



Photo courtesy Aubrey Haines.

*Yellowstone Science Interview:  
Aubrey Haines*

# Yellowstone History: 125 Years and More to Tell

*Aubrey Haines was a park ranger, engineer, and Yellowstone's first historian before his retirement in 1969. He has had a long and distinguished career and has written many books about this and other parks, including The Yellowstone Story, Volumes I and II, which tour guides and interpreters still rely upon as the most comprehensive telling of park history and legend. He continues to write; one of his current projects is Tales from the Yellowstone, a compilation of what Aubrey called "the minutiae of historic happenings here."*

*At Yellowstone's Fourth Biennial Science Conference, held in October 1997 at Mammoth Hot Springs, the sponsors instituted what they intend to become a regular feature of the park's conference series—the Aubrey Haines Luncheon and Lecture, honoring a significant contributor to the study and documentation of Yellowstone history. Aubrey was present for the first of these tributes in his honor, and was interviewed during the conference by the editor and the former editor/sometime park historian, Aubrey's successor, Paul Schullery.*

## **The Early Days**

**YS:** Could you start by reviewing your job background—where you came from, and how and when you first got interested in Yellowstone?

**AH:** I was ready for college in January 1933, and since I saw the forest industry as the way to go at that time, I entered the University of Washington during the Depression, with the intent of preparing myself for a job as a forest engineer in the Pacific Northwest—building roads and bridges for logging companies.

The first summer after going to school, I found a job cutting hemlock cord-wood for the Port Townsend paper mill—at a dollar and six bits a cord, peeled!—but soon heard there was going to be a Civilian Conservation Corps, and they were looking for young men who didn't have much to do—who did, in that day? As forestry students could join up as "leadmen" for \$1.20 per day, I went for that, and spent the summer of 1933 at Skykomish, Washington, on survey and classification of logged-over lands the

logging company wanted to exchange for Forest Service timber. That winter we moved down into the Puyallup Valley and built roads for the state forestry organization. In the spring they sent us to the northwest corner of Mount Rainier National Park, where they put me on relocating foot trails that were steep, rough, and mostly in the wrong places.

One day in June 1934, District Ranger John Rickard asked, "Would you like to be a fire lookout?" It didn't take a moment to answer "yes!", and I had a summer job for \$4 per day. Since I was to be on duty every day of the week, that amounted to \$120 a month, which was a fortune in that day, believe me. In the rainy seasons and late summer they'd have me on trail work and telephone line work, things like that—good experience. I worked there every summer through 1938.

The year before I graduated, the fire dispatcher, Al Rose, sent me a letter: "There's going to be a Civil Service examination for park ranger—be sure to go down and take that." I did, and after graduation I went back up on the Shruiner

Peak lookout. About mid-summer came a letter from a Hawaii Volcanoes National Park offering me a ranger job. I got on the wire and Al Rose put me in touch with Superintendent “Major” Owen Tomlinson. He said, “Don’t take that one—you’ll get another chance.” About a month later came another letter, this time from Yellowstone. Tomlinson said, “Take that one—that’s good!” So that fall after work was over, I passed the physical and oral exams, got me an old car—an old Nash Twin 6 off the lot for \$65—and went to Yellowstone.

**YS:** It was the first time you’d ever been here?

**AH:** I grew up in Oregon and Washington and had never been farther than Spokane. I arrived at the park December 8, 1938, and was waiting in front of the “Temple of Truth” [an employees’ nickname for the green-roofed Corps of Engineers’ building in Mammoth Hot Springs, a.k.a. the “Pagoda”] at 8 o’clock in the morning, when W. Leon Evans came over to open up. He put up the flag and said, “Well, we’ll have to swear you in.” So he took me up to T. Paul Wilcox, the judge. I got a manual and a .45 pistol and was told what kind of extra clothes I might need. They said, “Tomorrow we’ll send you over to the East Gate to replace Walt Gammill.” And that was all the indoctrination there was.

