 3 darlings were going to go on a 5-day pack trip. So, this meant, they were going to Turpin Meadows, which they weren't but just for arguments sake. We have to get

permits that we only take so many horses to Turpin Meadows. You have to get permits from the Park. This doesn't happen anymore. I don't think they allow it (today). So, you get your permits and then you have to decide which horses the Smiths will be riding and how many pack horses do you want to take. Ok so you've got that organized. Then, you have a truck that would take the pack horses and the horses up a few hours ahead of the dudes. In the meantime, it's up to me to make the list of food for 5 days. I would make that list out and check it out with Frank; and I think there's a picture of Frank and Inge and myself in the dining room going over that.

H: Yes, yes.

R: OK, I have my list so I will start to prepare for everything and they know what they're having each day. And then on the 5<sup>th</sup> day, it was the magic to have strawberry shortcake and whipped cream.  
(Laughter)

H: Out in the wilderness?

R: Out in the wilderness with dry ice.

H: (1:11:25) Oh my gosh.

R: But dry ice you wrap in newspaper and, you know, a 5-pound lump of dry ice is a bit, this big (must have demonstrated with her hands) so I can't remember now how much it shrinks per day but the magic was to wrap it in a lot of newspaper and then you could have your shortcake.

So, I would have to get the sleeping bags, liners into sleeping bags, be sure the valves worked in the sleeping bags, and tell the dudes maybe they might like to take a pillow. So we got all the sleeping bags taken care of and the towels and dit, dit, dit, dit, dit. And then they had to have their kit bag ready the night before so I could pack the panniers. Now a panniers, we had wooden ones.

H: These hang off the side of the horse?



*Rachel Trahern with pack horse carrying wooden pannier for pack trip, circa 1950.*

R: Yes, that's a pannier, and you can have canvas panniers and wooden panniers. Therefore, you've got this tree on the horse; then you put the panniers over the tree and then you can put sleeping bags, pots, and all the pots and pans and everything else. Then you put a tarp or a tent over the top. That's when

you throw the diamond hitch. Don't ask me how you do that. Anyway, so that's what you do to get the horse is ready. You have to be sure that you have something like Pepto Bismol (Laughter) and things like that. I don't think I got any little druggy things. I can't remember. Anyway, so it takes days to do this and then packing the panniers so that they balanced and that was fun (difficult). So, you'd get all of this prepared and away they'd go.

(1:13:33) And then you know they'd come back and they'd had a wonderful time. But the fascinating thing is when you're on pack trips or at hunting camp, being outside for, say, 4 or 5 days and you've come back into this confined area – it's so hot! So you're probably a camper now. So that was the pack trips. So, we've opened the ranch, we've had the dudes, we have hunting camp, we've got pack trips, then we have to put the ranch to bed.

H: Just a minute. Let's talk about some other things first. What was your association with the dudes? And was associating with the dudes encouraged? Or did you try to stay in the back and just let the Galey's do it?

R: No, we were all together.

H: Employees?

R: Oh no. Because I think when you think of employees you think, in this instance, they were all of the same ilk. That's not the right word, ilk, but you know they're all on the same strata of humanity or whatever. So, no, I would say everybody was together. Except for an old chore boy who wouldn't be sitting on the porch up here or something like that. But, no, everybody was together. Yeah.

H: So, there was kind of an equality. Like I go to a hotel and I don't talk to the night watchman or the,

R: You see, this was something that is defunct or nearly defunct. Like the Triangle X is a dude ranch up the road here, but they're huge, (by contrast) I mean we were so human.

H: And small.

R: And small, 34 was the max.

H: 34 dudes.

R: 34 dudes is what comes to mind and then if we were over duded, then, you know, we had the platform tents where people could stay.

H: Right.

R: (1:15:40) Which, for some of the staff that was a wonderful place to live.

There's still a great dude ranch in Dubois run by Kenny, Gary Niels. But you know, to stay at a dude ranch now, its like \$2000.00 a week! But here, everyone had their own horse and you didn't have to



wear a helmet. So, again, its going back to try and have us put it into a picture in your mind of what it was. But its just like me trying to explain being brought up in a war and it doesn't translate.

H: Yeah, I know.

R: So you do the best you can but it's a learning process too. So, next question.

H: OK.

R: Did I answer that one?

H: You did, you did. You mentioned something interesting, that you would go back and visit them (the dudes) in Philadelphia...

R: Yes.

H: So there really was that sort of bond that,

R: Yes, I mean, who would go to the Philadelphia Orchestra with the dudes. That probably wouldn't happen (today). The Messler's who were here from June on - I mean I was a member, we were all sort of extended family.

H: And these dudes would also return year after year?

R: Oh yeah.

H: Not come once and then SSSHHH (disappear)

R: Well, there were some like that.

H: But there was a core.

R: That was, yes, yes, yes, yes, the old timers. Yes, so I would say that there was this following. I think I mentioned in our first conversation how were you going to do this oral thing of just White Grass. I think at this stage probably you're speaking of White Grass here, but White Grassers' (influence) fanned out to so many different people in the Valley (Jackson Hole) who were important members of community. So, I feel that its important sometime to bring (in) those people (to be interviewed). Frank would (sometimes) invite them for dinner (or to the July 4<sup>th</sup> barbecue).

H: Were the Galey's part of that important strata of Jackson society? Because they owned the ranch?

R: (1:18:28) I don't think people thought like that.

H: Really, because Jackson was so small?

R: You know, you knew that Louise Turner was up at the Triangle X . She was very outspoken. You knew that Betty Woolsey was at Trail Creek She was one of the girls, and there was that whole group of girls. And then Elbow Ranch, that was kind of the female group too. Bar BC, 4 Lazy F, you know that was the William and Margareta Frew going back to Pittsburg, and Emily Frew Oliver. 4 Lazy F, there would be cocktail parties once a year and oh, that was a wonderful invitation because you were taken (to the ranch) in these big yellow Yellowstone buses from the parking area. They had all these marvelous real Remington bronzes.

H: Wow, wow; ha, ha!

R: Peggy Cook, so we've got Emily and Peggy, sisters. Emily was given the 4 Lazy F for her wedding present; Peggy was given the lower Bar B C which is down near town. But when I knew Peggy, and she became a very great friend, she had the Bar B C, but that was on a rental thing. Anyway, Peggy had the Bar B C.

H: (1:20:44) Was there a competition between White Grass and some of the others (in the Valley)?

R: No, because you didn't have time to think because you were taking care of your part of the elephant! And take care of your part of the elephant before somebody else did. So, everybody was busy. The only time that we might come together was at Teton Valley (Ranch), which was the boys' ranch over in Kelly. We would meet there for the dude ranches' rodeo, yes. And there were lots of races that happened. Like the Messlers always rode, they won the slow race.



