

YELLOWSTONE

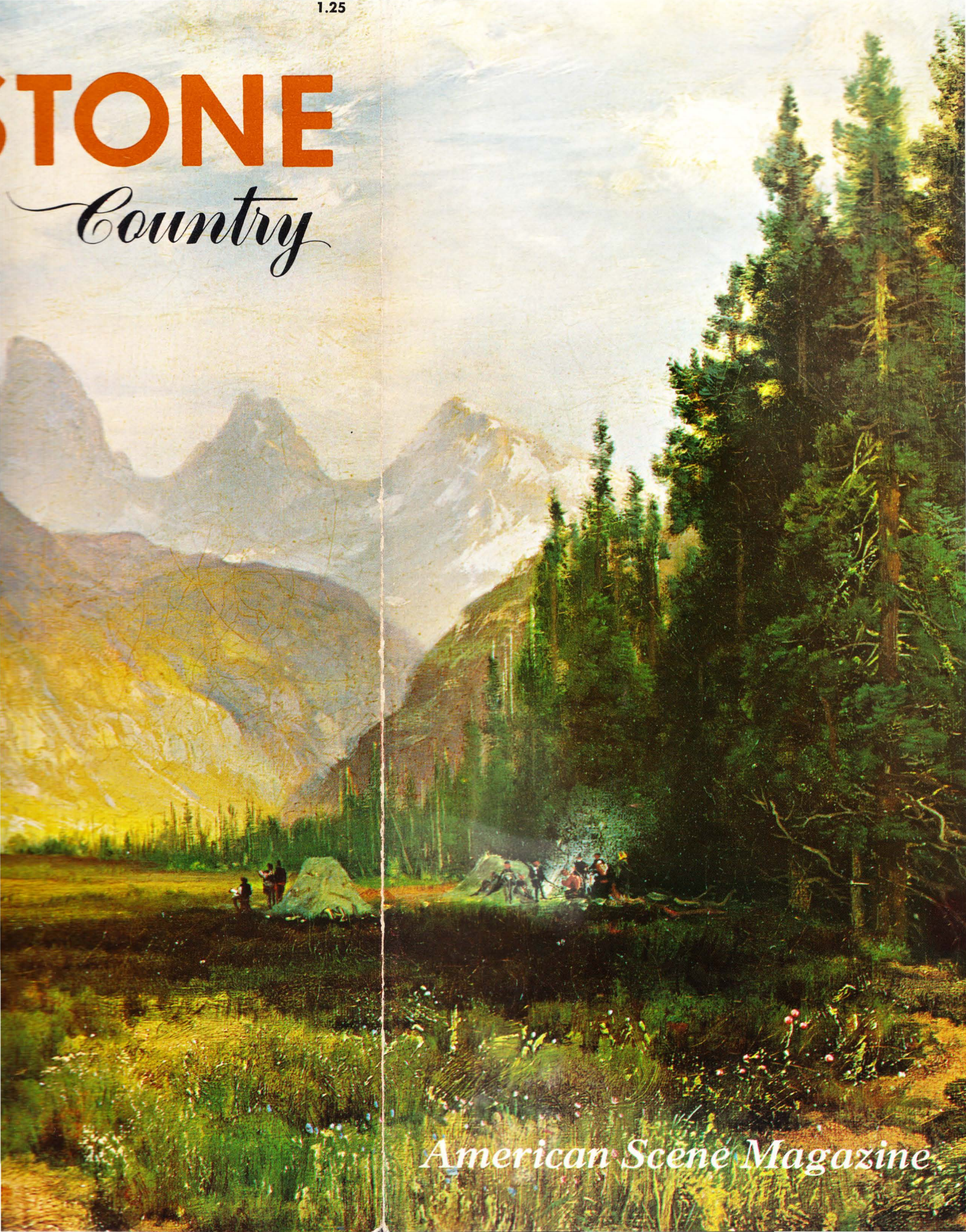
Country



To Mrs. A. H. BARNES
By the artist

STONE

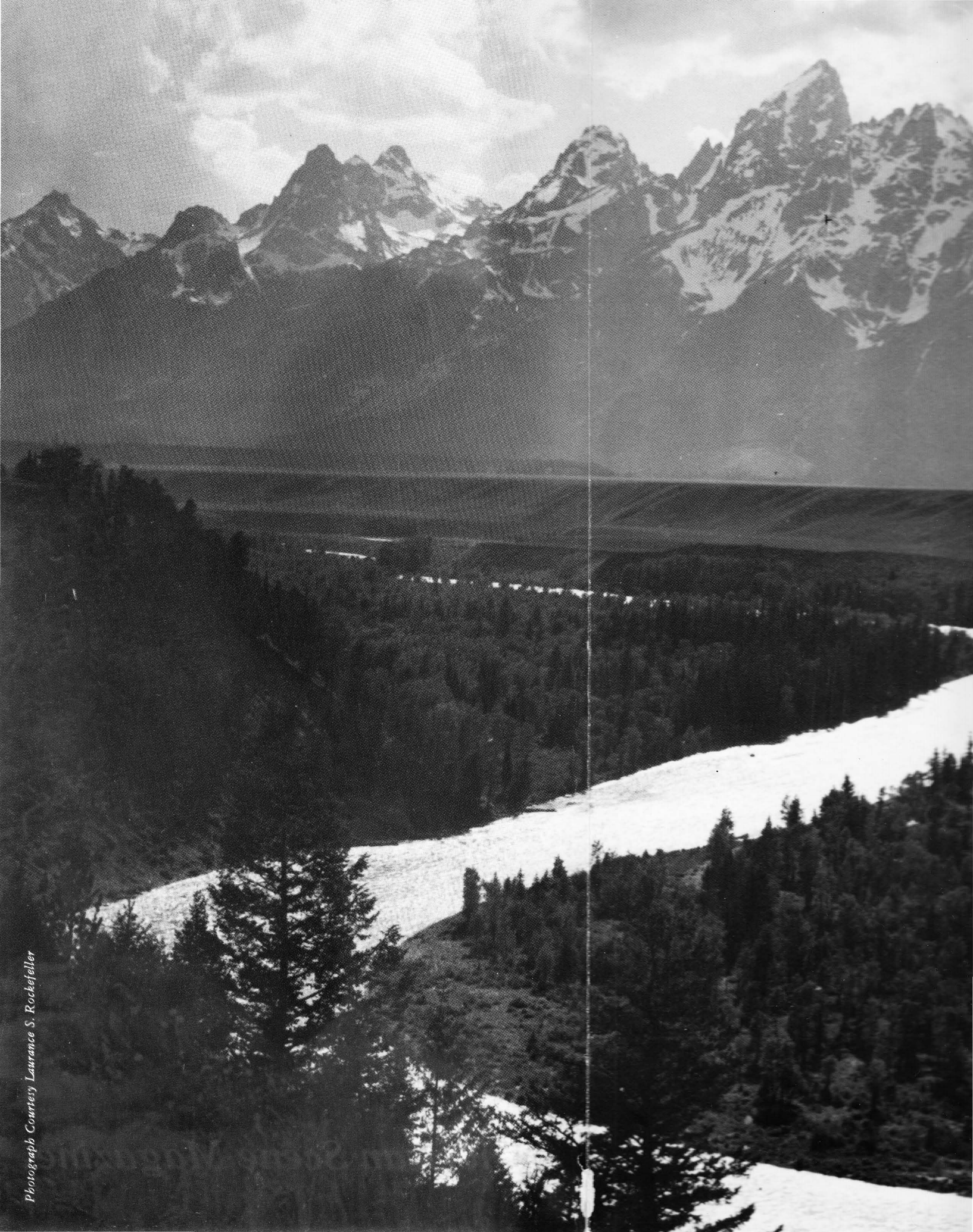
Country



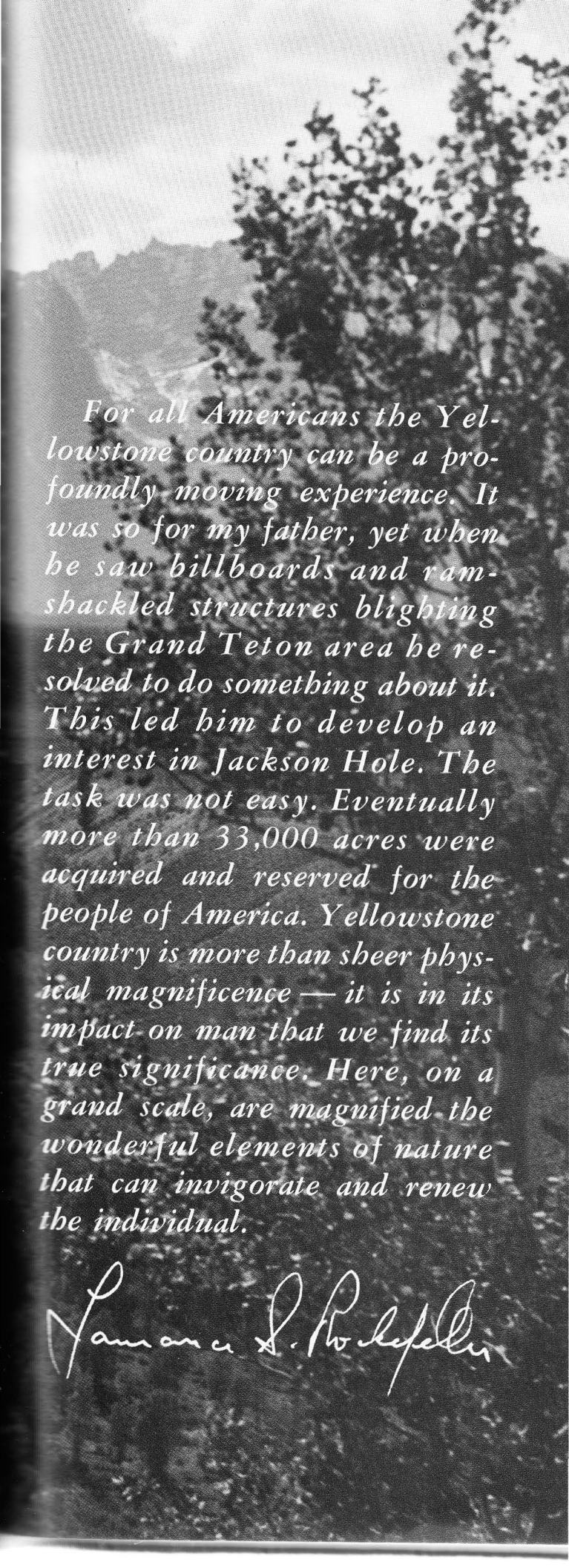
American Scene Magazine



Grand Teton Range, and the Snake



Photograph Courtesy Laurence S. Rockefeller

A black and white photograph of a mountain landscape. In the foreground, a large, dark, leafy tree stands on the right side, partially obscuring the view. In the background, a range of mountains is visible under a light sky. The overall tone is somber and majestic.

For all Americans the Yellowstone country can be a profoundly moving experience. It was so for my father, yet when he saw billboards and ramshackled structures blighting the Grand Teton area he resolved to do something about it. This led him to develop an interest in Jackson Hole. The task was not easy. Eventually more than 33,000 acres were acquired and reserved for the people of America. Yellowstone country is more than sheer physical magnificence — it is in its impact on man that we find its true significance. Here, on a grand scale, are magnified the wonderful elements of nature that can invigorate and renew the individual.

Lamar C. R. Rockefeller

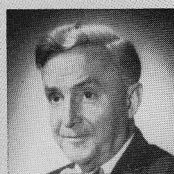
American Scene

THE ART AND HISTORY MAGAZINE WITH A PURPOSE

CONTENTS



Laurance S. Rockefeller, by special invitation, has written a meaningful introduction for this issue of the American Scene. Mr. Rockefeller is carrying on a family tradition, in his association to reserve America's great natural wonderlands. page 1



Burton Harris, born in Wyoming, grew up with a love for the Yellowstone country. As a biographer of John Colter, Mr. Harris has tracked down one of the West's most illusive characters. His article is titled "John Colter, 'Discoverer of Yellowstone Country.'" page 4



Dr. J. V. Howell, contributor to this issue, is a Tulsa geologist. Dr. Howell has made a study of the life and works of Ferdinand V. Hayden, first to survey the Yellowstone country for the United States Government. page 12



Dr. Thurman Wilkins, author of "Thomas Moran, 'Artist of the Yellowstone,'" was born in Missouri, but was reared and educated in California. He holds a Ph.D., from Columbia University where he is now assistant professor of English. page 22



Elizabeth Wied Hayden offers a quick sketch of Jackson, Wyoming, Yellowstone country's most colorful community. Mrs. Hayden has spent several years in researching and writing about Jackson. page 39



Dr. Harold McCracken of Cody, Wyoming, is an internationally-known explorer, authority on the old West and author of more than twenty books. In his article, "My First Grizzly," Dr. McCracken recalls a most unforgettable experience. page 48



Paul Rossi, in "Game Trails," presents sketches of Yellowstone country's wild life. Mr. Rossi is both artist and historian. He is associate editor of the *American Scene*, and has an important role in the administration of Gilcrease Institute. page 54

Cover: "Three Tetons from Pierre's Hole, Idaho," by Thomas Moran. Oil.

GILCREASE INSTITUTE

*Founded by the late Thomas Gilcrease
Owned and Operated by the City of Tulsa*

JAMES L. MAXWELL

Mayor

GORDON T. HICKS

Chairman, Parks and Recreation Board

THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS

Officers and Members of the Executive Committee

E. FRED JOHNSON	Chairman
OTHA H. GRIMES	President
GEORGE H. BOWEN	Vice President
MORTON R. HARRISON	Vice President
DAVID R. MILSTEN	Secretary
ALFRED E. AARONSON	Treasurer

GLEN R. AMES
WILLIAM A. BADEN
WILLIAM S. BAILEY, JR.
W. B. DAVIS
ED K. ELLIS
LEE ERHARD
JOSEPH F. GLASS
MRS. W. R. HOLWAY
JAMES C. LEAKE
MRS. MINNIE KENNEDY-MANION
REMINGTON ROGERS
RUSSELL S. RHODES
DR. CHARLES C. MASON

DIRECTORS AT LARGE

MRS. FRANKLIN E. BERNSSEN
JOHN W. BRICE
DR. GEORGE L. CROSS
MRS. ROGER DEVLIN
MRS. MARGARET TAYLOR DRY
BARTON GILCREASE
MRS. MARSHALL O. HARDY
S. NEIL JOHNSON
JENKIN LLOYD JONES
MRS. RICHARD LLOYD JONES, JR.
DR. NOEL KAHO
JAMES A. KENNEDY
MRS. W. L. KISTLER, JR.
MRS. EDWARD C. LAWSON
W. E. McINTOSH
MARK S. PATTON
DR. CLARENCE I. PONTIUS
C. R. SMITH
MRS. RUSSELL TARR
LESTER WHIPPLE
DR. OLIVER S. WILLHAM
CHARLES BANKS WILSON

DEAN KRAKEL

Director of the Institute

W. B. DAVIS

Chairman, American Scene Committee

EDITORIAL STAFF

Editor	DEAN KRAKEL
Associate Editor	PAUL ROSSI
Assistant	RICHARD MUNO
Business Manager	SAM JONES
Copy Typist	JOAN WILLIAMS
Copy Reader	HAZEL DESJARDINS
Copy Reader	*CECILE RICHARDS

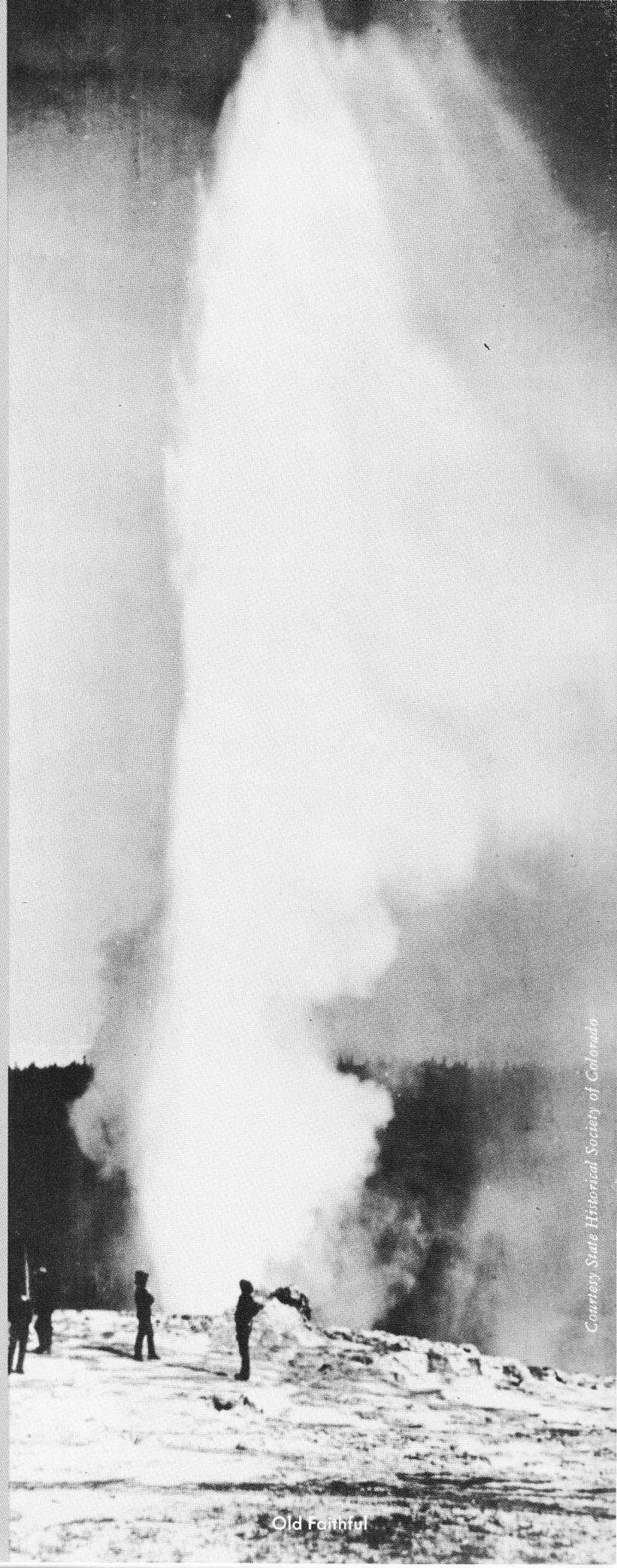
Design and art work, Paul Rossi, Staff

Color photography, Robert Hawks, Tulsa

Litho in U.S.A., R. F. Rodgers Litho Co., Inc., Tulsa

Institute Staff: DEAN KRAKEL, PAUL ROSSI, MARTIN WENGER, BRUCE WEAR, CEPHAS STOUT, BILL COURTER, SAM JONES, MARIE KEENE, GABRIELLE JONES, RICHARD MUNO, JOAN WILLIAMS, CLAUDE HOUSDAN, JOE CHALAKEE, HAZEL DESJARDINS.