Since Sylvan Pass was closed by snow, I drove around to the East Entrance by way of Cody. The last two miles (from Pahaska Tepee to the gate), the snow on the road increased from a skiff to over a foot, but my old car chewed its way in. Walt was surprised and said, “Gee, I left my car down at Pahaska!” The next day Dave Condon, the District Ranger, got stuck in a GMC pickup about halfway from Pahaska. We went down and shoveled him out and brought in the snowshoes and extra lantern gasoline, stuff like that. I should have taken my car out right then, but I didn’t do it. In a couple of days we got heavy snow. So, I just took the oil out of the crank case and put the battery in the station, and figured I was there for the winter. That wasn’t bad. I had a telephone line to Cody and I could call there for what I needed in the way of groceries. Somebody’d bring them up and they’d give me a ring and say,



Aubrey Haines in his ranger-patrolman uniform next to car number 106 in June of 1940. Photo courtesy Aubrey Haines.

“Pahaska Bill’s got your groceries.” It worked fine.

### The “Phantom”

**YS:** Did you have skiing experience before, or law enforcement training?

**AH:** No, no. I didn’t know a darned thing about it. They didn’t tell me what was going on, but I soon found out I was there because they were blocking the road in case the “Phantom” showed up again. He was an unidentified person who pilfered cabins in the southeast corner of the park during the summer and fall of 1938, and, probably, was Earl Durand, the man who killed four officers in a wild spree of lawlessness in and around Powell, Wyoming, in the late spring of 1939.

**YS:** So your job was to sit there and just check every day, and provide an obstacle.

**AH:** I had nothing to do except to make sure that nobody went in or out, so if he did go in, at least they’d be able to send a patrol after him. I was recalled from the East Entrance about Valentine’s Day of 1939, and made several ski patrols in the interior of the park that spring. On one, Tiny Semingsen and I had gone up to Round Prairie and over the ridge to the cabin on Cache Creek, and it happened that we came out the same day that Durand made his escape after killing the first two officers. They thought he was going to fade into the mountains there, directly opposite of where we were on the boundary, and maybe hole up in a park cabin.

When we came down the hill on our return that morning we saw two ski men coming across Round Prairie, and as they got closer we could see they had rifles. Headquarters had sent Lee Coleman and Frank Anderson to rescue us. But instead of coming into Yellowstone, Durand turned the other way.

**YS:** Did they ever catch him?

**AH:** They got a force of about a hundred men up on Rocky Fork River, and he killed two more there—they even had the National Guard there with a field piece to shell that place. But he got out and cornered a rural mailman and used his vehicle to go into Powell where he held up the bank. The townspeople were alerted when he fired a few shots in the ceiling, and that brought everybody; they came with their guns. He was going to leave, pushing the teller ahead of him out the door, and they shot the teller and probably wounded Durand; anyway, he went back inside and killed himself.

**YS:** It sounds relatively boring around this place since!

**AH:** It was a fun place for a young fellow.

### Accumulating Yellowstone Tales

**YS:** When did you start getting interested in history, and when did that become your job in the park?

**AH:** On another interesting patrol, I went with Verde Watson from West Yellowstone into Hayden Valley and to Canyon, then back around to Mammoth.



Sgt. Haines in the Corps of Engineers, 1942. Photo courtesy Aubrey Haines.

By that time I'd been able to order in some ski boots and necessary equipment. At Madison Junction, there was a little cabin used by the naturalists in the summer. There Verde told me about the scouts who had brought a body from South Entrance to Mammoth. He thought it was Phillips, who had died at Old Faithful from eating vegetation that turned out to be water hemlock, but he was confused on that; this was a Yellowstone tale with many versions. They supposedly stood the box with the dead man in it beside the window and the scouts played a game of cards, and this lasted into the next morning. The sun warmed it and the box began to shake a little, and somebody said "Wait a minute Bill, we'll come out and let you out." Later, I found the real site of that 1906 happening—at Fountain Station.

But anyhow, we went on up Nez Perce Creek, where we ate lunch. We sat down in front of a white panel with green lettering on it, which was the place where the Cowan party of Helena tourists had been captured during the Nez Perce war (at present Cowan Creek).

