

March 2013

WHAT MAKES THE  
RICH BEG?

HOARDING SCHOOL  
*The Collector of Everything Preppy*

INSIDE THE NEXT  
DOWNTON ABBEY

# TOWN & COUNTRY

MARCH 2013

» SPRING FASHION SPECIAL «

## REBEL CHIC

Style Mavericks,  
Art World  
Outlaws & Other  
Originals

GENERAL  
PETRAEUS  
AND THE  
TWISTED  
SISTERS

[PAGE 130]







EXPEDITION

## SNOW SAFARI

Winter reveals a sparkling face of Yellowstone National Park.

BY JOHN JEREMIAH SULLIVAN

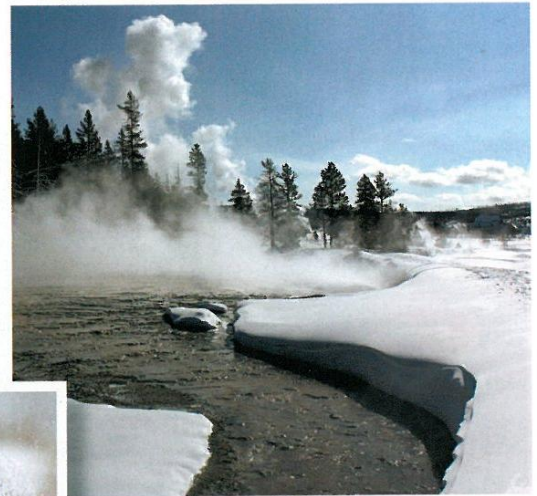
**Y**ELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK IS CLOSED TO CAR TRAFFIC during the freezing winter months, which, as you might imagine, cuts down on the number of visitors by a percentage somewhere in the 90s, transforming the park into a completely different, all but silent, borderline-mystical place. Around the start of this year my wife and I took our seven-year-old daughter on a snow safari there. It was unforgettable—or, as the kid described it (meaning, we're hoping, about the same thing), "like Narnia."

We based out of the **Spring Creek Ranch** resort, in Jackson Hole, Wyoming, which turned out to be a fairly spectacular spot in itself. Our ultracozy three-story "cabin" had multiple views of the Tetons. Sitting up in bed the first morning, we watched through sliding glass doors as the sunrise slid down the flanks of the Cathedral mountain range, which includes a few of the most famous of the famous peaks, among them the soaring, pyramidal Grand Teton. You're seven minutes from Jackson, but if you don't want to deal with driving, there's a good restaurant on the property, the Granary, where I had lean, tender, non-gamy elk medallions. Plus, there's a hill by the reception area where we sledged so much that we actually wakened (this is serious) a Uinta ground squirrel, which came out of its hidey-hole for an exceedingly rare winter sighting. This was confirmed by Spring Creek Ranch's resident naturalist, Kurt Johnson.

Johnson is one of the special things about Spring Creek, and a reason we went there. In addition to being an experienced biologist who has done work in Kenya

and Mexico, he's an excellent wildlife photographer—his newly published *Field Guide to Yellowstone and Grand Teton National Parks* is set to become one of the go-to guides for traveling nature lovers in the West. We had heard that he leads tours of the park in winter, in specialized snow vehicles that have tank treads and skis on them. You can cruise through sipping your hot chocolate, and pop out of the hatch with binoculars when a noteworthy animal comes into range. Johnson picked us up early on a cold Saturday morning (cold even for Jackson—it had been 28 below the night before). A quietly friendly goateed guy in his thirties, wearing a cap, a good teacher but not beating you about the head with facts and gee-whizzery the whole time. He first drove us around Jackson Hole, where we watched bighorn sheep graze on a rocky escarpment, digging down through the snow with their paws to get at the vegetation beneath.

We saw so much stuff just on the way to the park



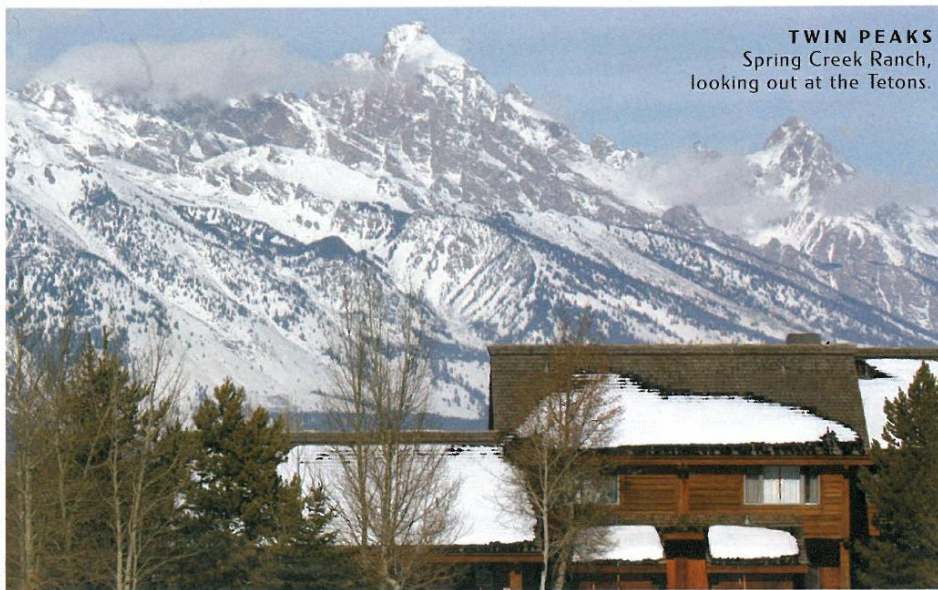
WINTRY MIX

Clockwise from top left: A specialized snow vehicle; a postcard of a begging black bear, circa 1934; runoff from a hot spring; a red fox; a frosted bison.



CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: XANTERRA PARKS & RESORTS; LCDM UNIVERSAL HISTORY ARCHIVE/GETTY IMAGES; XANTERRA PARKS & RESORTS (2); © PAPILIO/ALAMY





**TWIN PEAKS**  
Spring Creek Ranch,  
looking out at the Tetons.

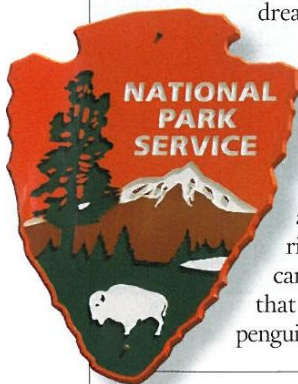
that it was possible to forget the tour hadn't started. Elk herds, mule deer. A moose cow ruminating by a tree out in an open meadow. A couple of small glaciers on the mountainside—remnants of the last ice age. We saw a belted kingfisher, with its crest of Don King hair. And we saw a strange bird called a shrike, known as a "butcher bird" for its macabre habit of impaling small prey on branches and thorns, to keep it for later.

At the edge of the park we met up with our snow coach driver, a young woman named Berlynn, "pronounced like Berlin," she said, "which people say means little bear, my favorite animal." She led us to our vehicle, a '70s-era Bombardier. Designed by French Canadians, it looked like something out of *Johnny Quest*: bright yellow, vaguely amphibious. Hatch on top. Inside bench seats ran along the walls, which made for an intimate but comfortable ride.

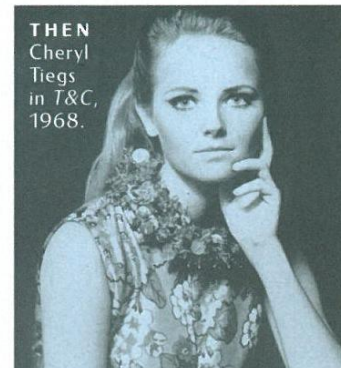
The next two days were a frozen dream-movie we'll be replaying forever. We watched frost-covered bison fording a river from 40 feet away. We watched a mature bald eagle launch from its resting place on a high limb and go flying off down an icy river. We spotted a few American dipper, small chubby birds that "fly through the water like penguins," Johnson said, going after

small invertebrates, like damselflies. We saw thundering waterfalls with their winter sideburns of ice and rime. After spending a night at Old Faithful Snow Lodge, we walked out in the morning and sat and watched the geyser erupt at 9:17 a.m. It blasted more than 100 feet into the air. We looked around—not another soul. Suddenly Castle Geyser, less than a mile away, began erupting too. For a minute you could see them both.

The most memorable moment, for me, happened at West Thumb geyser basin, a zone of hot springs, bubbling "mud puffs," and smoking fumaroles that overlooks Yellowstone Lake. In fact, it overlaps with the lake; there are geothermal vents under the water just offshore. All of it testifies to the massive supervolcano that underlies Yellowstone, cooking the rock and belowground water, expelling gases. Clouds of steam and sulfur floated through the surrounding snow-covered trees, creating the splintered beams of angelic light that the guides call "god rays." We were looking out over the frozen lake when Kurt suggested we have a moment of silence. We absorbed the vastness and emptiness of the park. Seconds later two coyotes started ululating in the distance. Someone said, "Look!" Turning, we saw a pair of trumpeter swans flying away together. Their huge extended wings had a gold translucence in the bright sunlight. I felt something that, going in, I hadn't been sure my YouTube'd soul was able to feel anymore, the sheer overpowering majesty of nature that makes you feel both smaller and larger. Take this trip at least once in your life, if you can. •



# WHERE ARE THEY NOW?



**THEN**  
Cheryl Tiegs  
in *T&C*,  
1968.

## Model T

In the January 1968 issue of *Town & Country*, a 21-year-old Cheryl Tiegs modeled a long floral jumpsuit with a high corded neckline, accessorizing the look with a ponytail and a blank stare. The resulting image cannot have adorned many dormitory walls.

Wisely, Tiegs soon took to wearing her hair down. Ditto the neckline. In 1978 she approached Pro Arts, makers of the epically successful Farrah Fawcett poster, with an idea for a new poster girl: herself. This time Tiegs appeared in glorious full color, tugging suggestively on a fractional pink swimsuit. She ate Fawcett's lunch.

Of the many hundreds of thousands of units sold, we now know that one was tacked up by a first-year Etonian named David Cameron, and another by future London mayor Boris Johnson. If Margaret Thatcher was then the exciting new face of their party, the rest of the Iron Lady was not pinup material.

ASH CARTER



**NOW**  
Tiegs in 2012.