



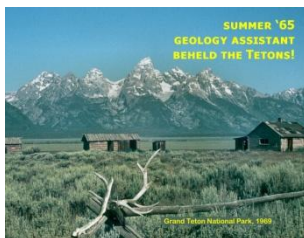
RECORD

**Wyoming
Summer
1965**

Record of Phil Farquharson's Journey Into the "Wilds of Wyoming" in 1965

Notebook of My First Geological Journey

summer '65
geology assistant
beheld the Tetons



Madison, Wisconsin to Wyoming (much of it!)

18 June 1965 to early August

Phil Farquharson, University of Wisconsin first-year
geology student

Mentor: Lloyd C. Furer, Ph.D. candidate, U. of Wis.
Geology

A little background:

I entered the University of Wisconsin in the fall of 1964 after graduating from Madison East High School in June of that year. The first semester did not go well, as my major was chosen for me by a high-school guidance counselor, and it turned out that I was not "a good fit" (my words) for being a chemical engineer. I transferred from the College of Engineering to the College of Letters and Science before the second semester started. I only took 12 semester credits: English 102 (*required* "Freshman" English), Latin 204 (something familiar and comfortable), *required* physical education, and a subject I hadn't ever thought about studying, Geology 101.

Mind you, I had been studying the Earth since 1948, when I was 2-1/2 years old and living on the shore of Beasley Lake near Waupaca. I was a solitary kid with virtually no juvenile humans around for me to interact with until we moved into town two years later. So my time was spent

Record of Phil Farquharson's Journey Into the "Wilds of Wyoming" in 1965 exploring the marshes around the 'Chain-o-Lakes' ("22 interconnected spring-fed lakes - in all the world, no lakes like these!"). I somehow had found out that the lakes, and many other features, had been formed by glaciers many, many years ago. I knew about kettle lakes, drumlins, etc. I knew about 'erratic' boulders of odd rock types brought down from Canada by those glaciers. Before we moved out to the lake, we temporarily lived on Granite Street, at the edge of a granite outcrop, and I recognized Wisconsin's state rock (Red Granite) on sight. My favorite rock is Rapakivi granite, which looks like Waupaca Granite.

Back forward to 1965, when I began formally studying Geology... The course was a 5-credit class consisting of three one-hour lectures per week in Agriculture Hall Room 100, a 500-seat lecture theater. All students had assigned seats so that someone (presumably grad students) could take attendance, check for cheating on exams, and so on from the small balcony. On that balcony was a 'lantern-slide' projector set up for large-format glass slides, and instead of a projector bulb, it had an arc-lamp in it! Can you say, fire-hazard? There was also a 35-mm slide projector, which Dr. Loudon used for his wonderful lectures.

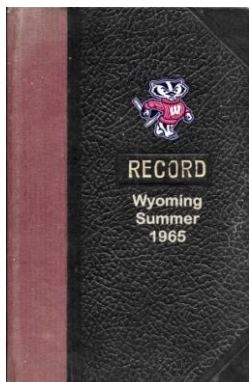
In addition to the three hours of lecture, there was one hour of 'quiz' section and one three-hour lab each week, presided over by a graduate-student "teaching assistant" (T.A.). My T.A. was from Racine, Wisconsin, and he was very instrumental in getting me situated in geology in general, and the U.W. geology department in particular. His name was Ron Larson, and he introduced me to the Geology Club intramural basketball team, which I played on, surreptitiously since they played in the graduate division, and I was clearly not of that ilk, as a 19-year old Freshman. After the spring semester was over, Ron came

to the drug store at State and Lake Streets where I worked as a "soda jerk" and he did a double-take when he saw me scooping ice cream cones. After I gave him his cone, he went over to the register and paid his ten cents (or whatever), and came back and looked at me for a few seconds, and the said, "is this what you want to be doing all summer?" I don't recall how I responded, but it was probably something like "umm... what else could I be doing?" And then he said, "Wouldn't you rather be out exploring the wilds of Wyoming, looking at rocks?" To which I responded in the energetic affirmative, and he directed me to see a guy named Lloyd Furer in Science Hall ASAP, which I did, and agreed to be his 'geologic field assistant.' We left a few days later.

I had to buy an Estwing rock hammer, a "Hastings Triplet" (hand lens), a notebook/pens/pencils and so on, which I bought at Brown's Book Shop across the street from the place where I had been working for the previous year and a half. Oh, yeah, and I had to quit said job - I was unsure of the protocol, since I had never quit a job before. New tent and sleeping bag were acquired somehow (Sears?), and I bought a pair of Redwing hiking boots, which I should have broken in way ahead of time, in retrospect, but...

Lloyd showed up at our home on Rutledge Street on the morning of Friday, June 18, 1965. Our chariot for the summer was a 1964 Ford Galaxie from the University of Wisconsin motor pool, with 46,850 miles on the odometer. A rather low-slung sedan to be taking off-pavement in western Wyoming, but we made it work somehow. The first day we drove from Madison to Sioux City, Iowa. US Highway 151 to Dubuque, then U.S. 20 to Sioux City and beyond...

Record of Phil Farquharson's Journey Into the "Wilds of Wyoming" in 1965
And now, on (and off) the road with Lloyd and Phil:



Key to text from here on:

Arial font, 11-point - my 19-year-old, 1965 writing

Comic Sans, 9-point - my 75-year-old, 2021 comments and haiku

1965 to 2021, 56 years, apart. but same days of the week. Example: June 18, 2021 is Friday, same as June 18 in 1965. Then I was setting out on a journey into the unknown "wilds" of a place called Wyoming, from the place I was born, Madison, Wisconsin. All of our family car trips had taken us east, to visit relatives and friends

A 2021 haiku expressing my wonder:

***west rather than east
across the Mississippi
into great unknown***

June 18, 1965 (Friday)

46,850 (miles) - Madison

47,284 - Sioux City, Iowa (*via US 151 & US 20*)

Picture - channels in Pennsylvanian

Record of Phil Farquharson's Journey Into the "Wilds of Wyoming" in 1965
Stone State Park (*just the facts, ma'am...*)

June 19 (Saturday)

47,284 - Sioux City

47,893 - Casper, Wyo.

First glimpse of mtns. in western Neb. (*eye-roll from Lloyd*)

Slept in City Park on 2nd St., Casper (*in my new sleeping bag*)

And an appropriate haiku for this leg of the trip:

approaching Wyo.

(Nebraska) are these mountains?

and Lloyd says: "uh, no..."