*Competing in the slow race, Carol Cuddy.*

Oh, and then they put me in the Jackson Hole Quarter Mile Derby. Well, you know, I wasn't good with a horse. Frank had this horse that only really had three good legs, (Laughter) Anyway there were 3 people in this race. They kept calling my name and calling my name, and I was so terrified, so terrified. Anyway, I had to get on this dreaded horse. (Racing) there was a little John Turner from Triangle X, in his racing colors, and somebody else and me. So, we did the track and obviously I came

in third. Then the Bishop of Connecticut (probably Episcopal) presented me with a chocolate cake! (Laughter) I mean there were all these funny things! Bishop Gray. I can still remember that day and I was so scared. And if you see the picture, I'm sitting up-right, racing,

H: You're supposed to be down. Did you ever get a day off?

R: Of course not! (laughter)

H: Solid work from Memorial Day till October!

R: Except there was that time when I was so exhausted that I literally had to go to bed. You know they put me to bed and that was only for the afternoon. In the girls' cabin (which is the next one down), I could just lie in my cot and look out and look down to the Galey's house. I could see people coming up, so you might have 45 minutes of peace after lunch.



*Girls Cabin (L) and Main Cabin (R), photo courtesy of Bernie Huebner, 1955.*

H: Did you have this cabin to yourself 'cause you were the manager?

R: We only started here; this was the cabin that was used first in the spring. So everybody seemed to end up here. Oh no, there were 4 or 6 of us in the girls' cabin.

H: OK, So, you were roommates with the cabin girls and the,

R: Oh yeah! Everybody was together; it didn't make any difference what you were.

H: (1:25:36) And that was part of the family ambience.

(SOME AUDIO MAY BE MISSING)

R: ....is dangerous so I took my friend, Betty, with me, because I wasn't going to get caught in the middle of this hurrah. So, we had a wonderful time and got down to Golden Rock.





Golden Rock Resort, British West Indies, Frank & Inge Galey owners with other investors, circa 1960s.

Note: There is additional information about Golden Rock at the end of this interview.

But you could see that Frank was definitely moving away from this marriage (with Inge) because, you know he was, you know, a roving eye type. Anyway, so that must have been maybe '64?

H: Did he meet Nona down there?

R: Yeah, Nona and her mother had a little cottage at the bottom of the hill in Nevis. When I went down with the people, I'd just been with, there was another woman that Frank had his eye on but I can't remember who she was, but she was another Canadian. So you know, you never knew. And I remember in November, 1966, the divorce must have taken place because Inge and I then went down to Montserrat and Dominica on our way to Nevis. Inge was so nervous in Dominica, I remember, and it was the eve of All Saints and all these people were walking to the church,

H: ...with candles or torches?

R: I think it was gladioli. Anyway, she was very nervous because there were meetings of the governors of some of the islands. She thought, she didn't have the confidence within herself, to kind of leave the room because she might have bumped into them. So, she had fallen apart to that degree.

H: Maybe this is a question for Cindy but did Inge then have to support herself? Did she get half of, R: Frank got White Grass; Inge got Nevis.

H: OK.

R: But this is where we have to be a little careful because John Cleary, Brian Cleary's father (Brian was to do his oral history a day or two later).....(extraneous chatter about Rachel not quite knowing what or how much to say and feeling that she could get trapped in the middle.)

(2:22) John Cleary, a White Grass dude, whose family lived in the 'Cleary Cabin at White Grass, built around Golden Rock because of Frank and Inge, including some relatives. But John Cleary did well with this and he (John) kind of forced his way into Golden Rock. I think he owned quite a bit. So, he was not appreciated or liked. Appreciation didn't come into it but not liked by a lot of people who were Frank and Inge's people.

H: What did you do to help Inge after things had fallen apart? I mean was it just loving her, being a friend?

R: It was just being a friend. She came to stay with me in Vermont. And then there was somebody she would go and see in Massachusetts. But you see, she had been in one white castle after the other, so what was she prepared to do in the outside world to make a living?

H: Exactly.

R: Then, we come to her sister, Renata?

H: I don't know anything about her.

R: Well, Bob Lewis named her Olive Oil, (Laughter) but we didn't dare tell Inge this. He'd say, "Have you seen Olive Oil?" "Yes, we have" (funny voice meaning no one else should hear this!).

H: How we doing on time?

R: (4:10) It's a quarter to 4, or 25 to 4. So, Inge's sister, very German and married to Heinz Kellar, lived in Indiana. So, after Inge was trying to find her way and find things, she went to live in Connersville, Indiana. That's where Heinz and Renata lived, and then Heinz went to heaven. Inge and her sister moved to Payson, Arizona and lived in, you know, what do you call those house trailers?

H: A double-wide?

R: A double-wide. But very, very nicely done. And Inge, a proud woman! And I think they cleaned houses and,

H: Wow.

R: You don't have to,

H: I'll see what Cindy has to say (Cindy is Inge's and Frank's daughter).

R: Yeah, I can't remember what Cindy said her mother did; she would know more. And then Renata, after Inge died, wouldn't believe any of us or Cindy. Tammy, Cindy's daughter, who you'll meet, basically was Renata's right hand.

H: Yeah, OK.

R: I want to show you, you must have seen that one (a photo).

H: Nope, that's pretty cool, we're looking at a fence that has the White Grass brand, the H

R: H Quarter circle B and that was right down here (in front of the main cabin).



*(L to R) Dorothy Cleary, Sukie Matthews, Inge Galey, Jimmy Danlin, Rachel Terhune & Cynthia Galey.*

Note: This photo and many other White Grass photos can be seen at [www.whitegrass.org](http://www.whitegrass.org) under Collections/Photos.

H: OK. And these look, are these cabin girls?

R: Let me see who we have here. We have Cabin Girl, oh this is Carol White who married Fred Herbel who is coming back to his ninth, this reunion. And she died of cancer. Fred is coming back because we've told him he should open his eyes to progress.

H: Chuckles.

R: David Kinker, he's coming. Cindy was married to Jim Kinker, that was her husband that she had these two children by - David and Tammy whom you'll see both. They're both in town now. We're having supper with them tonight. And then, she (Cindy) married Bill Peck. And Bill Peck was the same age as Inge.





*Rachel Trahern with David Kinker, circa 1960s.*

H: Wow.

R: Bill died five years ago, I think it was. After that, Cindy drove across the country to spend Christmas with me in North Carolina because she didn't have anybody. Just one of those things.