**Not on Gilcrease Staff*



Courtesy State Historical Society of Colorado

Old Faithful

This intrepid mountainman was to accomplish the incredible feat of a mid-winter trek through the land of trembling earth, spouting geysers and boiling mud springs. From the tales he told, it became a legendary spot known as "Colter's Hell."

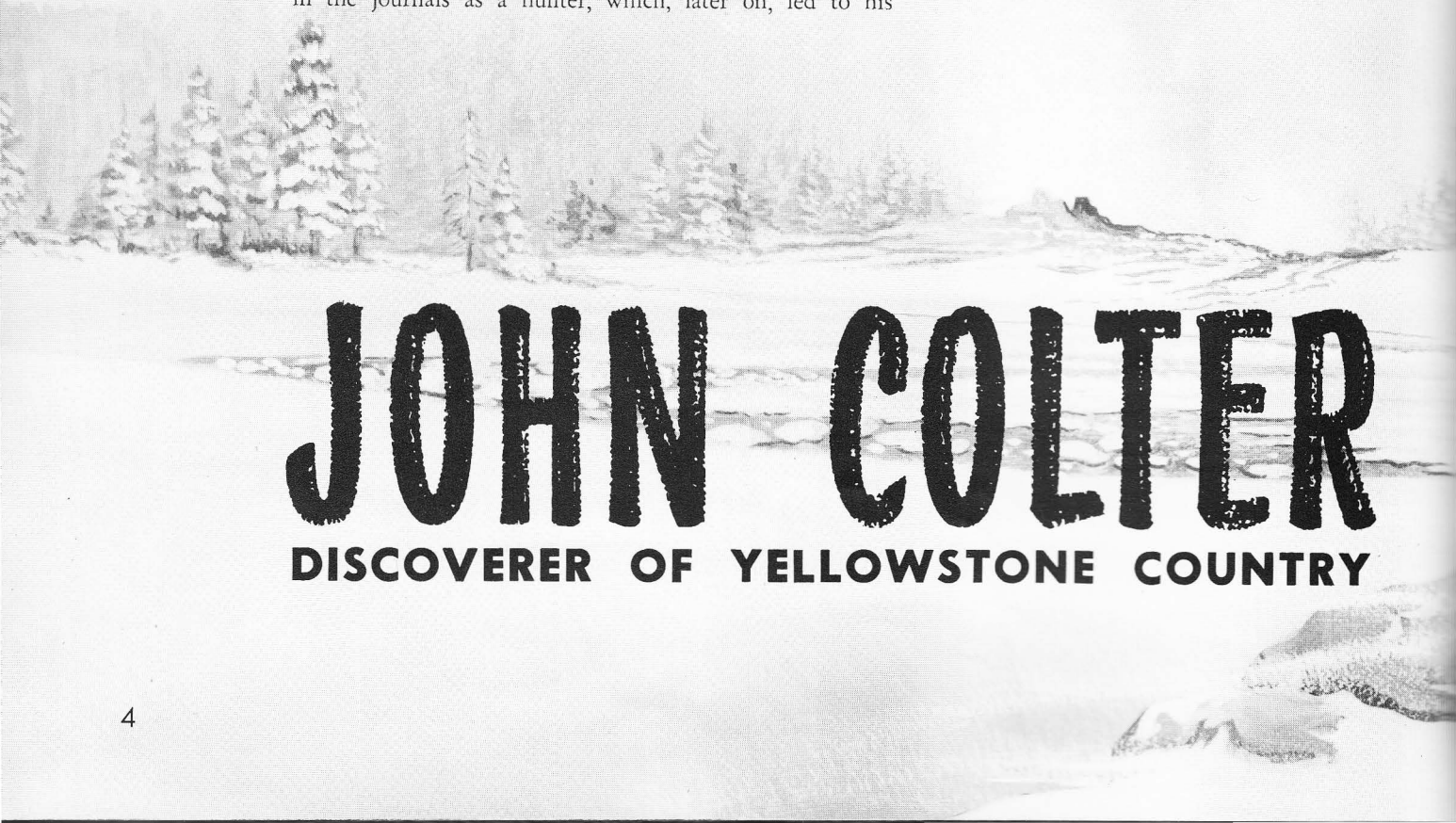
By Burton Harris

LITTLE is known about John Colter, and available information has, it seems, been poorly handled. The grandfather of the discoverer of Yellowstone came to Virginia from Ireland in 1700, and spelled the name Coalter. From this ancestor came a long line of descendants — and various spellings of the family name.

The first concise record of John Colter is the date of his enlistment with the Lewis and Clark expedition at Maysville, Kentucky, October 15, 1803. Meriwether Lewis, who recruited him, unfortunately was either unimpressed, too busy, or not in a writing mood at the signing, since he makes little mention of this colorful figure.

During the winter, the expedition camped in Illinois country to keep away from the Spanish governor in St. Louis. Colter and several others were disciplined for doing most of their hunting at a nearby "whiskey shop." Perhaps this incident caused him to be assigned to a boat crew the next spring.

Nevertheless, it was not long until he was mentioned in the journals as a hunter, which, later on, led to his



JOHN COLTER

DISCOVERER OF YELLOWSTONE COUNTRY



PAUL ROSSI 63



John Colter was a member of the Lewis and Clark expedition. This oil painting by Olaf Seltzer portrays Lewis and Clark with Sacajawea, their important Shoshone guide. The fourth person is identified as York, who was an attendant.

being ordered to assignments that entailed traveling alone for several days, a mark of distinction. The journal entries show an increase in respect for Colter as the small group of men descended the Columbia River, wintered in the rain at Fort Clatsop, and finally returned to the Mandan villages.

Just before the party got to the Mandans, they were joined by two trappers from Illinois, Dixon and Hancock, who had been trapping on the Missouri for two years. In the space of three or four days, Colter was recruited to join their gamble for a fortune in furs.

The trio wintered on the Clark's Fork, a tributary of the Yellowstone. Colter evidently found himself the odd man in the partnership; he resigned and departed in a canoe down river. However, at the mouth of the Platte he encountered the trading expedition of Manuel Lisa who, eager to have a competent guide, enlisted his services.

Thus in the summer of 1807, Colter turned back up the Missouri for at least another year in the wilderness. After several dangerous incidents with the Indians, the boats arrived at the mouth of the Big Horn on the Yellowstone,

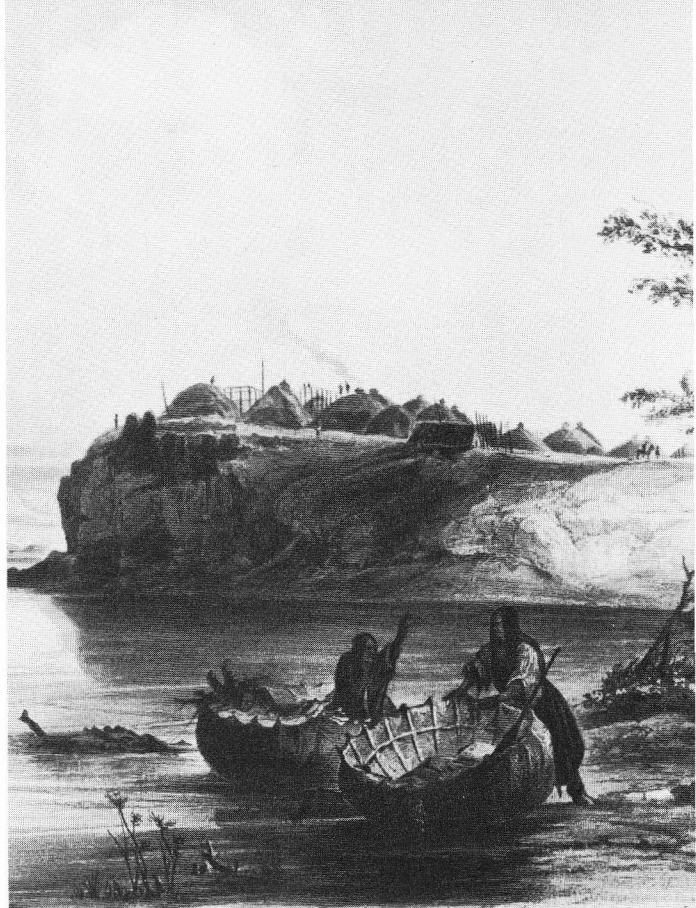
where the engagees immediately began building Manuel's Fort. Lisa was worried about the lack of customers. He sent Colter on a mission to inform the various tribes of his trading post.

Therefore, Colter, again alone, set out with a thirty-pound pack, probably in November, 1807, on one of the most extraordinary sales trips in our history. His route covered approximately 500 miles and, in the dead of winter, crossed at least four mountain ranges and what was to become Yellowstone Park. John Colter carried out his assignment and the following season the post reaped a harvest in furs.

Much confusion concerning the route was engendered by people who had not seen the country and were equally ignorant of the travel channels, not to mention the well-known Indian trails. Nevertheless, in the opinion of those familiar with the only feasible ways of going from one area to another, and with the two maps drawn by William Clark now available, there are not too many moot points concerning the route.

Later, Colter was traveling with a band of Crow and Flathead Indians, when they were attacked by the Black-

During 1833-34 Prince Maximilian spent the winter among the Mandans and Minnetarees Indians. The prince was a naturalist-scholar and Bodmer a superb draughtsman. In this plate the two men have visually recorded in meticulous detail the bullboats of the Mandan, with a typical Mandan village of huts in the background.



In April of 1833, a German princeling, Maximilian of Wied-Neuwied, traveled up the Missouri River to the American Fur Company's post, Fort McKenzie. Maximilian was an accomplished naturalist, and it was his desire to study the flora, fauna and Indians of the vicinity. To illustrate his findings, the prince took Karl Bodmer, a Swiss artist with him. This plate from Maximilian's portfolio shows beaver on the upper Missouri painted by Bodmer.

*Maximilian and Bodmer were in the upper Missouri and Yellowstone country for thirteen months before returning to Saint Louis in 1834 and thence to Europe. The prince's writings, *Riese in das innere Nord-Amerika in den Jahren 1832 bis 1834*, were published in Coblenz in 1839-41 and were reprinted later. Gilcrease Institute owns the English edition of this famous work.*

feet. Colter naturally participated in the defense, but the Blackfeet, seeing a white man shooting at them with unusual accuracy, took violent offense. The incident was the apparent cause of the bitter enmity the Blackfeet had for Americans, and which resulted in many deaths in the ensuing decades.

In fact, the incident that led to his famous race for life, naked and unarmed, provoked the death of John Potts and the capture of Colter by the Blackfeet. Bradbury, the English botanist, got the story from Colter and related that Colter finally got away by hiding in a pile of logs lodged on an island in the Madison River, thence making his way to Manuel's Fort several hundred miles distant.

Colter, however, did not waste much time recuperating before he led two successful trapping parties back into the Three Forks of the Missouri country. The third time, he went back for his traps in the Jefferson River. While he and his party were seated around a campfire, the Blackfeet attacked, and Colter, leaping over the campfire, escaped into the night by climbing a cliff near Bozeman Pass.

In the early spring of 1810, John Colter guided a party to the Three Forks country to build a trading post. On the way, they experienced a snow storm that must have been unusual, as records show that in places the snow was sixty feet deep. In fact, it was so bad that Colter lost the trail for a time. When the sun came out, almost everyone became snow blind so badly that the party stood by helplessly as thirty Snake Indians looted the camp.

Colter guided a trapping party about forty miles up the Jefferson, when the Gros Ventre, demonstrating their resentment against white men, attacked. Five men were killed and all furs and equipment taken.

John Colter's life was filled with excitement and high disaster. By all standards he should have been killed many times, but escaped by using sharp wits and great physical power and stamina. He left the mountains in 1810 to settle down as a farmer and within a short time was married. It is strange that John Colter, who had escaped violent death so many times, was to die peacefully of yellow jaundice in 1813. □

John Colter, the intrepid mountainman, had many brushes with death. One of the most dramatic was his race for freedom with Blackfeet warriors. This event took place in about 1808 in upper Missouri River country. The painting is a miniature oil by Olaf Seltzer, and one of the few known to depict Colter's famous footrace.

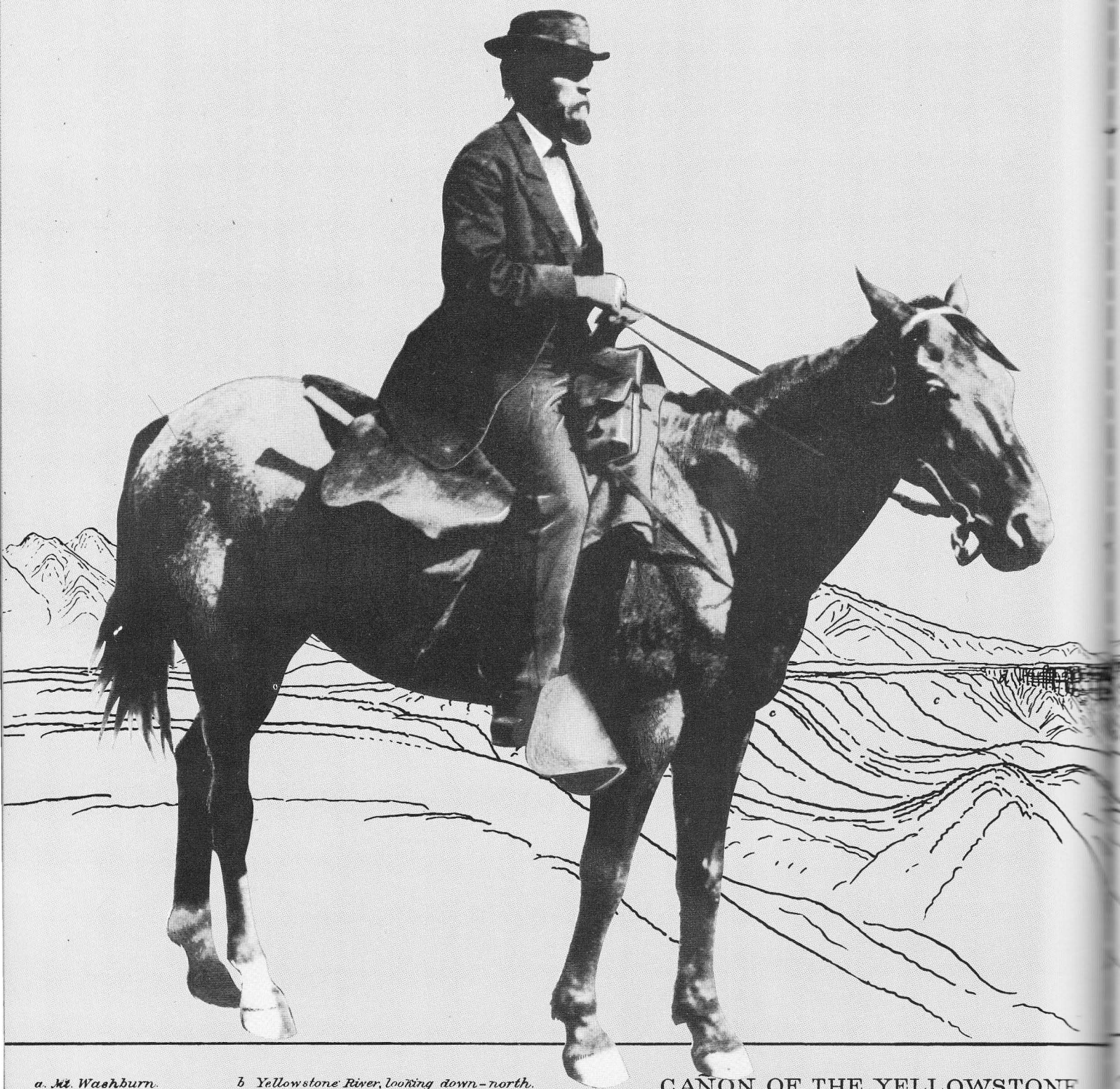




"Four of a Kind," by Edgar S. Paxson. Watercolor. Mountainmen were alike in that they were tough, profane and courageous. Here they are surrounded and fighting for their lives. E. S. Paxson came to Wyoming Territory by freight wagon in 1877. His first few years in the West were spent sketching, hunting and working for the Overland Stage Company.



Olaf Seltzer of Montana was both historian and artist. John Colter and the Blackfeet were favorite subjects. This miniature oil painting shows Colter during his footrace to freedom, the instant after he turned on his nearest foe. Colter killed the Indian, then was free to run on to the Madison River where he hid, and eventually returned to civilization.



a. Mt. Washburn.

b. Yellowstone River, looking down-north.

CANON OF THE YELLOWSTONE

NEAR THE FOOT OF MT WASHBURN.

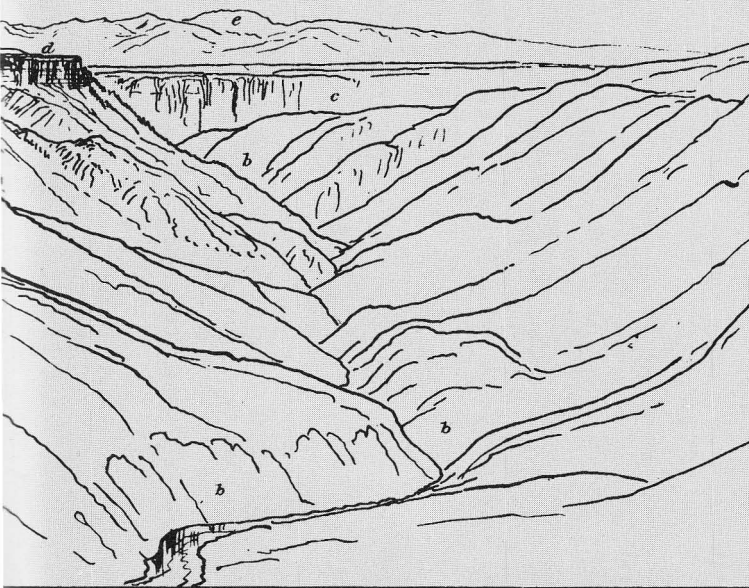
Ferdinand V. Hayden on his favorite horse, "Patsy." Note Hayden's respectable but somewhat weatherbeaten dress coat, high collar, bow tie and hat.

