

SAT 20.8.

I just had to dedicate my previous chapter to John Muir, as even in the Yellowstone NP I had come across his name. Regardless of where JM travelled he would remain a Lowland Scot all his days. Only secondarily would he become a product or patriot of his adopted US, or a citizen of the World.

Last night we went to bed before 9 pm. That was very early for both of us, but there was nothing else to do, as it was pitch dark and cold. But as our sleep was never very good (regular disturbance for both of us whenever turning in sleeping bags), we needed it, especially when we were up before 6 am.



Temperature this morning was once again below zero; our car's thermometer indicated - 5°C

Today we were heading for **Grand Tetotn NP**. Before leaving Yellowstone National Park, here are some more pictures taken on our way to the YNP South Entrance:



One of the best photos of a buffalo I took was on our way from Norris Camp, early morning with silvery frosty carpet – a huge animal on a white meadow



Smoking ground of Upper Geyser Basin



The charming Yellowstone River meandering through meadows



Yellowstone Lake at West Thumb

Before looking for a campsite we stopped at **Jenny's Lake** and walked to **Hidden Falls** (4km – one way), but when we got there, the location was closed- under repair. VP decided to take a ferry back to where we started from as his leg was giving him some problems, whilst I walked a little up the stream along the horse trail, since that was opened, however due to a shortage of time I soon turned back, doing just over 8km around the Jenny Lake. Walking back on my own, I used a “noise gadget” as recommended to me by a ranger at Norris camp: I got myself a small, empty plastic bottle and filled it with some little stones, closed it with a lid, and while walking I held it in my hand. Moving the hand I made enough noise to notify any bears within 100m. I could have easily fixed the bottle on a piece of string to my backpack, too. It worked fine.



Mt Owen and Mt St John across Jenny Lake, Grand Teton NP



*Second picture was taken while walking towards Hidden Falls. The **Jenny Lake Trail** is 11.4 km long and it circles Jenny Lake.*

The trail begins at the Jenny Lake campground or can be accessed at several other trailheads. One of the most popular and easiest hikes in the park, the trail provides pedestrian access to the Cascade Canyon Trail and is overlapped by the Valley Trail along the west side of Jenny Lake.

Hidden Falls is located on Cascade Creek, Grand Teton National Park. The falls drop approximately 30 m near the eastern end of

Cascade Canyon, and west of Jenny Lake. The easiest way to access the falls is by way of the Jenny Lake boat shuttle which goes from South Jenny Lake to the entrance of Cascade Canyon.

Grand Teton National Park is a United States National Park in north-western Wyoming. At approximately 130,000 ha, the park includes the major peaks of the 64 km Teton Range as well as most of the northern sections of the valley known as Jackson Hole. It is only 16 km south of Yellowstone National Park, to which it is connected by John D. Rockefeller, Jr. Memorial Parkway. Along with surrounding National Forests, these three protected areas constitute the almost 7,300,000 ha Greater Yellowstone Ecosystem, one of the largest intact mid-latitude temperate ecosystems in the world. Grand Teton National Park is a popular destination for mountaineering, hiking, fishing and other forms of recreation. There are more than 1,000 drive-in campsites and over 320 km of hiking trails that provide access to backcountry camping areas



On the way to our camp we met this sympathetic couple of cyclists from Canada. Notice the wide tyres – they were doing rough-stuff-cycling, too. This is going on smaller soft surface roads. The chaps were a part of a larger group of cyclists. Tough boys cycling a long, long way. That's the spirit!



At last we found a camp @ \$25.00 per night, and a long deserved hot shower, which was just outside the camp @ \$4.00.

I did my laundry there, too. There was a large grocery shop next to the shower rooms, so we managed to get some fresh food and fruit.

We had done 4052km.

SUN 21.8.



It was very cold this morning. On our departure from the camp our thermometer was showing only 3°C. At the entrance to the camp we met this lovely cyclist, a young lady who was doing the northern route from New York to Oregon and her plan was to do it in four months. I told her who we were and that my friend, being a geologist, takes photos of all interesting rocks

and stones, while I enjoy talking to people and taking pictures of all cyclists I meet. The young lady said that she had just finished studying architecture and the photos she was taking were related to that subject, i.e. architecture. These American girls on their bikes are amazing, they just go on their own, no fear, very brave. I don't think I had ever seen it in Europe, not in Italy, not in England, not in Scandinavia, not even in Czech Republic. Whilst in US, I have seen these young girls cycling on their own several times already.