When we got into Hayden Valley, sticking out of the snow were remnants of a massive log fence. Verde said, "This was an old dairy ranch for the hotels." That was not true; it was an attempt to save the buffalo back in the 1890s, which didn't

work; they enclosed several miles of country where they thought they could pen some and feed them hay—it was a silly idea, actually. Anyhow, I had a natural interest in history, and events like that began stacking up in my memory. But I didn't write anything until I came back after the war.

I went (in June 1941), because a young unmarried ranger wasn't anywhere near as important as the young people around Cody and Powell who worked the oil rigs or herded cattle. I thought I'd be gone a year and then come back. It turned out to be four years in the Corps of Engineers type-mapping roads. But I did return before the end of the war, after I was disabled in the New Guinea campaign. It was lucky for me, because that's when I met my wife, Wilma.

**YS:** How did that happen?

**AH:** I had a little gas, not much, to do some looking around. I drove down to Gardiner one evening and then up the old road. When I got almost to the top, there was a little drift of snow in the road in which I stalled the car. As it vapor-locked, I stepped out to wait and let it correct itself, and there on the bank were two girls sitting on a rock, watching. I talked with them a bit, and as the next day was Sunday, I asked, "Would you like to go over and look at the Petrified Trees at Specimen Ridge?" You see, nobody could travel around, and I guess anything was fun. So we went out there, a nice little trip, and I took an interest in Wilma Smith; she was the superintendent's secretary at the time. A year later I stole her! I think Mr. Rogers didn't mind too much; he walked her down the aisle at the chapel. Our children were born here too; this place was home to us for a long time. When Wilma and I married, we had quarters over the north side of the museum.

**YS:** So you were at work as a ranger again, with a lot of general duties?

**AH:** Since I was having trouble with malarial fever recurrences, I was used in the fire cache that summer of 1946. It was a bad fire year, and I got rid of most of my chills and fevers on the fire line! Chief Engineer Phil Whohlbrant had two assistant engineers, but had lost one to the war effort and had been unable to fill the position. So he asked me, "Would you like that engineering job?" "Yeah!" I

said. So they sent me to Cody, where I took an engineering exam and passed it, and they said, "You're an engineer now, a civil engineer."

The next two years I spent on topographic mapping of what is now Grant Village and construction of sewer and water lines for the Canyon Hotel and Campground. By fall 1948, Mission 66 [*an effort to upgrade roads and visitor facilities across the NPS*] was shaping up, and office rumor had it that the Western Office of Design and Construction was going to take over all engineering work in the park. So I asked for a year's leave of absence to turn my bastardized engineering background into a professional degree. My request was denied, so I resigned. We moved to Missoula, where I got a Master of Science degree, followed by a year's work toward a doctorate at the University of Washington. Our funds were exhausted by that time (1950), so I returned to Mount Rainier as a district ranger.

### A Historian in the Making

**YS:** But that was still long before you were Yellowstone's historian. Where did you learn to do history, to do research?

**AH:** I got very good training at the University of Montana under Dr. Paul C. Phillips, one of Montana's really fine historians; I took many of his courses. I got a lot of personal attention from him. He was the one who said, "Why don't you edit Osborne Russell's *Journal of a Trapper*." So I began. In fact, while in Seattle working on my doctorate, I completed the editing of the journal but I never did the dissertation.

I came back to Yellowstone in June 1956—strangely, by transfer into the very same engineering position I had resigned from eight years earlier!

**YS:** But you were beginning your historical research on the side. Did you think of it as a contribution to the knowledge about Yellowstone?

**AH:** No, it was a hobby interest. But it soon got to where I began writing about Yellowstone. The very first thing was *The Bridge that Jack Built*, which was the Baronett Bridge at the mouth of the Lamar. And Lon Garrison, who was superintendent after 1956, felt the park needed a



Baronett Bridge across the Yellowstone River. Photo by William H. Jackson, 1871. NPS photo archives.

historian. I was transferred from engineering to the naturalists' department in December 1960, as the park's first historian.

