

# Western States, September 2011



*Helena, MT*

*The Headwaters  
of the Missouri*

*Salt Lake City*

**The Grand  
Tetons**

*Seattle*

*The Oregon Trail*

*Mt Hood*

*Sun Valley*

**Yellowstone National Park**

*Lewis and Clark*

*Columbia River Gorge*

*Mt St Helens*

*Expedition*

**CRATERS OF  
THE MOON**

*On this trip we were meeting our friends from England, Keith and Zena Hebden. Perhaps a few words about how this trip came to be are in order. Keith and Bob were good friends in grammar (high) school in the 1950s and spent a lot of time together out of school and as fellow Sea Scouts. The two of us, together with a loosely knit group of several other teenage boys and girls, were together much of our free time at church, dances and Sunday afternoon walks. Zena was one of this group and, although I didn't know it until recently, they married about the same time as Molly and I. Keith and I lost contact as we went our separate ways following grammar school and were re-united after almost fifty years through a fortunate series of events.*

*Our alma mater had arranged school reunions for a number of years. These were not the formal and well-established class reunions that are a part of American life but were put together by a small group of Old Boys who thought it might be fun to see some former colleagues. Thus, they were not for "The Class of '58" but rather for anyone who had attended Keighley Boys Grammar School (KBGS) at any time through the Forties, Fifties and early Sixties. In fact, the lead arranger had graduated before I had started at that school so there would be a wide range of ages potentially in attendance. And the reunion was a lunch for the Boys: spouses, partners and others were not invited!*

*In 2005 I was wandering around the Web and came across a KBGS site. Again, this was not a school-sponsored site but rather an informal repository for information on the school and its pupils in the "Old Building". (Our school burned in the early sixties and was re-located out of town, so those attending this new building were not really part of our fraternity). My eye was drawn to an invitation to attend the September 2005 reunion at the Keighley Rugby Club Bar. Since we were in the habit of visiting England frequently, I thought this might be of interest and sent an e-mail to the organizer requesting details and indicated that I might be able to attend. As it turned out, we were not in England that year in September so I sent my regrets and did not attend.*

*However, Keith did attend! And, ever attentive (at least since leaving school), he heard my name as the organizer read a list of names of people who had indicated they might be there but, for one reason or another, did not make it. It was then that Keith got my e-mail address and sent me a note – our first correspondence in 45 years. E-mails were exchanged, life histories were synopsisized and ultimately an arrangement to meet was set up for our visit to England in the Spring of 2006.*

*The four of us (Keith, Zena, Molly and I) met for dinner at the hotel where we were staying which was about 20 miles from Keith and Zena's home. I can admit now to more than a little trepidation. Yes, we were good pals in school but how would we get along so many years on? How would Molly and Zena (who had never met) enjoy an evening together? Again, I should confess that I had not remembered Zena from our youth so, in effect, it was only Keith and I that had anything in common – and that was a half century out-of-date!*

*There was no need to worry! From the moment they met us for a pre-dinner drink, it was as though the intervening years had disappeared and we immediately began the "do you remember when" and "who was it that said...." Routine; drinks, dinner and five hours were over in a wink. The most amazing part, perhaps, is that Zena and Molly "hit it off" and held their own animated conversation while Keith and I reminisced and prodded each other's memory bank. It was a delightful evening and I am happy to say that we have had many more since that time.*

*We have stayed at Keith and Zena's home, met their children and grandchildren, enjoyed a New Year's Eve together and shared meals, theater visits and walks on our frequent visits to England. Now it was our turn to act as host as we showed our friends a beautiful part of our adopted home.*



## *Salt Lake City to Seattle with Keith and Zena, September 2011*

### **Thursday September 1**

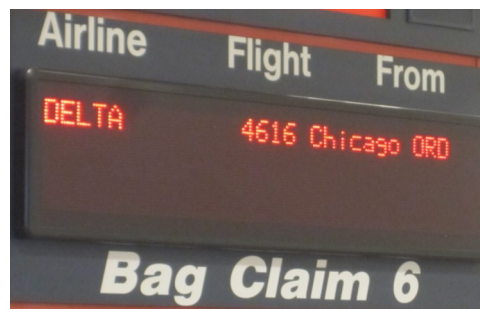
We left home around 7:30 pm, had dinner at the Brown Dog in Blue Ash on the way to the airport and checked in at the Airport Marriott about 10 pm.

