

Traveling in Utah and Wyoming: Natural Bridge National Monument, Arches National Park, Dinosaur National Monument, Grand Teton National Park, and Yellowstone National Park

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I started driving from Palos Verdes Estates, California on May 26, 1988 and headed for the Canadian Rockies. Before I reached my destination, I visited Canyon De Chelly and Petrified Forest in Arizona, Mesa Verde in Colorado, and Monument Valley in Utah. This essay will be about part of my trip when I visited Natural Bridge National Monument, Arches National Park, and Dinosaur National Monument in Utah, Grand Teton National Park and Yellowstone National Park in Wyoming.

After I visited Goosenecks State Park in Utah, I headed for Natural Bridges National Monument. State Highway 261 merged with State Highway 95. I entered Highway 95 west and drove on it for about two miles (3.2 km). I then changed to State Highway 275 which led me to Natural Bridges National Monument. There were only a couple of cars in the parking lot at the visitor center at Natural Bridges National Monument. Most of the area looked pale yellow-brown and some parts looked purple. It was very hard to see the rock bridges because there was no contrast between the bridges and the view beyond them. Even though I wanted to see the bridges from close up, fences blocked me from walking near them. While I was taking a picture of one of the bridges, a lady was walking up the hill. She told me that she had walked down the valley and suggested that I should go to the bottom of the valley. She said, "It was worth spending two hours," but I didn't have that much time to go down into the valley. I only spent a little time at Natural Bridges National Monument, but I was satisfied that I had seen the natural rock bridges.

I left Natural Bridges National Monument and headed for Moab in Utah where I had a reservation for that night. I only had to drive around 110 miles (176 km) from Natural Bridges to Moab. When I left the park, it was snowing. I was glad that I had brought snow chains for the trip. As soon as I changed to State Highway 95 from State Highway 275, the traffic was all stopped. Due to landslides, I couldn't continue to drive on Highway 95 so I had to drive back on the same route by which I had come to Natural Bridges National Monument. I had to drive 50 miles (80 km) more than I had planned. I entered Highway 261 again and this time saw the scenery from the opposite side. In Mexican Hat, I entered U.S. Highway 163 and the highway merged with U.S. Highway 191. When I was driving through the town of Blanding, I saw a store sign which said "Indian Trade." I had passed the store earlier but now I stopped and went in. This was because I was curious about the name, Indian Trade. Even though the sign said Indian Trade, the store

was an Indian products gift store and they sold Indian arts and crafts like rugs, sandpaintings, pottery, silver necklaces, silver rings, and silver earrings. They also sold several Indian clay dolls. One of the dolls was 30 inches (75 cm) high and was carrying two or three babies on her lap and her mouth was open wide. Her eyes and hair were painted in black and orange and brown paints were used for her clothes. The price was \$400. I found another clay doll which was \$85 and it wasn't carrying any babies. According to the storeowner, these dolls were storytellers. The clay doll showed that an Indian lady was telling stories to her children. I couldn't afford 400 dollars' worth of doll but I bought the other storyteller. A black clay doll which looked like a space man was cute. The doll had three cylinders on its face and the cylinders must have been eyes and a mouth. I wanted to buy it but \$80 was too expensive for me. While I was driving to Moab, I was still thinking about that black storyteller doll.

I saw green grass, blue water, and gray mountains with snow in front of me. I had driven only in a red-brown area for a while so the color of the water and greenery looked extremely beautiful. I started driving again in a brown-colored area. I saw a uniquely shaped rock which looked like a bell.

After I paid the five dollar entrance fee at Arches National Park, I drove up the hill. Beyond the red-brown hills, I could see Moab where there was a lot of greenery. There was a lake or a reservoir near Moab. After I had driven up onto the hill, I could see high mountains with snow beyond a red-brown wilderness area. Even after I drove a couple of miles in the park, I saw only huge red-brown rocks but I didn't see any arches. Some rocks which were around 100 feet (30 m) high looked as if they were buildings without any windows. Some rocks were cylindrical. Some uniquely shaped rocks had such names as Three Gossips, Sheep Rock, Tower of Babel, and Delicate Arch. Balanced Rock had a huge cylinder-shaped body and a huge egg-shaped rock on the body as if it were a head. It looked like a huge Japanese Kokeshi, a wooden doll with a round head and a cylinder-shaped body. Only half of the head touched the body and it looked as if the head might fall off at any time. After I passed Balanced Rock, I saw two small holes through the rocks in front of me. The holes looked as if they were windows. The closer I drove, the larger the windows became. The windows turned out to be at least 65 feet (19.5 m) high and 130 feet (39 m) wide. I saw a few holes through the rocks around me. One rock had two holes in it. One rock with a small hole in it looked like an elephant. I could see the sky through the windows in the rocks. The park was larger than I had expected and there were many interesting rock formations. One part of the park consisted of many flat rocks. They were about three feet (one meter) wide and about 32 to 100 feet (9.6 to 30m) high. They touched each other and stood up in the sky.