And another haiku that came to me in my sleep:

Casper Wyoming

arrival in wild wild west

camped in city park

June 20 - Casper, Wyo. (Sunday)

Took a trip over Casper Mtn and around the mtns behind

** note: we were supposed to make contact with the office of Pan American Petroleum Corporation, (Lloyd's benefactors for his/our field studies) but the oil biz was on one of its 'downturns' and their Casper office had closed. and later we would visit the office in Denver*

*** another note: in August 2021 I was looking on Google Maps to find my 1974-75 Exxon Minerals office at 152 N. Durbin Street. In Street View, it showed the label "Pan Am Building" - wow...*

Saw the stratigraphic column (*names and relative ages of the sedimentary rocks we would be studying*)

Record of Phil Farquharson's Journey Into the "Wilds of Wyoming" in 1965

Played ball - ruined Bermudas (*really? you wore Bermuda shorts in Casper, Wyoming?*)

Met Doug Pride & Denny Howe (*I have no further information*)

Slept on floor of Doug's apt. (*a step up from sleeping in the park*)

A haiku for this day:

*Casper, Wyoming
getting the lay of the land
next to a mountain*

June 21 - Casper (Monday)

Took a bath, shaved

Washed clothes at laundromat (*first-time experience?*)

Filled sample bag with chlorite, travertine, and asbestos
(*and so it starts*)

Very clear day - was able to sight first snow-capped mtn.
(*this time I really mean it!*)

Bought books (*probably Ian Fleming's James Bond novels*)

Went to Psycho and Crack In the World (*two classics!*)

Slept at Doug's (*again*)

The news of the day, in haiku:

*from Casper Mountain
clouds have finally cleared - sighted
first snow-capped mountain*

June 22 - Casper - Cody (Tuesday)

Record of Phil Farquharson's Journey Into the "Wilds of Wyoming" in 1965

Saw most scenic countryside so far - Big Horn Mtns & Wind River Canyon & Absaroka Mtns

Went to Whitney Museum of Western Art, Cody

Bought "cowboy" hat (*can you say "Dude"?* - *I wonder if I was wearing those Bermuda shorts...*)

Camped at Buffalo Bill State Park next to reservoir of same name

Completely surrounded by mtns

Put up tent for first time

Cooked out

Built camp fire

Used lantern (*from Sears?*)

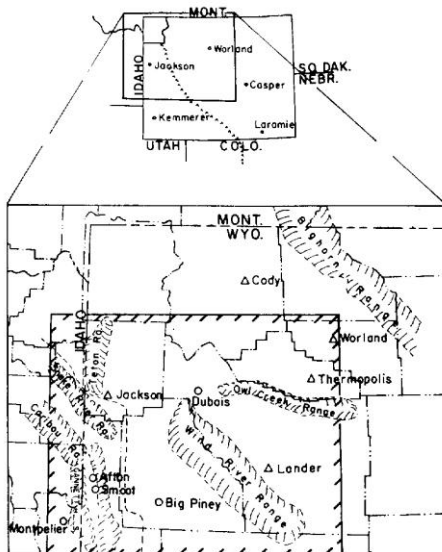


FIG. 1.—Index map and major physiographic features of study area, Wyoming-Idaho. Dashed line is eastern boundary of overthrust belt.

(from Lloyd's 1970 AAPG Bulletin article - see reference at end)

The news of this day, in haiku:

*Buffalo Bill Park
we're surrounded by mountains
making progress - next?*

June 23 (Wednesday)

During the night we had a thunderstorm - one clap of thunder lasted fifteen minutes - sounded like the end of the world (*hyperbole? maybe, maybe not...*)

Did first field work - measured, took samples and described about 450 feet of Morrison and Cloverly - got rained out (*we'll call this "working a section" of sedimentary rock*)

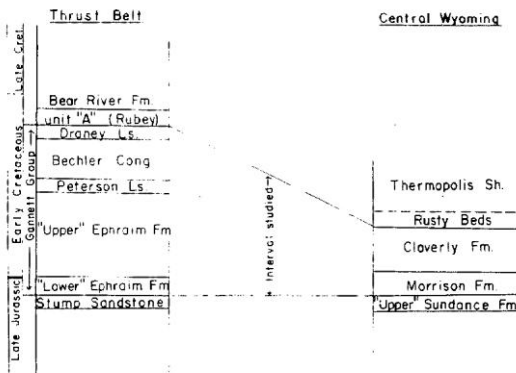


FIG. 2.—Correlation chart (composite from several sources) of central Wyoming and overthrust belt.

(from Lloyd's 1970 AAPG Bulletin article - see reference at end)

Went to town, played miniature golf - I got 41, Lloyd got 50 (*bad diplomacy on my part, I guess*)

Saw Buffalo Bill Dam

Climbed up the mountain above us after supper (*maybe 'walked' would be a better description*)

The haiku of the day:

***Geology first taste
measuring and sampling
slippery when wet***

June 24 (Thursday)

Did section about 1/4 mile from yesterday's - completely different

Packed up and left (*state*) park in rain - went to Yellowstone (*National Park, duh...*)

Found out how unfaithful "Old Faithful" is - interval varies between 30 - 95 min. - 11,000 gallons of water in each eruption (*good to know, I guess*)

Talked to girl from Seattle for an hour - moving to Houston - going to U. of Colo. (*what one does while sitting around for an hour...*)

Camped at Colter Bay Campgrounds (Village) overnight - met girl from BYU in Provo, UT - Sharyn (*from name tag, waitress in cafe?*)

Cold and rain all afternoon

In today's news:

***Yellowstone in June
sitting around the fountain
waiting for face-full?***

June 25 (Friday)

Ate at Jackson Lake Lodge - couldn't see much of mtns because of clouds (*had to wait a few days to actually see them*)

Record of Phil Farquharson's Journey Into the "Wilds of Wyoming" in 1965

Walked around by Jenny Lake - saw museum (*OK...*)

Saw where the only trumpeter swans live (*grandma would appreciate!*)

Nosed around Jackson - bought quartz crystal at rock shop (*for 25 cents, as I recall - I still have it!*)

Went out to Camp Davis, U. of Mich. science camp, to meet Fred Schwab & wife Claudia (*who were on honeymoon*)

Bridge over to camp washed out - Hoback, as all other rivers, high, at flood stage

In today's news:

anticipation

cloudiness obscures Tetons

patience is virtue

June 26 (Saturday)

Met Fred & Claudia at General Store - looked over sections almost all the way to Idaho (*down the Snake River from Hoback Junction*)

Tramped back Fall Creek Canyon about four miles to look at outcrop

Found elk antler - huge! eight-pointer

Rained all day - again

Mailed ten postcards

Got paid - fifteen dollars

Bought fishing lures - spoon & fly (*but no fishing rod?*)

Record of Phil Farquharson's Journey Into the "Wilds of Wyoming" in 1965

Snowed like crazy on mtn tops around here - more snow on the small mtns than usually on the Tetons at this time