### **Friday September 2**

We were up and checked out of the hotel and on the shuttle to the airport by 7 am. Check-in and security were quickly accomplished and we had about 30 minutes in the gate area before our 8:30 flight to Salt Lake City. We did have a minor concern as the plane had taken a bird strike on the incoming flight so Maintenance had to check out the engines. This didn't delay boarding despite the fact that there was a maintenance guy inside the nacelle as we sat at the gate. It appeared, however, that his only tools were some kind of solvent and several rags so we must assume that the only damage was superficial. So, we were on our way on time and the take-off was normal!

As we took off, our friends Keith and Zena should have been about two hours into their flight from Manchester to Chicago. A check of the cell phone before we left revealed no messages from England so we had to assume that all was well and they too were on their way. They were scheduled to have almost three hours layover in Chicago before their flight to Salt Lake City, so we were hopeful that not only the Transatlantic flight would be on time but also that Customs and Immigration formalities in Chicago would not provide any undue delays. All being well, we will be meeting them around 6:30 pm, which will give Molly and I plenty of time to get the car and find the hotel in Salt Lake City and prepare to greet our friends for a three week trip through six Western States.

I went for a walk on the downtown streets in the early afternoon and then we both relaxed until it was time to drive back to the airport.



Keith and Zena arrived on time but wanted little more than to get to the hotel and to bed after a full day of travel. We



joined them for a glass of wine (“to help the onset of sleep” – Keith) and then Molly and I went for dinner. We ate at a very nice Italian restaurant downtown (Caffe Molise) where we dined in the courtyard under the stars and enjoyed a pleasantly background jazz trio. We were back at the hotel around 10 pm.

### **Saturday September 3**

We joined Keith and Zena for breakfast in the hotel about 8 am and spent quite a while chatting and planning our day before driving to Temple Square. We then spent the next five hours in and around the Square and enjoyed this beautiful oasis right in the middle of the city. The gardens and lawns were immaculate and the use of ponds, streams and water features enhanced the many impressive buildings of the Mormon Church. We attended a 30 minute organ recital in the Tabernacle, spent time in the Visitors’ Center and took a tour of the 21,000 seat conference center just across the street from the Square. As usual, every one of the guides and Church members we met were very friendly and helpful and extremely knowledgeable on the Church – without making it feel in any way like an attempt at conversion.

The Temple (which is not open to the general public but which was the setting for several weddings today) is the highlight of the complex, of course, but the 10-year old conference center is an amazing structure both inside and out. The main conference hall is an architectural and technological wonder and the rest of the building has a sense of spaciousness and serenity as well as opulence. The roof garden (specifically built to provide a “green” view for nearby residents who were concerned about this huge new structure in their backyard) is very pleasant and is also the starting point for a large waterfall that spills down a section of the front face of the building.



*The Salt  
Lake City  
Temple,  
Tabernacle,  
Tabernacle  
Organ and  
Seagull  
Monument*



