

ROUGH RIDER REVIEW

Celebrating Harold Schafer's 100th Birthday

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HAROLD SCHAFER



Vicki Melchior and Merrill Piepkorn entertain during Harold's 100th birthday celebration at the Belle Mehus Auditorium in Bismarck January 27.

"On February 8, 1919, on a farm five miles west of Stanton, North Dakota, hardly a stone's throw from the Knife River, a seven-year-old named Harold Schafer burned down his parents' house. Everybody present said the fire wasn't his fault, but years later Harold suspected that something in his character was the cause."

That's how noted author Larry Woiwode started his biography of Harold Schafer, *The Aristocrat of the West*, telling the story of Harold being too impatient to wait for his father to take out the ashes from the home's coal stove during a blizzard, dumping the ashes too close to the house, and starting the house on fire. The "character flaw": seeing a job—work—that needed to be done, and doing it himself, rather than waiting for someone else to do it. A characteristic that followed Harold—indeed, guided him—his entire life.

Harold Schafer was born on February 1, 1912, now a

hundred years past. Friends of the Theodore Roosevelt Medora Foundation who receive this newsletter know much of the story of Harold's life through the years. You've been through the Harold Schafer Heritage Center in Medora. You've read Woiwode's book. You've walked the boardwalks in front of the Rough Riders Hotel, whose 1965 restoration marked the beginning Harold's multi-million dollar love affair with the historic cattle town in the heart of the Badlands. You've heard Sheila's "whoop" as she spotted a friend on a Medora street, or on the front porch of their log home. You've bathed your children or grandchildren in Mr. Bubble, and tapped your toes in time with the Medora Cloggers on the stage of the Burning Hills Amphitheatre.

We've devoted this special issue of the *Rough Rider Review*, the official newsletter of the Theodore Roosevelt Medora Foundation, to our founder, Harold Schafer, in honor of the 100th anniversary of his birth. It has not been so long since Harold left us—just over 10 years now—and most of you remember him personally. So do the contributors to this newsletter—friends of Harold's who have sent us personal stories, tributes and remembrances of Harold. We hope you'll enjoy reading them. And we hope you'll join us in Medora this summer. That's all Harold would ask as a 100th birthday present.



Nancy Jones Schafer, former TRMF Board Member and wife of Gov. Ed Schafer, performed on the accordion at Harold's 100th birthday celebration.

WITH DEEP APPRECIATION

By Randy Hatzenbuehler
TRMF President



Randy Hatzenbuehler
TRMF President

I came to work in Medora in 1988. I had no idea what a blessing it would be to have the chance to work with Harold Schafer for nearly 13 years before he died in 2001. I saw him speak to hundreds of high school students, to retired military personnel, to complete strangers in Medora, to business leaders in North Dakota, and to people who donated to build a new Burning Hills Amphitheatre. I enjoyed hundreds of hours of conversation with just

him, alone. Always, I felt lucky to be around him. He had amazing energy, optimism and imagination. And persistence.

One of my very first memories of Harold was a night early in my TRMF career when I was working late at the office in Bismarck, trying to read everything I could about Medora, Gold Seal and TRMF. Harold was retired then, but he came to the office every day and he liked to stay late. Really late. Well, it was about midnight, and I was really absorbed in what I was reading and thought I was alone in the office, when Harold poked his head in my door, causing me to jump about two feet off my chair and nearly have a heart attack. Here was this man, who seemed to be the wealthiest person I had ever met (which I've concluded was not because of money, but because he was one of the happiest people I've ever known) working late into the night, writing personal thank you notes to every person who had made even a \$5 donation to his Foundation.

He was overwhelmed to know that people were willing to help support this new non-profit organization that he created to keep Medora alive, and he wanted to personally thank them.

Harold also had a gift for simplifying things. He could get to the heart of the matter faster than anyone I had ever met. One year we were in a gloomy bad weather stretch, business was down, the Musical had rained out 2 nights in a row and it looked pretty likely that it was going to continue for another night. My boss, Rod Tjaden, and I were walking through the Badlands Motel parking lot and Rod was pretty down. We must have looked like there was a cloud right over our heads that was following

us around. Harold came driving by, stopped his car, rolled down his window, and said, "You look like hell, what's wrong?" Rod said something like, "Harold, we rained out again last night, two big crowds in a row, things are not going so well. Pray for some good weather tonight." Harold quickly responded, "Fellas, pray for important things – the weather will take care of itself." With one sentence, he got us back on track.

Then there was Murphy's Law. If something was going to go wrong, it would happen just when Harold came along. And inevitably, Harold would simplify things for us. In the early years we did not have a real call center—just three phone lines that came into the Badlands Motel, our "switchboard." You can imagine how impossible the task was to keep up with people calling for room reservations. Well, Harold would try to call the Motel to reserve a room for a friend or associate, and he wouldn't get through. Murphy's Law. So then he would call me directly (he was always kind about it) and ask me to help make the reservation. Then he would simplify the situation with a comment like "Businesses that answer their phone, do better than those that don't." Eventually we put a call center in.

Another example: When we moved our *Medora Musical* ticket sales counter from the lobby of the Rough Riders Hotel to the Schafer Center, the lobby of the Hotel did not have a real function, so for some reason, we locked the front door during the day, and dining room guests had to come in the side door. Murphy's Law. Harold would come to the front door and it would be locked. He simplified things: "Business who have their front door unlocked, do better than those who don't." Eventually we unlocked the front doors. I wish Harold would have been around to see the remodel and expansion of the RR Hotel – he would have loved it.

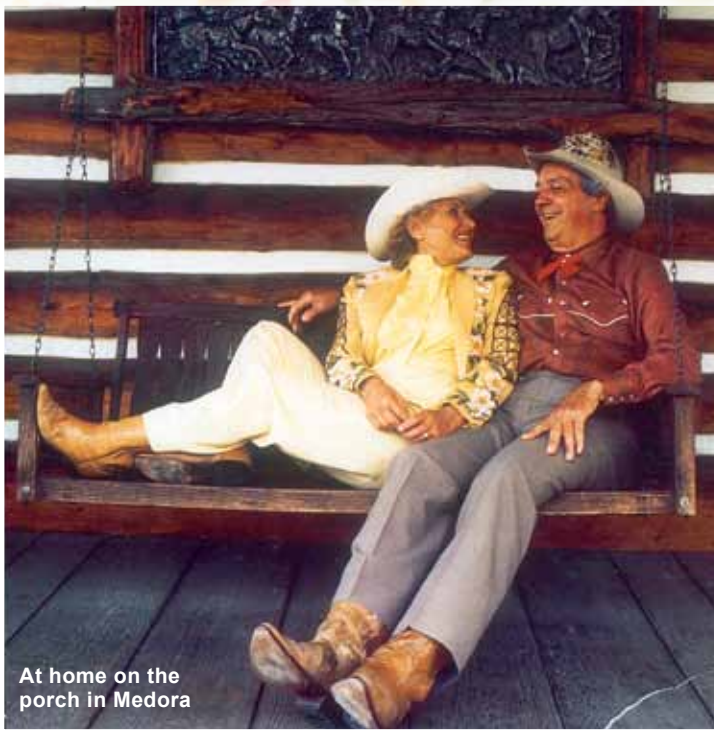
Over the years, we have used simple phrases like "clean, friendly, safe" to define how we want to present Medora. I wish I could claim ownership of those ideas. Harold simplified. It is how he wanted Medora to be. Clean, friendly, safe.