FERDINAND V. HAYDEN

SURVEYOR OF THE YELLOWSTONE

Hayden's detailed report of 1872, William H. Jackson's photographs and Thomas Moran's paintings, were instrumental in convincing Congress to set aside Yellowstone as America's first national park.

By J. V. Howell



Cañon walls-rhyolites.

d. Probably beds of Conglomerate.

e. Amethyst Mt.



IN the government exploration of the West, first to come were the military, with their emphasis on wagon roads and railroad routes to the Pacific; second and finally, were the geological and natural history surveyors. In seeking a reason for their proliferation, one needs only to consider the temper of the people and the reasons cited. Both the government and its citizens were avid for news of the West.

Alone, of all the various explorations of the period 1840-1880, the Hayden Survey and its immediate predecessors, staffed by Ferdinand V. Hayden and a handful of assistants, have failed to receive full recognition and adequate description. Meanwhile, those of King, Powell, Fremont, Gunnison, Marcy, Long and others have produced a spate of books. For this there are many reasons, none of which seems wholly justified. The last four were Army expeditions, each assigned to the search for a major route to the Pacific. Geology and natural history were secondary to pathfinding, the civilian scientists being strictly subordinates. King's Survey of the 40th parallel gained prestige and acclaim not only by reason of its undisputed geological results but also because of its colorful, articulate leader. That of Powell became famous first through the impact of the Grand Canyon voyage, the adventurous character of which largely overshadowed its very real geological discoveries. Hayden, on the other hand, had little flair for personal publicity and depended upon a workmanlike job, prompt publication of results, and an efficient liaison with the newspapers, to publicize his expeditions.

Ferdinand V. Hayden was born in Westfield, Mass., on September 7, 1829, to Asa and Melinda Hawley Hayden, and he lived there until his twelfth year. At this time his parents separated, the father moving to Rochester Depot, Ohio, and

"Mountains," by Albert Bierstadt. Oil. This artist was the first to paint mountains of the far West as if they were mountains rather than local scenery. His canvases are invariably large, deep canyoned, precipiced, and heavily timbered. He managed his light, clouds and sky to give greater depth and passages to his work. His animals, like the bighorn sheep in this painting, were usually dramatically presented.





the mother to Rochester, N. Y. Each remarried and each had children by the second spouse. Ferdinand lived with an uncle at Rochester Depot, and at the age of eighteen entered Oberlin College, fifteen miles distant, from which he was graduated in the spring of 1850. He then entered Albany Medical College, where he came under the influence of James Hall and of Dr. J. S. Newberry, who combined the practice of medicine in Cleveland, Ohio, with the study of paleobotany.

It should be mentioned here that only through a medical course could the student of that day obtain an adequate training in science. Hayden seems to have had no urge to practice medicine and never did so, except during the Civil War, when he served as a surgeon in the Union Army. Shortly before graduation in 1853, Hayden, sponsored by James Hall, made a trip up the Missouri River in search of vertebrate fossils in the Badlands.

The complete story of Ferdinand Hayden and the Hayden Survey has never been told and is beyond the scope of a single paper. But an appraisal of the work is possible, and many hitherto unemphasized features will be pointed out. Previous authors, concerned with Hayden's rivals, have been careless in their statements, and some of these, too, will be refuted.

After their first trip up the Missouri, on an expedition financed by James Hall, Pierre Chouteau, Jr., Alex Culbertson and J. B. Sarpy of the American Fur Co., Meek and Hayden returned in late autumn and spent the winter at Albany, preparing their collections and writing a report.

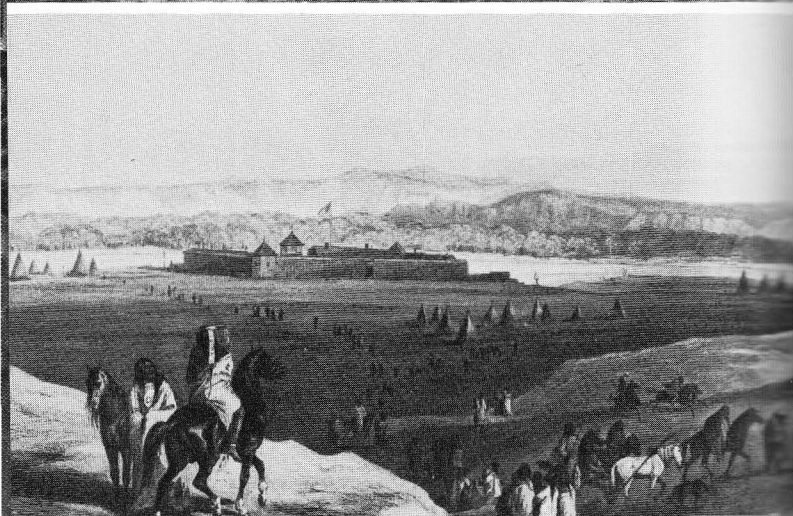
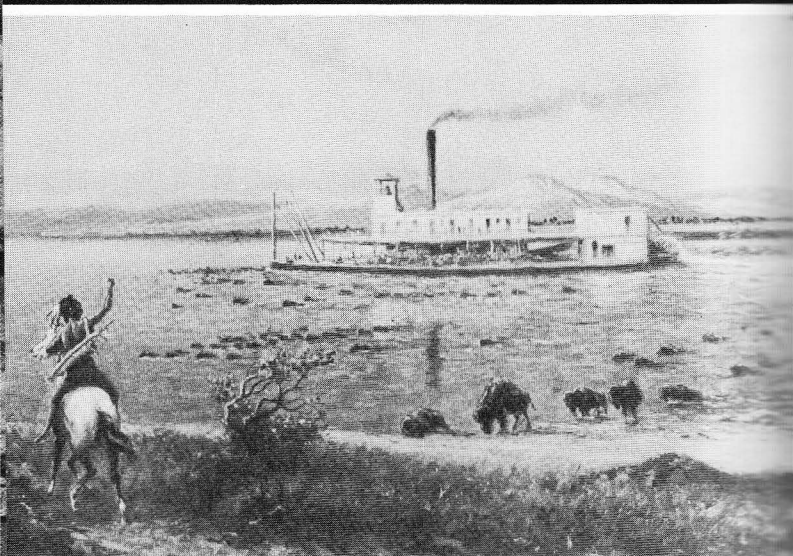
In the spring of 1854, Hayden again ascended the Missouri under the auspices of the American Fur Company and Major A. J. Vaughan, the Indian agent for the upper Missouri tribes. This time he remained through the winter, living at Fort Pierre and making trips as weather permitted. During this period he was able to visit the posts of Forts Sarpy, Benton and Union, returning to St. Louis on November 5, 1855.

In 1856, Hayden, attached to the exploring party of Lieutenant G. K. Warren, again ascended

◀ *"Prowlers of the Prairies," by Olaf Seltzer. Oil.* It is an unusually large Seltzer canvas in which he displays his knowledge of the Plains Indians.

"Buffalo Crossing the Upper Missouri," by William de la Montagne Cary. Oil. When Cary traveled up the Missouri River in 1861, buffalo roamed throughout the plains. Gilcrease Institute owns the largest known collection of Cary's paintings and sketches.

Fort Union, at the confluence of the Missouri and Yellowstone Rivers, was as far as steamboats could navigate during the travels (1832-34) of Prince Maximilian of Germany and artist Karl Bodmer. While here, Maximilian collected specimens and made notes on a variety of subjects.





The Hayden Survey Party, 1872. Photographed by William H. Jackson. Dr. Hayden is seated at the table in the center of the group facing the camera.

the Missouri, traveling upriver by steamer, and visited the valley of the Yellowstone, part of the time in company with the famous guide, Jim Bridger.

Again in 1857, he accompanied Lieutenant Warren to the Black Hills, and for the first time discovered their domal structure. Writing to Professor S. F. Baird from Fort Laramie on August 21, he said, "Success has attended all our efforts, but we have had a hard time. My discoveries in a geological way are wonderful," and "I have got the key to the mountain area" and "I am making good use of it, so that this trip will not by any means be a failure."

The following year, 1858, under the auspices of the Department of the Interior (General Land Office), and with an appropriation of \$5,000, Hayden made a survey of western Kansas, traveling by wagon and on horseback. In 1859-60 he was attached to the expedition led by Col. W. F. Reynolds to the headwaters of the Missouri and Yellowstone Rivers. This party wintered at Deer Creek, Wyoming, (one-half mile southwest of present-day Glenrock), and under the guidance of Jim Bridger made an

unsuccessful attempt to reach the geyser area of the Yellowstone. Bridger had been with the party during most of its travels, and there is no doubt that Hayden was well acquainted with the tall tales of that famous raconteur. Certain it is that on the 1871 expedition the route taken to the Park area followed that of the 1860 attempt which had been foiled by the deep snow in the mountain passes.

The Civil War brought to a close all western explorations, and Hayden entered the army as acting assistant surgeon, was advanced to surgeon of volunteers, and was discharged with the rank of brevet lieutenant colonel on June 22, 1865. His army service involved duty in hospitals at Beaufort, South Carolina, West Philadelphia, Pennsylvania and Winchester Field Hospital at Winchester, Virginia.

Immediately after his discharge from the army, Hayden again headed for the upper Missouri, this time with one assistant and under the auspices of the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia. Starting from Fort Randall, South Dakota, on August 3, he made a circuit of six hundred fifty



miles in fifty-two days, his party consisting of James Stevenson, a guide, an Indian hunter, and a military escort of five troopers.

Under the auspices of the General Land Office, Hayden devoted the year 1867-68 to a survey of Nebraska Territory and eastern Wyoming, but he was able to make trips into North Park, Colorado, and westward along the Union Pacific Railroad almost to Salt Lake City, and to spend two weeks in the San Luis Valley. All this travel was on foot or on horseback.

In the year 1869, again under the General Land Office, Hayden traveled from Cheyenne southward along the foothills of Colorado to Santa Fe, New Mexico, returning through South, Middle, and North Parks. As a result of this trip he was able to state for the first time that (1) the main range of the Rockies is a huge anticline; (2) the Tertiary Lignite beds from New Mexico to Canada are parts of one basin, although interrupted by uplifts; (3) the Rocky Mountains are Post-Cretaceous in age; and (4) the lower ranges are monoclinial, descending toward the plains in steps.

By this time he had seen much of the present states of Montana, North and South Dakota, Wyoming, Kansas, Nebraska, and northeastern Utah. A "grand plan" was now shaping up, which involved the mapping of these states as a unit, embracing the mountains and plains, and studying the relationships between them. With the reconnaissance completed, detailed study and mapping were now the object of his efforts.

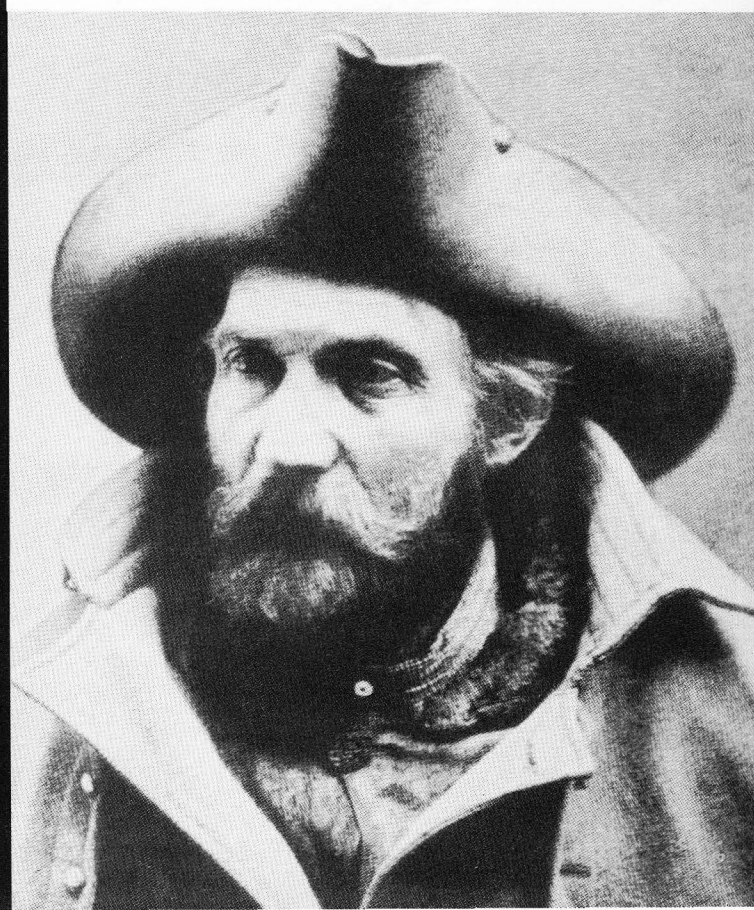
In 1870 there was created, under the Department of the Interior, the U. S. Geological and Geographical



UPPER RIGHT — Luther Kelly was one of the first men to gain an intimate knowledge of Yellowstone country. General Nelson A. Miles wrote of him, "His knowledge of that unmapped region was most valuable and he was exceedingly useful as a guide and leader of scouts." By Olaf Seltzer. Oil.

Harry Yount successfully urged the formation of a ranger force. Consequently, he is credited with being the father of the National Parks Ranger Service, as well as the first Yellowstone Ranger.

"Mount of the Holy Cross," by Thomas Moran. Chromolithograph. A quirk of history sent Moran into Colorado in 1873. Indian troubles in northwestern Wyoming led the War Department to forbid geological work there, so the entire Hayden party was directed to the mountainous parts of Colorado. While surveying the Sawatch Range, Moran saw the famous Mount of the Holy Cross.



Survey of the Territories, with Hayden as director. The work of the first year was in Wyoming, the starting point Cheyenne, and, with an appropriation of \$25,000, it was possible to utilize twelve assistants, eight teamsters and cooks, and sufficient horses and wagons. In this season, Hayden first described and named the Dakota, Fort Pierre, and Fox Hills units of the Cretaceous.

The next year, 1871, the expedition took the field at Ogden, Utah, to which the tracks of the Union Pacific Railroad had then been extended. An appropriation of \$40,000 permitted an increase in personnel to thirty-two, and included the photographer W. H. Jackson and the artist Thomas Moran, and the summer was spent in what is now considered Yellowstone Park. Paintings and photographs resulting from their work were widely circulated and certainly aided greatly in obtaining increased support for the succeeding year. Incidentally, the edition of 12,000 copies of the 1871 report was exhausted by 1874.

The season of 1872 was spent in the Yellowstone Park area, where two large parties totaling fifty-six men, one hundred seventeen horses and mules, and five guests were able to explore thoroughly the valleys of the Yellowstone, Gallatin, Madison and Snake Rivers and the Teton Mountains.

Indian troubles in Wyoming led the War Department to forbid geological work there in 1873, and so attention was directed to Colorado, where three divisions covered Middle Park, South Park, and the San Luis Valley.

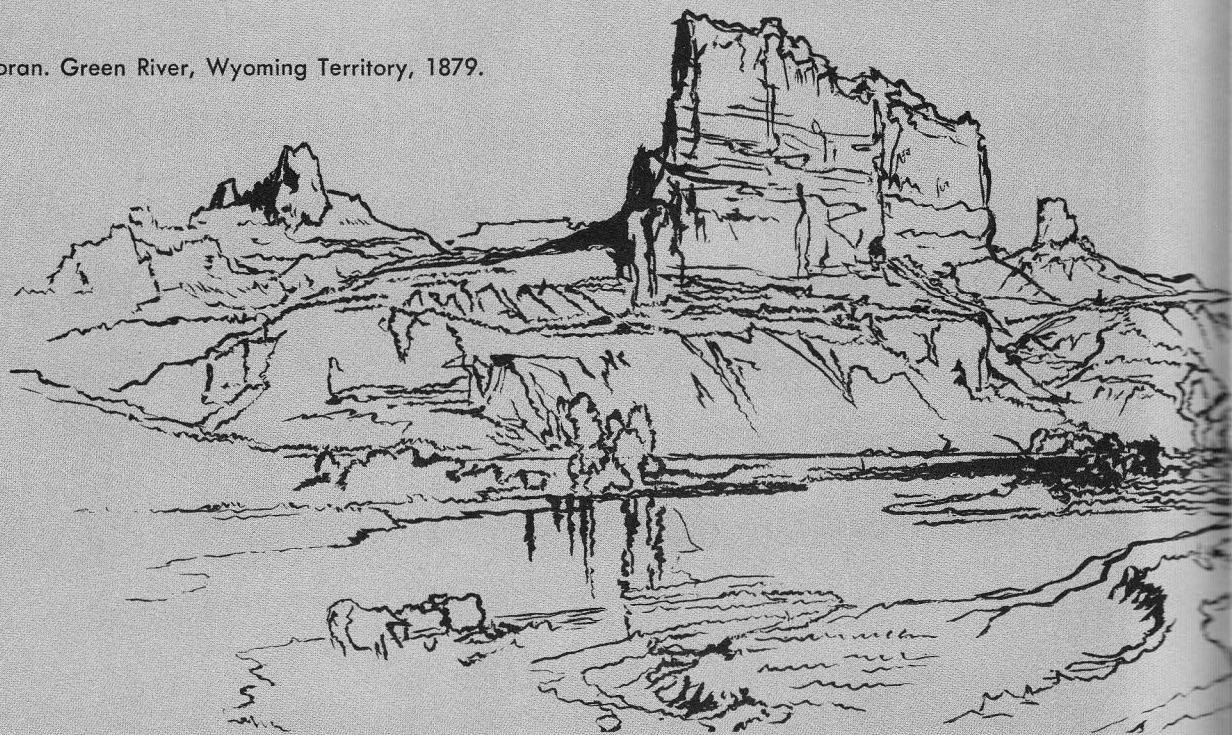
In general, Hayden's relations with the Indians were good, but the large Survey parties on occasion proved an irresistible temptation. Thus, in 1872, a party had some difficulty with Bannocks near Fort Hall.

