

OUR FIRST TRIP AND VACATION THRU THE BLACK HILLS OF S.D., THE BIG HORN MOUNTAINS, AND THE YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK OF WYOMING.

July 29th., to August 11th., 1928.

By Frank Caauwe



Rufus



Frank

Edited 2nd printing
May 5, 2020

FORWARD:

In 1928 the two brothers, Rufus, and Frank Caauwe, went on an adventure trip out west to the Black Hills and Yellowstone Park.

My brother Russ and I remember Dad talking about the 1928 Nash. They slept in the car every night, but Nash did not have the lay down front seat until 1936, so they must have just slept on the seats. One of the pictures show a maroon colored car and I think that was available from Nash at the time.

When they returned, Frank used his notes and wrote up the whole adventure. He also tinted the pictures, but the tinting faded so I colorized them with a program Scott found. I also included many of the post cards they bought along the way. The color on the post cards was done in an unusual way and is rather gaudy and blotchy.

Frank had mounted the pictures in an album with black pages and were scanned without removing them, hence some of the pictures have black corners on them.

I tried to find maps of that time and highlight their route as best I could. Of course, some of the roads had changed by the time the maps were made. Apparently, they used a "Battlefield Hwy" map (the red & white map included) and marked their route in black ink. Also, some of the place names have changed such as the Shoshone Dam is now the Buffalo Bill Dam. The Sylvan Loop on the Cody Rd seems to no longer exist. Also the road west of Spearfish was US 16 but that designation has been reassigned to the road going west out of Custer.

Misspellings and poor grammar were not corrected. (even my own)

Son Scott scanned the pictures and typed the text. I combined the text with the pictures and found what maps I could. Since the first printing, I found an atlas Dad had that was printed in 1929. It is a imitation leather bound copy of "Langwith's Road Map Atlas of the United States & Canada" with fold-out maps. However, the Nebraska map is missing. The "blueish" maps accompanying this printing, with their route highlighted, were scanned from that atlas.

I do hope the family enjoys this,

Tom Caauwe
May 5, 2020

At twenty minutes after eight on the morning of July twenty ninth nineteen twenty eight Rufus and myself started on our trip to the Black Hills of S. D. and the Yellowstone Park of Wyoming.

The morning was somewhat cloudy but otherwise nice.

We had nine gallons of gas in the tank and the oil had just been changed. We were taking thirty eight Kodak Films with us. We didn't know how much cash we would need so we took \$178.30 along and wondered if we would use it all before we got back to Nebraska. The mileage on the meter stood at 6766 miles.

In less than an hour we were in Randolph, twenty seven and a half miles from Wayne. Everything is going fine. We met lots of cars all going some place but where?

We crossed the Meridian Highway ten miles further on, and then a car was coming up the road with fenders about twice as big as they should be so we named them Balloon Fenders and let it go at that. Rufus thought that it was loaded but it turned out to be nothing more than a baby buggy. It was from Calif.

The sky grew less cloudy as we go along and at Osmond we see some flowers that we sent up there for a funeral the week before.

Sixty miles from Wayne we hit the town of Copenhagen and we cant help but burst into that little song about "Ten Thousand Swedes Came Though The Weeds In The Battle Of Copenhagen". Of course we couldn't sing but there was no one there to hear us so it didn't make any difference.

The corn and the oats are both very poor all along. In places the corn is only a foot or two high. A large yellow flower grows very good all over this part of the country which looks more or less like the tame

snapdragon. It grows about two feet high and is of a bright yellow color.

We had to buy our first five gallons of gas in Royal.

A few miles east of the Irish town of O'Neill the first hundred miles of our travels is gone. There will be a good many more before we see home again.

West of O'Neill it is more of an open country and there is very few fences. Lots of Quail along the road side but very few pheasants.

We were riding along the road taking our time, Rufus was driving and we were not thinking of anything in particular when all at once Rufus shoved on the brakes and started to jump around in his seat. I didn't know what was the matter until he told me to get that bumble bee off of his back. We opened the door and it went on its way.

Aways out of the town of Emmet we hit a stretch of shale in the road. It seems as though we are on the highest part of the country as we can look down in all directions.

Just before we got to Atkinson we met a car or rather a Ford and Rufus let out a whoop and hollered "Oh Boy / Say Girl / Gee Gosh. It was all because there was a girl and a boy in it and they were only using about half of the seat and one arm on each was badly out of place.

At Atkinson we stop for dinner and get a cold meal. While eating we meet some folks from Pender who are heading for the Black Hills too.

Before we leave town we get another five gallons of gas and then are on our way again.

We take turns a driving and west of Stewart we stop to snap a picture of the Elkhorn River. It sure is not much of a river at this point.



**Elkhorn River
West of Stewart (Suart)**

At Long Pine we are 173 miles from home and getting farther away every minute. We have to change our time one hour here.

On the west side of town they have a very fine tourist park. It is set in a ravine and has a fine lake in the center.

West of Long Pine we get on higher ground and the farther we go the poorer the land gets, until we drop down to the Niobrara River. In places on the high land there is whole fields of sunflowers. Shale outcropping is present in many places.

After we cross the Niobrara the road winds up around the bluffs to a higher country which is mostly grass land.

The Telephone Co. is using the fence for a telephone line and when they come to a gate they run two wires up over the top and connect on the other side.

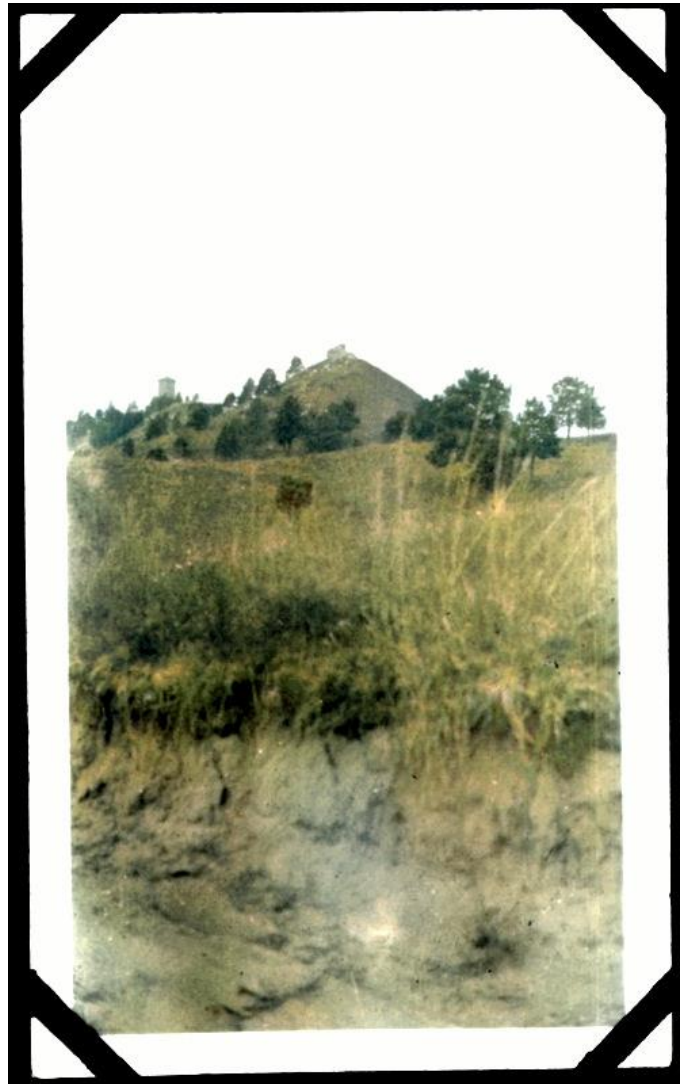
At Norden we see our first log hut. It has a hip roof though and looks somewhat out of place in a grass country.

Norden is a great little town though and has a good duck pond right out in the middle of the street while everywhere else it is high and dry.

For a ways there is nothing but grass land which looks good. There is lots of cattle and they all look good.

On the bottom land there is some farming and it looks to be pretty fair. They are using tractors to do their work with.

I almost had to use the smelling salts on Rufus as we came through the large city of Sparks because he was so disappointed. He expected to see a town but there was there was a school, a store, three Farmall tractors, five Fords and two cowboys. He recovered before we were very far out of town, when he saw a Butte off to the north of the road.



Butte at Valentine

I didn't know what kind it was for awhile but I soon got it spotted and saw it was nothing to worry over as it was not the kind that might keep him here and set me out alone on the rest of the trip. We took a picture of it and after going on a ways we found that it was about three miles away and over in S.D.

There is several kinds of cactus all over the sides of the hills.

We cross the Niobrara River again and follow along the bluffs which are very pretty. At several places they stand up one or two hundred feet high with the river flowing along at the base.



Niobrara East of Valentine

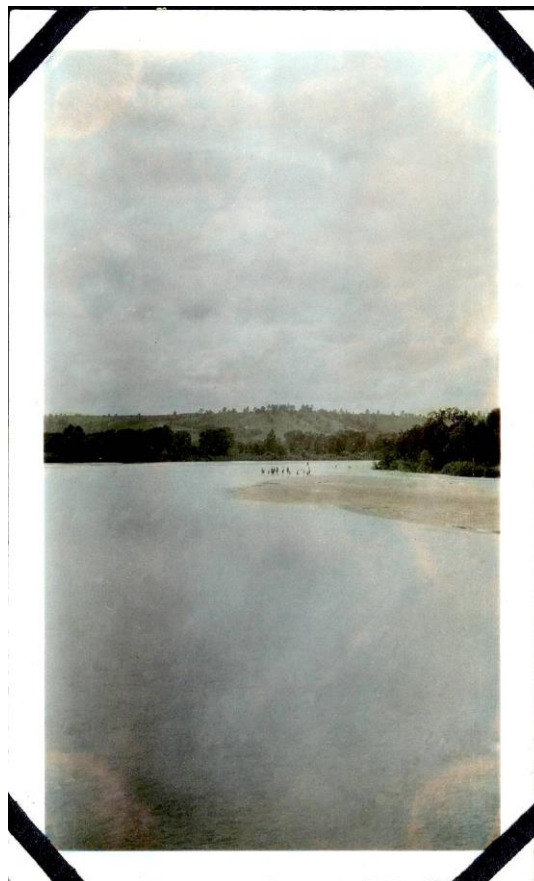
It was not very late yet but we wanted to get ready for the night as we didn't know how long it would take us to get set.

I played cook and Rufus made up the beds.

We took a walk around camp and climbed a sharp bluff just back of camp to get a little exercise. The Camp Fire Girls have a cabin here as have several private parties.

About seven thirty the Boy Scouts of Omaha pulled into camp and if they aren't having the time of their lives. They have a big white truck and every kind of equipment one could think of.

We crawl into bed at nine thirty and it sure seems good to lie down after driving 259 miles when one is not used to it.

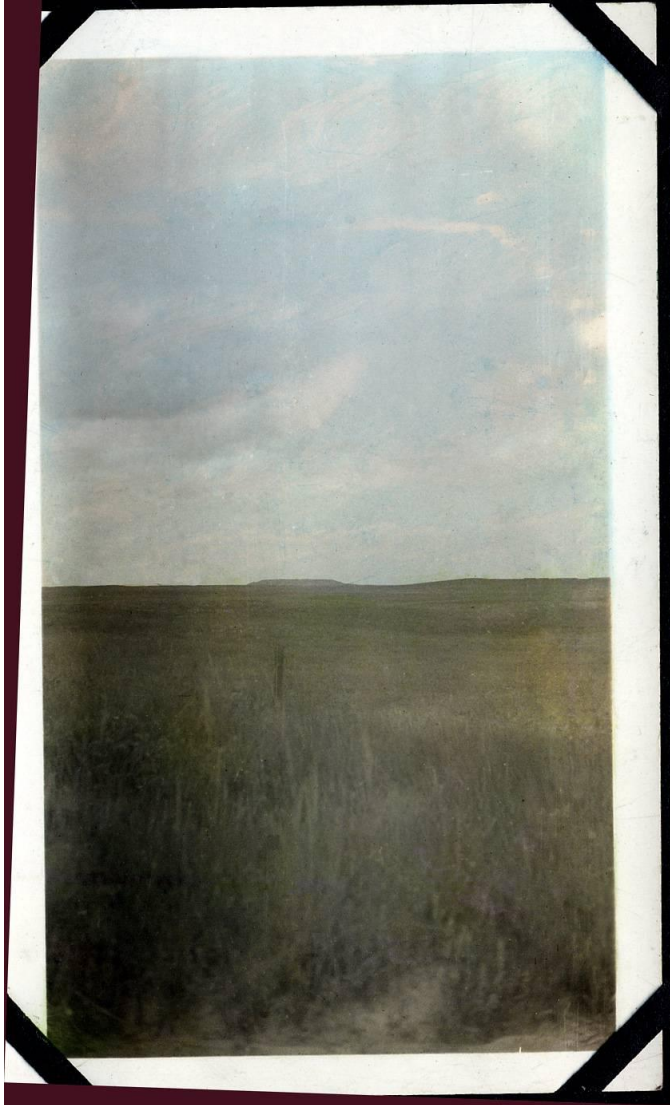


Niobrara East of Valentine

We were up at four thirty Monday morning and got breakfast over with before most of our neighbors were out of bed. We had a good nights sleep even if it did take Rufus an hour and a half to get his bed fixed the way he wanted it.

We drove out to the fish hatchery but as it was not open to visitors until eight thirty we didn't wait as we could see through the fence and see most of it.

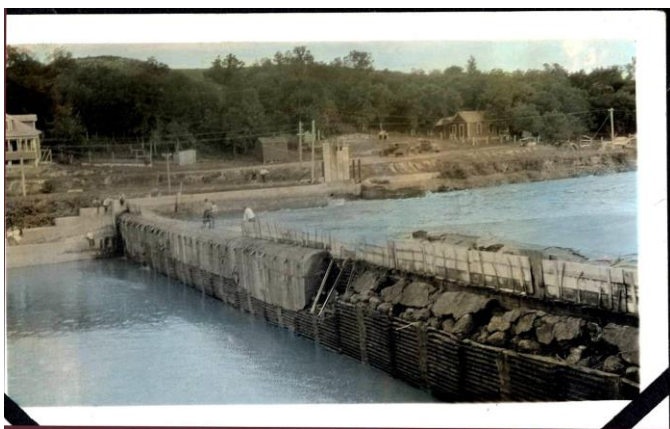
I greased the fan and found the burr on it almost off.



Butte West of Sparks



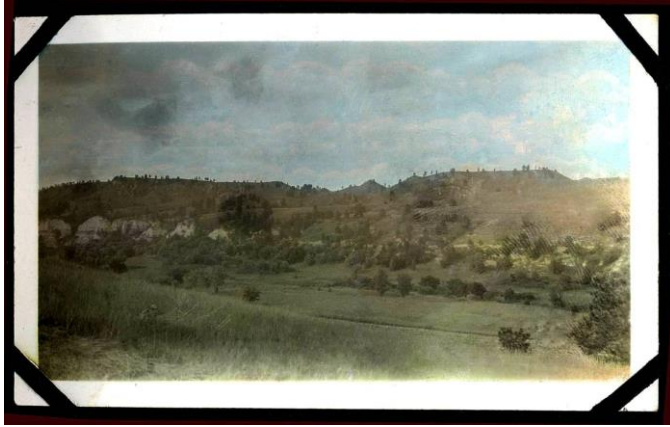
Camp at Niobrara, 1st Morning



Dam on the Niorara (Merritt)



Bluff on the Niobrara



Bluff on the Niobrara

Between Valentine and Crookston the roads were good but on to Kilgore there is nothing but a trail through the sand hills.

Four or five miles east of Kilgore the car stopped as we were going down a hill and it took us sometime to find out just what was the matter. The coil points had stuck but as Rufus had a nail file along we soon got it a going again.



Waterhole East of Kilgore

. It is mostly farming all the way into Chadron and the wheat looks real good in most of the fields. A few are almost destroyed by the rust.

There are a few pine trees on the hill sides just before got to Chadron and it seems good to see them after being in the grass country for so long.

It was a few minutes after twelve when we got in and the first thing we did was to get some grub and try to find some shade to get under but we had to go way out in the country to find a tree big enough to get under.

Chadron is a fine little town even if there is not very many trees in it. The Normal (college) is a fair sized place but not as big as the one in Wayne.

Clouds were packing in the southwest as we left town and it looked as though it might rain before night.

The road is all dirt now and after crossing the White River it is a steady pull up grade for eighteen miles. It is so hot and dry that one can hardly breathe. The car boiled for the first time on the trip. We lost some water and didn't have a place to get any until we were over in S. D.

The land is just hill and hollows. One place we almost lost our dinner because the hill was so sharp.



Cattle on Prarie of Nebraska

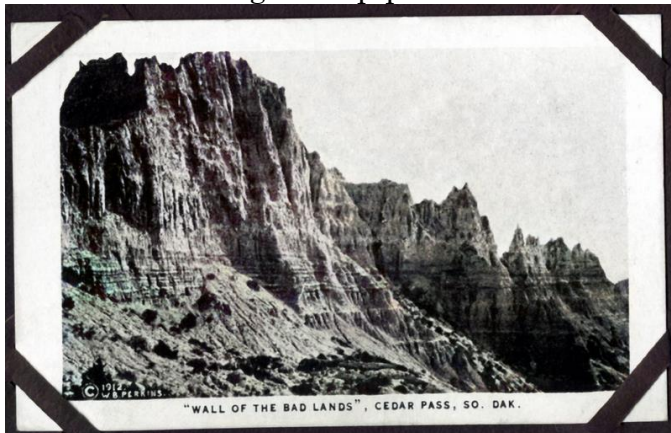
From here on to a few miles east of Gordon it is grass land with here and there a few lakes laying in the valleys. Roads were good all the way. We crossed Bear Creek but didn't see any bears

North of Oelrich we get our first glimpse of the Black Hills away in the distance.



First Look Black Hills

As we wind along the road we gradually draw closer to the hills. We meet lots of Indians coming out of Hot Springs and of course they look funny to us. They will be a buck and his squaw in the buckboard and will be leading a saddle horse behind. They are all dressed up in their high colored blankets smoking their pipes.



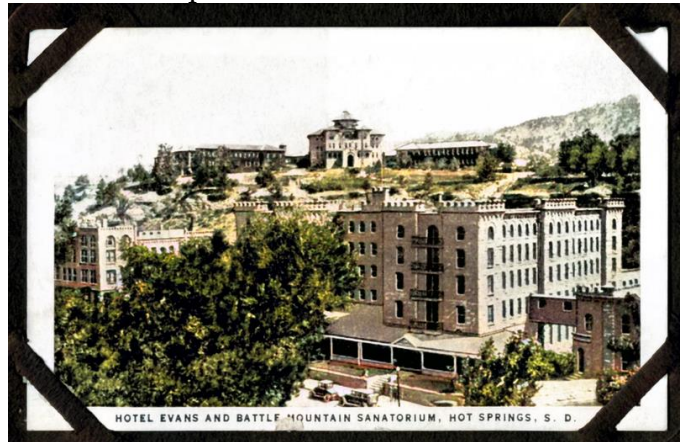
Wall Of The Badlands

As we follow along up the canyon where it is nice and cool we can't help thinking how much different it is from the hot, dry country on the White River Plateau.

The canyon is not very wide and the hills stand up on both sides all covered with Pine and Spruce while the rocks are sticking out all over. The river runs along at the base

tumbling over the rocks on the bottom. The water is as clear as a crystal and the sun is sparkling on it. In places the walls of the hills are of a reddish clay and they seem to give off different colors as the sun swings around changing and lengthening the shadows until it seems as though it is not the same place it was a minute before.

As soon as we got in town Rufus went to get a haircut and I visited a curio shop after which we took a swim in the Evans Plunge and boy if it wasn't great. The water is warm and as it is changing all the time it is clear and pure.



Evans Hotel Hot Springs

After looking at the free tourist camp we decide to go to the Evans Heights Tourist Camp. It is set on the top of the bluff across from the Plunge and it is quite a climb to get to it.

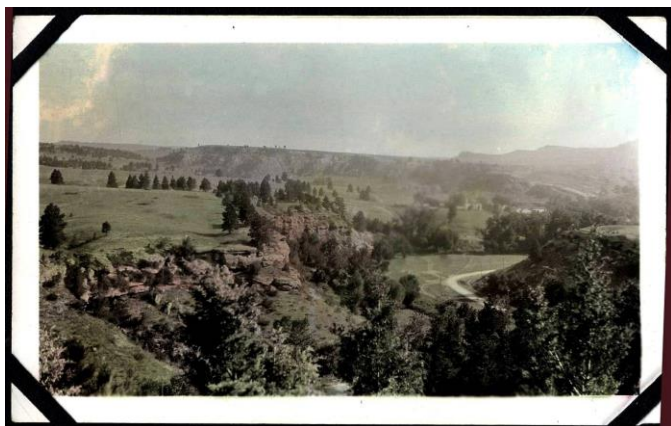


Camp Evens Heights HS SD

We get supper over with and the beds made up just as it started to rain. The pine cones shower down on us as the wind struck and it sounded as though it was hailing. Our neighbors all around are out in the rain driving tent stakes but we can lay in our car and rest. No danger of us getting or rolling away as long as the brake is set.

Down at the Evans Hotel below our camp the band is playing for a dance. We can hear the music as we lay in the car writing and talking while the smell of the pine trees come in through the windows. It sure is great.

It has cleared off somewhat the next morning as we leave Hot Springs, so I took a picture of the hills off to the north of the camp. Also gather up a few stones while Rufus is finishing the packing.



Scene North of Camp

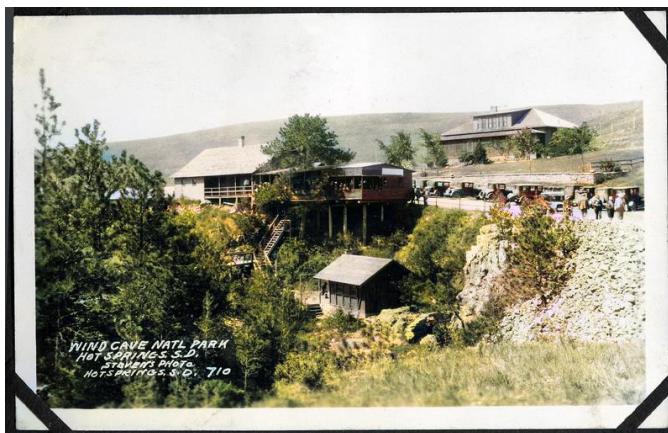
Hot Springs is a pretty little town set along side of the river. It only has one street but it is several blocks long.

While in the Post Office we meet one of the College fellows, Don Simpson. He went to school last year and Rufus knew him then. He is going on to the Yellowstone too.

Most of the road to Wind Cave is of the red clay that we saw as we were coming into Hot Springs.

Arriving at the cave we only have to wait a few minutes to start on the trip through. There is about twenty five in the party and we start down, down, down with then a little level place and then down some more.

We go through several of the large halls such as the Y.M.C.A., De Molay, Red Cross Nurses Hall, Post Office and the Bridal Chamber. They take a flashlight picture of the crowd before the bunch separates to take the different trails. We took the longest route which is about four miles long and got to see the Pearly Gates and the Blue Grotto. It was only six hundred feet below the surface and it made one almost think he was going to see the Pearly Gates before he got out of there.



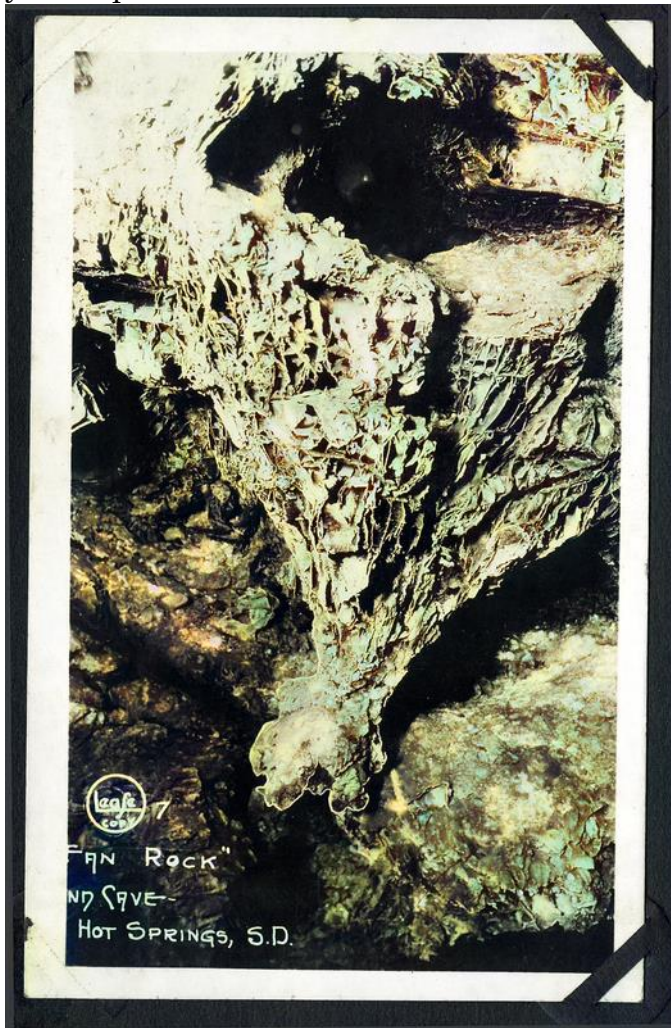
Wind Cave

The cave got it's name from the air currents passing in and out of the cave at regular intervals. It is of a limestone formation and the walls and ceiling present the different shades and formations peculiar to metamorphosed limestone.

