

# Foolish Questions

Yellowstones  
Best



*Yellowstone National Park*

# FOOLISH QUESTIONS

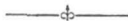
Yellowstone National Park

By JACK CHANEY



**FOURTH EDITION**

Edited and Enlarged by  
J. E. HAYNES



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The year 1931 marks the Golden Anniversary  
of the House of Haynes in Yellowstone National  
Park founded in 1881 by F. Jay Haynes,  
pioneer photographer.

## PREFACE

**I**T IS my purpose and intention in compiling this little book, Foolish Questions, to give to those who are appreciative of humor and wit a more comprehensive view of the life and nature of our great Yellowstone National Park. In collecting these bits of humor, I have tried to avoid all seriousness except in statements specifically meant to be such. The book is an attempt to add to the enjoyment of your trip around the Park by illustrating and setting forth a few of the many endless, amusing, and interesting queries which have been copied almost verbatim as they occurred. The purpose of this book will be accomplished if, in after years, from the haze of memories, Foolish Questions will recall to you the pleasure and reality of your trip through Yellowstone National Park.

To the Yellowstone Drivers and to the many unknown contributors for the valuable material and the highly appreciated assistance given me in collecting and compiling it, I am greatly indebted.

JACK CHANEY.



## YELLOWSTONE BOOKS AND ALBUMS



THIS Edition of Foolish Questions is standardized both as to size and style of binding, with four other Yellowstone books—a collection of five volumes which, with Chittenden's monumental treatise "Yellowstone National Park," and "Oh Ranger," by Albright and Taylor, round out a collection that should be in the library of every person who has ever visited, or worked, in the park.

From the myriad books relating to the park, it becomes our duty to recommend a few outstanding volumes, for example,—

Yellowstone National Park, by Gen. Hiram Martin Chittenden.

Oh Ranger, by Horace M. Albright and F. J. Taylor.

Haynes Guide of Yellowstone National Park, by J. E. Haynes, B.A.

Trees and Flowers of Yellowstone National Park, by Frank E. A. Thone, Ph.D.

Discovery of Yellowstone Park—1870, by Hon. Nathaniel P. Langford.

Maw's Vacation, by Emerson Hough.

Foolish Questions, by Jack Chaney.

There are many other excellent books on the park, which goes without saying, the National Parks Portfolio and Our National Parks both by Robert Sterling Yard, A Top O' The World by Joseph Mitchell Chapple, several books by Milton P. Skinner, Truthful Lies by Charles Van Tassell, and innumerable others.

Albums, depicting the Yellowstone in pictures are: Masterpieces of the Yellowstone, in full color, Treasures of Yellowstone National Park, in full color, Yellowstone, The Wonderland Domain of Bears, in sepia, Souvenir Album of Yellowstone National Park, in sepia.

J. E. HAYNES.

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### *His Masterpiece*

God made the world with flowers and trees,  
And tiny grains of sand;  
The sky and cloud and mountain breeze,  
All products of his hand.  
The work was finished, but not content  
He fashioned a work anew,  
And countless ages in labor He spent  
Making Yellowstone Park for you.



Old Faithful Geyser



Great Fall of the Yellowstone

## People Whom You Should Know

Introducing:



The Gearjammers:

The men who drive  
the yellow cars.



### The Savages:

The lodge, hotel, and transportation employees.

P. S. When looking for a savage do not be surprised if he doesn't have his feather headdress on.

### Bell Hops:

The Bell Boys.

### The Heavers:

The girls who wait on tables.

### Pack Rats:

The porters at the lodges.

### Bus Boys:

The boys who bus the dishes to and from the dining room.

### Pearl Divers:

The dish washers.

### The Wranglers:

The men who look after the horses.

## A KIDDER

Dude: "Where do you come from?"

Gearjammer: "Michigan."

Dude: "What part?"

Gearjammer: "All of me."

**The Barn Dogs:**

(Sometimes known as barn matrons.) The help employed in the barns.

**The Tackies:**

The saddle horses.

**The Skinners:**

The men who drive four or more horses.

**Mr. Bear:**

The bears are usually found at the refuse dumping ground where the bears come to feed.

**The Sage Brusher:**

The parties using their own outfits and camping out in the sagebrush.

**The Rangers:**

The men who police the park and do the guiding.

**The Dudes:**

All tourists traveling either by the hotels or lodges.

**THE QUESTION**

"Say, Driver, where do I get my mail?"

"Where did you have it addressed to, lady?"

"In care of the post office."



1. Speed Cop:  
The motorcycle ranger who  
outspeeds the speeder.
2. Free Trip to Mammoth:  
Given to all speed demons.  
(That's where the judge is.)
3. Rat's Nest:  
Dormitory for the Pack  
Rats.
4. Pillow Punchers:  
The girls who make up the  
beds.
5. Mermaids:  
The girls who haunt the  
swimming pools.
6. Night Owls:  
Employees who stay out late  
"rottenlogging" (spooning).
7. Cake Eaters:  
All the dudes (especially  
after a five-mile hike).

### WELL—DIDN'T HE?

Gearjammer: "We went trout fishing today, I caught one more trout than the other two fellows put together."

She: "Fine. How many did you catch?"

Gearjammer: "One!"

1. Noah:  
The man who is in charge of loading the busses.
2. The Song Wrangler:  
The resident hostess.
3. The Witching Hour:  
When the nightly campfire is lighted.
4. The Cosmetician's Paradise:  
The Paint Pots.
5. Sweet Shop:  
The Chocolate Pots.
6. Geyser Bob:  
An historic character (Not a new kind of female haircut).
7. Gehenna:  
Norris Geyser Basin.

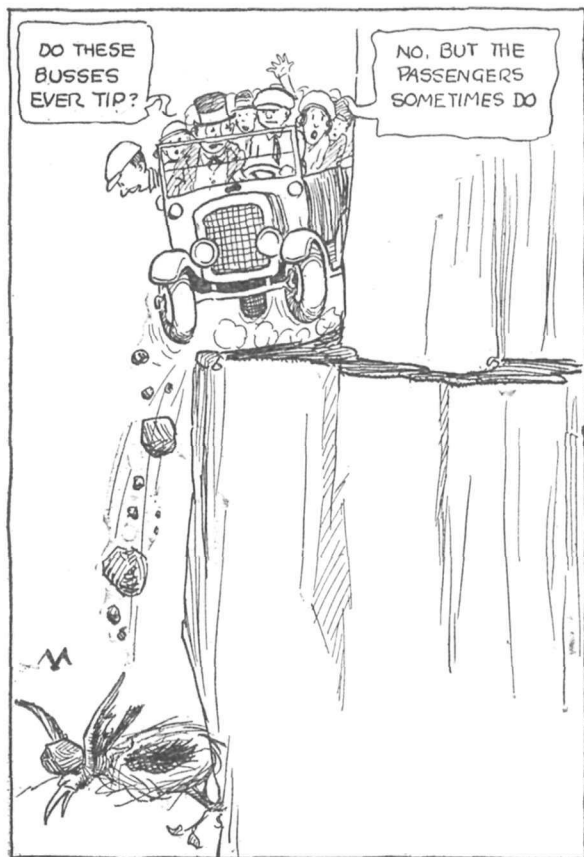


### ON THE HIKE TO GEYSER HILL

"Already for the hike! We will see the famous apiary on this afternoon's hike."

"I don't think I'll go to see the apiary," said one lady to her friend, "I never was much interested in monkeys."





### THE DRIVER

"The Excelsior Geyser hasn't played since 1890 and the top blew off then."

"Where did you say the top was, Guide?"

## “The Driver and Us”

“All aboard, let’s go!”—and we were off for the Park’s tour.

“Hey, Driver, will you answer a question?”

“Sure,” answered the driver in his usual matter-of-fact way, and, knowing what the first question of a passenger usually was, he ventured, “I’m no King Solomon nor mental telepathist, but you probably want to know where we are going. Old Faithful is our first stop. We shall see much of interest before we get there.”

“What are you lookin’ at, Driver?” asked someone who noticed the driver look skyward.

“It looks like the beginning of a good rain. I hope it keeps up.”

“Why?” questioned the tourists who were desirous of clear weather.

“Well, it won’t come down if it does, will it?”

The tourists looked puzzled for a few minutes but finally decided the driver was right.

“But what kind of flowers are those?” asked a lady who seemed interested in the flowers on the roadside.

“They are called *Gentiana elegans*,” remarked the driver showing his knowledge of Latin.

“Do all the flowers in the park have those Latin names?”



"Yes, Madam."

"Well—Ain't nature grand!"

"But what kind of animals are those playing around the flowers?"

"Well, Lady, some folks call them squirrels, others call them chipmunks, while still others call them prairie dogs. I've heard it said that chizzler is the correct name for those animals, but to me they look like common ordinary four-legged quadrupeds. And by the way, Lady, here's a painting I made of a mountain animal. What do you think of it?"

"Marvelous!" remarked the lady, noticing that he had painted a picture of a mountain burro. "And you have put so much of yourself into it."

"Driver, what river is this alongside the road?"

"The Firehole River. One peculiar thing about it is that any match dropped into it will be caused to light immediately—the same is also true of a stick or piece of coal."

"Well, what would make the match light?"

"Gravity."

"Look how clear the water is."

"Yes, in this water the fish swim natural."

"What difference would this water make from any other in the way the fish swim?"

"Well, in some rivers the water is so muddy that the poor fish have to swim backwards to keep the mud and dirt out of their eyes."

As the bus was now passing Fountain Paint Pot an interested old lady inquired, "Do they keep the paint pots boiling all the time?"

"Oh, yes," replied the driver, "They keep the heat turned on constantly to give everyone a chance to see them in action. They do the same thing with the geysers."

"Geysers!" exclaimed someone. "Why do they call them geysers?"

"Well, Lady, it is explained like this: If flies are flies because they fly, and fleas are fleas because they flee, then bees are bees because they be, and geysers are geysers because they geysen."

"Gee," said the lady, "That boy sure's got the logic."

"Driver, did anyone ever fall into one of the geyser-craters in the winter time?"

"Yes, only last winter one of the Rangers fell into the crater of Old Faithful."

"Good bye, did he get out?"

"Well, luckily, he happened to catch on to a rock down in the crater and so held himself there until Old Faithful erupted. The force of the eruption being mighty, blew him up in the air."

"What did it do to him?"

"It happened to be so cold that day that the water and steam from the geyser froze into a column of ice which then permitted the Ranger to slide down to safety."

While the bus paused by the geysers the driver, upon seeing Willie, a small boy of the party, washing his neck in the hot water pool, called: "What are you washing the back of your neck for?"

"Because this water is hot, and I got to get a haircut when I get home anyway."



In Willie's haste to get back to the bus he stumbled thru a small puddle of mud, and upon reaching the car his father exclaimed: "Great Scott, Willie, how you do look."

"Yes Pa, I fell in a mud hole."

"What!" exclaimed his mother, "With your new pants on?"

"Yes," stammered Willie, "I didn't have time to take them off."

When everyone got back to the bus, the journey was resumed, every tourist enjoying the trip with a spirit of joviality. The bus was now traveling in the highest altitude of the roads of Yellowstone Park. One of the passengers, noticing a change in the pressure of the air, inquired of the driver, "At this high altitude can one feel the air?"

"Well," said the driver, smiling, "That all depends."

The car at this time pulled up a steep hill.

"The hill that we are now climbing is a most wonderful hill. It is called the Dollar Hill."