(Rachel is showing Matt some photos.) Yeah, Little Man, and Peggy Cook. This is when we were driving out of this place never wanting to see White Grass or Wyoming ever again because I'd had to bring horses up from the river bottoms. We had these fellows, Bubba and, that was the son's name. (In the fall) they would come over in their trucks from Afton, over the mountain. When there was nobody on the ranch but me, I had to bring the horses in from the pasture into the corral. Then, they would pull the shoes off maybe eight horses and dovetail them into two trucks. Then, I'd have to take them to the Galey house for coffee and lace it with whiskey and I'd think (Laughter) Oh, it wasn't even eight in the morning, you know.

(10:35) And Ted Hartgrave, now he was a character beyond belief, an old timer around here. I don't think you've heard his name. Here's Inge. Now this is Inge in 1966, this is when we were on our way to Nevis. There she is, you see she's handsome. Here she is. Here's Frank. And here's Bob Lewis, and sister Sue I think or me? It's me and Judy.

And this was um the second Moose Post Office (WY). These are the Baldersons of Sky Ranch down here (north of WG). Bill Balderson was the President of PhilCo Corporation and built Sky Ranch, but he was a dude here before. And now its Park property after 25 years but the plumbing is so bad they can't use it. The park doesn't have any money to do it but they could, if they think, hook it to White Grass.



*William Balderston and Family at Sky Ranch, property purchased from Frank Galey, circa 1960.*

What's this; Oh here's Mimi Crenshaw, Inge, myself. This looks like a poker game, doesn't it? John Love, he was the manager of Jenny Lake and then Jackson Lake, maybe Inge or Betty Woolsey. Oh, this is for Bob Lewis, we're going into hunting camp, we must have been dropping something (Laughter); we're carrying the loot.

H: When you would drop something would you drop it with a parachute?

R: No! You just open the door. This we used to do in Vermont; the Richard M. Nixon 2<sup>nd</sup> Cambodia Drop. (Laughter) I was the engineer and I had to get myself a pilot with a plane. So, you'd have two 5-gallon bags of water. You'd circle the airport, circle the airport and then they'd put a big white painted circle on the airstrip, you see. Then you'd open the door and you put your foot like this and then you'd drop your bomb. That was during my gliding (?)

H: Let's talk about the reunions. You've worked in a lot of different places, do these other places have reunions? Or is this, is there something unique about White Grass that brings people back.

R: Where I worked before wouldn't be a reunion type of thing. I have a letter that I wrote in 1989 and it's already been scanned that says, I had come back here in 1987.

H: OK; Let me interrupt. Your last working season here was 1965. Frank and Inge managed. The divorce happens around that time. You continue your association with Inge and with Cindy as well but you don't come back for 22 years.

R: I thought it was 15.

H: 1965-1987. You also mentioned on the phone that you didn't even talk to Frank.

R: I talked to Frank once and the only thing I can figure out Curt and Pony Winsor were big dudes here. I won't go into how it all happened but they became husband and wife. Curt was a great fisherman and Pony (her real name is Katherine, known as Pony), her daughter and son will be here this weekend.



Pony had to take up fishing because of Curt. They were on a ranch outside of Cody and they were fishing and somehow Pony slipped and Curt came out for help (I'm not sure how this whole thing...um) but she didn't live; did she drown, I think. I think Frank might have called and told me this.

H: And that was the last communication you had?

R: Yeah, I mean and that's all I know; it had nothing to do with me so I don't know what his feelings were towards me. Because in turn, we had all been friends together.

H: Well, we talk about this family experience. One of the important insights I think that you gave me in our phone conversation was the notion of the real dude ranch experience happening in the 50's and the 60's but it turned into something else. When you were here, it really was this thing, less of a tourist trap, more of a real experience. Explain that, and explain what real means to you.

R: (17:40) Okay, well I think we go back to the Second World War, and after Second World War when, again, I wasn't in this country at that particular time. But it seemed to me as though progress of people's individual lives became, not affluent, but they were able to do more. Then I arrived over here and people's interpretation of daily life was a little foreign to me. I mean why did everybody have to have so many clothes? Why were all their closets so cluttered? I also think that Vermont life was still simple and people were making things happen with their own hands and doing things. But then it started to be, as I see it, where this credit card situation came into being and so therefore, "Oh! We can buy this and we can buy this". And then, it came that they had multitudes, each person, of credit cards. And did that in turn make people into a false being? And they could do this and this to where,

H: Live beyond their means?

R: Yes, live beyond their means, where before, it had only been people could basically have the monetary situation and be able to get credit against it who were able to do these things. So, we're opening up the country and planes became more of a thing that you could use. So, we're kind of opening up the flower whether it's a good flower or a bad flower, I don't know. But we're opening up these opportunities to the general population and so I think that's where there became change in the country. Then later it was 1980, a little later, I remember when I moved to Florida, and there would be these ads on the radio saying, "This is the life you owe yourself". And I thought, well what do I owe myself? You know. And so in a way, it's a brain washing and the bottom line is greed. So where is the human?

H: Lost?

R: You know it's the Betty, the Greta Garbo syndrome, "Don't talk to me", you know. So, I think that's what we saw in the 50's and the 60's, it was probably the end of that era of people who were able to move without credit cards. But as Bobby Lewis would say, he didn't have a credit card so therefore he didn't have any credit so he couldn't get anything beyond that. So that's when the change, that change kind of came in. Before that, people would have the capability of coming west by train and were able to take a month off or they were able to take a summer. It all cost time and money (which they had – not needing to use credit cards).

H: A summer, not just a month, a whole summer.

R: Yes, or the summer. And so that therefore the looking at life had changed. Now its “well why can’t I have this and why can’t I have that.” In truth, its back to basics, which make you so much happier. You don’t need all this stuff.

H: I was going to ask you earlier on, when you first started talking - it was pretty primitive living conditions. I mean this cabin that we’re in is what, maybe 20 feet by 10 feet? The bath house is up the way there if its raining or snowing or whatever,

R: Nobody seemed to care! Because it was then and not now! And then also when you’re in your 20’s, you aren’t thinking about that. The thing was we didn’t know about computers, we didn’t know that television, I mean, the first phone we had here was only at the Galey house, after the boys had dug post holes from here to Moose. So what you didn’t know you didn’t miss.

H: But you had worked at finer hotels. You had come out of Great Britain and you knew what there was there and here was so primitive.

R: (20:01) But I was very sheltered in England. You see, you didn’t, like America now, where everybody goes out to eat. We might have gone out to eat once a year. We went to the pantomime which is a Christmas theater, once a year, and that was a treat by uncle. So, you walked a field and how many flowers, different kinds of flowers did you find when you walked across the field. Even now my brother and sister-in-law and I, the other month, we were looking for these specialty orchids by going on this little nature trail - in was a field which had been preserved. But, you see, its back to also, people, now that you want to volunteer, they usually have white hair. You know, the youth isn’t interested in volunteering, because they’re programmed to such a life - where is a quietness for the mind? So, I’ve slightly lost the gist,

H: We were talking about primitive conditions.