Today's haiku, 56 years later (in 1965, I had never heard the word "haiku" - or Ukiah, for that matter):

*summer in Wyo:
flooding rivers, muddy roads
be patient, my son*

June 27 (Sunday)

Rained in morning - pulled up camp and went to Idaho

First road we tried, in Caribou National Forest, was too muddy - we gave up and went back to Flying Saddle Lodge in Wyoming (*Alpine*) to find out about roads - we were told to expect nothing else

Sun came out, but the next road we tried was still muddy - by this time car was so covered with mud it was unrecognizable

Now the mountain peaks were visible (Snake River & Salt River Ranges) and they showed the results of the latest winter's snowfall

Spring is here! The lilacs are in bloom! (*yay!*)

Went back into a farmer's field to check out an outcrop. The mosquitoes were unbearable and so we beat a hasty retreat. In the process, I broke a barbed wire fence I was trying to cross and ripped my pants and lost my sunglasses. I'll get them when we go back in about a month. By that time I should find the mosquitoes dead from the heat. (*remember this prediction...*)

Record of Phil Farquharson's Journey Into the "Wilds of Wyoming" in 1965

We are now camping at Hoback Campground, three miles from Camp Davis and 22 miles from Jackson, right on the banks of the still-swollen Hoback River

And the haiku for today:

*not quite summer here
in spite of calendar date
lilacs good omen*

June 28 (Monday)

Fred and Claudia came and roused us out of bed (*well, no beds just sleeping bags...*)

We went in to Jackson to check the mail & buy groceries & get the grease & oil job on the car

Went to see the Tetons and check on the possibility of doing a section in the back wilderness area of Teton N.F. (*National Forest*)

Tetons - magnificent! they really do dominate the skyline for forty miles around! (*this was the first time they were not obscured by clouds - a cosmic moment*)

After supper, we went up the road toward Camp Davis to inspect some caves we saw in the Madison limestone at the road. Also tried to figure out what made Stinking Springs "stink" - decided it was sulfur dioxide (Phew!). Started to climb 75° (*not!****) slope of limestone talus, wound up climbing up clear to the top and coming down another way. Climbed about 2,000 feet of the stuff - straight up! That should put me in shape for whatever is yet to come. (**** typical angle of repose for dry sand is ~30°, even in blocky materials like limestone chunks, 75° seems unlikely*)

Two haiku entries, for today, because it was so special!

*patience has paid off
rivers calmed down, roads have dried
Tetons have appeared*

Bonus, just 'cuz...

*fifty-six years hence
Tetons still look wonderful
might say, simply Grand!*

June 29 (Tuesday)

Decided to look for outcrop past Upper Slide Lake of the Gros Ventre River and went about twenty-five miles back into past Kelley. Saw first authentic "cowboy" in action herding cows with a dog and a horse. Finally decided not to do a section and drove out to Lower Slide Lake and took samples on a hill of about 2,500 feet relief.

Took a drive from Wilson at the foot of Teton Pass, on the Fall Creek road. Got too muddy - had to turn back.

Started reading Moonraker by Ian Fleming - good book! Fast reading. (*oh, great - now he's a book critic...*)

Only one haiku for today, but also special:

*east of Jackson Hole
drove past Gros Ventre Slide and Lake
to Upper Slide Lake*

June 30 (Wednesday)

Went up the Hoback, after shooting the breeze with Fred and Claudia for a couple hours. Took the road up Cliff Creek back to a logging road - took that road up almost to the Gannet - whole road had slid down into the canyon at

that point - this kind of landslide common right now - ground still soggy from all the rain - took samples & estimated the section - while eating lunch we saw some mountain sheep. (*bighorns!*)

Moved on up Cliff Creek to Cabin Creek - stopped by boulders in the road. Took our boots off & crossed Cliff Creek at what was normally a ford in the stream - water as cold as ice (*the source was probably a big snow bank less than a mile away*) and moving fast - took us about five minutes to move twenty feet - climbed the mountain 3,000 feet up, but found wrong rocks. Saw lots of elk in their high summer pastures. We could see Hoback, Teton, Wind River, and Gros Ventre Ranges - all snow-capped and beautiful. Went back down through elk pastures and past bubbling springs where their tracks were abundant. Re-crossed the river at same slow pace and headed to Bondurant for refreshment - girl working in restaurant from Berlin, Wis. - reminds me of someone I know. Went back to camp and took a hike up Buck Creek - beautiful water - good for 1 week later.

And another haiku:

*wading ice-cold creek
hiked past summer elk pastures
magnificent views!*

July 1 (Thursday)

Broke camp and went back to Green River Lakes, in Wind River Mountains and Bridger National Forest Wilderness Area - only accessible by horse or hiking - we walked back in, through swamps and past coyote holes - saw a baby moose, running, looked like a girl in her first pair of spike heels - measured a section & took quite a few samples - found a horseshoe on the way back - since we had

Record of Phil Farquharson's Journey Into the "Wilds of Wyoming" in 1965
completed all the work we needed to do, we headed back
to Hoback Campground and took the same camp site.

Finished Moonraker.

Yet one more haiku:

*Wind River Mountains
Green River Lakes to Powell's
Grand Canyon voyage*

July 2 (Friday)

Fred & Claudia arrived during breakfast

We decided to take the day off

Took a drive up to the top of Teton Pass to look for
Cambrian sandstone (*this is what 'take the day off' looks like -
looking at other rocks for fun!*)

On way back, we took cutoff to Moose - passed new
Jackson Hole Ski Area on side of Tetons - looks mighty
rough (*I skied there six years later - it WAS!*)

Ate lunch in City Square while waiting for Ford to get new
universal joint - started reading Alligator, satire of J*mes
B*nd novel, by Harvard Lampoon, written by Christopher
B. Cerf and Michael K. Frith (*just bought Kindle version of this
for 99¢*)

After going back to camp & eating supper, we went to
Camp Davis & picked up Fred & Claudia and went to
Invitation to a Gunfighter, starring Yul Brynner - great show
- food for thought (*must look this up*)

Finished Alligator in bed (*it's not War & Peace*)

The haiku machine continues:

*Hanging out Jackson
City Square, trashy novels
the place to be seen*

July 3 (Saturday)

Slept late - went into town and wrote postcards in the city park - began seriously reading On Her Majesty's Secret Service, another James Bond thriller. Ate lunch and supper in uptown Jackson after getting paid

Met Bill Burt, Wis. & Stanford grad (two M.S. degrees, geology and business) at local night-spot - stayed there with Lloyd and Bill after waiting for "Hell's Angels" to show up along with about 2,000 tourists (more than the whole population of Jackson). Fred & Claudia came and we stayed until 12:30 - then we went to the Alpine Village & had hamburgers & all went all went to Hoback to camp