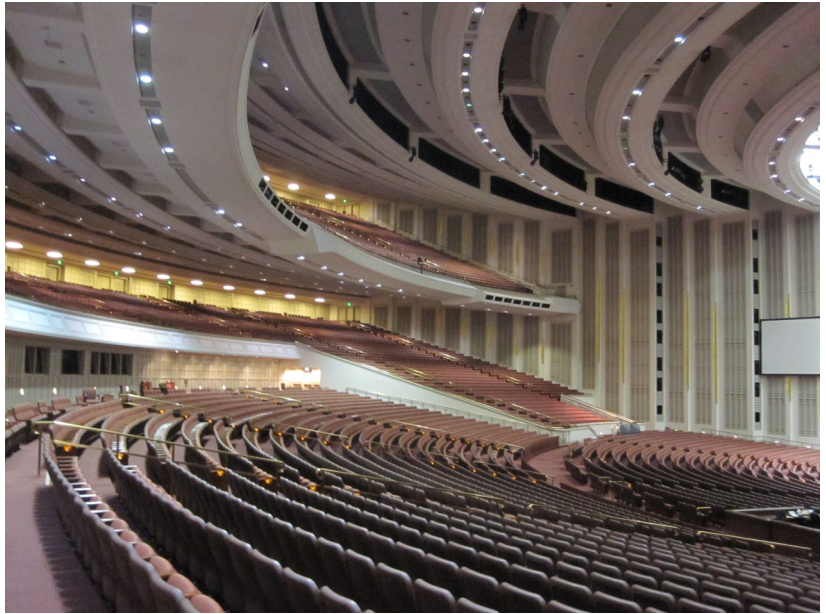




# Temple







*The LDS Conference Center:*

*External waterfall*

*Auditorium, stage and organ*

*Roof garden*

*View of City Center from roof*



The **Mormons** are a religious and cultural group related to Mormonism, a religion started by Joseph Smith during the American Second Great Awakening. Most Mormons are members of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints (LDS Church), while a minority are members of other independent churches. The center of Mormon cultural influence is in Utah, and North America has more Mormons than any other continent, though the majority of Mormons live outside the United States.

Mormons have developed a unique culture and a strong sense of community that stems from their doctrine and history. They dedicate large amounts of time and resources to serving in their church, and many young Mormons choose to serve a full time proselyting mission. Mormons have a health code that eschews alcoholic beverages, tobacco, coffee, tea, and other addictive substances. They tend to be very family-oriented, and have strong connections across generations and with extended family. Mormons have a strict law of chastity, requiring abstention from sexual relations outside of marriage and strict fidelity within marriage.

Most Mormons self-identify as Christian, though some of their beliefs differ substantially from mainstream Christianity. Mormons believe in the Bible, as well as other books of scripture, such as the Book of Mormon. They have a unique view of cosmology, and believe that all people are spirit-children of God. Mormons believe that returning to God requires following the example of Jesus Christ, as well as accepting his atonement through specific ordinances such as baptism. They believe the authority to perform these ordinances was restored through Joseph Smith, and that their church is guided by living prophets and apostles. Central to Mormon faith is the belief that God speaks to his children and answers their prayers.

Mormonism traces its origins to the Church of Christ founded by Joseph Smith, Jr. on April 6, 1830 in Western New York. Roughly a decade earlier, the young Joseph was seeking a remission of his sins. Confused by the doctrines of competing denominations, he went into a grove of trees to pray about which church to join. Joseph claimed that during his prayer, the Lord appeared to him in a "pillar of light" and instructed him not to join any of the churches. A few years later Smith said that an angel directed him to a nearby hillside where indigenous American prophets had buried a book written on golden plates. Smith claimed to have translated the book, and in March 1830 he published the *Book of Mormon*, named after Mormon, the ancient prophet-historian who compiled the book. The *Book of Mormon* drew many initial converts to the church. Church members were later called Mormons, Latter Day Saints, or just Saints.

Smith intended to form the city of Zion ("New Jerusalem") in Missouri but first established the Church in Kirtland, Ohio. Tensions between the Mormons and other Americans soon forced a move to Nauvoo, Illinois but persecution continued here. Smith and his brother were killed by an angry mob and two years later the new leader, Brigham Young started the trek with the Mormon Pioneers to find a new and permanent home. This led to the establishment of the Salt Lake City home for the LDS Church in 1847. Initially Young was the leader of both Church and State in the Utah Territory but further conflict forced him to step down as Governor (1858) and concentrate solely on the Church. Relations with other denominations and the US Government improved significantly when the LDS Church suspended the practice of polygamy and ultimately disavowed it in 1904.

After lunch we drove to the State Capitol and admired the external structure as well as the rotunda and main floor on the inside. Unfortunately the House and Senate Chambers were not open but we could admire the marble pillars and staircases as well as the statues and paintings depicting the pioneer immigration and settling as well as the commerce and industry of the state. Ubiquitous in Utah – and particularly in Salt Lake City – is the beehive, which adorns many public and private buildings and symbolizes the industry and interdependence of its citizens.