R: Yeah, primitive; so therefore it didn’t feel primitive because I thought this was the west and so therefore this was what it was. Then there was the year that Elise (to become Clover) and I drove across the country, from Philadelphia (with a funny posh sounding voice) in her big green Packard car. We were going to Lame Deer, Montana to see Chick Galey. He wanted me to marry him, but I didn’t want to go and pull calves out of cows in the middle of winter. So that went by the boards.

So, we went to Muddy Creek Road in Lame Deer, Montana, which was near Custer’s Battlefield, and picked Chick up. On our way there, we spent the weekend in Sheridan seeing different friends. The only time we were stopped, across the country, was going through this Indian Reservation.

(25:12) This Indian police stopped us. I don’t know if we were going too fast, or too slow, or what it was, but I mean, you know, we’d crossed the whole country until we got to him. That was just another little difference in, just a different happening in life, I guess. But it was fascinating.

But then there were those people, my mind goes to Sheridan, there was a lot of heavy money up there. They all wanted to get their hands dirty, major dirty. And I would go up sometimes in the fall and help

them gather cattle. You could only walk cattle down to have them shipped because you might lose money if you ran them, 'cause they'd lose weight.

H: Yeah, yeah, wow.

R: So, there were lots of little things but I don't think you thought about that you were missing anything because even people who, like the big, I call it the Laidlaw cabin. Bertie Laidlaw, who married Malcolm Forbes, her cabin at White Grass had a bedroom, a living room, a bedroom, one bathroom, and bedroom but nobody complained that they had to walk through the living room and someone's bedroom to go to that bathroom. This was what it was; so, you didn't have to accept it, you could leave; or not come back again.

H: You know, when we started this afternoon you began to say something that I think is an important thread I'd like to follow for a little while and that is that as you began to walk up the road you said you felt a little bit of a sad feeling, had a little bit of a sad feeling.

R: Yes, I did and I was near to tears, I know.

H: Tell us why.

R: Well, first of all it was that roof on the cabin.

H: Because its different?

R: Yeah, I'd never seen it.

H: The shingles?

R: Yeah. Judy came and I said that bar isn't even straight on the front, that plank, anyway that's minor but having been in the hotel business, you know, you have to always know everything. And you do it now not tomorrow. No, I felt, in other years, I felt as though I was kind of coming home (when I come to White Grass). But maybe it's the fact that the excitement of the cabin nearly complete and the feeling that we as White Grassers are drawing back and the Park is coming in, I don't know.

H: Is it White Grassers drawing back? Or is it White Grassers disappearing?

R: Both, because they're dying off.

H: Exactly.

R: Also you know where the interest is in the majority of these people? They've all worked here. They're not just dudes. And that's the difference. The experience that they gained by working here has remained with them all their lives.

H: Yeah, well look at Judy. She's from the East Coast, she comes here (right out of high school for the summer) and now she lives here.

R: Yeah, but that wasn't necessarily from choice, that was from circumstances that happened. It wasn't choice. But there's something that we can't explain that has a pull and,

H: Do you feel it as strong today as you did back then? Is it,

R: No, it was that Main Cabin that really upset me. That roof line.

H: HMMM, interesting,

R: And that can only be my sensitivity 'cause Judy said, "Oh don't worry about that plank across there but to me it did something, and that's why we're all individuals.

H: What's it like for you to sit in this cabin now?

R: Oh, I feel perfectly at ease here, yeah. No, I think it took me by surprise and brown; we'd never had brown.

H: What was it?

R: Green, green, green

H: Was it green tar paper?

R: Yeah.

H: OK.

R: In fact, I remember that that cabin there, that single one, I remember tar papering that with one fellow and I, we tar papered that,

H: You can still see some of the old cabins have the green tar paper and it's been replaced by the green metal.

R: Exactly, but that's green metal, green metal which is very highly expensive.

H: Yeah, and also more durable for the winter.

R: Yeah. Yeah, exactly. So, I'm not against it, because my God, if these people hadn't come by, you know like the superintendent, whose name I can't remember, who said we should save this. (By contrast), if you go down to the Bar B (C), it's a horror scene. Really and truly, we all feel very lucky that (White Grass) is having a new life. One has to realize that you're not going to see the same thing but I just had to go back and, that roof, how are you going to insure it?

H: Chuckles.

R: That's my thing because in Florida you're not allowed to get insurance on a wooden roof. And even in the days in the 50's, to have this place insured was close to impossible. Are my tax dollars paying for that roof?

H: Probably.

R: So those were the things that quickly clicked; it was only a matter of 5 or 10 minute before, you know. So, it's kind of strange. And then, I was sort of looking back past this pump house and I thought well, the barn used to be there, and the corrals, and BQ, barbecue, and then there was the Frietag cabin and even before the Freytag cabin it was the boys' bunk house, and then the Galey cabin.

I remember coming back here when we first, you know when it was falling apart, when we'd procure things.

H: What do you mean procure things? Take souvenirs?

R: Yeah.

H: Nails, pieces of wood?

R: An odd window, coat hook, a few bolts, and then you kind of felt, "No," Judy said, "Oh, you're going to be really upset about this," but I walked away (with things) and I wasn't. Because it felt like coming home and that was a good feeling.

H: Today? Or was that in '87?

R: That was in '87. And then, when was the next reunion, 2000 that was a big reunion. That was fine, 2000.

Yeah, it was just today. It felt as though it had lost some of its inner heart. But don't take that as gospel because that's just me talking. After seeing that in 5 minutes. But again, I mean, to have been so lucky for the whole place to be revitalized. And when the boys were working on the Hammond Cabin, I mean those fellows were so dedicated and they'd come from Idaho and they were magical people, magical. Barb Pahl, raised \$950,000.00 and she was, I think, White Grass was the first or maybe the second to have completed their, what's the word I want, they got their money.

Note: Barb Phal's Oral History and others oral histories related to White Grass can be viewed at [www.whitegrass.org](http://www.whitegrass.org) under Collections/Oral History.

H: Fundraising.

R: Fundraising. Completing their fundraising. And we were lucky enough, I happen to have a list of who gave money in the beginning.

H: Wow, former White Grassers?

R: How about Rockefeller and Forbes.

H: Oh.

R: (35:25) and a few others. And, also have you heard of Taulk Tours? It's very high end tour group out of the East. They gave \$90,000.00.



*Tauk Tour Employees Volunteering to Rehabilitate Tthe Girl's Cabin' circa 2008.*

H: What was your involvement back then with Barb Pahl? Were you a voice for saving the place?

R: Oh yes but when they began saving the place, there was a big fat book that was put out and I have a copy of that, where they decided (what should be saved at the ranch and how).