In 1877, work again was resumed in Wyoming, Utah, and Idaho, but was rudely interrupted in September by the depredations of Chief Joseph, the leader of the Nez Perce. Next season an attempt was made to conclude the work in the Wind River and Yellowstone areas, and the personnel numbered sixty-eight. Despite loss of all the horses of the Yellowstone party, much was accomplished in the Park area, particularly by A. C. Peale and W. H. Holmes.

On June 30, 1879, the Hayden Survey ended. Hayden himself moved to Philadelphia, where he owned a home, where his wife's family lived, and where there was access to library facilities then superior to those in Washington. Here he closed out the Survey affairs and completed his two-volume final report. By now his health had begun to fail, and although in the summers of 1883-1886 he made several trips to Montana with his close friend A. C. Peale, his condition grew rapidly worse, and he died in December, 1887. □

The foregoing article is an abstract from Dr. Howell's article, "The Story of the Hayden Survey," Journal of the Washington Academy of Science, Vol. 49, No. 7.

Sketch by Thomas Moran. Green River, Wyoming Territory, 1879.





"Jim Bridger," by Charles M. Russell. Bronze. Bridger served as guide for the W. F. Reynolds expedition of 1859-60, of which F. V. Hayden was a member. This party made an unsuccessful attempt to reach the geyser areas of Yellowstone country.

MORAN

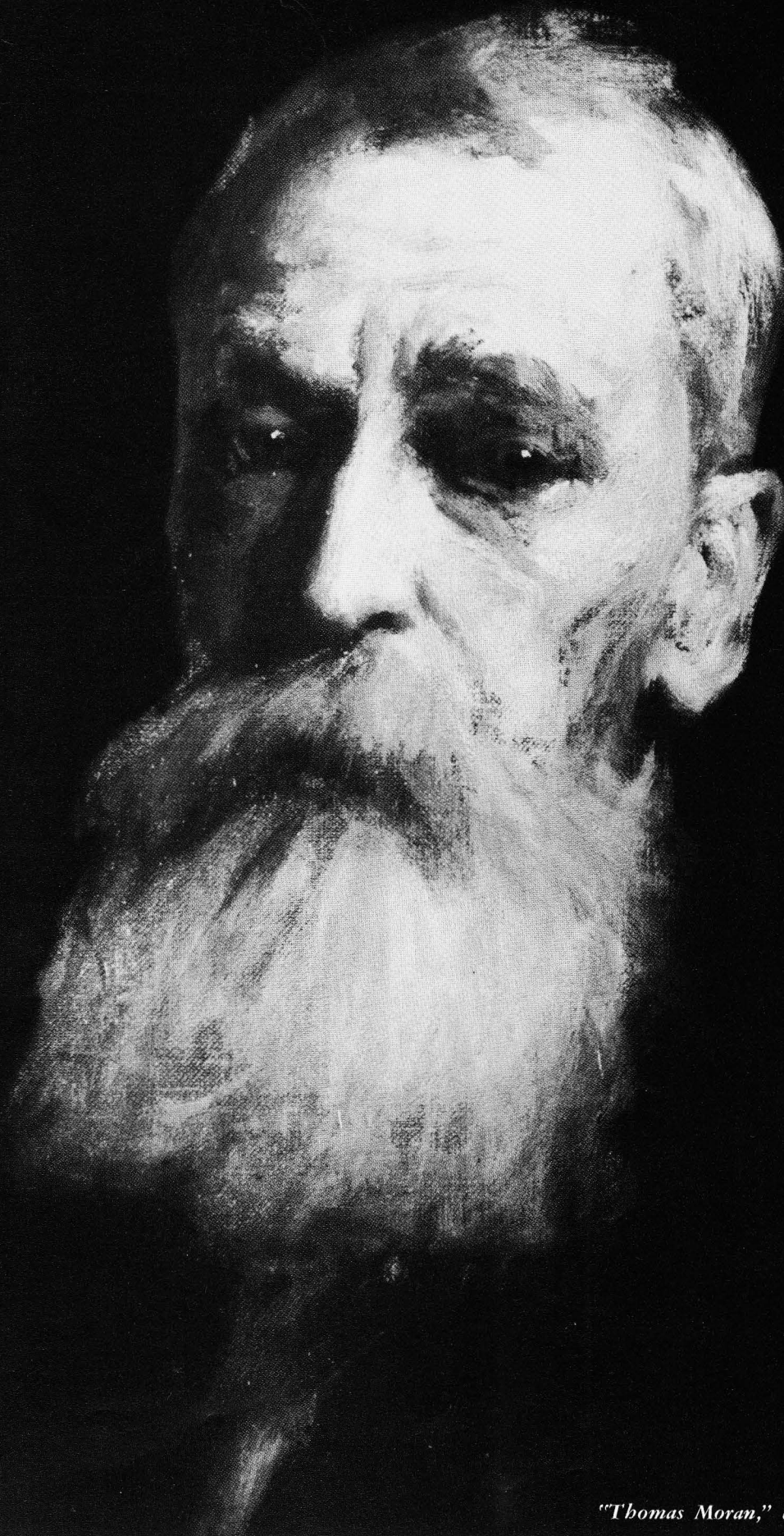
Thomas Moran insisted throughout his lifetime, "That the grandest, most beautiful . . . in nature would, in capable hands, make the grandest, most beautiful . . . pictures, and the business of a great painter should be the representation of great schemes in nature."

By Thurman Wilkins

On May 2, 1872, Thomas Moran's "Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone" drew a crowd to Clinton Hall in New York City, where the public had been invited to see the huge seven-by-twelve-foot canvas — the latest thing in panoramic painting. Even by gaslight its effect was convincing. Visitors seemed to take a stance, along with the artist, somewhere on the right bank of the yawning chasm, some two miles below the Lower Falls, and gaze toward the flashing cataract, while farther on to their right glowed a phalanx of Gothic cliffs. High above and beyond the gorge, shimmers of steam jetted from the geysers on the plateau, and far along the horizon gleamed the silvery tips of the Tetons.

It was a scene of wild grandeur, of inspiring sublimity — too grand, indeed, much too sublime to make a successful picture, or so certain artist friends of Thomas Moran had warned him. "But I have always held," Moran insisted, "that the grandest, most beautiful, or wonderful in nature, would, in capable hands, make the grandest, most beautiful or wonderful pictures, and the business of a great painter should be the representation of great scenes in nature. All the above characteristics attach to the Yellowstone region, and if I fail to prove this, I fail to prove myself worthy the name of painter. I cast all my claims to being an artist into this one picture of the Grand Canyon, and am willing to abide by the judgment on it."

Moran's faith was justified. Clarence Cook, the critic, found that he had handled the composition with masterly finesse, "and the harmony of color," running to smoldering yellows and reds, "had its instinctive centre — as unconsciously and happily felt, not reasoned, as the keyword of a true poet's verse — in the glint of the sapphire river that swept with all its



"Thomas Moran," by William M. Chase. Oil.

garnered sunshine down to the bottom of the monstrous world." Cook placed the work in a class with Frederick Church's awesome "Niagara" — supreme praise for an American landscape in 1872 — and though there were detractors, the public seemed to approve. All present at Clinton Hall had heard of the Yellowstone — that "savage place" which seemed, though it was then so much in the news, as mythical as the measureless caverns of the Alps; now seeing it glow so warmly before them, they could at last believe in its tangible existence. Now one had a credible vision of that weird region which Congress had just set aside as a national park.

The painting reached Washington (to hang at first in the Speaker's office) in time to serve as an "illustrative document" for discussions of the park project and the implementation of the Congressional will. It climaxed the effect of the various water colors and woodblock designs that Moran had made to illustrate or to supplement reports by N. P. Langford and Dr. F. V. Hayden, two explorers of the region and the instigators of the park bill. With notable effect, they had circulated Moran's pictures and photographs by William H. Jackson among the members of Congress. William H. Holmes, later curator of the National Gallery of Art, always believed that Moran's works "were an important factor in bringing the project to a successful issue." And friends began to call him Tom "Yellowstone" Moran, although he did not choose to identify himself exclusively with Yellowstone. In his long career he painted scenes from at least seven other national parks or national monuments, all before Congress set them aside as pleasure grounds for the nation. Moran "is revered in National Park circles," wrote Stephen Tyng Mather, once Director of the Park Service. "More than any other artist he has made us

acquainted with the great West." No other landscape painter tried harder than he to make Americans *see* the beauties of their natural heritage; nor would it be "easy," according to the necrologist of the Century Club, "to over-rate the service of Moran in enlarging the vision . . . of the plain American citizen, [who learned from him] that he did not have to leave his native shores to look upon something more wonderful than the Alps."

Meanwhile, back in 1872, Congress expressed its appreciation of his work; on June 10th it voted \$10,000 for "The Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone" (a huge price for a painting in those days), and the scene was hung in the Senate lobby for all to see; "the only good picture," Cook decided, ". . . to be found in the Capitol." "There is no doubt," Moran soon heard from Dr. Hayden, deep in the wilds of Montana, "that your reputation is made" — a verdict that proved correct; for although Moran had painted in oils since 1856, his panorama of the Yellowstone was his first spectacular success and launched the career that, according to many, made him one of the greatest portrayers of the scenic West.

He was born in Bolton, England, in 1837, the son of an English mother and an Irish father, a weaver. When Thomas was seven, the large family came to America, settling in Philadelphia. From grammar school, he went into apprenticeship with a firm of engravers. His interest soon shifted from wood engraving to painting, first in water colors and later in oil. After two years he broke away from his employers, to enter the small studio which his brother Edward, later a popular marine artist, had taken on a side street in Philadelphia. Young Moran received encouragement from the local painter James Hamilton, but was always considered to be self-taught.

(cont'd on page 37)



Just sketch made in the West at Green River, Wyoming



"Tower Falls," by Thomas Moran. Watercolor.

Moran's Yellowstone



"Yellowstone Lake," by Thomas Moran. Watercolor.

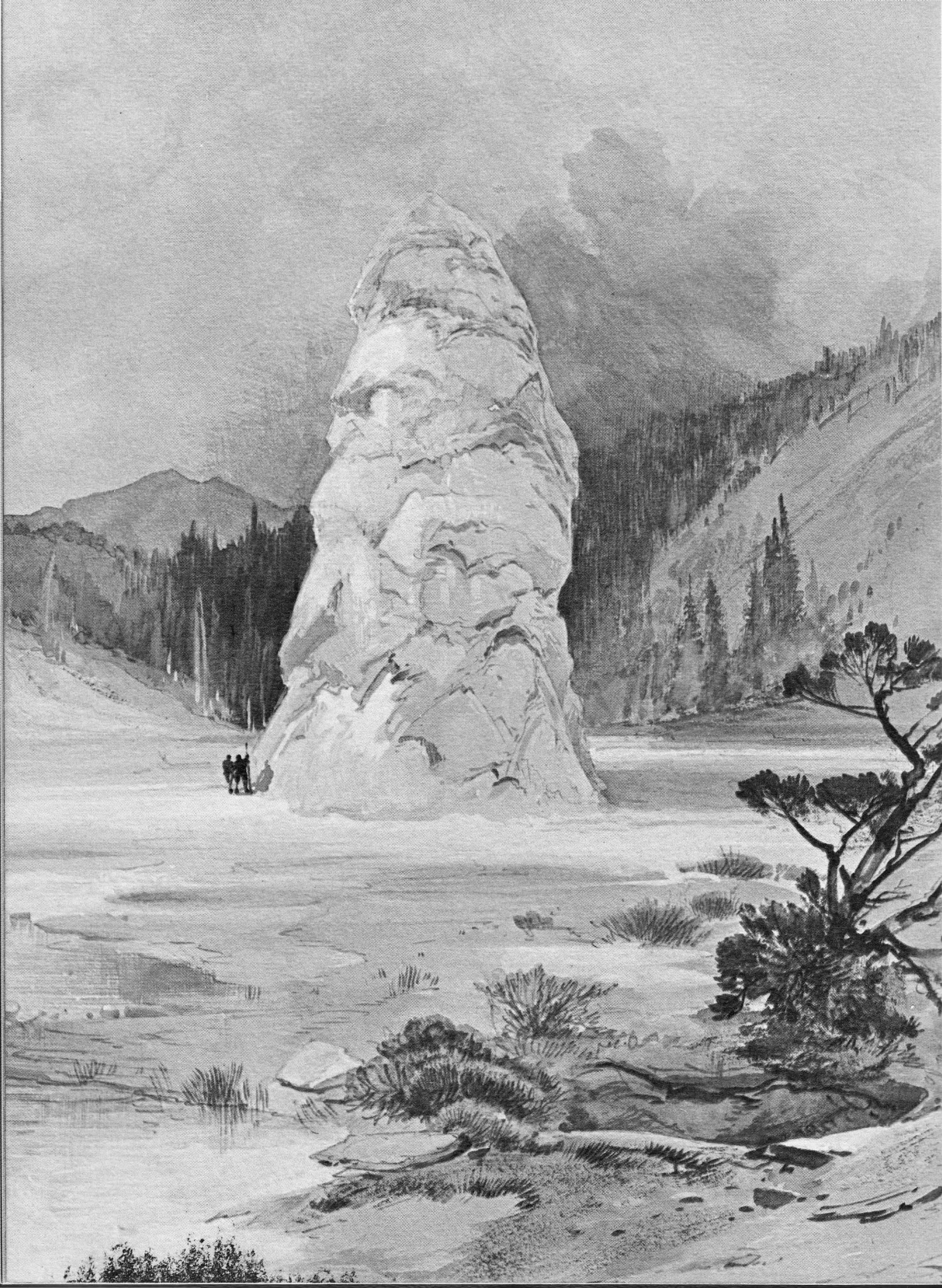
"Great Blue Springs of Lower Geyser Basin," by Thomas Moran, Watercolor.







"Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone," by Thomas Moran. Oil.

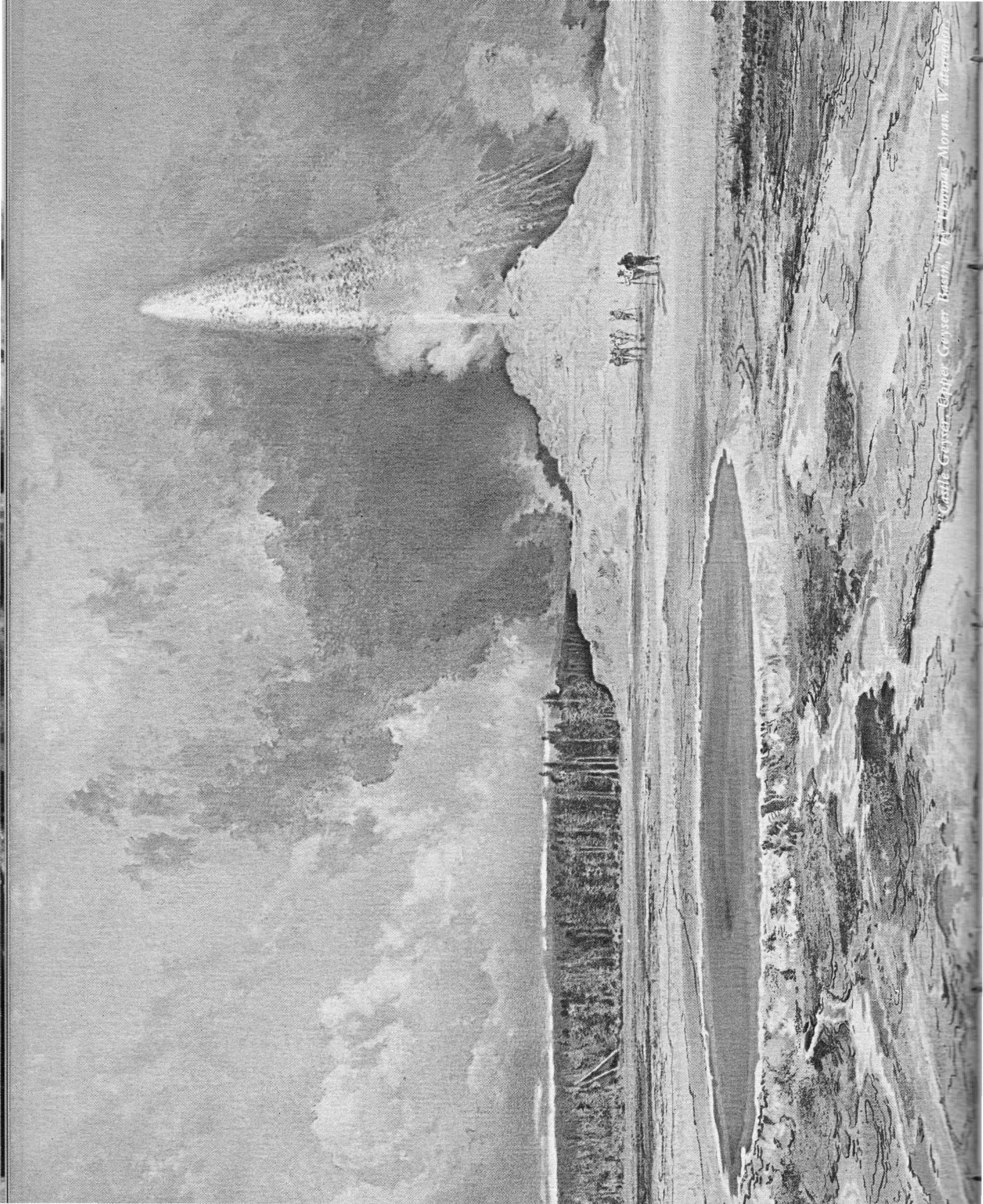


"Liberty Cap," by Thomas Moran. Watercolor.

"Upper Falls of the Yellowstone," by Thomas Moran. Watercolor.