The frostwork in the upper part of the cave, and one of it's chief beauties, is formed of the softest rock. It protrudes from the limestone in clusters of tiny white needles,

formed of crystals similar to frost. Some of this attains considerable length when hanging from the ceiling. Noah's Beard, hanging beyond the Pearly Gates is nearly seven feet long.

The main interest in the cave is the masses of calcite, aragonite, and quartz; and in geodes, stalactites, stalagmites, and a peculiar box-work formation. At one point there are two geodes side by side which are of a different content and structure and it is thought that they were formed thousands of years apart.



Wind Cave Rock



Group Wind Cave

Only a small proportion of the explored part of the cave is open for visitors but a trip through it is very interesting.

It was eleven thirty before we got out and hit the trail on for Custer.

We saw several Elk and Buffalo in the Park by the cave.



Elk at Wind Cave

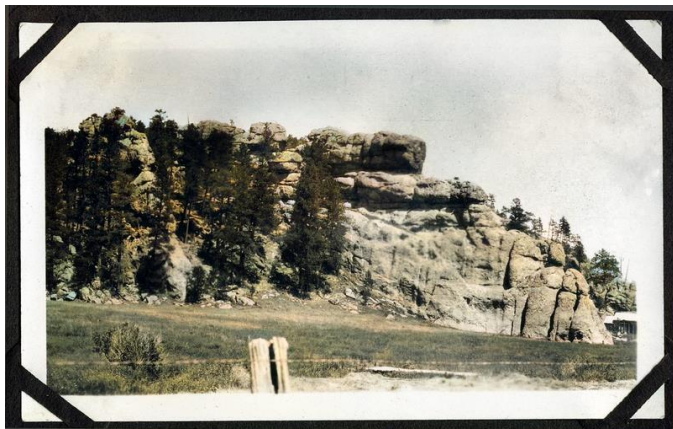


Buffalo at Wind Cave

A couple of cars were wrecked at one place along the road and we had to wait for them to get out of the road. It is a bad corner.

The sign on one of the markers said A.Y.P. and I asked Rufus what it meant and he said Darned if I know, but I don't believe that is what it meant at all.

The road follows thru a canyon and the rock walls stand out on both sides of the road. The first part of the road is real good but as we near Pringle it is just being built and it is rough. They are cutting it out of solid rock.



Stone Point Pringle SD



Stone Point SD

There are several saw mills around this part of the country and huge piles of saw

dust is piled up to the side of them. We stop and take a picture of one.

As we were driving down the road we saw our first chipmunk sitting on a limb of a tree. He sat there looking at us as if he thought we didn't have any business being there.



Sawdust South of Custer

When we were still a few miles from Custer we could see the high hills off to the north of town. They were several miles away but looked as though they were only a little ways.

Custer is a nice little town located at the base of the hills. A stream runs along to the south of town. It is 5300 feet above sea level.

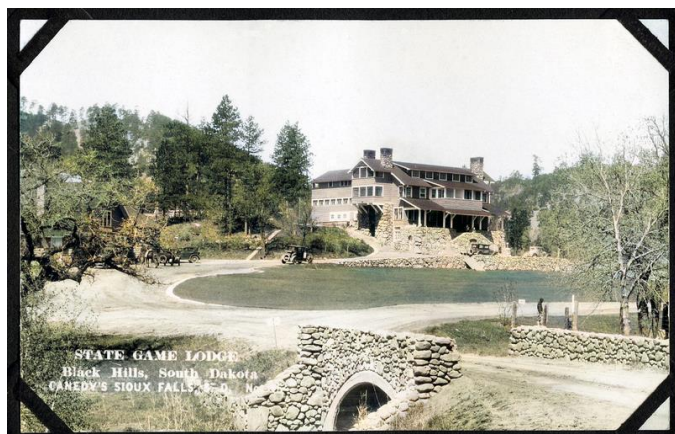
We stop there to eat dinner and just as we are ready to pack up again one of the tires goes flat. There must have been a nail in it and as Rufus stepped on the running board to get in the nail went on thru. We soon got it patched and went on our way.

So far today we have only traveled thirty seven miles.

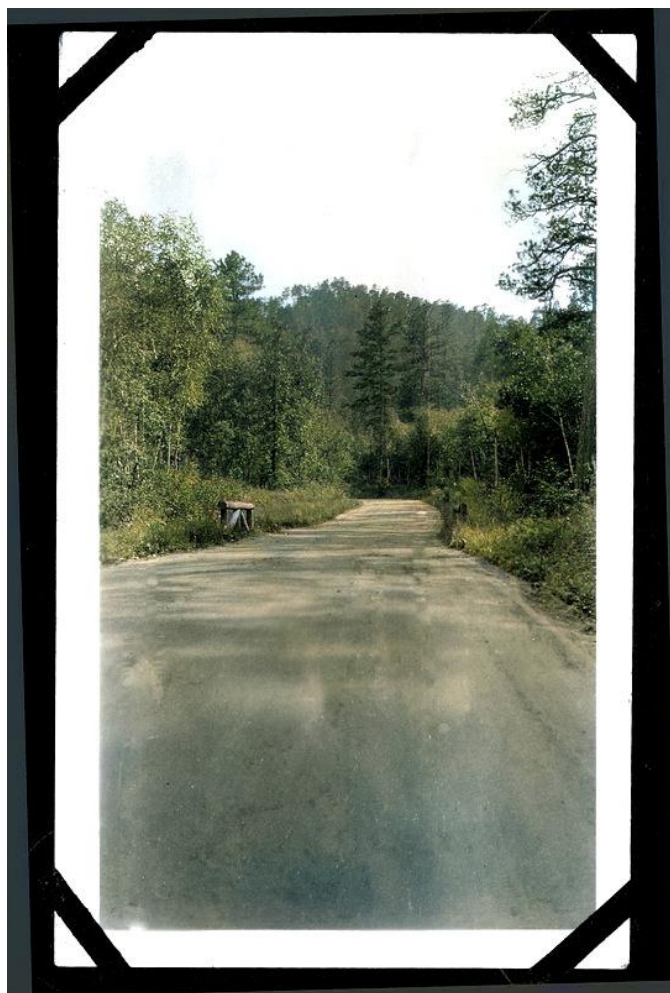
The country from Custer to the Game Lodge is very beautiful, the sides of the road are lined with tall pine and spruce with the white barked birch set in between them. In places where it is shaded there is a moss

hanging from some of the trees. There are several varieties of wild flowers growing under the trees.

The Game Lodge sets back from the stream along which the road followed on the way here. It was here that President Coolidge spent his vacation last year.



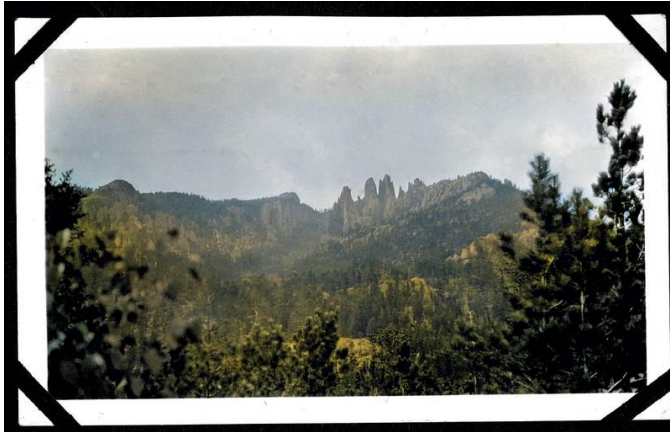
Game Lodge SD



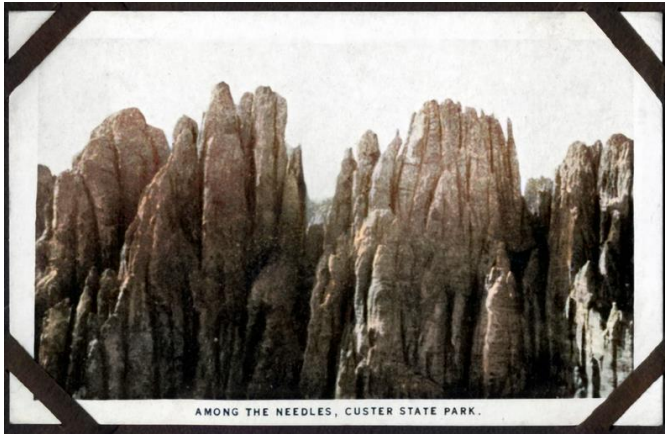
Scene West of Game Lodge

Doubling back on our road we started over the Needles Highway which is supposed to be the most scenic highway in America. The way is a stiff pull most of the way but one nobody minds as there is so much to see one can not go very fast anyway.

First it is only a slight pull up grade thru a pine covered country but as one goes on the country gets rougher and the roads wind around more passing thru several tunnels and in between high peaks. Just before one gets into the needles proper you go around several horse-shoe turns where you can see the road several yards above you and after driving for awhile you come out on the same road.

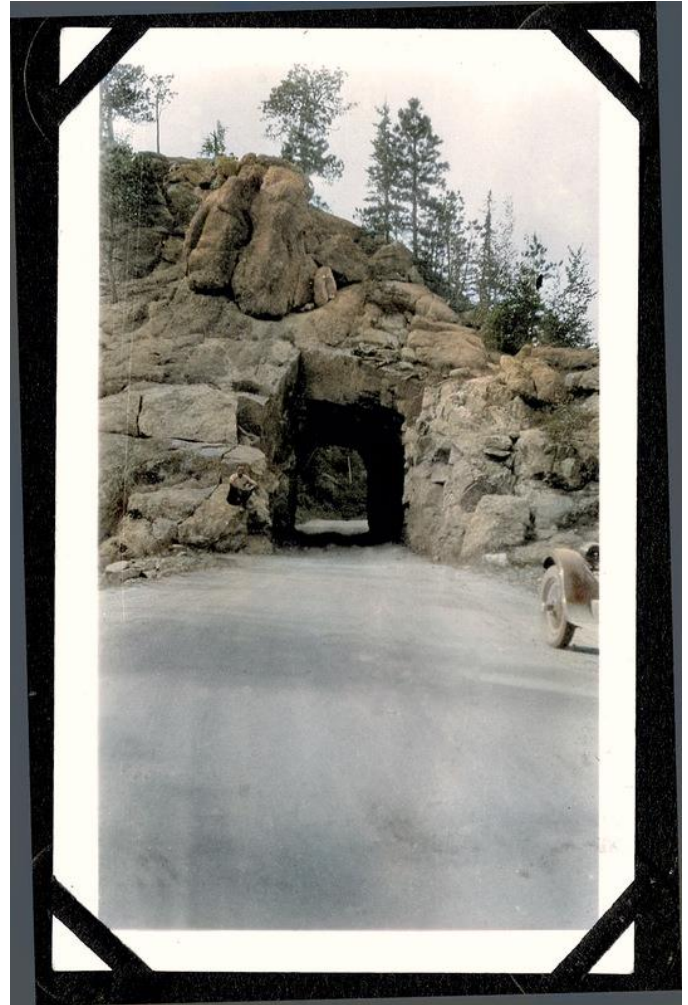


Needles



Among the Needles

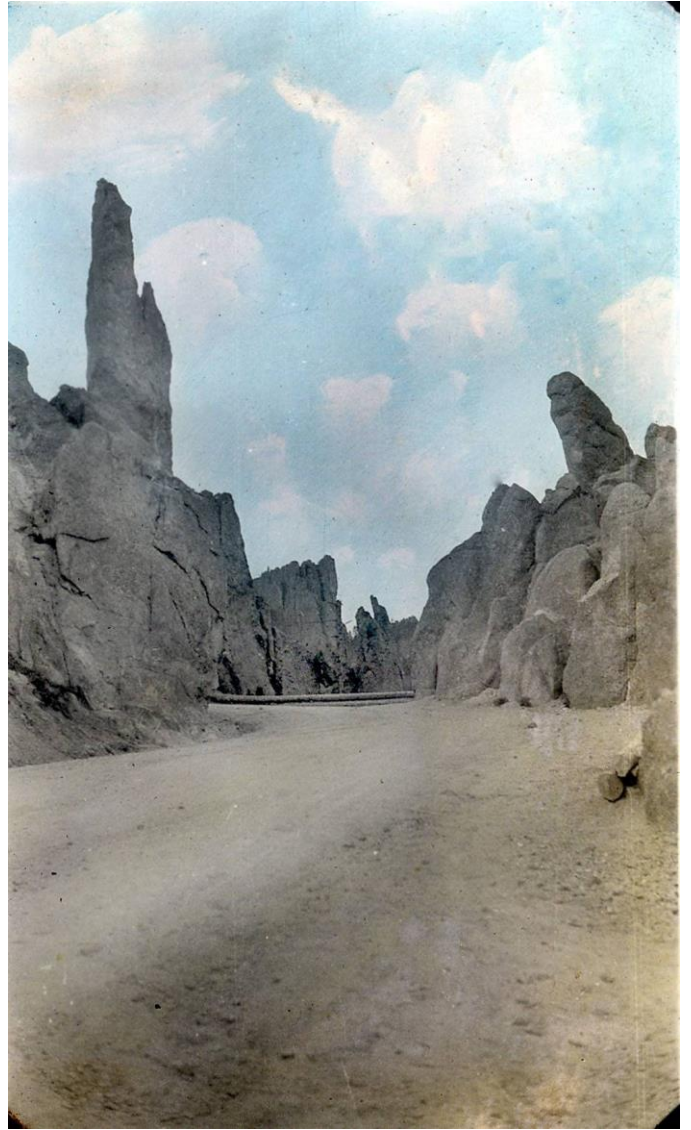
The Needles are huge masses of rock which stand up several hundred feet in the air. They are composed of a granite rock and look like huge needles standing there on the mountain side. The road winds around thru them for several miles with here and there a place to stop and admire the scenery. We took several pictures of them. Also one of the needles has a slot hollowed out at the top which is called the needles eye. It is said that it was hollowed out by the action of the wind and water.



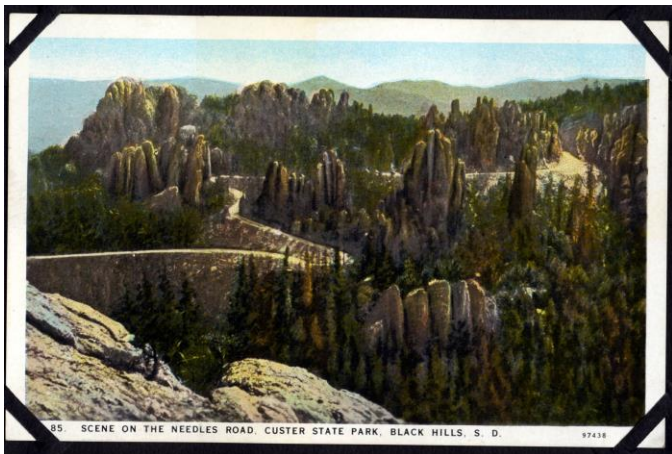
Tunnel on Needles Hwy



Needles Eye



Road into the Needles



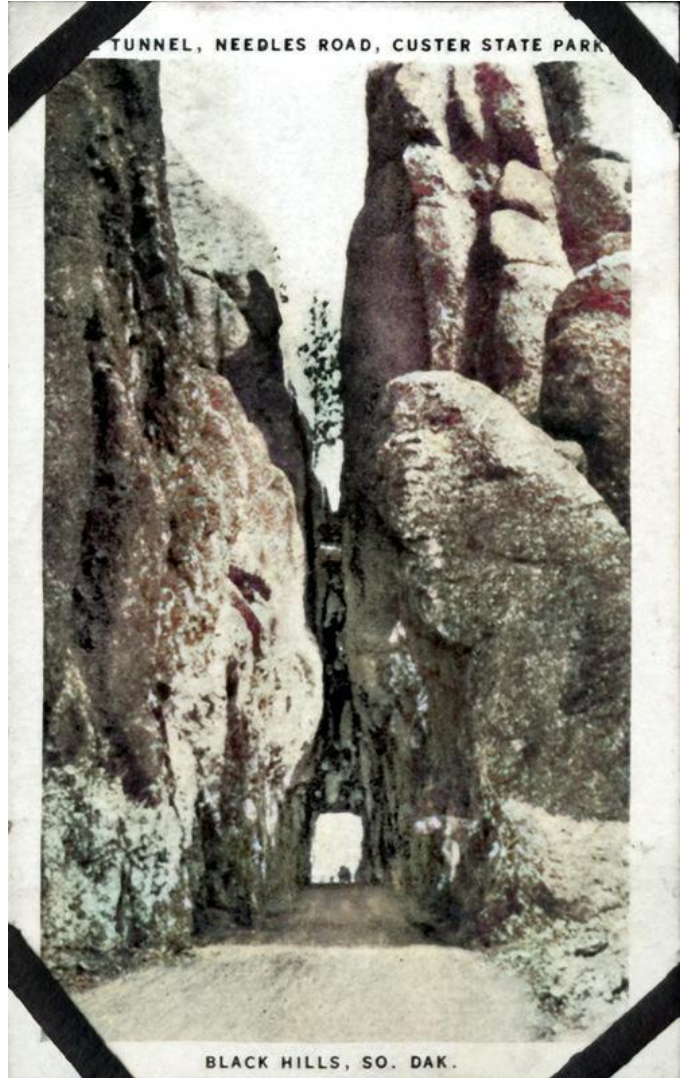
Scene on Needles Rd



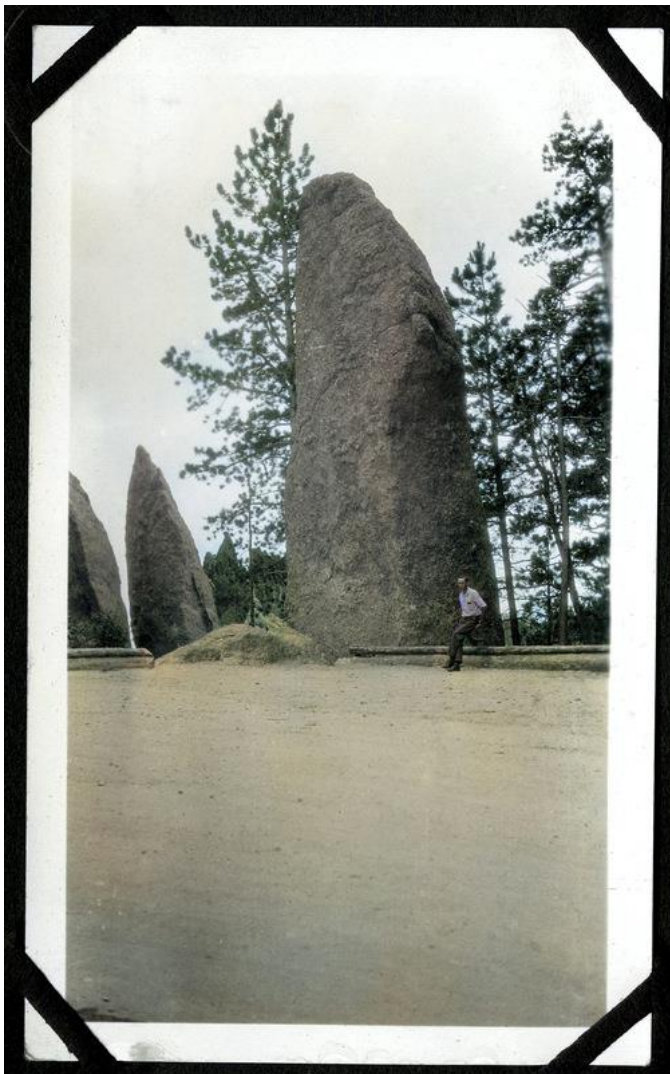
Rufus and Car in Needles



Resting Place Needles



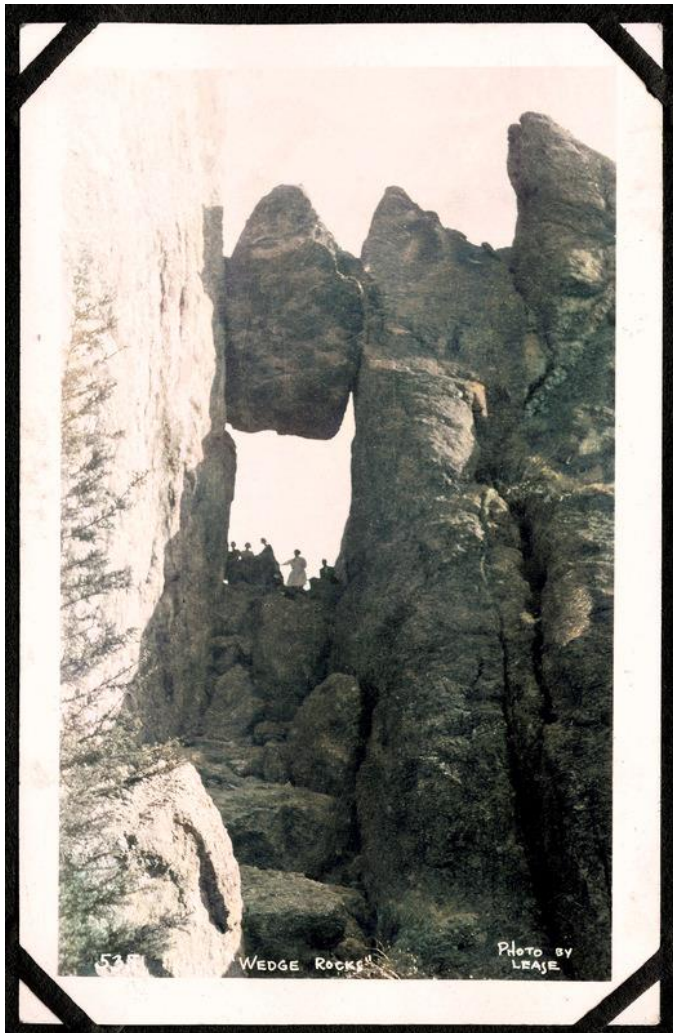
Needles Road Tunnel



Needle By the Eye

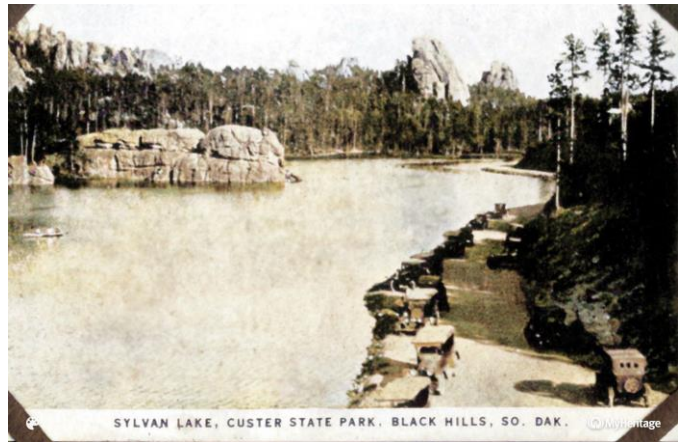


Traffic Cop

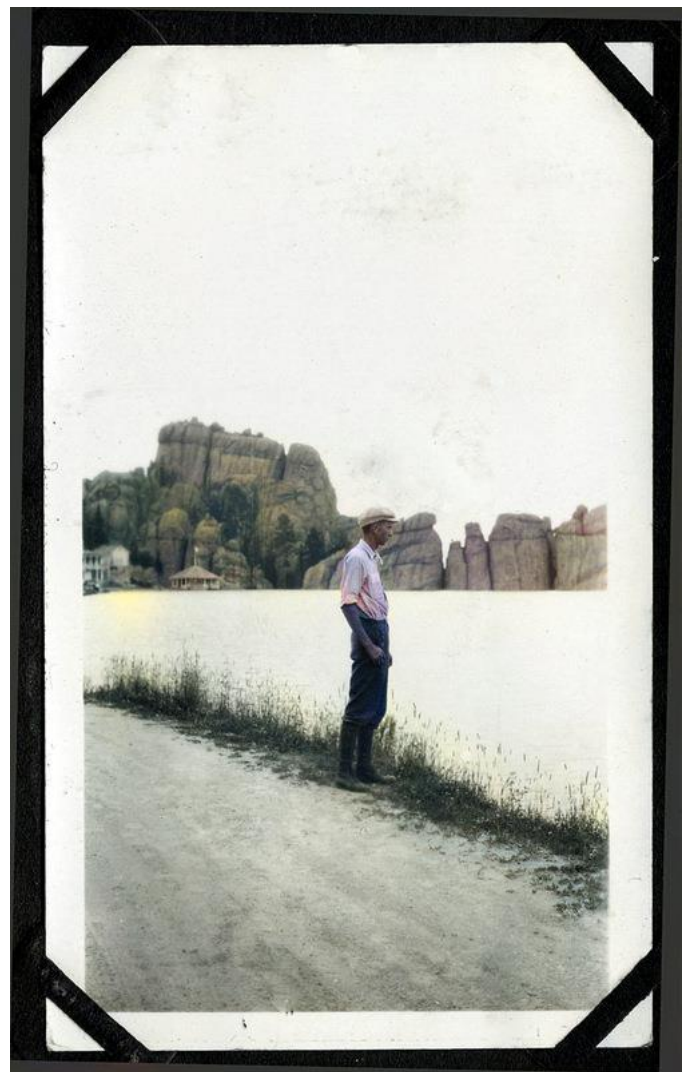


Wedge Rock

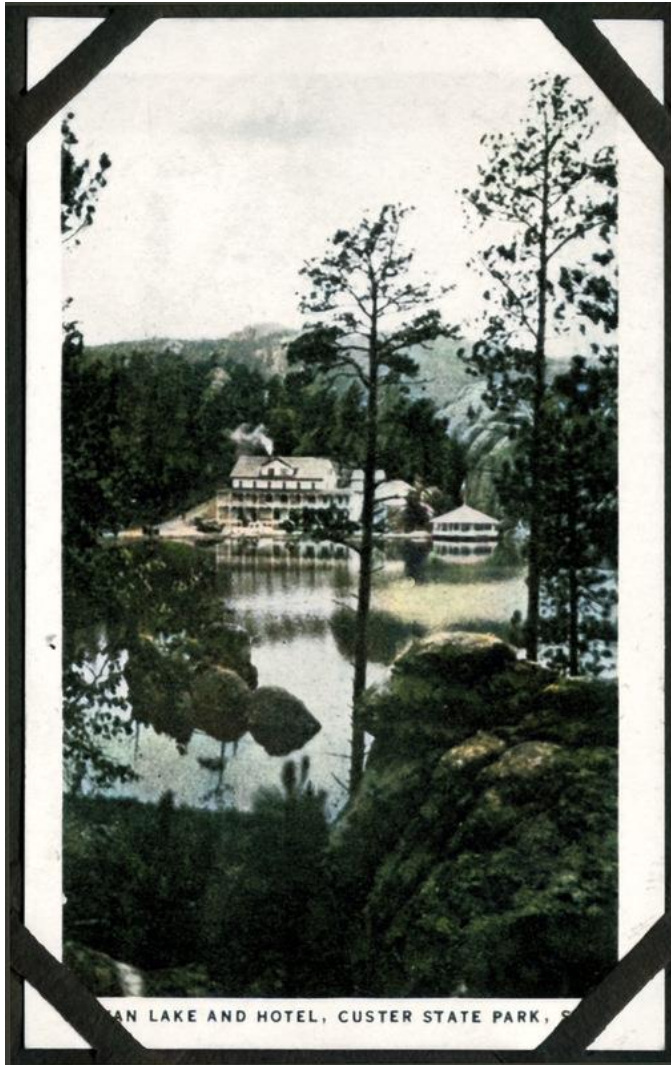
Passing thru the needles we drove on to the Sylvan Lake which is a very beautiful lake in the rocky hills of the needles. Huge rocks stand out in the middle of the lake and the water is as clear as a crystal.