When we got there, there were three cars and three tents in our campsite (*Sheldon says. "You're in my spot!"*)

The haiku:

*waiting for 'angels'
from hell - still wonder - so what?
disappointment (not!)*

July 4 (Sunday)

Slept late again - all went into Jackson for breakfast - then all went separate ways - Bill to Denver, Fred & Claudia to Camp Davis, and Lloyd & I to Swan Valley, Idaho

Looked at a section out Fall Creek canyon, made camp there, fished (illegally) and fought off mosquitoes

The haiku factory is running low on fuel:

*this space is for hire
too many haiku today
brain is full - need nap*

July 5 (Monday)

Worked Fall Creek section - measured 500' of Gannet and estimated 350' - had to climb 5,000 feet up and eight miles back off of the creek - I found nine ticks on me at various times, as well as all sorts of other insects and spiders - caught several lizards, but let them go, because I couldn't see any promise in keeping them in the car for two months (huh?!?)

We finished early in the afternoon and headed back to the Swan Valley Store and to talk to Dan Jobin, USGS geologist in the area, decided then to go to Teton Pass

Camped at the foot of Teton Pass, next to the Teton River (on the west side of the pass, in Idaho)

The haiku resume(s):

*ticks, spiders, insects
and lizards - keep them for what?
and why? and how? what?*

July 6 (Tuesday)

Broke camp early and drove half-way up Teton Pass - walked about ten miles and 4,000 ft up, to the very head of the Teton River to find a section in the Mail Cabin Canyon at the top of the mountain. Lost the trail in the snow - we

Record of Phil Farquharson's Journey Into the "Wilds of Wyoming" in 1965
were the first humans up there of this spring - saw three deer and two elk on the way up, along with the broken-down log cabin that must have been the mail cabin. After finally giving up hope of finding the outcrop and admiring the view over Teton Pass to the mountains beyond (the Gros Ventre's, I think), we ate lunch by the spring from which the Teton River started - I filled my canteen from it and then we slid about 200' down the mountain-side in the snow and went back to the car (*whee!!!*)

Lloyd went through the toe of his left boot on the way down, so we stopped in Wilson on the way back to Jackson, but couldn't find boots to his satisfaction - in Jackson he bought high-topped boots with the same soles as mine (*Vibram*) for the same price

We then visited Fred & Claudia at Camp Davis & met another USGS man along the Snake (*River*)

We camped at another campsite on the Snake, ten miles from Alpine - we got a free supper from a man heading for Calif. after visiting Gary, Ind. (*well, alrighty then...*)

The haiku onslaught resumes:

*Mail Cabin Canyon
did not find the right outcrop
but enjoyed the view*

July 7 (Wednesday)

After sleeping under the stars, we went to Alpine for breakfast and by a circuitous route up McCoy Creek around and through Wayan, on Grays Lake, Idaho and then down through Soda Springs and Montpelier, looking for another USGS man, couldn't find a trace of him, so we headed for Afton - we stopped to look at a Gannet outcrop

Record of Phil Farquharson's Journey Into the "Wilds of Wyoming" in 1965 and met a prof. from East Texas State doing research on thrust faults and drag folds.

Went to Afton after driving 160 miles to go from ten miles east of Alpine to Afton, a normal road distance of forty miles!

Camped at Swift Creek campground in the canyon just east of town (*Afton*)

Called Grandma & talked for quite a while

Kids dropped our tent on us at 11:30 (*lesson: don't stay in Forest Service campgrounds close to a small town*)

More haiku activity:

***Forest Service camp
close to town attracts locals
pulled our stakes, dropped tent***

July 8 (Thursday)

Mosquitoes too bad - left camp and cooked breakfast in city park

Went out by Fairview to look over a section - measured 100 largest pebbles in conglomerate - waited for Lloyd - section was ten miles wide and he had walked the whole thing - eaten by mosquitoes & hitched a ride back to the car with farmer who had lived in the valley (two farms) for all of the sixty years of his life

Came back into town - ate lunch in the park - got mail - got letter from mom & check for \$6.50 from Mrs. Evans (*Ray & Jim's mom?*)

Record of Phil Farquharson's Journey Into the "Wilds of Wyoming" in 1965

Afternoon, went south of Smoot to look at a section - I counted pebbles while he looked over the whole outcrop - decided to finish it later (*Lloyd liked to pronounce the name of the place "smut" - he even showed the location of Smoot on his location map in his AAPG article in 1970 - see reference at end*)

Came back to Afton - got boxes to send rocks back

Washed clothes - met man from New York (Syracuse) - talked to him & his wife for about an hour

Waited in hotel lobby for Lloyd & George Fairer, USGS man - talked to boy from U. of Wyo. who drives a road oil truck for the summer - woman at desk from Beloit, Wis.

Stayed in George's motel room - had to kick door down (?) - showered & shaved

Another haiku offering:

*pesky mosquitoes
drive us away from our rocks
little but mighty!*

July 9 (Friday)

Got up early went to park & cooked breakfast - looked over the 5 books I got for a dime each at the hotel the night before, plus the one that cost me \$1.45, on crystals

Worked the section on U.S. 89 from 10:00 AM to 4:00 PM - took forty samples - measured over a thousand feet of rock

Got letter from Jim

Sat in car, waited for Fred & Claudia to come through on their way to S.L.C. - must have left earlier

Record of Phil Farquharson's Journey Into the "Wilds of Wyoming" in 1965

Called mom from hotel - talked to Jim and Mary, too

Watched The Tycoon on TV with a man from Bar Harbor, ME (*I don't remember this show starring Walter Brennan...*)

Ate supper Fred's Cafe

Slept in City Park (*Afton*)

Haiku time:

*for once mosquitoes
stayed away, let us do task
that's once in a row!*

July 10 (Saturday)

Woke up to the sound of the city policeman changing the sprinklers - didn't purposely bother us to get us out

Took rocks to trucking depot and sent them out (collect) to U.W. (Madison) and Pan American (Denver)

Got letter from Mary & had mail forwarded to LaBarge (*so far, that was 'General Delivery' Jackson, Afton, and LaBarge*)

Ate breakfast at Golden Spur

Went out to Tincup Creek section near Freedom, Wyo. over in Idaho, and found sunglasses (*yay!!!*), measured, and sampled, and got out as quickly as possible - mosquitoes were terrible & sun was HOT (*told ya!*)

Went into Freedom & had two Fudgesicles & can of Dr. Pepper (*yum!*)

Record of Phil Farquharson's Journey Into the "Wilds of Wyoming" in 1965

Drove out 34 to look for more section - everything was structurally messed up (*non-technical term for folded, faulted, and generally... um, out of place*)