Back on the road again, direction towards Dubois. But first we had to leave these mountains behind us. We climbed to well over 2,000m and when doing so, we had passed this lonely older cyclist. I just could not pass him without stopping and talking to him. His name was Tim (64) and considering that he had just climbed up many kilometres, he looked cheerful with a charming smile. He had a tremendous sense of humour. Tim plans his travels with a help of "Velo Cycling Website" and for Europe he suggested to look at: www.eurovelo.com (visit this site for plans, routes, etc. on small roads, camps, costs; similar website in US).



This time VP was hoping to see some unusual **Natural Bridge**, created from limestone, and it should be an easy walk, along a stream for about one hour. So, I decided I would join him on this 2 hour walk. Well, the first problem was to find it, driving on US Hwy 26, it should be just before Dubois, but as the site was of no interest to tourist, it was not sign-posted. Our second problem was that to get there we would have to pass through Private Property.



Well, we stopped our car in front of the Box Hanging Three Ranch gate and VP insisted that he would go through the gate and try to negotiate with the man, who was watching us from behind. However the man standing at the ranch house was not the owner but a holiday maker from Chicago (his ancestors came from Czechoslovakia), who was spending his holidays here with his family, and he was instructed by the owner not to allow anyone to pass through his land. That was the end of it.

Little did he know that the **Geyser Creek Trail**, we were looking for, was merely 50m from the spot we were standing at (and of course we had no clue whatsoever either, I only found out later on from this Google Map. Our Geyser Creek Trail begins on the right side of that Box Hanging Three Ranch)! So, as VP wanted desperately to see that particular Natural Bridge we drove back on Hwy 26 and looked for another through road at several different ranches, which according to that bloke from Chicago, should be there.



So after several trials we found this gate bearing a sign **Homestead Draw**.

No building only a sign saying it was a private property and no vehicles allowed. Walkers and horse riders were to ask for permission to enter by phoning onto a given number. We did phone, but as usual our mobile phones were useless, no signal.

HOMESTAD DRAW RANCH



We had to leave our car in front of that gate (no entrance for any vehicles), in the scorching sun, took a bottle of water each, and went looking for that stream with Natural Bridge. The time was 9.25 am. The sun was burning and VP, holding his map, set a fast pace. We went across 2 ridges, hoping that our stream would be behind, but it was only after the third one that we found some coniferous woodland. Then we made a dodgy decision as we left the farm

track and walked through a sun-burnt meadow, as our stream with that natural bridge should be situated in that woodland. When VP, still walking ahead of me, entered the woodland, I heard a woman's scream! What on earth was happening? In absolutely deserted dried land, there was a lady with her partner and they were collecting something into a bucket; she must have had a shock to see a stranger in the middle of that wilderness. Shortly after that we saw a little stream and a large cave, which was the spot we were looking for.

Seeing the cave bellow us in a **Warm Spring Creek**, I said to VP that I would not walk down to it, and as there was no path or any suitable focus point to meet, I said that I would return slowly back along the same way as we came (I had to preserve enough strength for driving till late this evening, whilst he could nod off in a passenger's seat as much as he wanted). He had to go down there quite naturally, as that was his goal, so we parted.



The Natural Bridge we were after was right below us in Warm Spring Creek

I reckoned it would take him about one hour to get down there and one hour back to where we were standing. The sun was mercilessly burning upon us. I walked slowly back to our car and when at last I came to it, it was 12.30 p.m.

I felt very thirsty having emptied my

water bottle at least an hour ago. At midday the sun was burning at full blast and there was no shade anywhere I could have re-parked our car. I opened a side door and created a decent enough shade to sit and eat. This was my Sunday lunch:

White bread loaf in which bits of Feta cheese were baked in(very good)

Onion, tomato

Dried beef meat –Jerky

Apple pie-made in a machine (awful, but sweet)

A can of Ginger beer

My guess about VP arrival time was quite right, he came 2 hours after me having lost his water bottle somewhere in the cave of Natural Bridge, so he had no chance to drink all the way back! In this hot climate, with no shade! To my surprise VP did not drink anything in the car either, so I left for **Dubois**,



where we stopped at the first coffee house. VP was not hungry but besides coffee he ordered one cool beer, too. There were two cyclists from New York sitting at our table-young man who had finished his studies as a brain surgeon and his girlfriend (they were a part of a group of 6); they'd been a month on a road already, cycling from New York to Yellowstone National Park, taking a greyhound coach back home to New York.