*The Utah State Capitol and the Wasatch Mountains*

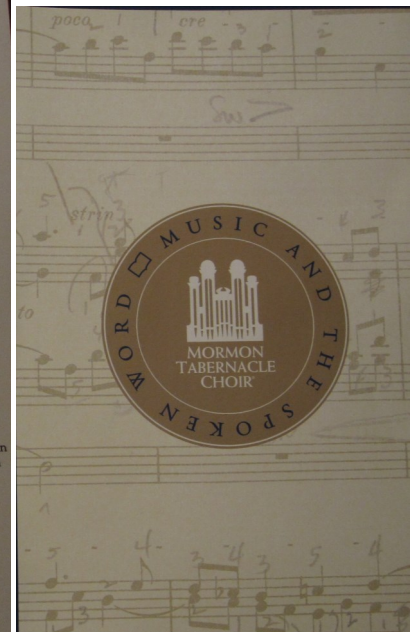
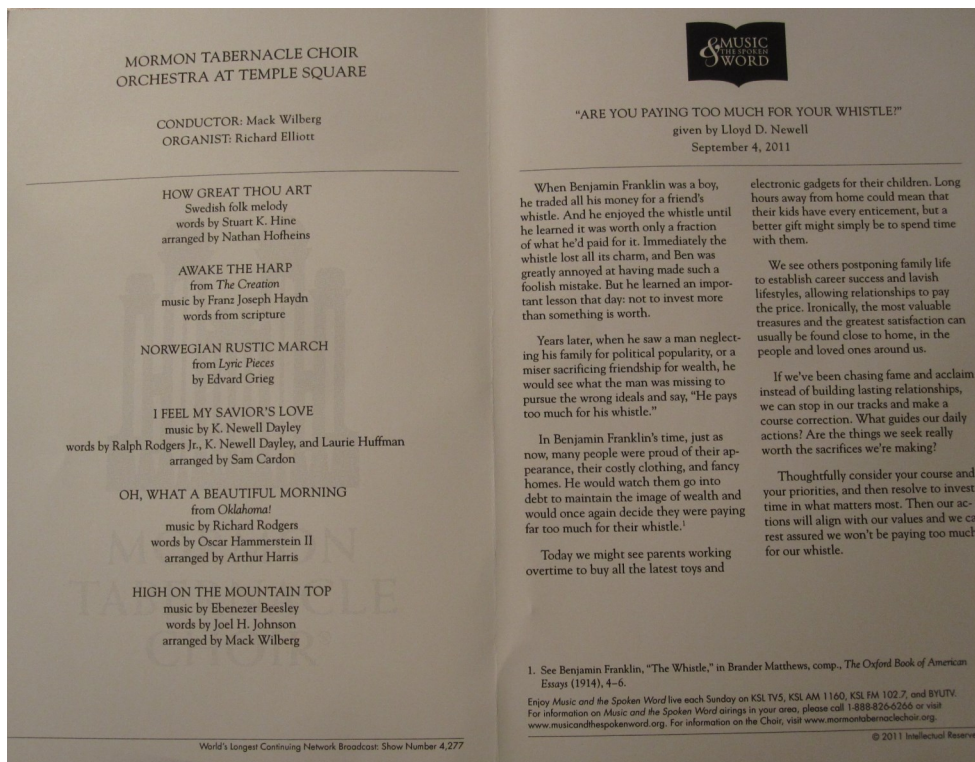


Obviously this was Keith and Zena's first visit to the City and probably a more in-depth exposure to the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints than they might have expected but, regardless of one's faith or the number of trips to Salt Lake (Molly and I have been at least eight times) the architecture, gardens and overall beauty of Temple Square always impresses as does the friendliness of the Church missionaries. On a warm and sunny September day it seemed a near-perfect place to spend with good friends.

Tonight we drove into town and dined at Spencer's Steak Restaurant. Molly and I had eaten there several times in the past and had always enjoyed a good – if a little expensive – meal. Tonight did not disappoint and each of us had a very good steak with an assortment of vegetables to share. With wine (or beer or Manhattans) and good conversation, it was a very pleasant evening.

#### Sunday September 4

We were breakfasting by 8 am so that we could leave in time to get to the LDS Conference Center downtown by 9. Here we sat in the huge hall that we had visited yesterday and watched and listened to the Mormon Tabernacle Choir and Orchestra as they broadcast their "Music and the Spoken Word". This broadcast has taken place every Sunday (normally in the Tabernacle except in summer since the new conference center was built) since 1929 and I can recall listening to it both in England and since we have lived in America. I was always been moved by the introduction ("From the crossroads of the West, in the shadow of the Everlasting Hills") but to hear those words "in the flesh" and to listen to this world-famous choir was a thrilling experience. The whole broadcast lasted only 30 minutes but the music was wonderful, the acoustics superb and it was interesting to watch the sound and video crews in action on and around the stage (the broadcast is now televised as well as heard on radio stations around the world).