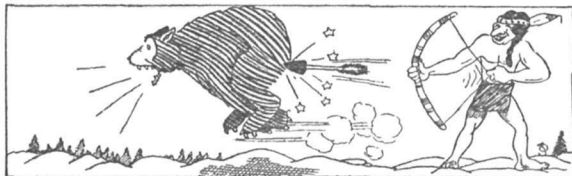
"But why the name of Dollar Hill?"

"Because it's so hard to make."

As the motor did not seem to be working well, the driver made this remark: "The cylinders don't seem to be hitting quite right."

"Why don't you put some ink in it?" suggested someone.

"But, what good will that do?"



"Make it write."

"Say, are these Park roads artificial or just natural?"

"Natural. You see, these are the roads that the glacier took when it made its trip through the Park."

"My—but aren't they wonderful to be just natural roads."

We continued on the journey and were passing a mud volcano when a tourist remarked, "That looks exactly like hell, doesn't it?"

"My, but some of you tourists must have done a great deal of traveling," ejaculated the driver.

"On your left is a perfect figure of the Northern Pacific trademark cut out by the river."

"Yes I know it is, Driver, but where is the N. P.?"

Soon the bus rolled along the rim of the Grand Canyon.

"So this is the Yellowstone Grand Canyon!" exclaimed a lady, as the bus was passing this beautiful spot. "Isn't it perfectly *gorgeous*!"

"That's more truth than poetry, Madam," agreed the driver.

"This must be the Inspiration Point of the Canyon," continued the lady. "I have read that it took millions of years for that great abyss to be carved out."

"Sounds as if it must have been a real job," exclaimed the driver.

"There we are! Look! It's a bear—right in the road."

"Oh, isn't it pretty."



"For goodness sakes, look at the little baby bear up in the tree. O—it'll fall—look at it—it's about to drop. Driver, please go and help that little bear down before it falls."

"Never mind, Madame, that little cub is safer up there than I will ever be—especially with its mother around."

The driver held out his hand as a signal to a passing car, as he had been doing thruout the trip. A curious little lady had noticed this and remarked, "Driver, you seem to be well acquainted, to know all those people."

The bus was now running past some knotted trees. A discussion arose as to what caused the knots in the trees. The driver, knowing most of the stories of local interest, told the following:

"The Indians in this country say that hundreds of years ago a terrible battle took place here between two Indian tribes. Now, the trees of Yellowstone are much more sensitive than trees in most regions. In this battle the arrows flew thick and fast, many being shot into the trees. The heads of the arrows which were lodged in the trees formed abscesses on them. That is how the Indians believe the knots were formed."

"Nature certainly is wonderful," exclaimed an admiring lady.

"Yes," answered the Kentuckian, "Nature is wonderful. She gives us our faces but lets us pick our own teeth."

While the driver had been telling the Indian tale he had been the center of the critical vision of a lady tourist. She focused her eyes particularly upon the driver's feet. Finally she spoke. "What kind of socks do you have on?"

"They are a special style of socks made especially for drivers. They are called the Convenience Sock."

"Why do they call them the Convenience Sock?"

"That's where the convenience comes in—you don't need to change them."

"Driver, I have just been wondering if the Giant at Old Faithful ever froze over in the coldest part of the winter?"

"All we know about it is that the geyser has been said to shoot huge cakes of ice up into the air in the springtime."

"Don't they ever use the ice for anything?"

"I suppose not, because there would be too great a risk of getting scalded when taking the ice out."

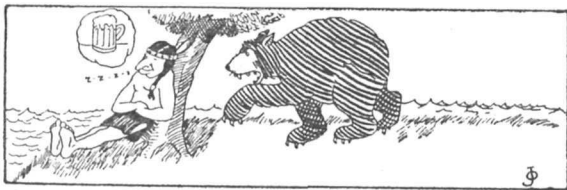
The driver at this time was interrupted by the boisterous laughter of some girls in the back seat.

"Say, were you girls laughing at me?"

"No, Gearjammer," came the jolly answer, "we weren't laughing at you, we were laughing at another joke."

The cloud, which had previously threatened to develop into a rain, now began to precipitate a light sprinkle. The bus rolled along until a place of shelter was reached. Little Willie was eager to get a drink of water and so he asked his mother if he could not run through the rain to a well nearby.

"Why, Willie!" exclaimed his mother, "It isn't fit for a dog to be out. My dear boy, let your father go."





The bus, however, drove in close to the well and there was no need for anyone to get wet. At the well a married woman inquired of her husband, "Hubby, do you think this water is poisonous?"

"That's all right, Dearie," replied the henpecked husband, "Go ahead, drink all you want. It will quench your thirst."

The driver pointed out a **dude** fishing in one of the streams and was reminded of his fishing days. He turned to the Kentuckian and said, "Last time I went fishing I caught one of those great big fish—let's see what is it you call 'em?"

"Oh," suggested the Kentuckian, "You mean whales."

"No, that couldn't have been it. I was using whales for bait."

Willie, who was watching a party of travelers packing up to leave, seemed to be especially interested in a pack horse that was being loaded by a colored attendant.

"Does that horse ever kick you?" asked Willie.

"No Sah, he don't never kick me, but he frequently kicks where ah's jus' been."

In this same party was a belated sagebrusher trying to open his tool box in order to fix a tire on his car. He was using some very violent language.

"What's the main trouble?" inquired the Kentuckian.

"Can't get this d——n box open."

"Why don't you use your pliers to open it?"

"I am using them."

"Oh, is that so. From what I heard, I thought you were trying to open it with prayer."

"Gosh, the mosquitoes are terrible around herel!" remarked the Kentuckian, slapping at the mosquitoes on his legs.

"They're worse than that," came the reply. "Why, when I left this car standing here at noon the tires were standing up like new. Now look at this one—flat as a pancake."

"And you are making a tour of the Park?"

"Yes. Just now we are headed back for Old Faithful Inn. It sure seemed like home to me."

"How do you account for that?"

"Well, there seems to be no place like it."

The bus was soon on the way again.

"Driver," asked a lady, scanning over a time table, "do you always run on schedule?"

"Yes," smiled the driver, "but I ran off time the other day and I sure got it in the neck from my boss. I didn't get started on time. I was detained. I had to do some steam fitting on the geysers, and the intense heat of the underground regions, where I was working, stopped my watch. You see it is very necessary that we keep the geysers in repair so they will always geyse when turned on."

"My! You must have been on the stage."

"I was," answered the driver.

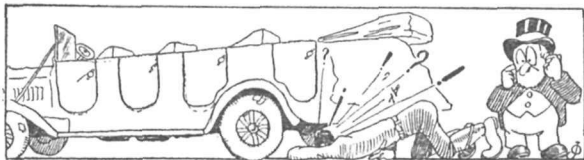
"How long were you on the stage?"

"Not very long, you see my horses ran away and I lost my job."

"Well, you have certainly had lots of experience."

"Oh yes, experience is my best teacher, and I get more every day by answering questions."

"You must have a large vocabulary to have such an excellent knowledge of the Park."



"Quite so. Everyone questions me about something I didn't know before, and I naturally have to have a large vocabulary to answer **those** questions."

"Do they use all the water in the Park to drink?"

"No, not all of it, they use some of it to supply water for the geysers."

"Where do they get all the colored water in Jupiter terraces?"

"Well, you see, it's the algae plant that's colored. The water comes from Jupiter Spring."

"How do they tell how deep Jupiter Spring is?"

"That's a very complicated process. You see, they wait until the Spring freezes up in the winter, then when the first thaw comes in the spring, they draw the **ice** out and measure it."

"Well, I would never have thought of that."

"Very curious way, indeed."

"My! I know I'll just dearly love Swan Lake Flats."

"Yes, there is quite a change of scenery."

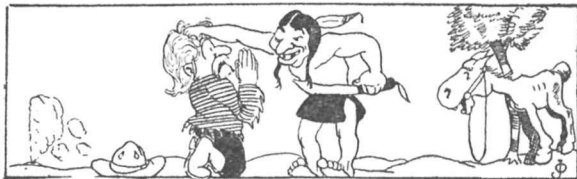
"I'd make the trip clear up there just to feed them."

"Electric Peak is just across the Flats."

"Electric Peak? Oh! That's where the Park gets its electricity?"

"Not any more, not since it was discovered that we drivers were so bright that we could furnish all the necessary light."

"Driver," inquired another lady, after visiting the Norris Geyser Basin, "Why does the Black Growler always make that awful noise?"



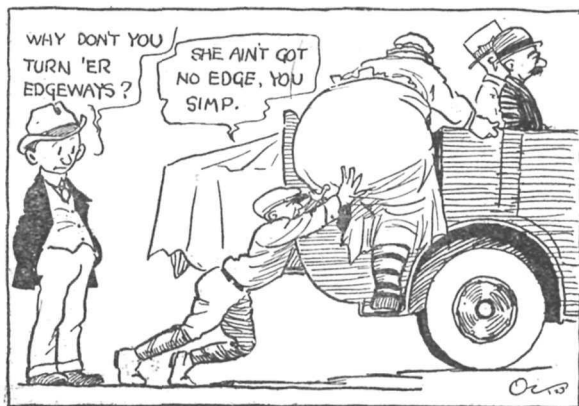
"For no reason, I guess. It just does, that's all."  
"That's just it!" eagerly responded her husband,  
"It's just like my wife."

"The Devil's Frying Pan is next," informed the driver.

"The Devil's Frying Pan?" murmured the husband,  
"What is that?"

"I know," said wifey, "that's the place where they cook suckers."

— — — And so you see, Dear Reader, the conversation of intense interest never ends.



### HE WAS SAFE

Before the picking of flowers in the park was prohibited, a lady gathered several striking blossoms, which she brought to the old-timer who was guiding the party.

"Guide, what kind of flowers are these?" she asked.

After looking all of them over carefully he gravely replied:

"Mum, them's wild flowers."

OH, YES, THE ALTITUDE

(Down Uncle Tom's Trail)

"Guide, just how high is the Lower Fall?"

"It is said to measure 308 feet high, lady."

"308 feet, well just how high would that be at a lower altitude?"

SATAN OPERATING A GEYSER



(Drawn especially for Foolish Questions by Bertram Hartman.)

## Select Questions and Answers NEED FOR CALCULUS

"How many square miles are there in the Park?"

"I'm not sure but the Park is fifty-four miles by sixty-two miles in length and width."

"I know, but how many square miles are there?"

## HOLE-SOME JOKE

"Say, Driver, are all the gearjammers in the Park experienced men?"

"You bet, every one of us went through very severe tests before we were hired."

"I'll bet you fellows are all college students."

"Yes, quite a few of us are."

"And I'll bet you're a good golf player. Am I not right?"

"Yes, somewhat, but how did you know?"

"You never miss a hole."

"Driver, what's that terrible noise?"

"A coyote."

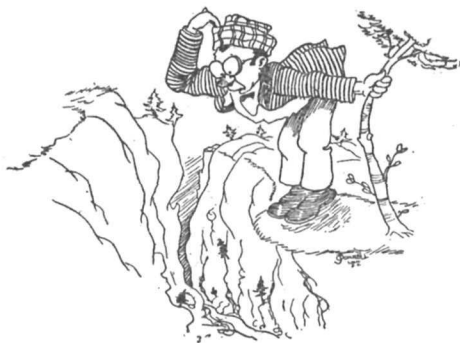
"Why does it howl that way?"

"Lazy."

"But why should a lazy coyote howl?"

"Probably because he's sitting on a thistle."