Harold was at times a confounding contradiction - he recognized the importance of the real history of Medora and worked to make sure it was a permanent part of the presentations. But he was also a promoter. He had pink streets in Medora. And he once considered putting a water slide down the butte at the east end of Medora. He generously and anonymously helped many people and could attend TRMF board meetings and hardly say a word as he listened all day to other board members. At other times he was flamboyant. Always he genuinely cared. About Medora, about the employees, about his family, about young people.

This year, Harold would have turned 100 years old. I am remembering him with deep appreciation.

A handwritten signature in dark ink, appearing to read "Randy".

SHEILA WELCOMES HUNDREDS TO PARTY FOR HAROLD



At home on the porch in Medora

Sheila Schafer welcomed nearly a full house—probably the biggest birthday party ever in Bismarck—to a special taping of “Dakota Air: The Radio Show,” at the Belle Mehus Auditorium celebrating the 100th anniversary of the birth of TRMF Founder Harold Schafer. Here are her opening remarks:

Well the first mistake the committee made was to tell me that I had just three minutes, and anybody that knows me knows that’s when I had a problem. So when I was over at the dinner with the Foundation board I ran into the ladies room and I wrote a few notes down, and I timed myself, and I think I cut it pretty close. Anyway, I think I am supposed to welcome you and say a few things about Harold Schafer.

So what was it like to be married to Harold for almost 40 years? When I first told one of my sisters that I was going to marry Harold, and she had met him several times, she said “Forget the trousseau and buy some jogging shoes, to keep up with him,” and that’s exactly what I took on my honeymoon, was a new pair of jogging shoes.

It wasn’t easy, but I’ll tell you what, from the beginning I just threw up my arms and enjoyed the ride. And it was quite a ride! I’ve heard of people who had split personalities, two people in one. I want you to know I was

married to a man who had five personalities.

The first thing is, he was a Good Samaritan, and he was a modern day Robin Hood. The only difference was, he took all the money out of one pocket and shared it with thousands.

The second thing, he truly was a Mr. Bubble. He was one happy man, every day of his life. He had a positive attitude, was always optimistic, and so loved being alive. He loved to work—absolutely his very favorite word. He didn’t know what stress was, and he died at nearly 90 and never had a headache.

The third thing, he was a real Santa, not just to me but to my family, and for everyone he knew and loved. If he had one fault it was that he was a little bit too generous sometimes. I remember one of his best friends, Stewart Hollingshead. He died in Camden, New Jersey, and we went to the funeral. And his wife was a chubby lady, full of life, and she had sat on the davenport and completely had changed into a shriveled and non-verbal person, and he turned to me and said “Sheila, if anything happens to me, don’t you dare sit on the sofa and dry up like a prune.” So I made a plaque for him in 1974 that would sit next to his desk, and it said “Wherever I am and whatever I’m doing, I hope I’m being a compliment to you for having loved me.” I hope I’ve lived up to that.

He was also a Romeo. What other man would marry a wiener twister from a meat factory 25 times? So (I could lose it right now), for every one of you who has ever bathed a child in Mr. Bubble, who ever cleaned a window with Glass Wax, who ever spent a day in the beautiful Badlands, and a day in his beloved Medora, to everyone who ever worked for the Gold Seal Company, who worked in Medora, and thousands of people who have volunteered—these people who have come and said “Here I am, what can I do to help?”—to those people and to everybody who’s ever served on the Medora Foundation board: Thank You.

And to Ed, the Governor, Secretary of Agriculture, (just call him Ed), and our son—I give a special thanks for continuing to follow Harold’s dream and the Medora Foundation, and even starting some projects beyond his father’s imagination.

And there are people here who never really knew Harold Schafer. In the last ten years they’ve become very close to me and have filled lots of spaces that I didn’t really realize that were empty. I thank and love every one of you. And to our beautiful and amazing family—60 plus—and to every single person sitting out there: Thank You. I love you.

And now you’ve been welcomed.

Hard Work, Generosity and Caring

By Ed Schafer
TRMF Board Chairman

Ed and Harold on Harold's 80th birthday.



Reading the stories about Harold Schafer in this newsletter brings back a flood of memories and lessons learned. I got a chuckle out of a few of the stories, seeing that time and memory had changed a fact or two, but the one thing we know about Harold Schafer is that stories about him abound. It seems like everyone you meet in Medora can tell a story about the man and his exploits. Most are centered on his core attributes - hard work, generosity and genuine caring for fellow human beings.

It took me a long time to absorb the view of others about Harold Schafer and how loved and admired he actually was. You see, growing up with a flamboyant, loud and less than tactful father often meant embarrassing situations, at least in my mind. I remember being at a baseball game when it was announced that there was some sort of marking on a select few Hershey chocolate bars and finding it would bring a prize. Harold bought all the candy bars he could get his hands on for a total price of much more than the prize at hand. He then proceeded to un-wrap each bar, re-wrap it and pass it down the line to anyone who put their hand up. I thought I would die because he seemed to be grubbing for some meaningless trinket and then passing along a "used" item. But with each chocolate bar passed, someone received a little joy who might not have. It was hard in the midst of it to see his motivation was to do something fun for us kids. Easy to see now!

And that was what Harold Schafer was all about - bringing joy to others. He lived a life that was dedicated to bringing smiles to people, lifting up the downtrodden, righting unfairness and, to

use the politically popular words of today, redistributing his wealth! He carried no bashfulness in reaching out to others with his time and resources. He had no understanding of the value of money except that it was achieved through hard work and was used for bringing happiness to himself, his family and anyone else he would run across. He was the happiest and most thankful man alive and wanted everyone else to be the same.