# Music and the Spoken Word





Following the performance, we drove to the Bingham Copper Mine to the south and west of the city. This is the largest copper mine in the world and is currently 2 ¾ miles across and ¾ mile deep – and they are still digging! There is an interesting 20 minute video on the history and the current activity at the mine and a good exhibit covering the same topics. But it is when one stands at the edge of this huge hole in the ground that the scale of the project is presented “front and center”. The huge (house size) trucks crawling up and down the winding roadways of the open cast mine, with their 300 ton loads of ore, appear as toys in an enormous pit as they make their way to the top of the on-site crushing chute.

The crushed ore is then carried out of the pit along five miles of conveyor belts that tunnel through the sidewall of the mine to the first step in the manufacture of 99.99% pure copper. The mountains of tailings, produced from over 100 years of mining, are slowly being reclaimed and the spent rock is no longer simply dumped down the hillside. Instead, once every last valuable mineral has been extracted (gold, silver, tin and others as well as copper) the tailings are taken to huge settling tanks at the edge of the Great Salt Lake. It's not immediately obvious how this is more environmentally friendly but it is claimed to be so, and certainly minimizes further build-up of the orange-colored mountain that is visible throughout this huge valley that is the Salt Lake Basin.

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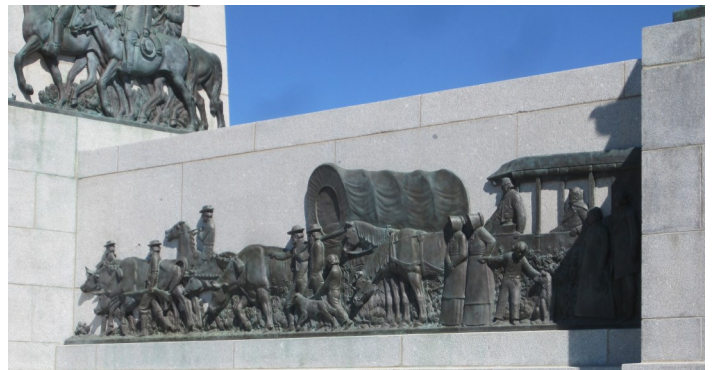


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After leaving the mine and finding a sandwich shop for lunch we drove across the valley to the east side and up Emigration Canyon to the “This is the Place” park and monument. It is here that Brigham Young pronounced that “This is the right place” for the pioneers to settle after their trek from Illinois in 1847. The park has a number of statues commemorating the Pioneers and also has a large area on which are reconstructed buildings of the period right after Salt Lake was settled. We didn’t take the time to visit the buildings but spent a pleasant hour on this hillside park before returning to the hotel to relax before dinner.



“This is the Right





*.....and obviously  
the right place for  
an ice cream!*

Tonight we ate at an Italian restaurant (Fresco) about 5 miles from the hotel and once again were able to eat outside in a very pleasant little courtyard. The food and service were very good, probably better than the one Molly and I ate at on Friday evening, but proportionately more expensive.

#### **Monday September 5 (Labor Day)**



**The High Desert**

We checked out of the hotel after breakfast and started north towards our next stop in the Teton. We drove about 40 miles on I-15 and then left the expressway at Logan to head in a more easterly direction up the first mountain range. We climbed steadily to 9000 feet: the first part through a relatively narrow gorge but soon followed by much more open land with fewer trees and a landscape of sage and mountain brush. We had some spectacular long views in some areas but for the most part these particular mountains were quite rounded and green and were on every side as we drove.

After descending to about 7000 feet we were in a large valley where there was a good deal of farm land, despite the area being essentially desert.

After another ascent to almost 8000 feet, we dropped down to Bear Lake (6000 feet) and found a Mexican restaurant for lunch in the busy town of Garden City. Once again we were able to dine outdoors, although today was significantly cooler and more cloudy than the past three. From Bear Lake it was another 150 miles to our destination so we kept moving with just a couple of short stops. The first was at Montpelier where we visited the Oregon and California Trail Museum. We made the stop in this very small town primarily to use the facilities but found the muse-





um to be very good with exhibits on three floors. We have often been amazed at the quality of museums that appear to be miles from anywhere and therefore would not expect to draw large crowds – and this was another example, covering the story of the pioneers who trekked across this part of Idaho from Missouri to the West Coast in the mid to late 1800s.