I saw a sign which said Delicate Arch. I had to walk two miles up a hill. Many small red rocks had been put on both sides of the trail to Delicate Arch. I climbed the hill on the trail. It was very hot but I hadn't brought anything to drink with me. Nobody else was climbing the hill. As the trails disappeared in the middle of the hill, I didn't see any

directions. I couldn't see the top from the middle of the hill. Avoiding small bushes, I kept climbing the hill. The hill was pretty steep so I could not climb very fast. It took me about 45 minutes to reach the top of the hill but I couldn't see any arches there. I looked for Delicate Arch and saw it on another hill. I had climbed the wrong hill. The very thin arch stood on the cliff as if it were a rainbow-shaped gate. I understood why the arch was named Delicate Arch because the arch looked as if it might fall down easily. I was eager to walk near the arch but it was impossible to go down the cliff where I was and climb the other side of the cliff with the arch on it. I decided to go down the hill and went back to the place where the trail had disappeared. I started climbing the hill again. It took me around 25 minutes to reach the top of the hill and "Delicate Arch" was in front of me. I could see the side of the arch but I wanted to see the arch from its front. The arch was around 65 feet (20 m) away from me. To reach the arch, I had to walk on the cliff. The width of the top of the cliff was only three feet (0.9 m) and its surface was curved. Both sides of the cliff were very steep. If I fell from the cliff, I would die so I started walking on the top of the cliff very carefully. It was very hard to keep my balance because I was carrying my heavy purse on my shoulder and was also carrying my heavy camera. It took at least 15 minutes to walk 50 feet (15 m). Sometimes I looked down a deep canyon on my right side which must have been at least 150 feet (45 m) deep. There was a deep canyon on the other side, too. The canyon must have been around 30 feet (9m) deep. I only had to walk 15 feet (5 m) more and I would be able to touch Delicate Arch but I couldn't walk on the cliff any more. The closer I walked toward the arch, the narrower the top of the hill looked. I gave up the idea of walking close to the arch.

I started driving again in the park and headed for Landscape Arch. I parked my car near Devil's Garden Trailhead and started walking to Landscape Arch. According to the sign, I had to walk 1.3 miles (2.1 km) to get there. The trail to the arch was very narrow and steep. To make matters worse, there were many small and medium sized rocks on the trail so I had to walk very carefully. I felt that I walked for at least 40 minutes to reach Landscape Arch which was very thin, and it was one of the longest natural bridges in the world. The arch looked like if someone stepped on it, it would be crushed easily. There was a barrier near the arch and I couldn't go near it. Double O Arch was near Landscape Arch but I didn't know how many miles it was. It was around 5:00 P.M. and couldn't see anybody else around me. I thought that it might be dangerous to go to Double O Arch all alone. If someone attacked me or if I injured myself, there would be nobody to help me. I had also used all my film, so even if I reached Double O Arch, I could not take any pictures. Anyway, I decided to return to my motel. There were many arches in the park; however, I didn't have enough time to see all of them.

After I stayed a night in Moab, I was going to visit Dinosaur National Monument. According to the driving map, I only had to drive 230 miles (368 km) from Moab to Vernal where I had a motel reservation that night. I thought that I needed less than four hours to get to Vernal. I usually put gasoline in the car before I started going to my next

destination. But this time I didn't buy any gasoline because I only had to drive for less than four hours and there was enough gasoline in the tank.