HOVAN 1942

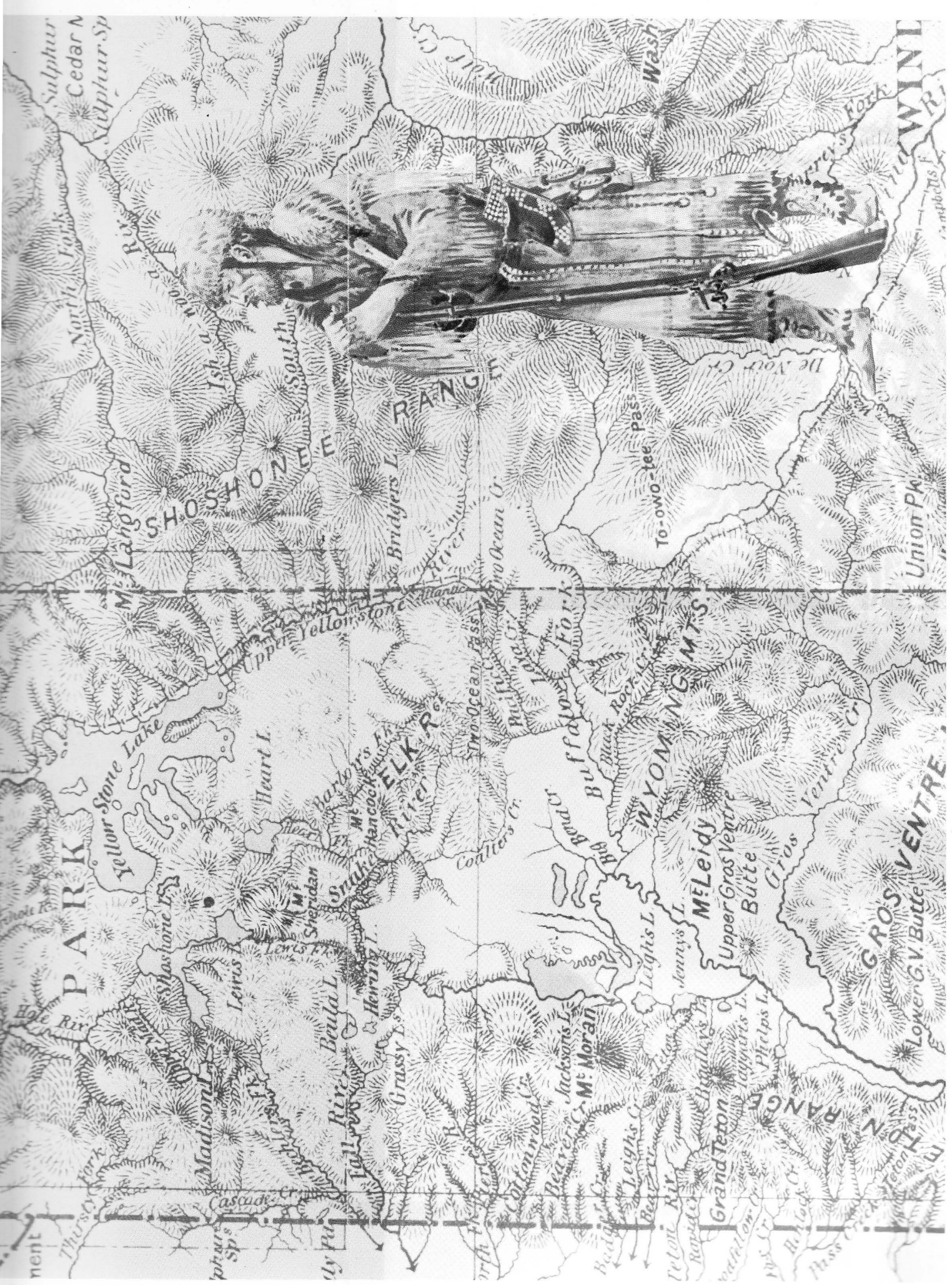


Castle Geysir, Upper Geysir Basin, "H. Thomas Moran, Watercolorist."

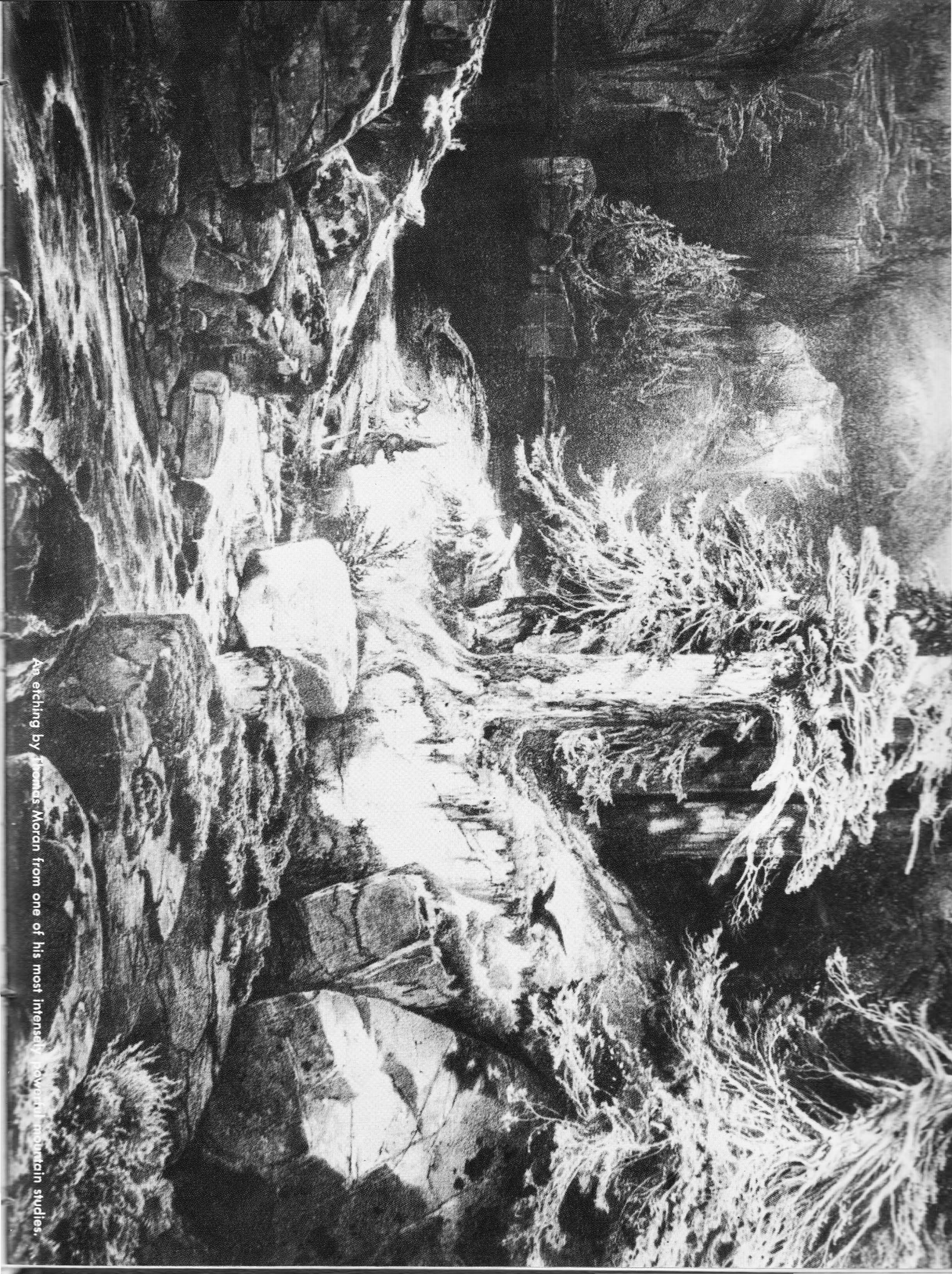


Upper Geyser Basin photographed from Old Faithful by William H. Jackson.

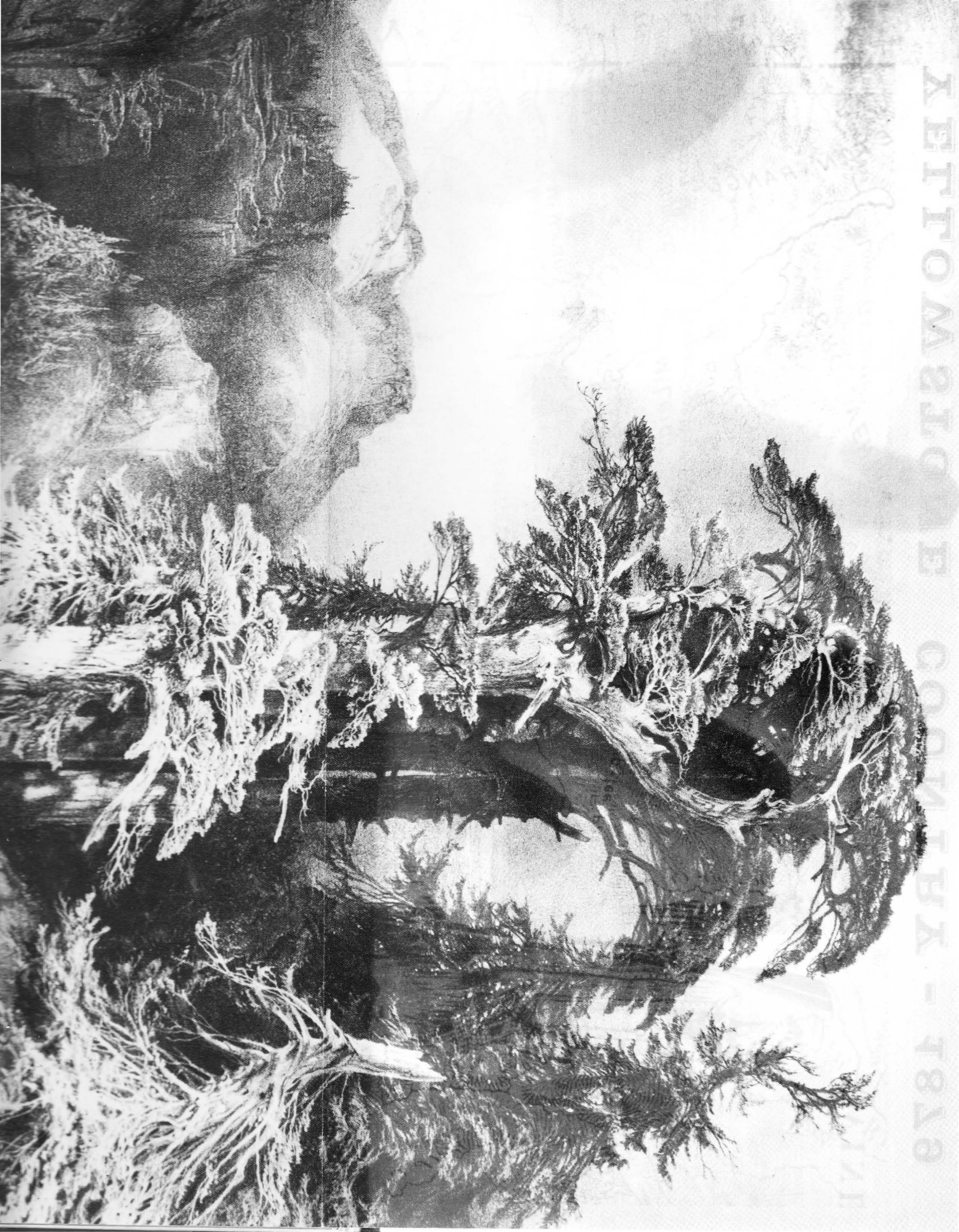




YELLOWSTONE COUNTRY - 1879



An etching by Thomas Moran from one of his most intensely powerful mountain studies.



XETIOM2TQ E CO M P R Y - 4853

Moran (cont'd)

He worked with a single-minded devotion, sketching from nature in the woods near Philadelphia and along the Wissahickon River. His water colors began to sell, and in 1858 he exhibited an oil painting, a scene inspired by Shelley's *Alastor*, at the Philadelphia Academy of Fine Arts. After several trips to Europe, first to England, where he studied Turner's work in the National Gallery, and then to France and Italy, he concentrated his efforts on illustration, both for books and for the magazines which then carried many wood engravings.

Much of this work he did for *Scribner's Monthly*, a new magazine that specialized in engraved illustrations and often ran articles on the western scene. Early in 1871, the editor commissioned Moran to draw a series of pictures to accompany two articles by N. P. Langford on "The Wonders of the Yellowstone," scheduled for publication in May and June. Langford had explored the area the summer before with a group from Montana, and from his descriptions and a few rude sketches made by a soldier in the military escort, Moran produced some "singular pictures," calling much upon his own imagination, "including one of the Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone in which the chasm appears"—in the words of Wallace Stegner—"about four feet wide and four miles deep, and several of mud volcanoes in which the cones look as if they had been cut out of sheet metal with tin shears." The assignment kindled in Moran a warm desire to see the wonderland for himself; and borrowing money to finance the journey and keep his family for the summer, he started west almost before Langford's second installment with his own "dreamed-up" illustrations could reach the public. A friend connected with Jay Cooke & Co. arranged for him to become a "guest painter" with one of the four great surveys then exploring the west, the expedition of Dr. Hayden, who planned to spend much of the summer at Yellowstone.

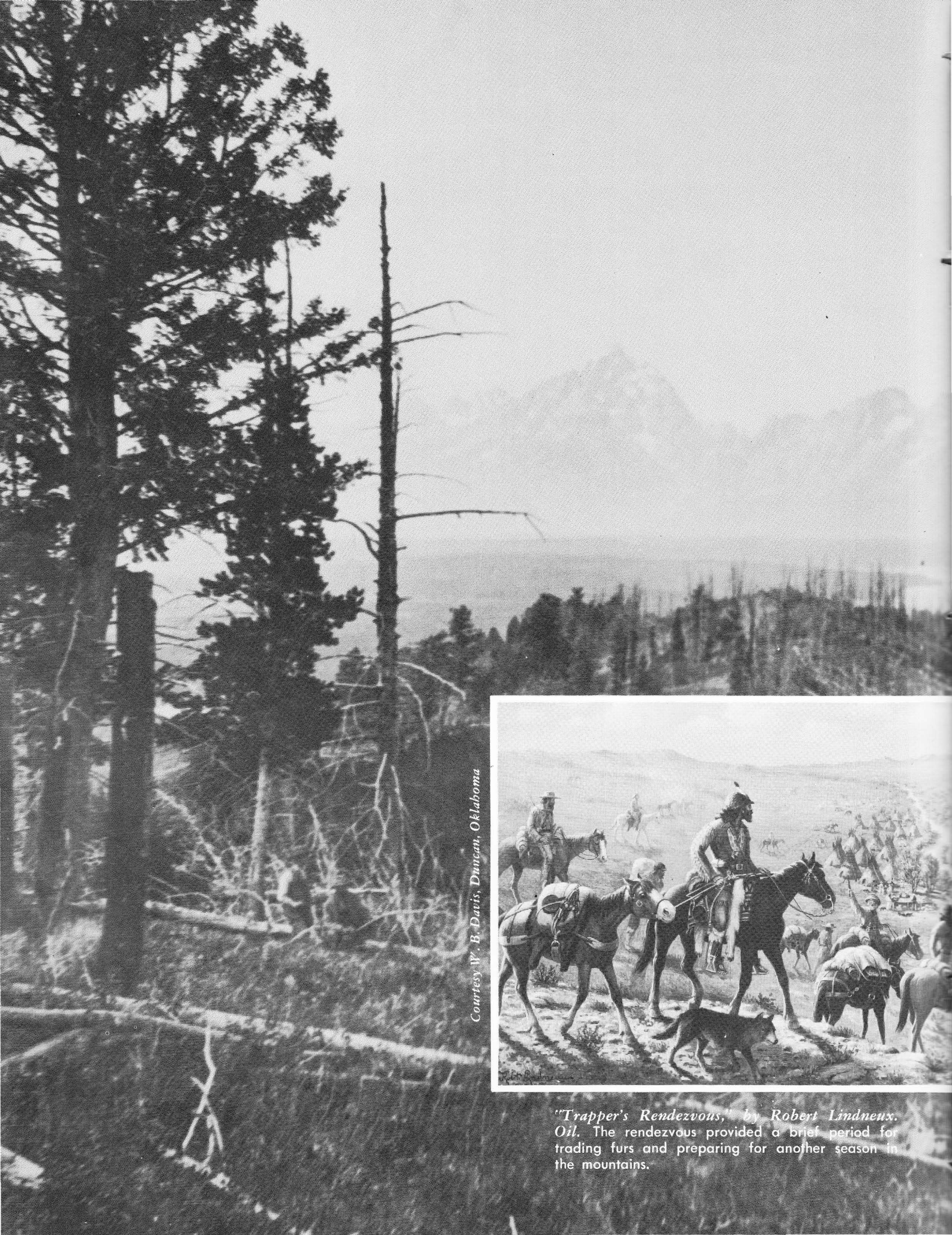
Moran rode the cars to a point just north of Great Salt Lake. "Then," as he jotted in a rough note preserved in Gilcrease Institute's collection, "a journey in a stage from Corinne in Utah to Bozeman in Montana occupying 4 days and nights without stopping save for meals. With a very fair chance of being robbed or killed by 'Road Agents' [it] was not encouraging even to the adventurous. After fitting out at Bozeman the danger was by no means past. You still had to run risks from the Indians, though these were far less than the dangers from white men." Actually, he joined Hayden's company at Virginia City, and was at once ready for the great adventure, his blue eyes flashing at the sight of snow-capped mountains. He tucked his thin, five foot nine-and-a-half-inch-frame into a red flannel shirt, rough trousers and heavy boots, and mounted a horse for the first time in his life. Soon the hard McClellan

saddle became a torture, only a little relieved by the camp pillow he inserted between it and his "spare anatomy." But as the photographer Jackson remembered him (and they had become immediate friends), Moran "made a picturesque appearance when mounted. The jaunty tilt of his sombrero, long yellowish beard and portfolio under his arm marked him the artistic type, with something of local color imparted by a rifle hung from the saddle horn."