Note: The book is called, *The Cultural Landscape and Historical Structure Report*. It can be seen in its entirety at [www.whitegrass.org](http://www.whitegrass.org) under Collections/Documents/Cultural Landscape Report

So, Barb Pohl did an incredible job to raise the money. She's a go-getter.



*-Barb Pahl with Jackson historian, Bob Richter, WG opening ceremony, 2016.*

H: OK. Would you want your ashes spread here? When it's that time?

R: Well, half of them here and half of them in England. And I know exactly where I was going to put the same way.



*Marker at White Grass Cemetery where other White Grassers' markers have been placed, 2017.*

H: A different feeling?

R: A different feeling from here. So therefore is it like memory becomes a bit misty? So the memories that we've all had for all of these years are now being brought in and the memories maybe get pushed back further? And so other things take their place? That's not too much of a sensible thing. But I don't know.

H: Or is it because this place has changed?

R: Yes, so that's in a way what I'm saying because I'm not saying that it was a wrong thing but the values that maybe lots of us felt for it aren't there anymore or won't be there.

H: So what do you think this reunion is going to mean.

R: To whom?

H: To the former White Grassers, not to, I'm an outsider, we're outsiders, looking in....

R: Yes, yes.

H: The National Park people, I think, are very interested in this and again I have a sense that this is very unique.

R: Oh, it's totally unique.

H: The JY people don't do it.

R: Nobody's ever done it.

H: The Exum Guides don't do it. The Jenny Lake Rangers don't do it.

R: This is all to do with something called friendship and, to me, if you don't have friends, you don't have a life. Friendship's very important. And obviously, I'll have to say a few words, (Laughter), God forbid. Hopefully I won't be too caustic. But I just think it's wonderful that we're all so lucky. And, a person - this was 25 years ago, Jack Huyler, I don't know if you've met that name,

H: Is he a historian, a historian from Jackson?

R: Yeah, Jack, he was a teacher in California (a boarding school in Ojai). He was rather full of himself, but everybody knew Jack. He was a layman down at the Chapel. The first reunion we had, we had on the Sunday morning, a service in the chapel (of the Transfiguration). Jack got up as a layman and he said, "This is a very rare thing that so many people have remained friends in this special way for so long." And that was 25 years ago. And it is kind of miraculous, and I mean, its not as though we're friends at a distance, its that, you'll see, that there's kind of a camaraderie.

H: I'm looking forward to that. Now here's an interesting question. We've talked about the divide, the difference between the Frank and Inge era and the Frank and Nona era. Do you think that you White Grassers who have experienced two different eras share that same bond? Or is it different?

R: We share a bond but it's a different one.

H: The bond of experience, but is it that same bond of friendship?

R: No, 'cause I don't know many of those people. Like the Dellenbachs, they were horrified to think this (White Grass) would be put back (rehabilitated) to the 50's and not the 70's. You know, where I came in 80's, whatever it was, and saw all these shacks that Galey had put up, this is the end.

H: Was it the shacks that they could have more dudes coming?

R: Yes! They were an awful thing.

H: More business?

R: Yes, more business so therefore, he had lost the Frank that we knew in the beginning. You know, Frank and Inge would always be calling each other sweetie. Now that was a word that I'd never heard of coming from England. And they called each other that all the time and with their arms around each other. I mean that was a great bond there until Frank got itchy feet, you know, which he had for ages. But anyway, so I can't say.





*Frank and Inge Galey on the ranch, circa, 1940s.*

You know I didn't mention this, I thought Nona was an unhappy person but I think Inge might not have been an unhappy person. But I think she felt, after the divorce, she was a void or she was just hanging, where do I go kind of thing.

So, my thinking, because I've had to work all my life, I'd think what would I do if I didn't work? I work 2 days a week now because I need it for this but you can volunteer up the gazoo, which is rewarding. I mean I work in this healing garden and that again is all volunteers. It's just like a White Grass. Everybody's so happy to see each other at 7:30 in the morning to weed, dead head and talk. It's next to a Ronald McDonald type house. You meet people in the garden who have a family friend who's, you know, dying, but, I mean, the feeling of strength between each is amazing. So, there's lots of fascination to life.

Going back to the Frank and Nona. Did Frank make a bad move? I know Judy says that she thinks, 'cause we were talking about Nona last night, she feels that Nona's one good thing was that she stuck with Frank. I said, "Judy, she was so bombed out with drugs and liquor, how did she know?" And then I had friends that, when Frank and Nona went to the Philippines, the Gordons said it was embarrassing cause Nona would just kick up a scene and, you know, so I don't know. Did Frank and Inge, what made that stale out?

(44:31) I have no real answer. Maybe because Frank thought that there was something greener on the other side of the fence.

H: Yeah, maybe he was wrong.

R: Yeah, maybe he was wrong.

H: In terms of, you might have already answered this question, but in terms of the major influence that White Grass has had on your life, is it the friendship? Or is it something different?

R: I think it started to give me confidence.

H: You know you told me on the phone that in your first year, in your first little while working here you had done some little thing and Frank came up and said "good job".

R: Yeah, I can tell you exactly where I was standing in the dining room, because, you see, I had a father who never thought I did the right thing. So therefore, I would come to this country, gain some confidence, then I would go back and he brought (me) down. Then I would think am I really a positive person? Or am I below the salt? You know, so therefore the confidence level - it was up to me to have friendship surround me. So, I have friendship that I can talk to this person about this, another one here and another one here.

(45:50) So Judy would be my Western friend and I have Jeannie as my Eastern friend. I believe that every human being needs a backstop or some kind of support system. Otherwise, how can you possibly go through life? And friendship being the important thing and to me I get excited when things happen. Like the other day the United States Ground Forces Band out at Fort Bragg, I got part of them to come to this kids' nature trail thing that we had at the horticultural (Center). And these little kids are dancing on the grass and having a wonderful time. That gave us all such delight that, you know, our tax payer's money was at work! And so it's these little things, and little things are so important for the big things, because that's the root. Sometimes I think I talk as a dying product because, you know, when you think of all of these gadgets that everybody's using - they don't know what eye contact is. (Laughter)

H: You're talking about my kids now.

R: Yeah, or they're not answering your letters. So, I don't think I should say on the porch next week that, there's one little thing I'd like to say to the national government employees, "Please answer your emails!" I mean it's the basic things and if they don't have pride in themselves, where do we go? The word fear factor seems to be, Anyway, I can't answer all your questions.

H: You know what, I think you've answered all the questions that I've asked. Let me ask one final question. Is there some important experience or topic that we haven't covered that if you were to write the history of White Grass ten years from now, when this is available, what haven't we recorded?