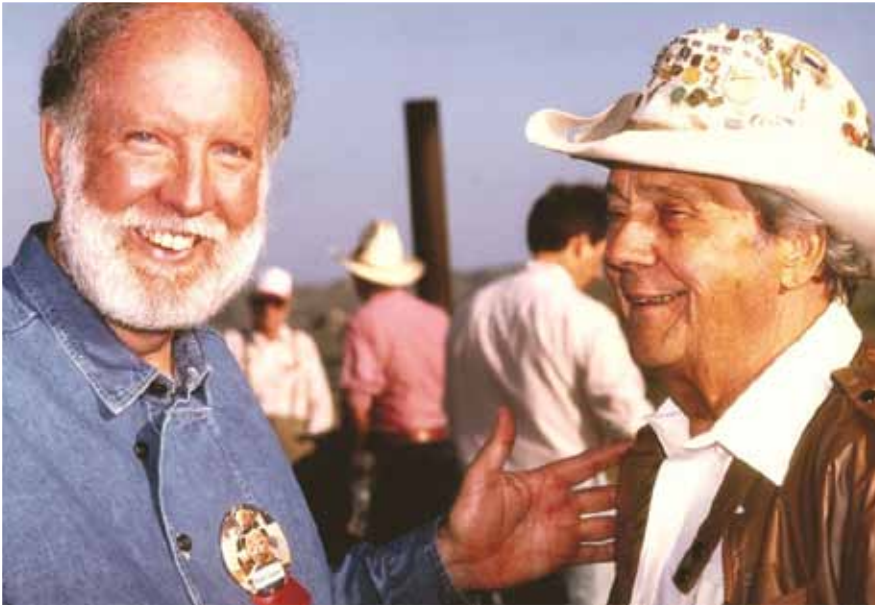
And sometimes it drove you crazy! In the early days of Medora, I overheard a phone conversation when Harold was ordering the beds for the Badlands Motel. He ordered hundreds of mattresses and box springs and after he said "ship them" he remembered to ask what the price would be. I mentioned to him afterward that he might have gotten a better deal if he would have asked about the price before ordering the beds. I would still bet that a quantity discount was available. He gave me the answer I heard many times throughout our life together, "What does it matter son? It doesn't make any difference to me if I pay a little more. I have the money and maybe that person needs the business." He manifested that attitude thousands of times throughout his life. Who knows how many people he lifted up along the way? And what a great lesson it still brings to be considering others before oneself.

The stories of Harold Schafer live on in Medora. The spirit of selflessness, generosity and love echo through the Badlands and it is there, now, where the principles of life still ring true. It is our responsibility to create the stories for the future, following in the shadow of a man who lived to bring joy to all of us. And the generosity of folks like you allows the Theodore Roosevelt Medora Foundation to carry on the meaning of life for Harold Schafer. Thanks for your support!



Randy Hatzenbuehler, Governor Ed Schafer, Rod Tjaden, First Lady Nancy Schafer and Sandy Tjaden, in the Great Hall of the Capitol during Ed's term as Governor.

Foundation Board Approves Framework for Five-Year Plan



Former TRMF President Rod Tjaden and TRMF Founder Harold Schafer at Medora's famous Pitchfork Steak Fondue

Harold Schafer said many times "I never had a plan for Medora. I just started spending a little money to fix things up, and it just kept growing."

In 1986, Harold turned Medora over to the nonprofit foundation he had formed to carry on his work in Medora, the Theodore Roosevelt Medora Foundation. The foundation board began looking to the future, with its first major project being a new, multi-million dollar Burning Hills Amphitheatre. Other major projects followed: The Tjaden Terrace, home to the Pitchfork Steak Fondue; The Bully Pulpit Golf Course, one of the Midwest's finest; and the spectacular new Rough Riders Hotel. And planning for the future continues. At its recent board of directors meeting, the Foundation outlined a five year plan for operations and capital improvements. Chairman Ed Schafer said:

"It is exciting to plan for the future to ensure we protect and enhance Medora's historic assets and improve the visitor experiences. We believe the beauty of the badlands, the historic significance of Theodore Roosevelt, and the outstanding family entertainment that Medora represents will grow in popularity and become even more important than ever. And the timing is right to work with community of Medora, as they, too, are currently planning for the city's future infrastructure needs to best serve visitors to the area. We are looking at investing over \$25 million over the next 5 years; we will be responsible and make needed investments as the funds are available. Each year, the 5-year plan will be re-visited and adjusted as finances dictate."

At the top of the list is a project that might lack glamor, but more than makes up for it in practical sense and need—the road and parking lot leading to the Foundation's most important asset, the *Medora Musical*. The wider roadway and new parking surface with improved lighting will be a great improvement and appreciated by loyal summer visitors to the show.

The Foundation will invest significantly in its historic assets. Restoration of the Von Hoffman House is underway and will be open to visitors in 2012. We're going to restore existing historic homes and rebuild some others to give visitors a good sense of the small residential area that was located in downtown Medora during its heyday. The Ferris Store and Fudge Depot (which was once a bank) will be refurbished in ways that will better reflect their history. Not to worry, you will still be able to get the best ice cream and fudge! (Who knows—its name might someday be

the "Fudge Bank".

As Medora's infrastructure capacity grows, we want to grow our lodging capacity right along with it. Over the next five years, we're planning for additional rooms next to the Badlands Motel and upgrades to the existing rooms. We also want to convert most of the Bunkhouse rooms to seasonal employee housing and replace those rooms with 150 new guest rooms. The five-year plan touches the heart of downtown Medora. Food service improvements are planned for the Chuckwagon, Pizza Parlor and other retail spaces, with the goal of providing additional options and greater enjoyment by traveling public. Also under consideration is a multi-use facility in southwest Medora, housing an employee food service facility, administration offices, training space, laundry facilities and additional storage, allowing for the Foundation's downtown space to be primarily used by Medora visitors, enhancing the quality of the visitor experiences.

Many other capital projects are planned. We think Harold would be pleased and excited and he might have said "plans are great, but let's get 'doing.'" And he'd be pleased, as well, to know that it is the gifts from friends of Medora, through annual memberships and pledges to capital projects, that make this long-range plan possible. You'll find a membership application elsewhere in this newsletter. For more details on capital projects, and how you can participate, visit with Randy or Cordell at the TRMF office. Your gifts will help us "just start spending a little money to fix things up and keep Medora growing."

The Very Best Boss

By Sandy Tjaden, Bismarck, Former TRMF Vice President



I met Harold in the late 1960s after Rod and I married in Rome, GA. Rod was working in the Atlanta region for Gold Seal. After moves to Chicago and New Jersey, we landed in Medora. From the moment I met Harold, I could feel his care and generosity toward his employees. After time spent with other Gold Seal colleagues around the United States, I could feel their loyalty and love towards him. He would write heartwarming letters showing his appreciation to them. He took them on company trips to say "thank you." He gave gifts to encourage them.