### TOO MUCH FOR HIM

A certain man who was expected to appreciate the artistic and highly beautiful coloring of the Yellowstone Grand Canyon said, while looking down with widened eyes into the great canyon below:

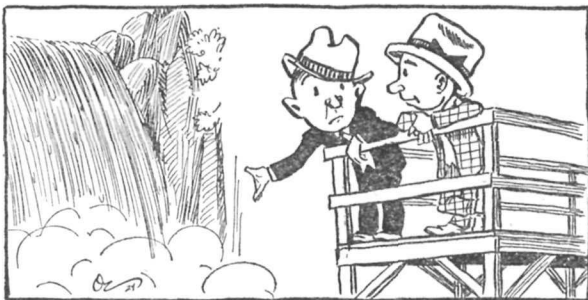
"W-w-w-e-l-l, hain't that one hell of a gash!"

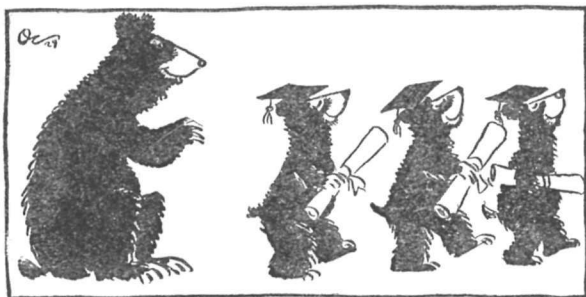
### AT ARTIST POINT

"Isn't that the queerest coincidence—about the Pullman Falls?"

"Yes,—but why the name of Pullman Falls?"

"Well, isn't there an upper and a lower?"





### EDUCATED BEARS

"Do the bears ever eat anyone?"

"Oh yes, only last summer a bear ate a school teacher and the cubs were born with a college education."

### SCRATCH

If I could have my way of it

A 'skeeter I would be;

I'd bite folks on—well, I won't say;

I'd cause them trouble and dismay,

And make them cuss at me.





## BY A TRANSPORTATION AGENT

The busses were being loaded and everyone was on the platform waiting for his car to be called. A disturbance was noticed. One man was wandering around aimlessly, pushing his way here and there through the crowd."

"Looking for someone?" call the Transportation Agent.

"Yes, my wife," replied the Dude.

"What does she look like?"

"Built like an auto, on the sedan style, having a heavy tread, and she usually runs in low."

## SURE THEY DO

"I suppose there are a great many people go through the Park every summer aren't there, Driver?"

"Yes, thousands of people go through."

"And you meet new people every day."

"Lots of them."

"Don't you get bored?"

"Sure—Board and room."

## STORY OF A CHINAMAN

A new care-taker, a Chinaman, was placed in the care of certain buildings in the interior of Yellowstone for the period of the closed season of the Park. He was very venturesome and took long hikes out over the snow covered mountain trails. On one occasion it is told that looking back over his shoulder he saw a bear sniffing at his tracks and rapidly gaining on him.

He threw his hands up in the air and with a sharp yell, he began to run:

"You likee my tracks? I makee you some more?"

## CORRECT

"Driver, how many kinds of trees are there in the Park?"

Driver: (Rather nettled about something.) "Two."

"What kinds are they?"

"Live ones and dead ones."

## IS THE BEAR



## NO DIRECTIONS WITH THE SEEDS

One day a tourist, on a tour of the park, discovered a tree growing upon a bare rock with as many roots growing below as there were branches above. Turning to the guide he asked:

"What is the reason for this queer freak of a thing?"

"Oh," said the native, "Someone evidently planted the seed upside down and the poor tree didn't know which way to grow."

## SERVICE

She: "Do you lock up the bears and turn them loose at a certain hour?"

He: "Oh yes, we always let them out to entertain, you know."

## A DIFFERENCE

"Does this train go by my watch?"

"No, lady, all trains in the West go only by Mountain Time."

## TICKETS FREE

First Savage: "Say, Bill, it's a real circus to see some dudes dressed up in their hiking clothes. Why, some of them are so bowlegged they could wear a pair of parentheses for stockings."

Second Savage: "Yes, and of all the funny things we see, they come when we haven't a gun."

Hush, little Hot Spring  
Don't you cry.  
You'll be a geyser—  
Bye and bye.

## GETTING IT RIGHT

"Would you please give us the direction to a good trout pool?"

"Sure, you simply take that road for about one mile down until you come to some **aspen** trees, and then — —"

"Aspen trees, oh, you mean those trees from which the government makes **aspirin** tablets?"





### A SURE CURE

"Driver, did you ever fall in love with the girls out here?"

"Once! But she became positive she wasn't in love with me."

"What changed her mind?"

"My income."

"Alas! Alack! the dude girl cried,  
And gave a mighty shiver,  
I can't discover on which side  
Are the falls of this great river."

### PERFECTLY SIMPLE

Dude: "I'm going fishing and I haven't any hooks. What am I going to do?"

Pestered Native: "Oh, that's easy, simply wade in and knock 'em out with your hands like the bears do."

Dude: "Oh, I never thought of that!"

### THE QUESTION

Can it be the flowers we love so much

Die with the winter's cold;

Or do they return the following spring,

The same dear flowers of old?

First Packrat: "See that woman? She's that man's wife."

Second Packrat: "Why do you think that?"

First Packrat: "The man had a nickel and a quarter in his hand. I saw the woman look at him. He handed me the nickel."

### UPSIDE DOWN

Little six-year-old Johnny had just returned to school after a tour with his parents through Yellowstone.

Teacher: "Now, who can tell us what a geyser is?"

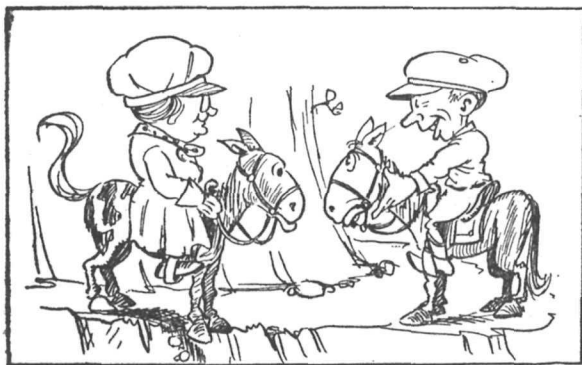
Johnny (very eager to answer): "I know, teacher. A g-e-y-s-e-r,—a geyser is a waterfall upside down."

### A MERE TRIFLE

A lady, who was riding on a saddle horse just on the brink of the canyon, said:

"Guide, suppose this horse should make a mis-step?"

"Well," sighed the guide, "in a case like that, I suppose the saddle will fit some other horse, don't you think?" (And she did do some thinking.)



## HE WAS HONEST ABOUT IT, ANYWAY

Out of the hundreds of the applicants for a gear-jammer's job, the question was asked of some of the prospective employees:

"Suppose you were to find a pocketbook in the machine containing \$100,000. Just what would you do with it?"

"Not a blamed thing," replied one of the applicants, "I'd live on the income the rest of my natural life."

And then he was told the jobs were all filled.

"What do you do with the real wild Bronchos here, Mister?"

"See that man over there? He's busted more Bronchos than anyone in Yellowstone Park."

"My, what a careless man."

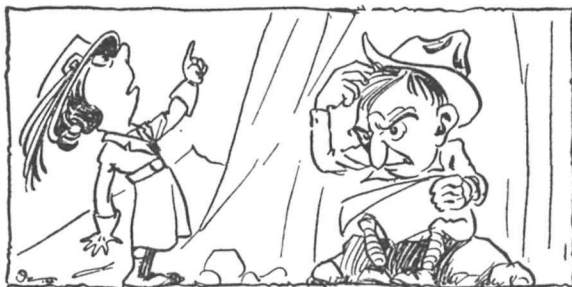
## MERCY!

One old maid: "Aren't those women wearing pants (meaning hiking clothes) perfectly awful?"

The official (speaking under a suppressed smile): "Yes, it is ridiculous, isn't it?"

The other: "Why, do you know, if my brother should see them, he'd say, 'O-o-o-oh m-m-my-'"





## WHICH?

Dude: "What is the elevation of the highest point over the Continental Divide?"

Guide: "Referring here to the map, and to Haynes Guide, one is 8,260 feet, and the other is 8,261 feet."

Dude: "Well, I just want to know the highest,—which is the highest?"

## PAGE ISAAC NEWTON, PLEASE

(On passing along Yellowstone River)

"My," sighed a dude, "isn't it a wonderful river! Driver, could you tell me which way the water is flowing?"

"Sure."

"Well, which way?"

"Down."

## ALWAYS ON TIME

"Geehorseafact," cried a gearjammer, "what time is it? A Pillowpuncher invited me on a Savage War Dance tonight and my watch isn't going."

"Tough luck," remarked the Pack Rat, "Wasn't your watch invited?"

## HIS ANSWER

Dude: "I wonder what on earth these poor bears think about all winter long when they hibernate?"

Guide: ? ? ? ?

## A SIMILARITY

Guide: "The eruptions of some of these spasmodic geysers remind me of twins."

A Dude (trying to get the analogy): "How's that?"

Guide: "They come sometimes when rather unexpected."

## HE HAD GOOD EYES

"Say, Driver, is that blue grass?" asked the lady, pointing to some grass along the road-side.

"Well, I don't know," remarked the driver, "but it sure looks green to me."

## RATES

"I saw you at the hotel yesterday."

"Yes, I'm going hotel way."

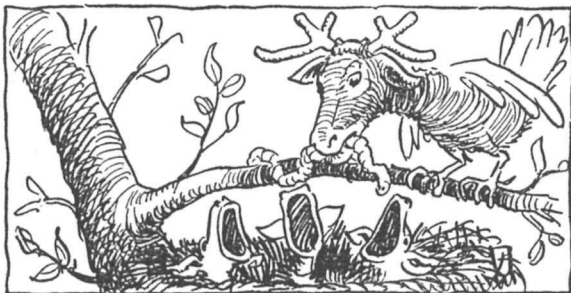
"What are the rates?"

"Six dollars up to twelve."

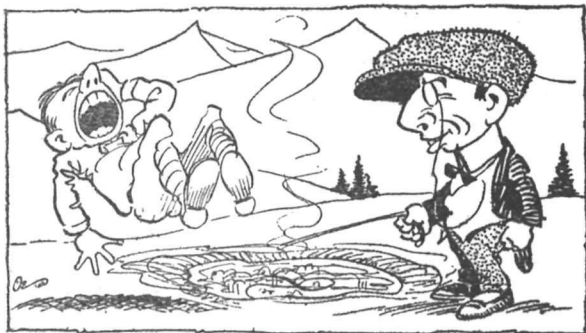
"How much is it up to half past nine?"

## ASK A B. P. O. E.

Dude: "Say, Guide, does the elk build its nest in the trees?"







### TURNING SOME LOOSE

Dude: "Does the Devil's Ear always bubble this way?"

Guide: "Yes, and sometimes it even steams."

Dude: "Well, it has a right to get rid of some of the hot air it hears, doesn't it?"

### ANYTHING ONCE

The driver went down to a spring and brought back a drink of water to Jerry, a dude. Then the driver brought back a cup of alum water. After drinking that, Jerry exclaimed:

"Oh say, come here quick, I'm closing up." (But Jerry is still living.)

### AS YOU WERE

Driver: "I've just learned the new ski slide."

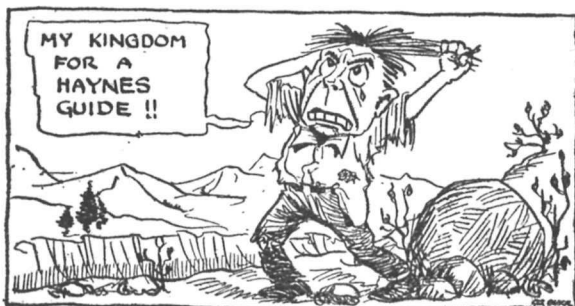
She: "Oh, on the snow on top of Mount Washburn?"