Sylvan Lake



Sylvan Lake

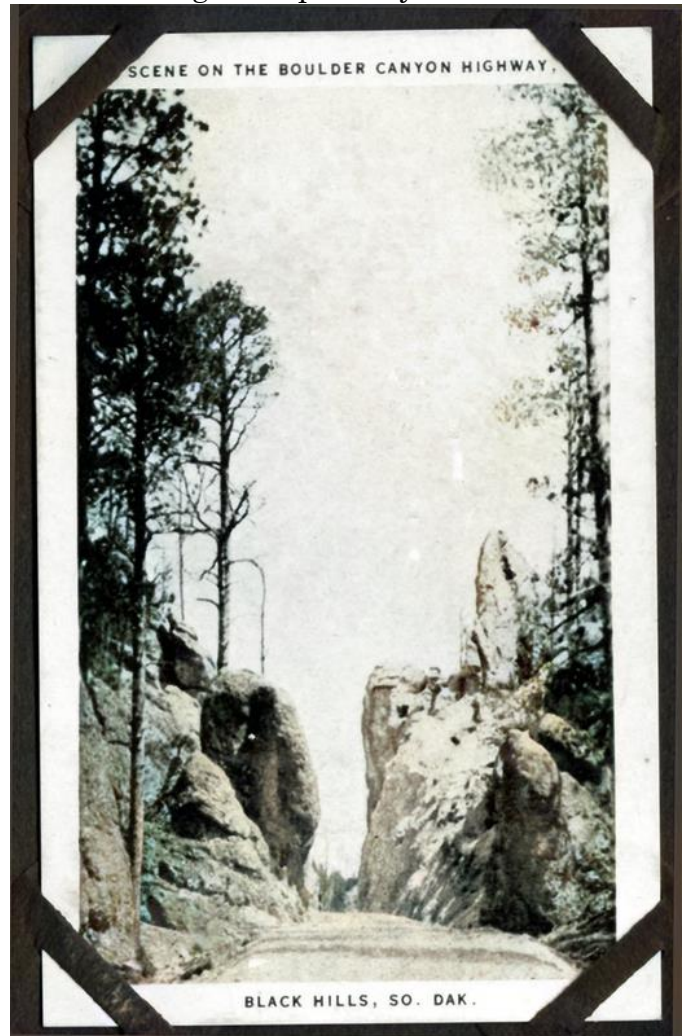


Sylvan Lodge

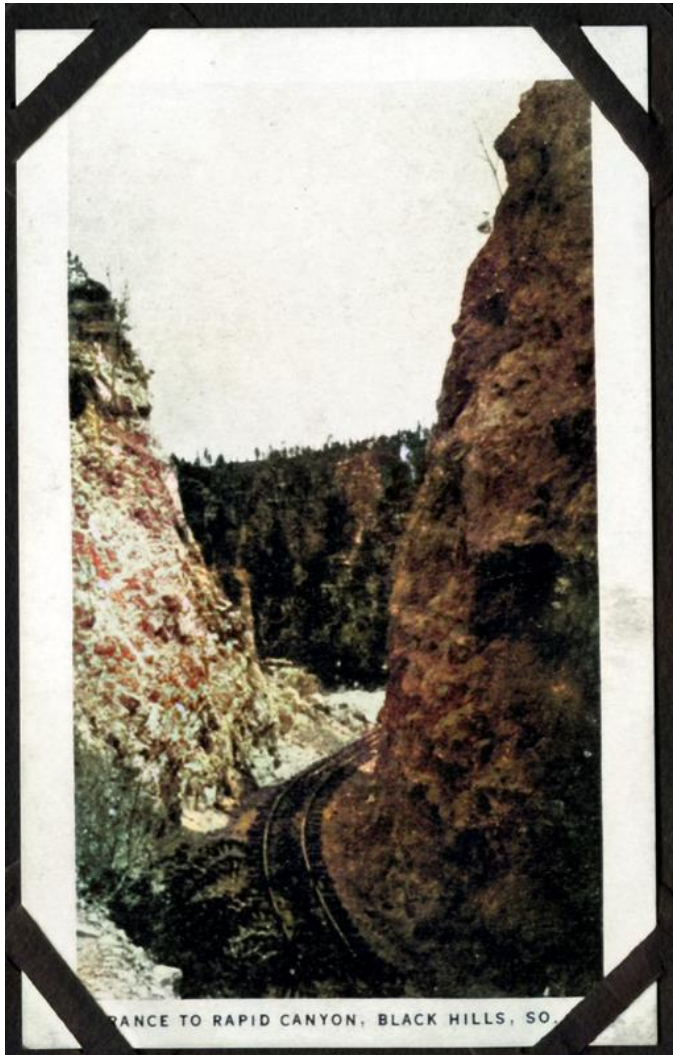
After leaving Sylvan Lake the road goes down, down, down and makes a turn or two and then goes down some more. At one place there are six or seven horse-shoe bends one after the other. The road is very narrow and one always has to be on the look out or someone coming from the other direction will bump into you. It was on one of these turns that we almost got bumped. We were on our own side of the road and going slow when a large car swung around the turn on our side of the road. We saw he could not get out of the road in time so we threw on the brakes and stopped. He pulled to the other side as

quick as he could and we missed by a few inches but it is a wonder we did being he was going at the speed he was. When he was by we saw that about two feet in front of our wheels there was a washout that ran back in the road quite a ways. It is a good thing we didn't hit it.

Arriving in Hill City we planned on staying all night but on finding that there was no tourist park that was any good we decided to go on to Rapid City. It was twenty eight miles buy we made it in forty five minutes and the road was rough at that. One of the snubbers was broken and it did not guide as easy as usual but we got it fixed the next morning in Rapid City.



Scene on Boulder Canyon



Entrance Rapid Canyon

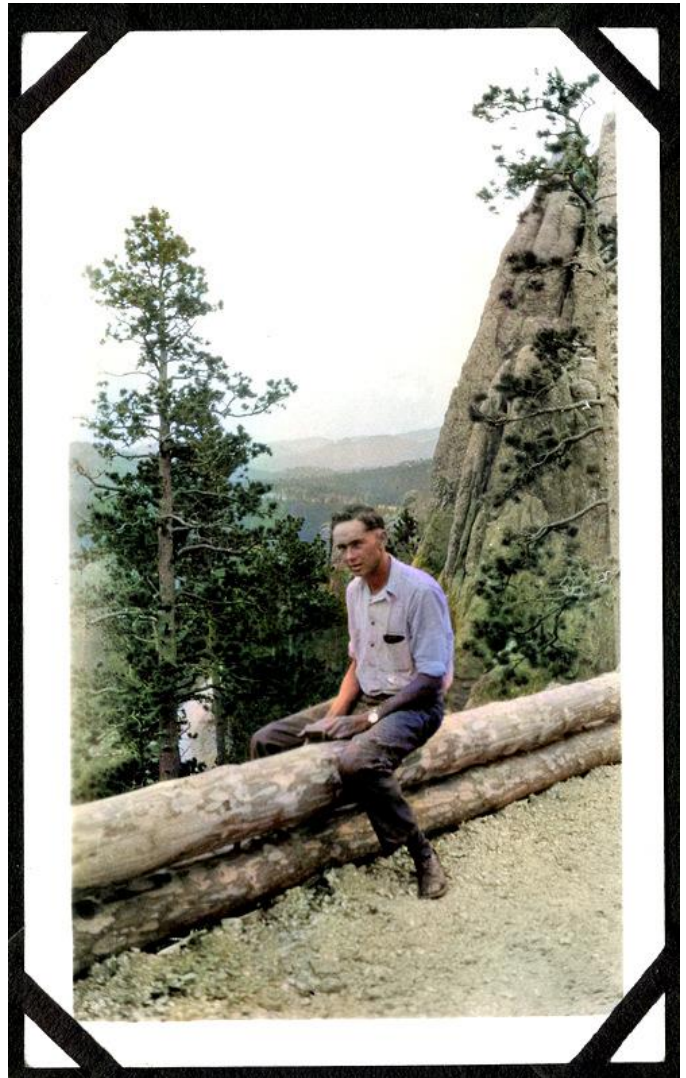


Scene in Rapid Canyon

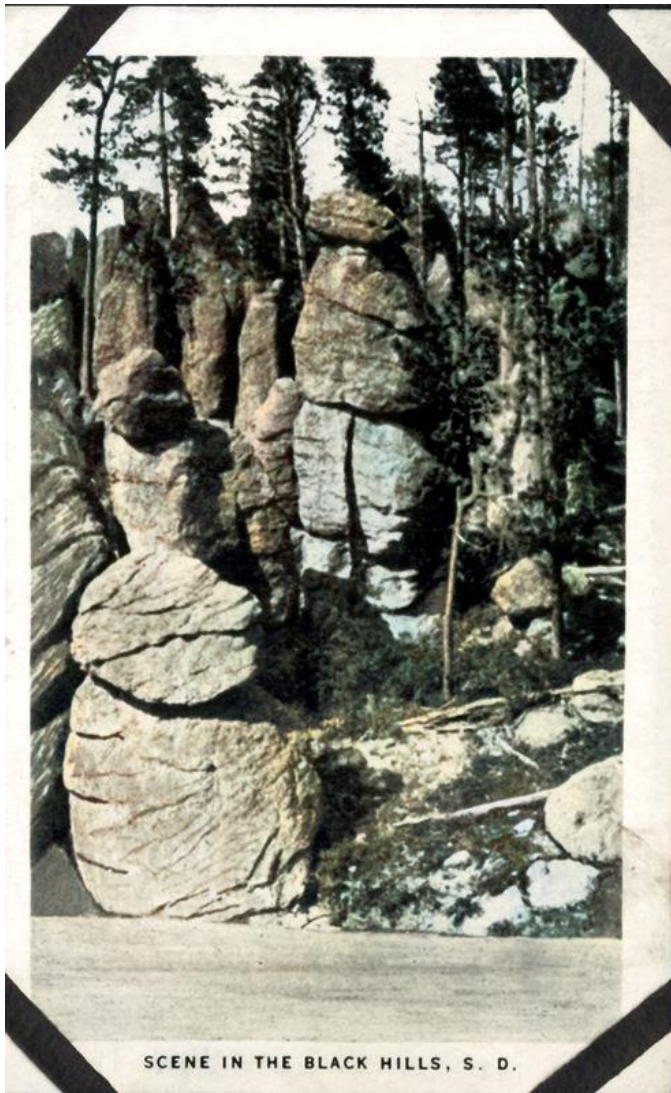
Got into camp at six forty five and we sure was tired. We had driven 609 miles since leaving Wayne.

They have a very nice tourist park here and it was filled almost to the brim that night.

On the first day of August (which is Wednesday) we are up bright and early. It has rained again during the night as it has every night since we left Nebraska and everything is wet. We get breakfast over with and drive down to the Nash Service Station to get the snubber fixed.



Road Under Limb



Scene in the Black Hills

Rapid City is a nice little town back away from the hills and has some very nice buildings of which the big new Hotel is one of the finest.

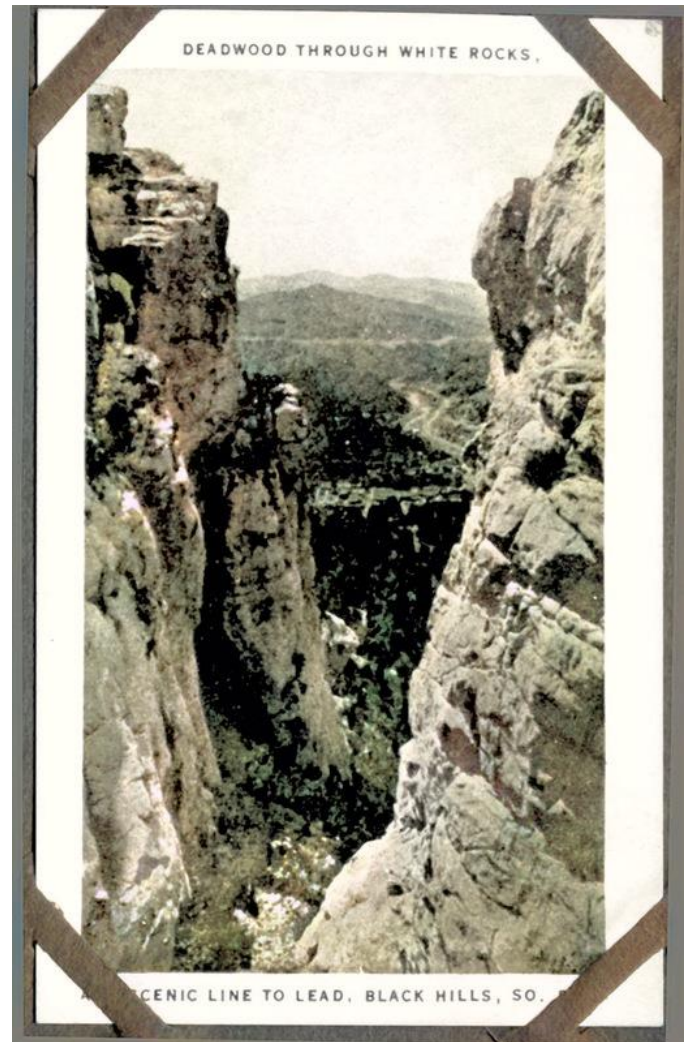
The road to Sturgis follows along the bluff back from the hills. We are entirely out of the mountains now.

We stopped in Sturgis to have a tire fixed that we punctured on the way and find we have three holes in it.

Into Deadwood it is mostly down hill but it seems as though it is up grade at times. I was sure it was until Rufus showed

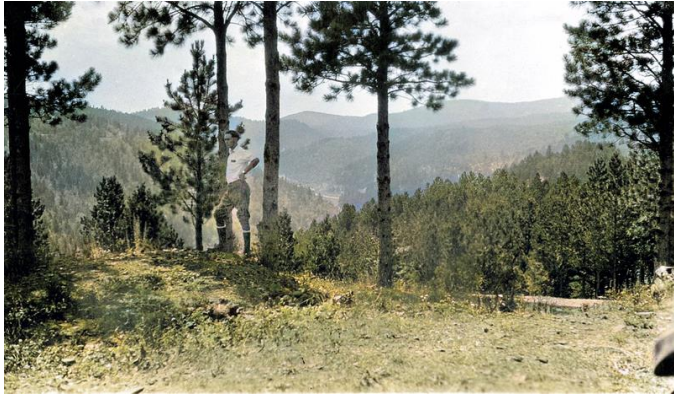
me the river along side was flowing the same way as we were going.

There is lots of Nash cars in Deadwood and I think they needed them to get on into Lead. It is up all the way and in Lead it is straight up.



Deadwood Thru White Rocks

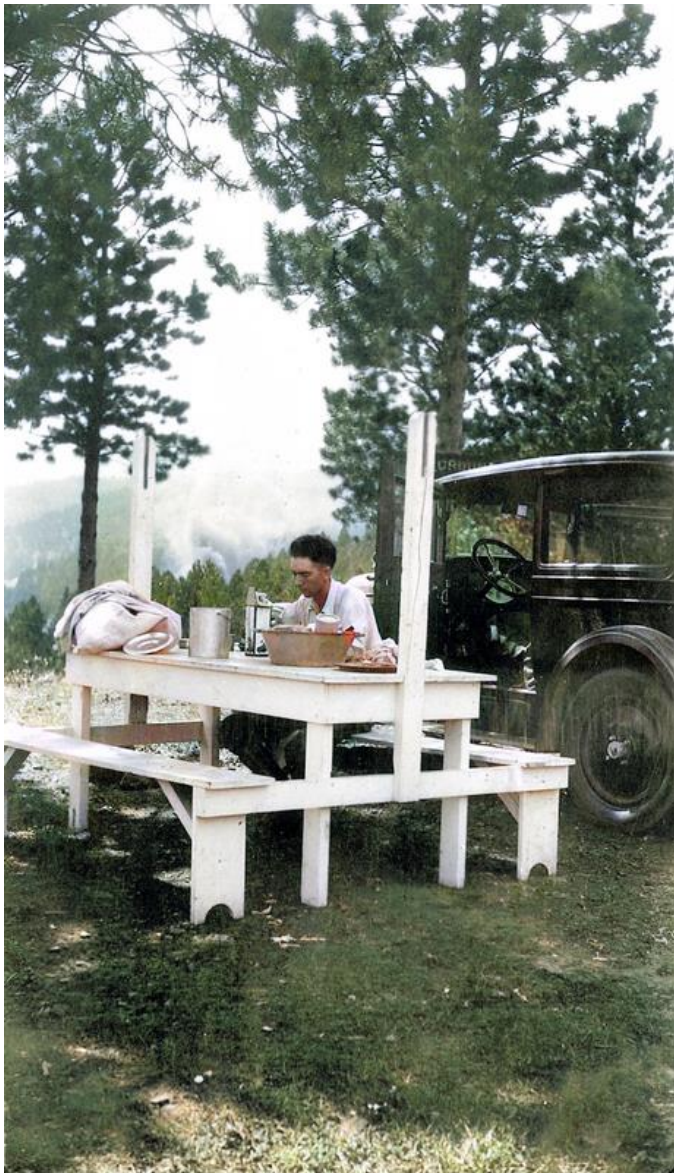
As we were pulling up Main Street (it had to be main street as there was only one in town) one of the back tires went flat. There was nothing to do but stop right there in the middle of the street and change it. It didn't take long to put on the spare and we went on to the Mile High Camp and got our dinner.



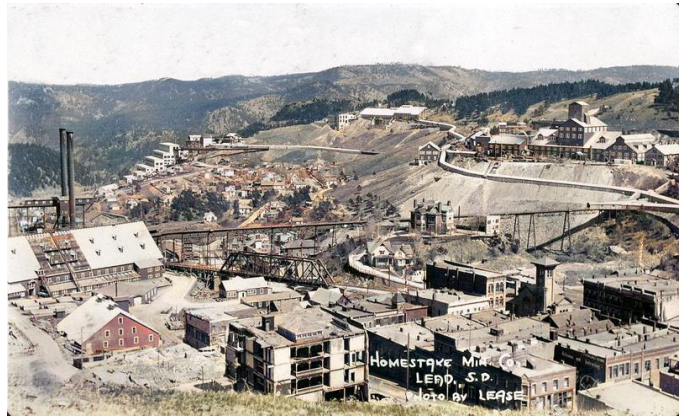
Mile High Camp Lead

It is on the top of a high hill and on the very top they have a ball diamond. We got the tire patched and dinner over and went back down town.

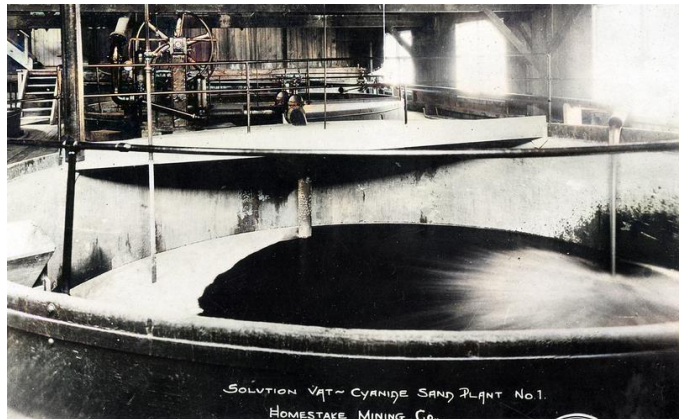
We started thru the surface works of the Homestake Mine at one twenty five and sure enjoyed the trip. We had a pretty girl for a guide and sure told us all about the way the ore was handled.