Our Traveling  
Home for Three  
Weeks



We had crossed from Utah into Idaho when passing Bear Lake but it wasn't long before we were in our third state for the day: Wyoming. We made one more stop at Alpine, at the northern end of a very large valley, for a coffee before finishing our 300 mile ride for the day. Once out of Alpine, we were climbing again and for quite a long time were alongside the Snake River with the last of the Labor Day rafters enjoying the white water stretches. We left Route 89 on the southern edge of Jackson Hole and went another 10 miles to the Inn at Jackson Hole in Teton Village.



Molly and I had stayed here several times since 2000 and the area has expanded significantly since that first visit. From essentially one hotel and a couple of restaurants, Teton Village has grown to include a half dozen hotels and a huge Sheraton Resort as well as a wide range of restaurants. We opted for a Thai restaurant near our hotel for dinner tonight. The food was good, the service a little slow and the ambiance was "rustic" but it was on site and not overly expensive. Certainly it provided good sustenance and a chance for some more good conversation.

**View from Teton  
Village**



**Tuesday September 6**

We left the hotel and drove the 10 miles into Jackson Hole for breakfast. We found the Bunnery and Bakery restaurant which Molly and I had enjoyed on a previous trip and which has a good reputation in this area. In fact we had to stand in line for perhaps 15 minutes to get a table. We each had a fry-up except Keith, who had the Gros Ventre ("Big Belly") which he claimed to be "mostly vegetarian" but as compensation came with a large scoop of cream on top of the egg dish!



We then strolled around **Jackson** for an hour before returning to the hotel to prepare for our trip up Rendezvous Mountain, which is right at the back of Teton Village and behind our hotel. We recalled that on our first visit to this hotel in 2000, our room had a balcony that looked straight at the mountain. However, the Teton Village complex has grown so much that there is another hotel between ours and the mountain (as well as many more to the north) and we have no view at all.

We dressed in appropriate gear for the cooler weather at the 10,000 feet elevation and for the possibility of walking one of the many trails at the top – and then got the cable car. The ten minute ride took us from 6000 feet to a little over 10,000 feet and covered 4 miles over the ground. The ride up and the area at the top provided some excellent views of Grand Teton (over 13,000 feet) as well as over the huge valley below.



***Rendezvous  
Mountain***

**GRAND TETON**



Keith and Zena wanted to do some “serious” walking and there was considerable discussion about whether to do a loop near the summit or to take the longer (but all downhill) trail back to the village. The 7.4 mile trail to the village had the advantage of being all downhill whereas the loops near the summit were shorter (3-4 miles) but clearly involved some steep upward climbs at high elevation. After deliberation over a hot chocolate and an inspection of the stony trail at the top, Zena decided that here walking sandals were perhaps not the best for walking on this terrain. So, in the end it was Keith and I who decided to take the Summit Trail back to Teton Village.

I felt guilty that I had deprived Zena of a walk but she convinced me (and herself, I think) that she was happy to join Molly and take the tram back down the mountain. So, Keith and I set off.....



The track was about 10 to 12 feet wide and consisted of small rocks and stones packed down by the motorized vehicle that used this for carrying supplies, etc. For the most part this meant that the path was a little rough underfoot but quite solid where it wasn't too steep. However, on the steeper grades (of which there were many near the summit) it was easy for a foot to slide on the loose surface and both of us slipped several times although neither of us actually fell to the ground. After about 2 miles of this and a descent of about 2000 feet, I was beginning to feel more sorry for myself than for Zena but was truly pleased that she had decided against it in the sandals she was wearing as I honestly think it could have been quite dangerous.

The possibility of sliding aside, however, the walk itself provided spectacular views and a close-up look at the dozens of varieties of flowers along the side of the trail and in the higher elevation meadows. At the higher elevations, these were practically the only flora but as we descended we started to see small trees and some brush before these were supplemented by Aspen and Cottonwood trees and some fir trees.

