



Mike Bureson was struggling.

As a river guide on the Snake River in western Wyoming, he'd been asked many strange questions. But today the queries being

thrown his way bordered on the ridiculous, and

By Virginia

he was getting worn down. When a passenger

Hostetter

asked, "Does the park service bring in these

rotting logs along the banks?" his carefully neu-

Photography by

tral face almost cracked into a smirk. Much to his

Skeeter Hagler

credit, however, he succeeded in answering

with a suitably straight face, "No, they're blown-

down trees that float there naturally."

Referring to the

passenger's version

of nature—which

**A summer job
at a dude ranch
is more than
just hard labor.
In the shadow
of the Grand
Tetons, student
ranch hands
find a new
outlook on life.**

WILD WEST