I started driving on U.S. Federal Highway 191 northbound. Even though I pushed the accelerator hard, I could climb the mountains only around 30 miles (48 km) per hour, which was half the speed that I had expected to drive. It was June but there was snow on both sides of the road. The gas gauge was getting lower and lower. I definitely needed to put in gasoline. I was going to buy gasoline in Price. As the name of Price was written in red on the map, it must be a town. All towns have a couple of gas stations. At last I arrived in Price and looked for a gas station but I couldn't find any gas stations or stores in Price. According to the map, there were three small villages or towns before I reached Duchesne. While I was driving on U.S. Federal Highway 191, I passed through Carbonville, Kenilworth, and Helper. I could see only a couple of houses in these villages. I saw neither stores nor gas stations. I had to reach Duchesne. The highway climbed more and more and the gas gauge was getting lower and lower. Even though I was a member of Triple A, I couldn't call them for help because there was no telephone in the mountains. I was anxious about how little gas was left. As soon as I found a gas station in Duchesne, I bought gasoline and then I felt relaxed. I bought my favorite Cadbury's fruit and nut chocolate bar in the supermarket near the gas station but it was so hot that the chocolate melted in my hand quickly. The flavor of the chocolate was not as good as usual. U.S. Federal Highway 191 merged with Interstate Highway 40 in Duchesne.

I started driving again on Highway 40 which ran between mountains. There was no other traffic around me. It took me five hours to drive 232 miles (371.2 km), including 60 miles of very winding road, from Moab to the Split Mountain Motel in Vernal. As soon as I had unloaded my luggage in my room, I headed for Dinosaur National Monument.

When I was around 20 years old, I had watched a TV program showing the area where we could see many fossil bones of dinosaurs. The program appealed to my curiosity about dinosaurs as well as fossils. I paid the \$5.00 entrance fee and drove into Dinosaur National Monument. I decided to go to the visitor center from the parking lot using a free ride. A bus climbed up the hill and it took only five minutes to the visitor center from the bus stop. From the hill where the visitor center was, I could see rocky hills which were cream yellow, pale orange, chrome yellow, and pale brown. As soon as I entered the visitor center, I was overwhelmed by the view. There were hundreds of pieces of bones in a wall which was around 50 feet (15 m) wide and 15 feet (4.5 m) high. The wall looked like a small pale gray hill. I could see many bones such as vertebrae and femurs. Some vertebrae were longer than my height and some femurs were larger than my legs. According to a lady park ranger, these were the fossil bones of dinosaurs. It was still a mystery why the dinosaurs had disappeared from the earth. The park ranger also explained that it was mystery, too, why so many bones were all together in the same area. As the ranger also told us about some petroglyphs in the park, I decided to go see them. It was easy to find the rock on which Indians had painted or carved pictures. The

pictures were of a man, deer, zigzags, circles, and swirls. The petroglyphs must have meanings but I didn't understand them. For me, these were only simply designed pictures. I stayed at the petroglyph rock for around 30 minutes. Nobody came to the area. I didn't see any buildings or any cars around me. I thought that it must be dangerous to stay there alone so I decided to leave.

When I was driving to my motel in Vernal, I saw a shabby looking store on the highway whose sign said Rocks. I was curious to know what kind of rocks they sold. Many fossils such as fish, leaves, and seashells were displayed in the store. I wanted to buy many fossils but I couldn't afford them. One of them had many fish in it and it was \$400. I bought two fossils which had a fish in each fossil. They were \$20 each. I also bought three more fossils. One was a seashell which looked like a scallop and the others had leaves in them. After I arrived at my motel, I displayed all my fossils in front of me and I looked at them for a while. I admired their beauty and shapes. They made me too happy to sleep.

After I left Vernal, I headed for Grand Teton National Park in Wyoming. I had a two-night reservation at the Elk Refuge Inn in Jackson. According to the driving map, I needed to drive around 300 miles (480 km). I got on U.S. Federal Highway 191 and started driving to Jackson. I expected that it would take around five hours to drive from Vernal to Jackson. As soon as I left Vernal, I had to climb the mountains and I could drive 30 miles per hour at most. It was half the speed that I had expected. After I had driven around 45 miles, I saw a lake. Actually, it was Flaming Gorge Dam. As soon as I had driven past the dam, I reached the border between Utah and Wyoming. Even after I entered Wyoming, I continued to climb the mountains. From the middle of the mountains, I looked at the valleys. They were wild-looking rust-brown plains with no trees. Far beyond the plains, there were mountains. I went down the mountains and started driving on a flat area. Sometimes I drove along pastureland which was covered with yellow-green grass. Once in a while, I drove along an area which was rusty brown. Far beyond the area, I saw high mountains with snow on them. I thought that the mountains might be the Grand Tetons.