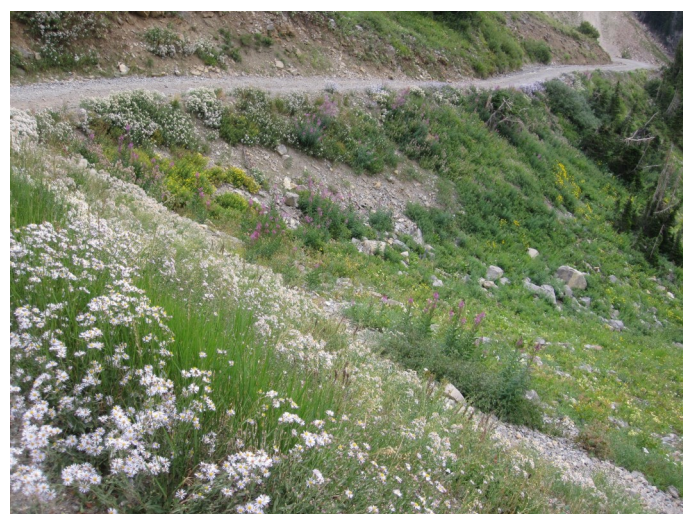
At the 9500 feet elevation, Keith spotted a swarm of honey bees gathering around a rock near the path. He estimated that there were several hundred congregating prior to establishing their winter home and gathering the



nectar for the winter. With winter probably not too far away and the nectar-bearing flowers in danger of being killed by frost, it appeared to Keith that this particular group might have a difficult time preparing for and surviving the upcoming winter. Nevertheless, it was a surprising and exciting find – one that kept Keith talking for a good deal more of the downward trail.

**Keith's Bees**





We were at the halfway point after 1 ½ hours and the trail was becoming less steep but still of the same material. About 2 ½ miles from home, however, the trail took an abrupt turn to the left (away from the mountain and the village) and became a 1-2 feet wide dusty path through knee to shoulder high vegetation and more and more fir trees as we descended. Underfoot it was much like many paths across moorland in England but the high brush and tall trees (very few flowers now) made it feel much more enclosed. What was a little alarming was that we proceeded in this northerly direction for over a mile and were beginning to wonder if we had taken a wrong turn. Only the trail markers periodically convinced us we were still on the right track and the ultimate support came when the path turned through 180 degrees and we were headed towards our hotel again. Another 1 ½ miles of this gentle descent brought us to the northern edge of Teton Village from where it was a short walk across the lawns to our hotel.





We had experienced a couple of very spotty showers and cool winds near the top but these soon passed. As we left the wooded area towards the end of our trip, however, there was a heavier shower which we now found quite refreshing and from which we had completely dried by the time we reached the village complex.

The trek had taken us just over 3 hours (it was “advertised” as 3 to 4) and we certainly knew we had been on a strenuous trail as we dragged ourselves up the stairs to our rooms – but we had made it! A nice sensation of accomplishment.

Tonight we drove into Jackson for a very pleasant meal at the Cadillac Grill – a restaurant Molly and I had enjoyed on previous visits.

### **Wednesday September 7**

We had breakfast in one of the cafeterias in the village and then checked out and were on our way north by 10 am into the Grand Teton National Park..

Grand Teton National Park is located in northwestern Wyoming, U.S. The Park consists of approximately 310,000 acres and includes the major peaks of the 40-mile long Teton Range as well as most of the northern sections of the valley known as Jackson Hole. Only 10 miles south of Yellowstone National Park, the two parks are connected by the National Park Service managed John D. Rockefeller, Jr. Memorial Parkway. These three protected areas in conjunction with surrounding National Forests constitute the Greater Yellowstone Ecosystem, which at almost 18,000,000 acres, is one of the largest intact mid-latitude temperate ecosystems in the world.

Human history of the Grand Teton region dates back at least 11,000 years, when the first nomadic hunter-gatherer Paleo-Indians would migrate into the region during warmer months in pursuit of food and supplies. In the early 19th century, the first Caucasian explorers encountered the eastern Shoshone natives. Between 1810 and 1840, the region attracted various fur trading companies which vied for control of the lucrative beaver fur. Organized U.S. Government explorations to the region commenced in the 1870s as an offshoot of exploration in Yellowstone. The first permanent settlers in Jackson Hole arrived in the 1880s. Efforts to preserve the region as a national park commenced in the late 19th century and by 1929, Grand Teton National Park was established, protecting the major peaks of the Teton Range. The valley of Jackson Hole remained in private ownership until conservationists led by John D. Rockefeller, Jr. in the 1930s began purchasing land in Jackson Hole to be added to the existing national park. Against public opinion and with repeated congressional efforts to repeal it, much of Jackson Hole was also set aside for protection as Jackson Hole National Monument in 1943. In 1950 the monument was abolished and most of the monument acreage was added to Grand Teton National Park.

