

1332 00

Tom
20 Sep 82
9.01
9.12

44° 27' 38" N
110° 49' 41" W

I

A up over
down
over up.

B -

S.2 Brown PC
Sandy af.
grainy c
crusty c
dirt. af.

#2

"

I

A flowing PC
B water PC

S.2 green PC
Bunchy PC
valley af
rocky af

1332 00

44° 27' 38" N
110° 49' 41" W

I

A verticals
B —

S-2 many of
open c
smells c
dry ref.
dirty
roaring c
water sounds c

Ad Breaks
water fall

"

I

A long coarse.

B —

S-2 coarse pc
lump pc
brown pc
dried mud pc
strange smells c

44° 27' 38" N
110° 49' 41" W

I

A lo

^v
AI large open area.
gll

S-2 points pc
brown crusts dirt c
western feeling c

smells?

sounds?

windy roving sound c

tempers hot c

dry tastes c

colors brown c

greys c

streaks pc

End

ney ex c

1332 00

Tom
20 Sept 82

~~0901~~
0912

44° 27' 38" N
110° 49' 41" W

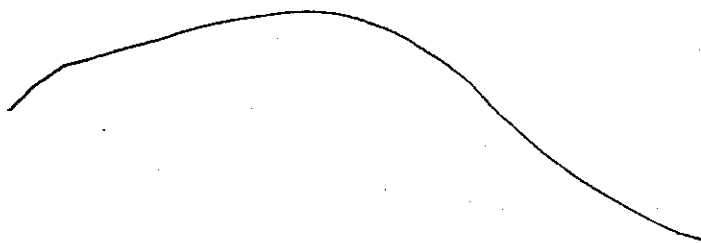


A- UP OVER DOWN
OVER

B- N—

S-2 Brown PC
Sandy CFB
Grainy C
Crusty C
dirt CFB

44° 27' 38" N
110° 49' 41" W



A- flowing PC
B- water PC

S-2 Green PC
Bushy PC
Valley CFB
Rocky CFB

44° 27' 38" N
110° 49' 41" W



1332 00

A Verticles

B—

S-2 many CFB

Open c

Smells c

Dry CFB

Dusty

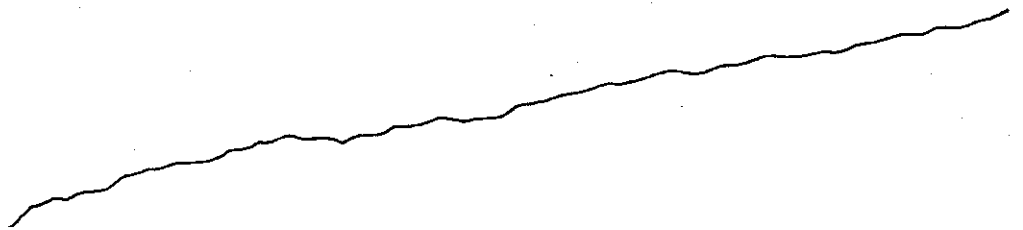
Loosing Sand C

Water Sand c

Aol Beck

Waterfall

44° 27' 38" N
110° 49' 41" W



A long Course

B—

S2 Course PC

lumpy PC

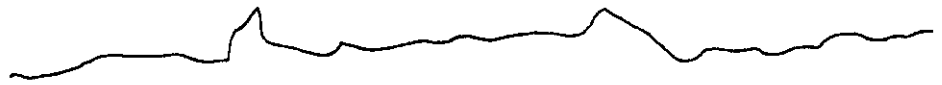
Brown PC

Dried mud PC

Strange Smells c

44° 27' 38" N

110° 49' 41" W



A - large open

AT Book