I got off U.S. Federal Highway 191 and drove on a narrow dirt road which stretched into the high mountains. I drove along a pasture where there were a lot of dandelions. It looked like a green carpet with many yellow spots. Beyond the green carpet, there were white-capped mountains. I drove 306 miles (489 km) from Vernal and arrived in Jackson, Wyoming. It took three hours more than I had expected because I had climbed the mountains. I hadn't allowed for the altitude of the highway when I had calculated how long it would take.

My navy blue Toyota Tercel looked brown. It was dangerous to drive with a dirty window because it distracted me to look through. I drove into a car wash and washed my car myself. I drove into Jackson to look for my motel. Jackson looked like a town in the Western movies. All the stores were built of wood. They had wooden sidewalks which

were covered with a roof. There was a park in Jackson with an arched gate made of many piled-up deer horns. Even though I drove through Jackson three times, I couldn't find my motel. I entered a gift shop to ask for directions to my motel. The owner of the gift shop didn't know the Elk Refuge Inn. I entered a second gift shop. The storeowner told me, "Turn left at the fourth stop light and drive on Highway 191. You will find the Elk Refuge Inn." I drove on U.S. Federal Highway 191 but I lost my way in Jackson. U.S. Federal Highway 191 disappeared. I returned to the place where I had got the directions to the Elk Refuge Inn. I started to drive on U.S. Federal Highway 191 again and drove on it for a short distance and I realized that U.S. Federal Highway 191 combined with three other highways, U.S. Federal Highways 26, 89, and 189.

Finally, I found the Elk Refuge Inn. After I had put all my luggage in my motel room, I returned to Jackson to see the gift stores. Some gift stores sold junk, fake American Indian crafts which were made in China or Taiwan, and some gift stores sold real American Indian crafts like pottery, rugs, and jewelry. One of the gift stores sold very beautiful wooden bears. I turned one of bears upside down and looked at the sole of the foot. I read "Made in Japan" on it. The medium sized bear was \$300. If I were not from Japan, I would have bought it. Three gift stores sold storyteller dolls. One of the dolls which had several babies on her body also had a price tag of \$1,000. Two storyteller dolls were shaped like an ear of corn. They were extremely cute but each doll was \$120. They were too expensive for me.

On the morning of June 3, I drove to Grand Teton National Park. There was an entrance sign around five or six miles away from the Elk Refuge Inn. A mustard and khaki grassland stretched to my left and high mountains capped with snow ranged beyond the grassland. The further I drove into the park, the more beautiful views I saw. First, a lake stretched in front of me and beyond the lake three steep rocky mountains rose into the sky. The mountains were dark blue and part of them was covered with snow. The lake and the sky were the same blue color. There were dark green trees which looked like Douglas firs between the mountains and the lake. Second, a navy blue river descended in a zigzag and both sides of the river and some islands or moraines in the river had brown marshlands. There were a lot of tall, dark green fir trees on the border line between the marshes and the blue sky. A small part of a snow-capped mountain showed beyond the dark green fir trees. Third, many tall fir trees were standing in front of me and beyond the trees, light violet-gray mountains with snow-covered peaks stretched into the sky. Blue lakes and yellow-green grass areas lay between the mountains and the tall green fir trees. I enjoyed looking at the breathtaking views.

I drove up the hill. I could see a thick green tree carpet along the bottom of the mountains and the blue river running among the trees. I also saw a dark olive-colored meadow at the bottom of the mountains. I came up a wild deer beside the road, and even though I walked toward the deer, it was eating grass without paying any attention to me. While I was driving back to the motel, I enjoyed looking at the scenery from the opposite

side. When I drove in the area where I had seen the lake and mountains that morning, the lake reflected the mountains as clearly as if it were a mirror. It was extremely beautiful. I looked at the view for a while and wondered why I hadn't seen that beautiful view when I drove through that morning but I was satisfied that I had been able to see such beautiful scenery in Grand Teton National Park.

I returned to a gift shop in Jackson. I still had a great desire to buy a corn-shaped storyteller. I thought that I would not have a chance to come to Jackson again. I also remembered the rug in Canyon De Chelly and the storyteller in New Mexico. I decided to buy one corn-shaped storyteller. Once I had decided to buy a storyteller, I wondered which corn-shaped doll I should buy because I found two corn-shaped dolls at two different stores. As both of the dolls were very cute, I couldn't choose just one of them. I forced myself to buy both of them.