Driver: "No,—on the dance floor at West Yellowstone."

### CHANCES ARE

Impatient Dude: "Say, Driver, do you think you are driving for a funeral?"

A Voice: "Well, don't you think it quite appropriate with a dead one behind him?"



THE FEELING OF A TOURIST WITHOUT A GUIDE

## ON THEIR TRAIL

"Will we see a bear between here and Old Faithful?"

"You are liable to."

"Are you sure?"

"Well, most always, yes."

"We are traveling through in a car and wondered if the bears would attack us."

"Not if you leave them alone."

"Can we feed them?"

"It's against the rules."

"Well, we thought if we didn't feed them they would hurt us, or maybe the car."

"Lady, when you see a bear, you had better give your Lizzie all the gas she's got. Never take any chances with a Ford."

---

I've often heard from people  
Who are now becoming old,  
That they cover up the geysers  
To shield them from the cold.



### THE REASON FOR BOBBED TAILED BEARS

"Guide, why is it that none of the Yellowstone bears have tails?"

"Oh, that's because the rangers cut them off."

"What for?"

"Why, — — otherwise the great weight of the mud and cockleburrs which their tails collect would pull the skin on their heads so tight that the bears couldn't close their eyes."

"Well, what of that?"

"Then the poor things would die from lack of sleep and we don't want to lose them."

---

"Driver, is this car easy riding?"

"Sure, it'll make you feel at home."

"I hope not," replied the married man, "I'm out for a good time."

### "DOWN BY THE RIVERSIDE"

Guide: "This geyser is called the Riverside Geyser but if I were naming it, I would call it the Musical Geyser."

A Dude: "Why would you call it the Musical Geyser, Guide?"

Guide: "Because it plays 'Over the Waves.'"

When Mt. Washburn's rugged heights  
You scale, and find a haven  
Of eagles, rocks, and other things,  
Then you'll be Dun-raven.

MR. BROWN, U. S. A.

"Is there any mail here for Mr. Brown?"

"Did you have it addressed to the Canyon Hotel?"

"No—I just thought it might be here."

AT THE YELLOWSTONE LAKE

"Where do you catch fish here?"

"Why, in the Lake. Did you think we picked them  
off the rocks?"

SIGNS FOR FISH

Ranger: (Sneaking up on Dude who had been  
fishing for two hours without a nibble):

"Can't you read these signs? No fishin' allowed  
here."

Disgruntled Fisherman: "Yes, but who told the  
fish?"





## BEATING NATURE

"Pardon me, Driver, but did Director Albright build the Natural Bridge?"

ANYTHING ELSE?

"Driver, do you live here?"

"No."

"Are you married?"

"No."

"Do you have a brother?"

"No, but my sister has."

WHO KNOWS? HE MIGHT REMEMBER

(At the Canyon)

"Guide, how long have you been here in Yellowstone Park?"

"Oh, for quite a good many years."

"Well, could you tell me just how long it took the Yellowstone River to cut the canyon down? I thought you might know." (But the guide never gave her his age.)



### IDEAL BATHS

(At a certain hot spring)

"Say, Gearjammer, are these pools good to take a bath in?"

"Certainly, they're just my idea of a perfect Turkish bath."

"Say, Driver, do the beavers come down here to the beaver dam to **drink**?"

### THAT'S DIFFERENT

"Say, Driver, there seems to be a very nice class of employees here in the Park. Most all college students, aren't they?"

"Not all of them."

"I thought they were."

"Oh no. You see, they have to hire a few people who know something."

## A SIMILARITY

"What looks like a pelican, walks like one and acts like one?"

"What?"

"Little pelicans."

## ON THE YELLOWSTONE LAKE

Woman: (To guide aboard launch) "Oh, sir, what can I do for my husband, he is so sea-sick, oh, what can I do?"

Guide: "Never mind, madam, **he'll** do it."

## ALL DRESSED UP

(A lady dude changed to her evening clothes. He had just noticed the change.)

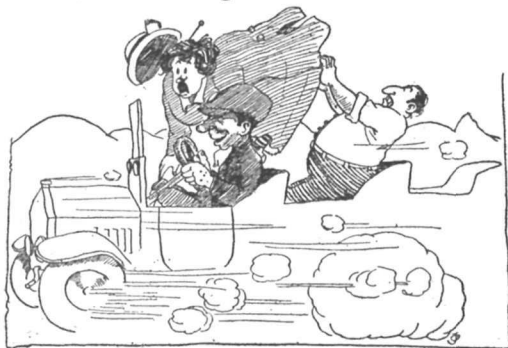
"Why, Miss X—, you look so much better with your clothes on."

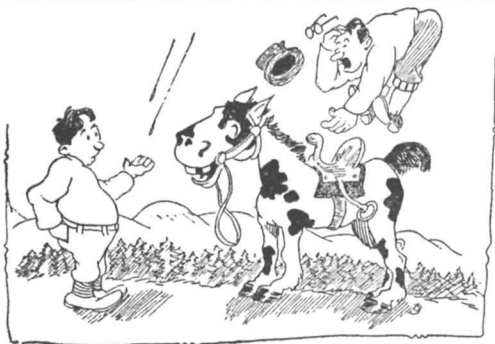
Oh tell me, dear Driver  
In accents sublime,  
Will Old Faithful geyser  
Play for a dime?

## SKILL

"Driver, please do watch those bumps."

"Well, lady, you know a bad driver will miss a few of them; it takes a good driver to hit 'em all."





### ON THE ROAD

"Pardon me, but what do you do here when it rains?"

"Just the same as they do in China, mister."

"Well, what do they do there when it rains?"

"Let it rain."

### THE ETERNAL FEMININE

"This is Apollinaris Spring," said the driver, stopping his car. "We stop here for five minutes, but if there are any married ladies, I cannot let them have a drink."

"Why?" asked one.

"Because," answered the driver, "your husbands might get after me for giving you something with a kick in it." (And, by George, every last one of the ladies tasted it then.)

### "CULEBRA MEDITANS"

"Any snakes in the Park, Driver?"

"No, they're all down at a lower altitude. See that scar on my hand?"

"An accident?"

"No. Rattlesnake bite."

"Wouldn't you call that an accident?"

"Not when the darn thing did it on purpose."



## GETTING A FEW TIPS

Fisherman: "Say, Guide, what is the best way to catch fish in the Park?"

Guide: "Use tobacco for bait. Then when the fish come up to spit, knock 'em in the head with a club."

## A NEW DRINK

Dude: "I would like to have a limestone drink, please."

Bellboy: "Pardon me, sir, but you mean a lime drink?"

Dude: "Oh no, I mean one of those drinks drawn from the Mammoth limestone terraces."

## ACCOMMODATIONS SUPREME

Guide: "If you will place your handkerchief here in the Handkerchief Pool, we will have it washed for you."

A Lady: "Yes, but how about the ironing?"

Guide: "Oh, that's done over at the iron pool."





## AND SHE DID

Inexperienced Dude: "Say, Guide, what do I hold to on this horse?"

Native: "Oh, that's easy, just hold to anything that's loose and look for a good soft spot to light."

## THE DRIVER'S LOGIC

"Driver, how is it that you can always keep smiling?"

"Because I don't believe in working overtime."

"But what has working overtime got to do with smiling?"

"Oh," said the driver, "that's where physiology and mathematics come in. You see, it takes sixty-five muscles of the face to make a frown, while it only takes thirteen to make a smile. Easy, isn't it?"

## LIKE A GOOD MANY HUMAN BEINGS

(With reference to the trees between Fountain Paint Pot and Excelsior Geyser.)

"Say, Driver, were those trees there **always** dead this way?"

## HOME REMEDY

"Do your horses ever get rheumatism here?"

"Oh yes, once in a while."

"What do you do for them?"

"Oh, we just take 'em out and dip 'em in the sulphur pool and they come out all right."

## CALL THE AMBULANCE

Peggy (at the lake): "Oh, there's a mosquito in my coffee, will it hurt it?"

Jerry: "Hurt it? My gosh, woman, it'll kill it."

## SHE DOES NOW

On passing a certain small building lighted on the outside walls by electric lights, the driver said:

"This most beautiful building, on your right, is said to be condemned."

"Oh, dear, I don't understand."

"Yes, but you see, the walls are said to be too light."

## HIS WARDROBE

"Driver, you sure have a lovely suit on."

"Yep, I got a suit for every day in the week."

"Well, you're sure lucky."

"Yes'um, I got it on now."

"Do they put snow-shoes on the horses feet here in the winter time?"

"Does the Canyon ever fill up with water to the top?"

## HELP YOURSELF

The waitress placed on the table a nice plate of bacon, when some gentleman took up the plate and scraped it all off upon his plate but two little pieces, and then handed it to one of the other six people at the table, when some very unselfish gentleman said, pushing the plate to him at the same time:

"Oh, do take some more, go on, have some more, that's all right, take damn near all of it."



### THE OLD GAG FOR SERVICE

"Oh Mister Transportation Man, what car do I go in?"

"What is your name, lady?"

"You don't remember me? Why the very idea, I was here only two years ago!"

### GEORGE, GET THE CALIPERS

Guide: "From the Canyon Hotel to the Canyon Lodge, it is two and a quarter miles by road."

Tourist: "And now let's see, then that would be four and a half miles there and back, wouldn't it?"

Guide: "W-w-e-e-l-l, mathematically speaking,—Yes."

### HE NEEDED IT

Driver: "This is Alum Creek. A lady with too big feet can cause them to shrink to a smaller size by bathing them here."

A Dude: "Driver, is there really alum in this creek?"

Driver: "Sure, why only sometime ago a lady took a drink of it and she couldn't talk for a week."

Another Dude: "Well, I wish our driver just had one swallow of it."

## THE ONES THEY MISS

"So the bears, you say, hibernate all winter long! What do the poor things eat?"

"Well, you see, the rangers always pull their teeth in the fall and let them suck their paws in the winter so they won't be hungry."

"But suppose they should miss pulling a bear's tooth, what would it do then?"

"Chew up its paws. You see, that explains why some bears are lame in the spring."

## HERE AND THERE

(Overheard on a Bus)

Whaddidy say isswz?

Th' gysors.

Yeah, Gysors?

Funny things, ain't they?

Yeah, wonder'f they've alwa's been here?

I dunno. Looks like they'd use Latin names fer'em.

Yes, thassri, then non'f us could understand'em.

J'notice they gotta lotta French names on the menus out here?

Yeah, an' fish f'breakfast. 'Sawful ain't it?

Uh-huh, 'd ruther eat'n Muscatine anyday.

Yeah, so'd I maybe, or in Duluth. Y'ever in Duluth?

No. 'Snice town, I guess, but I gotta live 'round water 'swhy I like Muscatine. 'Sright on a river. Bet'll like the Canyon.

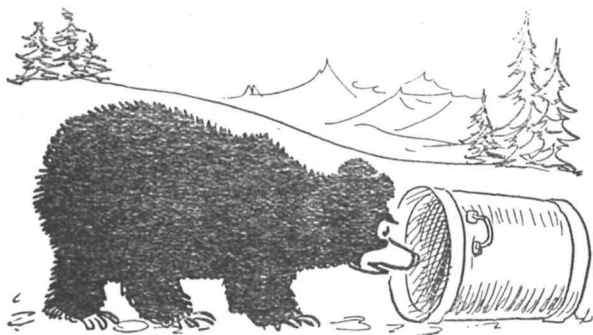
Whaddidy say isswz?

Old Faithful gysor.

Yeah?

Yeah, Old Faithful. Well Duluth ain't so bad. S'on'a lake y'know. Y'oughta come up sometime.

