

# White Grass workers, guests enjoy reunion

At the recent White Grass Ranch reunion, the following was quoted from Sharon Crary Griffin's book, "Letters from a Cabin Girl at the White Grass Ranch in Jackson Hole, Wyo.":

"The White Grass Ranch was one of the oldest dude ranches in Jackson Hole. The ranch has a long and lively history. Harold Hammond started the White Grass with Tucker Bispham in 1913 as a cattle ranch; they turned to dude ranching in 1919 — hence the brand — H for Hammond and B for Bispham. H quarter circle B. The final demise of the ranch was with the death of Frank Galey in 1984. The present restoration undertaking is Grand Teton National Park working with the National Trust for Historic Preservation becoming the Western Center for Historic Preservation."

Those at the reunion, organized by Rachel Trahern, enjoyed lovely weather.

On Friday former White Grassers gathered at Dornan's for lunch at the Chuckwagon. Those in attendance included Cindy Galey Peck and her children Tammi Kinker Densmore and David Kinker, Pam Holtman, Suzy Schulman, Jacquelin St.

Clare and Karin King.

At 2 p.m., the group headed to the old JY Ranch barn at Moose, which serves as the core for White Grass Ranch operations. There, they received an overview of the restoration work being done on ranch buildings from Craig Struble, the White Grass overseer for the National Park Service. They then traveled to the ranch, where Struble gave a tour. Afterward, the group enjoyed refreshments at the Hammond Cabin.

Around 4 p.m., the group was welcomed by Mary Gibson Scott, superintendent of Grand Teton National Park, and Barb Pahl, director of the National Trust for Historic Preservation's regional office in Denver. Supper, catered by Bubba's Bar-B-Que Restaurant, followed.

On Saturday, attendees explored their old haunts. The group came together again that afternoon at the White Grass barn, which has been restored and given a new home at Carole and Norm Hofley's spread off Fall Creek Road. The Hofleys generously made the barn available for a potluck supper. Fred Herbel was there, as were Mary Moran Bowman, Nancy Zimny, LaRita Wills, Brian Cleary, Fleury Mackie, Vitoria Donahue, Betsy and Karen Gottlieb, Manuel

and Deborah Lopez, Gaines Wilson, Ed and Judy Schmitt, Beth Thomas Woodin, Dave and Livvy Wendt and Peggy Stout. It was a magical evening with many wonderful stories and an air of genuine Western-style friendship that would have made Frank Galey proud.

Sunday, the group gathered at the ranch for a picnic lunch and a last look around to enjoy the memories of the amazing space that once was the White Grass Ranch. Those enjoying that view included Dick and Cynthia Quast, Dinne and Bob Dellenback with two of their children and two grandchildren, Fran and Mary Jo Strawbridge, Galloway Clover, Bernie Huebner and Ken and Gary Neal.

Griffin was unable to attend the reunion. However, she sent copies of her wonderful book, which was lovingly dedicated to Rachel Trahern as the "guiding light in keeping in touch with White Grass guests and staff and for making the reunions possible." Thank you, Sharon. You were much missed.

The White Grass will celebrate its 100th anniversary in 2013. Cynthia Galey Peck and Beth Woddin have already begun organizing what will undoubtedly be a memorable occasion.

The following is an excerpt from "Ballad of White Grass" by Judith Allyn Schmitt:

"That summer, like for so many,

started a Wyoming love affair that she knew was waiting just for her.

The Teton, the Galeys; the dudes and dudines, Ellen the cook and Rachel Trahern.

The Huebners, Dick and Pat Quast, the Thomases; Elise Clover, Alice and Evans Dunn.

The pack trips, picnics and riding that all made up for great summer fun.

Who could forget the Clearys, Dorothy's beautiful paintings and pen and inks,

and Cappy Pennock, who drank the bleach in a gin glass, sitting on the sink?

The barbecues in the north pasture, cocktail parties at the Galey's house, friendly and warm,

Frank's fishing and pack trips, where he spun Western tales and boyish charm.

Then there was Curt Winsor with his guitar, who sang many a cowboy song,

while we all would sit around that starlit camp fire and try to sing along.

The antics of the Matthews boys, the Fox boys, Tink Elliot and Frannie Strawbridge too.

George must have felt he ran a school for wranglers when day was through."

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