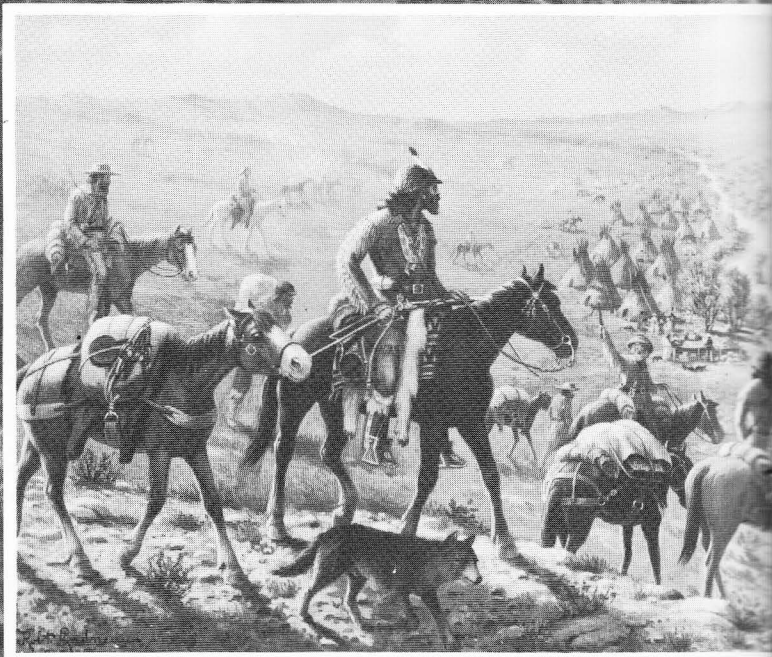
The party advanced to Fort Ellis, where it was joined by a small escort of U. S. cavalry. Hayden chose to make his base camp at Boteler's Ranch, some thirty miles farther on, beside the Yellowstone River. There the men spent three days shifting gear and supplies from wagons to pack mules, and then they were off for the enchanted land, pushing along a narrow trail close to the tree-fringed river, where marks of dragging lodge poles spoke mutely of Indians close at hand. Two days later, on the 21st of July according to Moran's diary, the party reached Mammoth Hot Springs, a few miles up Gardiner River, a tributary of the Yellowstone. "From the river," wrote Hayden, "our path led up the steep sides of the hill for about one mile, when we came suddenly and unexpectedly in full view of the springs. This wonder alone, our whole company agreed, surpassed all the descriptions which had been given by former travelers. Indeed, the Langford party saw nothing of this. Before us arose a high white mountain, looking precisely like a frozen cascade . . . formed by the calcareous sediment of the hot springs." Moran sketched for three days, and helped Jackson with his photography, while Hayden's men conducted their scientific studies.

The next pictorial treat came at Tower Creek, where Moran and Jackson worked for two whole days to capture both in sketches and on glass plates the "magnificent" view of the stream plunging into the gorge, a descent of more than a hundred and thirty feet, between two vast and somber columns of stone. And then on the 27th came the "pictorial climax" of the excursion, when they reached the Lower Falls and the Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone. Here they remained four days, where the foaming torrent had carved a gorge more than a thousand feet deep and twice as wide, from rock that glared white and yellow in the sun; and then on closer look, where volcanic gas and waters had left their inevitable stains, smoldered a range of hues fantastically expanded, from the palest of lemon yellow to the mellowed reds of old bricks, or from pearl gray to the deepest jet. Color was the scene's most striking feature, at once both brilliant and utterly delicate. Only an artist with the most sensitive color sense could do the panorama justice, Hayden declared; and then: "Thomas Moran, who is justly celebrated for his exquisite taste as a colorist, exclaimed with a sort of regretful enthusiasm, that these beautiful tints were beyond the reach of human art."

(cont'd on page 57)



Courtesy W. B. Davis, Duncan, Oklahoma



"Trapper's Rendezvous," by Robert Lindneux. Oil. The rendezvous provided a brief period for trading furs and preparing for another season in the mountains.

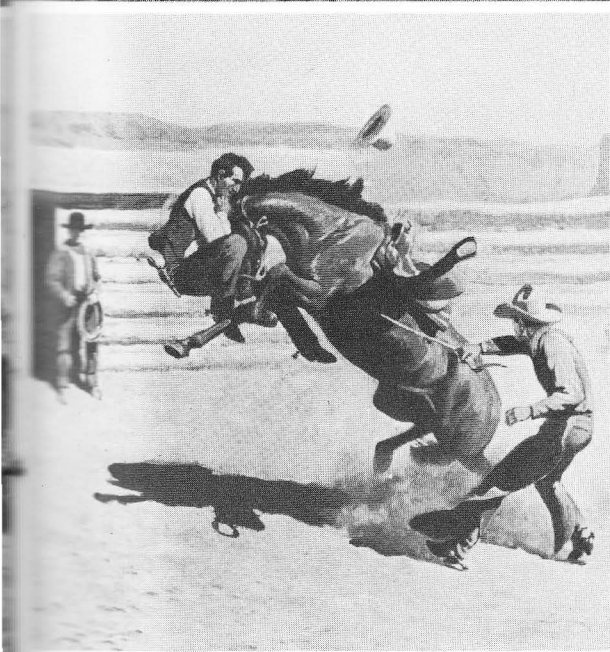
JACKSON

A GATEWAY TO YELLOWSTONE COUNTRY

"Jackson, Wyoming, has changed rapidly, yet the mountains are the same, big game is still in abundance, the winters are as severe as ever and its people, genuine."

By Elizabeth Wied Hayden

Jackson, as a town, is more than sixty years old — but as a destination for men of the fur trade, its history dates back perhaps a hundred and fifty years. Jackson is located in a magnificent valley ranging from five to twenty miles wide and more than forty miles long, flanked by some of America's most dramatic mountains. Its grandeur, pine forests, clear air, rushing streams and rivers are unequalled. It still lures big game hunters, and outfitting them today, as in the past, is important trade.



"Where the Broncho Twister Gets His Name," by Will James. Oil. Yellowstone country was well known to this famous Montana cowboy artist.



Jackson, Wyoming, 1910. Photographed by S. N. Leek. It wasn't until 1901 that a road was surveyed into the valley.

Jackson of today is much different, more than it was even thirty years ago. The big change in the country came in 1929, when Grand Teton National Park was created. From that time on, tourists started coming in annual waves each year.

I see Jackson today, and I can see it as it was years ago, too. Picture, if you can, this small frontier-like town, with its hitching posts and rails, board walks, its high-fronted buildings, log homes, and kerosene lights. All heating came from wood burned in the traditional potbellied stove. Jackson was and still is one of America's most isolated communities.

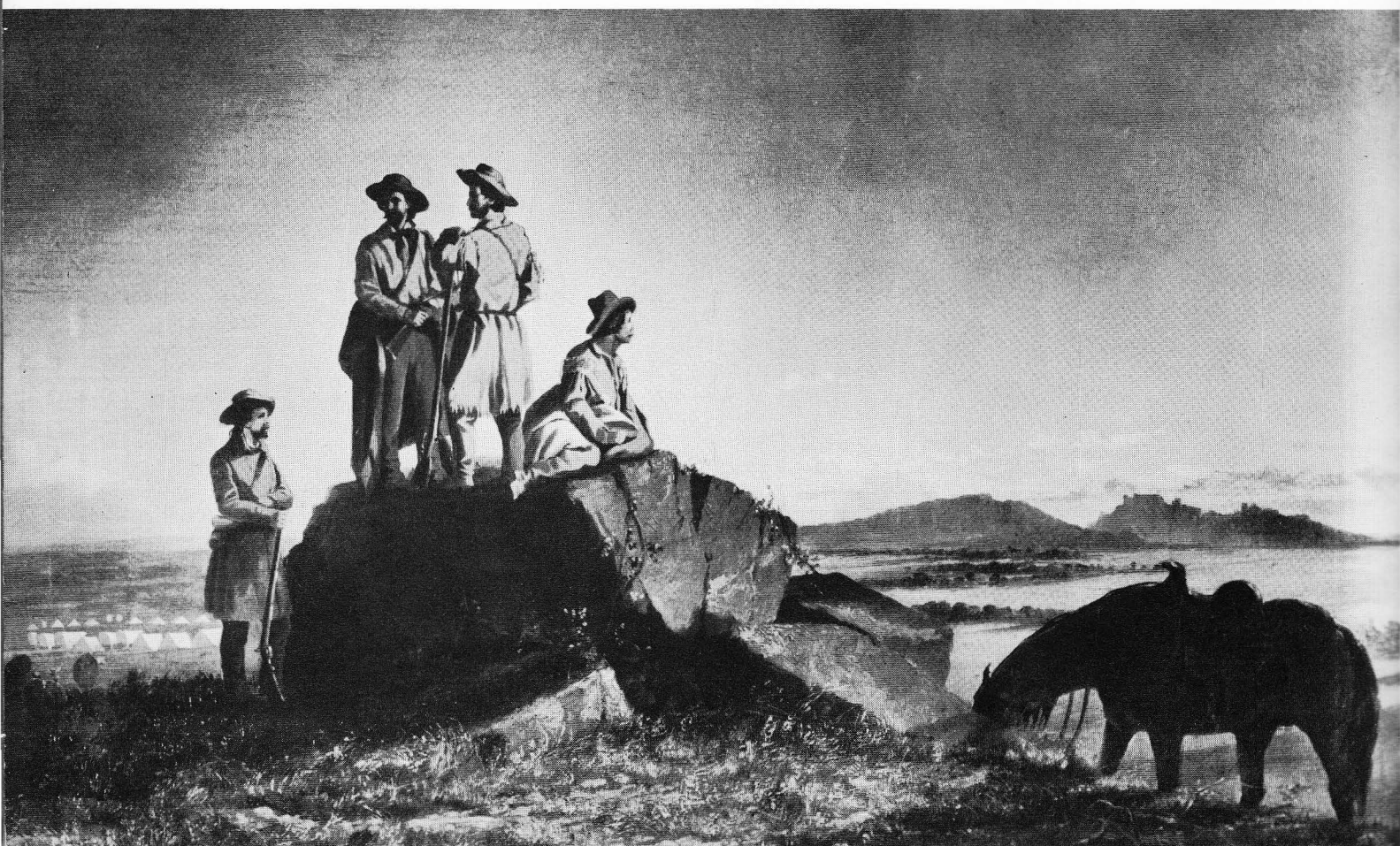
I have interviewed and talked with most of Jackson's and Teton County's pioneers. A sparkle invariably comes to the eye when one of them cackles, "Let me tell you about the old days . . ." Each old timer, it seems, had some special winter to recall when the mercury dropped further out of sight than ever before. There are those, too, who

claimed to have seen or killed the biggest elk or the meanest of the country's bears. Jackson's annals are filled with some tales about real men and women. Beaver Dick Leigh and his Indian wife were early settlers, as was Dick Turpin of Turpin's Meadows, and the Menors and countless others.

Actually, the town started in 1897 when ranchmen, hunters and guides in the valley got together and, for their mutual enjoyment, built a two-story club house out of logs.

The man who actually planned and laid out the town was Mr. Robert E. Miller. He had bought most of the town site from John P. Simpson. After two years, Mr. Miller sold a patch of his real estate to Charles Deloney. Mr. Deloney, better known as "Pap," built a store near the club and stocked it with a wide range of general merchandise. There wasn't anything "Pap" Deloney didn't

"Scouts in the Tetons," by John Mix Stanley. Oil.
John Mix Stanley was an accomplished American artist who spent ten years in the West painting the Indians and western scenery.



handle and some say he would cash any man's check. His store must have been an unforgettable sight with wide counters, barrels and bins filled with staples, lines of canned goods and cases of shells stacked about. The smell of new saddles was always in the air, and a conglomeration of wares hung from open rafters.

Considering the availability of the club and store, Jackson had all the public facility it needed. Weddings were held in these places, as were church services, funerals, dances, auctions, school, cattlemen's meetings—and if a doctor was around and a patient ready, surgery was performed. Within a few months, cabins began dotting the landscape.

The second postmistress in the valley was Mrs. John P. Simpson. She is credited with naming the town after the fur trader, David Jackson. The first permanent schoolhouse was built in 1905, and in that same year the town's first church was built. Since that time, several denominations have been established, and all have had long, fruitful his-

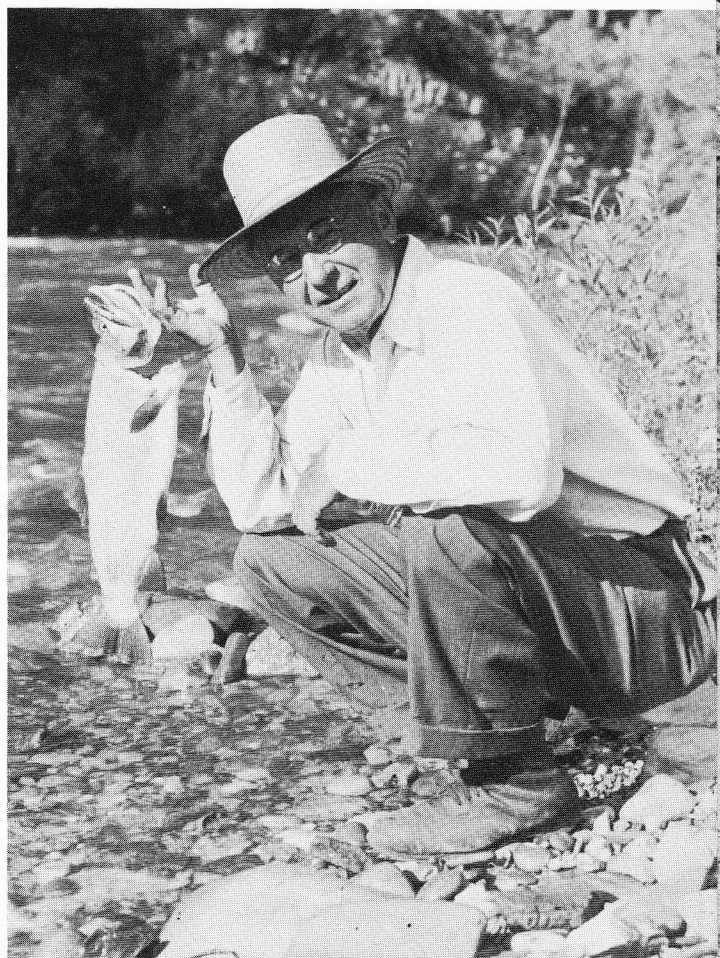
tories. The Crabtree Hotel, one of Jackson's first hotels, still stands as a landmark to the past. Recently I visited with Rose Crabtree, the hotel's incomparable manager, who reminisced, "I remember my guests—sometimes there'd be noblemen and princes, ranchers, cowpunchers and I suspect an outlaw or two—all at the same table eating and laughing."

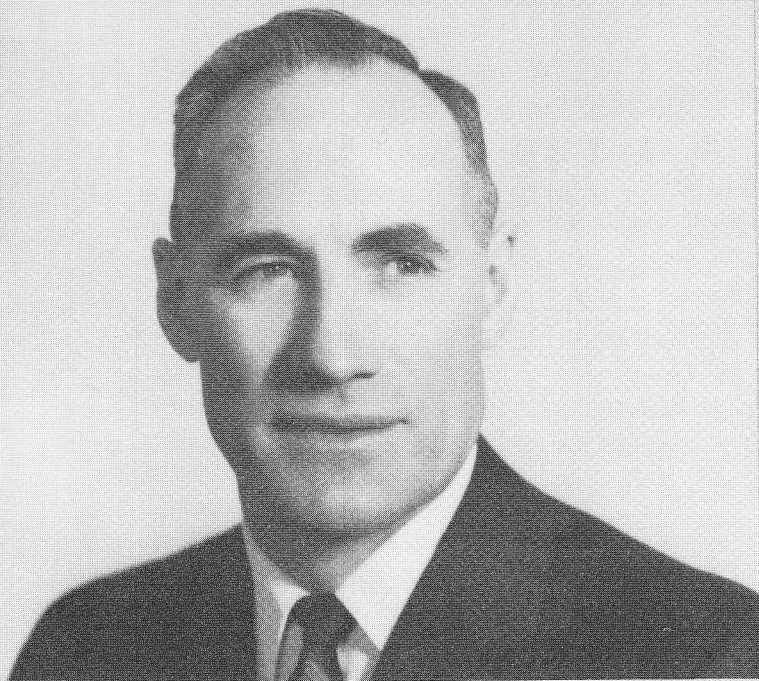
In 1909 Jackson had its first newspaper. Dr. C. W. Huff came to the community as the first doctor in residence. It wasn't until 1914 that a local bank was organized. A significant event in Jackson history was the creation of Teton County in 1923, and the designation of Jackson as county seat.

Jackson has now become nationally prominent, since a million or so visitors funnel through it each summer. It has changed rapidly. Yet the mountains are the same, big game is still in abundance, the winters are as severe as ever and its people, genuine. □

Jackson Hole has always been famous for its elk, moose, deer, bear and bighorn sheep hunting. This photograph is dated 1910.

Yellowstone country is famous for its trout fishing. One of the first to build a cabin along the Hoback River (1918) was the late Thomas Gilcrease. This photograph of Mr. Gilcrease, founder of the Thomas Gilcrease Institute of Tulsa, was taken in 1954.





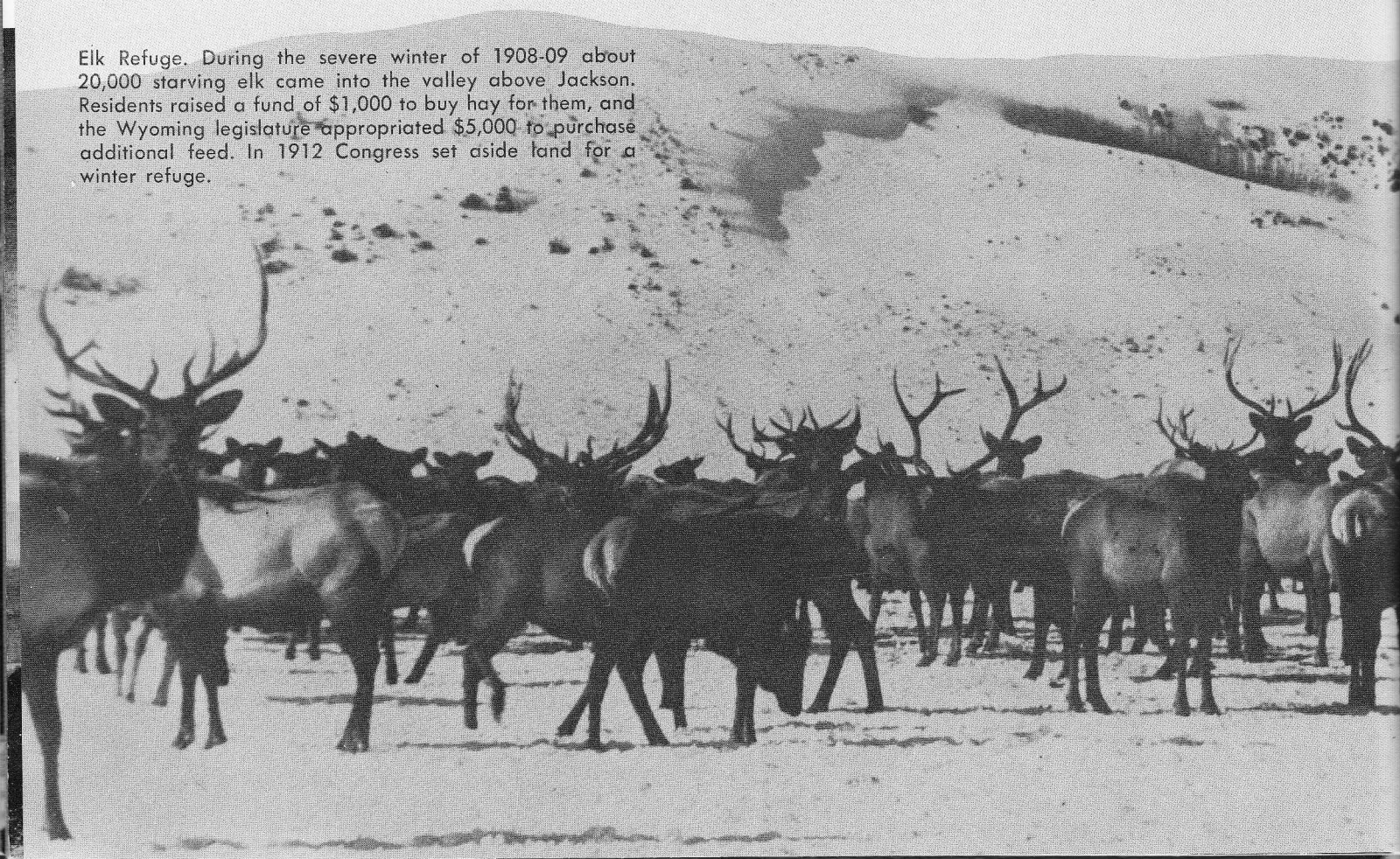
Photograph Courtesy James Elder, Jackson, Wyoming.