Went up to Alpine and talked to twin waitresses while Lloyd went into the bar & I soaked up bar-names - Carolyn & Madelyn Livingston, go to Utah State, from Ogden - big dance at Flying Saddle - I stayed in the restaurant and talked to her until Lloyd decided to leave, at 11 PM - I drove

Slept at Station Creek C.G., on Snake, under the stars

Haiku time:

*"what you got in there,
rocks?" trucking guy wants to know
never gets old*

July 11 (Sunday)

Got up early - had breakfast at Flying Saddle

Went out to work McCoy Creek section - about eight miles back in - measured up steep side of box canyon - last 70 feet was 80° cliff - took Lloyd a half hour - left clipboard behind - rocks fell on top of it and it started sliding down. Forty feet below, I had to scramble thirty feet sideways to get it - took me fifteen minutes to get up - had to go down ten feet for Lloyd's pack - on the way down (*the edge of the cliff*) - the brush I was walking on dropped me off an eighty-foot cliff (*the one we had climbed up earlier*) - landed in a thicket of bushes - somehow I managed to get only sore and stiff (*kind of traumatizing, though - still in my dreams*)

Stopped back at Flying Saddle - had cantaloupe, Dr. Pepper & ice cream

Record of Phil Farquharson's Journey Into the "Wilds of Wyoming" in 1965

Went back to Camp Davis to see Fred & Claudia - met Andy, Fred's brother - played basketball & volleyball - Fred & I won both

Went back to Hoback Campground, took spot near our old one, the tourist season had truly started - had to put up the tent, mosquitoes finally arrived

Haiku (wow!):

*vultures circling
fell through, down eighty-foot cliff
landed in bushes*

July 12 (Monday)

The Schwab's came out to wake us - said good-bye for the fourth time

Got groceries for three days & started up the Grey's River

Found a section to work the next day, and went back to find a campsite

Saw four elk and three deer in lake at about 9,000 ft

Slept under the stars, as close to the campfire as practical, since it was down to about 40 as soon as the sun went down

Here's another haiku:

*nine thousand feet up
sleeping bag closer to fire
temp down to forty*

July 13 (Tuesday)

Record of Phil Farquharson's Journey Into the "Wilds of Wyoming" in 1965

Broke camp and worked section - finished section at about one PM

Kept going up Grey's - found section near Wyoming Peak - measured pebbles

Went on to see another in Snyder Basin - saw badger (*Bucky?*) - followed the Lander cutoff of the Oregon Trail - saw graves of those left behind - could hardly make it with rotten Ford, couldn't see how anyone could so it in a covered wagon - went straight up a 10,000-foot pass - saw a lot of deer - no good section in Basin - went back and set up camp above a moose-marsh ("*moose-marsh*"? *I like it!*)

After supper I went down to check out the fishing. First cast - ten-inch rainbow trout - no others all night, although plenty are there - try again in the morning

Here's yet another haiku:

*one day, two sections
caught 10-inch rainbow first cast
moose-marsh too*

July 14 (Wednesday)

Got up early - had no luck catching any more fish so I let lone one go - still quite lively

Had had flat tire night before, so we decided to do two sections and get out to LaBarge & have it fixed

After working first section (on Grey's River) we stopped to talk to old prospector camped there - told us several yarns (*'cuz that's what old guys do, I'm given to believe...*)

Went down LaBarge Creek about 1.5 miles and worked a section

Record of Phil Farquharson's Journey Into the "Wilds of Wyoming" in 1965

Went into LaBarge and picked up mail: letters from mom & grandma & packages from same two people - 71 cents postage due - brownies from mom & books from grandma/both field guides (*east & west Roger Tory Peterson bird books*)

We were directed to a campground that was flooded by heavy melt from the Wind River Mtns

Camped in a Federal Government gravel pit & mosquitoes were terrible

Here's more haiku fun:

*flat tire, LaBarge, mail
brownies and bird books from home
what more could I want?*

July 15 (Thursday)

Got up early & put on tourist clothes (?) - the mosquitoes loved it - still scratching next day

Went into town, checked mail, and left forwarding addresses of Kemmerer

Drove to Laramie, through Red Desert, what most people see when they drive through Wyoming on US 30 - met an amateur archaeologist when we stopped for lunch who had quite an assorted collection (*US 30, a.k.a. Lincoln Highway, later became Interstate Highway 80 - thanks Ike!*)

Turned off US 30 to go through the Medicine Bows - crossed a pass at 11,000 feet, the highest we've had the car so far - stopped at the U of Wyo. science camp and met Dr. Knight, an eighty-year-old geology professor and artist of world renown who built the camp by himself - he

Record of Phil Farquharson's Journey Into the "Wilds of Wyoming" in 1965
only retired last year (*a legend, who has Wyoming's state fossil
named for him - Knightsia, an Eocene fish found at Fossil Butte, near
Kemmerer*)

While Lloyd got a haircut, I bought a sweatshirt at an off-
campus drugstore - talked to a guy from the U of Ark.

Looked for Lloyd's old landlord for a bath & room, but he
had gone to the mtns.

Lloyd called Lee Suttner in Denver & we decided to drive
down & stay there - beautiful drive - looked down on the
lights of Denver - quite impressive (*less than 2 years later,
Uncle Sam would send me there, to Lowry AFB*)

Met Lee & Ginny Suttner - took a bath & slept on couch

Do wacka do, haiku:

*tourist clothes, skeeters
Medicine Bows, Laramie
and on to Denver*

July 16 (Friday)

Ate six pancakes and six strips of bacon for breakfast

Drove Lloyd down to Pan American - on the way back we
stopped at a drug store for pop & radio batteries - as we
walked out, a sheriff's car ran the red light and smashed
(the car of) a man with a foreign accent head on, then
hitting the signal pole, knocking it into the drug store - gave
my name to the man in the right and waited for the police
to come - the sheriff claimed he had a green light, but the
cop could see through him all the way, since there were
three witnesses that testified otherwise (a meter-man also
saw it)

Record of Phil Farquharson's Journey Into the "Wilds of Wyoming" in 1965

Taught Ginny to play Oh, Hell (*card game*) and she beat me in overall points

Took the apartment manager uptown, along with his filing cabinet, in Lee's Chevelle Station Wagon

Wrote post cards to Mary Jo and Chris Dyer & a birthday card to J. McD.