Yeah'd like to. Whaddidy say isswz?



### A MONOPOLY

"What do bears have that no other animals can have?"

(Silence).

"Little bears."

### KNOT-HEADS

"Old Faithful surely is a wonderful place, isn't it?"

"Yes, it was designed by a young architect 19 years old."

"Just think of that! Well the building is surely perfect and in keeping with the surroundings."

"Particular pains were taken in its building and in making everything fit just right."

"And those wonderful branches. My but it must have been some big steam plant where they bent all of them."

### HI' THERE

Enthusiast back from his first Yellowstone trip:

"Yes sir, there were some geysers a thousand feet high."

"Oh pshaw, I was there ten years ago and didn't see any that high."

"Well, you've got to remember things are higher now than they used to be."

## A WEIGHTY PROPOSITION

"Driver, are there many fish in the Yellowstone Lake?"

"Lots of them, because the Government keeps the lakes and all the streams stocked up."

"Anyone allowed to fish?"

"No license required."

"Did you ever catch any?"

"Sure."

"Were they big?"

"Last week I caught a fish in the Yellowstone Lake that weighed 15 pounds."

"What did you do with it?"

"Oh, I didn't get it out of the water. You see, it got off my hook."

"Well, how did you know how much it weighed?"

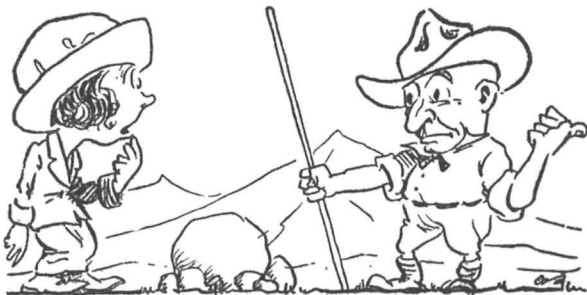
"This fish had scales on it."

## ON THE JOB

When the driver finished telling his party that a certain boulder had been left there in the Park by a glacier long ago, the conversation followed:

"Oh," said the lady, "what makes that boulder over there look like an egg?"

"Well," remarked the driver, "that's probably because it was laid there by a glacier."





Dropping the fish a line while in Yellowstone.

### NO SHADE PROVIDED

Dude: "Say, Guide, why is it that some of those lake trout are so red looking?"

Guide: "Oh—that's because the poor fish came too near the surface and got sun burned."

### THE BOILING STALACTITE

"Driver, does Old Faithful ever freeze over in the winter?"

"Sure. And when the first eruption comes, it freezes a column of ice 175 feet high. Then before the next eruption, the heat coming up from below melts a hole through the stack of ice and allows the water to go on up still 175 feet higher and freeze. It keeps building up this way continually."

"Why, how high does the column of ice get to be then before Spring comes?"

"Well, that all depends. Sometimes the ice could be stacked clear to the sky before the Dudes get the joke."

### HOME SWEET HOME

"Driver, I don't think I'll go to see the Devil's Kitchen."

"Why not? The Devil's Kitchen is well worth seeing."

"I know, but you see we have a kitchen at home and it looks like the Devil."



## GUIDE BOOKS AND GUIDES

A middle aged lady stepped off the bus at Mammoth Hotel. She had just arrived in the Park. After giving two Rangers standing by the hotel the once over, she walked inside to the Haynes Picture Shop.

"Say, Lady, I would like to hire one of those Haynes' Guides, advertised for 90c to take us through the Park."

## THE BOWL OF TEARS

Driver: "This beautiful little lake here with the trees and willows growing around it is said to be the most secluded lake in the Park. It was named the Bowl of Tears."

Someone: "How lonely it looks! A very attractive lake too."

Another: "It seems to have no inlet and no outlet. From where does it get its water?"

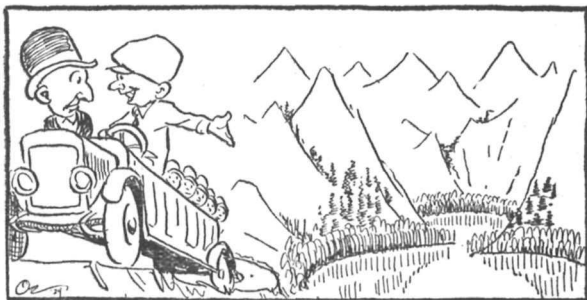
Driver: "Oh, that is furnished by the weeping willows."

The bus at this time passed over a bridge under which there was no water.

"This is called Dry Creek," remarked the driver.

"Very appropriate name," said one.

"Yes, it is the outlet for dry lake."





### AN INDIAN TALE

"Notice the water in this lake?"

"What makes it so dirty, Driver?"

"It is said that once upon a time the Black Feet tribe of Indians waded through it."

### "THE MAN WHO WAS"

(See Front Cover)

A young man decided to go to Yellowstone; he went.  
He asked the Rangers for the rules and regulations;  
he gottem.

They pointed out to him some of the "mustn'ts;" he  
learned 'em.

But straight way his curiosity gained headway; he let  
it.

He wanted to see the inside of a geyser crater; he  
chanced it.

While there he wondered if the geyser might play—  
It did!

### CARVERS

Who'd blaze a trail through Yellowstone  
By carving their initials?

Such tricks deface this wondrous place,  
And int'rest the officials.

## RELATIVELY SPEAKING

A Dude (at the bunk house): "May I see Gear-jammer Red, please?"

Man at the door: "Visitors are not allowed in the bunk house. Do you know Red well?"

The Dude (defiantly): "Do I? Well, I hope so; he's my brother."

Man at the door: "That so—I'm mighty glad to meet you. I'm his father."

DO BE CAREFUL,  
DRIVERS

If you hit the curves too fast, or take  
The wrong side of the Trail,—  
(Remember that the flower crop  
Of Yellowstone **may** fail).

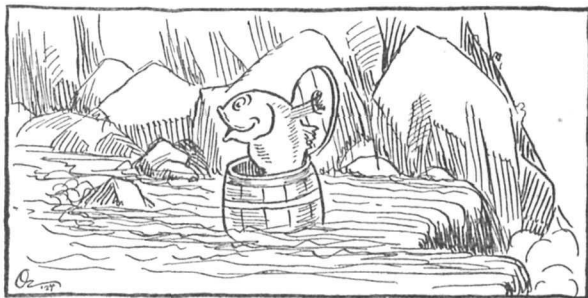
## HUMAN FISH

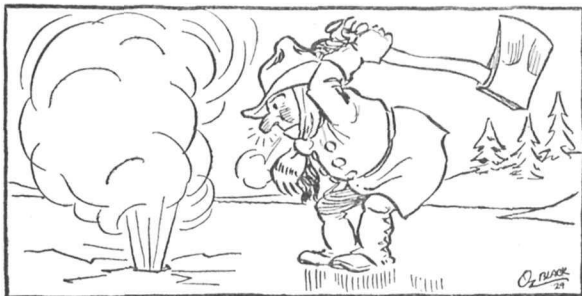
"Driver, do you think anyone will ever be able to go over the Yellowstone Falls in a barrel like they did over the Niagara Falls?"

"Why, yes, it might be tried sometime."

"Fall 308 feet and not get hurt?"

"Fish do."





### QUICK, DOCTOR!

"Say, Mr. Guide, does this hot lake ever freeze?"  
Oh yes, only last winter it froze over and they had to cut holes in the ice to let the steam escape."

### AND DID HE PERISH?

One of our earliest explorers and discoverers of the great Yellowstone region was James Bridger. It is certain that he became very well acquainted with the unusual character of the region for he always had plenty of unusual stories to tell which had to do with the Yellowstone. It is said that the frontier newspaper refused to print some of his tales about the geysers and hot springs for fear of being ridiculed. Because of his many stories, James Bridger got the name of being a prevaricator. Since no one believed his real stories no matter how sincere, he finally decided to live up to his name. It is alleged that he once told the following:

One day when hunting for fur bearing animals along a certain river, he was suddenly taken upon by a pack of wolves. The incident caught him rather unawares so he ran for the nearest tree and climbed out of reach. The wolves waited at its base for about two hours when finally all departed except one and that one remained on guard. In about half an hour the pack returned with a beaver to chew down the tree.

## KNICKERS

Where the Geyser steams and spurts  
Pants have superseded skirts.  
Some are nifty, some are frights,  
But we climb to dizzy heights,  
Take in all the wondrous sights,  
Out in Yellowstone.

Yonder comes grandmother fat,  
Wearing feathers in her hat;  
And her knickers full and wide  
Can't conceal a mannish stride;  
As she climbs the mountains' side,  
Out in Yellowstone.

Then there is the flapper sweet,  
With her trousers snug and neat.  
Husky rangers for her fall,  
As they dance in lodge or hall;  
Knicker clad she gets them all,—  
Out in Yellowstone.

Everyone is wearing them;  
Every chicken, every hen.  
Young and old and shy and bold,  
Hair of silver, hair of gold,  
On this garb the crowd is sold,—  
Out in Yellowstone.

## PETTERS

Stay not too close to any bear  
Nor pet the cubs you find.  
All friendly looking bears may not  
Be socially inclined.

## WOODSHOUNDS

If you leave your camp fires smoldering  
When going on your way,  
You may be hustled to the Judge,  
And find there's h—— to pay.

## Just Foolish Questions

1. Are these springs natural or were they just put here?
2. Does Old Faithful play just the same at night time?
3. Guide, where do I find mountain flowers in this park?
4. Do these hot boiling springs ever freeze over in the winter time?
5. Is the elevation here too high to toast marshmallows?
6. Driver, would you tell me what the difference is between bison and buffalo?
7. Oh, say, where is Ice Cream Geyser?
8. Is the Canyon painted with the same kind of paint as that in the Mammoth Paint Pots?
9. Say, Mister, do the sea gulls swim?
10. When do we see the white buffalo?
11. Does Electric Peak furnish electricity for the Park?
12. Oh! Do you folks get mail here?
13. Why doesn't the government pen the bears up?
14. Ranger, will you please tell me on which side the river the bridge is on?
15. Does the Minute Man play every minute?
16. What are they sprinkling the roads with that wet water for?

17. Is that Sponge Geyser made of real petrified moss?
18. When do the geysers belch?
19. Say, Driver, where do they get all the thread for these pine tree needles?
20. Pardon me, but would you tell me how many miles it is to the Seven-Mile fishing hole?
21. Do the beavers come down to the beaver dam to drink?
22. Could you tell me when these hot pools will become geysers?
23. Doesn't the Tea Kettle ever crack when it gets empty?
24. Are the bears harmless?
25. Do they put soap in the Geyser Baths?
26. Oh, Mister, have you seen a Ford touring car go by this morning?
27. What does Old Faithful do in the winter time?
28. Has this glacial boulder always been here?
29. Did Yellowstone River really cut the hole in the Canyon?
30. What became of all the tails on those bears?
31. Don't those poor bears get anything to eat all winter long?
32. Do you suppose the government keeps count of all the trees in the Park?
33. Where do we find the tame elephants?
34. Do they actually boil eggs in the Tea Kettle for the hotel?
35. Can we have our pictures taken with the bears?
36. Are we going up or down?
37. You tell 'um, Old Faithful, I'm Dun-raven.

## Wild Animal Census

**I**N ORDER to gauge the prosperity and the population of the wild animals of the Park, a carefully planned census is taken practically every year.