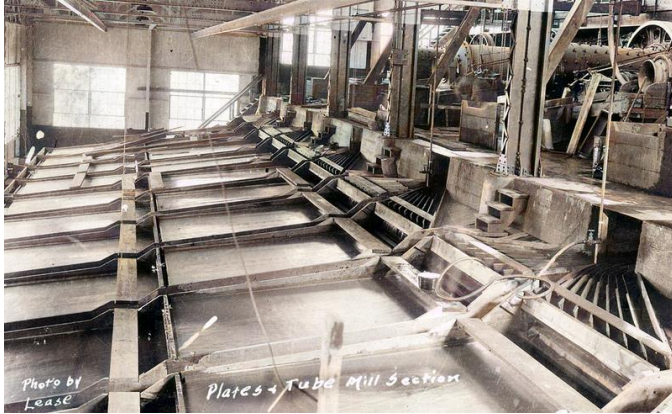
Diner Mile High Camp



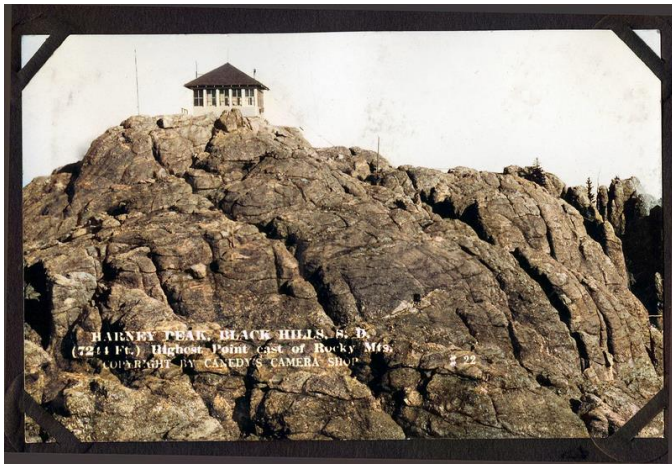
Homestake Mine



Solution Vat Homestake

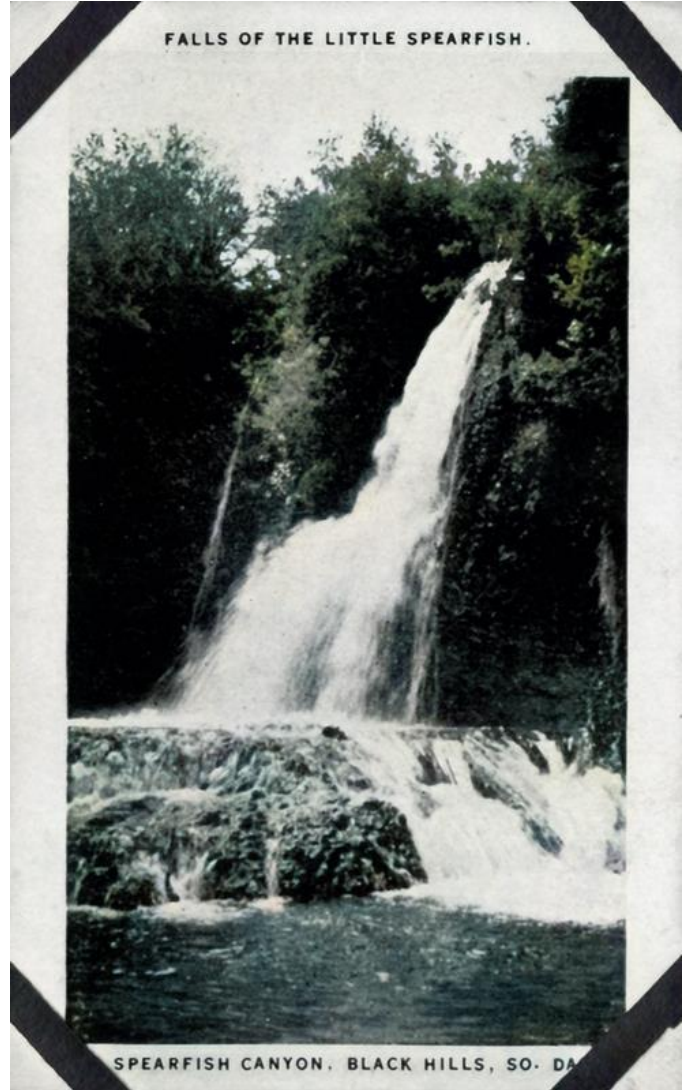


Plates and Tube Mill



Harney Peak

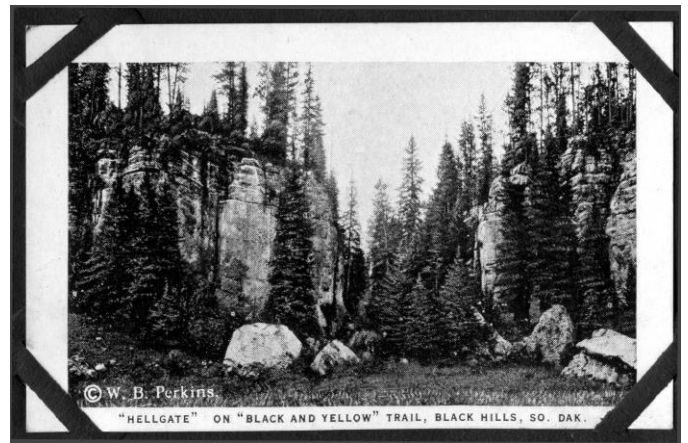
We found Bill and Elsie in Spearfish and stayed there for supper. We had a fine visit with them and after supper Elsie went with us to see the Norden Dam at Belle Fourche. It is some dam but as they were draining it when we were there we didn't get to see very much water. We took several pictures but as the skeeters were about as big as horses and they seemed hungry we soon hit the road back for Spearfish. The roads were muddy as it had rained that evening before we started but most of the road was graveled so it didn't bother much.



FALLS OF THE LITTLE SPEARFISH.

SPEARFISH CANYON, BLACK HILLS, SO. DA.

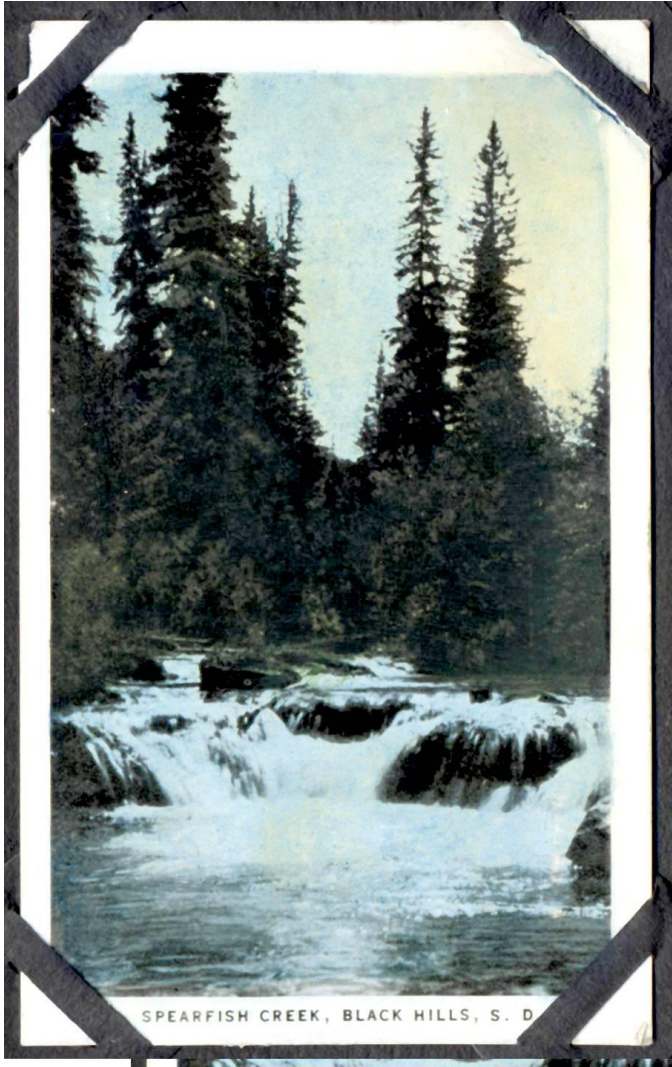
Little Spearfish Falls



© W. B. Perkins

"HELLGATE" ON "BLACK AND YELLOW" TRAIL, BLACK HILLS, SO. DAK.

Hellgate on Black & Yellow Trail



Spearfish Creek



Sunset on Dam Lake



Belle Fourche Dam



Overflow at Dam

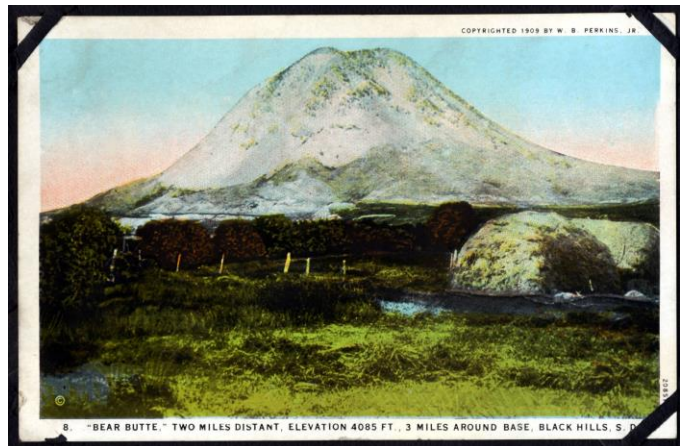


**Monument Near Gold St
Lead SD**

Rufus and I bunked in the hall that night and Elsie told us if we didn't get up in the morning when she called she was going to walk right out on us so the next morning we were up and had our packing done when her and Bill woke up.

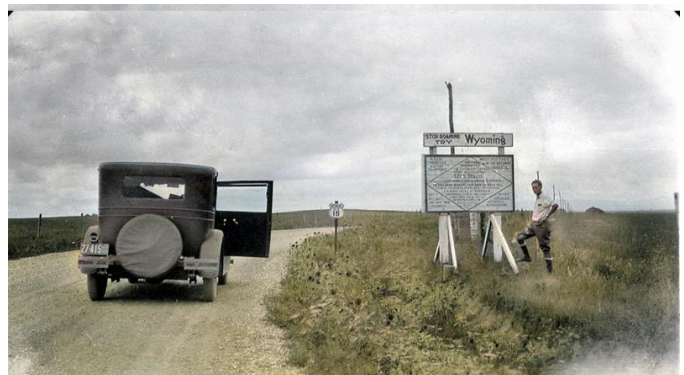
We started on after breakfast and we hated to leave so soon but we had a long ways to go before the day was done so we hit the trail.

We saw Bear Butte off to the northeast and Crow Peak to the southwest as we left. We had driven 750 miles since leaving Wayne.



Bear Butte

It is just an open grass country from here to Sundance and we lose no time at all. The car is working fine.



Wyoming South Dakota Line

We took our first picture of the Devils Tower when we were a little over twenty miles away from it. The road to the tower is somewhat hilly and the road is narrow. The rain the night before has made it muddy and on our way to the top of the tower we hit a water hole too hard and get the wires all wet and have to set there until it dries off. While we are waiting another car tries to get around us and gets stuck, so when we can go again we hook on to him and pull his car thru.

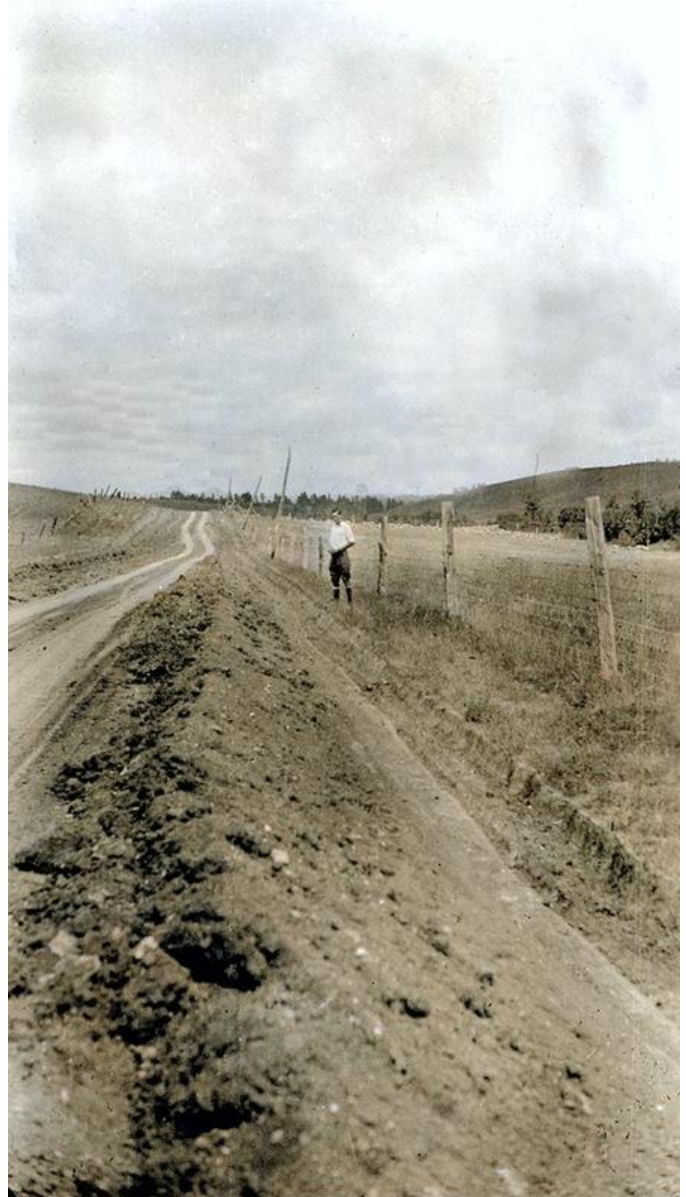


Shacks in Wyoming

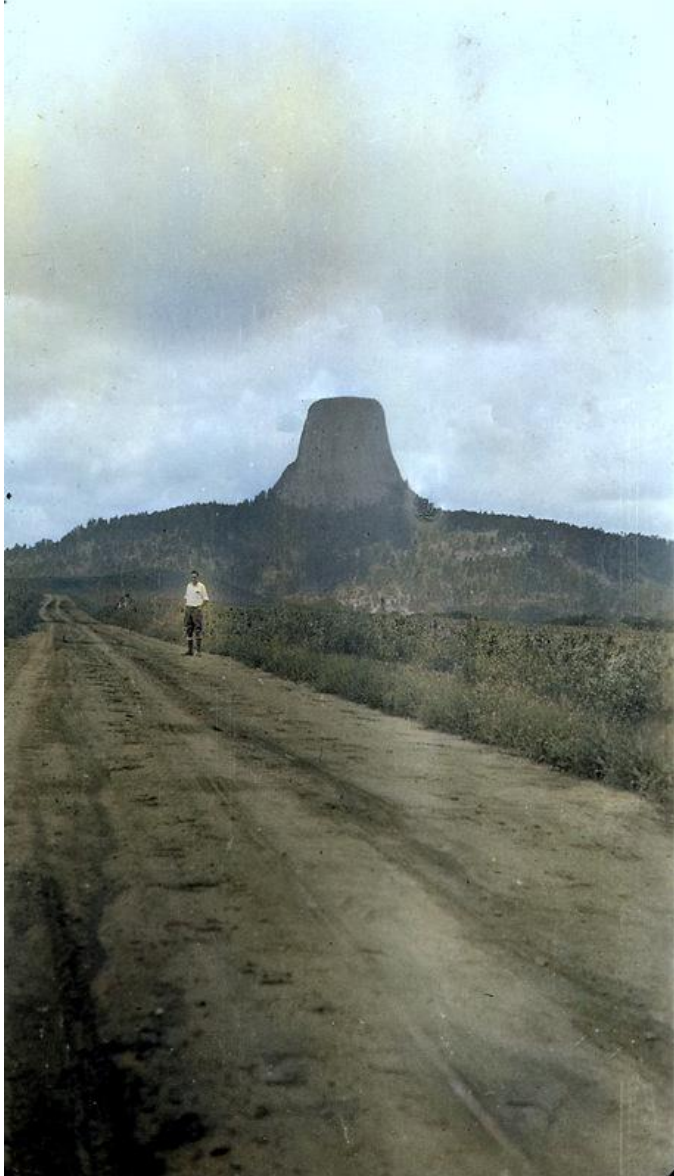
The tower itself is a huge upthrust of rock standing eight hundred feet above the limit that a car can go. The sides are almost straight up and the base is a jumble of broken rock that has fell off the sides of the tower both by erosion and by the storms.

The rock clefts in a six side form as it breaks and is formed of fine broken granite which it seems at one time was all melted together by some tremendous heat.

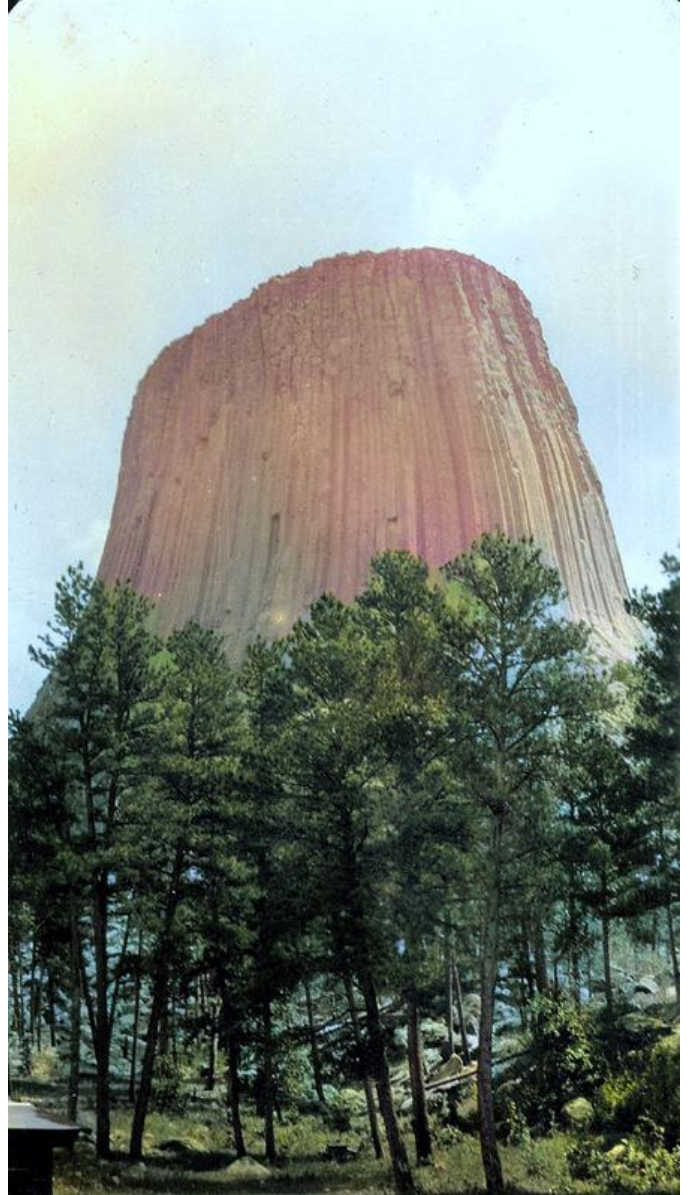
Only a few days before we were there they say that the human fly from New York was there trying to climb it. He did get to the top but, he had to use ropes and ladders and bore holes in the side to put pegs in.



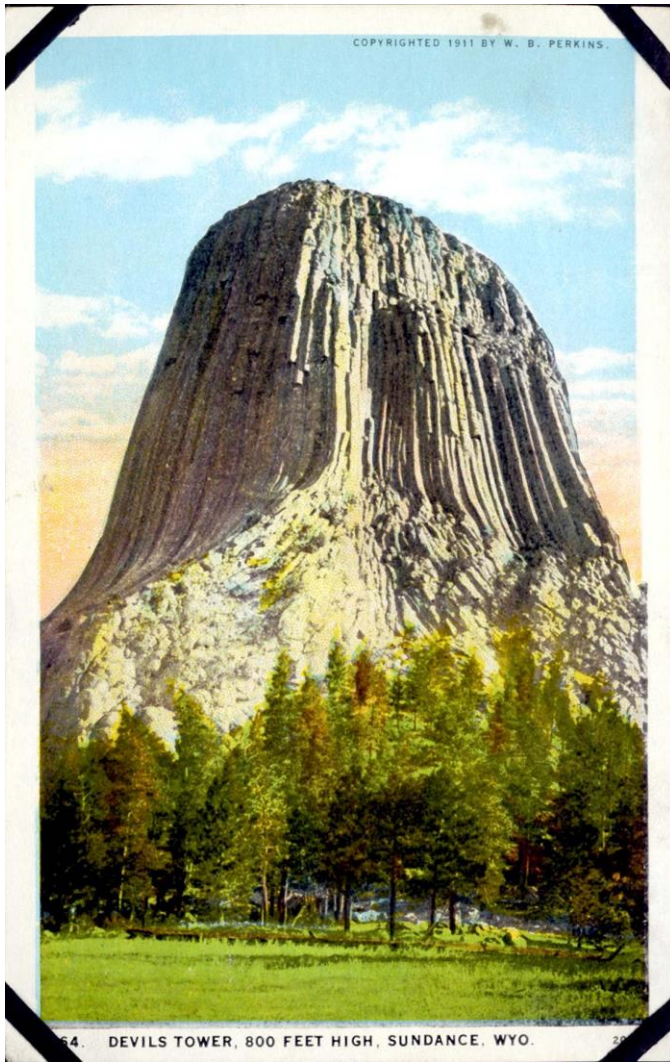
Devils Tower at 20 Miles



Devils Tower at 4 Miles



Devils Tower From Park



Devils Tower 800 Ft.

Leaving the tower we go on to Carlile for dinner.

West of Carlile we get to the top of the hills and start on the down hill trial. Off to the south and west we can see for miles and miles. The pine and spruce trees get thinner and the country looks a whole lot like western Nebraska. There is more grass and some sage brush.

A Buick ahead of us would not let us pass, every time we started around the old lady that was driving would pull over and try to run us in the ditch. Rufus got tired of dropping behind every time so he speeded up and got even with her before she knew he

was coming and when she swung toward him he headed the car right towards her and she sure gave the road then. But we got a cussing out of it as we went by and Boy how she could cuss. My ears rang for a week.

She came through Moorcroft as we were getting gas but we passed her a little ways down the road again. I held my hands over my ears as we went by so I don't know if she gave us another cussing or not.

At Moorcroft we saw the first Railroad since leaving Sundance.

The road is level all the way into Gillette but is not graveled. We changed the oil when we got there as we could get Quaker State and we weren't sure how far we would have to go before we could get it again.

The road from Gillette to Arvada is all surfaced with a red crushed rock. It makes a very good road after it is worked in once but when it is loose it is hard driving on it.

There are no towns between these points and as it is fifty two miles it sure makes a long drag.

It is mostly a grass country with here and there a little farming which looks awful poor. The corn was not as yet tasseling and is only a few feet high. The wheat toward Arvada is fair but sage brush does the best of all.

The buildings are only a few shacks setting back in a hollow some place with not a tree or shrub anywhere. There are a few dugouts and a few sod shanties in places.

Around Clearmont there is some irrigation and the main crop is beans. The farther we go the more beans we see and at Ucross they have a bean elevator.

As we neared Buffalo we could see some hills off to the west but as the clouds were hanging in them we did not know they were the Big Horn Mountains until that night in camp.



BIG Horn Moutains 35 Miles

They have a very nice camp in Buffalo and we soon had supper and turned in for the night.

The sun was up Friday morning when Rufus woke me up and it sure felt good. It had turned pretty cold during the night and had rained again but it was clear and soon dried things off.

Away off to the west we could see the snow capped peaks of the mountains. They never looked as though they were over ten miles away but the man in charge of the camp said it was thirty five miles to the top of them.

As we started out of town we stopped and took a picture of them.

A few miles out of town we picked up a man that was broken down with his car on the other side of the pass and gave him a ride. His home is in Sheridan Wyoming and he was helping build a camp for the Hy Y, Boys in the mountains.

It was a steady climb for the first eight miles in second gear. I was sure we were going down hill and I asked Rufus what was wrong with the car that he had to use second gear going down hill and he said it wasn't down but up. I Wasn't convinced as usual until the man that was with us told me to look at the river by the side of us and it was flowing the other way and then he told

me to look back the way we came and Boy it looked straight down.

On the lower hills out of Buffalo the wild flowers were all thru blooming but as we got higher up the sides of the mountains were just covered with several different kinds. There were Wild Larkspur in two or three shades of blue, Lupine in a deep purple, Gillardia in its orange and red, Lilies in white and blue, and hundreds of other kinds of color which showed up against the green grass and the brown of the dead leaves and pine needles.

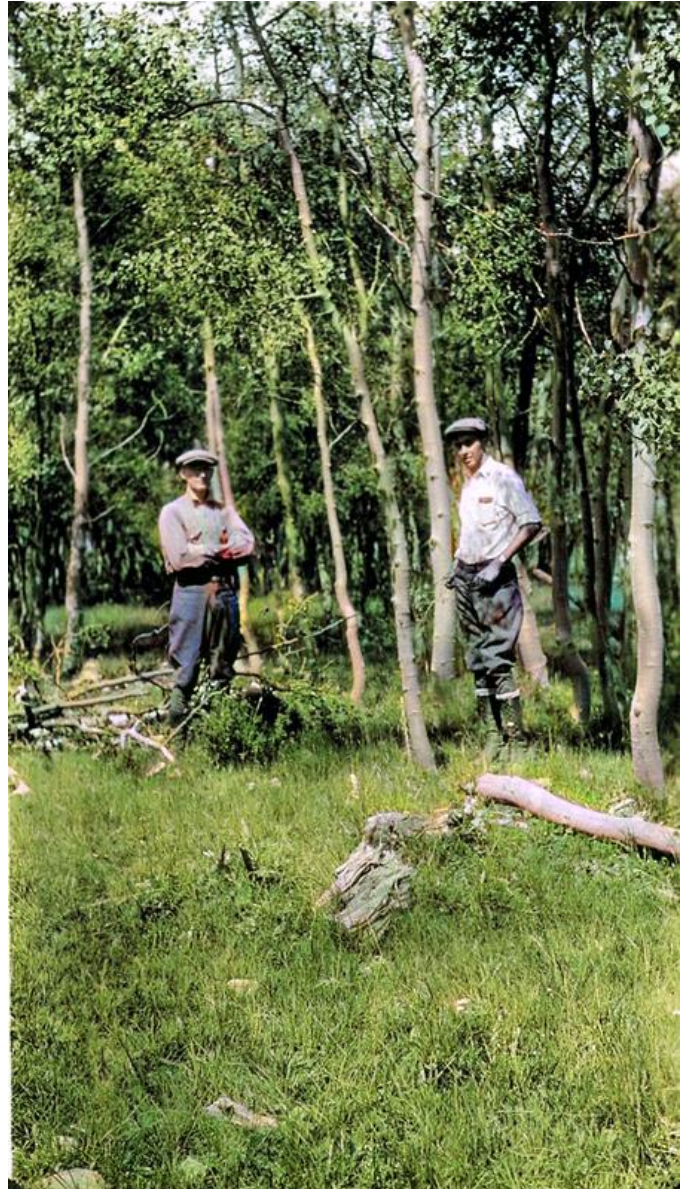
The farther up we went the thinner they got until in the pass there were as yet none blooming.

The roads were lined with Lodgepole Pine which grew so close together that one could only see a few feet into them. The Trailing Juniper covered the ground in several places and it looked very pretty with it's dark green interlaced with the wild flowers.

There are many groves of Quaking Asp which is a fairly low growing tree and of which the bark is of a color closely resembling the Birch. They get their name from the fact that if there is the least breeze blowing the leaves are moving.