Swam in the pool, as soon as Lloyd & Lee got home from Pan Am (*Pan American Petroleum Corp, who supported Lloyd's research, and later employed him as a geologist*)

Went out for pizza for supper, then played miniature golf - I won with a 46 - went to a band concert at a city park (*the same city park where I spent the first Earth Day on 22 April 1970, and Senator Gaylord Nelson spoke*)

Started reading Sleep 'Til Noon, by Max Shulman

Big city haiku:

*witness to car wreck
went downtown, swam in the pool
sampling Denver*

July 17 (Saturday)

Talked to the insurance adjuster for Luby Chevrolet, and made out complete accident report

We left for Longmont to play golf - I rented clubs that were too short for me - still got a 45 - 4's on the last 5 holes (*two years later I played on this same course - I was living at Lowry AFB in Denver*)

Stopped at Boulder on the way back - went into some joints (*incl. 'The Sink'*) - bought a sweatshirt

Record of Phil Farquharson's Journey Into the "Wilds of Wyoming" in 1965

After getting back to Denver, I went up to the pool & swam for four hours - met girls from Switzerland, Germany, and France - found out all about those countries, esp. Switzerland - all worked as medical secretaries (*noted...*)

Finished reading Sleep 'Til Noon

Went to Von Ryan's Express, starring Frank Sinatra - another good show - looks like movies are taking a turn for the better (*first a book critic, now movies...*)

Met more of Lloyd's friends afterwards - slept in trailer that night at Dave Leety's house

Man about town haiku:

*accident report
Longmont, Boulder, foreign girls
head is still swimming*

July 18 (Sunday)

Ate breakfast at Dave's house - sat around & read until we barbecued dinner in late afternoon - read all Newsweek mags for past four weeks - two more of Lloyd's Ohio U. buddies came over with their wives - had quite a thunderstorm, so I slept in the trailer again

Not much happening haiku:

*four weeks of Newsweek
cures me of real world
preferring mountains*

July 19 (Monday)

Got up early - ate another huge breakfast - packed up & said our good-byes

Record of Phil Farquharson's Journey Into the "Wilds of Wyoming" in 1965

Went down & dropped off Lloyd and his rocks at Pan Am's offices at the Security Life bldg on the 23-26 floors - after I parked the car - checked the traffic (pedestrian) & went up myself - talked to Lee for an hour, then went out to another couple of O.U. & U. of Wyo. buddies of Lloyd's - ate lunch at Dick Frutschi's house, then went to Boulder

Lloyd read a thesis on the Gannet at C.U., while I checked out the geology dept - building not as impressive as Science Hall, of course, but looks adequate - supposedly has a good reputation in geology (*smirk!*)

We left Boulder & got up to Laramie before 5:30, in time for Lloyd to get the clothes he had left there on Thurs.

Went to his old landlord's place, Joe & Amelia Orr, & talked to them for a couple of hours - then we went up to U.W. to find some of his old prof's & classmates - met Jack King, head of New York State U. at Buffalo's geology dep't - tried to talk me into sounds interesting. Lloyd wrote a letter to Dr. Dott while I talked to Dr. King

We went back to Joe & Amelia's & slept in the back yard under the stars

Happening haiku:

*back to Wyoming
Denver and Boulder were nice
mountains are nicer*

July 20 (Tuesday)

Got up early & went over to Joe & Amelia's to eat breakfast - he's a fascinating guy - ate another giant-sized breakfast

Record of Phil Farquharson's Journey Into the "Wilds of Wyoming" in 1965

Went up to the campus & went through the geology museum - well organized - saw the art work of Dr. Knight, none of which was credited to him because he built the museum himself - got a copy of the Geologic History and Structure of Wyoming from the State Survey

Ate lunch at the student union - good food!

Drove to Kemmerer, picked up mail from J. McD.

Started up to another section up Willow Creek and Fontenelle Creek, almost to the LaBarge

Camped just inside the Bridger N.F. boundary

Epiphany haiku:

University

Laramie more my style and size

like Grand Forks, Bozeman

July 21 (Wednesday)

Wild horse and a puma (*mountain lion*) visited our campsite - left our food alone when I scared them away (*big scary Phil*)

No mosquitoes eating breakfast with us

Went back toward town and looked over a section & found it was no good, so we went back to try to get the car onto a road (*meaning 'paved' I guess*)

Got into Kemmerer to check the mail - got two letters & three postcards: all but an airmail letter from J.L. originally sent to Afton & forwarded through LaBarge - letter & two checks from Mom, postcards from Grandpa, Grandma & Ann

Record of Phil Farquharson's Journey Into the "Wilds of Wyoming" in 1965

Ate lunch in city square (*right across from world's first J.C. Penney store*)

Went down to Evanston, and then over to Woodruff, Utah, to look at a section between there and Ogden - couldn't find it, so we came back via Randolph

Cooked supper in an old campground on the highway

Went back into town and visited the museum

Slept in an abandoned coal mine north of town

Miscellany haiku:

*no rocks in Utah
well not the right ones at least
abandoned coal mine*

July 22 (Thursday)

Pete Link and Gary Crosby joined us for breakfast - they decided to join us in Fontenelle Gap where they told us of a good Gannet section

Drove back in through a stream and over a bridge that bounced as we passed over it to a ranch house - talked to a very nice old couple, Mr. & Mrs. Roy Barnes - told us we'd have a five-mile walk to get to where the Stump outcropped

We walked back, looking for petrified wood & fossils - I found lots of fossil pelecypods & oysters, and many other miscellaneous gastropods & plant matter

Lloyd decided to go through all of the Preuss, Stump, Gannet, Bear River, and Aspen up to the bottom of the Frontier (*all of these are 'formation' names*)

Record of Phil Farquharson's Journey Into the "Wilds of Wyoming" in 1965

Spent the day getting up to the Bear River, with about 90 lb of rock in my pack (incl. about 15 lb of fossil material) - I walked the four miles back out from where we stopped. I thought I was going to have holes poked in my back from the rocks (*my old Boy Scout pack from when I was 12*)

When we got back to the ranch house, the lady of the house offered us stew for supper. It was mighty hard to turn down, but we had to go get Gary, since he had left us at lunch time to go do his regular work for Atlantic Oil Co.