R: What haven't we recorded? Hmm. I think that, again, I remember my mother saying, "Thank goodness I won't be around when THAT happens". You know, the future. I think how lucky I have been being around now to experience the now or the then for you which becomes the now. But again, if you don't have roots to anything in life, how can you build a life? Because you're on shallow ground. You know

I'm spiritual but not religious; you know I can't get up at 7:00 in the morning and go to church. I was an Episcopalian who sits on the back row.

H: That's where I was yesterday in Judy's church (Chapel of the Transfiguration).

R: Yes, she told me.

H: OK.

R: We were trying to get onto my email but between the 2 of us we're so old, we can't figure it out. So, we have to wait for the youth to come for supper. (Chuckling) Anyway, so 10 years from now, I'll probably be ashes somewhere but I think just how lucky I was to be here. And then also, this life that's happening, certainly, I don't know if you had your life planned, but it's, this has been total surprise all my life. I mean, who would have thought I would be in a hotel down in St. Croix; been social hostess on place called Pacal; been to Hot Springs which was one mile off a main road on a river bottom in Arizona with Yudi Meduin (?) and Wladimir Horowitz (famous musicians) you know, crazy!

H: (50:05) Ski school,

R: Oh yeah, with Stein baby. We used to call him, old blue butt, yes, blue eyes and his three face lifts.

H: Working in San Francisco.

R: Working in San Francisco.

H: in I. Magnin (sp?)

R: I. Magnin, top of the line store. Yes, I wouldn't say I was a floor walker. (Laughter) What else did I do?

H: Ski shop in Florida.

R: Oh, yes; yes. Thank God that the owner left me alone. And then I decided, after I was having my second hip surgery, why am I in Florida with all these horrible people? You know, the most important thing (there) was the color of their credit card; what car they were driving.

H: I've heard that.

R: (50:50) So that's Pinehurst (North Carolina where I live now), they don't care what you have with. Then I think I mentioned I go and be a jump judge out at the big horse, um, happenings.

H: No, You didn't say that.

R: They have cross country - so you sit in the woods, and its marvelous, you know, in this beautiful, beautiful countryside. You have your clipboard and your walkie-talkie. You just have to say that horse 23 cleared Fence 9! And they feed you and you're back with nature. And the healing gardens.

H: Being fed.

R: Being fed.

H: By nature.

R: Yeah. It's very important. And then, after I finish my job in Florida in the ski world, as in snow, I couldn't sit down. It took me 2 years to unwind. And that's when meditation helped.

H: Wow

R: (52:00) Yeah, learning to breathe and learning to sit. You know, which is difficult. And I'm not patient. That's what I was told by my mother in the summer. But to me, life is very exciting; Oh! And I put sewing contests together; I've done gliders. I'm (sitting here) just looking at that cloud, made me think of that.... Yeah, with the Soaring Society of America. We used to put Regional meets together, and then the World one when America went down to Australia in 1972.

H: Do you think you'll come back or is this your last?

R: No, I'll come back as long as I can walk quietly. And this is what to Judy, I said, "If we get up there early," but it took me such a long time to get my body moving today.

H: Will you have some quiet time before the Reunion?

R: Well that's what I'm hoping.

H: Cause I think you wanted to go up,

R: (53:00) I wanted to go and see the north pasture (at the ranch). I don't know if I can get to Louie, I have to see that. I have to go and see Mimi Crenshaw tomorrow, she's 91. Then also you probably heard that the story booklet that we put together, have you heard about the story booklet?

H: Did you tell me about that?

R: I don't think I did. We started this in 2010 with the National Trust.

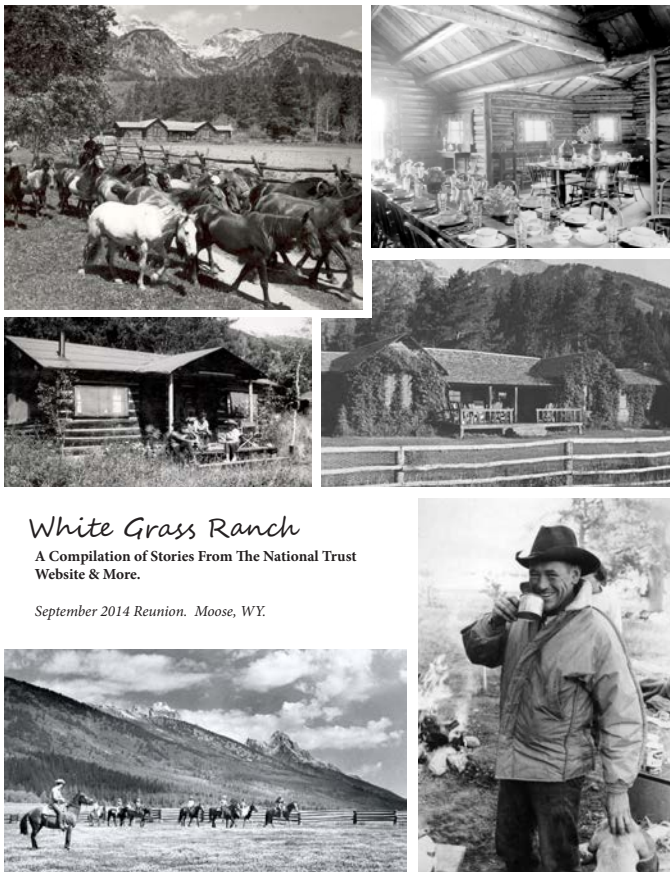
H: Is that a blog spot?

R: It's not a blog spot, it's a site.

H: I've read most of it and printed it out. Is that what you're talking about? It's on Vanishing Treasures?

R: Yeah, it was the Vanishing Treasures thing but that, I think, has been exploited a bit, because there are some stories in there that are strange, but anyway, I have been collecting more since then to put in (a book for distribution at the reunion). I worked with one girl last year and we put this whole booklet

together. We had dozens of phone calls and I think 59 plus emails back and forth. We put this booklet together, and 2 ½ weeks ago they told me the park could not print it. So I made it work. And I'm picking them up tomorrow.



*White Grass Ranch*

A Compilation of Stories From The National Trust Website & More.

September 2014 Reunion. Moose, WY.

Note: *White Grass Ranch: A compilation of Stories from the National Trust Website and More* can be viewed at [www.whitegrass.org](http://www.whitegrass.org) under Collection/Documents/History.

H: Wow, cool.

R: So there'll be 50 copies but I want to be sure that, you know, the people that have their stories in first. I think I have enough to go around, but, we'll see. So, what happens as you, as the volunteer for this Heritage program; where do all of these orals (histories) sit?

H: Two places: Sharon, down at the museum will have a copy of all of these and Bridgett Guild, as Park Archivist/Historian will have them.

R: The one who hasn't answered my letters.

H: Have you met her?

R: No.

H: (55:10) She might not even be here. I think she'll be in Washington DC at seminar.