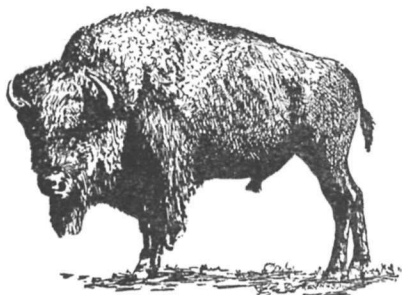
In the report of the superintendent of Yellowstone National Park published in 1929 are given some very interesting figures:

**Buffaloes.** In the Lamar Valley Herd there were counted 896 adults and 100 calves. The Mountain Herd is estimated at 100, making a total of 1,096 individuals.

**Mountain Sheep.** There are 500 Big Horns according to the estimate published.

**Antelope.** The Prong Horns number 650 despite the fact that 19 were killed either by accident or by predatory animals.

**Moose.** Moose conditions are reported excellent; there are 650 individuals in the park.



**Deers.** The Mule Deers likewise are holding their own, 2,000 being reported as the estimated number in the park. No mention is made of the number of White Tailed Deers of which there is practically none.



**Elk.** The American Elk, wapiti, in the northern herd including the Madison and Gallatin herds is given at 14,150.

**Bears.** Of the wild animals, travelers probably see more bears than any other species. Recent counts of the black and brown bears are divided as to districts: At Old Faithful 16, Mammoth 12, Thumb 23, Lake 60, Canyon, 91, and Tower Fall 25, total 227 including 52 cubs. Grizzly bears are given, according to districts as follows: At Old Faithful 8, Lake 27, Canyon 68, total 103 including 22 cubs. The counts of both species of bears show a marked increase over all counts of recent years. The total number of bears in the whole Park is estimated at 490 of which 350 are black and brown, and 140 grizzly.

**Fish Planting.** Fishing is permitted in most of the Park waters with hook and line. Of interest to fishermen especially is the statement that during the season of 1928 including eggs and fingerlings reached the astounding total of 8,530,300, of black spotted,



brook, Loch Leven and rainbow trout. Visitors catch a great many trout each summer at Fishing Bridge near the lake outlet and at innumerable other fishing "grounds" throughout the region.

## Jupiter's Wrath

A Legend on the Making of Yellowstone



They say that Great Jupiter, long, long, ago,  
Foreknowing his rule and his lordship must go,  
Resolved he would keep through the aeons of Time,  
His Memory sacred, his Power sublime.

So he called all his gods to the great council room  
And spake with a voice like the thunders of Doom;  
He related to them that his reign soon must cease,  
But the awe of his mem'ry ne'er must decrease.

To Mars, God of War, of the cruel mailed hand,  
He entrusted the task of cleaving the land  
As a mark of the power, a sign of the wrath  
Of the God of the gods whom no conqueror hath.

Stern Mars quickly girt on his bright flaming sword,  
Strode forth to accomplish the wrath of his lord.  
His fiery sword gleaming, his stern visage dark,  
He looked on the grandeur of Yellowstone Park.

With hate in his heart, revenge in his hand,  
He sought to remodel this beautiful land.  
He spat, and ere words of man can it tell,  
There burst upward, hissing, from dark depths of  
Hell,  
The paint pots, e'er boiling with malice of Jove,  
Defying forever, the great God above.  
He turned and a gleam from his helmet shone forth,  
And awakened the terrace far to the north.

Then ever desirous of Jupiter's fame  
He, "Jupiter's Terraces," gave them the name.  
And now for another great symbol of hate,—  
He took out his sword and applying its weight,  
He modeled and fashioned with cunning disdain  
The Devil's Ear, steaming from Satan's domain.  
Then, clouds of mysterious origin came,  
And covered this God of traditional fame.

The heavens grew dark, and from bowels of Hell  
Came noises that no mortal tongue can e'er tell.  
And, mystery-covered, this great God of War  
Proceeded more ghastly than ever before.  
With his sword he dug into the earth 'neath his feet  
'Till the breezes of Heaven and Hell-winds did  
meet.

And he blew in the gashes he'd cut with his sword  
The breath of his hate and the hate of his lord,  
'Till at last came a rumbling, with Mars standing by,  
And Old Faithful Geyser belched forth to the sky.

Again and again did the fierce God of War  
Proceed to make geysers as wild as before.  
He finished, then looked him about for a place  
Through which he might leave and stern Jupiter  
face,—

Enclosing all sides were great peaks capped with snow  
And no pathway offered through which he might  
go;

So he whipped out his sword and he slashed and he  
slashed,—

Old rocks and great mountains he shattered and  
gashed;

And when he was out, he breathed the free air,  
Behind him lay Yellowstone Canyon so fair.

Great Jupiter smiled and beheld from his throne  
The works of his servant, standing alone.  
For among the great wonders that never shall cease,  
He had made for all ages The World's Masterpiece.



## An Interlude

### NATIONAL PARK MOUNTAIN

When the Washburn-Longford expedition of 1870 was about to leave the Yellowstone region, they camped for the last night under the shadow of a certain mountain located at the junction of the Gibbon and Firehole Rivers. This was on the 17th of September and the sharpness of the atmosphere necessitated a campfire. During the evening, a great discussion arose. One of the party suggested that on their return home, each should preempt parcels of the land around the geysers and canyon. There they should charge admission to visitors for seeing these natural wonders. This proposal, had it been carried out, would have turned this region into a veritable Coney Island. But among these not unnatural suggestions, another member of the party, Judge Cornelius Hedges of Helena, Montana, stood up by the campfire and made a plea for the creation of a national park to be set aside for the benefit and enjoyment of the people. When Mr. Hedges had finished his address, the members of the party all enthusiastically agreed to the wisdom of his proposal.

This proposal was the beginning of the National Park idea. Later, by the Act of Dedication which was passed by Congress in 1872, this great region of Yellowstone became a park "For the Benefit and Enjoyment of the People." The birthplace of that great idea will always be remembered, by the mountain, at the foot of which the little party had camped that eventful night. That mountain was named National Park Mountain.

## THE LONE STAR GEYSER

How many people go through the Park without seeing or even knowing about one of the most beautiful, awe-inspiring, and mysterious wonders of Yellowstone. There it is, the Lone Star Geyser, alone in its highness and majesty, towering above the ground as though it were "Monarch of all it surveyed," and shooting its mighty volumes of water from the bowels of the mysterious earth, up into the air in all its gracefulness and beauty. It seems as though it had selected this realm of seclusion away, —away from all the other geysers and hot pools and springs, so that it could be the supreme ruler of the surrounding land, unmolested, undisturbed, and sharing attention with none other of God's wonders. And it seems as though it took great pride in itself, and care in its making, as it towers there in all its splendor, playing for only those few people who come to view and to admire this masterpiece of God's art. But those who have the opportunity of seeing it say that it appears to them as a miracle, and that it has the power of making one think more of the spiritual side of life and really wonder what its all about. This is perhaps due to its seclusion and loneliness, with the bright blue sky above and the rustling pines to guard it.

But in spite of all the impressiveness and the great feeling of reverence for the Creator produced by seeing the Lone Star Geyser, it does, after all, make one wonder at first thought—as thousands of people ask: "What did they put the thing away out here for?"

## THE GRAND CANYON

Primitive man created a God from forces which he saw manifested around him. Today, in spite of years of carefully sophisticated civilization, we return, at the vista of the Grand Canyon, to the simpler and clearer insight of our ancestors.

At night in the Canyon our inner selves feel the rhythm of waves of silence pulsating around us. The harmony of constant falling water tunes us into communion with a power which we dimly interpret as nature. And at day, before colors shifting and changing in shade and sunlight, in the warmth of reds, in the purple of shadows, we capture the sympathy and knowledge of one who, in a transient and lovely moment, comprehends the meaning and the purpose of the world about them.

There is no definite labeling and characterization of the Grand Canyon. Artists find their materials impotent to convey its beauty on canvas. Writers feel only the futility and artificiality of language to describe it. As it is impossible to form a visual image of a God which meets our conception of a Supreme Being, so is it improbable that one can describe the Yellowstone Canyon in adequate terms. Rather, let the Canyon act as an interpreter for us. For, while we fail in a rendering of the majesty and strength of the Grand Canyon, it gives to us as a compensation a fresher and truer knowledge of beauty and of life.

## Idle Imagery

### YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK

Would you go where the winds of summer  
Lull you to sleep with their cool;  
Where a story awaits you at every turn,  
A mystery lies in each pool,  
Where rivers laugh and make merry  
As onward they dash in their glee,  
Where the pine trees chant hymns to the silence?  
Then come to the Westward with me.  
There are geysers as old as the mountains,  
With their volumes of water and steam,  
Eternal and giant-like fountains  
With rainbows their mists ever gleam.  
There are paint-pots of every color;  
Great canyons and high waterfalls,  
Where nature discloses her greatness  
And mystery fairly appalls.  
In the wildest and weirdest of places:  
The mountains' great sides as they flow.  
Their cold, icy fingers are dripping  
The streams for the valleys below.  
The mighty old hills and the mountains  
Have a message for me and for you;  
Of an age when a world was created,  
An age when all things were new.  
A whole book of history was written  
When the world was yet young and 'twas dark,  
In the wildest and weidrest of places:  
Yellowstone National Park.



## THE WEST

There's a place where the golden sunset  
Shines o'er lakes of blue,  
And roses in wild profusion  
Drip with the evening dew;

And all nature smiles contented  
The land and the sea and the sky;  
E'en the breezes seem to be happy  
As joyfully onward they fly.

The air you breathe is the purest  
And the water you drink is sweet,  
And every one a good fellow,  
Matters not whom you meet.

If you wish to be always happy  
In a land by Heaven blest,  
Leave the crowded eastern city,  
And come to the wonderful West.

---

PEACE

Softly the wind from the mountain  
Kisses the rose's leaves;  
Fearlessly, happy, contented  
The birds build their nests in the trees.

The grasses send forth a blossom  
And sunbeams color them red;  
The forest furnishes pine cones,  
And the gay little squirrel is fed.

The moon floods the earth with its brightness,  
Tenderly sings the night breeze;  
If men only lived close to nature,  
They'd be as contented as these.

## SONG OF SONGS

By the shore where the waves break in ripples;  
Hear the song of the soft sighing breeze;  
With a voice of most tender devotion  
It sings to the birds and the bees.

It sings, and yet few seem to notice;  
It weeps and it moans and it sighs;  
It brings you a perfume of lotus,  
On the wings of the lightning it flies.

It may in its song sing of warfare,  
Or a story of unexplored countries,  
It has traveled to many a shore,  
It may whisper to you or to me.

It may sing of the mountains and hilltops;  
Of the harvest the world gathers in;  
Or the mystic land where dwells the Cyclops,  
Or it may sing of murder and sin.

It may bring you a picture of slavery;  
It may tell you a story of love;  
It may tell of the soldiers' great bavery;  
Or a tale of the stars up above.

Sometimes because men neglect it,  
Its voice is discordant and rough;  
Understanding, it cannot expect it,  
For men have not wisdom enough.

Thru ages it has sung, never tiring;  
To a kind of its own it belongs;  
I listen in silence, admiring  
The wind and its wild Song of Songs.

## SLEEPING GIANT

(A Legend of the Yellowstone)

Long ago when the world was new  
Nobody knows just when—  
A giant ruled o'er a motley crew,  
Creatures who walked like men,  
Some were large and some were small,  
But all were passing strange;  
Some could scarce climb o'er a wall,  
Some leaped a mountain range,  
Great Absoraka ruled as king,  
Seeking to do his best,  
But they grumbled at everything,  
Filled with a vague unrest.  
Finally the leading loudest talkers  
Sent a call by seven-league walkers  
For the whole disgruntled nation to appear;  
Round the Firehole at the Castle.  
With their problems they would wrestle,  
While Absoraka, their ruler, wasn't near!  
Under cover of the darkness, with no sound of lifting  
    song  
Came the motley crew of rebels in a silent, fearsome  
    throng.  
Orange Geyser filled the Punchbowl to refresh them  
    as they came,  
Soda and Apollinaris kept the night from being tame.  
In the places of the mighty, Giantess and Giant sat,  
Also Lioness and Lion with the Cubs so sleek and fat.  
Daisy with the lovely Fan  
Walking with the Minute-Man  
Was a charming sight.  
Came Excelsior so Grand,  
With a Sapphire in her hand—  
Hoodooos to the right.