Went back to the Antler Motel & took a bath

Ate supper at the Chinese Restaurant in the Kemmerer Hotel & went back to Pete's motel room

Miscellany haiku:

*Fontenelle Gap ranch
home-made ranch stew? no, Chinese
still salivating*

July 23 (Friday)

Pete & Gary get up early, at 5:30 AM - Pete takes a shower to stimulate him, then does 81 pushups (he also does 81 p.u.'s at night!) (*manly man!*)

I wrote postcards to John's, Grandpa, Grandma, Ann, Mary Jo, & Chris

Went back out to Fontenelle Gap to finish the section. When we were high up on the hillside, some fishermen came in, making all sorts of noise as they came. We knew they were big city fishermen who wouldn't catch anything

At the top of Aspen or bottom of Frontier, I found all sorts of silicified wood - not as pretty as I found in Texas in the Morrison

When we quit, Lloyd went up to the top of a ridge to look for Pete, while I went toward the car, & stopped to talk to the fishermen, who had caught six of the biggest rainbows I had ever seen -one was a rancher from about a mile away, the other was the owner of a Chinese restaurant in Kemmerer. They gave me several bottles of pop & told me to stop in at his restaurant. Lloyd came down & got something to drink. The rancher whose name is Bertagnolli, has a brother who got an M.S. in geology at the U. of Wyo. He gave us a ride over to Barnes' ranch in his Jeep, told us a lot about drilling operations in the area. He owns several wells in the LaBarge - Big Piney fields and gets half royalties

When we got back we found that Pete had just left to look for us. Mr. Barnes took a horse to find him, On the way back, Pete walked faster than the horse. Mr. Barnes then gave us each a quarter of a watermelon, with a half gallon of Dad's (*"old fashioned"*) Root Beer.

We went back to town to clean up. I had a good (!?) sunburn on my forehead, nose, & the back of my neck, so it burned even worse than the hot water - we then took our clothes to the laundromat and started the washers, left money there for the lady there to dry them - after we got them, we went to the Corner Cafe where we had the best, most substantial, and cheapest food we had seen in a long time.

Record of Phil Farquharson's Journey Into the "Wilds of Wyoming" in 1965

I weighed myself, and I was down to 166, the lowest in a long time (*not that long - I only weighed 156 in the fall of 1963 after running cross country*)

We went back and slept at the motel again.

Lip-smacking haiku:

***ranch watermelon
and Dad's old-fashioned root beer
still dehydrated***

July 24 (Saturday)

Ate breakfast at the Corner Cafe - got a big breakfast: eggs, ham, hash browns, toast & two large glasses of milk for \$1.33 (*wow!*)

Pete & Gary went to work a section & Lloyd went to send out the rocks, while I stayed in the motel room. The women came to clean up, and I, of course did not belong there, but I managed to talk my way out of it. No mail came from Dr. Dott, around which all of our plans were hanging (*Dr. Robert H. Dott, Jr., Lloyd's advisor, who was doing studies on the Oregon Coast. He taught Geology 102 which I took in the fall*)

We dropped Gary off at the RR station, from whence he left to Pocatello,

We played baseball (!) down at the Kemmerer athletic fields

Recovery haiku:

***one point three three bucks
bought big breakfast in old days
skinny as rail then***

July 25 (Sunday)

Got up late (8:30) and ate breakfast at the Kemmerer Cafe, where I met a junior at the U. of Wyo., who was our waitress

Pete gave himself a haircut, and then he gave me one

Pete heated up our boots and some bear grease and greased up our boots & left them in the sun to dry

I sat and read all day, then wrote four post cards to J.L. & J. McD. collectively, & one to Mom in Putnam, Conn.

Went to *Bus Riley Comes Home*, with Ann-Margret - not especially good, & A-M was unusually bad, but it was almost worth the 85¢ we paid to see it (*and the movie critic speaks*)

Still-recovering haiku:

*free haircut from Pete
plus greased boots, bad cheap movie
Kemmerer Sunday*

July 26 (Monday)

Gary came home on the train

Dr. Dott's postcard finally arrived - he said he'd meet us at Camp Davis or Hoback Campground on August first or second (*he arrived on the first*)

We decided to do a section at Manila, Utah, on the north flank of the Uintas - drove down there, a distance of 120 miles from Kemmerer - when we got there we bought groceries & headed out to look for a Morrison - Cloverly outcrop - finding none, we went back to the Ashley

Record of Phil Farquharson's Journey Into the "Wilds of Wyoming" in 1965

National Forest headquarters to get a map and advice on which roads to take, etc. - turned out that the main road over had been washed out, so we drove back in to where the road ended abruptly - we then tried another dirt road and got stuck in a mudhole - fortunately a rancher with a four-wheel-drive pickup came along and pulled us out - we then found the Mowry shale and looked for fish scales to take to Gary - we then went across strike looking for Morrison-Cloverly interval - decided it had been faulted out and went back to Kemmerer

Stopped to meet Gary & Pete & went to the Corner Cafe for supper - Gary decided to show us the main street of Diamondville, pop. 415, suburb of Kemmerer - not much to it, but we saw a little league game going on, so we went & watched the extra-inning contest - very exciting!

Slept at the Antler Motel again

Comic-relief haiku:

*trip to Uintahs
no outcrop, road out, car stuck
back to Kemmerer*

July 27 (Tuesday)

After getting up at the ungodly hour of 6:00 we left for Cokeville - checked out a section up Raymond Creek - we walked quite a distance back in but could not find complete Gannet section exposed - was in center of an anticline - saw lots of beavers, along with chewed-off trees & several large ponds - we then drove back to Cokeville from where we started up Smith's Fork to look for more Gannet - was all faulted up & covered by Tertiary - we kept going on the road, since the map showed it intersecting it intersecting

Record of Phil Farquharson's Journey Into the "Wilds of Wyoming" in 1965 with the Lander Cutoff, but the road got worse and worse - we jumped a small crevice with the car, & we got stopped by a ford in the stream, with a steep bank on the other side, in which we got stuck. We piled up stones until we could get out - after taking the car up on a mountain ridge for about three miles, the road ended. After turning back we took a different fork in the road and after getting stopped by a beaver pond across the road at a point four miles short of the Lander Cutoff, we turned back and went to Thomas Fork from Cokeville. Here we found a good section and decided to work it tomorrow. Went to Afton and talked to Steve & Oriel, Lucien Platt, of the USGS & ate supper with them

Camped at Cottonwood campground, under the stars - saw about 20 shooting stars before I got to sleep

Bad day, good night haiku:

*beavers stopped us twice
forded stream with Ford, got stuck
shooting stars fixed all*

July 28 (Wednesday)

Got up early & went out to work Thomas Fork section - finished it early in afternoon

Went into Afton & gassed up & left for Ephraim Valley for several days - had a flat from a rock cut, so we went back to Afton & got a new tire & had car greased and oil changed - then discovered that the right supporting band on the gas tank was missing, while looking at all the dents - we wired it on (*with coat-hangers*) & headed back down the gravel road - we found a three-man road crew back in the valley, & we camped across from their trailer - invited us

Record of Phil Farquharson's Journey Into the "Wilds of Wyoming" in 1965
over for coffee & we talked for three hours. One man was
from Switzerland, Joe Blarer, other two were Idaho locals
Flies were bad, so we put up the tent

Just-in-time haiku:

*Ford Galaxie not
meant for driving over rocks
almost lost gas tank*

July 29 (Thursday)