We moved to Medora in 1971 to hopefully improve the business end of the operation so as to at least break even. Harold wanted to have as many visitors to Medora as Wall Drug had in South Dakota. They advertised on the highway that they gave away free ice water. Harold wanted to give away free ice cream cones! We were struggling to improve the bottom line and he was giving out "seconds" to everyone at the board meeting in Medora. Upon their departure on a Sunday morning, Harold announced that everything was free. While it was somewhat frustrating at the time, it was one of our greatest lessons in generosity. Some of ACMNP older board members have never forgotten his nice gesture. Many times, he walked through the hotel and picked up tabs...some people, he knew...others, not. I remember leaving a pick up running outside my house in Medora. It jumped out of park and into reverse and backed right across the street into Harold's house. He came out in his pajamas and said, "It is just a house...no problem."

He was smart, he was creative, he was fun, he was caring, he was generous. Thank you, Harold, for being the very best boss that one could have.....and for so many great lessons in life!

The Walk Of A Champion

By Sister Thomas Welder, Bismarck
Former President, University of Mary
Former TRMF Board Member

In 1997, Harold Schafer, a seasoned visionary, said "yes" to an idea that changed everything for hundreds of students attending the University of Mary. It was the year the Harold Schafer Leadership Center came off paper and into the strategic planning and thinking of thirty of North Dakota's busiest and most energetic leaders, an operations committee that included



Sister Thomas and Harold greet University of Mary students.

Ed Schafer, then the Governor of our state. Harold could see two irresistible possibilities in the leadership program bearing his name: it might touch the moral understandings of our young people, and it might persuade them to choose North Dakota as their place of work.

The first year of the Harold Schafer Program, Harold made a surprise visit to the class,

took center stage, and began a dialogue with the students using his favorite quotes from Theodore Roosevelt as his text. At the end of the class, he was mobbed by students hoping to catch his eye or even meet him personally. Actually, they had already met him through a video in which Harold expressed his dream for the emerging leaders program by weaving in his personal life themes: work, work, and work.

In August 2000, our students in the Harold Schafer Leadership Center were invited to Medora on a Sunday afternoon to hear the Medora story from Randy Hatzenbuehler, to learn about a proposed volunteer project, to enjoy the barbecue and see the *Medora Musical*. We encouraged all of the students to visit the Harold Schafer Heritage Center, knowing that Harold's health would not allow him to meet the students. It was about half way into Randy's remarks that a car drove up to the Tjaden Terrace and all heads turned. With great effort, refusing help from Sheila or anyone else, Harold slowly made his way to the podium, thanked the students for coming, and then said, "If you can't find your passion call me. I'll help you find your passion." He then asked every student (four busloads!) to introduce themselves to him and tell him where they were from. Of course, to the delight of the students, he knew someone in every community mentioned!

It was the most remarkable example of self-giving on the part of an individual that any of us had ever witnessed. The next day a faculty member asked one of our students to describe the experience to some guests. The student simply said, "Mr. Schafer came to see us. It was the walk of a champion."

Ice Cream Bars At The Masters

By Pat Altringer, Dickinson
Former TRMF Board President

My favorite story about Harold: We were with a group at the Masters Golf Tournament in Augusta, GA. Most of the group had gone their different directions. Harold and I had just finished lunch, and Harold asked me if I wanted dessert. I declined. Harold said "How about a candy bar?" Again, I declined. Harold got up from the table, left, and returned with 48 ice cream bars. "What are you going to do with all those?" I asked. Harold said "Pass them around. I can only eat just one."

Taking Care Of Melinda

By Bill Kingsbury, Grafton
TRMF Board Member

My first recollection of Harold was one of the first trips our family took to Medora. Our daughter Melinda was very sick with a cold and all she could say was "I want a drink, I want a drink." I took her on my lap and we sat down on the bench where the Pizza Parlor is now. Pretty soon along came Harold. He couldn't stand to see a little kid so unhappy in his town. He started to talk to her and she stopped crying long enough to tell him she wanted a drink. He told her he would see what he could find.

Thanks From The Bridge Club

September 1994



We are fortunate to be in the same bridge club with Sheila. Harold has been so generous to us it would be impossible to mention all he has done. Although, we would like to share a few highlights.

One is our annual "Medora Retreat" in September, where we have been their guests approximately 28 years. This September, when we stopped in Belfield, much to our surprise, there was Harold to join us for lunch—once again treating us to lunch and a

wonderful visit.

On Sheila's 50th birthday, Harold's gift to us was our fabulous trip to New York City. We stayed in the Presidential Suite at the Waldorf Astoria Hotel. We saw Broadway plays, ate at the finest restaurants and toured New York City in a limousine, which was at our disposal at all times. Harold did not forget a thing!!

Our next surprise was our unforgettable trip to Paris and London for Sheila's 60th birthday. Once again, Harold planned everything from the minute we left until our return. After a week in Paris, where we stayed at George V Hotel, and enjoyed visiting all the historical sites and wonders of Paris, it was time to take a trip on a hovercraft to "the White Cliffs of Dover" and then on to London by train, where we had a limo taking us to the Savoy Hotel. The limo was at our disposal for a week of sightseeing, attending plays, shopping and etc. What an unbelievable experience!!

Our next trip was to Los Angeles, where Harold and Sheila were to renew their vows on their 25th anniversary. This time it was to be a complete surprise to Sheila. It was very evident when she walked down the aisle of the Wayfarer's Chapel and saw her friends and family. Following the ceremony, a reception and dinner was held on the Queen Mary. Again, Harold planned every detail of the trip, which left us with very fond memories.

When we think of Harold, we think of his joy of giving—not only to us but to so many others. We, as receivers of his generosity, appreciate all he has done.

The Bridge Club: Betty Aide, Vivian Dahl, Dorothy Peterson, Audrey Pratschner, Eileen Clifford, Marilyn Rose and Edna Moses.

Bison For The Guests, Beer For The Men

By Denis Joyce

Retired TRMF Maintenance Manager

I hired on with Gold Seal Company, Medora Division, as the seasonal Zoo Manager in the spring of 1972 (yes, Medora had a zoo in those days). Harold showed up one hot August weekend with a group of guests. He gave a guided tour around the zoo, regaling his guests with historical and colorful stories of the animals. I followed at a respectful distance in case I could be of some service. When we approached the bison pasture, Harold told me to open the gate so he could go in and bring the animals down the hill for a better viewing by the guests. I told him I would get the pickup, because they would come to that for a feeding of barley cake. He said no, he wanted to go in on foot and herd them down the hill, and told me again to open the gate. I told him the bison were quite unpredictable during the breeding season, and to do so would be pretty dangerous. He demanded the gate be opened, which I did. He went in, ran up the hill, and herded them right down to the fence. He left the pasture to ooohh's, aaahh's and applause. I locked the gate with a feeling of great relief as Harold said "Why would they want to hurt me? I've never done anything to them."

