

**Sent:**

Sunday, August 23, 2009 9:20 PM

**Subject:**

Postcard 23

The quaint town of Gardiner, Montana sits just outside the North Gate of Yellowstone.



The North Gate is physically the Roosevelt Arch.



Not exactly the Arc de Triomphe, as many visitors surely observe. Many visitors from France, that is. After passing through the arch we entered a now familiar world, one in which no English is spoken except by waiters with accents. It's the U.S. National Park System.

We stopped at Mammoth Springs and found a herd of elk had taken over the town.



“Get back 25 yards from the elk”, says the ranger.

“Vous des Américains êtes tous Nazis”, says the man with a camera in an elk’s face.

We climbed the walkway through the sulfur springs and listened to more music of the French spoken word.

“J'aime cette odeur. Elle me rappelle mon mari.”



Ah, poetry.

Went to Sheepeaters Cliff. Watched some immature 60-year-old climb to the top. No, not me. It was a different immature 60-year-old.



Went down to the Yellowstone River.



Did our laundry.



Bonsoir.

D&S