After that small refreshment VP surprised me when he said he wanted to return to one location we had missed - an airfield, which we had missed just before Dubois. Amazing! Where did he get his strength to do that! No problem with me, so we went back, this time to another ranch through which a public road headed for Dubois Muni Airport U25.

While VP went to see some travertine stones, I had been waiting in our car looking at this ranch (photo above), when a black retriever came to see me, but did not bark, it just sat there in a shade next to my car door. A very friendly dog, or should I've said a very "hotdog." The landscape looked rather romantic, a kind of "modernised Wild West."



*Dubois, the main street.
The population was 971
at the 2010 census*

History

The original residents of Dubois, Wyoming wanted to name the town "Tibo" after the name the local Shoshone tribe gave to the first missionary in the area. However, the postal service found the name unacceptable, so

it endowed the town with the name Dubois after Fred Dubois, an Idaho senator at. In protest, the citizens of Dubois rejected the French pronunciation, instead opting for *Du*, with *u* as in "Sue"; *bois*, with *oi* as in "voice". The accent is on the first syllable.



The first occupants of the mountains and valleys surrounding what is now Dubois were members of the Sheepeaters, a group of Mountain Shoshone, who included the Wind River area in their regular annual migrations from the Great Plains through the mountains of Yellowstone and beyond. The Wind River Valley surrounding Dubois contains numerous remnants of these people who lived in the area for many hundreds of years before they were relocated into a nearby reservation.

The first Europeans to enter the area were trappers Francois and Louis Verendrye in 1742–43. In the years to follow, the Wind

River valley was visited regularly by the Astorians and other fur trappers and hunters through the early 19th century. The mountain man Jim Bridger, visited the area en route to Yellowstone in 1807 and 1808, named nearby Union Pass and Union Peak. The first homesteaders arrived in the late 1870s.

Butch Cassidy (Robert LeRoy Parker) owned and managed a ranch on the outskirts of Dubois, beginning in 1890. It is said that he was a frequent customer at Welty's General Store in Dubois, which is still in operation. A statue recently erected in the center of Dubois is modeled after Butch Cassidy. In 1913, the town expanded with the addition of a hotel, a bar, and a general store,

anticipating the arrival of Scandinavian lumber workers brought there by the Wyoming Tie and Timber Company the following year. (All of these structures are still standing).

In the landscape surrounding Dubois are visible the remains of many wood flumes constructed by the tie hacks who provided the railroad ties that helped to develop the American West. These Scandinavian immigrants cut logs into ties and sent these via the flumes to the Wind River where they floated to Riverton, about 70 miles east, for processing.

A significant proportion of Dubois residents are writers, artists, photographers, musicians and songwriters, drawn to the remote town in part by its relatively moderate climate and remarkable scenery.



Just after Dubois we met this amazing couple of older cyclists on a sitting-down-tandem. The man (64) and his wife (62) were from Vermont. The good lady had just returned from a five minute stroll - stretching her legs. They must plan their daily trips very carefully, so that they can sleep in motels (no camping). This unique bike was built in Cornwall, England (only ten such bikes were built). I would have loved talking to these brave people about their adventures a bit longer, no doubt they could tell some stories!

So, after these brief, but rather dramatic events at Dubois, we continued on Hwy 26 in the eastern direction. Passing the town Shoshoni we were desperate to find a camp before it would get dark. It had been a long, busy day and I had driven a very long way, too



A few days ago we were camping at Shoshone City, Idaho. But this picture is from **Shoshoni town**, which we had just passed. The population was 649 at the 2010 census.

The town is named for the Shoshone tribe of Native Americans, most of them live on the nearby Wind River Indian Reservation. Although the word is generally spelled 'Shoshone', it is pronounced phonetically as 'Shoshoni'.