Grand Teton National Park is named for Grand Teton which is the tallest mountain in the Teton Range. At 13,775 feet, Grand Teton rises abruptly more than 7,000 feet above Jackson Hole and is almost 850 feet higher than Mount Owen, the second highest summit in the range.





Our first stop after entering the Park was at Jenny Lake. From here (as well as along the entire route north to Yellowstone) there were magnificent views of the mountains, each angle providing a better shot than the last, it seemed. The lake itself was also very attractive with the lightly forested flat areas through which we walked on one side, with the mountains seemingly going straight up from across the water. We took a  $\frac{3}{4}$  mile stroll along the edge of the lake and then continued north on Route 89.



*Jenny Lake*





We took another detour to drive up Signal Mountain to the top at almost 8000 feet from which there was a full 360 degree panorama across the Snake River Valley to the east and south and the Tetons to the west. The large Jackson Lake was to the northwest and our route to Yellowstone was due north. There was a good deal of haze (both natural and from nearby fires) so the mountains were not as crystal clear as they might have been but it was an excellent viewpoint nevertheless.

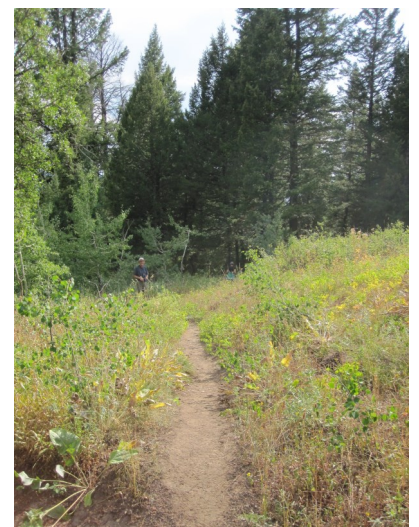


**Views from Signal Mountain**



Once back down the mountain (it looks essentially like a mesa standing on the valley floor well away from the main mountain range) we drove to the Visitor Center and Lodge at Jackson Lake. Here we had a light lunch sitting outside overlooking the Willow Flats which was said to be a good place to spot moose at this time of year. Indeed a moose and calf were spotted by a number of people but all we saw was the top of the head of the mother. She was only about 200 yards away but even with binoculars you required guidance and a little imagination to spot her.

Our final stop in Grand Teton Park was off the main road and up a dirt track for about one mile. At this point a walking trail climbed to a lookout (Grand View Point) to the east and the rather attractive Two Oceans Lake. It was advertised as an easy walk with a short steep stretch towards the top. However, we classed it as a rather steep uphill climb all the way (Molly chose to pass) and in fact we turned around just past the halfway point on the 1.1 mile climb. This was partly because there was loud rumbling of thunder just to the northeast but also because we had a good view of the lake from this intermediate point – and we had done enough climbing!





We continued north on Route 89 and were soon entering Yellowstone National Park. Soon we came across a number of parked cars indicating that something had been spotted in the trees and indeed we did see a bull elk. Keith managed to get a photograph but the rest of us settled for a somewhat distant view of the retreating animal. By now it was after 5 pm and we were wondering whether we could make our destination of West Yellowstone before the restaurants closed. So, we decided to have dinner at Old Faithful Lodge, which we reached about 6:15 after crossing the Continental Divide three times since entering the park. We had our meal in the large cafeteria of the old lodge and then were just in time to watch Old Faithful perform on its approximately 90 minute schedule. It was now quite cool as we sat outside and waited and then watched a few “false alarms” before seeing the spectacular boiling water and steam plume that symbolizes Yellowstone.



## Our First View of Old Faithful



By now it was close to 8 pm and we drove the remaining 30 miles to West Yellowstone and our hotel in the dark, settling in to our rooms about nine. I think we were all ready for an early night after two quite tiring – but exhilarating and informative – days in the Grand Tetons.