See very large
open area

S-2 points PC

Brown Cruty dit c

Western feeling

Windy Roaring

Sound C

Hot c

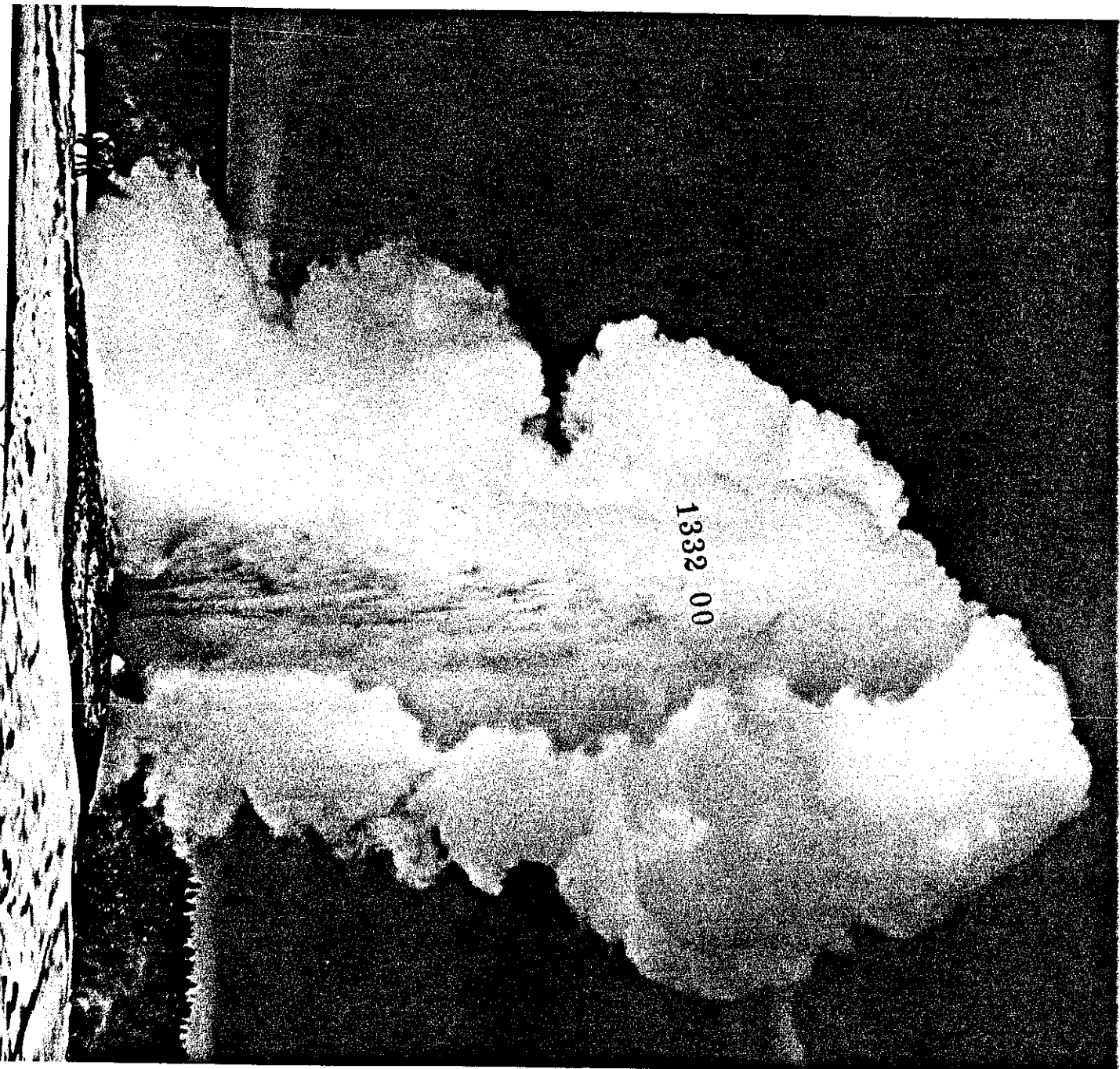
Dry fastesc

Browns c

grey c

Streaks PC

-End-



couldn't find accommodation. Many were sleeping in their cars. It was then that he thought of building a hotel so that others could enjoy the beauty of the Tetons, as we had on many trips over nearly thirty years.

"With park officials, we chose the site—Lunch Tree Hill, where we had often picnicked. The Park Service supplied land, utilities, landscaping, Jackson Hole Preserve, Inc., built the hotel. All profits go to conservation."

Like millions of others, I have marveled at the Tetons, framed in the big picture windows of Jackson Lake Lodge. I like the scene even better through the trees from Colter Bay. Here the Rockettellers made a home for those who take their parks a bit more basically.

Colter Bay: Haven for Kitless Campers

For the family that has never camped, that doesn't own a tent, a sleeping bag, or even a frying pan, Colter Bay has the answer—log-shelter campsites and camping gear for rent, by the night or by the week (page 590). Even an especially designed trailer camp is provided, where people who take their homes with them can tie on to electric power, sewer, and other connections, and find a cafeteria, laundry machines, showers, and grocery store within walking distance.