On a Saturday afternoon in the late 1970s Harold walked into the old Gold Seal shop building, which was located next to the Badlands Saloon (now the Pizza Parlor), as he often did when he was in town. He would tell us of his ideas for growth in Medora, talk conservative politics, and cover many other subjects. He suddenly pointed at a two-door cabinet along the east wall and asked what was behind it. I told him, there's nothing there except the exterior wall, and a narrow space and then the saloon wall. He told me that when he next came out, he wanted to see lines from the saloon keg cooler, and beer taps, installed in that cabinet, with the admonition that it was crazy that men who worked for him as hard as we did were not rewarded with free beer at the end of the day. Naturally, I never complied with the order, and I never knew if he checked to see if the job was done, as the subject was never brought up again.

I really enjoyed those visits with Harold. His mind was busy, his energy was boundless, and his generosity unrivaled. Concepts and ideas would just flow from him as he paced the floor. Harold was a grand man, and one I am proud to have been able to call a friend. I continued on the payroll from my first summer as a seasonal worker in 1972 until my retirement in 2007, the last 20 or so years under the TRMF banner.

He came back a bit later with a Coke and a big dish of ice cream. She polished this off so fast and I could imagine how great it felt on her sore burning throat. Every time we saw him the rest of the weekend she went up to him to talk to him.

Don't you know, as Melinda grew she joined Rainbow and worked up thru the state chairs and she became the top Rainbow Girl in the state. Joyce spent the year with

her traveling to all the functions in the state as she was too young to travel alone. And don't you suppose, Harold took her under his wing and became her sponsor. Joyce could not spend a dime for anything from her formals down to motels and even gas money. Even paid all Joyce's expenses right down to her clothes. She and Harold became good friends.



The Guy Behind The Flowers

By Hannelore Davis, McClusky, ND, Former TRMF Board Chair

The first time I met Harold was not in North Dakota, but in Boston, MA. We went to be at the National Convention of the American Legion in 1967 to celebrate the year my father-in-law, former Gov. John Davis, was the National Commander. After checking in, we went to the suite to be with the rest of our family. To my amazement there was a 3 foot by 5 foot American flag made of carnations on one table – compliments of Harold Schafer. I had heard about Harold, his love for flowers, his generosity and also his flamboyancy. This flower arrangement was so beautiful, so thoughtful and I guess right up Harold's alley. Now I was looking forward to meeting the guy behind all this.

In the evening was the black-tie banquet with hundreds of people from all over the USA attending and celebrating. After the introductions a special gift from Harold and Sheila Schafer was presented in the form of an American Flag made out of carnations covering the whole stage from top to bottom. It was truly breathtaking and got a standing applause. Now I really got curious what the man behind all this was like. Luckily for me, I didn't have to wait too long. There was some noise coming from the entrance of the hall – the guards trying to keep somebody from entering the gala event. My father-in-law looked at the door and told the guards to let the couple in. It was none other than Harold and Sheila Schafer in their red, white and blue patriotic outfits with cowboy hats and cowboy boots. It was a surprise for everyone, and I finally got to meet the guy behind the flowers!

Harold Schafer - A Caring, Compassionate Man

By Bev Tonander
TRMF Volunteer

About 50 years ago, I was working with a single mother of six children. She needed surgery and worried about what she would do with them while she was in the hospital and after she returned home. She asked me if I would please go to see Harold Schafer and ask him if he could get her children into Children's Village in Fargo until she could get back on her feet. I believe Mr. Schafer was on the Board of Directors at Children's Village. I didn't know Harold, but whenever I would see him walking on 4th street (where his office was at the time), he would always smile and say "Hi, how are you today" as if he knew me. It always made me happy. I am basically a very shy person, but I knew that my co-worker needed to find a place for her children so that she could go into surgery confident they would be okay.

I called Gold Seal and asked if I could possibly have an appointment with Mr. Schafer. His secretary buzzed his office

Thanks, Harold

By Rodger and Mavis Buchholz, Bismarck

If it weren't for Harold's strong work ethic, his enthusiasm, determination and foresight for the future of Medora, it would not be the family vacation destination it is today, and for the future, for all to enjoy. And it just keeps getting better. Thanks, Harold!

Touching Lives

By Tracy Koenig, Baldwin, ND
Gold Seal Co. Vice President and Sales Manager

As we all know, Harold was "one of a kind." He built a tremendous loyalty with his employees by treating us as people and friends. A couple personal examples:

We were living in Chicago. I had a Midwest sales meeting scheduled. Back in Bismarck my dad was dying of cancer and near death. Harold heard this and I received a call from him saying "Cancel that meeting and get back here at once." I told him my dad would want me to follow through on my business responsibilities. I arrived in Bismarck on the 11 p.m. flight and went straight to the hospital, only to find Harold holding my dad's hand waiting for me to arrive before he went home. Dad died a few hours later. The next day Harold personally delivered flowers to my mother and offered his personal help with any of the "arrangements." He continued to check on her for some time after.

We had a sales meeting in Florida. Harold decided we should have a "fancy" dinner party. He invited the spouses. I think there were about 30 of us. We were required to wear tuxedos. I told him I didn't have a tux but would rent one. He said not to do that because he had half a dozen at home and would bring an extra one with him for me to wear. It was a beautiful brocade dinner jacket which "stood out" in a crowd. About halfway through dinner, Sheila came over to our table and said "We think you look so nice in the jacket, Harold wants to give it to you." As you know, you didn't say "no" to Harold.

Harold touched so many lives in a positive way, he truly was one of a kind.

and I was so nervous, with barely a whisper, I said, "Mr. Schafer, you don't know me, but I have something very important I need to discuss with you. I was wondering if I could come to your office to talk to you about it." He said, "I just happen to have time this afternoon if that works for you." I couldn't believe it.

When I arrived at Gold Seal that afternoon, hands shaking and legs wobbly, his secretary took me to his office, he got up, came around to offer me his hand and asked me to please sit down. He asked about my family for a few minutes and then asked what I needed to discuss with him. I told him about my co-worker's predicament and the possibility of Children's Village. He told me he would check it out and let me know.

The following day he called me personally and told me arrangements had been made for all six children to go to Children's Village for as long as needed. I don't recall how long they were there, but it was months.

Mr. Schafer has left a wonderful legacy in all that he did for the State of North Dakota, but, to me, the legacy he left behind is his caring, compassionate and supporting nature for both humankind and animals.