R: That's what I've heard.

H: Which is too bad. I met her here in June. She's very impressive.

R: Yeah, well that's what I heard but she's not impressive to me right now if she can't answer my thank you. After I put thank you in capitals!

H: I don't know about that.

R: No! I don't take it personally. I think it's a sad thing for humanity. I really do. And then I want to introduce you to Carol and Norm Hofley.

H: The barn in Wilson?

R: Yeah. And we all agree that what I did was right. And also, I have asked Carole if she would tell us how they got their interest in the barn. And how it got back to Teton County. To which, she said she would. And I know Cindy said that you could use your machine (recorder/camera) if it wasn't obvious. But I felt if by introducing you to Carol and Norm it would be appropriate to start with. And there'll be about 40 plus of us there (to see and tour the reconstructed White Grass Barn at Carole and Norm's home).

Note: For a description of Carole and Norm Hofley's interest and rehabilitation of the White Grass Barn, see [www.whitegrass.org](http://www.whitegrass.org) under Collections/Oral History.

H: And I've got a van that can take us.

R: Well, nobody will be coming from here.

H: Oh, oh, that's right. Of course.

R: I have a thing how to get there.

H: Oh good I'll need that. Oh listen, you know, we're diverging from the interview,

R: Oh I beg your pardon.

H: Let's wrap up and then we can continue to talk about this, because I do need that map to Wilson. Ah. I can't think of any other question.

R: I can't think of anything else. I think that its wonderful that this is happening. I just hope that they will be secure. And, with all of these artifacts, so-called, that have been pulled together, I hope that they have a story culled from the beginning to the end and why. And how will the general public know that they are there to be seen or found out about.



H: You know, that,

R: Why are we doing all this if its not going to be shared?

H: That's a very good question.

R: I'm hesitant in a lot of stuff.

H: I'll put this on tape even though there's no tape in there's no tape in there. I'll give you my opinion on that and then we can turn this off and we can keep talking if you like. I believe that the history needs to be shared; there's something really incredible about this place, there's something very human about this place, there's some lessons to be learned from this place.

R: I remember even in 2012, Barb Pahl had a luncheon up here and I said a few words and she said, "You mean you haven't given an oral history yet?"



*2012 National Trust for Historical Preservation Donor Appreciation Luncheon, White Grass Ranch.*

H: And, here it is a few years later and you have!

R: Yeah.

H: However, I also know, I work in an Archives, and sometimes we do things; I call it kind of the investment model. In other words, we don't get an immediate bang for the buck, by recording this and then sharing it, but at some point in the future somebody is going to access this collection and be very grateful for the work that's been done. When that's gonna happen, I'm not sure. The Dellenbachs said that they would like to underwrite a publication, a history of this place. What that means, we don't know. Bill (Slaughter, volunteer photo historian) whom you'll meet in a couple of minutes, was actually approached by Bob Dellenbach to think about doing that. So what we do here may be the

foundation for that publication. If not now, at some point in the future, somebody's going to want to write a dissertation or history.

R: Yes, I agree with you; here, now, have you seen this?

H: No.

R: I gave Roger one of these 2 years ago. He doesn't have it?

H: He probably has it but I have not seen it. And let me just say, this is an article from Wyoming Memories, about staking a claim to Heaven; a Jackson Hole Memoir, written by William Gardner Bell.

R: Who's now dead cause I tried to find him. And it didn't work. I think I have another copy somewhere which I can give you. This also speaks about Frank and when they all went to war together.

H: See, and so there are people who are going to be writing this Western history.

R: Yes.

H: And, the fact that Brigham Young University gave us \$1,500.00 to do this to support this (collection of White Grass history),

R: You're KIDDING!!

H: That's why we (six history volunteers from Salt Lake City) are here.

R: Well, I knew there was somebody, and I said to Judy, "I think they have money you know."

H: It wasn't as much as we would have liked but you know what,

R: I think that's terribly generous!

H: It's what we need to pay for gas and food and get us up here.

R: (1:00:15) But also when you say that you do the Archives because I have a little friend, Holly. She always goes to the LDS church because of the ancestry thing and she's found all of her (family ties). I know that in Palm Beach there's one and there's one also in Pinehurst. Some people say, do you mean there's those people, and they're totally unaware. So, it's like the Brits, something house, where you can go back and back and back.

H: I'm not sure but I know the British Library has a special collections section and you store records there. It will be catalogued in such a way that as people look on-line to see something about dude ranching and about White Grass and about the Teton National Park, about the Galey family that they'll be able to find this and then say, "Do I want to use this or not?"



R: (1:01:30) And therefore this is why I think it's important, if the time ever occurs, to bring these families, that I've spoken about into it. I remember going on an overnight with Larry Messler and Forstman. Forstman was a big garment person in the coat factories and had something to do with the Galey and Lord Textiles, the Galey and Lord who was bought out by Burlington Mills.

So its all kind of, but as time goes by, its forgotten and then this one piece of, this friend Karen Gottlieb (former cabin girl), who sent (to the White Grass Collection) this piece of metal with cowboys on it. But nobody knows really where it came from. This is why our last chance of finding that out is to ask the Messler girls. Because it was found just this side of the Messler cabin when it burned down, I think in the 70's. If you look at some of the old pictures, it didn't come from the Hammonds so, its interesting, ...

Note: Pictures of this metal fireplace screen can be seen at [www.whitegrass.org](http://www.whitegrass.org) under Collections/Coming Home/Fireplace Screen.

H: (1:02:30) Yeah, we talked about that.

R: So, anyway,

H: Listen, Rachel, let me just thank you again,

R: No, let me thank YOU!!!



*2014 White Grass Alumni Reunion and 100th anniversary of White Grass being homesteaded by Harold Hammond and Tucker Bispham. Rachel Trahune was one of the Reunion's primary organizer.*

Addendum:

News from White Grass and Golden Rock, circa 1962.

**NEWS**

**WHITE GRASS RANCH and GOLDEN ROCK ESTATE**

MOOSE, WYOMING                      NEVIS, WEST INDIES

*This publication is designed to bring our dudes and friends up to date on the White Grass Ranch and Golden Rock Estate.*

FRANK AND INGE GALEY

### GAME DEPARTMENT STOCKS TROUT IN WHITE GRASS LAKE INGEBOG

In early May of '62 the Fish & Game Department released three hundred cut throat trout into Lake Ingeborg. These fish will be big enough by next summer to give fine sport.

Frank also stocked two unnamed lakes in the upper Gros Ventre with 40 one-pound trout. The lakes were full of shrimp and very deep so the fish should do well. The upper Gros Ventre has been a very popular pack trip spot in the last few years, as excellent fishing can be reached with but two hours of riding.