While Lloyd looked over the section, I made size count on
the basal conglomerate - he decided the section was no
good, so we drove about five miles from Ephraim Valley to
Elk Valley & watched the moose for a while, then climbed
the hill where the section should have been - upon finding
it, I took a size count & Lloyd looked over the rest. He
decided it was no good, so we went back & packed up &
left for Jackson

Upon arriving at Camp Davis, we found that the bridge had
been finished but not paved, so we walked in & found that
Fred et al. were in Yellowstone, so we went out to Hoback
C.G. & got our old campsite back

Time-to-end-this haiku:

*Elk Valley moose watch
irony lost on dim moose
uncomprehending*

July 30 (Friday)

We decided to look for a section near Granite Creek, but
couldn't find it, so we gave up & went into town to check
the mail. I had a letter from Alicia - when I was reading it,

Fred & Andy arrived on the scene, at the car. After chewing the fat for awhile, we decided to go climbing the Tetons the next day, so we went to Jenny Lake Lodge to investigate possibilities. We got kicked out for wearing T-shirts (Lloyd & I), so we went to the Chuckwagon at Moose for supper - all one could eat for \$2.50 - I got more of my money's worth than anyone else.

We inspected the new entertainment at the Wort Hotel & went home. (*no critical review?*)

Time-to-end-this haiku:

*kicked out, no t-shirts
civilization exists
at Jenny Lake Lodge*

July 31 (Saturday)

Fred chickened out, so instead of going back into Alaska Basin 27 miles, we walked up to Inspiration Point, a ten-mile hike - beautiful walk around Jenny Lake & up Cascade Canyon & had several chipmunks run up my legs begging for food, but all I could offer them was life savers, which they declined (beggars can't be choosers)

Andy was feeling ill after supper, so we took him to the Jackson Hospital, the only place in Jackson Hole, besides the P.O., doesn't charge tourist prices

Almost-ready-to-head-back haiku:

*Inspiration Point
up Cascade Canyon five miles
very inspiring*

August 1 (Sunday)

Got up at 9:30, and at 10:00 I told Lloyd I was going to walk up the "Hill" above camp - it turned out to be Creampuff Mountain, the 10,200-ft peak above Camp Davis - it also turned out that I had picked the hardest way to the summit - it took me four hours to get up, climbing four cliffs with four steep talus slopes - I saw a sage hen & many deer and elk on the way up - it was worth the climb, since the view was breathtaking! I could see the Tetons, Gros Ventre's, Wind Rivers, Wyoming & Salt Rivers, Snake Rivers (all mtn ranges), as well as the rest of the Hoback Range, and parts of the Absaroka Range in Yellowstone & the Uintas in Utah - I took a few pictures, wrote my name on a flag put up by Camp Davis, snooped around at some radio equipment left by the Camp Davis group when the civil engineers were there, filled my canteen with snow & started down for Camp Davis (it was closer and easier to get to). Although it took me four hours to get up, it only took me an hour & 45 minutes to get down.

Upon arriving at Camp Davis, I found that Dr. Dott had arrived with his son - we all drove down to Hoback C.G. to find Lloyd - Pete & Gary were there, so the nine of us had Spanish hamburger for supper, made a fire, & chewed the fat until late.

NOW-ready-to-head-back haiku:

*Creampuff Mountain top
all west Wyo mountains seen
plus mother bear, cub*

August 2 (Monday)

Record of Phil Farquharson's Journey Into the "Wilds of Wyoming" in 1965
Got up at 6:00 & went down to Camp Davis & got into Dr. Dott's car along with Fred & Claudia & went down to Afton to show him two sections south of town (*major cliff-hanger*)

Big-letdown haiku:

*abruptly ended
how and when did we return
is that all there is?*

August 3 through ???

Then what??? I know that Lloyd and I drove back to Madison by way of his sister's house in Glenview, Illinois, but did we leave directly from Camp Davis/Hoback Campground? I asked Lloyd when I talked to him on 26 May 2021, but he wasn't really sure...
But. What an adventure for a 19-year-old kid from Wisconsin!!!

a haiku:

1965

*notebook ends in cliffhanger
did he find meaning?*

(Yes! He did, at age 75+)



"Geo-Bucky" - serving Wisconsin (and the world) since 1996(?)

Revision 7 (23 May 2022)

Record of Phil Farquharson's Journey Into the "Wilds of Wyoming" in 1965

References

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<https://www.geowyo.com/wyoming-thrust-belt.html>



Medicine Bow Mtns. west of Laramie, 1967



Last sunset in Tetons, 31 December 1975

The story continues on <http://mystory.philfarq.com/> - and in real life

Revision 7 (23 May 2022)

Afterthoughts of Wyoming 1965

It all started with a simple question from a former student, on 25 March 2021. She posted in Facebook's Messenger:

"Hi Professor, I've been meaning to ask you, I've been wondering, if you could go back in time would you have still done Geology as your major, or do you think you would have done more Biology or Chemistry or something more like that? Just curious your thoughts"

So I was off and running - a series of (at least) daily emails back and forth between San Diego and Eastern Colorado, where she really made me think about how I got to where I am in more depth than I had really done before.

She had been my student in Geology 101 in Spring 2009 at MiraCosta College's "San Elijo" campus, as a 20-year-old seeker of meaning. In 2021 she was a 32-year-old mother of two boys (6 and 2 years old). Obviously still trying to figure things out, as are we all...

At first I simply parroted the story I had pieced together since 1996 on my first web site (www.cg-squared.com) which has evolved into <https://mystory.philfarq.com/> over the intervening years. But in May 2021, I realized that I had my first field notebook that I kept when I went from Madison to Wyoming in the summer of 1965, so I pulled it out, and tried to read it. May 21st was the day when I decided that I couldn't (easily) read my handwriting from when I was 19 years old, so I began scanning the entries into my computer, with the goal of turning them into readable text. Optical character recognition was not going to be possible, so a "brute-force" method was called for: hooray for dual monitors! All 46 days of entries were

Record of Phil Farquharson's Journey Into the "Wilds of Wyoming" in 1965 scanned within about 48 hours, and combined into one PDF file of about 80 megabytes (74 pages) in size.

It took me several weeks to type all of the text into Word, and add my 21st Century comments to my mid-20th Century observations. I later started adding an appropriate haiku for each day of my journey.

I then tracked down Lloyd Furer, my guide and mentor for the trip. He was quite surprised when I called him out of the blue in May. He later told me that he didn't realize that I had kept a journal, in spite of the fact that I was making entries every day, sometimes in the car, sometimes in the tent at night.

I am very grateful to all of the principal characters in this story, and to the people around Wyoming and Colorado who showed us hospitality. Needless to say, I am most grateful to my young muse. I hope to be able to repay her some day.

Phil Farquharson, 23 May 2022