Larger Than Life

By U. S. Senator Kent Conrad

Excerpted from his remarks printed in the Congressional Record

December 6, 2001



At the 2001 Roundup in Medora, with Tweed Roosevelt, Sheila, Bill Diss and Sen. Kent Conrad

Mr. President, today a giant presence in North Dakota history is being laid to rest. Harold Schafer was truly larger than life. He was perhaps North Dakota's most prominent citizen—accomplished in his public life and generous in his private life . . . Harold Schafer was much more than a successful businessman. He was interested and involved in every part of the life of North Dakota and the nation. His acquaintances ranged from the powerful and well-known to the shoeshine man on the corner, and he enjoyed the company of all of them. He entertained General Douglas MacArthur in his home in Bismarck. He was a friend to Ronald Reagan and Perry Como. He appeared in the movie "How The West Was Won."

And he will always be remembered as our state's most prominent philanthropist . . . He helped hundreds of young North Dakotans through college . . . I know because he offered to put me through college when I was a young man . . . He reached out to assist the less fortunate in ways that others never knew about.

He was the man who restored the town of Medora in the North Dakota Badlands . . . not to make money but to preserve the area's rich history. I know these things because I first met Harold Schafer when I was a small boy . . . he was a close friend of my father. When my parents were killed in an automobile accident, Harold Schafer adopted my family as he did so many others. Every Christmas Eve, Harold would come to my home with a trunkload of gifts for the family, a wide smile, and genuine glee celebrating all that life had to offer.

He made the world a better place when he was here, and he leaves the world a sadder place for his passing.

Memories of Harold

By Joanne Hubbard, Marietta, GA
Former TRMF Board Member

Harold once hung out on the Borden Farms near Mandan, ND. The Borden sisters, one being my husband Don's mother, often fed "the poor lad." Time went on and Harold established the Gold Seal Company and the rest is history. Harold never forgot his friends on his way to fame and fortune.

When Don was a senior in high school, Harold asked him to drive the Pink Cadillac, with Harold, of course and a trailer load of buffalo, to the Arthur Godfrey Show in New York. From then on it only got better, as Harold soon handed him a check for \$4000 – all expenses paid – to attend 4 years of college at the University of North Dakota. The story was that Harold passed out scholarships to all fatherless high school seniors. One cannot imagine how much that scholarship meant to Don.

Years passed. Don always said, "When I retire I want to give scholarships to others, in pay back to Harold." Don died young, but he did live to see his retirement as a Brigadier General in the National Guard. Today, Don's entire military pension is reserved for scholarships to Medora's summer students and numerous gifts to TRMF. Both Don and Harold are laughing up in Heaven, because as a result of those gifts, my name is on the Fitness Center in the Rough Riders Hotel! You see, Don was the athlete but...

Harold Schafer....One of a Kind

By Bob Spolum, Fargo
Former TRMF Board Chairman

I knew Harold well and was privileged to serve as foundation director of Medora's first Foundation Board. Harold touched people's lives with kindness and generosity and always made you feel "special." The rich and the poor, the young and the old, those who were successful and those who were struggling, were all treated as equals by Harold. I could share a thousand stories with you about Harold and yet, I could summarize those stories and my feelings in one phrase, "Harold was my best and most faithful friend." His legacy shall live on forever as Medora represents a creation of Harold's life and the cause which he lived and believed in.

What Harold Schafer Meant To Me

By Peter J. Welk, Bismarck
Former Gold Seal Vice President and Treasurer

In my years working with Harold, my admiration for him grew, and it is difficult to look at just one thing that made a lasting impression. To name a few:

- He was an Entrepreneur
- He was a Super Salesman
- He was very Generous
- He was very Patriotic

And we all know about his passion for the preservation of Medora

But what he meant most to me and on which I often reflect when thinking about Harold was his "human kindness." He loved to help people, and he helped many. This was often done without the usual fanfare he enjoyed.

I watched as he constantly helped two generations of a family because their father/grandfather helped his family in his youth. And how he took care of an elderly person who had "bad-mouthed" him for years, but when he was sick and dying with no family, Harold was at his side and paid his bills.

His true love for his employees was unbelievable and I am sure never matched. We were all treated very, very well. He was a true humanitarian and spent much of his life practicing philanthropy.

HAROLD SCHAFER---WE LOVED YOU.

Get Moving

By Jo Gregory, Mesa, AZ
Former TRMF Volunteer

In about 1954 I was a student at Valley City State Teachers College, and my roommates, Donna and Etta, were from Mandan. The three of us were hired during the Christmas vacation to box up and mail sample Gold Seal items. They usually went to Home Ec teachers around the state. A day or two before Christmas Mr. Schafer gave gift certificates to clothing stores to many of his permanent employees, and the employees were sent out to buy a new outfit for the office party. It was an exciting day.

I am far from young, and my memory slips occasionally, but I think in the ladies bathroom on the wall opposite the couch were two large black and white photos of Mr. Schafer and he was not smiling in the pictures. So if you sat down on the couch (probably to smoke) he was staring at you. Reminded you to get moving. I don't know if there were photos in the men's bathroom or not.

My mother died at age 96 and one of the things we found in her cupboard was a can of Glass Wax. The price on it is \$1.13. I still have it.

One Great, Strong,
Unselfish Soul
in every Community
would actually redeem
the World.



Elbert Hubbard

Big Ideas

By Virginia Nelsen, Bismarck

On my personal bookshelf at home is a small porcelain tile, given out by Harold Schafer to friends and family over

the years. It peeks out at me, reminding me of everyone's significance.

Harold Schafer lived life large – in the center of many circles – circles of his business associates- circles of family and friends – circles of carpenters and builders – circles of young job seekers – circles of talented performers – many circles. This larger than life man – and the waves of actions that he took – affected many. And I am fortunate enough to have lived within a number of those circles of his life – watching, quietly.

Medora changed North Dakota. Medora changed the lives of those who passed through there as visitors and part of the team of workers who kept Harold's big ideas moving forward. And his ideas were shaped by the history he encountered in Medora: Theodore Roosevelt and the Marquis de Mores, and many other stalwart cowboys of the time.

Another man who shaped Harold's mind was obviously Elbert Hubbard, the father of Dr. Ralph Hubbard, who set up the Native American Museum in Medora. Dr. Ralph Hubbard was a man whose life was shaped from childhood around his family's dinner table with thinkers and writers and poets and native people from his state of New York. His father and mother were big idea people of their age.

Thoughts never die; they keep rolling down to those who encounter them, making them our own, incorporating them into our lives, and making our communities better. Thanks, Harold, for showing me your big ideas.

Virginia Nelsen is the Executive Director of the State Historical Society of North Dakota Foundation. Virginia Nelsen worked eleven summers in Medora, from 1965 to 1976.