Lodgepole Pine Big Horns



Quaking Aspen Grove

The pass is 9699 feet above sea level and there was still some snow over the bank to the south. It was so cold that we had our sheplined coats on and wasn't any to warm out of the car at night.

It is called Powder Pass. We put our John Henrys on the register and took a couple of pictures.



Powder River Pass

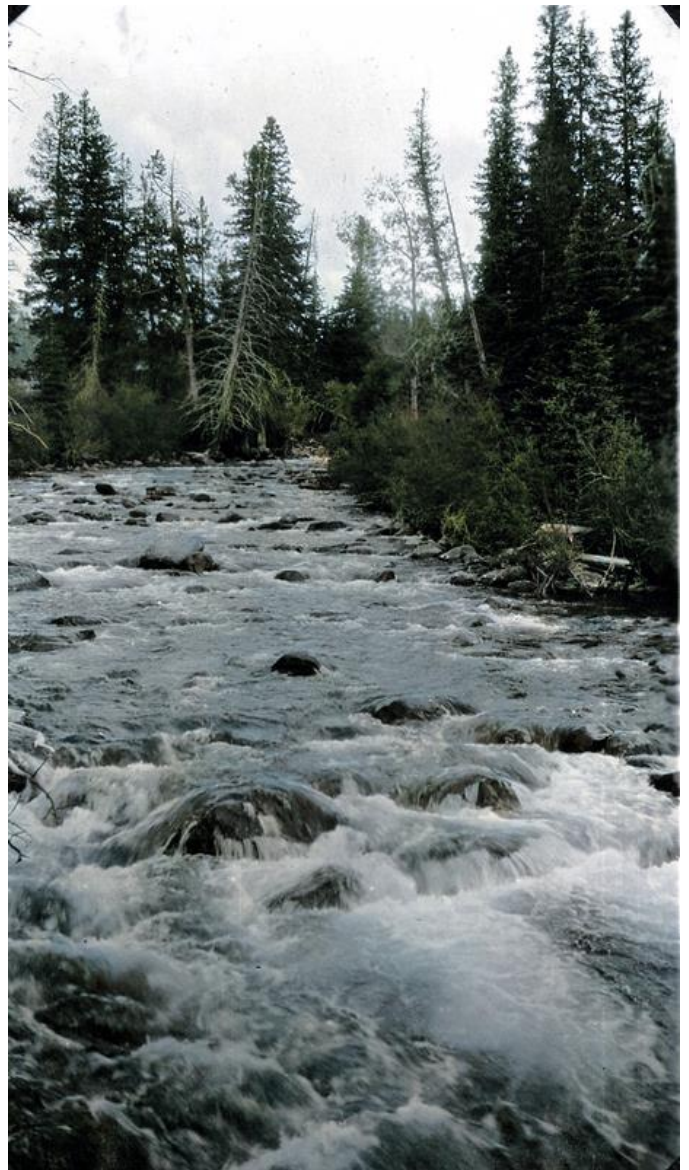
Then started the long down hill glide and it seemed a little different than using the lower gears all the way.

The country was very much the same as on the other side for the first fifteen miles.

Our company got out at his camp and we hated to have him leave us as he could call out attention to things that we would not have seen. He wanted us to stay and have dinner with him and the boys but as it was not dinner time yet we wanted to go as far as we could before stopping. He told us of some

Agates in the road and on finding out we wanted some he helped us hunt for them. We found several and thanked him for his offer to dinner and for his trouble of hunting rocks for us we moved on.

We crossed Tensleep Creek and took a picture of it. It is one of the prettiest little streams we saw on the trip. It falls very rapidly and the water washed rock are all thru the stream..



Tensleep Creek

As it gets farther down it widens out and one can hear a steady roar from it until it gets in between the cliffs and there it makes so much noise that you can hardly hear yourself think

At about twenty miles over the pass you enter the Tensleep Canyon. It is not so big at first but as one winds down thru it, it gets narrower and the cliffs get higher and steeper. For several miles they are hundreds of feet high and of every color one can think of, reds, greys, blues, greens, blacks, almost every color of the rainbow. As we pass around them they seem to change color and when you look back up the canyon it does not look like the same place as before.



Tensleep Canyon

At one place you can look down the side of the cliff and see our road a couple of hundred feet below us. The road is one of the finest that we have been on. It winds on down the canyon until at last it is along side of the river again. In some places the road has been blasted out of solid rock and the wall hangs out over our heads, it almost makes one wonder what would happen if it should break off. There are some caves in the walls high up on the side.

At the place where the road gets to the bottom of the canyon and follows along the river the canyon is only fifty feet wide but what it lacks in width it makes up for in

height. The river is hugging the canyon the cliff on one side and the road on the other.

We cross the river several times before we get out of the canyon and at one place just after going over the bridge the road swings up over an overhanging cliff that has been formed by the water.

As we near Tensleep there are no cliffs at all, the valley has widened out and there is not as much of a fall to the river. The low walls back are always of the same red rock that was around Hot Springs S. D.

There are a few ranches along the river where there is good grass.

We were going to get gas in Tensleep but they wanted forty six cents a gallon and as we had a couple of gallons we decided to go on to Worland.

Out of Tensleep there is hardly a thing growing, nothing but sand and volcanic ash which is deeply cut by the action of the water. The gullies are from fifty to a hundred feet deep and the road follows around on top of the ridges.

Sixty miles back the way we came you can see the snow capped mountains of the Big Horns while here it is so hot one can hardly breathe. There is not a sign of moisture any where around here and in places along the road there are bones of some animals that have died here.

Clouds are always hanging over Clouds Peak and now it looks as though it may be raining there.



Clouds Peak Big Horn Mountains



Hastellons Peak

The country is straight up and down We took some pictures but in our hurry (being we were about out of gas) we forgot to turn the film and so spoiled them.

The hills are of all colors, red, brown, purple, green, black, orange yellow, grey, every color one can think of only they are the dull shades while off to the east and north are the bright reds and yellows of the canyon while still farther are the purples and the greys of the mountains with its green of the trees, and the white of the snow on the peaks with the fleecy white clouds hanging over them and then above it all the deep blue of the sky. It sure is the sight of a life time.

It was in this wasteland that we saw our first prairie dog. He was sitting up on his hind legs looking at us as if owned the whole world. When we stopped to take his picture

he dived for his hole and we never saw him anymore.

Two miles east of Worland we saw the first water this side of Tensleep and it sure looked good after being in the hot dry country for so long.

Only had about half of a gallon of gas left when we drove up to the filling station.

Ate dinner there and they had a very nice tourist camp. There was free gas heat for the ones that wanted to use it.

Leaving Worland we again hit No. 20 and it made us sort of homesick again as it was the same highway that we traveled thru most of Nebraska.

The whole valley from Worland to Greybull is irrigated and they grow some very fine crops. The main crops are beans and beets. There is some hay and small grain.

At Greybull the Standard Oil Company has about fifty to seventy large tanks for storing oil.

West of Emblem it is all a high land which is hot and dry with very little irrigation.

On a detour we hit irrigation ditch and unload our baggage and have to repack.

Away off to the west we can see the Rockies with rain clouds hanging in them.

It was five thirty when we pulled into Cody and the first thing we did was to hunt the Post Office and get our mail. It was the first that we had received since leaving home and it sure was great to hear from the folks in Nebraska. We had driven pretty hard all afternoon to be sure that we got into Cody before the office closed.

That night we camped in the Buffalo Bill Tourist Camp and met some folks from around Alliance who were going into the park too.

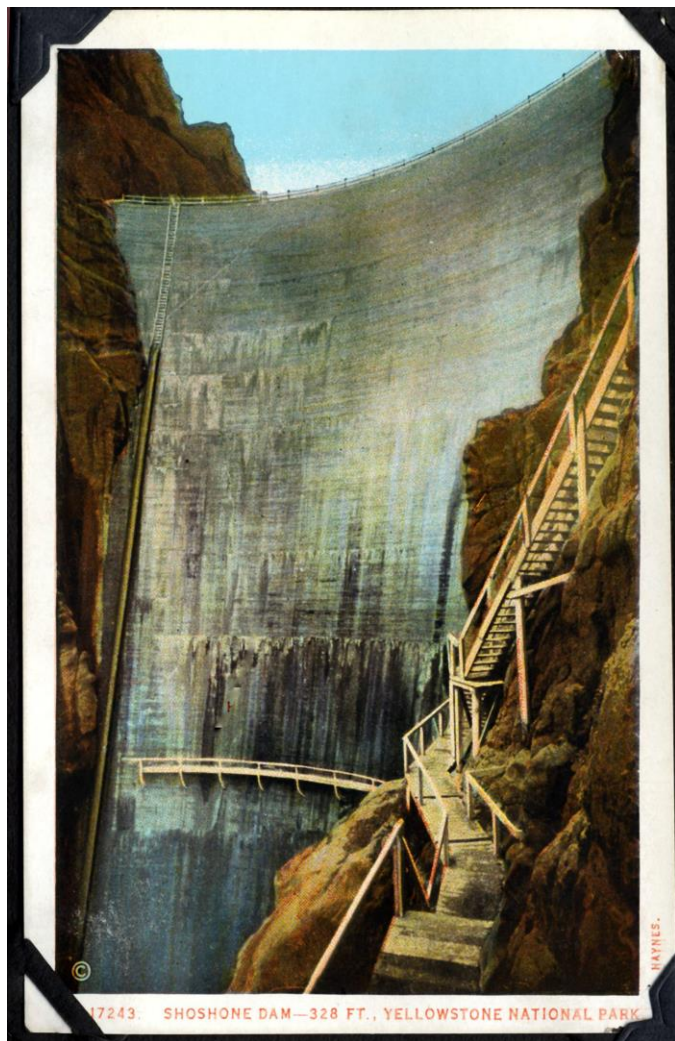
Just back of our car they had a pet bear in a pen. Of course it attracted lots of attention

Saturday morning we started out at eight thirty. It had rained again during the night as it had every night since leaving Nebraska but the roads were mostly rock and the rain did not bother.

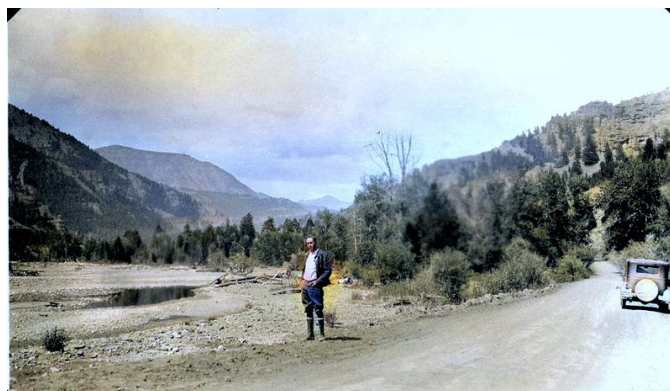
At the west edge of town there is the Buffalo Bill Monument which we saw as we left.

One passes a sulphur mine on the way to the park and it sure smells like it as you get near.

As one enters the Shoshone Gorge the wonders of the trip commence. On one side is Rattlesnake Mt. and on the other is Cedar Mt. The two were a solid mountain until the Shoshone River at some time cut its way thru the middle of it. The walls of the canyon are nearly perpendicular, but it was out of these walls that the Government blasted a road to build the great Shoshone Dam which is the second highest in the world. It is 328 feet high and was built at a cost of \$1,356,585.



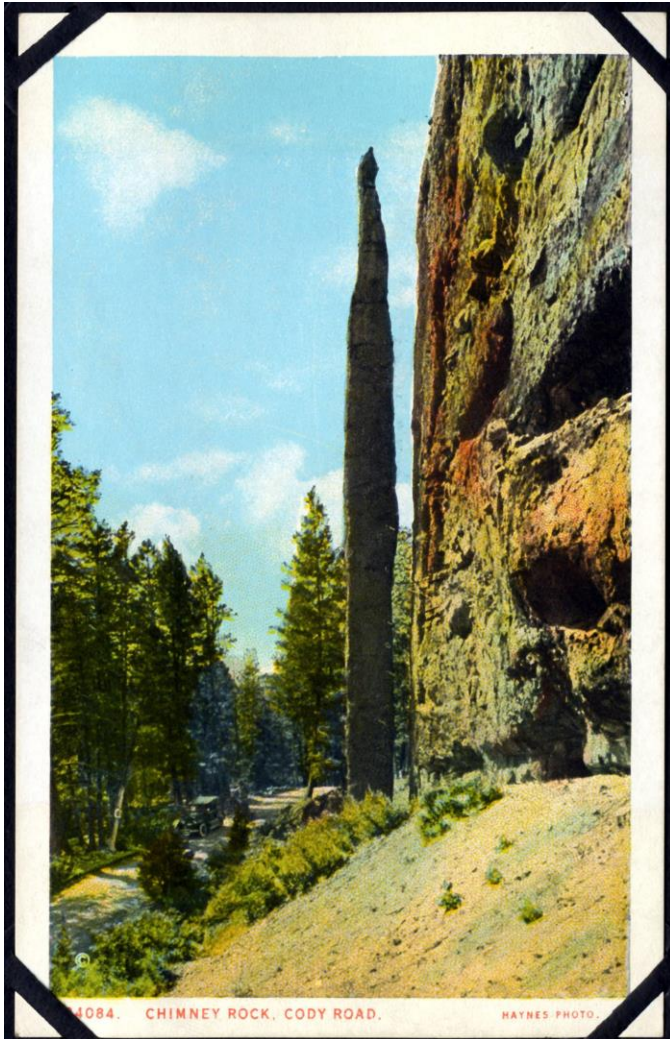
Shoshone Dam



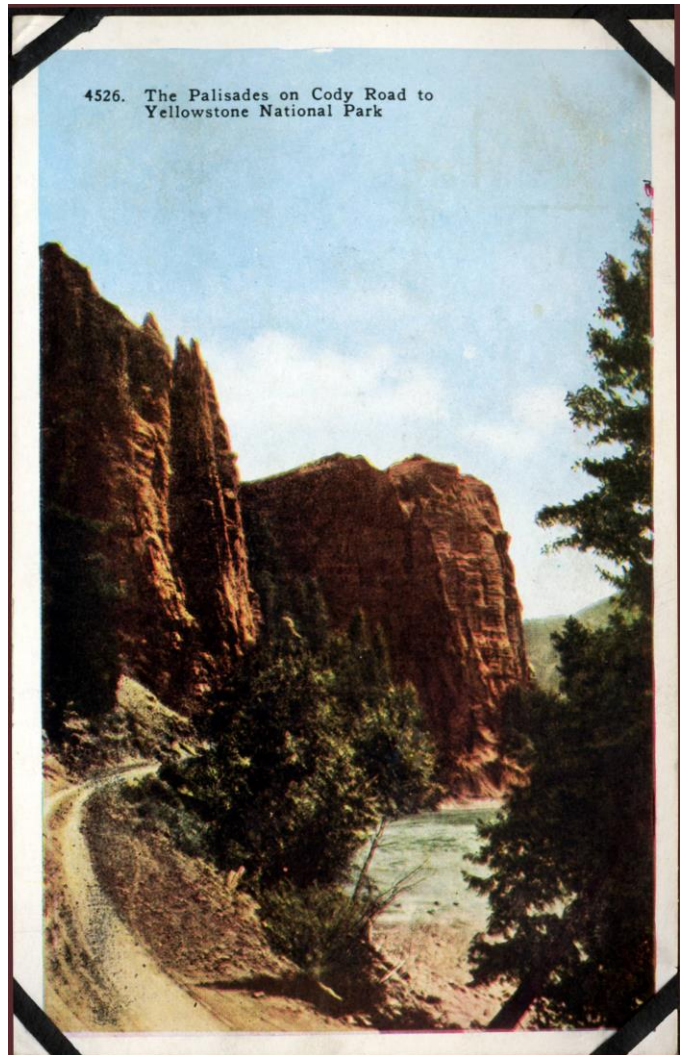
Shoshone Canyon On The Way Into Park

The road passes thru several tunnels on the way and west of the dam it follows the Shoshone Lake, then up the North Fork past several Dude Ranches and then enters the National Forest. At this point the valley narrows down to a deep canyon. High mountains on each side of the stand like huge sentinels at the gates of the forest.

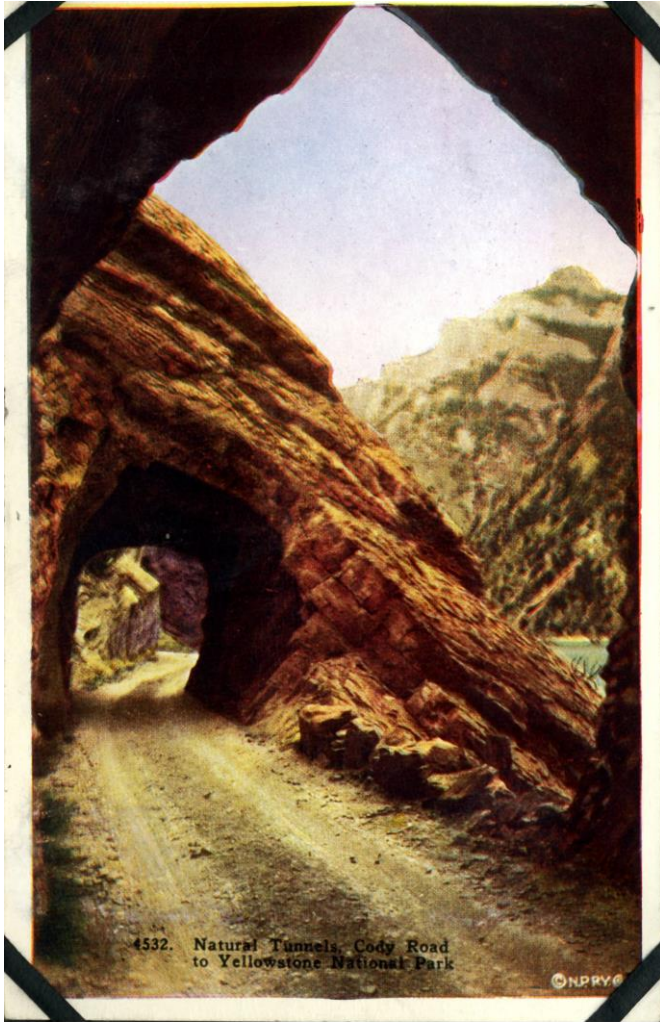
The mountains are composed of a red volcanic rock which is carved into a million fantastic shapes by wind and water erosion. Some of the shapes are the Holy City, Chimney Rock, Clock Tower, Hole in the Wall, Elephants Head, Duck, Wooden Shoe and several other shapes made of huge rock.



Chimney Rock Cody Rd



Pallisades Cody Rd



4532. Natural Tunnels, Cody Road to Yellowstone National Park

©NPRY

Tunnel Cody Rd

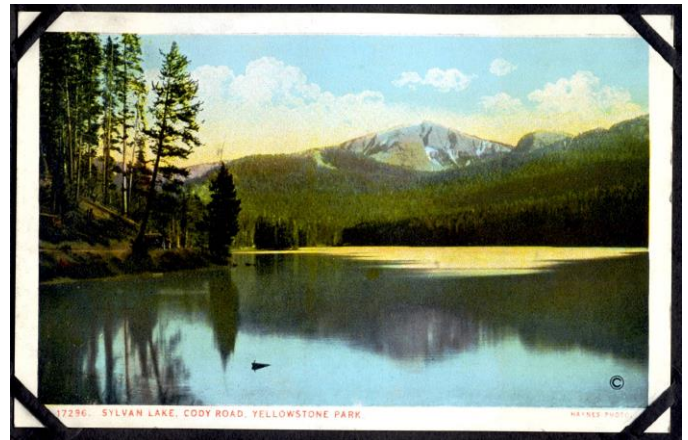
We got to the east entrance at eleven thirty. We were 1260 miles from Wayne.

Aways in the park we met a fleet of yellow buses on their way out and they sure do travel.

It is a steep pull up the side of the mountain before you get to the Sylvan Pass, altitude 8559 feet, and one has to make a loop just before you go thru the pass. It was just below here that a man ahead of us lost control of his car and started back toward us. There was not time to back up so I shot the car ahead into him and locked the brakes. He was coming back with enough force that he pushed us back into the car behind us. It

broke the irons on the tire carrier. It was raining as we came thru the pass and so cold that it felt as if we would freeze.

One passes several little lakes on the way down of which Sylvan Lake, a dainty sheet of water, set in the midst of heavy timber, surrounded by high and rugged peaks is the prettiest, Turbid Lake is another little lake that is passed on the way in. The hot springs and steam openings in the bottom and along the edges keep the water more or less muddy but it was something different than we had seen so far.



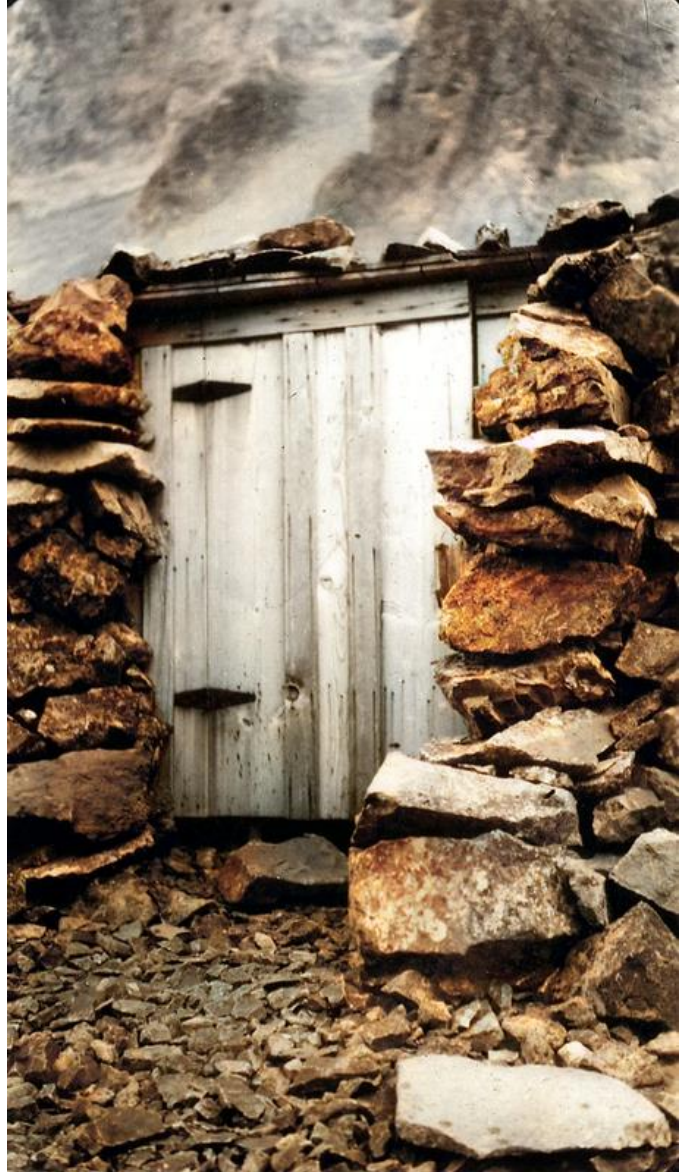
12256. SYLVAN LAKE, CODY ROAD, YELLOWSTONE PARK

©NPRY

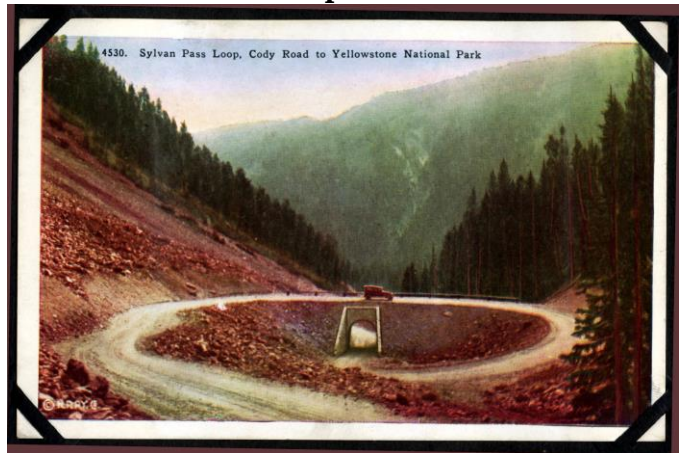
Sylvan Lake Cody Rd



Sylvan Lake Pass



Shack For Explosives in Pass



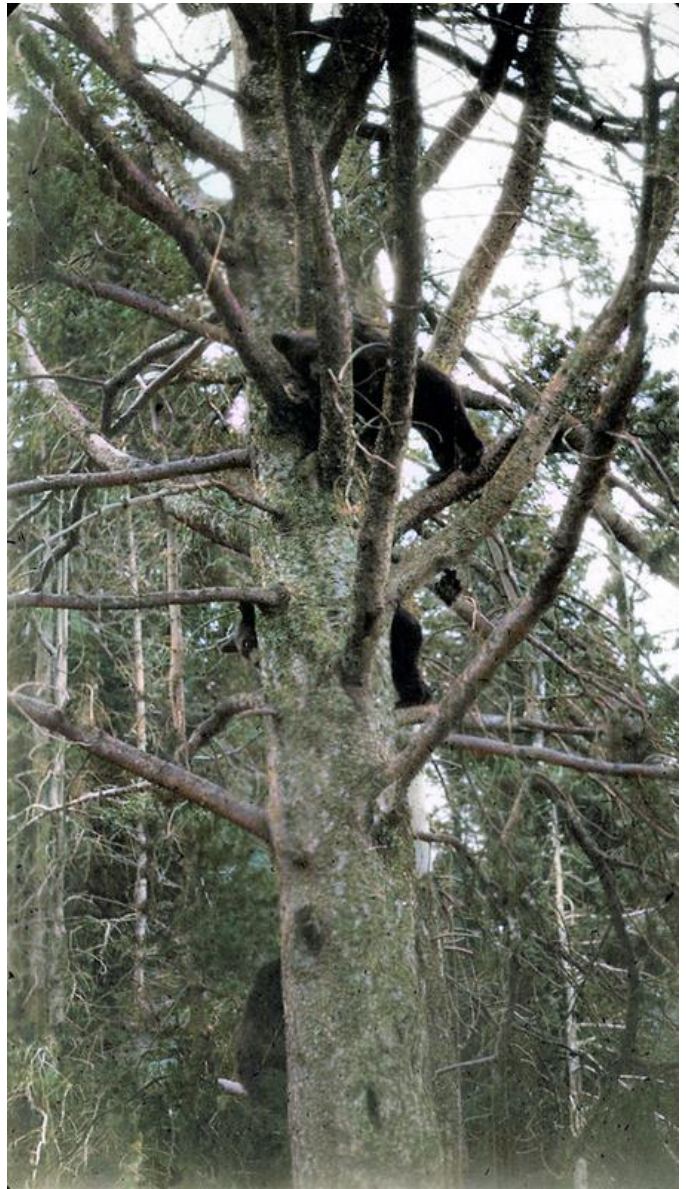
Sylvan Pass Loop Cody Rd

Arriving at Lake Junction we got dinner and then drove away around the Yellowstone Lake and it sure is a lot of water. Off across it we can see the Teton Mountains with the snow capped peaks reflecting in the water.