**YS:** The park had never had a historian before?

**AH:** In the Army days, Captain Hiram M. Chittenden had written *The Yellowstone* because he had a strong history interest. But that's all the park had in the way of a history. And Garrison was getting requests from school children and others interested in the park who wanted information. In the morning I'd go to the office and there'd be letters and a note, "Aubrey, would you answer these for me?" When I got that out of the way, I could gather archival material or read up, or chase some facet that I was trying to unravel; I usually had half a day free to research and write.

I found chunks of the Folsom-Cook-Peterson diaries [from one of the early expeditions to what is now the park, in 1869] scattered around here and there, and I thought, where is the whole diary? I never did find it. But I finally put together a kind of montage, published as *Valley of the Upper Yellowstone* (1965). It's interesting that now there's another chunk that I didn't know of before. This lad who discovered the long-lost diary of H.D. Washburn [from the 1870 expedition he co-led with Nathaniel P. Langford,

and cavalry Lt. Doane], Lee Parsons, found a transcript of missing Cook-Folsom information copied in the front of Washburn's diary. How marvelous! Lee is a good researcher, and he writes well. I've been pushing him to get his information in print. He has the means to turn out a first-class book on Washburn. And he must do it!

**YS:** What other things would you like to see in print?

**AH:** The park needs book-length biographical studies of Washburn, Langford, and Superintendent Norris (the book by Judge Don Binkowski is not a satisfactory treatise, though he had ample research material), and less extensive works on Walter DeLacy and John H. Baronett. The study of the old Buffalo Ranch John Tyers [assistant park naturalist in the 1970s] is working on should be very helpful in its examination of the human side of that operation—who was there and how they fed the buffaloes out there in the winter, how they culled them and gave them their shots, and where they moved them around in the 1930s.

### **The Importance of Yellowstone's Military Record**

**YS:** Did you start a museum collection, or were there some beginnings already?

**AH:** There was a small museum in the

former Army Bachelor's Officers Quarters, or 'BOQ' [today the Albright Visitor Center] building from the late 1920s on. I started gathering records, and soon tumbled to the fact that the military record here was unique. You see, the Army is not supposed to govern people within the limits of the U.S. in times of peace; that is something that civil government is supposed to handle. But Yellowstone was here before any of the civil government around it, and so when the states were formed, each state—Idaho, Wyoming, Montana—was required to admit that they did not have jurisdiction in Yellowstone.

So here was Yellowstone, not a civil entity in the sense of having civil government and jurisdiction established within it. The federal code covered serious things like murder and all the felonies, but when it came to rules and regulations, they were unenforceable, and therefore you couldn't make a case out of minor things, like killing an elk. This was a big problem.

Fortunately, Missouri Senator George Vest, a post Civil War legislator, had seen the wisdom of attaching a rider to another act saying that in case of necessity the superintendent could call on the Secretary of War to provide troops. So as soon as civil management of the area broke down in 1886—Congress had failed to fund Superintendent Wear's administration and he couldn't run the park—Captain Moses Harris' First Cavalry was brought in from Miles City, Montana, and Harris became the first acting military superintendent.

From then until the end of the Army administration in 1918, the U.S. Cavalry created a unique collection of records—it's a large one, amounting to about two tons. It's the only such record of the Army as a civil governing agent, in spite of the fact that that is not their role. Yosemite's record wasn't quite the same, because Army occupation was not continuous, and state law remained active in Yosemite. But that's a moot point; because those records were destroyed. Somebody said, "Let's clean the place out." And they loaded them into pickups, hauled them to the dump and set fire to them. Only Yellowstone's military records remain intact.

**YS:** The Park Service has a terrible repu-

tation about records; they did the same thing with Civil War records long ago—thousands of documents thrown out. What did you do to gather up the first archives at Yellowstone?

**AH:** I kept running into fragments of this military record, so I started gathering them. I had an office upstairs in the northwest corner of the BOQ. I assembled the records there and catalogued them. The first sizeable lot came from shelves in the restroom in the back corner of the old headquarters [now called the “Pagoda”]; a whole bunch of these letter-books—Army records—were stuffed up on an overhead shelf and in the basement! Another cache was in the attic at the paint shop, and some were in the attic of the wooden troop barracks [now the *Yellowstone Center for Resources building*]. . . I recovered a number of volumes from houses on Front Row where people had taken them to look at. Whenever they could find a place, they’d stuff them away. I let it be known that I was interested in the old records, and they came in from all around. There were Judge Meldrum’s court records. There were the log books they kept out at the soldier stations, and the guardhouse records. They kept an account of every stagecoach that came up—the number of passengers, driver’s name—amazing records. So I gathered it all together and called it a Yellowstone archive, and it makes me happy to know that this unique collection is now a unit of the National Archives.