Thank You, Harold Schafer

By H.F. "Sparky" Gierke, Windermere, FL
Former TRMF Board Member

In the mid-1980s, when I was a Justice on the North Dakota Supreme Court, I received a call from Harold Schafer, asking if he could come to my chambers. Of course, I was pleased to see him. He had come to ask me to serve on the founding board of the Theodore Roosevelt Medora Foundation. I was surprised and very pleased to be one of the Founders. From that day, I was working with the wonderful people of the Foundation.

Shortly after that I became a candidate for National Commander of the American Legion. From 1986-88, I had to travel to all the states, a considerable expense. Generally Legion Posts from the home state of the candidate contribute money to the campaign, so we were raising money in North Dakota.

I was on a plane to Minneapolis one day and walked by Mr. Schafer, seated in first class. He asked me to sit with him, but I thanked him and said I had a seat in coach and we could get together in Minneapolis. Well, within five minutes, a stewardess (yes, that's what we called them at that time) came and told me I had an upgrade from Mr. Schafer. I sat beside him and we had a nice conversation, and he asked me about my candidacy and about the money. I said we were doing okay. When we were pretty close to landing, he got out his checkbook and gave me the check with the signature—just Harold—the amount: \$5,000. During the rest of my campaign, Mr. Schafer gave me another \$5,000.

Harold Schafer's generosity led to a very successful outcome: In Louisville, KY, on September 8, 1988, I became the National Commander, the third National Commander from North Dakota.

Remembering Harold Schafer

By Kevin Cramer, Bismarck
ND Public Service Commissioner

During my time as North Dakota Tourism Director, I got to know Harold very well. He was always willing to provide an opinion or advice whenever I asked. On a couple of occasions when his advice was not solicited he was just as willing to provide it.

One winter day I was sitting in my office when my assistant informed me Harold Schafer was on the phone from his home in Florida. Certain he was calling to congratulate me on the wonderful tourism ad campaign we had just unveiled, I answered with a friendly, "To what do I owe this honor?" Harold had heard from someone that North Dakota radio shows were promoting the fact we are so friendly here we don't lock our automobile or house doors. He admonished me to make sure we don't inadvertently invite criminals to "Discover the Spirit" while stealing our cars and robbing our homes.

My friend Lamar Alexander was running for president and accepted my invitation to attend the annual Republican Roundup in Medora. Wearing a suit with a starched white dress shirt, he decided he'd like to attend the musical that evening. Being from Tennessee and a musician himself, he couldn't resist the opportunity to check it out. Harold called me over to the house, gave me a \$50 bill and ordered me to go downtown and buy that guy a decent shirt to wear to the musical. "We can't have a serious candidate for president showing up at the Medora Musical dressed like that," he said. I bought Lamar a handsome denim shirt with a Medora logo and he wore it proudly that evening.

Hitchin' A Ride

By Leon House, Mandan
TRMF Volunteer

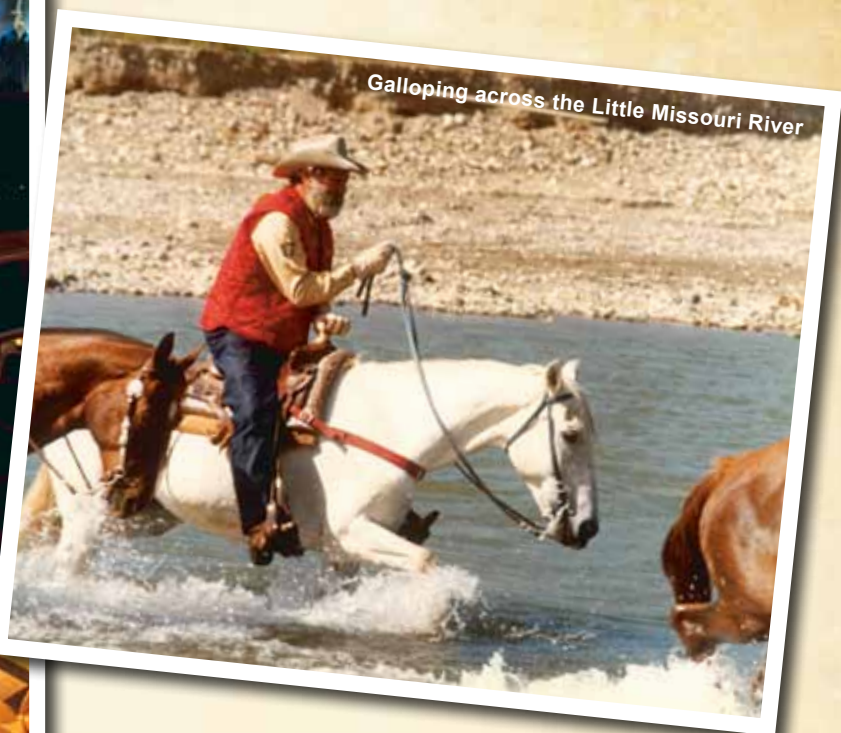
I first met Harold Schafer in the fall of 1962 while I was attending Dickinson State Teachers' College. I was in my sophomore year of school. During this time many students hitch-hiked home for the weekends or the holidays, and I was one of those students. On one occasion I was hitch hiking on the east end of Dickinson, hoping to catch a ride to Mandan, when, lo and behold, along came a big pink Cadillac driving towards me. The pink Cadillac stopped along side of me, and this very large man wearing a cowboy hat rolled down his passenger window and asked me where I was going, I told him I was heading

to Mandan. He told me to hop in and he would drive me there.

As I climbed into the Cadillac, he introduced himself as Harold Schafer and then the story began about his work in Medora. Harold explained the things he was going to get done and how important it was to restore and bring back the history of Medora. I could tell he had a great passion in what he was doing. He was a very interesting person and showed a lot of enthusiasm about his work in restoring the town of Medora. Before long we hit the west end of Mandan, and I said that he could drop me off somewhere on Main Street, to which he responded, "Heck NO!" This friendly Mr. Schafer proceeded to drive me right up to my front door. It was a very enjoyable trip, one that occurred 50 years ago, but one that I will never forget.



Nearly 40 friends of TRMF stopped for a photo while participating in a 100th birthday celebration for Harold Schafer aboard a Carnival Cruise ship in the Caribbean in early February. Earlier, the group toured the Alamo in San Antonio and held a formal 100th birthday dinner honoring Harold, hosted by Sheila, Ed and Nancy Schafer at the historic Menger Hotel, where Theodore Roosevelt recruited his Rough Riders in 1898. If Harold had been around at the time (not so long before he was born) he probably would have been at the Menger Hotel volunteering to be one of TR's Rough Riders.