Since this is the land of a Native American tribe

Shoshoni or Shoshone, let me tell you something about these Indians. The tribe has four large cultural/linguistic divisions:

- Eastern Shoshone: Wyoming
- Northern Shoshone: southeastern Idaho
- Western Shoshone: Nevada, northern Utah
- Gosiute: western Utah, eastern Nevada



A Shoshone encampment in the Wind River Mountains of Wyoming, photographed by W. H. Jackson, 1870



The Shoshone are a Native American tribe, who originated in the western Great Basin and spread north and east into Idaho and Wyoming. By 1500 some Eastern Shoshone had crossed the Rocky Mountains into the Great Plains. After 1750, warfare and pressure from the Blackfoot, Crow, Lakota, Cheyenne, and Arapaho pushed Eastern Shoshone south and westward. Some of them moved as far south as Texas, to become the Comanche by 1700.

Rabbit-Tail



"Shoshone at Ft. Washakie, Wyoming Native American reservation. Chief Washakie (at left) extends his right arm." Some of the Shoshones are dancing as the soldiers look on, 1892

As more American settlers migrated west, tensions rose with the indigenous people. Wars occurred throughout the second half of the 19th century. The Northern Shoshone, led by Chief Pocatello, fought during the 1860s with settlers in Idaho (where the city Pocatello was named for him). As more settlers encroached on Shoshone hunting territory, the natives raided farms and ranches for food, and attacked migrants. The warfare resulted in the Bear River Massacre (1863), when US forces attacked and killed an estimated 410 Northwestern Shoshone, who were at their winter encampment. A large number of the dead were civilians, including women and children, deliberately killed by the soldiers. This was the highest number of deaths which the Shoshone suffered at the hands of United States forces.



Allied with the Bannock, to whom they were related, the Shoshone fought against the United States in the Snake War from 1864 to 1868. They fought US forces together in 1878 in the Bannock War. In 1876, by contrast, the Shoshone fought alongside the U.S. Army in the Battle of the Rosebud against their traditional enemies, the Lakota and Cheyenne.

In 1879 a band of approximately 300 Eastern Shoshones (known as "Sheepeaters") became involved in the Sheepeater Indian War. It was the last Indian war fought in the Pacific Northwest region of the present-day United States.

Lemhi Shoshone chief and his wife, ca. 1897

In 1911 a small group of Bannock under a leader named Mike Daggett, also known as "Shoshone Mike", killed four ranchers in Washoe County, Nevada. The settlers formed a posse and went out after the Native Americans. They caught up with the band on February 26, 1911 and killed eight. They lost one man of the

posse, Ed Hogle. The posse captured three children and a woman. A rancher donated the partial remains of three adult males, two adult females, two adolescent males, and three children (believed to be Shoshone Mike and his family, according to contemporary accounts) to the Smithsonian Institution for study. In 1994, the institution repatriated the remains to the Fort Hall Idaho Shoshone-Bannock Tribe.



In 2008 the Northwestern Shoshone acquired the site of the Bear River Massacre and some surrounding land. They wanted to protect the holy land and to build a memorial to the massacre, the largest their nation had suffered. "In partnership with the American West Heritage Centre and state leaders in Idaho and Utah, the tribe has developed public/private partnerships to advance tribal cultural preservation and economic development goals." They have become a leader in developing tribal renewable energy.

Contemporary Shoshone family, 2010

Historical population

In 1845 the estimated population of Northern and Western Shoshone was 4,500, much reduced after they had suffered infectious disease epidemics and warfare. The completion of the First Transcontinental Railroad in 1869 was followed by American immigrants arriving in unprecedented numbers in the territory. In 1937 the Bureau of Indian Affairs counted 3,650 Northern Shoshone and 1,201 Western Shoshone. As of the 2000 census, there were 12,000 Shoshone.

The name "Shoshone" comes from *Sosoni*, a Shoshone word for high-growing grasses. Some neighbouring tribes call the Shoshone "Grass House People," based on their traditional homes made from *sosoni*. Shoshones call themselves **Newe**, meaning "People."

Meriwether Lewis recorded the tribe as the "Sosonees or snake Indians" in 1805.



Driving along the main highway towards Thermopolis we at last noticed a campground on our left, next to a large water reservoir.

After a hot shower and good grub we enjoyed a beautiful sunset above the waterscape.

Well deserved relaxation! Self service payment @ USD11.00.

We had done 4450km. Today I had driven 400 km!

Camping at a half way between the towns Shoshoni and Thermopolis