Mr. Clifford P. Hansen, Governor of Wyoming, was born and reared on a ranch near the town of Jackson. Mr. Hansen is a great individualist and a successful ranch owner. He has served as president of the Board of Trustees at the University of Wyoming and is past president of the historic and prominent Wyoming Stock Growers Association.

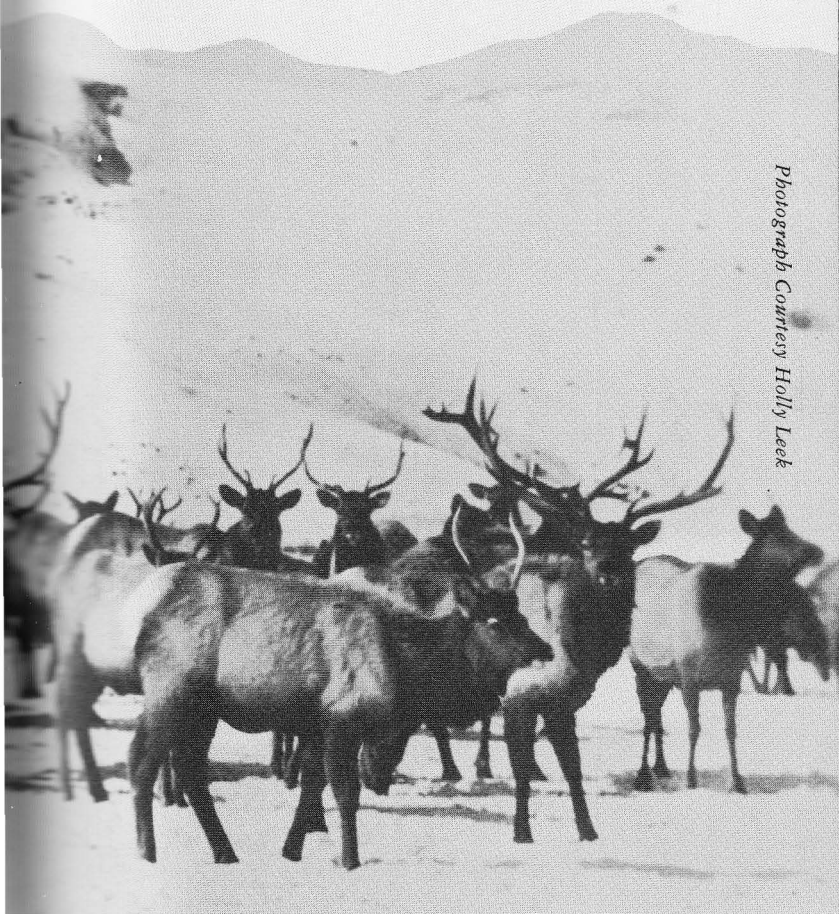
Jackson, 1963. The town retains much of its pioneer flavor. Many houses and buildings are of log, and until recently most of its walks were of board. Even though it is one of America's most distant communities, thousands of tourists come here each summer.

Elk Refuge. During the severe winter of 1908-09 about 20,000 starving elk came into the valley above Jackson. Residents raised a fund of \$1,000 to buy hay for them, and the Wyoming legislature appropriated \$5,000 to purchase additional feed. In 1912 Congress set aside land for a winter refuge.





Mr. Milward L. Simpson of Cody, a former governor and presently U. S. Senator from Wyoming, was born in Jackson. His grandparents were pioneers and the family is one of the most distinguished of the region. Senator Simpson's great ability as a leader undoubtedly comes from an intimacy with pioneer principles and a love of the West and its people.



Photograph Courtesy Holly Leek

"Where Tracks Spell Meat," by Charles M. Russell. Oil.



Fussell
© 1916



MY FIRST

While I am well acquainted with the American grizzly, especially of Idaho, Glacier National Park and the Yellowstone, no experience of my life surpasses my first trip to north country . . . where I had my first encounter with *ursus horribilis* or the horrible bear.

After fourteen months in British Columbia I had returned home during the fall of 1915 and entered Ohio State University. I wanted to become a naturalist. I was enrolled as a special student, but I stayed only long enough to promote myself to an expedition, an ambitious two-year project in Alaska and the Yukon, to collect big-game specimens for the natural history museum at the university. Primary on the expedition's agenda were the skins and skulls of grizzlies and giant brown bears. The fact that I was only twenty-one and had never even seen a grizzly was a deterrent to no one — especially to me.

The spring of 1916 found me with a string of pack horses leaving the little Alaskan town of McCarthy, near the Kennicott Copper Mines at the end of the Copper River and North Malaspina Glacier. During the summer I planned an attempt to be the first person to climb Mount Logan, second highest peak in North America.

The meeting with my first grizzly came very quickly. It was the climax of a thousand dreams and ten years of wishful thinking. I was alone on this memorable occasion, just as I had been when I met my first brown bear.

We had been traveling for three days. We swam our horses across the Nazina River and crossed a couple of smaller ones, climbed over one divide and had spent the previous night in a high mountain pass. Getting an early start, we expected to make our first camp in the upper valley of the Big Chitina, which

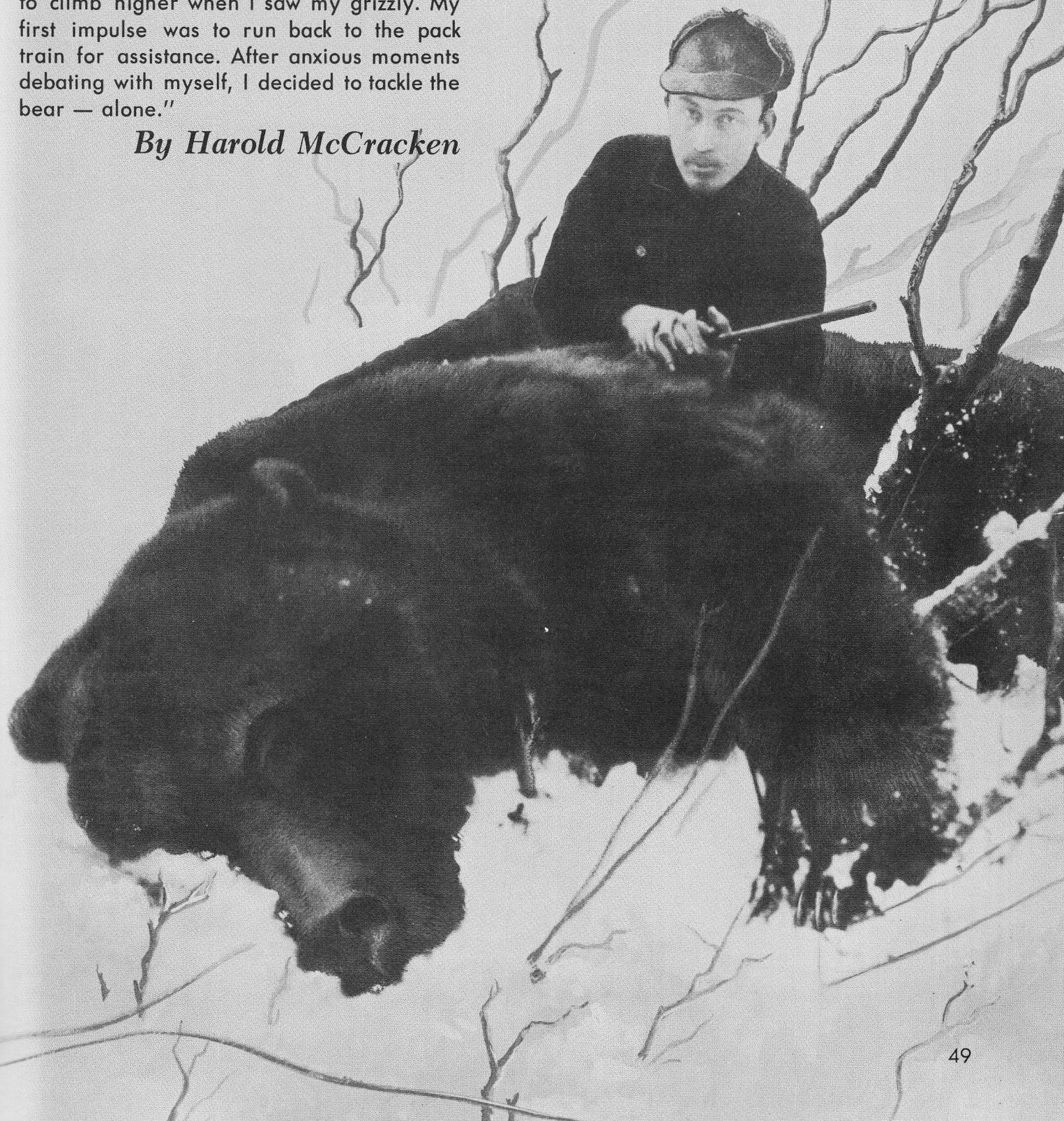
◀ "A Close Call," by William R. Leigh. Oil. Owned by the Thomas Gilcrease Foundation, Tulsa. The encounter took place in 1912 near Cody, Wyoming, while J. D. Figgins, the Director of the Colorado Museum of Natural History was hunting with dogs. The New York artist, W. R. Leigh, accompanied Figgins and sketched while the fight was going on.

Reproduced Courtesy the Gilcrease Foundation

GRIZZLY

"I had just crossed a deep canyon and begun to climb higher when I saw my grizzly. My first impulse was to run back to the pack train for assistance. After anxious moments debating with myself, I decided to tackle the bear — alone."

By Harold McCracken





"Grizzly Bears Killing White Buffalo," by George Catlin. Oil. Catlin's trek into the unspoiled West of the upper Missouri in 1832 made it possible for him to document life that was to be lost forever. This scene portrays the grizzly bear, a native of the foothills, as he is killing the rarest of all buffalo, the albino.



"Pawnee Indian Attacked by Grizzlies," by F. O. C. Darley. Color lithograph. The grizzly is the most ferocious of all mammals since he will cleverly seek foes and attack without warning. In Darley's work, the Pawnee has little chance of defending himself with his native weapons.

we would travel to the Malaspina. It was early in the morning when we came out on the west side of the pass. Across the broad valley rose one of the most magnificent arrays of snow-capped, cathedral-like mountain peaks to be found anywhere on this continent. There was the stimulating feeling that came from a realization that only a few white men had ever been in this country before.

As we began the long descent into the valley, several large bands of white mountain sheep (*ovis dalli*) were grazing peacefully on grassy ranges along both sides of the mountain. We stopped the horses to focus our binoculars on these beautiful creatures. Almost immediately, I decided to go after them and let the party move on. I could save the skins, and it would be nice to have fresh meat. We decided to establish camp on the flat valley floor beside a wooded stream that ran out to the river, which made it easy for me to rejoin the party. With this plan decided upon, taking my rifle, I started out.

We were high above timber line. The large grassy ranges were broken by deep rocky canyons and backed by towering peaks. It was my first chance at hunting in Alaska, and I could not have been in a more beautiful place. The brisk freshness of the clear spring morning added to my feeling of exhilaration. I walked in a southern-

ly direction because of the wind. It would also put me closer to the camping place. There was a band of about twenty wild sheep feeding up close to the high cliffs a half mile or so away.

I had just crossed a deep canyon and begun to climb higher up when, startled as I was, I saw my first grizzly bear. He had apparently walked out of a shallow ravine onto a ridge a short distance beyond the sheep. My first impulse was to run back to the pack train for assistance. After anxious moments debating with myself, I decided to tackle the bear — alone.

There was another large ridge between us and, cautiously moving a little higher up, I was able to slip down into the ravine without being seen. Then hurrying as fast as I could, I finally crept up to get another look. Lying stretched out beside an outcropping of rock, I saw the grizzly through my binoculars. My hands trembled as I focused the glasses. He looked huge, sitting placidly gazing out across the valley. Yet he was too far away to risk a shot. I just watched him for a few moments . . . again debating with my courage. Could I do it?

Since that day when I had encountered my first bear along the Snake River in Idaho, I had heard a lot about grizzlies. It was all bad. I knew that they are the largest



"Sioux Bear Dance," by George Catlin. Color lithograph from Catlin's Portfolio. The Sioux revered the killing of these ferocious beasts. The Bear Dance was held a few days before the hunt. The chief medicine man led the dance with a bear skin and head placed over his body. Others in the dance wore bear heads as masks.

and most formidable of all the carnivorous animals on earth. Tales pioneer hunters had told me of bloody mutilations and clawings rang in my ears. There was no doubt in my mind about the danger of firing a slug into a grizzly; and the fact that I was alone was no particular incentive. Nor had any of my previous experiences proved that I was an intrepid bear hunter. Yet I had waited for this moment, and somehow I found the courage to go through with it.

"Close-um, tillicum . . ." ("Get close, my friend.") The words of my Cree Indian tutor kept ringing in my ears. I knew the logic of this advice. It is not original with the Crees. There is an old Viking adage of wisdom for young warriors: "If you go in close enough, your sword will be long enough." I thought of this, too. "Yes," I encouraged myself, "I'll get close enough to be sure and hit him just where I want to . . ." Again the advice of the Cree tutor came back. "Heart shot sometimes no good, when shoot big bear . . . Side head good . . . but sometime no hit side head. Break-um down best. Shoot-um shoulder . . . plenty big mark . . . easy hit-um there."

The bear sat longer than I had expected, and there was no alternative but to wait and watch. It was impossible to get closer without being seen. If he moved in my



"Disputed Trail," by Olaf Seltzer. Oil. In Seltzer's time, the grizzly had become an inhabitant of high mountain country, driven there by annual waves of hunters with powerful binoculars and rifles, and when encountered the grizzly generally was uncompromising.

direction, I could just lie there until he got close enough. If he went the other way, I could hurry across the wide ravine as soon as he was out of sight.

In the meantime, I had an opportunity to study him and to do more thinking. Binoculars, it seemed, brought him so close that I could almost run my fingers through his coarse hair. I noted that he had been out of hibernation long enough to regain a good share of his robust figure. He gave the appearance of being completely given over to that pleasant self-satisfaction which comes after a hearty meal. Sitting in the slouched-over position so typical of satisfied bears, with hind feet stuck out in front, arms dangling, and stomach bulging, he continued to gaze across the valley. I wondered what he had eaten during the night. Certainly he had not raided the band of sheep which had been grazing so peacefully such a short distance away. Probably he had filled that big stomach of his with fresh green grass or maybe some palatable roots or tubers.

This wild creature appeared so amiable and good-natured—not at all what I had expected of a grizzly. I had traveled more than five thousand miles, with the serious intent of killing this bear. Just how far would the very same motive have caused this animal to travel—or would his disposition have inspired such a motive? If he

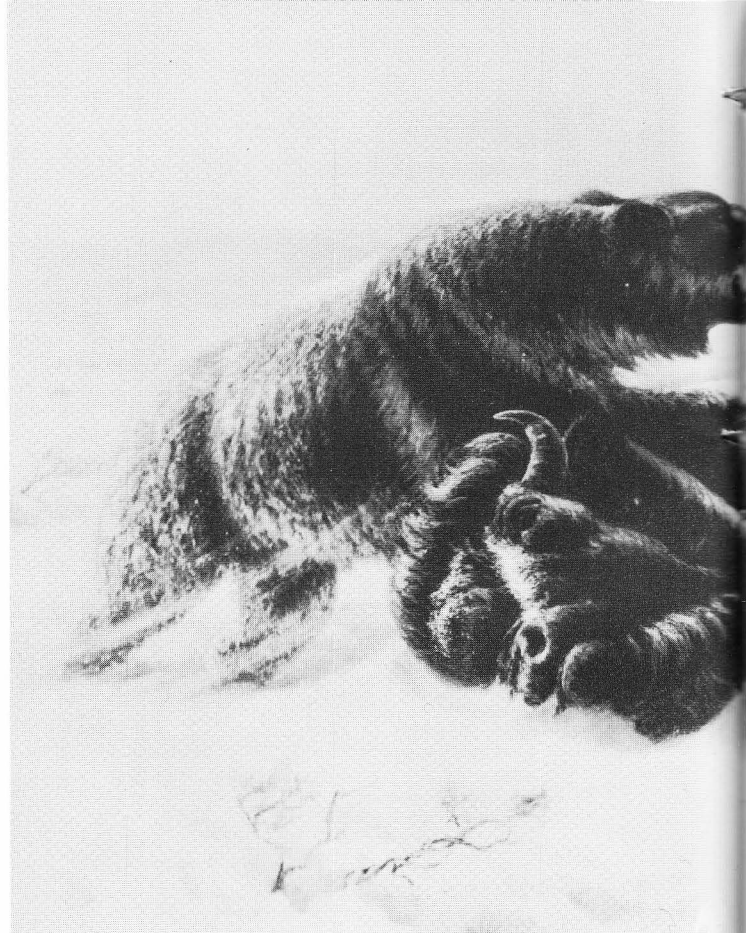
had become aware of our camp down on the floor of the valley, would he have left this high, peaceful range and made that short trip down there for the express purpose of tearing one of us to pieces, or would he move farther away and mind his own business? Who was the greater savage? Had any grizzly ever traveled that far for the express purpose of killing a man? Yet I had known a good many men who had traveled several thousand miles to kill a grizzly.