### The “Yellowstone Story”

**YS:** By the mid-60s, you were being given time to work on the two volumes of *The Yellowstone Story*.

**AH:** It was after I wrote *Yellowstone National Park: Its Exploration and Establishment* that Garrison decided he wanted *The Yellowstone Story*, about 1965. But there were several years where I was gathering my wits historically, collecting information.

**YS:** It was the first fairly comprehensive history of the park?

**AH:** It wouldn’t have been, except that I got balky! The Washington Office wanted a one-volume book and proceeded to bobtail my manuscript. I wouldn’t go

along with that, and finally withdrew the manuscript, and the YLMA (the Yellowstone Library and Museum Association) took over and found a publisher.

**YS:** I remember several of the park staff lobbying, saying, “There is no way you can cut the heart of that manuscript and turn it into a little book. That would not do service to anybody.” And Al Mebane, who was chief naturalist at the time, agreed and found John Schwarz and the Colorado University Associated Press, who published it in conjunction with the former YLMA.

**AH:** I finished the manuscript before I retired, at the end of 1969. But you see, it traveled around a long time through the Service, and thus was not available as one of Yellowstone’s centennial year publications, as originally intended. But I appreciate very much that the park stood by me and published the full manuscript. The problem stemmed from the fact that I questioned the Madison Junction campfire story of the park’s creation, and the world-wide national park movement, originating from a discussion at that place on the evening of September 19, 1870. [Ed. Note: *Historians now generally accept that the campfire story is more NPS “legend” than truth, as evidenced from the records left by members of the Washburn-Langford-Doane expedition.*]

**YS:** It should never have taken eight years to get the book out, but the park did stand by you.

**AH:** Yes, they did. I turned it over to YLMA as a royalty item—it’s their book.

Well, it was done on government time anyhow. While this incident led to an earlier retirement than might otherwise have been the case, I was freed to do some other good work; it all balances out and no regrets!

### Legends Versus Serious Research

**YS:** You and your fellow rangers—what kind of reports were you asked to write that helped contribute to the historic record, whether or not it was intended that way?

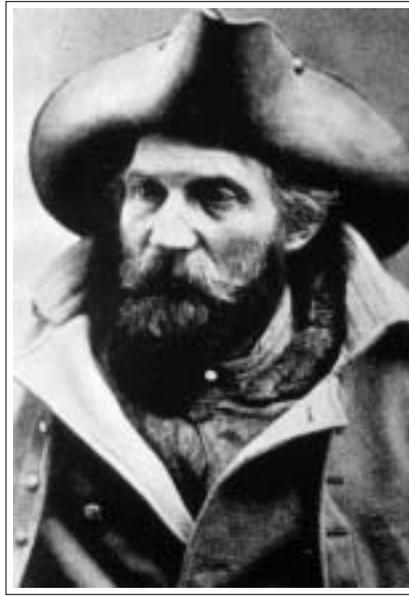
**AH:** A written report on where we went, the animals we saw, and what happened was made following each patrol. There were also reports each month and for special incidents. As far as a particular interest in history, there was none at that time. But there were a lot of tales around—like the burial at Nez Perce Creek. There was a tale that a woman had died in childbirth there at midwinter and the baby had been raised by the father on Eagle Brand milk until the snow was gone in the spring and they could get out. I found later when I got in touch with the family, that’s not the way it was! She was a tubercular case—she’d gone in there a very ill woman, and the child was 18 months old.

**YS:** That’s the legend of Mattie Culver, who supposedly died in childbirth along the Firehole River.

**AH:** That’s right. I made the mistake in the first edition of *The Yellowstone Story* of telling it like the original park tale. The



Guard mount at Fort Yellowstone in Mammoth Hot Springs, ca. 1910. NPS photo.