At 7:40 A.M. on June 4, I left Jackson. I headed for Yellowstone National Park. According to the driving map from Triple A, I had to drive only 100 miles from Jackson to the Old Faithful Inn where I had a two-night reservation. I drove through Grand Teton National Park where I had driven the previous day. The views were just so beautiful. I had to climb from Grand Teton National Park up to Yellowstone National Park. I drove along a lake and beside a small stream. I also drove through the wooded area with the dark green fir trees. I saw signs three times which said, "Continental Divide." The highway separated into two highways. I drove onto the west side of the highway whose road sign said Old Faithful Geysir. To reach Old Faithful, I had to drive on Craig Pass. There was construction going on at Craig Pass and a part of the highway was one-way traffic. I arrived at the Old Faithful Inn at 10:35 A.M. The Old Faithful Inn was a three-story wooden hotel. I had to climb up around 10 steps from the parking lot to the inn. The inside of the inn was darker than I had expected and I heard many people's voices there. It was too early to check in so I decided to go see Old Faithful Geysir which was nearby. I saw many people around the geysir. Some people were sitting on the benches which were around the geysir and some people were walking near to the geysir. Everybody was waiting for the gushing up of the hot water. On the one hand, I wanted to go to the visitor center to get information about Yellowstone National Park, but on the other hand, I didn't want to miss the time when the hot water burst up. One of the spectators looked at a schedule for the geysir. He told me that the geysir would burst up in 15 minutes. I decided to stay there and to wait for the geysir to burst up. The area where the geysir came from was mounded slightly and was a very light camel color. A small amount of steam was coming from the center of the mound. The amount of the steam increased and became around three feet (one meter) high. Not only steam came out but also water. The height of the water was getting higher and higher. The column of water became around 16 feet (4.8m) high and then it hit 26 feet (7.8m). Finally it reached around 100 feet (30m). As soon as the water had reached its peak, it started getting smaller and smaller again. Finally, the water disappeared and only a small amount of steam came out from the

mound. The spectacular show was over and the area of Old Faithful Geyser turned quiet. A ring-shaped cloud above the geyser showed that there had been a blast from the geyser.

After I had seen the blast of Old Faithful Geyser, I went to the visitor center and received a pamphlet about the upper geyser basin. In the visitor center, there was an information board which showed the day's geyser predictions: for example, how many times Old Faithful Geyser would blast in a day and when it had last blasted. In the visitor center, I found out that there were many geysers in Yellowstone National Park.

After I left the visitor center, I went to the Old Faithful Inn to check in. My room was on the third floor and there was no elevator in the inn. I carried my own baggage up to the room. I had to go back and forth between my car and my room five times. It was very hot and carrying my baggage into my room made me tired. There was no bathroom in my room so that I had to use a public bathroom on the same floor. I rested in my room for around 30 minutes and then started walking in the park.

There was a long wooden footpath in the park where people had to walk. There were many springs, pools, geysers, and streams along the footpath. Most of the springs, pools, and geysers have their own names; for example, Giantess Geyser, Grand Geyser, Crested Pool, Beauty Pool, Morning Glory Pool, and Round Spring. These pools and springs had various colored water such as emerald green, blue-green, and cerulean blue. The edges of the pools, springs, and streams were colored with yellow, camel, rust-brown, or dark brown. Some of these colors might result from the action of algae, bacteria, or sulfur. Some geysers had such unique shapes as a chimney or a part of an animal skeleton's head. From these geysers, a small amount of steam was coming out. Some geysers which had only holes constantly blasted hot water 20 to 40 inches (50 to 100 cm) high.

I crossed a small stream and headed for Morning Glory Pool. As soon as I had crossed the stream, I heard the sound of blasting water. I looked back and saw a large amount of hot water coming up from the bank of the stream. The water climbed up into the sky around 30 feet (10 m) high. I took several pictures of it in a hurry. I was very close to the geyser and a few small drops of water fell on my camera and on me. After the geyser became quiet, I started walking to Morning Glory Pool again. The pool was crystal clear cerulean blue and I could see the bottom of the pool. The surface was very calm and there were no bubbles from the bottom. It didn't look so hot. I had a great desire to jump into the pool and take a bath but as it looked very deep, I didn't.