While we were driving around the lake we saw an old bear with three cubs playing around her. Some of the cars stopped and the cubs took to the tree but the old bear stayed and begged for something to eat. Rufus took a picture of them and then we headed on to Canyon Junction.



Three Cubs Yellowstone Lake



Cubs Yellowstone Lake



Yellowstone Lake

Six miles from the lake is where we saw the first mud volcano. It had built up a mound of mud around it and it was always throwing up the mud and splashing away as though it were enjoying itself. Also saw the Dragons Mouth Spring and some of the Paint Pots. Some of them were red, others blue, others grey, while still others were of a dark green.

Our next stop was at Canyon Junction. We left the car and walked back away to the stairs to the Upper Falls which are 109 feet. We stayed there a few minutes and then went on to the Lower Falls which are 308 feet and it was a sight worth seeing. The water tumbled down over the rock and smashed against the jumble of rock below where it sent up a heavy spray of mist that one could not see thru. We then went on down the canyon to Lookout Point and Grand View to view the Grand Canyon. Also was on Inspiration Point.



Grand Canyon Yellowstonre



**Rufus Upper Falls
Yellowstone River**



Looking Down Into Falls



Dinner Camp Lake Junction



Grand Canyon Yellowstone



Great Falls of Yellowstone

And the view one gets from these points. The canyon is about two thousand feet deep and about fifteen hundred feet wide. The walls are of all colors and the very brightest colors that it is possible to imagine. There are bright yellows, reds, oranges, browns, blues, and all the shades in between. Then there is the river flowing along in the bottom with its green water foaming as it goes on down the canyon. And always there is the roar of the falls in the distance. Then there is the walls dropping on either side from the pine topped levels above which are carved and fretted by the frost and the

erosion of the ages. Sometimes they lie in huge hollows carved from the side walls. Here and there jagged rocky needles rise perpendicularly for hundreds of feet like groups of Gothic spires.



Grand Canyon Yellowstone

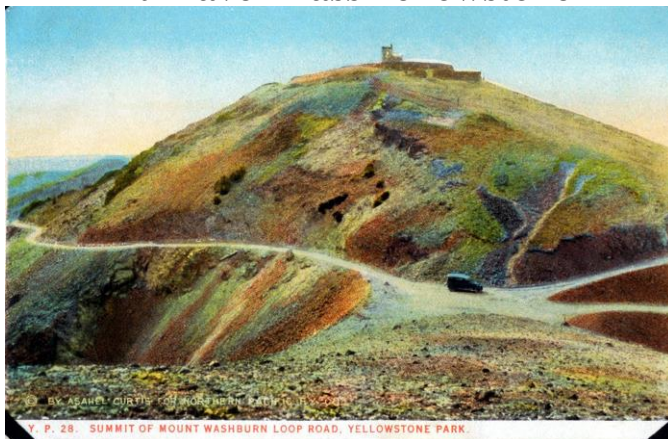
It is a sight that one will look on in silence, and one words can not begin to describe and has to be seen to really know what it looks like.

Leaving the canyon we head on for Tower Falls Junction and up over Mt.

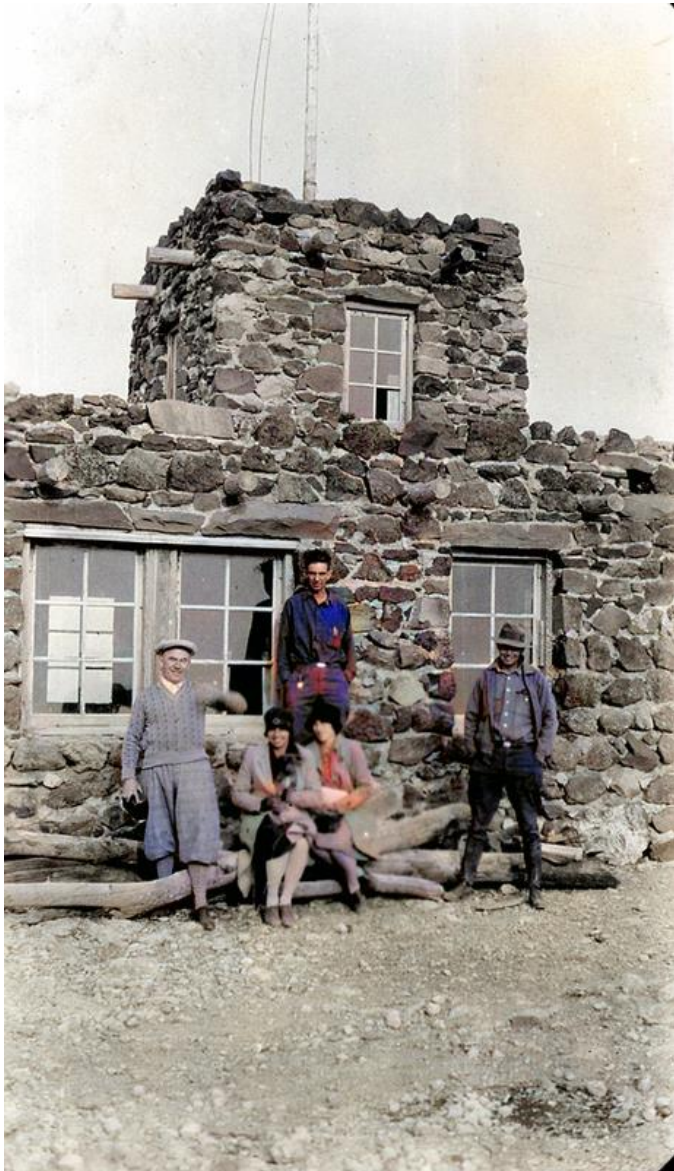
Washburn which is 10,346 feet high and one of the highest points in the park. After leaving the Dunraven Pass the road is very steep and it is the best to go into low gear as the extra time can be well spent in looking around. One gets a splendid view of the surrounding country from the top of it. There is a lookout cabin here and when we got to the top there was a fire going and it certainly felt good as it was above the snow line. We took a few pictures and started on down the other side. It was down all the way to Tower Falls and there were very few places that we did not have to use the brake. It is eleven miles that one does not need to use any gas to move the car but the rules require that you keep the engine running and the car in gear.



Dunraven Pass Yellowstone



Summit Mt Washburn



Our Crowd Mt Washburn



Our Car Top Mt Washburn



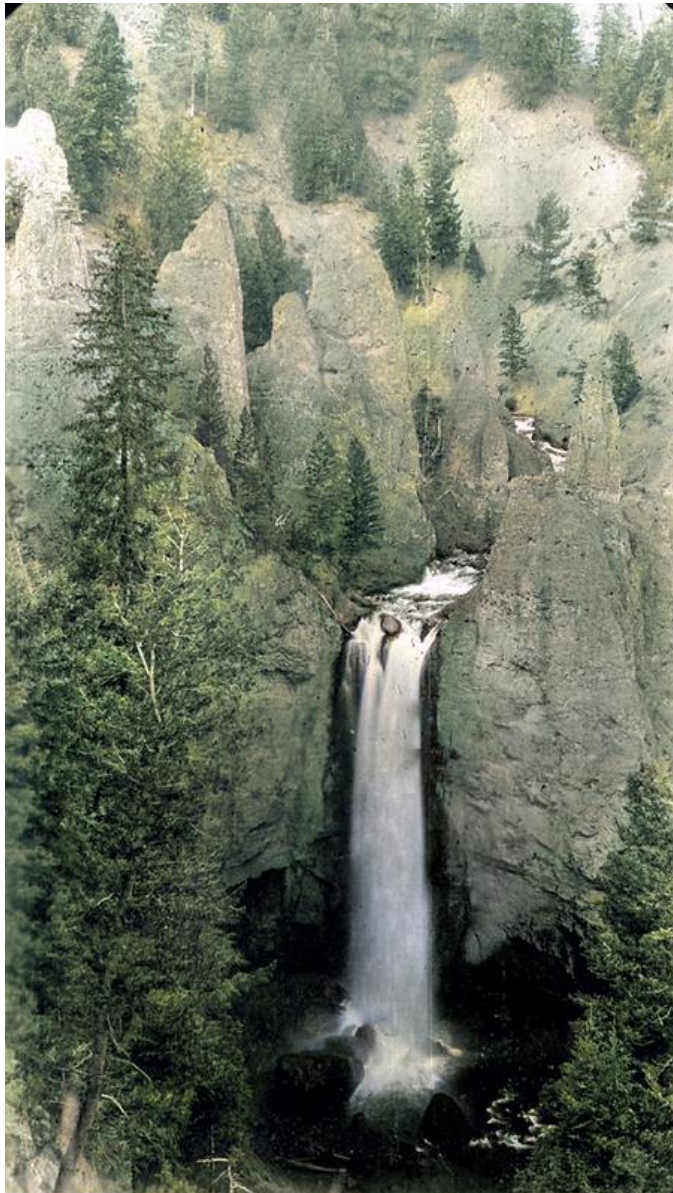
Top Mt Washburn



**Dunraven Pass From Top
Mt Washburn**

There were many kinds of wild flowers on top of Mt. Washburn such as For-get-me-nots, Lupines, and others but they were all dwarfed and none of them grew over four to six inches high.

It was late when we got to Tower Falls that night so we soon had supper and hit the hay.



Tower Falls

When we woke up Sunday morning there was frost everywhere and so cold that it made us shiver as we got breakfast. We had

just sat down to eat when an old bear walked into camp but as we didn't give him anything to eat he went on to another camper. The night before the Ranger had is a very pretty little falls. The trail to it is somewhat rough as it is not kept in as good a shape as some of the others.



Petrified Tree

After leaving the falls we went on past the needles which are a whole lot like the needles in the Black Hills. One of them stands to a height of nearly 300 feet starting

at the waters edge and towering up over your heads.

The road passes close to a wonderful cliff of Columnar Basalt that hangs way out over the road. This is the famous Overhanging Cliff.

A few miles farther on the road we turned off to go to see the Petrified Tree. It is an old stump that is about twenty or thirty feet high and of solid rock. There is a iron cage around it but I was able to reach thru and get a piece of it that had broken off.

It is a three mile pull after leaving the tree and then a long, steady descent to Gardiner River which is two miles from the Mammoth Hot Springs



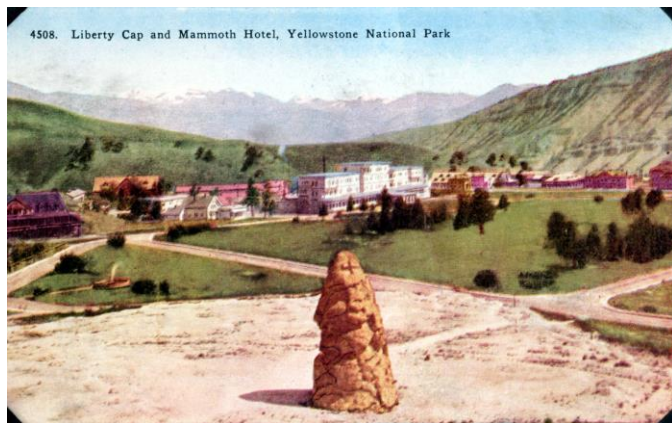
Rufus With Elkhorn

We got there just at dinner time and we were hungry as usual but as it was raining we ate a cold dinner and then went on down to the Park Headquarters. We had went down and got our mail before dinner and stopped to see if we would be allowed to keep a Elk Horn that we had found in the hills. They said no one was allowed to take anything out of the park but if we wanted to put it on a hut that was made of horns in front of the office we could do so.

We then took the car and drove out a few miles on the road to Gardiner just to say that we had been in Montana.

Returning to Mammoth we left the car and started on the Terrace Trail. It was hot when we started out and the sun on white rock almost blinded one.

The trail started at Liberty Gap which is an old extinct hot water cone now standing 40 feet above the surrounding formation. It is similar to the Travertine deposits that make up the terraces and is the result of erosion.



Liberty Cap Mammoth Hotel

The trail then runs up past the Minerva and Mound terraces then bears a little to the right on past the Cleopatra and Gauge Terraces, which was formed by springs that emerged along a fissure and now is nearly inactive.



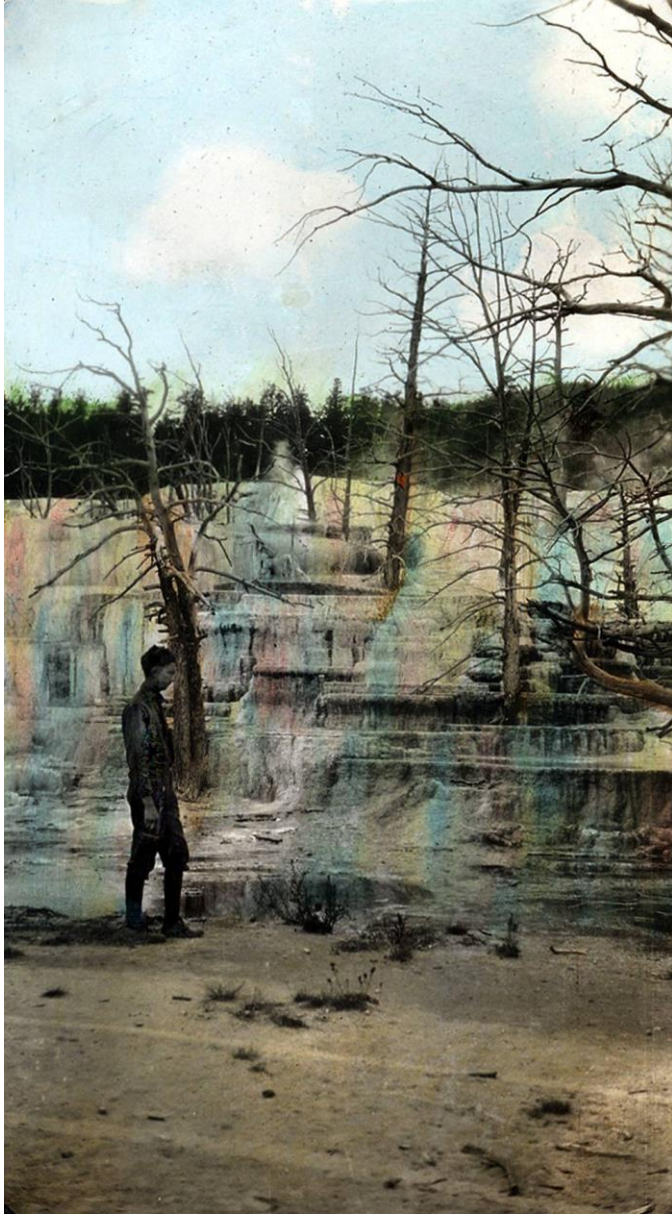
Minerva Terrace

Orange Spring, a prominent mound of Travertine which is slowly building up is a very pretty terrace. Following on past several more terraces we come to the Devils Kitchen and of course we have to go in to see if the old boy has anything left over from dinner. It is a cave that was formed by a hot water spring and is several feet deep. The steps lead to the bottom and we went clear down and talk about being hot, it was like being in a roast oven. We didn't stay there very long and when we got out the Ranger was calling everybody's attention to a wild deer over in the timber that we had seen as we came up. A girl was feeding it candy and it sure seemed to be enjoying itself.



Orange Terrace

This is the highest point on the terraces and the trail leads down past the New Highland Terrace and the Angel Terrace which is in many respects the most delicate and beautiful of all. There are lots of dead trees standing in it which look as though they are petrified, but are only being well preserved by the travertine that is being deposited about them.



Angel Terrace

Jupiter Terrace is next on the trail and it is the finest of all. It is the largest hot spring terrace in the world. It is probably fifty feet high and a hundred or more long. There is every color one can think of and the hot water running down over them make them very pretty. The water from the springs are piped down to the town and are first used for drinking and the rest is run into the bath pool.

At many places the Jupiter and Blue Springs present the appearance of boiling, but it is just the escape of the carbonic-acid gas as the temperature is only about 198 degrees F. at this altitude.

From here the trail heads down past the swimming pool and back to where we started.



Pulpit and Jupiter Terrace



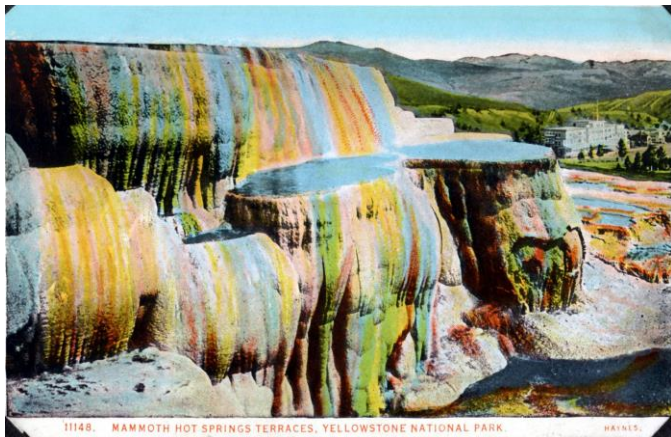
Jupiter Terrace



Jupiter Terrace From Below

At Mammoth Hot Springs the deposits from the hot water consists mostly of carbonate of lime, or travertine, and are different from those of the geyser basins, which are made up of siliceous sinter, or geyserite. Under favorable conditions this carbonate of lime may deposit rapidly as shown by the thin film of travertine found coating all objects exposed in waters issuing directly from the springs. There are some other minerals in these waters, but it is true

that most of the coloring is due to low forms of vegetable life, principally algae, that will grow in hot water up to a temperature of 180 degrees F. The deep blue of the water is not due to the mineral matter or to the reflection of the sky, but is the way all clear water looks in large bodies against the white background.



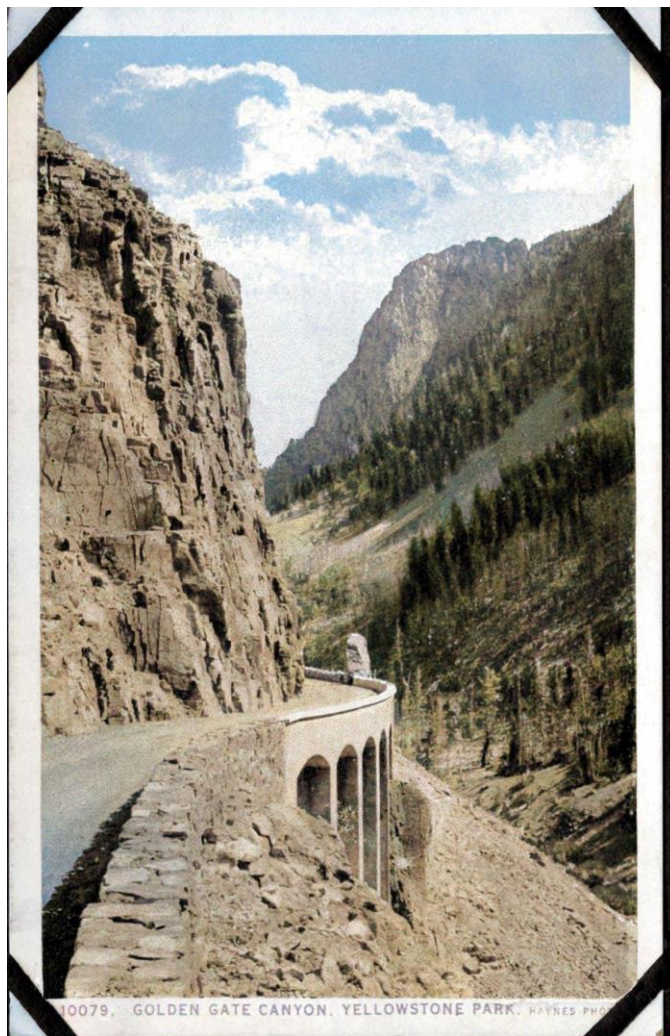
Mammoth Hot Springs Terrace

By the time we had gotten back to the car it was a little cloudy and just as we got to the store it started to rain and the way it came down. It acted as though it thought it had to wet things up here in a hurry and it did. Everybody ran for the buildings and stayed there until it quit. We got some supplies and curios and as the Ranger said he doubted if it was rained any out a couple of miles we started on, even if it was raining. And true enough when we were a mile or two up the canyon there was no sign of rain and the sun was shining.

It is a steady pull up from the Springs for aways and then the road is fairly level. One passes thru the Silver Gates and the Hoodoos which are massive blocks of travertine piled in the most confused manner and covering several acres in this part. It is thought that they were thrown down from higher levels by some violent earthquake shock.

A mile further is the Golden Gate which is of a golden yellow color while the other was white. The rain had hit them and made them wet and as we come thru the sun was shining on them and brought out the colors and made them very beautiful. The river follows down along on the other side of the canyon and it is falling very rapidly.

A concrete viaduct forms the road as one goes through the Golden Gate and is several feet long.



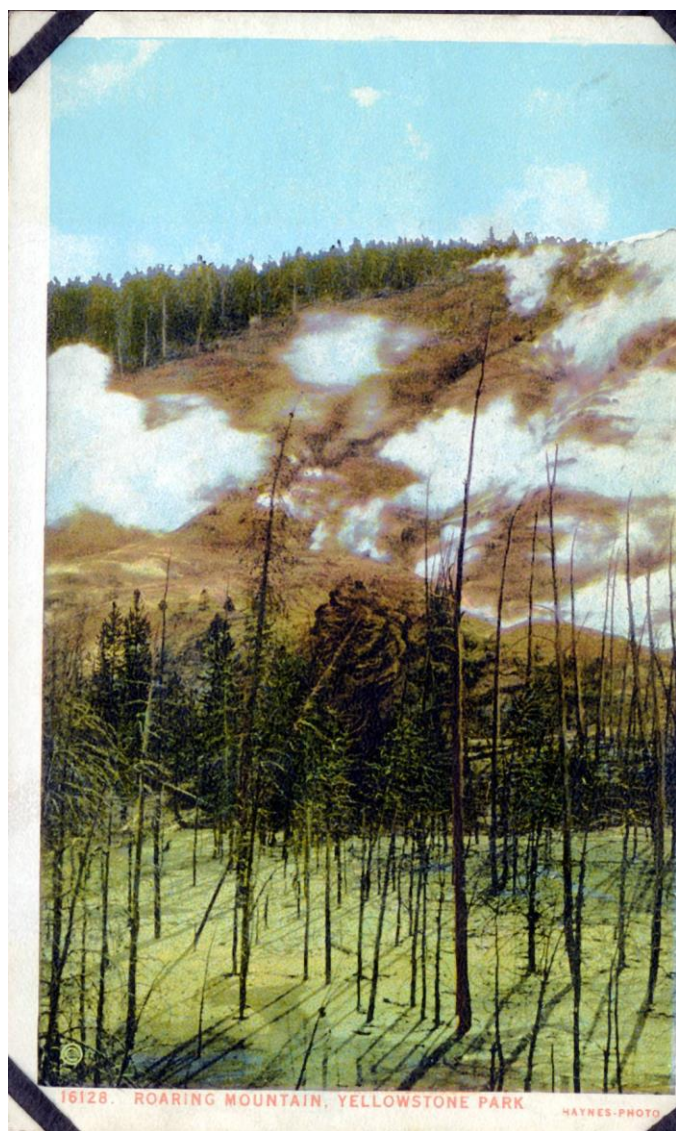
Golden Gate Canyon

At the head of the canyon is the Rustic Falls, which is 70 feet high and the small

stream of water looks very pretty leaping over the side of the cliff.