*Above left: Philetus Norris, the second superintendent of Yellowstone, served from April 1877 until February 1882. Above right: Harry Yount was hired as the first gamekeeper in Yellowstone in June 1880. The effort by Norris and Yount to protect the ungulates in Yellowstone's Lamar Valley was the first "game management program" undertaken on federal land. NPS photos.*

second edition corrected that.

**YS:** After you retired in 1969, the park seemed to let the history program that you'd gotten started languish. I think the park is finally trying to embark on a more organized program of cultural resources, and so we have an archivist and some positions devoted to cultural resources, although we still don't have a full-time historian again.

**AH:** I was lucky in that they let me research.

**YS:** How did you manage? That took a lot of travel—you had to go to the historical societies; you tracked down so many obscure items.

**AH:** When I came on duty as historian, Chief Park Naturalist Robert McIntyre informed me there were no funds for travel or for purchase of reprints or maps, and I worked within that limitation during the first three years. However, I was able to make day trips by official vehicle to the Montana State University Library in Bozeman and to the Montana State Historical Society in Helena, and to manage some research in connection with assigned trips to Big Hole Battlefield and other historic sites in Montana. Tape recorder and 35mm camera along with written notes served to capture some very

important documentation. But toward the end of that period, two of the park's sincere supporters, Hugh Galusha and Isabel Haynes, made it possible for me to make two visits to St. Paul, first to examine the Langford papers at the Minnesota Historical Society, and later the old Northern Pacific Railway files.

When it came to getting out *The Yellowstone Story*, Superintendent Garrison let me make a tour that included St. Paul again and Denver and the University of California at Berkeley (for early newspaper files); Yale University (for Russell and A. Bart Henderson manuscripts); Philadelphia (American Philosophical Society and Jay Cooke's records); St. Louis (Missouri Historical Society for early exploration and fur trade records); Tulsa (Thomas Moran's papers); and the Huntington Library at San Marino, California (for Supt. Norris' papers). Research at the National Archives and Library of Congress in Washington, D.C., was separately funded for a documentary on "Yellowstone National Park: Its Exploration and Establishment."

I have always kept notes—everything that looked like it might possibly have a future use got a 3"x 5" card. So, by the time I started, in large measure I knew

what I was looking for and had some idea where it was. I was able to work in the National Archives twice. A lot of material came from there, probably not as much as is there, but it did the job.

**YS:** In his first year here, when our current Superintendent, Mike Finley, heard a story—or a reason for not doing something—he'd sometimes ask, "Is that Yellowstone myth, or is that truth?"

**AH:** I think he knows that myths grow around a place like this. We have a Jim Bridger myth here, and we have another myth about how the Indians were afraid of the place, which is baloney. Those are the major myths, but not all that have developed around the park's interesting history.

**YS:** There have been some interesting presentations here at the conference about the Native Americans and their relations with the park. Do you find anything you hear difficult to believe or different from what you had previously thought?

**AH:** When miners started prowling the Yellowstone about the time of its exploration—1869–70–71—the miners and Sheepstealer Indians didn't mix. So Chief Washakie of the Shoshoni sent word to them, "Come down to us." And many settled at Camp Augur on the Wind River in Wyoming; in 1871 the Indian agency moved to Fort Washakie. Only a few went to Fort Hall in Idaho. They were Shoshoni-Bannock, but they were part of the same culture, the same people.

They were talking at the conference about some of those early ideas, that pictured Sheepstealers as ignorant or a pygmy race; it's not true. The Sheepstealers were the "have-nots" of the Shoshoni-Bannock people—the poorer people who did not have the horse, did not have the gun. So they were relegated to making a living in the mountains in the old-fashioned way, like most Indians before development of the Plains-type culture of the teepee, the gun, the horse, and buffalo hunting. They had to hunt in the mountains, and naturally they lived a furtive life there. They were not numerous enough to defend themselves; that'd make a person furtive!