Cleopatra with her mate—  
Jupiter—a little late,  
Sisters Three with Butterfly,  
And Purple Amethyst;  
Stupid Sponge with lips so dry,  
A Garnet on his wrist.  
The Grotto and the Lonestar, the Beehive and the  
Cone,  
The Morning Glory timid and the Constant all alone.  
And there was much rejoicing since hunger made them  
quake—  
When Thumb brought Biscuit Basin and said that he  
could bake.  
Forgetmenot and Paint Pot brot Riverside atwist,  
Minerva fair and Fountain rare and some the rest had  
missed.  
Mud Geyser fumed, Black Growler stormed,  
Old Faithful plead and strove  
With them to pledge Absoraka  
Their loyalty and love.  
But even as they flouted him their hearts were filled  
with fear—  
A giant's footstep shook the earth—Absoraka was  
near!  
A moment more and he was there—the lightning was  
his throne—  
He killed each geyser where he stood, each geyser  
turned to stone,  
He tore the archway from the door, nor heeded where  
it fell;  
And tossed it fifty feet or more, within the Castle  
Well.  
He took the geysers one by one and hurled them far  
and wide,  
And since the Giant was so large he kicked in half its  
side!

The jewels and flowers he stamped upon and stormed,  
And from the tears of every one a lovely pool was  
formed.

The Paint Pots and the Fishing Cone and Fountain  
Geyser too,

He put where sunlight always shone, to stay the ages  
through.

Mud Geyser near the Dragon's Mouth must spend his  
time for aye,

Black Growler and the Constant, too, he banished  
Norris way.

He tore the Golden Gates apart, made Silver gates  
and then

He tossed the Hoodoos at their feet, unclothed, in  
sight of men.

And all the giants he had slain

And all the lesser creatures,

He tossed about on hill and plain—

You'll recognize their features.

The geysers and the bubbling springs,

The lakes and pools that knew them,

You still will find on just the spot

The vengeful giant threw them.

But life was never lost to them—

It's theirs in fullest measure—

And they will laugh and play for you

And fill your trip with pleasure.

\* \* \* \* \*

But when Absoraka could rest

He longed for peace supernal,—

He climbed upon a mountain crest

And passed to sleep eternal.

The mighty one who ruled and died,

Still lies in pose defiant,

If you would see him, ossified,

Behold—The Sleeping Giant.

## The Yellowstone Park and How It Was Named



THE Devil was sitting in Hades one day,  
In a very dejected sort of a way;  
One could tell from his vigorous switching  
of tail,

His scratching his horn with the point of his nail,  
That something had gone with his majesty wrong.

The steam, too, was thick and the surplur was strong,  
He rose from his throne with a gleam in his eye,  
And beck'ning an agate-eyed imp standing by,  
Commanded forthwith to be sent to him there  
Old Charon employed in collecting the fare  
Of the wicked, who crossing the waters of Styx  
Soon found themselves deep in the deuce of a fix.

Old Charon, thus summoned, came soon to his chief.  
The Devil was angry, the confab was brief.  
Says the Devil to Charon, "Now what shall I do?  
The world it grows old and grows wickeder, too.  
From Portland, Chicago, Francisco, New York,  
I get in my mortals too fast for my fork;  
I haven't the room in these caverns below,  
St. Peter above is rejecting them so.

So hie you, my Charon, to earth right away,  
Fly over the globe without any delay,  
And find me a spot quite secluded and drear,  
Where I can drill holes from the center in here.  
I must blast out more space. Survey the spot well.  
The project on hand is enlargement of Hell.

But recollect one thing, old Charon, when you  
Can locate the district where I can bore through,  
There must be conveniences scattered around  
To carry on business when I'm above ground.  
An 'ink pot' must always be ready at hand  
To write out the names of the parties I strand.

There must be a 'punch bowl,' 'a frying pan,' too  
'A cauldron' in which to concoct a 'ragout,'  
An 'old faithful' sentinel showing my power  
Must shoot a salute on earth every hour.  
And should any mortal by accident view  
The spot you have chosen, why this you must do:  
Develop a series of pools, green and blue,  
That while these poor earthlings my beauties admire,  
They'll forget that below I'm poking the fire.

Now, fly away, Charon, be quick as you can,  
For my place here's too full—I can't roast a man."  
To earth flew fleet Charon, to regions of ice;  
He found them too cold—so away in a trice  
He sought a location in Africa's sands;  
Prospecting and finding too much on his hands,  
He sought out Australia—Siberia, too,  
The north part of China—no; they would not do;  
Till just as about to relinquish the chase,  
He stumbled upon a miraculous place.  
'Twas deep in the midst of a mountainous range,  
Surrounded by valleys secluded and strange,  
In a country the greatest, the grandest, the best  
To be found upon earth—America's West.

Here the crust seemed quite thin, the purified air,  
With chemicals hidden around everywhere,  
Would soon make the lakes that the Devil desired.  
He flew to Chicago and there to him wired:  
"I've found you a place never looked at before;  
You heat up the rocks, turn on water and bore."

The Devil with mortals kept plying the fire,  
Extracting the water around from the mire,  
And boring great holes with a terrible dust,  
Till soon quite a number appeared near the crust.  
Then he turned on the stream; lol upward did fly,  
Through rents in the surface, the rocks to the sky.

With hissing and spouting there came from each spot  
Huge volumes of water remarkably hot,  
Which there had lain hidden since Lucifer fell—  
Thus immensely enlarging the confines of Hell.  
It happens that now, when Old Charon brings in  
A remarkable load of original sin,  
His majesty quietly rakes up the coals  
And up spouts the water in jets through the holes.  
One may tell from the number of jets as they come  
How many poor mortals the Devil takes home.

But Yankees can sometimes, without doing evil,  
O'ermatch in sagacity even the Devil.  
For not long ago Uncle Sam came that way  
And said to himself, "Here's the Devil to pay:  
Successful I've been in all previous wars;  
Now Satan shall bow to the Stripes and the Stars.

This property's mine, and I hold it in fee,  
And all of this earth shall its majesty see.  
The deer and the elk unmolested shall roam,  
The bear and the buffalo each have a home;  
The eagle shall spring from its eyrie and soar  
O'er crags in the canyons where cataracts roar;  
The wild fowls shall circle the pools in their flight  
The geysers shall flash in the moonbeams at night.  
Now I christen the country—let all nations hark—  
I name it Yellowstone National Park."

—Wm. Tod Helmuth,

Grand Canyon, August 7, 1894,



## THE SAGEBRUSHER

Out all alone in the mountains;—  
Alone did I say? I forget,  
I have my bright burning campfire;  
Also my good cigarette.  
There's the song of the swift flowing streamlet;  
The sigh of the forest of pines;  
And the soft moon far up in the heavens,  
Laughing, as on me it shines.  
There's the call of the nightbird out yonder;  
The fragrance of flowers with me,  
And ghosts on the mountains are dancing.  
As far as the eye can see.  
There's a bed of pine branches awaiting  
And beckoning me to my rest,  
It's a wonderful life in the mountains,  
Healthful and peaceful and blest.  
Alone did I say in the mountains?  
I guess it was all a mistake,  
Tonight I shall sleep here with nature,  
And with nature at morn I'll awake.

## LEGEND

In an Indian legend, I am told  
That the rainbow in the Falls  
Is the soul of the flowers  
That withered lie.  
The great Father then their spirit calls  
And fixes it there for men to see  
That their beauty does not die.

## YELLOWSTONE SPARKS

After the late F. J. Haynes had returned to his home in Fargo, North Dakota, from his winter explorations in Yellowstone Park in 1887 he was recognized as an expert in the art of skiing. The citizens of Fargo had built a large toboggan slide; and they invited Mr. Haynes to give a demonstration of skiing for their benefit. In relating this story, this is Mr. Haynes' own account of the exhibition: "When I woke up in the hospital all I remember was starting."

It always has been against the law to carry off specimens of rock formations in Yellowstone Park. Back in the early 90's when Captain George S. Anderson was superintendent, and when Cinnabar, Montana, was the terminus of the Northern Pacific Railway branch, there was in Cinnabar a souvenir merchant called "Specimen Schmidt." Over his stand appeared the following sign, "Petrified wood from out the park." Captain Anderson knew that "Specimen Schmidt" got his petrified wood from Dick Randall's Ranch near Corwin, Montana, but he took him to task for this misrepresentation. Smith replied, "I don't tell them this wood is from the park—I tell them it is from out the park."

Thirty-seven years ago in the romantic days of the stage coach in the park and for several seasons thereafter, all stage drivers drew up their horses at a point near Tower Fall in sight of a large stump some 40 or 50 ft. in height, upon which rested the antlered skull of an elk, and solemnly announced: "This'll give ye an idear how deep the snow gets in winter." Tourists were astounded, naturally, until one day it was found that this elk head was wired onto the top of the stump. Inquiry disclosed that H. W. Child, now president of the Yellowstone Park Hotels and Transportation Companies, the late F. J. Haynes, Lieutenant Daniels, John Ennis, and Dick Randall, who had been over there with a pack train fishing, had spent some three hours in placing this elk head on its towering pedestal for the sole purpose of astounding visitors.

Old records disclose that when the huge petrified tree near Tower Fall was first discovered there projected out from its trunk a large petrified limb and from the limb a petrified twig upon which stood a small petrified bird singing a petrified song.

Before the days of the "gear jammer" and the cost of high living, a stage driver drew up his horses at Beryl Hot Spring and made the solemn announcement that: "This is the hottest spring in the park." He was asked how hot that was, to which he replied: "Waal, if you throw a horse-shoe in there it'll get red hot."

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An old timer in the Yellowstone came upon a young man thoughtlessly carving his initials in a formation contrary to the Rules and Regulations of the park. Admonishing the culprit excitedly he exclaimed, "Ve shall see! Ve shall se-e! af you stay anodder nights in Yellingstones Sparks!" (He won the Title Contest for this column.)

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Clarence A. Brewer, talented brother of the "Cream of Wheat" advertising artist, once made the brag that there was no subject upon which he could not write a jingle in five minutes. Someone trying to think of an impossible one suggested the Haynes Guide Book. The five minutes was nearly up when Mr. Brewer put his pen away and read:

"To hike or ride with Haynes Park Guide,  
saves error and delay,  
There star or dot for every spot, makes  
plain the proper way,  
A geyser here, a terrace yonder—Gems  
of Nature's treasure,  
Hot pools and lakes, hotel and camps—  
All found with ease and pleasure."

—showing Mr. Brewer had, in common with all of the many park visitors, a working knowledge of the book.

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There are 356 miles of roads in Yellowstone Park, 781½ miles of maintained trails, and several hundred miles of animal trails used by park rangers on patrols. There are eight highly developed automobile camps, and 36 more being developed—all in addition to the hotel and lodge systems. Yet even in these enlightened times there are people who do not realize the great importance, nor the wide diversity of the attractions of this region, which justify one in spending not days but weeks, in their study.

## THE MOUNTAINS IN YELLOWSTONE

There is something sublime in the mountain  
Which snow covered raises its head.  
Its waters a glorious fountain,  
Its boulders like graves of the dead.