All the way up the canyon one drives between high cliffs and then on past the falls until at the head of the canyon one suddenly comes out into a level, grassy meadow with no sight of the huge boulders that one saw a moment before.

There are several mountain peaks off in the distance, as Electric Peak, Quadrant Mt., Bannock Peak, Mt. Holmes, Bunsen Peak and many more.



Roaring Moutain

The country is a woody, fairly level mountain valley from here on to the Obsidian Creek along which is the cliff of Obsidian Rock. It is of a black volcanic glass and was much used by the Indians for arrow-heads. We got some samples of it and went on to Roaring Mountain.

Roaring Mountain, was in 1902, covered with a heavy growth of timber, and the only evidence of subterranean heat was a small opening on the extreme top of the mountain, in which a little steam could be seen escaping. In 1902 it began to shoot steam from several openings and until now it is coming from over the entire mountain side. The trees are all killed and standing there on the mountain side with the steam shooting up around it.

On a little ways are the twin lakes. They are connected by a small brook, yet they are of a different color. One of them as a beautiful deep blue and the other is of a dark green.

Frying Pan is the next hot spring and it is always boiling and bubbling away as though it was a pan grease, thence it's name.

From Norris Junction to Madison Junction one passes several Geysers among which are Constant Geyser, Whirligig Geyser, Valentine Geyser, Bathtub Spring, and several others of which the Black Growler is the most interesting. It is always shooting out a large quantity of steam and it makes so much noise that one can hardly hear what anyone else says when you are near it. The temperature is 284 degrees F. and is the hottest vent in the park. All of these geysers are small and shoot at irregular intervals.

There are also some small paint pots here. The Chocolate Pots are small hot springs along and even out in the river, which have built themselves small cones covered with brownish algae and iron, giving

them the appearance of being chocolate coated. There are also some of red, some of blue, and some of green. They are all very pretty being covered with a different colored algae.

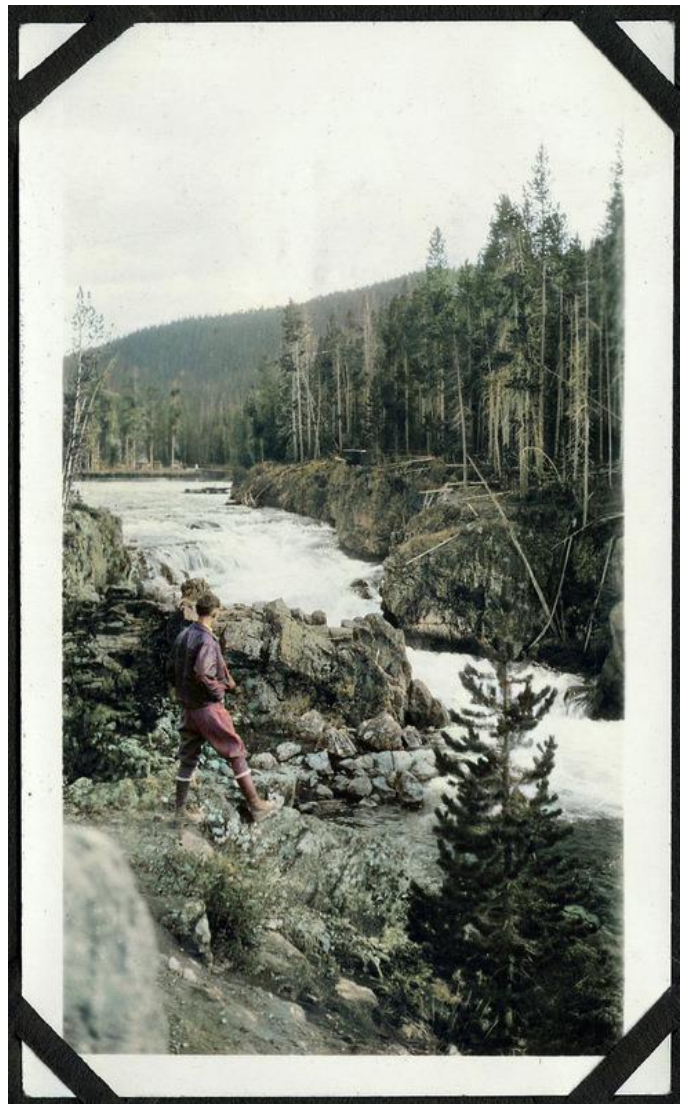
The road from Madison Junction crosses the Gibbon River then up the Firehole River. There is a steep climb for aways between two canyon walls that stand up to the sides a hundred feet or more. On one wall appears the cross section of an old geyser or hot spring. The road then passes out of the canyon into a level stretch of country along the river. The road is all lined with huge boulders that have been placed there for a railing. One then comes to the Firehole Cascades and the water pours down over the rocks and boulders that litter the stream and falls for several feet. It causes lots of foam to be formed and the noise it makes is as loud as some of the big falls in the park.



Firehole Cascade



Along Firehole River



Firehole Cascade

Fountain Geyser Basin is the largest of the Geyser Basins but as they are scattered so bad most people see only the main ones along the road.

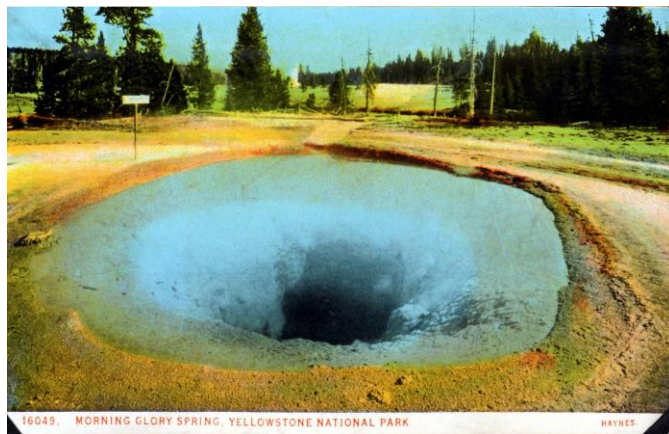
Fountain Paint Pot is the one that draws the most attention. It is not a geyser but a pot of bubbling mud. It closely resembles a mortar box that has had a batch of lime and water dumped in it and is bubbling and boiling away only this has different colors of mud in it. One part is pink, while another is blue, and yet another part of it is a green tinge. It is about twenty or thirty feet across and has thrown up a mound around it of mud that is now dried and hardened.



Fountain Paint Pot

Midway Geyser Basin is really a part of Lower Geyser Basin, and it is here that Excelsior Geyser Crater is found. It is now inactive, having stopped in 1888, but it was once the largest geyser in the park.

In Upper Geyser Basin is the Morning Glory Pool. It is a quiet spring and when one looks down into the throat of it, it looks like a huge Morning Glory with a deep blue throat.

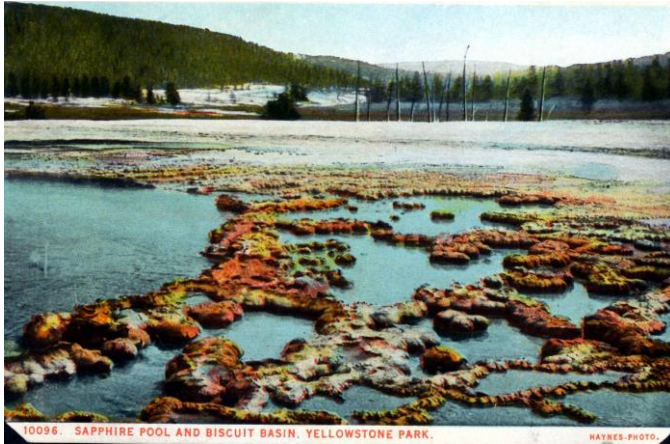


Morning Glory Pool

On the main road one passes the Grotto Geyser which is an empty crater that is yet pretty warm but is shooting little or no steam. Also Castle Geyser which is a very powerful geyser and is not connected to any other spring or geyser as are many of the others. It frequently spurts up to a height of 15 to 20 feet, as though it might play, but this is a sign that it is not going to play, because after it does so it dies down again and is still for awhile. It has the highest cone of any in the park and when it does play it shoots to a height of about 75 feet and throws a large amount of water. It only plays every three to four days and we had the good fortune to see it play the last day we were there.



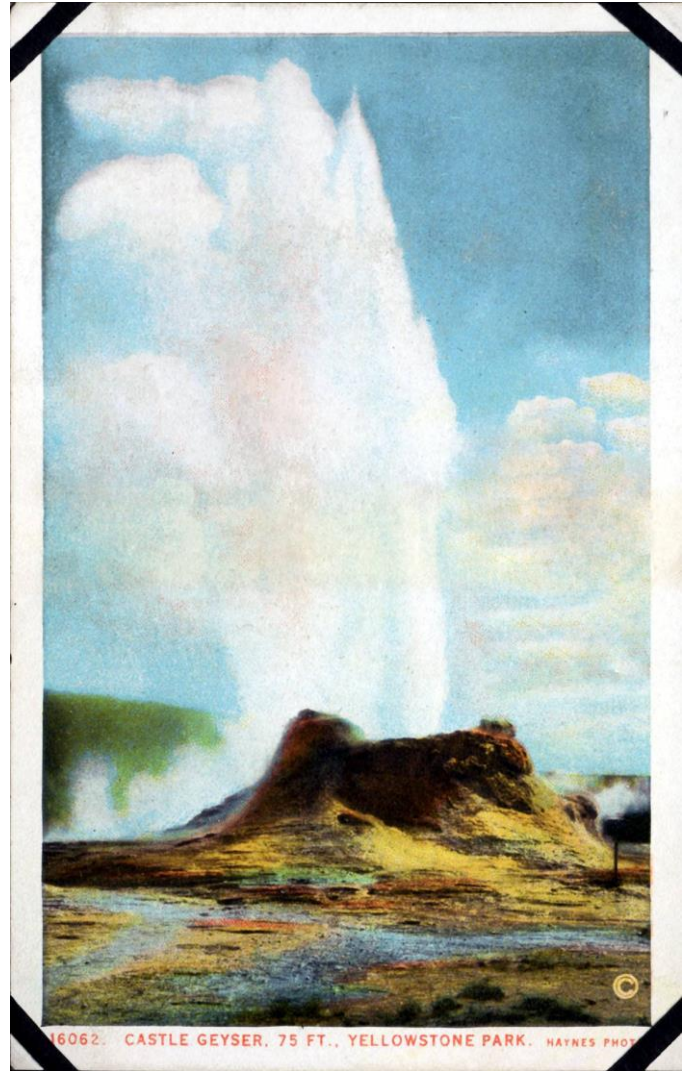
Grotto Geyser



Sapphire Pool, Biscuit Basin



Trout Creek



Castle Geyser

On the other road there are many geysers both big and little, also many pools of which they were all beautiful but we only took note of the main ones. The Punch Bowl is a boiling pool that is of a deep red in color and the water shoots up five or six inches. Emerald Pool is a deep green and very beautiful while Morning Glory Pool is of a deep blue. The geysers and springs are all more or less the same and after one has seen one the others are not so much different even though they all have something a little bit different from the last.



Old Faithful Gysrer

And then one comes to Old Faithful Camp. Old Faithful Geyser sets out in front of the hotel and it is the one that no one fails to see and it is the grandest of them all. Other geysers may be more powerful, others may throw their water higher, others may have more beautiful craters and the water may be hotter, but Old Faithful has some of these qualities and in addition it plays often and with regularity. It plays to a height of 150 feet and every hour of the day and night. At night they throw a searchlight on it from the hotel and lights it all up.



Old Faithful Geyser

The hotel sits back away and is a real large building. There are hundreds of rooms and is built out of logs as are all the buildings in the park. Next to the south are the Ranger buildings and still farther is the Lodge. To the east is the camp grounds. There is room for several hundred cars and also many cabins. The camp is blocked off like a city and the Rangers check up on what cars are in which block every night and

morning. There is plenty of good water and all the free wood you care for.

We camped here for the night and soon crawled under the covers as it was getting cool and we were tired.



Old Faithful Lodge



Old Faithful Inn

At about three or four o'clock the next morning I woke up and was about froze to death. I looked at Rufus and he had his two wool blankets around him and also all the heavy clothes that he had with him. He had on his boots and two pair of wool socks, his sweat shirt, one or two sweaters, stocking cap, sheeplined coat and on top of that his slicker. I couldn't see him at first for clothes but when I did I remembered the old saying "When in Rome, do as the Romans do", So I pulled out all the coats that was left and made use of them. We had run the windows all up when we got cold and then we didn't

wake up until the sun was up and it was shining through the glass and if it wasn't hot, we were almost smothered and we sure didn't lose any time getting those extra clothes off.

When we crawled out it was plenty cold yet but we soon had breakfast and it made us feel a whole lot better.

They have a garbage can in every block and when I went to empty the scraps the can was upset, and when I looked down the row every one as far as I could see was upset. The bears had made their rounds before we were up and had ate all they wanted. One of the Rangers told us that day, he had been down in the camp and had seen a big bear come out of a tent with a hunk of meat in his mouth. The folks had failed to close the flap and the bear thought it was left open just for him and he sure helped himself.

Our car was pretty muddy so we got a bucket and a rag and got busy. We soon had the old buggy a shinning.

We stayed in camp all morning and after dinner we drove out on the road that we had come down over the day before, and saw some of the geysers that we missed as we came in.



Punch Bowl



Excelsior Geyser

In the late afternoon we went to the south edge of camp to the Bears Lunch Counter and watched the bears eat. There was four or five there then and they would fight over the scraps. An old bear had her three cubs there and when the man came in with the wagon the old bear gave the cubs a slap and the way they headed for the trees. They didn't let any grass grow under their feet. Each picked a good high tree and stayed there until the wagon had left. We took a picture of them and then got supper and planned on hitting the home trail the next day.

That night as I sat in the car and watched the sun set it sure was great. The pine and spruce covered hills all around sent off their odor while the smell of the camp fires around us was brought to us by the breeze. The sun was shining on the few low hanging clouds off to the west making them all gold and red. Then as the sun went down the dark green of the hills changed to a purple and the color of the clouds grew redder. The moon was coming up in the east and the huge ball seemed twice as large as it usually does. After a while the hills were merely a dark blot in the distance and the stars were coming out. The trees near the camp stood up in the sky like a sentinel while all around the camp the pine camp

fires were blazing up brightly with the smoke curling up into the sky, while back of the car a few hundred feet, Old Faithful burst into action again sending it's steam and hot water high into the air. It sure made one wish he might stay there always.

It had warmed up during the day but as night shut down again it started to get cold and so we soon crawled under the covers again and the prospect of a big interesting day ahead of us soon put us to sleep.

It didn't freeze as hard Monday night as it did the night before but it was plenty cold when we rolled out Tuesday morning and started to get breakfast.



Last Morning Old Faithful

Breakfast over and we were soon on the trail to West Thumb Junction. It is first along Firehole River and then up Spring Creek Canyon. Two miles from Old Faithful is the pretty Kepler Cascades.

The first crossing of the Continental Divide, altitude 8262 feet, is thorough Craig Pass alongside of a little water lily covered lake called Isa Lake, whose waters in the spring time hesitate whether to flow out at one end into the Pacific waters or out at the other into the Atlantic waters and usually compromise by going in both directions.

The wild lilies that grow on this lake are not anything like the ones that are growing the ponds around here. They are semi-single and are of a deeper yellow.

After crossing the divide the road turns down the narrow and twisting Corkscrew Hill to the valley of the DeLacy Creek, hemmed in by pine covered heights on all sides. A little farther and one can see the beautiful Shoshone Lake with the Teton Mountains in the distance.

The road then climbs for aways until the Divide is again reached, this time at 8365 feet altitude, and then down through dense timber until a mile from the Thumb, when one can again see the Yellowstone Lake.

All through this part is the main bear country and as we were coming out that morning there were cars stopped every once in awhile and a bear going through their grub box. They will get right out in the middle of the road to stop a car and if you don't want to stop you have to pull around them.

After leaving the Thumb one again climbs for aways until the Divide is crossed for the third time, this time at an altitude of 7981 feet and then drops down to Lewis Lake, which is a fine lake that the road runs

along for aways. Then one goes down through a burned over section where there is only a thick growth of Lodgepole Pine but which is not very high. And always one can see the Great Teton Mountains, off to the south. They look just as far away or as close, which ever you please, as they did at the Eastern Entrance.

At the southern entrance we checked out and the Ranger broke the seal on our gun.

We then were out in a fine rolling plateau, thickly grown with grass and wild flowers in parklike glades among forest patches. This is the home of a large Elk herd although we didn't get to see any.

The road then follows along Jackson Lake in which the dead trees are standing there, having been killed by the backing up of the waters by the Moran. This dam is 86 feet high and 650 feet long. It is used for power and for irrigation.

Off across the lake one can see the Tetons and they look as though they are only a mole or two away, but they say they are nine miles away. This mountain group is an imposing outcropping of granite rising abruptly from the plains to the east and west. It begins in low elevation just south of the boundary of the park and rises to the height of 13747 feet in the Grand Teton. They carry in their peaks and spires, many small glaciers, and their peaks are always covered with snow.



Tetons Jackson Lake

When we were at the south entrance of the park we were 1485 miles from home on the back road.

The road runs through a valley for aways and it is covered with round stones that look as though they were at one time in the bottom of a river.

We stopped in Moran for gas and they charged us forty cents for it so we only put in three gallons.

Leaving Moran we followed a low valley where the road was covered with stones, on past a Silver Fox Ranch, and then on to higher land again. What fences they have here are all made of poles.

The road continues up until we cross the divide the fourth time and this is the highest of them all. It was 9460 feet above sea level. We stopped here and took some pictures. One of them was of Two Ocean Mountain of which the water of one side runs into the Pacific and from the other to the Atlantic Ocean.



Two Ocean Mt Divide

The road drops rapidly down the side of the mountain and one passes several little lakes on the way. The Wind River Range can be seen off to the south. There is snow in the peaks yet.

One finally comes out into an open country where there is nothing but sage brush. Off to the north the walls of the Bad Lands raises to a height of from fifty to one hundred and fifty feet. They are streaked with different colors of soil.

The road is only wide enough for one car most of the way. There are no bridges to speak of and the road dips down into the guiles and out on the other side until one almost thinks he is riding the roller coaster.

It was on one of these places that a large car popped over the bank just as we were ready to start up and we got out of his road just in time. He must have been going fifty miles an hour. I suppose he was trying to get in the park yet that day, even though he had about one hundred and fifty miles to go and it was about three o'clock then.

A few miles farther and we stopped to help a car out of the ditch. Another car had crowded him over too far and he had run off of an irrigation bridge. A star came along and pulled him out with all the rest of us a pushing.

There were some men floating railroad ties down the Wind River and they were

strung out for about fifteen or twenty miles. There was twenty or thirty men trying to keep them going but were lodging all the way.

The wall of the bad lands runs pretty close to the river on the north side for aways along which the road follows while to the south there is a boulder strewn country. Nothing grows here but sage brush with a little grass along the river.



Badlands Snow Capped Peaks



Edge of Wyomings Badlands

It is so hot one can hardly breathe and this morning there was frost everywhere.

Crowheart Store, and that is all it is. Gas is a little cheaper here. One place back about the time we crossed the Divide the last time there was a pump where they wanted 60 cents a gallon. We didn't get any there though.

There is some irrigation from here to Riverton. This is a nice little town. We saw the first train here that we had seen since we left Cody the morning we went into the park.

We intended to stay here all night but it looked as though there would be lots of skeeters so we drove on to Shoshoni. It was not much of a camp but it served it's purpose that night. We did not have a thing left to eat when we got in that night and all the stores were closed except a drug store. We asked the girl there if they had any thing to eat and she soon fixed us up with milk, bread, canned hamburger, and peaches, and it sure tasted good too as we had ate a cold dinner that day as we came over the mountains.

As soon as we stopped in camp my nose started to bleed, it must have been from the dry, hot drive across the sage brush lands, because I never had it before.

We put our canvas on the east side of the car that night as there were no trees in camp and we knew it would be hot when the sun came up the next morning.

Wednesday morning came around all right as Tuesday was gone and Thursday was not here yet. It sure was hot when the sun came out and we got going as soon as we could.

As we were getting ready to start a professional bum wanted a ride and our excuse did not do much good so Rufus made it pretty plain to him that his room was wanted more then his company and he started on down the road.

It is all prairie country east of Shoshoni which was fairly level.

East of Waltman we came to Hell's Half Acre. There is sharp points all through it and it has all colors of clay. There are several caves in the walls, and as it is about five hundred feet deep it would not be a very

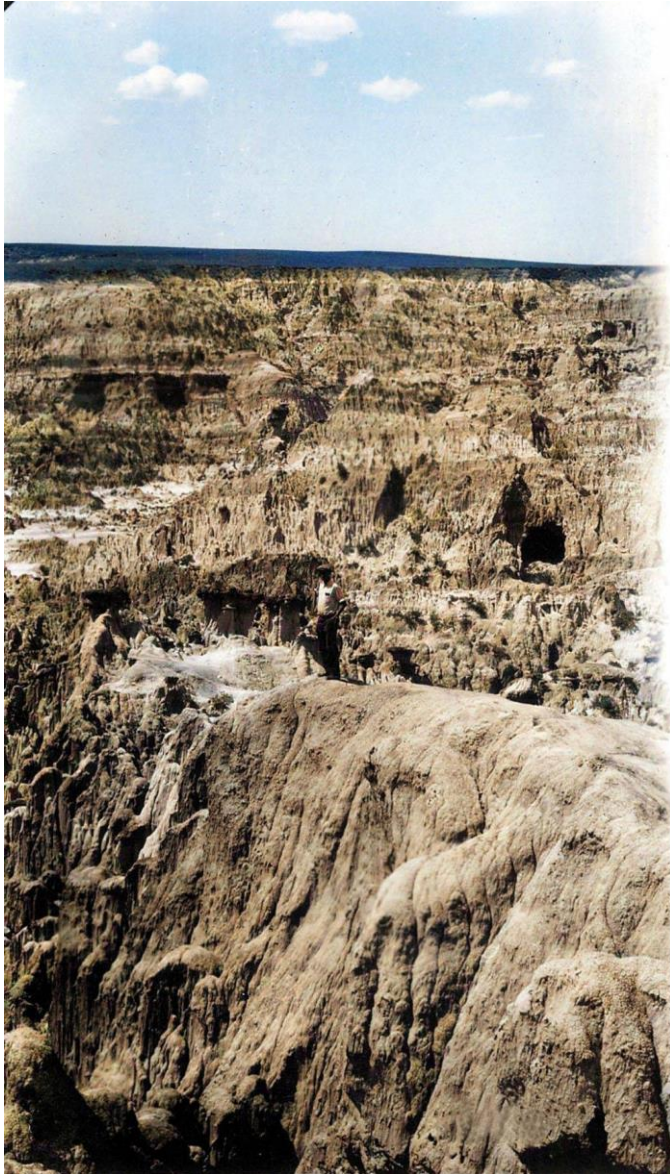
nice place to fall into. They say that the place is alive with rattlesnakes but we didn't go down into it. Some of the folks that were there went down and they sure didn't look very big when they stood in the bottom. We took several pictures and got some samples of the clay and went on.



North Across Hells Half Acre



Hells Half Acre Waltman Wy

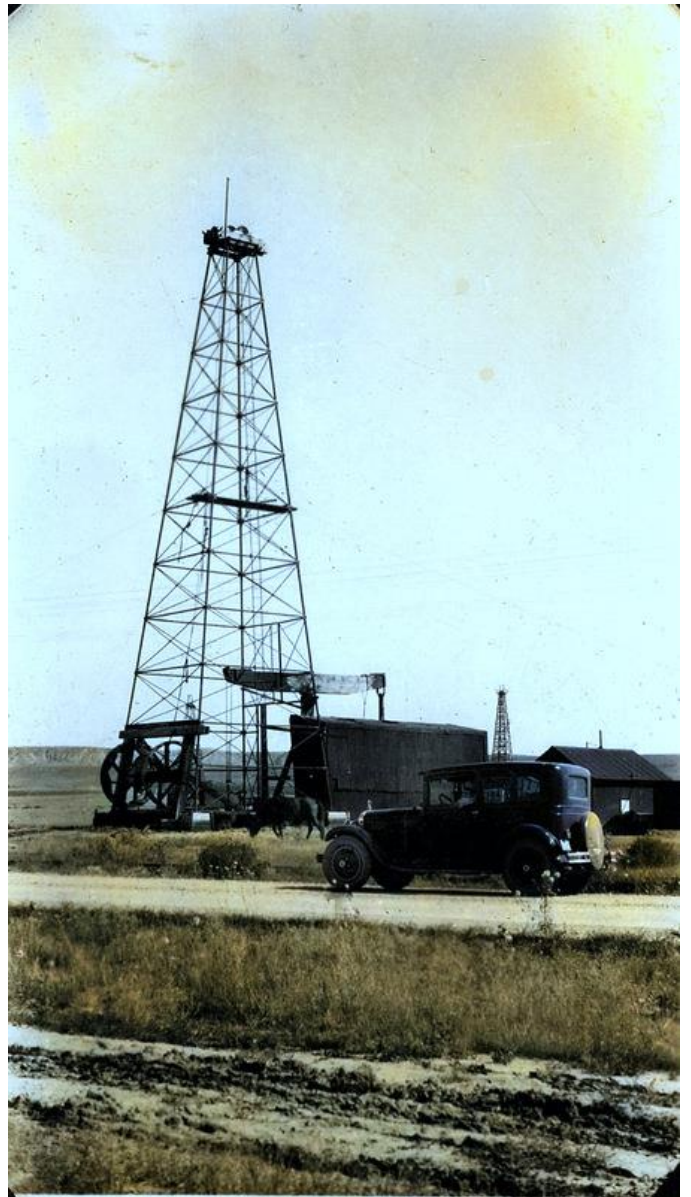


Hells Half Acre

Four or five miles out of Casper there was a gang of men at work oiling the roads. They had a Holt tractor with a kind of plow with several teeth on it that would break the ground all up and then they would go over it with oil and it sure made a fine road. It had been graveled before.