The road in Yellowstone National Park looked like a number "8." I started driving from Old Faithful Geyser to Norris in the park. Many deer and bison were in a yellow-green field. These animals were eating grass or lying on the grass peacefully. Some white steam was coming from the yellow-green field. Far beyond the green field, I saw hills or mountains covered with dark green trees. In some parts of the field, there were many standing dead trees without any leaves. The bottoms of their trunks had turned white and

the rest of their trunks were dark brown.

From Norris, I headed for Canyon Village, climbing up the mountain. There was still snow on both sides of the road. From Canyon Village, I drove to Tower. I saw a thick green tree carpet from the mountain. The bottom of the mountain had become dark and only the tops of the mountains were still shining. As it was getting dark, I had to drive fast.

When I arrived at Mammoth Hot Springs, it was impossible to take any pictures without a flash. I saw Minerva Terrace at Mammoth Hot Springs but I didn't take any pictures because I didn't have a flash attachment with me at that time. I decided to return there the next day. After I had driven several miles from Mammoth Hot Springs, I saw a black round-shaped object on the road. Wondering what it was, I drove closer to the object. It took at least a couple of minutes to realize that it was a black bear. And the bear was living near people. Even though I drove near the bear, it didn't run away. It looked safe to take pictures of the bear from outside of my car but I remembered what bears did in Hokkaido so I took pictures of the bear from inside my car without a flash.

Before I arrived in Norris, I saw three huge brown bears standing in a field. They looked to be around 10 feet (3 m) high. I was going to take pictures of the bears even though I knew it was too dark to take pictures without a flash of light. As soon as I got out of the car, the bears disappeared. Even though it was around 10:00 P.M., I could drive without headlights.

On June 5 around 8:00 A.M., I started driving and headed for Mammoth Hot Springs again. While I was driving to Mammoth Hot Springs, I expected that I would be able to see bears. Unfortunately, I didn't see any bears but I saw some deer instead. Minerva Terrace was a very famous place in Mammoth Hot Springs. According to a pamphlet, the terrace was built up from travertine. A part of the mountain or hill was covered with travertine. Part of the mountain was white, cream, light brown, and pale yellow. Minerva Terrace looked like a stone building. The terrace consisted of around fifteen steps and each step was around two feet (60 cm) high. Each step was divided into various sizes of rooms. Each room had such colors as light brown, light blue, milky white, and light yellow, and each room was filled with water which matched its room color. I walked up to the top of a hill and looked down at the terrace. It was larger than I had thought. I saw only a couple of people on the terrace.

I drove from Mammoth Hot Springs to Tower and from Tower to Canyon Village. After I passed Canyon Village, I saw several bison. Some of them were walking on the road. I got out of the car and walked toward one of the bison. I could take a picture of it from 10 feet (3m) away. I could see the full shape of the bison in my camera frame. At that time I didn't know it was extremely dangerous to get close to the bison.

When I saw a sign for Mud Volcano, I parked my car and walked toward the place. There was a gray pool whose edge was covered with dried clay. There were many cracks in the clay edge. Near the gray-colored pool, there was a light gray pool surrounded by brown rocks. There was a very narrow stream coming from the hill and

the stream poured hot water into the pool. The gray stream was coming up from the pool. At a little distance from the light gray pool, there was another dark gray pool. The water in the pool looked very thick with suspended clay. The water was boiling; however, I did not see any mud bubbles. At that time I didn't know that it was not Mud Volcano. Mud Volcano was on the hill. I found that out after I got home to Palos Verdes.

From Lake Village to West Thumb, I enjoyed looking at a blue-green lake. Far beyond the lake, I saw dark blue mountains whose tops were covered with snow. I also enjoyed a unique view in which there were four fir trees standing in the lake.

Even though I had brought many apples with me from California, I had eaten all of them. I really missed fresh fruit but I could not find any in the store.

Before I left Yellowstone National Park, I decided to see Old Faithful Geyser again. The geyser gushed the hot water right up into the sky strongly. I was satisfied that I was able to have a last chance to see the geyser. I left the Old Faithful Inn at 6:50 A.M. and headed for Madison. The sun shone on the land and a yellow-green grass field was shining. I saw around thirty deer eating grass in the field. It was a very quiet and peaceful view. In Madison, I got on U.S. Federal Highway 20 and at West Yellowstone, I got on U.S. Federal Highway 191 and headed for Glacier National Park.