Its clothing, the pine trees and flowers;  
The lake ripple washes its feet;  
And long years pass onward like hours,  
As the seasons forever he greets.

Within his dark body lie hidden  
Wealth and a fabulous store  
Of secrets unknown and forbidden  
Which the future alone may explore.

Dead legends and fables and stories  
Of people who lived long ago,  
Their trials, their troubles, and worries,  
Lie buried deep under the snow.

Long aeons before written history,  
Before civilization began,  
God started a book filled with mystery;  
The mountain was part of His plan.

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## FAREWELL

God made this wonderful park for you,  
Ere His labor and travail had ceased,  
And men who have wandered the whole  
world through,  
Call it His masterpiece.  
Then come again to the Yellowstone  
To the world its marvels tell  
And bring your friends or come alone,—  
Don't say goodbye,—just farewell.

# Yellowstone Waltz

Copyright MCMXXXIII by  
Jack Chaney  
Moderato

Words and Music by  
Norman Goodbrod  
Austin S. Bacon

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The tempo is marked 'Moderato'. The piano part starts with a forte (f) dynamic. The vocal line enters in the third measure. The lyrics are: 'I've been think-ing to - day of a place far a / From thy gey-sers of steam there comes like a'. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings like 'f' and 'rall.'.

Voice

I've been think-ing to - day of a place far a  
From thy gey-sers of steam there comes like a

way, where the beau-ties of God are dis - played,  
dream all the won-ders that God ev-er knew,

The first system of the musical score features a vocal melody in the upper staff and piano accompaniment in the lower staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff. The piano part includes a dynamic marking of *p* (piano) at the end of the first measure.

where the soul finds its peace, and its joys nev-er  
and the an-gels on high, look down from the

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The piano part includes a dynamic marking of *p* (piano) at the beginning of the first measure.

cease, and a glad heart is nev-er dis - mayed  
sky, en - tranced with thy beau-ty so true

The third system continues the melody and accompaniment. The piano part includes a dynamic marking of *p* (piano) at the beginning of the first measure.

Chorus  
Yel - low stone, my Yel - low

*p. mf*

The fourth system is the beginning of the chorus. It features a dynamic marking of *p. mf* (piano mezzo-forte) at the start of the piano accompaniment.

stone pride of our count-ry fair

leg-ends of old, thy can-ons

hold, sweet-est per-fums the air,

Yel-low stone, my Yel-low

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of five systems of music. Each system has a vocal line on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves (treble and bass clef). The key signature has one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The piano accompaniment features chords and moving lines in both hands, with some triplets and slurs. The lyrics are: 'stone pride of our count-ry fair', 'leg-ends of old, thy can-ons', 'hold, sweet-est per-fums the air,', and 'Yel-low stone, my Yel-low'.

stone loved by the brave and true.

God grant that some day I'll be on my

way, my Yel - low stone to you!

roll pp



## "THE YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK"



THE late Hiram Martin Chittenden, Brigadier-General, U.S.A., wrote the most comprehensive book on Yellowstone National Park. He had charge of all the engineering work for the Federal Government in the park for many years. He built the famous concrete viaduct in Golden Gate Canyon, the Melan Arch bridge over the Yellowstone river above the falls, the Northern Entrance Arch, and the Chittenden road to the summit of Mt. Washburn which made available to all tourists that spectacular panorama from the summit of the mountain.

His first official connection with the Yellowstone engineering work began in 1891. In 1899 and for many years thereafter he had exclusive charge of the road work which embraced the construction and maintenance of about four hundred miles of modern highways.

General Chittenden wrote several books including the "American Fur Trade of the Far West" and "The History of Steamboat Navigation of the Missouri River;" but his "The Yellowstone National Park," a writing done in his mature years, is not only his masterpiece, but it is generally conceded today to be the best book yet produced on the park.

"The Yellowstone National Park" by Chittenden, has proved very popular. Few if any large libraries are without at least one copy. Government officials, rangers and ranger naturalists in the park, bus drivers, and other people interested in the history, descriptions and scientific data concerning the region are all familiar with this great book, and most of them own one or more copies, which they use for reference.

It is on sale for your convenience at Haynes Picture Shops throughout the park, and in the Government Information offices and museums.

## HAYNES GUIDE BOOK



**HAYNES GUIDE OF YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK**, the Complete Handbook, is the most popular book available for the guidance of travelers through the Wonderful Yellowstone. It has a hundred or more illustrations, detail maps of each center of interest, and of the park itself.

It is completely revised almost every year, and is officially approved by the National Park Service.

The Tour of the Park contains a methodically arranged synopsis of the entire trip from ALL entrances, and includes pictures, descriptions, motorists' road logs, and maps. By many people, it is considered one of the best guide books anywhere available.

Being popularly priced, it enjoys a large sale each year, and those who have once used the book say they would not part with it for many times its price.

The essential parts of a good guide book, aside from the text, maps and diagrams, is the mechanical construction of the book in the opinion of its publishers; therefore the cover is flexible and cloth-reinforced—the book is pocket size and has round corners—the finest enameled paper is used—bold type indicates prominent features or points of interest.

The Haynes Guide Book, is much more than its name implies. It covers historical happenings in the park's development, notes on the flowers, trees, animals, geology, fishes, birds and hints for photographers.

It came into existence more than forty years ago, and all that time has kept abreast of developments in the park. The **THIS YEAR'S REVISION** is now on sale throughout the park.

**HAYNES PICTURE SHOPS, Inc.**  
**Yellowstone National Park**

### "TREES AND FLOWERS"



RANK E. A. THONE, Ph.D., is the author of an excellent book on Yellowstone National Park trees and flowers. It is now in its second edition, the first having been sold out quickly although fewer species were treated in the first edition than in the present one.

Besides being an able botanist and a writer with unusual talent, Dr. Thone has written a beautiful poem on flowers which appears in this book.

Doctor Thone is peculiarly well qualified to produce a botanical key that is at once simple, clear and authoritative. A graduate of Johns Hopkins and Chicago Universities, he is well trained in ecological botany.

More than one hundred species are treated, each with a concise but thorough description and a spirited line drawing.

"TREES AND FLOWERS OF YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK" is a pocket size volume with cover in full color, which is suitable both for use in the field and as a library reference book of the principal trees and flowers that characterize the Park.

This book is officially approved by the National Park Service and for your convenience is placed on sale in all of the Haynes Picture Shops and in the Government Information Offices and Museums in the Park.

Doctor Thone is a gifted writer who, in the past few years, has gained an enviable reputation for his ability to treat scientific subjects in an accurate, concise and simple manner, which accounts largely for the immediate success of his book on Yellowstone trees and flowers.

**HAYNES PICTURE SHOPS, Inc.**  
**Yellowstone National Park**

### "MAW'S VACATION"



ANYONE who has tramped, or fished, or ridden a hard trail, or scaled a mountain with Emerson Hough has not only enjoyed that experience, but has had his physical endurance severely tested in keeping abreast of him.

Seldom has one found his counterpart—a combination of mountaineering skill, and the ability to write truthfully and interestingly. His writings show an uncanny knowledge of human nature, and manifest kindness toward mankind.

Emerson Hough gained international fame through his epochal "Covered Wagon," and has to his credit many other famous stories including the "Sagebrush-er," "54-40 Or Fight" and "Maw's Vacation"—his Yellowstone National Park story.

If you have visited, or hope to visit the Yellowstone, you will surely appreciate "Maw's Vacation"—a book that should be in every library.

"MAW'S VACATION" is on sale throughout the Park for your convenience at the Haynes Picture Shops, in all of the hotels, the principal lodges and the Haynes' shops in the public automobile camps.

The THIRD EDITION is just off the press. Thousands of copies have been sold. If you would understand and appreciate the park—and who would not?—you cannot afford to go without "Maw's Vacation."

**HAYNES PICTURE SHOPS, Inc.**  
**Yellowstone National Park**

## "DISCOVERY OF YELLOWSTONE PARK"



ATHANIEL PITT LANGFORD was one of the discoverers of the area now known as Yellowstone National Park. He was diarist of the famous Washburn-Langford-Doane Expedition of 1870 which is held directly responsible for the establishment of the Park two years later.

The "DISCOVERY OF YELLOWSTONE PARK—1870" is probably the most important historical document in all of the Yellowstone literature. Included in this volume of nearly two hundred pages is the original diary which Mr. Langford wrote on his knee before the campfires at the end of each day's exploration, while the other members, except those on guard, were sleeping.

It was this expedition that was responsible for the naming of such celebrated features as Old Faithful Geyser, Giant Geyser, Castle Geyser, Mount Washburn, Tower Fall and countless others, which have since become known the world over.

Mr. Langford was the first Superintendent appointed in 1872 to govern the Park, which office he held for five years without remuneration of any kind. He even paid his own expenses.

This volume is placed on sale throughout the Park, for your convenience. It is officially approved by the National Park Service, which guarantees its authenticity.

No one who aspires to a knowledge of Wonderland can afford to miss reading this fascinating story of the inception and establishment of the Park.

**HAYNES PICTURE SHOPS, Inc.**  
**Yellowstone National Park**

## "OLD FAITHFUL PLAYING CARDS"



**S**OUVENIR PLAYING CARDS of Yellowstone National Park are produced by Haynes in two styles—a de luxe deck showing 53 Park scenes on the faces, and an "OLD FAITHFUL DECK" having a colored picture of Old Faithful on the backs and the regular playing card faces—thus serving all demands for Yellowstone playing cards.

Both kinds of decks have alternate backs so that "bridge pairs" are available either in the illustrated deck or the plain deck with the Old Faithful backs.

Consistent with our policy of adequately supplying Park patrons with all their needs for pictorial and literary publications we have established Haynes Picture Shops in all of the four large hotels, the four lodges and the principal Public Automobile Camps, where these playing cards and all the other well known Haynes' products are placed on sale.

For almost fifty years the name of Haynes has been identified with the Park and during that time "Kings," "Queens" and more recently "Aces" have been numbered among our patrons; and presidents Arthur, Roosevelt, Harding and Coolidge.



**HAYNES PICTURE SHOPS, Inc.**  
Yellowstone National Park

## FILMS DEVELOPED AND PRINTED



OUR FILMS are developed and printed OVER-NIGHT if left early in the evening at any Haynes Picture Shop in the entire Park. This applies to Mammoth Hot Springs, Old Faithful (Upper Geyser Basin), Yellowstone Lake and Grand Canyon, at which four places we operate completely equipped photo finishing departments.

Patrons of the Public Automobile Camps will find a Haynes Picture Shop and Photo Finishing Plant in each of these camp grounds.

## CAMERAS AND MOTION PICTURE SUPPLIES

Besides carrying a full line of roll films and film packs of the principal standard brands we sell the 16 mm and the 35 mm film, Cine Kodaks and the Filmo and Eyemo motion picture cameras, accessories and supplies, besides a full line of kodaks and cameras for still pictures.

## SOUVENIR POST CARDS

Haynes Souvenir Post Cards in full color are available in sets of 100, 50 and in lesser lots in all of the Haynes Shops. Each card carries a full description of the subject, which makes it doubly valuable as a souvenir and record of the trip.

These cards are all reproductions of the well known Haynes Hand Painted Photographs; and the sets which come in special boxes contain the most desirable and beautiful subjects.

The Haynes line includes the remarkable series of "Scenic Gems," Souvenir Folders, Hand Painted Photographs, Albums and Hand Painted Stereoptican slides.

**HAYNES PICTURE SHOPS, Inc.**  
**Yellowstone National Park**