**YS:** Today, ethnographers talk about interviewing natives about their oral history and their traditions and the stories they've told—was that a technique used

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**Gamekeeper Harry Yount was the first paid “scout,” forerunner of the rangers. I always showed my students of Yellowstone history the chimney rocks where the Yount cabin was, out in the Lamar Valley, near Soda Butte, and told them, “This is the beginning of wildlife management in the United States, right here.” I wish the park would develop that and take credit for it. It’s a big thing, and it’s been almost totally ignored.**

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when you were a historian?

**AH:** No. I understood that to be anthropology, rather than history, but I did find archeology to be helpful.

### **Untold Stories: The Minutiae of History**

**YS:** What else would you like to see the historians work on these days? What do you wish you could’ve spent more time on?

**AH:** One of the things I wish could be given emphasis is that Superintendent Norris and Harry Yount began wildlife management in the United States. It failed, yes; the early attempts failed! But this is where it happened. Norris intended to capture buffalo calves, and to raise buffalo calves you have to have milk. So he’d made an arrangement with James Beattie, who ranched just north of the park boundary near Gardiner in 1877—his cattle could forage on park grass if he could have milk for the buffalo calves. But the Nez Perce, when they came through here, killed Beattie’s cattle for traveling rations.

Gamekeeper Harry Yount was the first paid “scout,” forerunner of the rangers. I always showed my students of Yellowstone history the chimney rocks where the Yount cabin was, out in the

Lamar Valley, near Soda Butte, and told them, “This is the beginning of wildlife management in the United States, right here.” I wish the park would develop that and take credit for it. It’s a big thing, and it’s been almost totally ignored.

The boat industry on the lake is another interesting thing that needs to be put together as one whole story, not several pieces—not just E.C. Waters or Eugene Topping, with his sail boat, nor the present-day hotel company. “Uncle” Billy Hofer ran the boat business for a while after Waters was put out of the park for failing to take proper care of the buffalo he held captive on Dot Island (he was guilty of much more!) A good story there.

**YS:** Billy Hofer’s career here was so long...he left us a lot, more than 50 articles just in *Forest and Stream* (see *Sarah Broadbent’s* article, also in this issue.) and a few letters and photos—he was a real character.

**AH:** He was a frontiersman who was a “white hat” guy. He was a good man. Even Teddy Roosevelt thought highly of “Uncle Billy.”

**YS:** There is so much more interest in history now. If a graduate student wanted to know who else needs a biography here, who would be a good subject?

**AH:** Start with Mike Finley, and then do a resume on each new employee, from a

paragraph to a page on where each came from and his or her training and background. When he or she leaves you have it up-to-date. The same way with buildings—when you tear one down, you want to be sure you’ve got information on when and why it was built, what it cost, and so forth, and maybe a picture of the building.

**YS:** What are you going to do with all your records?

**AH:** I’ve been asked that a number of times, and I refuse to answer, because I want to use them a while yet! Some of them are already in the Montana State University rare books room. MSU also has a copy of most of the archives. While I was in Yellowstone, I’d take a car load of the Army records to the library for microfilming and return what they had finished. If you have a fire here, MSU has a copy all the way through the Army period. Since that is a unique record, the only one of its kind, it just *had* to have a duplicate somewhere. Jim Hill money, provided by the family that built the Great Northern Railway, financed that copying work.

**YS:** How would you tell today’s park employees to keep documenting history? We tend not to think of things that we’re living today as something that’s going to be important in the future.

**AH:** Oh! Be careful that you document as you go along. I believe in a running record that has three sections. One of them is places in the park, one is people in the park, and the third is happenings year by year, with line entries for events and reference. When a question comes up about something, those quick-reference volumes are a place to go for an answer. Now, with no published annual reports and a rather short record retention, such systematic recording may be all that stands between the historian of tomorrow and a long, difficult newspaper search. Writing the history of Yellowstone’s second century of existence may be a difficult job—prepare for it!

**YS:** I like what you said during your comments at the luncheon in your honor—about how there’s all kinds of good work to be done before we celebrate the park’s 150<sup>th</sup> anniversary.

**AH:** You bet! ✿



*Bison in show pen on Dot Island, 1906. NPS photo.*