Fittingly, between them Yellowstone and Grand Teton National Parks attract more than two million visitors a year to Wyoming—seven times the state's own population. But countless others use Interstate Highway 80 across the southern part of the state as a sort of transcontinental racetrack, scarcely stopping for hamburgers or gasoline.

Wyomingites consider this dash across their land a sorrow. A few think it should be made a misdemeanor. After seeing the rest of Wyoming, I'm inclined to agree.

My travels took me to Cheyenne, the lively capital; to oil-rich Casper, the "other city," whose population almost equals Cheyenne's 52,000; and to dozens of towns. I remember most fondly the little places with the poetry of a rugged young country in their names.

The Indians named Ten Sleep, because they reckoned the site was ten days' travel from Fort Laramie or from the Yellowstone hunting grounds. Chugwater Creek is named for an Indian legend that a tribe once drove buffalo over a bluff to slaughter them, and the beasts landed with a chugging sound.

The most graceful name of all belongs to a pleasant town in the Bear Lodge Mountains of northeastern Wyoming, not far from Devils Tower National Monument (page 588). It is

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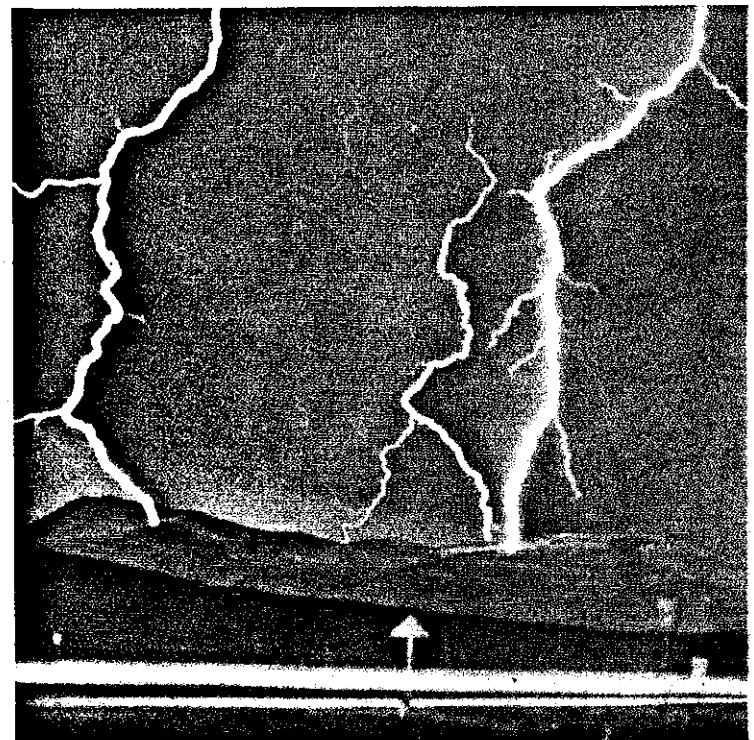
1332 00

Plume of vapor towers 150 feet (opposite) as Old Faithful erupts in Yellowstone. Though it performs every 67 minutes on the average, the geyser is hardly faithful enough to set a watch by; it has waited as long as 96 minutes and as little as 33. Ten to twelve thousand gallons shoot out during each four-minute burst.

Fighting fiery gas, a workman sprays water on a well near Cody. Reaching for oil, the drillers hit instead a pocket of natural gas; a spark in the drill rig ignited it. Twelve million cubic feet burned in four days and nights before firemen put it out.

Fifth among states in oil production, Wyoming harbors reserves estimated at a billion and a half barrels. Twenty-seven million acres, though leased, remain to be explored.

Gnarled fingers of lightning stab sand dunes at Rock Springs. Interstate 80 appears as a luminous band, painted by automobile headlights. "The thunder here is not like the tame thunder of the Atlantic coast," wrote 19th-century historian Francis Parkman of a summer storm. "Bursting with a terrific crash directly above our heads, it roared over the boundless waste... seeming to roll around the whole circle of the firmament with a peculiar and awful reverberation. The lightning flashed all night... revealing the vast expanse... and then leaving us shut in as if by a palpable wall of darkness."



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