Gallop across the Little Missouri River



Backstage with Victor Julian and His Little Friends. If Harold was around today, there'd probably still be a dog act in the *Medora Musical*!



Goose hunters

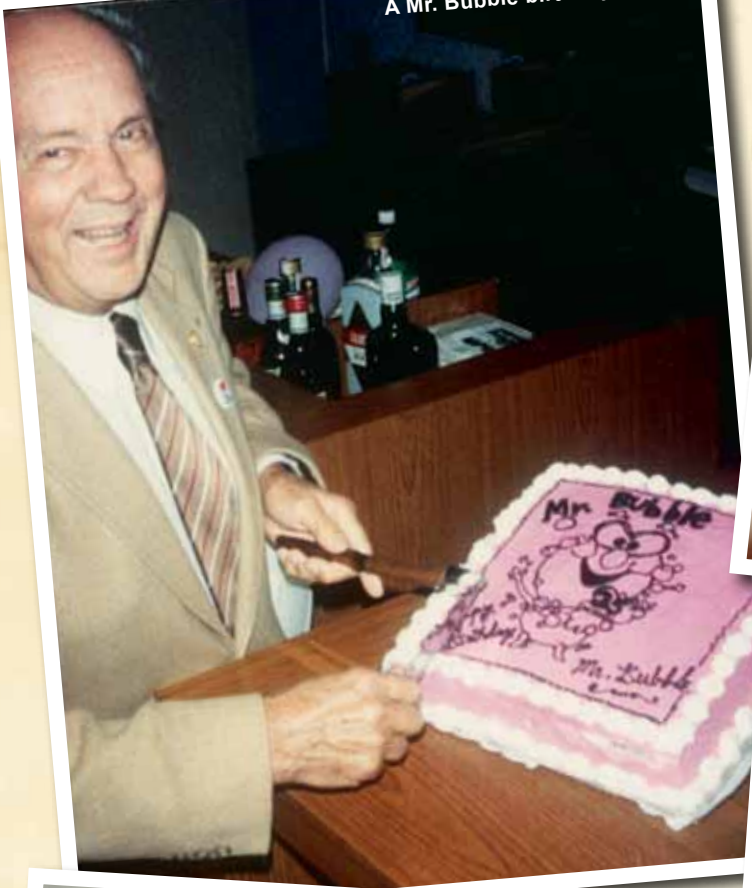


Family Reunion in Medora



Sheila and Harold with President Reagan and Senator Mark Andrews

A Mr. Bubble birthday cake

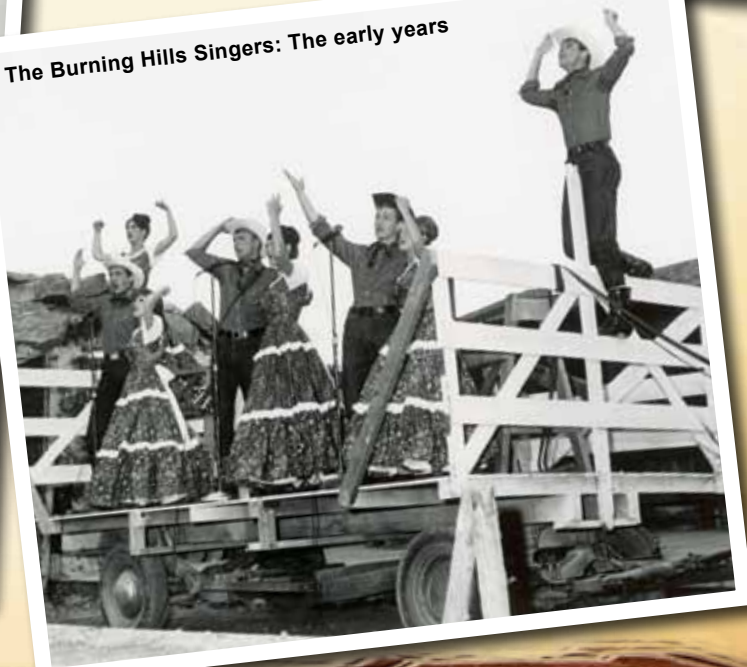


Harold! Don't feed the bears!



With Lawrence Welk

The Burning Hills Singers: The early years



Chopping wood on the farm. Work!



New Benefit Options for Members

(Place an **X** on your choice, one per membership)



B

TR Bundle: Theodore Roosevelt Bust & Book



A

Medora Musical : Two **Season** Passes**



C

Bully Pulpit : Two Rounds of Golf



D

Shoppers Delight: \$125 Retail Shopping Spree
*redeemable at TRMF stores



E

Winter Romance: 1 night at Rough Riders Hotel and \$25 gift certificate for Theodore's Dining.

2012 Annual Membership Drive

Enclosed is my annual membership donation of \$250. My choices are as follows:

- ☐ I would like the membership option **A: two Medora Musical Season Passes** (charitable deduction of \$125)
Names on passes: _____
- ☐ I would like the membership option _____ as checked above (charitable deduction of \$125)
(choose letter B-E)
- ☐ I want the full charitable deduction of \$250 and decline any membership benefit options

Name(s) _____ Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip Code _____
Phone _____ Email _____
Method of Payment: ☐ Check ☐ Credit Card
Credit Card Number _____ Expiration Date: ____/____ Verification code: _____
(3-4 digits)
Authorized Signature _____

Mail complete membership form and payment to: TRMF • PO Box 1696 • Bismarck, ND 58502

Values

We show **respect** for people and place.
We deliver **excellence in hospitality**.
We **work** with creativity and integrity.
We are a family who values **family**.

Vision

We connect people to Medora for positive, life-changing experiences.

Board of Directors

Harold Schafer, Founder (1912-2001)

Ed Schafer, Chairman

Jay C. Clemens, Vice Chairman

Guy Moos, Secretary

Don Clement, Treasurer

Dr. Bill Altringer
Claudia Anderson
Jane Angerer
John M. Andrist
Dr. Douglas Brinkley
Peggy Bullinger
Al Christianson
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Marlene Hoffart
David Kack

Bill Kingsbury
John Knapp
Karen Krebsbach
A.Kirk Lanterman
Frank Larson
Katherine Satrom
Gretchen Stenehjen
Greg Tschetter
H. Patrick Weir

Staff Officers

Randy C. Hatzenbuhler, President
Cordell Dick, Development Director

Mission Statement

Preserve the experience of the badlands, the historic character of Medora and the heritage of Theodore Roosevelt and Harold Schafer.

Present opportunities for our guests to be educated and inspired through interpretive programs, museums and attractions that focus on the Old West, our patriotic heritage, and the life of Theodore Roosevelt in the badlands.

Serve the traveling public, providing for their comfort while visiting historic Medora, the badlands and Theodore Roosevelt National Park.