### OTTMAR FREITAG PASSES AWAY

After a brief illness, Inge's Father died in St. John's Hospital in Jackson of a heart attack on July 10, 1962.

The Freitag's came to the ranch in 1948 and Mr. Freitag did all the bookwork and correspondence for the ranch these many years. He will be sorely missed by the Galeys and mourned by all who knew him. His last resting place is in an aspen grove on the ranch, surrounded by wild flowers and watched over by the Tetons that he loved so well. Mother Freitag will be spending the summer on the Ranch in her beloved little cabin.

### CINDY GALEY MARRIES JIM KINKER

In a lovely ceremony in the Chapel of the Transfiguration at Moose, under the snow-capped Tetons, Cynthia Galey was joined in marriage with James Kinker, son of Mr. & Mrs. Raleigh Kinker of Girard, Penna. on June 9, 1962. Matron of honor was Mrs. Francis Galey Fox and maid of honor was Miss Holly Crenshaw. After the ceremony a large reception was held at the White Grass.

Jim is now a senior at the University of Utah in Logan, majoring in Fish and Wildlife Management. He completed his two years of military service previously. As an ardent and knowledgeable fisherman, Jim makes an ideal fishing guide for the Ranch and is an expert at floating the Snake River. Upon graduation, the Kinkers will be with us for the summer of '63, and as he is considering studying for his master's degree, we hope to have them with us for many more summers. The Galeys are proud to announce that they will become grandparents in April.



### WHITE GRASS RANCH PLANS FOR 1963

We are proud of the fact that we are the oldest dude ranch in Jackson Hole that has been in constant operation, for it was in 1913 that Harold Hammond, Frank's stepfather, and his partner, Tucker Bispham, homesteaded the White Grass. We are planning a Bar-B-Que for all the old timers of the valley sometime during the summer season.

Among the "Old Timers" who are retiring this summer will be our favorite Mrs. Anderson, to head the kitchen for her eighth season.

For head wrangler, Bill Cross has been hired. Bill has had twenty-five years experience breaking horses, packing and shoeing, so he should be a good man to have on the Ranch. The other wranglers have all been with us before: Walt Lahoe, Dave Wendt, Fran Fox, Jim Kinker, Lee Liebolt. Leonard Williams will again come up from Nevis to be maintenance man.

Patsy Conderman will head the gals again as housekeeper, aided by Janet Diss and Dave Wendt's sister, Ellen, as cabin girls. The waitresses are new to us but have worked on other ranches. Carol White will be Kid Wrangler, a job she helped with in her spare time last summer.

The summer of '62 was a busy one for the wranglers who, besides their regular chores, built a large arena below Lake Ingeborg. This arena was very popular with the younger set for practicing for the Cowboy Showdown, a competition on horseback against the other ranches of the valley, stressing control rather than speed of your horse. Last season the competition was held at Betty Woolsey's Trail Creek Ranch and White Grass tied for first place with the Huidekoper Ranch, thanks mainly to the fine riding of Linda Winsor, Nini Tappan and Cindy Kinker. In '63, the White Grass will be host for the Cowboy Showdown.



Nevis from Georgetown Harbor.

### NEW MANAGERS FOR GOLDEN ROCK

Because of ill health and the fact that he wanted to fix up his own estate, Philippe de Froberville resigned as manager of Golden Rock Estate. The new managers are Mr. & Mrs. Norman Rappard who have had many years experience in the Islands of the Caribbean. Beside her experience in hotel management, Dorothea Rappard has an outstanding "green thumb." So the gardens have never looked lovelier. The Rappards enjoyed a fairly successful summer season, as we are now open all year. Frank flew down for a week in July and was pleasantly surprised to find how cool it was at that time of year. The small islands just do not get too hot, thanks to the tradewinds.

### SMALL COTTAGE COLONY AT NEVIS

A small cottage colony connected to but not part of Golden Rock Estate proper, has been started this season. Mr. & Mrs. Rufus Doig of Stamford, Conn., Mr. & Mrs. Wm. Pullman of Lake Forest, Ill. and Mr. & Mrs. John Huggins of York, Penna. have bought five acres each and Frank is supervising the construction of their three cottages. These cottages will have kitchens and be available for rental units when the owners are not in residence. John Huggins, by the way, is a direct descendant of Edward Huggins who started Golden Rock Estate in 1800 and was at one time the largest landholder in Nevis.

### MANY OLD TIME GUESTS RETURNED TO WHITE GRASS RANCH IN 1962

Mr. & Mrs. Larry Messler, Mr. & Mrs. Thomas Ashbridge, Mr. & Mrs. Peter Bator, Mr. & Mrs. Gordon Crouter, Mr. & Mrs. John Cleary, the Evans Dunns, Conny Eristoffs, Louis Heads, John Huebners, Chas. Hodges, Schuyler Hollingsworths, Alan Montgomerys, Orus Matthews, Srs. & Jrs., John Pickens, Cappy Pennocks, Dick Quasts, Louis Stantons, Jack Tappins, Ann Gray Wade and her daughters Pammy and Priscilla, Gui and Joe Woolston, Curtin Winsors as well as John, Karin and Linda Winsor and we hope to have many more old timers return this coming season.

### NEW IMPROVEMENTS AT GOLDEN ROCK

While in Nevis in July, Frank started two new projects which are now finished. One is already proving very popular for our many sun worshippers. It is a wide terrace on the windward side of the swimming pool with large glass windows to break the wind without obstructing the view. This has been named "the frying pan." The second is a new cottage overlooking the tennis court, with two bedrooms and bathrooms, which is ready for this season also. We also made a large parking area near the old smoke stack, properly cemented, so that cars do not have to drive up near the Long Building as of yore.

This Fall Butch installed a new Chrysler engine in the old boat. It is now acting frisky as a colt, so we plan more trips to Saba, Statia, St. Barts and Montserrat, besides the usual fishing and snorkelling.

Our transportation problem is also slowly being worked out. Besides the daily launch (except Thursdays and Sundays), LIAT now flies in and out of Nevis daily, except Saturdays and Sundays. On Wednesdays there is a direct flight to Antigua, leaving here at 7:30 a.m. and returning at 4:30 p.m.

Nevis now boasts an overseas phone which seems to work most of the time. Give us a ring, Nevis 50 via St. Kitts.

### GOLDEN ROCK GUESTS RETURNING

Among these are: Mr. & Mrs. Wm. Pullman, the John Hugginses, the Rufus Doigs, Lyman Beemans, Gordon Smiths, John Leonards, Ed Sculls, Freeman Lewises, Jim Winebrenners, Marv Andersons and others.



Pool at Golden Rock with Sugar Mill and Caribbean Sea in background.

Among those who have made reservations for this summer are: the Evans Dunns, Orus Matthews, Curtin Winsors and probably the Toby Richardsons.