At last the bear got to his feet and began lumbering up the ridge in a lackadaisical sort of way, which indicated he had not entirely made up his mind as to where he would go for a midday sleep. I noticed the flat-footed manner in which he laid down his big moccasin-like feet, heel first, just like a man, and an Indian in particular. It reminded me why the early pioneers in our West had nicknamed the grizzly "Old Ephraim" and "Moccasin Joe," from the manner in which he walked and the tracks that were made by his feet. Watching him intently through the binoculars, I marveled at the smooth flow of massive muscles underneath the heavily-coated hide, the easy grace with which his big body moved along and the primitive dignity of his whole bearing.

Instead of coming in my direction, as I had hoped, he wandered over the ridge and disappeared. As soon as I felt reasonably sure he was not coming into sight again, I scrambled higher up the mountain. I was confident he was going to find some shady place to lie down, and I was anxious to keep above him.

Reaching the crest of the ridge, almost up where the rocky cliffs began, I moved cautiously on to where it was possible to get a good view. There was a low gravel bank running part way down the near side, and I soon saw the bear moving along leisurely, close to the base of it. Motionless, I kept my eyes fastened upon him, and then I very slowly moved my rifle into a better position. The bear was about seventy-five yards away, and, if he had walked out a little farther, I would have shot. He stopped, however, and after using his claws to level off a place, calmly lay down.

For several minutes I sneaked about on the top of the ridge trying to get a better look at him. My rifle was ready for action. The first glimpse of his shaggy brown hair, not more than twenty-five feet directly below me, sent a sudden chill tearing through my body. My great moment had come. I moved my gun as I took another



"Contested Game," by William de la Montagne Cary. Large oil. This painting by Cary is considered one of America's greatest big game scenes. At the turn of the century it was exhibited in Berlin and at the Royal Academy in London.

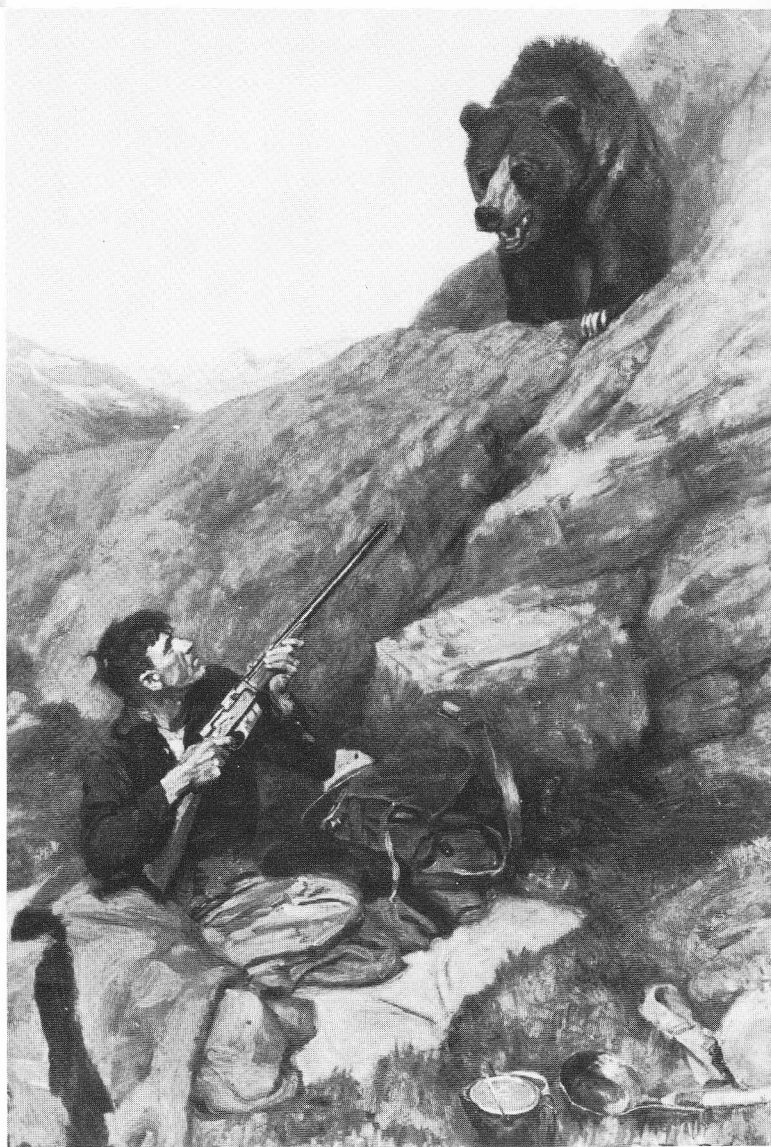
step . . . and then another. I would put a bullet through the top of his head . . . I planned. Suddenly, I realized that the grizzly was lying flat on his back, and his little piglike eyes were staring straight up at me. At almost the same instant he made a lurch to get onto his feet, I jerked my rifle to my shoulder and fired. The bear jumped at least six feet, landing on all fours, and the hair on his back was up. Whether he made any sound, I don't remember. In a state more of panic than methodical procedure, I fired again. Close as he was, I believe the second shot missed him completely. At this, he wheeled and went racing away down the ravine. I fired again and again, realizing that I was not doing any damage. Getting control of myself, I waited long enough really to put my gun sights on him,



"Early Morning Visitor," by Philip Goodwin. Oil.
A hunter's dilemma is illustrated in the high rugged terrain that is the last outpost of the grizzly. Goodwin's painting depicts the hazards of entering bear country such as this.

slowly squeezed the trigger and to my utter surprise the big beast came to an abrupt and terrifying stop. I had hit squarely in the backside. He began clawing and thrashing about, making the most horrifying noises I had ever heard.

As I reloaded my gun I was trembling so violently that I could hardly hold a cartridge. It was now certain that the bear would not get away, so I sat down and, steadying elbows on my knees, took careful aim and put another bullet into his neck. I had him! My legs were so wobbly and weak, however, that I could hardly walk. I was jubilant, and wanted to let out an old-fashioned Indian war-whoop that would echo to the white mountain tops. I had gotten my first grizzly. □



GAME TRAILS

For me, the fascination of Yellowstone country's big game animals grows stronger over the years, with the realization that man will forever remain somewhat a stranger — an alien in their country.

By Paul Rossi



ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR

There is no finer game country in the world than the Yellowstone. The area off the south fork of the Shoshone River in Park County, Wyoming, is a natural wonderland where meadows and high mountain pastures dot the stands of evergreen. It is a cold, wind-swept region sprinkled with lakes and clear rushing streams. Here at 11,000 feet one reaches timberline, a tundra of grass, boulder fields and gnarled trees in a never-summer land — and even higher, tower jagged, snow-capped peaks. It was here that such notable hunters as Buffalo Bill and Theodore Roosevelt matched wits with the grizzly, elk and bighorn.

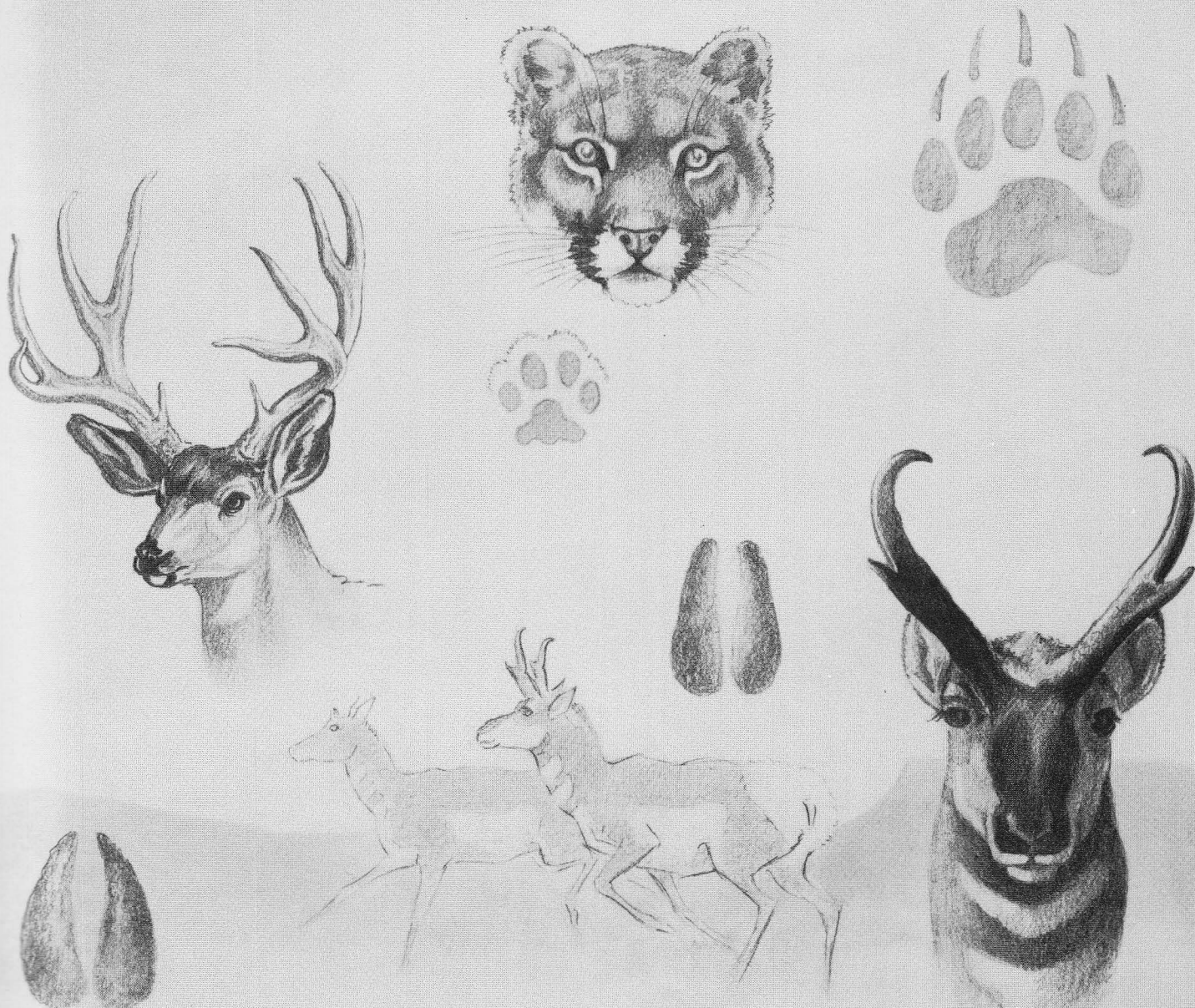
Man cannot long reflect on the forces that govern this

wilderness without becoming a conservationist. Foremost in importance to wild game is its environment. Without a suitable place to live all the protection in the world would not save some species from becoming extinct. The basic needs of wildlife are food, cover and water, and in order for animals to increase, these must be built up. Beyond a certain point, however the number of a particular species in an area cannot be excessively increased due to the limitation of the basic needs. It is this resulting surplus that can be taken by hunters. Game commissions attempt to forecast this over-abundance in setting bag limits so that the hunting seasons will kill only the excess. Predatory killers also

have a role in nature's balance by culling out the less wary and the weak. There are, of course, occasions in certain areas when it becomes necessary to control predators in order to maintain this balance.

I have always been fascinated by wildlife, especially, the varieties of big game, more, I suppose for their beauty and habitat than anything else. I have filled pages of sketch-books with drawings of them, read countless words about them and observed them in many localities. My fascination has grown stronger over the years with the realization that man will forever remain somewhat a stranger—an alien in their country.

This great wilderness offers a variety of exhilarating experiences. For me, few can surpass the shrill bugling of bull elk on a moonlit night, the scream of an eagle, of horses straining and blowing on a steep climb or of a hard climb to get above a band of bighorn sheep, the tracking on snowshoes in the almost unbelievable quiet of a heavy stand of timber, or a campfire with the aroma of wild meat cooking and coffee boiling. These are the experiences that make the following of game trails the more alluring. Yet the thrill of the hunt lasts until the split second before the trigger is squeezed. Then, it recalls to my mind the Indians, who often after killing a buffalo, apologized to him. □





"Buffalo Bill Cody" by William De La Montagne Cary. Oil, painted from life. The city of Cody, Wyoming, founded by Buffalo Bill is the spectacular eastern gateway to the Yellowstone country. From this area, known as the Bighorn Basin, William Cody followed game trails that have made this region world-famous for its abundance of wildlife and scenic beauty. Here Cody's famed T. E. Ranch, Pahaska Teepee and Wapiti Lodges were located, and here the famed scout, hunter and showman wished to return upon his death. His last will and testament reads in part: "In order that my mortal remains shall lie in close proximity to that fair section

of my native country which bears my name and in the growth and development of which I have taken so deep and loving an interest, and to which wheresoever and to whatever parts of the earth I have wandered, I have always longed to return." On one trip Buffalo Bill designated a burial spot on Cedar Mountain, overlooking Cody. He was accompanied by Ned Frost, the noted Wyoming guide, who also has made an indelible mark on the game trails of Yellowstone country.

Col. William F. Cody died January 10, 1917, at the home of his sister in Denver, Colorado, and, ironically, was buried atop Lookout Mountain, west of Denver.

Moran (cont'd)

Not that he wouldn't try to catch their tones. He sat long and studied the spectacle, memorizing even its slightest details.

"Since that time," he wrote later, "I have wandered over a good part of the Territories and have seen much of the varied scenery in the far West, but that of the Yellowstone retains its hold upon my imagination with a vividness as of yesterday. * * * The impression then made upon me by the stupendous and remarkable manifestations of nature's forces will remain with me as long as memory lasts."

Moran's sojourn of thirty-three days in that summer wonderland could hardly be complete without a visit to Yellowstone Lake (which Hayden ordered explored in a collapsible boat, the bottom sounded, the islands located and the picturesque shoreline mapped) and then a final revel among the geysers and the "chromatic pools" of the upper Geyser Basin. His portfolio bulged with sketches, but even more richly stocked was his stubbornly retentive memory; and for him the expedition ended in complete success as the party returned to Boteler's Ranch by the same route it had come. Hayden retrieved his wagons and prepared for several weeks more in the field, to survey an ample swath between Fort Hall on Snake River and Evanston on the

Union Pacific Railroad. But Moran, having achieved his aims, left the Survey still in the mountains and hurried home to give more final form to the sketches that filled his portfolio and the images that crowded his mind.

He worked intensively month after month in his Newark studio, mainly concerned with his large canvas of the Gorge and the Lower Falls, but also with a series of water colors worked up from his original sketches. At Hayden's request, the sketches had gone down to Washington where they had impressed many persons, including congressmen. After seeing them, a wealthy Englishman named William Blackmore commissioned Moran to do a finished set of sixteen for him. These, when later exhibited at Goupil's Gallery, excited the critics — the art columnist for *Scribner's* calling them "the most brilliant and poetic pictures that have been done in America thus far." The Blackmore family held them for years in England, but Stephen Tyng Mather eventually secured their return to America. Meanwhile, before his financial debacle, Jay Cooke ordered a similar set. The largest collection, including 1871-72 watercolors of the Yellowstone, now repose, a tribute to Moran's memory, at Tulsa's Gilcrease Institute.

Moran also drew designs to illustrate the Yellowstone article Hayden wrote for *Scribner's*, and the wood engrav-



Thomas Moran, photographed by William H. Jackson, 1872. The photographer colorfully described Moran "... the jaunty tilt of his sombrero, long yellowish beard and portfolio under his arm marked the artistic type . . . "

ings appeared, as well, in Hayden's official report. Moreover, Moran contributed Yellowstone scenes to *The Aldine*, famous for its fine woodblocks; a steel engraving of his water color "Upper Falls" adorned *Picturesque America*, a sumptuous gift book edited by William Cullen Bryant. But the most spectacular use made of his Yellowstone drawings was the chromolithographs published by Louis Prang, in 1876, in an oversized portfolio volume called "*The Yellowstone Park, and the Regions of Idaho, Nevada, Colorado and Utah*," with a text by Dr. Hayden. The edition was limited to a thousand copies, after which the stones were destroyed. Each volume sold for \$60.00.

Close as Moran's identification was with Yellowstone, his knowledge of the adjacent Tetons came later; in 1871 he had seen those sharp, lofty peaks only at a distance, but he knew they were inevitable subjects for his art. His intimate connections with them began the following summer when a Hayden field party christened one of them, the most massive, Mount Moran. "The next great picture you paint must be [of] the Tetons," Hayden wrote from Montana, sure that such a canvas would sell to Congress for \$15,000, perhaps even for \$20,000. "I have arranged for a small party to take you from Fort Hall up Snake River" — to magnificent views of the Tetons from the West side; but the plans of both were later modified, and the summer of 1873 found Moran with Major John Wesley Powell, overlooking the breathtaking chasm of the Colorado. He did not achieve his ambition to see the Tetons at close hand until 1879. The result was his large canvas "In the Teton Range," which many have placed with his finest work.

In 1892 he returned to the Park to refresh his inspiration, and in the following year painted what he considered his greatest achievement, another panorama of the Gorge, even larger and more colorful than the canvas that hung in the Senate lobby. Eventually, this painting came to rest on the wall of the National Art Gallery, whose curator, William H. Holmes, agreed with the artist that it was "his masterpiece" — indeed, going even further, to declare that it insured Moran's "place as the first painter of our National scenery, if not indeed, the greatest landscape painter that the world has produced."

Whatever the ultimate verdict of posterity, the painter had fully earned the right to the sobriquet, Thomas "Yellowstone" Moran. □



"Shoshone Falls," by Thomas Moran. Oil. Snake river in southern Idaho.



Vol. 5, No. 1, 1963. *The American Scene* is published and copyrighted with all rights reserved by the Thomas Gilcrease Institute of American History and Art, an Oklahoma corporation, P. O. Box 2149, Tulsa, Oklahoma. All illustrations are from the Gilcrease collection unless otherwise credited. A yearly \$5.00 membership in Gilcrease Institute includes a subscription to *The American Scene*.



"Bull Moose," by H. H. Sbrady. Bronze.