Oil Wells In The Distance



Wyoming Oil Well

Casper is a good sized town and it has many oil smelters there. Oil is it's main industry.



Casper WY

Between Casper and Douglas there is only an open plain where you can see for miles with not a tree or a building in sight. Sure looks like a lonesome place.

There is a place on the road between these points where there are many oil wells and of course they were something new to us so we stopped and took a picture of them. Some of the wells they were pumping from and some they were not. We drove on to Wheatland that night and there was some irrigation along the way, and where there was not irrigation there was a little grass and less sage brush.

We left Wheatland the next morning at about eight thirty and the country kept getting better all the way to Cheyenne. There was some farming but it looked pretty poor.

Seventeen miles north of Cheyenne we had went 2000 miles since leaving Wayne. That sure is a lot of miles when one is not used to it.

We stayed in Cheyenne for dinner and got our first cafe meal. We were having the door on the car fixed and couldn't get our own is the reason we did. I still claim that

our own cooking is the best. We also got our mail while here.

At Pine Bluff we have another flat tire and so we lose a little time in getting that fixed.

A ways east of here and we are back in Nebraska and boy it sure looks good because it sounds like home even though we have a good many more miles to go.

All through here there is some farming but it is awful dry.

North of Kimball the wheat harvest is in full swing. There were hundreds of trucks taking the wheat to town from the big combines. The country is gently rolling with here and there an out cropping of limestone.

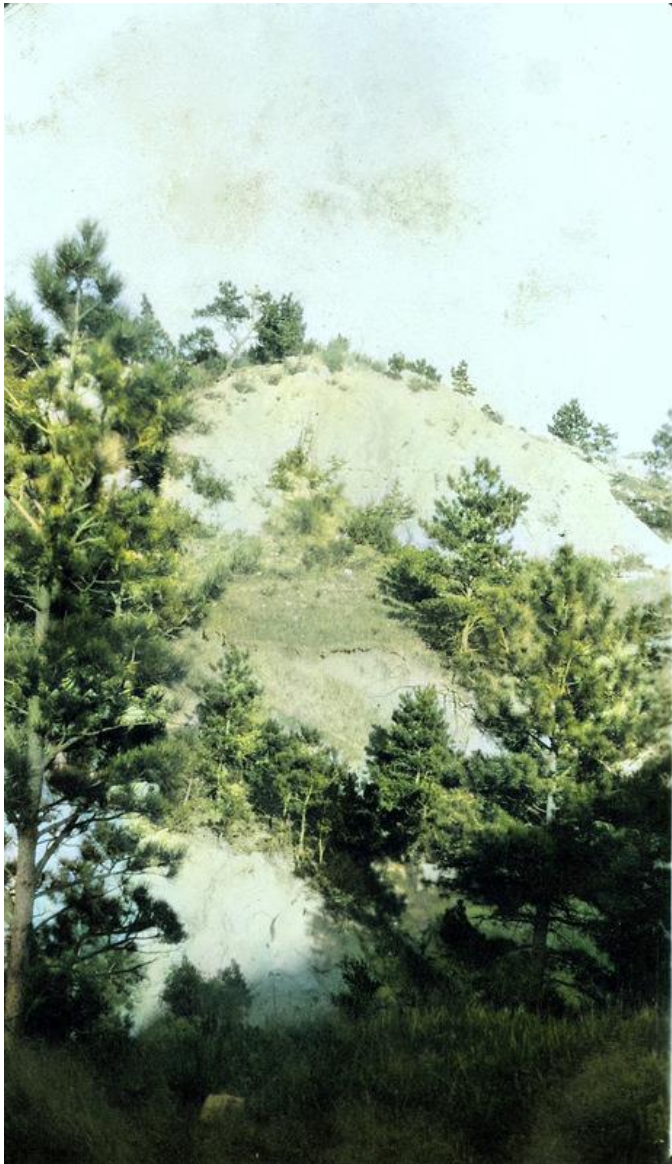
Around Scottsbluff there is lots of irrigation and the main crop is beets, beans, and potatoes. We saw the Bluff that gave the town it's name.



Road South of Scotts Bluff



Scotts Bluff



Scotts Bluff

We stayed here all night and the skeeters were not as bad as we thought they would be.

Friday morning and we are up early and on our way as this is our farthest run we have had on our whole trip.

To Bridgeport there is lots of irrigation and the crops look good. East of there is some farming in the valley. It is pretty sandy on to North Platte.

It is a pretty country on to Kearney and there is all farming now, it sure looks good to see some corn a growing again.

We tried to go north from Gothenburg to get to Vevas, but we got into a rain and got stuck so had to turn around and come back.

That night we stayed in Lexington and it was pouring down rain and the skeeters were buzzing and they didn't have a good camp so we had to camp behind the oil station. It wasn't the most pleasant night we spent on the trip but one has to take them all as they come. We had a good nights sleep anyway.

Saturday we head out again and from Kearney we head north to Broken Bow. All this country in here was awful dry and the crops were poor.

Broken Bow is a nice little town about the size or a little bigger than Wayne.

From there we go back to Grand Island and camp for the night. There is a circus going on right back of our camp and the merry go round is playing Onward Wayne State and it almost makes one homesick.

And tomorrow we will be home, Oh Boy.

We were up and breaking camp at eight thirty the next morning and started on the last lap home.

The country looks good all through the valley.

We hit Columbus and head north. We are hitting it at about thirty five miles per now and getting closer home every minute. I took the wheel then and we started to travel.

We get to Madison and on one of the turns we almost didn't make the turn. Rufus didn't think much of my driving by the way he talked. We were going about forty miles an hour where ever the roads would permit.

In Norfolk we stopped and got some ice cream for dinner then hit the road for home. We wonder if they will be looking for us yet.

We stopped in Winside and got some gas and then we go some more. As much of the time as we can we hold it around fifty miles per and at two fifteen we hit Wayne and Boy it sure seems good to be back. We made it from Norfolk to Wayne in forty five minutes and had to stop in Winside to get gas besides.

It sure was a fine trip and one I hope we can take over again when we have more time to look around.

We took 117 pictures on the trip.

On the trip we drove 2870 miles,

Burned 182 gallons of gas, which cost \$43.14

Camp cost us \$3.75

Used 18 qt. of oil, which cost \$5.90

Grease, Repairs, etc., cost us \$14.31

Grub cost us \$18.38 for two weeks that we were gone.

General Expense for one half were \$44.35

Personal " " " " "

\$6.00

Films for one half were

\$3.50

Developing

\$1.00

Finishing Pictures -

\$5.85

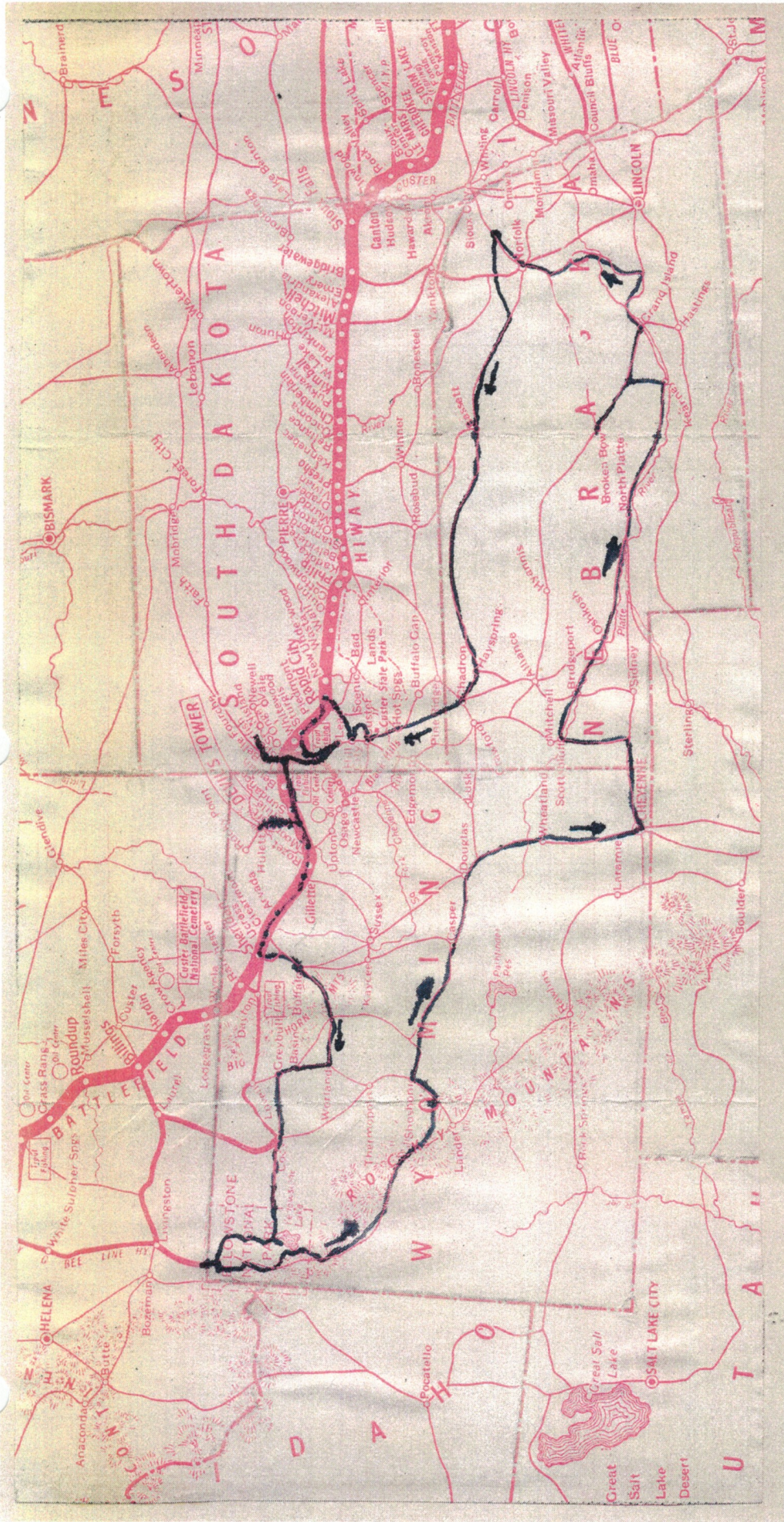
Total Expenses for the Trip \$60.70

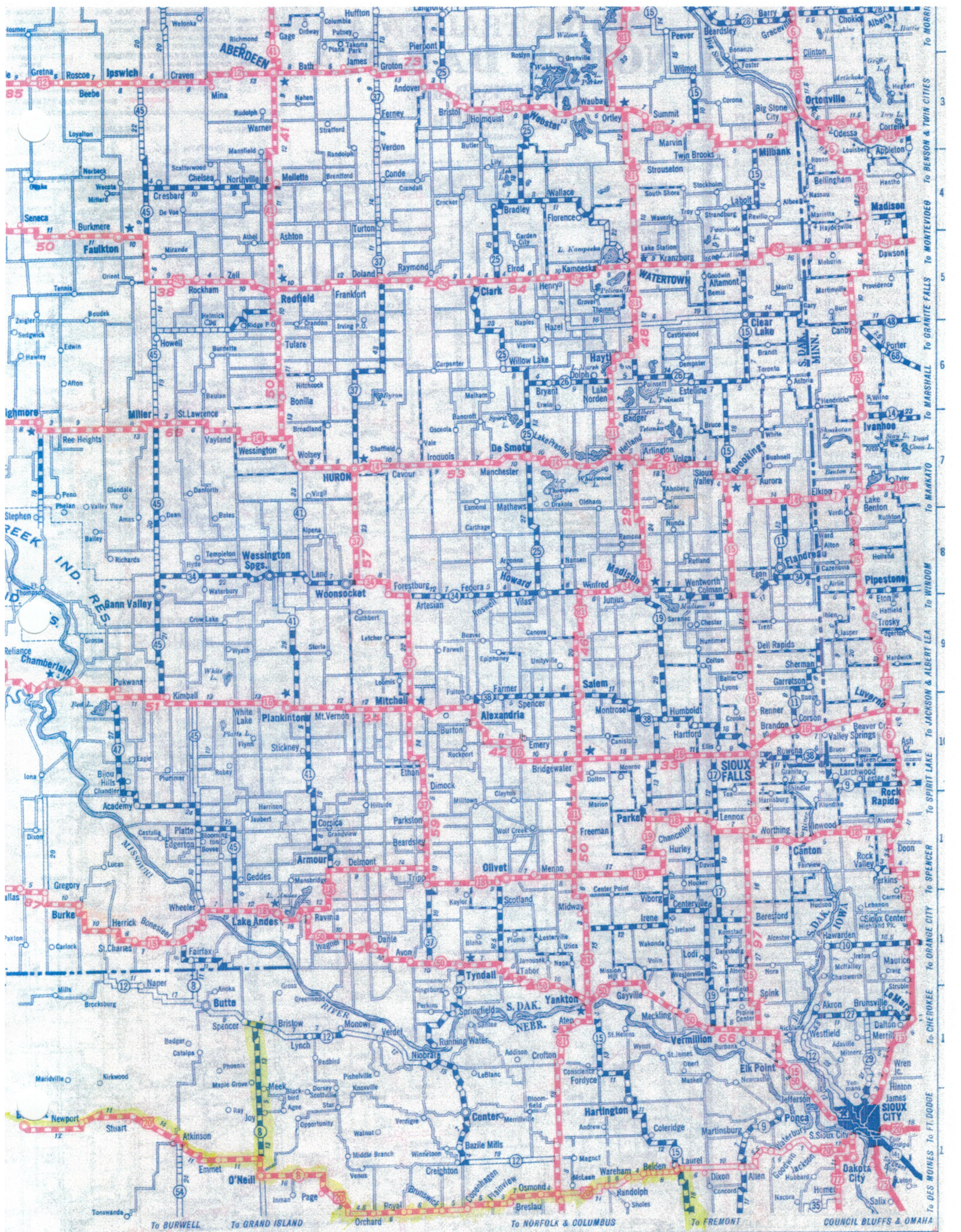
OUR PICTURES IN THE ORDER THEY APPEAR IN THE ALBUM.

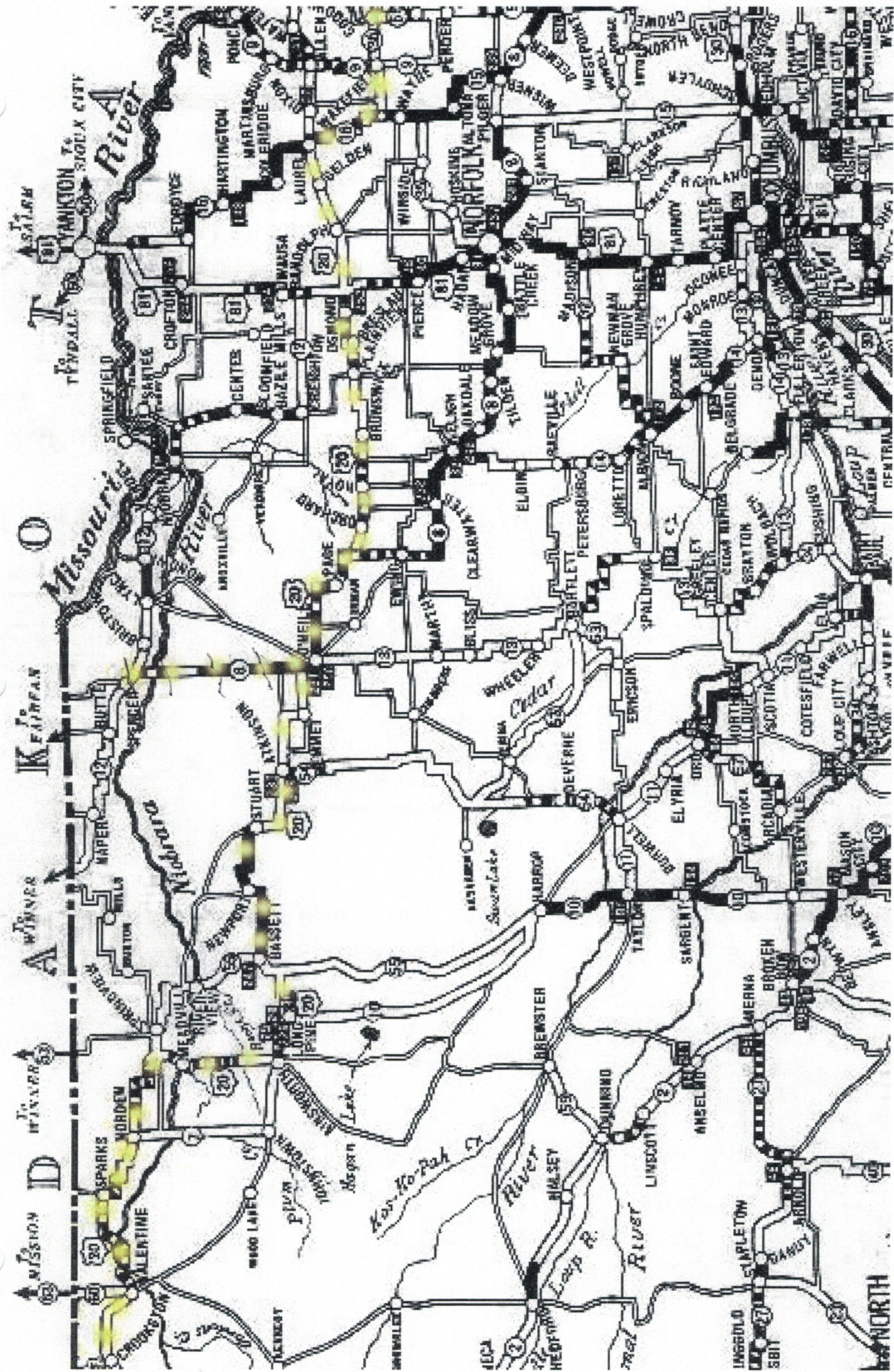
1. Elkhorn River west of Stewart.
2. Niobrara River east of Valentine.
3. Niobrara River east of Valentine.
4. Dam on the Niobrara River.
5. Bluffs on the Niobrara.
6. Butte west of Sparks.
7. Bluffs on the Niobrara.
8. Camp at Valentine the first morning.
9. Butte back of camp at Valentine.
10. Cattle on prairie of Nebraska.
11. Water hole east of Kilgore.
12. Our first sight of the Black Hills.
13. Camp at Evans Heights, Hot Springs, S.D.
14. Scene north of camp.
15. Elk at Wind Cave.
16. Buffalo at Wind Cave.
17. Stone Point at Pringle, S.D.
18. Stone Point at Pringle.
19. Saw dust pile south of Custer.
20. Monument to first discover of gold in Black Hills and stage that ran from Sidney to Deadwood.
21. Scene west of the Game Lodge.
22. Tunnel on the Needles Highway.
23. View of the Needles in the distance.
24. A resting place in the Needles.
25. Rufus and the car in the Needles.
26. The road ahead- in the Needles.
27. The road which we came up can be seen under the limbs of the tree.
28. The needle by the side of the Needles Eye.
29. The Needles Eye.
30. Sylvan Lake.
31. Belle Fourche Dam- the waters backed up from it.
32. The Dam itself with Rufus and Elsie.
33. Sunset on the waters at the dam.
34. The over flow at the dam.
35. Mile High Camp at Lead - looking west.
36. Getting dinner at Mile High Camp.
37. The Wyoming and South Dakota line.
38. Shacks in Wyoming.
39. The Devils Tower in the distance, twenty miles away.
40. The Devils Tower four miles away.

40. The Tower from the park.
42. Looking up the side of the Tower.
43. Rufus on the side of the Tower.
44. The Big Horn Mt. thirty five miles away.
45. Clouds Peak, Big horn Mt. Wyo.
46. Hastellons Peak.
47. Quaking Asp grove.
48. Lodgepole Pine in Big Horns.
49. Powder River Pass, 9666 feet high.
50. Peak on side of pass.
51. Hastellons Peak from the pass.
52. Tensleep Creek.
53. Tensleep Canyon.
54. Tensleep Canyon looking west.
55. Shoshone Canyon on way into Tellowstone Park.
56. Waters backed up by the Shoshone Dam.
57. Sylvan Pass on way into park.
58. Shack for storing explosives in the pass.
59. Camp at Lake Junction for dinner.
60. Yellowstone Lake.
61. Three cubs at Yellowstone Lake.
62. Cubs at Lake.
63. Rufus at Upper Falls of the Yellowstone River.
64. Looking down into the Falls.
- 65,66,67,68,&69, Veiva of the Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone.
70. Dunraven Pass from the top of Mount Washburn.
71. Lookout on top of Mount Washburn and our crowd.
72. Our car on top of Mount Washburn.
73. On top of the Mountain, 10346 feet high.
74. Tower Falls.
75. Petrified Tree.
76. Rufus with Elk Horn.
77. Angel Terrace.
78. Minerva Terrace.
79. Orange Terrace.
80. Jupiter Terrace.
81. Jupiter Terrace from below.
82. Firehole Cascade.
83. Drive along Firehole River.
84. Norris Geyser Basin.
85. Lower Geyser Basin.

86. Old Faithful Lodge.
87. Old Faithful Geyser.
88. Castle Geyser.
89. Old Faithful Inn.
90. Grotto Geyser.
91. Giant, Bijou, and Mastiff Geysers.
92. Morning Glory Pool.
93. Fountain Paint Pot.
94. The Punch Bowl.
95. The Bears Lunch Counter.
96. Old Faithful Geyser.
97. Our last morning in Old Faithful Camp.
98. Teton Mountains across Jackson Lake.
99. Looking across Jackson Lake.
100. Continental Divide the last time.
101. Two Ocean Mt. from the Divide.
102. Edge of the Wyoming Badlands.
103. Edge of the Badlands with the snow capped peaks in distance.
104. The only living thing we saw for many miles.
105. Hell's Half Acre, Waltman Wyo.
106. Looking north across Hells Half Acre.
- 107, and 108. Hells Half Acre.
109. Casper Wyoming.
110. Oil Well in Wyoming.
111. Oil Wells in the distance.
112. Scene along the road south of Scott Bluff, Neb.
113. Scotts Bluff in the distance.
114. Scene in the Bluffs, Scotts Bluff, Nebraska.







STATE HIGHWAY 16
 IDAHO 25
 WYOMING 10

WYOMING 10
 IDAHO 25
 WYOMING 10

U.S. INTERSTATE HIGHWAYS AND THROUGH ROUTES ON 1953

LEGEND:

- Interstate Highway (Red line with shield)
- Through Route (Red line with number)
- Primary or Trunk Highway Number (Red line with number)
- Larger Cities (Red circle)
- County Seat Towns (Red square)
- Smaller Towns (Red dot)
- Wardens' Smoke Mileage (Red line with 'W')
- Wrens, Streams, Lakes, Etc. (Blue lines)

ROADS UNDER CONSTRUCTION OR CONTINGENTLY PLANNED:

- Proposed (Dashed red line)
- Under Construction (Red line with 'C')
- Contingently Planned (Red line with 'P')

REMARKS:

- U.S. Interstate Highway Numbers
- Primary or Trunk Highway Numbers
- Larger Cities
- County Seat Towns
- Smaller Towns
- Wardens' Smoke Mileage
- Wrens, Streams, Lakes, Etc.

MOTOR TRAILS MAP WYOMING
 CONDENSED SIZE

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US 49
 WYOMING U.S. HIGHWAY MARKER

WYOMING STATE HIGHWAY MARKER

SCALE IN MILES



APPROXIMATE POPULATION OF CITIES AND TOWNS SHOWN BY FOLLOWING TYPE SIZES

Parkman	Under 300	Sheridan	5,000 to 10,000
Salt Creek	300 to 1,000	Casper	10,000 to 40,000
Buffalo	1,000 to 2,500	CHEYENNE	State Capital
Greybull	2,500 to 5,000		

Wyoming county roads are shown for convenience and summer travel only. Dangerous in other seasons. Enquire locally before traversing.

OFFICIAL STATE AND NATIONAL HIGHWAY MARKERS

U.S. HIGHWAYS: 49, 52, 28, 16, 25, 10

STATE HIGHWAYS: NEBRASKA 28, NEBRASKA 16, SOUTH DAKOTA 25, NEBRASKA 10

U.S. INTERSTATE

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	32	33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40	41	42	43	44	45	46	47	48	49	50
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